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Burnt by the Sun

By Rustam Ibragimbekov

You call this early?
Six A.M.!
What a time to come home!
A real kid!
Turn off the light.
What light?
Here!
How often do I have to tell
you? Speak Russian!
Your father hiked me in...1901...
Hired, Philippe.
O.K., hired.
Turn on the radio.
...from the workers' leaders
to the man who inspired...
...to the organizer
of our glorious...
You were just a baby...
He wanted me to speak
only French with you.
...the speech by the
USSR State Prosecutor...Comrade Vishinsky.
I've found it.
It's quite astounding,
as your mother used to say.
"Undesirable guests."
So... "Over the past two weeks,
there have been..."
"...in the Moscow area,
severan cases..."
Several.
"...several..."
"...cases..."
"...of sightenings..."
Sightings.
"...of sudden fireballs."
"These undesirable guests
disappear as fast as it appears..."
As they appear.
"...after causing
considerable damage..."
"...to the agriculture,
health..."
"...and even life..."

"...of the workers."
Workers.
"The direction the fireballs
take..."
"...depends on the
activity..."
"...that is given off..."
"...by nearby abjects."
Nearby.
"...by nearby..."
Objects.
"These phenomena are
apparently..."
"...the result..."
Result.
"...the result of a
well-organized..."
"...diversionary operation."
BURNT BY THE SUN
It's me.
I'll do it.
Mother!
Grandmother!
Tanks!
Take that! And that! And that!
Go on! Go on!
Marussya!
That's enough.
The machine is having a rest.
Do the platypus.
The platypus?
Marussya!
What?
Hey, son, stop!
Where's Zagorianka or Zagorienka?
Never heard of it?
There's no such place.
Turn back.
What? Turn back?
You're kidding!
Seven in the morning,
and he's in a hurry!
"I'll wash it for you," she said.
Well, it's only a shirt.

Who knows what might be in it.

"No, no, I'll wash it for you!"

There could be money

in the pocket, or...

...I don't know,

important papers.

Who's there?

Where's Kotov?

Hurry!

- The tanks are here!

- It's early!

- I'm taking my medicine.

- Where is he? Quick!

The tanks are ruining

the wheat!

Turn back, son.

I won't let you do it.

You can crush me,

but not the wheat. Never!

Go back home!

Comrade Kotov!

You have to help us.

The tanks are in the fields.

What tanks?

Our tanks!

You're the only one

who can stop them.

- The only one?

- Yes.

Thank you, old by... really.

It's my only day off.

The tanks...

Obviously, you needed a scapegoat.

They're asking you to come.

Really...

Please, Comrade Kotov...

- Come.

- What use is your president?

- He was in a balloon.

- Really?

Yes, the political police

is here, the NKVD.

- And he's shouting.

- Ah...

- He's crying.
- Ah, he's crying...
Only you can help.
Just one day off...
Ah, well. Where are they?
Take the horse.
Can you ride bareback?
After you.
When I think...
My day off...
Damn!
No more steam bath...
Hi, there!
- What's his name?
- Boy.
Gently, Boy. Gently.
Go on, go. Catch them.
Daddy, where are you going?
Daddy!
I never get any peace.
Only one day off.
No way!
The come and pull Kotov
from his steam bath...
What are you doing?
That's the people's wheat!
I'll drag you into the courts!
What are you doing?
They sowed this wheat! Hey!
- Turn back!
- It's not me!
- What?
- I've got orders.
What orders?
From my commander.
Don't tell me
a nag scares you shitless!
You've lost your mind, moron!
Get lost, or I'll slaughter you!
I'll wipe my ass with you,
Comrade Lieutenant!
- What?
- Attention!
- I'll show you!

- Show me what?
Don't you know me?
Don't you recognize me?
Like this?
Well?
You remember now?
Comrade Kotov!
Pull yourself together!
Who's in charge?
- Me...
- Who?
Brigadier Commander Lapine.
Lapine, that swine!
Right. Where's the radio?
What radio?
The field radio!
The planes! Colonel!
Switch on the radio!
The planes! Comrade Kotov!
They're up there.
They don't ruin the fields.
They're so beautiful!
Why aren't you advancing?
I'll tell you why we're not advancing.
What? Who is this?
- This is Santa Claus.
- What?
Sergei Kotov.
Hi, Misha.
- Kotov?
- Exactly.
- It's you, Sir?
- Exactly.
Why are you there?
I'm picking strawberries, pretty boy.
What?
Misha, maybe you want to
take prisoners?
Or drop some bombs?
The lieutenant agrees with me.
Sir!
You know what, Misha?
Do you remember, me?
Very well, Sir.

Really?
Really, Sir.
Listen, tell your tanks to turn back...
...and find something else.
Is that clear?
- Yes, Sir.
- Repeat it.
At your orders, Sir.
Good.
What's your name?
Your name. What is it?
Misha.
No. Sorry. Kolya.
Kolya.
I was a little harsh on you.
Will you forgive me?
Why the stupid smile, Kolya?
Grow your ears a little,
if you want to see the road.
Understand?
I knew him right away.
About face!
Why didn't you
go back to the house?
You were so coarse!
Who was?
My God!
Me?
What are you saying?
When?
Nadya, was I coarse?
I didn't hear anything.
What are you saying?
Come here.
One day, just one day a week...
...to be with my family.
Who told you to disturb me?
Who gave you permission?
What have I done?
He was all wound up, shouting:
"The wheat! The fields!"
"The kolkhoz!"
Why me, Olga Nikolayevna?
I'm not a miller.

It's amazing.
Orders have to be carried out,
my dear.
I'll look for fleas on them.
In fact...
...they can look for them on me.
They'd be right to.
Sergei, we've never had fleas
in this house.
What?
But you...
What a family!
Your uncle has
a screw loose, too.
I don't know why they have to
wash in that wooden hut...
...when we have
a beautiful bathroom.
I know, I know, I know.
Kutuzov and Pushkin
used to wash in one, too.
I know all that.
But that child...
...that little child...
...has no reason to be in there.
Vsevolod!
Why don't you ever say anything?
You're like Switzerland!
Well-fed and apathetic.
I, on the contrary, am starving and impassioned.
Like a gypsy.
Vsevolod Konstantinovich,
your legs are in my way.
Our colonel is right.
This place is a madhouse.
You've had your finger
in the jam again.
It'll ferment, and the guests won't have...
All right, all right.
"Burnt by the sun"
"As the crimson sea did run"
"I heard you say, my dove"
"That there would be no love."
Masha, Gosha, hello!

Hell! Hands off!
Grannies...
...what are you doing?
Good Lord, why are you...?
But why?
You know why.
Boris brought this medicine
back from abroad before 1917.
Why throw it away?
Because it can't continue.
Look!
And all these herbs, too!
You know she's obsessed
with medicine.
When the doctor prescribed iron for her...
...she boiled some nails
and drank the water.
She could have poisoned herself.
Miss.
Miss!
Is this Zagorianka?
Where?
What's Zagorianka?
Or, maybe...
...Zagorienka?
Oh, my God!
Young man!
Excuse me,
is this the SHAM?
You bet! A real sham!
What sham?
The State Home
for Artists and Musicians.
SHAM, for short.
Elena!
Will you be much longer?
Yes.
Nadya, get out of my armchair.
She's coming...
It's because of my eye.
"Confession is the source of justice."
- Who brought this?
- The pioneers.
- For whom?

- For Comrade Kotov.
For breakfast.
Listen... "Confession is the source of justice."
That took some finding!
Vsevolod! Your comments
will be the end of you!
I still say...
that the presumption of innocence
is the basis of law,
even the Roman law,
which I am fortunate to teach.
Stop!
What a farce!
Olga, when do you cut my hair?
You think it's necessary?
Boris would like me
to cut his hair.
Bring the mail.
My brother always had
an awful hairsytle.
There were still discharges
at university.
They returned half of them
for "imperfect knowledge of...
the origins of Marxism-Leninism".
- Half ?
- Yes, but not me.
Uncle, play something for us.
- How?
- Play!
Nadia...
Wait, wait.
Excuse me.
Nadia,
It's your instrument.
I show you how to do it.
Just blow.
Look!
Well done!
Well, I...
I wanted to say something important.
Ah, yes!
Here I am!
It looks like sackcloth!

Yes...
...but it's not finished yet.
I like it.
I'd like to show it to you
when it's finished.
It would be nice.
I wanted to make a nice stand.
Well and good standing!
Really?
Elena?
Not again!
Even a tiger is afraid
of a furious virgin.
She sucks nails.
One day we'll find her poisoned to death.
Good morning everyone!
Happy holiday, gentlemen...sorry... comrades!
Where's Mokhova?
Leave her.
Here are some biscuits.
My pleasure.
We're celebrating the construction
of balloons for...?
- Stalin!
- Exactly.
What's wrong, Kirik?
It's the dance of the bird
arriving by balloon, my love.
My love from above, my dove.
Our language is so rich.
Isn't it, Sergei Petrovich?
Sorry.
Happy holiday.
Oh!...
"Oh," what?
Mother, he's teasing me!
You're wrong, Sergei Petrovich.
Kirik never touches a drop of alcohol.
Not one drop...
In any case, today's a celebration.
And it's hot.
I remember...
...Prince Dimitri Pavlovich giving him a drink...
...when he was little.

Oh, yes!

"Drink for drink's sake means trouble."

Early each morning...

Vsevolod Konstantinovich...

...you remind me of

Petya Trofimov in Checkhov...

Petya...

"The Cherry Orchard"!

...the eternal student.

You're at the university and
your friends are at the Academy!

No. They're not my friends.

My friends, as Pushkin said,
"are no more, or are far away."

Did you return the money?

What money?

To the soda water, saleswoman.

- Why the coat?

- I'm trying it on.

A coat in this heat!

Interesting...

I'll pay her tomorrow.

I promise.

"Burnt by the sun"

"As the crimson sea did run..."

Kirik, after your morning port...

...do you still drink tea?

You know, Sergei Petrovich...

...you shouldn't consider drinking a vice...

How would you say?

...a vice of the will,

but rather the elan...

...of a tormented soul.

- Exactly.

My love...

Kirik, the 5 rubles you borrowed from Marussya,
you have to give 'em back.

Enjoy your meal.

It's cold.

Come on...

He...

feels offended...

"GLORY TO THE BUILDERS
OF STALIN'S BALLOONS!"

My name is Lyuba Grucheva.
You should have told us
you were coming here.
I would have given you a ride on my bicycle.
It's romantic.
Especially a lady's bicycle.
Without a bar.
Well?
I don't know. I've never tried
without a bar.
Here he is.
How about a swim?
Exactly.
Coming for a swim?
Of course.
Kirik, you can be so untidy!
Such severity!
That's Comrade Kotov!
We've got his portrait at the university.
- On horseback?
- No.
On foot.
Have you got my portrait?
Who are you?
Me?
I am who I am.
You're a tease.
I'll explain it to you.
Oh, God! Oh, God!
What have they done?
Yes, Mokhova.
No more medicine.
Boris Konstantinovich used to
bring them back from France.
Don't cry, Mokhova.
I'll tell Daddy...
...to bring you some more.
Oh, a pioneer regiment!
Pioneers don't cry.
They're soaked.
Nadya...
The pioneers are here.
Is there a celebration today?
You don't know what for?

You know, I don't understand
their celebrations.
All I know is...
...is that it's an important Soviet celebration.
I'll lie down for a while.
- My head...
- Lie.
...is spinning.
I'll lie down.
It's Nadya.
She's the one who knows all
the celebrations.
Good.
Oh, God!
What's that I smell?
Could it be little Nadya
who's going to be a pioneer...
...and the head of the class?
How do you know?
Well...
...why wouldn't I know
the most brilliant...
...of them all?
Are you the summer Santa?
Yes, Nadya.
I'm the wizard from Maghreb.
What's the Maghreb?
The Maghreb...
...is the land
where summer Santas live.
In the USSR?
Of course.
All the summer Santas
live in the USSR.
- And the winter ones?
- They, too.
Are you a doctor?
Probably.
We need one for Mokhova.
- She's still alive?
- Yes.
My great-grandmother
and Elena...
...threw away her medicine.

They're still alive, too?
And how!
Mokhova!
Mokhova!
This is Mokhova.
Away, white virgin!
Who invited you in?
"Lather makes Marussya's skin soft."
As if we didn't have
enough lunatics here!
What do you want?
Silence, you polygamist!
What do you mean by that?
Happy holiday, noble ancestors!
But I'm not even a grandmother!
Nadya!
Someone!
Who invited him in?
Stop stamping your feet!
But why...
You're here too, you lover of sweet wines...
...and immodest young women!
Splash!
34-15, extension 19.
What did he say?
That's my old office number.
Hello!
Mitya!
I just recognized you!
Mitya!
My God!
When Marussya was a baby,
Boris used to say to me...
..."Lather makes Marussya's skin soft."
What a joker!
Dimitri, I must say...
Vsevolod Konstantinovich!
Hello.
Mitya! You're back at last!
Kirik, quiet.
This is...
...Sergei, my husband.
This is the famous Mitya...
...of whom my father was so fond.

And his best student.
Kotov.
Delighted.
Same here.
In fact, we've already met.
Of course, I remember.
You've met?
It was a long time ago, for a short while.
And this?
This is our daughter, Nadya.
Nadya, call me Uncle Mitya.
Uncle Mitya.
Close your mouth.
Mokhova...
Dimitri Andreyevich!
My immaculate...
Immaculate, right?
Mokhova...
...why don't you dust properly?
I don't dust properly?
Wait...
Wait a minute...
On New Year's Eve in 1928...
...just before I left, we had hidden all the gifts.
I hid a candy here.
It's not there now!
Look, it's here...
It's a celebration for everyone except me.
Lydia Stepanovna, attention...
Let's drink tea.
And not just tea!
I did not recognize him.
Give me a glass of water.
I'm dying of thirst.
Is Philippe with you?
Yes. I'll clean up and tell you everything.
This damn beard...
He must have aged?
In fact,
I never knew him young.
Mitya!
Are you married?
Yes.
Have you got children?

- Yes.
- How many?
Three.
Bravo!
Do you still play the piano?
No.
Do you still play?
Dimitri...
...I must ask you...
...over all these years, you...
Yes?
Nothing. Later.
Uncle Mitya!
Do you want tea with jam
of coffee with milk?
Coffee with jam.
Fancy that!
Grandmother!
Yes, dear?
Uncle Mitya wants coffee with jam.
No!
Nadya!
How old are you?
Six.
Olga Nikolayevna!
One day, when Marussya was six
and I was sixteen...
...the Bolshoi was performing "Lakm".
Boris Konstantinovich was conducting.
Mitya, I'm a bit short now...
...but tonight for sure...
- Here we go.
- Tonight...
I was giving him a towel.
During the overture...
...she said to me, "I want to pee."
Thank you, Mitya.
I said, "It's only just started." She said, "A pee."
I told her, "Wait, I didn't bring a pot."
She said, "I want to pee!"
People started shushing us.
So we went out.
She said, "I don't want to go alone."
The men's room made no sense,

and I couldn't go to the ladies' room.
I ended up taking her to the men's room.
Rachmaninoff
was just coming out.
He asked me,
"Who's the father of this lovely child?"
I replied...
"Boris Konstantinovich."
He said, "What a lovely boy!"
"Tell his father to buy him some trousers!"
Coffee or tea?
I wanted water.
No, nothing, thank you.
Mitya, coffee or tea?
No, really, thank you.
Enjoy your meal.
That's Daddy's chair.
Nadya! Shame on you!
He's a guest.
You never let Kirik sit there.
Kirik should...
Because Kirik...
- Dimitri...
- Yes?
No, Olga. Don't worry.
In yesterday's "Pravda"...
Vsevolod...
Marussya, do you want something?
Me? No.
What's that, then?
This?
It's a glass.
Well?
Shall we go for a swim?
Mitja!
I'd love to.
- Where's your bathing suit?
- Over there.
Kirik, we're going for a swim!
Everything is as it used to be.
You haven't changed at all...
...except for your hair.
None of you have changed, either.
We're too old to change now.

Today at 5 P.M....
...in the Storming-of-the-Bastille Park...
...there will be a performance...
...of Communist composer,
Minayev's works...
...in honor of the 6th
anniversary of the celebrations...
...of the construction of Stalin's
balloons and airships.
Admission is free.
Happy holiday, dear comrades!
Hurry up, or the pioneers will get our spot.
Comrade,
What time is it?
Stand up! Attention!
At ease, fellows.
Happy holiday to you all!
Here, Nadya.
Mokhova, put that doll away!
I'm not that little any more.
What else can I give you?
You're still young enough
for it. Stop acting up.
"Not that little"... Hah!
I really want to join the pioneers!
Why?
To get up at the bugle's call...
...swim at the whistle's blast...
...and get buried to music.
Who said that?
Why?
What?
To get up at the bugle's call...
...swim...
...at the whistle's blast...
Hello! Would you like to swim?
To march...
...to the drum's beat...
...eat in time...
And if you do all that, you'll get buried...
...to music.
Why?
Marussya, I'm going to the jetty.
Uncle Mitya...

...why do you say that?
- What?
Don't pester him.
I'm pestering him?
Yes.
That's a good one!
Then, stay here.
I'm leaving.
Here, have fun.
Nadya!
What?
Nothing... nothing.
Please return the poodle
named Philimon...
...to the janitor
of dacha number 17...
...the home of
Professor Kaluta.
Happy Holiday, dear comrades!
Why are you sulking?
What's wrong?
Mother told me off.
Mother told you off?
Mother told us off.
What a wicked mother.
You were pestering them...
...with questions.
They want to talk.
They're old friends.
They lost touch for a long time.
And little poppet starts pestering them.
Come on, let's take the boat
along the river.
Sergei!
I don't like that!
She can swim right here!
Marussya!
Just let us go. O.K.?
Leave us alone.
Lie there and sun yourself.
Wide, muscular shoulders.
Really, I understand.
A dazzling smile, his portrait
hanging everywhere.

And all that will collapse.
With one small flick.
Olga Nikolaievna...
Marussya was that size...
I remember that.
She must have been two months.
And me, ten years.
You brought me to the cradle

and you said:

Mitya, I present you Marussya.
And then I gave a finger to her hand...
...and she grabbed it.
And then she opened her eyes...
...and struck a fart.
"Come closer", she said.
What are you talking?
How could I talk at the age of 2 months?
Well, that's what you said to me.
Or that's at least what you thought.
And you?
What did you say?
- You didn't have that before.
- What?
That's nothing. It's just a
scratch on the surface.
What surface?
"I want to create a big, iron bird,..."
"...which wings have the Red Star on it."
What do you think?
Should we ask them to turn up the volume?
"...It's really a shame...."
"You ran off to travel the world, and I followed,
true to my word..."
"Chuki-chuki-chuki..."
Marussya!
Why aren't you asking me any questions?
Why don't you say anything?
I'm reading.
But why?
I don't want to know any more.
What do you mean, "any more"?
Any more than I already know.
Well, well...

And what do you know?
What's that?
When did you do that?
- Back then.
- And?
They saved me. I didn't know
you had to do it in water.
To keep the blood from coagulating.
Marussia!
Marussia! Mitya!
The CIDER!
- The CIDER!
- Hush!
The Civilian Defense Regiment!
They'll try to train us...
...for gas attacks.
Leave, quickly!
Or they'll take you away!
- They're far away.
- They're starting again!
They'll put those pipes on us!
Olga Nikolayevna. I'm scared!
Then the masks,
and they'll pinch our breasts.
- I'm going.
- We've still got time.
The raskers will find us!
Not raskers... rescuers!
They pinch my breasts and knees.
Any other woman would be delighted!
But I am a virgin.
They all say that.
What pretty feet!
So round, so soft, so beautiful.
As for mine, look.
See? Like shoe leather.
As hard and rough as rocks.
Is it because you've run a lot?
Yes. Run and walked.
Where were you running to?
Sometimes away from them...
...sometimes toward them.
Your feet will always be like that.
Why?

They'll always be this round...
...because there will be many airplanes, cars...
...trolley cars, buses and underground trains.
And roads will be nice and flat...
...shoes will be comfortable...
...and socks will be soft...
Why?
"Why?"
Because we're building up
Soviet power for that...
...so that, all their lives,
people will have feet...
...like yours.
To run without having to flee.
Follow your path.
Follow it well...
...and, above all, work hard.
Respect your parents...
...and cherish your Soviet Motherland.
You're feel hot!
Tell me...
- You're not sick, are you?
- No
- You're sure?
- Yes.
You've no idea how good I feel with you.
Is that true?
Me, too.
With you, everything is
calm...
...everything is easy.
I adore you.
Can we drift like this for all our lives?
Yes, but with Mother.
Of course.
We won't leave without her.
I'm going for a swim.
Comrade... comrade!
What time is it?
What's wrong?
Help a poor invalid stand up.
Of course.
Half past one.
Thank you.

He dove in fully dressed!
A man dove in fully dressed!
The idiot!
All right.
Mitya!
Mitya!
Mitya!!!
- Were you scared?
- You fool!
- Were you scared?
- You fool!
Let go of me!
Your wife should be scared for you.
Do you remember this place?
One month after
Boris Konstantinovich died...
...you caught your mother with Kirik.
A terrible business!
Deeply affected, you fled the house...
...and I found you here.
Right here.
It was cold...
...it was raining.
I told you to go back...
...but you didn't want to.
So I stayed, too.
Don't you remember?
"Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears"
"Had left the flushing..."
Not even that?
And we spent the night in the boatman's barn.
Our first night.
And afterward?
I had a volume of Shakespeare
with me, "Hamlet".
I read.
She cried.
You cried.
"Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears"
"Had left the flushing eyes..."
Do you know what I remember most?
The mark of the elastic...
...on your belly.
It was as pink as a baby's.

Why are you telling me all this?
I don't know.
Marussyya...
...I simply believed...
...that if that life no longer existed for me...
...it no longer existed
for anyone else.
And that everyone had vanished.
But here you all are.
And nothing has changed for you.
It's just that I'm not here.
You've obliterated me...
...with an eraser.
Deleted.
Gas warning!
We're under attack!
We're under attack!
The DEF. AVIA. CHIM
and the SHAM CIDER...
defend...
...against the
imperialist foe...
Happy holiday, dear comrades!
Civilian defense...
...is a vital cause for the State.
- Put this on.
- What time is it?
Put on the gas mask.
I'm sorry, but I'm going to miss my train.
It's the duty of every Soviet citizen...
...to help Civilian Defense...
...in fighting the hydra of world imperialism.
I've got your parasol.
Don't let a patriot down!
Comrade!
Don't you need some casualties?
- Yes.
- I'm seriously wounded.
Seriously? The stretcher!
- Gas mask!
- Yes, Sir!
- Lie down.
- Yes, Sir!
Forward march!

Just a moment!
You, the comrade with the trunk!
What about me?
- What?
- I'm dead.
- We leave the dead.
- What?
A stretcher! A mask!
I'm wounded now.
I'm hurting all over.
Forward march!
Let go of me!
What are you doing?
What's your name?
The Red Civil Defense is the
best shield of the soviet states...
...against global imperialism.
Happy birthday, comrades!
"I'm in the cherry tree..."
Get out of here!
How about that...
Where are they?
I've no idea.
Look at that!
They left their shoes...
...and the ball, and the book, too.
And they left without us.
Yes...
- Daddy?
- What, dear?
Where are you running like that?
Nadya!
I'm not running.
I'm walking calmly.
But, Daddy...
I'll carry you.
Come on.
There, like that.
Let's go.
We'll try to see where they could be.
If I was the one who...
...left books at the beach...
...think how Mother
would react!

Daddy, you're hurting me.
Where, huh? Where?
You have such a temper, Nadya!
Your mother's right.
You have a real temper!
Daddy, you're squashing my tummy!
Daddy, look!
Uncle Mitya's pants and shirt
are hanging there.
Yes, you see, he put them there to dry.
Here, hang it up.
- How?
- Throw it.
Aim well, you can do it.
How do you expect me to do it?
That's good...
...that will do.
That will do. Stop.
Stop... I'm scared...
Stop...
I remember that Boris had decided..
...to give work to Mitya,
who was then a poor student.
He was supposed to make
Marussya work on her music.
When I was in the room with
them, they were serious.
legato... syncopated pedal...
Appoggiatura...
But one day, I'd only just left the room...
... when I suddenly heard...
- what was it, Mitya? -
A can-can!
Mother come into the room.
I was Nadya's age...
I thought I was going to faint!
...and I was doing this!
And with great style, too!
They're dancing!
When you've got to go...
Bravo!
Sergei Petrovich!
Why are you eating alone?
Why not wait for the others?

I wanted to call them...
...but I don't speak French.
Not yet.
Hand me a napkin.
And you, Mokhova...
...do you speak French?
So, you, too...
...you can go...
Do you need help?
Lunch?
Let's all have lunch!
Where's Sergei Petrovich?
Sergei Petrovich...
...is already seated.
Come on, let's eat.
They must be dry by now.
I'll bring in your things.
My clothes are cold
and it's drafty here.
I'll be damned!
Hey, guys!
I have an adress here that has faded.
Help me. What is it?
Zagorianka or Zagorienka?
I've been going around in circles all day.
Where are you from?
There's no such place.
My wife washed my shirt...
Get out of here, and hurry up!
Get out of here!
But...
The address has faded...
Thank you.
That's wonderful.
It's like in Boris' day.
Lord...
...I can still see Elena singing that on stage.
Ah, what a time that was!
Things aren't so bad nowadays, either...
...but it's the aroma...
...the taste of life that has vanished.
For good.
Listening to you, what good life you had.
- Yes.

So why not keep it?
How that?
Yes, why fight for it?
We fought for it.
You fought for it?
Why are you running away?
- Why did you run away then?
- Who?
You were armed, supported by the alliance,
strong and laced.
Why do poor people run away,
naked and uncultivated?
Me, for example,
I never studied the arts of war. Never.
And yet I went from
the Urals to Siberia.
And you... nothing.
You know, it's a philosophical question.
Of course, my dear scholar.
As always, it's a philosophical question.
Because you had nothing to offer. You want...
...no change.
And why?
Because you believe that all this would happen.
Yes, that it happens, and that it didn't happen.
That doesn't work.
We remember...
...the life, the good life we had.
...and how good it was.
Of course, the best, they understood:
They served the Revolution.
With courage and honesty.
Not by fear, but with their heart.
Serguei Petrovitch,
although I have been reformed
you were flat-footed.
Absolutely.
I was still...
...hurt.
By a ball in a billard room.
Why are you arguing...
...dear comrades?
Nadya!
Do you know what you'd be

called in France?

No.

"Nadine."

No. "Nadya."

Well, "Nadya"...

...come over here.

I'm going to tell you a story.

There...

Once upon a time, in the land of Sursia...

...there was a boy...

...called Yatim.

He sang beautifully...

...played different instruments and loved poetry.

His parents were friends with a kind magician...

...whose name...

...was Sirob.

- Did he wear a turban?

- No.

And kind Sirob liked little Yatim very much.

He took him into his house

to raise him.

He started to teach him magical music.

They loved each other

like a father loves his son...

...and a son loves his father.

There, Nadine, the whole story.

Sirob had a daughter.

Yes!

He called her...

Yassuram.

What a funny name!

Sirob had a big house, a very bright place...

...a very merry and, of

course, very happy home.

Like ours.

Like yours.

But one day, it all came to an end.

No more coffee drunk from cups like these.

No more charades and afternoon croquet...

...no more reading,

disturbed only by a cricket...

No more arguments,

laughter and all the rest.

It all ended because...

...war came to the land.
War against whom?
The nobles?
That doesn't matter, Nadine.
What does matter...
...is that Yatim
left for the front...
...and that all the time,
in the trenches, in the hospital...
...in the lands he crossed...
...every day...
...and I mean every day,
Nadine...
...he would think of the big house, the garden...
...those faces, and even the old cricket...
...that everyone moaned about.
We've got a cricket, too.
He's over there.
That's not the same one.
This one sings happy songs...
...the other one
sang sad songs.
You want some vodka, Nadya?
- You're crazy!
- Come on, come on!
Yes! And so, for ten years he roamed...
Good health!
...he roamed far and wide.
He tried all trades...
taxi driver...
...bar pianist...
...street singer...
...cabaret dancer...
He even sewed slippers.
Thank you.
And all the time...
...he was fretting...
...as he thought of that house...
I mean the house where he had lived.
Then he came back ten years later.
His parents had died during the war...
...against the nobles.
He had nowhere to go...
...and, from the station, he went

straight to his master's home.
It was winter...and, apart from the snow,
he recognized nothing...
...of his land.
It had changed so much.
Only the house was there,
like before.
He trembled...
...as he rang...
...the doorbell.
A young girl came to the door.
Yatim had never seen anyone...
...so beautiful.
Even though he had traveled a lot.
"Who are you?"
Yatim asked in surprise.
"Yassuram", answered the beauty.
"Good Lord, are you
the same Yassuram who peed..."
"...in her panties and fell asleep..."
"...on her father's knees when
he was teaching me music?"
"Yes, I am she. Come in."
"We've been waiting for you
for a long time..."
"...even though our father is very ill."
Yatim stood there, astounded...
...looking at the beautiful Yassuram...
...and unable to say a word.
I know how it ends!
Tell us.
They got married... and...
Well... no.
They didn't get married.
Why not?
Because they didn't have time.
One day, a very important and
distinguished man sent for Yatim.
Who was it?
Mr. Bogeyman?
No. He wasn't quite that important.
An ogre?
Not him either
I've forgotten his name, Nadya.

He summoned him
to the Big House and said...
"Comrade, my gentle Yatim!"
"Go to some place, I don't know where..."
"...and do this there..."
I don't know what!
Exactly.
And Yatim said...
"Why, most distinguished Sir..."
"...I mean, comrade. I've
already traveled so much..."
"...fought so hard..."
"...that I want to live in peace with my folks."
And he said...
"Those ideas, my dear Yatim,..."
"...are middle-class..."
"What does that mean?"
"It means bad, bad ideas, Yatim."
"You weren't allowed to return to your home..."
"...to turn it into a middle-class nest."
"Pack your bags..."
"...and write it down for me."
"I'll give you a week
to think about it, or else..."
Beheaded!
Exactly.
So Yatim went home...
...very saddened.
He walked in circles.
He was down in the dumps.
He thought a lot...
...packed up his bags
and left.
Without a word to anyone.
Why?
Because he had
nothing to say, Nadine.
He had seen too much blood
and misfortune...
...and he didn't want...
...to bring them
to the house he loved so much.
And also, Nadine...
...because he was only 27...

- the age your mother is now -
...he really wanted to live.
What about the princess?
The princess?
The princess cried a great, great deal...
...a great, great deal...
...and then got married.
To whom?
To the ogre?
To the other one...
...whose name I can't remember.
"As the crimson sea did run"
"I heard you say, my dove"
"That there would be no love."
"As the crimson sea did run"
"I heard you say, my dove"
"That there would be no love."
"Let's leave one another now"
"I won't hold it against you..."
Marussya, wait!
Wait!
Wait, Marussya!
Stay there, or I'll jump out the window!
Marussya, be reasonable!
There are people downstairs.
Marussya! There are people.
It would look bad...
Come on.
I'll say it again. Stay there!
Marussya!
Come here.
Come here, my love.
Come here.
Come here, my love.
After the siesta we'll play soccer.
- Where?
- On the croquet lawn.
Soccer, you say...
And why not croquet, like before?
Because Daddy says...
...that croquet and tennis are bourgeois games.
Whereas soccer isn't.
He's nice.
Who is?

Your daddy.
Very, very nice.
Yes, he's always very nice.
You know, tomorrow Daddy's taking us...
...to the zoo.
But you know...
...in winter I've already been
there lots of times.
But in summer...
...never, because we spend it
at the dacha.
MITYA, 1916
MARUSSYA, AGE 14
One day, in Moscow...the grandmothers were
brought home on stretchers.
They had fainted.
Just like that.
Because it smelled so bad...
...that no one could breathe.
It's the wild animals.
I can't stand the polar bears and the seals.
"...Far off on Lake Chad..."
"...roams a majestic giraffe."
YATIM 36
I'm there, too.
Where?
There.
Look.
What's "Yadan"?
Yadan is... Think carefully.
You're the one who smells of wine!
- I do not.
- You do.
Nadya!
Isn't Grandmother sleeping?
He's the one who smells of wine.
You're eating because you've been drinking.
You do the same.
You'd better obey.
Go and play with the children.
Do you want a spanking?
Mitya, you understand?
Do you want some?
No.

Is it true that you're married?
No.
So, you lied.
Well, yes.
Well, yes.
They're all asleep.
It's the realm of dreams.
Do you want a candy?
Do you remember?
You smoke now.
You vanished...never a word...
Where do you work?
For the political police.
Stop teasing.
I'm serious.
Where do I work?
I performed in a restaurant near Paris.
Now, here, near Moscow.
You could have said so.
That, I remember.
And you?
Me...
I'm a projectionist
in the nearby holiday camp.
- Go outside.
- No.
...you smoke,
but you have nice hair.
Not like me.
When did you get back?
Six months ago.
Why didn't you come sooner?
I had no reason sooner.
Are you joking, or what?
Do you know what she did?
Have you seen her wrists?
She slit her veins.
She waited for you a whole
year. No...more.
It wasn't until later...that the colonel turned up.
With flowers...
Concerts, restaurants...
What do you expect? A hero!
Are you back for good?

Yes.
So? And she?
Then again, my colonel
would look good with horns.
You're crazy. That hurts.
I'm sorry.
I didn't mean to.
Mitya... Mitya!
Stop.
Tonight I'm going to work!
Wait, wait...
Wait...
Come on. Come on...
My love!
My love!
- Try.
- All right.
Go on.
Was it you
who sent him there?
Yes. It was me.
Marussya!
He left alone, of his own free will.
He had a choice.
Many of them had a choice.
It was that or prison.
We all have an alternative, Marussya.
We can talk, we can keep silent.
We can leave, we can stay.
We always have a choice.
But why him?
I was in the NKVD only briefly, years ago.
Remember, we sent a lot of them abroad...
...to embassies, consulates...
...as correspondents...
And besides...
...he already knew things.
He spoke their languages.
Marussya! Let's move to
a dacha in the state.
You know, it's good there.
They are tidy, very clean...
with a small fence...
...white covers, pool table,

...a volleyball court, guards ...
You can't just enter like this.
At the Kremlin, they have a wrong picture of me.
I'm still Colonel.
Look!
Look at that!
We live like bums!
If you like, we can take
your grandmothers with us.
Tell me...
What if it had been you...
...if they had said that to
you, would you have gone?
Would you have left us?
Of course.
I'm a soldier.
Besides, Marussya...
...I would have left because...
...I love my Motherland!
Whereas he left because
he was scared. To stay alive.
You understand the difference?
My darling!
There's duty, and there's fear.
You understand the difference?
Well done!
Tell me, Nadine, my friend...
can you tap dance?
...can you tap dance?
Can I what?
No?
I'll teach you.
Let's go.
Marussya! Do it!
Go on.
Please...
Marussya, please...
I beg you...
Three, four...
No. Start again.
One more time.
Go on.
Mitya!
Mitya!

...I wanted...

Marussia, I understand, I know...

I'll be leaving soon.

Ask Sergei to come down.

I'd like to talk to him.

You're leaving?

To be frank, Nadine...

No.

I can't lie to you.

Tonight, a car is going to come.

Hurrah! A car!

It's our secret, all right?

Mum's the word.

It's a military secret.

Well, Nadya?

- Go outside.

- No.

Well, do you know this game?

You have to hold the note.

You breathe in...

...then breathe out, and I count.

I count.

Take a good, deep breath...

...and breathe out softly.

One, two...

...three...

You sent for me?

Well, what?

Well...

Not a word to anyone.

You're our guest.

Continue playing the game.

When the car comes, we'll leave.

Today we're playing soccer.

Do you play?

I used to.

On Sundays, we always play soccer!

Sergei Petrovich, have you understood me?

Absolutely.

The car arrives in two hours.

Let's not waste time. Soccer!

Soccer! Where's the bird
who's leaving by balloon?

Daddy, Daddy! Look!

What, Nadya?
Well done.
That's very good, Nadya!
Daddy, Daddy!
Look what Uncle Mitya can do!
- Nothing at all.
- You can.
Stop it...
Daddy, tell him!
All right. Go on.
Show us.
Don't be shy.
All right.
Stop!
Watch, Nadya.
Watch carefully.
Can your Uncle Mitya do this?
What's wrong?
It's the dance of the bird
who's leaving by balloon.
Soccer!
Hey, fellow!
Is Zagorienka in this direction?
What?
I'm asking if Zagorienka
or Zagorianka is this way?
- It's not around here.
- What?
I was told that...
Who told you? That's Gribnevo.
My brother-in-law's there.
- But I was told that...
- There's no Zagorianka here.
I was told this way!
Damn! Those fellows back there...
Look, baldie...
...come over here.
Listen carefully.
I'm not speaking Chinese!
If you go that way,
you'll end up in Petriayevo...
...then Kuzem, then Petrovo...
...and then Goriayevo.
There's no Zagorianka.

Get the hell out of here!
Zagorianka, my ass!
Stupid bastard!
I'll make you eat your cap,
I will!
You fool!
You'll see...
Fool!
You know fucking everything!
Fool!
You know nothing!
You sleep here, asshole...
...and you know nothing!
Hand!
- Penalty!
- What hand?
Off-side!
Sergei Petrovich!
Have you got it?
- The ball.
- I'll get it.
Sergei Petrovich, perhaps...
...you haven't understood me.
You have only one hour left.
How will you spend it?
What did you think?
That I'd be burning papers?
Or that I'd commit suicide?
I'd like to know whether...
...or not you were forced to
come. Hans Christian Andersen.
What?
You tell awful fairy tales.
And why,
...why, in your stories, didn't you say...
...that since 1923...
...you've worked in counter-espionage...
...and that, as a so-called "pianist" or "musician"...
...you fingered eight generals
from the White Army?
That, thanks to you, they were
brought here by force...
...and shot without a trial...
...as enemies of the people?

Because they weren't, perhaps?
They were...
...but I fought against them
for four years.
Whereas you were on their side...
...and you fingered them.
All eight generals...
Kornev...
...Weiner, Machkov...all of them!
Sergei Petrovich, you know that I was forced.
By whom?
Who forced you, my angel?
In '23, I had never...
...heard of you.
We bought you...
...like a whore.
Don't dare speak to me like that!
I only wanted one thing...
to come back to this house.
They promised that to me, and I believed it.
Your pals promised it to me.
"Do it..."
"...and we'll let you go back." They lied to me.
And they took everything I had.
Everything!
My life, my profession...
...my love, Marussia, my Motherland, my faith!
You took it all from me!
So that's why you came back!
To revel in it...
...to delight in your suffering.
To savor it, drop by drop...
...sip by sip.
And then...
...wham!
"Citizen Kotov, I arrest you!"
In fact, I've committed a crime of prevarication.
- I warned you.
- You're lying!
You're still lying!
You act like the cheapest of all whores!
You lie to everyone.
So that afterward, I'll take that into account.
You know how it will end?

Who'll dare touch me?
Huh? Who?
Me, a hero of the Revolution, a colonel!
Who would dare touch Kotov?
I'll repeat that to you.
And I'll watch you closely when...
...in five or six days...
...you'll crawl in your shit...
...and admit, in writing...
...that since 1920 you've been
spying for the Germans...
...and since 1923, for the Japanese...
...that you're a terrorist...
...and that you wanted
to murder Stalin!
And if you don't sign, you scum, we'll remind you...
...that you have a wife and daughter!
Daddy! Daddy!
The pioneers are coming to see you.
Your pioneers!
What pioneers?
Where's Uncle Mitya?
Uncle Mitya found the ball.
Nadya, why is everyone so cruel to me...
...in this house?
Daddy, hurry. They're here!
- Let's go.
- Yes, Nadya.
Let's all go.
Let's go.
They have flags.
I didn't hurt you too much?
No, it's fine.
Why did you go in front of the car?
So that you don't do any nonsense.
And the house search?
Tomorrow.
Why tomorrow?
Because I won't be there.
I understand.
So, hush.
The car arrives and we're going. That's it.
Alright.
I promise.

The pioneer detachment
that proudly bears...
...Comrade Kotov's name...
...the glorious hero of the Revolution...
...renowned Bolshevnik and legendary colonel...
...has come to take an oath before
the one who honors them.
One, two...
"We young Leninist pioneers..."
"...of the detachment bearing the name..."
"...of the legendary colonel Kotov..."
"...hero of the Civil War, faithful disciple..."
"...and brother-in-arms of Comrade Stalin..."
"...renowned Bolshevnik..."
"...decorated numerous
times..."
"...before all our comrades..."
"...and in the presence
of Comrade Kotov..."
"...solemnly swear..."
"...to be the faithful
upholders..."
"...of the Great Cause of
Lenin, Stalin..."
"...and the heroes..."
"...of the Great Revolution..."
"...to never betray..."
"...secrets..."
Is this dacha number nine?
Yes. Yes, you can see it is.
I've been expecting you.
Are you looking for Uncle Mitya?
I'll tell him.
Uncle Mitya!
They're here!
This is it.
Uncle Mitya!
Uncle Mitya, where are you?
Uncle Mitya, the car's here.
It's time to go, then.
Where's your father?
Go and fetch him.
Uncle Mitya...
...can I get in the car?

Yes, you can.
Thank you.
I'm going to drive! Hurrah!
Grandmother...
I'm going to drive!
Mitya.
Why did you make up that story?
You know, one day I was at
your father's bedside.
He was already very ill.
He was raving...
...when he suddenly opened his
eyes, took my hand...
...and said...
..."It's annoying."
"I've had such a long
interesting and beautiful life."
"And, God, what do I see before dying?"
"Trains with geese."
"It's annoying."
"Annoying and foolish."
I found out later that
those were his last words.
Why didn't you ever tell me?
There are so many things
I never told you.
Me, too.
Is she his daughter?
Who knows? Perhaps.
She looks as if she is.
Hello.
Hello.
Enjoy your meal.
I'll ride to the bend with you.
We'll drive through the fields.
I'll do the driving.
What are you chewing?
We're eating.
Do you want some of Grandmother's cake?
No, thank you.
Nadya!
Don't tell anyone that I came out.
I'm coming, Grandmother.
I'm coming.

She's a bold little girl.
I told you she was his daughter.
And you, did you see her before?
Really, never.
I just saw him...
in pictures.
- Grandmother, you called me?
- No, Daddy did.
Where is he?
Where is he?
You scared me!
- A real tomboy!
- So?
Probably in his office.
- Elena?
- Yes.
Will I have to wait long like this?
- I'm sorry.
- Why bother? It's already cold.
Daddy!
Daddy!
There you are!
Why is your cup here?
Have you been drinking?
Me?
Yes.
And you've eaten nothing?
No.
Where are you off to?
Are you leaving?
The car's here...
I'm going to Moscow.
I'm getting ready.
- And your car?
- It'll come tomorrow.
At nine o'clock.
I have an appointment at...
Eight!
Come on, hurry up!
Uncle Mitya said
that I could drive a little.
As far as the bend.
Daddy, hurry. Come on!
Daddy, do you remember...

...Uncle Mitya's story?
They all had funny names.
Well, do you know...
...if I'd been in the story,
what my name would have been?
- What?
- Yadan.
Yadan...
What does that mean?
It's Nadya spelled backwards.
Hurry up.
You know, tomorrow...
We can't go to the zoo.
I have to work...
Don't be angry with me.
We'll go another time.
Do the platypus for me.
Oh, he's so pretty!
Can you play this game?
- What game?
- Look.
You plug up your ears and you go "oooh".
What?
Like this, look.
What?
Yes, you plug up your ears
and you go "oooh".
- What's the game?
- To see who can do it the longest.
- Really?
- Yes.
Three, four...
I'm little, I get two chances.
Three times.
I get to go three times...
...because I'm little.
Three, four...
How about that!
Papa, hurry up!
We wait.
Come on, Nadija.
My name is Vsevolod Konstantinovitch.
Is it you who's going to
pick up Dimitri Andreevitch?

How friendly.
Forgive my curiosity,
but who's sending such a car?
The local philharmonic.
Well then.
"Where are you,"
"Days of Spring... uh ... love"
The Philharmonic...
"Dreams tender,"
"Sweet dreams of spring ... "
Where are you going?
I take the car and go with them.
Why did you put on your
uniform and decorations?
Smoking is bad.
You always want to know everything.
It's better to have them
on the chest than on the knee.
So, are we going?
Serguei Petrovitch!
Please, bring me creme with rose fragrance.
- And where is the other one?
- Who?
The bird who is going to be trained for this.
Mokhova!
Mokhova!
Go on, say...
..."Grucheva Lyuba."
Grucheva Lyuba!
Very good.
Again, "Grucheva Lyuba."
Very good.
Say, "The colonel."
Colonel moron!
Shut up!
Hell!
You damn womanizer!
Nadya...
...you're going to...
Whose car is that? Yours?
- Yes.
- It's beautiful!
- Who are they?
- My comrades.

Delighted.
Hello.
Come and have some tea
on the verandah.
We've got cake.
A very good cake.
Excuse us.
Elena, stop it.
You know very well that the tea is cold.
I'll catch you again...
Someone has to sit by the driver.
Daddy, sit by me.
You can watch me drive.
No, Nadya. No.
Daddy's going to sit in the back.
He'll see you better.
All right.
Dimitri Andreevitch, the guitar...
Mokhova!
Mitya!
- We haven't sung today.
- That's right.
- Come on, Mokhova.
- Give the tone.
"The bells of evening..."
"The bells of evening..."
"Many memories..."
"Come to memory..."
What a voice!
"Our younger years..."
"Our country..."
"Our house..."
"Yes, I have loved..."
"And when I didn't..."
"...have to see you anymore."
"They still ring..."
"The bells of the evening."
Nadia, you get down the corner
and then back!
Very good, Nadine!
Thank you for driving us so
well. Stop here, Alexei.
Hurry home.
Mother's waiting.

All right.

'Bye, Daddy!

'Bye!

Excuse me.

Were you ever at the zoo?

What?

- The zoo?

- Of course.

Did you leave because
they didn't feed you well?

Nadya!

Is that any way to speak to a grown-up?

- That's naughty.

- Sorry.

Nadya, let's go.

Run. Mother's waiting.

I have to go.

"Burnt by the sun..."

Mitya...

I have what you need.

Here. Calm down!

- Give me that.

You think I'll poison myself?

Not at all.

Want some?

No.

As you wish.

Mitya!

No, thank you.

A drop of cognac, old man?

I don't drink and I don't smoke.

Of course, I won't offer any to the driver.

Well, you youngsters, enjoy
the holiday for the construction...

...of Stalin's airships and balloons!

Are you armed?

What?

Do you carry a weapon?

Have you lost your mind?

I'm a colonel...

Of course I carry a weapon.

Give it to me.

Of course.

Careful. It's loaded.

Do you know how to use it?
Sanya!
Oh, guys!
With such a twilight, it will be fine tomorrow.
We sing?
Mitya, do you remember?
"The morning greets us in the cold..."
"The river greets us in the wind."
"My dear...
Why aren't you happy?"
Where are we going?
Perhaps we could...
...go to a restaurant?
It's my treat.
No?
Mitya, do you know the phone number 24-37?
No.
No,
...you don't know it.
You couldn't know it...
...because it's Comrade Stalin's direct line.
And tomorrow...
...no, today...
...I'm going to dial
that number...
...and, believe me, your department will get hell...
Yes, yes.
Trains with geese.
The geese will be well-fed,
all right. We'll make...
...a special effort for you.
Who's that shit across the road?
Stop.
Yes, Sir.
Don't try anything stupid, Sergei Petrovich.
Like what? I did the stupid things ages ago.
I used up all my gasoline
driving around all day.
Hello.
My wife washed my shirt with the address in it.
It was Zagorianka or Zagorienka.
That's not around here.
No one knows anything!
They're all Mongoloids!

They send you one way, and then another!
I've been driving in circles all day for nothing!
Hold on, son I...
I need a little gasoline.
I crossed the forest...
Where are you going?
Are you Comrade Kotov?
Hold on...
Are you going to Nagori?
- Perhaps...
- Hold on...
It's the other way.
I'll show you.
- Don't move!
- Are you crazy?
Sit down, damn it!
Halt!
About face!
Comrade... comrade...
I've got nothing... Comrade...
I've... The adress faded away...
I don't make much money...
My papers are in order.
I'm going to...
Halt!
Hands behind your head!
Hands behind your head, I said!
It's just that the address faded, and...
Comrade, comrade...
I've got all my papers here...
Here, in the truck.
I've only...
The customer... the boss
is waiting for me...
He... he's been waiting all day...
All my papers are in order...
Comrade, comrade, I...
Comrade Stalin...
Comrade!
Comrade!
Is that really Colonel Kotov in the car?
Is that really Colonel Kotov in the car?
No, he just looks like him.
- Your papers!

- What?
Your papers!
They're in order!
It's my wife who...
Why take my license?
Comrades!
Comrades... you...
Hurry, we're leaving!
O.K.
Hurry... the tarpaulin...
Let's go.
Stand it up.
You're useless!
It's crazy what they are going to look for.
A little more and he'd run away!
What strength!
And what talent!
Through the truck...
He has torn my jacket.
Right on the nose.
And he said his wife had washed his shirt,
...that the address had faded.
What an actor!
Bravo, artist!
My nose is fragile...
Ever since I was little...
In any case, well done, Dimitri Andreyevich!
I would never have guessed!
So much for studies!
A future enemy of the people!
Otherwise, we'd be in his shoes!
To think of my jacket!
I don't like writing these reports.
This is Radio Moscow, 7 o'clock.
Good morning, comrades.
It's time for four morning exercises.
"Burnt by the sun..."
"As the crimson sea did run..."
KOTOV, Sergei Petrovich, Colonel in the Red Army.
Shot on August 12, 1936.
Rehabilitated posthumously in 1956,
3 years after Stalin's death.
KOTOVA, Maria Borissovna.
Sentenced to 10 years deprivation

of freedom. Died in a camp in 1940.

Rehabilitated posthumously on November 27, 1956.

KOTOVA, Nadya. Arrested with

her mother on June 12, 1936.

Permanently rehabilitated on November 27, 1956.

Lives in Kazakhstan.

Works in a music school.