

Aquarium
Inside Russian Military Intelligence

Screenplay
by
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From the Book
by
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CLOSE UP - MAN WITH GREY HAIR

A forgettable face fills the frame.

MAN WITH GREY HAIR

We have a very simple rule: it's a
ruble to get in, but two to get out.
It's difficult to join the
organization, but a lot more difficult
to leave. There's only one way out...
through the chimney. For some it is
an honorable exit. For others it's a
shameful, terrible way to go...

The man points towards a window. Below, a labyrinth of
pathways, a wall, a network of barbed wire.

MAN WITH GREY HAIR (CONT'D)

That's it. Have a good look.

He points to a chimney on a flat roof which floats among the
greenery like a raft. A thin wisp of smoke rises.

SUVOROV (V.O.)

Is someone leaving the organization?

MAN WITH GREY HAIR

No.

(HE LAUGHS)

They are burning secret papers. When
somebody leaves, the smoke is dense,
oily. If you join, you too will one
day rise into the sky. You have one
last chance to change your mind. Sit
down.

He presses a button. Shutters cover the windows. A picture
appears on a screen without any title or explanation...a
black and white film, old and scratched. It has no sound
track, and the regular clicking noise of the projector can
be heard.

THE FILM.

A furnace with fire-doors. Rails run into the furnace. Men
in protective gowns stand nearby. A coffin. The men lift the
coffin and place it on the guide rails. The doors open
smoothly, the coffin is given a gentle push and it slides
into the flames.

CLOSE UP - A FACE SWIMMING IN PERSPIRATION

Pull back. He wears an expensive suit, terribly crumpled.

His tie is tightly screwed round his neck. He's bound with
wire to a stretcher which is propped so the man can see the
furnace.

The attendants turn to the bound man. A scream! A terrible scream. There is no sound, but it is a scream that would make the windows rattle. They pick up the stretcher. The man makes an incredible effort to prevent this. The strain shows on his face. A vein on his forehead stands out, about to burst. He tries to bite an attendant's hand. His teeth only bite his own lip. A trickle of blood runs down his chin. He wriggles, beats his head against the stretcher.

The guide rails shake. He strains to the point of breaking his own bones, tearing his own muscles. But the wire does not give. The stretcher slides along the rails.

The furnace doors move aside, the fire casts a white light on the the man's shoes. He tries to bend his knees to keep his feet from the roaring fire. But he can't.

Suddenly the stretcher halts. A new figure appears, signals.

The men remove the stretcher from the rails and stand it against the wall. Another coffin is wheeled in. It's very elegant, with a decorative fringe, the coffin of some highly esteemed person. The men lift it onto the rails and and send it into the flames. Then it's the bound man's turn. He's again placed on the rails. Again, that silent scream! The man's face, signs of madness? It's easier for madmen in this world. But there are no such signs. His face is not distorted by madness. It's simply that he doesn't want to go into the furnace and is trying somehow to make that clear. But what can he do except scream? So he screams. Then his shoes go into the fire. The fire flares up. The men give the stretcher a push into the depths. The furnace doors close and the sound of the projector dies out.

SUVOROV (V.O.)

Who was he?

MAN WITH GREY HAIR

He was a colonel. But he deceived us. We don't force anybody. If you don't want to join, you can simply refuse. But once you've joined you belong to us. I give you a last chance to change your mind. A minute to reflect.

CU VIKTOR SUVOROV

A young, powerful, intelligent slavic face.

SUVOROV

I don't need a minute.

MAN WITH GREY HAIR

That's the rule. So sit down and keep quiet.

He presses a switch. A hand moves around the face of a clock.

SUVOROV (V.O.)

If they admit me into the organization I am ready to serve it loyally. It's a serious, powerful organization, and I like their ways. But I know damned well that, if I am to depart through the chimney, it will never be in a coffin with fancy frills. That is not in my character. I am not the sort to get fancy treatment. Not me.

MAN WITH GREY HAIR

Time's up. Want more time to think?

SUVOROV

No.

MAN WITH GREY HAIR

All right, then. I have the honor to congratulate you on joining our secret brotherhood...The Chief Directorate of Intelligence of the General Staff; the GRU. Don't try to be too clever. I wish you well, captain.

PROVINCIAL RUSSIAN TOWN THE SQUARE STATUE OF LENIN

SUVOROV (V.O.)

Should you ever think of making your career in the KGB, Just ask anybody.

POV APPROACHING CITIZEN...CITIZEN LISTENS, RESPONDS MOS

SUVOROV (V.O. CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Yes, that building there, the one Lenin points at. That's KGB headquarters.

MONTAGE - RAILWAY STATION, FACTORY, MILITARY BASE

SUVOROV CONT'D) (V.O.)

Or, you can just apply to the special department. There's one in every railway station, every factory. There's one in every regiment, college, prison...in every Party committee, in the Communist youth, the trade unions. Just go up to them and say: I want to join the KGB! The KGB is open to everybody.

POV POLICE IN FRONT OF STATION. WE APPROACH...

SUVOROV (V.O. CONT'D)
 It's not so easy to get into the
 GRU. Who do you apply to? At which
 door do you knock? At the police
 station, maybe?

The police glare suspiciously, shrug, 'never heard of it.'

SUVOROV CONT'D) V.O.
 For the citizen, for the police,
 those letters mean nothing. The GRU
 is secret. Since nobody knows about
 it, nobody can join on his own
 initiative. Volunteers are not
 needed. In fact, a volunteer would
 be...

MAN HUSTLED THROUGH DARK CORRIDORS BY POLICE

SUVOROV CONT'D) V.O. (CONT'D)
 ...arrested at once and subjected to
 a long and painful interrogation.
 He would have a lot of questions to
 answer.

DISEMBODIED INTERROGATORS FACE HE SPEAKS MOS

SUVOROV CONT'D (V.O.)
 Where have you heard these letters?
 How did you find us?...Who helped
 you?

POV INTERROGATORS SHAKE US DOWN.

SUVOROV CONT'D) V.O.
 "Who? Who? Answer, you bastard!" The
 GRU knows how to get answers...from
 anybody. I can guarantee that.

POV ANOTHER MAN IS HAULED IN TO SEE THE INTERROGATOR

SUVOROV CONT' V.O.
 Sooner or later they would get back
 to the source...someone whose tongue
 had overstepped the mark. Oh, the
 GRU knows how to rip such tongues
 out! You can talk about the GRU
 only inside the GRU. And only inside
 the transparent walls of the building
 on the Khodinka.

THE AQUARIUM A MODERN GLASS-FRONTED BUILDING

Like an enormous fish tank.

SUVOROV CONT'D V.O.

The law of the Aquarium! Everything talked about inside stays inside. Thus, few people know of it. Anyone who does keeps his mouth shut, so I had never heard of the GRU.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DAWN HQ 318th MOTORIZED INFANTRY DIVISION

SUVOROV (V.O.)

My life seemed cut out for me. After commanding the company I might command a battalion, then a regiment, maybe higher. This was the course I had chosen. But fate decided otherwise.

BACHELOR OFFICER'S QUARTERS PREDAWN - MONTHS EARLIER

An ORDERLY with torch shakes Suvorov awake.

ORDERLY

Get up, Lieutenant, great deeds await you.

SUVOROV rolls over and glares at him. He changes tone.

ORDERLY (CONT'D)

Action stations!'

Action stations! S is up. Off with blanket. On with trousers, boots. Slip into tunic, strap shoulder belt, cap on head.

Off at the run. Grab pistol. Leap down stairs. The truck is full of young officers.

EXT. TANK PARK DEAFENING ROAR OF ENGINES

Tanks growl. The grey-green monsters trundle along, then Armored Personnel Carriers, artillery, antiaircraft batteries.

An officer shouts. Everyone runs. There ahead, his company.

Suvero leaps onto the sloping front armor and runs up to the turret. He drops in the open hatch, grabs his helmet, slams it on. Headphones crackle:

RADIO/GUNNER

All ammunition in tanks. All fuel.

SUVOROV

(cutting him off)

Is it training...or war?

R/G shrugs. Suvorov looks ahead. Tanks don't move.

SUVOROV (CONT'D)
What's the problem?

RADIO/GUNNER
We are ready.

SUVOROV
Move out! Immediately!

RADIO/GUNNER
This is a target enemies dream of.

Suvorov jumps up onto the turret to get a better view. A stalled tank blocks the way. He looks at his watch.

SUVOROV
Stalled. No sign of a tractor.

RADIO/GUNNER
Eight minutes left.

The road between garages is jammed with tanks; No way through. Engines roar impatiently. Suvorov jumps into the turret, screams...

SUVOROV
Left wheel and ahead!
(into headset)
COMPANY: FOLLOW ME!

There is no gateway, only a brick wall. He kicks the driver.

SUVOROV (CONT'D)
I chose you, you rat! Don't disgrace me! Or I'll flatten you and let you rot!

EXT. TANK

The dinosaur roars away. Gears clang, the body shakes, the engine SCREAMS. WHANNNNGGGG! A Terrifying shock as the tank hits the brick wall. Bricks avalanche onto the armor plate, wrecking headlights and aerials, ripping off boxes, denting the fuel tanks. The tank roars. Wrapped in a web of barbed wire, it bursts out of a cloud of brick dust into the sleepy side street of a peaceful Ukrainian town.

INT. TANK

It shudders, rattles. Suvorov looks through rear slit.

SUVOROV'S POV

Tanks shoot through the gap. An officer runs up, shouting, cursing. Ahead, TRAFFIC CONTROL appears, waving at them.

SUVOROV

Come on, boys, let us through!
We've got to be out in front.

The tanks advance at top speed. Suvorov looks back. Close on the tail of the last tank, an APC appears, making sparks fly off the concrete. The APC sports a white flag. Suvorov is greatly relieved.

SUVOROV (CONT'D)

Boys, there are umpires!

DRIVER

It's maneuvers, not war.

SUVOROV

We'll live another day.

The tank blasts through. Branches and undergrowth explode.

INT. TANK

The ROAR is hellish. The machine rears, bucks, prancing about like a demon. Suvorov tries to read a map on his knees.

2ND TANK (V.O.)

Where is the enemy.?

SUVOROV

Not clear. Map's no use. Where's
the weak spot?

The tanks race. The APC with the white flag roars alongside.

SUVOROV (CONT'D)

Avoid resistance. Avoid towns. Don't
get involved in clashes. If you meet
the enemy, radio in, dodge round,
move ahead. Forward,
boys...Westwards!

POV 2nd TANK CO.

2ND TANK CO (V.O.)

There's a crane ahead...

SUVOROV

SUVOROV

A crane? A lifting crane?

SUVEROV'S POV

2ND TANK CO (V.O.)

Yes! A crane! A beautiful crane.

SUVOROV

SUVOROV

Missile battery! Company, a missile
battery! Advance! Full speed ahead!

The driver floors it. Engines scream, clouds of smoke belch.

The platoon spreads in battle formation. The second tank accelerates, swings off, tracks spraying mud. Third tank turns in a wide sweep.

RADIOMAN

Recon completed. Going into action!

SUVOROV

Missile units must be attacked
immediately, whatever the cost.

The loader slams a shell into the breech, the block slams closed. The turret swings. The gunner grips the firing console. The stabilizers control the gun in short movements, isolating it from the wild dance of the tank gone mad as it flies over tree trunks. The gunner fires. The forty ton hulk shudders. The gun barrel springs back, a smoking shell case clangs off the baffle plate. Shellfire whips the Asians crews into a fury, into wild beasts. The gunner gnaws the strap on the sight. The CO howls like a wolf.

SUVOROV (CONT'D)

Smash them, drive on through!

Drivers yank levers, drive into the heat of battle. Suvorov looks back. Far in the rear, the APC with the white flag.

SUVOROV (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I was sorry for them. They had no gun, no deafening noise. They got no pleasure from life. Their driver was cowardly, dodging rocks and trees. You have to grab the machine, throw it about. A tank is a gentle thing. But if it feels that it is being ridden by a strong man it will go wild too. It will gallop over boulders, through craters and ditches. It will sweep you along. A tank revels in battle: that's what it's made for!

RADIO (V.O.)

Take your company out of battle line.

Sparks fly from tracks. They rush down on the missile battery.

RADIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Take your company out of line...

THE TANKS CHARGE ON, GROWLING LIKE WOLVES. THEY SMASH HEAD
 on into the missile mock ups, transporters and cranes. They
 smash the missile artillery into the sticky black earth.

SUVOROV
 Company full speed. Attack!

Then he slams his fist on the armor plate and curses.

SUVOROV (CONT'D)
 Goddamn Staff officers. Goddamn!
 ...Company break away! Left wheel!

The tank nearly turns over, destroys a birch, gnashes gears
 and crashes into the meadow. He locks a track, swings the
 tank around, drops the engine to idle. It stands blurping
 quietly. A ROAR! Tanks burst out of the forest, brake
 convulsively, and form up in line.

INT. TANK

SUVOROV
 Disarm! Guns open for inspection!

Suvorov rips the headphone plug out of its socket.

EXT. MEADOW LINE OF TANKS

Suvorov checks equipment. The men assemble before the tanks.

RADIO/GUNNER
 Command tank, broken aerial, damaged
 tanks. 140 liters of fuel remaining.
 17 shots fired, 43 rounds remaining...

SUVOROV (V.O.)
 We left the park eight minutes early.
 In a war seconds count. Tanks must
 move out at top speed, so the enemy's
 first blow falls on deserted camps.
 Eight minutes! Definitely a plus.
 All my tanks were in good shape.
 That was a plus for my technical
 deputy. It was a pity that, due to
 the shortage of officers, I had no
 technical deputy. We had avoided
 the strongholds and had reported on
 them precisely. That was a plus for
 the commander of the first platoon.
 It was a pity that we didn't have
 one. We had sniffed out the missile
 battery, and flattened it. For such
 action they pin a big medal on your
 chest and refer to it at lectures
 for a long time after.

THE APC pulls up. The CO hops out, followed by umpires, officers. The CO's face is burnt with exposure to the sun and winds of training ranges. A Colonel appears, hands white, spotless, boots glistening. With distaste he picks his way carefully, round the puddles.

SUVOROV (CONT'D)

Straighten up! Easy! Dress right!

COLONEL

(cutting him off)

Fun, Lieutenant. In action! Like a little boy!

Suvorov grins. The officers are grimly silent. His smile makes the colonel even fiercer.

COLONEL (CONT'D)

It is quite disgraceful, Lieutenant, not to hear orders, not to carry them out.

SUVOROV (V.O.)

(to himself)

My dear idiot Colonel, I would hang people who do not enjoy themselves in action, who are not intoxicated by the smell of blood. In a real battle my Asians would have become even more excited. That is their strength. Nobody in the world would be able to stop them.

COLONEL

And then there's the wall! You knocked down the wall! That's a serious offense!

SUVOROV (V.O.)

The wall. Big deal!

Suvorov smiles. Behind him, the company grins. The Colonel is furious.

COLONEL

You're not fit to command. I remove you. Hand your company over to your deputy. He'll take them back to barracks!

SUVOROV

I don't have a deputy.

COLONEL

Then hand over command to the commander of the first platoon!

SUVOROV

There isn't one. I'm the only officer
in the company.

THE COLONEL

The fire goes out of him. Behind him, the umpires and his
officers hide grins and look at the dust.

SUVOROV (.V.O.) (CONT'D)

Plenty of people want to be officers,
but they all want to be colonels.
Very few want to be lieutenants.
People forget this in headquarters.

The umpire, also a Colonel, mutters to the CO.

UMPIRE

They have to be returned to barracks.

CO

That's impossible without an officer.

UMPIRE

It is an offence! It could be
regarded as an attempt at a coup
d'etat.

THE COLONEL / SUVOROV

SUVOROV (V.O.)

You have taken personal responsibility
for the company and do not have the
right to entrust them to anyone else.
If such a right were granted, then
every commander could replace
officers. You have the right to
dismiss me. Everyone has that right.
It's easy as killing a man. But you
can't put me in charge again. I am
not worthy. Everybody heard you say
that. What if your superiors get to
know that you removed a properly
appointed commander and put an
unworthy one in his place?

The colonel turns to the CO.

COLONEL

Radio the battalion commander. Ask
him to take over the company.

CO

The exercises are over. We can't use
wartime communications now.

UMPIRE

Officers who took such liberties in
1937 were shot.

The Colonel looks at Suvorov. Suvorov looks back.

SUVOROV (V.O.)

Go on, take command! But the men are
not Russians. What if they
misunderstand a command. A tank can
run over a man, run off a bridge,
sink in a bog. The commander's fate
is always the same.

SUVOROV has his fun, looks at the CO, then stops smiling.

SUVOROV (CONT'D)

Permit me, comrade colonel.
(salutes smartly)
Allow me to lead the company for the
last time. A farewell.

COLONEL

Yes. You lead the company. Consider
my order not having come into force.
Take the company to barracks. Hand
it over there.

SUVOROV

Very good!

He turns about sharply. There are smiles on the faces of the
officers and men. The CO mutters to the Umpire.

CO

(ASIDE)

What on earth is 'taking command for
the time being?'

UMPIRE

There is no such order. An officer
is either worthy of commanding his
unit, or he is not.

Suvorov casts his eye over his men. A tremor runs through
the ranks. He holds two flags.. He raises the white flag.

The formation freezes in expectation, each man straining.
He raises the red flag. They bolt. Engines roar. Suvorov
climbs into the hatch, flag held high. The tanks roar away.

EXT. CAMP ENTRANCE A BAND BLARES FORTH.

The CO stands on a tank, welcoming his columns back. Suvorov
salutes. The CO directs a ferocious look at him, then brings
his hand up in salute. Suvorov is shocked.

His tank has gone past, but he swings round and looks at the CO. Suddenly the CO smiles at him.

INT. HQ

Marble stairs. Carpeted corridors. Suvorov salutes the regimental standard, an orderly salutes him, knocks on a door.

INT. CO'S OFFICE

Suvorov enters. The Umpire, A Lieutenant Colonel sits at the CO's desk. Suvorov seems confused.

LT. COLONEL

Sit down, senior lieutenant.

(he sits)

Tell me, senior lieutenant, why did you smile when Colonel Yermolayev relieved you of command?

The Lt. Colonel's eyes drill into him.

SUVOROV

I don't know, comrade Colonel.

LT. COLONEL

Your company performed with great skill. It was better to knock down that wall than to expose the regiment to attack. It is not difficult to rebuild a wall...

SUVOROV

It's already been rebuilt.

LT. COLONEL

I am Lieutenant Colonel Kravtsov, Chief of Intelligence of the 13th Army. Colonel Yermolayev thinks he is Chief of Intelligence. He's been relieved of his post. He doesn't know it yet. He thinks he's carrying out an inspection, but in fact I am handling things. None of his orders has any force. He issues them but they are annulled. He is a zero, a failure expelled without a pension. So his order relieving you of your company has no force.

SUVOROV

Thank you, lieutenant colonel!

KRAVTSOV

He does not have the right to remove you from command. Therefore I am removing you. I order you to hand over your company.

Suvorov jumps up, salutes.

SUVOROV

Very good! I hand over the company.

KRAVTSOV

Sit down.

He sits.

KRAVTSOV (CONT'D)

Colonel Yermolayev removed you because he considered a company was too much for you. I am removing you because it is too little. I have a job for you: chief of staff of the division's recon battalion.

SUVOROV

But I am only a senior lieutenant.

KRAVTSOV

I am only a Lieutenant Colonel. But I have been selected to take over intelligence work for the Army. I am now forming my team. I need intelligent men. At 21.30 our bus leaves. You have a seat on it.

EXT. HEADQUARTERS 13TH ARMY

Suvorov shows his pass to a guard. The guard studies it, salutes. A path between barbed wire ends at a mansion hidden among the trees.

INT. HQ

He climbs marble staircase, shows his pass and enters a dark,

GUARDED CORRIDOR. OFFICERS TURN TO LOOK. A DOOR OF ARMOR

He presses a bell, an eye peers through the viewing slit. A lock clicks.

OFFICE

Three desks, three safes, bookshelves. A map of Europe covers a wall. Opposite the entrance hangs a portrait of a general. Two lieutenant colonels eye him with suspicion and acknowledge his greetings with slight nods of the head. A table is piled with messages. He sits and is stumped by the very first one.

ECU MESSAGE 'An echelon of twenty British Chieftain tanks has been observed on a railway bridge across the Rhine near Cologne.'

SUVOROV (V.O.)

Idiots! Which direction was it going?
Reinforcement or a reduction in force?

He looks up. Both Colonels have copies of the same message. They look at him but are in no hurry to hint at the answer.

He gets up, goes to picture of the general on the wall. He speaks to it.

SUVOROV CONT'D) V.O.

If I read the preceding messages the answer would probably be very simple.

He smiles at this Colonel General and gives him a wink. The expression on the officer's face is severe, his eyes, cruel and commanding. There is no inscription beneath the portrait.

He turns it over. Instead of a name there is only a stamp:

"Military unit 44388" and a warning: "To be kept only in the secure premises of the Aquarium and its subordinate organs."

He goes to the safe and pulls out a heavy volume. He drops it on his desk with a crash. The Lieutenant colonels jump.

MATCH DISSOLVE - SEVERAL HOURS LATER

The Colonels spit on their seals and stamp the document cases which then go into the safe. They disappear. Suverov sits alone in the gathering gloom, engrossed, books piled nearby.

KRAVTSOV

Do you ever get any sleep?

He looks up. Kravtsov has appeared.

SUVOROV

Sometimes, and what about you?

KRAVTSOV

Sometimes. Shall I test you?

SUVOROV

Yes please, comrade Lieutenant Colonel.

KRAVTSOV

Where is the 406th Tactical Fighter Wing of the U. S. Air Force?

SUVOROV

In Zaragossa, Spain.

KRAVTSOV

What does the U.S. Fifth Army Corps consist of?

SUVOROV

The 3rd Armoured Division, 8th Mechanised Division and 11th Cavalry Regiment.

KRAVTSOV

(studies him)

Do you know what the second group does?

SUVOROV

Yes.

KRAVTSOV

But how could you know?

SUVOROV

I guessed. Espionage by secret agents.

KRAVTSOV

Do you know what the third group does?

SUVOROV

Yes, I do.

He strides around the room, trying to grasp it.

KRAVTSOV

Sit down.

(he sits)

Suvorov, you have been receiving scraps of information from the second group... You could guess about them. But you haven't been getting anything at all from the third group.

SUVOROV

From which I concluded that the third group is brought into action only in wartime. The officers in the third are very tough, every one of them.

KRAVTSOV

So what do you think they do?

SUVOROV

In wartime they extract information by force. They are saboteurs, terrorists.

KRAVTSOV

Do you know what we call the group?

SUVOROV

No, I couldn't know that.

KRAVTSOV

Spetsnaz. Special Recon Units. Do you know how many such troops there are in the third group?

SUVOROV

A battalion.

He jumps up out of his chair.

KRAVTSOV

Who told you that?

SUVOROV

I guessed it.

KRAVTSOV

But how?

SUVOROV

In every division there is one company doing recon. An Army is a stage higher than a division, which means that you should have at your disposal not a company but a battalion.

KRAVTSOV

(studies him...)

Turn up this evening at this address.

INT. SPORTS CENTER SUVOROV AND KRAVTSOV

KRAVTSOV has a broad grin on his face. He is barefooted, in a track suit. Two ordinary chairs stand in a vast space.

KRAVTSOV

Sit down.

They sit face to face in the middle of the area.

KRAVTSOV (CONT'D)

Put your hands on your knees and relax them completely. In all circumstances you must be utterly relaxed.

Holding on to the chair, he starts rocking back on the back legs, then suddenly tips right over backwards. Slams to the floor smiling. He jumps up, lifts the chair and sits down.

KRAVTSOV (CONT'D)

Nothing can happen to you. But human nature makes us resist falling backwards. Its only our mind that holds us back....Now hold on to the chair with your hands.... Rock back on the chair....Stop, stop: are you afraid?

SUVOROV

Of course I'm afraid.

KRAVTSOV

Good, that's normal.

He rocks back on the chair, carefully balancing, then gently upsets the balance, rocking a bit further. The chair falls slowly back, then crashes to the floor. He bursts out laughing: nothing had happened. Kratzsov offers a hand.

SUVOROV

I'll have another go!

POV GROUND FLITTING BY FROM A MOVING TRAIN

KRAVTSOV (V.O.)

The Academy of Science has worked out the technique for jumping off trains. You jump backwards in the opposite direction. As you hit, you run, gradually slowing down. We can jump from a train at 70 kilometres an hour. Don't touch the ground with your hands, or you'll upset the rhythm of the legs. You'll fall and die a painful death. Okay?

Suvorov, just looks at him, then jumps off the train.

EXT. OPEN RAILWAY BRIDGE ABOVE A CHASM

They stand looking down.

KRAVTSOV

It's psychological...Fools say you mustn't look down. But there's great pleasure in looking down. Think of death, don't be afraid of it. You can derive pleasure not only from another person's death but from your own. Only people who do not fear death can perform miracles along with the gods.

He looks down to the depths, teeters on the edge, smiling.

KRAVTSOV (CONT'D)

Well, then, its time to try you out on the real thing. I'll send you off with a Spetsnaz group. As an inspector.

SUVOROV

I'm ready, comrade lieutenant colonel.

KRAVTSOV

Are you sure?

He back flips and lands on the beam on one foot, grinning.

A TRAIN RUSHES THROUGH THE RUSSIAN COUNTRYSIDE

INT. DINING CAR

Suvorov sits at table alone, staring out the window. A boundless expanse speeds by. Fir trees, ruined churches, factories. He turns, the waiter stands over him.

WAITER

Excuse me, Comrade. We have only this one seat left. Would you mind...

He looks up, a very pretty girl stands looking at him. He almost spills his drink in his haste to make room for her.

She smiles at him and sits. The waiter hands her a menu. She glances at it briefly, then looks up over it at him.

TANYA

So...What looks good to you?

She smiles...He just looks at her.

EXT. THE TRAIN SPEEDS ACROSS THE STEPPES

INT. DINING CAR LATER

Dishes are cleared...A bottle, nearly empty.

TANYA

So, Viktor...

SUVOROV

Vitya.

TANYA

...Vitya... So Vitya... what is your destination?

SUVOROV

Destination...Oh...let's say... Moscow.

TANYA

Oh, and what is your profession?

SUVOROV

We can say...scientific research...
And what's yours...your occupation?

TANYA

(she smiles)

...Let's say...scientific research.

SUVOROV

And your destination?

TANYA

We can say... Moscow.

SUVOROV

Can I meet you?

TANYA

I'm sorry...It is not possible.

SUVOROV

No?

TANYA

No. I'm sorry. But we cannot meet.

Sadly, he toasts her with his Vodka. She toasts him back.

MORNING.

The trainman wakes him. He checks his watch, grabs his bag, starts up the aisle. He stops.

Tanya is up ahead. She is turned away. She glances his way, but apparently doesn't see him, she turns back and walks away toward the rear. Quickly, he reverses course, goes up the aisle toward the front. The train slows.

EXT. TRAIN MOVING

He swings down on the step. It pulls up, doesn't fully stop, just slows enough for him to jump off. He is the only one.

He looks up. A small, totally isolated station in the middle of barren fields. He turns...and watches the train slide by, windows closed against this secret place. The last car sweeps by, revealing the other side of the barren station.

And a figure standing there. Tanya. She looks across at him in equal surprise. Two soldiers wait with a car. One of them comes up, Salutes her, takes her bag. She salutes back, follows him to the car. The other soldier comes up to Suvorov, salutes.

SOLDIER

Welcome to Spetsnaz Training Center,
comrade Captain.

INT. CAR

Door opens. She waits in the back. He gets in beside her. She smiles, and jokingly salutes him. He smiles, puts his hand on hers.

SUVOROV

Well, this ought to be fun!

EXT. AERIAL NIGHT DROP ROAR OF AIRCRAFT ENGINES

WIND HOWLS. Suverov looks out the open drop door. The ground whizzes by. He looks down the row of seated paratroopers... animal fear in their eyes. Animal fear in his eyes!

They stare back at him; the big, high cheek-boned radio operator, BALD TARZAN, GENGHIS KHAN, the cipher clerk; SERGEANT DROZDOV, the biggest man in the group. the commander: also very big; and the paratroopers, broad shouldered and powerful: VAMPIRE, NICKOLAS III, NEGATIVE, CHOPIN. Bald Tarzan smiles at him.

BALD TARZAN

One hundred meters.

SUVOROV

Only one parachute?

VAMPIRE

At this height a second chute is...
(grins evilly) ...not necessary.

BALD TARZAN

Don't worry, it opens explosively
with the help of this. ...'Boom!'

He holds up a gas canister.

SUVOROV

Oh. Good.

The SERGEANT shows him a map.

SERGEANT

Twenty eight Spetsnaz groups. We
attack the radar stations of the 8th
Tank Army.

SUVOROV (V.O.)

I jump last. I am the jump master.

They stare at him wild eyes, all of them, except the Commander. He dozes quietly, completely relaxed.

But all the other eyes have a glint of craziness about them.

SUVOROV CONT'D) V.O.

It's fine to jump from three thousand meters.

The plane suddenly dives. Tops of trees flash past. They hook lines to the rail. S alone has it loose on his chest.

SUVOROV V.O.

But this was only a hundred! I had to let them all go past and at the last moment, hook my line. But what if I missed? It would be too late to open the chute. I imagined myself falling. I could just imagine howling in the face of death. (He laughs)

The parachutists look at him curiously; the umpire's having hysterics. The blue light above the hatch flickers.

SUVOROV

Stand! Get down!'

The doors move aside. Icy wind whips in. The snow below is dazzlingly bright. Bushes rush past in a wild gallop. Bald Tarzan, crouches down, right leg forward to steady himself.

Ghenghis leans his whole body heavily on him. Third man on the back of the second man, the group forms a single unit, waiting.

ALARM BELL FLASHING LIGHT

SUVOROV

Go. Go. Go!

Wild eyes flash past. A SIREN HOWLS driving fear deep inside.

Faces are distorted. We're off!' There is no getting out of it, no way of resisting the pressure from behind. The whole lot rushes out the hatch as one, disappears..

The plane lurches and bucks. Swaying at the door, frozen hand trying to hook on. Miss. Miss. The floor drops. Sliding out the door, a last grab. The hook catches wire, snaps on.

Out the door, float into freezing fog. Whack! The chord snaps tight popping the chute out. Head down, frost whipping face, legs in the air, slam into the ground and roll. He sweeps along in a swirl of snow. Bury chute, scatter stuff to keep dogs off. They lope through snow. CO explains...

COMMANDER

The police, the KGB, the MVD are all after us. But we have our hands tied.

(MORE)

COMMANDER (CONT'D)

If it was war we could seize a few cars and skirt the area. But it isn't real war, we are not allowed to commandeer transport, we have just our feet, The pace is cruel, killing...

RAVINE MORNING

The lie exhausted, tunics wet through, faces red, sweat running, hearts thumping, tongues hanging out. The CO grins.

COMMANDER

Don't worry. It is always like this at first. By the 4th or 5th day you'll be used to it. You'll be walking like a machine.

SERGEANT

Commander, dogs barking in the village.

COMMANDER

Bad sign. Strangers there. We'll go around. To the left.

CHOPIN

To the left there's a KGB ambush. In that wood. Look, birds circling.

COMMANDER

Right.

SERGEANT

Through the gully and the trees.

That way is only for wolves. And Spetsnaz.

COMMANDER

Ready? On your way then.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE EVENING

MOVING SILENTLY, AND FAST...

BALD TARZAN

Sixty seven kilometers in a day!

CHOPIN

Time to lie down in the snow.

COMMANDER

No, girls! You should've slept yesterday.

SUVOROV (V.O.)

He was in a bad temper. The group wasn't keeping up. It was getting dark. That was bad too. In the daytime you could take cover and rest. At night that never happened. Night was for work.

Genghis Khan scoops snow, stuffs it in his mouth.

COMMANDER

Don't eat snow! Or I'll flatten you!

SERGEANT

Look down at your skis. If you look ahead, you pass out. Look down, you're hypnotized, you carry on mechanically, the horizon doesn't drive you mad.

COMMANDER

(shouts savagely)

Look out! We're running into an ambush! Negative didn't notice the light on the left. Watch yourself, Negative, or I'll knock your teeth out! Keep going, girls!

EXT. COUNTRY MORNING SUNRISE

Ragged rays skip across the trees through a freezing mist.

THEY rest in a woods, faces white, corpse-like. Two guard, the rest sleep. Chopin lies head thrown back, steam rising from his tunic. The CO looks grim. So does the Sergeant.

SERGEANT

Five groups approach the target. Whoever reaches it attacks at 3.40. Those who do not arrive in time do not go into battle. They go on to the next objective. We will not arrive on time.

EXPLOSIONS and bursts of automatic fire in the distance.

BALD TARZAN

They are close, a head-on attack. Three groups. And we missed it!

CHOPIN

Damn! Nice warm cabins, overweight signal troops, dissolute telephone operators. What we could do to them!

DARK WOODS NIGHT

SUVOROV

The Sergeant is killed, the commander,
wounded. Can't take him with us. If
we leave him, the enemy will make
him talk. So, you're in command
...what do you do?

Chopin takes a syringe from the pocket of his tunic.

CHOPIN

Blissful death!

SUVOROV

Right. In war the only way to survive
is to kill our wounded ourselves.

Suverov enters another good mark in the umpire's register.

SOUND OF A PLANE.

Things burst through the trees above. They dive out of the way. Containers crash all around. Then they are out, crawling through the snow. Frantically, they grab them and pull them back under cover. They break open the packages and wolf down the food and drink, toss around the ammunition and explosives. Chopin finds a bottle. He holds it up in wonder.

CHOPIN

Liquor!

BALD TARZAN

Such concern!

SERGEANT

It means there are only a few of us
left.

ANOTHER RAVINE - DAWN

The CO, the Sergeant watch the Radio operator. He hunches over the directional receiver, slowly turning the antenna. He plots triangulation on a map and points toward the west.

The CO crawls up on a ridge and sweeps his binoculars in that direction.

POV A STAND OF TALL FIRS, AND HIDDEN, BARELY VISIBLE,
antenna spokes, the curve of a microwave dish.

EXT. COMMUNICATIONS CENTER A MOBILE CONTAINER

INT. MOBILE CONTAINER

Signal troops, some women, sleep drunkenly, soft music plays.

A corporal wakes, stumbles outside.

EXT. CLEARING

The corporal weaves around to the back, unzips. An arm flattens him. His startled ice-covered face looks up at Tarzan. He tries to scream, but Tarzan stuffs a big clump of snow in his mouth. He points at the Corporal's cock in his hand and whispers.

BALD TARZAN

Just hold onto that! Until I tell
you!

Two other sentries disappear.

INT. MOBILE CONTAINER WOMAN TECH MOANS SOFTLY, GIGGLES.

WOMAN TECH

Yuri, where are you? Come Yuri, again!

Another holds up a Vodka bottle, waves it at the door.

2ND WOMAN TECH

Come on, Yuri, you missed your turn.

WHAM! The door bursts open. White figures fly through, firing Kalashnikovs full auto above their heads. The metal container warps with the roars! They scream and cover their heads.

A woman jumps up naked, throwing a private off her privates.

Suvorov steps through the door writing in his notebook. He glances at the half-naked, drunk, terrified technicians.

SUVOROV

Comrades...You are all dead.

One drunk lurches to his feet, salutes with Vodka bottle.

DRUNK

I serve the Soviet Union!

His pants drop and he collapses onto the floor, dead drunk.

THE PATROL

They move through woods.

SERGEANT

We are doing our job: the Eighth
Tank Army is almost completely
paralyzed. Instead of engaging in
battle it's trying to catch us behind
the lines.

WOODS LATER

They run. They are being chased. HEAR DOGS, HELICOPTERS.

Surrounded, they're driven into a ravine. One by one, they are captured. Suvorov ducks around a tree, comes face to face with a gun. Chopin, tough and resilient, slips out of the trap. He's driven toward the ice-choked river. They surround him on the river bank. He throws off his tunic and his Kalashnikov, jumps in, swims between the chunks of ice.

The dogs won't take to the water, they are too smart. An MVD Captain rushes up, gun drawn. He glares, then smiles.

CAPTAIN

Congratulations. You're last to be captured.

BARRACKS

Torn and tattered, they stand proudly in formation. A KGB van pulls up, men with guns pull a prisoner out. The patrol cheers.

It is Chopin, dressed in a policeman's greatcoat, thinner than ever. He hugged by the men. The CO hands him sergeant stripes. One by one, men appear, tunics torn. One tattered straggler grins at Suvorov through dirt and blood...Tanya.

The MVD troops eye them with admiration. They are exhausted skeletons.

SOLDIER

You've hit on a pretty tough service, my friends.

They nod and grin proudly.

INT. HQ QUIET WELL FED, CLEANLY SHAVED OFFICERS

Suvorov's face is tanned from frost and sun. His lips are cracked. His nose has peeled. Other officers greet him with jokes.

OFFICER 1

Viktor, how did you manage to lose so much weight?

INT. OFFICE SUVOROV AT DESK;

Bulging folders; intelligence summaries and ciphered messages.

SUVOROV (V.O.)

In 23 days, the world had changed out of all recognition.

MONTAGE REPORTS

SECRET...strengthening of the guard on Pershing missiles.

SECRET...new coding system; com channels; Denmark. Agents have discovered...nuclear mines...

SUVOROV (V.O.)

Twenty three days ago no one had heard of nuclear mines. The Soviet Army was also looking different:

SPETSNAZ OFFICERS ONLY Inquiry into the circumstances in which foreign trainees died in training exercises with puppets... increase supervision. Give special attention to..

SUVOROV CONT' V.O.

I read that order three times. It was clear how one had to deal with a puppet. But it was not clear what a puppet was.

EXT. TROOPS MOVE BY.

Suvorov watches. Kravtsov comes up behind him.

KRAVTSOV

Guess what kind of camouflage we have for this platoon. Try.

SUVOROV

They must have an accurate idea of the territory in which they will operate, therefore they must travel abroad. They must be in first class training. I would...attach them to a sports team... like Dynamo. That would provide camouflage and travel.

KRAVTSOV

(laughs)

Yes. They form an Army sports team; parachutists, shooters, runners. Every army has such a team. But where would you hide your training centre?

SUVOROV

In Dubrovica.

Veins in Kravtsov's cheeks twitch a little.

KRAVTSOV

Why in Dubrovica?

SUVOROV

The penal battalion's in Dubrovica, in the military prison. The fences are high, the dogs fierce, there's barbed wire. You can put any secret body you like inside the camp. People can be taken in prison vans, nobody would know ...you could even hide a puppet...

Kravtsov gives him a long, searching look, but says nothing.

He, in turn, studies Kravtsov closely.

KRAVTSOV'S FACE ANOTHER TIME SWEATING, TENSE, MOVING.

SUVOROV (CONT'D)

There are different kinds of beasts: thinking, civilized ones and those that do not think. The thinkers try to camouflage their animal nature. But the moment we're faced with the question, who survives, we plunge our fangs into the throat of our brother. We are all animals. I certainly am. I make no effort to conceal it. Colonel Kravtsov's also an animal. He's a wild beast such as you rarely come across.

EXT TRAINING FACILITY DAY

Krastnov circles an opponent, a desperate looking man...

KRAVTSOV

A puppet is a man. A man used for training. A puppet may even kill you.

Krastnov makes sharp, vicious attacks as he talks.

KRAVTSOV (CONT'D)

That's the point. Imagine that in war a Spetsnaz hesitates because he's not used to killing. It might cost the lives of thousands. To prevent this, they invented puppets ...a condemned criminal. Those who are weak, old, dangerous or who know too much are executed. But others have their life extended and are used for a variety of purposes. Our nuclear industry has been built by such prisoners. They're also used as training material. It suits everybody. They prolong their lives and we have real life training.

THE PUPPET'S crazed, desperate face shows barely contained rage. He attacks swiftly and viciously. He nails Kravtsov, but Kravtsov counters and moves away. The puppet stalks...

KRAVTSOV (CONT'D)

We have to share them with the nuclear industry, with the Fleet for replacing reactors in submarines; with the KGB, the MVD, the GRU.

Kravtsov attacks, lands vicious blows, the puppet rolls away, eyes glaring hatred, looking for an opening. Kravtsov is taunting him...

KRAVTSOV (CONT'D)

We have only a few puppets. A fight with one is a serious business. You can hit him but you mustn't break any bones. You must also be careful. He doesn't stick to our rules. A rage burns within him. Sometimes he hides it to prolong his wretched life, sometimes he loses control of himself. Make the most of it!

The puppet attacks, just what Kravtsov has been waiting for!

EXT. CAMPFIRE IN RAVINE NIGHT

Suvorov studies Kravtsov who sits stirring the embers. Trim, handsome, disdainful. His look is penetrating, forcing Suvorov to blink and turn away.

SUVOROV (V.O.)

For me he is a puzzle. I know little about him, while he knows everything about me. He's blood thirsty and deadly dangerous. His guiding star is power. If I made a mistake he would crush me. If I deceived him he would tell by my eyes.

His eyes lock on.

KRAVTSOV

Suvorov, did you want to ask something?

SUVOROV

Yes, comrade colonel. You have hundreds of officers with refined manners. I'm a peasant. So why did you choose me?

He cooks up a murderous drink. He studies Suvorov.

KRAVTSOV

Our world is cruel. You survive by scrambling upwards. If you stop, you'll be trampled by those below. It's a bloody battle between two political systems, but it's also a struggle between individuals. In that struggle everyone needs help. I need men who won't betray me. I choose them from the lowest level. You owe me everything. If I'm out you'll be out too. I picked you out of the crowd, not because of your ability but because you are one of the crowd. Nobody needs you. If you betray me you'll lose everything. That's how I was picked. My protector is on the way up. He drags me along, counts on my support. If he falls, who'll need me? But that's not the question that bothers you. What is?

SUVOROV

Tell me about the Aquarium.

KRAVTSOV

You know about that too? You couldn't have heard that word used, which means that you have seen it somewhere.

SUVOROV

On the back of the portrait.

KRAVTSOV

Never speak of it. You'll find yourself hanging on a hook. If I told you, you might tell someone else. He might do the same. The time might come when he is arrested. He names you, you name me.

SUVOROV

Do you believe I'd give you away?

KRAVTSOV

I have no doubt you would. There aren't weak and strong men. There are good and bad interrogators. In the Aquarium the interrogators are good. You'd confess everything, including things that never happened. But I'll tell you a little. In 1918, the Red Army was a powerful force, but it was blind...deaf. Information was provided by the Cheka. The secret police had its own priorities.

(MORE)

KRAVTSOV (CONT'D)

And however much information the general staff received, it would never be enough. In case of failure, the Army could always say that information was insufficient. They would always be right. However much was collected they could always ask another million questions. Military intelligence was handed to the Army so that in case of failure, it would be their own fault.

SUVOROV

And the KGB never tried to take control?

KRAVTSOV

Always! As long as there are two secret organizations fighting each other, there's no need to fear one of them. The day one organization swallows the other will mark the end of the Politburo...

SOUND of gravel being trodden. A shadow creeps down the ravine. In darkness a trooper looks closely, recognizing Kravtsov.

SERGEANT

Comrade colonel, 29th group of the 2nd Spetsnaz. Sgt. Polchuk in command.

KRAVTSOV

Carry on. Pay no attention to us.

SERGEANT

Very good. Rhino, keep an eye open! Blevantin!

The sergeant turns and whistles. Troopers slide down the hillside. Two of them take up position on a ridge.

BLEVANTIN

Here, Sergeant.

SERGEANT

Contact HQ.

BLEVANTIN

Very good.

The troopers have a chicken. They chop off the head and claws, clean it, but leave the feathers. They cover it with wet clay and put it into the fire. The radioman puts up aials.

Others spread a ground sheet. The cipher clerk crawls underneath. Ordinary mortals are not allowed to know how he prepares his cipher. The message is ready; photographic film with a row of punched holes. The message is put into the transmitter.

The R/O checks his watch, then presses a knob. The radio switches on, tunes automatically, draws the film in and spits it out the other side. Lamps go out. The transmission lasts less than a second. The cipher clerk puts a match to the film. It disappears, hissing fiercely. The bird is ready.

They crack off the clay and with it the feathers, leaving the chicken in its own fat.

UGLY DUCKLING

Comrade colonel, be our guest.

KRAVTSOV

Thank you. And where did you get the chicken?

RHINOCEROS

It's a wild one, comrade colonel. A stray.

SUVOROV

Where did you get that saucepan?

RHINOCEROS

It was lying at the roadside. We didn't want to waste it. Try it! Its very good.

Kravtsov laughs. Suvorov moves to the Sergeant. He watches Kravtsov's easy way with the troops. He squats.

SUVOROV (.V.O.)

The men like the Commander. A good man.

SERGEANT

(snorts derisively)

It's better to have nothing to do with good people. Better to deal with the bad. You know what to expect. A person who appears good is dangerous. The most dangerous are those who believe they are good. The worst criminal might kill a man, ten men...a hundred. But a criminal will never kill millions. The most monstrous crimes are committed by people who do not drink, do not smoke, and who feed the squirrels. Kravtsov is vicious, incorrigible. They respect him for it.

He throws down the chicken bone, looks about, checks his watch.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

Ready? Jump about. Time to be off!

The dawn is coming. The Spetsnaz are gone and once again, he is alone with Kravtsov. He pours, sips silently.

KRAVTSOV

I've been studying you. You're a born criminal. Drink up.

His expression's grim. He's had a lot of vodka.

KRAVTSOV (CONT'D)

One thing I can't understand; you don't seem to find any pleasure in tormenting others. We get pleasure out of our own strength. You can torment a "puppet" to your hearts content. But you don't. Why?

SUVOROV

Because it doesn't give me pleasure.

KRAVTSOV

Pity. You can only survive if you get other people by the throat. Our system enables us to do this. You can hang on to power by scrambling upwards, but only in a group. Soon you'll get your own group together, but remain in mine.

(Suddenly grabs him)

If you betray me...!

SUVOROV

I won't betray you.

KRAVTSOV

I know.

INT. BARRACKS SUVOROV NIGHT.

He wakes and stares at the ceiling.

SUVOROV (V.O.)

Something was wrong.

He lapses into into a restless sleep. He dreams of flying.

SUVOROV (CONT'D)

I was flying. Away from Kravtsov.
Away from Spetsnaz.

(MORE)

SUVOROV (CONT'D)

If they were to send me somewhere to die for some cause I would not mind giving up my life. I was ready to fight. But what was the point? Fighting for power is not fighting for one's country. I flew higher in my dream. I looked down on my country. It was very sick, but what was it was suffering from? Madness perhaps, or schizophrenia. I didn't know how I could help. Somebody had to be killed, but I didn't know who. Where was I flying to? To God, perhaps? But there is no god.

EXT. TRAINING GROUNDS DAY

The enemy's ears stand up. It bares its fangs, hackles up, its ears flat just before it leaps. It doesn't growl, it just wheezes. It strikes! Saliva flies as it's jaws snap.

A SHOUT

Excellent viciousness!

VOICE 2

Get him, Mars!

VOICE 3

Viktor, give it to him! Show him how Spetsnaz fight.

Suvorov holds a knife in his left hand, a tunic in his right.

The dog doesn't like that. He doesn't like the knife in the left hand. The dog shifts his eyes from knife to throat. He eyes the tunic. Why had the man not wrapped it round his hand? The animal knows that the man has one key hand and that the other is only to divert. He must attack the dangerous hand. But maybe he should go for the throat? The dog shifts his eyes, trying to choose. Once he makes his decision, his eyes will freeze and he'll attack. Suvorov waits. Mars springs suddenly, not as other dogs do. He pounces silently, without freezing his eyes, without straining back before the leap.

His body is suddenly suspended in air. The dog flies at Suvorov's throat. But his tunic whips across the dogs eyes.

Whoomph! A flash... of his boot. The dog howls, lands in a corner. They roar with delight.

TARZAN

Cut him, Viktor! Finish him!

But Suvorov does not attack. He hops over the barrier, lurches into the arms of Tanya and the other delighted Spetsnaz.

TANYA

Vitya! You got him breathing out,
and in midair! What a move!

In the arena a little soldier weeps beside the panting dog.

INT. OFFICE A MEDICAL OFFICER STARES AT SUVOROV EARNESTLY.

MARCHUK

So, Suvorov, we've been studying
you. Your brain works like a machine.
An untuned one, but you can be tuned.
You have a good memory, a capacity
for analyzing. You have good taste.
That's a nice girl. She's never let
anyone near her before. Sorry, we
have to know such things. We have to
know everything about you. That's
our job.

They enter a small room. Suvorov is surprised to find Tanya
waiting. She snaps to attention. He looks at Marchuk, but he
just goes on.

MARCHUK (CONT'D)

We've watched you. What pleases us
is your progress. You've rid yourself
of your fear of heights and closed
spaces. You're no longer afraid of
blood. That's important in our line
of work. Death does not scare you.
But you've really got a problem with
frogs and snakes. Are you scared of
them?

He looks at Suvorov. He is defensive in front of Tanya.

SUVOROV

Yes. How did you find out?

MARCHUK

None of your business. Your business
is not to be afraid. What's there to
be afraid of? Some people eat frogs.

SUVOROV

The Chinese?

MARCHUK

Not only the Chinese. The French,
too.

SUVOROV

In a famine, comrade colonel, I would
sooner eat people....

Tanya stifles a giggle.

MARCHUK

Not in a famine. Frogs are a delicacy.
Don't you believe me?

SUVOROV (V.O.)

Of course I didn't. Propaganda! Life wasn't as bad as that in France. If he insisted, I would agree that the proletariat didn't live well, but only out loud. But I knew life was good in France and the proletariat didn't eat frogs. But there was no deceiving Marchuk. He read the doubt in my eyes.

Marchuk presses a button, a projector whirs. On screen a kitchen, a chef, frogs, saucepans, a dining room, waiters and customers. The customers eat frogs legs. Incredible!

MARCHUK

Well?

SUVOROV (V.O.)

What could I say? If I accepted it he'd say 'How could an intelligence officer fall for such crap.' No, I can't believe it. The woman had a poodle. I saw it. No normal person is going to eat frogs if there is a poodle going begging. It wouldn't be logical.

Tanya chokes back a laugh, then stiffens under Marchuk's glare. S. glances at her. He is serious, which makes her start to laugh again.

MARCHUK

Frogs cost a lot of money.

SUVOROV

Bourgeois decadence!

CU SUVOROV AND TANYA

They stare straight ahead, every muscle tensed.

INT. SMALL ROOM THEY SIT CROSS-LEGGED ON FLOOR.

The floor crawls with frogs. Tanya giggles again, hysterically. He puts his hand on her to comfort her. She covers his hand with hers. He pulls her close, kisses her.

The movements set the frogs jumping.

Outside the room, a soldier stands guard. A knock, he goes to a peep hole, looks inside, opens door. S and Tanya step through, calm and smiling. S starts to walk away. Ribbit!

He stops, absently reaches into his pocket, comes out with a frog. He hands it to the soldier.

EXT. FIR WOOD NEAR A STREAM A LITTLE PICNIC

Blankets spread with tins of fish, onions, cucumbers. S. offers Kravtsov the seat of honor. He refuses and offers him the place instead. Kravtsov pours vodka, takes out a small silver star and drops it into the glass. A faint tinkling as the star glitters. S drinks the fiery liquid, raising the bottom of the glass. The little star slides towards his lips.

He holds the star in his lips until the Vodka has run down his throat. He takes the star and hurls the glass against a stone. He hands Kravtsov the star. He measures out the place on Suvorov's epaulet.

KRAVTSOV

There's a new force in our regiment!

Everybody laughs. Suvorov moves off to Tanya. She hugs him, happy and proud and shines his star. He hands her a Vodka.

Just before she drinks, he plops something into it. She drains the glass and finds a simple gold band in her lips. She looks at it in surprise. He slips it on. The glass hits a rock and shatters into a glittering shower.

LATER

KRAVTSOV

...is drunk and sentimental. He Collars Suvorov, makes excuses and pulls him away from Tanya.

KRAVTSOV

Turn in your chutes and kit.

SUVOROV

I'm not jumping today?

KRAVTSOV

You're never going to jump again.

SUVOROV

I see....(he understands nothing)

KRAVTSOV

Viktor, you are entering into serious business. You are joining the Tenth Directorate, but I believe that's a cover; that you'll go higher. Maybe even the Aquarium. We can't talk about it. You'll have exams.

CLOSE ON KRAVTSOV

KRAVTSOV (CONT'D)

To pass them you must always be yourself. There is something crooked about you. Don't try to conceal it. And be good and kind. Promise me?

SUVOROV

I promise.

KRAVTSOV

If you have to kill a man, be kind! Smile at him before you kill him.

SUVOROV

I'll try.

KRAVTSOV

But if you are going to be killed, smile. Smile at the executioner. Everyone has to die. Die like a man, Viktor. With pride. Promise?

SUVOROV

I promise.

He turns and notices Tanya staring at him. She smiles.

MOSCOW SKYLINE ONION DOMES

VOICE

What is 262 multiplied by 16?
(a beat)
Quickly, in your head.

INT. DARK ROOM THE PIERCING EYES OF THE EXAMINER

Suvorov wipes his forehead, raises eyes to the ceiling, then lowers them.

SUVOROV'S POV THE TABLE

Right in front on a table, a predecessor had solved this very sum. It would be invisible to the examiner.

SUVOROV (V.O.)

I was going to make use of this answer when it occurred to me to wonder how my predecessor could have got hold of a pencil and how he could have used it under the gaze of the examiner. It was put there to tempt me. I looked up, then thought again and gave my own answer.

The examiner starts his stopwatch.

SUVOROV (CONT'D)

I glanced at the answer written on the table. It was wrong. It was a trick.

EXAMINER

What is the weight of an M60 tank?

SUVOROV

Forty-five tons.

EXAMINER

Why do spiral staircases in castles go clockwise, not the other way round?

SUVOROV

Defenders will have their sword hand free. Attackers will be blocked.

EXAMINER

How much does a bucket of mercury weigh?

There is no time to think; at the slightest hesitation another question is asked, then more and more.

EXAMINER (CONT'D)

What is the price of gold on the international market?...Which firm produces the Phantom fighter?

SUVOROV

McDonnell Douglas.

EXAMINER/SUVOROV

Which are the better antitank shells, American or French? French. What design faults are there in the rotary engine? Poor lubrication. When was the first Sputnik launched? 1957.

EXAMINER

What do you know about Chekhov?

SUVOROV

He was a well-known sniper in the 138th rifle division of the 62nd Army.

EXAMINER

Do you know Dostoievsky?

SUVOROV

What an odd question. Who doesn't? General Dostoievsky is chief of staff of the 3rd Shock Army.

The examiners give a long laugh. But they accept the answer:

EXAMINER

Never mind, captain, your answers are not quite what we wanted, but they give us a good idea of your character. If we laugh occasionally, pay no attention.

MONTAGE OF EXAMINERS SOMETIMES ONLY ONE, SOMETIMES MANY.

SUVOROV (V.O.)

5000 questions...fifty questions an hour, seventeen hours a day, for six days. You reveal exactly what you know and think. You had to avoid being too clever. If you tried to skate around some tricky questions they would catch you later contradicting yourself.

Food is brought in. He gobbles as he answers.

EXAMINER

What do you know about Johann Straus? If you had to modernize the American B-58 strategic bomber, what would you do and why? How many columns on the facade of the Bolshoi? What type of woman attracts you? What is 4416 divided by 8? How many vodkas can you drink at a sitting?

DISTRACTING NOISE strong radio interference.

EXAMINER 2

Here are photographs of people you have seen in the last few days. You have three minutes to sort them into ones you have not seen, ones you have seen once and ones you have seen twice or more.

EXAMINER 3

You have one minute to cross out all letters "B", underline all letters "T" and put a ring around the letters "R".

A tape recorder bellows something different,

TAPE RECORDER

"R" cross out, "A" underline, "U" encircle with a red ring.

CU PAPER COVERED WITH RANDOM NUMBERS

EXAMINER

You have three minutes to add up all the 3s. Pay no attention to what my colleague is doing. Begin.

The second examiner shakes the table, shouts obscenities, slaps him, strikes his legs and shakes the chair.

SUVEROV LATER

In a state of collapse. They rush in, shake him awake.

EXAMINER

262 by 16! It's simple. Don't you remember? It's so simple.

SUVOROV

(mumbles sleepily)
4192,

The light goes out.

CU GREY-HAIRED MAN IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES

GREY HAIRED MAN

You suit us, young man. But there is only one way out of our organization. Through the chimney. So think again. And so you'll have something to think about, we'll show you a film.

FLASHBACK THE MAN ON THE CONVEYOR.

Screaming, struggling, being cranked into the crematorium.

SUVOROV (V.O.)

I often thought about him. There was something I couldn't understand. They said that he sold himself for sex and money. But if it was women why didn't he defect? In the West, he'd have had money and women to last a lifetime. He could have defected, but he didn't. He went on working in Moscow, where he couldn't even spend the money. It wasn't money or women. So what was it? He could have escaped, but he didn't. He wound up in the crematorium. But why?

SUVEROV

Twisting and turning on the hot pillow. Awake. He looks up at the walls. Mounted high in each corner; a TV camera.

SUVOROV

Oh, to hell with it!

Gets out of bed and makes a rude gesture to each corner of the room. He exposes to the camera. Gets back into bed, to sleep.

INT. CLOSED VAN OPAQUE WINDOWS CITY SOUNDS SUVOROV

SUVOROV (V.O.)

Where was I off to, the Central
Committee or Siberia?

Van drives into a yard. Clang of metal doors behind. Door opens, he gets out in a dark courtyard with ancient walls.

A door opens. The Grey-haired man produces papers. A guard salutes.

GREY HAired MAN

This way.

INT. ENDLESS CORRIDORS RED CARPETS. VAULTED CEILINGS.

LIFT RISES SILENTLY. AN ELDERLY WOMAN AT A DESK.

gives him gentle push from behind, closes door.

INT. OFFICE

High ceiling, windows above eye level. Oak desk, at which sits a very thin man wearing gold-rimmed spectacles, a brown suit.

THIN MAN

Today is the day on which you are being received into the nomenklatura of the Central Committee. From today you are no longer subject to control by the KGB. From today the KGB has no right to put questions to you or to take any action against you. If you make any mistake, report it to the person in charge and he will report to us. If you fail to report it we shall know about your mistake all the same. But any enquiry into your behavior will be carried out only by the GRU. You are obliged to report any contact with the KGB to your chief. The well-being of the Central Committee depends on preserving our independence. The well-being of the Central Committee is also your own personal well-being, captain. I wish you well.

FILMY OUTLINE OF A FACE

ELEPHANT

You may call me Elephant. The Military Diplomatic Academy is sometimes called The Elephant's Graveyard.

LECTURE HALL

The lecturer stands behind a thin semitransparent curtain. He cannot see the students clearly and they cannot see him, just an outline.

ELEPHANT

This is what a spy looks like.

A picture appears: a man in a raincoat and hat, wearing dark glasses, with coat collar turned up and hands in his pockets.

ELEPHANT (CONT'D)

That is a what a spy looks like. But you are not spies! You are intrepid Soviet intelligence officers. So it doesn't become you to look like spies. So you are forbidden to wear dark glasses, to pull your hat down, put your hands in your pockets or turn up your collar. In the way you walk, the way you look, the way you breathe, there must be no tension. The furtive look is our enemy, and we shall punish you severely for that. You must not look like spies. We need people the police pay no attention to. Take a look at yourselves. Pleasant, looking faces of working class lads. No intellectuals, nobody looks like James Bond. Good! We are not going to teach you to shoot or split bricks with your hand. Guns and Japanese tricks are a safety belt. Those who depend on them fall. You've reached the highest level of intelligence work, where all you need is your head. If your head lets you down and you expose yourself, you'll have police on your tail with cars, 'copters, dogs. A gun won't help, so we don't give you one. We deprive you of all illusion. One mental error, and you're done.

EXT. MOSCOW MONTAGE SEARCHING FOR DEAD DROPS

Hunt in woods, in parks, in abandoned buildings.

ELEPHANT

A spy needs hundreds of sites, places where you can hide secret things and be certain that no children or passers by will find them. Where there's no building going on, no rats or squirrels, no snow or water to damage what has been hidden. A spy has to have many dead drops and must never use the same place twice. The sites must be away from prisons, rail stations, military bases, factories, and not in government districts. In those places there is heightened activity by the police and it is easy to be trapped.

SUVOROV (V.O.)

But where, in Moscow, can you find a place with no government installations?

THOUSANDS OF FACES FLASH ON A SCREEN

His finger on a button. The same face! He presses the button.

Mistake. ZZZZTTT!, a slight but unpleasant electric shock. Fail to press the button when he should, ZZZZT! a shock.

LECTURE HALL

ELEPHANT

Remembering faces has to be reflexive not analytical.

The FLASH SPEED INCREASES. More and more faces, then the same people in wigs, in makeup, in different clothes and in different attitudes. ZZZTT! ZZZZTT! ZZZZTT! Mistakes always punished with the nasty little shock.

ELEPHANT (CONT'D)

License numbers can be changed. Recognize cars. Our brains hold millions of details. The Aquarium will teach you.

INT. APARTMENT FILLED WITH FLOWERS, A TABLE OF FOOD.

Tanya happily greets him as he stumbles in exhausted.

TANYA

Sit, Vitya, sit. For this special occasion, our only ...first anniversary, here...Stolka Vodka!

He slumps into a chair, She pours Vodka and darts into the kitchen... fusses busily, straightens her new dress, grabs an elaborate dish.

TANYA (CONT'D)
Homemade borscht...and your favorite..

She comes back into the dining room. He is passed out with his head in the cold cuts...

TANYA (CONT'D)
...Blinis.....?

IMAGES..

Vast attacking operations. Deep penetration by tanks. Parachute descents. Spetsnaz brigades. Gunfire and battle.

He wakes, it's a dream. He sits rubbing temples. Tanya wakes, she wants to fool around, but he doesn't have time.

EXT. MOSCOW SUVOROV MONTAGE

Twisting and turning. Switch taxis, buses. Leave dense crowds and reach the deserted parts, then again into the crowds.

ELEPHANT (V.O.)
The KGB also trains by following people. Learn to detect a tail. You must be certain whether you are being followed or not. Nobody can help you, or share responsibility for mistakes.

SUVOROV STARES AT HIMSELF IN A MIRROR

ELEPHANT (CONT'D)
If you are trying to recruit someone you must withstand his stare, without blinking or shifting your gaze. Friendship begins with a smile. If you can't withstand the first earnest stare of your man there's no use trying to recruit him, because he is mentally your superior. He won't fall for you.

THE ZOO TANYA WATCHES SUVOROV

He stares the tiger in the eyes. The yellow eyes of the beast hold his gaze. He narrows his eyes, then opens them wide very slowly. He doesn't blink. Another moment and he blinks.

The huge cat yawns contemptuously, turns away. Tanya giggles. He glowers.

MOSCOW EMPTY, COLD AND DARK. S. AND ANOTHER STUDENT, GENKA

ELEPHANT V.O.

...Breakaway forbidden! If you discover people following you, don't give a sign, don't act nervous. You're a diplomat. Wander around the city. We'll repeat your operation tomorrow, or in a week. But don't break away. You'll tell them you are a spy, that you know how to detect a tail and that you have a reason for evading them. If show them that, they'll never let you out of sight.

Dark shadows behind them.

ELEPHANT V.O. (CONT'D)

...But today, to hell with your diplomatic careers. The Aquarium orders you to carry through an operation at any price. So break away!

PETROVSKI ARCADE CROWDS

Dive into the crowd, push people aside, rush up stairs into the crowd again, out the back door, shadows still on their tails. The train reaches the Lenin Hills Station. Just before the doors close, they hop off. But the shadows follow.

GENKA

I know a place. Raskova Square. How many of them?

SUVOROV

Too many, Damn!

GENKA

Separate.

SUVOROV

Not allowed. It's a 2 man operation. ...Should we separate anyway, Genka?

GENKA

No, that would exceed our rights.

SUVOROV

What if we fail, is that better?

Genka leads down a side street. No good. Three big youths are close behind. Genka grabs him. They fly down, then up stairs, along dark corridors. Down another stairway. Another door, more stairs, through rubble. They pop out onto the street. Genka pulls him into an alley. Snow falls. Their tracks are clear.

SUVOROV (CONT'D)

We'll never get away, Genka!

Genka drags him along. Empty Moscow. Genka, out of breath again.

GENKA

Are you scared to jump off a train,
Vitya?

SUVOROV

No, Genka, I am not scared.

GENKA

Then you go ahead. I'll cover you.

They jump, tumble, get up, hop a fence.

TRAIN PLATFORM SCREECH OF BRAKES

Genka is puffing. Behind are three big thugs, also puffing.

Genka pulls him into the train. They run down the carriage, pursuers close behind. Rush through one carriage and then another. Genka pushes him ahead. He turns, crashes into them.

They fight. Suvorov hits the doors, one flies open. He shoots out into the air, lands hard. He jumps up. The end carriage brakes, screeching.

IZMAILOVO PARK STATION

Slip quickly past the camera into the underground passage, a narrow gap out. A dozen footpaths into a dense wood.

Snow squeaks. Nobody about. Stop and listen. No footsteps.

Look round. Nobody. A dark corner, garages built against a wall.

Between buildings and the wall, a narrow gap. Suvorov looks around, then squeezes in. It is very narrow. He works his way to where two garages meet...pushes his fingers in.

Feels...for a packet. Breathe out, press forward a few centimetres. A little further. Stretch out around the corner.

Spread fingers, feel.

SUVOROV

YEAOOOOOW!

SOMETHING CLAMPS ON HANDS. BLINDING LIGHT

Hands grab his legs and pull. They drag him out, nose in the snow. A car screeches up. Arms twisted behind back. Handcuffs onto wrists. A door thrown open. He refuses!

A sharp kick knocks his legs from under him. He's in the car between two thugs.

SUVOROV (CONT'D)

Call my consul!

KGB MAN 2

And what are you up to here?

SUVOROV

Call my consul!

KGB MAN

Your every move has been photographed!

SUVOROV

A provocation. I can produce a film of you screwing Bridget Bardot! Call my consul!

KGB MAN 2

You had secret documents in your hands!

SUVOROV

You forced them into my hands!

KGB MAN 2

You have a secret hiding place!

SUVOROV

Pure fabrication. You seized me in the centre of the city and forced me into this stinking hole! Call my consul!

Tires screech on the turns, the car rushes off somewhere dark.

SUVOROV (CONT'D)

Call my consul!

KGB MAN 2

(softer)

That's enough training. Stop shouting.

SUVOROV

SUVOROV

The consul, you bastards, call my consul. I am an innocent diplomat!

INT. DETENTION CELL

They sit him on a chair. Arc lamps shine into his face, bringing tears to his eyes. A big thug takes up position behind.

SUVOROV

Call the consul!

He stands up. The man presses him down. He tries to stand. The man knocks his feet from under, he falls into the chair. A kick on the shin. From beyond the lights, a voice:

KGB MAN 2 (V.O.)

You're a spy!

SUVOROV

Call my consul. I am a diplomat of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics!

Try again to stand. The big one knocks his leg from under him.

KGB MAN (V.O.)

What were you doing in the park?

SUVOROV

Call the consul!

Again Suvorov stands. The man kicks. Suvorov stands again, again the man sits him with a quick blow. Suvorov stands again, is kicked, sits. He glances over his shoulder, but can make out nothing. The room's dark.

KGB MAN 2 (V.O.)

You have broken the law...

SUVOROV

Tell it to the consul.

He digs his feet into the floor...takes a breath, forces upwards. The man strikes as he pushes. He falls into the chair with a groan.

KGB MAN (V.O.)

Who were you getting material from?

SUVOROV

Call my consul!

The next kick is performed with skill. The big hands again force him down. Someone pushes pencils between his fingers.

Somebody's sweaty hand straightens up the pencils between his fingers and suddenly squeezes his hand hard. The lights wobble, shake and swing around madly. He floats away.

MOSCOW COLD GREY NOVEMBER MORNING.

He wakes lying on the seat of a car, glimpses the driver.

SUVOROV (CONT'D)
Comrade colonel! I told them nothing.

ELEPHANT
I know, Viktor.

SUVOROV
Where are we going?

ELEPHANT
Home.

SUVOROV
Did they let me go?

ELEPHANT
Yes.

SUVOROV
Did I give anything away?

ELEPHANT
No.

SUVOROV
Are you sure?

ELEPHANT
Quite sure. I was right by you all the time, even as you were arrested.

SUVOROV
Where did I make a mistake?

ELEPHANT
There was no mistake. You broke away and made the hiding place with no one on your tail. But it was too good a place: the KGB knows it. It's under observation. They took you for a real spy, but we intervened. It was a genuine arrest. The interrogation was training.

SUVOROV
How's Genka?

ELEPHANT
He's all right. He gave nothing away. In this business you have to relax. It's no good being sorry for yourself or dreaming of revenge. Get over that. Get some sleep. I'll recommend you for real work. Ever been to Mytishchi?

SUVOROV

No.

ELEPHANT

Good. This is serious. The Mytishchi missile factory. You'll try a real recruitment to discover how an enemy might recruit our people. Questions?

SUVOROV

What does the KGB know about this?

ELEPHANT

The KGB knows we do this. If they arrest you we'll rescue you, but then we won't sent you abroad.

SUVOROV

What can I tell the person I recruit about myself and my organization?

ELEPHANT

Anything you like, except the truth.

SUVOROV

He will be regarded as a real spy?

ELEPHANT

Yes. The one difference is that the information will not go abroad.

SUVOROV

That doesn't make his guilt any less?

ELEPHANT

Certainly not.

SUVOROV

So what will he get?

ELEPHANT

Article 64 of the Criminal Code. Betrayal of the Homeland. You know that?

SUVOROV

I know, comrade colonel.

EXT. MYTISHCHI ARMAMENTS FACTORY NIGHT END OF SHIFT.

Bathed in blinding light. A stream of people rush out. A maelstrom at the bus stop, people crowd noisily into bars.

ELEPHANT (V.O.)

There's no need to climb over the fence. People come out.

(MORE)

ELEPHANT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

There's no need to recruit the factory manager or chief engineer. It's easier to recruit their secretaries, but in training, you are forbidden to recruit women. It's too easy. Find a programmer, someone in charge of documents or a copying machine. If you're arrested in the West, you're sent back to Moscow. But here the consequences are more serious. You won't be allowed to travel abroad.

INT. LIBRARY QUIET BOOKSHELVES.

A red-haired man in glasses studies science fiction.

SUVOROV

Excuse me. Where is the Science fiction?

REDHAIR

Right over here.

SUVOROV

Where, exactly?

REDHAIR

Come here, I'll show you.

MONTAGE SUVOROV AND THE RED HAired MAN MOS

The man does the talking. Suvorov listens. Among snowdrifts in a clearing in the woods; skiing; in cinemas, coffee houses...

ELEPHANT (V.O.)

Spy films show intelligence officers as brilliant. Nonsense. In real life the reverse is true. Everyone's head is full of bright ideas and everyone suffers because no one will listen to him. The biggest problem for everyone is to find a good listener. That's impossible because everybody else is seeking their own listeners, so that they've no time to listen to other people's silly ideas. The art of recruiting is the ability to listen. It's difficult, but you can make a good friend if you listen patiently.

INT. CAFE

Suvorov listens as they drink beer.

SUVOROV

Oh no, go on. It's fascinating.

REDHAIR

...well, there are various systems for delivering fuel...either turbo pumps or a displacement system.

SUVOROV

Uh huh...

REDHAIR

The first German rockets used turbo Pumps.

SUVOROV

If it's so simple and cheap, why has it been forgotten?

REDHAIR

Why, indeed? It requires very reliable, pumps to avoid accidents...a burst tank due to high pressure.

SUVOROV

Oh, I agree entirely.

ECU SUVOROV'S POCKET

A tape recorder in a cigarette case. A wire runs down the sleeve to his wristwatch, which contains a microphone.

REDHAIR

It's old-fashioned, but it's been tested. You can depend on it.

ACADEMY NEXT MORNING ELEPHANT

He plays the tape. Elephant laughs.

ELEPHANT

What's he know about you?

SUVOROV

That my name is Viktor.

ELEPHANT

When's your next meeting?

SUVOROV

Thursday.

ELEPHANT

You'll talk to an officer who analyzes American rocket engines. He'll provide you with real questions.

DIRTY BAR SUVOROV AND ENGINEER.

SUVOROV
 ...but I don't think hydrogen will
 ever be used.

He stares inquiringly for some time...

REDHAIR
 That's how you people in the fourth
 shop think. Play it safe. Too
 dangerous. But think of the huge
 output of energy! We're dealing with
 that. It'll work.

At the next table, a familiar back. Elephant, with others.

ACADEMY NEXT MORNING

Elephant congratulates him.

ELEPHANT
 Forget about hydrogen fuel. None of
 your business.

SUVOROV
 I'll forget.

ELEPHANT
 Forget about your friend as well.
 The Central Committee needs evidence
 of the KGB's poor security.
 Congratulations!

MOSCOW STREETS A LADA CAREENS WILDLY

Tanya grips the wheel, terrified. Viktor grins.

SUVOROV
 Faster! Faster!

TANYA
 No, Vitya. I am driving too fast
 now.

She swerves around a curve, terrified, tires squealing.

SUVOROV
 No. You must drive faster!

TANYA
 Why, Vitya?

SUVOROV
 Where we're going, women drive fast
 cars. And they drive fast cars fast!

TANYA

Where are we going? We're already in Moscow!

SUVOROV

We could say... Paris!

TANYA

Paris?

SUVOROV

We could say Berlin.

(puts his hand on hers)

I am not in the Tenth Directorate.

TANYA

No?

SUVOROV

No.

TANYA

What are you in?

SUVOROV

The Aquarium. The GRU.

She looks at him, startled, the car swerves.

SUVOROV (CONT'D)

Keep your eyes on the road. I'll be a diplomat. You'll be a diplomat's wife. And we will live in the West?

TANYA

Vitya, the West? I never thought I'd see the West!

SUVOROV

You will. And you must learn to look and speak and...drive like a western woman. Look out!

She's drifted to the wrong lane. A horn BLARES, she swings back.

TANYA

But what'll I do there?

SUVOROV

You'll help me. You'll support me and you will meet people.

TANYA

What people?

SUVOROV

Other diplomats wives and all kinds
of people. You'll make friends.

TANYA

And I'll report on them. Where will
we go, Vitya?

SUVOROV

I don't know. We can say...New York.

TANYA

We can say San Francisco?

SUVOROV

We can say Tokyo, Bangkok, Stockholm..

TANYA

Oh, Vitya!

She hugs him excitedly. The car swerves. He grabs the wheel.

It glances off the curb, WHANNNG! He gets it back on the
road again.

SUVOROV

But first, you must learn about cars!

VIENNA THE PALACES THE PARKS, THE DANUBE

Tanya and Viktor wander like excited tourists..

VIENNA THE SOVIET EMBASSY LATER

Similar to the Lubyanka Prison. Same style, same color.
Typical Chekist tastelessness and artificial grandeur.

INT. EMBASSY

Dismal. Artificial marble, leather doors, red carpets and a
fog of cheap Bulgarian cigarettes.

GRU RESIDENTURA

An island; a sovereign, independent branch of the Aquarium.

In his office, The Commanding Officer, or "Resident; known
as the "Navigator" sits. Suvorov stands at attention before
him.

NAVIGATOR

Have you unpacked your suitcases?

SUVOROV

Not yet, comrade general.

NAVIGATOR

Don't be in any hurry to do so.

His fist crashes down on his desk. A coffee cup rattles.

NAVIGATOR (CONT'D)

Because we've a plane leaving. I'll send you back, you lazy devil. How many agents have you recruited?

OUTER OFFICE

Suvorov bursts out, blushing with shame. No one pays the slightest attention. They are all too busy. Three of them are bent over a huge map of the city. Others try to fit a huge grey electronic unit with French markings into a diplomatic bag.

ANGLE OUTER OFFICE

Only one elderly experienced intelligence officer looks up, sympathetically.

FIRST DEPUTY

The Resident has of course threatened to throw you out on the next plane.

SUVOROV

Yes!...

FIRST DEPUTY

And he will! That's how he is.

SUVOROV

What do I do?

FIRST DEPUTY

Just get on with your work.

OFFICE LATER

Genka and Suvorov sweat under bright lights.

INTERROGATOR

What's on the Lueger Platz? Quickly! Names of all shops, hotels, restaurants Numbers of the buses that stop there!

MONTAGE

Suvorov places a packet in a dead drop. Observes another.

Finds boxes in a woods, delivers them to the embassy, sits in parked car. Monitors radio.

Other officers jump in, and he pulls away.

INTERROGATOR (V.O.)

Name the streets crossing
Taborstrasse. Quickly! How many
stops? How many post boxes?
If you set off in the direction of
the Danube, ...what's on your left?

INT. RESIDENTURA

Genka grabs him, pulls him in a side office.

GENKA

Look, Vitya.

He opens his case. A pile of passports and papers fall out.

SUVOROV

Passports? With black pages?

GENKA

Stolen from tourists. I found a man!
The First Department buys them all.
documents, licenses, identity cards...

SUVOROV

You can't use these?

GENKA

Not for use, for study. Getting
hold of them is not the greatest
intelligence work, but it shows
initiative. I have been taken off
backup work. I've time to think up
schemes. You know what they call
us? "Borzois!" Hunting dogs which
can be sent after game, but only in
packs. The Borzoi has long legs and
a small head. But no more. I'll
operate on my own, with Borzois
covering me!

INT. NAVIGATOR'S OFFICE

Suvorov stands before him. The Navigator stares down at his desk.

NAVIGATOR

I'm going to give you a serious task.
You'll meet a person recruited by
the First Deputy. I can't risk him
so you'll go. The man is important.
He provides parts of the "TOW"
missile. He'll give you them. You'll
pay him, cover your tracks.

(MORE)

NAVIGATOR (CONT'D)

You'll meet an officer and hand over the goods. Questions?

SUVOROV

Why don't our officers in West Germany carry out the meeting?

NAVIGATOR

Because if West Germany expels all our diplomats tomorrow we don't want the flow of information reduced. If all our spies were expelled, we'd continue to receive West German secrets through Austria, Cyprus, Switzerland, Nigeria and elsewhere. And because, after receiving the missile parts, the GRU will ask the Residents in Germany one question: how is it that Golitsyn in Austria can get hold of such things in West Germany while you can't? That's competition. Bitter competition breeds success. Follow me?

SUVOROV

Absolutely, comrade general.

NAVIGATOR

Want to ask anything?

SUVOROV

No.

NAVIGATOR

Yes you do. The First Deputy will receive a medal but the captain runs the risk and won't get a damned thing.

Suddenly he raises his eyes, his look like a whiplash.

NAVIGATOR (CONT'D)

That's what you're thinking!

SUVOROV

Yes, comrade general, that's exactly what I am thinking.

NAVIGATOR

Get on with your work. Find an agent to recruit. Then we'll be providing support for you.

Clicks his heels, turns smartly about and marches out of the room.

INT. OUTSIDE OFFICE DESERTED

He crosses to the safes, stares dumbly, then sighs and dials the combination. The door swings open, revealing small doors.

He unlocks number 41. Inside is a briefcase.

He closes the safe, puts the briefcase on a desk, opens it, takes blank paper, puts personal stamp on it, types "Top Secret" and then, a few lines lower down and right in the center of the page, the single word: "Plan". He clutches his head in hands and stares gloomily at the wall. He sees a tumbler of pencils. He takes it, studies it, suddenly hurls it against the wall.

VOICE

Going off your rocker?

He turns. The First Deputy; heavy, slick grey and sympathetic.

SUVOROV

I'm sorry, First Deputy.

He sighs, reproachfully.

FIRST DEPUTY

Pick up your papers. Let's go.

INT. 'OPERATING' ROOM ELECTRONICALLY 'STERILE'

The floor, ceiling and walls throb with powerful jammers. The First Deputy points to an armchair and sits before a glass table.

FIRST DEPUTY

First draw up a plan. The plan is your insurance in case of failure. You can show you made serious preparation for the operation. Remember, the more paper there is, the cleaner your backside. Then prepare yourself. Relax. Get rid of negative emotions, doubts. You must set out utterly convinced of success.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING SUVOROV ALONE, HOLDING RADIO.

SUVOROV (V.O.)

Who this "friend" who is ready to hand over parts of the missile? A weapons designer? A general? The owner of a plant? Who else was in a position to get hold of a missile? I held the receiver with my left hand...that was the recognition sign. A watch with a green face. Our friend would recognize me by those signs.

(MORE)

SUVOROV (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 He would have none. He would simply
 come up to me and ask the time and
 he'd stop to my right.

A mud-spattered tractor trundles up, driven by a farmer.

SUVOROV (CONT'D)
 That's all I need!. For the last
 hour there hadn't been a single living
 soul, and now this old boy had to
 turn up.

FARMER
 Say...do you have the time.

SUVOROV
 The time?
 ((Shoves the watch
 under his nose))
 Go on, get on your way.

But he doesn't move. He stands a little to the right.

SUVOROV (CONT'D)
 What do you want old man?

He points at his dirty old trailer.

SUVOROV (CONT'D)
 What on earth? Push off.
 I've a mind to...

FARMER
 (looses his temper)
 What's the matter with you?

Suvorov looks at him, then at his watch. He looks at the
 trailer. There, in a pile of wood, covered by a dirty
 tarpaulin...missile parts...twisted stabilizers, tangled
 wires, circuits.

Suvorov grabs it, shakes the farmer's hand, runs to the car.

But the German bangs on the door. He rubs fingers together,
 "money"!

Suvorov runs to a tree, takes a box from beneath and gives
 it to him. He opens it, smiles at Suvorov. The German bows,
 presses the money to his heart.

FARMER (CONT'D)
 Danke schon.

Suvorov roars off in one direction, the farmer in another.

EXT. BAVARIAN SIDE ROADS A SIGN: 1ST AMERICAN DIVISION.

SUVOROV (V.O.)

In the Soviet Army, when we fire a missile, miles of tarpaulin is spread out. Regiments are sent to gather up the smallest fragments. But the Americans don't pick up the twisted missiles. There's no need to recruit generals or designers, A farmer will do... a forester, for thirty pieces of silver will deliver just what we need.

INT. RESIDENTURA MAIN OFFICE

The Navigator rubs his hands. The 1ST Deputy counts heads, smiles.

FIRST DEPUTY

All here, Comrade General.

The Navigator walks about the room, then smiles happily.

NAVIGATOR

Thanks to 29 our residency has obtained information about the Telecom exhibition in Geneva. For that reason, the GRU has entrusted us with the task of carrying out recruitment at the exhibition.

They howl with delight, shake hands with Genka, a Viking.

NAVIGATOR (CONT'D)

Genka! We are grateful to you.

GENKA

I serve the Soviet Union!

NAVIGATOR

We'll gather information. Residencies in Geneva, and Berne will back up. If anyone does anything stupid I'll sacrifice him. I wish you success.

OPERATING ROOM LATER 1ST DEPUTY, SUVOROV, TWO STRANGERS

KONSTANTIN

We're interested in the way it receives the reflected laser beam which lights up moving targets when firing from concealed position...

SUVOROV

My knowledge is very superficial.

KONSTANTIN

That's why we're here. Your business is to recruit; ours is technical supervision.

(opens briefcase)

The leader in this field is Hughes.

SUVOROV

I can't work against them.

Both look at the Deputy, incredulous.

FIRST DEPUTY

That's our rule. Big firms have security officers. We operate against smaller firms. There's usually only one man...the owner. These we can deal with.

KONSTANTIN

It's a pity. All right, here are...

(Shows Viktor brochures)

...some smaller firms. The Military Industrial Committee will pay \$120,000 for that black box. It would take years and cost millions to develop. It's cheaper to copy.

SUVOROV

Have you brought the money?

He opens a briefcase, crammed with papers. He turns a catch revealing a false bottom. Viktor is struck dumb. Bills; piles of them.

PALAIS DES EXHIBITIONS

Cars pull up to Central Hall. Buses disgorge GRU people. A Mercedes with diplomatic plates is parked under the trees.

SUVOROV (V.O.)

An Exhibition is a battlefield. Every exhibit attracts our interest, military electronics, cats, agricultural machinery...flowers.

One of our most successful recruitments was carried out at an exhibition of Chinese goldfish.

Viktor, others crowd into the entrance. The briefcase passes through the X-ray machine. Agents hurry away.

SUVOROV (CONT'D)

Who goes to exhibitions? Engineers, ministers...all sorts.

(MORE)

SUVOROV (CONT'D)

People in finance, business. It's a place to make easy contacts. You can speak to anyone.

Viktor chats with people, admires exhibits, wanders...

SUVOROV (CONT'D)

An exhibit is where specialists gather. It's a club for fanatics. Fanatics need an audience...Someone who will listen to wild talk and quietly nod his head.

Viktor looks enviously at exhibits from the big firms and moves on. He spots the security men watching him.

SUVOROV (CONT'D)

Anyone willing to listen is a friend. A fanatic will trust him. Believe me, fanatic, I need to be trusted. Trust me.

A SMALL STAND

A single man sits alone near some grey boxes, looking bored.

He looks up hopefully as Viktor approaches with his colleagues.

SUVOROV

Good morning.

THE MAN

Good morning.

SUVOROV

Your little boxes are of great interest to us. Fantastic product!

The others examine the literature and the boxes and converse among themselves in Russian. All sorts of technical stuff.

SUVOROV (CONT'D)

How much are you asking for one box?

THE MAN

5,500 dollars.

The all burst out laughing and chattering excitedly. Viktor opens the briefcase. The man's eyes bug out. Viktor shuts it at once, but the man continues to stare at the briefcase.

SUVOROV

For that one box we would pay \$120,000.

(MORE)

SUVOROV (CONT'D)

The trouble is that we are from the Soviet Union, and your governments place such terrible restrictions on freedom of trade that we cannot buy your box. Pity!

They get up and leave the stand. They turn a corner and lose themselves in the crowd, leaving the man staring at their backs.

AROUND THE CORNER

SUVOROV (CONT'D)

Well? A real box or just a model?

KONSTANTIN

No, it's real. Go hook him!

THE STAND VIKTOR RETURNS ALONE.

He walks by, smiles. The man smiles back. Then suddenly, as if he has just hit on an idea, Viktor stops, turns to him.

SUVOROV

Oh, say, would you like to meet me for a drink this evening?

The man's smile fades. He looks coldly into Viktor's eyes.

Viktor returns his stare, easily. His face is open, friendly, trustworthy. The man looks at the briefcase, then at Viktor again and nods. Viktor hands him a card. An address and time are written.

EXT. PLAIN DE PALAIS PARKING LANES IN THE TREES

Packed with cars. A coach, parked among others, curtains drawn.

INT. COACH SUVOROV ENTERS

A line in the aisle, waiting. They joke impatiently. Finally the First Deputy, sitting in the back nods. Viktor reports.

SUVOROV

Recruited one. In six minutes forty seconds. Meeting this evening.

FIRST DEPUTY

Good man. Congratulations. Next.

MONTAGE BACK AT THE EXPOSITION.

SUVOROV (V.O.)

I went to a hundred stands, talked to a hundred people. If I was followed, how would they know who had said yes. Then I vanished.

SUVOROV, from the back; a man in an overcoat. He melts into crowds, loses himself in a department store, in the subway, in an underground garage. He walks up to a sedan, opens the trunk and gets in.

INT. TRUNK SUVOROV

He lies in darkness, eyes burning.

SUVOROV (V.O.)

I had recruited a valuable agent. In a moment I had communicated a lot: we were officials of the Soviet Union; we were interested in his box and ready to pay well; we worked cautiously, without putting on pressure or making demands. We were not competitors. If production was organized in the USSR he would lose nothing. Western armies might even order something more advanced; He'd sell us only one box for copying and could easily conceal this. It wasn't like selling a thousand.

UNDERGROUND GARAGE LATER.

Two men enter. Get in the same car and drive away.

INT. THE TRUNK IS MOVING.

SUVOROV (CONT'D)

Our proposal was perfectly clear. He knew what we wanted and so he was not afraid of us. The sale would be treated as industrial espionage, not as spying and the penalties for this, for some reason, were very light in the West.

ROAD TO LAUSANNE

The car moves out fast, hurtling along the highway.

INT. THE TRUNK SUVOROV

SUVOROV (V.O.)

I had informed him of our interest, the conditions and what we would pay.

LAUSANNE

The car drives in circles, doubling back, checking the rear.

INT. TRUNK SUVOROV IS ROLLED BY THE QUICK TURNS.

SUVOROV (V.O.)

He understood we were engaged in forbidden activity and had agreed to have contact with us. It was the same as telling a pretty girl that a rich man would pay for sex, letting her see the money and naming a price, then proposing to meet somewhere alone and listen to music. If she agreed, what more was there to discuss?

LAUSANNE UNDERGROUND GARAGE

The Borzois park the car and leave.

SUVOROV (CONT'D)

Even if the conversation was recorded, there was nothing criminal. We'd looked at his box, said we'd like to buy it, but it was not permitted.

Only later did I return and propose going for a drink.

EXT. LAUSANNE

Borzois sip coffee at sidewalk cafe. Suvorov walks by.

SUVOROV (V.O.)

I could fail...if I was being followed. If the others were under observation, if my new friend was a provocateur or if he had taken fright and reported to the police, or if someone recognized us by chance.

LAUSANNE TRAIN STATION SUVOROV

We see a glimpse of the coat as he boards a train.

MORE CROWDS, TRAINS, BUSES, CABS

SUVOROV (CONT'D)

I was not followed. I had met a hundred people. Each of my colleagues had met a hundred. There would be thousands to follow.

INT. HOTEL

He takes up an observation post.

HOUR LATER

The man drives up, enters glancing nervously.

SUVOROV (V.O.)

...a good sign. If he had been under police protection, he wouldn't have looked around.

INT. RESTAURANT MAN SEATED

Suvorov enters, approaches with a nice calm friendly smile.

He shakes hands, bows in the European manner and sits.

SUVOROV

I don't intend to involve you in any dubious business.

The man appears to relax slightly.

SUVOROV (CONT'D)

I spoke in my own name, It has a better effect. The word 'we' frightens a person. He wants to believe only one other person in the world knows about his treachery. This is impossible, but I was forbidden to say 'we'. They punish you for it at the Academy. I'm ready to pay you.

THE MAN

What makes you think I've come to work for you?

SUVOROV

Why not? You have complete security. And top prices.

THE MAN

You will really pay \$120,000?

SUVOROV

60,000 immediately. 60,000 as soon as I check that it really works.

THE MAN

How soon?

SUVOROV

Two days.

THE MAN

What guarantee have I that you'll return with the rest of the money?

SUVOROV

You're a very valuable person to me.
I want more than one box. What would
be the point of deceiving you?

Suvorov looks sincere.

SUVOROV (CONT'D)

I had my first agent. He was willing
to sell his country's security. I
didn't like that. I was working in
this field because I had no choice.
It was fate. I was not a free man.
But he was rushing of his own free
will to help us. If he had come up
against me when I was in Spetsnaz, I
would have made this Judas suffer.
Then I remembered that I was supposed
to smile.

He smiles, hands him picture of a hotel.

SUVOROV (CONT'D)

I'll meet you here. I'll pay all
expenses. Do you have the box?

THE MAN

In my car.

SUVOROV

Drive into the woods behind me.

THE MAN

You're not going to murder me?

SUVOROV

Be sensible. I need the instrument.

Why should I kill you? I'm ready to pay you a million. All
you have to do is let me have the goods.

THE MAN

You pay 120,000 and save yourselves
millions.

SUVOROV

Right.

THE MAN

In the future, you'll pay me a million
and save a hundred million.

SUVOROV

That's right.

THE MAN

That's exploitation! I won't sell you the instrument for 120,000.

SUVOROV

Then go and sell it in the West for 5,500. If anyone will buy it! If you find someone who will pay you more, it's your affair. I'm not forcing you to sell to me. I can buy the same instrument in Belgium or the United States. (smiles cheerfully) The bill please!

The man looks at Viktor for a long time, then smiles back.

THE WOODS DUSK

The man lifts a package from the boot of his car, offers it.

SUVOROV (CONT'D)

No..no. I won't touch it. If anything goes wrong, you could say you left it in my car by accident.

They get in Viktor's car, lock the doors, the man places the box under the seat, Viktor takes packages of bills from his waistcoat, places them in the man's hands.

SUVOROV (CONT'D)

Check them.

THE MAN

I've trusted you with my life.

SUVOROV

In two days, you produce the documentation, I'll pay 60,000 plus another 120,000 for the documents.

He nods his head, gets out. Viktor speeds off into the dark.

MOUNTAIN ROAD THICK FOG A CAR, BARELY VISIBLE

Suvorov pulls up, hands the sack over. The man smiles, mouths: "Good luck." Then taillights vanish in the fog.

MONTAGE

SUVOROV CONT'D) V.O.

That night I was in Freiburg or Neuchatel. It was important to have as many contacts as possible.

Suvorov in a large library; in a shop selling guns; in a bar, at a railway station...Talking with lots of people.

THE FRONTIER AT BREGENZ

Austrian police glance at documents, wave him through.

SUVOROV CONT'D) V.O. (CONT'D)

I was no enemy of theirs. We had carried out recruitment, but there was not a single Swiss or Austrian among our new agents. We recruited those elsewhere. We operated against Austria inside all the other countries of the world. But we try not to abuse hospitality.

CU SUVOROV

FIRST DEPUTY(V.O.)

Well now, turn round, lad! What a sight you are! Just take a look at yourself

RESIDENTURA

Suvorov looks in the mirror and sees a man with an ashen face and dirty beard. His eyes are bloodshot. He is mighty tired.

NAVIGATOR

Congratulations, Viking.

SUVOROV

Thank you, comrade general.

The First Deputy's eyes are also red from lack of sleep.

FIRST DEPUTY

Be more careful with the money waistcoat. The car door must be locked from the inside at all times. The route and signs for aborting the operation to be agreed with the control group. That's all. Good luck. Next!

SUVOROV (V.O.)

Something worried me, but I didn't know what. I must make sure no one noticed my mood. If my optimism faded it would be noticed, steps would be taken. I looked at the general and smiled joyfully.

NIGHT

He wakes suddenly in darkness. terrified.

SUVOROV CONT'D) V.O.

Was I in a coffin?

He looks at Tanya, sleeping peacefully.

SUVOROV CONT'D V.O.

No, not yet. This is how people go mad. Perhaps I'd long been schizophrenic. If they took me to the asylum I wouldn't be surprised. It was the place for me. I was certainly not normal. But who was? I was living in a madhouse. Why did the West admit us? We were spies. Didn't they realize I'd been sent there to cause them harm? Why didn't they arrest me? Why did these incomprehensible people never protest? Perhaps they'd all gone out of their minds? Perhaps we were all mad? I was. It had started when I met with Kir.

STARAYA SQUARE MOSCOW THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE

INT. VAST OFFICE LOOKING OUT OVER GREEN ROOFS

There is a huge desk with a single scrap of paper on it, a big safe, nothing else. Kir is small, with grey hair, a very average man. He looks S. in the face, attentively.

KIR

You're aware, Viktor, that we seldom have people who flee to the West.

(Viktor nods yes)

Those who have done so are unhappy. Sixty five per cent of defectors return and admit their guilt. We execute them. They know that and still return. Those who do not return commit suicide or drink themselves to death. They have betrayed their socialist motherland. They've lost friends, family, language. But there is a more serious reason. Here you are a member of the upper class. You enjoy privileges. Some flee to the West to have a car, a mansion, money. The West pays well. But once he's got his Mercedes, the traitor realizes that all the others also have nice cars. He loses his superiority, becomes an ordinary person. Wealth is relative. In Moscow if you drive around in a Lada you have all the girls.

(MORE)

KIR (CONT'D)

But drive round Paris in a Citroen, nobody cares. Betray your country, you lose everything. And you'll remember that you once belonged to a powerful organization and were a very special person. Betray your country, and you'll find yourself as insignificant as...everyone else. Capitalism provides money, not power or respect. There are those who stay here, secretly selling us out. They get money and still enjoy the status provided by socialism. But we destroy them.

SUVOROV

I know. Penkovsky...

KIR

Penkovksy... and many others. Konstantiniv. He was sentenced to death.

SUVOROV

He was put in the furnace too?

KIR

No. He begged not to be executed.

SUVOROV

And he wasn't?

KIR

No, he was not killed. But one day he fell asleep in his cell and woke up in a coffin. Deep in the ground. He begged not to be executed, so we didn't. But the coffin had to be put into the grave. Off you go, Viktor. Good luck. And remember that the level of betrayal in the GRU is much lower than in the KGB. Try to maintain that tradition.

INT. NAVIGATOR'S OFFICE PRESENT SUVOROV'S FACE IS WHITE.

The navigator is cross. He has a coded message in his hand.

FIRST DEPUTY

No. 706 is producing "disinformation". When the documents were studied, they looked good. But we buy several samples of everything. The last batch had three pages missing. Good work.

(MORE)

FIRST DEPUTY (CONT'D)

Impossible to tell they'd ever been there. But, by comparing the document with another...

NAVIGATOR

Someone is trying to deceive us.

SUVOROV

He held it out? For more money?

FIRST DEPUTY

No. The change was done by experts. 706 is under control.

SUVOROV

He went to the police and confessed?

FIRST DEPUTY

The only important fact is that he is under control.

SUVOROV

Do you wish me to remove No. 706?

The Navigator shoots out of his chair.

NAVIGATOR

Pull yourself together! If you betray us we'll kill you, as an example. But to kill a respectable person, what would that teach anybody? Who knows that he was mixed up with us? He knows nothing about us. He doesn't even know whether he was working for the KGB or the GRU. The only secret he has is that Viktor Suvorov is a spy. But the whole world knows that. The temptation to kill is strong, but our job is to obtain information.

FIRST DEPUTY

Only a weak, stupid man, lacking confidence, ever kills.

Suvorov looks at him strangely.

NAVIGATOR

Do you have anything in reserve?

SUVOROV

No, comrade general, I have nothing.

NAVIGATOR

Then, back to support work!

BORDER STATION A CONTAINER TRUCK, SUVOROV AND GENKA.

Border guards look the truck over. It has a diplomatic seal.

SUVOROV
 ...Experimental power unit for
 irrigation systems.

The guard nods, takes the papers. Suvorov walks back to Genka.

GENKA
 What is it, Vitya?

SUVOROV
 ...tank engine. Someone will get a
 promotion for this.

A senior guard comes up to them, holding the papers.

GUARD
 Why should an experimental power
 unit travel under diplomatic seal?

SUVOROV
 ...Speed... You have any idea how
 many bureaucrats there are, how much
 red tape, how long it would take by
 any other means.

GUARD
 Starving people, poor people.

There is now an envelope with the papers. Suvorov opens it slightly, showing crisp bank notes.

SUVOROV
 Help us share the wealth.

ANGLE BY THE TRUCK

Victor and the guard shake hands. He walks back to Genka.

GENKA
 Good work, Vitya.

SUVOROV
 It is nerve wracking. So many
 borders... So much cash...

SOVIET EMBASSY SUVOROV WALKS INTO THE COURTYARD.

A Mercedes screams up. A Colonel gets out, snaps at the driver. The driver takes the abuse meekly. KGB and others are watching.

INT. EMBASSY SUVOROV, THE COLONEL AND THE DRIVER

They enter, driver carrying the imperious Col's briefcase, scurrying after him, like a dog. They enter GRU territory.

Abruptly, the driver turns and slaps the Col. He throws the briefcase in his face, spits on him. He walks off. Genka pulls Suvorov aside. He speaks softly.

GENKA

The military attache has vanished...
"Evacuated"

SUVOROV (V.O.)

Why?

GENKA

Nobody knows. A mistake, the wrong contacts with foreigners or they suspect he was about to defect. Tsvetayev has inherited his Mercedes and is giving himself airs.

A commotion. The Colonel's livid...The Navigator steps in. He screams at the Colonel, without raising his voice.

NAVIGATOR

Your assistant is a Viking!, while you, colonel, are still only a Borzoi, a puppy dog. In public you will continue to smile and shake hands and he will carry your briefcase. But that's only for the outside world. It has no real importance. We keep our leaders in the background. We push on to the stage those who enjoy showing off. Behind the scenes the Viking commands the Borzoi. You will use your Mercedes to back up your assistant. It is he who will write a report on you! Make a mistake and you will disappear like your predecessor. But keep smiling, just keep smiling.

NAVIGATOR'S OFFICE DAYS LATER

Borya comes out with food trays, everything cold and untouched; piles of coffee cups, ashtrays full of cigarette ends.

SUVOROV

What's going on? I must see the Navigator. I have an idea.

GENKO

Don't go in there. They've been in there for days. He's like a bear with a sore head.

SUVOROV

Someone's in trouble.

GENKO

They are not discussing success.

SUVOROV

Who is it, do you know? How bad is it?

Borya shrugs.

GENKO

The Navigator is drinking in front of a mirror. He believes that solitary drinking is a severe form of drunkenness.

He walks away.

DANUBE BANK NIGHT THE 1ST DEPUTY

The rain has stopped, warm drops still drip from the chestnut trees. Suvorov comes up and finds him. He sits with him, silently, pulls a bottle of Cognac and offers it.

FIRST DEPUTY

Your kindness, Vitya, is going to be the end of you. You help a man out in misfortune, and he will take you down in the end. The fittest and strongest survive. Don't weaken, Viktor, or they'll trample you underfoot.

(at Suvorov's
questioning look)

I have been dismissed. For such things you could wake up in your coffin.

It starts to rain. Suvorov runs to his car, but the First Deputy, wet through, fumbles with the key to his Opel.

SUVOROV

Nicolai Tarasovich, get into my car. I'll drive you home.

FIRST DEPUTY

How will I get back in the morning?

SUVOROV

I'll pick you up on my way.

INT. CAR

FIRST DEPUTY

Vitya, how about a drink?

He looks at the ruined old man.

SUVOROV V.O.
How could I refuse?

INT. DINGY BAR

SUVOROV
Nicolai Tarasovich, everything will come right. Don't upset yourself. The Navigator treats you like a brother. He will back you up. And you've got connections in the Aquarium.

FIRST DEPUTY
I've made a mess of things, a terrible mess. It went to the Central Committee and connections in the Aquarium don't help there. I'd already be in Moscow, but it would appear strange if there were a spy trial and then a lot of diplomats disappeared. Journalists would make the connection. So I'm in Vienna for now. When things quiet down and it's forgotten, I'll be evacuated.

SUVOROV
What if you do something...recruit an especially important agent?

He looks very sad, but forces a smile.

FIRST DEPUTY
Suvorov, I've been thrown out. The chief is on the rack. He'll have to sacrifice someone to teach people not to get slack. Be on your guard, Viktor. Get working. Tomorrow's too late.

SUVOROV
Nicolai Tarasovich, I do have an idea.

FIRST DEPUTY
Don't tell me. I am now nobody. You musn't tell me anything. I might steal your idea. I need good ideas now very badly. Aren't you scared?

SUVOROV
No.

FIRST DEPUTY
You should be. Let's go find some tarts?

SUVOROV
It's late, Nicolai Tarasovich.

FIRST DEPUTY
Just for short while. I could show
you some super girls! Come on, let's
go.

SUVOROV
No. It's already too late.

NAVIGATOR'S OFFICE SUVOROV ENERGETICALLY OUTLINING PLAN

The Navigator glares, then hears something, looks up.

NAVIGATOR
What?

SUVOROV
Alpine tourism.

NAVIGATOR
Alpine tourism?
(Rises slowly)
Alpine tourism? Tell me about it.

SUVOROV
Comrade general, the the US 6th Fleet
controls the Mediterranean. It's a
gold mine. Carriers, the latest
aircraft, missiles, electronics...The
GRU observes the Fleet from Italy,
from Greece, Turkey, Syria, Lebanon,
Egypt, Libya, Tunisia, Algeria,
Morocco, Spain, Malta and
Cyprus...from satellites and from
ships. But we could study the 6th
Fleet from the inside as well. Our
observation point would be the Alps.
(He hesitates, but
The Navigator is
still)

After months under the blazing sun,
snow-covered mountains are exactly
what a naval officer needs.

NAVIGATOR
(eyes shining)
Vitya, If you had been born in the
wicked world of capitalism you would
have been a rich businessman. Go
on...

SUVOROV
...a change of tactics. We do not
try to penetrate the secret places.
(MORE)

SUVOROV (CONT'D)

We make a mousetrap. A small hotel in the mountains, on the verge of bankruptcy. Our agent will be a partner with money. We'll choose one where Americans stay.

NAVIGATOR

... a rather passive approach. We may have to wait a long time...

SUVOROV

Like a fisherman...you have to know where to cast and what bait to use.

NAVIGATOR

Very well. I order you to gather information.

SUVOROV

Comrade general, I've already done so. Here it is. I'll need men for backup.

NAVIGATOR

Take them.

SUVOROV

But who?

NAVIGATOR

Whoever's not busy.

SUVOROV

But who will command them?

NAVIGATOR

You will.

SMALL LOVELY HOTEL IN THE ALPS ON A LAKE

Suvorov has a headache. They sit on the veranda studying hotel registers...lots of them with thousands of names.

GENKA

Group of Japanese tourists?

Shakes his head no.

SUVOROV

A Japanese tourist never returns to the same place, they are always in hurry to see the whole planet.

GEMKA

A German couple from Munich?

SUVOROV
No way of knowing.

GENKA
Look!

CU THE ENTRY

Genka looks, nods and clicks his tongue.

GENKA (CONT'D)
An American.

SUVOROV
Where from?

GENKA
A little Italian port... Gaeta.
What is it Viktor? Why do you look
like that? What does it mean?

SUVOROV
(mounting excitement)
What does it mean? A little fishing
village!

He's up, rushing around to the bar, for Vodka to celebrate.

SUVOROV (CONT'D)
Pirmasens, Penmarch, Oban, Holy Loch,
what heavenly sounds. But Gaeta..
Gaeta! A little village that is the
base for one vessel ...the cruiser
Albany, Flagship of the 6th Fleet!

CU SUVOROV ANOTHER PLACE

SUVOROV (CONT'D)
The American stayed here last season.
He must be connected with the Albany.

FIRST DEPUTY
Lost in thought?

SUVOROV SITS IN THE RESIDENTURA NEAR NAVIGATOR'S OFFICE.

He looks up at the old man, weaving drunkenly. He thinks.

SUVOROV
Yes, Nicolai Tarasovich.

INT. NAVIGATOR'S OFFICE MOMENTS LATER

NAVIGATOR
What is the matter. You ought to
have carried out the recruitment at
once.

SUVOROV

I can't.

NAVIGATOR

Why not?

SUVOROV

I can't do it, I am too inexperienced.

NAVIGATOR

(suspicious)

For such a recruitment you could get another silver star!

SUVOROV

I'm sorry, Navigator.

The Navigator studies him critically.

NAVIGATOR

I see...Who would you... recommend to attempt the recruitment, Vitya?

SUVOROV

That is up to you, but... Nicolai Tarasovich...

The Navigator stares, then slowly smiles at him, his eyes glisten. As he grasps Suvorov's hand he looks him straight in the eyes.

FIRST DEPUTY

(quietly)

Thank you.

NAVIGATOR

Thank you, Vitya.

EXT. EMBASSY COURTYARD

A Mercedes stands, once again waiting for a new master. KGB Men mope about. Suvorov, Borya and Genka stroll by.

GENKA

Vanished. He's been called back to Moscow on leave and has not returned.

SUVOROV

Who?

GENKA

The KGB navigator? He got a message from Moscow that his father was not well and wanted to see him before he died. He flew off home with an escort.

SUVOROV

Do you suppose he's guilty?

GENKA

Who isn't guilty of something?

SUVOROV

Where has he gone wrong?

Genka hands him his messages, Suvorov idly goes through them.

GENKA

How are we to know? You can listen to the rumors. But rumors are put out by the Ministry of Disinformation.

SUVOROV

Our hotel is not yielding results.

GENKA

Results are not easy. Every month people come from strange places. But nothing so far. The Aquarium sounds annoyed.

EXT MOUNTAIN HOTEL DOORBELL RINGS.

299 opens the door, a young man with skis grins at him. He wears a Miami Dolphins Cap An American!

AMERICAN

Hi!

INT. RESIDENTURA LATER THAT DAY.

Suvorov sits, head in hands. BORYA rushes in, excited.

BORYA

Viktor, there's a signal for you.

He puts papers into his briefcase, briefcase into the safe.

SUVOROV

Let's go.

BORYA walks ahead, down to the bunker. He presses a button, the door clicks open. A small concrete chamber, observed by cameras. Borya closes the door firmly, reaches behind a curtain and dials a number. The door moves aside.

SIGNAL ROOM

A curtain has been pulled aside. Behind is a box on which is written:

Viktor inserts his key, opens a steel door.

INT. NAVIGATOR'S OFFICE

SUVOROV
Comrade general, 299 informs us
that...

CLOSE ON PAPER

He writes the name down

SUVEROV
...has arrived at the hotel. We're
got some information about him, even
a photograph, though not a very clear
one. His hobby is skiing. He works
in Spain, in a town called...

With a gesture of triumph, he writes the name in big letters:

The Navigator looks at Suvorov. He laughs.

EXT. AQUARIUM SFX GRU COMPUTER HUMS.

MONTAGE DISKS SPIN, LIGHTS FLASH, PAN LOGO IBM

SUVOROV (V.O.)
Perhaps the computer would give us
no more than his date of birth. It
would be a start. When I met with
him I'd know more than he thought.
He'd already been given the number
713 or, 173V41713. That let everybody
know that the man in charge of him
was officer Fortyone. Me.

EXT. AUTOBAHN TO ALPS MERCEDES HOWLS AT TOP SPEED.

As the sun sets, he leaves the highway and takes a narrow
mountain road, without reducing speed. A car appears on a
hairpin curve. Screech of brakes, a cloud of dust as it
swerves away. Dazzle of lights, a corner, brakes screech,
the car swings over the edge. He stamps the accelerator. A
long descent, deep into a mountain valley.

INT. HOTEL

He rushes to his room. Rattled, he can't get key in the lock.

Then, regroups, opens door. Throws suitcase in corner. A
shower, fresh suit. A glance in the mirror, too tense. He
tries a look of carefree happiness, quits in disgust.

THE BAR

A band plays loud. Bright lights, faces of happy people.

Suvorov plays relaxed vacationer. He accepts a glass and looks around the hall. Catches sight of him, the man in the snapshot...No. 713. The man turns towards him, their eyes meet. Viktor shows an expression of pleasant surprise and greets him with a gesture of recognition. Taken aback, the man looks around but finds no one behind him. He looks at Viktor with the unspoken question: 'Who are you signaling to?' 'To you!' Suvorov replies, 'who else?' Then, pushing dancers aside he makes his way to 713.

SUVOROV

Hello! I never expected to meet you here. Remember that marvelous evening we had in Vancouver?

AMERICAN

I've never been to Canada.

Embarrassed, Suvorov looks closely.

SUVOROV

There's such bad lighting here you look like someone I know. Please, forgive me.

Makes his way back to the bar and watches the dancers. He joins the dancing throng...carefree, exuberant...at ease.

INT. ROOM

Exhausted, he throws himself on the bed, out cold.

MORNING ALARM RINGING

He wakes. Slept in clothes. Hop out of bed, painful gymnastics, torture of a freezing cold shower. Checks watch.

Runs out the door.

BREAKFAST ROOM

At ease. Reading the morning papers, assuming a careless air. Others arrive for breakfast; an American couple, a group of grinning Japanese. And then he appears. Suvorov smiles at him. He recognizes Viktor and smiles back.

ROOM

Suvorov hangs "Do not disturb" notice on the door, collapses on bed, out before his head hits the pillow.

BAR EVENING.

Suvorov dancing his feet off with the crowd. The man sits alone. Viktor catches his eye, smiles and winks, inviting him to join the madding crowd. The man smiles, shakes his head, no.

BREAKFAST ROOM - MORNING

Suvorov is first to appear. The man is second.

SUVOROV
 (offering the morning
 papers)
 Good morning.
 (smiling)
 Good morning.
 (indicates front page)
 Full of news about Africa, I'm afraid.

AMERICAN
 Oh really... How boring!

Suvorov chuckles. They smile and go in to breakfast.

SUVOROV (V.O.)
 It was most important now not to
 frighten him. There was a great deal
 that we didn't know. Just watching
 him would provide useful information.

INT. ANOTHER HOTEL ROOM - DARKENED

Silhouetted figures move in front of projected filmed image
 of the man thrown on a white wall.

SUVOROV (V.O.)
 He's alone. He doesn't chase women,
 doesn't throw money around, but isn't
 cheap. And he's a cheerful.

SPECIALIST (V.O.)
 Good. Gloomy ones are hard to
 recruit.

SUVOROV (V.O.)
 He doesn't get drunk. He reads,
 watches the news. He appreciates a
 joke, dresses smartly. His hair isn't
 always neatly combed, his jaws often
 tightly closed.

SPECIALIST (V.O.)
 A sign of self-control, discipline,
 strength of will. Difficult to recruit
 but easy to work with later.

ECU THE AMERICAN'S FACIAL EXPRESSIONS

Silhouettes of their heads cut into it as they study.

PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)

In the study of character we look at the eyes, the mouth. In a smile, in anger or when relaxed. Eyes and mouth are a mirror to the soul. This is as important as his financial difficulties.

SUVOROV (V.O.)

And...what of his character?

PSYCHOLOGIST (V.O.)

Money plays a part, the good life. But more important...adventure! Fantasy!

EXT HOTEL NIGHT SUVOROV

Throws a rucksack into car, with boots and fishing rods.

EXT. ALPINE LAKE DAWN.

The 1st Deputy emerges from the reeds, sits by Suvorov. He casts a line into the water. The First Deputy watches Viktor bait a hook with disgust. He too is exhausted.

FIRST DEPUTY

I loath fishing. Can't stand fish....
Hate worms. How can you do that?

LS TWO FISHERMEN SIT

Suvorov reports. The First Deputy stifles a yawn, smiles.

FIRST DEPUTY (CONT'D)

It's going well, Viktor.

SUVOROV

Do you think I'll be able to hook him?

FIRST DEPUTY

I don't know your man. Use your intuition. If you don't succeed, it's your mistake. If you get arrested, that will not be forgiven. If you recruit him it'll be your medal, your success. And we'll back you up. The Aquarium is always on the side of success. If you break the rules and get into trouble you'll end up before a tribunal. If you keep to the rules but fail, you'll be blamed. Every officer dreams of such a chance. But it's up to you.

SUVOROV

I'm going to recruit him.

FIRST DEPUTY

Neither I nor the Navigator, nor the Aquarium approve. We know nothing about it. If you get into trouble we 'll say you're a stupid young man who exceeded his authority and that you deserve to be posted to Plesetsk.

SUVOROV

I understand.

FIRST DEPUTY

Then I wish you well.

To look like a real angler, he takes a fish and disappears.

INT HOTEL BAR EVENING.

Suvorov and the American sit, having a drink. They laugh and talk.

SUVOROV

Yes, I saw a film on that once. A mistake between the superpowers. The whole world blew up. A pity...

(he laughs)

I suppose so!

They both laugh again.

AMERICAN

Have you seen the film "Jaws"?

SUVOROV

Not yet.

The man looks at him strangely for a beat. Then goes on.

AMERICAN

What a film! The shark appears when the audience least expects it. Then... crunch! Terrific effect.

SUVOROV

Sounds marvelous.

AMERICAN

Yes. Everything looks normal, that's the trick. You can't see it, it's under the surface, but you hear the music and know...something is stalking you!

SUVOROV

What a surprise!

They laugh. The man quiets, looks at Suvorov quizzically.

AMERICAN

You really haven't seen it?

Viktor smiles and shakes his head, no.

AMERICAN (CONT'D)

Where are you...from? ...You're...
Greek? Yugoslav?

(VIKTOR LAUGHS.)

...Czech?

(Viktor grins, shakes
his head, no.)

Ahhh... A mixture of Czech and
Italian?

(Viktor laughs aloud!)

...Or... Turk and German?

SUVOROV

(soft, quite sincere)

No. I am a Russian.

Laughter! They both find this hilarious!

AMERICAN

Then what on earth are you, a Russian,
doing here?

SUVOROV

Oh, I'm a spy!

AMERICAN

You've come to get me into your
network?

SUVOROV

Yes.

Both laugh until their sides ache. He suddenly stops.

AMERICAN

Are you really Russian?

SUVOROV

Yes, I am.

AMERICAN

And are you really a spy?

SUVOROV

Yes, I am.

AMERICAN

And are you really out to recruit me?

SUVOROV

Yes, it's you I'm after.

AMERICAN

Do you know all about me?

SUVOROV

Not everything. But something.

He remains silent for a time.

AMERICAN

Has our meeting been recorded on film? Are you planning to blackmail me?

SUVOROV

Our meeting has been filmed, but I do not intend to blackmail you. Blackmail has never yielded results, so it's not used...at any rate, not in my service.

AMERICAN

Your service is the KGB?

SUVOROV

No. The GRU.

AMERICAN

I never heard of it.

SUVOROV

So much the better.

AMERICAN

Listen, Russian, I swore an oath not to give secret information to foreign states.

SUVOROV

You don't have to give any secrets to anybody.

AMERICAN

Then what do you want from me?

He has never met a real spy, and finds it fascinating.

SUVOROV

You could write a book.

AMERICAN

What about?

SUVOROV

About submarines at the Rota base.

AMERICAN

You know I'm from that base?

SUVOROV

That's why I'm recruiting you and not the people at the next table.

Again they laugh.

AMERICAN

It seems like a film.

SUVOROV

It's always like that. I also never thought I should wind up in intelligence. Anyway, good night. Waitress, the bill please.

AMERICAN

Wait a minute! I write a book, then what?

SUVOROV

I publish the book in the Soviet Union.

AMERICAN

In a million copies?

SUVOROV

No. Just forty three.

AMERICAN

That's not many.

SUVOROV

We pay you 17,000 dollars for each copy. We pay ten per cent immediately, the rest immediately on receipt of the manuscript, if, of course, it throws some light on matters which interest our readers. Later on the book might be published in English. If there are things which might not be of interest to the Western reader, that could be left out of the American edition. So there are no secrets. Just freedom of the press. People write not only about submarines but even about the CIA. And nobody brings them to court for that.

AMERICAN

And they are all paid by you as well?

SUVOROV

Only some of them.

He smiles, throws down money for the bill, bows and walks out. The American looks after him....

INT RESIDENTURA

He walks in. The company of spies make way for him, falling silent as he approaches. Everybody happy and relieved.

The door of the Navigator's office opens. The Navigator himself greets him on the threshold. He steps aside.

NAVIGATOR

Come in, Viktor Andreyevich.

In the silence somebody gives a deep sigh. The Navigator turns and laughs. And with him everybody laughs. Borya appears with a silver bucket and champagne. They clink glasses, drink deeply.

NAVIGATOR (CONT'D)

Don't overdo the rejoicing.

They step inside. The Navigator hands him a small package...

INT. APT. TANYA, SUVOROV DRUNK WITH EXHAUSTION, SUCCESS.

SUVOROV

He took the money. He took our questions for the book. He's ours. He'll spend the money and want more. Once he's had a taste he'll do the job.

She looks at him warily.

TANYA

Then why do you look so bad?

SUVOROV (V.O.)

I don't know why. Why doesn't anybody ever try to recruit us?

SUVOROV (CONT'D)

If only an American would recruit me! I would say yes. Come on, you capitalist. I'll work without pay. I simply want to risk my neck. Isn't it exhilarating to walk along the edge of a precipice? Not for money, for the pleasure.

TANYA
Vitya, not so loud?

SUVOROV
Ahhh...
(He waves her fears
away, shouts.)
Come on, recruit me, enemies! Come
on!

TANYA
Stop, Vitya. Be careful. They are
always screening. They may be watching
now.

SUVOROV
Screening, screening and more
screening. Not a break. We are sick
and tired of screening! I screen
them, they screen me. I screen...

She grabs him, sits him down...kisses him fiercely to shut
his mouth. He breaks away.

SUVOROV (CONT'D)
They screen our friends, they check
up on us...constantly.

TANYA
It is a fact of life. They always
play these tricks.. to find out how
you react.

SUVOROV
And I always react correctly: I report
everything, immediately and precisely.
If I catch sight of a friend of mine
in the woods, I report it. If nothing
happens to my friend, that means
that he had been on an operation, or
has been there simply so that they
could check on me!...whether, I would
report seeing him at once. Just try
not reporting. If it's you they are
checking on, that would be the end
and you'd be on the conveyor.

He slumps down. She kisses him lightly.

SUVOROV (CONT'D)
Then there's the straight provocation.

TANYA
Checking on you? Or someone else?

SUVOROV
Who knows.. This time, me...or Genka.

TANYA

Genka! But he's one of us!

SUVOROV

Yes, well, whether he realizes it or not, the Aquarium is now playing dirty tricks on him. And I am part of them. You know what this is?

Takes the packet from his pocket. Inside is a tiny book.

TANYA

A Bible. Contraband edition. Easier to smuggle home. All sorts of religious groups are always pushing them on us.

SUVOROV

This time we drop it on Genka. Maybe the little book will attract him, maybe he'll hold on to it to do a little business? In Russia people are mad for such books. They'll pay huge sums. Tomorrow is Sunday. Genka won't have to go to work. So we'll see what happens. Will he report it in the morning or will he wait till Monday? Or, not report it at all. Or throw it away and avoid getting in trouble? Anything but an immediate report will be the end of him.

He throws the bible against the wall. She looks at it for a moment, then goes, picks it up and returns it to his pocket.

APARTMENT HOUSE LARGE AND SMART. AND UNDER SURVEILLANCE

It is cold, wet. The wind blows leaves along the pavement.

SUVOROV CONT'D V.O.

Genka was a friend of mine. But, who could tell? He had certainly made friends with me. Maybe I was being checked with his assistance? I could try to drop him a friendly hint that he should report it at once. But that might be the end of me. They would say, "So, a friend means more to you than our glorious Soviet intelligence service?"

Suvorov circles to dark courtyards, past bins and into an underground garage. He takes the lift to the ground floor and waits, listening carefully. The whole house is asleep.

MARBLE VESTIBULE

Dozens of letter boxes. He looks around, stands close and drops the packet into one.

INT. RESIDENTURA

The Navigator appears.

NAVIGATOR

Well, what happened?

SUVOROV

I deposited the gift but he has not reacted yet.

THE NAVIGATOR REACTS His face hardens.

SUVOROV (.V.O.) (CONT'D)

They had not been testing me but Genka. For some reason he did not report the Bible. So what would he do if something serious happened? Would he report it? He was clearly a danger to our organization and to the Soviet system.

NAVIGATOR

Viktor Andreyevich, go home. Rest. Come back at six this evening.

SUVOROV

Very good.

EXT. EMBASSY COURTYARD EVENING

The Navigator and Suvorov stroll the grounds, chatting. They keep glancing towards the gates. Sasha and The First Deputy also stroll around but appear not to notice them.

Genka's Ford sweeps smoothly through the gate. The assistant consul has arrived, with his wife, Valerina.

SUVOROV (V.O.)

Why, Genka, didn't you rush down here? Why didn't you bring the Bible? What use is it to you? There is no God, and it's time you knew it. All those inventions are just vile anti Soviet rubbish. There's no Heaven. Heaven has to be built here on earth. We can forgive illiterate old women for believing that, but not you. Maybe you were afraid of getting into trouble, so you threw it into the trash, thinking no one know.

(MORE)

SUVOROV (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 But we know everything! You must
 report everything! The GRU will never
 forgive you for being silent.

The Deputy strolls slowly to the gate. It is now cut off.

SUVOROV V.O.
 The guard would know nothing so long
 as Genka does not try to escape. If
 he does, the trap will spring shut
 in his face.

The Navigator ambles towards the library, not hurrying. Near
 the library is an entrance to the bunker. Genka gets out.
 He says something to his wife; then gives her a quick kiss.
 She goes off alone to the cinema.

SUVOROV (.V.O.)
 He'd kissed his wife for the last
 time. He was now a criminal. He'd
 not reported that the West had tried
 to seduce him. He wouldn't get a
 long sentence, five years for an
 attempt to deceive the Resident. If
 he ever got out, it was unlikely his
 wife would see him. I studied her.
 She'd throw him over.

Time to move. Through the steel door, along a corridor, down
 the stairs. Down into the bunker. A corridor, a small office.
 Suvorov rings the bell. The First Deputy's face appears.

FIRST DEPUTY
 What do you want?

SUVOROV
 Do you need any help?

FIRST DEPUTY
 No. Go and watch the film,

SUVOROV
 Au revoir, Nicolai Tarasovich.

FIRST DEPUTY
 Au revoir.

Down the corridor, up the stairs...

FIRST DEPUTY (CONT'D)
 Vitya!

The First Deputy is running after him.

FIRST DEPUTY (CONT'D)

Vitya, I forgot. Wait until the film's over and meet his wife, Valerina. Tell her he's off on an urgent job. Don't upset her. Say it's a secret operation, so she doesn't suspect. And take her home. See you tomorrow.

SUVOROV

Tomorrow, Nicolai Tarasovich.

EXT VIENNA STREETS

INT. CAR MOVING SUVOROV AND VALERINA

Valerina is beautiful, capricious, flirtatious...She sits beside Suvorov and strokes his arm as he drives.

SUVOROV

What are you doing?

VALERINA

(laughs)

I am afraid you were going to run into that car. I am trying to help you.

SUVOROV

There are no oncoming cars now.

She still keeps her hand on his arm and gently squeezes it.

SUVEROV

I spoke to your husband.

VALERINA

Genka? Same old jokes, I suppose.

SUVOROV

Where is he to get new ones?

VALERINA

He is stuck, while I am free to fly away. With just one escort. I'm glad I don't know any secrets.

SUVOROV

Don't you, Valerina?

She smiles, moves her legs. She has very beautiful legs.

VALERINA

Well I do know one or two... Vitya. Won't you take me to see a film?

SUVOROV

What kind of film?

VALERINA

A love story.

SUVOROV

That's forbidden.

VALERINA

Vitya, in Somalia we had a Navigator, Shertznev, who told me that if you were sure that no one knew about it, you could do your own thing. Otherwise, life wouldn't be interesting.

SUVOROV

And you did with him things that no one knew about?

VALERINA

I did, Vitya.

SUVOROV

But we may be followed.

VALERINA

Vitya, you are an operational officer, you know how to make sure. Just use your very best checkup route. What do you think, Vitya?

SUVOROV

I think... comrade Sherstnev is a very reckless man...

CU VALERINA

SUVOROV (CONT'D)

Her husband was already on the conveyor. They would extract the confessions in Vienna, then he would land in the Aquarium. She hadn't the slightest idea. He had gone off on a job. It didn't worry her: she was used to it. She was more interested in the new raincoats that the whole of Vienna were wearing.

VALERINA

They have streaks of gold in them, they are really very attractive. Such a coat would suit me well. I would look like the Snow Queen. I'd make you my slave.

SUVOROV

I know women like that. There is one in my life. Also small and fragile.

CU SUVOROV

SUVOROV (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 How could he have fallen for such a woman. Even now, on the conveyor, he was thinking of her. One question would not leave him alone. "Who was driving her home?". It is I, Suvorov.

VALERINA
 Suvorov, why do you never smile at me? Are you afraid of me?

SUVOROV
 No.

VALERINA
 You are, but I'll make you smile.

EXT. HOUSE

THEY SIT IN THE CAR, He shakes his head no.

VALERINA
 Suvorov, you are not going to simply drop me. I am a beautiful woman. I might be raped. You would be held responsible.

SUVOROV
 That doesn't happen in Vienna.

VALERINA
 I'm afraid to be alone.

INT. THE LIFT

VALERINA
 Are you sure that my Gennadi is not coming home tonight?

SUVOROV
 No. He's out on an operation.

VALERINA
 Aren't you afraid to leave me alone?

The lift stops. He opens the door for her, she takes a key.

VALERINA (CONT'D)
 What are you doing this evening?

SUVOROV
 Sleeping.

VALERINA
 Who will you sleep with, Suvorov?

SUVOROV

Tonight, I sleep on my own.

VALERINA

(sighing)

And I am alone too.

She steps across the threshold and suddenly turns to him. Her eyes flame, her face that of a little schoolgirl. She is surprised when the door slowly closes in her face.

SUVOROV (V.O.)

I avoid such women. Vienna is not the place for such things. We follow each other too closely.

RESIDENTURA BUNKER OFFICE SUVOROV LOOKS ON

The former consul sits on a stool, his head hanging down. He is not tied, he just sits. The Bible is lying on the table.

SUVOROV (.V.O.) (CONT'D)

He no longer had any desire to shout or make a fuss. He's confessed. Yes, there was a Bible. No, he's not interested in religion. Yes, he was afraid of reporting it, because it would be bad for his record. Yes, he had thrown the book into the trash. Yes, he had concealed things before. He had visited prostitutes. But no, he had no contact with Western intelligence. No one had tried to recruit him. No, he had not given away secret information.

NAVIGATOR

Hand me the spirit.

Suvorov grabs a bottle of Gordon's gin out of the bar.

NAVIGATOR (CONT'D)

Syringe.

A one-shot syringe, like the one Spetsnaz use. But this was not "Blissful death", simply "Bliss". He fills it from the Gordon's. Suvorov dips cotton in the gin, carefully swabs his arm to avoid infection, and injects the Spirit.

INT. DEPARTURE LOUNGE AIRPORT THE ROAR OF ENGINES;

AEROFLOT MAN

Any baggage?

SUVOROV

No. Just a short stay.

CUSTOMS
Passports please!

Suvorov and Sasha flank Genka. By a kiosk, the Consul general waits in case he is needed to frighten off the authorities.

PA SYSTEM (O.S.)
AEROFLOT FLIGHT 73 Nonstop to Moscow,
now ready for boarding

A line of passengers. A toothy stewardess waves them on.

STEWARDESS
Wait a moment, please! Let the
diplomatic mail go through!

EXT. AIRPORT

They walk to the aircraft. A stewardess smiles at them.

SUVOROV (V.O.)
Genka is not smiling because he
fancies you, it's simply because of
the "Bliss".

Two couriers standing at the steps. They watch the procession. They are armed and make no secret of it.

They help the former captain up the steps. His feet don't find the steps, they barely brush the ground. He smiles at everyone. At the doorway, they turn. The former Soviet diplomat is smiling a gentle, good-natured smile. He smiles and waves goodbye.

SUVOROV CONT'D V.O.
Who was he smiling at?
At me, perhaps?

So Suvorov smiles and waves back.

OPERATING ROOM LATER JAMMERS HUM. NAVIGATOR, SUVOROV

NAVIGATOR
Put it on.

Viktor puts a helmet on. The Navigator follows. The helmets are connected by a flexible hollow tube. Not even their breath escapes...Maximum security! Viktor's face is impassive, still...

NAVIGATOR (CONT'D)
You are doing very well. So, we are
entrusting you with an extremely
important operation. Soon an agent
known as 'the Friend' will arrive in
Vienna. He is very important.
(MORE)

NAVIGATOR (CONT'D)

He's controlled personally by Moscow. Who he is, I do not know and I have no right to know. We never meet these people face to face. He operates through dead drops and signals. But we have to be sure that contact can be made at any time. So every few years we arrange checkup meetings. He gets an urgent summons and keeps an appointment. We don't actually make contact, we observe him from a distance. We check what security there may be around him. You'll be in charge of this operation. Nobody knows about it. The message was in my personal code. You'll drop your car in Innsbruck and disappear.

EXT. VIENNA HOTEL SUVOROV ENTERS

NAVIGATOR (V.O.)

We'll take a room in a hotel. Enter through the back, slip upstairs.

Everything will have been prepared.

POV HOTEL ROOM

HE FINDS MINOX CAMERA, GOES TO WINDOW, LOOKS OUT.

NAVIGATOR V.O. CONT'D

The 'Friend' will show up at a certain time at the window of a shoe shop. You will be a hundred meters from him and eighteen meters higher up. You'll take a picture of him when he appears. I don't know who he'll be. He might be a woman dressed like a man, a man dressed like a woman...filthy clothes, uncombed hair...anything. Half an hour before he is due, you will snap any activity that seems suspicious. You'll recognize him because he'll appear at precisely the time to the second. A newspaper in his right hand...a sign that all's well. In his left hand, that's danger. He'll wait five minutes, if nobody makes contact he'll leave. Any questions?

CLOSE ON SUVOROV AS HE REMEMBERS

SUVOROV (V.O.)

No.

CU MINOX

NAVIGATOR (V.O.)

Be careful with the Minox. It has been loaded at the Aquarium and sealed. The seal is invisible. Careful not to damage it. What the Friend looks like, you are not allowed to tell anyone, not even me. The sealed minox will go to the Aquarium in the diplomatic mail and be developed. Understand everything?

SUVOROV

SUVOROV (.V.O.)

Everything.

He examines the Minox, finds binoculars, a thermos of coffee. A chronometer with a sweep second hand shows 1:05.

MATCH DISSOLVE THE CLOCK 4:12, FIVE MINUTES BEFORE TIME

SUVOROV IN CHAIR AT WINDOW HIS POV.

A woman walks down the street. Suvorov has the camera up, but doesn't shoot. A postman passes, then a Mercedes, a white robed man in the back...The chronometer clicks. The woman passes again. Another limo. He sweeps the street with the binoculars, cocks the Minox. Suddenly, something wrong...what?

Suddenly aware... something terrible. A Citroen has stopped.

A pretty woman gets out, bends down quickly, kisses the driver. Suvorov sees him clearly; the First Deputy! The Minox snaps, freezing him. The woman gets into a Fiat, speeds off.

SUVOROV...

SUVOROV (.V.O.) (CONT'D)

The woman was not his wife. She was no agent. The Navigator knew I would be here, he would have warned him away... The GRU was again trying me out! They had put me in this little room and staged this comedy. Now they waited... would I report the man I admired so greatly or would I try to cover up for him. That was why they had given me a camera, to be able to tell whether I had hesitated for even a moment. They would be able to tell from the photo whether my hands had been shaking or not.

SUVOROV CONT'D)

Another possibility... Chance!
 Bad luck! Nobody knew I was there;
 a side street, a secret encounter
 with a mistress. A foreign mistress!
 A Soviet woman is not allowed a car
 when abroad! If it was not a test
 for me, it was the end for the first
 deputy...a dismal end. The
 conveyor...But it could be just a
 test for me, there had been plenty
 of them. I had acted exactly as I
 should, quickly and decisively.

He glances at the street, nobody disturbs the peace. Only one unpleasant looking figure with a newspaper hangs around the window of the shoe shop. Suvorov leans back, looks at the ceiling and sighs. Suddenly, he leaps up, overturning the thermos, grabs the minox, feverishly presses the trigger..once twice...again...Time's up! The 'Friend' throws his paper away and disappears.

SUVOROV CONT'D) V.O.

The photos would reveal my mental
 state, draw attention to the fact
 that I did not want to report the
 First Deputy, that I hesitated...
 (pockets camera, leaves)
 If only the Police would arrest me.
 Maybe I could get seized by the
 police? No, they would find out,
 then I would be put on the conveyor.

STREET SUVOROV EMERGES ON A BRIGHT SUNNY AFTERNOON.

SUVOROV CONT'D) V.O. (CONT'D)

No, things couldn't be that bad. It
 was a routine checkup, a typical
 provocation. And I had not taken the
 bait. At the Academy, they had
 organized much worse... with the
 lives of our friends at stake...later
 they explained...just a bit of play
 acting. Many didn't pass those tests.
 I did. We were forgiven a moment's
 hesitation. We were, after all, only
 human...

NAVIGATOR'S OFFICE CLOCK TICKS

NAVIGATOR

Where did the 'Friend' appear from?

SUVOROV

(preoccupied,hesitates)
 I didn't notice, comrade general.

NAVIGATOR

You had a chronometer. Did he show up on time?

(silence)

Did something confuse you? Was there something suspicious? Something you couldn't understand or explain? Did something put you off?

SUVOROV

...Your... First Deputy...

A look of bafflement, then pain in the Navigator's eyes.

SUVOROV (CONT'D)

...your First Deputy was at the meeting place two minutes before the Friend appeared...with a woman.

His face goes white. He asks calmly...

NAVIGATOR

You did not, of course, manage to take a shot of him?

A question? A statement? A threat? Viktor hesitates...

SUVOROV

In fact, I did.

The clock ticks.

NAVIGATOR

What are we going to do?

SUVOROV

I don't know.

WHAM...HE POUNDS THE DESK. HE SHOUTS!

NAVIGATOR

What are we going to do?!!!

SUVOROV

(surprises himself,
shouts back!)

Get ready to evacuate him!

The Navigator stiffens, then collapses. He becomes just a sad old man.

NAVIGATOR

You know, Vitya, in 1964 The First Deputy saved me from a death sentence. Since then I have taken him round the world. He recruited women.

(MORE)

NAVIGATOR (CONT'D)

But such women! They loved the First Deputy...and he... Such is life. I knew he had a mistress in every city. I forgave him. But I knew that someday... I knew... Can we do the evacuation between us?

SUVOROV

Yes.

He presses the intercom.

NAVIGATOR

The First Deputy to me.

ANGLE THE NAVIGATOR MOMENTS LATER.

His hand is on his desk, his right in a drawer near a gun. The First Deputy stares in the direction of his hidden hand, then up.

NAVIGATOR (CONT'D)

Sit down.

He looks from the Navigator to Suvorov standing behind him and to the side. Slowly he sits. He stretches his whole body until the bones crack, then quietly puts his arms around the back of the chair. Gently, Suvorov slips handcuffs on him. Then rolls up his sleeves. Suvorov dips a napkin in the gin bottle, He looks up and the First Deputy is looking at him. The look stops him for a moment, but it is without rancor. Viktor glances at the Navigator who stares flatly at him also. He crosses to the First Deputy and dabs the old man's arm with the gin.

He slips the needle in. The Navigator nods and Suvorov slips out of the room, leaving the two old spies alone...

NAVIGATOR (CONT'D)

So, Nicolai, tell me about it.

EXT. DARK STREETS NIGHT AND FOG SUVOROV WALKS.

SUVOROV (V.O.)

Why had the world turned so dark. Pangs of conscience? Couldn't be. I had no conscience. Why should it trouble me, because I had betrayed the First Deputy? He was a decent man, but if I hadn't put him on the conveyor, he would have done the same for me. That was the job we had. I had protected the GRU. If everyone gave into his own feelings the whole system would collapse.

(MORE)

SUVOROV (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It's strength is that it immediately gets rid of anyone who weakens. Had I weakened? No Doubt. I had made an enemy of the Navigator. Had anyone seen me? Possibly. Could anyone have seen what I was going through. Of course. It was visible. Any agent would have understood long ago. The Navigator was capable of putting a tail on me. How was 41 behaving... was he showing signs of weakness?

He comes to a car, gets in, drives...slowly.

SUVOROV CONT'D) V.O.

Something had happened. I had lost control of myself. If the Navigator found out, I could be evacuated tonight.

VIENNA NIGHT THE PALACES OF FALLEN REGIMES IN MOONLIGHT

He drives along the Danube, around the city without the usual switches and cutbacks. He gazes at the dark city. He stops at a light. A screech! A Ford hurtles around the corner. A face passes through the headlights... A Soviet!

ANGLE SUVOROV DRIVING AWAY

SUVOROV

Sasha! Now there was no doubt. If a man lost control over some incident, he might do so again...at a critical moment. Maybe he had lost control in the past. Perhaps the enemy had already taken advantage of this. They'd come for me tonight. If I were the Navigator, I'd do the same. I was going home.

INT. SUVOROV'S APARTMENT

He slips in, locks the door and opens the window. Looks out. Glances at his watch. Midnight.

SUVOROV (V.O.)

I knew their ways. They struck just before dawn...the hour of deepest sleep...like Hitler. It might be too late. They'd have placed their people.

BEDROOM TANYA SLEEPS PEACEFULLY

He watches her, then wakes her. Sleepily, she smiles up at him.

SUVOROV (CONT'D)

Very Quickly, we have to go out!

She is well trained and makes no complaint. She is up, throws on a coat. He unlocks the door, listens, pulls...a long sad squeak.

EXT STREET INT. CAR SUVOROV OPENS DOOR, THEY SLIP IN.

Wrapped in fur coat, she is asleep again. He sits staring up at his apartment, the dark windows. He looks at Tanya sleeping unaware... The clock twitches. 3:54. He looks up again. The light in his apartment goes on. He sighs. He starts the car and slowly pulls away.

EXT. FOREST DAWN, PATCHES OF FOG. TANYA SITS WATCHING

She covers a yawn, watches her husband closely. Viktor is struggling within. He doesn't know where to start, so finally, he just does...

SUVOROV

I am in big trouble. I have to disappear. I have to go over to the West.

TANYA

(sleepy confusion)

What? You're imagining this. Things aren't as bad as that. You've been working too hard.

SUVOROV

No. It won't work. That's all. I'll go to the West.

TANYA

Why?

SUVOROV

We're just going!

TANYA

You've done nothing. You have done everything that they ask...

SUVOROV

What's that matter?

TANYA

And what are we doing in the forest?

SUVOROV

Somebody is now in our house. There is no place else to go. There is no time. I need to speak to you.

(MORE)

SUVOROV (CONT'D)

To explain that I have to go...
somewhere.

TANYA

Where?

SUVOROV

I don't know. I'll never see Russia.
Never again... If you don't come
with me, you are not guilty at all.
You say 'He woke me and took me into
the forest,' so you had no way to
tell them. I just took you here.
You didn't know why. You walk back,
I'll have time to escape and nobody
can say you're guilty.

TANYA

We will go back. Whatever it is,
we'll fight it. It'll pass. You've
done nothing. We'll resist! How can
we run?

SUVOROV

Go back! Resist... Hope for the
best? The Soviet system has destroyed
many people. Powerful ones. Why did
people like Tukhachevsky, Berzin,
Yagoda go to their deaths like lambs,
while others resisted or escaped?
Those who resisted became foul
traitors. So there is the choice;
lamb or traitor.

TANYA

You are guilty of nothing!

SUVOROV

But I am. I could shout that I am
innocent, it would change nothing!
Millions have done the same. If I
don't want to become a lamb, I have
to become a traitor. But I'm a traitor
already. I've been a traitor for a
long time. That's how it would be
seen. The same as with my leaders.
All the people who served Lenin turned
out to be traitors. Trotsky, Zinoviev,
Kamenov, Bukharin, Tomsky...a gang
of murderers, traitors, spies! What
had Lenin been, the leader of that
foul gang. All those who served Stalin
faithfully had also turned out to be
spies, traitors, killers. Yagoda,
Yezhov, Beria, Blyukher.

(MORE)

SUVOROV (CONT'D)

Then Stalin himself, the greatest criminal of all. Those who served Kruschchev turned out to be enemies and criminals too...Molotov, Kaganovich, Serov, Shelest, Shelepin, Bulganin.

Kruschchev himself turned out to be a fool. What did it mean? Sooner or later my leaders will be toppled and declared spies, traitors, fools. Anybody who has served them will also be criminals. So I have nothing to lose, I am already a traitor. To escape from them is a crime. To stay with them is also a crime.

TANYA

Bloody policy! I am not interested in ideology. I love Russia! My family. My people...the land.

He sighs. Gets up, brushes off. Looks away with tears.

TANYA (CONT'D)

But if you really have to go, I have to go with you.

He collapses and hugs her, tearfully. She is crying, too.

SUVOROV

Please don't worry. Stay here. If somebody approaches, you'll be okay. They are looking for two people. If I don't come back...three hours... You must walk back. You must go to the Embassy. You must walk in and denounce me. You must say that I went crazy and held you against your will.

TANYA

Yes. Hold me, Vitya.

They embrace. Then quickly, he is gone. She looks around.

SUVOROV RUNS THROUGH THE FOREST

SUVOROV (V.O.)

What was I thinking, Ideology! The hell with Ideology. I had to get out, but where? The mountains, live in a cave? Use my Spetsnaz training? Or go to another country? To America...To Britain. But would Britain want me?

EXT. HOUSE MORNING SUVOROV APPROACHES

Knocks. The door opens. A man looks at his rumpled face.

DIPLOMAT

Good morning.

SUVOROV

Good morning.

He holds out his diplomatic passport. The man takes it, looks at it, motions him in.

INT. HOUSE

SUVOROV

I have a message for Her Majesty's government.

DIPLOMAT

Please go to the embassy.

SUVOROV

I can't go to the embassy. It's too public. I have to speak to someone who can make a decision. That's why I want to pass this letter through you.

DIPLOMAT

I refuse to accept it.

(He rises and opens
the door.)

I am no spy. Please do not involve me in these spy games.

SUVOROV

This is not espionage...any more. This is a letter for Her Majesty's government. Whether you accept it or not, I am now going to telephone the British Embassy and say that a letter for the Government is here. I'll leave it. You can do what you like with it.

The man glares at him.

DIPLOMAT

Give me your letter.

SUVOROV

Give me an envelope please.

DIPLOMAT

(astonished)

You don't even have an envelope?

SUVOROV
Unfortunately not.

Suvorov takes a restaurant card out of his pocket, writes.

CU WRITES THREE LETTERS G R U

He puts the letter in the envelope, writes Russian on it and stamps it with his personal seal, 173V41.

DIPLOMAT
Is that all?

SUVOROV
That's all. Goodbye.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH

SUVOROV (V.O.)
Hello, British Embassy, I've sent a message. I must speak to a responsible person. I don't need to know his name, you decide. I have sent a message...

A pause. Then a bored, arrogant overgrown public schoolboy.

EMBASSY OFFICER
Hello, who is this?

SUVOROV
I have sent a message. The person with whom I sent it knows my name.

EMBASSY OFFICER
Is that so?

SUVOROV
Yes. Ask him.

EMBASSY OFFICER
(A beat)
Do you represent your country?

SUVOROV
No, I represent only myself.

A pause.

EMBASSY OFFICER
What do you want?

SUVOROV
I want you to open the letter and pass the message to the government.

Silence, heavy breathing.

EMBASSY OFFICER

I can't open the envelope. It's not addressed to me but to the government.

SUVOROV

Please open it. I sent it! I signed it like that so its contents should not be known by certain people. I give you the right to open it!

Whispering in B.G. on the line.

EMBASSY OFFICER

It's a very strange message. Some kind of restaurant.

SUVOROV

No, not that! Look on the other side.

EMBASSY OFFICER

There's also a rather strange message...just some letters.

SUVOROV

That is what you have to transmit.

EMBASSY OFFICER

You are crazy. A message of three letters cannot be of any importance.

SUVOROV

It will be up to Her Majesty's government to decide that.

Silence...

EMBASSY OFFICER

I have found a compromise. I won't send a radio message, but I will send your message by diplomatic mail!

SUVOROV

To hell with you and your compromise! My message may be important or not, it's not for me to decide, but it's certainly urgent! An hour from now or sooner, it may be too late! I'll call again in fifteen minutes. Please show the ambassador my message.

EMBASSY OFFICER

He's not here today.

SUVOROV

(screams)

Then show it to anyone you like!
Show it to your bloody secretary!

(MORE)

SUVOROV (CONT'D)

Maybe she reads the papers! Maybe she could suggest what you should do!!!

He slams the receiver.

EXT. CAR

He pulls up at a phone booth. A car is parked nearby. He speeds away. He finds another booth, circles warily, screeches up, zips into the booth, fumbles change, dials frantically.

SUVOROV

Is this the British Embassy?

Everything has changed, the response is sharp, military.

INTEL OFFICER

Yes. Is everything all right? I've been worried. You took so long to call..

SUVOROV

About my message...

INTEL OFFICER

Your message has been transmitted, It's very important. We've already received a reply from London. We're waiting for you. We need you. Are you ready?

SUVOROV

Yes.

INTEL OFFICER

Is the address on the card you sent the place to meet you?

SUVOROV

Yes.

INTEL OFFICER

There's no time on the card. Does that mean we are to meet as soon as possible?

SUVOROV

Yes.

INTEL OFFICER

That's what we assumed. Our representatives are waiting for you there.

SUVOROV
 (He gasps in Russian)
 Thank you!

INT. RESTAURANT SUVOROV ENTERS.

In the corner. Two men sit in shadow. He moves toward them.

THE FOREST TANYA

Terrified, she looks around like a deer. She has gone to ground, no longer the complacent housewife, but a Spetsnaz trained killer. She hears/senses movement. Coming toward her. She slips behind cover. Movement all around! Her imagination? In back, a figure, in a flash, she attacks, a killing blow at the neck. Suvorov, blocks it, and counters, then pulls his blow. They collapse on the forest floor, sobbing. He kisses her quiet.

TANYA
 I heard others.

SUVOROV
 Now you are imagining things.

TANYA
 Would they let us leave, Vitya? Would they just let us get away?

He takes her arm, leads her to the edge of the forest. They crouch looking out on a bright, sunny meadow. Flowers bob in the breeze. On the other side of the meadow, a car sits, a Jaguar. A man sits in it. It has British diplomatic plates.

She glances at the dark woods on either side of the meadow.

There is movement. She catches her breath.

TANYA (CONT'D)
 You know what they say... How cruel they are... How they would never let us know until we are so close...

SUVOROV
 I know what they say.

He reaches into his pocket.

TANYA
 What's that?

SUVOROV
 For luck.

HIS HAND

He holds his last Russian money. Two Rubles.

TANYA AND SUVOROV

He throws them into the woods. He takes her hand and they walk out of the darkness, into the sun and disappear into the mist.

TITLE

Victor Suverov lives somewhere in the west. He remains under sentence of death by the Aquarium...

FADE OUT:

Charles Proser

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