

Buddha's Little Finger

by

Bill Jennings and Tony Pemberton,
Marina Shron, Saul Fussiner,

Based on a Novel
By Viktor Pelevin

Rev. 3.1SC 2/18/10

ROHFILM GMBh / Go East Film LLC
Berlin:
Schwedenstraße 14
13357 Berlin, Germany
fon: +49 30 499 19 888 -0
fax: +49 30 499 19 888 -9
Karsten@rohfilm.de
Goeastfilm@yahoo.com

FADE IN:

1 EXT. MOSCOW SKYLINE 1991 - EARLY MORNING

1

TITLE CARD:

Moscow, Russia August 12th, 1991

(1 Week Before the Coup)

2 INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT 1991 - EARLY MORNING

2

The window is holding a small plastic bag outside with articles of food in it. There are books and small scraps of paper with notes everywhere next to the bed.

PYOTR VOYD, 26, clean-shaven and handsome, wakes up in his girlfriend ANNA'S bed. She is half-asleep next to him. He reaches out a hand and runs it down her naked back. ANNA purrs. PYOTR sits up and leans over her, they kiss.

ANNA positions herself on top of him. Pyotr laughs, pushes her off, and rolls onto her. A movement makes him glance to the side. A large mirror is propped against the wall at the side of the bed. PYOTR can see himself and ANNA reflected in it. Behind them stands a BEARDED MAN, arms folded, watching. PYOTR's head whirls round to look at the MAN, but there's no-one there. PYOTR is confused, he looks back to the mirror. Empty.

ANNA

What's wrong?

PYOTR shakes his head.

PYOTR

Nothing...

ANNA'S arm curls around his neck. PYOTR checks the mirror every now and then, but there's nothing there. Their passion becomes intense. ANNA lies underneath PYOTR; her breathing becomes deeper and more urgent. PYOTR is about to come. He looks down to ANNA'S face, but it's not ANNA he sees. He is staring down at the BEARDED MAN.

BEARDED MAN

I've been looking for someone
like you.

Even though he's in total shock, PYOTR can't stop himself coming. He screams and closes his eyes as he does so. His whole body trembles with revulsion. He collapses down.

ANNA

My God. Are you alright?

PYOTR opens his eyes, and there is ANNA, looking at him, laughter in her eyes, still catching her breath.

3 INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT 1991 - LATER 3

ANNA lies in bed, languorous. PYOTR, dressed, is walking around the apartment looking for something, arranging his little notes. On the wall in front of him is a small mirror. He looks into it, waiting to see if the BEARDED MAN appears in the background. He doesn't. PYOTR walks around the apartment, opening cupboards, looking behind doors. He goes to the door and opens onto a hallway of the communal apartment.

4 INT. ANNA'S HALLWAY 1991 - CONTINUOUS 4

Two older men sit around a table in kitchen open to the hall way. Pyotr sees that they are asleep drunk and takes one of their cigarettes and rushes to the bathroom down the hall.

5 INT. ANNA'S BATHROOM 1991 - CONTINUOUS 5

The bathroom has three light sources sitting next to the toilet, and many toilet seats hanging on the wall. Pyotr turns one on, and then another till he gets a light. He lights his cigarette and begins to hear a struggle high above his head on the floor above him. He looks up and hears someone seriously hurt and a clank sound on the pipe. He sees a drop of water coming down towards him. It puts out his cigarette. He leaves.

6 INT. ANNA'S HALLWAY 1991 - CONTINUOUS 6

MRS. Kuznets, an older woman in her 50's, stops Pyotr in the doorway of the bathroom.

MRS KUZNETS

Hey, you used my light. Get your own or piss in the dark.

PYOTR slides back into ANNA's APARTMENT room.

7 INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT. PRE-DAWN

7

PYOTR returns to the room sees his wallet, picks it up.
ANNA turns to him awake.

ANNA
What are you doing?

PYOTR
Nothing.

PYOTR heads for the door.

ANNA
Where are you going?

PYOTR
Out. Cigarettes.

ANNA
Loosing your publisher is going
to need a lot more than
cigarettes.

Anna gives him a blank stare.

He leaves the apartment as quickly as he can.

8 EXT. MOSCOW STREET 1991 - MORNING

8

PYOTR strides down the street, hands deep in his coat pockets. He looks down the street and sees a POLITICAL DEMONSTRATION up ahead of him. He ducks down a side alley to avoid it. He doesn't notice a SHABBY MAN emerge from the steps of a doorway and start to follow him.

SHABBY MAN
Hey.

PYOTR turns, sees the SHABBY MAN, keeps on walking.

SHABBY MAN (CONT'D)
HEY! Stop!

PYOTR ignores him and keeps walking. The SHABBY MAN runs to catch up. He reaches out and grabs PYOTR'S shoulder.

PYOTR
Leave me alone.

PYOTR turns to find the SHABBY MAN is pointing a gun at him.

SHABBY MAN
Give me your shoes.

PYOTR
What?

SHABBY MAN
Give me your shoes or I will kill
you.

PYOTR
Have you seen my shoes? Did you
even look at them first?

The SHABBY MAN looks at PYOTR'S shoes. PYOTR'S shoes are worse than his. The SHABBY MAN thinks for a moment.

SHABBY MAN
Turn around. Face the fence.
Closer.

He pushes PYOTR right up against the fence. There is a small hole in the fence just at PYOTR's eye level. Though it, PYOTR sees an ORIENTAL MAN in a Japanese garden, looking at a row of ten colored boxes laid out in a line.

SHABBY MAN (CONT'D)
Take off your jeans.

PYOTR
No. Fuck off. They're worth
nothing. They're older than my
shoes.

PYOTR feels the gun pushed into the back of his head. His face is pushed hard against the fence. Through the hole, PYOTR sees the ORIENTAL MAN place a small STATUE inside the YELLOW decorative box.

SHABBY MAN
Old jeans look cool, everyone
knows that. Take them off, now.
Don't turn around.

PYOTR sighs and takes off his shoes, then his jeans. The SHABBY MAN grabs the jeans out of PYOTR's hands. He starts to walk away.

SHABBY MAN (CONT'D)
Don't turn around or I'll shoot.

PYOTR
Hey. You forgot the shoes.

SHABBY MAN

Keep them. A present from me.

The SHABBY MAN turns, breaks into a trot, then stops suddenly and turns back to PYOTR.

SHABBY MAN (CONT'D)

You got any money?

PYOTR

In the pocket of the jeans.

The SHABBY MAN pats the jeans, feels a wallet, smiles and waves thanks, and runs off. PYOTR puts his shoes back on. He walks backwards until he can see a sign on the side of the building he was looking into. It reads "TAIRA INCORPORATED."

9

INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT 1991 - DAY

9

PYOTR walks into the apartment wearing shoes but no trousers. ANNA is dressed to go out. She laughs when she sees him.

ANNA

What happened?

PYOTR heads to the bedroom to find another pair of trousers.

PYOTR

I got robbed. He took my jeans.
And my wallet, which was in my
jeans.

ANNA'S smile disappears. PYOTR walks back into the kitchen, knowing ANNA is watching him. He lights the stove to boil up some tea.

PYOTR (CONT'D)

Yes, it's all the money I had.
No, I don't know what I'll do.

ANNA

You could sell some things. Like
your books. You could actually
try working.

PYOTR

Sitting in a kiosk you mean?
Writing is work.

ANNA turns away from him and goes to the door.

ANNA

Sitting in a kiosk pays for this apartment, and for the tea you're about to drink.

She leaves, the door banging behind her. PYOTR sighs, pours the boiling tea into a cup and sits in an armchair. ANNA re-enters.

ANNA (CONT'D)

We can go on with me working and you day dreaming. But one day I'll want to be day dreaming and where are you going to find our money for that?

ANNA again leaves. He sips the tea, puts it down on a side table, leans back and closes his eyes.

PYOTR listens to the silence. Suddenly, his eyes snap open and a rushing sound is heard.

CUT TO:

10

EXT. MOUNTAIN LANDSCAPE - ANCIENT TIMES - DAY

10

CREDITS BEGIN over the image of high mountains. No sign of life. Wind sounds.

CLOSER: The BUDDHA ANAGAMA sits on a barren mountainside, in worn-out yet still beautiful robes. He is serene and ancient, a large Mongolian man with snow white hair and eyes of hollow contentment.

Next to the Buddha is a small Mongolian child dressed in the fine robes of some ancient nobility.

The Buddha nods to the child, as if to say "watch this."

The Buddha extends his fist in front of himself, then points his pinky finger at the mountains. They shimmer, then disappear.

The child is full of wonder. The Buddha is serene and unimpressed.

The Buddha then points to himself. He shimmers, then disappears. We watch his one remaining part -- the little finger -- tumbling through empty space.

Title card: "Buddha's Little Finger"

The finger falls into a wooden box carried by other small hands and is seen carried down a sand dune always knocking about inside the box.

11 INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT - 1991 DAWN (FLASHFORWARD) 11

The box in the previous scene morphs into a silver cigarette case with a soviet emblem on it sitting on a night stand next to Anna's bed.

PYOTR VOYD, in a bloodstained shirt and coat, grabs this case and turns to the window of the flat. The light blinds him and the camera.

12 EXT. ANNA'S APARTMENT 1991 - DAWN.CONTINUOUS 12

Title: Monday, August 19th, 1991 (The Day of the Coup)

PYOTR looks out from the window of ANNA's apartment on to the Moscow skyline. He is panicked. He climbs out of the window and shimmies down a drain pipe. Police sirens in the distance are growing closer. He drops a great distance from the side of the building to the ground. He is bleeding.

13 EXT. STREET. MOSCOW 1991 - EARLY MORNING CONTINUOUS 13

PYOTR ducks into a side street. He sees a badly parked black SUV ahead of him. A distance away, POLICE OFFICERS are running towards him. PYOTR hesitates, looks at the SUV, then at the approaching police. He pulls open the SUV door. THE BEARDED MAN FROM THE MIRROR, a strikingly handsome man, VOLODIN, sits inside. He is white as a ghost, sweating. His shirt is stained with dried blood.

PYOTR
Volodin. Fuck.

VOLODIN begins to laugh, but it hurts him.

VOLODIN
I was having such a beautiful dream.

PYOTR reaches in, pulls VOLODIN out of the car holds him up as they stagger off together. The police are getting closer.

14

EXT. INTERSECTION. MOSCOW 1991 - EARLY MORNING

14

PYOTR staggers down the street with VOLODIN. Around the corner, a tank is crossing the street. The street is filled with crowds of YOUNG PEOPLE. Other Police are trying to disperse them. A YOUNG MAN leads chants through a bull horn - it is the coup of 1991.

YOUNG MAN

They've captured Gorbachov in
Crimea. Russia has to fight this,
we can't go backwards! Convince
the army, they are with us!

POLICE OFFICERS AND KGB AGENTS run into the street. PYOTR has taken VOLODIN into the crowd and they are hidden from view. PYOTR puts VOLODIN on a low wall to rest

VOLODIN

Give me a cigarette.

PYOTR

I don't have any.

AGENTS are spreading into the crowd, looking for PYOTR.

VOLODIN

Save yourself, leave me.

PYOTR

No.

VOLODIN

THEN GIVE ME A CIGARETTE! GIVE ME
A CIGARETTE!

His shouts make heads turn. PYOTR tries to quiet him.

PYOTR

I don't have any!

VOLODIN

CIGARETTE! WHO HAS A CIGARETTE
FOR A DYING MAN!

VOLODIN reaches out, grabs PYOTR's jacket and pulls him close. He reaches into PYOTR'S jacket pocket and pulls a silver cigarette case out of his pocket.

PYOTR

This?

He turns it over in his hand. On the other side is an elaborate engraving of THE BUDDHA.

A POLICEMAN'S FIST smacks into the side of PYOTR'S head, dropping him to the ground. As he falls, losing consciousness, the cigarette case spins up in the air, the BUDDHA'S FACE looking at him impassively. PYOTR reaches for the cigarette case, but it's always just out of reach, spinning, PYOTR loses consciousness. As he blacks out he can hear VOLODIN laughing and underneath that the sound of a WOMAN'S VOICE.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Pyotr, wake up, wake up!

15

EXT. INTERSECTION MOSCOW 1919 - NIGHT

15

PYOTR wakes up in exactly the same place where he blacked out, but now, it is nighttime and foggy. The square is deserted, except for footsteps in the distance and the sound of horses hooves. PYOTR sits up. At the end of the street, soldiers in uniforms that PYOTR doesn't recognise (CHEKIST GUARDS) appear. One of them sees him, points, and shouts. PYOTR gets up, stumbles around a corner, and ducks into a doorway.

A HORSE DRAWN CARRIAGE passes by. PYOTR looks at it, puzzled. Then, for the first time, he notices that the electric street lamps have been replaced by GAS LAMPS. He looks at his clothes, which have changed into those typical of 1919. He frowns and shakes his head, trying to understand. Near by there is a bronze sculpture of Pushkin wearing an apron with the inscription "Long Live the First Anniversary of the Revolution"

CHEKIST GUARDS run past and PYOTR presses himself back into the shadows of the square. A FIGURE walks past the doorway, stops and walks back to look at PYOTR, shivering in the shadows. PYOTR cowers back.

VORBLEI
Pyotr? Is that you?

PYOTR nods.

VORBLEI (CONT'D)
It's me, Vorblei.

PYOTR
Vorblei? Who are you? How do you know my name?

VORBLEI
What's the matter with you?

Two CHEKIST GUARDS run past. PYOTR ducks back into the shadows.

VORBLEI (CONT'D)
Are you in trouble? Come.

Vorblei reaches into the doorway to take PYOTR by the arm, but PYOTR pulls away from him and falls back into the shadows. It is pitch black. All he can hear is the sound of his own breathing.

16

INT. LUBYANKA PRISON 1991 - NIGHT

16

TITLE: August 19th, 1991 (Several hours later)

In a bright blinding white room: camera reveals PYOTR's unconscious face. His eye twitches. TIMOROVNA, AGE 40 in a white coat, fiercely attractive, leans over him, whispering.

WOMAN
Pyotr Voyd, wake up!

A nurse SONYA (age 40) pushes the needle into his arm and he jolts awake with a gasp.

MAJOR SMIRNOV (O.S.)
Wake up Mr. Voyd.
(Punching Pyotr in the
face)
You will not escape my questions
that easily.

Pyotr looks at him confusedly..

MAJOR SMIRNOV (CONT'D)
I'll ask you again. Where is
Buddha's little finger?

PYOTR VOYD
(weakly)
I don't know what you're talking
about.

Reveal MAJOR SMIRNOV, a cold faced man with chiseled features whom resembles Vorblei in the previous scene.

MATILDA TIMUROVNA steps forward into the light.

TIMUROVNA
I doubt that you will get
anything out of him like that.

MAJOR SMIRNOV

In a few days we will move to
restore this country's honor and
by then Timurovna he will tell me
what I need to know, one way or
the other.

MAJOR SMIRNOV strikes him again.

FADES TO
DARKNESS.

17 INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT 1991 - NIGHT

17

Title: Five Days before the Coup

PYOTR jerks awake in the armchair. It's evening and the apartment is dark. ANNA standing above him still has her coat on and turns on lights. She is holding an opened envelope and a letter in her hand. She scans it, then looks at PYOTR. A slow smile spreads across her face. She sits on PYOTR's lap.

ANNA

Hello, you.

She gives him a deep, long kiss. PYOTR doesn't object. She pulls away and passes him the letter. PYOTR looks at the letterhead "TAIRA Incorporated" and frowns. ANNA kisses him again.

ANNA (CONT'D)

It's a job interview, tomorrow,
afternoon, 4 p.m. Why didn't you
tell me?

PYOTR is struggling to understand. He turns the letter over in his hand, studies the elaborate Japanese calligraphic signature

PYOTR

I wanted it to be a surprise.

ANNA

And you let me shout at you about
getting a job for two days?

She kisses him again.

ANNA (CONT'D)

And keep you out of bed too. I
feel guilty now.

PYOTR kisses her back. She shrugs off her coat to be more comfortable. PYOTR pulls away.

PYOTR
Two days? What day is it today?

ANNA
Thursday. Come.

ANNA walks into the bedroom and sits on the edge of the bed, looking at PYOTR. Behind her is the large mirror. In it, PYOTR sees VOLODIN, looking back at him. PYOTR turns away from the bedroom and goes back to the armchair.

PYOTR
I have to prepare for tomorrow.

He picks up the letter and reads it again. PYOTR rubs his eyes and pinches the bridge of his nose with his fingers.

PYOTR (CONT'D)
Thursday? Fuck. How can it be
Thursday?

18 INT. TAIRA INCORPORATED OFFICE 1991 - AFTERNOON 18

PYOTR sits in a reception room with nine other men, all dressed as smartly as they can manage. No-one speaks. The ORIENTAL MAN who PYOTR saw through the fence enters, wearing a kimono. He bows to them all.

KAWABATA
Good afternoon. I am Mr.
Kawabata. Please come this way.

KAWABATA pushes open a door which leads out into the Japanese Garden. Everyone gets up and goes through it.

19 EXT. JAPANESE GARDEN 1991 - AFTERNOON 19

In the garden, the ten colored boxes are laid out as before. Each is the size of a tea chest. KAWABATA sweeps an arm in the direction of the boxes

KAWABATA
Please choose a box.

The others hesitate. PYOTR walks up to the YELLOW BOX and stands behind it. One by one the others choose their boxes. KAWABATA'S eyes radiate approval at PYOTR.

KAWABATA (CONT'D)
 Excellent. Interviews are now
 finished. Yellow box man, you
 stay. Others, thank you, but go.

The OTHERS file away, some looking enviously at PYOTR. When
 they are all gone, KAWABATA looks at PYOTR. He bows again.

KAWABATA (CONT'D)
 Come.

20 INT. TAIRA OFFICES 1991 - AFTERNOON

20

KAWABATA leads PYOTR into a sparse Japanese style room with
 a low table.

KAWABATA
 Please... sit down, sit down.

Pyotr sits down on the cushions.

PYOTR VOYD
 I, uh...

Kawabata raises a hand to signify "silence." TWO SERVANT
 GIRLS enter and pour sake into two ceramic cups. PYOTR
 notices a painting of a naked man standing on the edge of a
 precipice, his penis exposed and several weights hung
 around his neck.

KAWABATA
 That painting is by our national
 artist, Mitsuhide. How would you
 describe the theme of this print?

PYOTR
 He's... showing his prick and he
 has weights around his neck...

KAWABATA
 Yes...

PYOTR
 If he fell with those weights
 around his neck, it wouldn't
 matter that's he's naked because
 he would be dead.

KAWABATA claps his hands and laughs.

KAWABATA

Very good. That painting is the door that leads to Taira Incorporated. What job did you have before you joined us?

PYOTR

I am a poet...and a writer.

KAWABATA

Excellent.

KAWABATA pours PYOTR another drink.

KAWABATA (CONT'D)

The post you will occupy is "Assistant Manager for the Northern Barbarians." It pays forty thousand American dollars a year.

PYOTR struggles not to choke on his drink.

KAWABATA (CONT'D)

However, I must make you a Samurai.

PYOTR

Very well, I accept.

21 EXT. PARK 1991 - DAY

21

A beautiful evening. ANNA waits for PYOTR in the park. Other people are out taking a walk, PYOTR walks up behind ANNA.

PYOTR

Hi.

ANNA turns to face him. He smiles, then looks serious. ANNA can't read him.

ANNA

So?

PYOTR feigns nonchalance.

PYOTR

What?

ANNA becomes frustrated.

ANNA
Just tell me, Pyotr. Tell me.

PYOTR
Oh, the job? I got it.

ANNA just stands there looking at him, thrilled.

PYOTR (CONT'D)
They're paying me forty thousand
a year. Dollars. They'll be gone
in a year paying that kind of
money, but hell, a year's a long
time. All the time we've been
together you've had the same
coat.

ANNA rests against him.

ANNA (CONT'D)
The other day I told you to sell
your books. I'm sorry. Don't ever
sell them.

An ICE-CREAM seller walks past pushing an ice-cream kart.
PYOTR is distracted by him. For a moment he sees the
reflection of VOLODIN in the polished steel of the kart. He
turns to follow the kart with his eyes.

PYOTR
Do you want an ice-cream? I do.
Don't worry about it.

PYOTR walks after the kart. When he gets closer, he sees
VOLODIN'S reflection again, passing quickly. He wheels
around but he's not there.

ICE CREAM MAN
Yes?

PYOTR
Oh, uh, two please...

ICE CREAM MAN
Two what?

PYOTR pats his pockets, realizes he's got no money, turns
back to ANNA. She is being harassed by two thuggish-looking
men, SHURIK, and KOLYAN. SHURIK puts his hands on her
waist. ANNA pulls away. But SHURIK'S hand slips under her
coat. PYOTR is close now.

ANNA
Fuck off, you low life.

PYOTR
Get off her. Anna, move back.

SHURIK pulls his hand away from ANNA. He half turns, allowing his jacket to fall open.

SHURIK
Anna, that's a nice name.

PYOTR and ANNA look down to see a huge pistol in a shoulder holster under his jacket.

SHURIK (CONT'D)
Look at my cock, Anna. It's so much bigger than his.

PYOTR looks around anxiously.

PYOTR
Let's go.

SHURIK
You go. Anna is going to stay, aren't you baby?

PYOTR takes ANNA's hand. KOLYAN breaks his grip and grabs PYOTR'S wrist hard.

KOLYAN
She stays. Now this can be easy, or it can be hard.
(Kolyan looks at Anna)

PYOTR hits KOLYAN, who lets go of his grip. PYOTR tries to punch SHURIK, but misses, and the force of the missed punch sends PYOTR sprawling onto the floor. He is dazed for a moment. A FIGURE appears above PYOTR, arm outstretched, offering a hand up.

VOLODIN
Please. Allow me.

VOLODIN turns to ANNA as PYOTR gets to his feet.

VOLODIN (CONT'D)
My friends are like bad children sometimes, they want to have what they don't deserve. Will you accept my apologies?

ANNA is guarded. She nods, carefully. VOLODIN glances at SHURIK and KOLYAN.

VOLODIN (CONT'D)
Shurik on your knees. The lady
needs to sit down

VOLODIN points to the floor and snaps his fingers. SHURIK gets down on all fours. VOLODIN indicates that ANNA should sit down on his back. ANNA looks at PYOTR, confused. PYOTR shrugs, nods. ANNA looks at SHURIK below her and a small smile plays around her mouth. She sits on his back and brings her heel up quickly so that it thumps into his stomach. SHURIK grunts but doesn't move. Passers-by stare, but KOLYAN'S glare keeps them moving.

VOLODIN (CONT'D)
Now, you were having ice-cream?
Allow me. Kolyan, get him over
here.

KOLYAN waves at the ICE-CREAM MAN, who has been waiting fearfully to one side. He runs the kart up towards them. VOLODIN doesn't look at him.

VOLODIN (CONT'D)
Three, the best.

VOLODIN puts out his hand to PYOTR.

VOLODIN (CONT'D)
My name is Voldin, Andrei
Volodin. You are..?

PYOTR
Pyotr Voyd.

PYOTR shakes VOLODIN'S hand. VOLODIN doesn't let go. ANNA glances at the ICE CREAM MAN who is visibly nervous.

VOLODIN
Pyotr, I feel like we've met
before somewhere. Have we? And
Anna, you seem very familiar.

VOLODIN winks at PYOTR as he passes PYOTR and ANNA a huge ice-cream the ICE CREAM MAN has made for each of them. VOLODIN takes his own ice-cream and has a great slurp of it. Ice-cream hangs on his beard. He moans with pleasure. PYOTR and ANNA take small mouthfuls. VOLODIN looks at them reproachfully. A little tentatively PYOTR and ANNA lick again, with more gusto. KOLYAN has a large ice-cream too. VOLODIN indicates the kneeling SHURIK with his eyes.

VOLODIN (CONT'D)
Go on then.

KOLYAN kneels down and holds out his ice-cream for SHURIK to lick. He licks it from his kneeling position, like a donkey being fed strawberries.

VOLODIN (CONT'D)
You know what I like after ice-cream? Vodka.

22 EXT. MOSCOW STREET 1991 - NIGHT

22

Title: Four Days before the Coup

PYOTR and ANNA are walking up to their apartment building. PYOTR is a little drunk. ANNA is not.

ANNA
He's a gangster. He might be charming, he might have read the right books, but he's still a gangster. Gangsters kill people. Gangsters don't make friends with strangers for no reason.

PYOTR
I don't think he's my friend. But he's interested in politics, he reads, he thinks. He has a brain and uses it.

ANNA
He flattered you. That's why you like him.

PYOTR
I keep seeing his face. I saw it before we met him tonight. Everywhere. Am I crazy?.

ANNA takes his arm and leans on his shoulder.

ANNA
No, just drunk. And a little bit in love because a big guy listened to what you had to say for once.

They reach the door to ANNA's apartment building.

PYOTR
In love? Then I probably shouldn't tell you this.

ANNA
Tell me what?

PYOTR
I saw his face once, with you,
when we were fuc...making love.

ANNA
You serious?

PYOTR nods. ANNA thinks about it for a while.

ANNA (CONT'D)
That's nothing. If I close my
eyes when I'm with you I can see
John Lennon.

23

INT. TAIRA INCORPORATE OFFICE 1991 - AFTERNOON

23

KAWABATA stands, looking solemnly down at PYOTR, who sits
at a large wooden table in an almost empty boardroom.

KAWABATA
Are you ready to accept that you
are a Samurai of the Taira clan,
to link your life and death with
the destiny of our clan?

PYOTR
I am.

KAWABATA
Will you be prepared to cast the
ephemeral blossom of this life
over the abyss and into the void
if this is required by your Giri?

PYOTR
Yeah, chuck the blossom, no
problem.

KAWABATA
Do you swear?

PYOTR
I swear.

Kawabata takes out his Samurai sword and knights him.

KAWABATA
Excellent. Now the bond between
east and west will be joined.

KAWABATA claps his hands and FIVE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN KIMONOS enter, disrobe and begin to kiss them all over their bodies. PYOTR and KAWABATA are swallowed in a sea of feminine flesh when there is a loud KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

KAWABATA goes to answer and there is some excited whispering in Japanese. After a moment KAWABATA returns.

KAWABATA (CONT'D)

News just arrived that cunning treachery on the Tokyo Stock Exchange has allowed Minomoto to acquire a controlling interest in Taira. We are destroyed and our enemy is triumphant.

PYOTR is distracted by the beautiful women kissing his body.

PYOTR

Okay? And?

KAWABATA takes PYOTR'S hands in his own.

KAWABATA

We two Samurai of the clan of Taira will not let our spirits be overcast by these shifting shadows.

PYOTR

We won't?

KAWABATA

No. Minomoto shall not behold our degradation and dishonor. One should leave this life as the white cranes disappear into the clouds.

KAWABATA claps his hands and the Women suddenly stand, dress and shuffle out of the room, leaving PYOTR at a loss. KAWABATA puts on his robe and PYOTR awkwardly begins to get dressed.

KAWABATA holds up a Samurai sword in a scabbard, runs his finger over three white crane figures, then hands PYOTR the sword.

KAWABATA (CONT'D)

Do me a favor. When I rip open my belly, please cut off my head.

PYOTR

What?!

KAWABATA

My head. Cut off my head. We call this rendering the final service.

PYOTR

I can't do that..

KAWABATA

What a coarse and ignorant brute I am. If I commit Seppuku first. Who will render you the final service and cut off your head? I will show you how to do it and I will render the final service for you.

KAWABATA hands PYOTR a small Seppuku blade and stands over him with his long gleaming Samurai sword.

PYOTR

I am not a good Samurai. I don't deserve this honor. I just came here for the money, and you haven't even paid me yet.

KAWABATA

The Buddha tells us that it is not the intention, but the journey, that matters. You followed gold, but it led you to understanding.

PYOTR

The truth is... that I'm ashamed, my bowels are full. I would not soil myself in this final moment and so dishonor this ritual.

KAWABATA

Shit or piss?

PYOTR

Shit.

KAWABATA

Of course, down the hall on your left.

PYOTR exits the room, and heads for the front door. He tiptoes into the lobby, grabs his shoes and makes a break for the front door.

24

EXT. NOVY ARBAT BOULEVARD 1991 - DAY

24

PYOTR has set up a couple of tables and is unpacking his books from the LARGE SUITCASES in order to sell them. A PASSER-BY stops to see what he is selling. A BLACK SUV parks across the street. The drivers' seat slides down and VOLODIN looks out. KOLYAN and SHURIK get out of the SUV and amble across to the stall. The PASSER-BY moves away quickly.

SHURIK

It's such a windy day. How are you going to keep your books on the table?

SHURIK knocks a few books to the floor, imitating wind noise. He grins at PYOTR.

SHURIK (CONT'D)

We meet again. The poet, right?

PYOTR

What do you want, money? I don't have any money.

SHURIK

Then I think the wind is going to blow away everything you own.

KOLYAN knocks more books off of the table.

KOLYAN

How can you have no money, and all these books?

POTYR

I'm a fucking poet, that's what poets have, books and no money. No money, no job, just books. Lots of books.

SHURIK

This is our turf.

VOLODIN has walked across the road. He picks up a book of PYOTR's poetry. He tosses it to PYOTR.

VOLODIN

And this is yours Pyotr? Will you
read me some? And then maybe we
can do some business...

PYOTR swallows nervously. SHURIK smiles threateningly at
him, motions for him to go ahead. PYOTR opens his slim
book, looks down at it and in a shaking voice, begins to
read.

PYOTR

I have watched the honest man beg
before corruption

SHURIK snorts in derision. KOLYAN knocks another pile of
books to the ground.

PYOTR (CONT'D)

...I have seen daughters sold
while their fathers crawl...

VOLODIN looks through the other books on the table.

PYOTR (CONT'D)

...I have heard the poets cry
when...

VOLODIN waves at PYOTR to stop.

VOLODIN

Pushkin, Gogol, Dostoyevsky. Who
do you think is going to buy this
stuff?

PYOTR

It's all I have to sell. We have
to eat. I made promises to Anna.

KOLYAN

Then sell something people
actually want to read, like
Hustler. Something with pussy.

PYOTR

I know it would have to be
something with pictures if you
were going to read it.

VOLODIN laughs. KOLYAN is not sure if he has been insulted.
He starts forward, but VOLODIN puts out an arm to stop him.
VOLODIN puts his arm around him and leads him to the SUV.

VOLODIN
Come on my melancholy Poet, maybe
we can find a way to put some
real meat on your table.

VOLODIN turns back to shout at SHURIK.

VOLODIN (CONT'D)
Shurik! Sell the books! All of
them!

SHURIK looks concerned for a moment, then grabs a passer-by, shoves a book in their hand, then holds out his hand for money. The PASSER-BY searches anxiously in his pocket. PYOTR sits in the SUV. VOLODIN presses a button and all the smoked glass windows in the SUV slide shut.

25

EXT. MOSCOW APARTMENT BUILDING 1991 - DAY

25

VOLODIN rests his arm around PYOTR's shoulder as KOLYAN can barely contain his grin.

VOLODIN
There's a woman who lives on the
third floor. Her husband borrowed
money from me. He died.

PYOTR pulls away. VOLODIN looks hurt.

VOLODIN (CONT'D)
He just died. Jesus, Pyotr,
Sometimes people die and it's not
my fault.

PYOTR
Sorry. And all I have to do is go
and collect this money?

VOLODIN
Yes. \$300. If you get it, you get
to keep half... Here take this
with you.

VOLODIN passes PYOTR a small paper bag.

VOLODIN (CONT'D)
Doggy treats for her puppy. I'm
not a complete ogre. And take
this.

VOLODIN hands him a gun.

PYOTR
A gun? What do I need this for?
She's an old woman.

VOLODIN
It makes you look more
impressive. And I didn't tell you
how old she was.

PYOTR heads for the building then stops and turns.

PYOTR
Why are you doing this? Why me?
I'm not one of you.

VOLODIN
And you're no poet yet either.
I'm not sure you know what you
are at all. Anyhow, unless I get
my money somebody - you, or the
woman, or the dog, will die. You
get to influence the choice.

PYOTR heads into the building.

26 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING 1991 - DAY

26

PYOTR waits for the elevator and after a moment takes the stairs. He arrives, panting, at a door on the 4th floor. He knocks

WOMAN'S VOICE
Yes?

PYOTR
I'm here to collect the money
your husband owed. \$300.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Go away. You're nothing but a
bunch of ghouls! He's not even
cold in the ground!

PYOTR bangs on the door.

PYOTR
Listen, open the door, or there
is going to be real trouble...
Open the door!

PYOTR hears the locks turn. As the door opens he hears a growl as a ROTTWEILER appears. PYOTR bolts down the stairs.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Supper Bruno, get supper Bruno!

The Rottweiler catches up with PYOTR, grabbing his shoe. PYOTR wiggles free and the dog gives his shoe a couple of bites as PYOTR slides down the bannister to the next floor.

PYOTR heads for the stairs again but the ROTTWEILER leaps, cutting off his exit. PYOTR freezes. He looks at the elevator door and presses the call button. From his pocket he pulls out the doggy treats. The dog growls. PYOTR throws him some treats and he eats them. The elevator arrives. PYOTR throws the bag of treats in. The dog goes after them. PYOTR presses the button for the ground floor as the door closes. He calls down the stairs.

PYOTR
Kolyan! The money is in the
elevator!

PYOTR waits. The elevator arrives at the ground floor. He hears the door open, the dog snarling, KOLYAN screaming and running out of the building followed by the dog. PYOTR smiles, then turns to head back up the stairs.

27 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING CORRIDOR 1991 - DAY 27

PYOTR stands with his back flat against the wall outside the WOMAN's apartment. He has the gun drawn. He waits. The lock clicks and a head peers out to see what is going on. PYOTR jumps out, pushes the WOMAN back into the apartment and kicks the door open before going in.

28 INT. APARTMENT 1991 - DAY 28

The WOMAN is sprawled on the floor at his feet with her scarf over her face. PYOTR points his gun at her.

PYOTR
You better have the rent.

The WOMAN pulls her scarf away from her face. PYOTR is stunned. He was expecting an old crone, but this woman is beautiful. But her eyes are unseeing. PYOTR realizes she is entirely blind. An OLD WOMAN appears from inside the apartment and stands in the corridor wringing her hands and whispering soundlessly. THE BEAUTIFUL BLIND WOMAN turns her head in the direction of the whispering.

WOMAN
Mama, go back inside. Everything
is OK.

She turns to PYOTR.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I'm not afraid of you. I've been beaten half to death before and I've been raped before so there's nothing you can do. Give me your hand.

PYOTR puts out his hand. She takes it and pulls herself to her feet. As she rises up she is for a moment unbalanced, and her face is very close to PYOTR's.

PYOTR

What are you talking about? No-one's going to be hurting anyone today. But I have to have that money.

WOMAN

I don't have it. But I have other things.

THE BEAUTIFUL BLIND WOMAN reaches out her hand to touch PYOTR'S chest, raises it to feel his face then slides it down towards his groin. PYOTR'S eyes widen. PYOTR sighs.

PYOTR

You have the wrong man. Waiting outside for me are two men, bad men, gangsters. If I don't come out with the money then you, or your mother, or I will be killed. Your dog is probably already dead. Do you really not have the money?

The BEAUTIFUL BLIND WOMAN stares directly at his chest, unseeing.

WOMAN

No.

PYOTR

I know you're lying. How much is left?

The BEAUTIFUL BLIND WOMAN hesitates.

PYOTR (CONT'D)

Well?

WOMAN

Some.

29

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING 1991 - DAY

29

VOLODIN is standing by the SUV, waiting. KOLYAN is playing with the ROTTWEILER, who behaves like a little puppy now. PYOTR and the BEAUTIFUL BLIND WOMAN come out of the apartment building. PYOTR stares at the dog.

PYOTR

What did you do to him?

VOLODIN

Ecstasy in the treats. Happiest fucking dog in Moscow. Who's the lady?

WOMAN

My husband borrowed money from you.

VOLODIN

Ah, the merry widow. I can see you didn't spend it all on eye surgery, so where is it?

PYOTR takes VOLODIN to one side and talks quietly to him.

PYOTR

She has half. And she will have the second half very soon. I can guarantee that.

VOLODIN raises his eyebrows. PYOTR nudges the BEAUTIFUL BLIND WOMAN. She takes a roll of dollars from her pocket and holds them out to him. VOLODIN takes them and begins counting.

VOLODIN

When?

PYOTR takes VOLODIN by the shoulder and turns him to one side again.

PYOTR

Listen, I think I know a way to get the second half out of her quickly, but I need a favour to do it.

PYOTR indicates the notes in VOLODIN's hand.

PYOTR (CONT'D)

I need my 50% now. All of it.

VOLODIN looks at him suspiciously, but gives him all of the notes. PYOTR takes them from him and puts them in the hand of the BEAUTIFUL BLIND WOMAN, who pushes them back at VOLODIN, who pauses for a moment before taking the notes from her.

WOMAN

There. We're paid up. You can leave me alone now. Allow me to mourn my husband.

The WOMAN turns to walk back into the building. She passes PYOTR as she goes.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

You can keep the dog. I don't need it now.

VOLODIN stands dumbfounded with the bank notes in his hand. Then he smiles at PYOTR.

VOLODIN

That was unexpected, poet.

He looks over to KOLYAN, still playing with the dog.

VOLODIN (CONT'D)

Kolyan!

KOLYAN

Yeah?

VOLODIN

Shoot the dog.

KOLYAN stops petting the dog, takes out his pistol and shoots the dog in the head. It collapses in a heap.

VOLODIN (CONT'D)

I can be like that too. Full of surprises. Get in the car.

PYOTR slowly walks to the car as VOLODIN smiles at KOLYAN. PYOTR sits in the back seat and slams the door while continuing to stare at them.

SHURIK sits on a bare table at PYOTR's bookstall. He has sold all the books. He's counting a roll of notes in his hand. The black SUV rolls up. SHURIK gets in.

31 EXT. MOSCOW RURAL OUTSKIRTS 1991 - EVENING

31

VOLODIN, PYOTR, KOLYAN and SHURIK gather branches to make a fire in the woods. They have a big pile.

VOLODIN
That's enough.

He leans down to light the fire.

VOLODIN (CONT'D)
Tell me Pyotr, did it occur to you that I might not like your clever plan with the dollars?

PYOTR looks around at the three men, looks down at the firewood he has gathered. He drops it.

PYOTR
I did think of it. But you have imagination too. I hoped you would like it. But no-one can change the desires or actions of another.

VOLODIN
You really think that?

PYOTR
I think we are all alone, and have responsibility only to ourselves.

VOLODIN studies PYOTR carefully.

VOLODIN
What a cold and lonely world you must live in, my friend. But I'm glad you are different. Pyotr, you passed your little test. Our enterprise pays better than selling books on Novy Arbat. So do you want to join us?

PYOTR thinks for a while.

PYOTR
Why not?

VOLODIN takes out his gun.

VOLODIN
Good. Then all that remains is the initiation.
(MORE)

VOLODIN (CONT'D)
We're a gang of three. But now
there are four of us. One of us
has to go.

He passes his gun to POTYR.

VOLODIN (CONT'D)
You decide.

PYOTR laughs, then sees their faces.

PYOTR
Why can't we be a gang of four?

KOLYAN
Don't fuck with our heads, man.

PYOTR
I can't do this. Second time
today someone has asked me to
kill them. Fuck!

SHURIK
You must. It is the way.

PYOTR
It's crazy. I don't even know you
guys.

VOLODIN
You opened a door, now you must
walk through it. Nothing is
accidental.

KOLYAN
And you're a natural, we saw that
this afternoon. It's your fate.

PYOTR
I can't.

VOLODIN
You must. Choose someone to kill.
If your responsibility is only to
yourself, what does it matter if
you kill a man who is prepared to
die, and who forgives your for
it?

PYOTR raises the gun and points it between VOLODIN's eyes,
then moves it to SHURIK's face, then KOLYAN. KOLYAN stares
down the barrel.

KOLYAN

I forgive you, but do you have
the balls, poet?

PYOTR's arm is shaking. Suddenly he points the gun towards
VOLODIN'S temple, then lifts it so it points over his head
and pulls the trigger. There is a click, and a small flame
licks out of the end of the barrel. The gun is a cigarette
lighter. The three others burst into laughter.

VOLODIN

I told you he was the one! Didn't
I say?

KOLYAN

Do you have the balls! Do you
have the balls!

PYOTR is outraged.

PYOTR

You cunts. You low-life crazy
fuckers. You sons of bitches.

VOLODIN wraps his arms around PYOTR and kisses him on the
cheek. Then he looks into PYOTR's eyes, very seriously.

VOLODIN

I have been looking for someone
like you! Do you remember me
telling you that the first time?

PYOTR

Yes. Who are you? Where have you
come from?

VOLODIN reaches deep into his pocket and pulls out a bag of
tiny psychedelic mushrooms.

VOLODIN

Time to visit eternity. And I'll
tell you all my secrets.

32

EXT. MOSCOW RURAL OUTSKIRTS 1991 - NIGHT

32

The fire is lit. PYOTR and VOLODIN sit, looking into the
fire. SHURIK and KOLYAN are circling the fire, involved in
an intense conversation. They are desperately stoned.

VOLODIN

How you feeling Pyotr? Gone?

PYOTR

A little. I think I feel it
beginning to come on.

VOLODIN

Me too.

He stares into the fire.

VOLODIN (CONT'D)

We've got every possible high in
the world inside us. Every time
you down something or shoot up,
all you do is set some part of it
free. There's no high in the
drug, it's only like...the key to
a door in your mind.

PYOTR

This is your secret? You're a
hippie?

VOLODIN laughs.

VOLODIN

Why do you think people live all
their lives in monasteries? To
break through to this eternal
high. When you get it you don't
need anything else: wheels,
gasoline, porn, fancy clothes,
any of that shit..

PYOTR

If people could tune into that,
they wouldn't do anything else.
The whole world would shut down.

VOLODIN

But what if you could take that
high and use it? They say there
is a way, some people.

PYOTR tries to get to his feet. It's not easy because the
mushrooms are having an effect.

PYOTR

Volodin, I have no idea what you
are talking about.

PYOTR reels about, finding it difficult to balance.
Suddenly, VOLODIN is standing next to him, supporting him.
PYOTR stands still.

VOLODIN
Gently, Pyotr. Close your eyes.

PYOTR shuts his eyes and relaxes.

VOLODIN (CONT'D)
Many years ago the Buddha Anagama
learnt how to use the eternal
high. But he never used the
power, until one day a pilgrim
asked him to demonstrate that the
power existed. Open your eyes.

33 EXT. PYOTR'S MENTAL LANDSCAPE 1991 - DAY

33

PYOTR opens his eyes. He is standing in a vast, empty
landscape. Long grass and a huge sky. In the distance,
snowy mountains. He is completely alone. There is no sound
at all in this world. He looks around slowly. All he can
hear is VOLODIN's voice.

VOLODIN (V/O)
What do you see?

When Pyotr speaks, his lips don't move, but we hear his
voice.

PYOTR (V/O)
Nothing. An empty space.

VOLODIN (V/O)
Look for the Buddha.

PYOTR looks to his right. Some distance away, seated on a
small hill, sheltered from the sun by brightly colored
cloth flapping soundlessly in the breeze, is the BUDDHA
ANAGAMA. Bowing in front of him is THE PILGRIM.

VOLDIN (V/O)
The Buddha raised his finger and
pointed to the mountains. They
disappeared.

PYOTR looks back to the mountains. They are gone.

VOLODIN (V/O)
And then to demonstrate that the
power meant nothing, the Buddha
turned his finger on himself and
disappeared.

PYOTR looks back to where the BUDDHA and the PILGRIM were.
There is no-one there.

VOLODIN (V/O) (CONT'D)
 And all that was left was his
 finger.

PYOTR looks down into his own hands. He is holding a silver cigarette case with an engraving of the Buddha on the surface of it. He opens the case. Inside, moving gently, is the BUDDHA'S LITTLE FINGER.

VOLODIN (V/O) (CONT'D)
 Can you smell coffee? Close your
 eyes.

PYOTR puts his head back, closes his eyes and breathes in deeply through his nose. He is perfectly at peace.

34 EXT. MOSCOW RURAL OUTSKIRTS 1991 - NIGHT

34

PYOTR opens his eyes. VOLODIN is looking at him intently, eyes bright. Behind him SHURIK and KOLYAN are making coffee with a pan on the fire.

VOLODIN
 Did you see the Buddha?

PYOTR
 Yes.

VOLODIN
 Did you see the finger?

PYOTR
 Yes.

VOLODIN embraces PYOTR. There are tears in his eyes.

VOLODIN
 I knew it. You are the man to
 help me get it.

VOLODIN turns as SHURIK comes over with mugs of steaming coffee. KOLYAN comes up with a bottle of whisky and pours a great slug into each mug. VOLODIN raises his mug in a toast.

35 INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT BUILDING 1991 - NIGHT

35

PYOTR staggers up to the front door of ANNA'S apartment. He is completely drunk, still stoned. He cannot get his key into the lock. He bangs on the door awkwardly, trying to get in. ANNA opens the door, dressed in a T-shirt. He has woken her.

PYOTR

Anna, I saw the Buddha! And his
finger too. You won't believe it,
I mean, I can't believe it. But
Volodin knows, he showed me. So
I'm in the gang. It's crazy. It
wasn't a gun at all, it was a
cigarette lighter.

(ANNA tries to shut the
door, he keeps it open)
And it doesn't matter about the
job because look at the money
Volodin gave me!

PYOTR reaches into his pocket, pulls out a wad of notes,
some fall onto the floor, in the doorway. PYOTR leans over
to get them, falls, scrabbles about on the ground, picks
them up, gets to his feet, the door is shut.

PYOTR (CONT'D)

Anna! Anna!

PYOTR bangs on the door twice with the palm of his hand. On
the third bang on the door his hand goes through the wood
and disappears. PYOTR reels back, shocked. Then he launches
himself at the door again.

36 INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT 1991 - DAY

36

PYOTR falls through the door into a cupboard. He pauses,
momentarily undecided, then launches himself at the door.
It spills open.

37 INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT 1991 - DAY

37

Into bright sunlight. A bullet hits the wall near PYOTR's
head. He ducks, terrified. He realizes he is holding a gun.
Down the hall MAN ONE is holding ANNA. He pushes her away.
MAN TWO is firing his gun at PYOTR. PYOTR fires back at MAN
TWO instinctively. MAN ONE reaches for his gun. ANNA jumps
on his back, clawing at his face. MAN TWO carries on
firing. PYOTR charges toward MAN TWO, shooting him in the
chest. MAN TWO fires wildly as he goes down. PYOTR can hear
a WOMAN'S voice.

WOMAN

PYOTR VOYD, wake up! Wake up!

MAN ONE spins around and manages to throw ANNA off. When he
reaches for his gun, it is gone. MAN ONE looks up to see
ANNA rising from the floor, with his gun in her hand. ANNA
fires at MAN ONE hitting him squarely in the head.

He falls. ANNA's second bullet grazes PYOTR's arm. PYOTR whirls around and suddenly looks distraught. Suddenly the light fades out from the scene and PYOTR falls backwards.

38

INT. LUBYANKA PRISON 1991 - NIGHT

38

A nurse pushes a needle into PYOTR's as he jolts awake with a gasp. He is lying in a hospital bed. TIMUROVNA leans forward into the light from her seat at the side of the bed. She is not looking at PYOTR, but writing something in her notes.

TIMUROVNA

Do you know where you are?

PYOTR

No.

TIMUROVNA

You are in Lubyanka Prison. You are under arrest. Do you remember your name?

PYOTR thinks, trying to concentrate.

PYOTR

No.

TIMUROVNA

Your name is Pyotr Voyd. You may not remember clearly for a while. You have been in an induced coma. You have been dreaming, delirium caused by trauma.

TIMUROVNA shows PYOTR a photograph of VOLODIN.

TIMUROVNA (CONT'D)

Do you know who this is? Where you met?

PYOTR

No.

PYOTR blinks slowly. Behind TIMUROVNA is a man in a white coat, SMIRNOV. PYOTR is losing consciousness again.

SMIRNOV

I am Smirnov. Try to stay conscious. You have information we need that you are going to tell us. If you refuse, it will be very painful for you.

TIMUROVNA
Do you understand, Pyotr?

PYOTR
Yes. Where is Anna...Anna?

PYOTR lapses into unconsciousness. SMIRNOV looks to inject him again, but TIMUROVNA puts out an arm to stop him.

39 INT. LUBYANKA PRISON 1991 - NIGHT

39

PYOTR wakes. It is dark, and he is alone. He blinks, trying to gather his thoughts. From out of the shadows appears SMIRNOV. He pulls PYOTR up by the neck of his hospital gown, so his face is only inches away.

SMIRNOV
What have you done with it? Where
is the finger?

PYOTR blinks rapidly, confused.

PYOTR
What? I don't understand...

SMIRNOV throws PYOTR back down onto the bed.

SMIRNOV
You will understand and remember
everything. You're clever, Voyd,
but remember, when she has got
nowhere with you I will be
waiting. Cunt.

SMIRNOV stalks out. PYOTR has landed awkwardly on the edge of the bed when he was thrown back down. He is overbalancing. PYOTR waves his arms to keep balanced but he's too weak. As if in slow motion, he tumbles out of the bed. His head hits the floor and he blacks out.

40 EXT. INTERSECTION MOSCOW 1919 - NIGHT

40

PYOTR's unconscious face spasms in pain. PYOTR wakes up and finds himself on a deserted street again. It is dark. He gets up. At the end of the street, CHEKIST GUARDS appear. PYOTR moves away before one of them sees him. He stumbles away, around a corner and ducks into a doorway.

A HORSE DRAWN CARRIAGE passes by. PYOTR looks at it, remembering. He notes the electric street lamps have been replaced by GAS LAMPS. He down looks at his clothes, which are now typical of 1919.

CHEKIST GUARDS run past and PYOTR presses himself back into the shadows. A FIGURE walks past the doorway, stops and walks back to look at PYOTR, shivering in the shadows. FIGURE resembles SMIRNOV but is dressed in revolutionary Bolshevik black leather coat. PYOTR cowers back.

VORBLEI
Pyotr? Is that you?

PYOTR nods.

VORBLEI (CONT'D)
It's me, Vorblei.

PYOTR
I know.

VORBLEI
What's the matter with you?

Two CHEKIST GUARDS run past. PYOTR ducks back into the shadows.

VORBLEI (CONT'D)
Are you in trouble? Come.

Vorblei reaches into the doorway and takes PYOTR by the arm, pulling him out into the street. PYOTR hesitates, then goes with him. One block down is a large APARTMENT BUILDING, guarded by a CHEKIST SENTRY. VORBLEI barks at him and he stands aside.

41 INT. VORBLEI'S APARTMENT 1919 - NIGHT

41

VORBLEI and PYOTR enter a spacious apartment, which is very similar to Anna's Apartment in 1991 but newer and richer in details. VORBLEI's things lie around. On a table is a newspaper dated November 11, 1919 "Lenin Sends More Soldiers to Front"

PYOTR
1919? What is happening to me?

PYOTR turns to see VORBLEI properly for the first time. He is dressed from head to toe in black leather, with a Mauser Pistol in a holster at his hip. VORBLEI puts his BAG on the table. He produces a bottle of vodka and two cups and pours.

VORBLEI
It's warm. I hope you don't mind.
To you, my old friend.

VORBLEI downs his drink and eyes PYOTR.

VORBLEI (CONT'D)
What's wrong, Pyotr? You're
upset. Maybe I can help.

There is a knock at the door. PYOTR freezes as VORBLEI
answers it. VORBLEI opens the door on a CHEKIST COMMANDER.

COMMANDER
We have to search your apartment.

VORBLEI puts up his hand stopping him.

VORBLEI
No you don't.

Vorblei shows his papers to the COMMANDER.

COMMANDER
I apologize for the intrusion.

VORBLEI slams the door and turns back to PYOTR.

VORBLEI
So, Pyotr, what are you doing?

PYOTR
I think... I'm on the run.

VORBLEI
From whom? The Chekists?

PYOTR
From everybody.

VORBLEI removes his leather coat exposing an army shirt
underneath.

VORBLEI
I can help. I work for the Party
in the cultural line. Do you know
what "In the cultural line"
means?

PYOTR shakes his head.

PYOTR
Smirnov...I mean Vorblei.

VORBLEI interrupts by holding up his hand.

VORBLEI
I know what you're thinking.

PYOTR

Do you?

VORBLEI sits at the small table and gestures for PYOTR to sit down across from him.

VORBLEI

How does your old friend -
dramatist and critic, do so well?
Simple. I had a five-minute
telephone conversation with the
people who matter.

PYOTR

And so they gave you a gun,
papers and all this?

VORBLEI

It was a good conversation. So I
ask again, who are you running
from?

PYOTR

I don't know...everybody.

VORBLEI takes a sip of his vodka and studies PYOTR.

VORBLEI

You know whom I saw recently?
Professor Yagodsky, our old
Philosophy teacher. He sat on the
same chair you're sitting on,
dropping sweat and tears on the
carpet because his daughter got
into some trouble with the Cheka.
He begged me to help.

PYOTR

And...

VORBLEI

I made some inquiries. It was
nothing serious. They would've
let her go anyway. But he kept
thanking me...

(laughs)

I always thought he despised me,
to be honest with you.

VORBLEI's eyes fix on PYOTR.

VORBLEI (CONT'D)

Like you always did. But I don't
hold it against you.

(MORE)

VORBLEI (CONT'D)

Do you remember how you despised
me back then?

PYOTR

Vorblei, I have a confession. I
have only met you once before.
And your name was not Vorblei...
I don't know what is happening...
each time I close my eyes I
arrive at a different place.

VORBLEI

So close your eyes again. Go
ahead.

PYOTR hesitates, then closes his eyes.

VORBLEI (CONT'D)

Ask yourself a question if you
are still here. Why do I have
such an apartment, such
authority? What was that
telephone conversation about?

PYOTR opens his eyes. VORBLEI'S face is inches from his.

VORBLEI (CONT'D)

Death. I gave up theatre
criticism to be a dealer in
death. That's what I am now. And
I can make you say anything,
remember anything, betray
anyone....

PYOTR looks away.

PYOTR

You're not real, I don't believe
in you. I want to go back.

VORBLEI lunges at PYOTR, backhanding him across the face.
PYOTR falls to the floor, clutching his bloodied nose.
VORBLEI draws his gun.

VORBLEI

Stop playing the fool with me.
Put your hands on your head.
Where is your gun?

PYOTR looks at the blood on his hand.

PYOTR

I don't have a gun.

VORBLEI
You think I believe that?
(waving his gun)
Into the corridor! Keep your
hands up.

PYOTR gets up and walks into the corridor. VORBLEI takes PYOTR's jacket from the chair as he follows. He rifles through PYOTR's coat pockets one-handed while he keeps the Mauser aimed at his back.

VORBLEI (CONT'D)
Unlock the door and go into the
hall.

PYOTR
May I put my coat on first? It's
cold.

VORBLEI hesitates, then extends his arm with the coat on it and PYOTR takes it, starting to put his arm into one sleeve.

Suddenly PYOTR throws the coat over VORBLEI'S head, and pushes him to the floor. PYOTR finds VORBLEI'S neck and strangles him. VORBLEI struggles under the coat and fires the gun; bullets rip through the fabric and riddle the apartment door with holes. Then all is still. PYOTR pulls the coat off VORBLEI'S head to make sure that he's dead. He takes the gun.

PYOTR creeps to the front door and listens. He hears nothing. He finds VORBLEI'S bag and looks inside: arrest warrants, two gun clips, a large wad of American dollars. He pockets the money and clips. Then he opens a tin box to find a large stash of cocaine. PYOTR scoops a bit up and hungrily snorts it. He goes to the window and looks out. CHEKIST GUARDS are standing at the entrance to the building.

A MOMENT LATER

PYOTR is dragging VORBLEI'S corpse clothed only in underwear by the feet. He covers him with a blanket. PYOTR quickly dresses in VORBLEI'S uniform. He goes to the door to leave, opens it and to his shock, two sailors stand in the hallway. ZHERBUNOV, middle-aged and burly, sports a large moustache. BARBOLIN, is bug-eyed and anaemic. They don't seem to be the least bit fazed by the bullet holes in the door.

ZHERBUNOV
Vorblei? You're Vorblei?

PYOTR

Ah..Yes...

ZHERBUNOV

Oh... Zherbunov and Barbolin.

We are to accompany you and assist you in promoting the party line at the cultural action at the bourgeois café.

PYOTR

I won't be able to attend. Come back tomorrow.

They casually walk past PYOTR into the apartment

ZHERBUNOV

We can't do that. Here are your orders.

He hands PYOTR a folded note. PYOTR unfolds it and reads.

The sailors take seats around the table. The cocaine sits open between them.

BARBOLIN

Let's have a toot, shall we?

PYOTR

Uh, yeah, of course. Fuck it, why not?

PYOTR lays out three lines, then gives them each a dollar from the money pack in the bag. They roll the dollars up tight, lean forward and snort up the lines. PYOTR breathes deeply.

BARBOLIN & ZHERBUNOV

To the Revolution!

PYOTR

What? Oh, of course..To the Revolution!

ZHERBUNOV

Shall we go?

PYOTR

Yes, let's go!

Zherbunov and Barbolin share a questioning look about PYOTR. As they step out the door, PYOTR is surprised to see:

A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE suddenly appears in his arm. He begins to lose consciousness as space warps around him and transforms into...

42 INT. LUBYANKA PRISON 1991 - NIGHT

42

FADE UP. TIMUROVNA stands over the bed, looking down at him.

TIMUROVNA

Well now Pyotr, how did you get yourself in such a mess?

PYOTR

What mess am I in?

TIMUROVNA sighs.

TIMUROVNA

You are guilty of great crimes Pyotr, crimes that you have contrived to hide even from yourself. The details of these crimes must come to light before you can find peace. Do you understand?

PYOTR

No.

TIMUROVNA signals two ORDERLIES, who wheel a machine to the bed and begin attaching wires to PYOTR.

TIMUROVNA

It doesn't matter. I'm here to help you with that. Sonya, four cc's please.

SONYA, the Nurse, injects a cool blue fluid into PYOTR's arm. An ORDERLY puts a visor over PYOTR's eyes and headphones over his ears. TIMUROVNA speaks into a small microphone.

TIMUROVNA (CONT'D)

You have nothing to be afraid of. You are safe now. Let your eyes focus on the images and feel yourself at peace. Think back to your last memory Pyotr. Focus on it.

PYOTR'S POV: PYOTR seems to rapidly move through an abstract space, the background fades.

PYOTR (V/O)
 I'm in a apartment, it's early
 morning.. I'm looking at a woman
 lying in bed...

43 INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT 1991 DAWN

43

ANNA lies sprawled on the bed, her face still turned away,
 sleeping.

PYOTR (V/O)
 She is naked, beautiful, but I
 can't see her face.

Sudden LOUD KNOCKING on the door.

PYOTR (V/O) (CONT'D)
 (breathing heavier)
 I'm afraid...I'm afraid...

The surroundings begin to fade and they are replaced by:

44 INT. MUSICAL SNUFFBOX 1919 - EVENING

44

PYOTR, ZHERBUNOV and BARBOLIN are seated at a circular
 table in a smoky, crowded, dimly lit hall of a cabaret club.
 They take out a tin of cocaine and begin snorting.

ZHERBUNOV
 I hope we get to bust some heads
 tonight. These smart assed
 intellectual types are the ones
 that need to get their heads
 busted the most.

On stage, a play is being performed. The actors are half-
 drunk, as is the BAND at the side. Sitting at a table is a
 BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN in a military uniform. PYOTR's gaze
 fixes on her. She looks identical to ANNA: is it ANNA?
 PYOTR shakes his head as if trying to clear it. A WAITER
 arrives with a copper teapot. BARBOLIN takes out the tin of
 cocaine and starts stirring it into the tea.

BARBOLIN
 Baltic Tea. To the revolution!

PYOTR looks quizzically at BARBOLIN.

PYOTR
 To the Revolution!

PYOTR looks back towards ANNA. His eyes meet those of a man at her table wearing a military uniform and an upturned handlebar moustache. The man is aged 45 and roughly handsome. A CRASH from the stage. Two of the ACTORS have started fighting. The CROWD cheers them on.

ZHERBUNOV

This play is so bad, it must be a crime. When are we going to arrest someone?

PYOTR, nervous, takes a large pinch of cocaine.

PYOTR

Go to the front of the stage and wait there for my cue.

ZHERBUNOV

Finally, some action!

They walk down to the stage. ZHERBUNOV and BARBOLIN start arguing with the ACTORS. The audience laughs, thinking this is part of the show. Someone sits down at PYOTR'S table. He turns to look. It is the MAN who was sitting with ANNA. PYOTR looks for ANNA. She's not sitting at the table any more. The MAN looks at PYOTR with a smile.

CHAPAYEV

I am Chapayev! Vasily Chapayev of Kursk region. Do you recognize me?

PYOTR

No.

CHAPAYEV

Ah, well. Then, will you have a drink?

One of the ACTORS kicks out at ZHERBUNOV. A huge fight starts. Within moments half the Hall is involved, the other half are running for shelter. ANNA appears at the table with a bottle and two glasses. She pours a drink for PYOTR and CHAPAYEV. PYOTR watches her.

ANNA

You are Vorblei? My name is Anna.

PYOTR

Anna? Is it you?

She turns and walks towards the stage.

CHAPAYEV
Isn't she magnificent?

CHAPAYEV gestures with his chin at ANNA. PYOTR watches her walk to the side of the stage and stands behind a THEREMIN and begin to play. The unearthly music swirls. ANNA moves sensuously as she plays. People are too busy fighting to notice. The fight spills onto the stage. ANNA is surrounded by fighting men. PYOTR starts up, to go and help her. CHAPAYEV'S HAND against his chest stops him.

CHAPAYEV (CONT'D)
What can you possibly do, against
so many?

PYOTR sits back, confused. He looks at CHAPAYEV, who pats his inside pocket in signal. PYOTR reaches into his own pocket and finds his poetry book is there. He looks up at CHAPAYEV, confused.

CHAPAYEV (CONT'D)
What she offers is not so easily
won. Trust yourself.

PYOTR makes a decision, he looks at ANNA and walks over to the stage, jumps on it, takes the pistol from his belt and raises it to the ceiling. As he clears his throat the gun goes off surprising also himself. The fighting stops. He has the room's attention. ANNA keeps playing the Theremin. The CROWD notices ANNA now and then PYOTR.

PYOTR
Until today, I've been a poet.
But the working man does not need
words when there are bullets!

PYOTR fires his gun in the air startling the crowd.

PYOTR (CONT'D)
He need not envy the scholar when
there are bullets.

PYOTR fires his gun again and this time the CROWD cheers. ZHERBUNOV and BARBOLIN are moved and riveted by the speech.

PYOTR (CONT'D)
He need not sell his daughters
when there are bullets. He need
not crawl when there are bullets.

More cheering. ANNA seems lost in herself, her music.

PYOTR (CONT'D)
I have no more words, but my gun
is fully loaded!

PYOTR attempts to shoot the chandelier down, but then his
gun clicks empty. The Crowd laughs a little.

ZHERBUNOV
Don't worry Comrade Vorblei. I am
with you!

ZHERBUNOV machine guns the Chandelier and it crashes down.
BARBOLIN joins in. Chaos ensues. PYOTR looks to the side of
the stage. CHAPAYEV is there. He pulls a lever and the
curtain falls, separating himself and ANNA from the crowd.
PYOTR pulls the curtain back but they are gone.

45 EXT. MUSICAL SNUFFBOX 1919 - NIGHT

45

PYOTR sees ANNA and CHAPAYEV entering an ARMORED CAR.

PYOTR
Chapayev?

CHAPAYEV turns to look at PYOTR.

PYOTR (CONT'D)
I am...

CHAPAYEV
Vorblei. I know who you call
yourself.

CHAPAYEV'S eyes twinkle mischievously.

PYOTR
That wasn't me. Not me. I don't
know who I am or what I'm doing
here.

CHAPAYEV
Then you are to be congratulated.

CHAPAYEV moves to get into the ARMORED CAR.

PYOTR
Why?

CHAPAYEV
Because a man who does not know
who he is cannot know what action
to take.

(MORE)

CHAPAYEV (CONT'D)
 Yet you still took action. That
 takes courage. Good evening.

CHAPAYEV gets into the CAR and it moves off. ZHERBUNOV
 comes out of the Cabaret Club behind him.

ZHERBUNOV
 I didn't really understand you at
 first, but you're a good 'un.
 That was a fine speech you gave.

PYOTR
 Do you know that woman with
 Chapayev?

ZHERBUNOV
 Women? Don't worry comrade, we
 will take care of that.

46 INT. VORBLEI'S APT 1919 - NIGHT

46

Bottles, ashtrays and clothes are strewn around the
 apartment. ZHERBUNOV lies sleeping on the rug, covered by
 blankets, in the arms of two SHOWGIRLS. BARBOLIN is
 cuddling another girl in the corner. Through into the
 bedroom PYOTR lies naked, half-stoned, on a huge bed as a
 SHOWGIRL leans into kiss him.

GIRL
 Pyotr, Pyotr....

PYOTR opens his eyes and looks up at the girl's face. It is
 the face of TIMUROVNA.

47 INT. LUBYANKA PRISON 1991 - DAY

47

TIMUROVNA stands over PYOTR as he regains consciousness, a
 nurse withdraws a hypodermic needle from his arm. SMIRNOV
 hovers in the background.

TIMUROVNA
 Pyotr, it appears that you prefer
 to exist within an elaborate
 fantasy of the Russian
 Revolution, than deal with your
 present crimes.

PYOTR
 I don't understand. How can it
 not be real?

TIMUROVNA

Your mind has caused you to forget everything that might connect you emotionally to this world. But soon neither world will be for you if you keep this up. Major Smirnov will make sure of that. Pyotr, we offer you release, just talk and remember.

PYOTR

I want to remember what is real. I really do.

TIMUROVNA

Then you are making progress.

TIMUROVNA signals the Orderlies to take PYOTR away.

MAJOR SMIRNOV

I don't understand your methods Timurovna. All I'm hearing is meaningless drivel.

TIMUROVNA

Yes, but you don't understand my methods. Voyd is in a very fragile state: unless we proceed carefully, he may well suffer a mental breakdown from which we will never recover.

MAJOR SMIRNOV

There is only now to move against the government we must have the Finger soon! Are you sure he is the one?

TIMUROVNA

Yes.

MAJOR SMIRNOV

I will satisfy my curiosity with the others if you have no objection.

TIMUROVNA

No, Major Smirnov, have your fun.

48

INT. LUBYANKA CELL 1991 - NIGHT

48

PYOTR wakes to find himself in a cell. SHURIK and KOLYAN are staring at him, SHURIK is trembling with anger. Both have been. KOLYAN weeps silently.

PYOTR

Shurik! Kolyan! What are you doing here?

SHURIK

You tell us. They're torturing the crap out of us while you're treated like their pet.

PYOTR

Shurik, I don't know why they're doing this to me. I wouldn't lie to you.

KOLYAN

You sack of shit! Look what they've done to my face!

KOLYAN lunges at PYOTR, tackling him to the ground. KOLYAN quickly has him in a choke hold.

VOLODIN

Kolyan! Stop.

VOLODIN is in the corner, looking worse than any of them. But his eyes are bright and his voice strong. KOLYAN stops.

PYOTR

Volodin, I don't know what they want from me. I wish I could remember but I don't.

VOLODIN

You know something Pyotr, deep inside. That's why they are paying you so much attention. So you had to play your cards right. Come, sit with me.

VOLODIN leans back against the wall. PYOTR moves painfully to sit next to VOLODIN. Both men lean back, eyes closed. VOLODIN'S hand pats PYOTR'S thigh reassuringly.

49

INT. SUV. 1991 - DAY

49

VOLODIN, PYOTR, SHURIK and KOLYAN sit in the SUV, parked near ANNA as she sets up the kiosk. SHURIK and KOLYAN are in the back.

PYOTR

ANNA liked me better as a poor poet.

VOLODIN

Women always say things like that. But watch how they treat you when your pocket is empty. We do what we must, otherwise we are not men. She will come to understand.

SHURIK leans in to nudge PYOTR, trying to cheer him up.

SHURIK

What's wrong with you Pyotr? Why can't you keep her happy?

KOLYAN

You fuck her enough?

SHURIK

When they fuck, they don't fuck because it isn't fucking anyhow, it's making love. He's a poet, and poets don't fuck.

KOLYAN cackles happily. PYOTR looks at VOLODIN.

VOLODIN

Guys, go stretch your legs.

KOLYAN and SHURIK get out of the SUV.

VOLODIN (CONT'D)

There is a job today. Shurik always gets hyper like this before a job, but he comes through.

PYOTR

Is the job dangerous?

VOLODIN

We are going to meet the Mongolian. He has the Buddha's finger, or so he says.

PYOTR
That wasn't the question I asked.

VOLODIN
I promise that you won't die
today. That enough?

He grins at PYOTR.

VOLODIN (CONT'D)
If he has the finger, and you can
make it work, what shall we do?
What would you do with a weapon
that could change history?

PYOTR
Seriously?

VOLODIN
Seriously.

PYOTR thinks for a long time.

PYOTR
Nothing.

VOLODIN slaps the steering wheel in delight.

VOLODIN
I knew you would say that! Why?

PYOTR
If you change history would it be
any less tragic? Can you change
the nature of men? Can the finger
make Anna accept who I am?

PYOTR watches ANNA start closing up her kiosk. The wind
presses her dress against her body.

PYOTR (CONT'D)
And if she did, how could I
accept that, knowing it was only
because some mythical finger made
it happen?

There is a long pause. PYOTR settles down into his seat.

VOLODIN
The finger is real. I believe it
exists. When we have it in our
hands we will be on a line
connecting us to the Buddha.
(MORE)

VOLODIN (CONT'D)
And then if life makes sense, I
will understand why.

PYOTR laughs.

PYOTR
Volodin, you sound like a
believer.

VOLODIN
I believe in two things. Money
and power, and I have always been
able to find both. There is a
reason why that is so. The
finger. Now I want what is
beyond, and yes, I believe there
is more.

VOLODIN watches SHURIK and KOLYAN joking about by the SUV.

VOLODIN (CONT'D)
I believe in the finger, but the
finger chooses its owner, this is
what the Mongolian told me. So I
found you. Did you think our
meeting was an accident?

ANNA appears from the kiosk, wearing her coat. She locks
the kiosk and walks away. VOLODIN knocks on the window to
get SHURIK and KOLYAN'S attention and they jump into the
SUV.

50 INT. CHAI CAFE 1991 - DAY

50

The cafe is full of young people attending a political
meeting. PYOTR and VOLODIN come in at the back. ANNA sits
near the front, intently watching the speaker and
occasionally speaking to the group. PYOTR watches her. She
looks radiant and passionate. ANNA looks around and sees
PYOTR watching her. She turns away. VOLODIN looks at the
crowds around him.

VOLODIN
Do you have a cigarette?

PYOTR
Here.

He passes a cigarette to VOLODIN, who lights it for him.
VOLODIN takes a long drag and exhales. He indicates the
crowd.

VOLODIN
Look at these moths.

PYOTR
What?

VOLODIN
Moths fly round and round a flame
knowing it will kill them if they
fly into it. Yet they always do.
They believe in the flame.

PYOTR watches ANNA.

PYOTR
Let's go. Let's find your
Mongolian.

51 EXT. MOSCOW BATH-HOUSE 1991 - SUNSET. 51

THE SUV sits parked discreetly in some trees near an old
bath-house. It is getting dark.

52 INT. SUV. 1991 - NIGHT 52

VOLODIN, KOLYAN, SHURIK and PYOTR sit in the SUV waiting.
They have been there for hours.

SHURIK
He's not coming.

VOLODIN
Shurik, do you have no belief in
the possibility of progress
through the goodness of others?
Like our friend Pyotr?

VOLODIN looks at PYOTR. He is sleeping.

KOLYAN
Boss, since you met Pyotr you've
started talking shit far too
often.

VOLODIN laughs and starts the engine. PYOTR shifts in his
seat, he is dreaming.

53 INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT 1991 - DAWN 53

PYOTR looks at ANNA's body as it stretches away from him. She turns slightly in her sleep. PYOTR hears a light tapping, getting louder and louder...

54 INT. PRISON HOSPITAL 1991 - NIGHT 54

TIMUROVNA bends over PYOTR. She has a syringe in her hand.

TIMUROVNA

Pyotr, you are doing well, but you must stop thinking about Anna. It is counter-productive. Tell me about Volodin.

PYOTR

Anna...where is she?

TIMUROVNA

That is not the question. What happened with Volodin? And the Mongolian?

PYOTR becomes agitated.

PYOTR

Anna!...Anna!

PYOTR struggles in the bed and sees for the first time the restraining straps which tie him to the bed. He looks up to see an orderly approaching with another syringe. He thrashes wildly and suddenly starts to have a fit. His eyes roll back in his head. He blacks out.

55 INT. LUBYANKA CORRIDOR 1991 - NIGHT 55

PYOTR is asleep as he is wheeled through the halls. He seems to be snoring the tune of MOZART'S FUGUE IN F MINOR until...

56 INT. VORBLEI'S APARTMENT 1919 - DAY 56

PYOTR awakes and realizes the music is being played on a piano somewhere in the apartment.

PYOTR creeps through the apartment, past the sleeping bodies of ZHERBUNOV, BARBOLIN and the SHOWGIRLS. Looking at the wall, he pulls down a cross to hold as a weapon. Then, he takes a gun from ZHERBUNOV.

He tiptoes into the Music Room to find CHAPAYEV, with his back to the door, playing the Mozart Fugue expertly on the piano.

CHAPAYEV

I could never understand why God should manifest himself to people in the form of a human body. Why not in a melody? A beautiful song that one would listen to over and over again, forever?

PYOTR looks down at the crucifix and gun in his hand and feeling a bit ridiculous, puts them down. Then he notices VORBLEI'S legs sticking out from their hiding place.

PYOTR

General Chapayev. What are you doing here?

CHAPAYEV

Attempting to play a very difficult piece of music. Your friend here is unimpressed.

CHAPAYEV indicates the body. He stops playing.

CHAPAYEV (CONT'D)

No need to explain. I'm here for more important reasons than that. Your performance yesterday was very impressive.

PYOTR

Thank you.

CHAPAYEV

Vorblei, I want you to conduct the political work in my unit.

PYOTR

I'm flattered....but it's not possible.

CHAPAYEV

Is it Grigory or Pyotr? I heard your sailor friends calling you Pyotr.

PYOTR

Grigory is a party pseudonym. I prefer Pyotr, yes.

CHAPAYEV nods politely and takes his sabre and astrakhan hat from off of the piano.

CHAPAYEV

Okay then. We mustn't miss our train. Do you have many things to pack?

PYOTR

You don't understand. I don't want to go. I don't want to fight your war, I don't believe in it.

CHAPAYEV

Pyotr, although your performance last night was an inspired sham, there was real feeling behind the words you spoke, and there was real anger when you fired your pistol. That truthfulness is what I require.

PYOTR

I'm sorry to disappoint you.

CHAPAYEV

Yes. Well that is unfortunate. Good bye then.

CHAPAYEV walks toward the door, he turns around.

CHAPAYEV (CONT'D)

Whatever you decide to do Pyotr. I wouldn't wait. Look outside.

CHAPAYEV exits. PYOTR goes to the balcony and looks down. He sees two CHEKIST SOLDIERS looking up at the window. ONE SOLDIER fires his rifle at him. The bullet smacks into the window frame by PYOTR'S head. He ducks down....

57

INT. VORBLEI'S APARTMENT 1919 - DAY.

57

..and wakes up in bed, woken by a banging noise. There is a sleeping SHOWGIRL next to him. There is no sign of CHAPAYEV. PYOTR gets up, creeps through the apartment past the sleeping bodies of ZHERBUNOV, BARBOLIN and the SHOWGIRLS. He looks into the music room, which is empty. The window is open and banging in the breeze. This was the noise which woke him. PYOTR hurries out.

58 EXT. STREET 1919 - DAY

58

PYOTR rushes out of the apartment building and runs down the street. CHECKIST SOLDIERS call after him to stop, but he's running now and is around the corner before they can do anything. He sprints down streets, running hard. Looking down an alley, he sees the ARMORED CAR on a parallel road. He sprints after it.

59 EXT. TRAIN STATION 1919 - DAY

59

At the station, a Regiment is loading onto trains for the journey to the front. The ARMORED CAR pulls up in front of the station. CHAPAYEV and ANNA get out. PYOTR sprints up to them, out of breath.

PYOTR

I'm here. I've changed my mind.
I'll join you.

CHAPAYEV

My dear Vorblei -

PYOTR cuts across him.

PYOTR

I'm not really Vorblei.

CHAPAYEV smiles.

CHAPAYEV

Yes. You are whoever you say you are. However, why should we want you to join us?

ANNA

What use are you to us?

PYOTR struggles to understand.

PYOTR

But you asked me to join you!

CHAPAYEV

Did I? When?

PYOTR

In my - Vorblei's - room...before
I woke up...when...

PYOTR tails off. CHAPAYEV puts his arm around PYOTR'S shoulders.

CHAPAYEV

My dear Petka - can I call you that? My dear Petka, what on earth do you think the revolution can do with a poet? What possible use can a man like you be to a man like me?

PYOTR is nonplussed. Chapayev looks at him fondly, the bursts out laughing and slaps PYOTR on the back.

CHAPAYEV (CONT'D)

So serious Petka, so serious! If you want to be a poet at war, then so you shall be. This is your chance for glory!

CHAPAYEV points PYOTR forward. In the station, a huge crowd of OFFICERS and MEN await. There is a wooden platform with MILITARY MEN on it. ANNA is there, dressed in military uniform. CHAPAYEV leads PYOTR onto the platform, then silences the crowd with a wave.

CHAPAYEV (CONT'D)

Now boys, you all know what we're here for...!

The crowd leans forward as one to hear his words.

CHAPAYEV (CONT'D)

The fight you've been waiting for your whole life is in front of you now. You're hungry for it. Well, soon you will be down at the front and you will be able to finally have your belly full!

Someone tugs on PYOTR's sleeve. PYOTR turns. A FEMALE OFFICER stands looking at him. PYOTR is dumbstruck. It is TIMUROVNA.

TIMUROVNA

I am Timurovna, Co-Commissar with the Weavers' regiment. You are Vorblei?

PYOTR

Yes.

TIMUROVNA

So you're with Chapayev? From what I've heard of you, I'm surprised.

PYOTR is saved as a great cheer goes up from the crowd, as CHAPAYEV finishes his speech. He turns to PYOTR. ANNA looks into PYOTR's eyes.

CHAPAYEV

Your turn, Petka. Now we shall see how good a poet you really are.

PYOTR is shocked that he has to speak. For a moment he looks panicked. He looks out at the large, scruffy crowd. Silence. He clears his throat and they lean closer.

PYOTR

You are all being deceived!

From the crowd, a collective "huh?!" Behind him, TIMUROVNA throws CHAPAYEV a nervous glance. CHAPAYEV is unfazed.

PYOTR (CONT'D)

You are living... breathing... human... beings and soon you could be dead. I know you are ready to die. But what are you going to die for? Revolution? That red-eyed blood-hungry bitch... That's what she is to our enemies. And to us, comrades? But who is she to us?

(he holds a pause)

Well, I can tell you about myself. Revolution is my... whore.

PYOTR finds himself resting his eyes on ANNA.

The crowd cheers. They recognize this as an acceptable speech now. ANNA turns her head.

PYOTR closes his eyes.

PYOTR (CONT'D)

Yes. And what else? She's my Mother! And what else? She's my Sister! Revolution, she's not high born. She's not well mannered. She is not chaste...

(quiet and still)

But, comrades, oh, is she hot!

There is laughter in the crowd for a moment and then the square resounds with cheering and hurrahs. PYOTR looks at the cheering crowd with surprise.

He swells up to fill his uniform. CHAPAYEV smiles at him and gives PYOTR a fatherly pat on the back.

CHAPAYEV

So now you are a fellow-traveller. Come.

60 INT. TRAIN 1919 - DAY

60

CHAPAYEV and PYOTR walk down the train. PYOTR is excited.

PYOTR

That crowd was so alive. I could feel their cheers like they were hands on my skin.

CHAPAYEV

They believed in the words you were saying.

PYOTR

I don't know where they came from.

CHAPAYEV

Follow your instincts, it is the key to leadership. Remember that when we get to the front.

PYOTR

The front? Isn't there fighting going on there?

CHAPAYEV

Yes Pyotr, that is why we're going. We have a revolution to secure.

CHAPAYEV opens the door into the next carriage, a plush dining car. PYOTR sees ANNA sit at a table.

61 INT. DINING CAR 1919 - DAY

61

CHAPAYEV ushers PYOTR into the dining car.

CHAPAYEV

As we are comrades now, I should introduce you formally. Anna, this is Pyotr. Pyotr, Anna.

ANNA smiles sarcastically and inclines her head to PYOTR.

PYOTR
We've met before...of course. Are
you here to entertain the
soldiers?

ANNA
I thought that was your job.

CHAPAYEV smiles.

CHAPAYEV
Anna is a magnificent machine-
gunner. Beware of irritating
her...

PYOTR
I'm sorry.

CHAPAYEV
Well, shall we eat?

The three sit down at the table. It is set for four.

ANNA
You're staring.

PYOTR
I'm sorry. It's just that I can't
imagine you trying to kill
anyone.

ANNA exchanges a secret look with CHAPAYEV.

ANNA
You'll see it happen soon
enough...when we get to where
we're going.

PYOTR
Where are we going?

Before CHAPAYEV can answer, TIMUROVNA enters. CHAPAYEV
stands and holds the back of her seat as she takes the
fourth place at the table.

TIMUROVNA
An interesting speech Vorblei. It
wasn't quite what I expected,
based on your reputation.

CHAPAYEV
It was however what I expected.

TIMUROVNA smiles politely. But she keeps her eyes on PYOTR the whole time.

TIMUROVNA

I saw you speak once, a long time ago. Your style is quite different now. You look different too. Why is that? We spoke, briefly, do you remember?

PYOTR looks straight into TIMUROVNA'S eyes.

PYOTR

If we had met before, comrade, I would remember. You are a stranger to me, I am sure of it.

62

INT. PRISON HOSPITAL 1991 - NIGHT

62

PYOTR weeps as TIMUROVNA wheels her chair close to PYOTR, who is still attached to the machine.

TIMUROVNA

Do you want to know what happened to Anna?

PYOTR

Yes.

TIMUROVNA

Remember her for me.

PYOTR turns his face away from TIMUROVNA and looks at the wall. As PYOTR looks, the wall becomes transparent and PYOTR is looking into ANNA'S BEDROOM in the early dawn light. PYOTR watches himself slide on ANNA'S nakedness, kiss her on her thigh and on her belly. TIMUROVNA'S face appears right next to PYOTR'S as he watches.

TIMUROVNA (CONT'D)

Tell me about the Buddha's finger or you will never see her again.

PYOTR turns his head away from the wall and ANNA'S ROOM disappears. TIMUROVNA looks at him. It becomes clear PYOTR is going to say nothing. SMIRNOV is standing to one side. He steps forward and injects a cool blue fluid into PYOTR'S arm. PYOTR slowly relaxes back into a dreamlike state.

63 INT. TRAIN, DINING CAR 1919 - DAY

63

PYOTR has been dozing. He wakes to see ANNA sitting, smoking a cigarette, watching him.

ANNA

Good afternoon. Will you have tea?

ANNA passes him a cup. PYOTR takes it to the samovar that sits behind ANNA. Standing behind ANNA he reaches out to stroke her hair. ANNA looks straight ahead.

ANNA (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

PYOTR

I'm sorry, I thought I might be dreaming. Forgive me.

ANNA

You're not dreaming. I'm real enough.

PYOTR

Anna, tell me the truth....

ANNA interrupts PYOTR.

ANNA

Could you pass me another cigarette?

PYOTR reaches for ANNA's silver cigarette case on the table in front of her. It seems familiar. PYOTR looks at the case, trying to remember something...The carriage swirls around him and he blinks hard, shaking his head

TIMUROVNA (O.S)

Vorblei... Vorblei...

PYOTR turns around, startled that he is still in 1919. Commissar TIMUROVNA is standing next to him.

TIMUROVNA (CONT'D)

It seems that Chapayev has a fondness for rogues and impostors.

PYOTR turns away from her.

TIMUROVNA (CONT'D)
As supervising officer of the
weavers' brigade, I received a
communication that they found the
corpse of some Cossack rotting in
your apartment.

PYOTR turns quickly and puts his face close to hers.

PYOTR
You think you know me, don't you?
You think you know who I really
am. You don't.

TIMUROVNA is intimidated. She steps back. Suddenly, there
is an EXPLOSION. A large hole is blasted into the carriage.
ANNA is blown to the ground. POTYR rushes to help her up.
Her tunic is torn.

ANNA
I'm fine. Let me go.

CHAPAYEV gallops up to the train on his horse, dismounts
and strides into the wreckage. He grabs PYOTR by the arm.

CHAPAYEV
Today I think we will meet our
new destiny. Come, we are having
a little meeting.

PYOTR
We are under attack!

CHAPAYEV
All the more reason. The whites
are positioned over the ridge.
They have the high ground, but
they can still be outflanked.

CHAPAYEV points to the hillside surrounding them.

CHAPAYEV (CONT'D)
I will lead the first regiment
with the machine gun. They will
split ranks to surround us. Anna,
you take the Weavers around their
right flank. Pyotr, the third
battalion to their left.

PYOTR
I don't know anything about
fighting!

CHAPAYEV looks at PYOTR.

CHAPAYEV

I have every faith that you will
find faith in yourself.

CHAPAYEV finds a bottle of vodka and pours shots around.

CHAPAYEV (CONT'D)

We reinvent ourselves today. We
reinvent our country. To freedom.

64

EXT. TRAIN 1919 - DAY

64

CHAPAYEV mounts a magnificent stallion. ANNA strides out fearlessly towards her men. She mounts her horse and turns to face the cavalry behind her.

ANNA

Let us trample fear beneath the
feet of our Horses! Let's ride to
victory!

PYOTR turns and awkwardly mounts his SMALL HORSE and rides up to ANNA.

PYOTR

Anna, wait!

ANNA turns.

PYOTR (CONT'D)

Tell me.

ANNA looks down, away from PYOTR. When she looks back up her eyes are soft and sad.

ANNA

Pyotr, I know who you are.

She rides off, rallying her men. PYOTR stares, absorbing what he said. Then he grins, wheels his horse and rides up to his WEAVERS.

PYOTR

Victory, that sultry whore, is
wet and waiting just beyond those
hills. Anyone who wants a taste,
follow me!

The men cheer. PYOTR raises his arm and leads the Weavers in a charge down the centre of the field as cannon shells explode around him. ANNA rides back to CHAPAYEV, and they watch him go.

ANNA

What's he doing? Who is he trying
to impress? It's madness!

CHAPAYEV smiles slowly.

CHAPAYEV

Yes it is, isn't it?

CHAPAYEV turns to his men and raises his sabre.

CHAPAYEV (CONT'D)

CHARGE! Follow the Weavers!

PYOTR gallops down the field and disappears into a volley
of explosions and smoke, followed by CHAPAYEV and his men,
followed by ANNA and hers.

FADE TO WHITE:

65

INT. LUBYANKA PRISON 1991 - NIGHT

65

FADE UP: PYOTR smiles to himself. Then cuts his smile off
as he sees TIMUROVNA and SMIRNOV studying him.

TIMUROVNA

Pyotr, Anna is from your life
here.

PYOTR

Yes...

TIMUROVNA

And you love her.

PYOTR

I've always loved her.

SMIRNOV

So why do you choose to forget
her in favour of a 1919 fantasy?

PYOTR

Maybe it is this place that isn't
real.

SMIRNOV

You know that isn't true. In
reality you are not a officer, or
a hero. You're a bad poet and a
petty gangster.

TIMUROVNA
You need to cooperate with me
Pyotr...otherwise...

PYOTR
I want to cooperate.

TIMUROVNA
Then focus your mind. Two days
ago you met your friends.

PYOTR
Yes...

PYOTR slowly drifts into a semi-conscious state. Still strapped to the machine, he begins to breathe heavily and shake.

66 EXT. NOVY ARBAT BOULEVARD 1991 - DAY

66

The SUV parks. PYOTR gets out and walks over to find ANNA. She is in her kiosk, reading a book.

PYOTR
Pack of Marlboro's.

Without looking up she puts a pack of cigarettes on the counter. PYOTR lifts the book and reads the cover.

PYOTR (CONT'D)
Limonov. Is that what we get for
freedom? Banned books from
perverts corrupted by the west?

ANNA
Yes, that's the trouble with
freedom. People actually begin to
read what they want. And say what
they feel. You know, like some
poets used to.

PYOTR takes ANNA's face in his hand and lifts her chin and looks into her eyes.

ANNA (CONT'D)
How you gonna pay for those
cigarettes? Are you a pimp yet?

PYOTR lets go. She goes back to reading her book.

PYOTR
Come out with me tonight.

ANNA

And hang out with your friends
while they snort cocaine and
fondle strippers?

PYOTR

They're not that bad... It's just
business with them...but that's
not what I mean.

ANNA

Don't you think you're taking
this too far now? You're not a
gangster, Pyotr.

PYOTR

You don't know anything about me.
I could be anybody, anything.

ANNA looks up at him for the first time.

ANNA

You are playing at being a
gangster, Pyotr, and I won't be
with you while you do. I've read
your poetry. When you wrote that,
you believed in something.

PYOTR

I love you. I thought the things
I could do might matter. I was
blind. Nothing will change. Not
in this country.

ANNA

So I must be blind too.

PYOTR

You want me to be an idealistic
poet who can't get enough money
to eat? To live? No? Then who do
you want me to be? Who?

ANNA

I can't help you. You have to
decide.

At the SUV VOLODIN slides down the driver's window. He
waves PYOTR over. PYOTR walks away from the kiosk.

PYOTR walks up to VOLODIN's window.

VOLODIN
I told the Mongolian about you.
You will meet him tonight.

PYOTR
And the finger? He says he has
it?

VOLODIN
Yes.

VOLODIN looks back to the kiosk.

VOLODIN (CONT'D)
Ideals. Poetry. Books. Job.
Girlfriend. All gone. If the
finger is choosing you, it's
making sure it starts with a
clean slate. Get in.

VOLODIN grins. PYOTR isn't happy, but he walks around to
the passenger side and gets into the car.

68 INT. BACKROOM OF NIGHTCLUB 1991 - EVENING

68

SHURIK sits at a table stripping down and cleaning guns. He
is wired, giggling and mumbling. KOLYAN plays with a semi-
naked STRIPPER. PYOTR sits drinking, brooding. Another
STRIPPER is leaning against the wall. PYOTR waves her over.

PYOTR
Dance for me.

The STRIPPER begins a lap-dance. PYOTR watches her idly.
KOLYAN offers a line of coke to PYOTR, who sucks it up.
VOLODIN is watching PYOTR carefully. PYOTR leans back. The
room rotates, colors blur. The LAP DANCING STRIPPER looks
like ANNA momentarily. VOLODIN's face looms, and one of his
hands strokes PYOTR'S cheek while the other pries the glass
from PYOTR'S grip. ANNA's face leans forward again..

TIMUROVNA (V/O)
Voyd! That is enough!

69 INT. LUBYANKA PRISON 1991 - NIGHT

69

PYOTR wakes, blinking hard.

TIMUROVNA
Stop avoiding the truth. We need
to know about the meeting.

SMIRNOV looks on, unable to hide his feelings.

SMIRNOV

Major Timurovna, give Voyd to me.
I have seen enough. This is
wasting time.

TIMUROVNA stands and turns to face SMIRNOV.

TIMUROVNA

This is the only way to recover
the weapon. Remember who is the
senior officer here.

SMIRNOV

Major, this rests squarely on
your shoulders, sink or swim.

TIMUROVNA

If it fails, we sink in the same
river, you and I.

SMIRNOV scowls, turns and exits. TIMUROVNA turns back to
PYOTR who is watching her. TIMUROVNA composes herself.

TIMUROVNA (CONT'D)

Now Pyotr, remember the meeting,
we'll start there.

PYOTR

I don't think so, Major. I don't
think I want to remember anything
any more.

TIMUROVNA stares at PYOTR, her jaw tightening. She lashes
out with her hand, knocking PYOTR unconscious.

70

INT. LUBYANKA CELL 1991 - NIGHT

70

PYOTR is wheeled in unconscious and dumped on his bed.
VOLODIN, SHURIK and KOLYAN look beat up. As the guards
leave VOLODIN holds KOLYAN back, but he manages to kick
PYOTR very hard in the stomach.

VOLODIN

Let him sleep.

While sleeping, PYOTR smiles.

71 INT. MANOR HOUSE 1919 - DAY

71

ANNA sits at PYOTR's bedside. ANNA comes slowly into focus. PYOTR reaches up and puts his hand against her cheek.

PYOTR

Anna... Why is it suddenly summer? All I remember is being on the train... with you.

ANNA

That was three months ago. You were in a coma.

ANNA traces a long scar across his head with her finger.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Their numbers were greater than we thought. They would have wiped us all out. But, you were fearless. You saved our lives, Pyotr.

PYOTR

I was foolish. But you said you knew who I was. You and I were intimate in another life. You feel that intimacy too?

ANNA takes her hand away from his head.

ANNA

You awaken feelings in me that I do not understand. How can we have had another life? How can we have known each other before?

PYOTR

But you feel you know me. If so, do you love me? Answer.

ANNA

What I feel has no place in this time, in this world. Perhaps in this other life we could talk of love. But not here.

PYOTR is hurt.

PYOTR

If this world is an illusion, I would rather stay in it than return.

ANNA leans forward and kisses him. PYOTR wants more, but she stands.

ANNA
And if this world is an illusion
there is another Anna left behind
elsewhere?

ANNA wipes her eyes quickly, embarrassed, and stands up.

ANNA (CONT'D)
For me it is not an illusion.

ANNA hurries out of the room. PYOTR gets out of bed. On a chair his uniform waits for him. On the desk lies a sabre. PYOTR takes the sabre out and reads the inscription. "To Pyotr Voyd, for Valor".

72 EXT. MANOR HOUSE 1919 - DAY

72

PYOTR, smart in his uniform, steps out of the house. He is stopped by the sound of applause. PYOTR looks up to see CHAPAYEV and the entire regiment applauding him. PYOTR's eyes well up with tears. CHAPAYEV walks up to him.

CHAPAYEV
A fine sentiment, but that is all
it is, sentiment.

73 INT. LUBYANKA CELL 1991 - NIGHT

73

PYOTR wakes as TWO ORDERLIES struggle to carry KOLYAN away. VOLODIN sits by PYOTR, his arm draped around him.

KOLYAN
NOOO! Why are you taking me? I
don't know anything.

SHURIK
He doesn't know anything. It's
that shit over there you want.

He is pointing at PYOTR.

VOLODIN
Smirnov doesn't give a shit about
what went down. He doesn't care
who died. Remember what happened,
what really happened, because
it's important.

PYOTR
I swear, I don't remember
anything. Do you think I want you
guys put through all this shit?

SMIRNOV enters the cell. VOLODIN embraces PYOTR.

VOLODIN
Don't worry about me Pyotr. I am
an immortal. Like the Buddha, in
touch with the eternal high,
approaching paradise. Trust what
you know, my friend.

VOLODIN smiles as he turns away from PYOTR to SMIRNOV.

VOLODIN (CONT'D)
Take me now.

74 INT. LUBYANKA PRISON 1991 - NIGHT

74

TIMUROVNA
Your friend is fine for the
moment. If you cooperate you they
will all leave here in one piece.
If you do not...

PYOTR
So let's get on with it.

PYOTR is strapped into the Machine and injected again.

75 INT. SUV 1991 - NIGHT

75

VOLODIN and PYOTR are in the front. SHURIK and KOLYAN in
the back. Going to meet the MONGOLIAN. PYOTR is listless.

VOLODIN
Where's the piece I gave you?

PYOTR
I thought you were joking. I left
it under the seat.

VOLODIN
Pyotr, we're businessmen, we
don't kill for fun. Shurik, pass
me a piece.

SHURIK passes a pistol forward. VOLODIN passes it to PYOTR.

VOLODIN (CONT'D)
 You don't get what you want by
 killing people. Not often anyway.
 These are for show and just in
 case. I'm not the only one who
 wants the Finger, you know.

VOLODIN grins at PYOTR.

VOLODIN (CONT'D)
 We are everywhere.

PYOTR's face doesn't crack. VOLODIN loses patience.

VOLODIN (CONT'D)
 Fuck it. Alright.

VOLODIN spins the wheel and the SUV makes a screaming u-
 turn.

76 EXT. MOSCOW STREETS 1991 - NIGHT 76

The SUV races through Moscow Streets.

77 EXT. ANNA'S APARTMENT BUILDING 1991 - NIGHT 77

The SUV pulls up beside ANNA's apartment building.

78 INT. SUV 1991 - NIGHT 78

VOLODIN
 Go in, sort it out one way or
 another. If you're not out in ten
 minutes we are gone. Leave the
 gun in the car.

PYOTR puts the pistol on the seat and gets out.

79 INT. ANNA'S APT BUILDING 1991 - NIGHT 79

PYOTR knocks on ANNA's door. She opens it. They look at
 each other.

ANNA
 Are you coming in? Coming back?

PYOTR thinks for a while.

PYOTR
No. I have to go out. Something
to do tonight.

ANNA
And you want my permission? Or
forgiveness? No, Pyotr.

She starts to close the door.

PYOTR
Anna...

ANNA
Pyotr, I thought you'd come home.

Long pause. ANNA holds the door half open.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Look, I know you find it hard to
live in this world, but those
guys don't believe in anything,
they'll destroy you.

They look at each other.

PYOTR
So that's it?

ANNA
I guess so.

She closes the door.

80 INT. SUV 1991 - NIGHT

80

PYOTR gets in the SUV. VOLODIN passes him the gun. He takes
it. VOLODIN starts the engine and the SUV moves off.

VOLODIN
So now we are alone. As it should
be.

PYOTR leans back and closes his eyes.

81 INT. MANOR HOUSE 1919 - DAY

81

PYOTR is running through the house looking for ANNA. His
head wound has started to bleed. He stops in the doorway of
a room, momentarily dizzy. ANNA is in the room and sees
him. As she walks up to him, PYOTR grabs her and kisses her
fiercely. ANNA kisses him back.

CRASH! A Stone breaks through the window. They jump.

ANNA

It's the Weavers, They are
rebellling against Chapayev and they
are mad from drink, Timurovna is
leading them. While Chapayev hides
in the sauna.

He wanders out. ANNA leans into PYOTR, kissing him deeply.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Oh don't stop.

PYOTR

Is this real?

ANNA

What if it isn't? Do you want to
stop?

PYOTR kisses her deeply again and then looks up.

ANNA (CONT'D)

What?

PYOTR

Fire.

PYOTR goes to the window and looks out. Weaver soldiers are
running around amidst billowing smoke. TIMUROVNA spots him
and draws her gun, pointing up to the window.

TIMUROVNA

You have been lying, Pyotr Voyd.
I could have helped you, you
know.

She shoots at PYOTR but misses. A MOLOTOV COCKTAIL is
thrown through the window. PYOTR runs back to the doorway.

PYOTR

They have set fire to the barns.
I'll find Chapayev and meet you
outside.

Another explosion occurs as a grenade erupts in the room,
just as PYOTR and ANNA leave it.

The SUV arrives at the rendezvous point. PYOTR jerks awake.

83

EXT. SUV 1991 - NIGHT

83

SHURIK, KOLYAN, VOLODIN and PYOTR get out of the SUV.

VOLODIN looks at PYOTR.

VOLODIN

It's going to be fine. OK? Don't
shoot anybody by mistake.

PYOTR swallows and nods yes as VOLODIN pats him on the back. VOLODIN leads PYOTR, KOLYAN and SHURIK towards a large empty looking building surrounded by trees. The large entrance door is wide open. Standing some way into the building they can see a tall figure wearing exotic robes.

VOLODIN (CONT'D)

The Mongolian. Let's go.

84

INT. MOSCOW BATH HOUSE 1991 - NIGHT

84

The building is an old Bath House. A few lights cast shadows across the hallway. Figures move in the shadows. VOLODIN and the others spread out, alert. VOLODIN pushes PYOTR in the direction of THE MONGOLIAN. A figure appears on a first floor landing, there's a flash as moonlight reflects on his gun. THE MONGOLIAN'S MEN all look up.

KOLYAN

It's a trap!

All hell breaks loose as everyone dives for cover and shoots blindly at shadows. THE MONGOLIAN walks calmly forward and takes PYOTR by the shoulder, pulling them both into a side-room. The sound of gunfire fades a little.

MONGOLIAN

Pyotr Voyd.

PYOTR

Yes.

The MONGOLIAN lifts up a small cigarette case that is making a tapping noise inside.

MONGOLIAN

I know it is for you. Are you
sure you are ready for it?

PYOTR gulps, his mouth is dry.

PYOTR

Yes.

THE MONGOLIAN reaches into the sleeve of his robe. A silver cigarette case flashes in the light. PYOTR takes it. The lights flicker suddenly and then go out. Darkness. A moment later the lights come back on. THE MONGOLIAN is gone. The lights flicker again. Darkness once more.

85 INT. MANOR HOUSE 1919 - DAY

85

PYOTR runs through thick black smoke as he makes his way through the downstairs house, dodging the shadowy figures of WEAVER SOLDIERS when they appear in the gloom. PYOTR hears a drunken voice singing and follows the sound. Down a small covered walkway is a BATH HOUSE. PYOTR dashes down towards it.

86 INT. BATH HOUSE 1919 - DAY

86

PYOTR enters to find CHAPAYEV naked and drunk, sitting in a sauna.

PYOTR

Chapayev? We have to get out of here!

CHAPAYEV

What is going on?

PYOTR

The Weavers are burning the house!

CHAPAYEV

Oh I know that, I meant what is going on with you?

CHAPAYEV pours vodka into a glass and hands it to PYOTR. PYOTR notices a SILVER CIGARETTE CASE sitting on the table. A stray bullet smashes a window. PYOTR can see WEAVER SOLDIERS running around outside. CHAPAYEV starts to get dressed, undisturbed.

PYOTR

Are you really not afraid?

CHAPAYEV

What of?

PYOTR

Dying!

CHAPAYEV

Anna tells me you suffer from nightmares from the future. She said your rants while you were in your coma were quite vivid.

PYOTR

They are much more than dreams. It sounds crazy, but I feel I am living in two times. If I could choose I would leave the future to itself. I would stay here with you... and Anna.

CHAPAYEV

These nightmares of yours from the future. Do you ever think about how you wake up from them? Cheers.

CHAPAYEV drinks.

PYOTR

Do I have to answer these questions now? The Weavers want to kill us and the Manor House is on fire!

CHAPAYEV

That is the way this world is arranged. You always end up answering questions in the middle of a burning house.

A huge explosion nearby blows out all the windows. Both men duck and are covered in broken glass. CHAPAYEV pours them another glass of vodka. He points at the bottle and glass.

CHAPAYEV (CONT'D)

Look, Petka. In itself, the Vodka doesn't have any form. There is a glass and there is a bottle. Which of the forms is real?

PYOTR

I guess both of them are.

CHAPAYEV

Yes! This glass and this bottle are like the two time periods you are travelling between. They are only important because they help shape the vodka, or you.

(MORE)

CHAPAYEV (CONT'D)
It is what is inside that is
important. The Spirit. You.

CHAPAYEV drinks again.

CHAPAYEV (CONT'D)
You cannot escape your nature or
your destiny by leaping from
glass to bottle, or by leaping
through time.

Bullets rake the wall. PYOTR ducks.

PYOTR
I think we should leave now.

CHAPAYEV
In your dreams, Petka, when you
are dissatisfied with one life
you rush back to the other. So
tell me the answer.

PYOTR
The answer? How can I give you
the answer when you haven't asked
the question?

CHAPAYEV
It's always the same question.
What is the answer?

Shouts from outside. The Weavers are closing in.

PYOTR
Tell me, Chapayev, who are you in
reality?

CHAPAYEV
I am a reflection of the lamp on
this bottle.

A bullet hits the bottle standing between them which
explodes, showering them both with the vodka. Then silence
as they look at each other. PYOTR has a realization.

PYOTR
The answer is that I'm always the
same person. No matter what form
I take, death will surely come.

CHAPAYEV
Exactly! And then the question
is...

PYOTR
 Why must I find and hold on to
 that which is important?

CHAPAYEV embraces him.

CHAPAYEV
 You were not a waste of my time
 after all Petka. Let's get going.

CHAPAYEV reaches for the kerosene lamp on the table. He splashes the floor and walls with the kerosene and throws the burning wick onto the liquid, creating a roaring fire all around them. CHAPAYEV overturns the table and pulls up a trap door, and they exit.

87 INT. BATH HOUSE TUNNEL 1919 - DAY

87

CHAPAYEV is pushing PYOTR on. CHAPAYEV carries a burning candle. He stops.

CHAPAYEV
 Petka, you are always running,
 running. What would happen if you
 stopped? Like now?

CHAPAYEV extinguishes the candle. It is pitch black. All PYOTR can hear is the sound of their breathing. Then CHAPAYEV's breathing stops. PYOTR is left alone in the dark. He panics.

PYOTR
 CHAPAYEV! ANNA!

INT. MOSCOW BATH HOUSE 1991 - NIGHT

In a side room, the lights flicker back on and PYOTR is back in the room where THE MONGOLIAN took him. The room is empty. There is no gunfire coming from outside. PYOTR goes over to the door and opens it cautiously.

89 INT. MOSCOW BATH HOUSE 1991 - NIGHT

89

PYOTR steps out to see VOLODIN standing amid a scene of carnage. A DEAD MAN, a gun in his hand, is slouched against the wall behind them.

PYOTR
 Shit. You said no trouble. You
 said the Mongolian was honest..

VOLODIN

What the fuck do you expect me to do? They started it. Anyway, we didn't kill these fuckers, the Mongolian's guys did. Someone was after both of us. After the finger. You got it?

PYOTR feels the silver case in his pocket, nods. There are two BODIES on the stairs, ANOTHER BODY in an alcove. KOLYAN is examining them. He turns one BODY over.

KOLYAN

This stinks. We're fucked. We're so fucked.

KOLYAN searches the BODIES'S JACKET. He pulls out an ID badge.

SHURIK

KGB.

VOLODIN

Shit! Take their wallets, I.D. and the guns. Be quick, don't leave anything behind. Pyotr! You too.

But PYOTR is standing looking down at the body of SHURIK, curled underneath a pillar. He has been shot in the head. PYOTR shakes his head in confusion.

PYOTR

He can't be, it can't be.

VOLODIN comes to stand next to him, bites his hand and turns away for a moment. PYOTR turns to VOLODIN.

PYOTR (CONT'D)

But he's alive. I've seen him, in Lubyanka. I've seen him alive..

VOLODIN

Are you alive too?

As KOLYAN moves across to them one of the BODIES ON THE STAIRS moves. One KGB agent is not dead. KOLYAN realizes immediately and shoots at the same time as the KGB AGENT. The Agent's BULLET grazes PYOTR'S ribs and hits VOLODIN. The force of the bullet spins PYOTR around, and he hits the floor. He blacks out.

90 INT. BATH HOUSE TUNNEL 1919 - MORNING 90

Blackness, then a voice getting louder.

CHAPAYEV
Petka, down here!

At the end of the tunnel CHAPAYEV pulls at wooden boards hiding an entrance way. Sunlight streams in. PYOTR heads for the light.

91 EXT. FIELDS 1919 - MORNING 91

PYOTR emerges into a field behind the Manor House. ANNA stands waiting by the Armored Car. CHAPAYEV is watching the edge of the field where some WEAVER SOLDIERS have spotted the Armored Car and are shouting excitedly. ANNA passes CHAPAYEV a pair of binoculars. Shots ring out.

PYOTR
We should leave before they get
any closer.

CHAPAYEV watches the advancing WEAVERS through the binoculars.

CHAPAYEV
Pyotr we are not going anywhere.
Stand still. Remember.

PYOTR looks from CHAPAYEV to ANNA then back to CHAPAYEV. He is utterly confused.

92 EXT. MOSCOW STREET. 1991 - NIGHT 92

VOLODIN drives, wincing with pain. PYOTR, in the passenger seat, feels his ribs and sees his hand is covered in blood. VOLODIN stops the SUV outside ANNA's building.

PYOTR
Not here.

VOLODIN
There's nowhere else to go. You
can't stay with us.

PYOTR
And the finger?

VOLODIN
Keep it safe. It's our ticket to
Paradise.

PYOTR gets out. They talk through the window of the car.

VOLODIN (CONT'D)
Rest up for a few days and stay
out of sight. Here's a little
extra cash.

PYOTR
Thanks...

VOLODIN passes money to PYOTR. When PYOTR looks up he sees
VOLODIN has fainted. He reaches through the window to touch
him. VOLODIN jerks awake. He is sweating and pale.

VOLODIN
Bastard shot me.

PYOTR is concerned, but before he can do anything, VOLODIN
guns the engine and the SUV weaves away down the street.

93 INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - 1991 -NIGHT 93

PYOTR knocks on ANNA's door. She looks at his face for a
moment and then down at the drops of blood falling on the
floor by his shoes. She stands to one side to let him in.

94 INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT - 1991 - NIGHT 94

The TV is on quietly in the background. PYOTR's shirt is
off and his wound oozing blood. He is sweaty and shaking,
gulping a large glass of water. ANNA enters the room with
medical supplies and starts dressing the wound.

When she touches his wound, it stings and PYOTR gasps for
breath. She cleans it as carefully as she can. PYOTR tries
to get his breathing back to normal but he can't. He is
gasping, shuddering. At last he gives up and huge sobs
shake his body as he weeps. ANNA slides her arms around
him, hugging him from behind. He cries for a long time.
Eventually he calms down.

ANNA
I guess we just have to live the
lives we have. Make the best of
them we can.

ANNA helps PYOTR lie back on the bed, then walks over to
the TV and turns it off. She goes out of PYOTR'S sight. He
hears her going to the bathroom, cleaning her teeth. She
comes back into the room and turns off all the lights.
PYOTR watches her undress.

Naked, she slips under the bed covers. PYOTR lies on top of the covers next to her. She reaches for his hand.

95

INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT 1991 -PRE-DAWN.

95

PYOTR is awake, sitting up in looking at the sleeping Anna in the early morning light. He pulls back the sheets to see more of her body. He strokes a line from her shoulder down her side, over her hips and beyond. ANNA sighs. Her breathing changes.

There is near silence. PYOTR hears noises on the stairs outside, quick soft footfalls. Whispers outside the apartment door. He jumps up to get his clothes, grabs his gun. There is a LOUD KNOCKING ON THE DOOR.

PYOTR goes to ANNA and covers her mouth, waking her. ANNA grabs her robe and goes to answer the door. PYOTR grabs his clothes and steals into a closet. ANNA cautiously approaches the front door of her apartment.

ANNA

Who is it?

SMIRNOV

Militia. Open up.

ANNA opens the door part of the way. SMIRNOV pushes his way into the apartment. FURMANOV follows.

SMIRNOV (CONT'D)

You are Anna Beryadev?

ANNA

Yes.

SMIRNOV

Do you live here by yourself?

ANNA

Yes...

ANNA sees PYOTR'S jacket on the chair.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I have a friend who comes by from time to time.

96

INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT INSIDE CLOSET 1991 - DAWN

96

Searching the bedroom, FURMANOV opens the closet. PYOTR holds his breath as he hides, just out of view.

97

INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT 1991 - DAWN

97

SMIRNOV

That's a shame. A pretty woman like you should never be left alone. Do you know why?

ANNA

No.

SMIRNOV

Because a pretty woman can never be trusted.

SMIRNOV looks at her bookshelves.

SMIRNOV (CONT'D)

Kropotin, Chaadaev, are you an anarchist, Anna Beryadev?

ANNA looks at the table and notices the bloody swab she used. She draws SMIRNOV'S attention by moving into the kitchen.

ANNA

Some people say we are living in anarchy now, we just can't tell until the fog we've been living under for the past 70 years finally lifts. Do you mind if I put on some tea?

SMIRNOV

Furmanov, we have real trouble on our hands here, this little bitch is smart and pretty.

SMIRNOV sees the bloody swab and motions to FURMANOV. Their guns come out.

SMIRNOV (CONT'D)

You don't seem to be bleeding from anywhere my pet and you don't smell like you're on the rag. So where is your boyfriend?

ANNA

He was here last night, but I threw him out.

SMIRNOV slaps ANNA viciously. She cries out.

98 INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT INSIDE CLOSET 1991 - DAWN 98

PYOTR grimaces, trying to keep from leaping out the closet.

99 INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT 1991 - DAWN 99

SMIRNOV

You pretty bitches think that no one would actually dare to touch you. So lets start again. Your boyfriend, what is his name?

ANNA

Pyotr.

SMIRNOV

Voyd. He came here last night?

ANNA

Yes, but he left while I was sleeping.

SMIRNOV

Before you said you threw him out. Which one is it?

SMIRNOV slaps ANNA again. Then he tucks his gun into his holster, pushes ANNA onto the table, steps in between her legs and punches her. ANNA is groggy now.

ANNA

I'm not afraid of you. You will have to do better than that.

SMIRNOV

Is that a fact?

SMIRNOV punches ANNA between her legs. ANNA screams in pain. PYOTR jumps out of the closet. FURMANOV has been expecting this, he leaps out and fires at PYOTR. A bullet hits the wall near PYOTR's head. Down the hall SMIRNOV pushes ANNA away and turns. PYOTR strides up the hallway firing at FURMANOV. SMIRNOV reaches for his gun. ANNA jumps on his back, clawing at his face. PYOTR charges toward FURMANOV, shooting him in the chest.

SMIRNOV spins around and manages to throw ANNA off. When he reaches for his gun, it is gone. SMIRNOV looks up to see ANNA rising from the floor, with his gun in her hand. ANNA fires at SMIRNOV, killing him instantly. He falls. ANNA's second bullet whizzes by and grazes PYOTR's arm.

PYOTR whirls around and suddenly looks distraught. ANNA's eyes show surprise. Her shirt turns red with blood. PYOTR drops his gun and takes ANNA into his arms. She is bleeding profusely and gasping for air. PYOTR tries to stop the bleeding. Then she is still. PYOTR puts her body down gently. There are shouts coming from outside the apartment. PYOTR starts shaking. There are BANGS on the door.

100 EXT. ANNA'S APARTMENT 1991 - DAWN

100

PYOTR, in a bloodstained shirt and coat, looks out from the window of ANNA's apartment. He climbs out of the window and shimmies down a drain pipe. Police sirens in the distance are growing closer. He drops a great distance to the ground. He is bleeding.

101 EXT. STREET. MOSCOW 1991 - EARLY MORNING

101

PYOTR ducks into a side street. He sees a badly parked black SUV ahead of him. A distance away POLICE OFFICERS are running towards him. PYOTR hesitates, looks at the SUV, then the approaching police. Pulls open the SUV door. VOLODIN, sits inside, white as a ghost, sweating. His shirt is stained with dried blood.

PYOTR
Volodin. Fuck.

VOLODIN begins to laugh, but it hurts him.

VOLODIN
I was having such a beautiful
dream.

PYOTR pulls VOLODIN out of the car holds him up as they stagger off together. The police are getting closer.

PYOTR STOPS.

PYOTR
Volodin you can go fuck yourself.
You made me loose everything. ANNA
was right. Why did I join you and
now she's lost forever?

VOLODIN
So it seems you are having a quite
different dream, sorry.

PYOTR grabs him and they continue onward.

102

EXT. INTERSECTION. MOSCOW - 1991 EARLY MORNING

102

PYOTR staggers down the street with VOLODIN. Around the corner, a Tank is crossing the street. The street is filled with crowds of YOUNG PEOPLE. Other Police are trying to disperse them. A YOUNG MAN leads chants through a bull horn - it is the coup of 1991.

YOUNG MAN

They've captured Gorbachov in
Crimea. Russia has to fight this,
we can't go backwards! Convince
the army, they are with us!

POLICE OFFICERS AND KGB AGENTS run into the street. PYOTR has taken VOLODIN into the crowd and they are hidden from view. PYOTR puts VOLODIN on a low wall to rest

VOLODIN

Give me a cigarette.

PYOTR

I don't have any.

AGENTS are spreading into the crowd, looking for PYOTR.

VOLODIN

Save yourself, leave me.

PYOTR

No.

VOLODIN

THEN GIVE ME A CIGARETTE! GIVE ME
A CIGARETTE!

His shouts make heads turn. PYOTR tries to quiet him.

PYOTR

I don't have any!

VOLODIN

CIGARETTE! WHO HAS A CIGARETTE
FOR A DYING MAN!

VOLODIN reaches out, grabs PYOTR's jacket and pulls him close.

VOLODIN (CONT'D)

If you have no cigarettes, then
why do you have a cigarette case
in your pocket?

The AGENTS are close now. PYOTR pulls a silver cigarette case out of his pocket.

PYOTR

This?

PYOTR looks at it wonderingly. He turns it over in his hand. On the other side is an elaborate engraving of THE BUDDHA. PYOTR looks at VOLODIN.

VOLODIN

Don't lose it now, when you are so close.

A POLICEMAN'S FIST smacks into the side of PYOTR'S head, dropping him to the ground. As he falls, losing consciousness, the cigarette case spins up in the air, the BUDDHA'S FACE looking at him impassively. PYOTR reaches for the cigarette case, but it's always just out of reach, spinning, spinning. He can hear VOLODIN laughing.

103

EXT. FIELDS 1919 - DAWN

103

...and the silver cigarette case lands in CHAPAYEV'S outstretched hand, which closes firmly around it.

CHAPAYEV

Petka, I think this is yours.

PYOTR

But why me? It could have been anybody.

CHAPAYEV

But it was you.

He passes the case to PYOTR. The WEAVERS, led by TIMUROVNA, are advancing across the field towards them.

PYOTR

Show me how to use it.

CHAPAYEV looks quizzically at PYOTR.

CHAPAYEV

It's not a weapon.

PYOTR

No, I understand that. But it is a weapon of a kind, isn't it. It brings me to the truth.

The WEAVERS and TIMUROVNA are very close now. PYOTR opens the silver case. The BUDDHA's finger slowly uncurls and points. PYOTR looks up. It is pointing at TIMUROVNA and the WEAVERS. TIMUROVNA puts up her hand.

TIMUROVNA

Wait!

It's too late. She and the WEAVERS disappear. PYOTR turns back to CHAPAYEV and ANNA. The finger begins to uncurl again, moving towards them. PYOTR looks over to ANNA.

PYOTR

Anna, this world was never a dream, but my life is not here.

ANNA nods. The finger points again. CHAPAYEV and ANNA disappear. PYOTR looks around. The landscape is suddenly familiar.

104 EXT. PYOTR'S MENTAL LANDSCAPE - ANCIENT TIMES - DAY 104

Everything is silent though the wind blows the grass in the field. PYOTR turns and sees the BUDDHA on his hill a little way off, meditating, the colored cloths shading him from the sun flap silently again. He feels a sudden pain in his wrist. He looks to the inside of his wrist and his veins are turning bright blue. His vision blurs.

105 INT. LUBYANKA PRISON 1991 - NIGHT 105

When his vision clears, PYOTR sees TIMUROVNA taking a syringe from his wrist.

TIMUROVNA

So where is it? What have you done with the finger? Now you've seen what it can do?

PYOTR

Undo these straps. Let me go.

TIMUROVNA nods to SMIRNOV, who steps in and unties the restraints. PYOTR sits up, rubbing his arms. He looks up at SMIRNOV.

PYOR

Last time I saw you, you were dead. I preferred you that way.

TIMUROVNA moves over to stand by PYOTR.

TIMUROVNA

But as you see, he is here. The truth is Pyotr, that you are insane. Your memories, feelings, none of them are real. How can they be, when Smirnov stands here in front of you, alive?

SMIRNOV

And only we can help you. But to do so we need to know where you put the finger.

TIMUROVNA takes PYOTR's hand in hers.

TIMUROVNA

Smirnov is alive, here he is. So then Anna could be too. Had you thought of that?

PYOTR thinks, not looking up, then shakes his head. There is the sound of SOFT LAUGHTER. PYOTR turns. Behind him, one wall of the room has disappeared, to be replaced by an endless field, stretching to the horizon. CHAPAYEV is standing in the field, looking happy. PYOTR turns back to TIMUROVNA.

PYOTR

There is another explanation. Smirnov is dead if this world is not real, if this world is here to show me what to do.

CHAPAYEV

Bravo.

TIMUROVNA

Pyotr, don't give in to madness, we need you...

SMIRNOV steps forward, raising his fist. PYOTR shouts.

PYOTR

THAT'S ENOUGH!

They both freeze.

PYOTR (CONT'D)

It's over. Go away.

TIMUROVNA, SMIRNOV, the Prison Hospital room and the walls of Lubyanka fade away. PYOTR looks around for CHAPAYEV, who is walking away to the horizon, his back to PYOTR. CHAPAYEV raises an arm in farewell without looking back.

VOLODIN
I think this is yours.

PYOTR turns to see VOLODIN standing next to him, holding out the cigarette case.

PYOTR
Tell me something. Why me? From the Buddha to me, how is that possible?

VOLODIN
There is probably a reason for it but it's too damn complicated for me to figure out. But we know there are no accidents. My own theory is that it is all to stop you writing such terrible poetry.

VOLODIN puts out his hand for PYOTR to shake.

PYOTR
Volodin I think you have to go, give my regards to the boys, and to Chapayev if you see him?

VOLODIN
For sure.

PYOTR is left alone in the landscape. He looks down at the silver case, opens it. The finger uncurls. PYOTR lifts the case up to his eye level, turns it so that the Finger is pointing directly between his eyes. There is a surging noise as the blood rushes through his ears.

PYOTR's head rolls backwards and lights flash in front of his eyes. Images flash through his mind - ANNA at the poetry reading, SHURIK and KOLYAN stoned by the fire, CHAPAYEV at the cabaret in 1919, VOLODIN grinning from the window of the SUV, the gunfight in the Bath House, The MONGOLIAN in the shadowy room.

Through these images a soft, repetitive sound is heard, getting gradually louder. We recognise it as the sound of someone breathing gently. PYOTR'S head clears. He realizes where he is.

106

INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT 1991 - PRE-DAWN

106

It is the sound of ANNA'S breathing as she sleeps. PYOTR sits up in bed, wincing as his bandaged ribs hurt. He gets off the bed, goes to the closet, takes out a jumper and puts it on.

He walks around to ANNA's side of the bed, gently puts his hand over her mouth and shakes her. Her eyes open. PYOTR indicates that she should be very quiet. He whispers.

PYOTR
Do you trust me?

ANNA questions him.

PYOTR (CONT'D)
Remember the daydreaming you
wanted?

ANNA smiles.

PYOTR (CONT'D)
Come with me, I promise you'll have
time. Get dressed. We have to
leave.

As ANNA dresses PYOTR goes around the apartment putting all the evidence of his wound - bloody swabs, blood stained shirt - in a plastic bag. He puts on his jacket and puts the gun in his pocket. He and ANNA leave the apartment.

107 EXT. STREET 1991 - PRE-DAWN 107

ANNA and PYOTR hide in a doorway as a cars passes and draws up outside ANNA'S apartment building. SMIRNOV and FURMANOV get out and go into the building. Dawn is breaking.

108 EXT. MOSCOW STREET 1991 - DAWN 108

PYOTR and ANNA duck into a side street. A badly parked black SUV is ahead of them. PYOTR walks past it without looking and the heads down a side alley. Halfway up the alley, PYOTR puts his hands in his jacket pocket to keep warm and finds his gun. He looks around, wondering what to do with it. A SHABBY MAN is sleeping in a nearby doorway. PYOTR places the gun on the ground next to him. As he and ANNA walk off, PYOTR puts the plastic bag with the bloody clothes in a nearby bin.

109 EXT. INTERSECTION MOSCOW 1991 - DAWN 109

PYOTR and ANNA emerge onto the intersection. Across the square a crowd is forming, preparing to march on a demonstration. POLICE are standing around nervously, not sure what to do. In the other direction there are empty streets on the river. PYOTR and ANNA exchange a glance, ANNA motions towards the crowd.

PYOTR and ANNA head down the street in the same direction as the gathering crowds attempt to stop tanks as they progress towards the Russian White House. People are putting flowers in the barrels and yelling at the drivers whom look directly at them from the tank. Pyotr and Anna cross the Kuznetski Most bridge.

As they do so, PYOTR feels something else in his pocket. He puts in his hand and takes out the silver cigarette case. He flicks his wrist and the silver case spins out of his hand, over the parapet of the bridge and into the water below. He puts his arm around ANNA'S shoulders and they walk into the crowd.

110 EXT. UNDERWATER 1991 - DAWN

110

The silver case spins down in the water, showing first the engraved side with the figure of the BUDDHA on it, then the Soviet hammer and sickle side, then the BUDDHA, and so on. As it spins the spinning gets slower and slower as if time itself is slowing down. When the spinning slows enough so that it's possible to make out the face of the BUDDHA clearly, his eyes are closed and his lips have the faintest hint of a smile.

111 END

111