

Mending Wall

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FADE IN:

TITLE QUOTE: The only way out is through. - Robert Frost.

INT. NEW YORK ART GALLERY - DUSK

Price tags from the Eastern European exhibit, 'The Art of Perestroika' are turned and twirled.

A GALLERY ATTENDANT in a mini and cowboy boots stands next to a Pandora's box of decreasing size wooden lacquered RUSSIAN DOLLS.

She expectantly checks her smartphone while she rings up the cash register. The clock reads 4:57 PM.

V.F. TINNER a handsome young man, lingers in front of the attendant, program in hand.

The attendant whispers "sold" as she walks by him with a 'CLOSED' sign and set of keys.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DUSK

The attendant drops her keys as Tinner exits. He bends and hands them back noticing her ring as she locks the door.

Nancy Sinatra's "These Boots Were Made for Walking" begins as the attendant begins her walk down the busy Soho street.

Tinner follows, package in hand, open to Summer's windy possibilities.

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNTOWN NY TRANSIT - DUSK

The bus is full: Latino secretaries, hipster students, fat Wall street businessmen.

Missing the upper rail, TINNER, watches his gallery brochure sail in the updraft: 'THE ART OF PERESTROIKA'.

Someone accidentally pushes Tinner's face to the window. A "Your Vote Counts" advertising sign is reflected in the window on Tinner's face.

A couple girls sell used books hand-made jewelry on the street: delicately painted compacts, wind-blown earrings and insignia rings. One reapplies lipstick and smiles up at him.

TINNER (V.O.)  
High school art ambition. NY rent.

On the street the bus misses stopping at various Downtown spots, a bar - "Downtown Beirut", "Fat Ray's Costume".

A group of striking workers hesitates, cat-calling a sexy woman wearing a Che Guevera type beret.

An old Chinese man laments over a broken kite.

TINNER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I was recruited to the CIA  
mid-nineties. Second generation  
immigrant stock to Soviet Counter  
Intelligence.

A homeless man trips to a curb.

Tinner blinks at his lack of reflection, looks to his package of Russian dolls.

On the gallery program Tinner underlines, "Happenings - Abstract Expression - American Counterculture."

A black cat causes a fender bender.

TINNER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
In 1991 Soviet Union collapsed.

Tinner forces his way through the bus.

TINNER  
Could I get a transfer?

The Haitian driver wipes his brow.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS EAST VILLAGE - DUSK

Slumming middle-class kids, artists, the homeless, a mass of tired people coming from work.

Tinner pushes himself from the bus.

His smartphone falls to the gutter as a girl walking her dachshund bumps him so the dog gets loose. Tinner retrieves the dog from the crowd and hands him to the girl

He retrieves his phone beside a small glass bottle of what looks like multi-colored sequins, the digital display blinks, 'Check Messages'.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NY CIA INTERROGATION ROOM - DUSK

A homeless man loses something in a garbage.

The stars and stripes of the U.S. flag die in the wind.

Perched on a security wall, a bluebird flies off a ledge as a sparrow lands.

A subtitle appears under the sparrow: NY CIA.

CUT TO:

INT. NY CIA INTERROGATION ROOM - DUSK

The camera moves up legs - a young beautiful Latina.

The woman picks up a fallen placard, 'CAMILA CASTRO.'

She's sophisticated with a tattoo that reveals her as untypical CIA.

The ceiling fan spins.

A silver handgun on the table stops rocking.

Words are etched in Spanish: *Potro 44*.

A bullet and a shoulder holster are next to the gun.

A subtitle under the Spanish: 'Colt 44.'

The man facing Camila, SPECIAL AGENT STAMLEY, is well-muscled, tough, with a stone cutter's face, cowboy stoicism.

Except for rhythmic tapping of his foot, he is docile.

Rows of files are thrown about.

A photo is plastered against the wall next to a map of Haiti.

Camila is unhooked from a lie detector.

Her hand drops an unlit cigarette as electrode tapes are pulled off her sexy brown forearm.

Camila speaks with a discernable Cuban accent.

CAMILA  
Cap-ee-tan Stamley?

Stamley sets up a digital recorder to begin recording.

It takes a couple tries.

He blinks at the Colt's lightly rolling bullet.

CAMILA (cont'd)  
Is there a problem?

STAMLEY  
Curious?

CAMILA  
My nature. . .

The way Camila is sitting makes Stamley sweat.

Her lips reveal a coy smile - she has noticed.

CAMILA (cont'd)  
The department said. . .

STAMLEY  
(cutting in)  
This isn't a quiz, Camila.

Camila presses her lip.

Stamley's voice is geared to intimidate.

It's questionable whether it's working.

STAMLEY (cont'd)  
You're on the bed. . . .

CAMILA  
In Havana?

A timid interruption.

STAMLEY  
Excuse me?

CAMILA  
In Havana, Cuba?

STAMLEY  
Yes, Havana, Cuba. Is there another  
Havana?

CAMILA  
Only one if you don't count little  
Havana - Miami.

STAMLEY  
The embassy -- the election.

CAMILA  
You're no longer asking me out for  
a drink after work tonight?

STAMLEY  
The money, Camiya. *Dinero*.

CAMILA  
Gotcha, partner.

STAMLEY  
Are you sure?

Stamley's patience wears thin.

CAMILA  
The election and the money. . .

STAMLEY  
You read your task order notes  
beforehand, didn't you?

Stamley fails to note the position of Camila's hand.

Camila's pinky makes the lightest movement.

On the next finger she touches a ring.

CAMILA  
Is this all really necessary,  
Stamley?

Stamley picks up the pace.

STAMLEY

You were in Havana weren't you?

Camila looks at him with remorse and pity.

CAMILA

The agency sent me there, yes.

The lie detector needle twitches.

STAMLEY

Show me the money, Cami-y-a!

Stamley goes for the gun.

Camila is quicker.

CAMILA

*Mucho dinero, campanero.*

She fires directly into Stamley and climbs through the window.

Halfway through, she turns and blasts the hell out of the lie detector.

Faint but steady, Stamley's eyes' blink.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EAST VILLAGE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tinner blinks, wipes his eyes on the stairs and opens his package of Russian dolls while a fat African American earth mother passes dropping a couple oranges from her grocery bag. He places the oranges back in her bag.

At the end of the corridor a couple Latino boys play cops and robbers. One weeps as he has grazed his knee.

Tinner checks the boys knee, picks him up and sends him off down the hall to his mother.

His mother, a voluptuous, petticoated Latino woman down the hall squeezes water from a rag and smiles at him as the boy runs to her.

A poster behind her comes unglued.

Poster: 'VIVA CUBA, VIVA CASTRO'.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. TINNER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tinner has trouble unlocking his door.

He walks in, flips a fan, the refrigerator swings.

His cell phone starts to vibrate.

TINNER (V.O.)

This was that election year summer.  
My old partner, used to say,  
'Flushing 'em to the street.' But  
I'm from the Midwest - arid plain,  
wheat fields. Like that Beach Boys'  
song, those Midwest farmers'  
daughters.

Tinner goes to his CD.

He puts on Willie Nelson.

TINNER (V.O.) CONT'D

I'm a New Yorker now.

Willie croons, 'You Were Always on My Mind.'

Next to the player is a library of Soviet avant garde art books and a few named works: MARX AND ENGELS READER, BERKELEY IN THE SIXTIES, ACTIVISM IN AMERICA.'

Above these, a Haitian voodoo veve flag of 'ERZULIE FRIEDA', goddess of unrequited love.

Tinner strips to his undershirt and sets up his Russian dolls in front of him.

He pours himself three drinks - two different glasses, three scoops of gliding ice cubes - overfill second glass.

From the library, Tinner dries a HIGH SCHOOL YEAR BOOK that's gotten iced and then opens it.

INSERT - HIGH SCHOOL YEAR BOOK, VARIOUS PHOTOS

Tinner is pictured younger and in various Midwest high school activities (art, drama, track) near a striking young girl, GAIL ANN.

In the Drama Club picture Gail Ann is dressed as a peasant girl. Tinner is a proletarian suitor from Fiddler on the Roof.

BACK TO SCENE



Tinner has trouble lighting a cigarette, stares blankly at the Erzulie Frieda flag before returning to another picture.

INSERT - HIGH SCHOOL YEAR BOOK PHOTO

The caption reads, "GONE IN BODY, IN SPIRIT NOT FORGOTTEN. GAIL ANN GOLDBERG. Cancer took our friend, January 15, 1989".

Next to her picture is A.E. Houseman's poem, 'TO AN ATHLETE DYING YOUNG'.

TINNER READS (V.O.):

The Time you won your town the  
race, we chaired you through the  
market place; man and boy stood  
cheering by, and home we brought  
you shoulder-high.

And round that early-laurelled  
head, will flock to gaze the  
strengthless dead, and find  
unwithered on its curls, the  
garland briefer than a girl's.

Embedded beside the picture is a couple polaroids.

INSERT TWO PHOTOS OF GAIL ANN

PHOTO 1: A younger Tinner next to Gail Ann in her hospital bed. She looks ravaged. The effects of chemotherapy affecting a loss of hair and weight.

PHOTO 2: Gail Ann wears a kerchief to cover hair loss with a faint smile and a younger Tinner holding her hand trying to smile next to her.

BACK TO SCENE

Tinner closes the book and lies down on his couch looking out at the night stars and starting to drowse.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT./INT. - TINNER'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Still on the couch, Tinner is awakened by his RINGING phone.

Tinner answers.

TINNER

Yeah? No.

A pause followed by a husky male Texas accent.

HARRIMAN (V.O.)

Goddamn redneck. Tinner?

TINNER

How'd you find me, Harriman?

HARRIMAN (V.O.)

We got another job for you.

TINNER

Don't want it.

HARRIMAN (V.O.)

You listen to your messages white boy?

Pause.

HARRIMAN (V.O.) (cont'd)

Stamley got shot.

TINNER

Dead?

HARRIMAN

They are giving him 50/50.

TINNER

Gimme an hour.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. NY MAIN CIA BUREAU OFFICE - NIGHT

A modest greystone building.

A business-like Tinner strides down a long corridor dropping and spilling the contents of his brief-case.

SPECIAL OPERATIONS CHIEF HAROLD HARRIMAN grumbles at the hallway's end.

TINNER

What happened?

They continue together down the hallway.

HARRIMAN  
Stamley's new partner.

TINNER  
That hot Latin chica?

The officer-manned security door in front of Tinner is slow to open.

HARRIMAN  
Do you always have to bring it down to ethnicity?

The men pause then walk through.

TINNER (V.O.)  
When the Anti-Soviet unit was dissolved in the nineties, I took the buyout. My old partner, Stamley, and Harriman, took lateral transfers. Lateral.

CUT TO:

INT. CIA SECURITY HALLWAY - NIGHT

The men walk along the building's inner sanctum.

HARRIMAN  
Department paid that 'Latina' *chica* well.

TINNER  
Maybe it wasn't money she was after.

HARRIMAN  
Not the Americano way?

TINNER  
She was a Cuban from Cuba, *compadre*.

HARRIMAN  
Jeezus, Stamley was trained.

TINNER (V.O.)  
Or did I trust him with my life more years than I should have?

CUT TO:

INT. INSPECTOR HARRIMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Harriman is in his sixties with traces of a Chino-Haitian or Siberian/Germanic exotic ancestry. The scar in his neck and lazy eye say danger - suited freak. The Ph.D. from NYU and stacks of books and files on the wall behind him say something else.

On the wall are shelves of thick black binders. They read: "SOVIET UNION MARCH '79 - JANUARY '80 - CLOSED".

The files stop at JULY, 1992.

Behind the folders and photo are a few Haitian voodoo artifacts, open book 'The Divine Horseman' by Maya Deren and a photograph of Harriman with Haitian father, Chinese mother in Texas in younger days.

Harriman has trouble lighting a cigarette.

Shot just left of Harriman's crotch.

Tinner notices Harriman's family photograph bottom inscribed in felt "With Love, Mom and Dad."

TINNER (V.O.)  
Harriman's got prostate cancer.  
Before I quit, he handed me a  
cigarette.

Tinner puts Harriman's pack of cigarettes back on the table.

TINNER  
So were they all Latinas?

HARRIMAN  
No. Only her. Ca-mi-ya Castro.

Four video monitors are on Harriman's desk.

Harriman delays in placing a DVD into his computer.

The DVD comes out of a jewel case marked - CONFIDENTIAL. NO INTERNET SHARING.

A scrawled Yellow Post-it hangs on the DVD "REMEMBER WIKILEAKS!!!"

Tinner looks at the jewel case.

Harriman fiddles with the computer menus.

HARRIMAN (cont'd)  
One Latina, two Russians and it  
seems a Venezuelan American born  
keeper.

TINNER  
America's melting pot.

HARRIMAN  
Trump's America.

TINNER  
Ideologically motivated?

HARRIMAN  
Why do you always have to use those  
big words?

TINNER  
You know what it means but let's  
call them politically motivated.

HARRIMAN  
We don't know yet.

Harriman hands Tinner a folder with a picture of a young  
bearded Latin American revolutionary type, ANTONIO GUEVARA.

VIDEO MONITORS

MARINA - forties, sophisticated, conservative.

KATYA - twenties, cosplay babe, Village cyber hacker.

CAMILA - thirties, savvy midtown Latina.

Each video highlights a woman, of various ages and styles.  
Marina and Camila work on well-heeled men while Katya is  
with some hackers in front of servers and screens.

HARRIMAN (cont'd)  
The bureau has always had an  
interest in these types of women. I  
think you understand that.

TINNER  
Refresh my memory.

HARRIMAN  
Information Retrieval 101.

TINNER  
The American Way.

Tinner tips over the stack of DVD's.

TINNER (cont'd)  
Is that your Senator from Abilene?

An older, middle-aged man in boxers straddles Camila.

HARRIMAN  
We hired this group. They're  
trained, dangerous and have been  
with us for a while. Our files,  
apparently. .

TINNER  
. .were being worked two ends  
against the middle. . .

HARRIMAN  
We don't know. We're at the  
beginning of this investigation but  
I've got, lets call it, a pretty  
high level meeting next week Monday  
where there needs to be a few  
answers. The whole Stamley  
interview was supposed to be  
procedural. . .

A hearty pause.

HARRIMAN (CONT'D)  
Standard. Former Soviet Union's  
officially gone. Officially, there  
are no Commies left. . .Castro's  
dead, Russia well. . .? Venezuela  
who knows. There's a couple people  
in new and old administrations who  
want answers pronto.

TINNER  
I'm not sure I'm up for it and why  
not ask them?

HARRIMAN  
We're trying to keep this quiet at  
this stage. Any thoughts on how  
many non-American born actors have  
opposing political viewpoints in  
addition to our Muslim  
brotherhoods?

TINNER

No. This is still America after all.

HARRIMAN

Trump's America now.

Harriman goes to the monitor.

He pulls another stack of folders sitting below it.

HARRIMAN (cont'd)

You got an appointment at the Russian embassy tomorrow morning.

TINNER

What about the Cuban or Venezuelan connections? I've heard there's good beaches down there?

HARRIMAN

Don't get your hopes up. This is deadline driven not manyana and we got a tip someone may know more about what happened to Stamley at the Russian embassy.

Harriman hands over a folder.

TINNER

Did they give the employment reference for the one who shot my partner?

HARRIMAN

I hired her. Goddamn Tinner, she was Cuban. They're supposed to be Republican.

Tinner looks questionably at his old boss.

Harriman notices Tinner looking again towards his family portrait and reaches towards it.

HARRIMAN (CONT'D)

Bring 'em in quietly - and alive.  
We want to talk to them, preferably sooner than later.

Tinner takes a closer look at Harriman's portrait.

TINNER

You were a cute little rascal,  
weren't you?

Harriman takes back the picture and opens another folder. On a profile sheet of Camila Castro, Tinner has trouble reading an address, 'Cheatham Street Honky Tonk, Brooklyn'.

TINNER (cont'd)

What's in it for me?

Harriman nods looking at a folder marked Tinner.

HARRIMAN

*Mucho dinero, compadre* and the intelligence report says you're currently single with plenty of time on your hands and big debts to pay.

Tinner grimaces and begins to organize materials.

HARRIMAN (cont'd)

We've also given you a retainer.  
Class 22.

TINNER

You know Stamley and I didn' get  
along then too. . .

Harriman makes no motion.

HARRIMAN

That claustrophobia thing?

TINNER

(leaving)

It's acrophobia, fear of heights  
and it's under control.

Harriman looks from his work to the back fire-escape.

CUT TO:

INT. NY MAIN BUREAU OFFICE - NIGHT

Tinner pauses down the hallway glancing at markers of American justice which line the walls: Portraits of Wall Street, Twin Towers, the Alamo, Davy Crockett and other defending the country from the Mexicans.



TINNER (V.O.)  
 America - land of opportunity and  
 deadlines. Senators sleeping with  
 women who are not their wives.  
 What's new. *Mucho dinero*. 'We the  
 people'.

A blind woman statuette of justice holds two scales.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. CHEATHAM STREET WAREHOUSE BROOKLYN - NIGHT

A drop dead gorgeous Patsy Kline type torch singer, MARINA  
 takes the stage.

She belts out a NY sultry Blue-Velvet-type rendition  
 of 'Always on My Mind.'

MARINA  
 Maybe I never told you, Maybe I  
 never took the time. You were  
 always on my mind, You were always  
 on my mind.

Unshaven NY Cowboys get close to svelte Brooklyn cowgirls in  
 leather and lace.

Drunks weep in alcoholic indulgence.

An ample American waitress spills an order of beer.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHEATHAM STREET WAREHOUSE ENTRANCE BROOKLYN - NIGHT

An electrical storm brews.

The homeless huddle in doorways to avoid the downpour.

Tinner gets off the subway passing Burrito joints and  
 Falafel places.

The ethnic signs are being changed from old Brooklyn to  
 millennial gentrification.

He stops at the entrance to the Cheatham Street  
 Warehouse. The sign reads 'Cheatham Street NY Honky Tonk,  
 Your Wife Don't Have to Know'.

TINNER (V.O.)  
I think cowboys must have liberated  
the name.

A clean laundry sheet flies from a broken Brooklyn laundry line.

Tinner notices across the street there is another warehouse with a sign which reads "NSA Data Center".

CUT TO:

INT. CHEATHAM STREET WAREHOUSE BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Tinner narrowly avoids the beer spill. His attention gravitates from blossoming after work romance to various social justice type markers:

United Steel Workers' union ashtrays.

A statuette of Rosie the Riveter next to posters of Jane Fonda in the China Syndrome.

A Mexican soldier's uniform is displayed as an artifact next to a Selena and Cancun Spring Break photos.

The gorgeous Patsy Kline type singer, Marina finishes her song and leaves the stage noticing Tinner.

An announcer in a pink Western shirt, VIN CALIBRATI, hurries the next NY Texas two-step dancing duo on stage.

Tinner misses hailing the newly shaven bartender, RODRIGO.

Two cowboys stand down the bar comparing guns in holsters.

TINNER  
Lowenbrau.

One of the cowboy's guns is conspicuously noticeable.

The bartender argues with the young woman who dropped the beer.

Tinner takes out his picture of Camila, flashes his ID and speaks words which are inaudible due to the loud clacking of the boots' two step. The girl's top looks like it could be in the Dallas Cowboy cheerleaders.

TINNER (cont'd)  
She look familiar?

The bartender grabs a pen from Tinner.

#4D is now written on the back of the picture.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEATHAM STREET BACK CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The hallway has New York graffiti scrawled around it. Tinner has trouble finding door #4D.

He finds it, pauses, listens, knocks three times.

No answer.

The only sound is the cocktail lounge's distant clacking and country tunes.

Tinner takes out his American Express.

He expedites entry breaking the card in the process.

He opens the door one hand near his gun.

CUT TO:

INT. MARINA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Tinner steps in gaging signs.

He looks past the shower.

Wet soap.

A pillow sits on the floor. Tinner gives it a kick.

SLOW MOTION

Feathers fly around a laptop on a desk with a Matrix-like screensaver.

Water slowly drips from a faucet.

A window frame is half broken.

Tinner runs five fingers over a TV, switches it on with a remote

Yankees strike out.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

Oblivious to the cloudburst, Marina, now wearing nothing but a cowboy hat stands outside the room's window fire-escape holding a gun.

She is being soaked in summer rain.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MARINA'S CHANGE ROOM - NIGHT

The bed. There's a broken lipstick - a strange insignia underneath it.

Tinner extends it.

A bulb hangs from the ceiling. Tinner undoes the bulb, climbs on the bed.

He counts water droplets from the room's window.

Tinner opens and closes the window, finds a fire escape and begins to crawl out.

HEIGHT PHOBIA.

Tinner moves back inside wrenching his leg in the process.

The window gives off strange reflections on the hardwood floor.

Tinner takes the smallest Russian doll figurine out of his coat pocket placing it near the laptop but then again notices squiggly shadows.

He forcibly removes the double-pane window.

It contains three small flash drives with the translucent covers causing the shadow refraction

Tinner removes them. They each say 2TB (Terabyte Drives).

A curious collection.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. STREET BELOW - NIGHT

Marina, drier now, pushes herself against a corner of brick wall in shadow.

She stares up at Tinner placing a silencer on her gun and raising it to fire.00000000

Her cowboy hat falls from her head as she aims her gun's viewfinder.

Tinner has disappeared.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY - MORNING

The ostentatious New York Russian Embassy building is a remnant of the Soviet Union's former glory.

Shaved and better-dressed, Tinner drops a suitcase which he carries with him.

He smiles at the building's Cold War architecture as he limps upstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY - MORNING

The interior is lavish - red carpet, baroque chandelier, ornate mirror, the hint of a not-quite-forgotten Communist past.

Tinner enters.

A nasty SECURITY GUARD balances precariously on top of a desk.

TINNER

I have an appointment with the  
consulate - V.F. Tinner.

SECURITY GUARD

(Slavic Accent)

Are you on the list.

TINNER  
As far as I know.

SECURITY GUARD  
Have a seat.

Tinner turns to a large Soviet heroic era bust of Stalin which highlights a wooden alcove and sits down.

TINNER (V.O.)  
More things change, Stamley used to  
say, more they. . .

NADIYA NATASHA walks in. She is a striking young Slavic secretary. She wears black, high heels and secretarial glasses which fail to conceal a burgeoning sexuality.

NADIYA  
You like our. . .?

TINNER  
Bust of . . .Stalin?

Tinner turns.

INSTANT ATTRACTION. Tinner's heart skips a beat.

NADIYA  
(also recovering)  
Historic artifacts.

TINNER  
Soviet Heroic artifacts.

Nadiya puts out her hand.

Should he kiss it or shake?

CUT TO:

INT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY HALLWAY - MORNING

The pair continue down the hallway through a set of security doors.

NADIYA  
Mr. Tinner, I'm Nadiya Natasha,  
Consulate Kropotkin's secretary.

TINNER  
Your. . .bust?

NADIYA  
We're putting together an exhibit.

TINNER  
The Soviet period?

NADIYA  
Are you a historian, Mr. Tinner?

Nadiya buzzes a higher level security door.

They walk past an empty plush oak room with large open windows.

TINNER  
In a manner of speaking.

They pause at a map, globe and glass-cabineted Soviet flag, all suggestive of the Soviet Union's former glory.

NADIYA  
Then you understand the misfortunes  
that befell my country?

TINNER  
As any westerner.

Nadiya has trouble opening a final door.

CUT TO:

INT. RUSSIAN CONSULAR GENERAL OFFICE - MORNING

An old suited man, CONSULATE GENERAL EFRAIM KROPOTKIN, stands from behind a plush oak desk.

He looks like he could have been a major general.

A couple Haitian voodoo artifacts similar to ones in Harriman's office unobtrusively adorn the room.

Kropotkin fixes the lock on a window - Central Park.

NADIYA  
Mr. Tinner, Dr. Efraim Kropotkin.

KROPOTKIN  
Used to be the best view of  
Manhattan.

Tinner refuses to approach the window.

Kropotkin extends his hand.

KROPOTKIN (CONT'D)  
Mr. Tinner?

Kropotkin is a dignitary with the aristocratic flavor of a  
bygone era.

TINNER  
I'll get straight to the point,  
Major Kropotkin.

Kropotkin frowns.

Nadiya goes to a samovar.

The tinkle of fine bone china.

TINNER (cont'd)  
KGB women units. . .

KROPOTKIN  
Existed?

Tinner notes delicate china.

TINNER  
(looking at Nadiya)  
Some 'historians' believe so.

KROPOTKIN  
Indulge me, Mr. Tinner.

Nadiya cuts a thick lemon rind.

TINNER  
We seem to have hired a few strays.

As Tinner ponders his smallest doll figurine, Nadiya pours  
tea into cups.

TINNER (CONT'D)  
Your secretary?

Nadiya turns with the set.



NADIYA  
 (to Tinner)  
 Sugar?

TINNER  
 (to Kropotkin)  
 American?

Nadiya takes two lumps from a teacup.

KROPOTKIN  
 Would she work here, Mr. Tinner?

Nadiya does not hesitate in pouring.

TINNER  
 Little accent.

NADIYA  
 (to Tinner)  
 Brooklyn.

Tinner looks to Nadiya's shoes, nylons and slip and then taps his little doll.

TINNER  
 (to Kropotkin)  
 Italian, French, Victoria's Secret?

NADIYA  
 Your underlying point, Mr. Tinner.

TINNER  
 (continue to Kropotkin)  
 Russian, English, probably French?

KROPOTKIN  
 Are you wondering whether my  
 secretary is a linguist?

Tinner looks away from the ring on Nadiya's wedding finger.

TINNER  
 When you go home to your husband .  
 . .

KROPOTKIN  
 (annoyed)  
 She's not married.

NADIYA  
 (blushing)  
 Are you asking for a date, Mr.  
 Tinner?

Tinner takes his ring finger away from the teacup's lip to his doll.

Nadiya picks up his drift.

NADIYA (cont'd)  
Unwanted suitors.

TINNER  
Here? . . .

NADIYA  
The Soviet Un...

She catches herself.

TINNER  
Former.

NADIYA  
Former. . . I meant Russia.

Tinner turns to Kropotkin and begins to pack folders.

Nadiya begins to step out.

TINNER  
Last question, Nadiya. You know  
these women on a first name basis?

NADIYA  
I need to step out.

TINNER  
Former KGB?

KROPOTKIN  
I'm impressed, Mr. Tinner.

TINNER  
Major.

Tinner closes the folder of former KGB's.

He takes them from the table.

KROPOTKIN  
(intrigued)  
At the samovar?

TINNER  
Earlier.

KROPOTKIN  
But she's good?

TINNER  
I think I'm in love!

Kropotkin looks at Tinner ordering the photos of the six KGB agents that he has shuffled.

He arranges them in some strange game of solitaire around the doll.

KROPOTKIN  
Mr. Tinner, you Americans must know that a man should not 'think' he is in love, he must feel it.

TINNER  
Well, I definitely felt something.

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNTOWN SOHO GALLERY - MORNING

ANTONIO GUEVARA watches an artistic 'Happening' - a demonstration of abstract black splatter painting being accomplished by a Jackson Pollock type ACTION PAINTER.

ANTONIO is a bearded, carved-out young Latin revolutionary type.

There is something dangerous yet intellectual about his physiognomy.

Antonio watches the art making process.

A Downtown Haitian vixen is attracted.

The artist working in the gallery takes care to make a path around him.

The splatter paintings are Jackson Pollock style action paintings accomplished in red, white, blue and black - 'America the Beautiful' and 'The American Dream' - splattered stars and stripes.

In the backgrounds of the splattered stars and stripes canvases are subtle but recognizable depictions of walls and a map: The Berlin Wall, Great wall of China, Iron Curtain and map of the Southern US with a thick splattered red line marking the Southern border.

Antonio walks to another end of the gallery, takes a seat, circles something with a pen and carefully tears out an article from a newspaper he holds.

CAMILA enters dressed to kill.

The following dialogue takes place in Spanish.

Subtitles are superimposed.

ANTONIO (S.T.)  
Conseguiste la flash drives? 'You  
get the flash drives?'

CAMILA (S.T.)  
Alguien llego antes que yo.  
'Someone got there before me.'

ANTONIO (S.T.).  
Tu companero? 'Your partner?'

CAMILA (S.T.)  
Muerto. 'Dead'.

ANTONIO (S.T.)  
No completamente muerto. 'Not  
completely dead.'

Antonio hands Camila the New York Times article.

The byline and part of the article which he had cut-out reads,

"OFFICER SURVIVES MAFIA-STYLE HIT"

"Special investigations Officer, W.P. Stamley, was taken to  
"Beth Israel Hospital today" (circle) after taking several  
bullets to the chest. He is in critical but stable  
condition".

CUT TO:

INT. RUSSIAN CONSULAR GENERAL OFFICE - MORNING

Tinner and Kropotkin conclude their discussion.

Kropotkin pauses from playing with files.

KROPOTKIN  
Former KGB women.

TINNER  
Straight through the heart of an  
American man.

KROPOTKIN  
Since the Union's fall, we've had  
no contact with these people, Mr.  
Tinner.

Kropotkin lingers in handing the photos back.

Tinner finishes gathering his things.

He stands up and puts away his doll.

TINNER  
Major Kropotkin.

Kropotkin moves away from his desk towards the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY HALLWAY - MORNING

Nadiya hesitates to escort Tinner out.

NADIYA  
Business in a market economy  
without walls, our mutual goal now,  
Mr. Tinner?

She stops typing at a desk.

TINNER  
Regrettably, walls remain, Ms.  
Natasha.

They walk separately down the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY ENTRANCE - MORNING

Nadiya and Tinner pause before the embassy doorway.

NADIYA  
Rest your mind, I didn't recognize  
the others.

TINNER  
None of them, Ms. Natasha?

Nadiya has trouble flipping a security switch to open the doorway.

NADIYA  
Good day, Mr. Tinner.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY ENTRANCE - MORNING

Tinner descends stairs again noting remnants of cold war architecture.

Nadiya calls out after him.

NATASHA  
Myself also, a walled remnant, Mr.  
Tinner?

Tinner notes remnants of Cold War architecture.

TINNER  
Well maintained brick house,  
Nadiya.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT./INT. EAST VILLAGE BAR "DOWNTOWN BEIRUT" - DUSK

FAT RAY and his black transvestite designer partner, COLOR BOX, finish off the day with happy hour.

The Commodores 'Brick House' plays in the background.

Fat Ray unbuttons a subtle Hawaiian shirt.

He has trouble lighting a Cuban cigar.

Color Box is dolled out in transvestite splendor.

The female bartender takes away another round.

FAT RAY  
You know why I never score?

COLOR BOX  
(checking himself with  
compact)  
Tell me, sweetie pie?

FAT RAY  
People say I'm fat.

COLOR BOX  
Work it, Ray.

FAT RAY  
Beautiful girls come by. In my lap.  
I don' use my opportunities.

KATYA walks in.

The youngest of the three CIA women from the pictures Tinner  
had seen.

Thigh highs, tube top, Red Army major's cap, tablet - sexy  
East Village chic.

COLOR BOX  
Well, look what the cat dragged in,  
Ray. One of our Cosplay customers.

Fat Ray slicks back greasy hair.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY- NIGHT

A man limps down a sterile hospital hallway.

A cute mulatto woman in a nurse's uniform finds sympathy  
with the man's leg.

It is Tinner and a CUTE NURSE.

Tinner checks the flash drives he had found in Camila's  
apartment.

They now hang from a keychain attached to a lanyard in his  
right pocket.

The cute young nurse frowns, points to a clock visiting  
hours sign and then looks away from Stamley's room.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STAMLEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Stamley lies in a hospital bed hooked to all manner of machines. He stares glumly at a couple of the Russian dolls Tinner has set up in front of him.

Stamley is the kind of tough, overweight, cynical New Yorker able to weather the storm - a forever complaining survivor.

Tinner has trouble with his lighter.

STAMLEY  
Special Agent Camila. Shoulda'  
known. Worse than you. . .and you  
were a pretty crummy partner.

Tinner throws his polished Oxfords off Stamley's bed.

TINNER  
Never shot you in the chest,  
Stamley and I am technically  
visiting the sick.

He walks over to examine Stamley's life support machines.

TINNER (CONT'D)  
Ever been to the Russian embassy?

STAMLEY  
Not on my A list. I thought you  
were through.

TINNER  
Cat came back. What did you stumble  
onto?

STAMLEY  
A hot-blooded Latin spitfire with a  
taste for vendetta.

TINNER  
What did you do to deserve it my  
old friend?

Stamley starts to cough.

Tinner takes out the lanyard with keychain of flash drives.

TINNER (cont'd)  
And what about this?



STAMLEY  
Flash drives. For a computer?

TINNER  
Yeah.

STAMLEY  
(angry)  
Aren't you supposed to bring  
flowers, candy, cheer me up, 'get  
well soon'? I'm dying here?. .

Tinner gets up to go.

TINNER  
Easy, partner. You'll survive. Next  
time I might even get the chance to  
get one in for you.

Stamley nods his head.

STAMLEY  
Fat chance, Tinner.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - NIGHT

Tinner hesitates in the academic green soothing lights of  
the oak paneled New York Public reading room. Amy  
Winehouse's 'Back to Black' plays on his MP3 player.

It's his first time here.

WIDEN VIEW

The late night NY library crowd (i.e. transient professors,  
sex starved schoolgirls, old writers).

TINNER (V.O.)  
Stamley didn't know what he'd  
stumbled on. Wasn't sure about  
Harriman dying slowly. This was my  
lead.

He has trouble sticking in the flash drive which the  
computer doesn't seem to recognize.

A sexy, smart looking LIBRARIAN looks over her glasses  
studying Tinner's incompetence.

LIBRARIAN WOMAN  
Permettez vous?

TINNER  
Be my guest.

She easily brings up the drive but it asks for a password.

LIBRARIAN WOMAN  
Do you have your passwords?

Tinner fumbles in his suit jacket and pulls out his doll instead.

TINNER  
I don't think so.

The librarian nods her head and brings up another program.

LIBRARIAN WOMAN  
I'm not supposed to do this you know.

TINNER  
I brought them from home.

The librarian circumvents the drives security bringing up a number of files.

Whatever it is, it seems to be a combination of Russian, Spanish and English files.

The librarian smiles curiously at Tinner. She's seen stranger things. She gets up to serve another patron who is hailing her.

TINNER (cont'd)  
(gratefully)  
How's your Russian?

WIDEN VIEW AGAIN

Educated bums, schizoid homeless, degenerate students and Tinner reading about GEDE, God of Sex, Death and Transformation in a book called "THE SACRED ARTS OF HAITIAN VODOO".

TINNER (V.O)  
People don't generally hide encrypted multilingual files in Brooklyn Honkey-tonks but I've seen stranger things. And Kropotkin and the consulate? I got the feeling he was also a bit out of date.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. NY CIA HARRIMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Old Chief Harold Harriman writes on the yellow 'Post-it' message pad sticky. This is the same one which has "Remember Wiki-Leaks" on the other side.

The paper reads,

"BETH ISRAEL VISITING HOURS 2.00-11.00 P.M.

STAMLEY RM. 13H4."

Harriman taps his watch which has curiously stopped.

He closes a set of Russian immigration records: 1991-1995, looks up at the picture of his parents, down to his monitor's Outlook calendar which he flips to next week. Monday has the morning blocked out and says "WEST WING 9:15 am" in caps.

Also revealed on the Postit is a list which reads,

KATYA

MARINA

ANTONIO

CAMILA

Under this he has struck in a big '?' and left of this is a squiggled out - 'PROSTATE CANCER???!'.

On the other side of the paper is a pencil sketch of the voodoo Loa Goddess, "Erzulie Frieda", the exact same one that hangs in Tinner's room.

Harriman puts the post-it in his pocket, loosens his tie, gets up and gets his briefcase and turns off his office lights.

CUT TO:

INT. NY CIA MAIN BUREAU OFFICE - NIGHT

Harriman walks hurriedly out of the building not signing out.

The security guard notices.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - ANTONIO AND CAMILA POV - NIGHT

Dressed now as unassuming hospital visitors, Antonio and Camila watch as a SECURITY GUARD stationed outside Stamley's hospital chats up a cute nurse and makes his way down the hallway with her.

Another nurse exchange pleasantries with the nurse down the hall and then continues towards them.

CAMILA

Miss, that nurse you were just speaking with?

NURSE

(looking busy)

Betty? Gone for lunch. Can I help you with something? It's our shift change.

Camila rearranges her flowers.

CAMILA

Just visiting a friend. We know where his room is. We'll speak with her after she gets back from lunch.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL STAMLEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Antonio and Camila enter Stamley's room.

Camila reveals a gun in her bunch of flowers.

Stamley opens his eyes first focusing on the dolls Tinner had previously brought. He then notices Camila and Antonio - his worst nightmare now realized.

STAMLEY  
Dia de los Meurtos.

Antonio stops to look over the life support.

ANTONIO  
Hearty policeman, survives.

STAMLEY  
What did I do to you, Camila?

CAMILA  
Don't you know there is an  
etiquette to how you should speak  
to a woman.

Antonio replugs one of Stamley's life support tubes.

ANTONIO  
Who has the flash drives?

STAMLEY  
I thought this was election lists?  
Wasn't it just election lists,  
Camila?

CAMILA  
Ahh, my life for a few lists,  
Stamley?

Antonio releases one of the support tubes.

ANTONIO  
Who took those drives?

Stamley begins to fade.

STAMLEY  
Tinner.

ANTONIO  
Tinner?

STAMLEY  
My former partner. They use guys  
like him to get rid of people like  
you.

ANTONIO  
Where do we find him?

STAMLEY  
He finds you.

Antonio unhooks a support tube and looks to a doll Tinner had left behind.

STAMLEY (CONT'D)  
I don't know.

Stamley struggles to remain live.

STAMLEY (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
He paid a visit to the Russian  
embassy this afternoon.

ANTONIO  
The Russian embassy?

STAMLEY  
(struggling)  
Life support?

CAMILA  
Why did he go there?

STAMLEY  
I don't know.

CAMILA  
Who else knows, Stamley?

STAMLEY  
(almost unconscious)  
The Chief, Harriman.

CUT TO:

INT. TINNER'S APARTMENT NIGHT

Tinner's refrigerator swings open.

He pours out his ritual drinks.

Tinner looks away from the message machine to his veve flag of 'Erzulie Frieda".

Blinking.

He bumps into his table, notices his high school yearbook open to his pictures together with Gail Ann.

He releases the message button.

## MESSAGE ONE

Mr. Tinner? We met at the embassy -  
Nadiya Natasha. I'm at Caffè Reggio  
on MacDougal.

Tinner looks at his iPhone.

Ten to ten.

## MESSAGE TWO

(Antonio's Voice)

You have things that belong to us,  
Mr. Tinner.

DISSOLVE TO:

## INT. CAFFÈ REGGIO - NIGHT

Old masters decorate this romantic New York Village Cafe.  
Botticelli's Venus and Mars, Tintoretto's Mars and Venus  
surprised by Vulcan, Durer's Rabbit.

Nadiya sits at a table, dressed to kill. She has a book  
with her, Robert Frost's "North of Boston" and opens to her  
bookmark, delicate fingers tracing the words:

## NADIYA (V.O)

*Mending Wall, Robert Frost.  
"Something there is that doesn't  
love a wall, That sends the  
frozen-ground-swell under it, And  
spills the upper boulders in the  
sun; And makes gaps even two can  
pass abreast".*

Lana Del Ray's 'Blue Jean' begins on the sound system.

A couple well-heeled North African black men strategize  
approaches.

## NADIYA (V.O) (cont'd)

*The work of hunters is another  
thing: I have come after them and  
made repair, Where they have left  
not one stone on a stone, But they  
would have the rabbit out of  
hiding, To please the yelping dogs.*

Tinner enters and melts noticing Nadiya's subtle beauty,  
fingers passing over the poem's lines.

INSTANT MUTUAL ATTRACTION again.

TINNER  
 (struggling to remain on task)  
 You wanted to talk?

EXAGGERATE: old masters, low lights, music, village atmosphere.

NADIYA  
 I wasn't completely honest at the embassy.

TINNER  
 Not a place noted for sincerity.

She places her hand on the table.

NADIYA  
 I don't know much but. . .

TINNER  
 Yes?

Tinner places his hand near hers.

NADIYA  
 Kropotkin doesn't.

The waitress passes by.

WAITRESS  
 What can I get for you folks?

Tinner looks to Nadiya.

TINNER  
 Drinks? Coffee?

NADIYA  
 Caffè con Leche.

TINNER  
 Make that two.

NADIYA  
 Union's fall, KGB split, various global groupings

TINNER  
 A splinter convinced the fall was only temporary.



NADIYA  
How do you know? The paintings  
here.

TINNER  
Old masters and I spend my nights  
with Russian librarians.

Tinner places his hand on Frost's 'Mending Wall' closer to  
Nadiya.

TINNER (cont'd)  
I had a fondness for poetry too,  
long ago..Seems another lifetime.

Nadiya looks desperately at Tinner.

NADIYA  
Life.

TINNER  
What do you know about Terabyte  
flash drives?

A brief shadow passes over Nadiya's face.

NADIYA  
Nothing, I know more about  
Renaissance masters.

TINNER  
(struggling)  
People who emigrated, upcoming  
elections, disinformation  
campaigns, e-mail addresses. . .

NADIYA  
Such masterpieces they created.  
Medici's and Borgias. Robert Frost.  
This poem, 'Mending Wall', do you  
know that one?

TINNER  
What if I said you haven't been in  
Brooklyn since thirteen and your  
name's....

Nadiya blinks, takes out a compact, fixes her mascara and  
starts to get up.

NADIYA  
(pause and a tone louder)  
I'd call you a liar, Mr. Tinner.  
I'm a believer in market reform,  
(MORE)

NADIYA (cont'd)  
 breaking down walls, a global  
 economy.

A couple college girls and older couple sadly nod heads.

TINNER  
 I'm sorry, I apologize.

NADIYA  
 I should go.

As Nadiya leaves, Tinner notices her compact has the same insignia as her ring.

The cafe crowd now gives short shrift to Tinner - what a jerk for alienating a girl like that in such a romantic place.

Tinner examine's Nadiya's lipstick traces blotted on a napkin and turns to try and find solace in the old masters, Venus and Mars. They look down on him askance.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK GARBAGE-FILLED STREET - NIGHT

Tinner kicks garbage walking down a wind-blown New York back lane.

An old black suit, top hat, sunglasses and cane carrying man crosses his path. He is a representation of the Voodoo God, GEDE.

A garbage receptacle spills over with beautiful day old flowers.

TINNER  
 (voice-over)  
 How much Kropotkin or Nadiya  
 knew? Wasn't sure. Embassy chiefs,  
 KGB divisions - do Commie's read  
 Robert Frost, wear Victoria's  
 Secret, smell that good? Mending  
 walls. 'Good fences make good  
 neighbors.' When had I gotten so  
 lost.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN BEIRUT BACKLANE - NIGHT

Fat Ray stands next to a back lane fence's semidarkness.

Katya pulls him against a fire-escape and takes his Cuban cigar from his lips.

Commodores 'Brick House' blares on but now with a techno mashup beat.

Katya checks her smartphone and begins on Fat Ray's pants.

FAT RAY  
Is it safe here?

KATYA  
Relax, big boy.

Fat Ray relaxes.

Katya slaps him and pushes up his arms which clasp the chain link fence behind him. He smiles lasciviously.

Katya casts away his Cuban cigar igniting a garbage fire.

Ray turns. His hands are cuffed against the links.

FAT RAY  
Kinky.

Katya stretches and checks her phone again.

She pulls Fat Ray's wallet from his high riding trousers.

Fat Ray still doesn't realize he is being robbed as Katya begins to leave.

FAT RAY (cont'd)  
I thought we were a go for a hot night?

KATYA  
We are. I go. You burn with desire.

Katya exits taking out Fat Ray's I.D., Social Security, credit cards and money.

She dumps his wallet into the burning can and snaps a picture with her phone.

Against Fat Ray's pathetic shadow, flames increase.

CUT TO:

EXT. TINNER'S EAST VILLAGE STUDIO STREET POV - NIGHT

The starry-filled night.

Trans-X's Living on Video blasts from the next apartment.

At a table near his window, Tinner enters and drops a stack of documents next to his dolls.

A cat scurries across his balcony.

The Latina woman in the apartment beside him saves a flower stem soaking her plants with water.

The two youngsters seen earlier help one another from falling from an apartment stoop ledge.

A homeless addict gets up from the street.

Tinner hits his message machine:

MESSAGE ONE

Tinner, Harriman. They hit Stamley again. Keeps muttering 'flash drives'.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TINNER'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tinner jumps from the top of a table full of folders given to him by Harriman.

He has the folder of Special Agent 'Marina Khoklova' open.

She is a striking older Russian beauty.

The folder gives a wealth of detail regarding her education, skills and abilities.

Tinner takes out a broken magnifying glass.

He lays it on Marina's photo - MAGNIFICATION.

TINNER (V.O.)

Ever get that feeling you have seen someone and then your unconscious says "Access denied."

Tinner gets up from the desk, closes the fridge, places a broken jug of ice tea against his forehead.

He places the jug opposite the window and looks through distorted reflections. There is a darkened cracked mirror across from him.

Next to that, a small unobtrusive picture of him and Gail Ann in happier days.

Tinner places his hands slowly through the open window.

On the street, two wiggled West Village transvestites have trouble plastering a sign to a wall. The sign reads,

"WIGSTOCK: ROCK THE VOTE, LEAVE THE PARTY IN UNION SQUARE."

One drops a ghetto blaster which blasts out a techno dub - Pet Shop Boys 'Always on My Mind.'

Tinner turns to the window.

His height phobia acts up.

He recovers with a realization.

TINNER

Wig.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEATHAM STREET WAREHOUSE - DAY

Tinner cannot get the attention of RODRIGO, the bartender from the Lounge he was in the previous evening.

Johnny Cash's "When the Man Come's Around" plays for the daytime drinkers.

A couple men also sit with beers and working on laptops.

Paying Tinner little attention Rodrigo throws away a table trashed from the previous evening.

TINNER

She was singing like Patsy Kline  
and wearing a wig.

Tinner tries to show Rodrigo the picture from the CIA folder.

RODRIGO

Sorry, I don't care for cinema.

Rodrigo speaks with a thick Latin accent.

RODRIGO (CONT'D)  
You know how many people work here  
without green card, bro?

TINNER  
I need an address.

RODRIGO  
Ask VIN.

TINNER  
Who?

RODRIGO  
You see him. Last night. Vin  
Calibrati.

TINNER  
The MC in the pink tux?

CUT TO:

INT. CHEATHAM STREET HONKY-TONK - MANAGER'S OFFICE

VIN CALIBRATI stretches over a server rack. He is in the  
same pink tuxedo shirt from last night now open to expose  
his undershirt, hairy chest.

A young, half-dressed Russian woman is on her knees at an  
outlet unplugging a surge protector and modem cable.

TINNER  
I'm not Immigration and  
Naturalization but what is all this  
for?

CALIBRATI  
Internet marketing. Who are you?

Both Vin and the young woman eye Tinner suspiciously.

TINNER  
(shouting above the music)  
I'm a special investigator hired by  
her brother to find her.

CALIBRATI  
I didn't know she had a brother.

The surge protector goes into gear and server bells and  
whistles start to buzz.

TINNER  
(angrier)  
I saw her last night wearing a wig  
as a blond.

Tinner spots the wig atop the server rack.

TINNER (cont'd)  
This one.

CALIBRATI tries to grab the property back.

A tag comes loose which Tinner is lucky enough to find in his hands.

It reads 'Fat Ray's Costume Rental - 496 Broome NY, NY.'

TINNER (cont'd)  
Thanks for the hospitality.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. FAT RAY'S COSTUME RENTAL AND WIGSHOP.

In his undershirt, Fat Ray snuffs out a Cuban cigar. His face is now chapped and one of his arms bandaged.

Kool and the Gang's "Fresh" plays in the shop's background.

Ray's big black transvestite helper, Color Box dances around looking for the correct silver buttons for a gold-sequined nightdress beside two zombie dolls.

A couple of transvestites debate about clothes in the corner.

TINNER  
One of my friends rented a wig.

Fat Ray applies burn ointment to his arms.

FAT RAY  
What do you want me to do?

TINNER  
I want to make payment.

FAT RAY  
Number?

TINNER  
437 and it was blond.

Fat Ray rummages through the receipts.

COLOR BOX  
The girl or the wig?

Beginning to loudly whistle like a stuck pork pig Ray finds the receipt.

FAT RAY  
Whooohoo. Your friend?

Fat Ray shows the receipt to Color Box which he has already recognized.

TINNER  
How much?

Ray backs away from Tinner.

From behind, Color Box tries to put the muscle on Tinner.

The pair begin to throw him out of the shop.

FAT RAY  
Tell Firestarter Russki call girl I  
want my I.D.

TINNER  
Firestarter?

COLOR BOX  
(singing)  
That's right.

FAT RAY  
Burning working stiff's at Downtown  
Beirut.

TINNER  
Downtown. . .

COLOR BOX  
Cyber call girl friend? Long black  
hair, Russki accent.

FAT RAY  
On second thought, pally. . .

Fat Ray pushes against one of Tinner's pockets.



FAT RAY (cont'd)

This is?

Tinner reverses the lock, throws Color Box, takes out his gun.

TINNER

A gun.

FAT RAY

Hey, wait a minute. You're not one of her sick little hacker friends. You're a cop.

Tinner turns to leave.

TINNER

Got me, pally.

FAT RAY

Stick her in the clink, Sarge. She took my wallet

COLOR BOX

And hurt my friend's feelings.

RAY

I'll second that, Serpico.

COLOR BOX

In court, Ray.

TINNER

Thanks - girls.

Tinner walks out of the wig shop to the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST VILLAGE ANCIENT STREET TELEPHONE.

Tinner walks up the street before spying the bar, 'Downtown Beirut'.

Sophie B. Hawkin's "Damn, I wish I was Your Lover" plays onto the street from the bar's front patio.

In front of the bar is an ancient broken pay telephone.

Tinner walks to it, sets up his doll on top of it and takes out his smart phone.

TELEPHONE ALCOVE

NADIYA (V.O.)

Hello?

TINNER

When a woman plays hard to get in  
Russia . . .?

NADIYA (V.O.)

Mr. Tinner?

TINNER

Did I ever tell you, you remind me  
of a girl I used to know in the  
Midwest?

NADIYA (V.O.)

Where are you?

Tinner tries not to notice a scantily-dressed young woman  
enter the bar.

TINNER

Downtown Beirut mean anything?

NADIYA (V.O.)

No.

Tinner takes out his picture of Katya.

TINNER

How 'bout dinner?

NADIYA (V.O.)

Not an option.

TINNER

Let me give you some time. I'm not  
used to chasing women.

NADIYA (V.O.)

It's normally called dating.

Tinner closes his smart phone and begins towards Downtown  
Beirut.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. RUSSIAN TEA ROOM - NIGHT

Kropotkin stands from his seat at his regular table accidentally dropping the evening's paper.

In the background of the Tea Room's darkened romantic atmosphere 4 Non Blondes "What's Up" plays.

Marina spots him alone at a table.

She makes her move.

She is an older sophisticated European woman, who moves with Deneuve's assurance.

MARINA  
(picking up paper for him)  
Monsieur?

KROPOTKIN  
Mademoiselle.

Kropotkin is moved by Marina's beauty.

MARINA  
Russian?

Kropotkin looks from his paper.

KROPOTKIN  
(flustered)  
St. Petersburg. (Pause) Have we met  
before?

MARINA  
Marina Vladimirovich.

KROPOTKIN  
J. F. Kropotkin.

MARINA  
The pleasure is mine.

KROPOTKIN  
I recognize your face from  
somewhere . . .?

Marina fixes her hair.

MARINA  
. . .and you did not ask me to join  
you then but now?

KROPOTKIN  
Of course.

MARINA  
In the stars.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. DOWNTOWN BEIRUT

The bar has more than a few biker patrons and a different bartender from the previous night.

Katya gyrates opposite the back pool table and jukebox which plays Doug Laurent's "Wiki Leaks".

Katya lasciviously looks towards his crotch as Tinner enters.

Her tee-shirt reads "Havana Pussy Kat Club, Join the Revolution".

She is dressed in East Village chic - thigh highs, mini.

The FEMALE BARTENDER passes.

FEMALE BARTENDER  
You need something honey?

Tinner impersonates a Southern businessman.

TINNER  
Red dog. Double vodka and ma'am,  
little boy's room?

The bartender points to a sign which reads 'BLEED YOUR LIZARD'.

Katya slams a credit card into the jukebox.

Tinner passes to the men's room noticing Katya.

DISSOLVE

Tinner exits the men's room.

Katya now sits in Tinner's seat and gets up as he returns.

She checks her smartphone making no effort to move.

The bartender lingers with Tinner's drink.

The jukebox now plays Van Morrison's 'Crazy Love.'

Tinner puts down a pool cue next to Katya and sets up his doll on the table's edge.

TINNER (cont'd)  
I know what you're thinking.

KATYA  
You do?

Katya runs her leg near his pool cue.

Tinner sinks his shot.

Seductively, Katya aligns another shot.

Tinner misses the shot and wipes his brow.

She pulls off his jacket and examines his doll.

TINNER  
My mother told me about girls like  
you.

Tinner hails the bartender to refill his chaser.

KATYA  
What did she say?

Katya speaks with a Russian accent.

She checks out Tinner with her strange compact's insignia.

TINNER  
Well, I'm not the greatest  
listener.

KATYA  
Who do you listen to then?

TINNER  
Tonight, just that jukebox ma'am.

KATYA  
Get me a drink and we can learn to  
listen at my place.

Katya pulls on Tinner's tie and winks at him as he goes for another round

TINNER  
Not much for small talk myself,  
ma'am, a girl after my heart.

A section of burnt and broken chain link fence creaks and  
leans in the night wind.

Tilt to the stars.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUSSIAN TEA ROOM - NIGHT

Tilt down from the stars to the Russian Tea Room street  
exit. Van Morrison's "Into the Mystic" joins these scenes

Kropotkin hails a taxi.

KROPOTKIN  
Shakespeare said 'star crossed'. .  
.

MARINA  
Evening farewells.

KROPOTKIN  
Could I interest you?

MARINA  
I was hoping.

They get in and ride off together through New York's night  
streets.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Marina and Kropotkin exit a taxi and enter the building.

MARINA  
You live well?

KROPOTKIN  
When a man is lonely, how well?

Kropotkin tries not to notice Marina's ring.

MARINA  
I am widowed.

KROPOTKIN  
I see.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. KATYA'S EAST VILLAGE PENTHOUSE LOFT

The room is a young Russian club kid's fantasy den of sexual innuendo and subtle Communist era markers.

In a corner a bed and mirror are next to a candle-lit voodoo type shrine with all manner of Hans Belmer type-dolls, shiny bottles and objects.

On the wall, there is a framed poster of Eric Snowden framed reverentially next to an altar-like computer hacker set-up.

There are also all kinds of computers and monitors, a Cosplay hacker's paradise. On one of the computers, Katya searches for Tibor Nagy's Brittany Spears YouTube "Rasputin" mashup. This soundscape fills her Penthouse loft.

Katya begins figuring out how to unbuckle Tinner's pants.

TINNER  
Ma'am, you are not one to waste  
time.

A large window and balcony looks out on downtown Manhattan.

CUT TO:

INT. KROPOTKIN'S UPPER EAST SIDE APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment is decorated with various art pieces from the Soviet avant-garde intermixed with Haitian modernism.

KROPOTKIN  
Your jacket.

MARINA  
A gracious Russian gentleman.

Kropotkin puts on an LP of the Veryovka Choir from an old high-fi.

KROPOTKIN

I have my albums, an exhibit I am putting together for the embassy.

Marina examines an older Byzantine icon which uncannily resembles Tinner's previous 'Erzulie Frieda' veve flag.

MARINA

Exciting.

KROPOTKIN

Not as in the old days. You see, I was a major general. Times have changed.

Marina admires his paintings and statuettes.

MARINA

I see you are quite a collector.

KROPOTKIN

I love beauty and art.

Two large, none too friendly, GERMAN SHEPHERDS appear growling with intuitive dog sense.

KROPOTKIN (cont'd)

(to dogs)

What's that? Vadko.

Kropotkin gets down on his haunches.

He embraces one of the dogs.

KROPOTKIN (cont'd)

You never told me how you wound up here?

Kropotkin walks away from the liquor cabinet as Marina turns to another painting.

MARINA

Global networks through South America.

KROPOTKIN

You emigrated then?

He begins to pour.

MARINA

With my son through Venezuela.

Kropotkin slightly overfills a glass.



KROPOTKIN  
Nazdorovya.

CUT TO:

INT. EAST VILLAGE PENTHOUSE LOFT APARTMENT - DAY

Half-dressed, Katya takes Tinner's doll from his pocket and then turns away.

She loads a gun.

KATYA  
You're not the type.

Noticing, Tinner goes for the gun from Katya.

TINNER  
Ma'am, your friend. . .

They wrestle.

KATYA  
Friend?

Tinner's doll drops.

The gun clicks without going off.

Tinner notices a couple election posters on the wall, Hillary and Trump in Red, White and Blue, Sheperd Fairey style.

TINNER  
Nadiya.

Tinner now has the upper hand.

TINNER (cont'd)  
She said you'd understand.

A rack of blinking servers stands behind Katya. The same uncharacteristic brand that was in the Honkey-tonk.

KATYA  
Did she?

Katya runs out of the room.

TINNER  
 You'd be surprised what a guy has  
 to go through to hold a woman with  
 a Russian accent.

Tinner picks up his doll as he follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Katya scrambles down the hallway.

KATYA  
 Would I?

Tinner chases her down it.

TINNER  
 (yelling)  
 You're under arrest.

She squeezes out a window, up the fire escape.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT ROOF - DAY

Tinner trails Katya onto the roof holding the doll.

An old, traditionally-dressed Asiatic man and young boy  
 tangle a line from a Chinese kite.

Both dress reminiscent of the worker uniforms from Mao's  
 Cultural Revolution.

Katya bumps past them.

Tinner arrives.

Katya attempts a jump from one roof to the other cutting  
 through kite line

TINNER  
 Stop.

SNAP.

The kite flies heavenwards.

TINNER (cont'd)

Don't.

SLOW MOTION - Katya flies through the air but lands so she is left hanging on the opposite ledge

KATYA

Help me.

Tinner runs to the first ledge but his height fear makes him delay.

She cannot hold on and falls downwards.

Tinner stands at the edge of the building refusing to stare at what used to be Katya.

TINNER

(in a low tone)

Gail Ann?

A crowd gathers below.

The Chinese kid bangs his small fist against Tinner as he runs past.

The old Chinese wise man nods sadly at Tinner as he winds up the broken kite line.

The distant kite sails up and away.

TINNER (V.O.)

Kid, kite, old man, sky that day.

The old Chinese man on the roof looks half fearfully at Tinner who still holds his doll.

Tinner pulls out his special identification.

TINNER

I'm a cop.

The two look down at the police cars, crowd and sprawled body.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET DEATH SCENE - DUSK

Tinner pushes to the scene of Katya's white-sheeted body.

Harriman faces away from him.

HARRIMAN  
Goddamn, Tinner. Gotta bring half  
the East Village?

TINNER  
I'm done.

Shot of Harriman's crotch.

HARRIMAN  
You know how much extra paperwork?  
Who taught you at the academy? I  
asked quietly.

TINNER  
(to himself)  
They don' come quietly.

Tinner starts to walk away.

HARRIMAN  
Tinner, another woman might be tied  
to this group.

Harriman looks at Tinner - calmly holding a small strange  
female voodoo doll, Erzulie Frieda.

HARRIMAN (cont'd)  
Goddamn Redneck.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Tinner falls into the cab exhausted. The cabbie falters  
before beginning to drive.

Camila Castro sits across from him.

She trains her gun on his head.

CAMILA  
I guess you have a prejudice  
against hackers or Latin  
Revolutionaries?

TINNER  
Special agent Castro?

CAMILA  
Answer.

TINNER  
Never gave it much thought. . .

CAMILA  
Think hard for your last seconds.

Svetlana cocks her gun.

The taxi pulls into a back alley.

CAMILA (cont'd)  
Hasta la vista.

The cap-wearing cabbie turns, levels a luger at Camila's cranium and FIRES.

Releasing the cap, long hair falls in slow motion and her head turns.

NADIYA NATASHA.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TINNER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nadiya sits on Tinner's futon stretching into space.

Tinner stands near on a chair looking at his 'Erzulie Frieda' flag.

He is on the phone.

TINNER  
Harriman please (He waits a moment). Tell 'em more paperwork. Lafayette and Fifth. Yes, I need a couple days.

Tinner lingers with the phone.

NADIYA  
After a couple days?

Tinner has trouble lighting a cigarette.

Nadiya helps him.

NADIYA (CONT'D)  
More paperwork?

TINNER  
Not with my name attached.

NADIYA  
Tinner? You know about me?

Tinner's glance passes his small picture of Gail Ann. The resemblance between the women is uncanny.

TINNER  
Long term memory is not my asset.

Scampering around, Tinner's cat scatters a few poetry books on the shelf.

In the distance, sirens of NY's mean streets.

Nadiya goes to the books to Tinner's high school yearbook.

Nadiya notices previous pictures of Tinner next to Gail Ann.

HIGHLIGHT RESEMBLANCE.

Nadiya opens the book's spine wider and then looks out the window.

A homeless man awakens from a stairway. A couple immigrant women garment workers struggle home.

NADIYA  
Tinner, I need you to hold me.

Tinner has fallen asleep, exhausted on the couch futon.

Nadiya takes off her shoe, covers Tinner, strips from her outer clothes and gets into bed next to him.

CUT TO:

INT. KROPOTKIN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Kropotkin stands in his study and looks over one of his Haitian paintings.

Marina enters, sleepy-eyed with two cups of coffee.

She redoes her nightgown.

She has stayed the night.

KROPOTKIN  
Morning, mademoiselle.

MARINA  
Bon matin, monsieur. I called my  
son Antonio and told him where his  
mother's run. You don't mind?

Kropotkin blushes.

KROPOTKIN  
Of course not. We'll meet for  
brunch later.

Marina places coffee in front of him.

She walks behind Kropotkin giving him a hug

Kropotkin returns to his work, suspicious but content.

MARINA  
What's that?

KROPOTKIN  
For the embassy.

MARINA  
Are you angry at me?

KROPOTKIN  
Why?

MARINA  
You think less of me?

KROPOTKIN  
I'm flattered that you chose an old  
greying, overweight Russian?

MARINA  
How I like my men.

KROPOTKIN  
Overweight and greying?

MARINA  
Intelligent, Russian and a  
gentleman.

She goes to a bust of Lenin in the bookcase.

MARINA (cont'd)  
You were a Communist once?

KROPOTKIN  
Was there ever a choice?

MARINA  
But. . . now?

Kropotkin looks down to his work.

KROPOTKIN  
Market reformer.

MARINA  
You've abandoned revolutionary  
ideals then.

KROPOTKIN  
Were there ever any?

MARINA  
For some, yes.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. TINNER'S STUDIO APARTMENT - MORNING

The morning sunlight checkers Tinner's East Village studio's  
hardwood floor with the peaceful chaos only Sunday in New  
York possesses.

A lone black cat disassembles chess set, dolls and CD's and  
then effects a precarious balance along a path on the  
apartment's outer ledge.

Under a large quilt, Tinner sleeps fetal position on a floor  
futon.

In the kitchen, eggs fry.

In subtle ways, Nadiya has shifted a certain balance in this  
bachelor's apartment.

She has cooked breakfast, set the table but also curiously,  
is gone.

CUT TO:



INT. KROPOTKIN'S HALLWAY - MORNING

The doorbell rings.

Marina is slow to answer.

Antonio.

The pair kiss - distinctive, unmotherly.

Kropotkin enters.

It is uncertain whether he catches the tail end.

Marina disengages.

MARINA

The son I was telling you about.  
Consulate Kropotkin, Antonio.

Kropotkin's dogs surround Antonio.

Instead of fearing suspicious growling dogs, Antonio gets down on his haunches and embraces the dogs.

ANTONIO

Labs.

KROPOTKIN

Usually not so unfriendly.

Antonio handles the historical Communist memorabilia of the room.

He walks over to a small Soviet era bust - Stalin.

ANTONIO

Soviet Party paraphernalia?

KROPOTKIN

We don't call it the party anymore  
but, yes. (Pause) Excuse me.

In exiting, Kropotkin lingers.

Marina and Vladimir are left alone.

MARINA

(to Antonio)

Let me get you a coffee.

CUT TO:

INT. KROPOTKIN'S APARTMENT KITCHEN - DAY

The two delay in conferring.

MARINA

So?

ANTONIO

Camila, Katya--

MARINA

What happened?

ANTONIO

There's only three of us left now.

MARINA

Keep your thoughts focused. . .

ANTONIO

We need to retrieve those flash drives and get out of the country.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. TINNER'S STUDIO APARTMENT - MORNING

From her window, Tinner's neighboring Latina apartment dweller repairs and waters her fragile garden.

Morning sunlight dapples flowers with its rays.

Nadiya lingers on the street sidewalk wearing one of Tinner's CIA tee-shirts.

She steps into the apartment complex dropping two large paper bags.

We hear her walking upstairs, down the hallway and unlocking and opening Tinner's door.

She enters quietly, takes out the Sunday NY TIMES and puts it on the small clean kitchen table.

NADIYA

I bought you a Times.

She pours juice into glasses, grounds in a filter.

TINNER  
(waking)  
I haven't slept like that in years.

Tinner looks towards the The New York Times.

The cat jumps in from the balcony ledge, walks a circle around him toward Nadiya.

Nadiya pours cream and the juice that she has bought for the cat into a saucer.

Tinner puts the CD player on - Van Morrison's 'Crazy Love.'  
and follows the cat to Nadiya.

TINNER (cont'd)  
You smell great.

Nadiya reaffixes an apron.

As she turns, Tinner helps her with the bow. He moves closer towards her from the back, scent of her neck.

NADIYA  
Since I left...

Tinner presses against her. The chemistry is electric.

Nadiya tries to resist but also feels it.

NADIYA (cont'd)  
Im-possible.

He turns her around.

CLOSE-UP: Step-print KISS.

NADIYA (cont'd)  
You know who I am.

TINNER  
I know this.

Tinner kisses her passionately.

NADIYA  
(almost resisting)  
Stop.

Tinner continues.

NADIYA (cont'd)  
Please.

Her words mouth 'no' but her body abandons itself.

SLOW MOTION: The white apron sails.

A breeze blows the sequins from the Erzulie Frieda flag and rocks the dolls so they slightly shudder.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. UPPER EAST SIDE BRUNCH RESTAURANT - DAY

A subdued black tie string quartet plays a classic variation of 'Always on My Mind'.

Kropotkin, Antonio and Marina sit at an ornate brunch.

In the distance, an elaborate buffet.

KROPOTKIN  
A Communist system? We can never  
turn back. A revolution is no  
longer possible.

Vladimir and Marina are silent.

Marina loses herself in the quartet.

Kropotkin stops eating looking curiously at a Haitian man smiling nearby (GEDE representation).

KROPOTKIN (cont'd)  
Both of you. You're like old world  
Communists I once knew - idealists,  
utopians, dreamers.

ANTONIO  
You're right about the dreamer  
part.

KROPOTKIN  
What revolution spawned your son,  
madam?

MARINA  
One that will readjust the balance.

Kropotkin is not offended seeing his own youthful idealism.

KROPOTKIN

There's some of me in you, young man. I used to be an intellectual myself.

The troupe rises from the table to get desert.

KROPOTKIN (CONT'D)

The graduate school papers you're writing now.

Marina piles her plate with desserts. A couple of brunching East Side women notice.

ANTONIO

I'm not an academic Marxist, Comrade Kropotkin. I'm a living revolutionary.

Marina goes over to the restaurant's second floor French doors.

KROPOTKIN

A living revolutionary.

MARINA

He takes the Manifesto as a living call to action.

KROPOTKIN (CONT'D)

(laughing)

My God, you're both from another era.

Marina opens the restaurant's French doors.

ANTONIO

The next one.

The summer breeze blows and the view opened from the restaurant window contrasts breakfast.

MAITRE DE

Madam!

Marina places her heaping plate on the balcony.

The Sunday morning light - a harsh yellow angled block illuminates a section of Upper East Side restaurant brunchers.

Against the black metal grating of Central Park, homeless go about lives with various shopping carts, bags and cans.

Pigeons descend.

MARINA  
(ironically)  
Let them eat cake.

The MAITRE DE shoos off pigeons.

MAITRE DE  
We keep these doors closed, madam.

Closing the French doors, he picks up the plate and gives Marina a nasty look.

The restaurant atmosphere is restored.

The Haitian man laughs as the quartet continues.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROADWAY SIDEWALK - DAY

Dressed for his Sunday walk, Harriman walks down the street and fiddles with an mp3 player.

Attracting a couple of young club kids' chuckles, he methodically misplaces two stereo headphones into his ears as only an older man from a different generation can.

He listens to the previous conversation between Camila and Stamley.

CAMILA (V.O.)  
Hypothetical, Stamley, or am I to  
describe what happened?

Harriman walks past park panhandlers, homeless, slumming middle class kids, dealers, winos.

STAMLEY (V.O.)  
The deal begins to go down but, you  
see, there's a problem. The  
election isn't occurring as  
planned. Things aren't falling into  
place.

CAMILA (V.O.)  
Do you have bitter feelings towards  
me, Stamley?

The GEDE man now sits on a park bench smiling and lifting his ivory walking stick as Harriman passes.

STAMLEY (V.O.)  
What's going on? Where's the money,  
CAMILA?

CAMILA (V.O.)  
*Mucho Dinero.*

Sound of gunshots.

Harriman adjusts his crotch.

Everyone on the street seems suspect. Harriman listens to his thumping heart.

A couple lovers stumble into him.

Harriman rewinds the MP3 player - "*Mucho Dinero!*"

He takes out the paper he had previously put in his pocket, writes '-FIFTH POSSIBILITY-'.

CUT TO:

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE STREET - DAY

As they walk up the street, Antony, Marina and Kropotkin falter in their discussion.

ANTONIO  
My mother's right. Do more than  
remember your youth.

KROPOTKIN  
That is not possible.

MARINA  
Is the consulate simply a historic  
archive?

ANTONIO  
Noble aspirations and museum  
pieces?

Kropotkin plays the genteel old world New Yorker.

ANTONIO (cont'd)  
I'm a diplomat. I'm afraid I  
haven't known noble aspirations or  
revolutionary action for a long  
time, Antonio.

ANTONIO (cont'd)  
My mother and I need green cards if  
we are to stay.

KROPOTKIN  
On this account, I like you. You  
are very direct.

ANTONIO  
Can you help us obtain them?

KROPOTKIN  
I've got a friend at the American  
Central Intelligence Agency, Harold  
Harriman.

ANTONIO  
Would he help?

KROPOTKIN  
(chuckling)  
We are old friends.

In the distant park, Marina notices a Chinese old man with  
his young grandson trying to launch a brightly colored  
Chinese kite.

KROPOTKIN (cont'd)  
Workers of the world unite.

MARINA  
(ironically)  
I'm sure.

ANTONIO  
A meeting?

KROPOTKIN  
Of course.

ANTONIO  
When?

KROPOTKIN  
Why not this afternoon. We walk in  
Central Park together. He checks  
for me at the embassy. I'm sure  
he'd get a chuckle out of your  
talk. It just so happens that I'm  
also putting together a museum  
exhibit of the Soviet heroic era.



ANTONIO  
(goofy)  
A specter is haunting America.

MARINA  
Thank you, Comrade Kropotkin.

Marina clasps Antonio's hand behind Kropotkin's back.

CUT TO:

INT. TINNER'S STUDIO - MONTAGE INTERLUDE

Sparrows' cries, gentle sounds of children playing. Tinner and Nadiya make love with the New York Times around them. Lana Del Ray's 'West Coast' (Munk Remix) begins.

Details of Tinner later getting dressed and Natasha earlier making breakfast are montaged so it appears they are dressing in each other, cleansing each other:

The 'Erzulie Frieda' veve flag blows in the breeze.

Nadiya prepares pancake batter.

Tinner underlines his gallery program - 'The Art of Glasnost and Perestroika.' Underline: 'Glasnost means 'openness', 'Perestroika' restructuring'.

The Russian dolls are put together one into the other.

Pancakes bubble.

The cat watches.

Resemblances of the bedsheet pulled tight to the American flag.

Tinner's high school yearbook flaps in summer's breeze.

Tinner nicks himself shaving.

Morning doves' cry.

Tinner gathers Nadiya's hose.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE - LATE AFTERNOON

Harriman is blocked by a pretty young Latina woman dressed in black for mass with two mischievous young boys also dressed in black.

Harriman chuckles at the young boys.

They are availing themselves of mischief pretending to be zombies.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY - LATE AFTERNOON

Harriman walks up embassy steps to the security buzzer.

He checks his watch.

No sign of Kropotkin.

A security guard is having trouble fixing one of the desk legs.

HARRIMAN

Tell Consulate Kropotkin, it's two.  
Mr. Harriman is waiting.

The security guard buzzes up on his telephone.

He speaks for a moment in Russian.

SECURITY GUARD

He wishes you to come up.

HARRIMAN

The museum?

The security guard goes back to his phone.

HARRIMAN (cont'd)

(reluctantly)

I'm an old man.

The security guard buzzes Harriman through a door.

Harriman begins up a stairway.

CUT TO:

INT. EMBASSY - MUSEUM ROOM - DAY

The museum is ornate, filled with all matter of Soviet historic paraphernalia: uniforms, discarded astronaut suits, Soviet heroic era reconstructions.

It is a throwback to the glory of a bygone historical era and though still under construction, intricate in preservation of a forgotten Soviet past.

Antonio and Marina lounge in one of the Soviet era reconstructions of revolutionary headquarters complete with wax Lenin, Stalin and Trotsky.

They have uncannily found a brief peace.

Kropotkin lingers about placing books, pamphlets and tiny Battle of Stalingrad figures into a large wooden glass display.

He looks for a pamphlet from a pile for the case.

He hesitates to label it.

ANTONIO

We love it here.

KROPOTKIN

Slightly ridiculous, but I understand your nostalgia.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY STAIRCASE

Harriman falters in ascending the staircase.

HARRIMAN

Old man still lost in Cold War.

The stairs unbalance him.

CUT TO:

INT. TINNER'S CAR - DAY

Tinner and Nadiya drive down Broadway.

The back of the car is full of precariously balanced suitcases.

NADIYA  
I need to stop at the embassy.

Tinner nods.

NADIYA (cont'd)  
Then the airport.

Nadiya covers the insignia ring on her hand.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. EMBASSY - SOVIET MUSEUM ROOM

Puffing away, Harald Harriman opens the museum's large oak doors.

KROPOTKIN  
Harald Harriman, let me introduce a couple comrades.

Harriman's recognition is instantaneous.

HARRIMAN  
I'm not entirely sure. . .

MARINA  
Surely, the pleasure is ours.

KROPOTKIN  
(graciously)  
Over the years, Harriman has been both friend and foe.

ANTONIO  
Today?

HARRIMAN  
What are you two doing here?

ANTONIO  
Looking for something that belongs to us.

HARRIMAN  
It's not here.

ANTONIO  
Why dispose of several lives for a few flash drives?

HARRIMAN  
Collateral damage.

MARINA  
We too believe ends justify the means, Harald Harriman.

HARRIMAN  
The agenda of any revolutionary cause is closed here. This is a democracy. Free elections, peaceful transitions of power.

ANTONIO  
Who hired Tinner to eliminate us?

HARRIMAN  
Could you even think you could begin a struggle?

ANTONIO  
Networked information provides a host of opportunities.

HARRIMAN  
For cyber criminals.

MARINA  
Or those interested in draining a swamp.

HARRIMAN  
Your cause is dead or never existed.

MARINA  
More than a few citizens think it does.

HARRIMAN  
You and Marina were given salaries. To what purpose? . .

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. TINNER'S CAR - DAY

Tinner pulls up in front of the Soviet embassy.

Nadiya gets out of the car.

TINNER  
Minute?

NADIYA  
No one's here.

She kisses him passionately.

NADIYA (CONT'D)  
Two minutes.

Tinner watches Nadiya ascend stairs.

She lingers for a moment before entering.

Tinner looks at two airplane tickets.

He checks the time on his phone and looks towards the back seat luggage.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. EMBASSY - SOVIET MUSEUM ROOM

The discussion has become heated.

HARRIMAN  
Look at yourselves, Antonio.  
Nothing to complain about. . Well  
dressed, able to support the  
American dream, a wife, children.  
What more can a man ask for?

ANTONIO  
A system where walls are broken  
down, not built up. . .

HARRIMAN  
An extraordinary system  
unparalleled in human history.

MARINA  
In its blindness.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. MUSEUM DOORWAY

Nadiya hears the sounds of a scuffle as she tries to stick her key in and turn the museum door latch.

Marina moves away from the door.

Antonio hurls Harriman against the reconstruction of Lenin's desk.

CUT TO:

EXT. TINNER'S CAR - DAY

Waving his hand, the security guard walks out of the embassy.

He approaches the car.

SECURITY GUARD  
You aren't with the embassy?

TINNER  
No.

SECURITY  
This is for diplomats.

Tinner nods and slowly drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. TINNER'S CRUISING CAR - DAY

A woman walks by whom Tinner mistakes for Nadiya.

He opens the door.

She walks past.

Tinner looks back.

A Haitian woman.

Among the luggage in his car's backseat a few books balance on top, BERKELEY IN THE SIXTIES, HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK, SACRED ARTS OF HAITIAN VODOO, ROBERT FROST'S NORTH OF BOSTON.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TINNER PARKING CAR - DAY

Tinner cannot find an Upper East side parking space.

The only space far from the embassy has a fire hydrant next to it.

Tinner parks and then fiddles with the car radio. Reprise: "Always on My Mind".

Tinner looks to his phone and tries to text: "Nadiya?"

No response.

He reaches back to the book pile and picks up *North of Boston* which sits at the top flipping through it to "Mending Wall". The ending has been highlighted. Tinner reads.

TINNER (V.O.)

*'He moves in darkness as it seems  
to me, Not of woods only and the  
shade of trees. He will not go  
behind his father's saying, And he  
likes having thought of it so  
well He says again, 'Good fences  
make good neighbors.'*

CUT TO:

EXT. TINNER'S PARKING SPACE - DAY

Tinner gets out of the car and walks to the embassy.

As his arm leaves the car, he experiences confusion and almost drops the book which he is still carrying.

His foot falls to the gutter.

CUT TO:

EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE SIDEWALK - DAY

Tinner walks down the sidewalk.

People leash dogs, dogs follow scents. Two small Latino children play 'you can't catch me' along a park ledge.

An old Chinese man leads a Tai Chi class in the adjoining park.



As Tinner passes, the man smiles and nods his head.  
A Haitian girl attempts to launch a kite.

CUT TO:

INT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY HALLWAY

Tinner walks to the embassy hallway.

The earlier none-too-friendly security guard from Tinner's first visit to the embassy is still taking apart his desk.

TINNER  
Could you tell Ms. Natasha I had to  
move our car?

Reluctantly, the security guard dials. No answer.

SECURITY GUARD  
They're in the museum.

TINNER  
Who's 'they'?

SECURITY GUARD  
Are you expected here today?

TINNER  
(confused)  
Could you open that door?

SECURITY GUARD  
(suspiciously)  
I'll take you up.

CUT TO:

INT. EMBASSY STAIRWAY - DAY

Tinner and the suspicious security guard make their way upstairs.

TINNER  
Who else is up there?

The security guard hesitates. He glares at Tinner three steps behind him before turning the latch to the museum doorway.

BANG, BANG, BANG.

BANG.

Three bullets hit the security guard. In a back somersault, he tumbles down the stairway.

TINNER (cont'd)  
I guess they like you less than I  
do.

Tinner takes cover and pulls apart his smartphone and the book which are now lodged together.

The bullet is caught between in the phones unbreakable glass and the book. Both have somehow saved him.

Scanning one side, Tinner pulls a gun from his shoulder holster and assumes a position in back of the door.

His phone makes final shutdown chimes.

CUT TO:

INT. EMBASSY MUSEUM ROOM EXHIBIT - DAY

Tinner enters the half-constructed museum.

His anxiety moves from a Sputnik tinny mock-up to an October 1917 worker's revolutionary headquarters to another half-lit diorama - mannequins of Soviet farm workers.

The diorama placard reads 'SOVIET WORKERS' COLLECTIVE FARM'. A few mannequins harvest wheat with long-handed sickle. Other mannequins pose next to wheat in bundles.

In another section a poster hangs from two long wires.

SWING.

The poster advertises Vsevolod Pudovkin's Soviet heroic era film 'MOTHER' showing a young woman hoisting the Soviet flag.

Tinner's attention moves to this section's title heading 'FILM AND AVANT GARDE ART OF THE SOVIET HEROIC ERA 1919-1929.'

Here are other posters against the wall:

VERTOV'S MAN WITH A MOVIE CAMERA, EISENSTEIN'S BATTLESHIP POTEMPKIN, OCTOBER, IVAN THE TERRIBLE, DOVZHENKO'S EARTH

On a loop in a diorama which shows Soviet Agit trains of the revolutionary period bringing film culture to the masses an old projector finishes playing the black and white Odessa steppe sequence from "BATTLESHIP POTEPMKIN".

TINNER  
(calling out)  
Nadiya.

Next to this section, is a moving architectural model of Vladimir Tatlin's MONUMENT TO THE THIRD INTERNATIONALE.

Because of Tinner's previous art inclinations, he unconsciously lingers.

Marina moves out of the section of Soviet farm workers. She had been hiding among them and is now in Soviet worker's garb.

She launches her sickle, a deadly boomerang which spins inches from Tinner's head.

Tinner fires in the general direction.

He looks back.

The sickle has planted itself in the wall behind him.

Marina tries again this time with the long harvest reaper scythe as some Martial arts long stick master.

She does not evade Tinner's gunfire and takes a bullet in the shoulder.

Tinner reloads.

Marina whirls the long scythe in front of Tinner, vertically ripping a line through his jacket.

A red dot of blood merges with his shirt.

Tinner tries not to feel the blood.

Marina kicks him forwards from behind.

Tinner just misses the projector.

A projector reel flies.

Marina takes out a gun from her thigh strap.

She is about to empty a round into Tinner.

Tinner heaves the movie reel at her.

She is tangled in film with part of the disheveled reel.

In a wrestling type fight, a bullet misses its intended target and Marina falls.

Antonio arises from a floor pile half dressed in one of the Soviet Army uniforms.

ANTONIO

Harriman said you were supposed to  
bring us in. Not methodically  
slaughter us.

Antonio trains his gun on Tinner.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

NO one taught me to play like that.

.

Tinner dives.

The pair play a deadly cat and mouse game.

Antonio sends Tinner flying back shattering a glass display with a flying drop kick.

ANTONIO

For Katya.

Antonio takes up a machine gun from a section entitled 'Battle of Stalingrad'.

Tinner takes a bullet in the leg.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

I don't like guns

He manages to stand behind the bullet-ridden Sputnik.

Tinner moves to come into the open someplace else.

ANTONIO

*Sal, sal, donde quiera que estes?*

TINNER

(yelling)

None of this was supposed to happen  
this way.

ANTONIO

But it has, Mr. Tinner and I assume  
not the first time.

From his spot, Tinner fires on Antonio, injuring him in the shoulder.

Antonio lingers in his position near Marina fallen and bleeding profusely from the previous bullet.

He stands.

Marina's eyes roll as a pool of blood trickles down her cheek to the floor.

Antonio wipes her face.

ANTONIO (cont'd)

Marina!

Antonio closes the eyes of Marina.

Tinner comes out of his hiding spot and raises his gun to Antonio.

Both of Antonio's hands are occupied.

Antonio lets go of the now dead Marina.

ANTONIO (cont'd)

Contractor for hire.

TINNER

Where's Nadiya?

Antonio raises his head and blinks.

ANTONIO

Paid killer.

inner cocks his gun.

TINNER

Nadiya.

He fires. CLICK.

ANTONIO

Cold blooded American killer.

CLICK. CLICK.

His gun is empty.

Antonio lets out a half-laugh, half-cry.

ANTONIO (cont'd)  
*Ahora es mi turno, Senor Tinner.*

Antonio now sings psychotically in Spanish (*Eres Tu, Mocedades*).

ANTONIO (CONT'D)  
*Como una promesa, eres tu, eres tu, Como una manana de verano. Como una sonrisa, eres tu, eres tu. AsÃ, asi, eres tu.*

Tinner looks for another gun.

Antonio is slow but picks one up nearby.

ANTONIO (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
 (singing)  
*Vamos, Mr. Tinner. (Pause). Andale. Time to collect your support payments.*

CUT TO:

INT. EMBASSY HALLWAY - DAY

Antonio chases Tinner through embassy hallways firing methodically.

He grazes Tinner in the leg.

Tinner rolls to Kropotkin's office.

CUT TO:

INT. KROPOTKIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Exhausted, Tinner pushes the door in front of him.

Kropotkin is seated at his window view - a bullet to his head.

Antonio whispers into the door.

ANTONIO  
*Un aristocrata hasta el final.*

The only way out is the window ledge.

Tinner must make the choice to confront his fear of heights or be killed instantly.

Antonio bangs psychotically destroying the large wooden door.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. EMBASSY LEDGE - DAY

Tinner jams the window open and attempts a balancing act walking along the embassy ledge.

Antonio breaks in the room, makes his way to the window and sticks his head out.

Tinner looks downwards, terrified.

ANTONIO  
Jump, Mr. Tinner.

TINNER  
(overcoming his terror)  
No.

Antonio debates withholding gunfire.

Tinner's on the verge of blacking out.

Antonio's gun has no more bullets now. He reloads.

On the ledge Tinner gives up trying to increase his distance from Antonio.

ANTONIO  
The Time you won your town the  
race, we cheered you through the  
market place. . .

Antonio makes a reckless step out.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)  
Tinker, tailor, soldier, spy.

Antonio fires a bullet into Tinner's leg.

ANTONIO  
For that last bullet that killed  
Marina.

Tinner does some poor balancing, holding on and climbing.

He attempts to enter another room through a window.

The window is locked. Tinner slams against the window to force it open before the realization.

He slips and now hangs by a thread - terrified.

SLOW MOTION: Tinner's smallest Russian doll falls from his coat past the ledge into the abyss far below.

The window where his smart phone with a bullet rests now opens.

ANTONIO (cont'd)  
*Palabras magicas*, Mr. Tinner?  
 (pause) Fear having your life saved  
 by a radical? Give me your hand.  
 We're fellow travelers.

It's questionable whether Tinner will extend his hand that far.

Compositionally, the extended hand pose between Tinner and Antonio should mirror Michelangelo's Creation of Adam.

Because of his phobia, Tinner is blacking in and out.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)  
 Dame tu mano!

Exhausted, Tinner's grip extends.

His balance is mostly lost. Tinner FALLS.

Antonio gymnastically forward flips forward over the ledge.

The force of his body weight counteracts Tinner's descent with Antonio catching and now precariously hanging behind Tinner.

Both men balance outside the wind-blown ledge.

People look up from the park below.

A distant kite plunges downwards.

Reminders of New York's homeless.

Antonio pauses so both he and Tinner are reflected in the window - together.



ANTONIO  
(struggling)  
A future, without fences or walls,  
Mr. Tinner. Where men and women are  
born equal, citizens with. . .

Antonio heaves Tinner towards the window and their  
reflection together.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)  
(falling words)  
justice and love. . .*Hermanos*.

Antonio falls downwards to the pavement as Tinner crashes  
through glass.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. EMBASSY ROOM - DUSK

As the sound of people, wind and sirens increase, Tinner  
crumples among carpet, broken glass and the destroyed open  
window frame in the embassy room.

TINNER (V.O.)  
My fall, his choice? Some future  
they were trying to realize without  
walls.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EMBASSY ROOM - DUSK

Harriman stands at the other end of the room, nursing a  
bloody head wound. He holds Tinner's small wooden Russian  
doll in one hand.

He curiously examines his reflection in a large piece of  
broken glass. The shape of the broken glass has vague  
resemblance to an eagle

It is uncertain how long Harriman has been there with the  
doll and his burnt out cigarette.

HARRIMAN  
Paperwork, Tinner.

Tinner tries to get up. He makes his way near Harriman who  
frames them together with his piece of reflecting glass.

TINNER  
Requesting a permanent leave of  
absence.

HARRIMAN  
You'll be back, it's your talent,  
Tinner. You're too good. Funny, at  
the end, how they all spout that  
dream crap, hermanos.

Tinner limps out of the room.

TINNER  
Real funny.

CUT TO:

INT. EMBASSY MUSEUM - DUSK

Tinner tries to walk with some dignity through shattered  
remains of the Soviet Embassy Museum.

Nadiya appears like a Soviet heroic workers' angel doll.

She is dressed in simple white embroidered peasant's blouse  
and clean worker's long skirt - an easy duplicate of Gail  
Ann from the film's opening High School Drama Club picture.

Nadiya tenuously holds an embroidered wedding cloth.

Over the cloth is a sheaf of wheat and salt, the traditional  
Slavic greeting - the staff of life.

She lingers in front of him: mannered, mannequin-like.

TINNER  
Gail Ann? (dream-like) Nadiya?

Tinner hesitates before the traditional Slavic wedding  
offering touching his injured leg, gun holster.

TINNER (CONT'D)  
I thought you were dead.

A couple tears linger on her cheek.

Tinner undoes her kerchief.

SLOW MOTION: Hair falls.

Tinner pulls her towards him. With the kerchief, he wipes  
her tears.

TINNER  
Tears.

NADIYA  
Love?

TINNER  
Love and cherish.

NADIYA  
Ever and ever.

In the ghostly wind a tattered old Soviet flag flaps.

SLOW MOTION

The wedding cloth also quivers in the summer's wind revealing Nadiya's insignia ring and raised and cocked pistol.

ANTONIO (V.O.)  
(echo memory)  
*Hermanos.*

GUNSHOT.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY - DUSK

A screaming ambulance.

Tinner limps out of the building and past the crowd gathered round a body.

Mocedades song "Eres Tu" which Antonio was singing earlier plays.

Harriman stands on Embassy steps in the far background behind Tinner one hand holding a book, the other a gun facing down.

A white, sail-like sheet held by two ambulance attendants is pulled down tight over a body.

In the foreground distance in front of Tinner - garbage can.

Next to that, a mailbox.

CUT TO:

EXT. UPPER WEST SIDE STREET - DUSK

Tinner pulls a manila envelope from his tattered breast coat pocket.

Falling from a Central Park wall, a Chinese boy dressed 'ala' Mao regains balance. His mother, dressed workers' style, dusts him off.

Tinner walks slowly forward, **as if in a dream**, passing another ancient pay telephone and remembering his first phone conversation with HARRIMAN.

HARRIMAN (V.O.)  
Goddamn redneck. Tinner?

The little boy acquires something from his mother's hand and runs to a fat Haitian woman street-seller exchanging the money for a bouquet of flowers for his mother.

A billboard in the background reads 'Rock the Vote'.

TINNER  
How'd you find me, Harriman?

Two Latino boys are released from the arms of their young Latino artist mother to run after each other together.

HARRIMAN (V.O.)  
We got another job for you.

A hat wearing black shoeshine artist (Gede) spits on a well-heeled black Oxford.

TINNER(V.O.)  
Don't want it.

A Chinese kite is blown back close to the ground in a windy spiral next to where the Latino boys stand.

TINNER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I don't do that kind of work anymore.

Tinner takes the flash drives from his pocket and unlatches them from his lanyard and key chain.

He places them in the envelope with a 'WIKILEAKS ADDRESS' and seals the envelope as he approaches the mailbox and garbage can - equidistant.

TINNER (V.O.)  
 Harriman. I wonder. Mending walls.  
 He was one smart cookie.

The Black shoeshine artist (Gede) looks up the pant leg to -  
 Harriman who looks down smiling, his hand holding a. . .

Another hand releases one of the Russian dolls which falls  
 in slow motion.

Tinner deposits the mail package into the . . .

FADE TO BLACK:

BLAST 'Crazy Love'

Roll Credits.

THE END