

GORKY PARK

Screenplay by

DENNIS POTTER

Based on the novel by

MARTIN CRUZ SMITH

REVISED THIRD DRAFT
20 December 1982

WITH REVISIONS
(Feb 2, 4, 5, 1983)
(March 9, 1983)

PROPERTY OF
G.P. PRODUCTIONS LTD
WARNER HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS
1041 NORTH FORMOSA AVENUE
HOLLYWOOD
LOS ANGELES
CALIFORNIA 90046

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SCRIPT CHANGES

5 FEBRUARY 1983

PAGE	SCENE	SPEECH/DIRECTION	CHANGE
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27	30-32	NEW PAGE
45	63-67	NEW PAGE
75	104-108	NEW PAGE
77	110-111	NEW PAGE
85	119	NEW PAGE
86	120	NEW PAGE
98	148-149A	NEW PAGE
98A	149B-151	NEW PAGE
103	159-163	NEW PAGE
104	164-168	NEW PAGE
106	172-174	NEW PAGE
107	174-176	NEW PAGE
108	178	NEW PAGE
110	180-184	NEW PAGE
113	189-190	NEW PAGE
114	191-193	NEW PAGE
115	193-195	NEW PAGE
116	195	NEW PAGE
119	197-198	NEW PAGE

SCRIPT CHANGES

4 FEBRUARY 1983

PAGE SCENE SPEECH/DIRECTION

CHANGE

8 8-9 NEW PAGE

8 9-10 NEW PAGE

93 130-135 NEW PAGE

94 136-140 NEW PAGE

131 213-215 NEW PAGE

132 216-218 NEW PAGE

133 219-221 NEW PAGE

SCRIPT CHANGES

2 FEBRUARY 1983

PAGE SCENE SPEECH/DIRECTION

CHANGE

2	5	ARKADY's last speech	AFTER "...this to KGB?" <u>ADD</u> "There's no reason to think state security is involved. This is a matter for Militia."
2	5	Last direction	<u>DELETE</u>
3	5	PRIBLUDA's 3rd speech	<u>DELETE</u> "Hello - what's this? What's this!" <u>ADD</u> "Holy Peter! What's this!"
4	5		NEW PAGE
5	5-7		NEW PAGE
8	8	LEVIN's 2nd speech	<u>DELETE</u> whole speech. <u>ADD</u> "Arkady - please - I don't like to get mixed up with KGB work - "
10	10		NEW PAGE
11	10-11		NEW PAGE
14	14-17		NEW PAGE
15/16	17-21		NEW PAGE
17	22		NEW PAGE
18	22		NEW PAGE
21	26-26A		NEW PAGE

PAGE SCENE SPEECH/DIRECTION

CHANGE

22	27		<u>SCENE IS NOW DAY</u>
		1st direction	<u>DELETE</u>
			<u>ADD</u>
			'After lunch, and many drinks, Osborne holds court, surrounded by acolytes - and Irina stands near.'
23	28		<u>SCENE IS NOW DUSK</u>
24	28	ARKADY's 2nd speech	<u>DELETE</u>
			"Jehovah's Witnesses."
25	29		<u>SCENE IS NOW DUSK</u>
26	30		<u>SCENE IS NOW DUSK</u>
		ARKADY's 2nd speech	<u>DELETE</u>
			"Won't that rich, old American be disappointed?"
			<u>ADD</u>
			"Won't your rich American friend be disappointed?"
		ARKADY's last speech	<u>DELETE</u>
			"I checked."
27	31		<u>SCENE IS NOW DUSK</u>
	32		<u>SCENE IS NOW DUSK</u>
28	32-35		NEW PAGE
29	35		NEW PAGE
30	35	ANTON's 2nd speech	<u>DELETE</u>
			"Look at the quality - like ball-bearings! Eh?"
		ANTON's 4th speech	<u>DELETE</u>
			"Certainly he does."
		Last direction	<u>DELETE</u>
			'The comedy is finishing on the TV set.'

SCRIPT CHANGES

2 FEBRUARY 1983

PAGE SCENE SPEECH/DIRECTION

CHANGE

31	35	ARKADY's last speech	<u>DELETE</u>
		ANTON's last speech	<u>DELETE</u>
		Last direction	<u>DELETE</u>
32	35-36		NEW PAGE
33	36-37		NEW PAGE
34	37	PASHA's 3rd speech	<u>DELETE</u>
			"No pudding?"
			<u>ADD</u>
			"No dessert?"
36	40-41		NEW PAGE
37	41-44		NEW PAGE
38	45-49		NEW PAGE
39	49-51		NEW PAGE
40	53	ANTON's 2nd speech	<u>DELETE</u>
			"Was it KGB?"
			<u>ADD</u>
			"Was it Pribluda? Arkady?"
43	54	ARKADY's 1st speech	<u>DELETE</u>
			"You are a genius, Professor."
			<u>ADD</u>
			"You're half way there, Professor."
48	71		NEW PAGE
54	78-79		NEW PAGE
55	79		NEW PAGE

SCRIPT CHANGES

2 FEBRUARY 1983

PAGE SCENE SPEECH/DIRECTION

CHANGE

56	79-82	NEW PAGE
61	86-88A	NEW PAGE
63	90 FET's last speech	<u>DELETE</u>
66	91-92	NEW PAGE
78	111-114	NEW PAGE
80	114-116	NEW PAGE
81	116	NEW PAGE
86	119A-120	NEW PAGE
87	120-122	NEW PAGE
88	122-123	NEW PAGE
89	123-124	NEW PAGE
119	197-198	NEW PAGE
120	198-200	NEW PAGE
123	200-202	NEW PAGE

1. EXTERIOR. GORKY PARK, MOSCOW. DUSK.

1.
1.

Skaters glide ghost-like on the frozen park to loudspeaker-distorted 'SWAN LAKE'. It is snowing lightly.

Picking out pretty VALERYA, skates hissing in fast maneuvers, accompanied by TWO YOUNG MEN, not readily identifiable.

The slighter of the men topples on the ice, and she laughs.

2. INTERIOR. PARK HUT. DUSK.

2.

An old WOMAN, winter-wrapped, is lifting off the SWAN LAKE disk, her fingers poking out of her mittens.

Muttering to herself, she puts on another record.

3. EXTERIOR. SKATING AREA, GORKY PARK. DUSK.

3.

Suddenly, the '1812 OVERTURE' booms out in a double-bounce caused by the distance between loudspeakers.

Valerya quickens to the music, and waves happily to an UNIDENTIFIABLE ONLOOKER in fur hat.

4. CLOSE. A LOUDSPEAKER.

4.

Icicle encrusted. Crashing out the EXPLOSIONS OF '1812 OVERTURE'.

FADE PICTURE THEN SOUND.

FADE IN:

5. EXTERIOR. GORKY PARK. NIGHT.

5.

VAN HEADLIGHTS glitter on the snow, and on a strange GROUP OF FIGURES in long MILITIA overcoats.

They are pegging out TAPES to cordon off a small area, and a couple of them are taking shovels out of the van, dark shapes behind the headlights.

Illuminated by the lights, the one man not in uniform, ARKADY RENKO, stares downward at THREE HUMPS IN THE SNOW.

Arkady is with his two detectives, PASHA and FET. He is lighting a loosely-rolled cigarette.

CONTINUED...

5. CONTINUED.

ARKADY (cough)

Who found them?

PASHA indicates a MILITIAMAN standing, rather awkwardly, a little apart. The Militiaman salutes at Arkady's glance.

PASHA

He was on patrol, and left the path.
For a pee.
(his expression changes)
Oh-oh.

Arkady takes no notice, musing over the snowy humps.

ARKADY

Three lost souls. Almost like an
execution, Pasha. How long have they
been here?

PASHA touches Arkady's arm - a warning.

PASHA

Arkady - !

Some MEN approach CRUNCH-CRUNCH across frozen snow, in good civilian overcoats, led by a jovial PRIBLUDA.

As Pribluda's squad arrives, the tape-pegging and shoveling Militia stiffen, and look edgy.

PRIBLUDA

Greetings, comrades! I bring you
hot water bottles! N

They laugh, dutifully, nervously. Except Arkady.

ARKADY

Ah, good. We were wondering why you
came.

Initially hearty Pribluda reacts with a cold little nod.

PRIBLUDA

Chief Investigator Renko.

Arkady nods back, equally cold.

ARKADY

Major Pribluda. Of what interest is
this to KGB?

Now we understand the Militia's nervousness.

PRIBLUDA

KGB decides what interests KGB!

5. CONTINUED.

3.

5.

And he brushes Pasha aside to peer down at the humps.

PRIBLUDA

Who are they? What do they look like?
Drunks - or what?

He scoops at the snow with his hands.

ARKADY

If you want the case, Major - welcome!
We Militia can go back to our beds.

PRIBLUDA

A wonder you ever left them!

A HEAD is beginning to emerge out of the snow. But there is something odd about it.

PRIBLUDA

Hello - what's this? What's this!

Pribluda brushes and knocks off more of the snow packed around the emerging head.

ARKADY (soft hiss)

Jesus Christ.

The head has NO FACE : the features have been sliced away.

PRIBLUDA

Look! Look at this! No face!
Sliced right off! Clean away!

Everyone leaning in intently as Pribluda continues to scoop away snow.

PRIBLUDA

And this one - see! No face! All
of them - all three of them!

He is scooping snow with increased vigor. Fet moves to help him, but -

ARKADY

Major. Leave it alone! Stop
disturbing the evidence.

Pribluda hesitates, then stands, smiling, would-be amicable, brushing snow off his gloves.

PRIBLUDA

Stop complaining. I've done some of
the dirty work for you.

ARKADY

You always do, Comrade.

CONTINUED

5. CONTINUED.

A tiny knot of tension as the two men stare at each other.

PRIBLUDA (quietly)

One day, Renko.
(gestures at bodies)
This will be you.

ARKADY

Thank you. But I'm not the outdoor type.

Pribluda smiles coldly, and gestures his men away.

PRIBLUDA

All right. Let's leave these policemen to it.
The cold has made them inhospitable!

Some of the KGB men laugh.

ARKADY

Are you sure you want the Militia to
investigate this?

PRIBLUDA (coldly)

What do you mean?

ARKADY

It does seem like a KGB case after all.
Bodies carved up in the middle of Moscow.
Who knows where it could lead?

Pribluda stares, hostile, then strides away. The Militiamen
look at each other uneasily, as -

PASHA (whisper to Arkady)

Watch out for the little bird -

He indicates DETECTIVE FET, a KGB 'informer' they have to
work with. Fet is looking with alert cunning at Arkady,
who instantly strides over to him.

ARKADY

Detective Fet. You are in charge of the
snow round the bodies.

FET

Comrade Investigator - ?

ARKADY

Melt it. Then search it.

Fet hesitates, and Pasha smirks.

FET

In which laboratory shall I- ?

ARKADY

No, no. Fifty liters of hot water right
where you are will do it.

FET

But Comrade Invest -

ARKADY

5. CONTINUED.

As Fet gapes, Arkady and Pasha trudge away toward Militia car.

PASHA (side of mouth)
He could try pissing on it.

ARKADY
Wouldn't work, Pasha. KGB informers
have ice in their bladders.

Fet hears receding laugh, and scowls.

5A. EXTERIOR. GENERAL'S HQ BUILDING. DAY. 5A.*

Establishing shot.

6. INTERIOR. GENERAL'S HQ. DAY. 6.

Uniformed Arkady going upstairs in a magnificent, stately old Russian building, and exchanging an almost desultory salute with a descending Militiaman.

7. INTERIOR. GENERAL'S OFFICE. DAY. 7.

A uniformed, beribboned old GENERAL is looking at a large MAP of MOSCOW on the wall of his large, faintly Victorian office. He is accompanied by PROSECUTOR IAMSKOY, who has a shaved skull and dark blue uniform.

GENERAL
I cannot understand it, Iamskoy. Dead
bodies in Gorky Park! What the hell
are they doing there!

SOUND of OPENING DOOR, and discreet COUGH.

IAMSKOY
It passes belief, General.

They turn to face a saluting, uniformed Arkady.

ARKADY
Comrade General, Chief Investigator
Renko reporting.

The General peers at him.

GENERAL
Have you shaved this morning?

Arkady stops his hand going to his chin.

ARKADY
Comrade General, I was - - -

IAMSKOY (quickly)
The General wishes to know your initial
reaction to - -

CONTINUED...

7. CONTINUED.

6.

7.

GENERAL

A fellow should keep hair off his face,
you know.

IAMSKOY (louder)

Your initial reaction to this matter.
What are the prospects for an early
resolution?

ARKADY (loudly)

With-the-world's-finest-Militia-and-
the-enthusiastic-support-of-the-
peaceful-Soviet-peoples-I-am-confident-
we-will-apprehend-the-criminal-elements-
involved-Comrade-General.

All three know this to be necessary Soviet ritual.

GENERAL

Well, I hope so, young man. Your father
General Renko was always clean and tidy.
Even when he was killing Germans.

And the General chuckles, warmed by old memories.

Iamskoy gives Arkady a swiftly complicit glance of amusement.

IAMSKOY

It's nearly four hours since the three
bodies were uncovered. Who are they?

ARKADY

The bodies have no marks of identification,
Comrade Prosecutor -

GENERAL

What? No papers - here in Moscow?

ARKADY

The bodies were badly mutilated. No
papers. No finger-tips. And no
faces. They were clean-shaven, General.
Quite literally.

The General glares, suspecting insubordination, then throws
back his head and laughs, suddenly.

GENERAL

Your father was just as insolent!
(then fierce)
But then, he had every reason. He was
good at his job, Renko.

Arkady registers the rebuke - or the threat.

7.

8. INTERIOR. AUTOPSY ROOM. DAY.

8.

LEVIN, Jewish pathologist, is cutting into a male chest with a small rotary saw. There are three frozen, faceless cadavers in a row: one young woman, two young men.

LEVIN

A body this size stays like stone for days. I'd say they were there from three weeks to a month. This is disturbing you?

ARKADY

Well - I'm glad I had no breakfast.

Levin smirks, switches off his little, whining saw.

LEVIN

The two men were shot in the head at contact range. And all three were shot in the heart. They were all in their twenties.

He looks at Arkady, as though there is something else.

ARKADY

Go on.

LEVIN

Arkady - whoever cut off their faces knew what he was doing. He was an expert.

ARKADY

And who are the experts, Levin?

They look almost challengingly at each other for a moment. Then Levin's eyes dart around the room, and he half-turns away.

LEVIN

I'm not listening.

ARKADY

They were on the scene almost as soon as we were, Pribluda and his gang. Why? And who told them?

LEVIN

You've got an informer in your office, haven't you?

ARKADY (grim smile) -

Anything else for me?

LEVIN

The smaller male dyed his hair. Its natural color is red.

CONTINUED...

8. CONTINUED.

8.
8.

ARKADY (satiric)

Ah! Possible indication of anti-social activity. Or maybe he was a black-marketeer. Or ... a foreigner.

LEVIN

Arkady - please - I don't like to get mixed up with KGB work -

Arkady is already moving toward the door.

ARKADY

You won't. I won't. If KGB killed them, the quicker I can dump this case, the better!

9. INTERIOR. MOSFILM STUDIOS. DAY.

9.*

A bewhiskered Tsarist GENERAL pores over campaign MAP on trestle table in a white plaster room with tall windows through which a summer SUNLIGHT spirals, the dust motes dancing in the bright shafts. Beyond, in a second, smaller, equally bare white plaster room exhausted, demoralized Imperial Guards sprawl, backs against the empty wall. SOUNDS of DISTANT GUNFIRE. A young SOLDIER, covered in mud and blood, comes running into shot, past indifferent Guards, toward the General's room. A gaudy giant of a Guard, stretched out near General's door, puts out his polished boot and deliberately trips the running soldier. RAUCOUS, JEERING LAUGHTER from his fellows.

The bewhiskered, paunchy GENERAL crashes open the door, obviously enraged, about to rebuke his men. But -

DIRECTOR'S VOICE

Cut!

WIDER to show whole film Set.

DIRECTOR (to General)

Yuri - your tunic button - your fucking button! - Irina! Where are you?

The 'General' looks down, annoyed, at his Imperial uniform. And a strikingly beautiful girl in cheap clothing (IRINA) scurries through the brilliant ranks with a small repair set.

Arkady, on edge of film set, studies her keenly as quickly, silently, almost humbly, she sews the shining button more firmly in place.

DIRECTOR

Again! From the top. But - everybody - more tiredness, more disaffection. Napoleon has you on the run! Let's have more of everything. Right?

CONTINUED...

9. CONTINUED.

9.
9.

As Irina moves back, watching the ritual of restarting the action, she becomes aware that someone is watching her - and turns to look at Arkady. *

Arkady approaches. She turns her back, pointedly. *

ARKADY
Citizen Asanova? Irina Asanova?

IRINA
Shhh!

SOUNDS of 'SCENE' - *

ARKADY
I want to talk to you.

She turns, insolent.

IRINA
I know all my friends. I don't know
you.

Pointed call for 'QUIET!' *

DISSOLVE.

10. EXTERIOR. MOSFILM STUDIOS. DAY.

10.*

Arkady stops to light a cigarette for Irina alongside a Prop Lot for exteriors, which includes such things as MODEL SPUTNIK, GERMAN TANK, TARTAR WAGON, STATUE, etc.

She blows out smoke, cool, almost into his face.

IRINA
Men from KGB usually have better
cigarettes.

He shows her his I.D.

ARKADY
I'm not KGB.

IRINA
Militia. Different - but not very.

ARKADY (smile)
No?

She looks him up and down.

CONTINUED...

10. CONTINUED.

IRINA

KGB are smarter. They clean their shoes.

ARKADY

Yes. But.

He smiles an ambiguous 'but'. She does not respond.

IRINA

Well - what does a Chief Investigator want with me?

ARKADY

We found your skates. Your name was scratched on them.

He stares intently, but she laughs, cool.

IRINA

Oh, those! I lost them months ago!

*

ARKADY

Actually, you reported them missing on February 4th though you said you'd lost them on January 31st. You didn't know you'd lost them for four days?

*

IRINA

That's how it is, you don't miss something 'til you need it.

*

ARKADY

They were found on a dead girl.

IRINA

There is justice after all!
(she sees his changed expression)
Don't be shocked. You've no idea how long it took me to save for those skates. Look at my boots - see - split!

She stretches rather too much leg to show him.

ARKADY

She was murdered. The girl wearing your skates.

IRINA

The director of that film promised me a pair of new boots if I went to bed with him. Think I should?

*

ARKADY

Winter is almost over.

IRINA

Exactly! And me a Siberian. I'm used to the cold.

ARKADY

Is your heart cold, too?

IRINA

What?

11.

10. CONTINUED.

10.

ARKADY

The girl with your skates. About your
age. Two others were found with her.
Also murdered.
(brutally)
Their faces were cut off. Sliced away.

Irina drops her unfinished cigarette, crushing it.

IRINA

What is this to do with me? What do you
want?

ARKADY

Help.

IRINA

If they're dead, they're dead. How can I
help them. *

ARKADY

Think back - any idea who took your skates?

She looks at him, then rolls her eyes in a parody of a
comical conspirator.

IRINA

I suspect - everyone.

ARKADY

So do I.

IRINA

Well - are you going to arrest me for losing
my skates?

ARKADY

Perhaps not.

IRINA

Good. Then please leave me alone.

She stares at him, challengingly.

FADE.

FADE IN:

10A. EXTERIOR. MILITIA BUILDING. DAY.

10A.*

- Establishing shot.

11. INTERIOR. ARKADY'S OFFICE. DAY.

11.

PASHA

What are you doing?

CONTINUED...

12.

11. CONTINUED.

11.

Arkady is steering Pasha by the shoulders.

ARKADY

Three bodies. Pasha, you are Gorky
Park One, the big man. Let's give him
a name. Beast - we'll call you Beast.
Fet - stand here. You are the skinny
one who dyes his hair.

PASHA (peevied)

What you calling him?

ARKADY (malicious smile)

Red. We'll call him Red. He's that,
isn't he? Right to the roots.

Pasha is satisfied. Fet frowns.

FET

What are you implying, Comrade?

ARKADY (ignoring this)

Now this -
(places chair between them)
is the girl. Beauty.

FET

And who are you, Investigator?

Arkady thrusts his face close to Fet, who blinks, and all but
steps back.

ARKADY

I am the Killer.

FET (swallow)

Why are we playing this game?

DISSOLVE.

12. EXTERIOR. GORKY PARK. DAY.

12.

Arkady continues his 'reconstruction', taking Pasha and Fet to
the now rapidly thawing - and wet - scene. The ice-rink is
closed.

ARKADY

It's cold. We've been skating. But
we've left the skating paths for the
clearing. Why?

FET

To talk?

CONTINUED...

12. CONTINUED.

PASHA

To eat! That's why anyone skates - so
you can stop, have a meat pie, pass around
the vodka.

ARKADY

So - I've brought food. There's vodka
in our bellies. You're feeling good.
Relaxed. Then - ?

PASHA

You - um - you shoot from your pocket - -

FET

Shoot your own foot that way!

PASHA (offended)

But Forensic say there's leather on the
bullet -

FET

A bag! You brought the food in a leather
bag! With the gun!

Arkady, listening, standing by the shallow indentations where
the bodies had been, looks back at the skating area, broodingly
speculative.

DISSOLVE.

13. EXTERIOR. GORKY PARK. SNOWY DUSK.

In LS, and eerie snowflake-filled light, FOUR INDISTINCT SKATERS,
summoned by Arkady's imagination, leave the skating paths.
They approach, near-ghosts in dream-like silence - and then
the girl LAUGHS.

ARKADY (V.O.)

We are friends, enjoying ourselves. I
am - handing out the food. From the
bag - -

The girl laughs again, ghost-like, as the figures crowd
close -

PASHA (V.O.)

And I don't suspect a thing when you lift
the bag close to my chest!

A LOUD SHOT, on CUT TO -

14. EXTERIOR. THE CLEARING, GORKY PARK. DAY.

14.
14.

FET
The noise! What about the noise?
Wouldn't the other two call out? Wouldn't
they run?

Self-absorbed, Arkady is looking across at a dripping and
silent LOUDSPEAKER, on the nearest edge of the empty skating area.

PASHA
They don't know what's happening -

FET
But the noise -

They break off in astonishment. Arkady is suddenly running.

15. INTERIOR. PARK HUT. DAY.

15.

The old Babushka, eating sausage, reacts with alarm as
Arkady bursts in. He grins at her, reassuringly.

16. EXTERIOR. THE CLEARING. DAY.

16.

Pasha and Fet are walking back toward the car.

FET
No, no. It stands to reason the noise
- would -

He breaks off as the 1812 OVERTURE once more crashes out
from echoing loudspeakers. Pasha grins with malicious
triumph, exaggeratedly putting hand to cocked ear.

PASHA
What you say?

17. INTERIOR/EXTERIOR. ARKADY'S RETURNING CAR. DAY.

17.

Coming back from the park, Arkady, Pasha, and (in back) Fet
all occupied with their own thoughts. But Fet leans forward,
tapping Arkady's shoulder, irritatingly.

FET
But she'd scream, wouldn't she? Two men
shot beside her - she'd scream. And she'd
run. Wouldn't she? Eh?

But Arkady is broodingly thoughtful. Pasha looks at him.
Then - wide-eyed -

PASHA
Arkady - you know what you just did?

ARKADY
We're missing something.

PASHA
Yeh - you just went through a red light!

CONTINUED...

15-16.

17. CONTINUED.

17.

ARKADY

Concentrate! Each with no face. No
finger-tips. Why? Obviously to make
identification difficult. But then the
killer shoots the two men in the head. Why?

FET

You're right. He risks making even more noise -

PASHA

But if he's sliced their faces off - what's
the point of shooting them in the mouth?

A moment. Then Arkady suddenly brakes. The tires
squeal. They look at him, astonished. Then -

ARKADY (excited)

What do you have in your mouth?

Pasha blinks, Fet frowns.

PASHA

My tongue.

ARKADY

Teeth! Your teeth!

(SCENES 18-19 DELETED)

20. CLOSE. SLIDE UNDER MICROSCOPE.

20.

A powdery, pink rubble comes into sharp FOCUS and continues
to magnify.

21. INTERIOR. AUTOPSY ROOM, SIDE BENCHES. NIGHT.

21.

Levin straightens from microscope, triumphant.

LEVIN

Gutta-percha. He had root canal work,
the red-haired one.

ARKADY

Meaning?

LEVIN

Dentists in Europe don't use gutta-percha.
Only the Americans.

Arkady slaps his fist into his palm.

17.

22. INTERIOR. ARKADY'S OFFICE. DAY.

22.

Littered with paper, files, surveillance equipment - much more so than in a Western police office.

Arkady is dictating to an expressionless, plump Slav of a Militia SECRETARY.

ARKADY

- The dental technique suggests that the victim is an American -

Pasha comes bursting in, excited.

PASHA

Arkady - we've found ...

He stops. Arkady lifts a brow at secretary.

She automatically withdraws.

ARKADY

Excited. Are we?

PASHA

We've found the last bullet - !

ARKADY (sharp)

What weapon?

PASHA

It's from a 7.65mm pistol, and that's -

ARKADY

And that's a KGB gun.

They look at each other.

PASHA

Is it that shit Pribluda? Is it, Arkady?

ARKADY

That's like asking me if the girl is a virgin when I see her in bed with a man on top of her.

Tiny, comical pause.

PASHA

What man, Arkady?

CONTINUED...

18.

22. CONTINUED.

22.

Arkady, and then Pasha, start to laugh just as Fet comes in with the stolid Slav secretary.

*

FET

I am missing a joke?

Arkady takes a note from the secretary, who goes out again.

*

ARKADY

Oh, it's not very funny, Fet. It's about your friend Major Pribluda.

*

FET

What do you mean? My friend?

But Arkady is reading the note, and his expression changes.

*

PASHA

What is it - ?

ARKADY

I've been asked to spend tomorrow at Iamskoy's dacha. The Chief Prosecutor is giving a week-end party. And he wants to talk to me.

*

FET

That is a great honor, Comrade.

PASHA

You'd better tidy yourself up!

*

ARKADY

What? Oh. Yes.

*

He brushes abundant tobacco ash off his lapel, but is thinking about the note.

*

19.

23. EXTERIOR. TROIKA ON ICE, COUNTRYSIDE. DAY.

23.

A three-horse SLED jingles across ice. IRINA is in it, accompanied by a suavely powerful, ageing American fur importer, JACK OSBORNE. Fur-wrapped, they appear curiously apart, unlike sledding companions. They cross under an ornate BRIDGE toward an island of snow. Osborne glances at her with an ironic little smile, but she stares ahead. He indicates the distant vista, with his whip.

24. EXTERIOR. IAMSKOY'S DACHA. DAY.

24.

A large, isolated log-built dacha, with wooden terrace, deep in snowy, wooded country. A dozen or so Soviet CARS outside, whitening.

MOVING CLOSER to pick up FOUR OR FIVE PEOPLE coming out of the dacha, with SKIS, including IAMSKOY. He waits as Arkady's old car, with snow-chains, and belching exhaust smoke, PHUT-PHUTS along the wide approach track. Arkady gets out, and kicks his tires in comic exasperation.

25. EXTERIOR. THE TROIKA. DAY.

24.

The dacha is seen from the distant troika as Iamskoy appears to greet Arkady warmly and gesture him toward the house. Osborne looks again at the silent, watching Irina.

OSBORNE

There is much to be said for a woman who is silent, angel. But little for one who is passive. Mmm?

She looks at him, challengingly. He closes his hand over hers.

26. INTERIOR. DACHA. DAY.

26.

ANTON, lawyer friend of Arkady, pours wine for the new arrival.

ANTON

A French Sauterne, Arkady. The Chief Prosecutor knows more about wine than justice, eh?

Across the room, NATASHA, Anton's pretty wife, is talking deferentially to some of the several Soviet élitists scattered about.

Arkady tastes the wine, pulls a face.

CONTINUED...

26. CONTINUED.

ARKADY

Too sweet, Anton.

ANTON

Ach - you have a vinegar mouth, old friend. It will be your undoing.

ARKADY (amused)

Correct. Here's to smooth palms.

ANTON

Long may they be oiled.

As they clink glasses, Anton looks at him, almost accusingly.

ANTON (again)

Well, well - a weekend in Prosecutor Iamskoy's dacha. It must be because your father was a hero of the Red Army. God knows, it can't be because of your charm or your elegance...

ARKADY

No, not a weekend, Anton. Just today. Time enough to get our host in a corner.

ANTON

What are you up to?

ARKADY

Saving a life.

ANTON

Whose?

ARKADY

Mine.

Anton smiles uneasily, but NATASHA has come over to them, carrying vodka. She is a little of a Soviet prude and social climber, and there is a hint of disapproval in her manner.

NATASHA

Wouldn't you rather have good Soviet vodka -

ARKADY

No, Natasha. Wicked French wine will do.

His face changes - for -

Osborne and Irina are coming in. Osborne shakes snow from his sable hat, then crosses to the huge log fire, hands outstretched, nodding with affable familiarity to those nearest.

CONTINUED...

21.

26. CONTINUED.

26.

Irina, standing still, looks around the big room, and her eyes fall on Arkady, without a hint of recognition - deliberately.

ANTON

What is it?

ARKADY

Those two. Who is he?

ANTON

An American fur importer.- Jack Osborne.
Very big wheel. The Kremlin uses him
to take private messages to and from
Washington. Out of our league, Arkady.

NATASHA

He's very rich and very important.
They say he even had dinner with
Brezhnev before he died.

ANTON

The conversation would have been better
if he'd had dinner with Brezhnev after
he'd died.

NATASHA

Anton! Not so loud!

ARKADY

And the girl?

ANTON

Well, you never see a plain looking lady
with a man as rich and old as that, do you?
Whoever she is, I can tell you she has
something pretty wrinkled between her and
the top bedsheet at nights!

ARKADY

You don't know that.

ANTON

Quite so. Maybe she gets on top.

NATASHA

Anton!

But Arkady is looking across at Irina, with a frown. She
looks away.

DISSOLVE.

26A. EXTERIOR. IAMSKOY'S DACHA. DAY.

26A.*

Establishing shot.

27. INTERIOR. DACHA. NIGHT.

Some hours, many drinks later, and Osborne is 'holding court', surrounded by acolytes - and Irina stands near.

OSBORNE

The Ancient Greeks, as usual, understood the mechanics of power very well. Justice, they said - justice is in the interests of the stronger. I have heard the same sentiment expressed in not dissimilar terms in America. Those with the gold make the rules, someone said.

IAMSKOY

Isn't that corrupt?

OSBORNE

My dear Prosecutor, I think it is a very amiable way of ordering things.

Some laughter at his way of putting it.

IAMSKOY

You mean that in America only those with enough money can be innocent?

OSBORNE

No. I mean that in America lawyers do very well for themselves.

Laughter. Arkady sees Irina's reluctance to smile.

ANTON (tipsy)

Well, you know what you're doing here when you engage a defense lawyer?

OSBORNE

Wasting money.

Shocked, slightly uneasy laughter.

ANTON

Quite so! You wouldn't be on trial if you weren't really guilty, would you?

NATASHA (nervously)

Anton - you're not at home now -

Some discreet sniggers, which encourage unwise Anton to take further license -

ANTON

Before the Prosecutor points his finger I publicly deplore the criminal's act. I'm not only outraged, I'm nauseated.

Arkady, approaching, sees Irina momentarily close her eyes as though hating the tone of the entire conversation.

27. CONTINUED.

ARKADY

Steady, Anton.

ANTON (too tipsy)

If my client is lucky, I might mention—
that, so far as is known, he never once
farted on Lenin's birthday.

Silence. Anton is suddenly flustered, eyes darting to
Iamskoy in helpless apology.

The small moment of genuine tension is broken by Osborne, whose
amused glint is suddenly promoted into a guffaw.

OSBORNE (laugh)

(turning to Irina)

There you are, my dear. Just the sort of
lawyer you need if you want a conducted tour
of the Soviet prison system.

Because he laughs, and because Iamskoy laughs, the others do
so too.

ANTON (aside to Arkady)

Oh, Christ -

But Arkady is looking at the way Irina's expression darkens.

DISSOLVE.

28. EXTERIOR. THE TERRACE, DACHA. NIGHT.

28.

Arkady, dressed to leave, and Iamskoy come out of the dacha,
a gust of noise and a spill of light as they open and close
the door. Iamskoy shivers.

IAMSKOY

I have read your report, Arkady. And I
can see that you are anxious for KGB to
take over the case. But this is not
like you. Why? What's wrong?

ARKADY

Can I speak freely?

IAMSKOY

To me? Always.

ARKADY (evenly)

It is more than possible that KGB killed
those three people.

Small, tense pause. Iamskoy, staring hard, suddenly nods.

IAMSKOY

I agree.

CONTINUED...

28. CONTINUED.

Arkady is astonished.

ARKADY

Then it is likely they are laying a trap for me.

IAMSKOY

Why?

ARKADY

Two years ago I tried to arrest Major Pribluda. I proved he was an assassin. You remember the two bodies found by the river? Jehovah's Witnesses.

IAMSKOY

By God, Arkady. It's cold out here. You want to freeze my blood even more?

ARKADY

I proved KGB did it. I moved for the indictment. And -
(shrug)
I was arrested. And beaten senseless.

IAMSKOY

And who got you out?

ARKADY

I was grateful to you. I am grateful to you. But it's a poisonous farce -

Iamskoy puts a hand on Arkady's shoulder.

IAMSKOY

Arkady. Arkady. Things are changing. Believe me, I have more - clout than used to be the case. They are more vulnerable. You are easily the best policeman in Moscow, and I need your help. I need it badly.

Arkady stares at him.

ARKADY

And you can protect me, and my men?

IAMSKOY

Listen. Our Soviet constitution is a noble piece of work, but only if honorable men and women respect it. I am determined to stand on legality. KGB must not, cannot, work outside the law, otherwise they are little better than the CIA.

ARKADY

But how -

28. CONTINUED.

IAMSKOY
 Support me! Don't try to unload the case!
 We must not give them a centimeter! I
 promise you, Arkady, I'll be behind you
 every step of the way, and if -

He stops abruptly as Irina comes out.

IAMSKOY
 Yes, my dear?

She looks at Arkady.

IRINA (direct)
 You are the only one here who is going
 back to Moscow tonight.

ARKADY
 It seems so.

IRINA
 Will you take me with you?

IAMSKOY
 Oh, now, my dear. Is there something wrong - ?

IRINA
 Please?

Puzzled, Arkady nods, and Iamskoy turns away.

IAMSKOY
 You must persuade Mr Osborne to give you a
 sable coat, my dear. The Investigator's
 car has no heater.

And with a smile at Arkady, he goes back in.

Arkady and Irina look at each other, then -

ARKADY
 Come on.

And, rather abruptly, he walks away, leaving her to follow.
 He seems obscurely offended. He doesn't know it yet, but
 he is jealous of her assumed relationship with Osborne.

29. EXTERIOR. THE DACHA. APPROACHING ARKADY'S-PARKED
CAR. NIGHT.

ARKADY
 Weren't you enjoying yourself?

29. CONTINUED.

IRINA

I didn't want to stay the night.

ARKADY

Yes. But why?

He is now at his car door, and she gives him one, swift, cold glance from the other side of the old car.

IRINA

No single beds.

And she gets in.

He smiles faintly to himself, and opens the car door.

30. INTERIOR/EXTERIOR. ARKADY'S CAR. NIGHT.

Dark, snowy country road, and the noisy car has no heater, so Arkady and Irina have their collars up. He has looked across at her, more than once. She does not want to talk. Then, irritated by her self-absorbed composure -

ARKADY

Anyway - not the sort of place a girl without a decent pair of boots normally goes. Is it?

She doesn't answer. He grins, maliciously.

ARKADY

Won't that rich, old American be disappointed?

She looks at him at last, eyes flaring.

IRINA

I asked you for a lift. Not a conversation.

ARKADY

Tut-tut. Still upset about a pair of lost skates? If they were lost.

IRINA

I reported them missing.

ARKADY

Yes. I checked. But why?

IRINA (coldly)

What?

CONTINUED...

30. CONTINUED.

30.

ARKADY

You're not the sort who trots to the police
for a thing like that. Unless you had a
reason.

30A. EXTERIOR. ROAD TO ORNATE BRIDGE. DUSK.

30A.*

She is silent. He looks across at her.

ARKADY

Were you frightened they might turn up on
the wrong person?

IRINA

Let me out.

ARKADY

What - ?

IRINA

Stop the car. Let me out. I would
rather walk.

ARKADY

Don't be silly - it's too far! You'd
freeze to death.

But she starts to wrench at the door. Arkady, astounded,
brakes too hard, and they jerk violently--

31. EXTERIOR. THE ORNATE BRIDGE. DUSK.

31.

The car skidding and skewing badly on the ice, its passenger
door swinging open.

32. INTERIOR/EXTERIOR. ARKADY'S CAR. DUSK.

32.

ARKADY

You're insane! What are you trying to do!
Kill yourself?

*

IRINA (insolent calm)

Questions. Questions.

Impressed, but exasperated, he leans across her and shuts the
door. The car has stalled, and when he tries to start it,
it wheezes. Furiously, and feeling a little foolish, he
jabs again and again at the old-style starter button. The
car scrapes and coughs, hideously - but without starting.

Irina throws back her head, and laughs, not kindly.

ARKADY

Fine. Fine. Now we can both freeze.

CONTINUED...

28.

32. CONTINUED.

32.

IRINA

KGB have better cars too!

ARKADY

Ah. But they don't always take you
where you want to go.

*

But then the car starts - just.

*

Picking up speed, noisily, he glances covertly at her. She
is sitting there with a triumphant little smile.

FADE.

FADE IN:

33. INTERIOR. ARKADY'S APARTMENT. DAY.

33.

A small, untidy fourth-floor box of a home.

It is Sunday afternoon. Arkady, shoes off, a hole in the
toe of one of his socks, is sprawled lazily on his settee,
watching a soccer game on his TV, opened and discarded
newspapers on the floor beside him.

*

He covers his eyes in disgust as 'his' team commits a foul
on the edge of the penalty area, or something similar.

**

ARKADY (to himself)

Stupid bow-legged bastard!

.*

34. EXTERIOR. ARKADY'S APARTMENT BLOCK. DAY.

34.

Anton, carrying a net bag, and whistling jauntily, goes
into the anonymous, concrete building.

**

35. INTERIOR. ARKADY'S APARTMENT. DAY.

35.*

Made impassioned by the (for him) bad progress of the game,
Arkady has risen to snarl at the set, fists all but clenched.

*

ARKADY

Never! Never!

*

There is a cheery RAT-RAT on his door.

*

ARKADY (yell)

It's open!

*

Anton comes in, out of breath, with his big net bag.

*

CONTINUED....

35. CONTINUED.

ANTON

When are you going to get an apartment
with an elevator that works?

*

ARKADY (grumpy)

Same day I get one on the ground floor.

*

ANTON

Oh, dear. Losing, are we?

*

ARKADY

Two-nothing.

*

He switches the set off in disgust, and flops back on settee
as Anton laughs.

*

ARKADY (morose)

I tell you, Anton. Nothing works.

*

Anton is already unpacking vodka etc. from the bag. He
holds up bottle.

*

ANTON

Oh, yes it does!

*

ARKADY

What on earth - - - ? And why aren't
you at Iamskoy's dacha? Thought you were
there for the whole weekend?

*

ANTON

Natasha insisted on us coming away. She
said I'd made a fool of myself. Did I?
(disdainful sniff).
By the way, you've got a hole in your
sock.

ARKADY

Yes.

Anton, who knows where things are, is getting glasses, etc.

ANTON

Yes, what?

ARKADY

Yes. You did make a fool of yourself.
And yes, I have got a hole in my sock.
These are my Sunday socks.

ANTON

'Farting on Lenin's birthday'. Holy
Peter! Why did I say that?

CONTINUED...

35. CONTINUED.

He is pouring two large vodkas, and handing one to the still lazily relaxed Arkady.

ARKADY

Oh. Come on. No harm done.
(maliciously)
I think.
(drinks)
Where did you get this? And caviar,
by God! Anton - what have you been
up to?

Anton gives a comical little shrug, then a schoolboyish smirk.

ANTON

Well, when Natasha made me leave this
morning I decided to go out the back
way - through Iamskoy's kitchen!

Arkady laughs.

Anton hands Arkady some caviar spread on a cracker.

ANTON

Look at the quality - like ball-bearings!
Eh? The Chief Prosecutor certainly
knows how to look after himself.

ARKADY

Don't they all.

ANTON

Now, now, Arkady. Iamskoy's a good man.
And he thinks the world of you.

ARKADY

Oh, yes?

ANTON

Certainly he does.
(drinks)
He was a very young officer on the Leningrad
front under your father.
(raises his glass)
Here's to the memory of General Renko.
Butcher of the Huns.

Arkady responds. The comedy is finishing on the TV set.

ARKADY (solemn)

And here's to the memory of my dear fat
friend Anton Semyonov.

ANTON

What?

CONTINUED...

35. CONTINUED.

ARKADY

Who blew away his own good name by coupling
a fart to Lenin's birthday. To Anton.
Butcher of the Bolsheviks!

ANTON (solemn)

To Anton.

They drink, then roar with laughter as Anton makes a ripe,
comical farting noise.

ANTON

And here's to the gorgeous female you
stole from that filthy old man on
Saturday night!

ARKADY

What?

ANTON

Did you screw her?

ARKADY

I did not.

ANTON

Oh, come on.

ARKADY

Listen - she'd as soon go to bed with a
policeman as with a dead sewer rat.
(rather evasively)
Besides, she's not like that. She's -
well, she's -

ANTON (amused)

She's what?

ARKADY

I don't know. A puzzle.

ANTON

Then here's to a puzzle. And may she be
unraveled!

Oddly reluctant, Arkady also raises his glass. They drink.
Anton is looking at his friend with a glint of amusement.

ARKADY

What's the matter?

ANTON

Nothing. You've got a hole in your sock,
that's all.

And then he laughs, already a little tipsy. Arkady looks
at him, then at his own glass.

32.

35. CONTINUED.

35.

ARKADY

This stuff. It's white dynamite
from Siberia. Blow your head off.
(at Anton's heartily renewed laugh)
What's so funny?

ANTON

White Dynamite. From Siberia.
And I'll bet she's terrific between
the sheets!

ARKADY

To Mother Russia.

*

ANTON

God bless her.

*

They chink, laugh, drink.

ANTON

Those bodies, eh? If only you could
trace it back to your old friend
Pribluda, et? By Christ, Arkady!

*

ARKADY

Visit me in the morgue.

ANTON

Yes. But first - first - I'll
defend you in court!

They roar with drunken laughter.

36. EXTERIOR. STREET BEYOND MILITIA HQ. DAY.

36.

Subdued Arkady (hangover) and chirpy Pasha going on
foot to lunch.

33.

36. CONTINUED.

36.

PASHA
You know and I know that Pribluda
shot those Jehovah's Witnesses we
found by the river. Isn't this
the same? Arkady, isn't it?

*

ARKADY (abstracted)
No. I - no. I don't think so.

*

PASHA
Why not?

*

ARKADY (snap)
I feel it, that's all. It's not
KGB. It's something else!

*

Pasha looks at him, surprised by the apparent ill-temper,
as Arkady pushes open the door to crowded café.

*

37. INTERIOR. SOVIET-STYLE CAFETERIA. DAY.

37.

Arkady and Pasha stand to eat a lot of cabbage and a little
meat in a crowded lunch-time café with steamed-up windows.

Pasha, diligently chewing, speaks with his mouth full.

PASHA
Forensic says that the -

ARKADY
Empty your mouth when you speak!

Pasha bolts his food, and looks round-eyed at Arkady.

PASHA
Arkady?

Arkady sighs, apologetic, pushing his food away.

ARKADY
Sorry, Pasha. Got a hangover. And I
don't know whether to get deep into this
case of not. Really take it on, I mean.

PASHA (shakes his head)
Don't piss into the wind.

ARKADY
Maybe. Maybe not - What about Forensic?

PASHA
Forensic says their chromatograph has
picked up traces of gesso, sawdust and
gold on the clothing of -

CONTINUED...

37. CONTINUED.

ARKADY

Gold?

PASHA

All stuff used in restoring ikons.
Black marketeers, Arkady. That's why
KGB disposed of them, eh? Sodding
Pribluda.

As Arkady muses, Pasha cautiously fills his mouth again.

ARKADY

Anything else? Did Forensic turn up
anything else?

PASHA

Oh. Yes. Spots of chicken and fish
blood.

Although Pasha gives this as though it were unimportant,
Arkady frowns.

ARKADY

That's odd. Isn't it?

Pasha, mouth full, shrugs by way of answer. Arkady broods.

ARKADY

You see, there are things that don't fit.
I've just got this feeling... There's
something else going on. God! I wish
we knew what they looked like.

He looks at Pasha, then turns away, suddenly decisive.

PASHA (surprised)

No dessert?

ARKADY

I'm going to slice a different cake.

He makes a throat-cutting gesture with his finger. Pasha
is puzzled.

38. INTERIOR. AUTOPSY ROOM. DAY.

38.

A buzzing saw is cutting through the faceless girl's neck
bone. Arkady closes his eyes, in reflex distaste, as
the head topples into a box he is holding.

ARKADY

And the red-head please. I want his
head, too.

LEVIN

And why not the other one?

ARKADY

We know nothing whatsoever about the big
fellow. And how many do you think I
can carry under my arm?

Levin gives a fatalistic little shrug, and switches on the
saw again.

LEVIN

So long as you know what to say if they
stop you in the street.

35.

39. EXTERIOR. GORKY PARK. DAY.

39.

Ice on the skating area is mushily splintering in the thaw.

Arkady, a box under each arm, tests it with his foot, and moves across to the dripping clearing and the three shallow indentations. He stares down at them, like one not only drawn to the scene, but also increasingly obsessed (despite himself) with the case.

IRINA (V.O.)

If they're dead, they're dead. I
can't help them...

DISSOLVE.

40. INTERIOR. GALLERY OF HEADS, SOVIET INSTITUTE OF ETHNOLOGY. DAY.

40.

Box under each arm, Arkady's echoing feet slow in a long gallery of life-like, RECONSTRUCTED HEADS, and he looks at a cruel old Tartar head in a gilden glass showcase.

ANDREEV (suddenly)

The greatest of killers.

Startled, Arkady whirls round. A horribly fierce little PROFESSOR ANDREEV is staring at him.

ARKADY

S-sorry - ?

ANDREEV

Tamerlane the Great. Nasty man.
His skull showed left-side paralysis.
And I had some hair to work with!

ARKADY

Oh. I see -

ANDREEV

Do you? Do you? And what about the
mildew? On the upper lip!

ARKADY

I - yes.

(then)

I'm sorry: What do you mean - ?

Fierce Andreev bellows the answer as though to a dim pupil.

ANDREEV

Where the mustache grew! Mildew!

CONTINUED...

40. CONTINUED.

36.

40.

ARKADY

Oh. Yes. Of course.

Andreev looks him up and down, coldly.

ANDREEV

I am Professor Andreev.

ARKADY

Chief Investigator Renko. I -

ANDREEV

I do not do forensic work for Militia or KGB. *

(peers at Arkady)

Renko. How interesting!

ARKADY (blink)

What? *

ANDREEV

You do not look a bit like General Renko. *
My God, your zygomaticus has a different
elasticity altogether! Promise me, I can
have your face when the breath has left
your body. Mmmm?

ARKADY (gulp)

Professor - These heads have no faces. *

Andreev steps back in comical alarm. *

ANDREEV

Don't try to interest me!

ARKADY

The murderer has erased their identity.
You can give it back to them.

Andreev tries to escape, shaking his head vigorously. But
Arkady determinedly follows as Andreev goes on into his workroom. *

41. INTERIOR. ANDREEV'S WORKROOM. DAY.

41.

TWO SILENT ASSISTANTS are working on an ancient Chinese skull.
Arkady looks at them, swiftly, then follows the irascible
Andreev to his bench.

ARKADY (evenly)

Professor Andreev. Too many people in
our society disappear without trace.

ANDREEV (icily)

Oh? Why is that?

CONTINUED...

37.

41. CONTINUED.

41.

ARKADY

They fall into a chasm.

ANDREEV

What sort of chasm?

Arkady stares back, unflinchingly.

ARKADY

The one between what is said and what is done.

Andreev examines him keenly, then nods briskly, satisfied.

ANDREEV

You may not be long for this world, my fine imprudent fellow.

He takes a BOX from Arkady, and unceremoniously yanks out the girl's head by the long hair.

ANDREEV

Mmm. Mmm. First thing - clean off the rest of the flesh. Mmm?
(barks)
Boy! Bring me the beetles!

Arkady stares, pop-eyed.

42. EXTERIOR. SOVIET INSTITUTE OF ETHNOLOGY. DUSK. 42.*

Outside, the SHADOWER positions himself to wait for Arkady's exit.

43. EXTERIOR. FUNFAIR, GORKY PARK. NIGHT. 43.*

Arkady ambling at apparent ease among the funfair delights. *
But his alert glance picks out the Shadower, still following.
Arkady deliberately positions himself on the edge of CROWD watching -

44. EXTERIOR. ROCK BAND SHOW. NIGHT. 44.*

On a truck, a rather dated group of Russian rock n'roll musicians are belting out accented but English versions of IT'S SO EASY (TO FALL IN LOVE) and TWIST AND SHOUT. *

The Shadower, watching, becomes as involved as the rest - *
but Arkady's eyes are solely on the Shadower. He slowly edges away.

The Shadower, beginning to sway his shoulders, suddenly *
remembers himself and looks quickly to where Arkady had been standing - and sees no-one. He gapes, swivels, and pushes people out of the way.

38.

45. EXTERIOR. GORKY PARK. NIGHT.

45.*

Arkady, running, reaches the cover of trees and bushes. Panting, he checks to see if he has shaken the tail. Assured, he leans back against a tree, and, thoughtful, lights one of his loosely-rolled cigarettes. And then he stiffens, suddenly alert, seeing -

46. EXTERIOR. THE CLEARING. NIGHT.

46.*

Through the distant bushes, an INTERMITTENT FLASHLIGHT FLICKER from where the bodies were found.

47. EXTERIOR. GORKY PARK. NIGHT.

47.*

Arkady pinches out his awful cigarette, and parsimoniously puts the two-thirds remaining in his pocket. Cautiously, he creeps forward to the wet bushes around the clearing -

48. EXTERIOR. THE CLEARING. NIGHT.

48.*

Within the cordoned-off area where the bodies were found, a near-silhouette of a man (KIRWILL, an AMERICAN) is cautiously shining a flashlight at the ground. Suddenly wary, he clicks off the light.

Arkady moves forward, quietly.

ARKADY

Who are you?

KIRWILL takes off, fast, and instantly.

ARKADY

Stop! Militia!

And he runs after him, yelling 'Stop!' again.

49. EXTERIOR. GORKY PARK. NIGHT.

49.*

RUNNING FIGURES, with Arkady gaining, plunging into thick BUSHES, with whip-like branches lashing at them in the half-light.

But just before reaching a stretch of bumpy, dark, open ground Kirwill suddenly and unexpectedly STOPS dead, and turns to face Arkady.

ARKADY (cautious)

Who are you? What were you doing?

Kirwill stands stock still, expressionless, silent. An odd, tense moment. Arkady comes up close, a little less wary. Kirwill half-raising his hands in surrender.

CONTINUED...

49. CONTINUED.

49.

Suddenly, and very fast, Kirwill, hands already lifting, hits Arkady hard between the eyes with his CHUNKY FLASHLIGHT.

Akrady goes down, and Kirwill turns and runs, fast, out into open ground, toward the park fence. Stunned, shocked, Arkady forces himself up, and, much farther behind now, goes after him.

49A. EXTERIOR. RAILROAD EMBANKMENT. NIGHT.

49A.*

Kirwill is caught just as he goes over the fence, for Arkady, though groggy, dives at him from the top of the fence. They roll together down an EMBANKMENT, in a hard, vicious struggle. As Kirwill viciously butts, Arkady, on the ground, pulls him closer in a desperate embrace, and bites hard into Kirwill's ear.

KIRWILL

Son of a bitch!

Kirwill knees Arkady in the groin, forcing him loose, and then, with a huge, double-fisted blow, hammers Arkady down into the squelch of thawing earth. Panting heavily Kirwill runs on. Hurt, bleeding, Arkady pulls himself onto all fours, with shuddering gasps.

ARKADY

An American!

50. EXTERIOR. RAIL FREIGHT YARDS. NIGHT.

50.

Kirwill, breath laboring, slows to peer back into the dank gloom. He has reached an old railroad freight yard at the far side of the Park, full of looming, mostly silent, occasionally clanking locos, and rolling stock. Hearing, rather than seeing, the PAD-PAD-PAD of Arkady's determined and renewed approach, Kirwill darts between two old, immobile freight cars, and clambers higher.

Arkady is again caught unprepared as Kirwill crashes out on him, and, despite a desperate struggle between the tracks, cannot get over the initial disadvantage.

Kirwill, decisively above Arkady, and sobbing with effort, bangs Arkady's head again and again on the rail. Leaving him for unconscious, or dead, Kirwill lumbers off into darkness, and jumps onto a slow moving freight train.

50A. EXTERIOR. ANTON'S STREET. DAWN.

50A.*

Establishing shot.

51. EXTERIOR. ENTRANCE TO ANTON'S APARTMENT. DAWN.

51.

A hand pressing at an entrance buzzer, then slipping away: it is Arkady's. He is all but unable to stay upright. He waits, wincing.

52. INTERIOR/EXTERIOR. ENTRANCE, ANTON'S APARTMENT. DAWN. 52.

Bleary-eyed, irritated, in rather gaudy pajamas, Anton opens the street door. At first, because Arkady has slumped to the sidewalk, below Anton's expected eye-level, Anton thinks nobody is there. And then -

ANTON
Arkady! What the - !

53. INTERIOR. ANTON'S KITCHEN. DAWN.

53.

Arkady swallowing brandy in one gulp.

ANTON
Who did it? What happened?

Arkady, the worse for wear, simply holds out his glass for more -

ANTON
Was it KGB?

Arkady drinks, shudders -

ARKADY
No, no. It was - I think an American -

ANTON
Christ! CIA, you think?

Arkady laughs, but also winces.

ARKADY
Somebody with fists made of stone.

ANTON
But you think it was the killer.

Arkady looks at him. Anton sees he's not going to get an answer. So -

ANTON
More pain-killer?
(gives more brandy)
What are we doing in the kitchen?

ARKADY
It's where you hide your French brandy.

ANTON
Shouldn't you lie down?

Arkady puts the glass down on the white machine at his elbow. He raises an eyebrow, seeking to change the subject.

CONTINUED...

53. CONTINUED.

ARKADY

Anton - how do you do it? This is
new. Don't tell me you got this out of
 Iamskoy's kitchen!

ANTON (proudly)

The Siberia. We waited ten months for
 it. A very highly rated washer.

Impresario-like, Anton takes sopping wet tangles of clothing
 from the agitator tub and stuffs it into the spin-dryer part
 of the machine - and, in doing so, cannot see Arkady's wince
 of suppressed pain.

ANTON

Just look at this!

The washer starts to thrash and shake in a HUGE ROAR, water
 gushing from its hose into the sink.

ARKADY

Poetry, Anton.

Anton picks up the note of suppressed pain. But as he
 moves to Arkady, concerned, the roaring machine suddenly
 stops. And volatile Anton becomes a picture of outrage.

ANTON (pounding the machine)

Definitely, indisputably, a Soviet machine!

The washer splutters, then SHAKES and ROARS again. The
 DRAINAGE HOSE twists off, and a spray of SOAPY WATER smacks
 into outraged Anton.

ANTON

Help!

The control knob comes off in his hand as the roaring machine
 madly sprays everywhere.

Arkady, deadpan, pulls the plug.

A moment of incredulous silence as dripping Anton and
 seated Arkady look at each other. Then -

ARKADY

Well. It works.

Anton starts to kick the silent machine.

ANTON

Fuck you! Fuck you! Ten fucking
 months! Ten! Arkady - Arkady!
 Arrest somebody!

NATASHA arrives at kitchen door, sleepily protesting.

53. CONTINUED.

NATASHA

What's all the noise! - - - Arkady - !

Anton subsides, suddenly shamefaced.

ANTON

He's been - ah - beaten up, and -

NATASHA

Arkady!

But her eyes fall on the knob in soaked Anton's hand.

NATASHA (again)

Not by you. Anton - - - ?!

ANTON (sheepish)

I - um - the washer's not quite working,
my love.

She stares at him. Then -

NATASHA

But we can still show it to people,
can't we?Arkady, with a strange little noise, keels over, right off
the chair.Horrorified, Anton and Natasha rush to him: but he is crying
with HELPLESS LAUGHTER. A moment, then they, too, start to
WHOOOP and HOWL.54. INTERIOR. WORKROOM. INSTITUTE OF ETHNOLOGY. DAY. 54.Andreev has the female head on a sort of potter's wheel. He
whistles sibilantly between his teeth as he presses plastic
'flesh' around bone.On side benches, a pimply YOUNG ASSISTANT molds tiny strips of
plastic, and an OLDER ASSISTANT, morose, uses small tweezers to
pick real flesh remains from 'Red', the male head.Andreev gropes in a small box of GLASS EYES. Irritated, he
empties it out onto his table, and EYES roll about like marbles.
He pounces on one of them, stops his irritating whistle, presses
the EYE into a soft paste, and, as he pushes it into the head's
eye socket, reacts irascibly to a TAP-TAP on the door.

CONTINUED...

54. CONTINUED.

ANDREEV

Busy. Busy.

The female head now has one eye, forehead, nose, half a cheek, etc.

The door opens, rather tentatively, and Arkady's head pokes round. Andreev, not looking up, steps back and examines his work, intently, speaking softly to himself.

ANDREEV

Who are you, my pretty?

Arkady, too, stares at the half face, awed.

ARKADY

You are a genius, Professor.

ANDREEV

Go away.

ARKADY

When can I take her?

ANDREEV

Two, three days. Maybe.

Andreev, absorbed, still has not turned.

ARKADY

It is important -

ANDREEV (bark)

Then go away!

He is already pressing in another sliver of 'flesh'. ✓

Arkady smiles. The young assistant rolls his eyes, complicitly Arkady winks at him, and, satisfied, turns to leave.

55. EXTERIOR. THE INSTITUTE. DAY.

As Arkady exits, there is a sudden flicker of ALERTNESS on his face which he does not allow to reach his limbs.

Some way back, Kirwill emerges from behind a pillar, clearly intent upon following.

56. EXTERIOR. MOSCOW STREET. DAY.

Bob-bobbing heads of the anonymous on a sidewalk, among them Kirwill, looking up ahead to the strolling, window-shopping Arkady. Arkady suddenly, unexpectedly, darts out of shot.

44.

57. CLOSER, ARKADY ON STREET. DAY.

57.

Bob-bobbing heads, but now it is Arkady that has the alert gleam in his eye, looking up ahead to -

58. CLOSER, KIRWILL ON STREET. DAY.

58.

Puzzled, eyes sliding about, aware that he has lost his man.

59. EXTERIOR. 'BERLIN HOTEL', MOSCOW. DAY.

59.

Kirwill, properly cautious, gives a quick look-around before entering his hotel.

A moment: then Arkady comes INTO SHOT, with a hunter's smile. He leans against a pendulous street lamp, and lights one of his bad cigarettes, musing, waiting, in position to watch the hotel entrance.

DISSOLVE.

60. CLOSER. ARKADY.

60.

Same position, same place. But NOT the same cigarette. There are several crushed butts at his feet. He sighs and shifts, eyes still fixed on the hotel.

61. EXTERIOR. 'BERLIN HOTEL'. DAY.

61.

Kirwill comes out at last. He hesitates, unsure which direction to take, then moves off.

62. INTERIOR. HOTEL CORRIDOR. DAY.

62.

The FLOOR-LADY, at her desk, anxiously hands Arkady a room key.

FLOOR-LADY

Are you sure this is allowed, Comrade
Chief Investigator?

ARKADY (solemnly)

In daylight hours only. Yes.

63. INTERIOR. KIRWILL'S HOTEL ROOM. DAY.

63.

Leaving the door slightly ajar, for safety, Arkady looks quickly around the room, then, fast and professional, riffles through the closet, patting down the hanging clothes.

CONTINUED...

45.

63. CONTINUED.

63.

He removes a locked SUITCASE, takes it to the bed, and jimmies it open with his pocket knife.

Inside it: FOUR GUIDE BOOKS held together by THICK RUBBER BAND. A MINOLTA 35mm CAMERA with HAND-GRIP, FOCUS LENS, A GOLD PEN/PENCIL SET in case with MORE RUBBER BANDS. And a FLAT METAL BAR, bent at one end, dog-legged at the other, with a screw through it above the dog-leg. Arkady ponders, briefly. Then flips quickly through a GUIDE BOOK, and finds, between the pages, a GRAPH-PAPER, SCALED DIAGRAM of GORKY PARK, showing the position of the bodies. Tense, now, he riffles through each guide book in turn. In one of them, folded, an ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER CUTTING (in Russian) with some hand-written ENGLISH WORDS -

64. CLOSE. THE NEWSPAPER CUTTING.

64.

The English handwriting says "Bill - meet my new girl!" and it arrows, in red ballpoint, into a circle drawn around a pretty face in the newspaper photo. The caption is in Russian. And THE FACE is like Andreev's half-completed work.

65. CLOSE. ARKADY.

65.

He 'reads' the caption, fast.

ARKADY (V.O.)

"The member of the komsomol brigade, sorter Valerya Davidova, demonstrates a pelt of a Barguzhinsky sable to the visiting delegation of American businessmen."

*

About to put the cutting down, he draws in his breath, and peers closely again -

65A. EXTERIOR. STREET NEAR HOTEL. DAY.

65A.*

Kirwill turns up his coat collar as it begins to rain, and turns back towards the hotel.

*

66. CLOSE. THE NEWSPAPER PHOTOGRAPH.

66.

Standing among the group of admiring visitors, not ringed in ball-pen, is OSBORNE.

67. INTERIOR. KIRWILL'S HOTEL ROOM. DAY.

67.

There is a sudden PATTERN OF RAIN against the window as Arkady carefully puts the much-folded cutting into his pocket. Hurrying, he continues going through the guide books. Almost at the end of the last one - he finds COLOR SNAPSHOT OF THIN YOUNG MAN with RED HAIR.

*

ARKADY (hiss)

Red!

CONTINUED...

46.

67. CONTINUED.

67.

This, too, goes in his wallet. Arkady looks at the equipment in the case, picking up the metal bar, bemused.

The RAIN splatters against window.

Suddenly, an arrow of thought: Arkady's expression changes. He takes up camera and hand-grip, and knowing now what he is doing, adeptly starts piecing together a makeshift handgun.

68. EXTERIOR. HOTEL. DAY.

68.

Curtains of heavy rain sweep across fast puddling street and sidewalk.

Kirwill, coat collar up, hat dripping, feet splashing, is returning morosely through the storm.

69. INTERIOR. KIRWILL'S ROOM. DAY.

69.

Working desperately fast, Arkady finds two .22 bullets in the gold pencil cap. He unscrews the pen.

70. INTERIOR. LONG HOTEL CORRIDOR. DAY.

70.

Pad-pad-pad as wet, heavy, morose Kirwill lumbers toward his room.

71. INTERIOR. KIRWILL'S ROOM. DAY.

71.

Arkady, hearing, rams a bullet into the barrel to complete the gun assemblage JUST AS Kirwill, with a scowl, pushes the door fully open.

Arkady aims the barrel at him.

Kirwill, very cool, shuts the door with his back, ignores the gun, and looks around the disturbed room.

KIRWILL

It's raining. In case you hadn't noticed.

He takes off his hat, as though to shake the water off.

ARKADY

No! Throw it to my feet!

Kirwill shrugs, and obeys.

ARKADY

Now - take off your coat. Drop it on the floor. Pull your pockets all the way out.

71. CONTINUED.

Cold-eyed, Kirwill obeys - keys, loose change, wallet, passport, onto the coat.

KIRWILL (menacingly)
All alone. Aren't you?

ARKADY

Stay still!

With one hand, Arkady looks at the U.S. PASSPORT, giving the name: WILLIAM KIRWILL.

Again, Kirwill tenses for a leap.

ARKADY
Don't move!

He jabs the gun, threateningly.

KIRWILL
It's my room. Why should I move?

Sit! ARKADY

Kirwill hesitates, then obeys.

ARKADY
Tie your laces together.

Arkady aims menacingly. Scowling, Kirwill ties his shoe laces. With a quick, unexpected movement, Arkady kicks the chair, tilting Kirwill hard back against the wall.

KIRWILL
Now what? Pile furniture on me?

ARKADY
If need be.

Safer now, Arkady is puzzled by the weight of the wallet in his hand. He shakes out the contents, watched malignantly by Kirwill in his awkward position.

KIRWILL
Should have killed you in the Park.

One eye on Kirwill, Arkady uses his teeth to rip at the wallet's stitching.

ARKADY

Why?

KIRWILL
Because that's where you killed my brother.

CONTINUED...

71. CONTINUED.

Arkady stares at him, teeth no longer pulling at wallet's stitching.

ARKADY

Your brother? So that's why - but -
What do you think you can do here on
your own?

KIRWILL

Kill you, for a start. Should have
done it when I had the chance -

ARKADY

I didn't kill your brother.

Arkady is getting the stitching open.

KIRWILL

You and your friends. Doesn't
matter who pulled the trigger. You'll
pay for it!

Arkady shakes out a N.Y.C. POLICE SHIELD from unstitched
wallet.

ARKADY (astounded)

A policeman! From New York!

KIRWILL

A Detective.

Arkady's tone beginning to change: the wry joke marking
the shift into would-be amiability.

ARKADY

Oh. A Detective. Lose your way,
did you?

KIRWILL (gratingly)

I found you didn't I?

ARKADY

I didn't kill your brother. But how
are you going to find the one who did it?
Or doesn't that matter? I think you'll
need a bit of help.

Kirwill is silent. Arkady's tone becomes more complicit.

ARKADY

Tell me about the girl in the newspaper
cutting.

Kirwill seems about to respond. But then -

KIRWILL

Get lost.

71. CONTINUED.

71.

ARKADY

She was a friend of your brother's.
Perhaps she was killed with him.

KIRWILL

Ask your pals in the Secret Police.

ARKADY

I am Militia. Not KGB.

KIRWILL

Same sons of bitches.

ARKADY

No! Perhaps the KGB did kill them.
But I want to find the killer. God
Almighty - just because the rats are
in charge does not make my country a
sewer! But I need help -
(pause)
Why don't we help each other, Mr Kirwill?

KIRWILL

Yeh - you on the outside and me on the
inside looking at you. Through bars.

ARKADY (smile)

A deal. I won't arrest you. You
help me. How about it?

SILENCE. Then -

KIRWILL

Go fuck yourself.

Arkady's eyes flash. He points the gun at Kirwill, and
FIRES, at the very last fraction aiming it a half-inch away
- PHUTT!

A HOLE punched into closet door at Kirwill's ear. Arkady
picks up and pockets the N.Y.P.D. SHIELD.

KIRWILL (shaken)

That - that's my shield. I need it.

Arkady tosses the gun on the floor, sardonic.

ARKADY

Not in this town you don't.

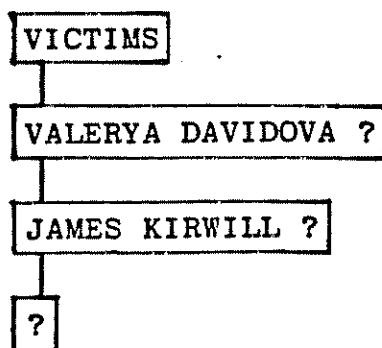
And he walks out, almost casually. Kirwill rocks his chair
upright, staring at closing door, still shocked, incredulous.

50.

72. INTERIOR. ARKADY'S OFFICE. DUSK.

72.

Arkady broods, doodles, alone at his desk, his small lamp beaming down. On a pad in front of him he has drawn:



He pulls out Kirwill's cutting to look at -

73. CLOSE. THE CUTTING.

73.

The red-ringed PHOTO OF VALERYA DAVIDOVA.

DISSOLVE.

74. INTERIOR. ANDREEV'S WORKROOM. DUSK.

74.

It is clearly the same face on Andreev's bench. The fierce Professor, alone at this late hour, shows an unexpected tenderness -

He takes a lock of her hair, and, with a small scissors, clips the tiniest amount off, as though preparing her for a big night out.

ANDREEV (softly)
There we are, my dear. But you must
come back at the stroke of midnight.

DISSOLVE.

75. INTERIOR. ARKADY'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

75.

Arkady, suddenly alert, sits bolt upright looking at the slowly turning DOOR KNOB.

He swiftly clicks off his lamp - and, at almost one and the same moment, the door crashes open, the overhead lights switch on, and PASHA points a forefinger like a pistol -

PASHA

Bang!

Pasha gurgles with tipsy laughter.

75. CONTINUED.

ARKADY (severely)
Detective Pavlovich. You are drunk.

PASHA (smirk)
Not as - not as drunk as Fet - as
Detective Fet.

ARKADY (irritated)
I told you to follow him, not -

PASHA
Look what I got - ! One of - one of
the KGB files.

ARKADY
How in God's name - ?

PASHA
Shhh! Stole it from Fet, the bastard.
Arkady - ! No vomit on it, is there?

ARKADY (amused)
You mean you got Fet so drunk -

Pasha's silly grin suddenly falters.

PASHA
They'll shoot me, won't they? I'll be
shot, fuck it.

ARKADY
Probably.

Pasha has slumped into a hard chair.

ARKADY
Pasha! This is Irina Asanova's file!
He is reading fast, already.

PASHA
Put the light out.

Arkady doesn't answer, too preoccupied. His eyes are fixed
hard on the pages of the file. He 'reads' -

ARKADY (V.O.)
" - expelled from Moscow University for
anti-social behaviour and unwise associations,
particularly with Siberian renegade Valerya
Davidova - "

ARKADY (out loud)
Informant: Feodor Golodkin.

CONTINUED...

75. CONTINUED.

75.

ARKADY (V.O.)
And with subsequently deported American
Exchange Student -

ARKADY (out loud)
James Kirwill.

He leans back, blowing smoke, thinking. Under the desk
lamp, the PHOTOGRAPH OF IRINA in the file seems to leap out.

DISSOLVE.

76. INTERIOR. ARKADY'S OFFICE. FIRST LIGHT.

76.

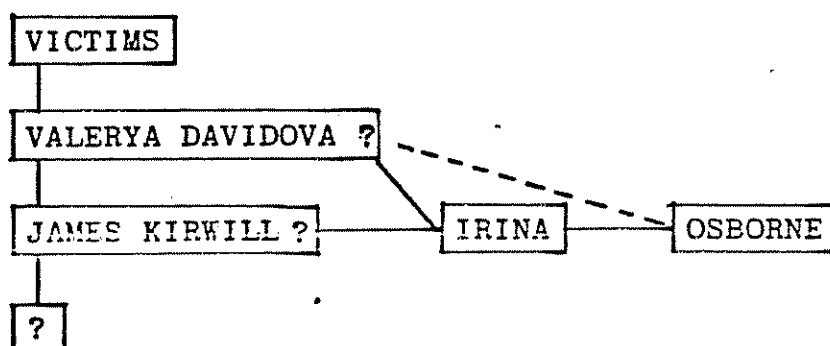
Arkady still hunches attentively over the stolen file, pen in
hand.

Pasha is asleep, crumpled awkwardly sideways on the hard chair,
making grunting, disgustingly bubbly noises.

77. CLOSE. ARKADY'S NOTEPAD.

77.

He has extended the 'boxes' into a crude diagram:



And under Irina's box he is adding another name: GOLODKIN.

78. INTERIOR. ARKADY'S OFFICE. DAWN.

78.

Bug-eyed, exhausted, Arkady turns to look at sleeping Pasha,
affectionately.

Big dumb ox. ARKADY
Hey! Pasha!

Pasha stirs, painfully.

Wh-who - ? PASHA

CONTINUED...

78. CONTINUED.

78.

Arkady taps the file with his pen, suspicious.

ARKADY
Where was this file, Pasha?

PASHA (groan)
O-o-ooch. My head. God Almighty.

Arkady opens a drawer, hands Pasha a half-full vodka bottle.

ARKADY
The quickest cure.

PASHA
No - oh God, no - never, ever again -
But, comically, he takes a huge mouthful.

ARKADY (laugh)
To the health of the Tsar!

Pasha nearly gags on the drink.

PASHA
Arkady! Don't say that - !

ARKADY
Pasha. This file is a trap -
a plant.

PASHA
But - how? What do you mean?

ARKADY
It's too convenient! 'Here I am.
Look at me!'

PASHA (worried)
But Fet had no idea I'd find it, Arkady -
He was so drunk he passed out -

ARKADY
Mmm. I wonder.

PASHA
No - vomit and all! The file was in
his bedroom. Under the mattress -

ARKADY
Why this file, though? It practically
asks us to find the informer Feodor Golodkin.
No address, of course - but - Jesus - he
links the girl Irina with two of the victims -

CONTINUED...

54.

78. CONTINUED.

78.

PASHA

Then let's find the sneaky bastard!

Arkady broods, worried. But then -

ARKADY

Yes. I want him.

PASHA (worried)

What do I do with the file?

ARKADY

Dump it in the river.

79. EXTERIOR. MOSFILM. MORNING.

79.*

IRINA walks alone among a throng of film workers on their way to work, along 'alley' between studio buildings.

*

She is startled by a sudden, quiet voice at her shoulder.

ARKADY

Where is Valerya?

She almost falters, but keeps going.

IRINA

What are you talking about?

ARKADY (alongside)

Where is she? Where do you think she is?

Irina stops, eyes blazing.

IRINA

Who? Where? What?

ARKADY

I've seen your file. You were friends with Valerya Davidova and an American student James Kirwill.

IRINA

Oh? Then the same file will tell you I was expelled from university for (with contempt) writing-on-a-wall!

*

ARKADY

What's the matter? Didn't they give you enough paper?

*

CONTINUED...

79. CONTINUED.

79.

IRINA (hotly)
Not to write the truth - no! Never!
Are you proud to be a policeman in this
country? Where you cannot say what is
really happening, even on a wall?
Where you cannot pick and choose your
own friends in case they - - -

*

ARKADY (brutally cutting in)
Your friends are dead. Murdered.

*

IRINA
You-are-diseased.

*

ARKADY
I'll show you their bodies - their
clothes. Come with me and see!

She stays in control - and coldly smiles contempt.

IRINA
You're a member of a leper organization.
I'm not going to be infected!

ARKADY
They were found in Gorky Park -

IRINA
Why do you lie? Do you think I am
a fool?

ARKADY
Then where are they, these friends of
yours? Where do you think they are?

IRINA
Out!

*

ARKADY (astonished)
Out? Who do you think got them out?

*

She looks suddenly anxious, and tries to turn away - but,
newly alert, he grabs at her arm.

*

IRINA (defensive)
You're trying to trap me. I'm not
going to betray them.

*

A MAN dressed as a BROWN BEAR, but with its head under
his arm, is staring at them. Arkady lets go her wrist.

CONTINUED...

56.

79. CONTINUED.

79.

ARKADY

They are dead! Whoever was supposed
to get them out led them to their deaths.
So you must be in danger too - I want
to help - -

*

IRINA

They're free! Free! And don't you
hate it - you filthy police scum!

*

She turns and runs, obvious hate and passion bursting out at
last. Arkady stares after her, shaken by her sudden
change of tone, and then turns back with a frown to his car.

DISSOLVE.

80. INTERIOR/EXTERIOR. ARKADY'S OLD CAR. DAY.

80.

Grim, tired, rather upset, Arkady's eyes register a
BANNER on a building, a block length -

"THE SOVIET UNION - THE HOPE OF THE WORLD"

His facial expression does not change.

*

81. INTERIOR. BREAD SHOP. DAY.

81.

Arkady comes to the head of the line to get a loaf of gray
bread. He has to pay at a separate desk.

82. EXTERIOR. STREET OUTSIDE. DAY.

82.

Chief Prosecutor IAMSKOY, in immaculate uniform, walks
along the morning-busy sidewalk, with the hint of a swagger,
for people look at him.

A window-cleaner, dragging on a cigarette, quickly discards
it and rubs at store window, exaggeratedly.

Arkady, carrying loaf, comes out of Bread Shop, almost
straight into Iamksoy's path.

CONTINUED...

82. CONTINUED.

82.

IAMSKOY

And a very good morning to you!

ARKADY

No. I've been up all night.

IAMSKOY

Come, come. No man can work so many hours.

ARKADY

Don't worry, Comrade. I'm going home to bed. This is my breakfast.

IAMSKOY

The poet lays down his pen, the killer his ax. And even you must learn to relax -

He has clapped an affable hand on Arkady's shoulder.

ARKADY (laugh)

Bed. I can relax in bed.

IAMSKOY

But I have just the thing to open up your pores and unclog your weary mind. This is my daily régime. A brisk walk. A leisurely dip. Wonderful!

Arkady feels himself being 'steered' away, but is also quite flattered, and unprotesting.

83. INTERIOR. BATHS. DAY.

83.

Around the pool, paunchy old apparatchiks dangle their legs, talking. In the pool, similarly wobbling slabs of elite all-male Soviet flesh.

Arkady's head breaks surface, and he floats on his back. Iamskoy, out of the water, calls down to him, cheerily.

IAMSKOY

Feeling refreshed?

Arkady acknowledges him with a lazily ambivalent lift of the hand.

IAMSKOY (again)

Good! I want to show you off a little!

84. EXTERIOR. STREET. DAY.

B/G an OUTDOOR MEAT PIE STALL, fairly crowded with returning night-shift workers, etc.

PASHA approaches a PROSTITUTE, one of two or three. She separates herself from her companions. She says something. We MOVE IN -

PASHA
Five rubles? You start early, don't you?

PROSTITUTE
What's it matter? I look at the ceiling, not the sky.

Pasha laughs, arm encircling her waist.

PASHA
Just as well. You can't see much else in prison, darling.

She freezes.

PROSTITUTE (quaver)
You police?

PASHA
You know Golodkin? Feodor Golodkin? I'm told you do.

PROSTITUTE
Please, Comrade. Please.

PASHA
Don't worry. All I want is Golodkin. Where can I find him?

Reassured, she gives him a bold, brazen look. Pasha sighs, and crumples a five ruble note into her hand.

DISSOLVE.

85. INTERIOR. BALCONY WITH BUFFET. THE BATHS. DAY.

Arkady cuts into some smoked fish.

IAMSKOY (amused glint)
Even we humble servants of the State need to be refreshed from time to time, eh?
(suddenly)
Ah!

And he raises an arm to beckon at someone. It is Osborne, who comes across, smiling.

CONTINUED...

85. CONTINUED.

OSBORNE

Well, well - this is a surprise - -

His smile diminishes as he sees Arkady.

IAMSKOY

You recall Chief Investigator Renko from last weekend at my dacha?

OSBORNE

Indeed, yes. I'm still not entirely sure whether he arrested or abducted the young lady who accompanied me.

ARKADY

Rescued.

And he chews, nonchalant. Iamskoy laughs, heartily, and stands -

IAMSKOY

Saved from the machinations of a Capitalist, you see! Do sit down, Jack. Talk to the only one of our homicide team with a one hundred percent record of success. I'm afraid I have an appointment with a General so old that he dribbles.

Iamskoy leaves, unduly pleased with himself.

Arkady is looking at Osborne with open interest, tinged with awe. But it looks as though Osborne is going to leave.

ARKADY

I always wanted to meet Americans. You are so - so different - It is almost as though you are from another planet. Forgive me for staring.

Osborne, condescendingly amused, decides to sit after all.

ARKADY

Only once before did I ever meet an American in the flesh, so to speak. A young student. Kirwill, I think he was called. James Kirwill.

OSBORNE (as though not interested)

Oh?

Arkady masks his quick, probing glance with a weary sigh.

CONTINUED...

85. CONTINUED.

~~Case~~ Howard

60.

85.

⑦ put in script

ARKADY

But he was dead.

OSBORNE

That doesn't count then, does it?

Arkady, like one chatting idly, bites again into fish.

ARKADY (chew)

You must have noticed many differences between a man like yourself, Mr - ah - Osborne and a man like me.

OSBORNE

Must I?

ARKADY

My ways of thinking - so dull, so proletarian. It's a privilege for me to meet someone so - sophisticated.

Osborne stares at him, unsure whether he is being joshed.

OSBORNE

Man overboard.

ARKADY

What?

OSBORNE

You have a sliver of food on your upper lip.

Arkady wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

ARKADY

I'm just a plodding investigator. No style.

(sigh)

Completely out of my depth.

OSBORNE

I wonder.

ARKADY

Oh, yes. Three people shot down and mutilated in Gorky Park. And me? (looks steadily at Osborne)
I have food on my lip.

And he smiles sweetly, challengingly. with a cold little smile.

Osborne gets up

OSBORNE

Not even caviar, at that. I somehow feel that the executioner, whoever he is, would have preferred a more nimble opponent.

*

61.

86. EXTERIOR. USED CAR LOT, SLEAZILY URBAN. DAY.

87.

Pasha, looking dubiously at some of the cars on sale, is being cajoled by a Salesman - who turns out to be GOLODKIN. Pasha taps at his breast pocket, and cautious Golodkin steers Pasha to a 'luxury' car.

Pasha runs his hand along the hood, almost slavering with apparent pleasure.

In CLOSER now, to sidling Golodkin's ingratiating smirk.

GOLODKIN

Like a thigh, eh? Like stroking her leg.

PASHA

Nice. Very nice.

GOLODKIN

You're in love already. Take your time.
Walk around it.

PASHA

If I wanted to walk I wouldn't be here,
would I?

(SCENE 87 DELETED)

88. INTERIOR/EXTERIOR. THE WHITE CAR. DAY.

88.

Pasha driving, with Golodkin watching him carefully, with hardening eyes.

PASHA (eventually)

Anna said I was to talk to Golodkin.

GOLODKIN (sharp)

Who?

PASHA (very furtive)

She said - - I've got these Marks, you see. West German money. And -

GOLODKIN

Oh, I can deal in that!

PASHA

But - no. Got to be Golodkin. Make sure it's Golodkin, she said.

-88A. INTERIOR/EXTERIOR. CAR, OUTSIDE MILITIA HQ. DAY.

88A.*

Golodkin looks hard at him. Pasha, driving, swallows, like one scared. Golodkin relaxes, and smiles a wet smile.

GOLODKIN

It's all right, friend. Meet Feodor.
Feodor Golodkin. I'm your man.

CONTINUED...

62.

88.

88. CONTINUED.

Pasha grins. They are sweeping into the entrance of Militia HQ.

PASHA

You never said a truer word!

Golodkin looks at where they are, his face in double-take.

GOLODKIN

Wh-where the fuck are you going - - !

DISSOLVE.

89.

89. INTERIOR. LOCKER ROOM, THE BATHS. DAY.

A long room with curtained-off wooden cubicles. Osborne finishes dressing into his elegant clothes - and sees Arkady hovering. He looks as though he is not entirely sure about whether Arkady is deliberately pursuing him.

OSBORNE

Ah. ✓ Finished eating, have we?

ARKADY

Yes. Thank you.

Arkady watches as Osborne fusses with his neck-tie.

ARKADY (again)

I understand you import our wonderful Soviet sable into America, Mr Osborne - ?

OSBORNE

You Soviets have the world monopoly in sable.

ARKADY

I always wanted a sable hat.

Osborne looks at him. Perhaps this is all Arkady wants?

OSBORNE

A man of your status should possess one. Must we see what we can do?

ARKADY

Oh, we Russians have long ago learned how to wait for things. I am very patient. I watch and I think and I wait. It is my only virtue.

Osborne looks at him steadily.

CONTINUED.

89 CONTINUED.

OSBORNE

But why wait? I am always happy
to accommodate my particular Soviet
friends.

ARKADY

Patience has its own rewards.

OSBORNE

Would you like that hat, or not?
Perhaps you have some other reward in
mind, Chief Investigator.

They look at each other, each half-smiling.

ARKADY (softly)

Yes. Perhaps.

OSBORNE

Don't you know?

ARKADY

Not yet. First, I have the hunch. Then
I begin to assemble reasons. And then -

Arkady gives a small shrug. He stops smiling.

A beat.

OSBORNE (softly)

And then?

ARKADY

I pounce.

Osborne's eyes glint, and then he laughs.

OSBORNE

Ah. But that is no way to catch a sable,
you know. They are much too clever, much
too fast. While you watch and you think
and you wait - your prey has already gone.

ARKADY

Oh, I don't think so.

OSBORNE

Good. Good. Meanwhile, you don't
have the hat. And I do.

He smiles a silky dismissal.

90. INTERIOR. ARKADY'S OFFICE. DAY.

Arkady, still awake, yawns.

GOLODKIN

Detective Fet here will confirm that everything I do is part of my KGB Approved infiltration into a network of scheming foreign intelligentsia -

FET

That is so - I mean - well -

ARKADY

Do you mean you are in some way connected with KGB, Detective Fet?

Pasha sniggers, Fet swallows.

FET

I - no. No, of course not! It's just that I tried to indict this - this scum here some months ago, and - ah -

GOLODKIN

KGB kicked his ass, that's what.

ARKADY

Fet. Leave the room.

Golodkin's smirk dies. Fet frowns.

FET

What?

ARKADY

I don't want you implicated in anything criminal. You must not be present when the prisoner is subjected to violence.

GOLODKIN

What?

FET

Comrade Investigator, I think I -

ARKADY (yell)

Get out!

FET

I shall go straight to a superior officer.

Arkady just stares at him, cold and hard, until Fet, face twitching, slams out. Pasha, all eyes, is delighted.

GOLODKIN

Now listen -

CONTINUED...

90. CONTINUED.

90.

ARKADY

Open the window, Pasha.

PASHA

My pleasure.

The big, old-fashioned window frame SQUEALS as Pasha lifts it up.

GOLODKIN

This is all a misunderstanding -

ARKADY

How did a greasy, long-haired, parasitic pimp like you ever come to meet a girl like Irina Asanova?

GOLODKIN

Who?

ARKADY

Pasha! Handcuff this piece of shit.

PASHA

My pleasure.

GOLODKIN

Hey, now. There's no call to - -

But, click! Pasha has handcuffed him behind his back.

ARKADY

Lift him up, Pasha.

Arkady gets up, stretches, then helps propel astonished Golodkin to the window.

ARKADY

Why are you trying to escape?

GOLODKIN

I'm not - ! I'm not...

But they suddenly bend him at the open window. It is a long, long way down.

ARKADY

What did he do, Pasha?

PASHA (mechanically)

Ran-wildly-to-the-open-window-Comrade-Chief-Investigator.

CONTINUED...

90. CONTINUED.

GOLODKIN (struggling)

I didn't - !

They hold him hard down, very rough.

ARKADY

Quite right. We were counting. And
when we reached three - away he went!

GOLODKIN (sob)

You're crazy - ! You wouldn't - -

ARKADY

One.

PASHA

Two.

GOLODKIN

No-o- !

ARKADY/PASHA

Three!

They jerk Golodkin so violently that perhaps even we think
they mean to do it - for Golodkin almost does go out the
window.

GOLODKIN (scream)

Aaaaa - no ! - Listen - !

They hold him still, his body more than half way out.

DISSOLVE.

91. INTERIOR. ANDREEV'S WORKROOM. DAY.

91.

Andreev's young assistant is lifting Valerya's completed
head into a BOX.

ANDREEV (almost a cackle)

Goodbye, goodbye, little lady.

The other assistant brings young Kirwill's head on a tray.

The Head seems oddly 'alive'. We see now that the 'face'
is writhing with masses of little WHITE GRUBS. Andreev
picks up TWEEZERS and begins to pick them off.

ANDREEV

The way to do this is to imagine they are
your loved one, these little creatures.

CONTINUED...

91. CONTINUED.

The assistants laugh, uneasily.

ANDREEV

Oh, yes. Oh, yes. We need them. And
don't the ones you love eat up your flesh,
my fellows? Mmm? Mmm?

Behind his back, the young assistant makes a 'he's screwy'
gesture to the other.

DISSOLVE.

92. INTERIOR. ARKADY'S OFFICE. DAY.

92.

Alone with Golodkin, and a TAPE MACHINE, Arkady shows him the
photograph of James Kirwill, the cutting (with picture of
Valerya) already on desk in front of Golodkin.

GOLODKIN (sullen)

Yes, that's him. He and Valerya and
Irina and the big fellow - Kostia -
they were cronies -

ARKADY

Kostia, did you say? Who was he?
What was he?

GOLODKIN

A Siberian. He was screwing Valerya.
The big ape.

ARKADY

And they knew Osborne?

GOLODKIN (awed by the name)

Mr Jack Osborne - yes. He wanted to bed
down the girl - Valerya. *

ARKADY (disturbed)

And did he? *

GOLODKIN

Oh, I should think so. Girls like screwing
foreigners, don't they? It's almost as good
as travel. Clean sheets. Little presents.
Christ, yes. And Kostia didn't seem to
mind. He was after something else. Kostia
knew Mr Jack Osborne wanted something - and
that's all the big ape cared about. *

He looks uneasily at the tape recorder.

ARKADY

What did Osborne want?

GOLODKIN

A chest. A big church chest.
(tries a joke)
That's not a nun with tits.
(when it fails)
You know, with religious panels. Big.

CONTINUED...

92. CONTINUED.

92.

ARKADY

What for?

GOLODKIN

He promised me two thousand American dollars if I could get one -

ARKADY

And did you?

Golodkin seems almost proud to have been cheated by Osborne.

GOLODKIN

Yes. I did. But Mr Jack Osborne - he just looks right through me! He got a chest from those three instead. Cheaper, I'll bet!

ARKADY

Kirwill, Valerya and Kostia?

GOLODKIN (nod)

And I can't sell the one I got. It's too big for anybody to smuggle out -

Pasha comes in, eating a meat pie, and gives Arkady a cup of coffee, which Arkady, tense, excited, ignores.

ARKADY

Where is this chest?

GOLODKIN

My place.

ARKADY

Pasha - go with him. I want that chest.

PASHA (mouth full)

What? Now?

93. INTERIOR. GOLODKIN'S APARTMENT. DAY.

93.

GOLODKIN

I work hard. I work very hard!

This in reaction to Pasha's popping eyes. The room is overflowing with black market goods: TV sets, radios, records, clothes, watches, perfume; food, office equipment, underwear, chocolate, contraceptives, candy, everything.

PASHA

Holy Peter - !

CONTINUED...

93. CONTINUED.

93.

GOLODKIN

Something you want? Anything you'd like.

Pasha puts down obvious temptation.

PASHA

Where's this chest?

GOLODKIN

How about a hundred good French condoms?
All colors -

PASHA

A hundred - ?

GOLODKIN (gross wink)

Just about enough for a weekend, eh?

Pasha, half amused, gives Golodkin a push.

PASHA

The chest?

GOLODKIN

It's in the bathroom. There's no room
out here.

Golodkin, followed by Pasha, opens the door into bathroom.

GOLODKIN

I don't want the damned -

PHUTT! The gun blast - from someone waiting inside
bathroom, unseen by us - all but decapitates Golodkin in
mid-sentence. Unarmed Pasha crashes backward in his speed
to get away, rolls fast, reaching the door -

PHUTT! PHUTT! Pasha crashes out, running -

94. INTERIOR. LANDING AND STAIRS. DAY.

94.

From the unseen gunman's view, running Pasha, half-turning,
is shot, PHUTT! and his body teeters, PHUTT! then crashes,
already lifeless, down into the deep, stone stairwell.

THE SHADOWER looks down, expressionless, and puts his gun
away.

FADE.

FADE IN:

95. EXTERIOR. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE GOLODKIN'S APARTMENT. DAY. 95.

Silent, expressionless, but no doubt envious CROWD OF ONLOOKERS watch as uniformed KGB OFFICERS, in a chain, pass the endless Black Market goods into a backed-up truck.

GO ALONG 'CHAIN', UP STAIRS, to find -

96. INTERIOR. GOLODKIN'S APARTMENT. DAY. 96.

Iamskoy stares flintily at PRIBLUDA, who addresses him.

PRIBLUDA

Comrade Prosecutor. Golodkin was of some assistance to KGB - you know how it is -

IAMSKOY (with contempt)

An informer, you mean.

PRIBLUDA (hostile)

Well, it is our case -

Mysteriously, Pasha's body now lies next to Golodkin's.

Arkady has lifted the corner of the sheet which covers Pasha, and looks up full of grief and rage.

ARKADY

What you mean, your case, you festering baboon!

Pribluda goes to react, then stiffly looks back at Iamskoy.

PRIBLUDA

And we have already determined that Golodkin shot your man and then turned his own weapon upon himself.

IAMSKOY

Oh? That was a very swift deduction -

ARKADY

It was that file, wasn't it! A trap.
A trap!

Pribluda looks at Arkady, coldly.

PRIBLUDA

I have no idea what you are talking about.

Grief-stricken, enraged, Arkady grabs at Pribluda's collar.

ARKADY

Listen - bastard -

96. CONTINUED.

96.

The other KGB OFFICERS moving out the goods stop to watch.

PRIBLUDA

Take your hand away!

IAMSKOY

Arkady! Don't!

Arkady drops his hand, and, enraged, stalks out of the room.

97. EXTERIOR. OUTSIDE GOLODKIN'S. DAY.

97.

Arkady turns upon Iamskoy, who has anxiously followed, calling his name.

ARKADY

Chief Prosecutor, accept my resignation.
I want no more of this - farce. These
lies!

IAMSKOY

Arkady. My hands are tied. What
can I do? KGB is a law unto itself.

Pribluda also emerges, following one of his own men who is carrying a portable TV set.

PRIBLUDA (as he passes)

Does that one work on batteries too?

ARKADY

I don't know what you can do - but I know
what I can do! If I can't go after the
bastards who killed Pasha, I'm throwing it
all in!

IAMSKOY

But you can go after them. You must.

ARKADY

What - ?

Iamskoy looks covertly at all the continued activity.

IAMSKOY

Let's get away from here. Something
very odd is going on, and I want to
find out what it is.

DISSOLVE.

98. EXTERIOR. RIVER EMBANKMENT. DAY.

98.

Deep in conversation, LONG SHOT, inaudible at first, Iamskoy and Arkady are walking the embankment, where MEN are FISHING ON ICE. Iamskoy suddenly stops.

99. CLOSER. ARKADY AND IAMSKOY ON EMBANKMENT. DAY.

99.

IAMSKOY (excited)

Who? Tell me. Tell me!

ARKADY (steadily)

An American who knew all three of them.
An American who had dealings with Golodkin.
An American who has very powerful friends.
KGB friends!

IAMSKOY

Who?

ARKADY

An acquaintance of yours, I'm - -
(suddenly)
Osborne.

Iamskoy stares. He looks astonished.

IAMSKOY

Jack Osborne? But why? Why would
an American businessman kill three people
in the middle of Moscow?

ARKADY

I don't know. Unless -

IAMSKOY (sharp)

Unless what?

ARKADY

Unless they were all involved in something
so big that Osborne had to make sure that
his partners would never, ever talk.

Iamskoy stares at Arkady, his eyes glittering.

IAMSKOY

Jack Osborne!

ARKADY

Yes.

IAMSKOY

Are you sure? Quite sure?

ARKADY

In my bones.

99. CONTINUED.

99.

IAMSKOY
And can you prove it? Any of it?

A beat.

ARKADY
Not yet.

A beat.

Then Iamskoy grips his arm, forceful.

IAMSKOY
Go after him, Arkady! He's at the
Metropole Hotel. Trip him up. Rattle
him!

100. INTERIOR. RESTAURANT, METROPOLE HOTEL. LATE DAY. 100.

CLOSE IN on OSBORNE, at table, picking at a slab of spiced
fruit cake, and eating. As he chews, fastidiously,
suddenly from behind him -

ARKADY (softly)
How are they killed?

Osborne stops chewing.

OSBORNE
Who?

WIDER to find Arkady, moving from behind Osborne, eyes hard.

A beat.

ARKADY
Sables.

Osborne looks at him, measuring him, finishes chewing, takes his time -

OSBORNE
You don't think I kill them myself,
surely?

Uninvited, Arkady sits opposite, his eyes drilling into Osborne.

ARKADY
Yes.
(heavily)
I do.

CONTINUED...

100. CONTINUED.

OSBORNE

Oh, no. No, no. I do not soil
my hands. Do you kill the animal
when you eat meat or wear leather
boots?

*

ARKADY

No. Like most of us, I hide my
eyes from such things.

*

OSBORNE

Exactly.

*

ARKADY

I said, like most of us.

*

A beat.

OSBORNE

Yes.
(sigh)
I suppose there are some who enjoy the
act of butchery.

*

ARKADY

Especially if they feel themselves
superior beings.

*

OSBORNW

I don't quite follow.

*

ARKADY

Well, we do not concern ourselves overmuch
about the fish on the hook, or the beeile
under our foot. They are not like us.
And - perhaps it is even the same among
people. Visitors, say, to a society
like ours. Such a man could feel that
he had a license to do exactly what he
wanted. Yes?

*

A beat.

*

Osborne has been watching intently, and even with a tiny
nod of sardonic assent.

*

CONTINUED...

100. CONTINUED.

100.

OSBORNE

What are we talking about?

ARKADY

Dead bodies. In Gorky Park. Doesn't
it interest you?

OSBORNE

Me?

He raises his eyebrows, in control.

ARKADY

I have established that you knew all three
of them.

Osborne takes a morsel of cake.

OSBORNE

Have you now? Well. When I was a
young man I met Stalin. Did you know
that? No? Well - I'm sure you do
know that Stalin is dead. Does the
fact that I once met him prove that I
killed him?

Arkady stares, feeling outclassed.

ARKADY

The sadist cut off their faces -

OSBORNE

I am eating. Do you mind?

ARKADY (angrily)

In the same way, he skins an animal. A
sable, perhaps.

Osborne eats, calm, even amused.

OSBORNE

You seem rather obsessed with sables,
Mr Renko.

Arkady shows his frustration. He glares at Osborne.

ARKADY

You have some cake on your lip.

For the first time, Osborne is thrown. He goes to wipe his
mouth, annoyed. And then realizes that there is no cake on
his lip. He laughs harshly, puts down his napkin, and
stands -

OSBORNE

I doubt whether we shall be seeing each
other again.

100. CONTINUED.

ARKADY

Oh?

OSBORNE

You once said to me that patience was your only virtue. You watch, you wait - remember? (he laughs).

But time is an ever-rolling stream, my friend. I have only another four days in Moscow - and then I am leaving for good. However, I feel you deserve some reward. Expect a knock on your door. I'm having the sable hat delivered to you.

He gives Arkady a little nod of farewell. Arkady stares after him, utterly frustrated.

101. INTERIOR. RESTAURANT. LATE DAY.

101.

Standing at the edge, unobserved by Arkady, KIRWILL stares across the crowded tables at Arkady, with an enigmatic expression.

DISSOLVE.

102. EXTERIOR. METROPOLE HOTEL. NIGHT.

102.

Arkady, waiting, watching, smoking, sees IRINA going into Osborne's hotel. About to call out to her, he stops himself. And frowns. He sees that she is being FOLLOWED.

DISSOLVE.

103. EXTERIOR. THE HOTEL. LATE NIGHT.

103.

Cigarette ends at his feet, coat collar turned up for warmth, Arkady sighs, keeping watch - and stiffens -

A large, black LIMOUSINE, with Soviet pennant at front, glides to the hotel entrance, and Osborne gets out from the back, raising his hand in farewell to figure or figures unrecognizable through the darkened windows. He goes into -

104. INTERIOR. HOTEL LOBBY. NIGHT.

104.

As Osborne gets to the Elevators, Irina is suddenly at his side.

IRINA (tense)
Where is Valerya? I must know. You
must tell. Where is she?

Osborne checks that no-one is in earshot.

OSBORNE

Safe.

100. CONTINUED.

100.

ARKADY

Oh?

OSBORNE

I have only another four days in Moscow.
 And then I am leaving for good. However
 expect a knock on your door. I'm having
 the sable hat delivered to you.

He gives Arkady a little nod of triumph, and leaves. Arkady
 stares after him, frustrated, furious.

101. INTERIOR. RESTAURANT. LATE DAY.

101.

Standing at the edge, unobserved by Arkady, KIRWILL stares
 across the crowded tables at Arkady, with an enigmatic
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DISSOLVE.

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 must tell. Where is she?

Osborne checks that no-one is in earshot.

OSBORNE

Safe.

CONTINUED...

104. CONTINUED.

IRINA

Please! I have to know.

OSBORNE

At this precise moment - ?

(looks at his watch)

Almost certainly sipping her lunchtime
aperitif in Manhattan. Come up to
my room. Please. Come to my room.

She looks at him steadily. There is a flare of swift,
sexual interest in his face. She shakes her head.

PULL OUT as they talk a little more, to FIND, watching from
their lobby chairs, THE SHADOWER.

105. EXTERIOR. HOTEL. NIGHT.

105.

Across the street from where tense Arkady waits and watches,
Irina comes out of the hotel, looking troubled.

Arkady's eyes narrow as he duly sees SHADOWER and SECOND
SHADOWER discreetly following her.

106. EXTERIOR. OPERA HOUSE. NIGHT.

106.

Irina has to go against the thickening tide of the crowd
leaving theater. Pushing through the throng, she becomes
aware that she is being followed - and tries to quicken.

106A. EXTERIOR. STREET. NIGHT.

106A.*

Irina continues to walk her way home, and the two men
follow her.

107. EXTERIOR. STREET AND ALLEY. NIGHT.

107.

Irina turns off a stretch of street into an alley. She
starts to run, fearful now.

Arkady, some way back, sees the two men turn off after her,
and, alarmed, breaks into a near-trot.

108. EXTERIOR. ALLEY AND COURTYARD. NIGHT.

108.

The alley gives onto courtyard with back of huge building
on one side - with lighted windows beaming out of long
bare wall - and balconied, old wooden building on the other.

CONTINUED...

108. CONTINUED.

108.

The Shadower steps out of darkness, viciously swinging a small SAP at Arkady, whose reflexes are just swift enough to take the blow on raised arm. As the Shadower swings again, Arkady kicks at his groin. He can see, up ahead, Irina struggling on the balcony of the wooden building with the second Shadower.

Arkady, desperate, lunges at his attacker, doubling him up so that the sap is dropped. Arkady gathers it up, and in the same movement, swings it hard upward, snapping the Shadower's head back. The Shadower canons back heavily into metal trash cans.

Arkady, running, sees Irina being dragged off the balcony. The lights are going out in many of the windows in the big building opposite as people watch 'trouble' from their rooms -

109. EXTERIOR. THE WOODEN BALCONY. NIGHT.

109.

Gaining the balcony, by some metal steps, Arkady, confused, cannot see where Irina has gone. He goes to the end of the now unoccupied balcony, and sees, through window, the second Shadower bending over Irina -

And, shoulder leading, urgent Arkady JUMPS AND CRASHES THROUGH THE WINDOW.

110. INTERIOR. IRINA'S ROOM. NIGHT.

110.

Momentarily, out of the cascade of SHATTERING GLASS it is almost as a stilled picture -

Irina, limp, spreadeagled on her narrow bed. The second SHADOWER, bending over her, agape, turning. A DISCARDED SYRINGE on the small square of carpet.

Then all is violent movement as Arkady leaps at the man, brandishing the sap.

SECOND SHADOWER (yell)

KGB! Go home!

But Arkady hits out. The second Shadower evades, nimbly professional, and kicks Arkady in the stomach. Arkady only half-smothers the kick, but, hurt, manages to pull hold of the other's foot.

They all but fall across comatose Irina and on down to the floor in the broken glass - butting, gouging, punching, kneeling. The second Shadower pulls knife, somehow, and, as they half rise, circles, jabs, stabs at evading Arkady, slicing his eyebrow.

CONTINUED...

110. CONTINUED.

Arkady is losing the fight. Backed against the wall now, he just manages to twist his head away from the plunging knife, but in doing so meets the other fist in a looping blow that knocks him to the floor. The second Shadower instantly crashes on top of Arkady, pinning him with his knees. The knife comes slicing down ... Arkady's desperate hand grips the other's wrist but his strength has almost gone, and his grip is weakening, and the knife is nearing ...

THE DOOR OPENS.

Almost casually, Kirwill is coming across the room.

A single blow, with double-fists like a sledge hammer, descends WUMPP! on the top of the second Shadower's head - and he keels over silently, out cold. Arkady, gasping and bleeding on the floor, stares up at Kirwill, astounded.

KIRWILL (laconic)
Why did you come in through the window?

ARKADY (gasp)
What - - ?

KIRWILL
The door was open, pal.

DISSOLVE.

110A. EXTERIOR. ARKADY'S APARTMENT. NIGHT. 110A.*

Establishing shot. There is a light in Arkady's window. *

111. INTERIOR. ARKADY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. 111.

Irina is comatose. She is naked on the bed. And her body is sheened with sweat.

Arkady, face bloodied, holding his breath with tension, is slowly passing a lighted match across Irina's open but 'blank' eyes -

ARKADY (relieved)
She's going to be all right. He
didn't get enough into her veins -

KIRWILL
Who is she?

They are placing wet towels over her.

ARKADY
Her name is Irina Asanova. She knew your
brother - and the other two. We've got
to get her temperature down quicker -
Get some ice from the fridge.

CONTINUED...

78.

111. CONTINUED.

111.

Arkady is mopping her soaked brow.

KIRWILL (leaving)
She in on it? The killings - ?

112. INTERIOR. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

112.

As Kirwill goes to refrigerator -

ARKADY (off)
She thinks they got out. Can't believe
they're dead, but she's the key.

Kirwill is opening refrigerator.

113. CLOSE. REFRIGERATOR (KITCHEN).

113.

Its door, swinging open, reveals VALERYA'S HEAD.

Kirwill almost closes the door again with a 'Jesus Christ!'
but quickly regains his cool.

KIRWILL (calls)
Hey - fella! What sort of diet you on?

114. INTERIOR. ARKADY'S SITTING ROOM. NIGHT.

114.*

Arkady smiles grimly as he continues to mop Irina. Still
rather shaken, Kirwill is coming back in with ice cubes.

ARKADY
I had it reconstructed from one of the
Gorky Park heads -
(looks at Kirwill)
The killer had sliced off their faces.

A beat.

KIRWILL (very quietly)
Nice guy.

Arkady is making an ice-bag with towels.

ARKADY
She'll be in a bad way when she comes
round, and if
(turns)
that head ...

KIRWILL (abrupt)
I'll take it.

CONTINUED...

114. CONTINUED.

114.

Arkady looks at him, measuring him, then nods.

ARKADY

Put it in that box on top of the refrigerator.

As Kirwill goes back into the kitchen -

ARKADY

This girl holds the key - if only I can
get her to trust me -

Kirwill returns, carrying the box, face grim.

KIRWILL

Give me something. Give me something to
work on.

ARKADY

I believe the three were making a chest -
a religious chest - for the black market in
ikons.

KIRWILL

Go on.

ARKADY

Their clothing - besides the traces of
gold and gesso - there were spots of
chicken and fish blood. I don't know
why.

KIRWILL

I've seen your wonderful stores. And
I've never seen anything fresh enough to
squeeze out even a drop of blood.
(abrupt)
Be seeing you!

Arkady looks round, astonished by Kirwill's abrupt leave-taking.

ARKADY

Wait! You've got to be careful! They
are watching me. And this place.

KIRWILL

Oh, sure. I seen them. I'm a cop.
Remember?
(at the door now, he looks back at Arkady,
sardonic)
I can stop trailing you now. Maybe.

ARKADY

I'm glad you did!

CONTINUED...

80.

114. CONTINUED.

114.

Kirwill opens the door.

KIRWILL

When you shot at me, you missed.

*

ARKADY

Not by much.

KIRWILL

By enough. Maybe you're for real.
Or perhaps you can't shoot straight
anyway.

*

Arkady wipes more sweat from Irina, tenderly. He does
not turn.

*

ARKADY

You'll never know, will you?

*

Kirwill grunts, wryly amused, and shuts the door.

Alone, Arkady presses the towel-wrapped ice at Irina's
temples. And becomes aware that there is consciousness
in her eyes.

She is looking at him steadily.

FADE.

FADE IN:

115. EXTERIOR. STREET FROM ARKADY'S WINDOWS. DAY. 115.

TWO BOYS are kicking a soccer ball, which bounces beyond
them.

Suddenly, from shadowed wall, a LURKING MAN, only partially
glimpsed, boots the ball back to them.

116. INTERIOR. ARKADY'S APARTMENT. DAY. 116.

Arkady, observing this, turns from the window.

*

Irina comes into kitchen, wrapped in a sheet, which clings
to her damp body. She lights a cigarette.

*

SOUND OF BOUNCING BALL, OFF, as they look at each other.

IRINA

You saved my life. Why?

A beat.

CONTINUED...

ARKADY

You are important to my investigation.

IRINA

Now what? *

ARKADY

When your clothes are dry you go. *

IRINA

Where? *

ARKADY

That's up to you - home. *

IRINA

They'll be waiting for me, and I can't go to the studio. *

ARKADY

Friends then, there must be someone you can stay with. *

IRINA

And get them into trouble as well, that's no what I do to friends. *

ARKADY

Citizen Asanova -

IRINA

Irina. You've undressed me.

ARKADY

Irina - this is the worst place for you to be -

IRINA

It's very simple. Either you are with them, in which case it doesn't matter where I run, or you're not with them, and -

ARKADY

But you'll be trapped her. They saw me last night.

IRINA

We'd be trapped here. *

ARKADY

I can't look after you.

IRINA

I see two plates. I see two cups.

Suddenly, Arkady puts the bowl down.

ARKADY

Why did you go to the hotel? What is Osborne to you?

IRINA

116. CONTINUED.

116.

ARKADY

What sort of friend? Is he the one you
think got your friends out? Is that it?

She looks at him. Then -

IRINA

No questions.

ARKADY

I have three days to solve this case, and
I can't do it without your help!

IRINA

No questions.

ARKADY

Irina! Your friends are dead. Why
delude yourself? Why?

IRINA

Then why do KGB try to take me!

ARKADY

I don't know. Perhaps to protect the
killer.
(looks hard at her)
To protect Osborne.

IRINA (with contempt)

Ha!

He moves toward her, talking urgently, earnestly.

ARKADY

All I know is - your friends were killed.
They never got 'out. And -

IRINA

No! No!

He grips her bare, damp shoulders.

ARKADY

Irina. Please.

She twists away, still gripping the sheet -

IRINA

If I had a gun - if I could get out -
I'd shoot you! I'd shoot you now!

She is crying now. He looks at her, crosses the room,
face grim, opens a drawer, takes out his gun. She stops
crying. He comes back to her, and holds out the gun.

ARKADY

Here. Take it.

116. CONTINUED.

116.

She doesn't move, her eyes clamped on his face. He proffers the gun, almost insistently.

ARKADY

What are you waiting for?

A moment, then, one-handed, she knocks the gun out of his hand. It clatters to the linoleum floor.

They look at each other. Her eyes well with tears. He goes to touch her, moved, puzzled, but she draws back.

117. INTERIOR/EXTERIOR. ARKADY'S CAR. DAY.

117.

Arkady and Kirwill, going to a low bar in a poor area -

KIRWILL

Why not just show her the head?

ARKADY

No. I couldn't.

KIRWILL

Why not?

ARKADY

What if you were near the edge - and I showed you your brother's head in a box?

Kirwill looks at him, then nods.

KIRWILL

She knew Jimmy? She was a friend of my brother?

ARKADY

At the University. Before he was deported. Why did he come back? And how?

KIRWILL

Turn here. That's it. Jimmy? He was a - hell, he wanted to be a fucking hero. He was dead set on smuggling somebody out. Anybody. (wry) Even if they didn't want to go.

ARKADY

How come you speak Russian so well?

CONTINUED...

117. CONTINUED.

117.

Kirwill looks across with a glint of amusement.

KIRWILL

Our grandmother. She was one of you.
A Russian. And little Jimmy was always
obsessed with this country. How he got
back in, I'll never know. But it was
all he talked about. You know what a
born-again Christian is?

ARKADY

No.

KIRWILL (savagely)

They don't smoke. They don't swear.
They don't fuck. They talk about Jesus.
And they try to walk on the water.
(sniff)
That was Jimmy.
(tiny pause)
God love him.

Kirwill has unconsciously bunched his fists. His sudden,
strong emotion is obvious.

ARKADY

He was much younger than you -

KIRWILL

I brought him up. I was practically his
father.
(suddenly, savagely)
But I didn't look after him, did I. Did I?

At some point in this, the car has arrived at the bar.

DISSOLVE.

118. INTERIOR. ARKADY'S APARTMENT. DAY.

118.

Alone, Irina is watching a televised soccer game on Arkady's
tiny set - but entirely without interest. The SOUND is
turned OFF. She paces the room, brooding, disaffected,
and then hovers by the telephone. Suddenly decisively,
she picks it up and dials.

IRINA (on phone)

Hello? Metropole Hotel - ?
Put me through to Mr Osborne's room
please -

And then, changing her mind, she quickly slams down the phone.
Full of doubt, she looks abstractedly across at the silent,
flickering screen.

DISSOLVE.

119. INTERIOR. A LOW BAR, POOR AREA. DAY.

Kirwill is talking to a man at the bar in sign language. He breaks off, and comes to sit with Arkady, bringing his bottle with him.

ARKADY

Why have you brought me here - ?

KIRWILL

Just talking to my friend Karl Marx here.

ARKADY (rather aloof)

Strange people. Strange place.

Kirwill looks at him with a steady, Irish-American glint.

KIRWILL

This is my sort of place, Renko. Among the losers. Mother of God, you call yourself a cop? You got to put your nose right down, in the shit -
(sniff, sniff)
Ah! That's the smell!

ARKADY

What?

KIRWILL

Maybe I should defect. I'd be top man here in a week! Don't you know how to look between the cracks - eh? Listen, fellah, it's not enough just to kick ass, you gotta -

ARKADY

Yes, yes. But why are we looking for leads here, when ...

He breaks off in consternation. The SILENT JUMPING MAN suddenly sits by them, and takes a long drink from the vodka bottle. Arkady looks at him, astonished. The SILENT MAN gives him a near-idiot, toothless grin. Then Kirwill, rather enjoying Arkady's bemusement, uses deaf finger-language to say 'Drink some more then show me'. The silent man nods, simpers, nods. Then he notices something, and quickly leaves.

In the doorway, an UNKNOWN MAN as rough and shabby as the rest is looking about. His eyes flick over Kirwill and Arkady and he quickly withdraws.

ARKADY

Let's go. In different directions. He's KGB.

KIRWILL

Not a whole lot of people on your side, are there?

(SCENE 119A DELETED)

120. INTERIOR. ARKADY'S APARTMENT. DAY. 120.

Arkady and Irina are washing up. He wants to flatter her.

ARKADY

That was good.

IRINA

Anybody can cook stew.

ARKADY

You could burn it. I do.

She looks at him, and laughs.

Arkady, wanting to talk to her, is encouraged by her laugh, her attitude.

ARKADY

Irina. Help me. Please.

Her smile vanishes.

IRINA (calmly)

How do I know the attack on me wasn't
staged to make me trust you?

ARKADY

Irina!

IRINA

How do I know that you didn't plan it?
To make me betray my friends?

She sounds almost like one joking. He stares at her.

ARKADY

Like Osborne, do you mean? Your friend
Osborne.

Her expression hardens.

ARKADY

Why don't we talk about Osborne? Tell
me about Osborne -

IRINA

Is that all you can do? Talk. Talk.

CONTINUED...

87.

120. CONTINUED.

120.

ARKADY
Listen. Irina -

But she is standing in front of him now, a provocative
glint in her eyes.

IRINA
We do not have to talk so much.

He looks up at her, disturbed.

ARKADY
Irina. I am your friend.

She puts her hand to his hair, and pushes back a lock of
it from ear or forehead.

IRINA (softly)
No. My enemy.

Arkady controls his sexual arousal, but his voice
thickens.

ARKADY
Everything I've told you is either an
extraordinarily elaborate lie or - the
very simple truth.

IRINA (whisper)
It's a lie.

*

(SCENE 121 DELETED)

*

122. EXTERIOR. YARD OF OLD HOUSE AND SHED. DUSK.

122.

Kirwill, alone, is waiting by a muddied track of road,
alert.

Sound of approaching CAR. He steps back into shadow.
But it is Arkady's car, approaching very slowly, without
lights.

KIRWILL
Were you followed?

CONTINUED...

122. CONTINUED.

122.

ARKADY

I shook them.

KIRWILL

This is where they lived. The three.

ARKADY

How did -

But Kirwill is already entering through the broken, loosely hanging window. It is a slum.

DISSOLVE.

123. INTERIOR. SLUM HOUSE. DUSK.

123.

Some clothes, some makeshift bunks, a primus stove, pots and pans, a pin-up pasted on the pocked wall.

Arkady is moved by the shabby detritus of their spent lives.

ARKADY

They thought they were getting out. They -
(he turns, hard-faced)
I've got to get him -

KIRWILL

Who? Jack Osborne?

Arkady stares at him.

ARKADY

I've never mentioned the name.

KIRWILL

Listen - I'm a Detective, not a fucking tourist. What do you think I've been doing? Waiting in line at Lenin's mausoleum?

Arkady is impressed. He stares, then nods.

ARKADY

I'm sure it's Osborne. And I'm not going to let him escape!

KIRWILL

Me neither, pal.

He puts his big paw on Arkady's shoulder.

ARKADY

But - why would he kill? There must be something else. Must be!

KIRWILL

There is.

CONTINUED...

89.

123. CONTINUED.

123.

Arkady looks at him.

*

ARKADY

How did you find this place?

*

Kirwill and Arkady moving to Shed.

*

KIRWILL

My talkative pal Karl Max. And a nose
for fresh meat.

124. INTERIOR. A SHED.

124.

Creepily dark. Just discernible, Kirwill and Arkady.

ARKADY

Phew! What a stench -

KIRWILL

This is where they made the chest.

*

Kirwill pulls a cord and ROWS OF POWERFUL BULBS switch on
in rapid sequence, making the long, low shed glaringly
BRIGHT. Kirwill indicates a row of EMPTY CAGES.

ARKADY

Sables!

KIRWILL

Bingo! I'm no expert on sable shit -
but - yeh - I guess so.

*

Arkady is walking along the cages, counting the partitioned
compartments.

ARKADY

Six live sables. They'd be worth - how
much? To an American?

KIRWILL

Breed from them, and -

*

(shrug)

Tens of millions of dollars. It'd smash
the monopoly.

(pause)

Worth killing for, Arkady. Motive,
evidence - circumstantial.

Arkady turns, impassioned.

ARKADY

She's got to tell me now. Osborne
is leaving in three days.

*

KIRWILL

He won't shake me loose!

CONTINUED...

124. CONTINUED.

They are leaving the shed.

ARKADY

Don't kill him!

Kirwill looks at him.

KIRWILL

Not yet.

125. EXTERIOR. A MOSCOW SQUARE. DUSK.

125.

Very CLOSE SHOT of KGB MAN earlier glimpsed entering the Low Bar. TAKE HIS POV to DISCOVER Arkady and Kirwill walking away from Arkady's parked car, apparently unaware.

KIRWILL

Where we going?

ARKADY

A drink?

KIRWILL

Sure.

A beat of silence. Arkady half-looks over his shoulder. It is obvious he is thinking hard.

ARKADY

Where's the nearest big fur center -

KIRWILL

Over the border? Helsinki.

ARKADY

Yes.

(sigh)

Finland.

KIRWILL

But how could the sables be smuggled out?
Couldn't be by plane.

ARKADY

Moscow-Leningrad-Helsinki. Try the train.

KIRWILL (amused)

Right!

ARKADY

Where I can't follow.

KIRWILL

No. But I can! How's about giving me my shield.

ARKADY

Just one thing.

KIRWILL

What?

ARKADY (maliciously amused)

We're being followed.

126. EXTERIOR. OUTSIDE ARKADY'S APARTMENT. NIGHT. 126.

A city CAT caterwauls, somewhere near, unseen. A shadowy figure scrapes a MATCH, and lights a cigarette.

127. INTERIOR. ARKADY'S APARTMENT. NIGHT. 127.

Arkady, in pajamas, stands sideways at his window in a darkened living room, seeing this.

128. INTERIOR. THE BEDROOM. NIGHT. 128.

Irina, alone in the bed, is restlessly asleep. She makes small noises of protest, like one in a bad dream.

DISSOLVE.

129. INTERIOR. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. 129.

Arkady is wide awake under a blanket untidily spread over his settee. He is smoking, and staring blankly up at the ceiling, deep in thought.

IRINA (off)

No - o - !

The cry of someone waking out of nightmare.

Arkady quickly stubs his cigarette, throws off blanket, and goes through to -

130. INTERIOR. BEDROOM NIGHT. 130.

Irina, sitting up violently in the bed, is looking at him in horror -

IRINA

They're not dead! They're not!

And she puts her hands to her face, in a shuddering sob.

Moved, yet appalled, yet unable to reassure her, Arkady cradles her, full of pity.

ARKADY

Don't hold back - let it out - let it come -

She weeps hard into him, but then pulls back to look at him, her face tear-stained, her hair awry.

CONTINUED...

130. CONTINUED.

130.

IRINA

I'm - Arkady? Oh, God - I'm going
out of my mind - I don't know what's
going on or who to -

ARKADY

Irina - listen to me - I won't tell you
lies - -

Her old fire spags out, and she tries to push him away.

IRINA

No! You're tormenting me - No!

But this time he doesn't let her go.

ARKADY (firmly)

Irina -

She stops pushing. He holds her.

And then she pulls away to look into his face. It is
almost as though the strain of her dilemma is too much for
her. In the strange, quiet, incantation-like tone of
what she now says - more than half acknowledging that she
knows 'the truth' - Irina looks, sounds, on the very edge
of mental breakdown.

She closes her eyes. Then -

IRINA

It doesn't matter how ridiculous a lie
is if it's your only chance of escape.

ARKADY

No. Irina - no.

She opens her eyes. And they are filled with unshed
tears.

IRINA

And it doesn't matter how obvious the
truth is if the truth is that you'll
never escape.

Still holding her, he stares into her face, moved.

ARKADY

But the truth - the truth is -

She is looking at him, wordless. His face changes. What
he now says is more of a revelation to him than it is to us.

ARKADY

The truth is that I love you.

She is silent. Her expression does not change. He
sounds, now, almost nervous.

130. CONTINUED.

130.

ARKADY

Irina?

Her hands are still flat against his chest. Her voice,
her look, is the exact opposite of what she says:

IRINA

But - I hate you -

They keep looking at each other.

ARKADY

Irina.

IRINA (scarcely audible)

Hate you.

He kisses her, almost chastely. But instantly, from both,
an urgent, imperious hunger takes over. They fall back
onto the bed, and begin to make love passionately. The
hard, almost aggressive urgency of their love-making

INTER DISSOLVED WITH

131. (WITH 130) INTERIOR. MOSFILM. DAY. 131.*

Watched by Arkady, Irina passes through the brilliant ranks
of Imperial Guards. *

DISSOLVING

132. INTERIOR. ARKADY'S APARTMENT. NIGHT. 132.*

Arkady urgently thrusts.

DISSOLVING

133. INTERIOR. MOSFILM. DAY. 133.*

Irina sewing shining button. Watched by Arkady. *

DISSOLVING

134. INTERIOR. ARKADY'S APARTMENT. NIGHT. 134.*

Irina twisting her head on the pillow as they make
violent love.

DISSOLVING

135. INTERIOR. MOSFILM. DAY. 135.*

Irina turning her back on approaching Arkady. *

DISSOLVING

136. INTERIOR. ARKADY'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

136.*

Arkady and Irina, on the bed, reaching toward their mutual passionate climax.

DISSOLVING

137. INTERIOR. MOSFILM. DAY.

137.*

Arkady silently 'speaks' her name to her turned back. She turns, with her Shhh!

138. INTERIOR. ARKADY'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

138.*

Arkady and Irina clench, 'expire', cling, gasp, and have their climax.

A moment. He looks at her.

IRINA (moved, shaken)

Arkady - ?

ARKADY

Shhh!

They look at each other. There is a question in her eyes, answered by a smile in his.

ARKADY

Shhh!

IRINA

What - - ?

ARKADY

The first thing you said to me.

She smiles. He puts his finger on her lips, in the 'shhh' gesture. And she gnaws at it, in an intimate way.

SLOW FADE.

FADE IN:

139. INTERIOR. ARKADY'S APARTMENT. DAWN.

139.*

Irina, alone, is in the bed, naked, her head lying on her outstretched arm, peacefully asleep.

140. INTERIOR. ARKADY'S KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM. DAWN.

140.

Arkady, in his pajama bottoms, is padding about, making coffee.

CONTINUED...

140. CONTINUED.

140.

He lights an already half-smoked cigarette, and the way he he drags in the smoke shows how hard he is thinking - and how unsure he is about what to do. As the water boils, he goes to his window. The gray, dawn street appears empty.

141. INTERIOR. ARKADY'S BEDROOM. DAWN.

141.

Irina stirs, sits up, as Arkady comes in, bringing her coffee. She looks at him. Her expression clouds.

IRINA

What is it? Arkasha - what is the matter?

ARKADY

I have no sugar for your coffee.

She laughs, relieved.

IRINA

I don't need it -

But then she sees that that is not what is wrong.

He sits on the bed, and takes her hand, looking closely, earnestly, at her.

ARKADY

Do you still think I am lying to you?
That I am just a Militia Investigator?

IRINA

Arkady -

ARKADY

Do you imagine I am trying to trap you?
That this is - just a terrible game?

She stares at him, then turns her head away a little.

IRINA

No. But -

He waits. But she adds nothing.

ARKADY

But what?

She looks back at him again.

IRINA

If Valerya's safe somewhere -

ARKADY

I love you.

Irina.

I love you.

CONTINUED...

141. CONTINUED.

141.

IRINA

I - Arkady? I -

She is wrestling with herself.

ARKADY

Help me.

A mistake. She takes her hand from his clasp.

IRINA

I've learnt to trust nothing - nobody -
never -

ARKADY

Irina -

IRINA

If Valerya's safe somewhere I'd -
And if she's dead, she's dead. Nothing
can change that!Arkady's tender, probing concern suddenly snaps. He picks
her dress off the floor, and tosses it to her.

ARKADY

Let's go.

IRINA

Arkady - ?

ARKADY

You talk too easily about dying. I'll
introduce you to the dead.

DISSOLVE.

142. INTERIOR/EXTERIOR. ARKADY'S CAR. DAY.

142.

Empty, gray, early morning streets. Arkady, driving,
checks grimly in his mirror. And Irina looks at him, with
the beginnings of fear.

IRINA

Where are we going, Arkasha?

He checks in his rear-view mirror again. All clear.

ARKADY

You'll see.

She touches his arm, but he won't look at her.

143. EXTERIOR. THE SHED. DAY.

143.

Kirwill comes out of the shed, looks cautiously up and down
then walks away.

144. INTERIOR/EXTERIOR. ARKADY'S CAR. DAY.

144.

Way up ahead, on the long, flat, empty urban road, Arkady can see Kirwill walking in his steady stride toward them.

Irina is looking at Arkady, troubled.

Arkady's car sweeps past Kirwill. No acknowledgement.

145. EXTERIOR. ROADSIDE. DAY.

145.

Kirwill watches the car go by. He frowns. Ponders.
Then turns back the way he came.

DISSOLVE.

146. EXTERIOR. SHED AND YARD. DAY.

146.

Irina watching Arkady taking tape recorder from the trunk of the car - she clearly recognizes the location, but is tense with anxiety.

IRINA
What are you doing?

ARKADY
You'll see.

But still he won't look at her.

DISSOLVE.

147. INTERIOR. THE SLUM HOUSE. DAY.

147.

Irina looks at the bunks, the primus stove, the clothes, etc.

ARKADY
You know who was here, don't you?

She looks at him. A beat. He holds his breath. Then
she deliberately shakes her head. Defiant.

ARKADY (sigh)
Come on.

IRINA
No!

But he grips her arm.

ARKADY
Then what else can I do?

148. INTERIOR. THE SHED. DAY.

148.

As he speaks, almost staccato, Arkady picks up a broken chair, a delapidated step-ladder to place near it, and then unceremoniously grips Irina's shoulders to place her firmly between the two objects.

ARKADY

Little Jimmy.
(the chair)
Kostia, the big man.
(the step-ladder)
Valerya, you. Let us reconstruct.

IRINA

Please, Arkady. Don't.

His manner shows that he is forcing himself.

ARKADY

Three of you. You believe a whole new life is about to begin. Yes!

*

DISSOLVE.

149. EXTERIOR. GORKY PARK. DUSK.

149.

The SKATING RINK is filled with graceful, gliding SKATERS and the LOUDSPEAKERS are playing SWAN LAKE.

*

As we PICK OUT Valerya, Kostia and Jimmy -

*

ARKADY (V.O.)

Glide, glide, Valerya and Kostia and Jimmy. Let your skates bite and hiss. Your very movement reminds you of the freedom that will soon be yours. Glide, glide, my little ones!

*

DISSOLVE.

149A. INTERIOR. THE SHED. DAY.

149A.*

Arkady stares hard at Irina.

*

ARKADY

Ah, Valerya. The little bird. She is wearing her friend's skates. Her good friend. But there is someone else watching, isn't there? Someone who beckons them from the ice. Oh, happy Valerya! Trusting Valerya! Innocent Valerya!

*

DISSOLVE.

98A.

149B. EXTERIOR. GORKY PARK. DUSK.

149B.*

In LS, and eerie light, THREE INDISTINCT SKATERS - summoned by Arkady's imagination - are approaching like near-ghosts in dream-like silence, until VALERYA laughs, tinklingly.

ON THE LAUGH, IT BECOMES TOTALLY REAL. IN MID-SHOT.

The snow is falling, and the '1812 OVERTURE' begins to boom, as, at the clearing, OSBORNE takes vodka from a bag.

They laugh, and swig from the bottle.

ARKADY (V.O.)

I'm their savior from the West. It's
laughter, and toasts. Hear the music?
Ah - we need another bottle. Why not?
I sort through the bag. I feel the
grip of the gun -

150. INTERIOR. THE SHED. DAY.

150.

Irina, rigid, staring at Arkady -

ARKADY

I turn to Kostia. I smile. And -

He kicks step-ladder back with violent crash.

151. EXTERIOR. GORKY PARK. DUSK.

151.

KOSTIA hurtling backward into the snow.

152. INTERIOR. THE SHED. DAY.

152.

Irina blinks as the step-ladder hits the ground, crash!

153. EXTERIOR. GORKY PARK. DUSK.

153.

JIMMY, mouth gaping in bewildered amazement -

ARKADY (V.O.)
Little Jimmy doesn't know what's
happening. How can this be?

154. INTERIOR. THE SHED. DAY.

154.

ARKADY
Osborne had used him to gull the others.
He had been brought back into Russia as
proof that Osborne could get people in
and out. Isn't that so?

Irina stares at him, wide-eyed.

ARKADY (continued)
Poor Jimmy! Idealistic Jimmy! Who
only wanted to help! The Christian
who now had to turn the other cheek - -

155. EXTERIOR. GORKY PARK. DUSK.

155.

JIMMY, his face crumples in despair and - BANG! - he is
SHOT.

156. INTERIOR. THE SHED. DAY.

156.

The chair is violently kicked over.

ARKADY
Now - what about Valerya?

IRINA
No, Arkady. No. No.

He looks at her, almost pleadingly.

ARKADY
My love. My love. Why don't you stop
me? Do I have to be the killer? I
have to have a witness. Someone must
tell me. You must tell me.

IRINA (whisper)
I can't.

CONTINUED...

156. CONTINUED.

ARKADY

She doesn't scream. Doesn't run.
 What's the point? Her life - her
 hopes - done! This man has made
 love to her. He can bring the gun
 as close as he wants. He can almost
caress her with it - And she'll
 welcome the bullet!

IRINA (violently)

No!157. EXTERIOR. GORKY PARK. DUSK.

157.

OSBORNE (softly)

Yes.

He puts his fingers on Valerya's deadening, despairing
 eyelids, like a lover would, and closes them.

And then he FIRES.

Valerya falls.

The '1812 OVERTURE' still thundering, and snow falling,
 Osborne stoops and straddles over the bodies, working fast,
 taking a furrier's KNIFE from bag.

ARKADY (V.O.)

Now he must remove identification for
 the dumb Militia. But - he knows how
 to skin a beast - how to flay human
 flesh - snip! Snip!

158. INTERIOR. THE SHED. DAY.

158.

ARKADY

But what of Valerya's friend? What
 about - you?

There is a tear slowly trickling down Irina's face.

Arkady, distressed, makes himself go on.

ARKADY

She won't tell, because she wants Valerya
 to be in America. Free. She won't
 tell because Osborne has told her that she
 is to be the next to get out. And this
 fantasy is the most important thing in her
 life. It's all that keeps her going -

CONTINUED...

158. CONTINUED.

IRINA

Yes.

ARKADY

So the question is - Where is Valerya?

Tiny pause : she struggles with herself. Then -

IRINA

New York. She's in New York.

He lifts the box from the cage, hesitates, then -

ARKADY

But in Moscow the great Professor Andreev
can reconstruct a head - a face from its
bones and tissue alone -

He is lifting the lid.

IRINA (cry)

Don't! Arkady - !

ARKADY

Here is Valerya.

Feeling sick, he lifts the head by its hair.

VALERYA seems to smile across at Irina, who SCREAMS the
single word 'Valerya!'Arkady quickly drops the head back into the box. We can
see, or sense, his distaste, his pity.

But - hard and sharp - clicking on his recorder.

ARKADY

Valerya who?

IRINA (in shock)

Valerya Davidova.

The cassette recorder turning.

ARKADY

And the other two?

IRINA (blank)

Kostia Borodin. James Kirwill.

ARKADY

What were they doing here? In this
shed?

CONTINUED...

158. CONTINUED.

IRINA

Making a chest for Osborne.

ARKADY

An American furrier named Jack Osborne?

IRINA (faint)

Yes.

ARKADY

You saw what they brought Osborne from
Siberia? Tell me! Say it!

IRINA

Sables. Live - sables. Six sables.

ARKADY

Good girl -

He starts to stroke her hair. But she breaks away,
suddenly coming alive.

IRINA (scream)

I hate you!

She runs.

ARKADY

Irina - lies are not freedom - wait! Irina!

CRASH! BANG! She has gone. Arkady goes to run
after her, calling her name. But then stops, dead
still.Arkady looks emptied. Heavily, he switches off recorder,
takes out the cassette, pockets it, hesitates, and then,
in a sudden whirl of rage and grief hurls the emptied
recorder CLANG! against the cages.

A moment. Then -

ARKADY (to himself)

Irina.

The DOOR creaks open. He looks up, full of hope. It
is KIRWILL. They look at each other.

FADE.

FADE IN:

159. INTERIOR/EXTERIOR. ARKADY'S CAR. DAY.

Kirwill looks at Arkady's strained face.

CONTINUED...

159. CONTINUED.

KIRWILL

Where did she go?

No response.

KIRWILL

Think she's gone with Osborne. Eh?

Arkady's face darkens yet more. Kirwill gives up.

KIRWILL

O.K. But tell me where we're going, willya?

A beat.

ARKADY

I need the other head. Then I've got enough.

KIRWILL (disturbed)

The other head - ? Which?

Arkady draws in his breath, sharply.

160. EXTERIOR. THE INSTITUTE. DAY.

160.

Just up ahead, the Shadower carrying box, getting into BLACK LIMOUSINE.

161. INTERIOR/EXTERIOR. ARKADY'S CAR. DAY.

161.

KIRWILL

KGB?

*

ARKADY

Yes. But - KGB wouldn't take away evidence. Must be something else.

*

KIRWILL

Like what?

*

ARKADY

*

We'll see.
(looks at him)
Won't we?

DISSOLVE.

162. INTERIOR/EXTERIOR. SHADOWER'S LIMO. DAY:

162.

Alone, the box beside him, the Shadower is blithely relaxed, not checking his interior mirror. Who would trail KGB?

163. EXTERIOR. MOSCOW STREETS. DAY.

163.

The black limo, and then, following Arkady's car.

104.
164.
164. INTERIOR/EXTERIOR. ARKADY'S CAR. DAY.
- Seven dead. KIRWILL
So far.
- ARKADY
Seven?
- KIRWILL
Three in Gorky Park. Your detective.
And the guy with him.
- ARKADY
That's five.
- KIRWILL
And us. Seven.
- ARKADY
Us?
- KIRWILL
In this fucking car, Renko. This truly
wonderful car.
- But Arkady is in no mood for jokes.
- 164A. EXTERIOR. STREET ON THE EDGE OF TOWN. DAY. 164A.*
- Both cars drive by. *
- 164B. EXTERIOR. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY. 164B.*
- The cars drive by. *
165. EXTERIOR. ORNATE BRIDGE. DAY. 165.
- The two cars well apart, but then Arkady's car comes onto the familiar bridge to the island where Iamskoy's dacha is located. Arkady's car turns off, no longer following the Shadower.
166. INTERIOR/EXTERIOR. ARKADY'S CAR. DAY. 166.
- KIRWILL
You know where we are?
- ARKADY
Now I do.
167. EXTERIOR. IAMSKOY'S DACHA. DAY. 167.
- The black limo parked next to ANOTHER in a clearing in front of dacha. Iamskoy, the Shadower and OSBORNE are talking, the box on the ground, before them.
168. EXTERIOR. BUSHES, UNDERGROWTH. DAY. 168.
- Arkady has crawled out of trees into the bushes fringing the clearing, and settles to watch. Kirwill is coming up behind him, the same way.

168. CONTINUED.

ARKADY (whisper)
That's Iamskoy with Osborne. The
Chief Prosecutor!

KIRWILL (whisper)
What does that mean?

ARKADY (grim)
That I'm a fool! That I've missed
everything. Iamskoy's been dealing
with Osborne all the time. So now
he'll deal with me. I've no chance
now. Nowhere to go. They've
beaten me -

He stops, seeing -

169. EXTERIOR. THE CLEARING. DAY.

169.

Young Kirwill's head is placed by Iamskoy on a tree-stump,
for the Shadower to bring an AX hard down, splitting it in
two, then splitting the halves again.-

170. EXTERIOR. BUSHES. DAY.

170.

Kirwill makes a suppressed noise of anguish, and Arkady,
alarmed, grips Kirwill's arm. Kirwill, eyes moist
suddenly, nods at Arkady, and begins to edge back, like
one who cannot bear to watch more.

171. EXTERIOR. THE CLEARING. DAY.

171.

The head now powdered, Osborne and Iamskoy walking away
together, followed by the Shadower. They go O.S.
Arkady waits.

172. EXTERIOR. BEYOND CLEARING. DAY.

172.

By the limousines. In L.S. from an unseen P.O.V.
The words are barely audible.

IAMSKOY
That's it, then. Account settled.
You'll be an even richer man.

OSBORNE
You won't exactly be poor, will you?

IAMSKOY
But what can I spend it on here? I
wish I could come to Stockholm with you.
(joke)
Diamonds look their best on a young girl's
throat

106.

172. CONTINUED.

172.

OSBORNE

You must never again be seen with me,
that's for sure. But I'll send you
a postcard from Stockholm - will that
do?

The car doors open, they shake hands - PULL BACK.

REVEAL KIRWILL's face in the fringing bushes. He sees
the Shadower watch the cars leave.

173. EXTERIOR. THE CLEARING. DAY.

173.

Arkady hears car doors SLAM. TWO ENGINES start, drive off.

A moment. Birdsong.

Then Arkady cautiously emerges, looks moodily at the stump,
then goes across to a small lean-to SHED -

174. EXTERIOR. A WOODPILE NEXT TO A SHED. DAY.

174.*

Half-chopped, partly burnt, are the remains of what was
once Golodkin's 'religious chest'. Arkady examines it
intently. There is a footfall behind him. *

ARKADY

Look, Kirwill - the remains of Golodkin's
chest -

THE SHADOWER

So it is

Arkady freezes, feeling the gun in his back. *

THE SHADOWER

Turn round. Bastard.

Arkady sighs. And turns.

He can see Kirwill coming fast and softly toward the woodpile *
but shows no sign of it.

CONTINUED...

174. CONTINUED.

ARKADY

But there is one thing I'd like you to consider. *

And as the Shadower jabs the gun, Kirwill is upon him, from behind, shaking the gun loose with one hand, and grabbing him by the throat with the other. The Shadower, bodily lifted, kicks and struggles, but Kirwill is strangling him.

ARKADY (cry)

We want to talk to him!

Kirwill lets go, and the Shadower falls like an old sack, dead.

KIRWILL

We don't need to talk with him. Osborne's going to Stockholm. It's Stockholm, not Helsinki. Take me to the airport, fella. I'm keeping ahead of the bastard.

Arkady looks at the dead man, swallows, then nods.

ARKADY

You on the outside and me on the inside, looking at you.
(looks at Kirwill)
From the morgue.

175. INTERIOR/EXTERIOR. ARKADY'S APARTMENT FROM HIS CAR. 175.*
DUSK.

Arkady realizes that his apartment is staked out in a different, more menacing fashion. He slows the car, looking up at - *

176. EXTERIOR. ARKADY'S APARTMENT. DUSK. 176.*

The silhouette of FET at the lighted window, peering out. The light goes out. *

Arkady starts to reverse his car slowly down the hill which leads to his apartment. *

In his rear view mirror he can see a KGB MAN walking toward the car. *

Suddenly, Arkady, still in reverse, ACCELERATES VERY FAST, knocking the KGB man out of the way. *

(SCENE 177 DELETED)

178. INTERIOR. ANTON'S APARTMENT. DAWN.

178.

Anton, in his pajamas, and scared, leans against the frame of door, watching Arkady, who has obviously been typing for hours. Paper, tapes, and an overflowing ashtray by the busy typewriter. Clack-clack. Then -

ARKADY

I want you to promise me on your life,
Anton, that you'll take all this -
papers, tapes - personally to the
Prosecutor General.

ANTON

On my life. I promise.

ARKADY

And give me your gun.

ANTON (softly)

Oh, Christ.

(then)

But it's a lawyer's special issue.
Probably won't shoot straight.

But he takes it from a bureau, gives it to Arkady. Arkady
checks the chambers, then looks at Anton.

ARKADY

And if Irina ever turns up - look
after her for me, Anton.

Anton is moved, but -

ANTON

Sure. I'll give her your beautiful car.

They laugh - then, suddenly, embrace, Russian style.

ANTON

What are you going to do?

ARKADY (enigmatic smile)

'A brisk walk. A little dip'.

(then, hiding emotion)

By the way, Anton. How's the washer?

ANTON

I hope the pistol works better.

(SCENE 179 DELETED)

*

180. INTERIOR. BALCONY ABOVE POOL. DAY.

Humming to himself, contentedly, towel-draped Iamskoy comes alone onto balcony.

He stops dead : Arkady is pointing the gun.

Arkady speaks lightly, almost like one amused.

ARKADY

The firing squad will not be quite as much fun as Stockholm, will it?

Iamskoy, totally calm, flicks his eyes around, assessing. Then he smiles.

IAMSKOY

Arkady, Arkady. You are out of control.

ARKADY

You kept me on the case to put pressure on Osborne. He couldn't have been offering enough. But you settled. The price must have been high.

Iamskoy studies him, intently.

IAMSKOY

You should be looked after. Certainly, you should be looked after.

Arkady smiles.

ARKADY

How much?

Iamskoy again studies him. Then -

IAMSKOY

One hundred thousand dollars. . American.

ARKADY

Don't you know how much live sables are worth? Come on! All this will be worth tens of millions to Osborne.

Iamskoy has cautiously moved forward, one hand gripping towel, eyes fixed on Arkady.

IAMSKOY

Osborne was greedy. That's why I had to threaten him with -
(stares, smiles)
I was going to say my best man.
(snap)
One hundred and fifty thousand.

CONTINUED...

180. CONTINUED.

Arkady smiles, then indicates the towel-secreted TAPE RECORDER.

But there is a sudden, odd, loud PZZZZT! from the high-pressure showers beyond, and Arkady takes his eye momentarily off Iamskoy.

Iamskoy instantly flicks out, hard, with one of his towels. Taken by surprise, Arkady cannot quite prevent Iamskoy gripping his gun hand. They wrestle, desperately, hurtling backward, and the gun FIRES, fatally shooting Iamskoy in the stomach. Iamskoy falls into the pool, to the shock of the few heavy apparatchiks wallowing in it. The water REDDENS.

Arkady shudders, tosses the gun down, and waits. As people come running, he has already raised his hands.

FADE.

SLOW FADE IN:

181. INTERIOR/EXTERIOR. LIMOUSINE, STOCKHOLM. NIGHT. 181.*

Arkady is in the back of limo, between KGB Agent RURIK and PRIBLUDA. All three stiff, silent.

Arkady looks out to see -

182. EXTERIOR. SHERATON-STOCKHOLM HOTEL. NIGHT. 182.*
ARKADY'S POV. *

Approaching the hotel, with its name and location obvious.

(SCENE 183 DELETED)

184. INTERIOR. LOBBY LOUNGE, SHERATON. NIGHT. 184.*

A PRETTY GIRL sings and plays piano in glitzy bar with Casino attached, and we listen a moment - *

PIANO PLAYER

...THE MOON IS OLD
AND LOVE IS COLD
THIS EAGER HEART OF MINE IS SINGING
LOVER COME BACK TO ME-EE, etc. etc. *

And Arkady is being escorted in by Pribluda and Rurik. *

As they take soft leather seats at a gleaming glass table Arkady sees a burnished reflection of his bruised face in a mirror-plated pillar.

CONTINUED...

184. CONTINUED.

RURIK

Try a Stinger.

PRIBLUDA

Why? What is in it?

RURIK

Cognac and Crème de Menthe.

PRIBLUDA

Which of the two is meant to spoil
the other? *

RURIK (laugh)

We are in Sweden now. All excesses
are permitted - *

Arkady's grating voice cuts through.

ARKADY

When do I get the gun? And where do
I kill him? *A moment. The piano tinkles. Rurik looks nervously at
Pribluda, who nods. *

PRIBLUDA

Go call him. *

Rurik looks at Arkady, then leaves. *

ARKADY (tense)

Go call who? *

Pribluda gives Arkady an icy stare. *

PRIBLUDA

You will not ask questions. You will not
make comments. You will do as you are told.
Consider yourself lucky to be still alive. *

ARKADY (with edge)

Certainly. *

PRIBLUDA

I would prefer it if you did not talk to
me at all. *

A beat. *

ARKADY

That's the most sensible thing I've ever
heard you say, Pribluda. *185. INTERIOR. LOBBY, THE HOTEL. NIGHT. 185.

Rurik uses one of the telephones.

186. INTERIOR. ELEGANT ROOM, HOUSE IN GAMLA STAN, NIGHT. 186.

OSBORNE, and a KGB Agent, NICKY, and a ringing telephone.

- 187. INTERIOR. LOBBY LOUNGE. NIGHT. 187.

Pribluda puts his Stinger down, disgusted. *

PRIBLUDA

Liquid capitalism. Pretty, but poisonous. *

Rurik laughs, but Arkady wants no nonsense. *

ARKADY

Where is Osborne?

CONTINUED

187. CONTINUED.

Rurik stops laughing.

RURIK (to Pribluda)

What shall we tell him?

PRIBLUDA

As little as he needs to know.

Tiny pause.

RURIK (nervously)

Osborne will trade. He'll return the
six sables. But -
(looks at Pribluda again)
He'll only -

PRIBLUDA (cutting in)

He'll only talk to you, Renko. And I
don't like it. Be very careful. Make no
trouble. Seek no advantage. Report back
every single word he says.

ARKADY

Why will he trade?

They do not answer. Arkady frowns.

ARKADY

What will he trade?

Pribluda looks knowingly, at his old enemy, and then holds
up the remainder of his drink in a mocking little salutation.

PRIBLUDA

Which is the brandy? Which is the Crème
de Menthe? Let's see if you can tell, Renko.

FADE.

FADE IN:

188. EXTERIOR. OPERAKALLEREN. STOCKHOLM. DAY. 188.

Rurik is taking Arkady from the Kingstradgarden, a small
park, to an elegant, partly glassed-in restaurant flanking
the Opera House.

RURIK (holds Arkady's arm)

Remember. No trouble!

ARKADY

Take your hand away.

189. INTERIOR. OPERAKALLEREN. DAY. 189.

A WAITER brings Arkady from Rurik across an expanse of
opulent 1890's salon to a table where Osborne is already
dining.

OSBORNE

Well, well. Rather bruised, aren't we?
I suppose they wanted to make quite sure
you were telling the truth.

CONTINUED...

113.

189.

189. CONTINUED.

He is pouring some wine for Arkady, which Arkady ignores.

OSBORNE
I've taken the liberty of ordering for
you. You will find it a revelation after
Soviet food.

DISSOLVE.

190.

190. INTERIOR. RESTAURANT (LATER) DAY.

Coming in on the bones and debris of Osborne's completed
meal. Arkady's food is untouched. Osborne dabs the
corner of his mouth with napkin.

OSBORNE
Valerya? Of course I didn't want to kill
her! She was a sweet child. Really.
But think about it. I had put in years
of risk and effort. It was essential the
Soviets never knew I had broken their sable
monopoly.
(pours himself the last of the claret)
Should I make myself vulnerable to the
casual aside? No, no. One or other of
those three would surely have let something
slip...

ARKADY (hostile)
But why did you kill them? You personally?

OSBORNE
The fish on the hook. The beetle under
the boot.

He raises his wine-glass. His eyes burn, momentarily. He
drains the glass.

ARKADY (shaken)
No. They were human beings.

Osborne looks at him, almost amused.

OSBORNE
Come, come. Read your history books.
Most men are puppets. They have things
done to them. Not me! Nobody pulls
my strings. Did I not outsmart you?
All of you!

ARKADY
But the Soviets know now. don't they?
We know, Osborne!

CONTINUED...

190. CONTINUED.

Osborne shows disdain.

OSBORNE
You think you do. I prefer it
that way. You have yet to learn
how far I will go to satisfy my -
(sharply)
What do you want?

He has broken off to snap at an obtruding waiter.

WAITER (nervous)
I'm sorry - would you be available
to take a telephone call, sir?

Osborne looks at Arkady, almost suspiciously. Then he
nods, puts down his napkin, and walks away.

OSBORNE
Your colleagues are a bunch of fussy
old ladies.

As the waiter follows, he drops a small, folded wad of
paper onto Arkady's plate. Arkady looks at it. Then,
alert, he closes his hand on it, and looks swiftly around -
KIRWILL is standing against a far wall by a door into
another section. And the big American nods at Arkady,
scarcely perceptibly.

114.

191. INTERIOR. OPERAKALLEREN : PHONES. DAY.

191.

OSBORNE (on phone)

Hello? Hello - ?

He shrugs, replacing the phone. And then his eyes glint, suspicious.

192. INTERIOR/EXTERIOR. OSBORNE'S ROLLS ROYCE. DAY.

192.

The car is crossing Stromborn, a bridge into Gamla Stan, (The Old Town), with the King's Palace in front of it. In silence, Osborne (driving) and Arkady. Then -

OSBORNE

Iamskoy was too greedy. If he hadn't threatened me with you to get more out of me - well - he didn't know how good you were, did he? What a fool! And now you are here to kill me. Right?

Arkady looks at him, with scarcely veiled hate. The car is now climbing the very narrow streets of Gamla Stan.

ARKADY

Yes.

Osborne laughs. Arkady looks at him, but says nothing.

DISSOLVE.

192A. EXTERIOR. GAMLA STAN HOUSE. DAY.

192A.*

The car arrives. Osborne and Arkady go into the house. *

193. INTERIOR. OLD HOUSE, GAMLA STAN. DAY.

193.

The superb room glimpsed earlier. Osborne indicates its riches with a single, grand gesture.

OSBORNE

Well. What do you think?

Arkady does not deign to answer, but his eyes rake the room.

ARKADY

You know the KGB will always track you down. Wherever you are. Wherever you go.

OSBORNE

Precisely.

Pause. They look at each other.

CONTINUED...

193. CONTINUED.

193.

ARKADY

So - what exactly are you proposing?

Osborne pulls a small, silver hand-gun.

OSBORNE

Do not be unduly alarmed.

ARKADY

What are you doing?

But Osborne simply smiles.

OSBORNE

Come. You haven't seen the rest of
the house.

He wags the pistol. Puzzled, Arkady is taken at pistol
point to a spiral stair.

194. INTERIOR. SPIRAL STAIR AND LANDING, THE OLD HOUSE.
DAY.

194.

OSBORNE (ascending)

Old houses are so like people, don't
you think? Full of surprises.
(looks at Arkady)
Open that door.

*

ARKADY

What?

OSBORNE (gratingly)

Open the door.

Arkady shrugs, and does so -

195. INTERIOR. A LUXURIOUS BEDROOM. THE HOUSE. DAY.

195.

Arkady, entering, stops in shock.

IRINA, standing, in a short, almost transparent nightdress,
her back to the door, her body rigid, staring unseeingly
out of a tall, thin window.

And then she turns, her eyes steady, dry, fixed only on
badly shaken Arkady. Her voice sounds almost harsh.

CONTINUED...

195. CONTINUED.

195.

IRINA

I made them bring you.

Osborne looks at both of them, as they stare at each other, with an almost clinical interest.

OSBORNE

You see? Corruption is part of us.
All of us. The very heart of us.

*

ARKADY

Irina - ?

Osborne looks at them, with an almost amused 'Now, now, my children' admonition, then quietly closes the door on them.

SOUND of key turning, outside.

Alone, they still hold their positions, as though rooted. Then they come together, as though about to embrace. And Arkady, in a terrible, suddenly released rage and anguish, slaps her so hard that she is knocked across the bed. She makes no sound.

ARKADY

Why should a woman sleep with a killer
unless she likes being hurt - !

Arkady has tight hold of Irina's hair, pulling her gasping head hard back, on the bed.

IRINA

Arkady - no - !

He lets go of her hair.

ARKADY

No? Then perhaps it's money. It's money that excites you? Oh, you've earned it, Irina! You paid with the lives of your friends!

IRINA

Don't, Arkady, don't -

In rage, and sexual anguish, he tears at her flimsy nightdress, ripping it open.

ARKADY

Is this one of his gifts?

CONTINUED...

IRINA

Arkasha - !

Arkady, helpless fury expiring, runs his hand over her now exposed stomach in a sort of numb, dead, awe or revulsion.

ARKADY

A whore, Irina. A whore.

His eyes are stinging. His rage totally gone. He just wants to vomit.

IRINA (steadily)

When you showed me the head -
Valerya's head - I decided to kill
myself.

He is not looking at her, but he tenses, and we can tell he is listening.

IRINA

I went to the bank of the river, and I
looked down into the Moskva and -

She stops. He lifts his head.

ARKADY

Melodrama.

IRINA

Yes.

Small pause. He keeps looking at her.

IRINA

I went to Osborne instead. I slept
with him. I didn't feel dirty. I
felt as though -
(her voice threatens to break, but doesn't)
- a layer of my skin had been burnt away.

His eyes are fixed on her, unforgiving.

IRINA

I knew what to do.

ARKADY

Yes - sell yourself!

She looks at him, very steady, very brave.

IRINA

What else did I have to sell?

195. CONTINUED.

195.

His hard gaze falters. She is very moving, and horribly vulnerable.

IRINA

I told him I knew everything. But -
I knew he wanted me. I told you I'd
do anything to get out. Anything.

He waits, tense. The first tears glisten in her eyes, but
do not fall. She remains in control.

IRINA

The second day in Stockholm I went to
the KGB, the Soviet Embassy. I told
them I could get the sables back if - if -
(she falters)
If they would trade you for them. If
they would let you out - - because I - -

And at last she cries, unable to finish. He feels a spasm
of shame, of guilt.

ARKADY

Irina?

IRINA

I had to get you out! It was the only -

But she cannot finish. Overwhelmed, he holds her, cradles
her, rocks her, as she sobs. There are tears in his own
eyes.

ARKADY

But - but why would Osborne - - - ?

IRINA

He's got more than six, Arkady. Valerya
and the others helped him used the route
once before. He's got another six sables.
And nobody knows it except him and me -
and now you - the others are all dead.

Arkady stares at her, then expels his breath.

ARKADY

And I thought I had all of it - !

196. INTERIOR. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ROOM. DAY.

196.

Osborne sits on gilt and velvet chair, the silver pistol in
his hands, waiting - and thinking.

He expels his breath, with a fatalistic 'So I have to kill
'again' mixture of sadism and resignation.

197. INTERIOR. THE BEDROOM. DAY.

Irina clasps Arkady in desperate love, half plea, half sob -

IRINA

Arkasha - Arkasha - don't ever leave me!
Not now!

CLOSE on Arkady. He holds her tight, making himself lie.

ARKADY

No. Never. Never.

IRINA

We will go to America. We will be free!

ARKADY

Yes, my darling. Yes!

198. INTERIOR. GAMLA STAN HOUSE. DAY.

Osborne is looking at himself in a mirror in the elegant drawing room. At first, it seems he is addressing himself - but then he turns to face tense Arkady and tenser Irina. And he is holding a sable hat in his hands.

OSBORNE

Frankly, I am astonished your people understand a sexual obsession. They think Freud is the name of an Austrian beer. But - well, well - it seems they do. First of all our friend, our late friend, Iamskoy agrees to keep Irina alive when she is hiding in your apartment, Arkady. And now they appear to understand that I want her enough to trade the sable. But, oh dear. she won't come without you.

*

ARKADY

But they sent me here to kill you.

OSBORNE (laugh)

Ah, but they'd rather have their little animals back, wouldn't they?

ARKADY (insistent)

But my job is to kill you.

Osborne laughs. 'fondling' the hat.

OSBORNE

What? Kill a man who remembers his promises? You see - the sable hat which was not delivered to you in Moscow Barguzhinsky sable. The very best (to Arkady)
Come here. Feel it.

Arkady looks at Irina. Then obeys.

120.

198.

198. CONTINUED.

OSBORNE

You see? There's no more comparison
between this and ordinary fur
(holds it to Arkady's cheek)
than between Irina's skin and that of
an ordinary woman.

Arkady steps back, provoked.

ARKADY

You are sick, Osborne. Sick. I don't
want the hat, or anything else from you.

*

Osborne laughs, hand on Irina's shoulder. She closes
her eyes.

OSBORNE

Oh, be forgiving! You want to survive,
don't you?

ARKADY

What's to stop you killing both of us
after the trade?

Osborne looks hard at him. Irina shakes her head in
silent urgency - 'don't rock the boat'.

OSBORNE (ignoring the question)

Tomorrow - if you convince them - the
Soviets and I will trade. You and Irina
for the six sables. Oh - and two hundred
thousand dollars. You agree?

Arkady, pained, looks at Irina. She stares back.

ARKADY

Yes.

Osborne laughs, satanic, hand tightening on her shoulder.

FADE.

(SCENE 199 DELETED)

*

FADE IN:

200. INTERIOR. ' LOBBY LOUNGE, SHERATON HOTEL. NIGHT.

200.

That late, late feel - and the last piano number.

PIANO PLAYER

GOODNIGHT, SWEETHEART
ALL MY PRAYERS ARE FOR YOU
GOODNIGHT, SWEETHEART - - - - - etc

PICK UP KIRWILL, sitting alone. He looks at his 3am watch,
tired. He sighs, and drinks, his eyes on the entrance.

CONTINUED...

200. CONTINUED.

200.

Arkady, coming in, eyes switching around, locates Kirwill with relief - and Kirwill, crunching peanuts, stops chewing. Arkady goes and sits directly behind Kirwill, so that they are literally back-to-back, side on to the entrance : two seasoned cops taking no chances.

For a moment they do not speak, but each is casing the room.

A pretty WAITRESS approaches Arkady. He clears his throat, rather comically.

ARKADY
Stinger, please. A Stinger.

As she goes -

KIRWILL (side of mouth)
That's a whore's drink.

ARKADY
I am a whore.

KIRWILL
How many of them?

Arkady also eats peanuts. They are back-to-back, and, to a casual eye, not talking.

ARKADY
Three upstairs. KGB. Maybe more
around - here.

KIRWILL
O.K. What's the score?

ARKADY
I give you - one - two - three.

But his drink arrives. He signs for it. Then -

KIRWILL
O.K. Shoot.

Kirwill chews nuts as though they were pig-iron, his expression ferocious.

ARKADY
One. Osborne's deceiving KGB into a swap. Six sables for Irina and me - plus dollars. He's got more out than they know.

KIRWILL
When's the swap?

CONTINUED...

200. CONTINUED.

ARKADY
Tomorrow. They've bought it.

KIRWILL
O.K. Two.

ARKADY
Two. I am under orders from Moscow
to kill Osborne and the sables and
return to Russia. In exchange, Irina
goes free.

KIRWILL
She know this?

ARKADY
No.

Kirwill, his back to Arkady, broods, drinks, chews. Then -

KIRWILL
Three. KGB kills Osborne, you, her,
and the sables. Right? Am I right?

Arkady drinks, pulls a face - not liking the taste.

ARKADY
Correct.

KIRWILL
She know this?

ARKADY
No.

KIRWILL
You're in a mess. Did I tell you?

ARKADY
Yes. Thank you.
(then, suddenly)
Shhh! They're here!
Look in my bowl of peanuts.

Rurik and Nicky approaching.

KIRWILL (soft hiss)
I'll be there, fella. Good luck.

He has raised his glass to cover his mouth.

RURIK
What are you doing?

Arkady lifts his glass, mockingly, then hiccups, with
exaggeration.

CONTINUED...

200. CONTINUED.

ARKADY

'S a whore's drink!

NICKY

Come on. Out of here. We have an early start.

Arkady allows himself to be led away.

Kirwill hoovers down the remaining nuts in his bowl. Then he turns, as though to search for more, and scoops up Arkady's bowl. A beat - then his expression changes.

KIRWILL (affectionately, to himself)

The son of a bitch!

Buried in the bowl : KIRWILL'S POLICE SHIELD.

200A. EXTERIOR. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY.

200A.*

Volvo drives by.

201. INTERIOR/EXTERIOR. BIG VOLVO CAR. DAY.

201.

Rurik driving, with Arkady in the back, between Nicky and Pribluda.

It is a snowy country road, edged with pine forest. Nobody talks. But CLOSER on Arkady : he broods. His eyes, his mind, settle hard on Pribluda, and we feel that Arkady is working out some strategem to compromise his old enemy.

Nicky is looking at written directions.

NICKY

I think this is it. Yes! Here!

The car slows to a stop by a GATE at a wire fence.

202. EXTERIOR. PATH THROUGH TREES. DAY.

202.

Nicky and Rurik in front, then Arkady - his eyes flicking from side to side, then Pribluda, ominously in the rear, carrying a small leather case.

Somewhere ahead, through dense trees, a DOG HOWLS.

And at a sudden bend, they come upon KIRWILL.

It looks as though he is pointing the way for them, one arm held stiffly or steadily high. But Arkady knows -

CONTINUED...

202. CONTINUED.

ARKADY
No. Oh, God. No.

NICKY (nervous)
What's he doing? Who is he?

203. CLOSE. KIRWILL.

He is tied to a tree. His coat is open, from which his
entrails protrude in a bundle. At his feet, dead, lie
two big, wolf-like DOGS. His eyes seem to stare, with
a cold and terrible ferocity.

204. EXTERIOR. PATH THROUGH TREES. DAY.

Arkady rushes to Kirwill, but the others are made very, very
nervous by the sight.

RURIK
Don't touch him!

Arkady ignores this, and tenderly closes Kirwill's staring
eyes.

Pribluda is staring hard at Kirwill, recognizing him.

PRIBLUDA
What are you up to, Renko? What was
he doing here - ?

He puts the case down. His hand reaches for his gun.

NICKY (nervous)
What's going on? What are you -

Arkady pulls Kirwill's coat together, over the entrails. Then,
moved, he kisses the dead man's cheek.

RURIK
Who is it! Who - !

Arkady steps back, upset.

ARKADY
A friend. A friend.

Rurik, in charge, looks with a tiny glint of suspicion at
Pribluda. And Arkady picks up the sharp glance.

RURIK
You know him? You sound as if you
know him.

204. CONTINUED.

Rurik pulls his gun.

PRIBLUDA
Put it away, fool! If Osborne sees guns -

He breaks off. Six dead sables, tied together at the jaw, are suddenly thrown into the midst of them, startlingly. And Osborne emerges out of the trees. He has a rifle, and a fierce dog at his heels. He is with Irina, who runs straight to Arkady.

OSBORNE
He killed my dogs. I gutted him because he killed my dogs.

There is an edgy silence. Arkady's eyes are fixed on Pribluda. Rurik still has his gun out.

PRIBLUDA
Mr. Osborne. Never mind the intruder. Are these the six sables?

OSBORNE
You can count, can't you? Give me your guns.

RURIK
Not while you have yours.

OSBORNE
No. I keep mine.

Stand-off. They stare at each other. Arkady quietly grasps Irina's hand.

PRIBLUDA
Mr. Osborne. Everything is correct. You may take Renko here. We will take the sables. Nobody needs guns.

OSBORNE
Right! Throw down yours.

PRIBLUDA
And you?

OSBORNE
I keep my rifle.

PRIBLUDA
But why?

OSBORNE
The sables are dead. I am not going to join them.

Small, tense pause.

CONTINUED...

204. CONTINUED.

PRIBLUDA
We are not thugs, Mr. Osborne. If
this is what you want, we will give
you our weapons -

ARKADY (suddenly)
Rurik! Osborne will kill you!

PRIBLUDA
Keep out of this, you!

ARKADY
Wake up! He'll kill all of you. Except
Pribluda.

NICKY
What - - ?

ARKADY
Pribluda is Osborne's man. That's why he's
willing to give up his gun -

PRIBLUDA
Renko! You're a liar!

But Rurik is backing away, the gun still in his hand, and
jumpy Nicky also goes for his gun. Without warning, without
even aiming, Osborne FIRES, instantly felling Rurik. Arkady
dives, knocking Irina bodily into the undergrowth. Nicky
aims his gun, but the dog is leaping at his throat.

NICKY (scream)
No - o - o - !

Screaming Nicky shoots the attacking dog, and is shot in turn
by Pribluda as he falls. Arkady and Irina are rolling over
and over into better cover. Pribluda looks at Osborne.

PRIBLUDA
It's all right. The other two are
unarmed. I made sure of that.

OSBORNE
Drop your gun.

PRIBLUDA
But -

OSBORNE
Drop it. Now.

He half cocks his rifle. Pribluda shrugs, drops his gun.

PRIBLUDA
Jack. Listen. I've got the money -

Osborne watches, expressionless, as Pribluda picks up the
case and clicks open the lid. We see that there is only
A GUN inside the case - BANG! - Osborne has shot Pribluda.

ARKADY (OFF)
On your left! Two more KGB!

127.

205. EXTERIOR. THE UNDERGROWTH. DAY.

205.

Arkady, flat on his stomach, clutching Irina, monitors Osborne's cautious retreat.

He scrambles out to the sprawled Rurik, shaking loose Rurik's gun.

Osborne FIRES, and the bullet plucks at Arkady's jacket.

Arkady, firing back, rolls swiftly to Irina, as another rifle bullet ZAPS very close.

He rolls Irina over and over, into scratchy bushes, changing cover. Then -

ARKADY (urgent whisper)
Keep your head down. I've got to get him -

Without waiting for an answer, he half pulls himself up, bent low, hurtling out of cover, FIRING.

Irina, left alone, winces at CRACK! of rifle, and looks across at Nicky's now distant body.

206. EXTERIOR. WOOD, AND INNER COMPOUND. DAY.

206.

Flitting from tree to tree, unable to see Osborne, Arkady stops, draws in his breath, as he sees a huddle of LOW SHEDS, A STONE TROUGH and THE OTHER SIX (LIVE) SABLES IN CAGES ON SMALL STILTS. *

ARKADY (to himself)
Holy Peter.

Then, very fast, swerving, he hurtles across open ground, almost reaching the cages.

CRACK! A bullet kicks up dirt, inches from Arkady.

207. EXTERIOR. THE CAGES. DAY.

207.

Arkady, under the cages, is soon made to feel exposed as Osborne moves around to fire at him.

He runs low, along back of cages, beating a hand against the mesh so that the penned animals leap about in fury.

Osborne cannot fire without hitting them, but he swings his rifle to target on the EMPTY CAGE at the end of row.

As Arkady passes it - CRACK! - but he spreadeagles behind the STONE TROUGH at the end of the cages.

128.

208. EXTERIOR. THE STONE TROUGH. DAY.

208.

Behind the trough, Arkady FIRES - and sees Osborne take renewed cover. The two wait. One more exchange of fire. Then -

209. EXTERIOR. THE COMPOUND. DAY.

209.

IRINA

Arkady - !

Irina has come up into the worst position - almost equidistant between them, and without cover. She has her hands thrust deep into her coat, and seems to be trembling.

OSBORNE

Renko! Come out - or I'll shoot her!

IRINA (cry)

No! Arkady - no !

OSBORNE

You can keep the gun. You can go!
But come out right now or I shoot her!

He fires at Irina's feet, an inch off. She does not scream.

OSBORNE

Right now! Or the next one is it!

IRINA

No! Arkady - !

210. EXTERIOR. BEHIND TROUGH. DAY.

210.

Arkady's face shows defeat. He begins to stand -

211. CLOSER. OSBORNE.

211.

A lethal smile as he takes careful aim. A SHOT.

212. EXTERIOR. THE COMPOUND. DAY.

212.

Osborne staggers, and looks at Irina, astonished. She has shot him with Nicky's pistol, two-handed.

With huge determination, Osborne targets his rifle on her. She is frozen, paralysed....

Arkady FIRES from the trough, and Osborne spirals backward.

CONTINUED...

212. CONTINUED.

212.

Irina, released, walks over and aims the pistol at him. He twists his head up at her, smiles a crooked smile, and dies, the smile fixed.

Her hatred breaks in her, and she fires again and again into Osborne's body.

Arkady puts a hand on her gun hand.

She stares at him, and then, shuddering in revulsion, she throws her gun down.

IRINA

That's a KGB gun - !

She holds on to him, as for dear life.

Dead Osborne, seems to 'look' up at them.

It is starting to snow.

IRINA

Now we can be free.

He holds her tighter, but says nothing.

IRINA

Arkasha - - ?

He is in emotional pain.

ARKADY

Irina - I am still under orders -

IRINA

What do you - ? Arkady ?

ARKADY

I have to go back -

IRINA

No!

ARKADY

I have to go back otherwise they will hunt you down. That was - that was the deal I made in Moscow. Kill Osborne. Kill the sables. Go back, and - you could go free.

IRINA

No! No-o-o!

It is almost a howl of anguish.

212. CONTINUED.

ARKADY
Only one of us can be free. I have
to go back.

She clings despairingly.

IRINA
No, Arkady. No.

ARKADY
Irina - look at me. No, look at me.
What do you see? A Russian. I
never could be anything else.

IRINA (sob)
Then I'll come back - Arkady.

ARKADY
No. You were dead there, dying there.
You will be what you want to be. I
will be what I already am.

IRINA
Oh, Arkady. Arkady. My love.

ARKADY
Irina. I can live if you are free. My
life makes sense if you are free!

They stare at each other in the falling snow.

Slowly PULL BACK, two figures in a white expanse. And

SLOW FADE.

FADE IN:

213. INTERIOR/EXTERIOR. DEPARTURE GATE, ARLANDA (STOCKHOLM) 213.
AIRPORT. NIGHT.

FLICK-FLUTTER-FLICK as INDICATOR BOARD settles (Swedish,
French, English) at :

MOSKVA-MOSCOW-MOSCOW

In cluster of seats, Arkady sits between TWO SOVIET AGENTS
staring across at darkened windows where Soviet Aeroflot liner
can perhaps be seen.

Silence. And antiseptic airport nothingness.

CONTINUED...

131.
213.

213. CONTINUED.

Then coming toward them, feet clicking, TWO MORE SOVIETS escort Irina. She sees Arkady, he sees her, at one and same moment. Each breaks free of would-be restraining hands as they rush to each other -

214.

214. CLOSER. ARKADY AND IRINA.

Alone on an expanse of floor, they look deeply into each other. She touches his face, with poignant tenderness, and whispers.

IRINA

How can we part?

ARKADY

One day, Irina. One day!

They embrace, with increasing grief and passion. Until various Soviet arms prize them apart. A last, long, eloquent look at each other, then Arkady allows himself to be taken toward the departure gate. She stands watching him go OS, tears in her eyes.

IRINA (to herself)

Thank you for my life.

And then she sees that her escorts have gone. She is free. She is alone.

215. INTERIOR. ARKADY'S APARTMENT, MOSCOW. DAY.

215.

Anton, on settee, carefully watching as Arkady puts on his best Militia jacket. *

ANTON

Well, well. You'll be the first one in Soviet history to get a medal for shooting half a dozen little animals - eh? You old bastard. *

ARKADY

Osborne had already shot the sables, Anton. He liked killing things. *

Anton pulls himself up. He seems suddenly nervous - *

ANTON

And - uh - what about Irina? *

Arkady looks at him, then turns briskly away. *

ARKADY (brisk)

Come on. I mustn't be late.

DISSOLVE.

132.

216.

216. EXTERIOR. THE COMPOUND. DAY.

Arkady contemplates the live sables in their cages. The animals yelp and scrabble. We cannot tell what he is thinking.

DISSOLVE.

217.

217. INTERIOR/EXTERIOR. ANTON'S CAR. DAY.

A moment. Then -

ARKADY

Anton. Suppose Osborne got more sables out than we knew about.

Anton looks at him. His eyes take on a sharp, almost eager gleam.

ANTON

Arkady? What are you up to?

The car is coming to a stop at Militia HQ. A moment. Then Arkady looks at his friend.

ARKADY (softly)

Suppose. Just suppose.

ANTON

By God, Arkady! They'd have to send you back out to find them!

(no response)

And her, Arkady. And her!

Arkady smiles, but distantly. He looks away.

ARKADY (moved)

Nobody will ever find them, Anton.

He opens the car door, abrupt, self-absorbed, as Anton's eyes widen -

218. EXTERIOR. GENERAL'S HQ. DAY.

218.

As he goes to shut the car door, Arkady suddenly leans in -

ARKADY

I'll never stop wanting her. But she's out of this cage, old friend.

Anton looks at him, then, moved, nods. Arkady, too, nods, then firmly shuts the car door.

133.

219.

219. INTERIOR. STAIRS TO GENERAL'S OFFICE. DAY.

Arkady salutes an impressed fellow officer. He reaches the General's door. He adjust his face, straightens his shoulders, goes to knock, hesitates, closes his eyes for the briefest fraction, then firmly opens the door -

*

220.

220. INTERIOR. GENERAL'S OFFICE. DAY.

The old General twinkles, pleased with his man.

Very smart, very precise, Arkady salutes.

ARKADY
Chief Investigator Renko reporting
for duty, Comrade General!

HOLD, then DISSOLVE INTO -

221.

221. EXTERIOR. THE COMPOUND. DAY.

Arkady finishes contemplating the live sables. He opens the first cage. The sable leaps for freedom. *

And then all of them are running fast across the snow, out beyond Osborne's body, out to the trees. *

IRINA (V.O.)
One day, Arkady. One day. *

THE END