



LAST OF THE BREED  
A GRAPHIC NOVEL - BOOK ONE

V10.1

Written by

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END PAPERS -

POLITICAL CARTOON 1

American and Russian soldiers greet one another 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 troops meeting on the Elbe. "Comrades in Arms," the caption reads.

POLITICAL CARTOON 2

Truman dressed as a waiter holds out a covered plate, he whips open the cover revealing a miniature mushroom cloud. Stalin turns away. Truman: "And for the next course ..."

POLITICAL CARTOON 3

An American Army Officer looking through a 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.'

POLITICAL CARTOON 4

Russian tanks crush the UN 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, the same thing. 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 center, "We are surrounded."

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

POLITICAL CARTOON 8

Heavy dark suited men stand outside the 'Burbank Aviation' plant. One is shooting pictures of wild looking 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 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. 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 Eisenhower saying "We will bury you!" But he's digging a hole that he, himself, is standing in.

POLITICAL CARTOON 11

A HUGE atomic explosion. "Irony? Communists Name World's biggest bomb After Imperial 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:

INT. GRU HEADQUARTERS, USSURIYSK, USSR - NIGHT

The hallway of 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.

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 condensed 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 satellites. 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

I **know** where you were! 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 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. Looming over 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. He is wearing white long-johns.

RELIEF PILOT (CONT'D)

Dawn in forty-five minutes.

The RELIEF PILOT helps Joe climb into a tight fitting pressure suit. The helmet is fastened to a meter festooned box supplying 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 when a black plane sits. It is a U2 employed by the CIA.

Joe crosses the tarmac and mounts a set of metal steps. His handler disconnects his oxygen supply. Behind the plane are some old hangars and a pair of big cargo craft that the U-2 and it's fuel arrived in.

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 it's 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, now in a hanger and making a call on a telephone. An old civilian plane is partly disassembled in between him and big open doors. The view is of the distant snow capped mountains.

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

The Soviet Spy's finger then disconnects the line.

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 across the landscape at a great height -- except that the areas below are labeled like Zamatev's map. The border to "Pakistan" gives way to "C.C.C.P."

CUT TO:

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

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

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

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 atmosphere.

In the cockpit, JOE MAKATOZI pilots the plane. On the map on his knee board the bearings and legs of his flight are carefully marked. He ticks off his location. A cross hatched rectangle lies just ahead just inside the Kazakh S.S.R.

CUT TO:

INT. ALMA ATA AIR DEFENCE COMMAND - DAY

RADAR OPERATOR THREE

Comrade Colonel?

Zamatev walks over followed by another GRU OFFICER. The trace circles the radar screen. The Radar Operator points. A fuzzy oval can be seen.

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. But it is a different world we are living in --

A RADAR OPERATOR looks up from his console.

ZAMATEV (CONT'D)

Launch aircraft!

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 has arrived at the beginning of the marked 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 big camera in the belly of the plane whirs.

We see a closer view of the installation as a negative 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.

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."

Off to his left, 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 and 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, it is still brightly lit. He edges his aircraft carefully to the left.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. MIG-19 - DAY

The Mig's engines shudder and go out! The 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 the 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 its launcher.

CUT TO:

INT. U-2 - DAY

The "Missile" light again comes on. Joe looks around. Nothing. Then the "Lock" light! Joe reacts in surprise craning his neck to see below him ...

CUT TO:

EXT. U-2 - DAY

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

The wreckage of the broken wing, smashes the hull and tears the tail away. The plane tumbles, disintegrating, in a flat spin. 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. 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 a 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, seeing the other truck turning to drive down river, men are jumping out and looking around to see where he might have gone ... they are 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 searching for him.

Glancing back under the bridge Joe can see soldiers from the other truck deploying down the far bank of the stream ... 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 speaks up ...

LT. SAGYNDYK

(in Cyrillic)

Greetings Comrade. Perhaps you are lost eh?

CUT TO:

EXT. KAZAKH VILLAGE - POLICE STATION - DAY

Joe sits in a chair in a bare concrete room. His 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 that wafts into the windows of the police station.

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 must have had an autopilot failure.

ZAMATEV

Really?

Zamatev turns slightly, extending his hand ... Alekhin produces 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 at you ... 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.  
There is food. 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.

(MORE)

ZAMATEV (CONT'D)

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. There are living quarters for the prisoners and, off to one side, is the 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. 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. 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 of a table. 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.

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. 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.

What I want is *Archangel*. The **new** plane. Mach 3, 30,000 meters, the ultimate photo reconnaissance plane and the ultimate nuclear armed penetrator.

CUT TO:

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.

CUT TO:

INT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - DINING HALL - DAY

Zamatev puts a tablet and a pencil on the table.

ZAMATEV

Simply put, you make four drawings, top, front, side, rear. Our engineers verify that you have shown us an aircraft that has the ability to travel at those speeds and defeat radar, and 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 from the table 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.

(MORE)

ZAMATEV (CONT'D)

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 ...

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 God damn Indian.

The two Interrogators start beating and kicking him.

INTERROGATOR TWO

Get up! Get up!

DISSOLVE TO:

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!

CUT 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. She sits at a desk ready to take  
notes. They can hear what goes on through a speaker on the  
table. A STENOGRAPHER sits behind Kyra ready to type into  
her machine. GRIGORI, one of the interrogators, 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 like some civilian or your aging Nazi scientist.

ALEKHIN

Use a hot knife. That works.

Kyra turns to Alekhin, pointing at his nose.

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 truly trying to wear him down, discover internal contradictions 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.

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?

DISSOLVE TO:

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?

DISSOLVE 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.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PIPESTONE INDIAN SCHOOL - FRONT - DAY

1930s era busses are pulling up to take the kids away for  
summer. 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.

DISSOLVE 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 with sympathy filling her dark brown eyes  
she 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 ...

DISSLOVE 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.

(MORE)

ZAMATEV (CONT'D)

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 dependent.

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.

Perhaps the key is not political,  
it is personal.

ZAMATEV

Yes!

Zamatev gets on the phone.

ZAMATEV (CONT'D)

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 bag of salt into the tank. Several empty bags lie at his feet as well as some spilled salt.

Joe is led 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.

(MORE)

KYRA (CONT'D)

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. A clipboard in her hand  
just a single light by which she works.

Kyra's pad says, "Memories. Loneliness. Mother."

KYRA

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

DISSOLVE TO:

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 ...

DISSOLVE 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--

DISSOLVE TO:

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?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - BUNKER

Kyra sits up ...

KYRA

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

CUT TO:

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 horse is tall and gaunt. 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.

DISSOLVE 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 used up looking Model T Ford.

Joe sits on the porch. He overhears men 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.

(MORE)

MAN TWO (CONT'D)

I heard he took scalps at the  
Little Big Horn. Killed Custer,  
maybe ...

CUT TO:

EXT. DAKOTA COUNTRYSIDE - AFTERNOON

Amos peers over a hilltop. Little Joe is beside him ... in  
the distance an officially marked '29 Ford and a stake-bed  
truck full of men with rifles patrol the road.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - BUNKER

Zamatev is scratching a note to Kyra.

She reads it.

KYRA

His land has been taken. Who did  
that? Treaties have been broken.  
He is confined to a camp-- a  
reservation. Who has done this?  
Who are his enemies?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DAKOTA RIVER BOTTOM - LATER

Amos sits by a small fire, cooking a rabbit.

JOE

Those white people at the store.  
They said things.

Amos cuts off a leg for Joe.

JOE (CONT'D)

Are they the enemy?

AMOS

Hard to tell, sometimes. Be quiet.  
Eat.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GRU PRISON TRANSBAIKAL - BUNKER

A soldier stands near Zamatev who has bent to whisper into 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 looking for the missing pilot.

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

DISSOLVE TO:

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, Indians **ran**. You must be strong. Tomorrow you will run.

DISSOLVE 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?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DAKOTA COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

With the 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.

DISSOLVE 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.

Joe is 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.

KYRA (CONT'D)

Good. Good. Let me see what you  
have done ...

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

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DAKOTA COUNTRYSIDE - AFTERNOON

Joe and Amos sit under a tree and Amos tends to Joe's  
blistered and torn feet.

AMOS

You will heal and be stronger.  
Tell me ... what do we do if our  
freedom is taken?

DISSOLVE 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. Her 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

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. 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 leaps to his feet and grabbing a length of pipe, runs, staggering, 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 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 over the prison yard and housing area.

Zamatev reaches the slanted window looking over the heliport. 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 submachine gun, 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.

CUT 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 stitched 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  
FIVE ...