

COMMIE SPIES

One-hour episodic TV pilot

By

Martin K. Zitter

Draft series bible available upon request.

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Stuart Arbury
RAMO LAW PC
315 South Beverly Drive
Beverly Hills, CA 90212
310.284.34940

M.K. Zitter
1217 North Chester Avenue
Pasadena, CA 91104
626.398.1960
Commie.Spies@gmail.com
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FADE IN:

INT. A GRIMY JAIL CELL - DARKENED

DMITRY BUKOV, mid 30s, tall, blond, and powerfully built, painfully awakens on the filthy floor - bruised, battered, and bloodied. He struggles to focus on his surroundings.

CARD: NOVEMBER, 1955 - MOSCOW, RUSSIA, USSR - THE COLD WAR

He looks at his wrists, chafed raw where the handcuffs were, wipes a smear of blood from his forehead, winces at some likely broken ribs, and rises, lurching to the cell door.

DMITRY
(in Russian, subtitled)
Guard! Guard! What did Antonov
say? He knows the truth. Guard!

His calls join the cacophony that echoes in long grey corridors as he collapses back in despair.

[**NOTE:** Dialog among Russians may vary between proper English and Russian with subtitled English. When speaking English in the U.S., Dmitry's syntax is often broken and even comical.]

EXT. KGB MAIN BUILDING, MOSCOW - DAY

A brutishly chiseled grey stone exterior. A cold, snowy day.

INT. A KGB INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

NATALYA BUKOV, early 30s, Dmitry's elegant wife, STANDS in a corner and squints at a floodlight in her eyes. A slick KGB AGENT, 30s, enters, sits at the table, and examines her.

KGB AGENT
(smarmily)
Hello, Natalya Bukova. I am Nikolay
Gregori Garin, KGB lieutenant of
the Committee for State Security.
Do you know why you are here?

NATALYA
(tentatively)
I do not know, comrade lieutenant.
Why am I here? Please.

KGB AGENT
First, citizen Bukova, what is it
you do for work?

NATALYA

I am a clinical child psychologist.

KGB AGENT

Very good. You are here because of your husband - concert pianist, and accused traitor, Dmitry Bukov.

NATALYA

Oh my God, has something happened?

KGB AGENT

If I were you, I would not mention God here. Someone might think you are not committed to the Communist Party. But I am sure you are the very example of the great citizen, comrade Bukova, and you would do anything the fatherland needs you to do without any doubts. Correct?

NATALYA

Oh, my G... Yes, yes. I would.

KGB AGENT

Excellent. So, citizen Bukova, did your husband tell you where he was going to perform?

NATALYA

Yes. He told me and the children that he was going to perform and give masterclass in St. Petersburg.

KGB AGENT

Hmmmm, citizen Bukova. Be careful with your testimony. If you lie to me, I will be forced to put you in jail for perjury. What a shame that would be for a respectable doctor like yourself. And what is going to happen to your children? Foster home? Most likely, they will be separated. Am I clear, Bukova?

NATALYA

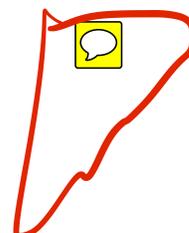
(indignant)

You need not threaten me. I will tell you the truth. After dinner, Dmitry told me that he was going to perform in America to glorify the Soviet Union. But he didn't want the children to know.

KGB AGENT

Yes. Good. That is the truth. We believe you, citizen Bukova.

(MORE)



KGB AGENT (CONT'D)

And tell me, did he contact you during his trip? Maybe he called you, asked you about the kids or how you were doing? Or perhaps someone else contacted you on his behalf?

NATALYA

(angry)

You well know he called me from the consulate. No one else. Now you will tell me what this is about!

She's irate but holds her rage back. The agent turns off the light and motions her toward the door. She doesn't move.

KGB AGENT

Very well, comrade Bukova. No need to disturb my office by shouting.

(calls to door)

Duty guard... escort comrade Bukova back to her home.

NATALYA

(furious)

Wait... What about my husband? What is happening to him? He is loyal. A brilliant composer and teacher, and a war hero. You must not suspect him. You will take me to him now!

KGB AGENT

Good day, comrade Bukova.

A guard enters, takes Natalya's arm and escorts her out.

INT. A LUXURIOUS KGB OFFICE - DAY

Dmitry, wrapped in bandages, limps in, salutes, and stands at rigid attention in front of the desk of General Pavel Andreevich GROMOV, 60s, a scarred and grizzled WWII veteran.

DMITRY

Comrade General - Major Bukov reporting as ordered.

GROMOV

(smiles)

At ease, Bukov. I have news for you.

(MORE)

GROMOV (CONT'D)

After much consideration, comrade Secretary-General of the Communist Party of the USSR himself has proclaimed to honor you for your services to the country with the Order of Merit for the Fatherland. Congratulations.

Gromov stands and pins the Order to Dmitry's coat.

DMITRY

(relieved)

I serve the fatherland!

GROMOV

Good. Now listen, you and your family have been awarded a month-long state-sponsored trip to one of our secret French Riviera villas, and a governess for the children.

DMITRY

Thank you, comrade General. It is an honor to receive this award.

GROMOV

Go now. Take some time and enjoy the sunshine. But, Dmitry, only your formidable wife may know about this award and why you received it. You do understand why?

DMITRY

Yes, comrade General.

GROMOV

We'll call you later for your - and your wife's - next task.

DMITRY

(bewildered)

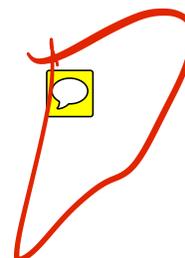
I beg your pardon, comrade General, did you say my and my wife's task?

GROMOV

(bursts out laughing)

Bukov, did they beat out your fucking brain in jail? Or you thought you'd got all this for your retirement? Ahahahahah. Go to the Riviera, pull yourself together and come back for a new task. That San Francisco trip fucked you up, huh? It's not capitalism or corrupt democracy here.

(MORE)



GROMOV (CONT'D)

It's the USSR, son - the greatest country in the world and we have great plans for both of you - all around the world. Go!

Dmitry salutes, turns on his heel and exits.

INT. A MOVING CAR - DAY

BEGIN MONTAGE:

A CHAUFFEUR drives Dmitry, Natalya, and their two children, IGOR, 9 and OLGA, 7, in a Mercedes-Benz limo along a coast.

QUICK CUTS:

- They cuddle, laugh, and frolic in the big back seat.
- They arrive at a big beautiful secluded beach villa.
- Two MAIDS and A dowdy GOVERNESS help them in and unpack.
- The children run wildly through the house exploring.
- They change into swimsuits and run out to the warm water.
- Dimitry and Natalya swim a mile out to a tiny island and make love on a beach.
- The STAFF serve them an elaborately prepared dinner.
- They gather in the salon and the children play the piano.
- Natalya reads to them from a volume of Russian folk tales.

END MONTAGE:

ACT 2

INT. A U.S. GOVERNMENT CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

CARD: **13 APRIL 1953** - WASH. D.C., [ONE MONTH AFTER THE DEATH OF JOSEPH STALIN, GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY.]

Five white males, ages 30-60, dressed in suits and ties with crew-cut hair, enter and sit around a long conference table.

Engraved name-plates read: ALLEN DULLES, DIRECTOR, CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE; DR. SIDNEY GOTTLIEB, CHIEF MEDICAL OFFICER; CARL WILLIAMS, AGENT-IN-CHARGE; WILLIAM [BILL] UNDERWOOD, CHADWICK [CHAD] PAUL - SPECIAL AGENTS.

ALLEN

Good morning, all. I gathered you here to discuss a crucial new matter. Central intelligence feels that we have a mind-control gap with the Russkis and must catch up now. I have ordered development and testing of various substances and techniques for use against the Soviet Union because of their use against U.S. prisoners during the Korean War. We want to use similar techniques against them and their henchmen, particularly against their Iron Curtain cronies. Now, I'll turn it over to Dr. Gottlieb.

SIDNEY

Thank you, Director Dulles. Gentlemen, this is an experimental data-gathering program. It's also black-ops domestic field-craft. We know, by anecdotal reports, that many of the drugs and techniques in question have immediate and dramatic effects, but we have yet to rigorously qualify, quantify, and document those effects on behavior. Today we begin the process. Agent Carl Williams will explain the operational plan.

CARL

To commence this local operation, I have assigned special agents Chad Paul and Bill Underwood (they nod) to secure a safe house in North Beach, San Francisco, this time, and the cooperation of several bartenders, prostitutes, valets, and cab drivers to assist. Our subjects will be unaccompanied, unsuspecting middle-aged males to be selected at random. Here's how it will work in practice...

They light up cigarettes and pipes and lean in attentively.

INT. THE BUKOV FAMILY APARTMENT - MORNING

CARD: OCTOBER, 1955 - MOSCOW, RUSSIA, USSR

Natalya is at the stove preparing breakfast for the family.

Dmitry enters and walks past a long CABINET full of his medals and commendations, pictures and regalia of his heroic World War II service.

He greets his lovely bride and the children with gusto.

DMITRY

Good morning, my little ones. Are you ready for a good day at school? Mother Russia needs you to grow strong. And pay attention to your English lessons today.

NATALYA

And to lessons about our People's Revolution and the Great War.

IGOR/OLGA

(in unison)

"Workers of the world, unite!"

NATALYA

(laughing)

That's right, children. Now go wash your hands and bring your satchels. Papa will take you to school. I'll go to the hospital.

They finish breakfast and rush to get their bags. Dmitry and Natalya share a warm affectionate moment as the kids look on. They march out of the apartment soldier-style.

INT. THE GRAND ORNATE UNIVERSITY CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

Dmitry enters with applause from the sold-out house, bows to the audience, sits at the **Bösendorfer Concert Grand Imperial** piano, and nods to the conductor.

He brilliantly performs the Rachmaninoff Piano Concerto No. 2, accompanied by the Moscow University Symphony.

After the long applause, Dmitry is surrounded on stage by dozens of fans and admirers.

ADMIRER 1

When will you travel to perform in the West? They must hear you play.

DMITRY

Thank you very much. I will travel when the Party deems it correct.

NATALYA

(whispers to him)

Your playing was inspired tonight.

He responds with a loving smile as his adoring wife steers him slowly and gracefully to the doors as they leave.

EXT. MOSCOW STATE UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - AERIAL VIEW - DAY

NARRATOR V.O.

(Russian accent)

The Moscow State University main building was the tallest in the world outside of New York City at the time of its completion in 1953. The central tower is 240 meters tall, 36 stories, with four wings of accommodations for students and faculty. It has some 33 kilometers of corridors and 5,000 rooms.

INT. A LARGE LECTURE HALL - DAY

A mixed-gender class of some 50 STUDENTS are rapt as Dmitry paces around a grand piano and several large CHALKBOARDS.

DMITRY

(professorially)

Is one of you our next Tchaikovsky or Rachmaninoff? We must find out. So, you will begin to learn how to read and write rhythms that include triplets and swing eighth notes; write and analyze diatonic chords;

He notices and calls out a student in the back nodding off.

DMITRY (CONT'D)

Comrade student, do I bore you?

STUDENT

(startled awake)

Oh, no, professor, I am so sorry.

The class has a laugh at his expense.

DMITRY

(continues)

Read and write rhythms that include sixteenth notes in a double-time feel; construct modal scales and identify them by sound. We begin...

The raucous calls of mockingbirds seep through the windows.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OFFICES - DAY

Dmitry enters and stops at the front desk to collect a pile of mail and messages. Secretary TANYA KARPOVA, early 40s, buxom, sassy and flirtatious, greets him with admiration.

TANYA

Good morning, professor. How are your beautiful children and very lucky wife today?

DMITRY

Good morning and thank you. We have our 10th wedding anniversary soon, if you remember. They are fine and appreciate your compliments. What do we have today?

TANYA

I remember that wedding well. Now, Director Antonov asks you to report to his office immediately. He has two very important-looking others in there with him right now.

DMITRY

At once.

She gives him a sly wink and a smile as he strides off down a long corridor to a corner office labeled:

"ALEXEI ANTONOV, DIRECTOR GENERAL, UNIVERSITY OPERATIONS"

INT. ALEXEI ANTONOV'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

ALEXEI ANTONOV, late 40s, sharp in impenetrable dark glasses and a cruel smile, is in a dark, drab office with two FACELESS men in black leather coats. A knock on the door.

ALEXEI

Come in.

(Dmitry enters)

Come in, Major Bukov. Please come in. Sit. Good. Now, these comrades (gesture to them)

from KGB have something - a secret mission to America and which by virtue of your combat experience, English language, and musical fame, which gives the perfect cover to travel under, you are uniquely qualified. They have brought this (hands it to him)

dossier to acquaint you with what you need to do in America,

(MORE)

ALEXEI (CONT'D)

specifically what you need to learn about America's newly-developed secret **truth serum** and their strange delivery methods.

(sternly)

You will take this document and go into my adjoining office and spend as much time as you need reviewing and memorizing every detail.

DMITRY

(bewildered)

But I have never done this before. I don't know how to be an agent. I know very little about America. I am a piano teacher. Comrades, I think I am not suitable for this.

ALEXEI

Bukov, you went through the war - heroically. This is an obligation to your people and Mother Russia.

KGB AGENT

(slowly approaches)

Comrade Bukov, you understand you can't turn this offer down. There can be consequences. Think of your career as a great artist.

ALEXEI

Dmitry Ivanovich, what these comrades offer you is a big honor. I will see that you are promoted to full colonel after you succeed.

He moves to Dmitry's side, close, hand on shoulder.

KGB AGENT

Dmitry, he is right. You know what will happen to you and your family if you do not agree to do this.

Dmitry takes a deep breath and swallows hard.

DMITRY

(now resolved)

Very well, comrades, I am convinced of the importance of this mission. I promise to complete the task with all my skills and abilities.

Alexei addresses the two KGB men.

ALEXEI

Thank you, comrades. Your mission is complete as I deliver this file to Major Bukov, who has agreed, (to him) and you may retire to begin. (to them) Comrades, we bid you a good day.

Copy

Dmitry accepts the file as the KGB pair rise, shake hands and leave. He and Alexei move toward an adjoining office door.

ALEXEI (CONT'D)

(to Dmitry)

I'll leave you to your work. Tanya will bring you hot coffee and stay until you're finished. Also - your cover will depend on your musical bona fides - rank will be Honorary Consular Officer - with limited diplomatic immunity. So if the Americans suspect you of spying or breaking their laws they may very well arrest you. Be most careful.

INT. ADJOINING OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Alexei leaves. Dmitry moves to sit behind a desk with the file in hand. The smiling Tanya enters with a coffee tray.

He opens the thick folder and begins methodically turning the densely typed pages and black and white photo blowups.

At length, he closes the dossier and leans back to reflect.

INT. ALEXEI'S OFFICE - LATER

Tanya is tidying up the office as Dmitry re-enters.

TANYA

So soon? You are a quick study.

DMITRY

I am also good at memorizing music.

They nod and smile as Dmitry hands her the file and leaves.

Now alone, Tanya LOCKS the door behind him, listens as his footsteps fade, and takes a tiny **Minox** camera from Alexei's DESK. She lays out the pages and hastily PHOTOGRAPHS each.

INT. THE BUKOV'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dmitry enters to a table set with borscht, corned beef, cabbage, and boiled potatoes. They sit and she serves.

DMITRY

(to Natalya)

Thank you for this, dearest.

(cover story)

Now, I have some great news. I have been ordered to perform a private concert for some very important people and give masterclasses in St. Petersburg for a few days.

(to them)

Children, while I am gone you must help your mother in all things.

IGOR/OLGA

Yes, papa.

DMITRY

Good.

The proud parents glow with pride at the precociousness of their offspring, and pass the borscht.

INT. THE BUKOV'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

Natalya is in bed. Dmitry lays down beside her and whispers.

DMITRY

(to her ear)

I need to tell you something.

NATALYA

What's that, dear?

DMITRY

I lied to you at dinner so the children would not know.

NATALYA

Why would you do that?

DMITRY

I am being sent to America on business and I don't want them boasting to their friends. I wish I could take you and them with me.

NATALYA
 (whispers, emotionally)
 Play for the Americans and for your
 family and country. I love you and
 I am so proud of you.

They warmly embrace and quietly reflect together. She drifts off to sleep. He lies awake awhile staring at the ceiling.

EXT. UNIVERSITY SQUARE - DAY

Dmitry emerges from the University building and walks several blocks from the campus to the MOSCOW PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL.

INT. MOSCOW PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

It's a gray and foreboding interior. Dmitry is met at the entrance by the white-coated, whiskered, and distinguished Dr. NIKITA MARKOV, late 60s.

NIKITA
 Good day, comrade Bukov. Time is
 short so let's begin our tour with
 the worst of our cases.

DMITRY
 Thank you, doctor Markov.

They walk down a long drab corridor, hearing muffled shouts and groans, to a steel bolted door. Nikita unlocks it and they step into a cacophony of screams of fright and agony.

INT. LOCKED HOSPITAL WARD - SAME TIME

Some 50 grey-clad MEN are seen through the bars of the ward and beyond aimlessly moving around and gesticulating or sitting on the floor and rocking to and fro.

NIKITA
 (compassionately)
 These men, and other wards full of
 women, are suffering from a disease
 of the mind about which we know
 almost nothing. It is some sort of
 chemical or electrical imbalance
 that also seems to give rise to
 religious hallucinations. They see
 and hear imagined things and
 feel drastic antisocial urges.
 Some still suffer from the after
 effects of the war. We have given
 them electric shocks and drugs but
 nothing helps.

DMITRY

Is there any hope?

NIKITA

We see little hope, but worse, we see the Americans weaponizing these kinds of conditions with secret drugs and delivery methods designed to render our troops on the battlefield incapable of fighting or even surviving when we go to war with them. A doomsday drug.

DMITRY

This is truly a matter of worldwide importance. We must do something.

NIKITA

It is. As I understand, you have been briefed about intelligence reports that the Americans have a program to do just that. We have reliable information that they have a truth serum to render ordinary citizens like these helpless, wandering the streets like ghosts, and in of all places, around the neighborhood of North Beach, San Francisco, California. Now you know what we're up against.

DMITRY

I understand. But who is capable of understanding such a substance?

NIKITA

There are a few people - a Swiss chemist named Albert Hoffman and a Berkeley and Harvard psychologist named Dr. Timothy Leary.

Nikita walks Dmitry back and sees him off with a handshake.

EXT. MINISTRY OF CULTURE - DAY

Dmitry walks into another gray and faceless Soviet-era building in a drab section of Moscow.

INT. MINISTRY OF CULTURE RECEPTION - DAY

Greeting Dmitry at reception is SERGEI SMIRNOV, mid 60s, trim and dapper in a tailored suit, and his assistant TATIANA, 30s, attractive but severely proper.

SERGEI

(effusive)

Greetings, comrade Bukov, it is an honor to work with you again. Your performances are inspiring. This is my assistant, Tatiana.

TATIANA

(extends hand)

Pleased to meet you, comrade Dmitry Ivanovich. I have very much enjoyed your fine concert performances.

DMITRY

Thank you, comrade Smirnov. Pleased to meet you Tatiana.

SERGEI

Please come this way to my office.

They walk a short way down another seemingly endless hallway.

INT. SERGEI'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

They enter and are seated. Sergei pours two glasses of vodka and hands one to Dmitry. They raise them.

SERGEI

(to Dmitry)

To Mother Russia.

DMITRY

Mother Russia.

They drink and sit. Tatiana quietly takes notes.

SERGEI

Dmitry Ivanovich, Alexei appointed me your handler and sole contact under the cover of the KGB for the duration of these tasks. Tatiana will know my whereabouts at all times. As per the dossier, you are henceforth our music impresario and booking agent for Soviet music and culture in America. In the event of an emergency our unique password shall be "Yankee Doodle". Do you know that American expression?

DMITRY

(laughs)

Yes, comrade, I will be your Yankee Doodle Boy!

They break the tension with hearty laughs.

SERGEI

(seriously)

Now, remember, you must telephone me every night, at 10 pm your time, 9 am Moscow time, that you are on the West Coast, collect, person-to-person, but from a random pay telephone, not from any other, and with our codewords. Is that clear?

DMITRY

Yes, comrade.

SERGEI

Good, now let us bring in your client liaisons.

Tatiana rises and goes to open a door to an adjacent room, beckoning two women to come into the office. NADIA FEDEROVA, 30s, Secretary of the Russian Symphony, and KATYA SOKOLOVA, 30s, Secretary of the Moscow Opera.

SERGEI (CONT'D)

Ladies, until now you have known comrade Dmitry Ivanovich Bukov as the principal pianist of the Moscow University Symphony, but from now on he will be your organizations' booking agent as well in the United States of America.

NADYA/KATYA

(effusive)

It is an honor to work with you, comrade Bukov.

SERGEI

As you know, the American diplomat George Kennan is a passionate advocate of cultural exchange for peace. We have arranged a meeting with him in Washington after which you go to San Francisco to book West Coast concert tours for us.

NADYA

The Symphony can hardly wait to go.

KATYA

We at the Opera are very excited.

DMITRY

Thank you. Nadia, Katya, I will do my best to represent you and the Soviet Union to the Americans.

SERGEI

Very good. Now Dmitry Ivanovich, your flight to Washington is at 3 am tomorrow so you should go off and get some rest. Ladies, we thank you again for your service.

They all rise, shake hands, and exit.

EXT. A SECLUDED CORNER OF THE CAMPUS - DAY

Tanya walks along a narrow path between two buildings. She stops and looks around to see she's unnoticed, places a tiny PARCEL behind a tree and leaves. In moments a nondescript figure emerges from a doorway and retrieves the DEAD DROP.

ACT 3

INT. PERIOD JET AIRLINER - DAY

One of only five passengers, Dmitry settles into a luxurious seat in a TUPOLEV TU-104 JETLINER, and immediately falls asleep. The flight is long, boring, and uneventful.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. AIRPORT - DAY

An official car takes Dmitry to the U.S. State Department.

INT. U.S. CULTURAL AFFAIRS OFFICE - DAY

Dmitry is escorted into a conference room where he meets GEORGE KENNAN, late 50s, dapper and scholarly looking.

GEORGE

Hello, Mr. Bukov, I'm delighted to meet you. How was your flight?

DMITRY

Thank you, sir. It is very long and as you know, most boring dull.

GEORGE

Of course, I know it well. And this is your first time in the U.S.?

DMITRY

Yes, sir, and I am wish to very much to be on with business.

GEORGE

Of course, have a seat, and I'll brief you. You may not know that I recently left the State Department for a job at Princeton University.

DMITRY

But will you continue to be as a cultural attaché?

GEORGE

Oh, yes, very much so. As your office requested, we coordinated with several classical music venues on the West Coast that are eager to have your clients and others tour. So we set up a trade show of sorts in the San Francisco Palace Hotel where you and they can meet and greet and ply your wares. Is that what you had in mind?

DMITRY

Yes, sir, that is so.

GEORGE

Good, and on Halloween Day, which I can tell you is quite an event there. In the meantime, we have a suite for you at the D.C. Hilton for you to rest before you go on.

DMITRY

Thank you for your kindness.

They rise and shake hands and Dmitry departs. An adjacent door opens and the pipe-smoking ALLEN DULLES, 50s, Director, Central Intelligence, steps into the room.

ALLEN

Very interesting, George. What do you make of him?

GEORGE

Well, Allen, from my point of view, he's a welcome contact for our cultural peace initiative. But I can see from your agency standpoint that he is likely also a KGB intelligence asset.

ALLEN

Right you are. Our source TANYA tells us what they're after but not how they'll get it. I'm wondering, do we also have an intelligence drug-gap with the Russkis?

Allen puffs his pipe as they ponder the question.

EXT. SFO AIRPORT PRIVATE ARRIVALS - DAY

A limo from the Russian consulate is waiting.

INT. LIMO TO CONSULATE - HALLOWEEN EVE

Dmitry enjoys his first glimpse of the streets of San Francisco heading into town and arrives at an imposing seven-story building in a residential area. A plaque on it reads:

CONSULATE GENERAL OF RUSSIA

INT. RUSSIAN CONSULATE - CONTINUOUS

SVETLANA PETROVA, 30s, tall, very chic and polished, opens the front door and warmly greets Dmitry.

SVETLANA

We've been expecting you, comrade Bukov. How was your journey?

DMITRY

Thank you. Long and tedious. I much prefer arriving.

They both knowingly laugh and head for the elevator.

SVETLANA

Follow me. I will take you to your suite so you can clean up and rest. Consul Popov requests the honor of your presence for dinner at eight.

DMITRY

I will be honored.

IN THE ELEVATOR/SUITE:

Arriving on the seventh floor the elevator opens into an expansive private penthouse suite with a panoramic view from the Pacific Ocean, Golden Gate Bridge, and across the Bay north and eastward. He walks to the window.

DMITRY
Magnificent.

SVETLANA
Please let me know if there's
anything else I can do for you.

DMITRY
Very kind of you. Please give me a
wake-up call at seven o'clock.

She turns and leaves. He unpacks and heads for the shower.
Emerging, he flops down on the bed for a nap.

INT. CONSULATE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Dmitry, in full dinner-dress, enters the magnificent art deco
dining room, taking a moment to admire it. Svetlana and
Consul IVAN POPOV, 60s, distinguished and sophisticated in
evening wear, arrive.

IVAN
(effusive)
Dmitry Ivanovich, welcome to the
wonderful San Francisco and the
Russian peoples' consulate.

DMITRY
Thank you, comrade Popov, it is a
distinct pleasure to meet you.

IVAN
(indicating)
Please have a seat, my friend, and
we shall dine. But before we drink
good old vodka you must try some of
their local wines from Napa and
Sonoma. They rival all of the best
French and Italian and Germans.

SVETLANA
(conspiratorial)
But comrade Bukov, say nothing in
Moscow about our pleasures here.
Someone might not understand.

DMITRY
(laughing)
Fear not, comrades, the secrets of
your luxuries are safe with me.

They are seated and the sumptuous meal begins with several
wines and dishes delivered by liveried servants.

SVETLANA

We are also very eager for you to give a concert for us. I have invited our friends for later in the week, if you're available.

DMITRY

I shall be delighted to perform.

At length, the plates are cleared and Ivan produces cigars.

IVAN

Now, let us talk about business. As you know, the Americans are very keen on mind-control using various drugs. I think that their religious evangelicals may have found a way to make everyone believe their prophecies and create a theocracy.

(he lights their cigars)

The best way for you to proceed might be to just sniff around and ask the taxi drivers and doormen for information. Maybe even bartenders and waitresses.

DMITRY

Understood. I can start tomorrow night, after the conference.

IVAN

Good. Be thorough and careful. We must learn what they're up to, but I needn't tell you to be especially vigilant. By the way, I spoke with comrade Smirnov before our dinner so you needn't call him tonight. We'll fill him in tomorrow. Now I would suggest that we all turn in and get an early start.

They rise and leave to return to their quarters.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM EVENT - HALLOWEEN DAY

The large open space is set up convention-show style with booths and tables with brochures and souvenirs proclaiming the musical and cultural attractions of some 30 nations.

Buyers and promoters wander from booth to booth meeting representatives, chatting, eating, and drinking.

Dmitry is mobbed by a dozen buyers from classical music venues eager to have Soviet and Russian players perform.

But, he is also closely WATCHED during the event by a familiar face - CIA agent Carl Williams.

BUYER 1

(hands business card)

Mr. Bukov, we're with the Pasadena Symphony Association and would love to have you and the Moscow Symphony perform for us next Spring. Please call us as soon as possible so we can compare calendars.

DMITRY

(takes card)

Thank you. I have five days here so I will soon call you. I have heard about beautiful Pasadena.

The crowd mills about with many unheard encounters throughout the day and eventually fades away, leaving just the staff.

HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

On his way out, Dmitry stops to play the Chopin Minute Waltz on the lobby grand piano, quickly drawing a rapt crowd.

ACT 4

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Dmitry exits the hotel into the cool evening air. Loud costumed Halloween revelers flock on Market Street.

At the valet desk, CIA agent Carl Williamson is quietly speaking with a VALET and a DOORMAN. He alerts them as they notice Dmitry walking to the curb in the DAMP CHILLY air.

CARL

(whispers, points)

It's the Russki piano player.

Carl leaves. The doorman rushes to Dmitry's side.

DOORMAN

May I hail you a cab, sir? Will you be returning to the hotel tonight?

DMITRY

Yes, but I wish to see more of your city. Is there a place special you would say?

DOORMAN

There are lots of great places.
I'll hail you a driver who knows
the city well. He'll guide you.

The doorman blows his whistle beckoning a SPECIFIC cab, which approaches. The doorman and cabbie share a wink and a nod.

INT. TAXI IN SAN FRANCISCO - CONTINUOUS

Dmitry enters the cab.

DMITRY

So, where to have some drink? Is
good North Beach place to go?

CABBIE

To tell you truth, mister, North
Beach is colorful but most of the
bars there are dives and could be
dangerous. But a historic place on
Columbus Avenue called the Goldrush
Saloon might be more comfortable.

DMITRY

Goldrush Saloon is good. So what
else is okay here?

CABBIE

Well, the Beatniks with their crazy
poetry and cool jazz have invaded
North Beach, the pretty boys are in
the Castro, and the motorcycle
gangs are busy selling reefer.

DMITRY

Reefer? What they call them - dope
fiends?

CABBIE

Right you are, buddy. There have
been a lot of doped-up fiends
around North Beach lately.

DMITRY

Do reefer dope you so bad?

CABBIE

No sir, what these people are on is
way beyond reefer. Some of them go
running, screaming, through traffic
or hug the trees. A few of them
have jumped out of windows. Bad.

DMITRY
When it all begin?

CABBIE
Oh, it's been going on for months.

Dmitry sits back. Seeing the sights. Thinking.

CABBIE (CONT'D)
Well, here we are, mister. The fare is \$2.50. What do you think?

DMITRY
(looking out)
The Goldrush Saloon looks like nice place. Here is three bucks?
(hands him bills)
How you say - keep change?

CABBIE
Yes, thank you, sir. I think I'll stay around here for a while.

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Dmitry exits the cab and heads toward the entrance. The bouncer opens the door, smiles at him, then at the cabbie, and then nods to someone inside. Dmitry enters the bar.

The bouncer walks quickly to the cab's open window.

BOUNCER
Where'd ya get this one?

CABBIE
The Palace. Some kind of out-of-town music convention going on.

BOUNCER
Looks like a good one. Lucy will have fun with this guy.

The bouncer hands the cabbie two dollars with a wink and a nod and hurries back inside.

INT. GOLDRUSH SALOON - NIGHT

Two young WOMEN, late 20s, are seated at the bar. At the bouncer's SIGNAL, one rises as Dmitry approaches and GOES OUT the door. The other, LUCY, costumed in a sexy CLEOPATRA outfit, smiles at Dmitry as he approaches the empty seat.

DMITRY
Pardon me, miss, is okay I sit?

LUCY

Sure. Janey had to go home to feed her rat husband. I'm Lucy.

DMITRY

(laughs)

Hello, pleased to meet you, Lucy. I am Dmitry. Janey has rat husband is for funny? What do you drink?

LUCY

A Manhattan. My favorite.

DMITRY

I will take Manhattan too.

LUCY

(to bartender)

Hey, Henry, a Manhattan for Dmitry.

HENRY

Coming right up, Lucy.

With his back turned to them, Henry fills a glass with the beverage, then withdraws an EYE DROPPER from under the bar and squeezes ONE TINY DROP of a clear LIQUID into the drink. He approaches and presents it to Dmitry with a flourish.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Here now, Dmitry, me boy. Enjoy!

Dmitry INTENTLY inspects the deep-amber cocktail. He holds the Manhattan up to the light observing its pure color, sniffs and savors its aroma, senses no danger, takes a sip, smiles approvingly, and drinks half of it.

LUCY

So, Dmitry, what do you do? Are you married? Kids?

DMITRY

Yes, I have. I am Russian pianist and music promoter in your town.

LUCY

(brightens)

I'm a country and western singer and people tell me I sound just like Loretta Lynn. Maybe you could promote me in Russia?

DMITRY

Well, I have not promote your kind talent, but who know? What do you do when not sing?

LUCY

I'm studying psychology at Cal State but I come here to make new friends. I'm very interested in Freudian analysis and its effects on modern society. I think that you and I are going to be good friends.

DMITRY

(downs the drink)

Yes, please, friends. Is easy to make friend with Americans. It is friendly here.

(pauses)

Please excuse a moment.

He rises and heads toward the toilets.

LUCY

I'll save your seat. Would you like another drink?

DMITRY

Please. I come back soon.

Lucy exchanges a glance with Henry and wards off several takers while reserving his seat. He returns and sits.

LUCY

So as I was saying, Freud had some great insights into how the mind works, you know, the subconscious and the id and the ego.

(pauses)

Say, you look a little pale. Are you okay?

DMITRY

Oh, yes, I am fine. It is much travel and many time change.

LUCY

As I was saying, Freud was the founder of psychoanalysis, a clinical method for treating psychopathology through dialogue between a patient and analyst.

(pauses)

Say, you look like you could use some fresh air. Let's take a walk.

DMITRY

Yes. Walk is good. I am to feel very... something.

Henry gives Lucy a wink as she gets Dmitry up. She grabs his arm as he walks unsteadily with her past the bouncer out into the now COLD and FOGGY night air.

EXT. GOLDRUSH SALOON - CONTINUOUS

Dmitry is staggered and unfocused, uneasy on his feet. They walk down the block where the same cabbie is waiting. Lucy opens the door and helps the dazed Dmitry get in.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

As they travel up Columbus Avenue the cabbie watches in the mirror as Lucy sits close to Dmitry holding him as he reddens and stares ahead with his eyes become glassy and ever-wider.

LUCY
It's okay, Dmitry, you'll be
alright, I'm here to take care of
you. Just a little bit farther.

The cab pulls up in front of an UPSCALE TOWNHOUSE.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Lucy helps Dmitry out of the cab and they head toward the townhouse door. In the shadows is agent BILL with a WALKIE-TALKIE to his ear. He keys and softly speaks into it.

BILL
(to walkie-talkie)
Hey, Chad, you awake?

CHAD (O.S.)
Yeah, we got another one?

BILL
Yeah, Lucy's on her way in with
him. It looks like a pussy cat.

CHAD (O.S.)
Okay, copy.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

IN A LARGE CLOSET:

Chad sits in a dim space the size of a walk-in closet with two 16mm sound cameras mounted on tripods facing a glass about two-feet tall by four-feet wide.

The glass is the backside of a two-way mirror on the other side of which is a modern brightly-lit bedroom.

Chad picks up a phone and dials a 7-digit number. He moves to CAMERA-1 and starts it as Dmitry and Lucy appear in the room.

CHAD
 (to phone)
 Hey, Carl, Lucy just arrived with another one. Looks like a piece of cake. I just started up.
 (pause)
 Okey dokey.

INT. TOWNHOUSE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lucy pulls the docile Dmitry through the door, pushes him down onto the bed, and starts undressing him.

LUCY
 Say, who are you really, Mr. Dmitry, and why have you come to San Francisco? Tell me the truth!

DMITRY
 (dazed)
 I am piano player. I can see color Rachmaninoff... look at notes...

LUCY
 Sure you can, buddy, now let's get these shoes and jacket off.
 (removes clothing)
 Tell me, how often do you cheat on your wife? Who sent you here?
 (no response)
 Do you cheat on your taxes too? Do you pay taxes in Russia? Huh? Are you some kinda commie?

He's virtually comatose, out, as she removes his shoes, wrestles him out of his jacket, and notices that the tailor's mark is in Russian or some language like it. She gets his shirt and tie off and struggles while removing his pants.

He's in his tighty-whities and tall black garter-socks only. Lucy pulls his PASSPORT and WALLET out of his pocket.

LUCY (CONT'D)
 (reading)
 I'll be damned. It says your name really is Dmitry Bukov and you are from Moscow, Russia.
 (to him)
 Who are you? Are you a spy?

DMITRY
 (stirring)
 Yes... spy... help... I am become
 those men... I become those men.

His affect shows that he's going in deeper.

LUCY
 What? You're a spy? You want me to
 help you to spy? What do you want
 to know? Who are those men?

DMITRY
 I am become insane... I am those
 men... will you lock me away...
 will you execute me...?

LUCY
 Nobody's gonna execute you. Yeah,
 you're kind of insane. Now tell me
 more about what you're spying for.
 Are you going to invade California?

She goes to the mirror and presses the passport against it
 for Chad to read. With her back to him, Dmitry COMES TO,
 RISES, STUMBLES, and rushes OUT the unsecured door.

A DARK ALLEY:

He runs blindly into a dark corridor, crashing into walls,
 turning toward the back of the building and into an alley.

ACT 5

EXT. COLUMBUS AVENUE - NIGHT

He emerges from the alley and around the corner onto busy
 Columbus Avenue with blaring traffic and trick-or-treaters
 who stop to laugh at him SHIVERING in his socks and skivvies.

Parked at the curb is a small panel van labeled:

"TIM & GLORIA'S NORTH BEACH FLORISTS"

The sliding door is ajar. He sprints for the van and dives
 inside hiding in the back behind rows of floral arrangements.

BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE:

Through his eyes we see the flowers come to vivid life in
 FRACTAL patterns of color and form as they sing and dance
 around him in dazzling wonder to the strains of Rachmaninoff.

END DREAM SEQUENCE:

IN FRONT OF THE TOWNHOUSE - SAME TIME

Chad, and Lucy, with Dmitry's wallet and passport in hand, rush out the front to Bill.

CHAD
(to Bill, panicky)
Which way did he go?

BILL
Which way did who go?

CHAD
The subject. He escaped.

BILL
Holy shit. How did that happen?

CHAD
Never mind how. We gotta find him before the local cops do and blow the operation... and our careers.

LUCY
I have his wallet and passport. Maybe that'll help.

BILL
(takes it, reads)
Holy shit. This guy really is from Moscow. Dmitry Bukov, a Russian passport. Holy fuck, we gotta find him or our asses are grass.

CHAD
Okay, Bill, you go left and I'll go right, Lucy stay here and try to hold onto him if you see him. Go!

They take off frantically running through the crowds.

UP THE BLOCK:

Chad runs to the corner, looks around and scratches his head.

DOWN THE BLOCK:

Bill runs to the corner looks around frantically.

BACK IN FRONT OF THE TOWNHOUSE:

CHAD (CONT'D)
Okay. This... did not happen. Is that right? We just go on...?

Bill and Lucy vigorously nod in agreement. Bill unlocks the gate and they go back in.

EXT. BACK AT THE FLORIST VAN - MOMENTS LATER

TIM HOLMES, 30s, the handsome African-American co-proprietor of North Beach Florists, returns to the van, slams the door shut, and drives off.

He soon looks in his mirror and sees Dmitry huddled in the back, cowering, panicked.

TIM
Hey, man, what's happenin'?

DMITRY
(pleading)
... help me...

TIM
Right. Totally awesome costume you got on there. Any place special I can drop you?

DMITRY
... Rachmaninoff... see him...

TIM
Okay, man... I think I can see what's happening... You're freaking out. A bummer. A bad trip. Not uncommon these days. Do you want me to take you to the hospital?

DMITRY
... no hospital... phone Sergei...

TIM
Who is Sir Gay? What's your name?

DMITRY
I see it... it is full of notes...

TIM
Okay, man. I'll take you back to the shop and my old lady where you'll be safe and we can get you dressed. Is that okay, man?

DMITRY
... spasibo... Yankee Doodle...

TIM
What was that, man? Your friend? Who?

(MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)

Okay, man, just relax we're almost there. Gloria knows how to deal with bad trips.

EXT. FLORIST STORE - CONTINUOUS

Tim pulls into the alley behind the store, parks, and gets out. GLORIA LOPEZ, late 20s, his partner and glamorous tie-dyed, long-tressed, BEATNIK PRINCESS comes out to meet him.

TIM

Hey, babe, wait 'til you see what the cat dragged in.

He opens the truck door and Gloria peers in.

GLORIA

Oh, wow, that's a soul in distress, but maybe a real handsome one.

TIM

He's been babbling about spasibo and Rachmaninoff, some Gay Sir and Yankee Doodle. I don't know.

GLORIA

Well, we gotta help him. Let's get him inside and warm him up.

They grab an old army blanket, toss it over Dmitry, carefully unload him from the truck.

INT. FLORIST & GIFT SHOP - CONTINUOUS

They guide him into the store - a grand floral and knick-knack paradise - seating him on a large overstuffed sofa.

GLORIA

Get him a glass of wine and light up a reefer. That'll level him out.

TIM

Sure thing, Glor.

Dmitry downs the wine and they refill him. He fumbles with the joint. He stops shivering and closes his eyes.

GLORIA

Do you think we should take you to the hospital?

DMITRY
 (panicky)
 NO... no hospital... not those
 men... no... Phone Sergei...

GLORIA
 Okay, man, take it easy. No
 hospital. I'm Gloria and you know
 Tim. We'll help you. What did you
 take? Are you a fugitive from the
 law or what? What's your name?

DMITRY
 ...spasibo... Yankee Doodle...

GLORIA
 (to Tim)
 I'll be damned... this guy is
 Russian. It adds up... spasibo,
 Rachmaninoff, Sergei. But I don't
 get the Yankee Doodle part.

TIM
 Let's put some clothes on Yankee
 Doodle, get him respectable.

GLORIA
 He's close to your size so I'll get
 some of your things.

Gloria goes off and Tim pours Dmitry another glass of wine.
 She returns with a pile of clothing.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
 Okay, Yankee Doodle, let's try on
 these trousers, shirt, and shoes.

They help him get dressed in too-tight black pants, a striped
 boatneck top, black oxford shoes all topped off with a jaunty
 French beret and a string of chunky peace beads.

TIM
 Hey, man, you look groovy. Now,
 listen, I got a singing gig at the
Hungry i night club later on. We
 can't very well leave you alone
 here so we'll take you with us.

Dmitry's affect gets worse as he struggles to focus.

DMITRY
 Yes. Yes. Take me. I go.

GLORIA
 Okay, man, you're in for a treat.

TIM
Yeah, we'll take you but get ready
for some comedy and very cool jazz.

INT. SERGEI SMIRNOV OFFICE - MORNING

The wall clock reads 9:25 as Sergei looks up from his desk-full of correspondence. The next time he looks it's 9:50.

SERGEI
(keys intercom)
Tatiana...

TATIANA (O.S.)
Yes, comrade.

SERGEI
Bukov was supposed to call an hour ago. Get me Smirnov in San Francisco on the secure line.

In a moment, one of his phones rings and he picks it up.

SERGEI (CONT'D)
(to phone)
How are things going with our man?

He leans back, listens, appears reassured, unconcerned.

INT. FLORIST VAN - NIGHT

The trio travel through the raging Halloween night.

EXT. HUNGRY I - CONTINUOUS

They park across the street from the crowded entrance with "LENNY BRUCE & TIM HOLMES TONIGHT" on the marquee and lead Dmitry by the hand as they dodge across traffic to the door.

DOORMAN
(to Tim)
Hey, man, who's your friend?

TIM
We're not sure. He seems to be some Russian tourist named Yankee Doodle. We'll pay his cover charge.

DOORMAN
Naw, it's alright. Nice to meet you Yankee Doodle. Come on in.

INT. HUNGRY I - CONTINUOUS

They enter the darkened room with a be-bop jazz band playing. The crowd is diverse with many persons of color.

Dmitry stands transfixed, slack-jawed, wide-eyed, hearing the music and staring at the players. A beatific smile crosses his face as they lead him to a table and seat him.

BEGIN JAZZ DREAM SEQUENCE

Through his eyes and ears, we sense the sounds come to vivid life in patterns of color and form as they sing and dance around him in dazzling wonder, even beyond Rachmaninoff.

END JAZZ DREAM SEQUENCE

A nearby patron passes a fat glowing joint to Tim and Gloria and notices the stunned Dmitry.

PATRON

Hey, man, your friend looks like a real gone music lover.

GLORIA

Yeah, this is Yankee Doodle. He does seem to really like be-bop.

The band finishes their set to Dmitry's over-the-top applause as an MC comes on stage.

MC

Ladies and gentleman, please stick around for the blues vocal stylings of Mr. Tim Holmes, but now welcome New York City's, Mr. Lenny Bruce.

Generous applause as LENNY BRUCE, A skinny late-30s red-headed hipster in a shiny suit runs on stage.

LENNY

Hello San Francisco. It's certainly a real thrill to be here at the Hungry i in your great town. As you know, the Virgin Mary was supposed to appear tonight but her bus broke down and she got laid over in San Bernadino...

A "sick" comedian, Lenny has crossed the line and insulted the Catholic Church. POLICE WHISTLES blast through the room. The house lights go up. A dozen San Francisco cops storm in and begin herding the complaining crowd to the front door.

EXT. STREET SCENE - CONTINUOUS

The street is sealed off with several police buses and paddy wagons parked in front with lights flashing and more cops trying to keep gathering, yelling costumed protesters at bay.

Completely innocent, Tim and Gloria and Dmitry are pushed out and forced into one of the paddy wagons and driven away.

INT. PADDY WAGON - CONTINUOUS

Panic has returned to Dmitry's face. Tim and Gloria and the five others in the wagon become loud and irate.

TIM

Fuckin' cops. What's the matter with you? People are getting robbed and killed all over town and you fuck with our music and poetry?

GLORIA

You fuckin' pieces of shit cops! We pay your salaries and you treat us like dirt.

The partition door slides open revealing a cop's face.

COP

You better shut your traps or we'll come back there and shut them.

They continue in stony silence to the police station.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

The entire Hungry i audience and staff are lined up and mill about and wait to be processed. The desk SERGEANT, 50s, obese, gestures toward the petrified Dmitry.

SERGEANT

(to Dmitry)

You there. Let's see your I.D.

Dmitry silently stares back at him.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

I said let me see your I.D.

Gloria steps forward.

GLORIA

He doesn't have any I.D.

SERGEANT
 Why not? Who is he to you? Can't
 he speak for himself?

GLORIA
 Not much. Nearest we can tell his
 name is Yankee Doodle.

In a panic, Dmitry begins shouting.

DMITRY
 Yankee Doodle...those men... insane
 ...phone Sergei... Rachmaninoff...

SERGEANT
 (yells to cops)
 Put this one in the drunk tank.

DMITRY
 (louder)
 Yankee Doodle...those men...insane
 ...phone Sergei... Rachmaninoff...

SERGEANT
 Put him in a straitjacket too.

DMITRY
 (shrieking)
 Yankee Doodle...those men...insane
 ... phone Sergei...Rachmaninoff...

The cops pin him down, subdue him, and drag him away.

IN THE DRUNK TANK:

BEGIN NIGHTMARE SEQUENCE:

They throw him in to spend the night on the floor in fear and
 trauma. Sounds and visions of terror surround him.

END NIGHTMARE SEQUENCE:

INT. MINISTRY OF CULTURE - MORNING

Sergei Smirnov glances up at his wall clock and frowns. It
 reads 10:15. Dmitry is overdue. He keys his intercom.

SERGEI
 (to intercom)
 Tatiana, get me comrade Bukov at
 the Palace Hotel in San Francisco
 on the line.

TATIANA (O.S.)
 Yes, Sergei Ivanovich.

Moments later the clock reads 10:30.

TATIANA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Palace Hotel for you.

SERGEI
Hello, Dmitry?
(listens)
Well, if he's not there can you
page him?
(listens)
When was the last time you saw him?
(listens)
Who else is there who would know
where he is?
(listens)
Very well, thank you.

Hangs up and frowns. The clock reads 10:45.

He again keys his intercom.

SERGEI (CONT'D)
(to intercom)
Tatiana, get me our Consul General
in San Francisco on the line.

TATIANA (O.S.)
Yes, Sergei Ivanovich.

It's 11 am.

TATIANA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Consul General San Francisco on the
line for you.

SERGEI
(picks up phone)
Hello, Alexei, how's the family?
(listens)
Wonderful, give them all my love.
Listen, I am calling regarding our
cultural attaché Dmitry Bukov
visiting there this week. Has he
checked in since yesterday?
(listens)
Well, he was supposed to call me
over two hours ago and it's not
like him to neglect his duty.
(listens)
Okay, send a man right over to the
Palace Hotel to see if he's been
there and call me back right away.

He hangs up.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO COURTROOM - MORNING

The entire crowd, now subdued after a night in jail, is led into the big courtroom in ranks in front of the judge.

They are all disheveled and bleary-eyed. Dmitry seems to have come down and become aware of his plight.

JUDGE

(pounds gavel)

Listen up, you people. I'm not going to waste this court's time dealing with the likes of you as individuals. As far as I'm concerned you are a blight on our city with your Negro music and obscene comics. If I had my way I would build more new Alcatrazes to get you off our streets. You are each fined fifty dollars and released. See the Bailiffs.

The judge gets up and walks out. Tim and Gloria stay with Dmitry as they approach the bailiff.

GLORIA

(to bailiff)

Hi, Freddy, remember us? Tim and Gloria from North Beach Florists? We made the wreath and arrangement for your mother's funeral.

FREDDY

Oh, yeah, excellent flowers. Too bad they busted you. Who's he?

TIM

Oh, he works for us. Say, Freddy, give us a break and let us skate.

FREDDY

Sure, Tim, no problem. Follow me.

Freddy walks them to the courthouse door and waves them out and away. Returning to his desk, he's handed a missing persons' flyer with Dmitry's face on it.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

Holy shit!

SERGEANT

(calls out)

Hey, Freddy, wasn't this guy just in here?

FREDDY
 (calls back)
 Naw, Sarge. I don't think so.

They both shrug and go about their business.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

A cab with the three in the back seat pulls away from the courthouse. They lean back, close their eyes, breathe deeply.

GLORIA
 (to cabbie)
 Drop us across the street from the
 Hungry i, please.

Their conversation is low and muted to keep the driver from hearing them.

DMITRY
 Because this...
 (gestures back)
 I am grateful you for help me.
 (pauses as they listen)
 I am Dmitry Bukov, classical
 pianist and on cultural mission
 from Soviet Union. I am poisoned
 last night. Lucy took wallet and
 passport.
 (pauses)
 If I go back to Palace Hotel or
 consulate and look like this I will
 soon be in Moscow prison.

TIM
 (panicky)
 Oh, wow, man... Lucy took your
 passport? A freakin' international
 incident. This is the kind of shit
 they start wars over.

GLORIA
 Nobody's starting any wars, yet,
 but Dmitry...
 (thinks)
 Here's what. You come back to our
 place and clean up again and we'll
 think it over and go from there.

DMITRY
 Your kindness for stranger is very
 good. You a best that American. I
 am call Palace hotel and Moscow.

The taxi drops them back at the van, with several parking tickets on it, where they parked it last night across the street from the Hungry i. Gloria pays the driver.

INT. FLORIST SHOP - CONTINUOUS

They enter. Gloria goes to the shop's small kitchen, makes coffee and begins preparing some vegetarian food. Dmitry goes to the phone, dials the hotel.

DMITRY

(to phone)

Hello, this is Dmitry Bukov,
Russian mission, messages for me?

(pauses)

Yes... Oh... I see... good bye.

(hangs up)

BLIAT'!

GLORIA

What's that mean?

DMITRY

When I not call my boss tonight he
is worry and consulate file missing
persons' report with police and
FBI. I hang up so not trace call.

TIM

See? I told you so. They're gonna
be nuking us any minute now.

DMITRY

Is FBI one poison me because know I
am spy? What they do if find me?

TIM

Oh, man... turn on the TV. I bet
he's made the news. He's a bona
fide freakin' fugitive.

GLORIA turns on their 12" TV and tunes a local channel but a
VINTAGE KIDS PROGRAM is showing. She leaves it on low.

GLORIA

So, if you show up at the consulate
empty-handed without your passport
and wallet and in strange clothes,
with no real evidence of what
happened to you, they won't believe
you and they'll put you in that
Moscow prison. Am I right?

Dmitry nods in desperation.

TIM

And when those cops who busted us last night see your picture and put two-and-two together you'll have them, the FBI, and the consulate looking for all of us thinking that we freakin' kidnapped you.

DMITRY

(brightens)

Must go to Goldrush Saloon and Lucy and cabbie and bartender and townhouse took me and get evidence of truth what they do.

An official appears on the TV next to a poster with a photo of Dmitry. Gloria turns up the volume.

ANNOUNCER O.S.

(on TV)

Mayor Robinson is here with members of San Francisco's Police Department, county sheriffs, and special agents of the FBI. Now here's Mayor Robinson.

ROBINSON O.S.

Hello, San Francisco. A Soviet Russian diplomat and classical pianist on a cultural mission to our town has gone missing and is feared to be either abducted by a party or parties unknown or murdered. Now, this does not look good for our town, an international incident that can only make us look bad. So, whoever has him, if he's still alive just drop him off at a police station or firehouse or any street corner. If he's dead just tell us where the body is so we can put this to rest. Now here's the FBI to tell you about a reward.

FBI AGENT 1

Thank you, Mr. Mayor. The federal government is offering a \$10,000 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the abductors or return of his body.

Gloria turns it off.

GLORIA

First of all, let's eat and clean up and get some sleep.

(MORE)

GLORIA (CONT'D)
 We have a bathroom and a loft
 upstairs. We'll figure it all out
 tonight.

They eat in silence then climb a stairway to the loft.

INT. FLORIST SHOP - THAT NIGHT

Gloria is down in the store kitchen frying eggplant and
 tomatoes as Tim and Dmitry come stumbling down the stairs.

GLORIA
 Hello, boys. Did you sleep well?

DMITRY
 Oh, man - I am headache - jaw hurt.
 Now you make me say 'man.'

TIM
 I hope you feel better, man, but we
 gotta come up with some ideas and
 quick or we'll end up in Alcatraz.

GLORIA
 First we gotta go to the scene of
 the crime and do a reconnoiter.

TIM
 Okay, yeah, gotta scope it out.

They finish their coffee and food and head out the door.

EXT. STREET-ALLEY - BEHIND FLOWER STORE - CONTINUOUS

The three emerge and pile in a 1955 BUICK ROADMASTER TWO-TONE
 CONVERTIBLE and drive off with Gloria at the wheel.

EXT. GOLDRUSH SALOON - CONTINUOUS

The Buick moves southbound on Columbus Avenue. Gloria parks
 down the block from the SALOON and they look back.

DMITRY
 (anxiously)
 This is where Lucy drug and kidnap
 me. I need why she is or family
 will end up dead in Siberia.

GLORIA
 Okay, be cool. I'm gonna go in and
 check out the place. Wait up.

Gloria ties her long dark hair up, lights a Lucky Strike cigarette and gets out. They fretfully watch her go.

INT. GOLDRUSH SALOON - CONTINUOUS

She walks in past the bouncer, over to bartender Henry, who's conversing with Lucy, and RALPH, 50s - WALLEYED - their new mark, in a tan suit, loud tie, white belt, and white shoes.

GLORIA
 (to Henry)
 Excuse me, was there a big blond
 Russian guy in here last night? We
 met at the Palace Hotel and were
 supposed to meet here for a drink
 but I guess I missed him.

Lucy overhears Gloria's question and audibly GASPS. She and Henry share a quick anxious look as she HUSTLES Ralph out.

HENRY
 (nervously)
 I dunno. I don't think so.

GLORIA
 (looks around)
 Okay. Nice place ya' got here, man.

She casually sashays back to and out the door.

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

She hurries back to the car, passes Ralph and Lucy as she's hailing a cab, looks back to see she's not being followed.

INT. BUICK - CONTINUOUS

Dmitry is facing away and doesn't see Lucy when she exits the bar to the cab. They look expectantly at Gloria as she gets in. She makes a U-turn and heads back north up Columbus.

GLORIA
 (excited)
 Oh, yeah. There's something fishy
 going on in there. That bartender
 and some hooker almost had a fit
 when I asked him about last night.
 Let's go find that townhouse.

She drives into North Beach and parks across from the townhouse. Car windows OPEN, they hunker down and watch.

TIM

(points, sotto voce)
That's gotta be the one there.
The alley right behind it lets out
onto Columbus around the corner
from where I made the delivery.

DMITRY

All look same to me. We have no
such houses in Moscow.

A taxi drives up and Lucy and Ralph emerge. He staggers and
stumbles holding onto her and the car door.

DMITRY (CONT'D)

(excitedly)
That is she. It is Lucy. The
one took me here from Saloon.

Agent Bill with his walkie-talkie again appears.

BILL

(to walkie-talkie)
Heads up, Chad. Lucy with incoming.

Lucy struggles getting Ralph through the gate and toward the
ground floor door. Bill retreats back into the shadows.

ACT 6

DMITRY

Please to drive corner wait for me!

Dmitry opens the door and bails out of the car, running low
down the block behind cars, before they can react.

TIM

He's fucked up. They'll kill him.

They watch in disbelief as he disappears among the cars.

INT. TOWNHOUSE CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

LOOKING THROUGH THE MIRROR GLASS:

Chad is filming as Lucy drags Ralph in. She starts to UNdress
him - stripping him down to his TIGHTY-WHITEYS and black
garter-socks - removing and examining his WALLET. We hear
Lucy's voice leaking through Chad's headphones.

LUCY

(to Ralph)
Hey, where in hell is Podunk, Iowa?

EXT. SIDEWALK - SAME TIME

Dmitry is running low, down behind parked cars and across the street to where Bill is loitering. He waits and watches.

In moments he comes up and sucker-punches Bill with a hard right-hand to the jaw. Bill fumbles for his GUN, staggers back against the wall, falling, and keys his walkie-talkie.

BILL
(shouts at walkie-talkie)
Mayday! Mayday!

Dmitry moves in, hits him again and again knocking him out cold, KICKS his KEYS, the gun and walkie-talkie to the curb under a car and takes off running down the block.

Tim and Gloria get out of the Buick and run to assist Bill.

INT. TOWNHOUSE CLOSET - SAME TIME

Chad reclines, drinks a beer, and thumbs a girly magazine.

BILL (O.S.)
(from walkie-talkie)
Mayday! Mayday!

CHAD
(to walkie-talkie)
Yeah... What's up? Hello...? What?

No reply. He grabs the phone and dials the 7-digit number.

CHAD (CONT'D)
(shouts into the phone)
Man down-situation unknown-backup!

He grabs his GUN, forgets the keys, and quickly exits the closet into the bedroom.

IN THE BEDROOM:

CHAD (CONT'D)
(to Lucy, urgent)
Something's wrong. Get him out now.

IN THE CORRIDOR:

Chad and Lucy rush Ralph out the apartment door and through the front gate which CLANGS shut and locked behind them.

EXT. STREET-ALLEY BEHIND BUILDING - SAME TIME

Dmitry turns the corner and runs down Columbus Avenue toward the same alley behind the townhouse.

EXT. SIDEWALK - SAME TIME

Chad waves his gun at Tim and Gloria,

CHAD
(shouting)
You two, back off. Nothing to see.

Lucy and Gloria's jaws drop as they lock eyes in RECOGNITION of one another. Neither speaks, and they quickly look away.

They slowly back off. Lucy runs away. Ralph is transfixed, smiling beatifically. Chad attempts to revive Bill then tries to drag him back inside and realizes he's locked out.

CHAD (CONT'D)
FUCK!

He holds Bill's head and watches for backup to arrive.

Ralph wanders about, now shivering. Tim and Gloria get in the Buick. They move down to the corner and stop, as Dmitry said.

INT. TOWNHOUSE/BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dmitry climbs over the back alley gate and enters, searches the bedroom, notices some wires around the open closet door. He looks in and sees the cameras, piles of film cans, files, and binders. He grabs a SHEET off the bed and goes inside.

IN THE CLOSET:

He stacks the film cans and files and HIS OWN CLOTHES, plus NINE unmarked 10cc vials of clear and amber LIQUIDS onto the sheet, shoulders the LOAD, and runs back out the alley.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Dmitry arrives at the corner and dives into the Buick. Bill, back on his feet and holding on to Chad, sees Dmitry get into the car, just as Carl arrives in an older CHEVY.

BILL
(pointing, shouting)
That's them... in the Buick!

Carl picks up Chad and Bill and roars off in chase leaving the bewildered Ralph standing alone in the street.

INT/EXT. BUICK - CONTINUOUS

BEGIN CHASE SEQUENCE:

Gloria guns the powerful Buick as it pulls away up Columbus weaving and dodging traffic and turns west onto Lombard Street heading toward the landmark switchback section.

She grips the wheel, a big grin on her face and a gleam in her eye. The Buick loudly accelerates but handles smoothly.

GLORIA
(excited)
I've always wanted to do this.

They hold on as they're being SLAMMED around in their seats.

INT/EXT. CHEVY - SAME TIME

Carl pushes the pursuit but STOPS and watches in amazement as the Buick enters the steep twisting roadway AGAINST one-way descending traffic while dodging and slipping through gaps in the eight turns between oncoming cars and the buildings.

INT/EXT. BUICK - CONTINUOUS

She makes it to the top and goes AIRBORNE over Hyde Street, then turns left going southbound on Van Ness Avenue.

GLORIA
They'll think we went back to North Beach. Instead, we'll go to my sister's place in Haight Ashbury. She's in Puerto Rico.

TIM
You lost them, Glor. Outstanding!

She slows down and checks her mirrors.

END CHASE SEQUENCE:

INT. BUICK - CONTINUOUS

Going south, they hunker down passing the police department and courthouse turning on Fell Street and park near Masonic Avenue and the Panhandle. They cautiously look around.

GLORIA
Okay, all clear.

Dmitry hefts the bundle as they cautiously exit the car.

EXT. FELL STREET - HAIGHT ASHBURY - LATE NIGHT

Gloria and Tim guide Dmitry, with his bundle, to an apartment building and they go in.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

They make their way up a narrow staircase to a beautiful turn-of-the-century paneled and wall-papered living room with a large ornate fireplace and plush couches.

Dmitry collapses as Gloria raids her sister's wine rack and brings out glasses. Tim gets the FIRE going. Soon...

TIM

So... what's in the bundle?

Dmitry places it in the middle of the floor and unties the knots. The contents come spilling out.

DMITRY

(retrieving his clothes)

These are mine.

He examines each of the film cans. They are hand-labeled with various times and dates in the month of October 1955. One is circled in RED. He puts it aside with his clothes.

CLOSE ON FILM CAN: "31 OCT 1955 - 10:18 PM"

DMITRY (CONT'D)

(pointing)

This film my evidence. These film, too. How many men fell in trap? We must expose to light.

They HESITATE, then each reach in and grab the 16mm boxes and 35mm film cans, open and unspool the negatives.

DMITRY (CONT'D)

All these crimes against innocent men. It is too much to carry home. Somewhere here wallet and passport.

They begin opening folders and envelopes laying the contents out on the floor. One yields up Dmitry's passport and wallet. He opens and examines them, smiles, and hands them to Gloria.

GLORIA

We believed you are who you said you were and had no doubt.

As they go through the files and papers they come to a stack of calendar pages and several bound diaries.

Opening them they see revealed full names of hundreds of men with home addresses, telephone numbers, birth dates, etc.

DMITRY
We must to burn all this.

They continue sorting the piles and come to the nine vials of liquids and a thick 3-ring BINDER labeled:

TOP SECRET -- UNITED STATES CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY

Dmitry opens it to a random page and quickly closes it.

DMITRY (CONT'D)
Oh, so wrong. It is not FBI, it is
(pauses)
CIA secret. I must to keep it. I do
not know what drug is in these
vials, but it will save my life if
I bring to KGB an evidence.

TIM
CIA? But isn't the CIA not
permitted to operate domestically?

DMITRY
It is not big secret what they do.
American government not different
from Soviet. We go to fireplace.

They carry all the stuff to the fireplace, rip out and crumple handfuls of pages and solemnly watch as they turn to ash and the acetate negatives flare up.

They contemplate the flames as their task is complete.

DMITRY (CONT'D)
Your sister has piano. Ok I play?

Dmitry begins playing. They are astonished by his artistry.

By now they have been up all night and light filters in.

GLORIA
Alright, your work here is done.
Now to get you to the consulate.

DMITRY
Is many big problems.

TIM
What's that?

DMITRY

I do not have diplomatic immunity so if the FBI catches me with this evidence I will spend the rest of my life in prison. I must first tell consulate I am coming in. I cannot call because local phones are listening to by FBI. I cannot just go to gate because it will take the guard 10 minutes to get permission to let me in and the FBI watching will arrest me on street first with evidence. I am - how you say - my duck she is baked?

They sit back and think the situation over.

GLORIA

We have to get you in with no one knowing. I got an idea. We'll need to borrow my sister's car because they'll be looking for our car.

She goes to a desk drawer and withdraws car keys.

DMITRY

Yes, I will to trust you.

TIM

She's never wrong.

GLORIA

Now. Let's find two large shopping bags plus a loaf of bread and some other groceries sticking out of one and the other for the evidence, and something like a colorful shawl or headscarf, and this bedsheet.

They go off and soon return with the items. Gloria folds the headscarf, rolls up the bedsheet. Dmitry fills the OTHER BAG with his accumulated evidence and clutches it tightly.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

You hang onto all that stuff tight. Are you ready to go, Dmitry?

DMITRY

Yes, just as you say.

EXT. FORD PARKING SPACE - EARLY DAWN

They exit from the rear of the building and cautiously look around as they walk to and get into the Ford.

INT. FORD - CONTINUOUS

Dmitry lays on the backseat floor with his bagful of evidence and pulls the sheet completely over him.

Tim holds the bag of groceries in the front passenger seat as Gloria drives off, slowly and carefully back north.

She parks two blocks around the corner from her destination, and ties the scarf low around her head and over her eyes.

EXT. A STREET NEAR THE RUSSIAN CONSULATE - CONTINUOUS

Gloria exits the car with her shopping bag and scarf disguise and begins to walk with a stooped shuffle, like impersonating a crazy BAG-LADY while feigning a belligerent attitude.

INT. A THIRD FLOOR APARTMENT ACROSS THE STREET - SAME TIME

An FBI agent watches through the window blinds and another dozes as Gloria slowly approaches the consulate gate.

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE CONSULATE - SAME TIME

Gloria stops in front of the Russian consulate building gate and yells across the courtyard to the uniformed guard within.

GLORIA

(to guard)

Hey you, commie, come here, you speak English?

GUARD

(yells back)

Beat it lady - I'll call the cops.

GLORIA

It's really important - come here.

The guard slowly makes his way across to the gate

GUARD

(wearily)

Yeah, lady, what?

GLORIA

(sotto voce)

Good. Now listen carefully. The man you've been looking for, Dmitry Bukov, is very nearby and I can have him here in ten minutes.

(MORE)

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Tell his boss, Mr. Smirnov, that the password is Yankee Doodle and I'm not kidding around. I know we're being watched so when I drive up here in 10 minutes, you, and you alone, are to immediately open the gate and he will jump out of my car with a large paper bag in his hands and run in. Is that clear?

GUARD

(now respectful)
Yes, ma'am, it's clear.

GLORIA

Now slowly go make that call and get ready.

GUARD

Yes, ma'am.

GLORIA

(screams, in character)
You stinkin' Russian commies should go back where you came from...

Gloria yells and shakes her fist at him, continuing in character, and slowly shuffles off. The guard casually walks back to his post and picks up a phone.

Gloria returns to the car and convinced that she has not aroused suspicion LEAVES the shopping bag at the curb, gets in, neatly FOLDS the scarf, puts it out of sight UNDER the seat, and slowly drives off.

INT. FORD - CONTINUOUS

She looks around again and is satisfied it's safe.

GLORIA

Okay, Dmitry, stay down and slide over to the passenger side door. When I say go, open the door and run through the consulate gate. If I'm stopped I will say I picked you up hitchhiking on Van Ness and you asked me to drop you here. It's been really exciting knowing you and I wish you the very best.

DMITRY

(muffled)
Thank you. I will not forget you. I promise. We will meet again.

TIM

We wish you the very best, man.

GLORIA

Okay, we'll be there in about two minutes. I hope we don't get stopped first.

She pulls slowly into traffic.

EXT. CONSULATE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

She drives slowly westbound on Green Street, approaching the gate. Gloria stops in front, looks to the guard, and gets a nod in return.

The back door flies open and Dmitry rushes out.

DMITRY

(shouting, Russian)

I am Major Dmitry Ivanovich Bukov,
Soviet Red Army. Let me through!

The guard opens the gate and the front door for him and gives Gloria a smile. She drives away as they expect the worst.

Within a minute's travel, there are three unmarked cars behind them with red lights and sirens blaring. She pulls over as several men rush the car with guns drawn.

OFFICER1

Alright, hands up, both of you.
Who the hell are you?

GLORIA

I'm Gloria from North Beach
Florists and this my partner Tim.
Who in hell are you?

TIM

Hey, what's happenin', man?

OFFICER1

FBI. Special agent Gilbert. Do you
know who you just dropped off?

GLORIA

FBI? Lemme see your badge.
(sees badge)
Some bum, hitchhiking, he looked
pitiful out there on Van Ness.

OFFICER1

Where are you going?

GLORIA

Say, can't people go out shopping anymore in this town without a bunch of FBI strangers asking her about her business?

OFFICER1

Where were you coming from?

GLORIA

Coming from my sister's house. This is her car. Why are you so curious?

OFFICER1

That's okay, lady, you can go.

TIM

Thanks for wasting our time, man.

She pulls away, both grim-faced, with deep breaths of relief.

INT. CONSULATE - MORNING

Dmitry clutches the bag of evidence to his chest as he sprints into the building lobby. Two more guards emerge.

They silently escort him through the ornate marble and gilt building, marching beside him in lockstep to a closed office door marked with a large brass plaque:

"IVAN POPOV, Consul General of Russia"

A guard knocks on the door.

INT. CONSUL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ivan is leafing through a pile of correspondence on his massive desk.

IVAN

Come.

The door opens and Dmitry enters, clutching his bag, and silently walks to the desk. Ivan stays seated and looks at him coldly, poker-faced, without the usual warm greetings.

DMITRY

Greetings, comrade consul.

IVAN

Greetings to you, Dmitry. Do you have something there for me?

Dmitry removes the FILM, VIALS, and CIA project binder from the bag and silently places them on the desk. Ivan opens the binder and begins to read. Soon, he leans into it.

A smile begins to move across his face, then a broad grin. He rises, goes to the bar, and pours two vodkas. He hands one to Dmitry and raises his glass.

IVAN (CONT'D)

You have performed above and beyond the call of duty and I will ask comrade Malenkov himself to reward you for your heroic service to the fatherland.

(glasses raised)

To you, my friend.

(they drink)

Now please tell me where you have been these days and why you are so dressed and unshaved.

Dmitry hands the film can to Ivan.

DMITRY

It is a long story, comrade Ivan, but if you will have your photo laboratory develop this film negative and permit me to shower and shave, clean my clothes and get some rest, I will be happy to tell you every detail.

Ivan pushes a button under the desk and Svetlana enters.

IVAN

(to her)

Give this to Maxim for development,
(hands her film)
and escort comrade Bukov back to his suite and see that all his needs are met.

SVETLANA

Yes, comrade consul.

(to Dmitry)

Please follow me, comrade.

IVAN

And, Dmitry, you will dine with us again. Get some rest until then.

She escorts Dmitry to the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR/CORRIDOR/APARTMENT

SVETLANA
Anything else, comrade.

DMITRY
Yes, please see that these clothes
(hands her bag)
are cleaned and pressed and send up
a steak and baked potato and a
bottle of Stolichnaya and ice.

Svetlana
Yes, comrade. If there's anything
else please don't hesitate to ask.

DMITRY
Just a call at seven o'clock.

SVETLANA
Yes, comrade.

She exits. He tears off his *GOPNIK* garb and heads into the shower. In moments he's back in the room in a plush white robe and slippers embroidered with the Russian Eagles.

He answers a knock on the door to find a *WAITER* with a cart laden with his meal, the vodka, and a selection of Russian pastries and delicacies.

WAITER
Bon appetit, comrade.

He ravenously consumes the steak and potatoes, half the bottle of vodka, and flops face down on the bed to sleep.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Dmitry enters the elaborate gold and crystal dining room, refreshed, well-groomed, neatly dressed, with a smile on his face, and a spring in his step.

He is seated at the dinner table to the right of Ivan and his deputy, *VLADIMIR*, early 30s, a sharp eager looking young man.

IVAN
Dmitry, you look like a new man.
How do you feel?

DMITRY
I feel excellent, comrade consul, a
changed man.

IVAN
 Excellent. This is my first
 assistant deputy, Vladimir Orlof.

VLADIMIR
 it is an honor to meet you, comrade
 Dmitry.

They vigorously shake hands with mutual admiration. Dinner is served. Svetlana wheels in a portable 16mm projector and screen and sets it up to run.

The grainy FILM of Dmitry's entry is shown - Lucy displaying his passport, his escape, then Chad and Lucy running out.

IVAN
 (breaks the tension)
 If it weren't such a serious
 matter, I'd have to laugh at what
 they did to you.

DMITRY
 Honestly, comrades, I'd have to
 laugh at myself too.

At that, they all break into laughter.

DMITRY (CONT'D)
 But although the experience was
 profoundly frightening at the time,
 largely because it was unexpected,
 I have found a lot of truth in it
 and a new perspective on life. My
 consciousness has been... expanded.
 It will be useful for understanding
 peace of mind and personal freedom.
 (pauses)
 But I do have to wonder - why...
 how did they choose me - was it
 just coincidence or were they
 somehow expecting me?

Ivan quizzically reflects on Dmitry's revelations. Dimitry looks at his watch and notices it's 9:55.

DMITRY (CONT'D)
 And now it's almost 9 am in Moscow
 and I must call Alexei and my wife
 so I'll have to excuse myself. I
 bid you a good night, comrades.

VLADIMIR
 Before you leave, comrade,
 (hands him an attaché'
 case)
 (MORE)

VLADIMIR (CONT'D)

we photographed the pages of the CIA dossier for safekeeping. Here are the originals and seven of the vials to take home tomorrow.

DMITRY

I am sure that our experts will have much to learn from it, and my report. But if the CIA knew about my mission here and targeted me for it, we must have a mole somewhere in our system.

IVAN

I am personally convinced of your intelligence and bravery in bringing in this material, but, be prepared for the suspicious KGB. If it is judged authentic, you will be a hero. If it is a fraud or a forgery, you will be a criminal.

They trade ironic looks.

Dmitry heads back to the elevator and enters it.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE NEWSPAPER BUILDING - DAY

A press conference is underway. The mayor, sheriff, police chief, and a dozen or so plain-clothes types stand passively on a dais behind a lectern surrounded with cameras and microphones. Some fifty reporters and are in attendance.

MAYOR

And now we will hear from Mr. Ivan Popov, Consul General of Russia.

IVAN

(approaches, clears his throat)

Three days ago, our great Russian pianist, diplomat, a hero of the Soviet Union, brilliant cultural ambassador, Dmitry Ivanovich Bukov, was abducted and drugged by a party or parties unknown and taken against his will to a secret house where he was harassed, intimidated, and interrogated for two days and nights as though he were a common American criminal. He managed a dangerous and harrowing escape but as a result he is severely ill and traumatized having suffered a psychotic break and has been sedated.

(MORE)

IVAN (CONT'D)

Rather than creating an international crisis over this gratuitous aggression, we are immediately sending him home to his loving family on an emergency medical flight. That is all.

He rushes off toward a waiting car.

SEVERAL REPORTERS

(shouting as he departs)

1. Who do you think did it?
2. Why would they do it?
3. Was it your people who did it?
4. Did he try to defect?
5. How was he drugged?
6. How did he get away?

MAYOR

The press conference is over.

With his departure they mutter and mill around frustrated.

INT. GOLDRUSH SALOON - NIGHT

Carl, Chad, and Bill glumly sit over beers at a rear table.

CARL

So, what do we tell Washington now with the records due for delivery?

He gets back sullen blank stares and shrugs.

BILL

(brightens)

I got an idea.

CHAD

What?

BILL

I'll need to order another hundred boxes of film negative and around fifty dollars worth of assorted stationery binders and supplies.

Chad smiles knowingly as Carl shakes his head in resignation. Bill appears to be enjoying his fine idea.

CARL

Oh, no. I don't want to know. Just make sure you get everybody out first and nobody gets hurt.

BILL

We'll make an anonymous donation to the neighborhood association for a free catered party in the park.

They look at him like he's out of his mind.

EXT. ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

There's a big noisy party in the city park up the block.

Carl, Bill, and Chad stand in a doorway watching. A wisp of smoke wafts out an open window, than a flash of light, then a rush of fire as the whole building goes up in flames.

CARL

Looks like we're going to have to go house hunting again.

Fire engines are heard in the far distance as they look on.

EXT. RUSSIAN CONSULATE - DAY

The same gaggle of press and photographers are being held back by police as an AMBULANCE makes its way through the crowd and pulls up to the front. Two white-coated attendants emerge, lower a gurney out the back, and roll it in.

Ivan emerges with the faux-comatose Dmitry on the gurney wearing an oxygen mask and covered with blankets. The reporters go wild trying to get a glimpse as he is loaded in and the ambulance pulls away with lights and siren blaring.

COP

Alright, everybody back. Back...

Several press cars chase the ambulance down the block and through the city.

EXT. SFO PRIVATE GATE - DAY

Dmitry's gurney is loaded on the Tupolev Tu-104 jet airliner and the doors are closed.

INT. AIRPLANE - CONTINUOUS

Two dour KGB AGENTS observe as Ivan speaks.

IVAN

Comrade Bukov, you may open your eyes and sit up now.

Dimitry opens his eyes, sits up, and tosses off the blankets.

IVAN (CONT'D)

We have determined there are too many irregularities in your story to be believed. You are now under arrest for not observing protocol, abusing Soviet trust, lying to authority, and treason to the USSR.

Dimitry stares in disbelief as they cuff him to the gurney and one INJECTS him with a sedative.

IVAN (CONT'D)

We will all be more comfortable this way. You will be interrogated when we get home and your value to the people will be judged.

He collapses unconscious as they retrieve the attaché case.

EXT. THE AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

The plane taxis out and takes off.

END EPISODE 1.1