

LAST OF THE BREED

Script For A Graphic Novel

By
Beau L'Amour

Based on the Novel by
Louis L'Amour

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Contact: Beau L'Amour - beau@louislamour.com

FRONT PAGES -

On the copyright, dedication and title pages, we will attempt to create a history of the Cold War in the form of political cartoons --

POLITICAL CARTOON 1

American and Russian soldiers greet one and other as brothers on a pile of rubble symbolizing defeated Nazi Germany. The Americans are handing out dollars to battered Germans, the Russians are bayonetting them. A spin on the famous photograph of American and Soviet troops meeting on the Elbe River. "Comrades in Arms," the caption reads.

POLITICAL CARTOON 2

President Truman, dressed as a waiter, holds out a covered plate, he is whipping open the cover revealing a miniature mushroom cloud. Stalin turns away, hand up to avoid seeing what the American President is showing him. Truman: "And for the next course ..."

POLITICAL CARTOON 3

An American Army Officer looks through telescope into East Berlin, "it's a riddle, wrapped in a mystery, inside an enigma," he says. A view through the scope shows nothing but black. Another view shows that he is looking at the ass of a black Russian Bear who is looking over his shoulder and waving 'hello' as he moons the Americans.

POLITICAL CARTOON 4

Soviet tanks crush United Nations flag on a map of Korea. Stalin and Mao loom over the horizon. Stalin: "Atom bombs only scare people with weak nerves."

POLITICAL CARTOON 5

A man stands in a road blocked by a sky high, rivet studded, Iron Curtain. A bullet riddled sign says 'This way to Berlin.' The man has his ear to the curtain and knocks, "bong, bong."

POLITICAL CARTOON 6

Two panels side by side: A middle aged man in a bad suit sitting behind a judge's desk gesticulating and talking into a microphone. The other panel: An identical middle aged man in a bad suit sitting behind a judge's desk gesticulating and talking into a microphone. One has the label: "Moscow Show Trials." The other: "McCarthy Hearings."

POLITICAL CARTOON 7

Map: West Berlin is surrounded by East Germany, its border defended by GIs with rifle mounted bayonets. A balloon comes up from the Americans in the center, "We are surrounded."

Bigger map: Norway, Denmark, West Germany, Italy, Greece and Turkey, all labeled "NATO" A border of Russian troops and weapons defends the border of the Communist Bloc countries ... a voice comes up from the Communist defenders, "**We** are surrounded."

POLITICAL CARTOON 8

Two heavy dark suited men stand outside the 'Burbank Aviation' plant. One is shooting pictures of wild looking American experimental planes with a long lensed camera The other has a microphone hanging from his pocket. Both are sweating and the one with the mic is ogling a scantily clad girl who is driving by in a convertible.

POLITICAL CARTOON 9

A bunch of guys both nerdy and crew-cut posing for a photo as if they were at a convention. Some of them have pocket protectors and slide rules, others have beer cans. Behind them is a curtain and above a banner saying: "U.S. Defence Contractors."

One has turned to another saying: "Wait. We are paid by a government which coordinates our projects in secret ... who are the Communists again?"

POLITICAL CARTOON 10

Kruschev is throwing shovel fulls of dirt onto President Eisenhower shouting: "We will bury you!" But he's digging a hole that he, himself, is standing in.

POLITICAL CARTOON 11

HUGE atomic explosion. Caption: "Irony? Communists Name World's biggest bomb After True Russian Role Model ... **Tsar Bomba.**"

POLITICAL CARTOON 12

Eisenhower and Kruschev face off across table. They are both growling and Ike has got his finger pointing down at the table like he is issuing an ultimatum or pressing a button. "If we can not bomb each other, we will bomb ourselves!" Behind them is a mushroom cloud labeled "Nuclear Testing."

POLITICAL CARTOON 13

A thuggish looking Russian Bear shot-puts a Sputnik into orbit against a back drop of steaming missiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

PART ONE OF THREE ...

INT. GRU HEADQUARTERS, USSURIYSK, USSR - NIGHT

The hallway of a brutalist, modern, concrete, ministry. Sitting behind a steel desk is a battleship of a SECRETARY. She is wearing a military uniform, she forcefully hunts and pecks at a large manual typewriter.

A Russian CORPORAL is sitting on a bench nearby. He is dirty, bruised, his fingers are bandaged from frostbite, and he is soaked to the skin. He has one black eye and he clutches a leather pouch in his hands.

CAPTION: Ussuriysk, Far Eastern Military District, Siberia, Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, December 1960.

The secretary answers a large multi-line telephone. She speaks to the Corporal ...

SECRETARY

Go in. He wants to see you.

The Corporal rises, straightens his tunic and, like a condemned man, proceeds to the door.

CUT TO:

INT. GRU HEADQUARTERS - ZAMATEV'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A big room, paneled but sparsely furnished. Steam heat, moisture condensing on the windows. The Corporal tries to come to attention as smartly as possible.

CORPORAL

Corporal Palenkov, 33d Motor Rifle
Division. Reporting as ordered,
Comrade Colonel.

The wall behind the large desk is a huge map of the USSR and it's satellite countries. Sitting at the desk is Colonel ARKADY ZAMATEV. He stands ...

ZAMATEV

I understand you saw the American.

CORPORAL

Yes Sir, yesterday afternoon. We were north of Providenya --

ZAMATEV

Well? Tell me what happened!

CORPORAL

I-I don't know. We were spread out. A hundred meters behind Alekhin and the scouts. There was a storm ... I don't know.

ZAMATEV

Corporal, I did not fly you across Chukotka for you to tell me you don't know. Where is the American? Where are my *MEN?!*

CORPORAL

They are dead. They are all dead.

ZAMATEV

Eleven Spetsnaz? A platoon of Riflemen? Are you out of your *mind?*

CORPORAL

No! No! I couldn't see. The wind. Some froze. The American killed them ... he was like a ghost.

ZAMATEV

You are an idiot! Where is Alekhin? Just tell me that.

CORPORAL

I did not see him. The American saved me. He said I was the last.

ZAMATEV

Saved You?

CORPORAL

He pulled me out of the storm. Threw away my rifle. He said I must see you. I must give you this ...

The Corporal holds out a leather pouch. Zamatev snatches it out of his hand, tosses it on the desk.

CORPORAL (CONT'D)

Don't send me back. He'll kill me!
He'll kill us all!

Zamatev stares at the soldier. He is a wreck.

ZAMATEV

Get out!

The Corporal leaves and Zamatev sits at his desk. He puts his head in his hands. Behind him is the huge map. Right behind him is the area of Peshawar, Pakistan and the border with the Soviet Union ...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PESHAWAR AIRFIELD, PAKISTAN - MORNING

Close on the sleeping face of JOE MAKATOZI, a swarthy man in his 30s.

RELIEF PILOT

Joe? It's time.

Joe's eyes open and we switch to a wider point of view to see that he is wearing something that looks a bit like a space suit helmet.

RELIEF PILOT (CONT'D)

Dawn in forty-five minutes.

Joe has on white long-johns and the RELIEF PILOT helps Joe climb into a tight fitting pressure suit. Joe's helmet is fastened to a meter covered case that supplies him with oxygen through a ribbed hose.

CUT TO:

EXT. PESHAWAR AIRFIELD, PAKISTAN - MORNING

In the pre-dawn darkness the two men walk out onto a runway where a black plane sits. It is a U2 spy plane ready to fly a mission for the CIA.

Joe crosses the tarmac and mounts a set of metal steps. His Relief Pilot disconnects his oxygen supply and plugs him into the plane. Behind the plane are some old hangars and a pair of big cargo craft that days ago delivered U-2 and it's fuel.

CAPTION: Peshawar Airfield, Pakistan. 18 Months Earlier.

CUT TO:

INT. PESHAWAR AIRFIELD - REST ROOM - MORNING

Viewed from the chipped corner of a frosted men's room window, the plane and its chase car, a 1950s Ford station wagon, maneuver onto the runway.

REVERSE: The dark figure of a SOVIET SPY views the plane through the broken window with a small set of binoculars.

CUT TO:

INT. PESHAWAR AIRFIELD - HANGER - MORNING

The silhouette of the Soviet Spy, in now in the hanger. An old civilian plane is partly disassembled in between him and the view of the mountains outside the big open doors. The Spy lifts a telephone receiver and dials ...

UNSEEN SPY
(in Cyrillic)
I have a message for mother ...

CUT TO:

EXT. PESHAWAR AIRFIELD, PAKISTAN - MORNING

As the sun touches the mountains the black plane leaps into the sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PAKISTAN/KAZAKH LANDSCAPE/MAP - DAY

The U-2 flies over the earth at a great height -- except that the landscape below carries labels like Zamatev's map. The border to "Pakistan" gives way to "C.C.C.P." the Soviet Union.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. ALMA ATA AIR DEFENCE COMMAND - DAY

A Soviet flag flaps in the wind. A radar array turns in circles.

Inside the Radar Control Center the faces of SOVIET SOLDIERS are lit by their screens. In the rear a dark figure in a uniform smokes a cigarette, silently examining the room. It is a considerably fresher looking Colonel Arkady Zamatev.

Through the door behind him, against the wall of the hallway squats a strange character, ALEKHIN, a Native Siberian. Alekhin is dressed in furs and rough cloth, a long Mosin-Nagant rifle across his lap.

A GRU OFFICER with a strip of paper in his hand enters from a nearby door.

GRU OFFICER
Our man in Peshawar has called.
Winnetou is coming.

CUT TO:

INT. U-2 - DAY

From behind and above the aircraft, the curvature of the earth can be seen, the wings skimming the hazy edge of the uppermost atmosphere.

In the cockpit, JOE MAKATOZI pilots the plane.

There is a map on Joe's knee board. Drawn out are the bearings and legs of his flight. A cross hatched rectangle indicating a target for his cameras lies just ahead, just inside the Kazakh S.S.R.

CUT TO:

RADAR OPERATOR THREE
Comrade Colonel?

Zamatev walks over. The radar trace circles the screen. The Radar Operator points. There is the faintest blip on his screen.

ZAMATEV
You think that is it?

RADAR OPERATOR THREE
The radar return is always very faint.

The ghostly blip appears again at the very edge of the screen.

Zamatev stares at him, assessing the man.

RADAR OPERATOR THREE (CONT'D)
I'm sure. The Ghost Plane.

GRU OFFICER

I hope you know what you are doing,
Arkady. You are not your father or
your brother. They will crucify
you if you fail.

Zamatev gives his comrade a knowing smirk ...

ZAMATEV

They?

GRU OFFICER

Everyone.

ZAMATEV

No doubt. It is a different world
we are living in --

A RADAR OPERATOR looks up from his console.

ZAMATEV (CONT'D)

Launch Interceptors!

CUT TO:

EXT. ALMA ATA AIR BASE - DAY

At a Russian airfield three MiG-19 fighters soar into the
air.

CUT TO:

INT. U-2 - DAY

Joe notes the time and jots it on the map along with speed
and altitude, right at the beginning of the rectangle.

Joe looks through his spotting scope, a Russian installation
of some sort appears. He clicks on his cameras.

JOE

Smile Ivan, you're on Candid
Camera.

The installation can be seen from high up.

The big camera in the belly of the plane whirs.

We see the view closer on a strip of perforated edge film.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. MIG-19 - DAY

From the cockpit of a MiG-19 the U-2 can just barely be seen, above and ahead.

RUSSIAN PILOT
There! P.V.O. Command, intruder
sighted! Two o'clock.

The MiG is climbing steeply and fires a salvo of rockets.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. U-2 - DAY

In the U-2 a light blinks "Missile."

Craning around, Joe sees a pair of rockets in the distance, one of them has run out of fuel and is arcing back to earth.

JOE
Ahh, the welcoming committee.

Alright, but can you do *this*?

Joe pulls back on the stick.

The U-2 climbs another thousand feet, the altimeter reading 73,560.

CUT TO:

INT. MIG-19 - DAY

In the MiG, Joe's plane has dwindled to a speck.

RUSSIAN PILOT
P.V.O. Command, atmosphere too
thin. Self-guided missiles can not
maneuver.

CUT TO:

ALMA ATA AIR DEFENCE COMMAND - DAY

Zamatev takes the microphone ...

ZAMATEV
I don't care if you hit him, just
push him west.

EXT. MIG-19 - DAY

The plane is tracking the U-2 as closely as possible, it fires another missile.

CUT TO:

INT. U-2 - DAY

Joe scowls at the "Missile" light, brightly lit. He edges his aircraft carefully to the left.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. MIG-19 - DAY

It's engines shudder and go out! The Russian plane slips sideways out of the sky.

RUSSIAN PILOT TWO
Flame out! Too high, engines dead!

The MiG spirals down.

CUT TO:

EXT. DVINA MISSILE BATTERY - DAY

On a flattened mountain top, the three missiles of a Surface to Air Missile battery are elevated and the radar array is circling.

MISSILE OFFICER
Battery two. Target acquired.

CUT TO:

INT. ALMA ATA AIR DEFENCE COMMAND - DAY

Zamatev is now holding a telephone to his ear with his other hand.

ZAMATEV
Finally ... **Fire!**

CUT TO:

EXT. DVINA MISSILE BATTERY - DAY

A Dvina missile streaks from it's launcher.

CUT TO:

INT. U-2 - DAY

The "Missile" light again comes on. Joe looks around, nothing. Then "Lock," Joe reacts in surprise pressing his helmet to the canopy to see below him ...

CUT TO:

EXT. U-2 - DAY

The large missile tears past, clipping the wing tip which immediately folds. The U-2 flips over.

The wreckage of the broken wing smashes the hull and tears the tail away. The plane tumbles, disintegrating. From Joe's point of view, the earth whirls, above then below him.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. MIG-19 - DAY

Soviet fighters streak toward the falling wreckage.

RUSSIAN PILOT
Enemy aircraft damaged!

CUT TO:

INT. ALMA ATA AIR DEFENCE COMMAND - DAY

In the control center Zamatev speaks into the radio mic.

ZAMATEV
Perfect! Follow but do not engage!
We must try to capture the pilot,
that is our new priority!

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. U-2 - DAY

Joe's altimeter reads 30,657. He reaches up and opens the canopy. It blows away.

Joe flips a switch, "Arm." He unhooks his harness, disconnects his oxygen, then another switch, "Destruct."

He pushes himself out of his seat, hangs by the edge of the cockpit, centrifugal force pulling him away from the plane, and lets go ... Joe is hurled away from the plane.

The explosive in the injured aircraft detonates, blowing out a hole in the camera bay, destroying the secret camera technology and the record of what it was photographing. The chasing fighters circle back.

RUSSIAN PILOT

The pilot has ejected!

The ground looms closer. Joe pulls his chute.

RUSSIAN PILOT (CONT'D)

He will come down south of the
Pobeda Mine Road.

CUT TO:

INT. ALMA ATA AIR DEFENCE COMMAND - DAY

Zamatev punches his fist into his open hand. The men around him congratulate themselves.

ZAMATEV

Got him! Alert the local Militia.

CUT TO:

EXT. KAZAKH AIRSPACE - DAY

Joe swings from his parachute harness. He is now slowly descending over the high desert of Kazakhstan. In the distance is a small town with some fields around it and a dirt road cuts across the landscape.

CUT TO:

EXT. KAZAKH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

He hits the ground but his chute drags him. He struggles free and the chute blows off with the wind. Joe takes his helmet off and looks around. He is in the middle of an immense plain, Nothing to be seen in all directions but the trees along a river to the south and distant mountains. Joe's heroic stance deteriorates.

JOE
Russia! Crap. What the hell do I
do now?

He drops the helmet, his shoulders sag.

To the north a plume of dust appears ... approaching
vehicles.

JOE (CONT'D)
Better get going.

Joe begins to jog away from them, heading toward where the
river rounds a ridge and the road goes over the river.

Behind him the vehicles are getting closer, there are three
of them. Skidding down the slope to the water, he slips off
the long leather holster that holds a silenced .22 Automatic.
Joe trots along the creek toward a wooden bridge. At the
deep bend in the waterway Joe tosses in the pistol, holster,
and a box of ammo.

JOE (CONT'D)
That's just going to make people
think I'm an assassin ...

Out on the road, a GAZ M-1, a copy of an open Ford Model B,
followed by two ZIL 157 6x6 trucks bear down on Joe's
position.

He runs down the watercourse toward the bridge. Soldiers
jump out of the truck and deploy along the bank, some sliding
down into the creek bottom.

The car and the other truck are coming on.

Joe slips under the log bridge. He glances up as dirt sifts
through the planks ... the vehicles are going over the
bridge.

He crouches down, enough to see the other truck turning to
drive down river, men are jumping out and searching for his
position ... spreading out to capture him. He could run
further, the creek goes on and after fifty feet or so then a
waterfall drops six or eight feet before swirling away
through some rapids.

He looks back the way he came and sees the soldiers from the
first truck coming down the river bottom, rifles at the
ready.

Glancing back under the bridge Joe can see soldiers from the
other truck deploying down the far back of the stream ... now
both sides are covered. Joe raises his hands and steps out.

On the top of the bridge a young Kazakh officer has just dismounted from the car. He looks down at Joe ...

LT. SAGYNDYK
(in Cyrillic)
Greetings Comrade. Perhaps you are
lost eh?

CUT TO:

EXT. KAZAKH VILLAGE - POLICE STATION - DAY

Joe sits in a steel chair in a spare concrete room. A dirty window looks out on a street scattered with buildings and the empty plains beyond. Joe's hands are cuffed in front of him. Joe is wearing Soviet Interior Force fatigues, his pressure suit, helmet and survival vest are piled on the table. The parachute and it's pack are wadded up on the floor.

LT. SAGYNDYK
Do you speak Russian?

JOE
A little.

The Kazakh officer sits on a battered metal desk and offers Joe a cigarette.

JOE (CONT'D)
No thank you.

LT. SAGYNDYK
You are American? Air Force? CIA?
Soon you will go someplace not so
nice as this. Tell me useful
information and maybe it will go
easier on you.

Outside the building three cars pull into the parking area, sending up a plume of dust.

Zamatev, Alekhin and TWO SOLDIERS come into the police station. Unlike the Interior Forces soldiers, these guys are kited out with all the best equipment and spotless uniforms. Lt. Sagyndyk and his soldiers stand at attention and salute.

ZAMATEV
Lieutenant? Colonel Arkady
Zamatev. G.R.U. I've come to
collect your prisoner.

LT. SAGYNDYK
Of course, Sir.

The soldiers get Joe on his feet ... Zamatev notices that Joe and Sagyndyk are similar in height, weight and coloration.

ZAMATEV

Ahh, Major. Glad to see you have survived your fall out of heaven.

JOE

I'm not with the military, Sir.

ZAMATEV

So? You are not a Major?

JOE

I work for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. We are studying high altitude air currents. I had an autopilot failure.

ZAMATEV

Really?

Zamatev turns slightly, extending his hand ... Alekhin hands over the silenced High Standard .22 that Joe discarded in the creek. Zamatev pulls the magazine and clears the chamber.

He tosses it on the table where Joe's belongings are laid out. He scoops up a handful of banknotes ...

ZAMATEV (CONT'D)

One would think you were trying to corrupt the workers of the Kazakh S.S.R. with your capitalist blood money.

No dollars, only rubles. And no identification. Nonetheless, I know you are Joseph Makatosi and you are an American spy.

I have been hoping to make your acquaintance for some time.

JOE

Call the U.S. embassy. They can--

Zamatev makes a slight indication and Alekhin hits Joe with the butt of his rifle.

ZAMATEV

Shut up.

Zamatev turns to Lt. Sagyndyk.

ZAMATEV (CONT'D)
Lieutenant? I would like you to
come with us. You should share
credit for the capture.

Lt. Sagyndyk looks up, pleased.

LT. SAGYNDYK
Thank you, Sir.

ZAMATEV
Gather his gear. We have an
aircraft waiting.

CUT TO:

EXT. KAZAKH AIRSPACE - LATE AFTERNOON

A Lisunov Li-2, the Russian copy of a DC-3, plows eastward.

CUT TO:

INT. LISUNOV LI-2 - LATE AFTERNOON

The plane is set up as a parachute craft and Joe sits on a
bench along the aircraft's side. Zamatev stands, lifting
Joe's pressure suit out of the box of his possessions.

Zamatev tosses the suit to Lt. Sagyndyk.

ZAMATEV
Put it on.

LT. SAGYNDYK
What?

ZAMATEV
I want to see how our enemy looked
when we shooting at him. Go on ...

Trying to act like he is not concerned by this strange
request Lt. Sagyndyk strips and gets into Joe's pressure
suit.

Zamatev turns to Joe ...

ZAMATEV (CONT'D)
This pressure suit; it will keep
your guts from exploding when you
fly so high we can't shoot you down
... or so you think, yes?

Joe looks away.

JOE

I fly for N.A.S.A. Just call the
U.S. embassy.

ZAMATEV

Of course. You are required to say
that. If a man in uniform violated
Soviet airspace some might think it
a pretext for war.

Zamatev picks up the intercom near the door.

ZAMATEV (CONT'D)

Pilot, please note our position.

Zamatev turns to Lt. Sagyndyk. He sets the helmet on
Sagyndyk's head.

ZAMATEV (CONT'D)

Thank you Lieutenant, for your
service to the Soviet Union.

Alekhin jacks open the door and Zamatev hurls Sagyndyk out of
the plane!

Bits of paper swirl around in the wind. Joe lunges to his
feet in surprise. Two of the soldiers grab his arms and drag
him to the door.

Zamatev puts a hand on Joe's shoulder, yelling over the roar
of the plane.

ZAMATEV (CONT'D)

By now you realize you must take me
seriously, eh?

Zamatev leans close ...

ZAMATEV (CONT'D)

If your government ever has the
courage to inquire about their lost
pilot, then what is left of that
man's body will be returned to
them.

The United States tells the world
that it does not spy on other
nations. If my friends at the KGB
got their hands on you, what an
embarrassment it would be. What a
propaganda victory.

Zamatev gestures to his soldiers ...

ZAMATEV (CONT'D)
But we are GRU. Military
Intelligence. We have a different
agenda.

A soldier steps up behind Joe with a black hood. He jerks it
over Joe's head.

Darkness follows ...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - CELL

A beautiful woman's face appears from nothingness. She looks
down on Joe. This is KYRA LEBEDEV.

KYRA
Oh! Good morning. Are you well?

JOE
Uh, yeah. What? Who are you?

KYRA
Please. You will come with me. I
am Comrade Doctor Lebedev.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - INNER STOCKADE - DAY

With two GUARDS trailing, Kyra and Joe exit the two story
concrete Administration Building and go through a wire
enclosure into a large fenced area holding four low log
buildings. As they emerge from the building Zamatev and
Alekhin, who has been squatting against a wall, join them.

In the background, near the other buildings, several
PRISONERS are out taking the air. One is an old man in a
wheelchair. The attitude of the prisoners is more that of a
mental hospital than a hard-core prison.

ZAMATEV
Ah, here you are. It's hard to
believe. We worked so hard to
capture you.

JOE
Capture? I remember a very large
missile coming my way.

ZAMATEV

Well, capture you or destroy this very irritating aircraft. Either was acceptable.

The commander of the missile battery received the Order of Lenin, by the way ... you have made him very happy.

JOE

I'll look him up first chance I get.

ZAMATEV

Ha! Good. A sense of humor, I like that.

Joe looks around. The log building are Living Quarters for the prisoners and, off to one side, is a Commissary. On the opposite side of the grounds is a helicopter landing pad. It is separated from the Inner Stockade by a ten foot barbed wire fence. At a greater distance, maybe fifty yards, a much higher double fence with guard towers encloses the entire complex. Beyond that are forests and mountains.

JOE

Where are we?

ZAMATEV

In the East. Siberia. What have you have heard of the Gulag?

JOE

Prison camps. Forced labor.

Joe looks over his shoulder at Alekhin, who watches impassively.

ZAMATEV

Correct. Except how much of a prisoner you will be is open to consideration.

JOE

Consideration?

ZAMATEV

Listen, Communism is the future -- Well, it's going to be **your** future, whether you like it or not.

(MORE)

ZAMATEV (CONT'D)

However, there is a possibility that you can ... earn a certain amount of freedom.

JOE

Earn ...? Colonel, I don't think I can accept what you're suggesting.

ZAMATEV

You don't like this idea? To me it seems almost *capitalist*.

Joe and Zamatev silently size one and other up. Then ...

JOE

The lady mentioned something about a meal ...

ZAMATEV

You see? Capitalist. And I would teach a rooster to crow.

CUT TO:

INT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - DINING HALL - DAY

KYRA

Is this good?

They are putting their trays down at a steel picnic-bench-like table. Joe sits on one side Zamatev and Kyra sit on the other. Alehkin sits next to Joe but not too close.

KYRA (CONT'D)

I understand you are an Indigenous American, of the Sioux tribe?

JOE

'Sioux' is a French mispronunciation of a Chippewa insult. I am part Lakota.

Kyra writes in a note book. Zamatev gestures to Alehkin who is quietly and guardedly eating.

ZAMATEV

Alehkin here is a Yakut, an Aboriginal Siberian. He may be the best tracker in all the USSR.

(MORE)

ZAMATEV (CONT'D)

He also has a house on the shore of a beautiful lake and his sons study at the Academy of Agricultural Sciences with the great Lysenko himself.

KYRA

Think about what we have to offer. This could be yours, certainly better than prison, yes?

She slides a photograph of a pleasant looking cabin surrounded by woods across the table.

KYRA (CONT'D)

We know that before you retired from the Strategic Air Command as a fighter pilot, you earned an engineering degree from Stanford University and completed the Air Force test pilot school.

ZAMATEV

I am in charge of a special research project. Although the Soviet Union is the world leader in many aspects of science, we still welcome people who can assist us.

JOE

Assist? Is that irony?

ZAMATEV

Understatement.

All knowledge rightfully belongs the international proletariat. As their representative, the USSR is simply asking you to share what is already legitimately ours.

I am *now* being ironic.

JOE

I won't tell you anything. If your engineers are smart enough to orbit Sputnik they can figure out what you need to know from the wreckage of my plane.

ZAMATEV

You under estimate us, I am afraid.
A glider with a jet engine, your U-
2 or Project Angel is no longer of
interest to us.

What I want is *Archangel*. The **new**
plane. Mach 3, 30,000 meters
altitude, radar signature smaller
than a mailbox. The ultimate photo
reconnaissance aircraft and the
ultimate nuclear-armed penetrator.

FLASH BACK:

EXT. GROOM LAKE - AIR STRIP - NIGHT

A radar target of the A12/SR71 hangs in the sky. Beneath it
Joe shakes hands with two LOCKHEED EXECUTIVES.

ZAMATEV

(voice over)

Do not deny it, we know you have
been offered the job as test pilot.

RETURN TO:

INT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - DINING HALL - DAY

Zamatev puts a tablet and a pencil on the table.

ZAMATEV

Simply put, we know you do not have
detailed information. But you are
an Engineer and you *do* know about
the project.

You make four drawings, top, front,
side, rear. Once our scientists
verify that you have shown us an
aircraft that has the ability to
travel at those speeds and defeat
radar, we give you a life.

JOE

You are asking me be a traitor. I
won't do it.

ZAMATEV

A traitor to whom? You are a member of a proud people, but your treaties have been broken, your lands taken. You are lied to and cheated by the forces of Imperialism.

Kyra refers to her notebook for a moment.

KYRA

As a, mmm-- 'Lakota' why would you continue to serve your oppressor when you could choose differently?

JOE

You've got that wrong. I don't have an 'oppressor' and I'm not Indian. If you think that's some sneaky way of 'getting to me' you're crazy.

KYRA

Please, we are not sneaking. There is no danger, the Soviet Union only acts defensively, otherwise it would alienate the very workers of the world that it intends to unite.

JOE

What kind of doctor are you, *Comrade* Lebedev?

KYRA

I make sure the prisoners are ... well adjusted.

JOE

A head shrinker. I might have guessed that.

Zamatev pounds his fist on the table. He's done fooling around.

ZAMATEV

You have invaded our country. We have offered you forgiveness. Few are given such an opportunity.

Do you understand?

Alekhin gets up and sets his tray on the next table. Joe makes it a point to clean his plate, then ...

JOE

Screw. You.

Alekhin grabs Joe from behind. He locks an arm around Joe's neck in a choke hold, puts his foot on the bench and rams a knee into Joe's spine bending him backward as he struggles.

JOE (CONT'D)

Argh!

Zamatev stands.

ZAMATEV

We have a system to make you tell us what we wish to know. In fact, you will **want** to tell us.

Zamatev looks into Joe's eyes/our eyes.

ZAMATEV (CONT'D)

It is useless to resist.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - INTERROGATION ROOM

Joe has collapsed against the wall of a stark white room. One of a pair of INTERROGATORS snaps an ammonia cap under Joe's nose. Zamatev is looking on and except for him they are all sweating pretty hard. Joe has a black eye.

JOE

Ungh!

INTERROGATOR ONE

Get up!

JOE

Wh-what?

The interrogator whacks him with a club.

INTERROGATOR TWO

Back to the wall!

Joe struggles to stand.

INTERROGATOR ONE

Finger tips and toes on the mark.
Elbows bent. You **must** stay there!
If you do **not** stay there I will **not**
let you sit down!

Joe slowly drags himself up the wall and props himself in a modified version of the "frisk" position.

INTERROGATOR TWO

What year did you join the CIA?

Joe turns his face away from them. Taped to the wall beside him is the photograph of the cabin. Zamatev leans on the wall nearby.

ZAMATEV

Look, you are only punishing yourself.

Zamatev gestures to the interrogators.

ZAMATEV (CONT'D)

If they get tired they have a rest, a meal, silence, relaxation.

But we call this method "The Conveyor." Because, for *you* ... It. Never. Stops.

INTERROGATOR TWO

SPEAK YOU BLOODY FOOL!!! SPEAK!

Joe takes a deep breath, trying to hold it together ...

ZAMATEV

Give us something and you can sit down. You can go sleep.

Joe's elbow collapses, he falls against the wall. Interrogator Two punches him in the kidney.

JOE

Engh!

Joe struggles to straighten ...

JOE (CONT'D)

Rragh!

INTERROGATOR TWO

Where did you train for this mission?

JOE

Joe -- Joseph Makatozi. Rank: Civilian pilot, NASA.

INTERROGATOR ONE

What is your date of birth?

Joe's hands are like claws, his arms are shaking.

ZAMATEV

Please! That one he is *allowed* to ask.

JOE

Joseph Makatozi ...

ZAMATEV

This position, it is harder than it looks. Much harder ... so ... much ... harder. But ...

JOE

Pi-pilot ...

Joe collapses to the concrete floor.

ZAMATEV

You are pitiful. I thought you would be strong, a proud Red Indian, like Winnetou, The Apache.

JOE

... not a damn Indian.

The two Interrogators start beating and kicking him.

INTERROGATOR TWO

Get up! Get up!

FLASH BACK:

EXT. PIPESTONE INDIAN SCHOOL - NIGHT

In a narrow passage between two of the old stone buildings SEVEN YEAR OLD JOE is being forced to run the gauntlet between two ranks of Indian kids armed with rocks and sticks.

KIDS

Faker. White Face. Run home! Get up! Get up!

RETURN TO:

INT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - INTERROGATION ROOM

Interrogator Two grabs Joe by the shoulders and hurls him into a chair.

JOE

Joe. Mack. Civilian ...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - INTERROGATION OFFICE

Zamatev and Kyra watch Joe being strapped into a chair through one way glass. They can hear what goes on through a speaker on the table. A STENOGRAPHER sits behind Kyra ready to type into her machine. GRIGORI and Alekhin sit on a couch ready to go in.

ZAMATEV

It's been almost one hundred hours.

INTERROGATOR ONE

(through intercom)

Wake up. Wake up! You can't go to sleep unless you stay awake.

KYRA

This will be our greatest coup. But you must be patient. He is disciplined, not some civilian like your aging Nazi scientist.

ALEKHIN

Use a hot knife. That works.

Kyra turns to Alekhin.

KYRA

You do not understand. This is not torture! We ask questions because he *expects* us to ask. If he answers, good. But we are actually trying to wear him down, discover internal conflicts we can exploit.

ZAMATEV

Grigori, go in and give them a break.

Otherwise, Alekhin may need to use the hot knife.

CUT TO:

INT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - INTERROGATION ROOM

Joe is strapped into the chair and a steel box a foot square is lowered from the ceiling on a chain hoist. Interrogator Two throws water in Joe's face. Grigori has walked into the room with Alekhin.

INTERROGATOR TWO
Stay awake!

GRIGORI
We have you forever. We can do
this for weeks. Months.

INTERROGATOR TWO
We control time. We control *space*
...

They place the box over his head ... it is a tight fit.

GRIGORI
You have failed in your mission.
We have the plane. We have the
film.

INTERROGATOR TWO
... we control **SOUND!**

Alekhin hauls off and hits the steel box with a baton.

JOE
AAAh!

GRIGORI
Name your contacts in the CIA.

Alekhin hits the box again from a different angle.

GRIGORI (CONT'D)
How did your father die?

Alekhin just taps the box but Joe flinches, fearing the sound.

JOE
Ungh!

The box on Joe's head is struck over and over.

JOE (CONT'D)
Argh! Damn it!

GRIGORI
Answers only! How many languages
do you speak?

FLASH BACK:

INT. PIPESTONE INDIAN SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

Little Joe is standing in front of a class of Indian Kids.
His teacher is whacking him across the knuckles with a
yardstick.

ABUSIVE TEACHER
I will not talk in my heathen
language! Say it!

JOE
I will not--

ABUSIVE TEACHER
Again! When did you join the
military?

RETURN TO:

INT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - INTERROGATION ROOM

JOE
1945.

GRIGORI
When did you join the CIA?

JOE
19-- Oh! Piss off!

Alekhin pulls the chain that lifts the box

GRIGORI
What is your mother's name?

JOE
Bjornstad. Marjorie Bjornstad.

Joe is nearly out again. Alekhin lifts his chin, squinting
at him curiously.

GRIGORI
You will never see her because you
have failed.

JOE

T' hell with her. T' hell with
you.

FLASH BACK:

EXT. PIPESTONE INDIAN SCHOOL - FRONT - DAY

1930s era busses are pulling up to take the kids away for summer, they are boarding and cheap suitcases and cardboard boxes are tied to racks on the top. The busses have sign boards for the different reservations, "Standing Rock," "Pine Ridge." Little Joe is sitting on the curb with his head in his hands.

LAKOTA KID ONE

Ain't you comin' home to the rez,
Joe?

LAKOTA KID TWO

His white mom ran off with one of
them tent preachers. She don't
want him no more.

JOE

Shut up.

T' hell with her.

RETURN TO:

INT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - INTERROGATION ROOM

Joe has nearly passed out again. Grigori wheels in a table set with a elaborate meal. Kyra lifts Joe's head.

KYRA

No, Major. You can not sleep yet
but I have made this beautiful meal
for you. We do not want to be
monsters ... but you *must* tell
these men what they need to know.

She kneels down and raises a spoon of mashed potatoes to his lips. Her other hand is laid suggestively on his forearm.

KYRA (CONT'D)

You gave us your mother's name.
So, please ... enjoy ...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - ZAMATEV'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kyra is getting dressed in Zamatev's bathroom. Light falls on Zamatev who lies in his bed smoking a cigarette.

ZAMATEV

We must have results more quickly.
The KGB are making inquiries, they
want to control our program.

KYRA

Really? I had not realized we were
so important.

ZAMATEV

We have a high value captive, we
must demonstrate we deserve to keep
him.

Grigori is losing his voice. Misha
too. They want to break his arms.

KYRA

That is Stalin's era talking.
This technique, it is based in
science. Research: women who
torment their husbands. Priests
who forced confessions of
witchcraft.

She comes over to the bed.

KYRA (CONT'D)

Exhaustion. Isolation. Fear.
These makes him weak and dependant.

She leans across him and takes the cigarette out of his
mouth.

KYRA (CONT'D)

Then, unpredictable reward and
punishment.

She slides the belt out of his pants which are laying across
the foot of the bed.

KYRA (CONT'D)

He becomes desperate to make his
captors happy.

She climbs on top of him ... loops the belt around one of his
wrists and pulls it tight around one of the bed posts,
playing at tying him up.

KYRA (CONT'D)

Degradation. Resistance becomes more damaging to self esteem than surrender.

It is a **process**. And we have only just begun.

He pushes her away, pulls the belt off his wrist.

ZAMATEV

Seriously. I need something to make the dogs stop barking.

KYRA

Arkady, psychologically it is not always wise to open doors when you have no idea what is behind them.

ZAMATEV

This is **my** program. I won't allow it to be compromised by outsiders.

KYRA

If you insist ...

She walks into the next room, which is Zamatev's office and returns with the day's transcript. She tosses it onto his chest.

KYRA (CONT'D)

Look here ...

On the transcript a line is circled: "To hell with her. To hell with you."

ZAMATEV

So? The mother.

KYRA

Note the names.

She pulls on her blouse.

ZAMATEV

He said her name was Bjornstad.

KYRA

And our records *now* say her name is Williams. She is Scandinavian and she remarried ... but not to an Indian.

(MORE)

KYRA (CONT'D)
Perhaps the key is not political,
it is personal.

ZAMATEV
Yes!

Zamatev picks up the telephone.

KYRA
Arkady! I am warning you, you act
too quickly.

Zamatev ignores her, she speaks into the phone.

ZAMATEV
Grigory? Get him up, we are taking
him to the coffin.

CUT TO:

INT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - INTERROGATION ROOM

Joe is pulled out of the chair. He is still waking up as he is thrown against the wall and handcuffed.

Kyra steps in with her orderly beside her. She rolls up Joe's sleeve and the ORDERLY opens a small steel case ...

KYRA
Injection One.

... the orderly hands her the first of three syringes. She injects something into Joe's arm.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - YARD - NIGHT

Alekhin and Grigori hustle Joe toward the more dimly lit reaches of the yard. At a small concrete building they open the double doors and go down a set of stairs into a bunker.

CUT TO:

INT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - BUNKER - NIGHT

The bunker is set up as a laboratory. Two walls are lined with work benches, book cases and medical cabinets. In the center of the room is a large steel box surrounded with plumbing and hinged on one side. The box is open, showing that it is a large tub, filled with slightly steaming water.

ORDERLY TWO is pouring a large can of salt into the tank. Several empty cans lie at his feet as well as some spilled salt.

Joe is lead to the edge of the tank and his clothes are stripped off. Zamatev follows them down into the room. Alekhin squats against the wall, cleaning his nails with a knife.

KYRA

Gently. The less sensory input the better.

In the tank, Joe's head is placed in a cork float and his hands and feet are strapped to the sides of the unit. The straps are padded and have some slack so he's not pulled too tightly. Finally Joe is floating in the water.

As Joe looks up, the Orderly offers Kyra the case of syringes again.

KYRA (CONT'D)

Injection Two. MDMA, this will help him empathize with us. It is combined with a mild hallucinogenic to interfere with his judgement.

Clear the room. It must be quiet ... very quiet.

She closes the lid and it is dark.

A clock counts down the minutes and hours ... from 12:34 to 2:12.

Kyra is sitting reading from a script on a clipboard.

KYRA (CONT'D)

(from outside)

You are flying. It is sooo quiet and you are sooo relaxed. You no longer worry. I will take care of you. Your fears are drifting ... drifting away.

DISSOLVE TO:

I/E. HALLUCINATION

Dark with a dim kaleidoscope of squares like an M.C. Escher checkerboard lithograph.

Flying through this patchwork sky is a black U-2 that slowly turns into a crow. The patchwork shapes become snow flakes.

KYRA
(dwindling off ...)
You are flying, flying high in a
peaceful ... night sky.

CUT TO:

INT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - BUNKER

Kyra sits beside the isolation tank. Kyra's pad says,
memories: loneliness, mother,

KYRA
Your mother, where is she, Joe?
Where has she gone?

FLASH BACK:

INT. STANDING ROCK RESERVATION - CABIN - DAY

Young Joe stands in his family's old squared-log cabin. It is empty, only some trash and a broken toy remain.

JOE
Gone ...

RETURN TO:

INT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - BUNKER - TANK

Joe floats, eyes closed.

KYRA
(from outside)
She has left ... you are abandoned.
Is there no one who wants--

FLASH BACK:

EXT. STANDING ROCK RESERVATION - CABIN - DAY

Young Joe sits on the doorstep of the cabin, crying. A shadow falls across him and he looks up to see ...

JOE
Grandfather?

RETURN TO:

INT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - BUNKER

Kyra sits up, alert.

KYRA
Your Grandfather ...? Um-- All is
warm and light ... who is he? What
does he say?

FLASH BACK:

EXT. STANDING ROCK RESERVATION - CABIN

Amos Makatozi. A classic Sioux warrior but old as the hills.
His clothing is a mixture of 1920s cast offs and battered
traditional Indian garb, there are embroidered swallows sewn
to his tunic. His eyes flinty and cold.

AMOS
That woman has gone away. She was
no good. No good for my son and no
good for you.

Amos turns his horse and starts away.

Joe starts down the road, following the old man on foot.
Behind him the cabin, aging squared logs, tar paper is lost
in the blowing dust.

RETURN TO:

INT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - BUNKER - DAY

Joe floats in the heavily salted water.

JOE
Amos Makatozi. Long Cloud.

KYRA
Is he "Lakota?"

JOE
Lakota, Nakota, Dakota ...

Kyra has an idea ...

KYRA

Was he a warrior? Who did he
fight?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STANDING ROCK RESERVATION - STORE - DAY

Amos is tying packages to the saddle of his starved looking
horse. Nearby is a mud spattered Model T Ford.

Joe sits on the porch. He overhears some men who are looking
out the store window at Amos.

MAN ONE

(through window)
I called the Sheriff.

MAN TWO

(through window)
Crazy as an old goat. Shot one of
those Treasury men over by Yankton,
goes near t' naked in the
wintertime. I heard he took scalps
at the Little Big Horn. Killed
Custer, maybe ...

CUT TO:

EXT. STANDING ROCK RESERVATION - STORE - DAY

Amos peers over a hilltop. Little Joe is beside him ... in
front of the store an officially marked Chevrolet has brought
several men in uniforms armed with rifles.

AMOS

Stay down and keep your mouth shut.

RETURN TO:

INT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - BUNKER

Zamatev is scratching a note to Kyra.

She reads it.

KYRA

Your grandfather, his land has been
taken. Who did that? Treaties
have been broken.

(MORE)

KYRA (CONT'D)
He is confined to a camp-- a
reservation. Who has done this?
Who are his enemies?

FLASH BACK:

EXT. DAKOTA RIVER BOTTOM - LATER

Amos sits by a small fire cooking a rabbit over a small fire.

JOE
Those white people at the store.

Amos cuts off a leg for Joe.

JOE (CONT'D)
Are they the enemy?

AMOS
Hard to tell, sometimes. Be quiet.
Eat.

RETURN TO:

INT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - BUNKER

A soldier stands has arrived in the bunker. Zamatev whispers
in Kyra's ear.

ZAMATEV
I'll be back. There's a prisoner
arriving. We must hold him for the
Militia.

Zamatev turns and walks out, Alekhin following.

KYRA
There have been no calls from the
American embassy, no telex from
Washington. There are no special
planes are looking for the missing
pilot.

You have been abandoned. Like your
mother abandoned you ... abandoned
... Who are you?

FLASH BACK:

EXT. BADLANDS - DAY

A huge vista of the South Dakota Badlands. Little Joe rides in front of Amos.

AMOS

Are you your father's son or your mother's? Indian or white man?

JOE

I don't know. Both.

AMOS

You can't be both.

Joe turns frowning.

JOE

I can be what I want. It's not up to you.

AMOS

In the Dog Days, before the horse, our people **ran**. You must be strong. Tomorrow you will run.

RETURN TO:

INT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - BUNKER

KYRA

You are a pawn for the American government. They have made you an outcast in your own land. Where are your allies? Who are your enemies?

FLASH BACK:

EXT. DAKOTA COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

With a creek in the distance, Amos works his way up to the line of high grass, wiping out tracks.

JOE

Will they find us?

AMOS

Maybe. Unlikely, though.

JOE

How can we tell who's the enemy?

Amos mounts up.

AMOS

The enemy takes away freedom.
White man. Red man. Black man.
Doesn't matter.

The more they try to take freedom
the more they are the enemy.

Now run!

They move off.

RETURN TO:

INT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - BUNKER

JOE

... they are the enemy.

Kyra tips the tank open and administers another injection.

KYRA

... yes, they are the enemy.

She caresses his face with her hand.

KYRA (CONT'D)

But we will not abandon you. *I*
will not abandon you, Joe. Draw
the plane for us. Draw it for *me*.

Joe is lifted out and wrapped in a robe and lead to the desk.

Joe sits at the table, slumped and defeated looking. Paper
and a stubby pencil set in front of him. Joe sketches away.

JOE

... the enemy ...

KYRA

Yes, the enemy. Here, let me see
what you have done ...

Kyra puts a hand on Joe's shoulder. She leans over to look
at his paper.

FLASH BACK:

EXT. DAKOTA COUNTRYSIDE - AFTERNOON

Little Joe runs and Amos rides.

AMOS

Tell me ... what do we do if our
freedom is taken?

RETURN TO:

INT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - BUNKER

The paper has two words and a crude drawing on it. The words are "Fight." "Escape." The drawing is a seated man slamming a woman's head on the table. kyra's eyes go wide --

Joe grabs the front of her lab coat and yanks, Kyra's head smashes into the desk.

He staggers to his feet. A guard rushes up and Joe pushes Kyra into him.

The Guard tries to avoid her and Joe snatches up the chair and clubs him, then both of them with it.

Joe lurches to the bottom of the stairs then upwards into darkness.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - YARD - DAWN

Disoriented and clutching the doorway, Joe looks around the prison yard. Across the way, in the fenced enclosure near the Administration building a helicopter is circling to land on the heli-pad. It is an MI-4 with the rear clamshell doors removed.

CUT TO:

INT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - BUNKER

Kyra drags herself out from under the Guard and limps to the wall, she pulls a lever like a fire alarm ... sirens wail.

CUT TO:

INT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - ZAMATEV'S QUARTERS - DAWN

Hearing the siren, Zamatev looks up from his desk. He grabs up a pistol and heads for the door. A light is blinking.

CUT TO:

INT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - HALLWAY - DAWN

Three Guards armed with clubs run down the hall toward the door to the yard. They slam through the doors to the yard.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - YARD - DAWN

Joe slides into cover behind a pile of construction supplies as the spotlight moves past him.

He looks at the fence, the helicopter and then ... a length of pipe just in front of him. Guards are coming through the gate. Joe staggers to his feet and grabbing a length of pipe, runs toward the fence separating the yard from the heli-pad.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - GUARD TOWER - DAWN

The Guard aims his AK at Joe as he runs ... the three Guards from inside the building in hot pursuit. He shoots.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - YARD - DAWN

The bullet pocks the ground at Joe's feet. Ahead the MI-4 has just settled in a cloud of dust. Joe sets the end of the pipe in the ground. He twists his body as the pipe levers him up through the air.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - BUNKER - DAWN

Kyra, battered, lab coat torn, stops, clutching the door frame.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - HELI-PAD - DAWN

Joe doesn't let go of the pipe soon enough. It hits the fence and is torn from Joe's hands. He slams, skidding, into the ground.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - GUARD TOWER - DAWN

The Guard fires again.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - HELI-PAD - DAWN

The bullet hits just in front of Joe's face. Beyond where he is lying the three baton armed Guards are stopped by the heli-pad fence. Joe scrambles to his feet.

CUT TO:

INT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - OBSERVATION DECK - DAWN

The back half of the third floor of the Administration Building has a semi circular bay window looking out to either side and looking over the prison yard and housing area.

Zamatev reaches the slanted window looking over the heli-port. He sees Joe run toward the open back of the helicopter.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - HELI-PAD - DAWN

The MI-4 has just set down. A SOLDIER in back is peering out to see what all the commotion is all about.

CUT TO:

INT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - MI-4 - DAWN

Joe leaps into the fuselage and punches the Soldier on the chin. YAKOV, a prisoner in the 'copter, jumps back as Joe punches the downed Soldier again.

Joe pulls himself up the ladder into the cockpit. The PILOT looks at him, startled, and Joe reaches across the man and pulls the Tokarov pistol from the pilot's shoulder holster.

JOE

Get out!

The Pilot tumbles from the high door and Joe slides behind the controls.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - HELI-PAD - DAWN

SOLDIERS come running.

Yakov, who's hands are cuffed behind his back, rolls onto his unconscious guard's PPSH-41 sub machinegun, then staggers to his feet with the gun held behind his back.

Yakov squeezes off a burst in their direction.

CUT TO:

INT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - MI-4 - DAWN

Joe twists the collective and the helicopter blows up dust all around. It lifts off awkwardly, the body rotating slowly.

The Soldiers, one downed by the gunfire, crouch and shield their eyes from the dust.

The gaping hole where the rear doors have been removed comes level with the Administration Building's observation deck and Yakov empties the magazine of the gun.

The windows blow out and Zamatev dives for cover.

CUT TO:

INT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - OBSERVATION DECK - DAWN

Zamatev pokes his head up, staring out past the bullet pocked glass.

The MI-4 disappears into the dawning sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - HELI-PAD - MORNING

The area is in chaos. Stretchers sit on the tarmac, wounded soldiers lying on them. The wall is pockmarked with bullet holes, windows are blown out. Prisoners peer through the wire at the mess. Kyra sits on a bench by the door as a MEDIC cleans up her face. Zamatev comes out of the building. He pushes the Medic aside and squats to peer into Kyra's eyes.

ZAMATEV

What the hell happened?

KYRA

I don't know. We misjudged something.

ZAMATEV

We?

A Soldier calls out from a shattered window ...

SOLDIER

Comrade Colonel, PVO reports:
fighter planes are in the air.

ZAMATEV

Get back to them. Tell them to intercept but do not engage. I want this man alive!

KYRA

I'm sorry.

ZAMATEV

Don't waste my time. And don't make any more mistakes. You have just cut open the hornet's nest.

END PART ONE OF
THREE ...

PART TWO OF THREE ...

EXT. TRANSBIKAL LANDSCAPE - MI-4 HELICOPTER - MORNING

The chopper flies out over a wilderness of trees ...

CUT TO:

INT. MI-4 - FUSELAGE/COCKPIT - MORNING

Yakov handcuffs his Guard to the passenger bench with the set of handcuffs he has just unlocked.

The rough maneuvering of the chopper sends him sprawling to the edge of the gaping hatch. Taking the man's weapons, he climbs the ladder to the cockpit.

Yakov lowers the jump seat over the ladder and buckles himself in, studying Joe as he flies the craft. They have to yell into one and others ears to hear.

YAKOV

You have flown a helicopter before?

JOE

Don't worry. The drugs are wearing off.

Yakov pulls back in surprise, then he gathers himself.

YAKOV

Um--You are doing surprisingly well. Please try not to kill us.

JOE

How far is the nearest air base?

Yakov points ...

In the distance the rising sun is reflected in a vast body of water.

YAKOV

Lake Baikal. Dzhida Base is less than two hundred kilometers east and south.

JOE

Fifteen minutes. They can have fighters here in fifteen minutes.

YAKOV

What are you going to do.

JOE

Get down on the deck where we're harder to see. I want to be on the other side of the lake before I have to ditch this thing. That okay with you?

YAKOV

A smart beggar does not ask to sit at the table.

JOE

What?

YAKOV

I am escaping by helicopter. Who could have guessed?

CUT TO:

EXT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - MORNING

Kyra emerges from the building. Zamatev is readying a team of Soldiers and Alekhin, equipped for a pursuit.

KYRA

The helicopters will be here in fifteen minutes. Those fighter planes, however ... they had to be requested through the Transbaikal District Headquarters ...

ZAMATEV

Trotsky's rotting teeth! They will tell the KGB!

You will be in charge while I am gone. Get this place cleaned up.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE BAIKAL - MI-4 - MORNING

Joe's helicopter thunders low across the lake. Off to one side a paper mill spews smoke and steam into the cold air.

CUT TO:

INT. MI-4 - COCKPIT - MORNING

Two fighter planes have overflown the 'copter at a higher altitude. The planes are arcing back toward the MI-4.

Yakov points ...

JOE

Hold on.

CUT TO:

I/E. LAKE BAIKAL - FIGHTERS/MI-4 - MORNING

Joe is heading across the lake toward the eastern shore.

The planes come in low and fire at them, a warning, the machine gun bullets pocking the surface of the water.

Joe immediately turns the helicopter and the vastly greater speed of the jets carries them far to the south.

Spotting a village on the banks of a river, Joe banks the 'copter and turns up the river.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE BAIKAL - MI-4 - MORNING

The helicopter flies below the level of the trees on either side of the river.

YAKOV

Now what?

JOE

Ditch the helicopter, we're sitting ducks.

Yakov looks blankly at Joe.

JOE (CONT'D)

Um-- we're an easy target.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE BAIKAL - RIVER CANYON - MORNING

Joe turns the MI-4 into a side canyon where the river ends in a series of waterfalls.

CUT TO:

INT. MI-4 - COCKPIT - RIVER CANYON - MORNING

Joe surveys the situation.

JOE

End of the line. Grab everything
we might need and head for the
trees. We're --

YAKOV

-- the duck that sits, yes?

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE BAIKAL - RIVER CANYON - MORNING

Joe hovers the copter. The water at the base of the cascades is deep but then flattens out in wide rocky shallows. He sets the machine down in less than two feet of water and kills the motor.

Yakov bails out of the back with a pack and pushing the Soldier ahead of him.

As he climbs from the cockpit Joe can see the fighters swooping down the canyon. A rocket launches from one wing and streaks toward the MI-4.

Joe flattens himself behind a big rock in the river as the rocket hits, ripping the helicopter open like a sardine tin.

The jets roar away.

Joe sloshes through the water and follows Yakov into the tree line.

When Joe reaches the trees, Yakov is changing out the magazine in the PPSH ... the Soldier on his knees crying. Yakov raises the sub-machinegun but Joe knocks it down ...

JOE

No!

Yakov looks at Joe like he is crazy. Joe turns to the Soldier.

JOE (CONT'D)
Take off your clothes.

Joe quickly exchanges his prison robe for the uniform of the Soldier.

JOE (CONT'D)
Go downstream. Run! Or I'll let
my friend shoot you!

Yakov and Joe wait for him to disappear then take off up the mountain in the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE BAIKAL - 3 MI-4 HELICOPTERS - MORNING

Three newer MI-4s race across the lake. The fighters fly past above them.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE BAIKAL - RIVER CANYON - MORNING

The helicopters circle. With deep water upstream and rapids below there is nowhere to land because the wreckage of Joe's MI-4 is in the only landing site.

PILOT
There's no room, Sir. We will have
to turn back.

ZAMATEV
(into the radio)
... your brave aces destroyed a
GULAG Administration helicopter,
endangered my prisoner, and now I
can not land! You are an idiot! A
bloody idiot!

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE BAIKAL - FOREST - MORNING

Joe and Yakov run through the trees, trending up hill. Joe is wearing the pack and Yakov carries the submachine gun and wears the soldier's battle harness.

They pause, examining the sky, below the exposed crest of the hill.

Then they run, clearing the crest and leap down the open slope on the far side.

They take long jumping steps, landing in the loose dirt.

Finally, they are bent over gasping for breath.

JOE

We have to keep going!

YAKOV

Yes. Yes. You are right. But if this running kills me, why do I need to escape.

JOE

Walk ... we can walk for awhile.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE BAIKAL - RIVER CANYON - NOON

Soldiers infiltrate the forest on either bank of the river. Zamatev stands on a rock near the falling water and oversees the situation.

A SERGEANT, talking on a big field radio strapped to a private's back calls up to Zamatev ...

SERGEANT

Militia reports they have seen a man in prison clothing. Outside the village.

ALEKHIN

It is not him. Two men, they went north. One south. Not him.

ZAMATEV

Yes. I agree. But I must go back and be sure.

Take three men and the radio. Send reports every hour.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE BAIKAL - FOREST - NOON

Yakov and Joe come to a large open area, beyond is another stand of trees. Joe reaches out to stop Yakov from trying to sneak across.

JOE

We'd better go around. If they can send planes to shoot us down they can send planes to look for us.

YAKOV

You must be someone very important, my friend.

JOE

Maybe. What were you doing on that helicopter?

YAKOV

Transfer of jurisdiction. Thanks to you the state will not have to bother with my trial.

You are a foreigner?

Joe looks at him, wondering what to say.

YAKOV (CONT'D)

You speak Russian badly. But not like the British-- Wait! You are an American!

Grimly Joe realizes it's easy to tell who he is. Yakov stares at him, suspicious and fascinated.

YAKOV (CONT'D)

You do not look American.

JOE

How does an American look?

YAKOV

I have no idea. Fat. Big cigar. A capitalist.

Joe says nothing.

YAKOV (CONT'D)

Well, no doubt you have an image of the heroic Soviet worker.

Yakov strikes a heroic pose, flexing the muscle of his arms.

JOE

Come on ...

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST FORK VITIM RIVER - OVERLOOK - AFTERNOON

Joe and Yakov crest a bluff that leads down to the river.

JOE

Once we are in the water it would
make sense if we split up, give
them two trails.

YAKOV

Yes. Shall we see what is in that
pack?

They sit down under a tree and go through the provisions.
There is some canned meat, hard tack and a jar of peaches.

JOE

Is that all the food?

YAKOV

This is the Russian army. We are
lucky, he probably had to steal to
get this much.

YAKOV (CONT'D)

Are you a spy?

JOE

A pilot.

Yakov looks at Joe, he knows this is a partial answer. They
eat the peaches ...

YAKOV

What are you going to do? You are
out of prison but ...

JOE

I don't know. Europe? Iran?

YAKOV

Ha! **You** are thinking of escape.
But **I** am thinking of winter.
Autumn is already here. You might
outrun the army or militia. You
will not out run the weather.

JOE

I'll do what I can. I grew up in
country like this ... not so far
north though.

YAKOV

Well then, you must keep the map
the food and the knife.

Joe pulls loose a cleaning kit for the PPSH in an oval metal container. He hands it to Yakov.

JOE

It's funny, you know? How you meet
people.

YAKOV

You mean the criminal and the spy --
so sorry, pilot ...

Yakov extracts some cartridges from the magazine of the PPSH, he hands the to Joe.

... we make a cultural exchange.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST FORK VITIM RIVER - BANKS - SUNDOWN

Yakov and Joe make their way down to the water. Joe washes out the peach jar in the river.

YAKOV

I am going across, so you swim down
river, and get out on this side,
yes?

JOE

All right.

YAKOV

Listen, you will probably die. But
I will tell you several things.

The first is that Russian fishermen
meet Japanese fishermen at sea and,
let us say ... certain items change
hands. What it would take to
become such an item, I do not know.

Tell no one you are an American.
Many of us do not love our
government but Mother Russia? Our
lives are hard and yet we love her
more. If you are a spy I do not
want to know.

(MORE)

YAKOV (CONT'D)

There are people in the east, the Chukchis and Nivkh. They look as you do. Some do not speak Russian very well. You will not fool **them** but you might fool others.

Last, beyond the town of Aldan and the bend of the Lena river there is a secret commune. People who have escaped the camps. They are more open minded than many. If you can find them they might help you survive the winter.

JOE

Thank you.

YAKOV

As I say, you will probably die.

Joe offers his hand.

JOE

Joe.

Yakov takes it.

YAKOV

Yakov. Good luck.

Yakov lowers himself into the water. Joe starts taking off his boots. The dark river carries Yakov away.

FLASH BACK:

EXT. DAKOTA COUNTRYSIDE - GROVE - NIGHT

Amos and Young Joe lay on a tarp and wrapped in wool blankets.

JOE

I just want to be left alone.
Whenever they find me they beat me up.

AMOS

Bigger boys?

JOE

Charlie Yellowtail's twelve. He's the oldest. He's lots bigger than me.

AMOS

I will teach you. The Lakota have been great warriors but even we had to learn how to fight. You will become stronger and faster.

Then, if you want, you can kill them.

Joe lies wide-eyed under stars. He doesn't want to kill anyone.

RETURN TO:

EXT. PATCHY WOODLANDS - DAWN

Shivering Joe rings out his shirt by a small fire. He gathers his map and pack from the ground.

FLASH BACK:

EXT. DAKOTA COUNTRYSIDE - GROVE - NIGHT

Amos is on his knees holding his hands, palms out, for Little Joe to punch. Joe is crouched in an awkward boxer's stance facing him.

AMOS

First you fight like a white man.
Then wrestle like an Indian. Later
I will show you the knife ...

Joe swings a round house right at Amos's left hand. Amos's right shoots out and smacks Joe on the left cheek. Joe falls to the ground holding the side of his face, his eyes tearing.

JOE

Ahhh!

AMOS

Get up little man. Do not think
this will be easy.

From the ground Little Joe eyes his Grandfather.

RETURN TO:

EXT. PATCHY WOODLANDS - DAY

Alekhin squats, looking at the spot where Joe camped from a slight distance.

He gets up and paces a bit to one side. Behind him can be seen a squad of soldiers. A CORPORAL clears his voice and steps forward.

CORPORAL

Ahem. This is just one man. They have split up. We should do the same. Identify the other trail.

ALEKHIN

No. This is our man.

The Yakut strides into the maze of vague tracks.

ALEKHIN (CONT'D)

He places something on the ground. A map? He carries it in a glass jar, I think. That way it does not get wet.

Alekhin points to a semi circle of serrations where the ribbed rim of the jar pressed into the earth.

ALEKHIN (CONT'D)

He does this in the morning.

SOLDIER

How do you--

ALEKHIN

I know. I know because he turns it
...

Alekhin points to light swirl marks in the soil.

ALEKHIN (CONT'D)

... to see. To align the map to the landscape. He would not do this without light.

The Yakut speaks to the radio operator.

ALEKHIN (CONT'D)

He will need to cross the Ulan Ude road. Call for patrols!

CUT TO:

EXT. ULAN UDE ROAD - LATER DAY

It is fully overcast. Joe comes up to the cleared area on either side of the road and stops.

The road is gravel with a few muddy pot holes, to the north it runs straight for several miles, dipping down to lower, less forested areas. Not too far to the south the road winds back into the trees.

Joe listens, examines the sky, then looks carefully in both directions.

Nothing.

He steps out, walking casually, onto the shoulder, then crossing the road. At the shoulder of the other side he hears something. A car is coming. It appears from the south, a GAZ M20.

Joe keeps walking. The car comes on. Joe's hand feels for the Tokarev. The car drives by ... then comes to a stop. Joe keeps walking. The DRIVER gets out ...

DRIVER

Hey. Hey, you!

The Driver cocks a Tokarev with a "clack."

Joe turns drawing his pistol.

The Driver is lifting the gun.

Extending his arm Joe fires. The bullet breaking the window, punching through the roof of the car, taking the Driver in the head.

Joe turns and runs, back to the road, rounding the tail of the car, covering the Driver with the Tokarev. The man is unmoving, dead.

Joe crams the unfortunate man in the trunk.

Joe looks up ... in the distance a military convoy comes into view.

Joe climbs into the car and drives off. He closes on the convoy, passing the oncoming trucks ...

Joe lifts two fingers from the wheel casually acknowledging the soldiers as they go by. Looking back in the side view mirror he sees blood hounds and their civilian handlers in the bed of last truck.

CUT TO:

INT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - HELI-PAD - DAY

Sheets of wood are being screwed in place of the blown out windows and a group of OFFICERS has gathered near the vehicles.

Zamatev has a map spread out on the hood of a truck, the area within two hundred miles of the camp circled.

ZAMATEV

There are five possible airfields.
Every aircraft on the ground and fuel supplies must be guarded. All planes inspected before take off.

The American can fly anything. His destination will be Pakistan, India, or Japan ... however, do not rule out smaller aircraft, even a Kukuruznik.

A helicopter appears over the trees.

ZAMATEV (CONT'D)

What's this --?

The Observation Deck Sergeant sticks his head out of one of the broken windows.

SERGEANT

Colonel! Comrade Shepilov, KGB and his aid, Lt. Vershinin. He is requesting permission to land.

ZAMATEV

Crap.

Clear this area! Let him know I am in my office.

CUT TO:

INT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - ZAMATEV'S OFFICE - DAY

SHEPILOV paces. Zamatev sits at his desk. LT. VERSHININ, holds Shepilov's briefcase and stands by the door.

SHEPILOV

How many years have you been here?
Six or seven, yes?

ZAMATEV

We began renovations in 1953, when the railroad laborers and their guards were moved East.

SHEPILOV

You have two Germans who worked for Kammlerstab in aeronautics, an Argentine who designs steam engines--

-

ZAMATEV

Highly efficient steam engines.

SHEPILOV

--and you have an Englishman.

ZAMATEV

Yes. An expert in biological weapons.

SHEPILOV

Besides how to build a better choo-choo train ...

Shepilov shoots Vershinin an amused glance.

SHEPILOV (CONT'D)

... what have your captives told us? What technology have they invented?

ZAMATEV

The Germans--

Shepilov picks a dusty model of a flying saucer off of a shelf.

SHEPILOV

Ahh, of course! They have built a flying saucer as big as a ... a saucer. Incredible, yes? Perhaps we could use it to scare the Americans ... if only we could get it close enough to them so they thought it was *big!*

ZAMATEV

This program is still in development. You know that and so do our superiors!

SHEPILOV

And you are well connected.
However, losing this prisoner could
be fatal to your future. Let us
aid you in the search. We could
... control how this news is spread
in Moscow.

ZAMATEV

The American is mine. I captured
him and--

SHEPILOV

-- now you have lost him. Very
well, Finders Keepers, eh?

Good day, Comrade Colonel.

Shepilov takes his hat and case from Vershinin and two of
them leave.

CUT TO:

EXT. ULAN UDE ROAD/TRANS SIBERIAN RAILWAY - AFTERNOON

Joe is driving south on a rough gravel road.

The fuel gauge of the M20 is nearly on empty ... he taps the
gauge to verify that it is working.

The road turns and before him is a stop sign and a very long
one lane wooden bridge. In the near distance a railroad
bridge crosses the same river.

Joe drives out onto the bridge, crossing the river.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRANSBAIKAL FOREST - LOGGING ROAD - AFTERNOON

Joe takes a turn in the road and sees a smaller lane headed
off to the left.

He turns. Joe drives off across a wasteland of stumps and
downed logs. The M20 skids around in the mud.

Joe reaches the tree line and comes to a clearing where a
bulldozer has been abandoned near a pile of logs.

Stacking branches and logging debris on and around the car.
Joe walks off into the woods.

CUT TO:

INT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - ZAMATEV'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Zamatev's room is dark and he is lying, fully clothed on the still made bed. The door swings open letting in light from the hall. Zamatev looks over. The silhouette of Kyra stands in the door frame.

KYRA

Did they find anything?

ZAMATEV

Not enough.

A man is missing. We believe the American has taken a car but there are few roads and there is nowhere he can obtain petrol vouchers.

She comes into the room, sits on the bed, she has a bandage on her nose. She puts a hand on his leg.

KYRA

You are tired.

ZAMATEV

Return to your quarters, Comrade Doctor.

Kyra pulls back, her attempt at seduction denied. She goes to the door.

ZAMATEV (CONT'D)

Your career, as well as mine, will not survive unless **we** are the ones who bring him in.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRANS SIBERIAN RAILWAY - EMBANKMENT - DAWN

A train whistle awakens Joe who has been sleeping, wrapped in the coat belonging to the driver of the car. He looks down the tracks to see the smoke form a steam engine in the distance.

Joe is crouched ready to run. Down the track a heavy duty steam engine approaches.

As the train cars roar by Joe lunges to his feet and runs. Parallel to the track he sprints with the train, hurling his pack into the open door of a box car, then grabbing the door frame and swinging in himself inside.

The inside of the car is empty, just torn packing paper hanging from the walls.

FLASH BACK:

EXT. IDAHO WILDERNESS - DAY

Young Joe and Amos ride along a railroad siding leading a pack train of six mules. On the siding are a few disused train cars.

Above them a Boeing Model 40 mail plane flies low over the nearby peaks. Joe shades his eyes and stands in his saddle with excitement. Amos tries to ignore it.

JOE

Look! What is it, Grandpa? What is it?

AMOS

I don't know. Something a white man built.

JOE

It's flyin'! Like a bird!

AMOS

Yes, it's flying. Now, mind those mules.

As the plane is disappearing into the distance a crow soars shares the sky with it. Joe squirms around to look after the plane even as Amos takes them into the trees.

RETURN TO:

EXT. TRANSBAIKAL FOREST - LOGGING AREA - DAY

Alekhin and a group of SOLDIERS tear the camouflage off of the M20. They discover the dead driver.

Alekhin walks to the periphery of the clearing. He finds a broken stalk from a tree, then a partial boot print.

ALEKHIN

He is going to the railroad.

(MORE)

ALEKHIN (CONT'D)
Corporal. Call Colonel Zamatev.
Find what trains have been through.

CUT TO:

INT. TRANS SIBERIAN RAILWAY - BOXCAR - DAY

Joe crouches in the corner trying to stabilize himself against the movement of the car.

FLASH BACK:

EXT. IDAHO WILDERNESS - DAY

Joe and Amos make their way through the mountains on a narrow trail. Amos is leading the pack mules.

Suddenly Amos stops, looking around.

TWO SHERIFF'S DEPUTIES appear from behind trees and rocks. They are holding rifles.

Amos raises his hands. Glancing up at his grandfather, Joe does too.

Walking up the timbered slope is a man in civilian clothes, a holstered revolver on his hip and a badge pinned to his lapel. This is Bonner County Sheriff MARTIN NIELSON.

NIELSON
'How Kola,' Amos?

AMOS
Sheriff. What ya doin' way up here.

NIELSON
Just cautious. Can't be too cautious.

AMOS
You got my money?

Nielson tosses Amos a roll of bills.

NIELSON
I got to say, prohibition's making a lot of Johnny Cannuks filthy rich, that's a certainty.

The deputies check the pack saddles. We see that each saddle unfolds to show leather pockets, each holding a bottle of Canadian whiskey.

Nielson squats down to look Joe in the eye. He indicates Amos.

NIELSON (CONT'D)

Like a ghost, he is. No one can follow him, not dogs or men.

And your grandpa is the one man around here I know won't sell whiskey to the Indians.

AMOS

It's how I get my revenge. Help the White Man destroy himself.

NIELSON

Well, no matter the reason, he's a man even a small timer like me can rely on.

AMOS

True ... but can *I* trust you?

NIELSON

Do I look like I want trouble?

The boy will have to come with me, though.

Amos's hand drops to his Army Colt ... he looks at Nielson, quiet and deadly.

NIELSON (CONT'D)

Summer's over. The school wants him back. You can have him again come June, no one will squawk.

Amos relaxes.

CUT TO:

INT. PULLMAN CAR - IDAHO - DAY

Joe rests his head on the side of the car as the train steams through volcanic badlands.

Beside Joe sits one of the Deputy Sheriffs, he is reading a copy of Science and Invention magazine.

On the cover is a futuristic looking plane and the title:
"Fly to the Stratosphere!"

Joe looks out the window.

A crow soars along side the cars, then out over the mountains.

RETURN TO:

INT. BOXCAR - MOGOCHA APPROACH - DUSK

Joe sits inside, looking out the open boxcar door at a soaring crow and the passing landscape.

Off in the distance something attracts his attention.

Military trucks are heading down a road moving in the same direction as the train.

Joe low in the doorway, Joe peers from the car. A moment later the doorway reveals the train passing through a military blockade, trucks, soldiers and dogs. They are set up at the edge of the yards.

CUT TO:

I/E. BOXCAR/MOGOCHA RAIL YARDS - DUSK

Joe grabs up his stuff, he goes to the other side of the car and drops off running.

Hitting the ground he stumbles and recovers. Looking up, he sees a GAZ 67, the Soviet version of a Jeep, bouncing toward him between the tracks.

Joe turns and runs, rounding the end of the train.

The GAZ accelerates and slews around kicking up dust as it makes the turn.

Joe is fleeing into the alleys between the rail cars.

The GAZ brakes and men jump out, one talking into a radio microphone. The soldiers fire at Joe.

CUT TO:

INT. MI-4 - COCKPIT - DUSK

Zamatev is headed to Mogocha by helicopter. He is talking on the radio, listening hard as he presses one of the headphones to his ear.

ZAMATEV

We will be there in three minutes.

What am I hearing? Is that gunfire? Well, make it stop! Anyone kills my prisoner, I'll shoot him myself! Out.

Zamatev adjusts the radio frequency.

ZAMATEV (CONT'D)

H.Q. Find Alekhin and get him here. We are closing in.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAZ 69 - TRANSBAIKAL ROAD - DUSK

A GAZ 69 tears down a gravel road toward Mogocha. One of the Soldiers drives with Alekhin, head out the side squinting into the wind.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOGOCHA RAIL YARDS - DUSK

An OFFICER now walks in front of the troops, motioning "easy easy" with one hand. In the other carries a Tokarev pistol.

Seen from above, several soldiers are walking down each lane of cars, searching.

Soldiers explore the line of cars, the GAZ rolling along behind them. In the distance Zamatev's MI-4 is arriving.

Joe is hiding, crouched behind the wheels of a tanker car.

He looks out sees soldiers coming. One of them unleashes a pair of German Shepards.

The dogs run toward Joe.

Joe scrambles out the other side. The next track over is clear and Joe sprints to cross it.

The Soldiers who were searching this next track turn around and see Joe. Joe seems trapped, Russians in either direction and the next track is blocked by a moving train. The dogs are almost on him.

Joe hits the ground and rolls over the tracks. Lying flat between the rails just as a pair of wheels grinds past. The dogs crouch and growl, wary of the wheels.

The approaching soldiers, still some distance away, fire their weapons at an angle, trying to flush him out. Joe suddenly rolls again, hurling himself out on the other side of the train. He pulls a Tokarov and fires back.

Zamatev is running down a line of railroad cars with a YARD WORKER in overalls. A GAZ pulls up close behind him in a cloud of dust. Zamatev turns and Alekhin leaps out his long Mosin-Nagant rifle ready.

ZAMATEV

He is up there. Another two hundred meters.

Do you think you could wound him?

ALEKHIN

Easier to kill.

ZAMATEV

Wound! Understand?

Alekhin starts climbing a signal bridge to over look the yard and Zamatev runs on ...

ZAMATEV (CONT'D)

Cease fire! Cease *fire!*

Joe runs along the alley between the moving train and an unmoving line of cars.

Looming out of the shadows, a Russian Soldier swings his rifle butt at Joe. He knocks the pistol out of Joe's hands

Joe stumbles back, trips, falls. As the Russian comes in Joe jerks up his feet carrying the man completely over him.

Joe twists to one side, gets on top and starts punching the struggling soldier in the face.

From the signal bridge Alekhin aims his rifle, trying to see in the gloom.

Joe jumps up, pulls one pistol, covering the man, he stuffs away the fallen pistol and turns to run.

Alekhin fires ...

Joe dives between two box cars, the bullet strikes a spark. He climbs the ladder to the top of the car.

Alekhin cocks the rifle.

Soldiers rush forward.

SOLDIER
Here! He is here!

Two tracks away, Zamatev pauses cupping his hand to an ear.

YARD WORKER
This way.

Zamatev points at the Yard Worker.

ZAMATEV
You. Stop that train! Stop **all**
the trains!

Zamatev runs off into the yard.

Soviet soldiers are climbing to the top of the box cars after Joe.

Joe runs down the line of car roofs. On the last track before the embankment at the edge of the yard a mixed freight is backing into a curve.

The ENGINEER of the freight leans out the window of the cab, looking back along the direction the train is moving.

Joe skids to a stop. Several cars away soldiers have climbed to the car tops and are running toward him.

He turns, behind him the same thing is happening.

Alekhin can't get a clear shot at Joe, the tops of the cars are a jumble of silhouettes.

Zamatev climbs to the car top. He starts toward where the soldiers are closing in on Joe.

Joe takes a flying leap onto the top of the passing freight. He hits skids, slips, sprawls clutching the roof. The tracks lead the moving train off into the curve, carrying Joe away.

One Soldier tries a similar jump but falls short and hits the side of the moving train and falls to the ground.

Joe is getting to his feet and being carried toward Zamatev ... but Joe's train is also slowly peeling away because of the curve.

Zamatev, still running along the tops of the cars toward the spot where the other rail line veers off. He pulls his Tokarov and racks the slide.

Alekhin fires, the bullet striking sparks from the top of Joe's car.

Joe fires back with both pistols.

Shots hitting all around Alekhin one nicking his ear causing him to stagger back dropping his rifle.

The slide on Joe's left hand pistol locks back and he tosses it away. With two hands he aims the other pistol at Zamatev and fires.

Zamatev holds his pistol at arms length, duelist fashion. The men around him have gone flat. He fires back. Then the structure of a signal bridge is in the way.

ZAMATEV (CONT'D)

Damn it!

Zamatev throws down his pistol.

Joe stands, disappearing into the darkness.

Alekhin rolls over, aims his rifle and fires.

Joe's leg is knocked from under him. He goes down on the roof of the car.

Zamatev yells down at the ANOTHER Yard Worker.

ZAMATEV (CONT'D)

The train, where is it headed?

YARD WORKER

N-nowhere. They back down that siding to turn around.

Zamatev turns to an officer on the top of the car.

ZAMATEV

You! Men and dogs. Both sides of the track. Move!

CUT TO:

EXT. MOGOCHA RAIL YARDS - SIDING - DUSK

Joe limps along the top of the cars toward the rear of the train.

Joe comes to a stop at the last car.

Looking down he can see a barricade on top of a berm marking the end of the tracks.

Joe turns and looks back, sees searching soldiers and dogs on either side of the train and men out in the fields flanking the track.

Joe jumps and rolls. He stifles a cry of agony as the bullet graze on his leg impacts the ground.

Joe staggers off into the brush at the end of the track. He crashes through branches and reeds.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOGOCHA RIVER BANK - DUSK

Soldiers crash into the trees and emerge suddenly from the brush onto the muddy bank of the river. Boats of all sizes are pulled up on the banks and they search through the dark outlines of the hulls.

A soldier holds a flashlight for Alekhin as he follows Joe's tracks. They stop at a boat that is half out of the water, Joe's foot prints show that he has jumped to grab hold of the deck. Light snow dusts the air around them.

Soldiers climb aboard, guns ready. Zamatev does too.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOGOCHA RIVER - BOAT - DUSK

In the glow of a flash light, muddy foot prints lead aft. Zamatev looks off the stern where two small davit cranes dangle cut lines ...

Alekhin looks up from below, he is hip deep in the cold water, realizing the same thing as Zamatev ... their quarry has escaped again.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOGOCHA RIVER - SKIFF - DAWN

The sky is barely lightening over the river as Joe and the skiff float east.

Joe starts rowing for the icy shore.

In a sheltered spot Joe lands, pounds a hole in the bottom of the boat with a rock and sets it back into the river. As the boat floats away it sinks out of sight.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED FIELDS

Joe walks through the forest, and as snow begins to fall once again. He is wounded in the leg, tired and hungry.

Joe staggers through abandoned fields. The remnants of silos and barns are nearby.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED VILLAGE - EVENING

Joe shivering and clutching his coat around him walks through a snow covered village. The houses have mostly fallen apart.

On the wall of a partially collapsed building is a peeling poster of a well fed farm woman wearing a medal and looking out across fields of rolling wheat. She is leaning on the hood of a truck and in the background are power lines. It reads, "Five year plan: Utopia!"

The village pump doesn't work but he partly fills his water bottle from a rusting hubcap.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - EVENING

Joe searches a primitive larder. In one cupboard he finds some rat eaten sacks of oats with a few flakes left he picks them up and eats them. He also finds a dead and desiccated rat. He makes a face as he looks at it ...

JOE

I can't believe I'm even *thinking* that.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED CEMETARY - EVENING

Joe stops for a moment at an over-grown cemetery. The surrounding trees are all bare ...

FLASH BACK:

EXT. JAMESTOWN, NORTH DAKOTA CEMETARY - DAY

It is a dark and overcast day with snow occasionally drifting down out of the clouds. A ten year old Joe is standing in the cemetery with a white TEACHER from the Pipestone Indian School.

They are separate from the several other people in the graveyard who surround a coffin set alongside a freshly dug grave. Along side the cemetery fence is a truck with a sign painted on the side, "Brother Dale Williams's Grace Salvation Crusade." There is also a picture of a tent church with golden light coming from it. The funeral is breaking up ...

GRACE SALVATION WOMAN

All those years she was married to Brother Dale ... I never knew she had an *Indian* boy.

GRACE SALVATION MAN

We all have a past, Enid. Come along.

A matronly woman (HELEN BJORNSTAD DYER), approaches the Teacher. Behind her waits a tall man and THREE GIRL CHILDREN of various ages.

HELEN

Excuse me. Is this Joe?

MRS. BENLINE

Yes it is. I'm Mrs Benline from the Pipestone Indian school.

HELEN

Hello, Joe. I'm your Aunt Helen. I'm so sorry. You have lost a mother and I have lost a sister.

(to Mrs. Benline)

It's good to meet you ... I was a bit afraid you were with *them*.

Helen nods at the Grace Salvation Crowd who are offering condolences to DALE WILLIAMS, the man who was married to Joe's mother.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Could we go somewhere? It's terribly cold and I believe we should talk ...

CUT TO:

INT. JAMESTOWN, NORTH DAKOTA - CAFE - DAY

The inside of the cafe is warm and the windows have steamed up. Joe sits in a booth with JIM DYER. Joe is drawing on a paper place mat with the stub of a pencil. The GIRLS are eating at another table. Across the partition between the banks of booths Helen talks to Mrs. Benline.

HELEN

Marjory was a lost soul. First Ben Makatozi then this gypsy preacher. Poor Joe has never had a proper family. Not a proper *Methodist* family.

Joe is having trouble with his drawing. Jim Dyer puts out his hand for the pencil.

MRS. BENLINE

We were pleased to see that his grandfather comes to collect him in the summer. That started a few years ago.

Jim takes out a pocket knife and sharpens the pencil for Joe.

HELEN

My word! You mean you've met Amos Makatozi?

Jim hands the pencil back.

MRS. BENLINE

He's *traditional* ... but so are many of our parents. That's why a true education is so important.

HELEN

I'm sure.

Please understand, I respect what you are trying to do. But I believe I could offer Joe a better home than a government boarding school.

Joe finishes a pretty good drawing of fast looking monoplane.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD TO ST. CLOUD - DYER FAMILY BUICK - NIGHT

Jim and Helen sit in the front seat as the car makes it's way through the snow.

Bundled into the back are the three DYER GIRLS and, wedged between them is Joe, awake and scared as the kids around him sleep.

As they approach the city they drive past a "Hooverville" where poor families of St. Cloud crouch around fires or in tar paper shacks.

RETURN TO:

EXT. ABANDONED CEMETARY - EVENING

Joe sees a bramble of berry vines around one wall of the cemetery. He picks off the blackened, wrinkled, berries and eats them, desperately savoring what little flavor they have.

FLASH BACK:

INT. ST. CLOUD, MINNESOTA - DYER HOME - MORNING

The Dyer house is modest but the table is full of food. Bacon, eggs, oatmeal, toast, milk. Helen is pouring Jim some coffee. The three girls and Joe are also eating.

HELEN

Eat up, it's almost time for school.

ELAINE

Mom? Vicky says Joe an Indian.

VICKY

Part Indian.

Helen and Jim trade a glance.

HELEN

Honest to gosh, just look at the time. You'd best get moving, there's snow outside.

ELAINE

But is it true? He doesn't look like an Indian ... not really.

HELEN

Well, she's right. But he's part of the family, so he's our little Indian.

Now, get your books. Get your homework. Don't forget anything.

The kids hustle out the door to walk to school.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. CLOUD, MINNESOTA - DYER NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING

The kids are walking to school. It's a comfortable middle class neighborhood. Some people have little farm plots and a few tall buildings are visible in the distance.

VICKY

When your hair grows longer Joe, I can braid it. Then you'll look like an Indian.

JOE

I don't wanna look like an Indian!

VICKY

You don't have a choice, you're 'our little Indian.' Mom said so.

Joe clamps down on his temper and keeps trudging down the road to the distant school building.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Our *little* Indian.

RETURN TO:

EXT. FOREST MOUNTAINS - DAY

Joe is shivering and miserable. He clutches his coat around himself tightly. He trudges forward.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOREST MOUNTAINSIDE - AFTERNOON

Joe trudges forward up hill. He stops to rest under a tree, the wind is blowing he can see a town in the distance. Joe pulls out his map and turns to keep it out of the wind.

The town is Aldan. He moves his thumb revealing the Lena River and that it makes a sweeping bend through rough country.

JOE

(to himself)

Beyond Aldan and the bend in the
Lena River. People who might help.

But that's a lot of country.

He looks out at the wilderness beyond the river.

CUT TO:

INT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - ZAMATEV'S QUARTERS - DAWN

Zamatev is packing his briefcase. On a chair nearby is a suitcase, Zamatev's dress uniform folded on the top. Nearby, Kyra stands nearby at attention.

ZAMATEV

Our KGB Comrade Colonel Shepilov is
baiting me about that mess at the
railyards. This struggle is not
only here, but among our superiors
in Moscow.

KYRA

Psychology is a science that can be
applied to many situations. If I
were to come with you ...

Zamatev glances at her.

ZAMATEV

No. Moscow is a mine field: There
are many who would keep me locked
up here in Siberia ... and that is
not my future.

I will tell you what. Use that
psychology to find our quarry
faster than Alekhin can track him.
Show your value.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - HELI-PAD - MORNING

An MI-4 flies away leaving Kyra standing alone on the tarmac.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALDAN OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

Joe walks down a road on the edge of town, past a string of poorly built houses locked up for the night. The smoke from their fires hangs in the street like fog.

He sees trash piled up beside an incinerator and sorts through it all the time keeping an eye out for people. He sees a stray dog across the street pulling something out of a tipped over trash barrel. He finds a can with some food left in the bottom of it.

CUT TO:

EXT. LENA RIVER - DREDGE - NIGHT

Joe crosses the frozen river.

As he reaches the other side the outline of a gold dredge looms above him, crusted with snow, locked in an ice pond of it's own making.

CUT TO:

INT. LENA RIVER - DREDGE - NIGHT

Joe lets himself in and crouches shivering in the drafty room containing the ore separator. He looks up to see the glassed in control room.

He climbs up and, letting himself in, finds a small stove. But there is no fuel in the bucket near by just some bits of bark and splinters. Joe gets up and kicks at the wall. Once, twice, planks come loose. He breaks them and puts them in the stove. He gets a fire started.

By the light of the fire he checks his wounded leg. It is not healing well.

He finds a pile of papers, "Sovietskiy Sport." Opening them up he starts to wrap them around his body, under his clothes, for insulation.

Joe crowds close to the stove, cold and miserable. He puts his can of thrown away food on top of it to heat.

CUT TO:

EXT. LENA RIVER - DREDGE - NIGHT

Pulling back we see a faint light in the control room and smoke coming from the stove pipe. The wind blows sheets of snow.

FLASH BACK:

EXT. ST. CLOUD, MINNESOTA - DYER HOME - MORNING

A somewhat older Joe runs from the house and vaults the front porch railing. He comes suddenly to a stop.

Amos Makatozi has camped on lawn, he is cooking a small goat on a spit.

Elaine Dyer has followed Joe out on to the porch, she stares in shock as Amos stands and greets Joe. Elaine calls back into the house.

ELAINE

MOM!

CUT TO:

INT. ST. CLOUD, MINNESOTA - DYER HOME - DAY

A contentious scene is developing in the Dyer living room. Joe and Jim sit on opposite couches while Amos and Helen stand and yell at one and other. The girls look on, peering around the doorway to the hall

HELEN

No, you can not take him!

AMOS

He must learn.

HELEN

Learn to cook a stolen goat on my front lawn? Where all the neighbors can see? I think not!

AMOS

Learn to be who he is. Our way.

HELEN

He's an *American*. That's all he needs to know. The last thing he needs is to become some savage.

You should have appreciated your own son while you had him, Amos Makatozi. You're not going to get ours.

AMOS

He is not your son.

Amos turns and leaves. Jim glances over at Joe with compassion.

CUT TO:

INT. ST. CLOUD, MINNESOTA - DYER HOME - NIGHT

Joe has packed a sack full of clothes and belongings and is ready to slip out the window when the sudden flare of a match startles him. Jim Dyer stands in the doorway to his room, lighting a cigarette.

JOE

I- I can explain--

Joe hangs his head, he's caught.

JIM

Shh ...

Jim sits on the bed in a room that is just what any depression era kid would dream of having. A few toys, a couple of team pennants and a sports trophy. Joe has lived the life of an upper mid west white kid for the last several years.

JIM (CONT'D)

When I was a boy I always wanted to run away ... have adventures. But there was never anyone to do it with.

Jim hands Joe a ten dollar bill.

JIM (CONT'D)

This is only in case you get in trouble. Be back before the first day of school, okay?

Joe hugs him tears in his eyes.

JIM (CONT'D)

You go on. I'll close the window.

Joe slips through the window but Jim just sits on the bed.

JIM (CONT'D)

I'll tell her something ...

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. CLOUD, MINNESOTA - DAWN

Joe and Amos, both on horseback, ride out of town. They are alone on the dim streets except for a milk truck.

RETURN TO:

EXT. LENA RIVER - DREDGE - DAWN

Joe leaves the dredge behind. The snow is falling and he walks off into the gloomy day.

CUT TO:

INT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - QUARTERS - MORNING

Kyra wakes a HEFTY MIDDLE AGED NURSE. Kyra motions her to silence and motions for her to come ...

CUT TO:

INT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - OBSERVATION DECK - MORNING

As the Nurse looks on, Kyra unlocks a metal file cabinet. She pulls out a number of loose leaf notebooks.

She sits down at a desk with a telephone and opens the first book.

KYRA

Sit, you can help me.

NURSE

What are we doing?

KYRA

These are Siberia directories for all Ministerial telephone networks. This is the register of high frequency telex stations.

(MORE)

KYRA (CONT'D)

We are going to call everyone. See if they have seen or heard anything strange ... we will find the escaped prisoner.

NURSE

They will not tell us. A voice on the phone? We could be anyone.

KYRA

This is not Moscow. They see the same ten people every day of their lives. Very few are women. We will be pleasant ... seductive. And we will call back every week. These men are lonely and, once they get to know us, they will tell us anything.

Kyra fires up a cigarette and picks up the telephone.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLEKMA FOREST - DAWN

A distant camp fire glows in the forest. One man is sitting by it.

KGB TROOPS stalk closer, sneaking through the trees. They spread out to approach the camp from several angles at once.

Suddenly Alekhin's patrol attack from well hidden positions around the camp. SPETZNAZ SOLDIER ONE disarms KGB LT. VERSHININ. SPETZNAZ SOLDIER TWO grabs KGB Trooper Two in a choke hold. Alekhin's Radio Operator punches out a THIRD KGB TROOPER. At the fire and the sitting man turns around. It is Alekhin.

Alekhin bends over Lt. Vershinin and looks at his identity card.

ALEKHIN

KGB? I thought you little birds spent all your time listening to people screw.

LT. VERSHININ

Release us immediately! I am here under the orders of Colonel Shepilov. We are tracking the escaped prisoner.

ALEKHIN

You are staggering through the trees like a drunken idiot.

Across the fire the Radio Operator is tuning his set.

ALEKHIN (CONT'D)

We are going to tie you very tightly but we will inform your headquarters where you are. If they decide to send someone, maybe they can reach you before your hands freeze off.

LT. VERSHININ

It will be the end of you. They will hear about this in Moscow!

Alekhin punches the man on the chin.

ALEKHIN

Send the message, then take their rations.

CUT TO:

EXT. LENA FOREST - AFTERNOON

Joe is a small figure in amongst the trees. He walks closer. And closer. And closer. Joe stumbles and falls ...

FLASH BACK:

EXT. MONTANA WILDERNESS - NIGHT

Distant lightning flares deep in the clouds ...

Young Joe comes suddenly awake. He sits up. Amos is nodding off by a dying fire. The night is calm. Joe looks upwards. The sky is clear.

JOE

Did you hear that?

AMOS

I heard nothing. You dream. Go to sleep.

Joe lies back done, relaxing.

JOE

It was thunder. Yeah, must have
been a dream ...

Now Amos is sitting up alarmed ...

AMOS

You dream of thunder? Boy, look at
me! What did you dream?

JOE

A flash of light. Clouds. Noise.
What's the matter?

Amos stands, he is agitated, concerned.

AMOS

Thunder dreams can not be ignored.

You are going to meet your people.
It can not wait.

Amos walks away from the fire looking up into the night sky
...

AMOS (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

Do not do this. Please, do not do
this to him!

RETURN TO:

EXT. MOSCOW - KREMLIN - DAY

A Zil-111 limousine pulls up in front of the palace. The
door opens and Zamatev steps out. He is in his dress uniform
and looking quite impressive. General Okhlupin steps up to
meet him.

ZAMATEV

Comrade General! I did not expect
you to be here.

OKHLUPIN

You will need my help. The meeting
is in three days and that worm,
Shepilov, is making trouble.

ZAMATEV

General, every hour -- every minute
-- since the escape I have been in
pursuit. I don't even know how
Shepilov discovered--

OKHLUPIN

He is KGB, that is his job! The less he and others know about our project the better, however.

The tall poppy is the first to be cut. So please, Arkady Nikolayevhich, let me do the talking. All of it!

We must be careful. This is a time for humility, not heroics.

CUT TO:

EXT. LENA FOREST - DAY

Deer tracks in the intermittent snow and frozen ground ...

Joe is following the tracks. But his vision is not clear. He stumbles.

Ahead he sees the deer off between the trees. He lifts the Tokarev ... but he sways on his feet, puts a hand to his head.

JOE

Got to get close. Get close.

Now, the deer is gone.

Joe notices that the slide on the Tokarev is locked back. He pulls out the magazine ... empty. What happened? Did he black out?

Joe slips and falls. He shakes his head, coming to again ...

Now he's crawling forward. He gets to his feet, following the tracks. He comes through some brush and there is the deer, on the ground with a bullet hole behind it's shoulder. Joe lifts the pistol staring at it ... did he shoot? How could he shoot?

A shadow looms up behind him. Seeing it, he turns but, at the same time, the shadow brings the butt of a rifle down across his head.

CUT TO:

EXT. LENA FOREST - AFTERNOON

For the second time the face of a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (NATALYA) swims into view, she is looking down at him much as Kyra did in the prison. Behind her is a large, HEAVY FEATURED YOUNG MAN (PESHKOV) with a rifle strapped across his back.

PESHKOV
We should kill him.

NATALYA
No! He is starving.

She touches Joe's face and Peshkov looks at her, worried ...

NATALYA (CONT'D)
Put him on the sledge. If his fate
is to be decided, it will be by
decided all of us.

CUT TO:

EXT. LENA FOREST - AFTERNOON

On a sledge pulled by a team of reindeer, with their furs and supplies piled around him, Joe is dragged deeper into the forest.

FLASH BACK:

EXT. MONTANA WILDERNESS - AFTERNOON

Amos and Joe top a rise looking down into a remote valley. It is scattered with tipis and a ceremonial circle and tree has been erected for a Sun Dance. In the afternoon light it looks like a Native American Shangri-la.

JOE
Grandfather! What is this place?

AMOS
It is for those of us who have not
given in to what *was-in-icu* wishes
us to become.

They head their horses down the hill.

AMOS (CONT'D)
You will learn to be Lakota and
what it means to dream of thunder.

(MORE)

AMOS (CONT'D)

You will learn, whether you like it
or not.

RETURN TO:

INT. LENA FOREST - ESCAPEE CAMP - DUGOUT - NIGHT

Black. Dim light through rough fabric.

PESHKOV

You see this patch on his uniform?
Military Police. He is a spy.

STEPHAN

I do not think a patch makes him a
very good spy.

PESHKOV

Then he is a deserter!

SERKOVA

Maybe he is the one the planes and
patrols were searching for west of
Aldan.

ROTHSTEIN

That is foolish. Planes and
patrols do not search for
deserters.

NATALYA

Oh, you and all your theories! He
has been awake for several minutes.
Ask him, that is the fair thing to
do.

A burlap bag is pulled off Joe's head by a small thin man
with a shock of white hair (STEPHAN BARONAS). Nearby are a
slim middle aged man who still tries his best to affect a
natty, almost British style of dress (ROTHSTEIN) and
(SERKOVA) a heavysset older man with a heavy beard. Natalya
is there along with an OLD WOMAN who keeps to herself in the
background.

STEPHAN

As usual, my daughter is right.
Very perceptive, my dear.

Joe looks around the room. The building has been dug into
the side of a slope, the portion of it that is above ground
is walled in rough timber and a third of the room is a
'kang,' a raised sleeping area heated by a fire.

JOE

What is this place? Where am I?

PESHKOV

We will ask the questions!

Peshkov steps forward and cuffs Joe with the back of his hand.

STEPHAN

Vasili, stop! Until we decide differently this man is our guest.

ROTHSTEIN

So tell us something, Comrade.
Convince us you are not here to spy on us.

JOE

Yakov. He said there were people who might help me in the forest beyond the Lena.

ROTHSTEIN

Yakov?

PESHKOV

Yakov is in prison!

JOE

No. He is not! We escaped together!

Peshkov swings again but this time Joe lowers his head so Peshkov hand smacks across the top of his skull.

PESHKOV

Aagh!

Peshkov staggers back holding his hand. He looks ready to attack Joe but Baronas steps in front of him.

STEPHAN

Peshkov, restrain yourself! And if he *is* a spy, you have just told him we know Yakov.

ROTHSTEIN

The police would know about Gospodin Yakov. They would know we have no way to tell if you really spoke to him or not.

(MORE)

ROTHSTEIN (CONT'D)

You could be an informer or you might simply be someone who will betray us in the future.

JOE

It wouldn't do me any good to betray you ... I couldn't make a deal to rat you out if I tried.

ROTHSTEIN

Really? I can not wait to hear why.

JOE

I'm an American flier who was shot down over Kazakhstan. I was held a GRU camp where they tortured me to get the details of a secret aircraft.

Everyone stares at Joe in surprise.

CUT TO:

INT. MOSCOW - KREMLIN PALACE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Seven OFFICERS and their AIDS are arrayed around a square of conference tables. The Generals sit at the tables while their Aids sit just behind them. Zamatev sits behind Okhlupin. Shepilov and ANOTHER KGB OFFICER are there too.

GENERAL TWO

This is a disaster! And if we are going to be told so little about this program I see no reason to dirty my hands with it.

OKHLUPIN

We acknowledge, freely, our mistakes--

ZAMATEV

For the record General, the prisoner was heavily sedated. We did not believe he could stand, let alone escape from the camp!

Okhlupin makes a shushing gesture to Zamatev.

OKHLUPIN

-- and we accept responsibility for what has happened.

(MORE)

OKHLUPIN (CONT'D)

We did not wish to speak with the Deputy Chairman without informing all of you first.

GENERAL ONE

This intruder must be recaptured or killed! We will parade him before the world, it will be retribution for these hostile overflights.

GENERAL THREE (TITOV)

From what I can tell, your program to extract information from these assets, assets of whom this pilot is just one, has been plagued with problems. So far, there are no positive results that I know of.

Zamatev is becoming agitated. Okhlupin shoots him a look.

GENERAL THREE (CONT'D)

I agree with General Titov. Your German scientists, your American pilot, should he be recovered, might be better used in other ways
...

General Three nods in Shepilov's direction.

GENERAL THREE (CONT'D)

The KGB --

Zamatev stands.

ZAMATEV

Excuse me, Comrade Generals, that is where you are wrong ...

Okhlupin's head snaps around --

OKHLUPIN

Colonel--!

But Zamatev steps up to the table.

ZAMATEV

Our program is small but we have made great strides. My German scientists --

Shepilov smirks ...

SHEPILOV

Oh, Arkady, do **not** bring out the saucer, we may not be able to **contain** ourselves.

ZAMATEV

-- have inspired our brilliant Soviet aeronautical engineers, certainly the finest in the world.

It was reported to you that we were able to shoot down the American plane with an extremely fortuitous missile strike, fired from a fighter aircraft at high altitude. This is not true.

Zamatev opens his brief case and passes around photographs of a missile battery.

ZAMATEV (CONT'D)

The actual method of our success was the improved Dvina V-750VN. Because of the work of our unit, **my German scientists**, the Dvina has increased maneuverability at high altitude.

Zamatev holds up a photo of the U-2.

ZAMATEV (CONT'D)

Upon full deployment of the missile, the invasion of Soviet airspace by this **particular** aircraft is a thing of the past.

Surprised by this information Shepilov rallies ...

SHEPILOV

Wonderful, I am sure. But how does this have anything to do with the escape of the American?

GENERAL THREE

Wait. You have said, "This particular aircraft." Why is that?

Zamatev has set his trap.

ZAMATEV

I shall show you.

Zamatev passes more photos ...

ZAMATEV (CONT'D)

Working in concert with the OKB-1 Design Bureau, my unit has contributed to orbiting a prototype reconnaissance satellite.

These are photographs of a secret military airfield north of Las Vegas, Nevada. A facility so deeply classified that no roads connect it to the outside world.

The Generals look at the photos, their Aids crowd in to see over their shoulders.

ZAMATEV (CONT'D)

The second is an infrared image. Sunlight heats the paving during the day and thus can be seen at night. Here, something is blocking the heat from the concrete. As you can tell, it is a plane. A new plane. Capable of performance such as we have never dreamed.

Sources have informed us that our American is being considered as a test pilot of this plane. He has met with it's designers. He has traveled to Nevada. His intelligence value is unprecedented.

Right now this American is without food and without shelter in the midst of the Siberian winter. Our problem is not capturing him or killing him. It is not reclaiming our pride on the international stage ... it is keeping him *alive*.

Zamatev is on a roll but Okhlupin is holding his head in his hands.

CUT TO:

INT. LENA FOREST - ESCAPEE CAMP - DUGOUT - NIGHT

The members of the Escapee Camp have drawn a close, intense, circle around Joe.

SERKOVA

An American! This man will attract exactly the sort of trouble we have managed to avoid!

STEPHAN

We brought him here. We can not undo that now. We must help him, if only to send him on his way

PESHKOV

He is our enemy. The enemy of Russia.

ROTHSTEIN

The motherland that gave you twelve years labor and labeled you a "wrecker" for being absent from work? We do not live in this god forsaken forest because we are obedient proletarians.

NATALYA

We have taken in others. You were one, Vasili.

STEPHAN

Explain for us, if you would, about this spying.

JOE

I took photographs. My plane flew very high and took pictures, so that we could see your planes and missiles, factories, things like that.

PESHKOV

So you can attack us!

JOE

No! To see if you were preparing for war.

SERKOVA

We have barely recovered from the last one! Are you making a joke? There isn't a family in the Soviet Union that isn't missing a son!

JOE

Powerful men in America worry we are lagging behind your country in the production of weapons.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

Fear could lead to war. Knowledge
can help control the fear.

ROTHSTEIN

You make it sound as if you are
doing us a favor. Perhaps we
should return you to the USA for
the sake of world peace?

Natalya brings Joe a cup of tea.

JOE

To be honest, I don't know what I
would do if I was the one who
caught a spy in my country.

However, if for the sake of world
peace, you can return me to the
United States before dinner time
... I'm ready to go.

They look at Joe for a moment before the realize he is
joking.

ROTHSTEIN

Ha! We shall vote. And I vote we
keep the American ... but when he
is stronger we make him chop all
the firewood. What do you say?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOREST MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

At the spot where Joe looked off toward Aldan, Alekhin looks
around.

ALEKHIN

Ahh. He comes up here to see ...

He plucks wool fibers out of the tree bark.

ALEKHIN (CONT'D)

He is waiting for the sun to go
down so he sits where it is warm.

SOLDIER

You are saying he did not spend the
night?

ALEKHIN

Would you? There is too much wind,
too much cold.

Alekhin takes a bearing on the town and carefully moves downhill toward it. He finds some hillside rocks with lichen scuffed away.

ALEKHIN (CONT'D)

He has changed direction, now. The town is calling him, he can not stay away.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LENA FOREST - GROVE - DAY

Joe is splitting wood. Baronas and Serkova are sawing sections out of a downed tree. Natalya is loading the sledge with split wood.

JOE

How did you people get here?

Joe wipes his brow and watches Natalya. She catches his glance and blushes.

JOE (CONT'D)

This isn't the life that many would choose.

Joe sets a four foot stave aside.

SERKOVA

Ha! We are a clerical error.

STEPHAN

There was much confusion in the early days of the Great Patriotic War. A train collected prisoners from many of the camps.

The cars were abandoned on a siding. We broke down the doors and escaped ... well, it is easy to call it an escape now. Three hundred walked into the forest. Twenty two of the twenty nine people here are all who survived.

Now we consider ourselves an independent commune. Each contributes what they can and shares what they have and we make our decisions by consensus.

(MORE)

STEPHAN (CONT'D)

Given that our existence is at odds with the system that rules this country, we hope that no one in authority will find us.

JOE

Maybe you have found a better form of communism than they have in Moscow.

Serkova picks up some of the wood he starts to move the stave Joe selected.

JOE (CONT'D)

Wait. I have a special use for that.

SERKOVA

"True Communism" is for the next life, my friend. We live in faith ... when they let us live at all.

NATALYA

You must be careful. We might convert you. Then you would have to stay and live with us.

CUT TO:

INT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - OBSERVATION DECK - DAY

The Nurse is putting down the phone. Kyra stands in the doorway with a cup of tea.

NURSE

Something is wrong in Aldan. For the last five days no one has been willing to talk to me. After all our work, they are now afraid to talk.

KYRA

Hand me the radio logs.

The Nurse hands Kyra a clipboard with some papers attached.

KYRA (CONT'D)

Alekhin! Yes, he is in Aldan. There is no telling what atrocities he is committing.

I wonder ... I wonder what it is he thinks he has found there.

Kyra sits near the telephone.

KYRA (CONT'D)
Leave me alone ... I must think.

The Nurse frowns but clears out. As soon as she closes the door Kyra snatches up the phone and begins to dial.

KYRA (CONT'D)
We will see. Maybe there is a way
to slow him down.

CUT TO:

INT. ALDAN RESTAURANT - MORNING

Alekhin and his squad are eating in a primitive cafe on the outskirts of Aldan.

SOLDIER ONE
I'm going to get in line for
cigarettes.

He stands, pointing to another soldier.

SOLDIER ONE (CONT'D)
Hey, cigarettes?

Soldier Two hands him some money. Alekhin glances up. A Civilian comes through the door ... one of the KGB Troopers from the forest. Someone steps in behind him and sticks a pistol in his neck.

LT. VERSHININ
Sit back down, you Tongus bastard.
We've come to say, Hello ... from
the KGB.

CUT TO:

EXT. FREIGHT TRAIN - DAY

The train steams west, dark smoke pouring from it's stack. A KGB MAN in a long greatcoat and with an AK-47 hanging from his shoulder has a cigarette on the platform of a passenger car.

REVERSE - he is watching Aleknin and his squad. They are handcuffed together on a flat car. Alekhin's face is dark with rage.

CUT TO:

EXT. LENA FOREST - CREEK - DAY

Joe is lined up, carefully aiming his newly made bow. He fires!

About fifty yards away, in a creek bottom below him, a Manchurian deer goes to it's knees.

Joe sprints, tobogganing to the bottom of the bank and rushing to where the deer is now laying on it's side, dead. As he pauses to get his breath, something catches his eye.

Where the water has cut away the bank of the creek back to rock he can see the mouth of a cave.

CUT TO:

INT. LENA FOREST - CAVE - DAY

Joe peers into the cave. He enters and looks around. It is a roundish space about 30 feet in diameter with water leaking from a small channel in the back wall. Several small holes open out of the slanting ceiling that is a few feet above his head and roots twist down along the shelves of rock. To one side the skeleton of a large animal can be seen buried in the earth.

JOE

Perfect ...

Joe leaves but the skull still stares into the dim light. Closer ... a primitive arrowhead can be seen lodged in the bone of one eye socket and in another time and another place thunder rumbles deep in the clouds of a Montana night.

FLASH BACK:

INT. MONTANA WILDERNESS - LAKOTA CAMP - TIPI - NIGHT

In a tipi full of Lakota men in native garb Young Joe is passed out on a pile of blankets. He is dressed like any white kid might be, knickerbockers a sweater and a tweed cap. Smoke from the central fire rises between he and his grandfather.

LAKOTA MAN ONE

The Boy dreams of thunder but he is not one of us ... do you intend to make it your concern.

AMOS

Of course it is my concern. To be Heyoka is not a life I would wish upon anyone. But I was called to it. I fear he is called too.

LAKOTA CHIEF

He has the dreams. He learns quickly but is contrary and challenging. He fights you but he chooses you.

Heyoka are meant to be contrary. You are meant to remind us all is not just one way, meant to keep us humble, sent to do what most of us would never do.

It is *Wakan Tanka*. You must advise him. And without guidance he may not survive.

RETURN TO:

EXT. LENA FOREST - ESCAPEE CAMP - EVENING

Joe comes into camp carrying a improvised pack. The camp is at work, two MEN are tanning hides. Natalya and MRS. SERKOVA are smoking meat.

Joe stops at a table and start laying out the contents of his pack, cuts of meat, still on the bone.

ZEMSKOV

Hey. Much appreciated, friend!

Mrs. Serkova and Natalya come over and Rothstein appears in a doorway.

MRS. SERKOVA

Ahh! So you can feed yourself and us too.

JOE

It's easier to hunt when you are not being hunted.

MRS. SERKOVA

You see, Natalya? He is a provider and a philosopher. You should pay attention.

Natalya blushes. Joe looks across the table at Rothstein and Baronas.

JOE

As you say. We should share what we have.

I would like one thing though ... I want to store some of what I hunt separately, so I'm ready to leave in the spring.

STEPHAN

I do not believe it will be a problem.

NATALYA

Come with me ...

Joe looks at Baronas who shrugs ... Natalya tugs at Joe's arm. She hands him a basket and picks up one herself.

JOE

What's in there?

NATALYA

Nothing ... yet.

CUT TO:

EXT. LENA FOREST - NEAR ESCAPEE CAMP

Natalya opens a camouflaged door into a cellar or cache in the top of a low rise. Inside there are carefully organized packages of meat and food in jars. Natalya starts pulling foodstuffs off the shelves to bring back to camp.

NATALYA

When the food is prepared for storage, it goes into places like this. The ground is always frozen so the food is cold.

Joe bends down to look at what she's packing in the basket. She leans over and kisses him.

JOE

Uh ... wow.

They kiss again, more seriously.

NATALYA

Yes ... wow.

He stands.

JOE

I don't know if we should --

She puts two fingers to his lips.

NATALYA

Do not talk. Carry.

She hands him a basket.

NATALYA (CONT'D)

Come along, we are preparing to
have a feast.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MOSCOW - OFFICER'S CLUB - NIGHT

Zamatev joins a group at the bar. AVERBAKH is a tall Army
Officer and KIRILENKO is a ministry 'suit.'

AVERBAKH

Arkady! Where have you been?

Kirilenko hands Zamatev a drink.

ZAMATEV

Hello, my friend, it is good to see
you.

KIRILENKO

We here such stories ... secret
research, remote facilities, the
man who is going to put the
capitalists in their place.

ZAMATEV

Bah! Rumors and gossip, what can I
say?

KIRILENKO

Will you be staying in Moscow over
New Year's?

ZAMATEV

Of course ...

Zamatev toasts an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN farther down the bar.

ZAMATEV (CONT'D)
... the atmosphere is so much
warmer here!

To health!

General One sweeps into the room followed by a train of aids.

ZAMATEV (CONT'D)
Excuse me Comrades, my party is
arriving ...

As Zamatev is about to join them he is accosted by General Okhlupin.

OKHLUPIN
Stalin *wept!* I hope you are
pleased with yourself. You have
sold us to those aging sides of
beef ... and Shepilov will be
waiting to clean up the scraps!

ZAMATEV
It is an important program that
must be kept alive. Sometimes a
judicious application of truth is
necessary for progress.

OKHLUPIN
Or for your *career* at the expense
of all else. A socialist should
not have such ambition. It will be
your downfall.

ZAMATEV
And a very good evening to you too,
General.

Zamatev along with a select GROUP OF OTHERS is shown into a
private dining area.

CUT TO:

INT. MOSCOW - OFFICER'S CLUB - DINING AREA - NIGHT

The group of men is well into the meal. They are laughing
and well lubricated. Shepilov circles the table topping off
people's glasses, cooperating with the WAITERS.

ZAMATEV

Well, several years ago I arranged for my chief medical officer to do research at the Serbsky Institute for Forensic Psychiatry. Her methods are proving to be distinctly ... avant garde.

COLONEL MALIK

It is a reminder to cultivate the best people. Is that how it is you will find this escaped American?

ZAMATEV

Yes. I have a Yakut, he can track a feather on the wind.

SHEPILOV

So you believe that with our 'great prize' freezing in the wilderness, your man will be the one to save him from himself?

ZAMATEV

I will certainly put Alekhin up against any of *your* men.

SHEPILOV

Confidence. You being here in Moscow, leaving the chase to the 'best people.' I respect that.

But, you know, I have heard that your Yakut has gone missing.

Shepilov tugs a photograph out of his pocket.

It is Alekhin trussed up in ropes and decidedly unhappy.

SHEPILOV (CONT'D)

Plucked from the earth by an angel, or some such mythical creature.

Everyone turns to stare at Zamatev. He freezes, food partway to his mouth.

ZAMATEV

Excuse me.

Shocked, embarrassed, Zamatev stands suddenly and walks out of the room.

As the door closes behind him Shepilov can be seen standing behind Malik with his hand on the younger man's shoulder. Shepilov has trapped Zamatev again.

CUT TO:

INT. LENA FOREST - ESCAPEE CAMP - DUGOUT - NIGHT

Dinner is being eaten. Many of the people of the refugee community are sitting around a New Year's Tree, the Soviet version of a Christmas tree.

STEPHAN

I was a Professor of astronomy. Part of a quota, you know? They say round up this many ... if you are one of them, then you are guilty.

ROTHSTEIN

... and if *that* sounds harmless, I was a theater critic ... but also a 'Rootless Cosmopolitan.'

JOE

A what?

ROTHSTEIN

A Jew. We always think we will create a society that will protect us. We should know better, right?

STEPHAN

Luckily, several of us were farmers. In the thirties that was the greatest crime of all, to farm and to be good at it. But it is through them that we have survived.

ROTHSTEIN

So how is it you became a pilot and a spy? I am not asking for you to betray a trust but I am afraid my curiosity has gotten the better of me.

JOE

I was a Crew Chief -- an aircraft mechanic during the war. Then I became a pilot. Afterwards, I was admitted to the Air Corps Flight Test Division.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

Eventually, they sent me to
Stanford University Engineering
School.

STEPHAN

Stanford!

JOE

That's where I learned Russian.

NATALYA

You know this place, Papa?

STEPHAN

I know of it. When I was a
scientist we all wished language
and politics were not such a
barrier. Go on young man, I am
sorry to interrupt you.

JOE

I flew fighters with the Strategic
Air Command. And then --

SERKOVA

Then you became a spy?

JOE

Yes.

SERKOVA

You are anti-revolutionary? Um ...
Against socialists? Is it your
ideology?

JOE

My people -- the community I am
from, we haven't had a very good
experience with some all powerful
government making decisions for us.
So, no ... I don't like that part.

BARONAS

All any ideology wants is to force
people to believe in it and nothing
else.

Natalya sits beside him, handing him a glass of tea.

NATALYA

You must tell us what it is like to
fly. I would think it was like
being a bird ...

JOE

We flew gliders at Flight Test School, there's only the sound of the wind. You can soar for hours if the weather is right. I think you'd like that.

NATALYA

I would be scared.

JOE

Maybe for a minute --

PESHKOV

We were not meant to fly. Look what happened to this one, he was blown out of the sky, even though he had a fancy plane.

Stephan Baronas takes out an old pocket watch.

STEPHAN

It is almost time ...

Natalya picks up a bag and begins to distribute a number of handmade ornaments. The people who have been given the ornaments place them on the tree. Baronas checks his watch again ...

STEPHAN (CONT'D)

Soon ...

Some of the women are handing out glasses of alcohol. Natalya stops beside Joe. She takes a dented brass star out of her bag.

NATALYA

It is a Soviet symbol but you have flown closest to the stars and so we would like you to place it on the tree.

Climbing onto the kang, Joe fastens the star to the top.

STEPHAN

Five ... four ... three ... two ...
ONE ...

SERKOVA

To the New Year! 1960!

ALL

The new year!

Natalya grabs Joe from the side and hugs him as everyone toasts.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TAYSHET KGB STATION - OFFICE - DAY

A wilted, poorly decorated, little tree sits on a table beside a window. Outside a blizzard is howling.

Zamatev is signing forms for a KGB OFFICER at a desk in front of a bank of cells, a SENIOR KGB MAN looks on disdainfully.

SENIOR KGB MAN

Next time I will have these animals shot on sight. I don't care who they answer to.

A moment later Zamatev is questioning Alekhin as a GUARD unlocks the cell the Yakut shares with his squad.

ZAMATEV

What the bloody hell happened?

ALEKHIN

We must get to Aldan immediately. These KGB bastards are probably destroying the trail as we speak.

SENIOR KGB MAN

Immediately? Until the weather clears air travel is impossible and the next train is tomorrow if they keep to the schedule.

The Senior KGB Man indicates the cells...

You are welcome to stay here ... courtesy of 'the bastards of the KGB.'

He turns and looks back from the doorway.

SENIOR KGB MAN (CONT'D)

Happy New Year.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ALDAN OUTSKIRTS - HOUSE - DAY

KGB OFFICERS kick in a door and search the 3 room house, holding a poor family of five at gunpoint.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALDAN OUTSKIRTS - STREET - DAY

All down the street Joe walked, soldiers have families huddled in the cold and blowing snow as their homes are searched. Shepilov is leading Zamatev and Kyra on a tour of the search process. Alekhin follows them glowering.

SHEPILOV

Your man tracked him to this town.
A woman was looking for her dog.
Maybe he was seen, maybe not.
Regardless, we will interrogate everyone.

ZAMATEV

Maybe if you had not locked him up
this would be over by now.

SHEPILOV

Yes, yes. But as they stay on the
playground, "he started it."

Shepilov holds the door gallantly for Kyra.

KYRA

Thank you.

SHEPILOV

No, no, Madame. Thank *you*.

Shepilov winks at Kyra ... an event that does not go unmissed by Alekhin, who remains outside.

The end of the street opens onto the river and across the river he can see the hulk of the gold dredge.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALDAN RIVER - DREDGE - DAY

One of the Squad members looks on as Alekhin squats in the control room looking at where planks have been broken for firewood. He examines footprints in the dust, a hand print.

ALEKHIN

Return to town and tell no one,
understand?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LENA FOREST - SEVERAL DAYS

Alekhin trudges forward on short Siberian skis.

Alekhin eats from a can, huddled in a shelter of branches covered with snow, a small fire burning before him.

Alekhin heads further and further into a seemingly endless wilderness.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LENA FOREST - DAY

Joe, Peshkov and Stephan follow boar tracks through the forest. Peshkov and Stephan wield century old Berdan rifles.

STEPHAN

These Americans you describe,
writers and poets ... these
libertines. I don't know whether
to laugh or cry. Even a child
knows that Marxism demands iron
discipline.

JOE

Some of the old American Socialists
were pretty serious ... like the
Non Partisan League. They were a
bunch of Republicans from the Upper
Mid West.

STEPHAN

It is a slippery slope. At
University in Vilnius, Lithuania, I
became a dedicated Marxist-
Leninist. I wanted to save the
world from itself.

I was arrogant about how right and
good I was, thinking -- No, **knowing**
-- that Marx and Lenin have offered
us the **one**, the **final**, solution to
all of history.

(MORE)

STEPHAN (CONT'D)

Whoever does not share your ideals is an obstacle or, worse, the enemy. You intellectualize rather than empathize. The purity of it all. You can not believe you have become a monster.

And then *another* monster, some Chekist bastard, comes to your home at three in the morning, claiming that it is *you* who are not perfectly pure. You and your whole family are taken away to die.

Peshkov waves them down and they take cover behind a small rise.

PESHKOV

American! Baronas! Shut up, I am from Moscow but you two are depressing *me*! Come look at this.

Peshkov points, in a distant berry patch a four Manchurian Boars are rooting around.

PESHKOV (CONT'D)

I will shoot. The boar is very tough. If he charges, Baronas will finish him off.

JOE

What do you want me to do?

PESHKOV

Stay out of the way. With luck we will have plenty of meat to carry.

They creep closer. Peshkov motions for Joe to wait behind a tree. Baronas hands Joe the Tokarev pistol. The two Russians sneak closer. Peshkov fires!

The herd scatters but the wounded boar wheels around. Peshkov jerks at the bolt to the gun. The boar charges.

Peshkov runs. Baronas steps out and fires at the boar's hind quarters ... the bullet misses, splashing snow. Peshkov looks over in shock and slips! He falls right in the path of the charging boar. But before the boar reaches him Joe steps out from behind his tree. He waves his hands ...

JOE

Hey! Right here!

The boar veers off from Peshkov and rushes Joe. Joe stops, takes aim and fires the pistol down right through the top of the boar's head, then spins, dodging the boar at the last second.

CUT TO:

EXT. LENA FOREST - DAY

As Alekhin crosses a froze creek he hears the distant "Ka-pow-ow-ow" of a gunshot echoing in the distance. He turns, trying to tell the direction from which it came.

CUT TO:

EXT. LENA FOREST - DAY

Peshkov walks up to where Joe is standing over the dead boar. They stand there looking at one and other for a moment.

PESHKOV

HA! Look at you!

Peshkov folds Joe into an awkward hug.

PESHKOV (CONT'D)

I thought you were soft. The Air Corps Officer who takes a ... a bubble bath and has a manicure. But NO ... you are like a bull fighter!

Did you see that, Baronas? POW!

CUT TO:

EXT. LENA FOREST - DAY

Baronas, Peskov and Joe have divided up the carcass of the boar. Baronas carries the guns, Joe has a back pack full of canvass wrapped meat and Peshkov is pulling a travois with the rest of the meat.

As they start to walk back to camp Joe and Baronas walk ahead.

STEPHAN

Natalya likes you. It is very obvious.

JOE

Sir, I don't intend to be any trouble. I owe all of you my life and, as a father, you have every right --

Baronas is smiling, holding up a hand to bring Joe to a stop.

STEPHAN

Please, let me say what I have to say.

First of all, Natalya is not my daughter. My true family ... I doubt they have survived.

JOE

I thought -- sorry.

STEPHAN

Her parents froze to death on the train. She needed a father. I needed a daughter. Without these relationships we would go mad. This is why I have to talk to you ...

JOE

I don't understand.

STEPHAN

In the camps I learned there is only one emotion. Fear. Anger is fear grown militant. Joy is, very simply, the absence of fear.

Out here death is always waiting. We must not deny happiness simply because we fear loss.

FROM A HIGH POV - They head back to camp. REVERSE - Alekhin looking down on them from a hidden spot on the hillside.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ALDAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Kyra and Zamatev push their way through a snow storm. They enter the building.

CUT TO:

INT. ALDAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

As he enters the room, Zamatev sees Alekhin sitting in a chair covered in blankets ... he is sipping from a cup of steaming tea.

ZAMATEV

Alekhin! It has been weeks. Where the hell have you been?

ALEKHIN

You will see.

Alekhin takes a drink of tea.

ALEKHIN (CONT'D)

I have found him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LENA FOREST - ESCAPEE CAMP - DUG OUT - NIGHT

Joe enters and it is like he has lived there forever. The people welcome him, he is handed food, he sits beside Natalya, who holds up a fur coat she is stitching together for him.

FLASH BACK:

EXT. MONTANA WILDERNESS - LAKOTA CAMP - DAY

Joe is now dressed more as a native American kid would be dressed. He runs with a group of LAKOTA KIDS tapping along a hoop with sticks. Suddenly Amos Makatozi is among them and the children scatter leaving Joe and a settling hoop behind. Joe looks around the kids are hiding, some staring out at his grandfather from behind tipis and drying racks. Amos makes a noise and an abrupt gesture.

AMOS

Hissst!

The kids run away. Joe stands looking up at him.

AMOS (CONT'D)

There is someone you must meet.

Riding up is a strange figure. FRANK BIG BEAR is hugely fat he wears his clothes backwards and is riding his horse backwards ... when first seen he almost looks like a man who's face is covered with hair.

He drops lightly from his horse and walks backwards toward Joe and Amos, only turning around at the last moment. Joe looks up at his bulk in amazement.

FRANK

Don't step on me old Joe. You are so big and I so small you must be careful. I could be crushed.

Frank settles into a sitting position in a puff of dust. Joe is surprised but amused by this huge clown of a man.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Ungh! A few weeks on the hunt wouldn't hurt you, Fatso. Sweat you right down to size.

AMOS

This man is called Frank Big Bear --

FRANK

Big bare what? Now that's something they *never* want to know.

Joe sniggers but Amos is deadly serious.

AMOS

Like you. Like me. He has been called by the thunder beings. Those who answer must live a different life --

FRANK

Thinking ummm, bass ackwards --

Joe laughs, his eyes sparkling. But Amos grabs his chin locking eyes with him.

AMOS

This is *not* a joke.

Frank shrugs, spreading his hands, it's not his fault he's funny ...

FRANK

This is correct. Ass backwards thinking is not a joke.

AMOS

You are making sure people appreciate what they have, question what they take for granted.

(MORE)

AMOS (CONT'D)

Being sure others do not take
themselves too seriously ...

Frank reaches up and tries to jerk the waistband of Amos's trousers down causing Amos to grab for his pants. Joe looks on, afraid of violence from Amos. But the old man just scowls and moves out of Frank's reach.

FRANK

Or living as an outsider instead of
with the tribe. Fighting a war
when others make peace. Like
someone we know.

AMOS

... Seeing what others do not see.

We will help you if you choose to
answer that call. Choose wrong you
will be killed by a bolt of
lightning. POW!

Joe flinches back.

AMOS (CONT'D)

You will be turned into a pile of
charcoal.

RETURN TO:

EXT. ALDAN VEHICLE YARD - DAWN

Zamatev and Alekhin are about to board a tracked snow truck. Zamatev is filling Kyra in on the last details

ZAMATEV

We will be meeting a platoon of
Motor Riflemen forty kilometers
down river.

Tell him I've headed back to camp.
Distract that bastard as long as
you can. We've all seen the way he
looks at you.

He climbs into the vehicle.

ZAMATEV (CONT'D)

Move out!

In a cloud of diesel smoke the track crawls out of the yard.

CUT TO:

INT. ALDAN RESTAURANT - DAY

Kyra and Shepilov are sitting at a table. The windows are permanently steamed. Two metal stoves are burning. They are playing chess.

SHEPILOV

For a specialist like yourself there could be many opportunities. There is a young man in Minsk. He was a US Marine, a radar operator with security clearance who has renounced his decadent capitalist ways.

KYRA

In *Minsk*?

SHEPILOV

Or Moscow. You are certainly wasted here, in the middle of nowhere, working on one, *small*, project.

KYRA

You could arrange this transfer?

SHEPILOV

With a single telegram, my dear. It is good to have the right sort of friends. Though you must ... well, return the favor.

She examines him, weighing her options.

KYRA

Zamatev is not returning to his headquarters

SHEPILOV

Really?

KYRA

He is headed north, with a platoon assigned to the GRU. That ape Alekhin found the American.

Shepilov examines her coldly for a moment.

SHEPILOV

Interesting ...

LT. VERSHININ!

Lt. Vershinin is reading an old newspaper in the corner. He leaps to his feet.

LT. VERSHININ
Comrade Colonel!

SHEPILOV
Get us a snow track! Immediately!

Shepilov is pulling on his coat. Kyra looks up at him.

KYRA
And Moscow ...

Kyra is now an after-thought to Shepilov ...

SHEPILOV
When I return.

CUT TO:

INT. LENA FOREST - CAVE - AFTERNOON

Joe's cave now has been stocked with a some food and a fair amount of firewood. A fire is burning in a pit beneath the hole in the ceiling. Joe is sitting by the fire making arrows. He finishes binding a crude metal arrowhead to a shaft. A sound catches his attention. He stands, nocking his arrow and turns toward the cave mouth ...

It is Natalya.

NATALYA
I surrender. But you must wait
until I put this pack down. That
is what is truly killing me.

She lowers a crudely made backpack to the ground. He sets aside the bow and arrow.

JOE
Sorry. Come in, it's warmer by the
fire. How did you find this place?

NATALYA
Oh, I have been watching you ...
and I remembered that you said you
shot a deer by the river.

You have made a home here, yet you
always stay with us.

JOE

Well, the food is better. What did you bring with you?

NATALYA

I finished it.

She lifts out a finished reindeer hide anorak.

NATALYA (CONT'D)

Here. Put it on.

He pulls it over his head ...

NATALYA (CONT'D)

I brought two more hides to cut for the pants and boots.

She adjusts the hood so it lays down behind his head ... this places them nearly in an embrace.

NATALYA (CONT'D)

The other you can use for sleeping.

He pulls her close and kisses her.

NATALYA (CONT'D)

Or anything else you might want.

JOE

I'll have to think about that ...

They kiss again and she lets go of the hide dropping it to the floor.

The bear skull looks down on them in the firelight.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LENA FOREST - VALLEY NEAR CAMP - LATE NIGHT

In a snowy valley a couple of miles from the Escapee Camp Zamatev's platoon has parked it's vehicles. The soldiers are ready to move out. Zamatev, Alekhin and CAPTAIN BENKO address the platoon.

ZAMATEV

The camp is three kilometers to the north. We will move in and create a loose cordon around the entire location.

(MORE)

ZAMATEV (CONT'D)

Captain Benko, you will take a radio and two squads. Your responsibility is the perimeter to the north. Once you are set, Alekhin will then attempt to identify which building the subject is in.

ALEKHIN

Do not leave concealment until I signal.

ZAMATEV

Right. Once we move in our goal is to contain all of these people within their dwellings.

Alekhin leads the platoon north.

CUT TO:

EXT. LENA FOREST - ESCAPEE CAMP OVERLOOK - LATE NIGHT

Zamatev pauses, looking down at the camp. His men then deploy along the hillside. Soldiers move through the trees, their winter uniforms making them nearly invisible in the dim light.

A RADIO OPERATOR squats near Zamatev monitoring for transmissions ...

RADIO/BENKO

Northern perimeter set ...

Zamatev gestures Alekhin forward.

CUT TO:

EXT. LENA FOREST - ESCAPEE CAMP - DAWN

Alekhin checks the tracks, items left outside the buildings. He finds Siberian skis and Joe's distinctive snowshoes hanging from a peg near the main dugout. Between the buildings are mushy ruts of tracks but under the snowshoes is part of a familiar boot print. This would seem to be the right building.

Alekhin sneaks into camp. He carefully crawls up the slanting roof of one dug out and peers through the hole to the fire pit.

CUT TO:

EXT. LENA FOREST - ESCAPEE CAMP OVERLOOK - DAWN

Zamatev looks down at the camp. Nothing. He glances at the sky. It is getting lighter.

ZAMATEV
Come on! Move it!

CUT TO:

EXT. LENA FOREST - ESCAPEE CAMP - DAWN

Alekhin glances west, seeing a double line of snow filled depressions headed off parallel to the creek ... he follows. Near a tree he finds one where the snow has not fallen in the track because of the covering branches. Covering a flashlight with his cupped hands he looks at it ... the print of Joe's Soviet army boot. He heads in that direction following the vague tracks.

CUT TO:

EXT. LENA FOREST - VALLEY NEAR CAMP - DAWN

Looking back down the valley from the rally point where Zamatev's vehicles are parked a primitive half track fitted with skis appears out of the gloom, it is kicking up a rooster tail of snow. It drives past the vehicles and follows the tracks of the Soviet Platoon.

CUT TO:

EXT. LENA FOREST - ESCAPEE CAMP - DUGOUT - DAWN

The door opens and Peshkov steps outside, stretches and picks up a bucket. He pounds the ice out of it and heads for the creek.

CUT TO:

EXT. LENA FOREST - ESCAPEE CAMP OVERLOOK - DAWN

In the distance, past Zamatev, Peshkov can be seen.

RADIO/BENKO
Sir? We have movement in camp.

ZAMATEV
What's that damned noise ...?

He turns and looks down the slope behind him.

At the bottom of the slope behind him Shepilov's half track has pulled up and the KGB man jumps out.

ZAMATEV (CONT'D)
You must be mad! Shut that off!

CUT TO:

EXT. LENA FOREST - CAVE - DAWN

Natalya sits down beside where Joe is sleeping in a pile of furs. She hands him a cup of tea as he wakes.

NATALYA
Good morning.

JOE
Mmm. Did you see my bear?

The look at the skull buried in the wall.

NATALYA
Yes. Very fierce.

Closer now, Joe shows her the details. A stone arrowhead wedged in the eye.

JOE
See. Someone shot him. Fought with him in this cave.

NATALYA
It is frightening. One man fighting this huge beast.

He wiggles the arrowhead loose.

JOE
This is very old. The workmanship is amazing.

NATALYA
Come with me, I have something to show you too.

CUT TO:

EXT. LENA FOREST - ESCAPEE CAMP - CREEK - DAWN

Peshkov looks up, listening to the sound of the distant motor. He drops the bucket and runs for the dugout.

CUT TO:

EXT. LENA FOREST - ESCAPEE CAMP OVERLOOK - DAWN

Zamatev grabs the radio headset.

ZAMATEV

Move! Move in now!

CUT TO:

EXT. LENA FOREST - CAVE - DAWN

They emerge from the cave. They stand there for a moment listening to the fading night.

NATALYA

(whisper)

Shhh. Are you ready?

Joe has no idea what she is up to.

JOE

Sure ...

Natalya tugs down the scarf that covers her mouth and breathes out ...

NATALYA

haaaa ...

Her breath mists, then freezes: "Shhikitikaaa ..." tinkling to the ground.

NATALYA (CONT'D)

We call that "the whisper of stars."

Joe does the same thing.

JOE

haaaa ...

They watch as the cloud drifts like sand particles.

NATALYA

I would like see an ocean. Or a
city. But then I fear I could not
come back to the forest.

Joe reaches over and takes her mittened hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. LENA FOREST - ESCAPEE CAMP - DAWN

Soviet soldiers charge down hill.

From the other direction they cross the creek between rocks
and tree trunks.

Zamatev is yelling into the radio ...

ZAMATEV

Benko! Get in there and take
charge! I'm going after Alekhin!

CUT TO:

INT. LENA FOREST - ESCAPEE CAMP - DUGOUT - DAWN

The Old Lady is starting a pot of tea. Rothstein is
buttoning his shirt and Baronas is sitting on the kang
pulling on his boots.

Peshkov charges into the room, slamming the door behind him.
He grabs up one of the Berdan rifles and struggles to load
it.

PESHKOV

They are coming! They are coming!

Soldiers burst through the door. Peshkov raises the rifle
and the FIRST SOLDIER bayonets him. The SECOND SOLDIER
smashes the Old Woman with the butt of his rifle.

SOLDIER ONE

Down on the ground! Get down!

Baronas reaches over to the edge of his blanket and pulls
out the Tokarev pistol Joe gave him. He levels the gun at
the First Soldier.

CUT TO:

EXT. LENA FOREST - CAVE - DAWN

Joe and Natalya hear three distant gunshots. They look at one and other ...

NATALYA

Oh, no! No! No!

She takes off, floundering through the new fallen snow toward the camp. Joe grabs up his bow and the single arrow that is near the door and follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. LENA FOREST - ESCAPEE CAMP - DAWN

The Soviet soldiers round up the members of the camp, dragging them into the open and beating them to their knees. Peshkov's and Baronas's bodies have been dragged into the open.

CUT TO:

EXT. LENA FOREST - ESCAPEE CAMP - DAWN

Snow is falling faster as Joe and Natalya race toward the camp. Joe catches Natalya's arm.

JOE

Natalya! Slow -- Slow down! We can't help until we know what is happening!

A bullet rips through Joe's clothing, punching through his side, breaking ribs and exploding out the back of his anorak.

NATALYA

Ahhhh!

Some seventy yards away, Alekhin is down on one knee. He racks the bolt of his rifle.

ALEKHIN

Got you!

Natalya bends over Joe and the next shot strikes over her ear. She falls, dead, staring into Joe's eyes.

Alekhin walks forward.

Joe rolls over and fires his bow horizontally. The arrow punches into Alekhin's gut.

Joe explodes off the ground.

JOE

ARRRGH!

Pulling his knife he crashes into Alekhin. The two tumble and fall, struggling. They punch and stab and grapple. Alekhin throws Joe off of him, the rifle is swallowed by the snow. Joe rolls behind Alekhin and slices the back of his leg. Alekhin falls.

Appearing from the camp are Zamatev and TWO SOLDIERS. Joe can be seen through the blowing snow raising his knife to stab Alekhin. One Soldier fires!

The bullet hits Joe and the powerful stab goes awry. Alekhin jerks away and the descending knife splits his hair, cutting the scalp like a part from front to back. Joe rolls over Alekhin, partially taking cover behind the man's body. he jerks the arrow he has shot into Alekhin free.

Zamatev peers through the snow. More SOLDIERS are approaching.

ZAMATEV

You. Move in!

The Soldier beside him stands up and ... Fizzzst! An arrow catches him in the neck.

ZAMATEV (CONT'D)

Bloody hell! Circle around.
Carefully!

CUT TO:

EXT. LENA FOREST - ESCAPEE CAMP - DAWN

FOUR SOLDIERS come forward, rifles aimed low. Zamatev follows a few paces behind.

Alekhin and Natalya's bodies lie under a thickening blanket of snow. There is a lot of crushed snow but no identifiable tracks.

Zamatev stares around. He indicates Alekhin.

ZAMATEV

Two of you, get him out of here.
Get him to the medic. You and you.
We circle around, look for tracks.

(MORE)

ZAMATEV (CONT'D)

He was shot and he was right *here!*
How bloody far could he go?

CUT TO:

EXT. LENA FOREST - ESCAPEE CAMP - MORNING

Soldiers search through the area around the camp. The snow is still piling deeper and deeper.

A patrol of several Soldiers canvases the creek bottom scanning the banks which are now unblemished slopes of snow.

From a different angle the same area can be seen. A load of snow has slipped down the bank and built up a berm in front of Joe's cave so that it is invisible from below ...

CUT TO:

EXT. LENA FOREST - CAVE

In the wan light from the mouth and the snow plugged holes in the ceiling Joe can be seen. He is curled by the dying fire.

The skull of the bear stares down as, in flickering firelight, THE SHADOWS OF A MAN AND A HUGE BEAR SWIRL AND SHIFT ON THE WALLS OF THE CAVE. They fight an endless battle, restless dynamic spirits as Joe sweats and rolls and shivers and cries out.