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Command Performance

By Steve Latshaw

Another one,
this is incredible.
Miss Venus, did you
get the message?
No, what?
They found your last
piece of luggage, the
Louis Vuitton.
Thank you, honey
you're a life saver.
Okay, great.
Who are they?
CMF.
Local band.
And since Pilgrim are moving
to L.A. to record
their new album,
ta da. Your
new opening act.
Very old school.
About to
break wide.
They just signed
with your label.
Who's the drummer?
I don't know. I,
I think it was Joe.
Joe, something.
Oh, Joe.
So you guys going to
L.A., huh, to record?
What are you gonna
be, uh, freakin'
movie stars now?
[male voice speaks
in Russian)
Oh, Pamela!
Come on, Daddy.
They'll wait for you.
Well. I'm not
waiting for you.
Get ready.
Put me down for a 5:30
sound check. Thank you.

Enzo. I don't need
a sound check.
We lip synch half
the songs, remember?
I could be sitting
on my ass in my
hotel suite
with a bottle of
Cristal right now.
And a fistful of Vicodin
getting ready to screw
the bellboy.
Instead, uh,
uh, I'm...
getting screwed
by your fucked
up schedule.
Angie, shut up.
Don't ever tell
me to shut up.
And don't
call me Angie.
It's Venus.
Venus signs
your checks.
No, no, baby.
I sign my checks.
I'm your
manager. Remember?
That can change.
Dear brother.
Tonight's concert is
no ordinary pop concert.
This is a Command Performance
requested by Russian president
Dimitri Petrov.
Performing tonight are hard
rock veterans Pilgrim
and the singer Irson.
But, controversial
American pop icon Venus
is on top of President
Petrov's list tonight.
We have it on good authority

that his daughters are
big Venus fans.
Irson. Irson, right
here. Right here.
We're here with singer Irson
and the No Poverty Rocks
Charity Concert in Moscow.
Yes? Yes, Mother.
Okay, well, I'm trying to
get inside right now.
Five thousand lucky
audience members
were selected
by lottery.
Broadcast worldwide,
this concert will serve
the public face
of Russia's new No
Poverty Rocks Campaign.
The event is designed to
publicize Petrov's new
war on hunger
in Third World countries,
something the
Russian president
is determined
to accomplish.
This is Ali Connor,
for Russia Now.
Blue 7, we have
them in sight.
All clear.
Welcome, Mr. President.
It's great to
see you again.
Jim. You remember
my girls? Anna
and Yana.
This is Mr. Bradley.
The American ambassador
to Moscow.
My God, Alex, your
eldest is the split
image of her.

I know.

Isn't she beautiful?

I, I didn't mean to

bring it up. I'm, I'm

I'm sorry, all right?

It's been a long

time since the

book of love.

I can't count the years

of my life without love.

That's beautiful.

Is, was that, uh,

was that Pushkin?

Some American.

Oh.

Let's go meet

some rock stars.

We're inside the

Moscow Centennial Arena,

with the No Poverty

Rocks Charity Concert.

President Petrov and his

family have just arrived,

and are on their way

to take their seats.

Don't worry. I'll do

every one of your favorites.

Thank you!

Pleasure to meet you.

Hi. It's

a pleasure.

Good luck tonight.

Thank you, sir.

Believe me, I am

great fans of the

two of you.

Sure.

God, they love me

here in Russia.

You're the drummer for

my new warm up

act, right?

Right.

What's your

name again?
It's Joe.
Hey, you want
to party later?
Look, with all due
respect, um, you got
a hell of a voice.
Why waste it with
this techno dance crap?
Because I get
a private jet,
twenty dancers,
and a 50 million
dollar record contract.
It pays the rent.
Are you sure you
wanna open up
this tour for me?
It pays the rent.
Last time we were
here was the,
uh, ballet.
Pushkin's Onegin was
just a little bit
different, huh.
Just a bit.
Champagne, sir?
Identification, please?
You want to
know who I am?
I'm tonight's
star attraction.
President Petrov has
risen to power on a platform
of fighting corruption
and standing up to
big business.
He's immensely
popular here
in Russia.
The man is practically
a rock star in his
own right.
We're here with one

of Venus's band members.

Hi. What is
your name?

Joe.

Love your
outfit. So,
are you excited
about tonight?

Yeah, um,

Great. Me too. And what
did the president
have to say?

Did he give
you any pointers?

Well, he, he
said that, um,

Thanks. Frank,
we'll be back with more
from the No Poverty
Rock Concert in Moscow.

Back to you
in the studio.

Thanks.

You're cute.

What is your
name again?

Um,

yeah, it's Joe,
from, uh...

Yes, yes, I'm
coming, okay.

Copy that.

Thank you, Moscow!

Hey. You kicked
ass out there.

Thanks.

Not bad for
an older guy.

Older guy!

Yeah. Trying to
keep up with you.

Cool tattoos.

Yeah, I like them.

See you at

the party later?
Sure.
Why not?
By the way,
what does
CMF stand for?
Cheap Mother Fucker.
Named after
our manager.
Here she
is, Venus!
Venus, it's
Venus, Daddy.
Oh my God!
What's up, Moscow!
For my father.
He love you both
very much.
For your father.
All clear.
All units,
go, go, go.
Form teams,
move out.
Come on.
Impri is on
the way.
It's good we
get a break.
Three, two, one, go.
Code Alpha.
Code Alpha.
Sir, we must get you
and your family
out immediately.
What's going on?
Security says we
have to go.
Go ahead, Jim.
Go, go, go, go.
He is one man.
And wounded.
Be patient.
Wait for the prize.

Stay behind me.
Daddy!
Yana!
Anna!
Stay back.
Stay. Go back.
Stop.
Enzo!
Enzo!
Come on, move it.
No!! Enzo!!
Get back!
backstage.
Get backstage. Now.
Come on, quick. Move.
Joel
Joel
They're killin' everybody.
The arena is
under attack!
I gotta stop this shit.
Watch the
hair, dude.
Shoot!
Move, move.
Inside, everyone.
Move.
Over there everybody.
In the corner, now
You, move, move,
come on.
Take him, and him.
These two in there.
Sit down.
Don't move.
Take their phones.
Up.
Up!
Ali Connor. I like
your stuff on the
Russia Now.
You look much
better in person.
Much better.

Anyway. I need you to set
up your camera for a
live feed to a network.
Can you do
that for me?
It'll be
a while.
Just fucking
do it!!
Up!!
Why'd you kill my
brother? Why? Why?
Shut the fuck
up, bitch!!
I don't have time
for your shit.
I'm here for bigger
things than you little
people understand.
This is upper lobby.
Go ahead.
Building is secure.
Phase one is complete.
Go!
He killed my brother
and he hadn't
done anything.
Don't worry,
it's going to
be okay.
The entrances
are covered.
Stand by.
Okay.
I'm ready for my
close-up now.
Sir.
The men are in position,
sir. They wait for
your orders.
Get up now.
This way.
Sir.
Major. What's the

tactical situation?

No identification of the arms section as of yet.

We've estimated approximately 200 casualties, including the President's security detail.

All dead or captured.

We have no communication with the interior of the stadium. Alpha Team's tactical unit has been deployed under Captain Simonov.

Local army units from the Seventh Tank Division has secured the immediate area.

As of 30 minutes ago, the whole city of Moscow is under military curfew.

The President?

His family?

I'm afraid we don't know yet, sir.

Attention!

They may also have the American ambassador hostage. Should we bring the Americans and CIA in on this?

Mr. Secretary?

Not yet.

General. Take a look at this.

Comrades.

This is addressed to the various intelligence agencies, who are no doubt trying to find a resolution to this situation.

You can see the fruits
of our labor onscreen.
We have them all, including
our beloved capitalist
dictator, President Petrov,
safe and uninjured,
for now.

We have contacted various
news agencies and are
providing them
with a live update
of the action here
at the arena.

Comrades, the entire
world will be
watching us.

Who the hell's
that lunatic?

We don't know yet.
But we'll find out.
Great.

The perimeter
charges are set
and primed.

Take your men and sweep
through the arena.

Look for survivors.

The only FSB Agents
I want to hear about
are dead ones.

What if we find
any civilians?

Kill them.

Why more
dead civilians?

We made
our point.

You're right.

I'm sure
we got everybody.

We're moving down
to clear stage area.

Who's there?

What do you

think they want?
Whatever it is,
they're not going
to get it.
Quick negotiation
exchange, this could
all be over.
My country
doesn't negotiate
with terrorists.
Neither does yours.
This doesn't
happen in
my country.
Give it time.
It will.
Where are
my daughters?
Your daughters
are my concern.
Think of this as a
little preview of
what's to come.
What is it you want?
We can get you anything.
A new Mercedes.
Some fucking
junk food.
Flat screen TV.
How 'bout that
Venus bitch's
latest CD?
And you... can give
me nothing but
your pain.
You were one
of the great Soviets,
Comrade Gordov.
I learned my
lesson back then.
Ah, the Soviet
Union worked.
You pathetic
little shit.

He's lost too much blood.
He needs a doctor.
He needs a coffin.
Upstairs on
the main stage.
Take the TV bitch
and the video crew,
get all this on tape.
Give the media
some table scraps.
Traitors to
the Mother Land.
Bring your camera!
Come visit my corner
of hell, Kazov.
I'll be waiting
for you.
Come on.
Move. Move.
Let's go. Get moving.
Over there. Stand still.
Set up in front
of the speakers.
Put them over there.
Right here.
Come here.
Stand still.
Here. Read this.
You've done well.
I'm proud of you.
Are you filming?
Hey!
Come on.
Rolling.
Read.
Come on,
read it!
The Russian
security forces
are being used
by the selfish...
and corrupt governments
to protect private
business interests.

Therefore...
we shall
be the first
sacrificial lambs,
on Petrov's
capitalistic altar.
Comrades.
We stand to awake...
The world
is watching.
Don't stop.
Oh my God.
Three bursts.
One of your men
must have put
up a fight.
Good for him.
Agent Kapista.
Thank... Thanks for
killing those bastards.
Don't talk, sir.
We'll get you
some help.
Get...
it...
Get our
president out alive.
And his children.
I'm okay.
That's the way out.
The cameraman
and the girl?
Took off
that way.
You do speak English.
Finally some good news.
Mikhail Kapista,
Presidential Security.
And you?
Joe.
This way.
Help me.
Help.
Over here.

All right,
get up.
He- hey.
Nice gig.
I've got
your CD.
CD?
Hey, come on.
Pick him up, quick.
Come on.
Are you girls
from Moscow?
St. Petersburg.
Where did
you grow up?
I grew up on
a farm in Georgia.
We have a place
called Georgia in
our country too.
We thought you were
from the mean streets
of New York City.
That's bogus P R
crap from the label.
I first went to New
York City as
a teenager.
I was scared shitless.
Like now.
Scared shitless?
That means
really scared.
What did
you do?
I put on this
tough girl act.
What happened?
It made all the
sharks scared of me.
Sharks?
Bad guys.
You know,
criminals. Bandits.

I know.
We'll act tough and
that's how we'll
get through this.
Maybe we can
get in contact
with the outside
security forces.
They killed all
your security guys?
Yes.
And the President?
Last time I saw
him, he was alive.
They took him
and his family.
Wow, that's
some catch.
Venus and Petrov.
I wonder who's
worth more.
He mentioned a CD?
Yeah, that's right.
What does
it mean?
I'm a rocker.
A what?
I play
the drums.
No.
Keep it.
I don't want it.
Why?
They'll come
lookin' for
this guy.
Come on.
Let's go.
Let's get him down.
We have to get
him medical help.
I know.
So where did
you learn hand-

to-hand combat?
I played a few
rough joints,
you know.
Crazy chicks, fans,
vodka. Fights.
One last time.
Who are you?
I was in a bike gang.
Back in California.
Motorcycles. You
know what that is?
Yes, I know.
That's why I
know how to fight!
You happy now?
So why don't
you want a gun?
Look, I'm sorry
about your buddy.
The guy with
the medal.
Leonid Gordov.
My Commander.
He was a hero.
A real hero.
What's happening?
Taking a break.
We'll get you
to a doctor.
A transfer,
in four equal parts,
of one billion
pounds sterling,
into the four South
African bank accounts
mentioned previously.
You have the
account numbers.
I fully
expect confirmation
of the monies transferred
by zero hundred hours
Moscow time.

That's midnight
to you civilians.
Or I will systematically
begin executing
the hostages.
Hello. Hello.
Anything?
No.
They cut
the lines.
Shit.
Wait a second.
I will begin with
the American
pop princess,
or our criminally
inept president,
or perhaps...
perhaps...
Perhaps one of his
precious daughters.
Major. Freeze
on the subject.
Give me a facial
recognition scan.
A billion pounds.
At least he's
not asking for
a lot of money.
Sir. Alpha in position.
Good.
That wasn't so
bad, was it?
See? I knew
you had it in you.
Send a patrol out
to find Anton.
He must be having
fun with that
TV bitch.
Don't even think
about moving.
Approaching,
taking position.

Alpha One.

I wish we had
someone on the inside.

Major.

This is Agent
Mikhail Kapista.

Maybe we do.

Agent Mikhail Kapista.

President Petrov's
close security team.

Just assigned
this morning.

First day,

Agent Kapista?

It's a very difficult
tactical situation for
us, sir.

They're all dead,
as far as I know.

Yes, sir.

No. Just me.

Well, there's
one more person.

A drummer.

That's correct.

An American
musician, sir.

Well, uh, he
used to be in...

No, sir.

Absolutely not.

I'm dead serious.

Yes, sir.

There's got to
be an exit up
here somewhere.

I don't know.

Maybe we should've
stayed back there.

Those two guys
seemed friendly
at least.

They killed those
fucking terrorists.

A Three to Base.
Lobby's clear.
Who knows
who the hell's
who anymore?
All I know is that
if we make it out
with this news footage,
we'll never have
to work again.
Shit, shit...
Sh. Quiet.
Let's get out of here.
Let's get out of here.
No.
Oh, fuck this.
Fuck this.
No.
Hey, stop!
Bloody hell.
That was close.
The cameraman escaped.
He's been neutralized
I'm heading back
to the stage.
We'll be
back soon.
The important thing
is for you to stay
here and stay quiet.
Don't make a sound.
Do you understand?
Just listen to some
tunes and relax, okay?
Rock and roll, Joe.
Don't move.
Turn around.
Against the wall.
You know
I don't like guns.
They kill people.
You think you're
funny, huh?
You wanna hear

something funny?
Three Colombians
came to our apartment
one morning to
collect a debt.
My brother
was shot in
the chest.
Seven times.
I found the
guys who did it.
Since then I've
been trying to stay
away from these things.
They told me
to arrest you.
Well, in case
you haven't noticed,
I'm on your side.
I noticed.
Hey.
You want
this back?
Yes.
Sorry.
After you.
They want to talk.
Who wants
to talk?
The bandits inside.
I am General
Voroshilov, Internal
Security Command.
What do you want?
Certain parties are
interested in making
a deal with the authorities.
What kind of deal?
Safe conduct.
Immunity.
For who?
Can you
approve a deal?
For who?

Can you
approve a deal?
I can approve
a deal.
What are you
bringing to
the table?
Motivations.
Key players.
An escape route for
me and my partner.
And, a way for
your Alpha to get inside.
Wait!
We will
be in touch.
How do I
contact you?
I don't know.
I wish I knew.
But they're hiding
something. You know
these Russians.
Attention.
Someone on the inside
wants immunity. To
make a deal.
Please. Lay it out
for us, General.
Names, dates,
and a way inside.
They said they'd get
in touch with
the details.
When?
It is now
twenty-two hundred.
We can't
wait that long.
The execution deadline set
by the bandit leader is
coming up, and, uh,
sooner or later,
I have to send in

the Alpha Team.
How do
they get in?
Captain?
Captain Siminov.
These two
gentlemen are
from the CIA.
Three-phase assault.
Through the front
of the building
using tanks.
A helicopter
insertion over
the roof.
And an infantry foot assault
through the underground
access tunnels.
Still giving the
terrorists time to
kill hostages.
No. We gotta
buy more time.
The U.S. government
would like to explore
this offer, General.
In the meantime,
all that's standing
between the terrorists,
a dead U.S. ambassador,
an even deader
Russian president,
is a green
security agent.
Oh, and a
fucking drummer.
Sir. This just came
in from the FBI.
You've gotta
be kidding.
Jesus Christ.
Let's wait
for the deal.
One hour maximum.

Security office.
Perfect.
Nice shooting.
Forgot some
of their toys.
I've got something
over here.
As we've seen
in the past,
the Russian government
will not negotiate
with terrorists.
I know this room.
It's the main rehearsal
room behind the stage.
Didn't you rehearse
down there?
We don't rehearse.
We just play.
Go on.
Move.
Sit.
Any problems?
Anton is dead.
I want you
to get out.
Get out?
They need help.
We all need help.
You can get
it for us.
I'll never make
it out. They'll
kill me.
There is a good chance
we're all going to
die down here.
We have to
help my children.
You're the only one
they're not watching
all the time.
Wait for my signal.
Send out

another patrol.
Strip the arena.
Soon, they will pay.
And one man won't
make a difference.
Or will it?
Come.
Take a drink.
I don't drink.
Drink!
You'll need it.
I haven't had
a drink in 18 years.
Drink.
No.
No, no, please.
Drink! Swallow!
It is eleven thirty PM.
The next deadline,
One billion sterling.
Don't look, children.
Just so the
world knows...
I'm very,
very serious.
No stomach for our
work, my old friend?
Now they have no
reason to negotiate.
They will be
here soon.
We have to rescue
those hostages.
I can't do
it by myself.
The guys who
killed your brother.
That's why you
don't want to use
a gun?
No.
I'm okay.
Forget about that.
I'm gonna have

to stop running away,
and go after
these mother
fuckers ourselves.
I'll take over.
Come on,
get up!
Daddy!
No, no, no.
Daddy!
Go ahead.
Be a hero.
The singer
is gone.
What are you
waiting for?
Comrades.
Are you ready
for the grand finale?
And, as they
say in the
concert business,
seating is limited.
This'll get
us to the
rehearsal Room.
Let's go.
So this is
the old Joe.
Yeah.
Scary, huh?
Joe.
You okay?
You're not hurt?
They killed
my brother.
And the
American Ambassador.
We know.
They've got
the president
and the girls.
Oh, we've got
to get help.

Look, I got a hell of
a recording deal comin'
up with your label.
None 'a these
assholes are
gonna stop me.
Okay.
You two finished?
You're going
with us.
Let's go.
Trying to figure out
how to spend all
that money, huh?
On wine or women.
I'll stick
with women.
Hey, uh, you guys,
you're part of Anton's
mob, right?
No, we work
for Vladimir.
I know.
Relax. Taking
your evening
exercise, friend?
I was
looking for...
the escape route.
You're not
even close.
Follow me.
Where?
This way.
Come.
The tunnel?
Think I was
lying to you?
This tunnel.
It leads to, uh,
the subway system.
From there we
could get out?
Exactly.

Why did you
talk to the General?
Oleg, it's not what
you're thinking.
From my father.
To a traitor.
Alpha Team standing by
in position.
Hold for Comrade.
Command fire Delta approved.
Confirm Alpha Leader.
This is Alpha Team Leader.
Confirmed. Wait for
Go Team now.
The bullets on these,
it's not worth my time.
What is this?
Sledge.
We can't wait on our
inside contacts much longer.
Sir, I think
I found something.
Oleg Kononov, a Russian
national who immigrated
to the U. S.
in the early nineties,
got arrested for
some petty crimes
in the U.S.
Why did he go
crazy like this?
Money?
I think because
of his real name.
His real name?
Can I get access to Soviet
Ministry of Defense
personnel records?
Circa 1990, 1992.
That's classified, Major.
Do it.
That's one hell
of a climb.
The Rehearsal

Room is up there.
How many entrances?
Two, I think.
We'll split up
when we get
to the top.
What about me?
You know how
to use this?
Let's go.
Let's go.
How long until
the deadline?
Thirty-five minutes.
The finance ministry is
standing by to transfer
the funds.
This is not
going to matter
if our bandit leader
wants what I think
he wants.
Those hostages will
be dead very,
very soon.
You said his
name had
some significance.
The last name,
Kazov. Ring
a bell?
Oleg Kazov. Current
age should be
forty-four.
Former Captain in
the Red Army
for three tours in
Afghanistan in the
late-eighties.
Highly skilled Special
Forces Operative.
Marshal Kazov.
World War II
hero in Stalingrad.

Former Soviet
Minister of Defense.
And a leader of the
failed Coup against
Gorbachev in '91.
Then who is
Oleg Kononov?
Oleg supported his
father in the Coup,
but after his parents
committed suicide,
Oleg immigrated
to the U. S.
He changed
his last name
to Kononov.
According to the
passport records,
he reentered the
Russian Federation
three weeks ago.
Prosecutor of Oleg's
father and the other
Coup members.
A young judge
from St. Petersburg.
We know
him now as...
President Alexi Petrov.
Here you
are, sir.
Priority Bravo One.
Get me Alpha
Team Leader.
This is not
about the money.
This is about
the revenge.
Kazov will never let
the President out of
that arena alive.
Send in the
Alpha Team.
Now.

What now?
We'll go one way...
you the other.
How many
men in there?
Now we'll
find out.
Follow me.
Standing by.
The singer?
Sent three men,
haven't heard back.
So there must be
a couple more FSB
Agents still breathing.
We have movement
here. Something's up.
Kazov here.
Anything?
When do we
make our move?
Did we get
the money?
Soon.
Anna. What are you
doing? Take me instead.
Daddy!
No. No.
Get off me!
Stop it!
No!
Help me!
Get off me!
No!
No!
Get off!
Kazov?
Wrong.
Thank you.
You're safe now.
I have a little
bedtime story.
A story about honor.
About patriotism.

About losing everything a
man loves.
It's a story
you will enjoy.
Come here.
Daddy!
Daddy!
It's okay.
It was a
warm summer.
1991.
I was home on
leave from my
military service.
And my father,
Marshal Dimitry Kazov,
you may have
heard of him.
He was
watching television.
The door suddenly
flew open
and a team of Special
Forces troops
burst in.
And eagerly running
at their heels,
was a
young prosecutor.
Shoot anyone coming
through that door.
Bad guys.
You got 15 rounds.
Keep shootin' till
they fall down.
Hey.
You stay there.
Joe! Don't
get killed.
When this is over,
I wanna renegotiate my
royalty rate.
May need
your contacts.

How can you
talk about business
at a time like this?
Those bastards
are trying to
kill us.
Dying is easy.
Rock 'n roll is hard.
You can't go
back to the
old ways.
Something your
father never learned.
My father
was a patriot.
So am I.
What about
our escape?
Where are your
guts, soldier?
You remember that
night, Prosecutor?
Your father was
treated with dignity.
Let us go and you will
be treated likewise,
I promise.
My mother knew what
the sound of the boots
on her front steps meant.
She looked at him
one last time.
One last time.
As he aimed the cold
barrel of his revolver
at her forehead.
And fired!
Before I could stop
him, he already had
the gun on himself.
Do you remember how he
spit at you before he
pulled the trigger?
He's transmitting again.

The time has come
for a reckoning!
This is not a
political statement.
This is not a
religious statement.
This is blood
for blood.
Help me!
Help me!
No!
Yana!
Down.
You okay, dude?
I mean, sir.
Clear.
Daddy!
Are you okay?
Where's Kazov?
He took
the girl with
him. That way.
He won't go up.
Not with an Alpha
Team moving in.
Probably down through the
boilers and then to the
service entrance.
I'll take
you there.
Get the others out
of the building.
What about
you, sir?
Get yourself
and the rest
of them out.
I'm getting in.
My job is to...
Go. That's
an order.
Yes, sir.
It's time
to finish this!

Where are
the others?
Is my father and
Yana all right?
Don't worry.
They'll be
out soon.
And Joe?
Enough.
Let's go. We have
to get out now.
Thank God.
I've been looking
for you guys.
This way. Come
on. Hurry.
That's for my brother,
you fucking piece
of shit!
Russian military!
Stay down!
It's the
Alpha Team!
Stay down!
I'm Ali Connor.
Stay down!
Don't move!
I'm a journalist.
I have important
footage for you.
Stay down!
Wait. Hold
your fire.
You! Don't move!
I'm Agent Kapista,
Presidential security.
Put down
your weapons!
Crawl
Crawl over here or
I'll blow us all to
hell right now
Daddy!
It's going

to be all right.

It is not going
to be all right!

Crawl!

Crawl!

Kneel at my feet!

Crawl!!

Kneel!

How does it feel,

Mr. Prosecutor?

How does it feel?

Well, I guess
the show's over.

No encores,

I hope.

Rosa.

In the days of the
Great Patriotic War,
we had a decoration
called Hero of the
Soviet Union.

It was only
given under very
special circumstances,
and usually to
the family of
the recipients,
because the soldier
had already given his
or her life
to serve
the nation.

However, in 1992,
Senior Agent
Leonid Gordov,
did receive
a similar decoration
for saving a new
and fragile federation,
from a malicious
coup attempt.

His family thought Leonid
would want you
to have this.

On behalf of the
Russian people,
for conspicuous
bravery in the face
of grave danger,
I proclaim you...
Hero of the
Russian Federation.
Joe, can you
autograph these, please?
I thought you two
were Venus fans.
Don't tell her.
Promise.
It reminds me
of a band
I once knew.
For you, Joe.
Thanks.
Check the back.
Thanks.
So how's
the shoulder?
Doing okay.
I can
still kick ass.
And play the drums.
Good luck.
You too,
Agent Kapista.
You know, we could probably
use a man like you in the
Security Services.
Rock and roll star.
Perfect cover.
Thanks, but, um...
today I got
a better gig.
Hey. You coming?
I'm still looking
for an opening act.
So am I.
Rock and load.