

THE MOSCOW DOUBLE

(WORKING TITLE)

BY

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A SCREENPLAY FOR MOTION PICTURE

BASED ON THE NOVEL "SUBMARINE U-137"

DRAFT

SINCE SEVENTY PERCENT OF THE EVENTS IN THIS FILM TAKE PLACE IN RUSSIA, THE AUTHOR PERCEIVED A NEED TO DESCRIBE SOME SETTINGS MORE FULLY AND TO EXPLAIN DETAILS THAT MAY BE UNFAMILIAR TO NON-RUSSIAN READERS. HENCE THIS SCREENPLAY RUNS TO SLIGHTLY MORE THAN STANDARD LENGTH.

FADE IN

INT. USA. CIA HQ

On a CIA letterhead a vintage typewriter from the year 1980 prints out the English text of a contract to collaborate and an undertaking not to disclose any secret information.

SUPERIMPOSED HEAD CREDITS BEGIN

EXT. USA. CITY OUTSKIRTS. SUNSHINE AND RAIN.

Project housing on the outskirts of Port Jervis. African-American children are happily running about in the rain and shouting "Rain, rain, go away! Come again another day!"

SUPER: USA. PORT JERVIS, NEW YORK STATE. 1981.

INT. STAVINSKY'S STUDIO APARTMENT.

In the tiny studio apartment the children can be heard shouting outside. There is no furniture apart from a dilapidated refrigerator. An old TV set and "News of the Week" is playing, but with the sound switched off. The TV screen shows how on the 30 August Iranian President Rajai and Prime Minister Bahonar were assassinated in Teheran... on the first of September the Soviets continued to bomb Afghanistan... on 4 September the French ambassador to the Lebanon was assassinated in Beirut... and on 5 September the Warsaw Pact countries have been holding military exercises in the Baltic... The walls of the room are fearfully dilapidated. Hanging on them are some photographs of Stavinsky's daughter at the ages of 12, 15, and 20. The first photo shows her with her father, who appears suntanned and happy. Meanwhile on the floor lies Stavinsky himself. He is asleep on a bare mattress. He is unshaven and his clothes look crumpled. Next to where he lies there is an empty bottle of Romanoff vodka.

The hand of MACKERRY feels for the light switch next to the door and clicks it, but the lamp fails to go on.

Stavinsky wakes up. When he speaks, he has a Russian accent and his English is far from perfect.

STAVINSKY

Who's there?

JULIA BROOK produces a photograph from her pocket and without a word shows it to MACKERRY. The both look at Stavinsky.

MACKERRY

Is your name Stavinsky? Roman Stavinsky?

STAVINSKY

Yeah...

Without getting to his feet, Stavinsky reaches over and opens up the fridge. Instead of food, it contains a pile of dirty laundry and socks. Stavinsky pulls out an almost empty bottle from under the socks and laundry, and swigs down the remainders. Then sleepily he collapses back onto the mattress. MacKerry and Brook exchange glances.

BROOK

Forget it. He's hopeless.

MACKERRY

But do they look alike?

BROOK

Sure. But this guy's a drunk.

MacKerry lays his business card on the floor next to Stavinsky, and he and Brook walk out.

SECOND SET OF SUPERIMPOSED HEAD CREDITS

INT. DENTAL TECHNICIAN'S WORKSHOP.

On the shelves are a large number of plaster casts of teeth for making dentures, and several sets of ready-made dentures and false teeth. Three TECHNICIANS, including STAVINSKY, are seated at their benches, making dentures. A radio set broadcasts the latest news: in the US Congress Ronald Reagan announces the new Strategic Defense Initiative - the creation of a new laser weapon for use in outer space; in Iran Ali Khamenei has been elected president; President Sadat has been assassinated in Egypt... Stavinsky squeezes his instrument just a little too hard and the new denture he was polishing splits in his hands.

DENTAL WORKSHOP OWNER

That's it! I've had enough of you! Goddamn drunk!
That's the ninth one you screwed up! Get out of here!
You're fired!

Stavinsky continues sitting. The owner gets up.

EXT. STREET IN PORT JERVIS, NEW YORK STATE. DAY

The owner of the dental workshop forcefully pushes Stavinsky down the steps of the porch.

DENTAL WORKSHOP OWNER
Goddamn Russky! Get out of here!

Stavinsky stumbles and falls down at the foot of the steps. When he picks himself up, he finds MacKerry and Julia Brook standing over him. A 1980 vintage van is parked next to them.

MACKERRY
We've... we've got another job for you.

Stavinsky says nothing.

MACKERRY (CONT'D)
You came to America seven years ago, but life here didn't work out for you. Your wife left you and took your daughter with her. So you went to the Soviet embassy and asked them to let you go back to Russia. Because you've still got an elderly mother living there. But they never allow anyone to return, and that was when you hit the bottle. But now... do you want to kick the habit?

STAVINSKY
Well... er...

MacKerry gestures toward the open door of the van. Stavinsky hesitates, but then gets in. Brook slams the door after him.

INT. INSIDE A HELICOPTER.

The helicopter flies above the Hudson River in New York. In the cabin are Stavinsky, MacKerry, and Brook. MacKerry produces a bottle from his briefcase, together with a glass and some documents. He pours out some vodka into the glass and hands it to Stavinsky.

MACKERRY
Here. This is your very last drink of vodka. Do you want it, or...?

Stavinsky takes the glass and drinks it down. MacKerry then places a pile of documents in front of him.

MACKERRY (CONT'D)
Now sign these for me.

STAVINSKY
What is it?

MACKERRY
It's your contract - that you'll work for us, and that you agree to be treated for your alcoholic addiction - at our expense.

Stavinsky pauses, but then signs.

INT. MEDICAL CENTER. MONTAGE.

Stavinsky's naked figure is spread-eagled and flattened against a tiled wall by a powerful jet of water from a hose... A stomach pump is applied to him as he lies on a raised canvas bed... He is treated by acupuncture... A hypnotist tries to instill into Stavinsky a revulsion against alcohol.

HYPNOTIST

... You are going to sleep... You are falling asleep... You're sleeping soundly, but you can still hear me. From now on your body refuses to take any more alcohol. Any alcoholic drink fills you with revulsion and makes you want to vomit. I repeat...

Stavinsky has his hands tied, and a bottle of Romanoff vodka is raised to his lips. His eyes roll in terror. "No!" he shouts, but they force some vodka down his throat and he starts vomiting.

EXT/INT. MEDICAL CENTER. DAY.

A helicopter settles down on the landing pad next to the Medical Center. DANIEL COOPER gets out. MacKerry and Brook come out to meet him and lead him into the Center.

In the gymnastic section of the medical center Stavinsky is working out on a treadmill. Cooper, MacKerry, and Brook enter. For a minute Cooper stands watching Stavinsky.

COOPER

Yeah, he looks the part all right. And he's the right height too... (To Stavinsky) Okay, Mister Stavinsky. I'm Daniel Cooper, director of East European operations with the CIA. (Motions toward MacKerry and Brook) And these are my agents. They've cured you of the alcohol habit, and I guess they've also cleaned up your liver and your head. So now we have to talk business. Remember: you've signed an undertaking not to disclose any information. And since your daughter is nineteen and studying at Princeton on grants provided by our government, I'm sure you realize what will happen if you break that agreement... You understand?

STAVINSKY

Yes, sir.

COOPER

Very good. So, here's the situation: There's a man over there in Moscow who looks a lot like you. Well, maybe not a lot, but that doesn't matter. The main thing is: that man is somebody we need. And we need him very urgently. And since you've always dreamed of going back to the Soviet Union, the plan is that you go over there as a tourist and stay there - we'll supply you with Soviet papers and cash, of course. And the guy we're interested in will take your place and leave Russia instead of you. And as soon as that happens, we're going to give your daughter a quarter of a million dollars. Now, I know you've signed and agreed to all this already, but right now I'm giving you one last chance to back out if you want to.

STAVINSKY

(Looks at MacKerry and Brook)

What? Have I already signed to all this?

COOPER

Yes, you have. *(To MacKerry)* Show him.

MacKerry shows Stavinsky the documents that he signed.

STAVINSKY

Hmm... Okay... But what if arriving to Moscow, I will run and tell everything to the KGB?

COOPER

Well, I don't think the KGB will pay you even one ruble for your efforts. And don't forget: your daughter is going to be staying here in the US.

STAVINSKY

(Grins) As a hostage, right?

COOPER

I repeat: you have one last chance to back out.

INT. MEDICAL CENTER OPERATING ROOM.

DOCTOR LORENZ washes his hands, and his ASSISTANTS put on their green smocks and sterile gloves. Stavinsky is wheeled into the operating room and transferred to the operating table. The anesthetist prepares his apparatus. At a sign from DOCTOR LORENZ the ANESTHETIST places a mask over Stavinsky's face and turns on the gas. Stavinsky closes his eyes. Lorenz keeps glancing at a photograph of a man in the uniform of a Soviet colonel, who resembles Stavinsky. With a lancet Lorenz makes a first incision behind Stavinsky's ears...

INT. BOSTON. A SMALL THEATER AUDITORIUM

On the stage of a tiny half-lit theater a rehearsal of Anton Chekhov's *Three Sisters* is in progress:

MASHA is deep in thought over her book, and quietly whistles the tune of a song.

OLGA

Don't whistle, Masha. How can you do that?! (Pause) Over the last four years, while I've been working in this school, I can feel my youth and my strength draining out of me drop by drop. And I now have just one dream, which constantly increases and grows in strength...

IRINA (PLAYED BY VIRGINIA)

To leave and go to Moscow. Sell this house, close everything up, and - leave for Moscow...

DIRECTOR

Stop! Stop! (Runs up onto the stage) Irina! (Virginia, that is!) Look, we don't need such fire and passion in the lines "To Moscow!... Leave for Moscow!" That's way over the top!

VIRGINIA

But that is her dream!

DIRECTOR

Whose dream? Yours, or that of Chekhov's Irina?

VIRGINIA

Well, both. My grandfather was from Russia. Russia is something special to me.

VIRGINIA is interrupted by loud clapping, and DIRECTOR and the actresses turn toward the darkened auditorium. MacKerry is seated there in the front stalls and applauds loudly.

DIRECTOR

What is it?

MACKERRY

Well, I think she's right. Her Irina is a Russian girl, after all. And for any Russian Moscow is not at all what Washington is to you and me. Moscow to a Russian is something quite out of this world!...

DIRECTOR

Who are you? Hey, security! Who let this guy into the theater?

EXT. A STREET IN BOSTON. EVENING.

VIRGINIA walks out of the unimpressive stage door with its sign: NEW BOLSHOI THEATER. There she bumps into MacKerry, who applauds her once again.

VIRGINIA

Oh, it's you? Are you still here?

MACKERRY

Your acting was great. I want to invite you to take part in one of our projects...

VIRGINIA

Who are you? (*Mockingly*) A Hollywood producer?

MACKERRY

Almost. (*Points to his chauffeur-driven limousine*) Please have a seat...

Virginia looks in astonishment at the luxury limousine.

MACKERRY (CONT'D)

My name's Glen MacKerry. (*Hands her his business card*) And you are Miss Virginia Part, age thirty-two. Your folks originally fled from Russia back in 1920. Your mom lives upstate New York. You and your boyfriend graduated from the Michael Chekhov Drama School, but at present you're working as a waitress in a restaurant on Oakland Street. And both of you dream of one day playing some big part in an important production.

VIRGINIA

Are you an agent?

MACKERRY

Sure I'm an agent... Please get in the car...

Virginia continues walking along the sidewalk, and MacKerry and his limousine keep moving alongside her.

VIRGINIA

What kind of production is it? Who's the producer?

MACKERRY

Well, even in Hollywood they keep things secret till the contract is signed. But for playing the part in our project you'll be able to collect a cool quarter of a million.

VIRGINIA

Quarter of a million what?

MACKERRY
Crisp new American dollars.

VIRGINIA
You must be joking...

MACKERRY
Do I look like Johnny Carson?

VIRGINIA
So what's the name of your movie company?

MACKERRY
It's called the CIA - the US Central Intelligence Agency.

VIRGINIA
(*Infuriated*) Wha-a-at? Goodbye, mister!

She turns sharply on her heel and steps into the subway.

EXT/INT. BOSTON STREET AND VIRGINIA'S APARTMENT. EVENING AND NIGHT.

After a jolting ride on the Boston subway, Virginia gets out at Brookline. She makes her way to an ordinary-looking rental house and walks in at the door. She climbs the stairs to the second floor and uses her key to open up a modest rented apartment. But she stops short on the threshold. Inside the apartment the doors of the wardrobe are wide open: in one half Virginia's dresses are hanging, but the other half is empty, and only the hangers are there. It is the same with the linen compartment: the lower shelves are filled with her lingerie, but the upper ones are empty. A note has been left lying on the table. Slowly and reluctantly Virginia walks over to the table, picks up the note, and reads:

"Sweetheart! Forgive me - I got a job in Hollywood.

Good luck to you! Mark"

A subway train outside the window rumbles past and shakes the building, causing her dresses to tremble on their hangers...

That night Virginia lies in bed, gazing up at the ceiling... She drinks a cup of tea in the tiny kitchen, and looks out of the window... Another subway train rumbles past. Very slowly Virginia takes MacKerry's business card from her handbag.

INT. MEDICAL CENTER.

MacKerry and Virginia hurry along various corridors and glass-panelled galleries, and MacKerry talks as they go.

MACKERRY

And remember, you've just signed a contract to play the leading part in our "production". And you've also signed an agreement not to disclose any information about it. Is that clear to you?

VIRGINIA

Yes...

MACKERRY

Now the important part. You'll be traveling to Moscow...

VIRGINIA

(Stops short) To where??!!

MACKERRY

To Moscow, Russia.

VIRGINIA

(excited) Wow! That's great! Why didn't you tell me before?

INT. USA. MEDICAL CENTER. STAVINSKY ROOM IN THE SICK BAY.

The door squeaks slightly and Stavinsky opens his eyes. He is laying on a raised hospital bed. His head and face are bandaged, and only his eyes are visible. MacKerry and Virginia stand in the doorway. Virginia looks confused.

MACKERRY

(To Stavinsky) Hi there! How are you doing? *(To Virginia)* This is our main hero. Let me introduce you. *(To Stavinsky)* This is Miss Virginia Part, she's an actress. And for the whole of her life she's dreamed of going to Moscow. So now she's going to be flying there with you, acting as your wife and pretending it's your honeymoon trip. But on one condition - no funny business with her, okay?... Well, now I should go and let you two get to know one another. Sit down, Virginia. No need to be afraid - he won't bite: Look how we've bandaged him up... Good luck.

MacKerry leaves. Virginia looks at herself in the mirror on the wall of the cubicle, then sits down. There is an awkward pause as Stavinsky and Virginia survey one another.

STAVINSKY

I guess I look... like an Egyptian mummy...

VIRGINIA

(*With a smile*) Oh, no. You look like a snowman - only without a carrot for a nose.

In the next room MacKerry and Brook stand in a niche exactly where the mirror hangs on the wall in Stavinsky's cubicle. Through this "mirror" they can observe both Stavinsky and Virginia and listen in to their conversation.

BROOK

So, do you like her?

MacKerry shrugs.

BROOK (CONT'D)

If she's the one you picked, that means you like her.

MACKERRY

Shh! Let's listen to what they say.

BROOK

Oh, by all means. Just keep on admiring your actress!

Brook leaves, and MacKerry shakes his head woefully.

INT. MEDICAL CENTER. OPERATING ROOM.

The bandages are removed from Stavinsky's face. Doctor Lorenz looks at him and compares him some photographs of a man who looks very like Stavinsky. But Stavinsky's face is still covered in unhealed wounds.

LORENZ

Excellent! A lovely face! Mazel tov!

STAVINSKY

Can I look?

LORENZ

Only in a week's time. Just one more little week...

EXT. MOSCOW. 11 SEPTEMBER 1981. (8 MM. CAMERA SEQUENCE)

Scenes include the Moscow State University building on Lenin Hills... a subway station above the Moskva River... the ancient buildings of the Novodevichy Monastery. Finally - as the morning chimes of the Kremlin bells ring out - the camera zooms in on the tombs and monuments of the Novodevichy Cemetery.

There is no one there in the cemetery. Then there is a close-up shot of BILL STEVENSON.

STEVENSON

Hello! This is Bill Stevenson reporting from Moscow. Today is the tenth anniversary of the death of Soviet leader Nikita Sergeyevich Khrushchev...

The camera pans round over the tombs and monuments of Soviet military leaders, Party leaders, well-known writers and artists... Then a single lonely male figure wearing colonel's uniform appears. He stands by a modest tomb with a pillar containing the inlaid photograph of a teenage girl... The camera also pans round past the monument to Khrushchev made of black and white marble...

VOICE OF STEVENSON (V.O.)

But as you can see, nobody is here to visit Khrushchev's tomb...

The camera returns to focus on the colonel... YURYSHEV is sitting all alone by the tomb of the young girl and swigging from a bottle of brandy. The camera zooms in on him. Yuryshev swings round suddenly, looks at the camera, gets to his feet with a determined air and moves toward the camera.

YURYSHEV

Switch it off! Turn that camera off!

VOICE OF STEVENSON (V.O.)

I'm an American journalist, and I'm taking some shots of Khrushchev's tomb. Today is the anniversary...

YURYSHEV

(*Coming closer*) Turn off that camera! Or I'll smash it...

Yuryshev is unshaven and looks neglected, but he has a commanding voice and a harsh manner. Freeze frame.

INT. USA. MEDICAL CENTER. STAVINSKY'S CUBICLE.

The freeze frame with Colonel Yuryshev remains on the screen of a video projector that has been set up in the cubicle where Stavinsky is lying. Everything is quiet in the room. A NURSE removes the final bandages from Stavinsky's head. Lorenz, MacKerry, and Virginia are waiting intently to see the result. Finally the last bandage is removed and everyone can see Stavinsky's face. He looks so like Colonel Yuryshev that Lorenz heaves a sigh of relief.

MACKERRY

Bravo, doctor! (To *Stavinsky*) Well, so this guy on screen is your Moscow double.

Stavinsky looks hard at the image on the screen.

STAVINSKY

Who is he?

MACKERRY

A Soviet colonel.

STAVINSKY

I see that. I mean, what does he do?

MACKERRY

Okay, we'll have to tell you. But just remember: you signed that document...

STAVINSKY

Cut the shit. Who is he?

MACKERRY

He's the Deputy Director of Strategic Planning at Soviet Army Headquarters.

STAVINSKY

(*Amazed*) Wow! And I have to replace him?!

MACKERRY

No, of course not. He has some personal tragedy of his own, and he wants to get out of the Soviet Union. And by way of exchange...

The door opens, and in come Bill Stevenson and Julia Brook, who carries a large package.

STEVENSON

(*Pointing at the screen*) Ah, that's the film I shot. (*Catching sight of Stavinsky*) Oh, my God! (*Turning to Mackerry*) You did it! Congratulations! He's the spitting image!

Brook winds the cassette back to the beginning and switches on the projector again.

STEVENSON (CONT'D)

(*to Virginia*)

If you going to play his wife you have to remember that everything is forbidden in Moscow. Even photographing the graves of their leaders is "ne polozheno" - forbidden. I had to do a James Bond act to shake them off my tail, so I could get into the cemetery...

Meanwhile the screen is again showing the episode with Yuryshev sitting by the tombstone and swigging brandy from a bottle... Then he gets up... and walks toward the camera.

STEVENSON (CONT'D)

(To Virginia) By the way my name's Bill Stevenson, I'm the Moscow correspondent for the NBC. And who are you?

MACKERRY

Cool it, Bill. We are at work here.

STEVENSON

I simply wanted to tell this young lady how to shake them off if they're tailing you in Moscow.

MACKERRY

When are you flying back to Moscow?

STEVENSON

(Looks at his watch) Three hours from now. *(Nods toward the screen)* But do you remember? After I switched the camera off, he told me that in a couple of weeks a Soviet submarine is going to run aground on a reef in Swedish waters, and as soon as that happens, he'll be ready to come over. *(To Virginia)* Are you ready for the trip? I'll meet you in Moscow.

Stavinsky emerges from the toilet dressed in a Soviet colonel's uniform. Now he looks so like Yuryshev that everyone falls silent. Stavinsky looks at Virginia. She becomes confused, and looks now at Yuryshev on the screen and now at Stavinsky dressed up to look like him. Stevenson stops the projector on a frame where Yuryshev reaches out a hand toward the camera. On his hand he has a tiny tattoo in the shape of a heart.

STEVENSON (CONT'D)

(To MacKerry) D'you see that, Glen?

DOCTOR LORENZ

(To Stavinsky) Roman, show them your right hand.

Stavinsky holds up his right hand. It has on it exactly the same small tattoo.

EXT. NEW YORK. UPPER EAST SIDE. DAY

Virginia emerges from the building of the Soviet Consulate on 92nd Street and looks around her. In the distance a taxi appears from the direction of Central Park. Virginia waves, and the taxi pulls up next to her. She gets into the taxi. The driver sets off and then turns toward her. It is Glen MacKerry.

MACKERRY
Well, how did it go?

VIRGINIA
I got our visas!

MACKERRY
Soviet visas. Congratulations! You just passed the first test.

VIRGINIA
And where is Roman?

MacKerry stops the car beside a clothing store.

MACKERRY
(*Pointing out the store*) He's waiting for you in there. (*Hands her an envelope*)

VIRGINIA
What's this?

MACKERRY
This is to get you some clothing. It's already winter in Moscow.

Virginia opens the envelope and removes a thick wad of bank notes, then immediately thrusts them back again. She looks around and speaks with MacKerry in an amazed whisper.

VIRGINIA
Cash?!

MACKERRY
Sorry, the CIA doesn't issue its own credit cards yet.

There is a deafening howl as some police cars and fire engines overtake them.

INT. CLOTHING STORE.

Virginia excitedly tries on one fur coat after another. Stavinsky watches her with a smile.

VIRGINIA
(*Whispering excitedly*) This is so exciting! Traveling to Russia at the CIA's expense!

A light-brown long-haired fox fur fits Virginia beautifully. But when she sees the price, her eyes grow wide in amazement and she lays the coat aside. But she quickly lights on another coat, and then a third.

She tries them on, turning this way and that in front of a mirror... Stavinsky stands to one side, and as he watches, a Cinderella turns into a Princess... As she tries on yet another coat, Virginia looks at him quizzically...

In the far distance, from a balcony on the second floor, Julia Brook and MacKerry are watching them.

Finally Virginia selects a coat for herself, but still keeps glancing back regretfully at the fox fur. Stavinsky goes back to look at the fox fur coat and reaches for the price tag.

VIRGINIA (CONT'D)

Oh, no! That's too expensive!

Stavinsky looks at the price: \$ 5,499.

STAVINSKY

(To the sales assistant) We'll take this, please.

VIRGINIA

No, no! Wait a second!

Virginia takes Stavinsky aside and whispers to him.

VIRGINIA (CONT'D)

You must be crazy! I don't have that kind of money. Glen gave me five grand to cover everything. And I still need some shoes and warm underwear...

STAVINSKY

I have cash... We take this coat.

VIRGINIA

No! I don't want your money.

Virginia is about to walk away, but Stavinsky takes her firmly by the wrist and looks her straight in the eye.

STAVINSKY

I am your husband. And my wife cannot walk in a cheap coat. *(He resolutely takes the fox-fur coat from its hanger and hands it to the assistant.)* Wrap it up.

Virginia looks at him with a mixture of surprise and respect.

BROOK

(Without looking at MacKerry) I think I should try and find myself a Russian guy too.

MACKERRY

Or a dental technician.

BROOK
Yeah, a Russian dental technician.

EXT. UPSTATE NEW YORK. RUSSIAN ORTHODOX CEMETERY. RAIN.

A page of the New York Russian-language newspaper *Novoe russkoye slovo* publishes a photograph of Stavinsky in a black frame and with a notice placed by his daughter:

**IN DEEPEST GRIEF NATASHA STAVINSKY
ANNOUNCES THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF HER BELOVED FATHER,
ROMAN PETROVICH STAVINSKY. FUNERAL SERVICE
AND BURIAL AT THE CEMETERY OF ST.VLADIMIR'S MONASTERY
ON 8 OCTOBER, AT 10 A.M.**

Stavinsky crumples up the newspaper and looks up. Through the car windshield he sees the cemetery. It is a large, old establishment, with many monuments and crosses on the headstones. Autumnal rain adds to the funereal atmosphere. MacKerry is at the wheel of the car, sitting next to Julia Brook, with Stavinsky and Virginia sitting together on the back seat. MacKerry and Brook keep watching them through the rear-view mirror. Stavinsky sits in silence and with an impassive expression. Several figures appear from round a corner of the cemetery path. They include Stavinsky's nineteen-year-old DAUGHTER, who looks very like her photo in Stavinsky's apartment, her BOYFRIEND who carries an umbrella, an ORTHODOX PRIEST, and two WORKMEN. They stand by the earth mound next to the newly excavated grave. Using ropes, the workmen lower the coffin into the grave.

MACKERRY
(To Stavinsky) Is that your daughter?

STAVINSKY
Yes...

Brook hands Stavinsky a pair of dark glasses, and Stavinsky puts them on. They cover half of his face. The car then drives up closer to the grave.

STAVINSKY (CONT'D)
How did she found out that I was dead?

MACKERRY
A week ago there was a big fire in the subway, remember? The New York police called her up and said that a briefcase with her father's papers had been found in one of the burnt-out subway cars. She and her boyfriend came rushing into town from Princeton and... she apparently recognized the corpse by your shoes.

The priest stands by the grave and conducts the burial ceremony.

ORTHODOX PRIEST

O Lord, grant peace to the soul of Thy servant Roman...

Stavinsky's daughter is in tears and collapses against the shoulder of her boyfriend. He puts his arm around her. The car drives on past them. Stavinsky sits in the car with a stony expression, his eyes are covered by the dark glasses. His daughter throws a handful of earth into the grave, and her boyfriend does the same.

VIRGINIA

Glen, was all this really necessary?

MACKERRY

How else is his daughter going to collect her inheritance? I mean the fee we're paying for this operation.

The workmen fill in the tomb and erect a metal post with an inlaid photograph of Stavinsky and an inscription:

Roman Petrovich Stavinsky

1938-1981

The car then pulls away from the grave side. Stavinsky watches his daughter through the rear window. Virginia holds him by the hand.

INT. NEW YORK, FEDERAL PLAZA 26. DANIEL COOPER'S OFFICE ON THE 27TH FLOOR.

The "Dan Rather Report" is showing on a TV set as part of the CBS evening news program.

DAN RATHER (ON THE TV SCREEN)

Two Soviet military submarines appeared today within 50 miles of the mouth of the Mississippi. According to the Pentagon, another two vessels that also appeared - a cruiser carrying guided missiles and a naval frigate. They form part of a Soviet naval flotilla that has been in the Caribbean for the last two weeks. Apparently the submarines are powered by electric motors for conducting silent shallow-water operations.

[N.B. The above was a genuine communication of 14 February 1983. - E.T.]

The telephone rings, and the secretary's voice announces:

SWITCHBOARD VOICE

Mister Cooper, it's the *New York Times* calling. They're asking what Soviet submarines are doing in our territorial waters.

Cooper stands by the glass window of his office, which commands a view of the whole of New York in the evening light. At the same time the news chronicle flashes up on the TV screen, showing a limousine cruising up to the White House, surrounded by dozens of TV and press photographers.

DAN RATHER (V.O.)

In connection with this incident, various CIA leaders have been summoned to the White House...

The telephone rings again. Cooper pulls the phone cable out of the socket.

COOPER

(*Nervously*) You saw that?! Today they made me look like an idiot in front of the President! Where is this goddamn Soviet colonel of yours?

MACKERRY

We're still waiting. He told Stevenson that as soon as their sub runs aground in Swedish waters, Stevenson is supposed to meet him in the billiard room of "Cinema House" in Moscow.

BROOK

That's an elite club they have there...

COOPER

(*Pacing the room nervously*) It's crazy! We've got Russian ships in the Mississippi, and we're waiting for some vessel to arrive in Sweden! Why the hell should the Soviets go and beach one of their own submarines?

MACKERRY

That's exactly what the colonel promised to explain as soon as we can get him out here.

COOPER

And what are this couple Stavinsky and his wife doing?

MacKerry and Brook lay a file full of documents on his desk.

COOPER (CONT'D)

What's this?

BROOK

"Operation Substitute". As soon as Stevenson sends us a signal from Moscow, the Stavinskys are going to fly out there, posing as newly weds - as Mr and Mrs Williams...

Cooper looks through some of the papers - including American passports issued to a Mr Robert Williams and Mrs Virginia Williams, photographs of Stavinsky and Virginia, plus Soviet visas, PanAm tickets to Moscow, and a financial estimate for the whole operation.

COOPER

But is there a real Mr Williams? What if the Soviets try and check him out?

MACKERRY

Robert Williams is my dentist friend. He lives in Bethesda, Maryland, and works in Washington DC. And he's going on vacation as soon as the Stavinskys leave for Moscow. If the Russians call up his office, the answering machine will say he's away on vacation.

COOPER

(Leafing through the papers) I see. On holiday in Miami. At our expense... And how come the Williams are flying to Moscow first class?

BROOK

But this is their honeymoon trip. That was your own idea.

MACKERRY

An American doctor doesn't fly coach when he goes on his honeymoon!

COOPER

(glancing at the financial estimate for the operation) \$250,000 for the daughter of Stavinsky!... Thirty grand for plastic surgery!... Eight thousand for their trip to Russia!...

BROOK

One moment, chief. How much do you think the Soviets would pay to get the secret plans of the US Pentagon?

COOPER

No idea. I haven't tried selling them any yet.

On the TV screen Ronald Reagan is showing and telling how new lasers on board US space stations can destroy Soviet rocket emplacements in Siberia within a matter of seconds.

BROOK

What do you think, chief? What response will the Soviets find for this one?

EXT. LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK. SUNNY DAY IN FALL.

An open white Ford with "rent-a-car" on its bumper tears along a road with huge luxuriant autumnal gardens on either side. The happy and cheerful figures of Virginia and Stavinsky are in the car. The gypsy song "Ochi chorniye" (Dark eyes) is playing on the cassette player. The speedometer needle reaches 100 miles an hour. Stavinsky accelerates even harder. Suddenly a police car emerges from the shrubbery and hurtles off in pursuit of the Ford with its siren screaming.

STAVINSKY

(Grinning, to Virginia) Again!

Stavinsky stops the car, and through the open window holds out his licence and car papers.

POLICEMAN

(Fills out a fine ticket) Okay, Mister Stavinsky. You were going 120 miles an hour. That's going to cost you ninety dollars.

STAVINSKY

(Takes the receipt from the Policeman) Thank you!...

Stavinsky starts up again and drives off. Soon the white Ford is racing along the road again, Stavinsky holds out a hand with the fine ticket in it and lets go. The wind carries it away.

STAVINSKY (CONT'D)

Mister Stavinsky is dead! Goodbye, America!

Stavinsky switches on the cassette recorder. Once again the old gypsy song "Ochi chorniye" rings out, and the white Ford speeds on its way.

EXT. LONG ISLAND. MONTAGE.

Stavinsky and Virginia are seen sampling the wines in a winery... They gather peaches in an orchard... They ride on a sailing yacht... They roar with laughter... And in the evening they drive up to a hotel, say goodbye in friendly fashion, Virginia goes into the hotel, and Stavinsky drives away.

INT. CAFE IN MANHATTAN.

Cooper lays two envelopes down on the table.

COOPER

(Addressing both Stavinsky and Virginia) Thank you both for your cooperation. But it's already the end of October. No Russian sub has appeared off the shores of Sweden. And it means that the Soviets were just screwing with us again. So we'll have to cancel our operation. *(He hands one of the envelopes to Virginia.)* This is your ticket back to Boston, and also 20 percent of the fee.

Virginia looks at him quizzically. Apart from her and Stavinsky, Mackerry and Brook are also sitting at the table.

COOPER (CONT'D)

(to Virginia) Well, your trip hasn't actually taken place. And this is tax-payer money after all, we're not allowed to waste it...

VIRGINIA

I understand.

COOPER

And don't forget: the main condition of our contract is still in force: you maintain complete confidentiality.

Virginia takes the ticket from the envelope. Stavinsky looks at her.

COOPER (CONT'D)

(To Stavinsky) Now we have to settle up with you. Your situation is a bit more complicated, but we can still make things right. You just tell your daughter that she wrongly identified you in the morgue. You tell her that you actually were involved in that fire in the subway, and you were unconscious in the hospital. Your face was badly burned, and they did a plastic surgery operation on you. That's all. *(He slides the second envelope over to Stavinsky.)* So you take this. You can use the cash to make a new start over here.

Stavinsky takes the envelope and looks at Virginia, but she merely sits there with eyes downcast.

STAVINSKY

(With eyes still fixed on Virginia, addressing Cooper) And what if... what if I refuse?

COOPER

Refuse what?

STAVINSKY

(Still looking at Virginia) Well, I still have papers belonging to Robert Williams, and a ticket to Moscow. Why don't I just go there?...

COOPER

(Taken off his guard) You mean go there on a tourist trip?

STAVINSKY

(Looking at Virginia) No... If you give me Russian papers, I'll just stay over there. I'm no good to anyone here...

Virginia hastily gets up and, without a backward glance, makes her way to the exit.

STAVINSKY (CONT'D)

Virginia, are you flying back to Boston?

Virginia forces herself to turn round. She wears a calm smile on her face.

VIRGINIA

Yes, Mister Stavinsky. I wish you all the best in Russia. Goodbye, gentlemen!

With one final careless wave of the hand, she walks out.

COOPER

What an actress! Do those guys in Hollywood realize what they're missing? *(To Stavinsky)* Now about your wanting to go back to Russia. That's something I'll have to think about...

INT. LA GUARDIA AIRPORT, NEW YORK. DAY.

With a small suitcase in her hand Virginia walks through the terminal building, following the stream of passengers. There are tears in her eyes. But - surprise - Stavinsky is standing there by the check-in desk for Flight 102 to Boston. He is holding a huge bouquet of red roses. Virginia catches sight of him from a distance and stops in her tracks, almost as if she tripped over something. Stavinsky also stands stock still and looks at Virginia. For several long seconds they both gaze at one another. The expression in their eyes tells everything - a mixture of questioning, hope, and more questioning. From this succession of glances and half-felt feelings, the theme music of the film strikes up and it seems to seize them up and throw them toward one another. The flowers fall from Stavinsky's hands. He tries clumsily to gather them up. Then the public address system announces boarding for a flight to Miami.

VIRGINIA

When are you going to Russia?

STAVINSKY

(Handing her the flowers) I don't know... It all depends... Is someone waiting for you in Boston?

VIRGINIA

Well... I guess there's always someone waiting for us somewhere...

STAVINSKY

But not for me.

VIRGINIA

But maybe there's somebody waiting for you too.

STAVINSKY

Who? You?

VIRGINIA

Ye... yes...

The public address system again announces boarding for the flight to Miami. Stavinsky grasps Virginia by the arm and drags her to the check-in desk for Miami.

VIRGINIA (CONT'D)

Where? Where are you taking me?

STAVINSKY

We flying to Miami.

VIRGINIA

Are you crazy? My ticket is for Boston!

STAVINSKY

(Still dragging her by the arm) To hell with that! Come on! Let's go!

VIRGINIA

(Wrenches her arm free) No! I can't just go like this!

EXT. MIAMI, FLORIDA. MONTAGE SEQUENCE.

A bird's eye view from a helicopter shows a vast expanse of green ocean and white sand. Against this background two figures are visible - a man and a woman - standing in the water and embracing. As the helicopter and the camera gradually zoom in, we see: Stavinsky and Virginia laughing and enjoying themselves in Disneyland... Riding through the "Cave of Horrors"... Making love on the beach at night...

SUPERIMPOSED SEQUENCE OF NEWS CHRONICLE ITEMS:

TELEVISION NEWS-READERS

- "Breaking news! A Soviet submarine, the U-137, has become stranded on a mudbank near the Karlskrona NATO base in Sweden!"

To the roar of a helicopter motor, the camera moves down from a great height to focus on two figures embracing on the deserted beach... Dolphins noisily rush out from the waters of a Florida dolphinarium, emerging right next to the spectators and showering the happy couple, Stavinsky and Virginia, with spray... Stavinsky and Virginia tear along on jet skis and roar with laughter as they are hurled up on the back of each wave...

NEWS CHRONICLE: TV channels around the world show pictures of the Soviet submarine U-137, stranded on the shoals near the coast of Sweden... TV commentators in the USA, Europe, Japan, Korea, and other countries speculate about the nuclear weaponry it might carry... Sweden makes an official protest in Moscow...

The camera gradually descends and zooms in on the two figures embracing in the water before an empty beach. Through the sound of happy music the roar of the helicopter engine can be heard...

NEWS CHRONICLE: Boris Pankin, the Soviet ambassador in Sweden, holds a press conference. Pankin announces that the reason for the U-137's appearance off the coast of Sweden was a navigation error.

The camera is now low enough to show that the two embracing figures are those of Stavinsky and Virginia. The roar of the helicopter engine gets louder and louder...

But they still enjoy themselves, diving into the waves... But now they too have heard the sound of the helicopter and are looking up. From up in the helicopter Glen MacKerry waves and signals to them leave the water and come up on the beach.

EXT. RESTAURANT ON THE COAST OF FLORIDA. SUNNY DAY.

An open-air restaurant on a sandbar reaching out into the sea. Vacationers in swimsuits and bikinis sit at the various tables, drinking wine and eating oysters. A few yards away luxury yachts and catamarans scud past with colored sails and suntanned figures on board. On the beach hundreds of folk are sunbathing, playing volleyball, and enjoying the sea and sunshine. At one of the tables beneath a sunshade, Stavinsky, Virginia, and MacKerry are sitting. Stavinsky and Virginia are sunburnt, and their faces and the way they sit together convey an aura of romance and sexuality.

MacKerry sits opposite them and is wearing a dark suit and necktie, which look incongruous in this sunny paradise. On the table in front of them are two misty glasses of cool white wine and a fruit juice for Stavinsky. But Stavinsky and McKerry are not touching their drinks, and only Virginia nervously twists the stem of her glass.

STAVINSKY

You're wasting your time coming here, Glen. You broke our contract. Not we. And now we're not going anywhere....

MACKERRY

But just two weeks ago you...

STAVINSKY

Yeah, two weeks ago I dreamed to go back to Russia. But now... well, you can see for yourself. (*Takes Virginia by the hand*) I have returned to America!

MACKERRY

Congratulations. But you should know that any real American would not need to be persuaded. Whatever people say about us in Europe - that we're stupid and soulless and God knows what else - but if, God forbid, war were to break out tomorrow, every person on this beach would volunteer to go and defend America. Or have I got it wrong, Virginia? (*Insistently*) Well?

VIRGINIA

(*Quietly*) No, you're right...

MACKERRY

(*To Stavinsky*) This colonel we were talking about - he's the Deputy Director of Strategic Planning at the Soviet Army HQ. Do you realize what that means? As for me.. Well, what am I? - Anyone here would go to help their country. Anyway, to put it briefly: You've got no choice. You have to go. We can't miss this chance of finding out the Kremlin's plans...

STAVINSKY

(*Irritated*) The "Kremlin's plans" you say? For Christ's sake, Glen! Go and read Lenin. Fifty years ago he talked about establishing communism all around the world! Right around the world, you understand? Or you think the Soviets are arming Nicaragua just for the hell of it? Nicaragua, and Cuba, and Peru... (*Laughs*) You and your "Kremlin's plans"! No, Glen, no way! We're not going anywhere.

(MORE)

STAVINSKY (CONT'D)

Let us enjoy our oysters while they're still here.
Because under communism there won't be any oysters.
Your good health!

Stavinsky raises his glass of juice. But MacKerry pushes his own glass away.

MACKERRY

But why the fuck did you come over here anyway? (*To Virginia*) Pardon my French! (*To Stavinsky again*) If the commies come over here, the first thing they'll do is settle the score with you Russian immigrants. And your children too. I mean that. It'll be the Gulag in Alaska for you - and that's if you're lucky!

Stavinsky frowns contemptuously.

MACKERRY (CONT'D)

(*Rising to his feet*) Anyway... I still ought to remind you of one thing: when you fled from the Soviet Union, America made you welcome. It gave your daughter an education, and right now America has given you one of the best of its women. And instead of being grateful, you think you'll just sit there on your ass and wait for the commies to come over here? So they can brand your daughter as an enemy of the people and send her off to a labor camp. Is that what you're waiting for?

MacKerry picks up his glass of wine and holds it up to the light.

STAVINSKY

(*Grinning*) You're good at big talk, Glen. But I heard so much of that big fucking talk back in the Soviet Union...

MacKerry holds his wine glass and looks at Stavinsky, and seems about to chuck the contents straight in his face. But he restrains himself.

MACKERRY

Just remember this, Stavinsky. We may not be the KGB. But everything that we've given you so far, we can just as easily take away.

MacKerry pours his wine out over the balustrade into the sea. Then he plants the glass back on the table and walks away along the sandbar. Stavinsky dismisses him with a careless wave of the hand.

EXT. SEASHORE, FLORIDA. SUNNY DAY.

IN SLOW MOTION: On an empty beach, through the foam at the water's edge a little bare two-year-old boy is running. He keeps running and running. The little boy comes running toward the camera, laughing and enjoying himself as he splashes through the water with his bare feet.

INT. BAR IN AN AMERICAN HOTEL. NIGHT.

There is a TV set over the bar counter. The screen is showing some general information program, but the sound has been switched off, and disco music is playing instead. The BARMAN pours out some fruit juice for Virginia and double-espresso for Stavinsky and brings them to a table where Stavinsky and Virginia are sitting. Stavinsky drinks his coffee down in one gulp. The TV screen shows scenes of Soviet planes carpet bombing in Afghanistan.

STAVINSKY

(Loudly, to the barman) Give me another double-espresso!

VIRGINIA

(Gently, to Stavinsky) I think you've had enough coffee. Admittedly, it's not vodka, but...

The face of Ronald Reagan appears on the TV screen.

STAVINSKY

(To the barman) I asked for another coffee...

BARMAN

Just a moment, sir. I'd like to hear the President...

The barman turns up the sound on the TV. The News program shows an extract from the famous speech Regan made to some schoolchildren in Florida.

RONALD REAGAN

You know, I once heard somebody speaking in a church. What he said was: "I have a little daughter who I love very, very much. But I'd sooner see her die as a free person and believing in God than living under the communists in a country without God." So we should pray for the Russians who live in a godless empire and under the rule of the devil. We should ask God to help them...

The barman brings Stavinsky another cup of coffee. Stavinsky downs it in one or two gulps and looks at Virginia.

STAVINSKY
D'you know what I'm thinking?

Virginia says nothing.

STAVINSKY (CONT'D)
I really should go, shouldn't I?

Virginia says nothing.

STAVINSKY (CONT'D)
Tell me!

VIRGINIA
It has to be your decision.

STAVINSKY
But if I don't go, will you... will you still love me?

VIRGINIA
(After a pause) You know, last night I had a dream. It was a dream about a child - a little boy - and he was running toward me, splashing through the water...

Stavinsky looks her straight in the eye.

VIRGINIA (CONT'D)
Don't worry. It was only a dream.

EXT. USSR. 1981. MOSCOW. WINTER DAY.

Red Square. Changing the guard at the Mausoleum. The wind chases flurries of snow along the ground. The Kremlin bells chime... A PanAm Boeing comes in to land at Moscow's Sheremetievo airport... Moscow in winter of 1981, seen through the windows of a bus - Leningradsky Prospect - Gorky Street - placards, political portraits, and slogans on every side: "THE PARTY AND THE PEOPLE ARE ONE", "COMMUNISM - A BRIGHT FUTURE FOR ALL HUMANITY". There are lines in front of the stores... On Red Square there is a long line to get into the Mausoleum... The voice of a female tourist guide speaking accented English provides a jaunty commentary on the Moscow scene.

OLYA MAKAROVA (O.S.)
Soviet people come to Moscow from every corner of the country in order to visit the Mausoleum of Vladimir Ilyich Lenin, and to honor his memory...

INT. AN INTOURIST BUS ON THE STREETS OF MOSCOW. WINTER DAY.

Olya Makarova is a pretty 21-year-old girl who works as an Intourist guide. She stands next to the bus driver, holding a microphone, and holds forth in a cheerful and confident voice, telling the American tourists about the city.

OLYA MAKAROVA

Lenin was the leader of the world's working class and was the first organizer of our state.

Stavinsky and Virginia are seated by a window in the rear of the bus. She is wearing the fox-fur coat that they bought in New York. She keeps turning her head to left and right in excitement. Stavinsky's throat is swaddled in a scarf, and he is wearing a leather fur-lined overcoat.

EXT. MOSCOW SEEN FROM THE WINDOW OF THE BUS (CONTINUED)

On the front of the Bolshoi Theater is a huge placard in honor of the October Revolution anniversary, on 7 November. A militiaman directs the traffic from a round glass booth raised above the intersection... The Intourist bus trundles through the streets of Moscow and its passengers see the faces of folk on the streets, waiting for streetcars and trolleybuses. Most of them have sullen, careworn faces. Many people are carrying heavy bags laden with groceries - potatoes, cabbage, and bread...

OLYA MAKAROVA (O.S.)

In a few days' time our entire people and the whole of progressive humanity will celebrate the usual anniversary of the Great October Revolution...

Outside the windows the American tourists see the monument to Karl Marx... and the children's store "Detsky Mir"...

OLYA MAKAROVA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

This is the children's store called "Detsky Mir"... And here is the KGB building - the Committee for State Security...

Virginia squeezes Stavinsky's hand...

EXT. MOSCOW. LENIN HILLS, OUTLOOK POINT. DAY.

The outlook point on Lenin Hills commands a view of the whole of Moscow. Tourists - mainly elderly American men and women - get out of the bus and make toward the balustrade. Despite their fur and lambskin coats, they shiver in the snow and cold. Olya Makarova, huddled in her short coat, continues her oration.

OLYA MAKAROVA

A wonderful panorama of Moscow opens up from the Lenin Hills... (*Breaks off*) Excuse me for a moment, please...

Makarova returns to the bus, looks in at the open door and speaks to Stavinsky and Virginia who are still sitting in their seats.

OLYA MAKAROVA (CONT'D)

Mr and Mrs Williams! What are you doing here? Do come out and join us!

VIRGINIA

My husband has a sore throat. We'll stay here if you don't mind.

OLYA MAKAROVA

Well, let him sit here. But you should come out and look at the view of Moscow. From here you have a wonderful panoramic view!...

VIRGINIA

Thank you, but I'd rather stay with him...

OLYA MAKAROVA

You never leave him for a second. Are you afraid someone will steal him?

Makarova throws Stavinsky a coquettish glance.

VIRGINIA

But you told us there's no crime in Moscow...

OLYA MAKAROVA

Oh, of course not. I did not mean it like that...

Makarova looks Stavinsky in the eye with a long and flirtatious look.

EXT. NEWS CHRONICLE: MOSCOW, 7 NOVEMBER. MILITARY PARADE IN RED SQUARE. DAY.

Officer cadets march in formation across Red Square... Thunderous march music is heard. A triumphant voice proclaims: "Long live our valiant Soviet Army!" On the Mausoleum podium stand members of the Soviet government and Army Command.

INT. MOSCOW, "NATIONAL" HOTEL. SPECIAL MONITORING ROOM.

The room is set up for the special service detailed to listen in on conversations in rooms occupied by foreigners.

The space is very cramped - everywhere there are desks full of radio apparatus and tape recorders, and MONITORING PERSONNEL sitting at the desks and wearing headphones. Snatches of conversation in Japanese, Chinese, French, English and other languages can be heard, as well as exchanges in Russian between the various staff members: "The Japs have gone back to their room" - "I wonder whether they're going to feed us today?" - "The microphone isn't working in 305" - "Today in the buffet they were selling sausages under the counter" - "Who's looking after the Canadians in 119?"... Wreaths of tobacco smoke hang in the air. There is a TV set in one corner of the room, showing the parade on Red Square, but the volume has been turned down. CAPTAIN EVSEYEV sits at one of the desks with earphones on his head. Olya Makarova is perched on one corner of his desk, smoking. She has a copy of *America* magazine on her lap and is leafing through it with her well-manicured fingers. She talks with Evseyev, and from the tilt of her nicely-molded body and her bare knees it is obvious she is trying to provoke and seduce him. But Evseyev does not react. He keeps listening in to his earphones and at the same time gives her a dressing-down.

EVSEYEV

So you screwed up? Failed to do the job?

OLYA MAKAROVA

(*On the defensive*) But it's their honeymoon. God knows how many times I tried separating them, but it doesn't work...

EVSEYEV

Do you realize this dentist is from Washington? Among his patients he has lots of the sort of people we need: diplomats and congressmen. This man has to be recruited? Is that clear?

OLYA MAKAROVA

Absolutely, Comrade Captain!

EVSEYEV

And the best method is to do it the way you did last year with the French military attache. We need the sort of photos to make him realize that if they get published, not only will his young wife divorce him, but he'll lose all his clients as well. And for an American doctor that's the worst thing that could ever happen. Can you get us some photos like that?

OLYA MAKAROVA

Of course, Comrade Captain. Can I ask one question?

EVSEYEV

Well?

OLYA MAKAROVA

For four years now I've been living in a hostel. I don't even have my own apartment...

EVSEYEV

I know. If you can pull off this operation with the dentist, I'll have a word with the authorities.

OLYA MAKAROVA

(*Nodding toward his earphones*) What's going on there? Are they still screwing?

EVSEYEV

Sounds like they're asleep...

OLYA MAKAROVA

How can they sleep with a parade going on under their windows?

EVSEYEV

(*Listening in hard*) Hush! Now it sounds like she's crying.

OLYA MAKAROVA

Oh yes?...

Evseyev hands her one of the earphones, and they both listen attentively. Two WAITERS bring in supper for the monitoring staff and deliver it to their desks.

INT. THE WILLIAMS' ROOM IN THE "NATIONAL" HOTEL. DAY.

A standard third-floor Soviet hotel room. The window looks out onto Manege Square, which the whole military parade has to cross before entering Red Square. Although the windows are closed, the thunderous amplified sounds of march music can easily be heard inside the room. Through loudspeakers also come jubilant greetings from the public announcer: "Hurrah for our artillery!" And there follows a thunderous soldiers' response of "Hurrah!" The TV set in the room is on, but the sound is turned off. Stavinsky and Virginia lie on the bed holding hands. Tears are streaming down her face.

INT. THE "NATIONAL" HOTEL. MONITORING ROOM.

OLYA MAKAROVA

(*Trying the food on Evseyev's plate*) Nobody's crying. It's the sound of the parade. That's all I can hear.

EVSEYEV

Must have been my imagination...

INT. THE WILLIAMS' ROOM IN THE "NATIONAL" HOTEL.

Stavinsky and Virginia still lie on the bed holding hands as before. The parade can still be heard going on outside the window, and it can be seen on the TV screen. Outside a pigeon settles on the snow-covered ledge outside the window, and waddles back and forth. Virginia watches the pigeon and smiles through her tears. Stavinsky's hand slides over her bare arm, first to the elbow and then to her shoulder. Virginia hastily turns over to face him and embraces him.

VIRGINIA

(in whisper) I love you. I love you so much...

INT. "NATIONAL" HOTEL, MONITORING ROOM.

OLYA MAKAROVA

(Listening in through Evseyev's headphone) Now they're at it again. *(Looks at her watch)* Well, time's up, Comrade Captain. My group are down there waiting for me. I'm off to work. *(Nods toward the headphones)* Or shall we wait until the two of them have it off?

EVSEYEV

(Eating his supper) Don't be so fucking vulgar. Off you go.

Nudging Evseyev with her shoulder, Makarova makes toward the door with a sexy swagger. Evseyev puts on the earphones again and listens. He lights up a cigarette nervously.

INT. "NATIONAL" HOTEL, THE WILLIAMS' ROOM.

Stavinsky and Virginia are engaged in passionate love-making. Through the window one can still hear the thunder of the military march and the jubilant public announcements.

TV ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

And now we have our most modern weaponry - our tactical missiles. Here they come, rolling into Red Square on their gigantic carriages...

The TV screen shows the missiles on their carriages bowling into Red Square. The thunderous martial music continues.

TV ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Long live communism! A bright future for the whole of humanity!...

Stavinsky and Virginia continue their love-making.

INT. "NATIONAL" HOTEL, MONITORING ROOM.

A pile of cigarette butts lies in the ashtray in front of Evseyev. Nervously he reaches over to stub out yet another.

INT. "NATIONAL" HOTEL, THE WILLIAMS' ROOM. EVENING.

Outside the window a festive salute of fireworks is fired above the Kremlin. Reflections from the fireworks light up the darkened room and bed. Stavinsky and Virginia lie asleep on the bed and with their arms around one another. Suddenly there is a loud and insistent knocking at the door. Virginia wakes up in fright and switches on the bed-side lamp. The knocking comes again. The two of them exchange glances. Virginia throws on a bathrobe and goes to the door.

VIRGINIA

Who's there?

OLYA MAKAROVA (O.S.)

It's Olya, your guide. Please open up.

VIRGINIA

What do you want?

OLYA MAKAROVA (O.S.)

I've brought your tickets for Leningrad!

Virginia turns the key in the lock and opens the door. Olya Makarova comes in with a show of feigned vivaciousness, and followed by a lively company of young men and women. All of them are decently dressed and all are in festive mood. They have just come in from the street and their caps and collars are powdered with snow. They enter carrying flowers, bottles of champagne, and balloons.

OLYA MAKAROVA (CONT'D)

Please excuse the intrusion. But today our whole country is celebrating the revolution anniversary. Everybody's out on the streets and having a good time. (*She seizes Stavinsky by the arm and pulls*) So get up! We're inviting you to come with us to a restaurant!...

Virginia hastily disengages her from Stavinsky.

VIRGINIA

Please leave him alone...

OLYA MAKAROVA

Honestly, I'm not going to steal him! But you're our guests here! We can't allow you to sit here and get bored!

One of the men opens a bottle of champagne and the cork comes flying out. He pours the champagne out into glasses. A handsome Georgian offers Virginia a glass of champagne and some flowers.

GEORGIAN

Darling! If you don't want to drink to the revolution, you needn't. Let's drink to art!

Stavinsky looks at Virginia in alarm. Virginia raises her glass in her hand and waits for everyone to quieten down.

VIRGINIA

Thank you, everybody, for remembering us on such a day of celebration. But unfortunately we are unable to accept your invitation...

There is a rumble of protesting voices are heard.

VIRGINIA (CONT'D)

This is unfortunately a day of mourning for me. Today is the anniversary of my sister's death. Please excuse us...

All the company looks at Olya Makarova. She wears an expression of annoyance and confusion on her face. The Georgian gathers up the champagne from the table.

VIRGINIA (CONT'D)

Miss Makarova, you said you brought us some tickets for Leningrad...

OLYA MAKAROVA

Oh, yes! (*She produces the tickets from her purse*) Here you are. You leave tomorrow evening at 11.55 from the Leningradsky Station. The train is the Red Arrow, car number six.

VIRGINIA

Is that a sleeping car?

OLYA MAKAROVA

Of course. Everything is just as you ordered back in USA.

Makarova follows the rest of the company and heads for the door.

VIRGINIA

Miss Makarova, is it okay to invite our friend to come and see us off at the station?

Makarova stops and hesitates.

OLYA MAKAROVA

Oh, you have a friends in Moscow? I didn't know that. When did you have chance to get to know them?

VIRGINIA

Oh, it's an old childhood friend of mine. He's here in Moscow as a TV correspondent. We've not met in sixteen years. I'm not sure that he'll even recognize me... Would it be possible to call him up?

OLYA MAKAROVA

Why, of course! Surely you can see? This is a free country!

VIRGINIA

(With a smile) I can see that now. Thanks again for your invitation. But I'm sorry...

OLYA MAKAROVA

(Smiling more broadly) So we'll see you tomorrow.

VIRGINIA

(Smiling even more broadly) Of course! Happy holidays!

OLYA MAKAROVA

(With a positively radiant smile) See you soon!

Virginia closes the door behind her.

INT. CORRIDOR IN THE "NATIONAL" HOTEL.

A red-bordered carpet runs the full length of the hotel corridor.

OLYA MAKAROVA

(To her company) Filthy bitch! Here I am with nowhere to live, and she can't bear to part with him for a few minutes!

INT. "NATIONAL" HOTEL, THE WILLIAMS' ROOM.

Virginia stands by the window dialling a number on the phone. She has the train tickets before her.

VIRGINIA

Hello, Bill? Is that Bill Stevenson?... This is Virginia Part. Do you remember me?... You really do remember? Great... Yes, I'm in Moscow. But my name's not Part any more, I'm Mrs. Williams... Of course, I'd love to introduce you. Unfortunately, though, he has a bad sore throat at the moment.

INT. "NATIONAL" HOTEL, MONITORING ROOM.

Evseyev and Makarova sit at a desk with monitoring apparatus. The speaker is switched on, so that the entire conversation between Virginia and Stevenson is audible. The tape recorder spool is also turning - the conversation is being recorded.

VOICE OF VIRGINIA

So we can't go out anywhere, and I can't invite you back to the hotel. But tomorrow we're leaving for Leningrad by the Red Arrow train. Could you come and see us off?

VOICE OF STEVENSON

And how long are you going to be in Leningrad?

VIRGINIA (IN THE ROOM)

We're there just for two days. Then we come back to Moscow, and then we fly straight back home.

STEVENSON (V.O.)

Can you take back a bit of caviar for my old folk?

VIRGINIA

Is that allowed?

STEVENSON (V.O.)

(Laughing) Oh, of course. This is a free country! You can certainly take 250 grams of caviar through.

Makarova gives a grin.

EVSEYEV

Scumbag!...

STEVENSON (V.O.)

And what time do you get back from Leningrad?

VIRGINIA

(Back in their room, reading the tickets) On the 11 November, traveling by the same train, the Red Arrow, car number five.

STEVENSON (V.O.)

I'll repeat that: arriving the 11 November, Red Arrow, traveling car number five. Great! Say hello to your husband! Tell him he's a lucky guy!

There is a beep from the speaker on Evseyev's desk as Virginia hangs up. Evseyev switches off the tape recorder.

EVSEYEV

I don't like this Stevenson guy. "Free country" my ass! Bastard! He knew we were listening!

OLYA MAKAROVA

Is he rich? Can I do a bit of work with him?

Makarova is obviously deliberately teasing Evseyev.

EVSEYEV

Keep your hands off him!

OLYA MAKAROVA

I guess you have a crush on this Virginia. You keep listening in to her night and day.

Makarova licks her lips lasciviously and heads for the door with a libidinous swagger. But she turns round in the doorway.

OLYA MAKAROVA (CONT'D)

Oh, I almost forgot, Comrade Captain. Greetings on the anniversary of the Great October...

Evseyev angrily hurls a packet of cigarettes at her. Makarova skips out of the room with a mocking laugh. Like his other colleagues before him, Evseyev collects up the left-overs from his supper and packs them in his briefcase.

EXT. THE STREETS OF MOSCOW. WINTER EVENING WITH SNOW FALLING.

There is a festive glow of floodlights from Red Square, and there are hundreds of people out on the streets, both Russians and foreigners. A change of guard comes stamping out of the Kremlin's Spasskaya Tower and makes its way to the Mausoleum. The Kremlin bells chime, and their pealing floats away along Frunzenskaya Embankment.

EXT. HOUSE ON THE FRUNZENSKAYA EMBANKMENT BY THE RIVER MOSKVA. WINTER EVENING.

Wearing a fur jacket, Bill Stevenson emerges from the entrance to one of the city's elite residences. He walks along a row of snow-covered parked cars. He reaches his own Volvo, retrieves a brush from inside and sweeps the snow off the windshield. Then he gets back in the car, and as he moves off, he looks around him on every side. On the far side of the street, a Volga saloon also starts up. It has collected a thick cap of snow on its roof, and it follows behind Stevenson's car. Then suddenly Stevenson stops, gets out, and walks over to the Volga, which has also halted. He knocks on the DRIVER's window. The driver lowers the window.

DRIVER

What is it?

Another MAN WEARING A CAP is sitting there next to the driver.

STEVENSON

Happy holidays! Do you know where I can get a bottle of vodka at this time? I've been at work, and forgot all about it!

The driver looks inquiringly at the man wearing a cap.

MAN WEARING A CAP

(*Looks at his watch*) You'll only get it at a restaurant. The liquor stores are all closed. It's ten o'clock.

STEVENSON

Thanks. Maybe I can get some for you as well? After all, today's a holiday. I'll treat you... drinks on me!

The driver and the man in the cap look at one another.

STEVENSON (CONT'D)

Okay, I'll get some for you as well. Why should you have to sit and shiver all night? Follow me!

Stevenson gets back into his car, and both the Volvo and the Volga set off along the streets of Moscow. Occasional groups of people can be seen in the darkened snow-covered streets... one group has an accordion and a woman is loudly singing *chastushki*... From the darkened snowbound streets the Volvo and the Volga emerge on the corner of Vasilievskaya and Second Brest Street. Here, on Second Brest Street, there is the brightly lit entrance to the "Cinema House" club (Dom Kino) and a notice advertising an evening celebration. There is a crowd of folk hanging around the doorway, asking if anyone has spare tickets. The Volga and the Volvo park along the street, and Stevenson walks into "Cinema House", carrying an empty bag. The man in the cap and his driver remained sitting in the Volga, from where they can keep an eye on Stevenson's Volvo, on the front entrance of "Cinema House", and on Stevenson himself.

INT. MOSCOW, "CINEMA HOUSE" AND THE CINEMATOGRAPHERS' UNION.

Stevenson shows the DOORMAN his membership card for the Billiards Club.

STEVENSON

I'm a member of your Billiards Club.

Stevenson makes his way through vestibule with its festive decorations and the sound of music coming from the party that is in progress. He heads for the staircase and goes down to the billiards room. There are two billiards tables, and both are occupied; a group of well-known figures from the film world are playing.

Stevenson greets them like old friends, hangs his sheepskin on a coat hook, and puts his name down for the next game. Then he immediately walks out, heading up the side staircase and along the corridor leading to the Cinematographers' Union, whose doors open not onto Second Brest Street but into the adjoining side street, Vasilievskaya. With a familiar nod to the woman on duty there, Stevenson walks out.

EXT. VARIOUS MOSCOW STREETS. WINTER EVENING.

As he exits into Vasilievskaya, Stevenson heads quickly into the shadows, and away from the brightly lit intersection. Then he signals to a passing taxi and gets in.

INT. MOSCOW. MILITARY INTELLIGENCE DIRECTORATE (GRU). OFFICE OF GENERAL KURBATOV.

Evseyev stands to attention in front of KURBATOV's desk. General Kurbatov is drinking tea from a glass in a special silver glass-holder.

EVSEYEV

Comrade General, we've done everything we possibly can. But this bitch clings to her husband like a leech! Never lets him out of her sight for a moment! And tomorrow they're leaving for Leningrad...

Kurbatov spends some time surveying Evseyev, evidently sizing him up, as he finishes his tea.

KURBATOV

Well... in that case you're going to go to Leningrad and try out a different method. And just remember: if you let this American dentist slip through the net, you'll be demoted. Understand?

EXT. STREETS OF MOSCOW. WINTER EVENING.

The taxi rolls up to Leningradsky Station. Stevenson settles up with the driver and, as if hurrying to catch a train, he disappears into the station building.

INT. MOSCOW. LENINGRADSKY STATION, CENTRAL WAITING HALL.

In the center of the station there are benches where WAITING PASSENGERS are asleep with heads and feet propped up on their suitcases and bundles. A MILITIAMAN and two volunteer ASSISTANTS (*druzhinniki*) with red armbands keep walking between the rows and waking the sleepers.

MILITIAMAN AND ASSISTANTS

Let's see your tickets! Nobody's allowed to sleep here unless they have a ticket!

Stevenson joins the line-up at the ticket office. He is nervous and keeps glancing at the militiamen. The militiamen and assistants keep checking the tickets of the sleeping passengers. One of the passengers tries arguing with them, and they march him away. At last it is Stevenson's turn. He bends down to the small ticket window.

STEVENSON

Good evening. I need a double compartment on the Red Arrow from Leningrad to Moscow on the night of 10 November, arriving on the 11th.

TICKET SALESWOMAN

There are none left.

Stevenson hands a 50-ruble note through the window and looks the woman straight in the eye.

STEVENSON

Keep the change.

The saleswoman looks at the money, then at Stevenson, and then back at the money. She quickly takes the note and puts it in the till, then punches out two ticket cards and hands them to Stevenson.

SALESWOMAN

Leningrad-Moscow Red Arrow, 10-11 November. Car number nine, compartment four.

Stevenson leaves the ticket window, walks over to the automatic luggage lockers and selects one marked with number 1146. On the inside of the door Stevenson dials up the same number - 1146 - on the digital combination lock. Then he closes the door and spins the dial to disguise the number he chose.

EXT. VARIOUS MOSCOW STREETS. WINTER NIGHT.

The taxi takes Stevenson along Vasilievskaya Street to the Union of Cinematographers' building. There he gets out of the taxi and reenters the building.

INT. MOSCOW. "CINEMA HOUSE" AND THE UNION OF CINEMATOGRAPHERS.

With a nod to the woman on the door Stevenson, still carrying his empty bag, walks over to the elevator. He goes up to the fourth floor, shakes the administrator by the hand, and walks into the restaurant.

The room is full to overflowing and the air thick with tobacco smoke. The tables are packed close together and sitting there is a company consisting of film stars of the period, producers, cameramen, various speculators, young girls, and high-ranking Soviet Army officers. Waiters are busy delivering trays loaded with dishes of Suvorov-style meat, chicken tabaka, and also vodka, beer, and Armenian brandy. Up on the stage a popular singer is performing. Stevenson walks through the room and sees Yuryshchev, their glances meet as he walks past, and without stopping Stevenson walks behind the screen that leads to the kitchen. Yuryshchev excuses himself to his company of fellow officers, gets up from the table, and makes for the exit door. Behind the screen Stevenson stops by the service hatch, hands his bag and some money to the girl on duty and without a word holds up two fingers. The girl takes two bottles of vodka from the shelf, unscrews the metal caps, and pours out a little vodka from each bottle onto the floor. Then she screws on the caps again, places the bottles in Stevenson's bag, and hands them back to him.

SERVING GIRL

If anyone stops you, just tell them you drank some of it here in the restaurant...

Stevenson nods, takes the bag and retraces his steps back through the restaurant and out of the door. He goes down the stairs to the next floor below and walks into the men's restroom. Yuryshchev is there standing in front of one of the urinals. As Stevenson enters, Yuryshchev holds one hand behind his back. Stevenson walks past and in doing so plants something in Yuryshchev's hand, then he goes into the toilet cabin. There he pulls the flush, there is a rush of water, and Stevenson then leaves. Yuryshchev now steps into the cabin and unfolds the small envelope that Stevenson has handed him. Inside are the two tickets for the Red Arrow express, which have been stamped with "Leningrad-Moscow, 10-11 November 1981, car 9, seats 7 and 8". At the top there is also Stevenson's handwritten note - "Bologoye", the name of an intermediary station along the Leningrad-Moscow line.

INT. EVSEYEV'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Sitting in his tiny kitchen with headphones on, Evseyev listens to the recorded conversations between the Williams couple. Then he stops the tape recorder, takes off his headphones, opens up the small ventilation pane, lights up a cigarette, and stands there gazing through the window.

EXT. MOSCOW, PLATFORM OF LENINGRADSKY STATION, NIGHT.

The clock above the platform is showing "11.40". Music by Tchaikovsky is playing in the background, but it is then interrupted by a female announcer.

STATION ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Attention please. The Red Arrow express will be leaving from platform two in precisely fifteen minutes. I repeat...

Standing on the platform are various elegantly dressed foreign tourists wearing fur coats, members of the Soviet elite - well-known actors and musicians, technocrats, senior military, and Party bosses. All of them are dressed in sheepskins, mink and fox-fur coats. Stavinsky and Virginia stand by the railcar marked with a figure 6. She is wearing her fox-fur coat, and he is in his fur-lined leather coat and has his throat swaddled in a warm scarf. Both of them look across at the next platform.

And on the next platform, passengers on the Moscow-Kalinin train are ordinary Soviet working folk - tired, disgruntled, dressed in dingy jackets and carrying heavy shopping bags. On those two platforms are people from two different worlds, divided by a single rail track... Next to Stavinsky and Virginia there is a crowd of American tourists, whose faces were seen before, in the Intourist bus. Against the background of those traveling on the Moscow-Kalinin train, the Americans look like creatures from another planet.

Captain Evseyev is standing at one of the windows of car number 7, and he looks down at the platform and watches Stavinsky and Virginia. Through the motley crowd of passengers Stevenson comes hurrying with a bouquet of flowers. Virginia sees him from a distance and waves to him, putting on a show of two old friends meeting.

VIRGINIA

Bill! It's great to see you!

STEVENSON

(Embraces her and hands her the flowers) Hi! Or as they say in Russian: How many summers, how many winters! I'm really thrilled to see you again!

VIRGINIA

(Takes the flowers) Oh, thank you so much! Hey, you haven't changed in fifteen years! How do I look? Any older? Let me introduce you. This is my husband Robert.

Stevenson and Williams (Stavinsky) shake hands.

STEVENSON

(Deliberately loudly) You haven't changed one bit!
Still as beautiful as ever! Glad to meet you, Robert.
(To Virginia) Don't be nervous: he looks fine.

Stavinsky gestures toward his throat.

VIRGINIA

He can't talk. He's got a terrible sore throat. *(in a whisper)* So as not to give away his poor English.

Evseyev walks up and down nearby, wearing an indifferent expression as he listens in to their conversation.

STEVENSON

(Loudly, as before) That's okay. There's no need for him to talk. *(With laughter in his eyes)* Congratulations, Robert! Virginia is a real gift to any man!

LOUDSPEAKER ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Attention please. The Red Arrow express will be departing in one minute. All passengers should take their seats. I repeat...

STEVENSON

Oh, you're leaving already! So, get on board and to hell with it! *(Explains)* I like that expression. Russians are always doing things and saying "to hell with it". Off you go!

VIRGINIA

Oh, have you brought the caviar?

STEVENSON

No, but I'll be meeting you on the way back from Leningrad. Have you forgotten? Don't be nervous, that's all...

VIRGINIA

Oh, I'm quite calm - cool as a cucumber.

She watches Stevenson with a look that suggests she might break into hysterics any moment. Stavinsky and Stevenson take her by the elbows and set her on the steps of the railcar. Stavinsky gets up after her. The train moves off. Stevenson watches as the cars move past him gathering speed.

INT. RED ARROW RAILCAR COMPARTMENT. NIGHT.

In the double sleeping compartment the radio speaker is playing a Russian popular song.

Sitting at the table, Virginia removes Stevenson's business card from among the flowers in his bouquet:

"BOLOGOYE. Railcar 9, seats 7-8. Baggage deposit locker - 1146."

Stavinsky takes the card from Virginia, reads the pencilled note and turns up the radio to full volume. Virginia looks at him in surprise. Stavinsky strikes a match and sets fire to the business card with its note.

STAVINSKY

(Quietly, into Virginia's ear) At Bologoye we'll be going our separate ways. But that's on the way back.

Virginia starts to weep. The train gathers speed.

EXT. LENINGRAD STREETS. DAY.

Through the windows of Intourist' bus we see snow-covered Nevsky Prospect... the snow-covered Summer Garden (Letnii sad), where children are sliding down an icy mound... the snow-covered bridges over the River Neva... and the frozen fountains of Peterhof - all of this appears through a frosty silver haze, as though in an Impressionist picture. But the splendor is capped incongruously by communist slogans and banners proclaiming: "GLORY TO THE COMMUNIST PARTY!", and "MARX AND LENIN'S TEACHING IS INVINCIBLE BECAUSE IT IS TRUE!" Against such a banner, a snow-covered streetcar makes its way across one of the city's bridges.

INT. INSIDE A TOURIST BUS. DAY.

At the sight of this streetcar the American tourists sitting in the Intourist bus are filled with excitement. A TOURIST GUIDE stands next to the bus driver and speaks into the microphone:

TOURIST GUIDE

We are now coming to the end of our tour of Leningrad - the city of Dostoevsky, which many people refer to as the Northern Venice, or Palmyra of the North. Today Leningrad has a population of...

Suddenly the bus comes to a halt. The DRIVER says something to the guide in Russian, after which the guide turns and addresses the tourists.

TOURIST GUIDE (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen! We unfortunately have a slight breakdown. But we are just two blocks' walk away from our hotel. So I suggest that we go back to our hotel on foot. The weather is excellent.

There is a lively buzz among the tourists as they get up from their seats and leave the bus together with their guide.

EXT. ON THE STREET IN LENINGRAD. DAY.

TOURIST GUIDE

This way please! Just two blocks... And don't forget that this evening we are going to the ballet. Then, after supper we go to the station and travel back to Moscow!

The guide leads the way ahead, and the tourists follow him. Virginia and Stavinsky are last to leave the bus, since they were sitting at the back. The entire group of other tourists goes on ahead of them, following the guide. Virginia holds Stavinsky by the arm, and both of them follow the group. Suddenly from around a corner TWO GIRLS and a YOUNG MAN appear. They look around furtively and then hurriedly approach Stavinsky and Virginia.

FIRST GIRL

(Speaking broken English) You American tourists? Please, help us! We are dissidents. KGB people are persecuting us, and they want to put us into the gaol! *(Bursts into tears as she speaks to Virginia)* Please, help us!

SECOND GIRL AND YOUNG MAN

You must save us! Help us!

VIRGINIA

(Confused) But what can we do?!

FIRST GIRL

Here is! *(She looks around guardedly, then pulls several envelopes from inside her coat and thrusts them into Virginia and Stavinsky's pockets)* Take these! These are our letters to the United Nations and to your President! The whole world must know...

The second girl and the young man also press the same sort of envelopes into Virginia and Stavinsky's pockets. On the far side of the street stands a minibus marked "REMONTNAYA" (Repair Van). Inside the minibus are Evseyev and two other men - TALL and SHORT. They have with them a still camera and an 8 mm. film camera. Through the window of the minibus they film Stavinsky and Virginia's conversation with the "dissidents", and when the latter thrust the letters into Stavinsky and Virginia's pockets, the film camera zooms in to record details of the envelopes and their hands as they press them onto Stavinsky and Virginia. The still camera also clicks as it records this scene.

Leaving their letters in the hands and pockets of Stavinsky and Virginia, who are completely taken aback, the "dissidents" quickly take to their heels. Virginia hastily hides the letters in the pocket of her fur coat... Stavinsky frowns and looks worried as he walks at her side and sees... The minibus marked "Repair Van" on the far side of the street slowly moves off and begins to follow them. As he continues walking at her side, Stavinsky sees in the window of a store the reflection of the "Repair Van" still following them from behind. Stavinsky steps into Virginia's path and quickly snatches the "dissident" letters from her pockets, then walks up to a garbage urn and throws all the letters into it.

VIRGINIA

(Incensed) Hey, what are you doing?

STAVINSKY

(Emptying his own pockets, talking through his teeth)
Quiet!... Not a word!...

Stavinsky takes Virginia roughly by the arm and leads her away from the garbage urn. As soon as Stavinsky and Virginia disappear round the next corner, the "Repair Van" immediately drives up to the urn, and Captain Evseyev and the two other men get out of it. They haul out the letters that Stavinsky threw in there. The Tall man looks in the direction where Stavinsky and Virginia have disappeared.

TALL MAN

What bastards! Refused to help our dissidents!

SHORT MAN

Dirty capitalists! Grown fat at our expense!

EVSEYEV

(Grinning) But that still won't help them.

Evseyev turns to speak with the "dissidents" - the two girls and the young man, who have now reappeared from round a corner.

EVSEYEV (CONT'D)

Nice work, you guys! Well done!

INT. LENINGRAD, KIROV BALLET THEATER.

On the stage *Swan Lake* is playing, with music by Tchaikovsky. The auditorium is packed. In the darkness, seated down in the stalls, Stavinsky and Virginia press against one another. Stavinsky writes on the program:

"That was a deliberate frame-up"

Virginia casts a scared glance at Stavinsky and quickly writes:
"Are you sure?"

Stavinsky writes in answer:

"Yes."

Virginia writes:

"But we threw everything out. We're clean."

Stavinsky nods. Reassured, Virginia lays her head against his shoulder and watches the stage as the ballet continues.

INT. KIROV THEATER, CLOAKROOM.

Music carries through from the auditorium as Evseyev and his two officers - Short and Tall - make their way along the rows of hangers with people's coats. There are overcoats, sheep-skin jackets, women's for coats, more warm overcoats. Then there is a second row of hangers, and a third...

EVSEYEV

I've found them!

His hand comes to rest on Virginia's long-haired fox-fur coat. Next to it hangs Stavinsky/Williams' fur-lined leather overcoat. Short and Tall silently set to work: with a sharp razor they cut open the lining of both the leather and the fur coat, Evseyev hands them two envelopes containing "dissident" letters, which they insert into the coat linings. Then, to the "Dance of the Cygnets" sounding from the auditorium, they carefully sew up the linings again.

EXT. LENINGRAD, THE MOSKOVSKY STATION. EVENING.

The Red Arrow express stands by the platform. In the background a popular song about Leningrad is playing over the public address system. Passengers are boarding the train. Stavinsky and Virginia show their tickets to the conductress.

VIRGINIA

(In broken Russian) Skazhee-te po-zhal-usta: kogda boodyet stantsiya Bo-lo-goye? *(When do we reach the station Bologoye?)*

CONDUCTRESS

(In broken English) Bologoye? In three hours, at 3.40 in morning.

INT. INSIDE THE RAILCAR.

Stavinsky/Williams holds Virginia firmly by the hand and leads her into the compartment reserved for them, then slides the door to. Inside the compartment the speaker system is playing the same song as outside.

VIRGINIA

I didn't really understand her reply. What did she say?

Stavinsky lays a finger against her lips. Virginia looks at him with a tragic expression on her face.

EXT. THE RED ARROW EXPRESS UNDER WAY. NIGHT.

A bright cone of light from the electric locomotive pierces the blizzard. With the music of "Swan Lake" still sounding, the Red Arrow speeds on its way through the night-bound Russian landscape.

INT. INSIDE THE RAILCAR

In the double compartment which he alone occupies, Colonel Yuryshev is wearing a leather jacket with fur lining, warm pants, fur-lined boots, and a fur cap. With him he also has a backpack, fishing rod, and other tackle needed for fishing under the ice. Yuryshev sits there in the darkness and looks out of the window.

EXT. FLASHBACK. TUNDRA SCENERY IN WINTER.

In the middle of an empty snow-swept field there stands so-called "Seismic Turtle", a piece of apparatus about the size of a truck. [*N.B. Four years ago this "turtle" was demonstrated on the American "National Geographic" TV channel in a documentary film entitled "Violent Earth", produced by National Geographic, USA, in 2005. The commentary maintained that this was a Soviet seismic weapon, brought out of the country after the collapse of the USSR. E.T.*] In the distance, away from the "Turtle", several men wearing overalls, tall boots and hats with ear-flaps stand grouped around a control panel on a watchtower. Forty-year-old Major Yuryshev is in charge of the countdown.

YURYSHEV

Six... five... four...

Next to Yuryshev stands ACADEMICIAN DAHL, a man of hefty build, somewhat reminiscent of Balzac.

YURYSHEV (CONT'D)

Three... two... one... Contact!

Academician Dahl presses a button on the control panel.

The same instant an earthquake splits open the landscape strewn with ice-hummocks, churning up the permafrost.

A gigantic crack rapidly splits apart the snowy waste. Blocks of frozen earth and ice weighing many tons crash down into the chasm that has opened up in the tundra. The sun is obscured by snow dust.

EXT. FLASHBACK. MOSCOW.

Moscow in the early 1980s. Pedestrians on the street, political portraits, and banners with slogans stating: "LEONID BREZHNEV - THE WISE LEADER OF ALL PROGRESSIVE HUMANITY".

INT. FLASHBACK. THE INTERIOR OF A VOLGA SALOON.

Twelve-year-old ALYONA YURYSHEVA is in the passenger seat and talking to her father, Major Yuryshev, who is driving their Volga saloon car through Moscow. A song is playing on the car radio: "My k kommunizmu na puti..." (We are on our way to communism...)

ALYONA

Papa, d'you think Brezhnev believes in communism?

YURYSHEV

(Amazed) What? Why do you ask?

ALYONA

Because in my class at school nobody believes in it. They all say it's all garbage. Look at the lineups in our stores! But we've just invaded Afghanistan. Papa, what do we need Afghanistan for?

YURYSHEV

You don't understand. Russia is surrounded by enemies.

ALYONA

(Reproachfully) Papa, you always taught me to tell the truth. But do you know what one boy in our class told me?

YURYSHEV

What?

ALYONA

It's a big secret, don't forget! His Dad works in the Kremlin.

YURYSHEV

I swear I won't tell anyone!

ALYONA

The secret is that when all our oil dries up, we won't have any money to buy food from the West. So we're going on from Afghanistan to conquer and seize all the oil in Arabia. But it's what they call a strategic secret! You got it?

The car radio continues playing "my k kommunizmu na puti" ("we're on the road to communism") and "budet lyudyam schast'e" ("people will be happy"). And to the sound of this song:

EXT. FLASHBACK. A SOVIET SUBMARINE IN THE BARENTS SEA.

Major Yuryshev, Academician Dahl, MARSHAL ZOTOV and several other men stand on the conning tower of a submarine. Yuryshev is in charge of the countdown.

YURYSHEV

Three... two... one... Contact!

Academician Dahl presses the button on a control panel. Marshal Zotov looks through his binoculars. In the distance a subterranean shock wave churns up the expanse of water... A tidal wave gathers speed and power as it races toward the coast... A gigantic rampart of water engulfs an entire island...

The submarine meanwhile rocks slightly. Marshal Zotov joyfully embraces Dahl and Yuryshev.

The tsunami meanwhile sweeps along a wooded coastline, flooding and crushing everything in its path.

TRIUMPHANT VOICE (V.O.)

For their work in strengthening the defense capacity of the Soviet Union and in creating a new kind of weapon...

Back in port, where several submarines stand moored, Yuryshev, Dahl, and other creators of the seismic weapon who have been privileged observers at these experiments, joyfully clink their champagne glasses...

TRIUMPHANT VOICE (V.O.)

...the team of scientists working under the leadership of Academician Dahl are awarded the Soviet State Prize...

INT. THE RED ARROW EXPRESS.

On either side of the train the distant lights of inhabited settlements can occasionally be glimpsed through the windows, and also snow, snow, and more snow... Colonel Yuryshev sits in his compartment as before, and gazes through the darkened window...

EXT. FLASHBACK. MOSCOW CITY STREETS. (CONT'D)

Yuryshev's Volga drives through the streets of Moscow in the year 1981. Past line-ups at food stores... portraits of Brezhnev... banners and slogans...

TRIUMPHANT VOICE (V.O.)(CONT'D)
And the overseer of the project, Major Sergei Yuryshev has been awarded the rank of...

Yuryshev pulls up outside an elite multistory house on Kutuzovsky Prospect and joyfully springs out of his car...

INT. FLASHBACK. YURYSHEV'S HOUSE AND APARTMENT.

Yuryshev goes up in the elevator and joyfully bursts into his apartment.

YURYSHEV
(*Shouting*) Ira! Alyona! A new secret decree by the Politburo! I've been made a Hero of the Soviet Union! And I'm a colonel!...

Yuryshev's wife Irina comes rushing into the hallway and throws her arms around his neck. She joyfully embraces him, and presses her body against his, and he whirls her round... Alyona also appears in the doorway, looks at the two of them, then turns around abruptly and goes off down the corridor. Yuryshev looks at her in surprise.

YURYSHEV (CONT'D)
Alyona!

Yuryshev tries to free himself from his wife's embrace, but she holds on to him and kisses him passionately.

IRINA YURYSHEVA
Stop... Wait...

YURYSHEV
What's the matter with her?

He forcibly extricates himself from his wife's embrace and follows after his daughter.

IRINA YURYSHEVA
(Calling after him) Seryozha, wait! I can explain everything...

Yuryshev takes no notice and goes into their daughter's room. It is empty and the door onto the balcony is open.

YURYSHEV
 Alyona!...

He runs out onto the balcony and looks around in surprise - his daughter is not there either. Then he notices some people down below running toward the house. He looks where they are heading for - down below the balcony the body of Alyona lies spread-eagled on the ground.

YURYSHEV (CONT'D)
(Shouting) Alyona! No!...

He runs back through his daughter's room and sees a note lying on the table. He snatches it up and reads it as he goes. There are just eight words on the paper:

"PAPA, DON'T BELIEVE HER. SHE IS A DIRTY WHORE."

EXT. THE RED ARROW EXPRESS.

With its siren blaring, the train hurtles on through the snow and wind.

INT. INSIDE A RED ARROW RAILCAR.

In railcar number five Stavinsky and Virginia are in their compartment. In the compartment next to theirs, the two girl "dissidents" are asleep on the upper bunks, while the young male "dissident" lies sleeping on one of the lower bunks. On the other bottom bunk sits Evseyev with his headphones on and with a large amount of bulky radio equipment on the table in front of him. Meanwhile in railcar number four, Yuryshev still sits in his compartment and gazes through the window.

EXT. FLASHBACK. MOSCOW, NOVODEVICHY CEMETERY.

Yuryshev, his wife, Marshal Zotov, Academician Dahl and various other MILITARY and CIVILIANS are gathered round a recent grave with a portrait of Alyona on its headstone. Also there are some CHILDREN from Alyona's class at school.

INT. FLASHBACK. YURYSHEV'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

In bed, Yuryshev's wife tries to embrace him. He pushes her away.

YURYSHEV

Wait! (*Produces the note left by their daughter*) Can you explain what this means?

INT. IN THE RED ARROW RAILCAR.

In the compartment of railcar number five, Evseyev sits wearing his headphones; on the table in front of him is a suitcase containing bulky radio equipment.

At the far end of the railcar Stavinsky/Williams stands in the doorway of the conductress' compartment.

STAVINSKY/WILLIAMS

(*in a husky voice, speaking broken Russian*) Mee hot-yet droo-goy coo-pay... (We want another compartment)

CONDUCTRESS

Why on earth do you want another compartment?

STAVINSKY/WILLIAMS

Please... nash coo-pay oh-chen zhar-ko. (Our compartment is very hot.)

Stavinsky/Williams proffers a ten-ruble note. The conductress looks at the money and then at Stavinsky, and then takes the money, pops it into the pocket of her jacket and gets to her feet.

CONDUCTRESS

(*Changing her tone*) Certainly. By all means...

The train speeds on its way. Stavinsky/Williams carries their cases into the other compartment. In a state of surprise, Virginia follows him. The conductress brings them two sets of bedding.

CONDUCTRESS (CONT'D)

Would you like some tea?

VIRGINIA

Yes please.

The conductress disappears and Stavinsky closes the door.

VIRGINIA (CONT'D)

Why did you do this?

STAVINSKY
Just in case. Sit down.

The train speeds on its way. Evseyev is in a fury and races down the corridor of the railcar to the conductress' compartment.

EVSEYEV
Where have they gone?

CONDUCTRESS
Who?

EVSEYEV
Those foreigners! In compartment five!

CONDUCTRESS
(*Innocently*) I moved them to number seven.

EVSEYEV
Why?!

CONDUCTRESS
They asked me. There were bedbugs in there.

EVSEYEV
Where are there bedbugs?

CONDUCTRESS
In number five. The one where you were messing around before the passengers came on board.

EVSEYEV
Why didn't you tell me before about the bedbugs?

CONDUCTRESS
You didn't ask.

EVSEYEV
(*Furious*) Idiot!

Evseyev slams the sliding door to and leaves. The conductress tells him where to go - not by showing a finger as the Americans do, but in the Russian style: by showing a fist. Evseyev goes to compartment number five and removes two microphones from their secret hiding places. The train sweeps on through the nocturnal blizzard, and slows down and halts at a frosty, wind-blown station platform. The blizzard plasters the lamp with snow and also the sign with the name of the station: "BOLOGOYE". The train stands for a few seconds then gently moves off again, and the station signs floats away behind them.

STAVINSKY

Time for me to go.

Virginia suddenly falls down on her knees before him, grabbing and squeezing his hands.

VIRGINIA

No, I won't let you go! Please, don't go! I'm begging you!

Stavinsky strokes her head. The wheels continue their rumbling, and outside the windows occasional lights and empty frozen platforms flash past...

STAVINSKY

I love you... I love you very much!...

VIRGINIA

(Holding him by the knees. Silently) No-o-o!

Stavinsky gently extricates himself.

STAVINSKY

I do have to go.

VIRGINIA

(Sobbing) Oh, my God!

The corridor is empty. The night lighting glows feebly. Stavinsky emerges from compartment number seven in his pajamas and carrying two empty tea glasses in their holders. He looks around him. Another popular song is playing on the radio speaker. Evseyev stands smoking by an open window at the far end of the corridor. Stavinsky moves in the direction of Evseyev. Their glances meet. Seeing Stavinsky in his pajamas and with two glasses, Evseyev presses against the window and lets him past. In the space by the doors at the end of the railcar a SOLDIER and a YOUNG GIRL are kissing. Stavinsky walks past them into the next railcar and heads off down the empty corridor to the sound of the same song. At the end of the railcar some ROMANTIC is leaning out of the open door and refreshing himself in the icy wind. Outside there is the night, cold, and snow, and the whistling of the wind. Stavinsky watches as the snow-covered embankment flashes by outside. There is something spellbinding about the sight... Stavinsky moves on his way. As he approaches the compartment marked "seats 7-8" he slows down, but walks on. Toward him comes a FAT MAN, he is carrying an armful of beer bottles. Stavinsky squeezes against the wall of the corridor. The FAT MAN draws in his belly and squeezes past him. Stavinsky moves on to the next car, which is the restaurant car. Here the same popular song is still coming from the radio speaker. At the serving counter stands a WAITER wearing a white apron. Stavinsky hold up two fingers to the waiter.

STAVINSKY
(*Hoarsely*) Teas...

WAITER
Two teas?

Stavinsky nods.

WAITER (CONT'D)
Anything else?

Stavinsky shakes his head. The waiter pours out two glasses of tea from the samovar, places them in the holders, and hands the tea glasses to Stavinsky.

WAITER (CONT'D)
That'll be fifty kopeks. (*Motions toward the scarf round Stavinsky's throat*) Got a sore throat?

Stavinsky nods his head and pays for the teas. He takes the glasses of tea and leaves. In the space at the end of the railcar he leans against the wall, exhausted, and closes his eyes. The railcar sways and some tea splashes out of the glasses. Stavinsky opens his eyes. He sighs. Then, holding on to his two tea glasses, he sets off down the empty corridor, heading for the fourth compartment, marked "seats 7-8". He stops in front of the door of the compartment and looks around him once again. But the corridor is empty. With a sigh, he pulls at the door handle and the door slides open. On the far side of the compartment a male figure is sitting there in the darkness. It is Yuryshev. Stavinsky quickly enters, closes the door and locks it behind him.

YURYSHEV
(*Quietly*) You're late. We passed Bologoye long ago.

STAVINSKY
Close the blinds and switch the light on.

Yuryshev closes the curtains and clicks the switch. The sudden light reveals Stavinsky standing with two glasses in his hand. Yuryshev looks at him and starts forward in amazement, unable to believe his eyes: the man in front of him is an exact double of himself. Stavinsky sets the glasses on the table by the window and begins unwinding the scarf from his throat.

STAVINSKY (CONT'D)
(*Tersely*) We've got two minutes. Get undressed. Completely. We have to exchange clothes.

Yuryshev gets to his feet, looking uncertain.

STAVINSKY (CONT'D)

Quick! And remember: from this moment on you have become me - Robert Williams, a dentist from Washington. My wife Virginia is waiting for you in compartment number seven; now she's your wife. We are tourists. Once again: railcar five, compartment seven. You're taking her some tea. And today, in a few hours' time, you're flying with her to America...

YURYSHEV

And what about you?

STAVINSKY

Don't worry about me. Are you really a colonel from General HQ?

YURYSHEV

That's right.

Stavinsky and Yuryshev exchange clothing.

STAVINSKY

(Removes a gauze compress from his throat) Wrap your throat up and remember: you have a very sore throat and you can't speak a word. Virginia will do all the talking, and don't you open your mouth! Nowhere! Understood? What's your English like?

YURYSHEV

(In a dull voice) I studied it at the academy. I can read fluently, but I don't speak well.

STAVINSKY

(Finishes getting dressed) That's what we figured. What's wrong with your voice?

YURYSHEV

That's from smoking.

STAVINSKY

From now on you do not smoke.

Yuryshev, now clad in Stavinsky's pajamas, puts on his shoes and frowns.

STAVINSKY (CONT'D)

Are they tight? It's okay, I've two more pairs in my case, in larger sizes. Stand here.

Stavinsky leads Yuryshev to the mirror mounted on the door. The two of them stand next to one another and look at themselves in the mirror. Now they have changed clothes, they look like a complete set of doubles. Stavinsky adjusts the scarf round Yuryshev's throat, and suddenly stops.

STAVINSKY (CONT'D)

You have to shave immediately. An American doctor can't walk around unshaven. You'll find a razor in my suitcase. And remember: don't smoke. You're an American doctor now!

YURYSHEV

Are you going to be working instead of me at Army HQ?

STAVINSKY

No way! Certainly not. I may be crazy, but I'm not that crazy. When are they going to start looking for you?

YURYSHEV

My vacation ends a week from now. I think they'll wait maybe another two or three days. After that...

STAVINSKY

Okay. I'll be far away by then. So that's it. Railcar five, compartment seven. Go on. And...

YURYSHEV

What is it?

STAVINSKY

Nothing. Go on.

YURYSHEV

(Admiringly) You must be a desperate man! If you want something to drink - look in my backpack. *(He motions toward the backpack lying on the seat and stands in front of the door holding the two tea glasses.)* Well... Good luck! *(Opens the catch on the door)*

STAVINSKY

Break a leg!

YURYSHEV

Thanks! Turn the light out.

Stavinsky quickly turns out the light. Yuryshev walks out of the compartment, and the door slides to. Drained of strength, Stavinsky sinks down onto the seat and closes his eyes. Then he feels for Yuryshev's backpack in the darkness and extracts a half-empty bottle of vodka from the pocket. He looks at it, then lays it aside with a sigh.

EXT. MOSCOW. LENINGRADSKY STATION. MORNING.

To the sound of the Sunrise march "Utro krasit nezhnym svetom..." the Red Arrow slowly glides in beneath the arched roof of the station.

The announcer's voice echoes out over the empty platform. The only people there are a group of porters and Bill Stevenson.

STATION ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Attention please. The Red Arrow express has just arrived at platform number two...

INT. INSIDE THE RED ARROW RAILCAR.

Dressed in Yuryshev's clothing, Stavinsky stands in the compartment, slightly raises the curtain, and watches the passengers walking past below the window.

EXT. LENINGRADSKY STATION, THE RED ARROW EXPRESS. MORNING.

Virginia and Robert Yuryshev/Williams at last appear. Yuryshev/Williams has his throat well covered. Virginia moves along. Stevenson walks along next to them, talking in lively fashion, laughing, and gesticulating. Behind them a porter wheels their suitcases on a trolley. Stavinsky sees Virginia steal a glance up at the window of his railcar, and for an instant their eyes meet. Virginia seems to stumble. Stevenson and Yuryshev catch her by the arms and lead her on, almost by force. Stavinsky watches as they go, then suddenly starts back in alarm: along the platform, about twenty paces behind Virginia, Yuryshev and Stevenson, those same "dissidents" are walking along the platform - the two girls and the young man who accosted them on the street in Leningrad yesterday. They are talking animatedly with three other men - a stout man (Evseyev, who Stavinsky saw in the corridor), a tall man and a short one.

INT. INSIDE THE RAILCAR.

Stavinsky starts back from the window and quickly lowers the curtain. The compartment door opens and a conductor looks in.

CONDUCTOR
(cheerfully) Overslept, Comrade Colonel? We've arrived in Moscow!

The conductor comes into the compartment, takes some bedding from the shelf.

STAVINSKY
(Coming to his senses) Eh? What?

CONDUCTOR
This is Moscow, I said.

STAVINSKY

Oh, okay... Okay...

Stavinsky goes to the door.

CONDUCTOR

What about your backpack?

STAVINSKY

Oh, yes... My backpack!

Stavinsky goes back and retrieves his haversack, leaving Yuryshev's half-empty vodka bottle on the seat. Then he leaves the compartment and heads off down the corridor.

CONDUCTOR

(Taking the vodka bottle, to himself) Just look how they drink! How can they ever manage to fight a war?

EXT. MOSCOW, LENINGRADSKY STATION. MORNING.

Stavinsky walks along the now empty platform. He is thoroughly scared, but he keeps a grip on himself. He has Yuryshev's slim backpack on his back, and he is wearing his fur hat with its officer's cockade. A soldier runs past him, then slows down, turns and salutes him. After a second's pause Stavinsky realizes that he must also salute. He accelerates his step and merges in with the crowd of other passengers in the station.

INT. MOSCOW. LENINGRADSKY STATION, CENTRAL WAITING HALL.

Stavinsky walks into the waiting hall. There are three times more passengers waiting than the space can hold. There are people with bags and cases and bundles, sitting on the benches in the middle of the space, squatting on the ground, and lying on the window ledges. Children are sleeping, shouting, eating, and crying. The rusty metallic voice of the announcer echoes above their heads. Stavinsky squeezes his way through to the left baggage section with its metal deposit lockers. Here, too, there are groups of passengers sitting on the ground or on their suitcases. Stepping over people's legs, bundles, and cases, Stavinsky finds locker number 1146, looks around him, then dials up the same number on the combination lock. He pulls at the handle and the door opens. A small package is lying inside the locker. Standing with his back to the other waiting passengers, Stavinsky opens the packet. It contains a wad of Soviet currency and various documents: a passport, an employment record book, and a military ID. Stavinsky opens the passport. The first page has his new name: Andrei Maksimov, and a photograph on which he is shown with a beard. He stuffs the money and documents into the pockets of Yuryshev's jacket.

As he does so, he finds in the pocket Colonel Yuryshev's service ID. He immediately puts it back, and then makes his way through the crowd and leaves the building.

EXT. MOSCOW, KOMSOMOLSKAYA SQUARE. WINTER MORNING.

Stavinsky crosses the square and heads for the Kazansky Station which stands next door.

EXT. KAZANSKY STATION. WINTER MORNING.

There are enormous line-ups by the ticket windows, even those that are not yet open. Stavinsky joins one of the lines, but it seems not to be moving. Then, at the end of the hall he sees a notice:

**TICKET WINDOW FOR SENIOR OFFICERS AND DEPUTIES OF
THE USSR SUPREME SOVIET.**

There is no queue at this ticket window, and only an occasional general or colonel goes there, buys a ticket, and then leaves. From the middle of the throng, Stavinsky watches that ticket office... Then, taking a deep breath, as if about to dive into water, he walks over to the officers' ticket office, produces Yuryshev's ID and shows it to the CASHIER. She opens it up and looks at the photo and at Stavinsky.

STAVINSKY

I need a ticket for the next train heading to Siberia.

CASHIER

Which train do you want, Comrade Colonel?

STAVINSKY

The next one.

CASHIER

Well, the next train goes to Chita, and it leaves in three minutes.

STAVINSKY

That's fine.

INT. MOSCOW, SHERMETIEVO-2 AIRPORT. WAITING LOUNGE.

Only a few groups of foreign tourists and Russian diplomats are standing around in the terminal building. Outside the glass walls, only two or three foreign passenger airliners can be seen parked. Inside the hall there are souvenir shops selling samovars and Russian "matrioshka" dolls.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
(*Announces in both English and Russian*) Attention please. Boarding is now commencing for PanAm flight number 341 to New York...

Virginia, Williams/Yuryshev with his throat swaddled in a bandage and scarf, and Bill Stevenson stand by one of the souvenir shops. Virginia nervously fiddles with her handbag. Various passengers walk past them, heading for the departure gate - they are recognizable as members of the tourist group that came with Virginia and Stavinsky.

STEVENSON
(*Takes Virginia by the arm*) Just keep calm. In a few minutes from now you'll be in America. That's right, my dear... (*Looking hard at Yuryshev*) The PanAm Boeing is already American territory. It's already the USA, do you realize? (*Addressing Virginia again*). When you get on board, drink a shot of whisky, and you'll feel better immediately.

ANNOUNCER
Attention please. Boarding for PanAm flight number 341 to New York is now closing at gate number...

STEVENSON
(*Holds out his hand to Yuryshev*) All the best!

They look one another in the eye. Yuryshev shakes Stevenson's hand, and Stevenson plants a kiss on Virginia's cheek. Then he ushers Virginia and Yuryshev forward to the small line-up for boarding.

STEVENSON (CONT'D)
(*With emphatic buoyancy*) I wish you all the best! One day I'll have to write a novel about you!

Virginia shoots him an alarmed look.

STEVENSON (CONT'D)
Okay, okay! It was only a joke! Have a good flight!

Virginia and Yuryshev stand in line at the inspection desk. Virginia hands the border controller their passports. The controller looks at the photo in her passport, and then at her. Yuryshev stands next to her, his jaw clenched. The controller puts a stamp in her passport and then takes Williams' passport, opens it up, looks at the photograph and then at Yuryshev. Yuryshev looks him in the eye. Bill Stevenson stands to one side and nervously lights up a cigarette. Virginia looks at the controller, who stamps Williams' passport and hands it back to Yuryshev.

VIRGINIA

Thank you.

Stevenson watches as Virginia takes Yuryshev by the arm and the move off toward the boarding lounge. Stevenson breathes a sigh of relief.

INT. SHEROMETIEVO-2 AIRPORT. SPECIAL DISPATCH ROOM.

Through the glass wall panel one can see the line of passengers make their way across the tarmac to the gangway of the Boeing. Virginia and Robert Williams are among them. Evseyev and his two colleagues - Tall and Short - stand watching through the glass pane of the terminal.

EVSEYEV

(Lights up a cigarette) You know, guys, honestly, I've really come to like this Williams couple. And once they start working for us... *(dreaming)* can you imagine me flying off to pick up the information they provide? Not to the US, of course, but to places like Paris, Madrid, or Italy...

SHORT MAN

Tell me honestly, did you actually get anywhere with this Virginia woman?

EVSEYEV

Well, not exactly...

SHORT MAN

I get it. Anyway, she'll be flying to Europe bringing information, and you're going to be flying out to meet her...

TALL MAN

It's time for us to go. Are you ready?

EVSEYEV

Oh, no. I'll handle this one myself. As the English say, it's my show.

Evseyev stubs out his cigarette, and walks out onto the tarmac whistling the Toreador's Song from *Carmen*.

EXT. SHEROMETIEVO-2 AIRPORT. WINTER DAY.

Out on the runway the passengers (mostly foreigners) are approaching the gangway of the Boeing. They show the girl boarding clerk their passports and boarding cards and climb up the steps. Virginia and Williams/Yuryshev are at the foot of the gangway, ready to board.

The girl checks their boarding cards. Next to her stands a border guard, armed with a submachine gun. Stevenson watches from the windows up on the second floor of the terminal, and he sees Virginia and Williams/Yuryshev standing at the foot of the gangway. Then a stocky man (Evseyev) in uniform overcoat and carrying a folio walks over to them. Evseyev approaches Virginia and Williams/Yuryshev and puts on an expression of extreme bonhommie. He speaks fluent English.

EVSEYEV

Mr and Mrs Williams?

VIRGINIA

Y-yes?...

EVSEYEV

(Almost cheerfully) Could you show me your passports, please?

A few American tourists stop at the top of the gangway and look down at Virginia, Williams/Yuryshev and Evseyev. Williams/Yuryshev looks tensely at Evseyev. Virginia hands Evseyev their passports. Her hand is trembling. Evseyev grins and pockets their passports. He opens up his folio and produces a pile of photographs and shows them to Virginia and Williams/Yuryshev.

EVSEYEV (CONT'D)

Do you recognize yourselves on any of these photographs?

The photos show Virginia and Stavinsky at their meeting with the Leningrad "dissidents".

VIRGINIA

Yes, yesterday in Leningrad we were accosted by some young people who said they were dissidents...

EVSEYEV

(Enjoying himself) Well, those people you met are guilty of crimes against the state, and the authorities have been searching for them. We have to detain you so that you can give evidence.

VIRGINIA

(Scared) No! We can't stay behind here!

EVSEYEV

Unfortunately I'll have to take you off this flight. We have to find out what it was they handed to you. Possibly they were some secret documents.

The other American tourists continue watching this scene from the top of the gangway.

INT. SHEREMETIEVO-2 AIR TERMINAL. DAY.

Stevenson, who is still watching through the window, cannot make out what is happening. Meanwhile, down there on the tarmac:

EXT. SHEREMETIEVO-2 AIRPORT. DAY.

VIRGINIA

(Desperate) They tried to force some letters onto us. But we threw them away! I swear!

EVSEYEV

I believe you, Mrs. Williams. But I'm still obliged to check out what you say. The woman on duty in your hotel claims that she gave you a needle and thread. You could have sewn those documents into the lining of your clothes.

Yuryshev has already guessed what is happening and looks at Virginia with a frown and narrowed eyes.

VIRGINIA

(Horrificed) I didn't take anything from those people! We have to leave on this flight! My husband is sick!

(Pleading) Please, officer, let us go! I am pregnant!

The American citizens continue watching in silence.

EVSEYEV

Excuse me, Mrs. Williams. But we have grounds for believing that you flew here specially in order to pick up these documents.

Evseyev takes Virginia by the elbow and says to both of them:

EVSEYEV (CONT'D)

Come with me please.

Yuryshev looks at Evseyev... then at the Boeing with its now empty gangway... then at the border guard with his AK-47 submachine gun... and then again at the open doors of the Boeing...

EVSEYEV (CONT'D)

(To Williams/Yuryshev in the same airy manner) Mr. Williams.

Yuryshev turns and takes a step toward Evseyev and Virginia, as though intending to follow obediently, but suddenly... He spins round toward the border guard, kicks him hard on the leg and in the same instant wrenches the submachine gun from his grip. He shouts to Evseyev.

YURYSHEV
(In Russian) Stop! Don't move!

Evseyev turns and sees the weapon trained on him, he hears the dry click of the safety catch, and looks at Yuryshev/Williams in amazement. Yuryshev/Williams pulls Virginia from Evseyev's grasp and retreats with her to the first step of the gangway, then goes up another step. Virginia looks at him in horror.

YURYSHEV (CONT'D)
(Through his teeth, in accented English) Quick! Go into plane!

INT. SHEREMETIEVO-2 AIRPORT TERMINAL.

Stevenson who has been watching from inside the terminal building is horrified and keeps his eyes glued to the scene outside. In the special dispatch room, Tall and Short also gaze in astonishment at what is happening out on the tarmac. Short eventually comes to his senses.

SHORT MAN
 Quick! Come on!

The two of them race out of the room, drawing their pistols as they run.

EXT. SHEREMETIEVO-2 AIRPORT TERMINAL.

Down on the runway Evseyev looks incensed as he moves toward Yuryshev and Virginia, who meanwhile retreat up the gangway.

EVSEYEV
 Are you crazy? Hand over that gun!

Evseyev reaches out to try and seize the gun from Yuryshev.

YURYSHEV
 Don't move an inch! Or I shoot!

Short and Tall now run out toward the gangway. As he runs, Short fires at Yuryshev. The bullet strikes him in the shoulder. Yuryshev pulls the trigger of the AK-47. A Short salvo strikes Evseyev and knocks him off the gangway, ripping shreds from his overcoat and splattering blood from his body. Evseyev falls to the ground. Yuryshev hauls Virginia up the gangway. Short runs to the gangway, shooting wildly. Tall however goes down on one knee and takes careful aim. Yuryshev and Virginia reach the top step of the gangway stairs. Tall shoots. The bullet strikes Yuryshev full in the forehead. The dead body of Yuryshev rolls down (slow-motion sequence) to the bottom of the gangway.

Virginia claps her hand over her mouth and looks down at him in horror. Short seizes hold of her. Tall meanwhile snaps handcuffs on her wrists. Meanwhile, up in the waiting hall passengers have crowded to the windows and watch horrified as events unfold down on the runway. Stevenson has taken several photographs through the windows and now squeezes his way through the crowd and makes for the exit.

EXT/INT. MONTAGE.

Amid a rumble of wheels a train hurtles along through a howling blizzard... Stavinsky lies on the upper bunk of a standard (non-luxury) railcar, his head covered over with a faded standard-issue blanket... The train's wheels keep rumbling. The snowy Ural mountains appear, together with the post marking the boundary between Europe and Asia. The train's siren howls as it once again races across the snowy wastes of Siberia. In the railcar the benches are hard, people sit crammed in next to one another, the air is stuffy, a little child is sitting on the potty. Some are drinking vodka and eating boiled potatoes on a copy of the newspaper *Pravda*. A young fellow wearing an army jacket and without any legs bowls along from one railcar to another on his little trolley and sings *chastushki* - country-style songs about the war in Afghanistan. Passengers throw small change into his cap.

INT. INSIDE THE RESTAURANT CAR.

Stavinsky eats in the overcrowded restaurant-car with tables for standing.

At a nearby table some 18-year-olds stays with mugs of beer in front of them and listen to the Beatles on a transistor radio. The youths take no notice of the music and argue in loud voices:

- "Who the fuck do those Poles think they are? We saved them from Hitler, and all they do is strike! And here we are with barely enough milk for the kids. But nobody here goes on strike..."

Most of the passengers in these standard-class railcars consist of demobilized soldiers and workmen. They crowd around the serving counter, swear at the serving woman, and smoke and argue with one another. At the table next to Stavinsky the Beatles' song comes to an end, and the announcer is heard speaking with an obviously English accent:

ENGLISH RADIO ANNOUNCER

You are listening to Liverpool local radio. No one broadcasts so much music as we do from the home of the Beatles. But now a quick break for the main news items.

FIRST YOUTH

Ugh! Switch that garbage off!

SECOND YOUTH

No, leave it on! It's British radio after all. When our guys played against Liverpool, it was a great match!

ENGLISH RADIO ANNOUNCER

The day before yesterday in a shooting incident at Sheremetievo Airport in Moscow, a Soviet officer called Evseyev and an American tourist, Robert Williams, were both shot dead. Williams was spending his honeymoon in Moscow with his wife Virginia...

Stavinsky freezes to the spot.

ENGLISH RADIO ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

TASS announced today that Virginia Williams will be put on trial for her part in the killing of the Soviet officer. Rumor has it that Soviet authorities intend to sentence her despite the fact that she is pregnant. But one wonders why on earth the Williams decided to go to Russia for their honeymoon, when British Airlines are offering young married couples a fantastic trip to Bermuda...

Stavinsky does not bother listening to the bit about Bermuda. He stands there with his eyes closed. The train wheels rumble. The vision of a little bare two-year-old boy toddling along a Florida beach, his bare feet splashing through the water. The little boy laughs and holds out his arms to Virginia. The wheels of the train keep rumbling.

INT. FEMALE PRISON. PRISONERS' EXAMINATION ROOM.

Two FEMALE PRISON GUARDS and a new prisoner are in the room. The latter is recognizable as Virginia only with difficulty.

FIRST PRISON GUARD

Get undressed.

Virginia gets undressed slowly and with a blank expression on her face.

SECOND PRISON GUARD

Strip right down. Take everything off and let your hair down.

Virginia stands there naked and undoes the knot in her hair.

SECOND PRISON GUARD (CONT'D)

Come on, move it! Now spread your fingers and your toes.

Virginia is bewildered but obeys. The guards carefully examine her splayed fingers and toes, and rummage through her hair.

FIRST PRISON GUARD

No sign of fleas. (*To Virginia*) Open your mouth.

Virginia opens her mouth and the guard examines inside it.

SECOND PRISON GUARD

All clear?

FIRST PRISON GUARD

Yeah... (*To Virginia*) Bend down... Lower!... Even lower! Move your legs apart.

The first guard forces Virginia's head down to the floor. She then pulls a condom onto her finger and puts her hand down between Virginia's legs. Virginia lets out a yell.

SECOND PRISON GUARD

(*To the First Prison Guard*) All clear down there...
(*to Virginia*) Get dressed.

EXT. A TRAIN IN SIBERIA. WINTER DAY.

Stavinsky stands by the open door of the railcar. The snow-covered embankment flashes past beneath his feet. The vision of a little bare two-year-old boy toddling along a Florida beach reappears. Stavinsky gets out his pocket his Russian documents, rips them into tiny pieces and throws them out of the door into the snow. Then he gets the bottle of vodka from his other pocket, raises the vodka bottle to his lips and drinks. He is nauseated and starts retching, but he forces himself to drink more and more... The train wheels keep rumbling. In Stavinsky's blurred vision the taiga landscape seems to double and triple before his eyes. He has a vision Virginia in the Red Arrow compartment kneeling before him and imploring him "Please, don't go! I'm begging you!" Stavinsky takes one final gulp, drunkenly places the bottle on the floor beside him, then as the train hurtles along at full speed, he hurls himself downward head first.. He falls onto the embankment and rolls down the snow-covered slope... then he collides with a tree stump and lies there quite still.

The train's siren howls as it dashes on its way, getting smaller and smaller, until the last railcar finally disappears... At the bottom of the rail embankment, surrounded by taiga, lies the motionless body of Stavinsky still wearing Yuryshev's leather jacket and with his bleeding head lying up against a tree stump.

INT. CORRIDORS IN THE ADMINISTRATIVE BUILDING.

The two guards lead Virginia along various corridors - at first down a corridor with a worn carpet, faded paint-work, and wooden office doors... then they go up in an elevator, and along a clean corridor with a carpet that has a thick pile. They eventually arrive at a tall door padded with leather and with a label:

**Major-General
K.V.Kurbatov**

INT. OFFICE OF GENERAL KURBATOV.

Virginia is led into the office. Kurbatov's ADJUTANT closes the door and remains in the room. Outside the windows it is a sunny winter's day, and there is a view of Moscow. At the office desk sits General Kurbatov, and opposite him, seated in chairs and with their notebooks at the ready, are a MALE and FEMALE JOURNALIST. Virginia looks about her. The walls are partly covered with bookcases containing books in English and Russian. There are also portraits of Politburo members hanging on the walls. Kurbatov and the journalists look at Virginia.

KURBATOV

(Speaking perfect English)

Well, are we ready to go? I am General Kurbatov, and these are two journalists from the newspaper *Pravda*. *Pravda* is our main newspaper here, a bit like your *New York Times*. Except that in *Pravda* we write the truth, whereas the *Times* prints nothing but lies and slander. *(To the journalists)* Am I right?

The two journalists laugh in a servile manner.

KURBATOV (CONT'D)

Okay, let's get down to business. *(To Virginia)* These journalists are going to be writing about you. Have a seat.

VIRGINIA

I demand to see a representative from the American embassy.

KURBATOV

You can demand anything you want. But it would be better to do it sitting down. Do you want something to eat? (*To the adjutant*) Bring us some tea and snacks. (*To Virginia*) Do you smoke?

The adjutant goes out.

VIRGINIA

No, I don't smoke. I want to see our ambassador.

KURBATOV

All the same, it would be better if you sat down. Otherwise we'll all have to stand up, since you're a lady...

It is unclear from his tone with this is meant seriously or whether it is a joke for the journalists' benefit.

VIRGINIA

A lady, am I? Well, a lady needs to take a shower at least twice a day. But this prison of yours isn't fit for keeping cattle. I demand to meet with the American ambassador!

Kurbatov surveys her intently. Her anger amuses him.

KURBATOV

But you just took part in a murder. We don't have prison cells with baths for folks like you.

The adjutant comes in carrying a tray, which he sets down on the edge of the desk. On the tray are glasses of tea in holders, a sugar bowl, and some lemon, and a plate of bread slices with assorted toppings.

KURBATOV (CONT'D)

(*To the adjutant*) Would you show Mrs. Williams to my shower room.

Virginia looks at Kurbatov in amazement.

KURBATOV (CONT'D)

Or are you going to refuse even that?

VIRGINIA

(*Bewildered*) A shower? Here?

Kurbatov grins, and the journalists laugh obsequiously. The adjutant walks over to the bookshelves, presses one of the shelves, and the wall moves apart. The adjutant gestures to Virginia to follow him. Virginia, confused, follows the adjutant.

In the space that has opened up behind the shelves there is a small drawing room with a divan, television set, and Grundig radio receiver. The adjutant walks across this room and opens yet another door, which leads to a bathroom with a mirror on the wall, tiled floor, towels, hair-dryer, and a bottle of French shampoo on a shelf... The adjutant opens the faucet and water begins flowing into the bath.

ADJUTANT

Go ahead...

The adjutant leaves and closes the door. Water is splashing into the bath. Still in a state of shock, Virginia looks at the mirror. From the mirror a dirty face with tangled hair looks back at her.

VIRGINIA

Oh, my God!...

Meanwhile in the office General Kurbatov dictates some notes to the journalists, which they write down in their notebooks.

KURBATOV

The main points in your article ought to be as follows. In order to justify the crazy expense of its plans to develop space weaponry, the White House is waging a campaign of anti-Soviet hysteria. And thousands of people in the West are falling for this propaganda. Yet it's hard to imagine a Soviet citizen turning up in New York and disseminating anti-American literature there or shooting at American army officers. But Western tourists are constantly bringing all sorts of anti-Soviet material into this country. And this Williams couple are part of all this. Their story shows to what lengths such folks will go - including even outright murder! And we - that is, you journalists - believe that the just sentence that will be meted out to Virginia Williams by a Soviet court of law will serve as a lesson to those who today... Well, and so on and so forth. You can develop the idea...

FEMALE JOURNALIST

Of course, Comrade General.

MALE JOURNALIST

I understand. (*Nods toward the space behind the bookshelves where Virginia has gone*) Is it possible for us to ask her a few questions?

KURBATOV

What sort of questions?

MALE JOURNALIST

Well, for instance, how is it that she, an actress, decided to engage in anti-Soviet activity?

FEMALE JOURNALIST

And how did they manage to find those dissidents in Leningrad? I've been to Leningrad many times, and I've never...

KURBATOV

(Scornfully) You don't need to ask her any questions. You've set eyes on her, and that's enough. Okay, you can go now...

The journalists hastily rise to their feet.

MALE AND FEMALE JOURNALISTS

Goodbye... All the best, Comrade General...

They back out of the office.

KURBATOV

(To the adjutant) The tea's gone cold.

The adjutant prepares to remove the tray.

KURBATOV (CONT'D)

And what happened to that captain? What was his name?

The adjutant looks puzzled.

KURBATOV (CONT'D)

You know, that stupid idiot who got himself shot up at the airport...

ADJUTANT

Oh, he survived and is recovering. He's already chasing after nurses in the hospital.

KURBATOV

Fix up some decoration for him, and send him off to somewhere in Siberia, so that no foreigners can get access to him. As far as they're concerned, he's a dead man, the victim of a murder...

The adjutant nods and leaves, taking away the tea. The Kremlin chimes can be heard. Kurbatov produces some tablets from a drawer in his desk, and pours some water from the carafe into a glass. Virginia appears from the gap behind the bookshelves. As he catches sight of her, Kurbatov is flabbergasted and the water overflows from his glass. Virginia is now not exactly irresistibly beautiful, but at least the shower, shampoo, comb and hair-dryer have restored her femininity, and despite her crumpled dress, she now looks revived and refreshed.

Virginia stands there, uncertain how to behave. Kurbatov takes a grip on himself and points to the armchair with the plate of snacks.

KURBATOV (CONT'D)

Sit down. Have something to eat.

Virginia sits down and begins to eat, ashamed of her greediness. The General's adjutant enters and sets a glass of hot tea in front of her, then leaves. Kurbatov too takes one of the bread snacks and eats. Meanwhile the two of them are silent and merely look at one another. After her shower, Virginia has installed herself in the armchair comfortably and with a peculiarly American sense of freedom. All this gives both of them a sense of domestic comfort that is really quite alien to this office with its portraits of Lenin, Brezhnev, and Suslov on the walls.

KURBATOV (CONT'D)

Why did your husband kill our officer?

Virginia stops short in the middle of a breath, and returns the snack to its plate.

KURBATOV (CONT'D)

It's okay. Carry on eating.

VIRGINIA

(Sitting up straight in her chair) Thanks. Robert was very nervous. And after your deliberate attempt to frame us when we were in Leningrad...

KURBATOV

Where did you get the idea that that was a frame-up?

VIRGINIA

Because I didn't sew any letters into the lining of my coat!

KURBATOV

That means your husband must have done so.

VIRGINIA

That's out of the question!

KURBATOV

Are you trying to make out that it was we who sewed those dissident letters into the lining of your clothes? But why? Why should we do a thing like that?

VIRGINIA

I dunno...

KURBATOV

The reason you don't know is because the whole idea is preposterous. But there's another much more likely explanation. Our colleagues had been following those anti-Soviet conspirators in Leningrad. And they took pictures and filmed their meeting with you, and you took some documents from them. And the documents were later found sewn into the lining of your fur coat and that of your husband. That was the reason you were detained. And while you were being apprehended, your husband killed one of our officers. For taking part in such a crime, the court in any country would either condemn you to be executed, or else they'd give you twenty years in jail. And do you know what our jails are like in Siberia? You are a young woman, and you're pregnant. How far advanced are you?

VIRGINIA

Just six weeks...

KURBATOV

Well, there you are! The most risky period. Do you want to give birth to your child in a Siberian jail?

VIRGINIA

But I didn't sew any documents into any fur coat and I didn't take part in any murder.

KURBATOV

Quite right! That's the right line to take! But our court is only going to believe you on one condition. (*Speaking very precisely, as though trying to persuade her*) And that is if during the trial - in the presence of foreign journalists - you state that your husband - came here - on a mission from the CIA!

Virginia starts back in her chair in fright.

VIRGINIA

No!...

KURBATOV

(*Scornfully, continuing the attack*) Yes! Your husband lost his life because he was afraid. And what was he afraid of? He was afraid of being unmasked, that's why. We've now arrested those dissidents, and they all admit that they were waiting for a messenger to come from the CIA. And that messenger came, and it was your husband!

Virginia makes a gesture of protest, but Kurbatov piles on the pressure.

KURBATOV (CONT'D)

That's right! Your husband was a CIA agent, but he probably hid that fact from you!

VIRGINIA

That is not true!

KURBATOV

(Forcefully *smacks his palm down on the desk top*)
Oh, yes, it is true! And what's more I can tell you that he only married you because he needed some sort of cover for his trip to Russia! "Honeymoon" indeed! A likely story! No one in their right mind would ever come here for their honeymoon! Where do you think we are? Is this Italy? Or the South of France?

VIRGINIA

It was his gift to me. My grandpa fled from Odessa in 1920. I have dreamed of seeing Russia.

KURBATOV

(Sarcastically) Very convenient. Listen. I just want the best for you. Whether it's true or not - what difference does it make? Your husband is no longer alive, but you have to think about yourself and about your child. What I'm suggesting to you is simply the most humane way out of the situation, nothing more....

Virginia looks at Kurbatov. He continues talking, but she is no longer listening and in her mind's eye she sees MacKerry at a restaurant on the beach in Florida going on about the Soviet threat...

KURBATOV (CONT'D)

If you can say what I'm telling you to say, then I can promise you that our court will give you the most lenient sentence possible...

VIRGINIA

This means that now it's you who want to use me.
(*Stands up*) But I don't believe either you or anyone else. I demand to see the American ambassador.

KURBATOV

You don't seem to realize where you are. Nobody here demands anything... We are the only people who demand.

VIRGINIA

I'm an American citizen! And I have the right...

Kurbatov presses a button under his desk. His adjutant comes in.

KURBATOV

(Nods dismissively toward Virginia) Take her away.

EXT. RAIL TRACK IN THE SIBERIAN TAIGA. EARLY MORNING.

A trackman's trolley trundles along the rail track. In front of him the trackman notices a lifeless body lying in the snow at the bottom of the embankment. He stops, goes to investigate, and turns the body over on its back and sees the smashed-up face. He fumbles in the pockets. In the pocket of the man's pants he finds some money and puts it in his own pocket. Then from the breast pocket of the man's jacket he pulls out an ID document bound in red leather. On the cover, embossed in gold letters, he reads "USSR Ministry of Defense" The trackman opens up the ID. There is a photograph of Yuryshev and various data about him: "Colonel Sergey YURYSHEV. Soviet Army General Headquarters". The trackman leans over and presses his ear to Yuryshev/Stavinsky's chest.

INT. WOMEN'S JAIL. COMMUNAL CELL.

The metal bolt clangs and the heavy riveted iron door swings open on its hinges. The female guard pushes Virginia into the cell. Virginia looks around her. It is a communal cell with a barred window set high in the wall. Dim light percolates in through the window. There are benches on two levels. In the corner is a lavatory bucket. Some THIRTY WOMEN PRISONERS are sitting there on the benches and on the floor. Their clothes are dirty, their faces are flabby and sunken, and their hair is unwashed. They are various sorts of thieves, drug addicts, alcoholics, and prostitutes from the rail stations. Some are doing fortune-telling with cards, others are reading popular magazines; some others are lying on the benches, and someone is ensconced on the lavatory bucket. Everyone turns to look as Virginia appears.

FEMALE GUARD

Here's an American for you!

The guard gives a grin, then closes the door and bolts it. The other cell inmates look at Virginia. By comparison with them she has a truly luxurious appearance. At last, a hefty 40-year-old prisoner called VASILINA addresses Virginia in a deep, masculine smoker's voice.

VASILINA

Well? What's your name?

The puny figure of LIZUKHA hangs on to Vasilina; she has moist lips and a lascivious face.

LIZUKHA

She said you were an American. That some kind of nickname or something?

Vasilina pushes Lizukha away.

VASILINA

Out of it! (*Turns on Virginia demandingly*) Well?!

VIRGINIA

(*Speaking pidgin Russian*) I... not speak... good Russian. I am... from America.

LIZUKHA

This a nutcase they've sent us?

Vasilina gets down with difficulty from the bench and walks over to Virginia.

VASILINA

Don't try the funny stuff with us! What's your name?

VIRGINIA

My name... Virginia. I am... Amerikanka...

A heavy blow across the face knocks Virginia off her feet. Then Vasilina grabs her by the hair and picks her up and holds her half-suspended, pushes her fist in her face.

VASILINA

I'll give you some Virgininia!...

The flap on the door is suddenly lifted, and the guard's face appears.

FEMALE GUARD

Vasilina! She is an American! Sure thing. Can't you tell by her teeth? Just be careful...

The guard closes the flap. Still holding Virginia by the hair, Vasilina looks sceptical but lifts her to her feet, at the same time clapping her other hand over Virginia's mouth. Lizukha runs up to Virginia and quickly flicks up her dress.

LIZUKHA

(*Shouting*) Hey, look, you guys! She's wearing American undies!

At that moment all thirty prisoners close in, force Vasilina back, and pounce on Virginia. Virginia shouts and tries to defend herself, but they knock her off her feet and pull at her stockings, bra, and underwear, screaming and fighting among themselves over her clothing. Virginia rolls on the floor, bruised and cut, and with her dress all torn.

The door clangs open, and several female guards burst in and use their cudgels to beat everyone they see.

EXT. MOSCOW STREETS, WINTER EVENING.

A Lada belonging to the militia races along one of the axial avenues leading out of Moscow with its siren blaring and colored lights blinking. It is followed by a government Chaika limousine. The stream of ordinary traffic is startled by this official cortege and pulls in to the curb. The Lada and the Chaika turn off onto a highway leading out of town...

INT. MOSCOW. MILITARY HOSPITAL. WINTER EVENING.

Two army guards with submachine guns over their shoulders rush out of the gate-house and open the gates. The government Chaika hurtles through at top speed, races through the park and pulls up at the hospital entrance, where doctors are standing waiting. Marshal Zotov and his daughter Irina (the wife of Yuryshev), accompanied by an adjutant, and the HOSPITAL DIRECTOR (who holds military office) and other doctors hurry across the vestibule of the hospital. Zotov is aged about sixty, with a short army haircut and a forelock sprouting over his forehead. His face looks harsh and imperious. His daughter Irina is an attractive 35-year old, stylishly turned out and wearing an expensive chinchilla fur coat. Zotov keeps asking questions as he goes.

ZOTOV

Where did this happen? And how?

HOSPITAL DIRECTOR

(Keeping pace with Zotov) It happened in Siberia, on the railroad, Comrade Marshal. He was drunk and fell out of the train.

ZOTOV

But he doesn't drink.

HOSPITAL DIRECTOR

His blood alcohol level shows that...

ZOTOV

(To Irina) So did he? Did he drink?

Irina gestures negatively.

HOSPITAL DIRECTOR

As far as I can judge, there was some sort of personal tragedy...

ZOTOV
(Interrupting) Of course! His daughter. How is he now?

The head doctor motions them toward the elevator.

HOSPITAL DIRECTOR
This way, please.

Zotov, Irina, and the hospital director and adjutant get into one elevator. The elevator starts moving.

HOSPITAL DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
He has a fracture of the right forearm, and leg and jaw injuries. But the worst thing is: he has retrograde amnesia...

ZOTOV
What does that mean?

HOSPITAL DIRECTOR
Memory loss as the result of concussion.

ZOTOV
Complete loss of memory?

HOSPITAL DIRECTOR
That's difficult to say...

ZOTOV
Yes, or no?

HOSPITAL DIRECTOR
Yes - for the time being...

IRINA YURYSHEVA
But is it treatable?

HOSPITAL DIRECTOR
Unfortunately, there's no medical treatment for retrograde amnesia - neither here nor in the West. There is only one way: his friends and colleagues can tell him about the past, and in that way perhaps...

IRINA YURYSHEVA
You mean to say he doesn't remember anything at all?

The hospital director gestures regretfully and in the affirmative. Zotov, Irina, and the others exit from the elevator, and the hospital director leads them down a corridor and through a hall, with many young men in hospital smocks and on crutches, men without legs and walking on artificial limbs, men who have lost an arm, and others with heads bandaged.

The doors of the wards are open, and one can see they are crammed with hospital beds, and for that reason several beds are standing outside along the walls of the corridors; several wounded patients lie there groaning and on intravenous drip. In the hallway is the duty nurse's desk. On the walls hang portraits of leading figures from the Ministry of Defense, including Marshal Zotov. At the sight of Zotov, those patients that can walk stand aside and others tap on the ground with their crutches. The NURSE on duty jumps to her feet in fright, overturning a few test tubes. Zotov walks rapidly, never looking to the side. But Irina looks around in amazement and asks the hospital director:

IRINA YURYSHEVA (CONT'D)

Where do all these wounded men come from?

HOSPITAL DIRECTOR

From Afghanistan. Those with only slight wounds are treated on the spot, but all the serious cases are brought here. But the men you see here are already convalescing. We have two other floors with...

ZOTOV

Shut up.

The hospital director looks scared and falls silent.

ZOTOV (CONT'D)

She may be my daughter, but it doesn't mean you can engage in any loose talk...

HOSPITAL DIRECTOR

Yes, Comrade Marshal. Come this way, please...

The hospital director points toward the open doors of a general ward. There are twenty beds in there - ten along each wall. The patients on the beds lie there groaning, or else they are asleep. All are on intravenous drip, and some have their arms suspended, and bandages on their heads. At the far end of the ward, by the window, lies Yuryshev/Stavinsky. His head is bandaged, his eyes are closed, and his right arm is in plaster. Irina rushes forward to him.

IRINA YURYSHEVA

Sergey!...

Zotov roughly holds her back by the shoulder, and keeps her from approaching the patient.

ZOTOV

Wait! (*To the hospital director*) Can he hear? Does he understand anything? Or has he become an idiot?

IRINA YURYSHEVA

Papa, how can you talk like that?!

Zotov pays no attention to her and looks intently at the hospital director.

HOSPITAL DIRECTOR

No, he's not an idiot. He's simply lost his memory.

IRINA YURYSHEVA

Sergey! Sergey!

Yuryshev/Stavinsky slowly opens his eyes and looks at Irina, but there is no expression in his eyes.

IRINA YURYSHEVA (CONT'D)

Sergey, it's me! Do you recognize me?...

She again tries to rush forward to him, but Zotov roughly holds her in her place and looks hard at Yuryshev.

ZOTOV

Sergey, it's me, Zotov. This is your wife Irina. Do you recognize us?

Yuryshev/Stavinsky pulls a face, groans, and closes his eyes.

HOSPITAL DIRECTOR

He's still suffering from pains in the head...

Irina is in tears and falls against Zotov's shoulder.

IRINA YURYSHEVA

(Sobbing) Papa, I can't bear it! Can't you do something?

The hospital director quietly gives an order to the nurse.

HOSPITAL DIRECTOR

Give him more glucose. Intravenous.

The nurse dashes off. Zotov walks out of the ward and gives the hospital director various orders.

ZOTOV

Move him to a private room.

CHIEF DOCTOR

(Walking behind Zotov) We're absolutely full to overflowing as it is...

He falls silent as Zotov throws him a forbidding glance.

HOSPITAL DIRECTOR

Very well, we'll make arrangements. He'll have a separate room.

ZOTOV

That's the first thing. Secondly: If I send a few people who can tell him about what he was doing back at Army Headquarters, how long will it take to restore his memory?

HOSPITAL DIRECTOR

That's impossible to say, Comrade Marshal. Not a single doctor could...

ZOTOV

(Impatiently) But is it possible to say whether or not there is any progress?

HOSPITAL DIRECTOR

Yes... I think that in the course of a month...

ZOTOV

(To the adjutant) Get Academician Dahl over here. Also bring the chief of naval staff, and the head of special services...

The adjutant hastily gets out his note pad and takes notes. Back in the ward, in the bed by the window, Yuryshev/Stavinsky lies motionless and gazes at the ceiling. A nurse gives him an intravenous injection of glucose.

INT/EXT. A CHAIKA LIMOUSINE IN THE MOSCOW STREETS. EVENING.

Zotov and Irina sit on the back seat of the limousine as it races through Moscow.

IRINA YURYSHEVA

Thank you, papa.

ZOTOV

(Waves dismissively) No need to thank me. I need him as much as you do. He's in charge of a very important project...

IRINA YURYSHEVA

What sort of project, papa?

ZOTOV

I can't tell you. But just so you understand: the Americans are developing various space weapons, and we have to have something to respond with. So Sergey was working on our answer, and there's nobody to replace him. Understand?

IRINA YURYSHEVA

Not very well. But if it's a secret...

ZOTOV

Yep. It's a secret. Incidentally, you are also keeping something secret from me. Before Alyona died you looked like such a happy family. But since Alyona fell off the balcony and died, you all behave like strangers to one another. Why?

Irina has turned away and looks out of the window. Through the tinted glass of the limousine's windows Moscow can be seen in the evening light.

INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL. NIGHT.

Supporting himself on a crutch, Yuryshev/Stavinsky emerges from the men's toilet and heads out into the corridor. He has fresh stitches and surgical seams on his face and chin.

FIRST WOUNDED MAN

Colonel!

Yuryshev/Stavinsky turns to look. Four young officers wearing hospital smocks are standing smoking by the window. One of them has an arm in plaster, the other - a leg...

FIRST WOUNDED MAN (CONT'D)

You are a colonel, right?

Yuryshev/Stavinsky shrugs, his eyes have an empty gaze.

SECOND WOUNDED MAN

Of course he's a colonel. Zotov himself came to see him.

FIRST WOUNDED MAN

(To Yuryshev/Stavinsky) Where did this happen to you, Comrade Colonel? *(Offers him his packet of cigarettes)* Help yourself.

Yuryshev/Stavinsky takes a cigarette uncertainly, looks at it, then clumsily raises it to his lips. The First Wounded Man clicks his lighter. Yuryshev/Stavinsky lights up his cigarette awkwardly and starts to cough.

SECOND WOUNDED MAN

Maybe you don't smoke - is that it?

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

(Hoarsely, coughing) I don't remember... They say I've lost... my memory...

FIRST WOUNDED MAN

Where did you get hit? Kandahar? Or Kunduz?

Yuryshev/Stavinsky shrugs feebly.

THIRD WOUNDED MAN

Huh, in that case he's lucky! At night I can't get to sleep without a woman. (*Produces a quarter-liter bottle from under his smock*) Feel like a swig?

FIRST WOUNDED MAN

(*Nods toward the bottle*) Aha, so your nurse was "satisfied"?

THIRD WOUNDED MAN

(*Proudly*) You bet!

SECOND WOUNDED MAN

(*Taking the bottle*) No way! Otherwise she'd have come up with half a liter!

THIRD WOUNDED MAN

(*Takes back the bottle*) You're not getting any anyway. (*Hands the bottle to Yuryshev*) Strictly in order of seniority. You begin, Colonel.

Yuryshev/Stavinsky takes the bottle, and reads the label one syllable at a time.

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

M-Mos-kov-sk-aya... (*Looks up*) What is it?

All four soldiers look at him - at first in astonishment, and then with pity.

FIRST WOUNDED MAN

(*Taking back the bottle*) It's okay, Colonel. You go and lie down.

Yuryshev/Stavinsky turns round and, leaning on his crutch, hobbles out into the corridor. He makes his way slowly past the wounded men lying on their beds in the corridor... past the open doors of the wards... The injured lie there in their bandages and plaster, some of them linked up to intravenous drip. They moan in their sleep, and occasionally cry out and call "Mama!" Or else they call "Don't shoot!" or "Fire! Fire!

INT. WOMEN'S PRISON. SICK BAY.

A pail of water is poured over Virginia's face as she lies there, seemingly lifeless, on the trestle-bed. At the shock of the cold water Virginia's head flops over like a rag doll.

The faucet is still running, and the female guard carries the bucket over to refill it, then she returns and teems another bucketful over Virginia. Virginia begins to stir feebly. General Kurbatov then appears. He directs the guard to leave, and she does so. Kurbatov walks over to where Virginia is lying. A wooden stool stands by the trestle-bed and he sits down on it and watches Virginia for some time. Her legs are covered in bruises... her dress is torn... she has also been beaten in the face... and her hair is tangled...

KURBATOV

(Quietly) Well? Do you have anything to say?

Virginia does not react.

KURBATOV (CONT'D)

You know, I did tell you that our prisons are not the place for your kind of people.

His hand reaches out and touches her on the shoulder.

KURBATOV (CONT'D)

Listen to me. Who is going to suffer, after all, if you stand up in court and say what we're telling you? Will the CIA suffer? Or the people in the White House?

Kurbatov leaves his hand lying on Virginia's shoulder. She turns away to the wall.

INT. NEW YORK, OFFICE OF DANIEL COOPER.

A TV camera team are in Cooper's office - news correspondent GEORGE ARLIN, a CAMERAMAN, and a SOUND RECORDIST. They are preparing to record an interview with Cooper. Cooper himself sits at his desk and a female MAKEUP ASSISTANT is powdering his face. Meanwhile, a news program is showing on two different screens - on Cooper's own TV set, and on the camera team's monitor.

TV ANNOUNCER

(From the studio) In Moscow the trial has just ended of American tourist Virginia Williams. Our report comes direct from Bill Stevenson in Moscow. *(Turns toward the studio screen)* Hello, Bill! What's the latest news?

On the screen Bill Stevenson stands before the snow-blown sign proclaiming that this is the "CITY OF MOSCOW PUBLIC COURT". Several militiamen are standing by the entrance to the court, together with a black prison van used for transporting prisoners.

STEVENSON

Hello, Stewart. The trial of Mrs Virginia Williams has just come to an end. Virginia Williams has admitted in court that the CIA sent her husband to Russia for a secret meeting with dissidents. This confession is, of course, precisely what we were expecting, because otherwise the Soviets would not have arranged such a show trial. Unfortunately - as in the US - they don't allow television cameras into the courtroom itself, but her admissions have already been published in *Pravda*. This official Soviet newspaper reports her as saying: "Yes, our arrival in the Soviet Union was not for tourist purposes. In Leningrad we met up with some dissidents and my husband took some secret documents from them, concerned with national defense. We sewed these documents inside the lining of our coats..."

TV ANNOUNCER

What's your impression, Bill? Was she acting under duress, hypnosis, or the influence of drugs?

STEVENSON

That's difficult to say, Stewart.

TV ANNOUNCER

Do we already know the court's verdict?

STEVENSON

Yes. The court sentenced her to ten years' imprisonment. But in view of her confession, and the fact that she is pregnant, the sentence was commuted to four years. And here she comes now...

Surrounded by militiamen, Virginia emerges from the courthouse and is led out to the black prison van. About a dozen foreign correspondents and TV cameramen rush toward her from all sides. But the militia force them back, and Virginia is quickly taken over to the black van and seated in it. And just at the moment when the militiamen are closing the steel doors, the camera quickly zooms in on her face. Her picture fills the screen, and everyone can see that her eyes are those of someone appealing, crying out for help. But the militiamen slam the doors, and the black van heads away down the snow-covered street.

STEVENSON (CONT'D)

And that's all from me, Stewart.

TV ANNOUNCER

Thank you, Bill. *(He turns away from the screen and turns to face the camera.)* Well, I'm sure you all saw those eyes!...

(MORE)

TV ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Now, our correspondent George Arlin is at CIA office in New York, and he's talking to the head of its East-European Section, Daniel Cooper. George...

In Cooper's office, the cameraman's assistant silently holds up three fingers to George Arlin and mimes with his lips: "One-two-three!" On the count of "three" Arlin's face appears on both TV screens and he starts his interview with Cooper.

ARLIN

Mister Cooper, my first question to you is: Did you in fact send Robert Williams to Russia on some sort of mission? Was Williams a CIA agent?

COOPER

No, most certainly not.

ARLIN

How do you then explain this statement by his wife?

COOPER

If a pregnant woman is threatened with the loss of her child... And you saw the look in her eyes... I'm just happy that by accusing us she was able to save herself from six years in a Soviet jail. You see, sometimes even the CIA has its uses!

ARLIN

I appreciate your humor. But there are people who say there's never smoke without a fire - and that the Russians would never have staged this public trial without good reason.

COOPER

You have to understand that the main reason for this trial is not the impact it will have in the Western world. It was meant for internal purposes: to prove to the Soviet people that their dissidents are not campaigners for human rights but traitors, who sell Soviet military secrets to the West. And its second purpose is to instill in the Russians a distrust of foreigners. If the people's mood is hostile to other nations, then the rulers can more easily justify their own vast spending on armaments...

The assistant signals to Arlin that it is time to wind up, and Arlin cuts Cooper short in mid-sentence.

ARLIN

Thank you, Mr. Cooper. One could, incidentally, say the same thing with regard to our own country, of course. (*Facing the camera*) Stewart!

TV ANNOUNCER

(on screen) Thank you, George. And after a commercial break we'll move on to the sports news. Stay with us...

A "Crazy Eddie" advertisement appears on screen. In Cooper's office the TV team hastily gather together their equipment. Arlin seems laid-back as he proffers a hand to Cooper.

ARLIN

I'm sorry I had to cut you short. But they only gave us forty seconds, and we actually took sixty-three. Goodbye.

COOPER

Goodbye.

Arlin follows his team out through the door. In the doorway he meets MacKerry and Brook, who are about to enter. Suddenly he turns round to Cooper again.

ARLIN

Are you really sure this man Williams wasn't one of your agents?

COOPER

Absolutely!

ARLIN

I'd like to believe that... Ciao!

Arlin exits. Cooper lies back in his chair, exhausted.

MACKERRY

It was all okay, chief.

Cooper opens his eyes and looks at the TV screen. After "Crazy Eddie" comes another advertisement. Cooper presses a button on the remote control, and the program disappears from the screen. A video recorder under the TV set is rapidly rewinding what has been recorded. The speeded-up images flicker across the screen in reverse order, showing Cooper's interview with Arlin, then the departure of the prison van from in front of the Moscow courthouse. When the close-up frame of Virginia getting into the van appears, Cooper presses the stop button. The desperately appealing eyes of Virginia gaze out at him from the freeze-frame.

EXT. USSR. THE BARENTS SEA. DAY.

There is the rattle of a film projector. On the canvas screen appears the face of Yuryshv in charge of the countdown.

Major Yuryshev, Academician Dahl, Marshal Zotov, and a several other officers are standing on the observation bridge in the conning tower of a submarine. Marshal Zotov looks through his binoculars. Dahl presses a button on the control, and in the distance a submarine shock wave churns up the expanse of water. A tidal wave gathers speed and power as it races toward the distant coast. A gigantic rampart of water engulfs an entire island. The tsunami sweeps along the coast, flooding and crushing everything in its path... Marshal Zotov joyfully embraces Dahl and Yuryshev.

INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL. YURYSHEV'S PRIVATE ROOM.

A canvas screen has been set up in Yuryshev's private room. Yuryshev/Stavinsky lies there on the bed and is now recovering. As before he is close shaven, but the beginnings of a beard cover the traces of surgical seams as they start to heal. His crutch is propped up next to his bed. The hefty, jovial figure of Academician Dahl sits there operating the projector. Dahl halts the demonstration.

DAHL

Well? Do remember it? And now just imagine! There won't be any further need for our army to intervene anywhere. Quite the contrary. After the earthquake - in Sweden, for instance, or the USA - our army will come in to give assistance to the suffering population. Our tanks will come bringing food, water, and medications, and people will welcome us with open arms, strewing flowers in our path! And then... You get the idea?

Dahl opens the thick curtain and walks around the room in a state of animation.

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

(Recalling with difficulty) Sweden, you say? I seem to remember there was some submarine of ours there...

DAHL

That's right! Well done! Of course. It was the U-137, which supposedly ran aground by so called "accident". But in actual fact we managed to plant one of our experimental seismic "turtles" there, near NATO base. But by now we've moved way beyond that stage! That was primitive homespun stuff! Because immediately after that you came up with the idea yourself...

STAVINSKY

What did I come up with?

DAHL

Self-propelled vehicles! Each of them is like an underwater tank, it separates off from the submarine mother ship, crawls like a real turtle along the seabed to the right point and then digs itself into the sea floor. (*Points a finger in the air*) And that idea was immediately accepted up on high. It's true, we've not got the remote controls worked out yet - because our electronics are a load of crap - so these vehicles are going to be controlled by divers. Anyway, the long and short of it is that soon we're going to start surrounding the USA with these underwater "turtles"...

STAVINSKY

(*After a pause*) Viktor, doesn't all this scare you?

Dahl pauses.

DAHL

Hmm. That's interesting. You asked me exactly the same question after the funeral of your daughter.

STAVINSKY

(*Scared, trying to recall*) Funeral? My daughter?

DAHL

(*Suddenly remembering*) Damn it, I promised not to remind you of that! (*Nervously*) Look, why are you questioning me like this?! I've been forbidden to discuss any of your personal affairs with you.

STAVINSKY

Who's forbidden you?

DAHL

Who? Who d'you think? Your wife, of course! And she happens to be the daughter of Marshal Zotov. And he, if you recall, is the Big Chief at General Headquarters.

Stavinsky gets up and, propping himself on his crutch, hobbles over to Dahl.

STAVINSKY

Viktor, tell me honestly: are we friends or just colleagues?

DAHL

Of course, we are friends! I was godfather to your Alyona.

STAVINSKY

In that case, why the hell are you keeping things back from me?

Dahl steps over to the door of the ward and opens it. Two GUARDS with submachine guns are on duty outside in the corridor. Dahl closes the door again and speaks very quietly.

DAHL

Okay, but I never told you anything about Alyona's note. You yourself remembered about it, okay?...

EXT. MOSCOW, SUNNY WINTER'S DAY.

On the back seat of the car lies a new major-general's uniform, and on the floor - a case with champagne in it. Irina Yurysheva is driving through Moscow in her nice clean Lada. The sun shines and reflects off the bonnet. The car radio is playing some cheerful music. Irina has a fresh appearance, dressed in her sable cloak. At some traffic lights, a young man in the car next to hers is carried away by the sight of her and misses the green signal. Irina gives a smile as she accelerates away.

INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL. YURYSHEV'S PRIVATE ROOM.

Yuryshev's new uniform is there on a hanger, and it has the shoulder tabs of a major-general. In the private ward are Academician Dahl, Irina Yurysheva, Marshal Zotov, the hospital's head doctor, a nurse, and Yuryshev/Stavinsky himself, who is close shaven but now sports a thick, broad beard. A bouquet of fresh chrysanthemums stands in a vase on the window ledge. On the table are a bottle of champagne and some glasses. Dahl is holding a copy of the military newspaper *Krasnaya Zvezda* (The Red Star) and he reads from it in a portentous voice:

DAHL

By order of the USSR Minister of Defense: "In view of his great and exceptional services to our country and its armed services, I order that Colonel Sergey Yuryshev shall be awarded the rank of Major General of the Soviet Army..."

IRINA

Hurrah!

Irina plants a kiss on Marshal Zotov's cheek.

IRINA (CONT'D)

Thank you, Papa! (To everyone) Everyone is invited to a banquet at the Prague Restaurant this evening.

Everyone cries "Hurrah", and Marshal Zotov pops the cork of the champagne bottle. Dahl unbuttons the big star from one of the shoulder tabs of the new uniform, drops it into a glass of champagne, and hands it to Yuryshev/Stavinsky.

DAHL

Come on! Drain it!

EVERYONE

Drink up! Drink up!

Stavinsky raises the glass to his lips, takes a sip, and a vomiting reflex immediately forces him to run out to the toilet.

IRINA

What's the matter with him?

HOSPITAL DIRECTOR

Looks like an allergy to alcohol.

ZOTOV

Thank God for that!

INT/EXT. INSIDE THE LADA, A ROAD LEADING OUT OF MOSCOW. DAY.

Irina is driving her Lada across town. She talks with Stavinsky/Yuryshev.

IRINA

We've got four hours before our banquet. So where are we heading, General?

Stavinsky does not answer. She nods toward the heart-shaped tattoo on his hand.

IRINA (CONT'D)

Do you remember when you first had that put on?

Stavinsky says nothing.

IRINA (CONT'D)

It was after I let you kiss me for the first time. You were on cloud nine. So where are we heading? Home?

STAVINSKY

No. To the cemetery, to Alyona.

Irina's expression changes, and her shoulders sag.

IRINA

So you've remembered everything... Kill me, then!
Come on, do it!

Stavinsky says nothing.

IRINA (CONT'D)

It happened just once, just by chance! I'll never
ever do it again, I swear!...

Stavinsky still says nothing.

IRINA (CONT'D)

Lord, how you've changed! And this beard too...
You're simply like a different person! And your voice
too...

STAVINSKY

My vocal chords were damaged. (*After a pause*) Irina,
I can't live with you any more. I want a divorce.

IRINA

(*Smiles harshly*) Ah, so that's the way you want it!
Oh well, my dear, of course, you managed to recall
one or two things. But not everything. So I'd better
refresh your memory. After Alyona's funeral I told
you: okay, you can refuse to sleep with me; you can
live how you want. But if, God forbid, you breathe a
word to my father about Alyona's suicide note, I'll
see to it that you rot in hell. And you know what I'm
capable of. You'll be kicked out of General
Headquarters and out of everything else. You get the
message?

Stavinsky says nothing and gazes straight ahead of him.

IRINA (CONT'D)

(*Harshly*) Do you get the message?

STAVINSKY

Yeah. I get it.

INT. BUILDING MATERIALS FACTORY ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF MOSCOW.

"INTO THE FREE WORLD WITH A CLEAN CONSCIENCE! HARD
LABOR IS THE ROAD TO FREEDOM!"

These faded banners hang on the gray and stained walls of the
cement works. There is a clatter and chug of concrete mixers.
Female prisoners wearing padded jackets, gray pants of rough
material, and leather boots mix concrete with their spades,
wheel it across in barrows, then teem it into concrete block
molds. The air is cold and their breath turns to steam.

The women's noses are cold, and they keep sniffing. Their FEMALE GUARDS wearing felt boots and galoshes and sheepskin jackets keep shouting at the women prisoners and occasionally administer a kick...

FEMALE GUARD

Wake up!... No sleeping on the job!... Move it!

Someone gives Virginia a punch in the back as she struggles to lift a shovelful of concrete.

FEMALE GUARD (CONT'D)

Come one! American bitch!...

The guard passes on. Together with another prisoner Virginia struggles and strains to lift a barrow of concrete. By now she looks no different from any of the other prisoners and has the same stultified expression, dull gaze, and mechanical movements. She keeps sniffing with a cold, and her breath turns to steam as she breathes out. It looks as if she might drop the barrow at any moment, or else fall down together with it. Suddenly she gets a hefty clout on the ear.

FEMALE GUARD (CONT'D)

Come on, move it! The concrete's hardening!

A senior guard then strikes a piece of rail with a rod as a signal to end work.

EXT. BUILDING MATERIAL FACTORY ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF MOSCOW. DAY.

MALE GUARD

Line up! By the left... march! Everyone sing! (*Begins singing*) "Idyom, idyom, vesiolye podrugy, strana, kak mat, zoviot i lubit nas..." (Come on, come on, merry friends! The country calls and loves us like a mother...)

As they march along the barbed wire fence, the column of female prisoners picks up the song in tuneless voices. Virginia marches along with the column. As they head toward their barrack hut, still singing, the column of women emerges on the deserted bank of a half-frozen river. The water in it is clogged with discarded building materials. Virginia looks at the river, at the rotten landing stage, and at the male guard who is marching ahead of them and singing lustily along with the prisoners. Suddenly she dashes away from the column and runs for all she is worth toward the river and takes a running jump from the landing stage. She falls through a hole in the ice. There are women's shouts, shots are fired in the air, and there is general panic... The bewildered guards do not know whether to keep guarding the other women or to try and rescue Virginia... A siren begins to blare on top of a watchtower.

Two women prisoners are first to reach the hole in the ice. Lying flat on the ice, they reach down into the black water in the hole and grope around under the edge of the ice crust.

FIRST FEMALE PRISONER

I've got her!... Here!...

The two of them drag the lifeless body of Virginia out by her hair, and then perform artificial respiration. But Virginia does not respond and lies on the ground unconscious.

MALE GUARD

American slut!... Ruined our song!...

EXT. USA. BACKYARD OF DANIEL COOPER'S COUNTRY COTTAGE. DAY.

Cooper, MacKerry, Julia Brook, and Bill Stevenson are making a barbecue and drizzling beer onto the roasting meat.

STEVENSON

Listen. If my editors ever find out that I've been collaborating with the CIA, I'll be fired. But I'm not so worried about that, damn it! But you've got to do something to help that woman! You should have seen her eyes as they dragged her off to jail! You've got to get her out somehow, exchange her for some Soviet spies, or something like that!

COOPER

(Cautiously) Well, seeing as it's you, I'll tell you something which, in principle, I have no right to tell anybody. We arrested three Soviet spies who were working in the UN. Of course, we could have played them along for several years, and could have used them to feed the Soviets all sorts of false information. But we decided to arrest them in order to exchange them for Virginia. But Moscow wouldn't play. They were suggesting an exchange of dissidents, political prisoners, even Shcharansky - in fact, anyone you care to name, but not Virginia.

STEVENSON

But why?

COOPER

Well, you work in Moscow. So you have a think about it. After all, three professional spies in exchange for one ordinary pregnant woman would not have been such a bad deal...

STEVENSON

(After a pause, horrified) Do you mean... do you mean she's... no longer alive?

COOPER
(*Shrugs*) I can't think of any other explanation.

INT. LUXURY CABIN ON BOARD A RIVER CRUISER. DAY.

Virginia wakes up lying in an enormous bed. She stretches underneath the cover. Still feeling sleepy, she runs her hands over the pure silk sheets ... Then suddenly she sits up in fright and looks about her with wide eyes. She is lying in a luxurious bed in a luxury cabin on board a boat. Unable to believe her eyes, she grabs first the woolen blanket, and then the down-filled pillow... Then she closes her eyes and is afraid to open them again. But she does open them and, no, it turns out not to be a dream. Next to the bed, on the bedside table is a Bible bound in dark cloth. And all the furniture in the cabin is obviously American, even the TV set. Virginia's suitcase also lies open by the door, and in it are her own things. Her dresses are on hangers in a closet, and next to them her long-haired fox-fur coat! Unable to believe all this, Virginia rushes to the TV set and switches it on. The cabin is suddenly filled with the loud voice of "Crazy Eddie", and the screen is filled with the face of Crazy Eddie himself, a sight familiar to the whole of America. With his hands stretched out in appeal, and with his eyes popping out, he babbles along in English:

"Just go to any store, find out the price on any of the goods, and DON'T buy them! Don't buy anything from anyone! Instead bring along that price tag to Crazy Eddie's store..."

Virginia settles down on the leopard-skin rug in front of the TV set, she holds on to her old woolen sweater and weeps with happiness as she watches and listens to the moronic burbling of Crazy Eddie. And immediately after Crazy Eddie comes another famous advertisement "Where is a beef?".

INT. ON BOARD THE RIVER CRUISER. DAY.

Almost faint with happiness, Virginia carefully makes her way out of the cabin. She is by now combed and dressed, even though she got ready somewhat hastily. Her eyes come to rest and examine everything that she sees, and she feels and strokes each object as though it were some newly acquired valuable. There is a long carpet runner.. Here are the doors of the other cabins, beautifully fashioned, with initials and golden handles... Virginia touches them, but the doors are locked. There are fire instructions in a nicely framed notice headed "IN CASE OF FIRE". There is a box marked "ICE" and an automatic vending machine that sells Kent and Marlboro cigarettes... As she walks past, Virginia fingers the vending machine affectionately. She is home! She is back in America!

Airily and almost running, she goes up the steps of a short companionway leading to a glass door that leads onto the stern of the boat. That door too is locked. But what is that she can see through the glass pane? Through the glass she can see pacing up and down across the deserted rear deck of the ship a sentry dressed in a sheepskin jacket, wearing a fur hat with ear-flaps and a star on it, and carrying a submachine gun. Virginia starts back from the door in shock. Her heart is pounding. What is she to do? Carefully she steals over to the companionway at the other end of the corridor. From somewhere up above comes the sound of jazz music. Virginia cautiously climbs the narrow spiral stair with its expensive carved wooden banister and finds herself in a luxurious passenger lounge with parquet floor, leather settees, a piano, elegant chandelier, and velvet curtains in the windows. There is also a bar with bottles of whisky, gin, tequila, brandy, martini, and Coca-Cola. There is a young African American barman serving at the bar.

BARMAN

(Politely, in English) Miss Williams?

VIRGINIA

Where am I?

BARMAN

Our boss asks you to call and see him in his office.

VIRGINIA

But where am I?!

BARMAN

Please come with me.

The barman leads her along a corridor down the other side of the boat. Virginia follows him. The barman stops in front of a carved wooden door, knocks, then opens the door and ushers Virginia inside. Virginia immediately freezes - before her eyes is an enormous table already set, with candles and a mass of expensive snacks, and on the walls are portraits of Lenin and Brezhnev. Virginia reels back against the doorpost. She has the appearance of someone about to lose their sanity. Beneath the portraits of Lenin and Brezhnev is an American flag and a model of the Statue of Liberty. From a door at the opposite end of this "office" General Kurbatov appears, smoking a Havana cigar.

KURBATOV

(Sitting down at the head of the table) Please, do have a seat, Miss Williams. You're looking splendid. That's the benefit of sleeping in for 27 hours! Would you like something to drink?

Virginia stands there looking at the American flag, and at the portraits of Lenin and Brezhnev.

VIRGINIA

Where are we?

Kurbatov leans back in his chair, obviously enjoying the sight of Virginia's bewilderment.

KURBATOV

Well, what do you think? Where do you think we are?

VIRGINIA

(*Hopefully*) In the USA?

KURBATOV

Thank you, my dear! That's the best compliment you could ever pay me! So despite these portraits, and despite my uniform, you still think that you're in America! And you, a genuine American! Please, sit down though, I beg you. And you don't need to look at me as though I'm a ghost. This particular bit of America is actually just twelve miles from Moscow. It was all my idea, and it was I who set it up and equipped it. You can regard it as more or less a branch of our intelligence service academy. Our students are all future intelligence officers, and they come here and practice living a normal American life. This is just so that they don't make fools of themselves in the States and get caught because they tripped up over some small detail... Like the way I got confused in Chicago back in 1960, when I couldn't open a can of Coca-Cola...

Virginia collapses into a chair. Her shoulders droop, and she only half hears what Kurbatov is saying.

KURBATOV (CONT'D)

But here I have everything worked out. We have a bank here, a K-Mart store, a casino, credit cards, and even some narcotics! Well, in limited supply, of course. And for us here you are simply a gift from fate. You will be able to teach our students American slang and rehearse various everyday American situations with them. It's a much better job than mixing concrete, I'm sure you'll agree. What do you think?

Virginia opens her eyes and speaks in a quiet voice.

VIRGINIA

Does this mean... does it mean that I'll never see America again?

KURBATOV

(*Altering his tone*) And would you have got to America if you had drowned in that hole in the ice? Here you'll have your own cabin, easy work to do, and all the amusements are on the house - movies, casino, sauna, and so on. The only thing we don't have on board here is any crime. Because the whole ship is surrounded by guards. (*With a smile*) But sooner or later it will be like that in America too.

EXT. BALTIISK SUBMARINE BASE. DAY.

The hull of a submarine is covered over with rubber sheeting, and surrounded by the suspended cradles used by refitting workers. Using circular saws, men are removing various rubber fittings that have become worn and etched in the course of voyages at sea; they remove areas of rust from the surface of the hull; they paint the hull with red lead, and using hoses spray on a thick layer of rubber with polyurethane particles to ensure extra strength... With this work going on in the background, amid the noise of circular saws, various vehicles, etc., General Yuryshev/Stavinsky and Academician Dahl step along the suspended catwalks. They are accompanied by several commanders from the base. They give various instructions... indulge in argument... and issue orders. Yuryshev/Stavinsky's appearance has changed considerably from how the original Yuryshev looked. He now has a neat horseshoe beard and mustaches, and his head is close cropped. This and his general's uniform make him almost unrecognizable. He walks over to a soda vending machine to quench his thirst. But there is no glass there. On the other hand, above the vending machine there is a stand with copies of the newspaper *Pravda*, and one of the articles in it is headed "Spies get what they deserve". There is a photograph of Virginia and an article beginning:

"In order to justify the crazy expense of its plans to develop space weaponry, the White House is waging a campaign of anti-Soviet hysteria..."

But Stavinsky has already started back at the sight of the article - as though struck by an electric shock. And an old, half-forgotten song "Ochi chornye" (Dark Eyes) comes to his mind.

FLASHBACKS. MONTAGE:

Amid the luxuriant autumnal green of Long Island, an open white Ford races along the road. In the car are Stavinsky and Virginia, laughing merrily. From the car's cassette player a song "Ochi chiornye" is heard... Stavinsky and Virginia in Florida on the beach... A bare-footed two-year-old boy runs along the beach at the edge of the water...

In the train Virginia goes down on her knees before Stavinsky and pleads with him: "Please don't go! I'm begging you!"

EXT. BALTIISK SUBMARINE BASE (CONT'D)

A series of long blasts on a siren interrupts the flashback sequence. Everyone - including the repair men and those in command, and Stavinsky/Yuryshev and Dahl - turns round in surprise.

NEWS DOCUMENTARY EXTRACT: January 1982, the funeral of Mikhail Suslov, and Brezhnev's speech at the funeral.

Engineers, submariners, and also Yuryshev/Stavinsky and Dahl, have gathered in the Baltiisk port control room and are watching on television the funeral of Suslov and Brezhnev's speech on that occasion. Brezhnev looks ill and has trouble moving his jaw when speaking...

INT. ON BOARD THE RIVER CRUISER, CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY.

On a canvas wall screen there is a projection of the standard American "Tax Return" form. Virginia stands next to it, holding a pointer, and explains how to fill in the various boxes, and how to pay one's taxes. She is attentively listened to by about twenty young men in civilian dress - students of the intelligence service academy. One or two students raise their hands and ask questions, and Virginia answers...

The other part of the room is set out as an American store with a sign "K-Mart". Virginia inspects the shelves and their goods, as well as the clothing displayed on hangers. There are plenty of items on sale - clothing, perfumes, souvenirs, etc. With Virginia is a student of the academy who runs the store and who carefully notes down all her observations.

VIRGINIA

These neckties went out of fashion last year. And these toys - things like Miss Piggy and Cabbage Patch girls - are all out of date. Nowadays Barbie and Ken are in fashion. Also, you don't have any catalogues from mail order firms. Rich folks in the USA don't go to K-Mart any more...

EXT. MOSCOW. OUTLOOK POINT ON LENIN HILLS. NIGHT.

At the lookout point on Lenin Hills, overlooking Moscow, General Kurbatov stands - a monumental figure who seems to tower over the city in his astrakhan fur hat and long general's overcoat. Next to him stands Virginia in her fox fur.

Some distance away stands Kurbatov's Mercedes, with the silhouette of his driver at the wheel. Kurbatov and Virginia look down on the scene of Moscow at night, illuminated, it seems, by chains of lights. Kurbatov puts an arm around Virginia's shoulders.

VIRGINIA

You love Russia, don't you?

KURBATOV

I love you. Ask of me anything that you want!

VIRGINIA

I don't want anything, you know that.

KURBATOV

That can't be the case. There's always something or other that women want.

VIRGINIA

Well, I'd like to see the Hermitage.

KURBATOV

Is that all?

INT. MOSCOW, SOVIET ARMY GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, MARSHAL ZOTOV'S OFFICE.

Along by the windows there is a set of sculptured figures of historic military leaders Suvorov, Kutuzov, and Zhukov. On the wall is a portrait of Brezhnev. And running the whole length of the other wall is a map of the world with the USSR and other members of the Warsaw Pact marked in red. The USA and members of NATO are marked in green, and China is colored in yellow. Against a background of blue seas and oceans there are several tiny red lamps, grouped in garlands of six bulbs each. General Yuryshev/Stavinsky stands by the map - his head is close cropped and he has a beard and mustaches. He holds a remote control device in his hand. Opposite him, sitting at a conference table, are Marshal Zotov, Academician Dahl, General Kurbatov and another dozen or so GENERALS and ADMIRALS, all of them on the younger side of fifty.

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

At the present time our various non-military scientific research vessels are busy identifying the tectonics of the sea floor at the following points...

Yuryshev/Stavinsky presses a button on the remote control. About three dozen winking yellow lamps light up on the map. They encircle the coast of the USA and Canada. There are especially many of them along the eastern seaboard of North America - in the region of New York, Boston, and Baltimore...

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY (CONT'D)

And our task of studying the eastern seaboard of North America is practically complete...

General Kurbatov looks at Yuryshev/Stavinsky.

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY (CONT'D)

The seabed at the mouth of the Hudson River looks like a several-mile-long dumping ground for empty beer cans...

There is general laughter.

KURBATOV

(To all present) What he said is unfortunately true. According to our evidence the Americans throw not only garbage into the sea but also butter and cheese - tens of tons of it - because they have a surplus. *(To Yuryshev)* What happens if you place your devices directly on top of these trash heaps?

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

In that case there's a one hundred percent probability of our being discovered. We're sending electric-powered vessels there in order to avoid their being traced acoustically. But here, as soon as they reach their destination point, all these cans are going to start rattling...

Marshal Zotov turns to Academician Dahl with a questioning look. The others also look at him expectantly.

DAHL

(Shrugs) What can I say? We have to go to these places and take a look.

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

So we're asking for the go-ahead to place and test our "turtles" either here, or here.

Yuryshev/Stavinsky uses his pointer to indicate both Boston and New York.

ZOTOV

Very well. We'll report this to the Politburo. But now let's take a break. *(Into the phone)* Bring us the tea.

The whole company comes alive. The adjutant opens the doors, and three WAITERS carry in trays with bread spread with black caviar, and brandy and mineral water, and set them down on the conference table. Marshal Zotov stands up.

ZOTOV (CONT'D)

Comrades! We are on the threshold of a new era. While the Americans are screwing around with their space weapons, we're going to surround them with these seismic devices of ours and they'll find that we've got them over a barrel - completely screwed, in fact. So I propose that we drink the health of the men who have helped usher in this new era.

Everyone clinks glasses with Dahl and Yuryshev/Stavinsky.

KURBATOV

Comrade Marshal, may I propose another toast?

Zotov nods.

KURBATOV (CONT'D)

(Standing up with glass in hand) My friends! I'd like to thank you for your invitation to this meeting today. It's the first time I've attended a meeting like this at your Ministry of Defence, and the first time that I've got a glimpse of these brilliant guys who are the authors of our response to the American space program. But I have a sense that we're on the threshold of a new era not only because of this new weapon. We're about to enter a new age in which the world will be ruled by people of our generation. I'd like to thank Marshal Zotov for not fearing any competition, and for having nurtured you scientists, as well as for having invited me here today...

ZOTOV

(Interrupting) But it's not my doing. *(Nods toward Yuryshev)* It's all his initiative.

KURBATOV

Really! All the better then! And he's right: we should meet together more often and form a single team! And it is to this - to our military brotherhood - that I propose we raise our glasses!

ZOTOV

Hurrah!

Everyone stands up and clinks glasses. Yuryshev/Stavinsky pours out for himself a glass of mineral water. Kurbatov observes this, and clinking glasses with Yuryshev/Stavinsky.

KURBATOV

You may not drink brandy. But are you any good at billiards?

Yuryshev/Stavinsky shrugs and smiles helplessly.

KURBATOV (CONT'D)

I know you had amnesia. But do you remember anything about having people over another sort of barrel?

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

In what sense?

KURBATOV

Over a real barrel with beer and some crayfish in it?

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

Better without the beer.

INT. ON BOARD THE RIVER CRUISER. EVENING.

There is semi-darkness in the bar, soft music is playing, a spangled ball turns round below the ceiling and casts colored flashes of light. The students of the intelligence academy are sitting on the chairs and settees, and each of them has in his hands a new American best-seller entitled *How to pick up a girl*. General Kurbatov is there with a cigar in his mouth. Virginia sits on a high stool in front of the bar counter. The African-American barman serves her a drink. She is the picture of a bored and lonely American girl sitting in a downtown bar. With a nod Kurbatov motions one of the students over to talk to Virginia. The student, a sporting looking thirty-year old man strides over to the bar with the gait of an American cowboy in the saloon. He sets his stool down next to Virginia and turns to the barman.

STUDENT

"Sex on the beach".

The barman mixes him a cocktail. Virginia produces some cigarettes and a lighter from her purse. But the student is quicker, and offers her his own lighter already lit.

VIRGINIA

Thank you.

She lights her cigarette from his lighter. The student leans toward her.

STUDENT

That's a wonderful sweater you're wearing. May I buy you a drink?

VIRGINIA

(Turns away sharply) No!!!...

KURBATOV
(Speaking from his own seat. Displeased) What's wrong?

Virginia turns to Kurbatov.

VIRGINIA
 He stinks.

KURBATOV
 What do you mean?

VIRGINIA
 I mean... Who is this guy? A garbage collector, or what? He smells. No American girl would ever stand and talk to someone like that.

Kurbatov furiously stubs his cigar out in the ashtray, then he gets up and goes round from one student to another, bending down and sniffing each of them. After smelling about five of them, he swings round and shouts.

KURBATOV
 Fucking idiots! Trying to save on deodorant, are you? Saving on soap? You all smell like a herd of cattle! Here we are, spending millions on you, and you go washing with Soviet soap, damnit! And not every day either! Shitheads! Trying to ruin everything for one little piece of soap!

EXT. MOSCOW STREETS. DAY.

Irina Yurysheva's car comes dashing up to the front entrance of General Headquarters. Irina jumps out and runs up the granite steps.

INT. USA. NEW YORK, COOPER'S OFFICE.

Daniel Cooper, MacKerry and Julia Brook are in Cooper's office. Cooper is furious. On the table in front of him is a copy of the Soviet military newspaper *Krasnaya Zvezda* (Red Star) with a section marked out and headed "ORDER FROM THE DEFENSE MINISTER".

COOPER
 Did you see this?

MACKERRY
 No. What is it?

COOPER

This is a sample of how we work! Nobody gives a damn! This issue of the paper came out two months ago, and they only brought it to me today from the Analysis Department!

BROOK

What does it say?

Cooper holds out the paper, and MacKerry reads the marked-out section.

MACKERRY

"By order of the USSR Minister of Defense... In view of his great services to our country and its armed services, I order that Colonel Sergey Yuryshev shall be extraordinarily awarded the rank of Major-General of the Soviet Army..." Wha-a-at??!! (*Reads the passage again*) Sergey Yuryshev?!...

MacKerry looks at Cooper in amazement, and then at the paper again.

MACKERRY (CONT'D)

(*To Cooper*) But Yuryshev was killed. Stevenson saw it happen with his own eyes!

COOPER

So what does that mean?

BROOK

It means this man is Stavinsky.

MACKERRY

You've got to be kidding...

BROOK

Of course it's Stavinsky. That man is a loose cannon. Why should he hide himself away in Siberia, when he's a walking double of Yuryshev and could be a member of the Soviet elite?! Congratulations, boss!

COOPER

On what?

BROOK

It means we've got our man inside Soviet General Headquarters.

COOPER

(*Nodding at the paper*) But this happened two months ago! If he'd wanted to collaborate with us, he'd have got in touch long ago. By the same channel - through Stevenson!

MACKERRY

I'd be interested to know what "great services to the country" he has to his credit...

INT. MOSCOW. GUEST APARTMENT IN THE DEFENSE MINISTRY. DAY.

Kneading putty in his fingers, Stavinsky is sealing up cracks in the frozen window frame. The small one-room apartment is a Spartan affair - with just one bed, a cabinet, two chairs, an old armchair, and an old TV set. And the window lets in a draft. But in the middle of his handiwork, Stavinsky stops, becomes lost in thought, and leans his forehead against the window pane. Outside there is a view of snow-covered Moscow. Still deep in thought, Stavinsky paces up and down the apartment... Then he sits in the armchair with his hands behind his head...

INT. MOSCOW, CINEMA HOUSE, THE BILLIARDS ROOM.

Two celebrated Soviet film-makers are playing at the same table. At the next table are Generals Kurbatov and Yuryshev/Stavinsky. Kurbatov is in civilian dress, while Yuryshev/Stavinsky is wearing his general's uniform. Stavinsky is not playing well and his cue keeps slipping.

KURBATOV

I'll have to give you a hand. Look. Let me set up the next shot for you...

Kurbatov shows him how to place his feet, and how to hold the cue and strike the ball. Bill Stevenson comes into the room, and on seeing Yuryshev/Stavinsky stands rooted to the spot.

WELL-KNOWN FILM-MAKER

Bill, what's the matter?

STEVENSON

Nothing... Nothing at all... I thought there was a table free here. But you've just started playing, I'll come back later...

Stevenson leaves.

WELL-KNOWN FILM-MAKER

(*To Stavinsky*) It's because of your uniform. He's American. They always shit themselves whenever they see a Soviet general.

KURBATOV

(*Continuing to play*) By the way, you know, it's a pity they won't let you out of the country! This system of ours is damn stupid.

(MORE)

KURBATOV (CONT'D)

Look at you - a General, and a Party member. And to think you'll never ever set eyes on Venice, Paris, or Miami. Why, for God's sake? After all, a man only lives once. (*Lands a ball in one of the pockets*)

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

(*Retrieving the ball*) Have you seen much of the world?

KURBATOV

(*Lining up another shot*) I've been places you've never dreamt of! I did a ten-year stint in the US. (*Lands another ball in the pocket*)

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

Incidentally, talking of the US, do you remember that story about an American who shot and killed one of our officers at the airport?... A captain, or maybe it was a major?

KURBATOV

(*Looking round at the players on the next table, then lining up a shot*) Well, you know... that guy's actually still alive....

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

Who's alive?

KURBATOV

That dick-head who got shot. But we got him away out of Moscow after that. (*Fires and lands another ball in the pocket*)

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

Really? (*As if casually*) And then there was the wife of that American. Didn't they put her in jail?

KURBATOV

(*Interrupting his game*) Why do you ask?

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

It was the last thing I heard on the radio before I... well, before I fell off the train... I wonder how that story ended...

KURBATOV

(*Reassured*) Aha! (*Aims and fires the last ball home*) Game, set, and match!

EXT./INT. COUNTRYSIDE OUTSIDE MOSCOW, INSIDE KURBATOV'S MERCEDES. NIGHT.

The Mercedes forges its way through a snowstorm as it races along a highway leading out of town. A popular French song is playing on the cassette recorder. Kurbatov is at the wheel of the car, with Yuryshev/Stavinsky sitting next to him.

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

Where in God's name are you taking us?

KURBATOV

Have patience, and you won't regret it. I promised you some crayfish, remember?

Kurbatov continues driving for some time in silence, and Vysotsky carries on singing. Then Kurbatov switches off the player.

KURBATOV (CONT'D)

Okay, since you asked me about the story... I'd like to have your advice. Only this is strictly between the two of us, okay?

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

Of course.

Kurbatov turns off the highway along a woodland road, and they head deeper and deeper into the forest. Then they reach a fence and some gates with a guard. Beyond the gates the lights of some villa, or maybe a factory, can be seen.

KURBATOV

You understand, the situation is like this... There's this woman I have. That is, I love her. You've no idea what I wouldn't do for her for her sake. Recently I took her to Petersburg, to the Hermitage. I had the Hermitage specially opened up for the two of us, at night! But...

Kurbatov drives up to the gates and honks impatiently. There is the sound of dogs barking. The officer on duty appears from the gate-house. On seeing Kurbatov, he waves to the soldiers, who run to open up the gates.

KURBATOV (CONT'D)

Okay, I'll tell you the rest later...

The Mercedes drives in through the gates. Two Alsatians set up a furious barking and strain at their chains. The Mercedes drives on toward a river where a large motor cruiser stands at its moorings.

INT. ON BOARD THE RIVER CRUISER. NIGHT.

On the shelf behind the bar stand bottles of whisky, gin, brandy and other drinks. Next to them is an ice bucket and bottles of tonic and soda. Kurbatov fills up a glass of whisky for himself and with a slightly tipsy gait makes his way over to a corner of the lounge where Yuryshev/Stavinsky is sitting over a large and already half-empty dish of boiled crayfish and three empty bottles of mineral water. The lounge is lit by subdued lighting from some imported standard lamps, and the only people there are Kurbatov and Stavinsky. Taking a first sip from his glass, Kurbatov sits down next to him.

KURBATOV

Now you see what it's like in the West? This is how they live. But this is nothing. If only you could see Beverley Hills, or the villas they have in Santa Monica! Ah, here comes my Miss America! (*Surprised*) The middle of the night and she's still not asleep...

At that moment Virginia comes up from the lower deck wearing a loose dress that conceals her already rounded belly. Kurbatov goes to meet her. Virginia does not see that beyond him Yuryshev-Stavinsky is sitting there in the half-darkness. Virginia stops and opens up the bar menu lying there on the counter.

KURBATOV (CONT'D)

Aren't you asleep, honey?

VIRGINIA

Hi there. (*With an embarrassed smile*) I'm having to eat for two people now, five times a day...

Yuryshev/Stavinsky sees her from afar and fixes his eyes on her. His hands grip the arms of the chair till they are almost white. Kurbatov clinks his glass with a knife. The barman looks out of the kitchen doors.

VIRGINIA (CONT'D)

(*Beseechingly*) Thomas, can you bring me something salty.

KURBATOV

(*To the barman*) Have you got any caviar? Just bring us some of that... What else would you like, my dear?

VIRGINIA

Some bread and butter.

KURBATOV

(*To Virginia*) Come with me, and I'll introduce you to my new friend.

Kurbatov and Virginia come up to Yuryshev/Stavinsky. Virginia sees him and almost faints as she gazes at him. Their glances meet, and her eyes grow wide and are filled with fear, joy, and then again fear.

KURBATOV (CONT'D)

This is Sergey. He's a big fish around here. And this is Virginia, the American lady you were asking about.

Virginia and Stavinsky cannot take their eyes off one another.

KURBATOV (CONT'D)

Hey, hey! Sergey! Enough of those wild looks! This is my woman!

The barmen brings a plate of food for Virginia, places it on the table, and clears away the empty glasses.

VIRGINIA

Thank you.

The barmen goes back too the kitchen. Virginia looks down and concentrates on her food. But she has not the strength to eat.

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

Probably, you need some tea or mineral water with that sort of food...

VIRGINIA

Yes, I do...

Kurbatov goes to the bar and again clinks his knife against a glass.

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

(Quietly, to Virginia) The two of us need to talk.

The barman peers out of the kitchen.

KURBATOV

Three teas! And make them strong ones!

Smoking a cigar, Kurbatov returns to their table where Virginia and Yuryshev-Stavinsky are seated.

KURBATOV (CONT'D)

Well, Sergey? Let's drink to Miss America! Life is still worth living while there are such women around. Here's to you, Virginia!

VIRGINIA

Thank you.

Kurbatov and Yuryshev/Stavinsky clink glasses - Yuryshev with a glass of mineral water, Kurbatov with a glass of whisky.

VIRGINIA (CONT'D)

(Quietly, to Kurbatov) You'll have to excuse me. I can't breathe this smoke.

KURBATOV

Oh, forgive me. It's okay, I'll go and smoke out on the deck.

Kurbatov walks away with a tipsy gait, banging against a table on the way. Virginia looks at Stavinsky and nods towards his general's uniform.

VIRGINIA

What does all this mean? Are you crazy?

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

I've been looking for you. Is there a way out of here?

VIRGINIA

No.

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

Think hard!

VIRGINIA

There isn't a way.

The barman brings some tea.

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

Okay, I'll try and think of something myself.

VIRGINIA

Don't...

The barman sets the tea down, and leaves.

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

But I am your husband.

VIRGINIA

Really? And where were you before? Where were you when I was in jail? And when I was beaten up by a set of prisoners? Where were you when I was forced to mix cement and tried to commit suicide? Where were you? You all left me in the lurch - you, Cooper, and MacKerry...

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

I've been trying to find you. Listen and try to remember what I'm telling you. I need some time to prepare things. So I can't do anything today... But in two weeks from today, ask him to take you to the Hermitage again. And there, at the entrance to the Hermitage, you suddenly have to feel ill - so ill that they take you to hospital.

VIRGINIA

I don't understand. And what then?

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

The rest depends on me.

VIRGINIA

(Mockingly) Are you going to hide me away somewhere in Russia? From him?

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

We're not going to hide anywhere. We're going to fly back home.

VIRGINIA

(Astonished) Where? Are you crazy?

Kurbatov returns to their table.

KURBATOV

(To Yuryshev) Well? Have you fallen for her already? She's lovely, isn't she?

Virginia gets to her feet.

KURBATOV (CONT'D)

But you've not eaten anything...

VIRGINIA

I'm feeling out of sorts. *(To Yuryshev-Stavinsky)*
Nice to meet you.

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

Good night.

Virginia leaves and Kurbatov and Yuryshev-Stavinsky gaze after her.

KURBATOV

You know, she landed in our hands when she was already pregnant by that idiot-husband of hers - the one who did the shooting at the airport. But now I'm faced with a dilemma: If I give her the right injection, we can get rid of the child, but... after that she's going to hate me for it, right?

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

I think so... most likely...

KURBATOV

There you are! And if we allow her to give birth, she's going to be eternally grateful to me. But... I'm going to end up with someone else's child. So what am I to do? She's already in the fourth month

Yuryshev/Stavinsky says nothing.

KURBATOV (CONT'D)

What would you do in my place?

INT. MOSCOW. RESTAURANT IN CINEMA HOUSE.

In the restaurant it is terribly cramped as usual. There are celebrities sitting at every table. A famous composer is at the piano. At one of the tables Yuryshev/Stavinsky is sitting in the company of some billiard enthusiasts and three divas from the film world. They are drinking and engaged in lively conversation. Then Yuryshev/Stavinsky walks past them carrying a bag and heads toward the kitchen and the buffet service hatch. On seeing him, Stevenson apologizes, gets up and walks out of the restaurant; he walks down one flight of steps and goes to the men's toilet and waits. A minute later Yuryshev/Stavinsky turns up there with some bottles of beer in his bag. Stevenson stands at the urinal and places a hand behind his back. As Yuryshev/Stavinsky walks past him, he drops a note in his palm.

INT. USA. NEW YORK. COOPER'S OFFICE.

Daniel Cooper, MacKerry and Julia Brook sit in Cooper's office. MacKerry reads out the note from Yuryshev/Stavinsky.

MACKERRY

"In response to the US space weapon program, Moscow has completed developing a new "absolute weapon". I will provide details on one condition: On the night of 22 February your Delta-22 space station must neutralize radar in the Leningrad area. Taking advantage of this your aircraft must land on the ice of Lake Ilyin. I shall be there waiting. Yours. Stavinsky."

COOPER

Well, what do you make of that? Stavinsky setting us an ultimatum! Did you ever say anything to him about Delta?

BROOK

No. But he now works at Soviet Army HQ. They know plenty of things about us there - not just Delta.

COOPER

But only the President can give permission for such an operation. I can't go to him with this scrap of paper!

MACKERRY

You know, chief, I think this scrap of paper probably holds the key to why the Kremlin is agreeing to nuclear disarmament.

Cooper looks at MacKerry and Brook for several seconds. Then he picks up the phone and dials a number.

COOPER

Hi there, Nancy. It's me, Daniel. I need to see the President.

EXT. THE SWISS ALPS. DAY.

A small two-seater aircraft with a swastika on its fuselage throws out a trail of fire and smoke as it somersaults through the air and comes plummeting down from a great height. A film-crew - a cameraman and two assistants - have installed themselves in a snow-covered glade in the mountains and are filming a plane that is coming down in flames. With them is Julia Brook. It looks as if the plane will crash into the mountainside at any moment. But it reaches ground level and disappears over the crest of a ravine. One of the camera-crew's assistants presses a button on the pyrotechnic remote control and from the ravine where the aircraft disappeared there is a fiery explosion and a column of smoke rises into the sky. The cameraman keeps the camera switched on for several more seconds, then switches off and stands up. The same aircraft then reemerges from the ravine and climbs steeply into the sky, now without a trace of fire and smoke. From the pilot's canopy the figure of the pilot in helmet and goggles waves to the film-crew. The cameraman speaks through his walkie-talkie.

CAMERAMAN

Okay, that's all! Tomorrow we do the air battle scene... There's a client down here to see you.

The little plane banks steeply and returns, landing in the tiny glade and stirring up the snow with its skis. It stops literally one yard away from the camera still mounted on its tripod. The cameraman instinctively tries to shield his equipment with his hands.

CAMERAMAN (CONT'D)

Stupid bitch!

The pilot's canopy is thrown back and out of the plane jumps a tall, sporting looking figure wearing overalls. The pilot takes off her helmet and goggles. She is forty-year-old LANA PATER. She looks Julia Brook up and down before speaking.

LANA PATER

Hello! Are you from Hollywood?

BROOK

No, I'm from the CIA.

EXT. BALTIISK SUBMARINE BASE.

Three submarines lie moored to a pier. On the wharf side stand several dozen trucks, vans, and fuel tankers. Teams of workers - loaders and submariners - are stocking up the submarines with everything they need for a voyage lasting several months. These include food supplies - bread, tinned food, sugar, chocolate, butter, milk powder, complete carcasses of frozen meat, ship's biscuits, etc. Immense quantities of all these goods are loaded through the hatches. In addition, there are hundreds of copies of brochures such as the *Morale Code of the Builder of Communism*, *Naval Service Regulations*, Brezhnev's wartime book *Malaya Zemlya (Small Land)*, and a pamphlet on *Sources of the Threat to Peace*. Also waiting to be loaded are "Dahl's turtles" - the seismic devices shaped like miniature boats, which have been delivered by rail on flat cars and are camouflaged beneath tarpaulin sheets. A crane is in the process of hoisting one of these devices and swinging it over to the open hatch of the missile compartment of one of the submarines. Supervising the operation is Yuryshev/Stavinsky (he is now clean shaven again and has neither mustache nor beard), after which he turns to Academician Dahl.

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

That's everything. You don't need me any more. I'm heading off to Leningrad.

Yuryshev/Stavinsky takes his seat in a black army Volga.

DAHL

But don't forget, we leave tomorrow morning.

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

(Switches on the ignition) I'll be here.

DAHL

Maybe I should come with you? And we can find a chick for me as well?

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

(Smiling) Next time! And anyway, you're married. And I'm free man. Ciao!

Yuryshev/Stavinsky quickly starts up and leaves, heading for the entry gate. Dahl watches enviously as he departs.

EXT. LENINGRAD. NIGHT.

Kurbatov's black Mercedes rolls up to the front entrance of the Hermitage. There is a reception committee of several officers and people in civilian dress, who have already opened the front doors of the museum. An adjutant gets out of the limousine and opens the back door. General Kurbatov gets out of the limousine and gives a hand to Virginia. Together with the General, Virginia (wearing her fox-fur coat) walks toward the Hermitage entrance. But suddenly she clutches her stomach, and groans; her eyes are closed. In alarm, Kurbatov supports her under the elbow.

KURBATOV

What's the matter?

Virginia seems on the verge of throwing up and talks through her teeth.

VIRGINIA

I feel sick... Terribly sick...

KURBATOV

(To the adjutant and chauffeur) Get a doctor! Call an ambulance!

Virginia starts retching as if about to vomit, and rushes over to some snow-covered bushes. The adjutant dives back into the limousine, takes the radio telephone from its bracket, and repeatedly rattles the cradle.

ADJUTANT

Operator! Get an ambulance to the Hermitage entrance! Fast as you can!

Seated in his black Volga, which is parked some distance from the entrance to the Hermitage, Stavinsky watches as an ambulance arrives with its siren howling. Virginia is taken on board, and the ambulance sets off with her through the darkened city of Leningrad. Kurbatov's Mercedes follows, and Stavinsky starts up his Volga and also sets off in pursuit.

INT. LENINGRAD, HOSPITAL. NIGHT.

Female hospital orderlies hastily wheel several hospital beds with groaning women lying on them out from a ward and into the corridor. The doctor on duty hurries them along. The orderlies then wheel Virginia on her bed into the now vacated ward. The doctor on duty follows them in. Kurbatov takes up position by the door. He stands to one side in the corridor entrance, and looks indifferently at the squalid conditions in the hospital, the groaning female patients, and the freshly laundered smocks worn by the female orderlies and the patients... He stands there waiting... Finally the duty doctor emerges from the ward. Kurbatov looks at him demandingly. The doctor shrugs his shoulders.

DOCTOR ON DUTY

Well, I don't see any signs of a miscarriage so far...

KURBATOV

What is it you need? How can I help?

DOCTOR ON DUTY

The most important thing in cases like this is complete rest. I think you can go, and she should have a sleep.

Kurbatov and the doctor walk along the corridor toward the exit on the staircase landing.

KURBATOV

Only don't use any Soviet medications. If there's anything you need, call me immediately.

The doctor nods obediently. Behind their backs a middle-aged woman gets up from her bed standing in the corridor.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Hey, General!

Kurbatov turns round.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN (CONT'D)

Did your mother have you with men standing around? *(Points to the adjutant standing by the ward entrance)* Get him out of here! This is a maternity ward, not a brothel!

Kurbatov surveys the scene in the corridor. Twenty female eyes are focused on him from the beds. Kurbatov motions to the adjutant to leave the corridor. And he himself leaves. The adjutant follows him out and remains standing there on the landing, by the door labeled "Maternity Unit".

EXT. LENINGRAD. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE. WINTER NIGHT.

Far away from the hospital entrance where the ambulances and Kurbatov's Mercedes are parked, Stavinsky's Volga stands in a line of parked cars. As he sits in the Volga, Stavinsky sees Kurbatov emerge from the hospital and sit in the Mercedes. The Mercedes then drives off... Stavinsky looks at his watch.

EXT/INT. CABIN OF AN AIRCRAFT IN FLIGHT. NIGHT.

Lana Pater's small two-seater aircraft flies through the blackness of a night sky. The aircraft is fitted with skis instead of wheels, and is gradually gaining height. On the fuselage a heart pierced by an arrow is painted, together with the text: "Darling, I love you!" Inside the tiny transparent plastic canopy Lana Pater sits at the controls and watches the trembling arrows of the various instruments. The altimeter shows 10,000 feet... 11,000... 12,000... At a height of 15,000 feet Lana Pater switches off the engine. Immediately there is silence apart from the air whistling around the aircraft as it continues gliding. Lana looks down. In the breaks between snow clouds she catches an occasional glimpse of a chain of lights marking the Soviet Baltic coast. Away to one side is a scattering of lights from the city of Leningrad. But next second everything disappears in cloudy murk. Lana looks at her watch and pulls the steering column toward her. The plane glides downward.

INT. LENINGRAD, HOSPITAL. NIGHT.

Kurbatov's adjutant sits on the stairs outside the Maternity Unit. Occasionally, on their way up or down, female medical orderlies, doctors, and nurses walk past him and curse as they trip over his legs.

FIRST MEDICAL ORDERLY

Why are you sitting around here? Shift your legs!
Move it!

ADJUTANT

Hey! Quiet!...

FIRST MEDICAL ORDERLY

What d'you think you can do to me, you jerk! I only get sixty rubles a month as it is! There's nothing lower than that! Get your feet out of my way!

The adjutant tucks up his legs. Once more there is a procession of legs, smocks, and stretchers moving past him. Leaning up against the stair rail, the adjutant gets out a cigarette packet, shakes out the last cigarette, and lights up. A pair of feet halt next to him, wearing men's shoes and with trousers.

Above the knees there is a doctor's smock and a small medical bag. A male voice speaks in severe tones.

STAVINSKY (O.C.)

No smoking here! This is a hospital!

The adjutant hastily stubs out his cigarette in a match box. Stavinsky is almost unrecognizable, wearing horn-rimmed glasses, a doctor's cap and smock. He walks past the bodyguard, enters the Maternity Unit and closes the door behind him. With a glance at his watch, he calmly makes his way along the corridor past the beds where the expectant mothers are lying and looks at the face of each of them. An orderly carrying a bed-pan stops where he stands.

FEMALE MEDICAL ORDERLY

Who are you?

STAVINSKY

I'm from the Kremlin Hospital. I was called by General Kurbatov.

FEMALE MEDICAL ORDERLY

Ah! In that case you need to come this way. (*Points out the door of Virginia's ward*) But where's our doctor?

STAVINSKY

How should I know? Delivering babies, I guess.

FEMALE MEDICAL ORDERLY

(*under her breath, as she leaves*)
Christ! What a dump this is!...

INT. VIRGINIA'S WARD IN THE HOSPITAL. NIGHT.

Stavinsky walks into Virginia's ward, closes the door behind him, and removes his glasses. In the semi-darkness only a small night light is switched on. Virginia looks out of the darkness. She recognizes Stavinsky and sits up in bed.

STAVINSKY

Keep calm!

He wedges the door with a chair, opens his doctor's bag and removes from it a man's suit, shirt, suspenders, men's shoes, and also a doctor's smock and hat, and a some false mustaches. He hands all these items to Virginia one by one.

STAVINSKY (CONT'D)

Quick! Get dressed!

VIRGINIA

Do I have to put this on?! Are you crazy? I'm pregnant!

STAVINSKY

(Looking at his watch) Hurry!

VIRGINIA

(Horrified, but starts to change clothes) You must be crazy! This is out of Dostoevsky! You Russians are all out of your minds!...

Stavinsky helps Virginia to change costume. The pants will not meet round her waist, so he ties them up with the suspenders. He sticks the false mustaches on her face, and hides her hair under a doctor's cap. Then he looks her up and down. In the doctor's smock and pants she looks like a male doctor, though not very convincingly so. He stuffs Virginia's fur coat into his doctor's bag. The clothing she has just discarded he wraps in a hospital towel and sheet and stuffs them into the bed so as to look like a body curled up and with its head covered.

STAVINSKY

Okay, let's go.

The two of them leave the ward. They go past the adjutant, who is dozing on the stairs.

EXT. LENINGRAD. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE. NIGHT.

Leaving the hospital the two of them hurry out into the darkness of the snow-covered street. Stavinsky seats Virginia in his Volga's passenger seat. Virginia throws her arms round him and falls on his neck.

VIRGINIA

My darling!...

STAVINSKY

Later! Later! Not now!

The car roars as Stavinsky revs the engine, and they career off down the street.

VIRGINIA

(Offended) And you haven't seen me for half a year!... Where are we going?

STAVINSKY

(Accelerating hard) To Florida. Hold on, off we go!

EXT. LAKE SURROUNDED BY FOREST. WINTER NIGHT.

Lana Pater glides in over the forest, almost touching the snow-clad pine trees with the wings and belly of the plane. Finally there opens out before her a tiny ice and snow-covered lake about the size of a football field and with a few patches of bare water used by someone for fishing. Lana brilliantly sets the ski-plane down and skillfully turns it round right next to the lake shore. Opening the canopy, she pauses for breath, takes off her helmet, and listens. There is not a sound. The only things she can see are the silvery platter of the frozen lake and the black wall of surrounding forest. Lana looks at her watch.

EXT. FOREST ROAD. NIGHT

Stavinsky steps on the accelerator as hard as he can. The Volga races along the winding forest road at such speed that Virginia holds on to the dashboard with both hands, and keeps crying out in terror.

VIRGINIA

Easy on!... Oh, my God!... No!... Baby, our baby!...

A traffic policeman on a motorbike then joins in the chase.

EXT. LAKE IN THE FOREST. WINTER NIGHT (CONT'D)

Lana Pater looks at her watch. It is 3.17 a.m. The luminous second hand moves around the watch face. Lana shudders with cold. She reaches for a flask, unscrews the top, and takes a big gulp, her shoulders convulse as she shudders again.

EXT. FOREST ROAD. NIGHT.

Stavinsky looks in the rear-view mirror, sees the traffic control policeman still there, and accelerates even harder. The Volga roars, and the car skids and its side strikes up against some tree branches, meanwhile the traffic policeman skids right off the road and lands in a ditch...

EXT. LAKE IN THE FOREST. WINTER NIGHT (CONT'D)

Lana stands beneath the aircraft wings, and jumps up and down on the spot and beats her hands against her shoulders in an effort to keep warm. She looks again at her watch. Then she takes a final swig from her flask, and climbs back into the cockpit, closes the canopy, and switches on the motor. The plane begins its take-off run. Suddenly Stavinsky's battered looking Volga hurtles down a steep bank, bursting through the bushes.

It lands on the ice and swerves directly toward the aircraft. Stavinsky stamps on the brakes and swings the steering wheel, but is unable to stop. Lana in her plane also swerves to try and avoid a collision. But the Volga actually runs into the plane. Stavinsky jumps out of the car. Lana manages to stop, flings back the canopy, and yells at him, forgetting all about their conspiracy.

LANA PATER

Idiot! You stupid Russian idiot!

Stavinsky looks in amazement at Lana, and at the tiny two-seater aircraft, which has room for just one passenger seated behind the pilot.

STAVINSKY

(Calling up from below) Who are you?

LANA PATER

If your name's Stavinsky, I've come to pick you up.

STAVINSKY

But they were supposed to send a military aircraft!

LANA PATER

Do you want a load of armor plate, or do you want to fly? *(Nods toward the seat behind her)* Come on, get in! Quick!

STAVINSKY

(In despair) There are two of us.

Stavinsky helps Virginia out of the car. She immediately dashes to one side and starts vomiting. Lana looks in disgust. Kneeling down in a snowdrift, Virginia rubs her face with snow. Her false mustaches also come away with the snow.

LANA PATER

(Astonished) You're pregnant! The two of you are crazy! I have only one seat!

Stavinsky lifts Virginia up in his arms and stands her on the wing of the plane.

STAVINSKY

Quick! Get in!

VIRGINIA

What about you?

STAVINSKY

I can't help it! Those morons - they sent a plane with only one seat! Let's try and squeeze in.

Ignoring Lana's protests, he sits down in the one passenger seat and takes Virginia on his knees. But the two of them will not fit in - Virginia is hampered by her swollen belly, and the cockpit canopy will not close. Lana shakes her head.

LANA PATER

It's no good, General. It won't work. I can take only one of you.

STAVINSKY

(Grits his teeth) You're gonna take two anyway, okay?

Stavinsky climbs out of the passenger seat, and gives Virginia her orders.

STAVINSKY (CONT'D)

Get in! Quick!

VIRGINIA

I can't fly alone!

STAVINSKY

You're not alone! You have a child with you!

Stavinsky seats Virginia in the plane and covers her with the fox-fur coat. He slams the canopy down, jumps down into the snow and gives Lana a determined command.

STAVINSKY (CONT'D)

Go!

Lana starts up the engine. Powdered snow flies into Stavinsky's face from the whirling propeller. Virginia stares out at him through the canopy. The little plane once again tears across the ice of the lake and climbs steeply up into the dark sky. Stavinsky stands there watching as it disappears into the cloud. Stavinsky drives the battered Volga over to a fisherman's ice hole. He then gets out, releases the brake, and pushes it toward the hole, scarcely managing to jump aside as the ice cracks and the car disappears into the water. He takes a look at his watch, and then sets off to climb up the steep bank of the lake.

EXT. FOREST ROAD. NIGHT.

Still in his general's uniform, Stavinsky stands signalling and trying to get the few passing cars to stop, but without success. Finally, he stands in the very middle of the road and stops a truck with a NAVAL COMMANDO at the wheel.

COMMANDO

(Scared) Comrade General, how do you come to be here?...

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY
(Climbing up into the cabin) Never mind about that!
 Come on, get going! I'm late already!

EXT. BALTIISK SUBMARINE BASE. DAWN.

As dawn break, the truck hurtles at high speed onto the empty wharf side and halts by one of the three submarines moored there. Close by the submarines some tugboats are standing ready. The figures of senior officers stand silhouetted on the conning towers of the submarines. Academician Dahl and one of the commanders keep looking at their watches. The truck pulls up by the gangway leading on board a submarine with the number U-139 marked on its hull. Yuryshev/Stavinsky jumps out of the truck and runs up the gangway.

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY
(To the Commander, running up the gangway) Okay!
 Let's go! Full steam!

The COMMANDER of U-139 waves to the commanders of the other two submarines and gives orders to the man on WATCH.

COMMANDER
 Clear the gangway.

WATCH
 Aye, aye, sir! Gangway clear.

DAHL
 What happened to your car?

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY
 I had a blow-out and crashed it.

The gangway is lifted. The officers, Dahl, and Yuryshev/Stavinsky leave the conning tower and go below.

COMMANDER
(Through a megaphone, to the captain of the tug)
 Okay, there... Slow ahead!

The water churns and foams behind the stern of the tugboat as it nudges the U-139 out toward the exit from the port. It is followed by the two other submarines. The commander then climbs down through the hatch and goes below. The officer on watch bolts down the hatch cover. Like giant whales the three submarines slowly make their way through the dawn mist toward the exit from the harbor.

INT. MONTAGE:

In the Leningrad hospital General Kurbatov comes racing up the stairs... Kurbatov bursts open the door of the Maternity Unit with such violence that the glass pane shatters... Kurbatov races down the corridor, overturning one of the stretcher dollies and punching his own adjutant in the face... Kurbatov bursts into the office of the head doctor... Kurbatov interrogates the nurses, shouting "What Kremlin doctor, for fuck's sake?! What did he look like?"...

INT. CONTROL ROOM OF SUBMARINE U-139.

In the control room - a small compartment of about ten by fifteen feet - the ship's commander sits on a swiveling stool in front of the periscope. The steersman stands by the helm. In the same space there are also three other officers, each engaged in watching his own bank of instruments - echo-sounder, sonar, navigation equipment, etc. The atmosphere is one of calm concentration. Various orders are given for diving:

"Flood bow and midship tanks!"

"Bow and midship tanks flooding!"

Slowly the steel valves are opened. Water floods into the tanks, and like a gigantic, ponderous fish the submarine heads down into the ocean depths. In the control section the commander gives various orders, and the men under him report back.

"Keep reporting depth..."

"Aye, aye, sir! Depth thirty feet... seventy-five feet..."

Above one of the compartments a glowing red sign reads: "No Admission! Atomic Reactor". In the control room, Yuryshev/Stavinsky pulls on some thick socks and dictates a message to the ship's RADIO OPERATOR.

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

"Moscow. Kremlin. To Comrade Leonid Ilyich Brezhnev, General Secretary of the Communist Party. Stop. On your instructions and in accordance with the government's decision, I am in command of the three submarines now embarking on their voyage. The country's honorable assignment will be carried out. Stop." And then my signature. Send this out, and then switch off. We'll be observing radio silence.

RADIO OPERATOR

Aye, aye, sir!

EXT. BENEATH THE SEA.

The three submarines make their way silently forward through the depths.

INT. RADIO ROOM ON BOARD THE U-139.

The radio operator and Yuryshev/Stavinsky are in the radio room on board the U-139. They listen to a public radio broadcast reporting news of collective farm production, yields of milk, etc., and routine Party and government decisions...

EXT. AT SEA.

The cargo ship "Odessa" is sailing in the open sea. Its high prow cuts through a wave.

EXT. BENEATH THE SEA.

Deep below the waves, and directly below the keel of the "Odessa", the three submarines proceed in vertical formation, one below the other. In their speed, formation, and purposeful forward motion there is a sense of formidable inevitability.

INT. RADIO ROOM ON BOARD THE U-139.

In the wireless office the radio operator and Yuryshev/Stavinsky are still listening in to a public radio broadcast - more news from the collective farm fields, further yields of milk, and the premiere of a new movie.

EXT/INT. ON A HIGHWAY NEAR LENINGRAD. DAY.

Kurbatov's Mercedes tears along a highway... Inside the car Kurbatov shouts over the radio telephone:

KURBATOV

Put a cordon round the whole city! Close all the roads leading out of town!...

INT. ON BOARD THE U-139.

The submarine's engines are working at full throttle. As before, the red sign is glowing: "No admittance! Atomic reactor!" In the radio room sit Yuryshev/Stavinsky and the Radio Operator. They listen in to public broadcasts, including the following:

RADIO NEWS ANNOUNCER

Two weeks ago near Leningrad, in the region of Lake Ilyn, a two-seater private aircraft that trespassed into Soviet air space was shot down by our air defenses. Unfortunately, the fragments of the aircraft have not yet been recovered. Anyone who can supply further information is asked...

Yuryshev/Stavinsky stands up and leaves the radio room, reeling unsteadily.

RADIO OPERATOR

Feeling unwell, Comrade General?

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

It's nothing... Slight seasickness.

In the control room the ship's Commander speaks over the public address system.

COMMANDER

Attention please. We are now approaching American territorial waters. Prepare to close down the reactor!

In the engine compartment, a group of officer mechanics and technicians are at the controls. The Commander's voice comes over the intercom.

COMMANDER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

... Prepare to switch engines to battery power on countdown zero. Counting beginning: ten... nine... eight...

EXT. LAKE SURROUNDED BY FOREST. DAY.

An army cross-country vehicle comes to a halt by the lake. Several soldiers with dogs jump out and begin combing the banks and approaches to the lake...

EXT. BENEATH THE SEA.

The three submarines fan out beneath the keel of the motor vessel "Odessa" and dive into the darker depths.

CHRONICLE OF NEWS EVENTS. DOCUMENTARY MONTAGE.

All the world's radio and TV stations are full of the latest international emergency:

- Argentina has occupied the Falkland Islands!... Britain breaks off diplomatic relations with Argentina!... Alexander Haig flies off to London to try and resolve the crisis!... On orders from Margaret Thatcher, the Royal Air Force bombs Port Stanley on the Falkland Islands. War has broken out!... Argentinian rockets destroy a British destroyer, and a British submarine torpedoes an Argentinian cruiser!...

EXT. USSR, ZOTOV'S COUNTRY VILLA. EARLY MAY. DAY.

Wearing a bee-keeper's protective clothing, Zotov is working around a beehive. On top of the hive stands a transistor radio, which broadcasts communiques about events in the Falklands War.

RADIO ANNOUNCEMENT

Haig's mission is reported to have failed. British commando forces have landed on the island of East Falkland...

Zotov waves off a few bees and goes into his villa. There he goes to a white telephone on a long cord and embossed with the crest of the USSR. He lifts the receiver and rattles the cradle.

ZOTOV

Switchboard... Give me the Minister... Hello! Zotov speaking. Sorry to trouble you on a Saturday. Are you listening to the radio?... Well, what do you think?... I have an idea: while Haig and Thatcher are engaged with Argentina, we could maybe use this as a diversion and put some of our own seismic devices in place?... Well, wherever they need to be put... Well?

INT. ON BOARD THE U-139, CONTROL ROOM.

The U-139's Commander stands at the intercom microphone, smiling broadly.

COMMANDER

Comrade officers and seamen! We have now been lying at the bottom, waiting, for six weeks. But finally our moment has come! The country has ordered us to go ahead and carry out our assignment!

General cheering from all crew members as they stand at their posts.

COMMANDER (CONT'D)

Quiet!

Everyone falls silent.

COMMANDER (CONT'D)

Every man on board is to observe precautionary measures. That means no noise whatsoever! And if anyone so much as drops a screwdriver or a pair of pliers, it will be treated as diversionary activity. I repeat...

EXT. BENEATH THE SEA.

The three submarines slowly lift from the seabed and move off in an easterly direction.

EXT. RIVER HUDSON. NIGHT.

The narrow tip of a periscope appears from under the water and moves along, cleaving the dark waters of the Hudson.

INT. ON BOARD THE U-139. CONTROL ROOM.

The Commander looks through the periscope.

COMMANDER

Well... There she blows! *(To Yuryshhev/Stavinsky, but with eyes still glued to the periscope)* Want to have a look, Comrade General?

DAHL

We all want a look!

The Commander moves over, and Yuryshhev/Stavinsky now looks into the eyepiece.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER ESTUARY. NIGHT.

Through the periscope, in the center of the sights, the Statue of Liberty is visible, illuminated by floodlights. Beyond it New York and the skyscrapers of Manhattan appear, twinkling with a thousand lights.

INT. ON BOARD THE U-139, CONTROL ROOM.

DAHL

(Impatiently, to Yuryshhev/Stavinsky) Let me have a look.

Without looking away from the eyepiece of the periscope, Stavinsky presses a button on the periscope's zoom device.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER. NIGHT.

The periscope's zoom lens rapidly brings the picture of New York at night much closer. Now one can make out people, cars, buildings, yachts, and harbor-side emplacements. The whole picture is filled with lights and illuminated advertisements. The periscope slowly glides forward through the water of the Hudson. There are the fairground attractions to be seen at the southern end of Brooklyn - a roller-coaster, big wheel, swings, children on the shoulders of their parents, and thousands of people - young and old - enjoying themselves.

INT. ON BOARD THE U-139, CONTROL ROOM.

Dahl now takes his place at the periscope. He aims it once again at the Statue of Liberty.

DAHL

(To the Commander, eyes still glued to the periscope)
Can't we get any closer? I was hoping to put one up her skirts.

COMMANDER

Put what up her skirts, Comrade Academician?

Dahl turns to face him with an expression of bewilderment.

DAHL

Oh, one of our seismic turtles. What did you think?

Everyone laughs.

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

Cut out the laughter! Stand by to dive!

COMMANDER

Stand by to dive! *(To the senior warrant officer)*
Flood tanks midships!

EXT. UNDER THE HUDSON RIVER.

Very slowly the submarine begins to dive.

INT. ABOARD THE U-139, CONTROL ROOM.

The SONAR OFFICER who is checking the ship's depth on the echo sounder reports the depth readings.

OFFICER

Depth two hundred feet. Fifty feet from bottom...
Depth two hundred and ten, forty feet to bottom...
thirty feet... twenty-five feet...

COMMANDER

(Into the microphone) Cut engines!

EXT. UNDER THE HUDSON RIVER.

The immense carcass of the submarine hangs in the dark water. Slowly the power bolts on the ship's side open, and water comes rushing into the torpedo compartment. When the water finally ceases to swirl around the hatch, two divers emerge like corks from a bottle out of the torpedo tubes. They are dressed in deep-water diving suits, with belts and lead weights around their waists, and oxygen cylinders on their backs. They have electric lamps mounted on their chests and their feet are shod in heavy boots with lead-weighted soles, which enable them to remain upright in the water. One of the divers in charge of the team is connected to the ship by a telephone cable. Switching on their chest lamps, the divers slowly descend to the sea floor. Their lamps light up strange pyramids of scrap iron - mountains of beer cans, crumpled bicycles, cars, and yachts. Breathing noisily, the team-leader speaks through his throat microphone.

DIVING TEAM LEADER

We've reached the bottom, Comrade Commander. It's a regular garbage dump here!

INT. ABOARD THE U-139. CONTROL ROOM.

The voice of the Leading Diver can be heard through a speaker.

DIVING TEAM LEADER

There's simply nowhere to put your foot.

COMMANDER

(To first officer and senior engineer) Slow ahead.
Just a few feet!

EXT. UNDER THE WATER.

Lighting the way with their chest lamps, the two divers move forward over an immense mass of garbage. The divers move in slow motion, like the first space travelers on the moon. The dark mass of the submarine moves slowly ahead above them.

INT. ABOARD THE U-139. CONTROL ROOM.

DIVING TEAM LEADER (O.S.)

I think we've found a spot, Comrade Commander.

COMMANDER

Do you just think, or are you sure?

DIVING TEAM LEADER (O.S.)

There's an area of about a hundred square feet. Will that do?

The Commander looks at Yuryshev/Stavinsky and Dahl.

DAHL

I reckon so.

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

No, we should see for ourselves. (*To Dahl*) Come on. Let's put some diving gear on and take a look!

DAHL

(*Astonished*) What?! No way! I'm not leaving the ship.

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

Okay, I'll go myself.

The ship's Commander gestures in protest.

COMMANDER

But you're not a trained diver...

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

I have to answer for this operation to the Politburo!

INT. ABOARD THE U-139, DAHL AND YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY'S CABIN.

Yuryshev/Stavinsky removes his general's jacket and boots. Dahl enters.

DAHL

Listen! What the hell are you doing?!

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

(*Continuing to change clothes*) What the hell do you think we've come here for?

DAHL

We've come to lead and to be in charge! Not to go scrounging around on the seabed!

Yuryshev/Stavinsky says nothing and continues to change.

DAHL (CONT'D)

Just remember this: if you surface or dive too quickly, it can cause divers' bends - your blood will boil and all your blood vessels get blocked up. And it's only three months since you left the hospital.

Yuryshev/Stavinsky takes off his underwear and puts on thick woollen socks and stockings over them... then thick woollen pants...

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

Do you realize what we're going to do now?

DAHL

I realize very well!

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

I don't think you do. So far we've only been developing this device. But now, when...

DAHL

Now, when we announce that we've got them staked out with our seismic weapons, that'll be the end so far as America's concerned! Who's going to try and make war against us then? Well, maybe we might have to give them a little shake-up, like they did in Hiroshima. But... Do you think I really want to blast the whole world to kingdom come?

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

(Joking) Of course.

DAHL

I'm the greatest pacifist in human history! I'm bringing peace to the peoples of this world!

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

(Putting on a felt vest, and then another one over it) And order.

DAHL

That's right! And order!

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

Whose order?...

Dahl stares hard at him.

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY (CONT'D)

Listen, Mister Pacifist, just hand me my woollen pants...

INT. ABOARD THE U-139. TORPEDO COMPARTMENT.

In the forward torpedo compartment, the divers and Yuryshev/Stavinsky climb into their deep-water diving suits. The equipment is so heavy that each of them has to be helped by two seamen. In addition, the ship's TORPEDO OFFICER is present. The two seamen assisting Yuryshev/Stavinsky help him into the diving boots and attach the heavy weighted soles with special clamps. Then they buckle onto him the belt with its lead ballast weights and a further belt holding a set of fitting tools, a knife, and a battery for the chest-mounted spotlight. The three other divers are already dressed and are lying in the torpedo tubes. Thin rubber hoses are attached to their suits. The seamen screw a diving helmet onto Yuryshev/Stavinsky's suit. Yuryshev/Stavinsky then lies in one of the torpedo tubes. He moves a hand to indicate that he is ready. The Torpedo Officer reports via the intercom.

TORPEDO OFFICER

Comrade Commander, the second diving team is ready to leave... We're switching on the compressors.

The Torpedo Officer switches on the compressors. The thin rubber hoses leading to the divers' suits become taut, and the diving suits themselves inflate. Lying there in their suits, the divers begin to blow out hard through their noses. The suits at first inflate like footballs. The Torpedo Officer checks the pressure gauges indicating the air pressure inside the divers' suits. The faces of the divers and Yuryshev/Stavinsky become bloodshot, and they breathe noisily, blowing out hard through their noses. Once the arrow on the pressure gauge reaches a red mark, the Torpedo Officer switches off the compressors. Each diver, as well as Stavinsky, moves his hand and switches on the valve at the side of his suit that controls the independent oxygen supply on his backpack. Then they each briefly tap three times with the handles of their knives on the casing inside their torpedo tubes. They also blink their eyes as a signal to the Torpedo Officer that they are ready to go.

TORPEDO OFFICER (CONT'D)

They're all set, Comrade Commander.

INT. ABOARD THE U-139. CONTROL ROOM.

COMMANDER

(Speaking into the telephone intercom) Each man report separately. Over.

INT. ABOARD THE U-139. TORPEDO COMPARTMENT.

The divers report individually in turn:

"Breathing normally, Comrade Commander..."
"Breathing okay..."
"Breathing well..."

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY
I'm breathing too. Let's go.

INT. ABOARD THE U-139. CONTROL ROOM.

The Torpedo Officer walks into the control room. The Commander is still speaking into the intercom telephone.

COMMANDER
Flood the forward torpedo compartment.

INT. ABOARD THE U-139. TORPEDO SECTION.

Very slowly the power bolts on the torpedo compartment move back a fraction of an inch. Dark water comes rushing into the compartment. The clincher bolt moves back further, and the compartment begins to fill with water, reaching the level of the tubes and covering them. Lying there in complete darkness, Yuryshev/Stavinsky feels the water covering his suit.

EXT. BENEATH THE WATER.

The figures of the four divers in their suits emerge as if catapulted from the front of the torpedo compartment. Down below them the two divers already in position on the selected spot wave their lamps as a signal.

INT. MOSCOW. OFFICE OF KURBATOV. DAY.

Kurbatov is sitting in his office together with a major who works as a INVESTIGATOR in the Military Prosecutor's Office.

INVESTIGATOR
May I report, Comrade General?

KURBATOV
Well?...

INVESTIGATOR
There was no response to that false radio report and appeal that we sent out. No one from the area of the lake came forward.

KURBATOV
I know that. What else?

INVESTIGATOR

On the ice on the lake where the plane landed that breached our frontier, we found fragments of paint from an automobile. It looks as if there was some sort of collision there...

KURBATOV

(*Interrupting*) I know that. What else?

INVESTIGATOR

Spectroscopic analysis shows the paint was from a black Volga.

KURBATOV

I know that as well. Cut the shit. Get to the point!

INVESTIGATOR

We've been looking for this Volga for two months.

KURBATOV

(*Losing patience*) Have you found it?

INVESTIGATOR

Yes. Spring is here, and the lake has thawed.

The investigator places a thick file of documents on the desk in front of Kurbatov. Kurbatov opens up the file. The first thing he sees are pictures of an army towing vehicle hauling the battered looking Volga out of the lake.

KURBATOV

And who does the car belong to?

The Investigator lays another file in front of Kurbatov, headed: "PERSONAL FILE. GENERAL SERGEI YURYSHEV".

KURBATOV (CONT'D)

(*Aghast*) Wha-a-at?

Kurbatov opens up the file. On the first page is a photograph of Yuryshev without beard or mustache. Kurbatov looks dumbfounded at this photograph, then presses a button on the telephone intercom.

KURBATOV (CONT'D)

Bring me the Williams file! Quick!

INVESTIGATOR

It's already here.

The Investigator lays a third file in front of Kurbatov. Kurbatov is haunted with fear as he opens it. On the first page is a photograph of Virginia and Robert Williams. The latter looks the spitting image of Yuryshev.

Kurbatov is horrified and leans back in his chair. The Investigator lays one more sheet of paper in front of Kurbatov.

KURBATOV

And what's this?

INVESTIGATOR

This is a summons for you to appear before a military prosecutor.

EXT HUDSON RIVER. BELOW THE WATER.

By the light of their spot-lights the divers are clearing the area they have selected from all trace of garbage. This involves removing beer cans, part of a rusty fishing boat, and so on. Yuryshev/Stavinsky follows their work. The leading diver then approaches him, moving in slow motion, and holds up one thumb as a signal that the area is now completely ready. Yuryshev/Stavinsky nods in agreement and speaks through the throat microphone on the intercom link.

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

The area is ready. Now let's have the "turtle".

INT. ABOARD THE U-139, CONTROL ROOM.

In the control room the Commander is there with Dahl and various other officers. The Commander gives the order to the Torpedo Officer.

COMMANDER

Open port missile compartment!

TORPEDO OFFICER

Aye-aye, sir.... Port missile compartment open!

EXT. BENEATH THE WATER.

The power bolts unscrew and slowly open. The water comes rushing into the huge missile compartment, which was originally designed to hold intercontinental missiles. Now, however, the compartment holds three of Dahl's "turtle" devices - mini-submarines that are designed to deliver a stunning seismic burst. Once the water has completely filled the compartment, a hoist swings one of the devices out of the bay. The Diving Team Leader comes floating toward it. He opens the cabin canopy, smoothly glides inside, and switches on the electric motor. The propeller churns up the water behind the mini-submarine, and it moves out to the site that has been prepared by the other divers. Yuryshev/Stavinsky follows the whole of this operation.

There is something frightening about the slow movement and the very appearance of this seismic device.

INT. ABOARD THE U-139. CONTROL ROOM.

The Radio Operator comes hurrying into the ship's control room.

RADIO OPERATOR

Comrade Commander, an urgent message from Moscow.

The Radio Operator hands the Commander a telegram form. The Commander takes it and reads.

COMMANDER

I can't make head or tail of this! (*Speaks into the intercom link with the divers*) Comrade General! An urgent message from Moscow. I'll read it out: "Immediately halt all work. Return home right away. GHQ." Maybe war has broken out?

EXT. BENEATH THE WATER.

The Commander's last few words sound in the headphones of Yuryshev/Stavinsky's helmet. He looks at the mini-submarine device as it moves under its own steam toward the prepared site... and then at the other divers standing around him...

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

I don't think it can mean war. If that were the case we'd have received orders to attack New York. Who was the message addressed to?

COMMANDER

To myself, Comrade General.

YURYSHEV/STAVINSKY

I see. Let's just install this device, and then...

INT. ABOARD THE U-139, CONTROL ROOM.

COMMANDER

I can't sanction that, Comrade General. This is an order from the top - General Headquarters. And it says to immediately halt all work.

An officer working at the sonar screen turns to the Commander.

OFFICER

There's a large surface vessel approaching. It will be above us in six minutes.

From where he is sitting the Commander can see the screen. A green glowing line on the screen shows the silhouette of the coast of New York, New Jersey, and Staten Island. A large point can be seen approaching from the direction of New York and increasing in size.

COMMANDER

(Angrily) Argh! Hell! (*Speaks through the intercom with Yuryshev/Stavinsky and the Chief Diver*)
Attention! In six minutes a vessel will be right above us. Immediately halt all operations...

EXT. BENEATH THE WATER.

The Commander's voice sounds in the earphones of Yuryshev/Stavinsky and the Chief Diver's helmets.

COMMANDER (V.O.)

Halt all work! Switch off all lamps!

Yuryshev/Stavinsky watches the work site and the mini-submarine device that has settled on it... and also the divers surrounding it and the Diving Team Leader who has just floated out of the cabin of the mini-sub.

COMMANDER

Nobody move! We're switching off intercom link.

One by one the divers turn off their spotlights. Total darkness immediately sets in. And in this darkness Yuryshev/Stavinsky takes the knife from its sheath on his belt and cuts the telephone cable linking him to the mother ship. Kicking off from the bottom, he swims blindly toward the cabin of the mini-submarine "turtle". He gropes and finds the control levers and switches on the electric motor. The propeller swirls powerfully in the water. Yuryshev/Stavinsky unbuckles his belt with its lead ballast weights and wraps it round the mini-sub's steering column. The mini-sub heads upwards, not vertically, but in a spiral. As it moves toward the surface, Stavinsky swims free from the cabin. Without any weights, the inflated diving suit drags him up and up. But he manages to grab the rail running round the hull of the mini-submarine and swims toward the surface along with it.

INT. ABOARD THE U-139, CONTROL ROOM.

The SONAR OFFICER shouts out to the Commander.

SONAR OFFICER

The mini-sub "turtle" is surfacing. (*To Dahl*) Our seismic device is heading for the surface!

COMMANDER

(Calling into the divers' intercom microphone)
General! Team leader! What's going on? *(Yelling)*
Answer! Answer, fuck it! *(Rattles the cradle repeatedly, and shakes his headphones)* Hell! We've lost all contact!

SONAR OFFICER

The "turtle" device is moving away from us... Moving at full speed... Comrade Commander, our "turtle" device has been stolen!

DAHL

(To the Commander) Torpedo it!

COMMANDER

Are you out of your mind? We're only one mile from New York!

DAHL

I couldn't give a flying fuck! Torpedo it!

COMMANDER

If we do that, they'll bomb us as an enemy intruder...

DAHL

(Grasping the Commander by his lapels) Look, I'm a member of the Central Committee, and I'm giving you an order! Otherwise we'll be shot when we get back to Moscow!

COMMANDER

(To the Torpedo Officer) Torpedoes ready to launch!

TORPEDO OFFICER

Aye-aye, sir! Torpedoes ready!

COMMANDER

(To the Sonar Officer)
Give us a target bearing!

The Sonar Officer reads off some figures.

COMMANDER (CONT'D)

First torpedo... ready! Launch!

TORPEDO OFFICER

(Pressing the launching button) Aye-aye, sir! Torpedo launched!

EXT. BENEATH AND ABOVE THE WATER. HUDSON RIVER ESTUARY

A torpedo emerges from one of the starboard torpedo tubes and heads in pursuit of the runaway mini-submarine with its seismic weapon. Stavinsky holds on to the cabin rail of the minisub and swims along with it. The torpedo intercepts the minisub. There is an explosion, and the minisub device splits in pieces. Stavinsky is hurled away by the force of the explosion and spins around in the water. The divers still standing on the bed of the Hudson River are knocked over by the shock wave of the blast. The shock wave also shakes the U-139. In the control room some officers are knocked off their feet and fall against the instrument panels. The wave caused by the underwater explosion moves along the surface of the Hudson River and slightly rocks the cruise liner that was heading toward the U-139's position. Although Stavinsky's deep-water diving suit has been damaged by the shock wave, he is now free of the lead ballast weights, and shoots up to the surface. His face becomes contorted from the rapid change of pressure - like the face of a supersonic test pilot during a steep dive. His muscles and skin all tighten and seem to be dragged down from his face. The pressure in his eyelids force his eyes to close, and they seem to hang over his cheeks that are now drained of blood.

Along a sun-drenched beach in Florida a little bare two-year-old boy comes running...

The water around Stavinsky gets lighter and lighter, but he himself sees none of this. His head hangs lifelessly beneath the plastic heat-insulated helmet of his diving suit, and his face droops from the bones of his skull like a crumpled mask.

The little boy laughs, and splashes through the water with his bare feet, holding his arms out to Virginia...

EXT/ IN THE HUDSON RIVER ESTUARY. NIGHT.

Stavinsky emerges at such speed from the water that he is hurled high into the air. His body then collapses back into the water like a heavy sack. But he does not drown - the diving suit inflated with air keeps him afloat. He does not move, blood streams from his nose. Forty yards away from him the luxury cruising vessel sails past. Passengers are promenading around its decks and loud disco music is playing... Stavinsky feebly moves his hand and opens his mouth in a noiseless cry. The wave raised by the passing liner lifts Stavinsky up and gives him a brief view of the lights of the liner, then he sinks back and water washes over the transparent plastic visor of his helmet. Stavinsky's hand slowly gropes for the belt holding his fitting tools, he unclips one of its sections, takes out a smooth steel flask and lets go of it. Bobbing up and down on the water, the flask drifts away from him.

Meanwhile the liner sails away without anyone noticing Stavinsky in the water.

EXT. ON THE HUDSON RIVER. NIGHT.

When the noise of the passing liner's engines and music has died down, in the dark water of the Hudson the tip of a periscope appears and then the heads of several divers. The divers look around themselves, and at length notices Stavinsky floating on the surface, swims over to him. They secure Stavinsky with straps and drag him toward the U-139, which has surfaced nearby.

Along a sun-drenched beach in Florida a little bare two-year-old boy comes running...

In the morning light a steel flask bobbing in the waves is noticed by a yachtsman as he sails past in his small sailing boat. He fishes it out of the water, opens it, and extracts a rolled-up sheet of paper with a message.

INT. MEDICAL CENTER ON LONG ISLAND.

In the delivery room of the obstetric unit a MIDWIFE is helping deliver Virginia's child.

MIDWIFE

Push!... Breathe!... Push!... Breathe!...

Virginia breathes, then cries out, then breathes again... Out in the corridor MacKerry and Julia Brook are nervously waiting.

BROOK

But how come the Soviets said on the radio that the plane was shot down and crashed, and that she was killed?

MACKERRY

I dunno. Probably it was for the Kremlin's benefit.

BROOK

But why?

MACKERRY

How could their air defense admit that they had let through an enemy aircraft? They'd all have been lynched! Well... You know what I'm think? The First World War began because of a single gunshot. The Third might have begun because of an earthquake. But because of Stavinsky...

A child's cry is heard from the delivery room. The midwife in charge of delivery picks up the child in the palms of her hands in order to weigh it.

MIDWIFE

And here is Mister Stavinsky junior!

The child starts to weep loudly.

Mackerry and Julia Brook, who are out in the corridor, listen intently at the door.

MACKERRY

Cries just like a boy...

BROOK

I wonder when I'm going to have a child?

MONTAGE. NEWS DOCUMENTARY ACCOMPANIED BY THE INCREASING SOUND OF TRAIN WHEELS.

Gorbachev's perestroika in the USSR: the withdrawal of Soviet troops from Afghanistan... the first meeting of Gorbachev with Ronald Reagan... euphoria on the streets of Moscow...

EXT/INT. RUSSIAN TRAIN. DAY. MONTAGE:

Outside the train window is a landscape of Central Russia... The train wheels rattle and rumble... railway bridges flash past... The train arrives at a station in Siberia...

EXT. SIBERIAN LABOR CAMP. 1990. DAY.

Two hundreds poorly dressed WOMEN get out of the train, carrying shopping bags, various bundles, and flowers. Among them is a well-dressed woman (Virginia) with a eight-year-old BOY. Together with the rest of the crowd they take their seats in one of the rickety buses. The bus bowls along past an endless barbed wire fence. Beyond the fence are the barrack huts of a Gulag labor camp... The bus stops at the gates of the camp, and the women get out. Then another bus arrives, followed by yet another... From all these buses women emerge, carrying flowers, and placards saying "FREEDOM FOR OUR POLITICAL PRISONERS!" - "DOWN WITH THE GULAG!"... The women have a determined look as they head for the camp gate-house. A bewildered Camp Commandant comes out to meet them.

CAMP COMMANDANT

Just a minute! Ladies! We're going to release all of them!...

WOMEN

Get out of our way! That's enough! Let the political prisoners out! Release the political prisoners!

The Camp Commandant is pushed aside as prisoners begin pouring out through the gate-house. They run toward their wives and mothers, embrace them, and weep. The barriers at the gate-house are broken down. There are shouts of "Long live Freedom!", etc. When the flood of prisoners eventually subsides, Stavinsky walk out of the gates. He is fifty, but he looks considerably older. Virginia and the eight-year-old boy stand to one side.

BOY

Mom, is he coming?

VIRGINIA

Here he is. Here's your father...

BOY

(*Amazed*) Really?

Virginia does not answer. She watches as Stavinsky walks away. Blinking in the sunlight, he heads toward the waiting bus into which other prisoners are climbing.

BOY (CONT'D)

Dad!!

Stavinsky turns round in amazement and only now does he see Virginia and the boy. Uncertainly the boy waves a hand to him.

BOY (CONT'D)

Pa-pa!...

Looking at Virginia, Stavinsky takes several steps toward her and the boy... His eyes light up... He runs toward them with his arms out to greet them... Suddenly there is a crowd of people - a spontaneous meeting, with shouts and placards saying "Long Live Free Russia!". Virginia and the boy run toward Stavinsky. He embraces them both and twirls them around ecstatically.

FADE OUT.