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Comrade X

By Ben Hecht

DON'T YOU THINK
IT IS UNUSUAL,
CALLING THE PRESS TOGETHER
LIKE THIS IN THE KREMLIN?
THERE MUST BE SOMETHING HAS
HAPPENED, SOME NEW CRISIS.
PROBABLY THE GOVERNMENT'S
DECIDED THAT FROM NOW ON,
ALL FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS
MUST BE BLINDFOLDED

AND LED AROUND:

BY SEEING EYE DOGS.
"ANYTHING TO KEEP THE
TRUTH OUT OF PRINT"
IS THEIR MOTTO.
PLEASE, MISS WILSON,
DO NOT SPEAK FOR ME.
I AM NOT COMPLAINING AGAINST THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT.
MY DEAR VON HOFER,
A GERMAN JOURNALIS IS NO IN THE POSITION
TO COMPLAIN AGAINST THE
ABSENCE OF TRUTH ANYWHERE.
RIGHT YOU ARE,
MISS WILSON.
EXCUSE ME!
WITH PLEASURE,
OLD BOY.
A FINE WORLD PRESS
WE ARE.
WE CAN'T EVEN SEND OUT A WEATHER
REPORT WITHOUT HAVING IT CENSORED.
QUIET, PLEASE.
COMMISSAR VASILIEV.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
I WISH TO INFORM YOU THAT I,
COMMISSAR VASILIEV,
HEAD OF THE SECRET POLICE,
HAVE TAKEN OVER THE CENSORSHIP
OF THE FOREIGN PRESS.
QUIET, PLEASE!
THIS STEP HAS BEEN

MADE NECESSARY:

BY THE CONTINUED ACTIVITIES
OF ONE OF YOUR COLLEAGUES
WHO WRITES UNDER
THE NAME OF COMRADE X.
PARDON ME, COMMISSAR, BU COMRADE MOLKOFF ASSURED US
THAT COMRADE X HAD BEEN
ARRESTED AND LIQUIDATED

AFTER MAKING:

A FULL CONFESSION.
MY PREDECESSOR COMRADE MOLKOFF
WAS MISTAKEN,
UNFORTUNATELY FOR HIM
AND FOR THE 3 UNHAPPY CITIZENS

OF MY COUNTRY:

WHOM HE ELIMINATED.
COMRADE X IS STILL ALIVE
AND DEFYING THE CENSORSHIP
OF THE SOVIET.
HE IS STILL SENDING OU FALSE STORIES!
HE IS STILL PHOTOGRAPHING
FORBIDDEN PLACES!
AND HIS MALICIOUS WRITINGS
ARE STILL BEING BROADCASTS ALL OVER THE WORLD.

THIS SITUATION:

MUST BE STOPPED!
UNTIL THE REAL COMRADE X IS FOUND,
EVERY MEMBER OF THE FOREIGN PRESS
WILL BE TREATED AS A POTENTIAL
ENEMY OF THE GOVERNMENT.
YOU WILL NOT BE ALLOWED
TO LEAVE MOSCOW.
NO PERMIT OF ANY KIND
WILL BE GIVEN.
ALL TELEPHONE CALLS
WILL BE UNDER FIRM CONTROL.
YOU MIGHT AS WELL
HAVE US DEPORTED.
WE CAN'T GET OUT ANY STORIES
IF WE CAN'T GET AROUND.
EXACTLY. YOU ARE
TO GET NO STORIES.

DO I UNDERSTAND, COMMISSAR,
THAT WE ARE NOT TO
CALL ON COMRADE MOLKOFF

FOR ANY NEWS:

FROM THIS DEPARTMENT?

THERE IS NO:

COMRADE MOLKOFF.

THE FORMER HEAD:

OF THE PRESS DEPARTMEN WAS A VICTIM LAST NIGH OF A TRAFFIC ACCIDENT.
HE WAS APPARENTLY, SHALL WE SAY,
NOT WATCHING HIS STEP.

I AM SPEAKING:

AT HIS GRAVE:

AT THE KAPULSKI CEMETERY

AT 3:

IS MR. THOMPSON HERE?
ALL CORRESPONDENTS
WERE ASKED TO BE HERE.
WHERE IS McKINLEY B.
THOMPSON OF THE TOPEKA BUGLE?
HE'S AT KURKINO,
COMMISSAR.

I GOT THIS TELEGRAM FROM
HIM YESTERDAY MORNING.
"AM TWO BOTTLES AHEAD IN
OFFICERS' DRINKING CONTEST.
"KINDLY SEND A FEW
RUBLES AND A LARGE ICE BAG
FOR VICTORIOUS RETURN
TO MOSCOW."

SILENCE!

THERE WILL BE NO FURTHER
INFORMATION FROM THIS DEPARTMEN UNTIL COMRADE X HAS BEEN
FINALLY DISPOSED OF.

GOOD DAY.

WELL,

WELL, WELL!

WHAT? OH!

OH, WE'RE HERE, HUH?

ALL RIGHT.

OH. YEAH.

YEAH, ALL RIGHT.

HERE YOU ARE, SPORT.

AND DON'T KISS ME.

PLEASE.

HEY, STOP IT.

STOP IT!

GO PEDDLE YOUR PIGS.

MR. THOMPSON!

HA HA HA!

HELLO, VANYA.

ADIOS, COMRADE.

VANYA, WHAT DAY

IS TODAY?

FRIDAY.

ALREADY?

YES.

THAT VODKA MUST HAVE BEEN

STRONGER THAN I THOUGHT.

I AM GLAD YOU ARE BACK,

MR. THOMPSON.

YOU HAD A GOOD TIME?

I MUST HAVE,

IF IT'S FRIDAY.

WHAT'S THE NEWS

AROUND THIS FISH TRAP?

WELL, THERE'S SOME GOOD

NEWS AND SOME BAD NEWS.

LAST WEEK ALL THE TOWELS WERE STOLEN,

BUT ON THE OTHER HAND,

THE WATER WASN'T RUNNING,

SO NOBODY:

NEEDED A TOWEL.

EVERYTHING BALANCES.

WHO IS THIS:

STRANGE FIGURE?

THIS IS COMRADE:

BARONOFF,

OUR NEW:

HOTEL MANAGER.

OH! OH.

THE NAME IS MCKINLEY B.

THOMPSON OF THE TOPEKA BUGLE,

YOUR PREDECESSOR'S

FAVORITE JOURNALIST.

WELCOME TO:

OUR HOTEL, COMRADE.

ROOM 301.

ANY MAIL:

OR TELEGRAMS?

MR. BARONOFF,

I LEFT MY ROOM 20 MINUTES AGO.

I JUST CAME BACK,

AND MY BED IS GONE.

ARE YOU SURE,

MADAM?

SOMEBODY HAS STOLEN

MY BED, I TELL YOU.

THERE'S NO SIGN

OF A BED IN MY ROOM.

THE VERY IDEA OF STEALING

A BED RIGHT OUT OF MY ROOM!

MAYBE THEY WANTED I FOR THE PARADE.

KINDLY SIT DOWN,

MADAM.

WE WILL SOLVE YOUR

SITUATION IN A FEW MOMENTS.

IT MAY NOT BE NECESSARY

TO PLACE YOU UNDER ARREST.

ARREST?!

YOU FORGO MY KEY.

I'M SORRY.

THERE IS NO KEY FOR YOU.

THE HOTEL IS FILLED.

YOUR ROOM IS NOW OCCUPIED.

IT IS? A LADY?

NO, SIR.

THEN THROW HIM OUT.

PLEASE. THE GENTLEMAN

OCCUPYING YOUR ROOM

IS HERR VON HOFER
OF THE GERMAN NEWS AGENCY.

HE IS SPECIAL:

FROM THE KREMLIN.

HOFER?

GOOD OLD HOFER!

WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO?

WHY, WE'RE OLD PALS.

IT'LL BE FUN BUNKING IN WITH
OLD PRETZEL-HEAD HOFER AGAIN.

YOU'RE SURE

THERE WILL BE NO TROUBLE?

TROUBLE? WHY, WE'RE

PRACTICALLY HONEYMOONERS.

OH, LISTEN.

THIS IS IMPORTANT.

I WANT THE WAITER TO BRING
ME UP ONE BOTTLE OF BRANDY,

ONE BOTTLE OF VODKA,

TWO CUCUMBERS,

THREE RAW EGGS,

AND A SMALL BOTTLE

OF TABASCO.

RIGHT AWAY.

DELAY WILL BE FATAL.

MADAM, YOUR PROBLEM

IS SOLVED.

YOU WILL SLEEP ON THIS TILL

WE RECOVER THE MISSING BED.

WHAT?

HOW LONG HAS THE ELEVATOR

BEEN STUCK THIS TIME?

8 HOURS.

THEY ARE GOING TO REPORT I TO THE BUREAU OF ELEVATORS.

WHAT'S THE RUSH?

THEY THINK THERE ARE

SOME PEOPLE IN IT.

WHAT ARE THEY GOING

TO DO ABOUT IT?

THEY ARE LOOKING

FOR THE ENGINEER,

BUT NOBODY KNOWS

WHERE HE IS.

PERSONALLY, I THINK
HE IS IN THE ELEVATOR.
HERE. HAVE THIS CLEANED,
PRESSED, AND DELOUSED.
MR. THOMPSON,
EXCUSE ME!
THIS IS MY ROOM,
AND I'M BUSY.
SO AM I.
GO RIGHT AHEAD,
ONLY DON'T HOLLER SO
LOUD WHEN YOU DICTATE.
I GOT A HEAD ON ME
LIKE AN INCINERATOR.
TURN ON THE BATH,
IF IT'S WORKING.
MR. THOMPSON,
THIS IS MY ROOM,
AND I MUST ASK YOU TO
VACATE, IF YOU PLEASE!
THAT'S A FINE WAY
TO TALK.
I GET THIS ROOM,
I FIX IT UP,
I PAY FOR IT IN ADVANCE,
AND I LIVE IN IT.

YOU MARCH IN:

AND TRY TO THROW ME OUT.
IS THAT A NICE WAY FOR
A NAZI TO ACT? I ASK YOU.
AND I ASK YOU FOR THE
LAST TIME TO LEAVE MY ROOM!
OUR ROOM, OLD BOY.
YOU CAN TAKE THE COUCH.
I'LL TAKE THE BED.
EXCUSE ME,
MR. THOMPSON.
HOW SOON CAN I TALK
TO YOU ALONE?
YOU'LL HAVE TO WAI TILL I'M ALONE, VANYA.
THANK YOU.
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
OLGA.

OK, OLGA. YOU CAN CURL
UP IN THE FIREPLACE.
THAT'S RUSSIA-EVERYBODY
SHARES EVERYTHING.
IT IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO SHARE A ROOM
WITH AN IRRESPONSIBLE AMERICAN LOU,

A MAN WHO:

IS A DISGRACE:

TO THE PROFESSION
OF JOURNALISM-
SHH! HOLD IT.
YOU HEAR THAT?
HEAR WHAT?
THE RATS. THEY'VE BEEN
NIBBLING AWAY AT THIS HOTEL

EVER SINCE:

COMRADE LENIN DIED.
THERE HE IS.
LOOK AT HIM...
LICKING HIS WHISKERS.
WHAT DO YOU KNOW?
I MISSED HIM.
THAT SETTLES IT!
I AM GOING FIRST TO THE MANAGEMENT,
NEXT TO THE GERMAN EMBASSY,
THEN TO THE KREMLIN.

YOU WILL FIND:

THAT IT'S NOT SO EASY
TO TAKE AWAY THE RIGHTS
FROM A GERMAN!
WELL, IT'S GREAT TO BE HOME.
GOOD-BYE.
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
WITH MR. HOFER.
I'M HIS SECRETARY.
WHAT'S HE PAY YOU?
200 RUBLES A WEEK.
I'LL GIVE YOU
A HUNDRED-CASH.
OH, THANK YOU.

I'LL TAKE IT.
OK, SNOOKS.
YOUR FIRST DUTY IS TO
RELAX AND TAKE IT EASY

WHILE I JUMP:

IN THE TUB.
HELLO. WHAT'S THIS?
OPEN HOUSE?
WHERE'S MR. THOMPSON?
HE'S WASHING HIMSELF
IN A BATHTUB.
SIT DOWN, PLEASE,
AND WAIT.
HEY, MAC,
HURRY IT UP.
HELLO, JANEY.
I'LL BE RIGHT OUT.

JUST HEARD:

YOU WERE BACK.
OUR COLLEAGUE HERR VON HOFER
IS RAISING THE ROOF DOWNSTAIRS.

CLAIMS YOU:

KICKED HIM OUT.
THAT'S A LIE.
I STARTED SHOOTING
AT SOME RATS,

AND VON HOFER:

TOOK IT PERSONALLY.
HELLO, HONEYBUN.
YOU MISS ME?
OH, I CAN ALWAYS GO TO
THE ZOO WHEN YOU'RE AWAY.
OH, I GOT RIVALS,
HUH?
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF COMING
IN WITHOUT KNOCKING?
EXCUSE ME.
OH, HERE WE ARE!
THE GREATEST PICK-ME-UP
KNOWN TO MAN.

YOU REALLY MISSED SOMETHING A THE KREMLIN THIS MORNING, MAC.
YEAH? HOW IS
THE OLD KREMLIN?
SAME OLD RATRAP. FULL OF STUFFED
SHIRTS DOUBLE-CROSSING THE MASSES.
SOMEDAY THE PEOPLE
ARE GOING TO GET WISE
AND TAKE IT APAR BRICK BY BRICK.
EXCUSE ME. YOU WISH TO PAY FOR THIS?
YEAH. HOW MUCH?
230 RUBLES.

WHAT ARE YOU:
TALKING ABOUT?

TWO BOTTLES:
AT 15 RUBLES APIECE.
WHAT'S THE 200 FOR?
THAT'S FOR ME SO I AM NO TELLING THE SECRET POLICE
HOW THE LADY TALKED
ABOUT THE KREMLIN.
WELL, I GUESS
IT'S CHEAP, AT THAT.
HERE YOU ARE, PALSIE.
LUCKY THING FOR ME
YOU CAN'T READ MY MIND.
YOU'D BE A MILLIONAIRE.
I AM VERY HAPPY!
THANK YOU.
WELL, I PULLED YOU
OUT OF THAT HOLE, JANE.
THANKS.
WELL, TO GET BACK
TO THE KREMLIN,
IN CASE YOU WANT SOME MORE
NEWS YOU CAN'T SEND OUT,
THEY'VE BUMPED OFF
GOOD OLD COMMISSAR MOLKOFF.
YOU DON'T SAY.
ANY PARTICULAR REASON?
THEY GOT MAD ON HIM BECAUSE
HE FAILED TO DIG UP COMRADE X.
WHO'S BATTING
FOR MOLKOFF?

THE HEAD BOGEYMAN-
VASILIEV.

OH, OLD APPLE CHEEKS,
HUH?

YOU, UH, FIGURE
HE ERASED MOLKOFF?
NO DOUBT OF IT.

SHOT HIS OLD PAL IN THE BACK, AND
TODAY HE 'LL CRY OVER HIS GRAVE.
YEAH? WHEN?

3:

WHERE?

AT THE KAPULSKI CEMETERY.

WHY?

EVERY TIME THEY PUT A NEW
LIBERATOR IN THE GROUND,
THEY THROW ANOTHER
BANQUET-FREE.

VODKA, SHASHLIK, CAVIAR,
STUFFED GOOSE, AND MORE VODKA.

FINE TALK FROM:

McKINLEY B. THOMPSON.

HONESTLY,

YOU MAKE ME SICK.

TWO YEARS AGO I LOOKED UP TO YOU AS
THE BEST REPORTER IN THE BUSINESS,
AND NOW LOOK AT YOU.

FACE THE FACTS, BABY. THERE
AIN'T NO NEWS IN RUSSIA.

OK, MAC.

I NEVER MINDED:

ANYTHING YOU DID,

NOT EVEN WHEN YOU

WALTZED OUT ON ME IN TOKYO

FOR A BOWLEGGED:

GEISHA GIRL.

SHE LOVED ME.

BUT I JUST CAN'T GET USED TO YOU
AS A NO-GOOD, INCOMPETENT PARTY BOY.

MR. THOMPSON,

YOU LIED TO ME.

HERR VON HOFER:

TOLD ME EVERYTHING.

YOU'RE NO LIKE HONEYMOONERS.

HE DESPISES YOU.

HONEYMOONERS. HA!

GET OUT OF HERE!

SEE? PLEASE

TO GET OUT.

NOBODY'S GETTING OU OF ANYWHERE!

NOW, LISTEN, YOU PRETZEL

DUSTER. THIS IS MY ROOM.

HELLO.

YES.

MR. THOMPSON, IF I CAME UP TO

SEE YOU NOW, WOULD YOU BE ALONE?

WHAT'S THAT?

GERMANY WHAT?

YOU DON'T SAY!

TANKS, HUH?

WHEN?

I SEE.

HMM!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND...

YOU'RE SURPRISED?

I'M KNOCKED FLAT!

HOLY IKE!

THANKS.

WHAT IS IT?

GERMANY JUS DECLARED WAR ON RUSSIA.

10 TANK DIVISIONS JUS MOVED INTO THE UKRAINE,

AND SCHNITZEL PUSS THERE

NEVER TOLD US A WORD ABOUT IT.

WHO WAS THA SPEAKING?

AMERICAN EMBASSY.

LIEBER HIMMEL.

GERMAN DOG!

OUT!

GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME,

YOU RUSSIAN DOG!

OUTSIDE, BEFORE

I KILL YOU!

I THOUGH YOU MIGHT NEED ME.

YOU THOUGHT RIGHT.
COME OVER HERE.
IT'S NICE OF YOU TO TAKE
SUCH GOOD CARE OF ME.
YOU'RE, UH... NOT A
BAD-LOOKING GIRL, ARE YOU?
LET'S GE A BETTER LOOK AT YOU.
MY GLASSES! PLEASE,
MR. THOMPSON.
YOU WON'T NEED
GLASSES FOR THIS.
HOW ABOUT A DRINK TO CEMEN A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP?
I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING.
PLEASE, MR. THOMPSON.
COME HERE.
I DO NOT WISH TO BE
A SILLY BOURGEOIS GIRL,
BUT YOU'RE GOING A LITTLE BI TOO FAST FOR ME, MR. THOMPSON.
THE 5-YEAR PLAN IS ALL
RIGHT FOR CERTAIN THINGS,
BUT NOT FOR THIS.
IS THIS GLASS FULL?
YEAH. THAT'S THE WAY
YOU DRINK IT.
IT'S GO CUCUMBERS IN IT.
LIKE BORSCHT!
AMERICAN BORSCHT.
I MADE IT MYSELF.
MAYBE YOU'RE
PLAYING JOKES ON ME.
LET'S CHANGE GLASSES.
DO YOU MIND?
I'VE NEVER SEEN A RUSSIAN
YET THAT WASN'T SUSPICIOUS.
IT'S PATHETIC.
IT'S BETTER
THAN BORSCHT.
I LIKE IT.
I CAN'T SEE
ANY CUCUMBERS.
YOU'LL SEE THEM
IN A MINUTE.

I LOVE:

AMERICANS BEST.
YEAH. YEAH. THAT'S ONE THING
YOU GOT TO HAND AMERICANS-
THEY'RE PERFECT.
PERFECT!
WHAT DOES THAT MEAN,
PERFECT? NOTHING.
AMERICA IS PERFECT,
BUT RUSSIA IS BETTER.
WHY? YOU ASK.

BECAUSE RUSSIA:

HAS A SOUL.
AND WHA IS THIS SOUL?

IT IS SUFFERING:

AND BEAUTY.
YOU DON' UNDERSTAND.
YOU'VE
NEVER SUFFERED.
COMRADE, I WAN SOME MORE BORSCHT.
HELP YOURSELF.
EXCUSE ME.
HANG IT UP,
WILL YOU?
OH, MR. THOMPSON!
PLEASE, MR. THOMPSON. I'D LIKE
TO TALK TO YOU ALONE, IN PRIVATE.
OK, VANYA.

I LIKE:

AMERICANS BEST.
HA HA! HEE HEE!
AHH!
HA HA HA!
EXCUSE ME.
I DON'T WANT HER TO HEAR
WHAT I GOT TO SAY.
SHE'S A SPY.
YEAH, I KNOW.
EVERYBODY'S A SPY.
THAT'S WHY
I LIKE YOU, VANYA.
YOU'RE TOO DUMB

TO BE A SPY.
THANK YOU.
MR. THOMPSON, YOU NEVER MET MY DAUGHTER?
NO. I NEVER HAD
THE PLEASURE, VANYA.
OH, I LOVE HER.
WHAT'S THE MATTER?
IN TROUBLE?

SHE IS:

IN TERRIBLE DANGER.
I'M SORRY
TO HEAR THAT.
WHAT'S SHE DONE?
SHE IS A COMMUNIST.
YOU DON'T SAY.
I THOUGHT THEY WERE
ALLOWED IN RUSSIA.
OH, THE WORST THING
YOU CAN BE.
AT FIRST,
THEY WERE VERY POPULAR.
THEY KILLED EVERYBODY.
BUT NOW WE HAVE IN RUSSIA
A DOUBLE SITUATION.
THE COMMUNISTS HAVE IDEALS, BUT THEY
FOUND OUT YOU CAN'T RUN A GOVERNMENT WITH EVERYBODY
GOING AROUND HAVING IDEALS.
SO WHAT IS HAPPENING?
THE COMMUNISTS ARE BEING EXECUTED
SO THAT COMMUNISM SHOULD SUCCEED.
YEAH. I KNOW.
THEY KEEP IT UP LONG ENOUGH,
IT'LL BE A GREAT COUNTRY.
MY DAUGHTER REFUSES
TO GIVE UP HER IDEALS.
ANY DAY, SHE MIGHT BE DEAD, MR. THOMPSON-
HER AND HER IDEALS TOGETHER.
I WOULDN'T WORRY
TOO MUCH, VANYA.
THERE ARE LOTS OF RUSSIANS
THAT HAVEN'T BEEN SHOT.
OH, NOT MY GOLUBKA.

THE MINUTE THEY:

ASK HER QUESTIONS,

SHE WILL MAKE A SPEECH,

AND THEY SHOOT HER.

WHAT DO YOU WANT ME

TO DO, MUZZLE HER?

NO.

YOU MUST TAKE HER OUT OF RUSSIA, MR. THOMPSON.

THAT IS THE ONLY WAY

TO SAVE HER LIFE.

WELL, I'M SORRY, PAL, BUT I

DON'T HAPPEN TO BE LEAVING RUSSIA.

YES, YOU DO.

THAT'S WHAT I'M TELLING YOU.

YOU ARE GOING TO TAKE HER

OUT OF RUSSIA TONIGHT.

YOU'RE CUCKOO, VANYA.

MR. THOMPSON, YOU ARE FORCING

ME TO TELL YOU SOMETHING.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING

WITH THAT RADIO, VANYA?

CAMERAS ARE FORBIDDEN

IN MOSCOW.

SO WHAT?

SO THIS IS A CAMERA.

OK.

WHAT ELSE YOU GO ON YOUR MIND?

I KNOW WHO YOU ARE.

I'LL BITE, VANYA.

WHO AM I?

MR. THOMPSON,

YOU ARE COMRADE X.

YOU DON'T SAY.

WHO PUT THIS HORRIBLE

IDEA IN YOUR HEAD, VANYA?

KILL ME, MR. THOMPSON.

IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD,

BECAUSE IF YOU KILL ME,

YOU HAVE STILL GOT MITKA.

MITKA?

WHO IS MITKA?

HE'S MY FRIEND.

HE'S WAITING

BY THE TELEPHONE NOW.

WE ARRANGED THAT IF I
DON'T CALL HIM UP BY 9:00
AND TELL HIM YOU ARE
GOING TO DO WHAT WE WANT,
HE'LL GO TO
THE POLICE QUICK.
AND WHAT WILL THIS STOOGIE PAL
OF YOURS TELL THE POLICE, VANYA?
EVERYTHING.
ABOUT THE THINGS I FIND IN YOUR
POCKETS WHEN I AM PRESSING YOUR PANTS
AND ABOUT THAT HANDKERCHIEF.
WHAT HANDKERCHIEF?
HE WILL SHOW THEM
YOUR HANDKERCHIEF,
THE ONE THAT HAS ALWAYS INK
ON IT AND THAT HAS HOLES IN IT,
AND HE WILL SHOW THEM HOW,
IF YOU PUT THAT HANDKERCHIEF
OVER THE STORIES
YOU SEND TO AMERICA,
COMES OUT SOMETHING DIFFERENT-
COMES OUT STORIES
BY COMRADE X.
THAT'S WHY YOU ARE GOING TO TAKE
MY DAUGHTER OUT OF RUSSIA TONIGHT,
MR. COMRADE X!
OK, FLEA FACE.
HOW MUCH FOR YOU,
AND HOW MUCH FOR MITKA?
NO, NO, NO, NO.
I DON'T WANT MONEY.

I WANT YOU:

TO SAVE MY DAUGHTER.
MR. THOMPSON, I DON'T WANT YOU TO DIE, BUT WHAT CAN I DO?
I'M A FATHER.
WHERE IS THIS MITKA?
HE'S WAITING
BY THE TELEPHONE NOW.
WHAT TELEPHONE?
NO, NO,
MR. THOMPSON.
DO WHAT YOU WANT.

I WILL NEVER TELL.
LISTEN, VANYA, IF I'M
GOING TO DO THIS THING,
I'VE GOT TO KNOW
WHO THIS MITKA IS.
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT.
TELL HIM TO COME OVER HERE,
AND WE'LL ALL HAVE A CONFERENCE.
THIS IS A BIG JOB.
I NEED HIS HELP.

HE SOUNDS LIKE:

A BRIGHT FELLA.
NO, MR. THOMPSON.

WHAT DO:

YOU MEAN, NO?
IN 10 MINUTES,
ALL WILL BE OVER.
WHAT WILL BE OVER?
YOU, ME, GOLUBKA-
EVERYTHING.
IN 10 MINUTES, MITKA
WILL BE BY THE POLICE.
YOU BUMBLE-HEAD MANIAC.
WELL, OK. YOU WIN.
IF I TAKE HER OUT, YOU'LL CALL IT QUILTS
- YOU AND MITKA?
YES.
DOES SHE WAN TO GET OUT?
OH, NO!
SHE LOVES RUSSIA.
THAT'S FINE.
WHERE IS SHE NOW?
SHE IS ON THE STREETCAR.
TELL HER TO COME
AND SEE ME.
SHE CAN'T LEAVE THE CAR.
WHY NOT?
SHE IS A MOTORMAN.
SO THE DEAL IS, I GET AN
OBSTINATE LADY MOTORMAN
OUT OF A COUNTRY SHE
DOESN'T WANT TO LEAVE.

YES.
WELL, OK.
CALL HIM UP.

WHAT SHALL:

I TELL MITKA?
YOU CAN TELL HIM
THAT MCKINLEY B. THOMPSON
IS THE BIGGEST HORSE'S NECK THA EVER HAD A CAN TIED TO HIS TAIL.
HOLY IKE.
AFTER OUTWITTING
THE WHOLE RUSSIAN POLICE,
I END UP TAKING ORDERS FROM TWO
OF THE DUMBEST MUSCOVITES ON EARTH.
THERE SHE IS.
STOP!
SHE'LL ONLY STOP
FOR A SECOND.
HELLO, BABY.
I DON'T LIKE TO STAND HERE
BOTHERING YOU LIKE THIS
WHEN YOU'RE SO BUSY, GOLUBKA,
BUT I WANT TO TALK TO YOU.
MY NAME IS THEODORE.
YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE
THEODORE TO ME.

I WAS NAMED:

AT THE WORKERS' COUNCIL.
SOMEBODY DIDN'T HAVE
HIS GLASSES ON.
IT IS NOT GLASSES.
IT IS THE LAW.
STREETCARS MUST BE
DRIVEN BY MALES.
THAT'S WHY
THEY CHANGED ME.
I'M GLAD THEY DIDN' GRAFT A BEARD ON YOU.
OK. IF YOU WAN TO BE THEODORE.

YOU WERE:

WITH MY FATHER?
THAT'S RIGHT.
HE'S A FRIEND OF MINE.

HE THINKS BECAUSE I'M RUNNING
A STREETCAR HE CAN RIDE FREE-
HE AND HIS FRIENDS.
YOU WILL HAVE TO PAY.
20 KOPECKS, PLEASE.
PUT IN HERE.
AH, RUSSIA.
WHAT IS THE MATTER
WITH IT?
I'M SAYING
GOOD-BYE TO IT.
IT'S LIKE SAYING GOOD-BYE
TO A WOMAN YOU LOVE,

NEVER GOING TO:

SEE AGAIN.
YOU LOVE RUSSIA?
OH, IT'S MY WHOLE LIFE.
YOU KNOW, I SAID
TO YOUR FATHER,
"VANYA, I WANT TO SPEND
MY LAST NIGHT IN RUSSIA

ON A STREETCAR:

AMONG THE MASSES."
THAT'S WHY I'M HERE.
YOU'RE AN AMERICAN.
PLEASE. PLEASE. I DON' WANT TO THINK OF THAT NOW.
I READ IN THE PRAVDA
10 MILLION PEOPLE
STARVED TO DEATH LAS WINTER IN THE UNITED STATES,
AND THERE WAS NOBODY
TO BURY THEM.
BURY THEM?
THEY DON'T BURY PEOPLE IN THE
UNITED STATES. THEY BURN THEM.
NATION OF THIEVES.
YES. YES. THAT'S WHA I'M GOING BACK TO.

EVER HEAR OF:

THE BROOKLYN DODGERS?
NO.
THEY GET MURDERED
EVERY DAY.

MURDERED? WHAT FOR?

FOR MAKING:

SOME LITTLE ERRORS.

THERE MUST BE A:

REVOLUTION SOON IN AMERICA.
NO. YOU CAN' HAVE A REVOLUTION
WITH PEOPLE WHO BELIEVE IN
HOT DOGS AND BOOGIE-WOOGIE.
EXCUSE, PLEASE.
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE
THINKING OF, COMRADE.
YOU'RE THINKING YOU WILL
NEVER SEE THIS AGAIN.
NEVER.

IT IS:

A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT.
YOU LIKE NATURE?

DO YOU HAVE TO:

TAKE IT BACK RIGHT AWAY?
WHO?
THE STREETCAR.
OH, HIM. RUBICK
TAKES HIM BACK.

YOU ARE:

IN A HURRY?
WELL, I GOT TO LEAVE
IN THE MORNING.
COME. WE'LL WAI FOR RUBICK TOGETHER.
COMRADE,
PLEASE DON'T BE SAD.
THERE IS SO MUCH TO LIVE
FOR, EVEN IN AMERICA.
CAREFUL, PLEASE!
IT IS FULL OF HOLES.
THE PROBLEM OF TAKING AWAY THE MASSES
FROM BOOGIE-WOOGIE
IS A DIFFICULT ONE.
YES, IT IS.
YOU'RE THINKING

OF THAT?

WHAT I WAS:

THINKING IS, UH...
WHY DON'T YOU COME
TO AMERICA WITH ME?
YES. I WAS THINKING
OF THAT, TOO.
YOU WERE?

I FEEL SORRY:

FOR AMERICA.

I WOULD LIKE:

TO HELP IT.
YOU COULD.
YES. I COULD HELP THOSE
PEOPLE IN BROOKLYN.
WHAT IS THEIR NAME?
THE-THE DODGERS.
AH.
I COULD HELP THEM.
THEODORE,
I MADE UP MY MIND.
YOU'D DO MORE GOOD FOR COMMUNISM IN
AMERICA THAN ANYONE SINCE COLUMBUS.
NO.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, NO?
I CANNOT LEAVE RUSSIA.
KARL MARX LEFT RUSSIA.

HE WAS NEVER:

IN RUSSIA.
AHEM.
THAT'S WHAT I MEAN.
OH, I SEE.
YOU'D BE BETTER THAN KARL
MARX. YOU'RE PRETTIER.
OH, YOU'RE-YOU'RE
MAKING FUN OF ME.
NO. I'M JUST SPEAKING FROM
A PRACTICAL POINT OF VIEW.
YOU KNOW WHAT'S BEEN WRONG WITH
COMMUNIST PROPAGANDA IN AMERICA?

WHAT CAN BE WRONG
WITH IT?
TOO MANY CROSS-EYED PEOPLE
WITH WHISKERS PEDDLING IT.
OH, YOU MEAN
INTELLECTUALS.
THAT'S RIGHT. COMRADE,
IT'S AN INSPIRATION.
WHAT IS?
ONE BEAUTIFUL GIRL WITH THE SMILE OF
AN ANGEL WHISPERING "I LOVE RUSSIA"
IS WORTH A WHOLE WAGONLOAD
OF INTELLECTUALS.
BEAUTY IS NOTHING.
YES, YES. I AGREE
WITH YOU, COMRADE.
I HAVE NO USE FOR BEAUTY IN
A WOMAN... UH, TO SPEAK OF...

UNLESS SHE IS:

FULL OF IDEALS.
WHY, A WOMAN LIKE YOU
COULD USE HER BEAUTY-
NOT TO ENSLAVE FOOLS,
BUT TO SET MEN FREE.

WHAT IS:

YOUR PROPOSITION?
WELL, I SAY WE GO TOGETHER
AND WORK FOR THE CAUSE.
WOULD YOU WANT ME TO
GO AS A MOTORMAN?
NO. AS A WOMAN.
THERE.
THAT'S WHAT I MEAN.
THAT'S WHAT THE CAUSE
IN AMERICA NEEDS,
JUST WHAT YOU'RE
DOING RIGHT NOW.
WHAT AM I DOING?
SMILING.
THERE'S NOTHING YOU COULDN' SELL WITH A SMILE LIKE THAT.
WHAT DO YOU SAY?
YOU ARE THE FIRST AMERICAN

I'VE EVER MET WITH A SOUL.
IT HAS A STRANGE
EFFECT ON ME.
YOU'RE RIGHT.

AMERICAN MEN:

ARE USUALLY ALL ALIKE,

ALL INTERESTED:

IN ONLY ONE THING.
MONEY.
WORSE THAN THAT.
AHEM. THE, UH...
THE RIGHTS OF THE MASSES
MEAN NOTHING TO THEM.

LIKE ANIMALS:

WITHOUT SOULS.
YES. WHY, OVER THERE,
MEN LOOK ON WOMEN AS...
AS JUST TOYS TO HAVE
FUN WITH, NOTHING MORE-
NOT TO EXCHANGE VIEWS ON ECONOMICS
WITH AND THINGS LIKE THAT.
THAT'S AWFUL.
MAKES ME FEEL SAD.
ME, TOO.
THE BLUE FAIRY.
AHEM. WHERE WERE WE?
I WAS JUST SAYING I COULD
DO A LOT OF GOOD IN AMERICA.
YES. SO YOU WERE.
HEY! WAIT A
MINUTE! TELL HIM TO STOP.
HEY!
WHY?

SO WE CAN:

RIDE BACK WITH HIM.
BUT OFFICIALS ARE NO ALLOWED TO RIDE IN STREETCARS.
THAT'S WHA MAKES GRAFT.
WHAT?
WE WILL WALK.
TO MOSCOW?

THAT'S 7 MILES!
WHAT DOES IT MATTER? WE
HAVE SO MUCH TO TALK ABOUT.
AH, I'M SO HAPPY.
COMRADE, HAVE YOU
READ BASAROFF'S BOOK

THE IRON LAW:

OF OVERPRODUCTION?
NO. I DON'T THINK SO.
I'M GLAD.
I WILL RECITE IT TO YOU SO
YOU WON'T HAVE TO READ IT.
THE FIRST CHAPTER
OF BASAROFF'S BOOK

IS CALLED:

"DARK CLOUDS."
IT BEGINS LIKE THIS.
"THE DEAD FINGERS

OF CAPITALISM:

"ARE SLOWLY
RELAXING THEIR HOLD
"ON THE THROA OF WORLD PRODUCTION,
BUT WE MUST NO REJOICE TOO SOON..."
NOW, CHAPTER 14 TAKES UP THE
SECRETS OF INTERNATIONAL BANKING

AND ITS MENACE:

TO WORLD REFORM.
WHAT'S THE MATTER?
GO ON. CHAPTER 14.
YOU'RE TIRED.
YOU'RE NOT LISTENING.
I HEARD EVERY WORD.
NO, COMRADE. TOMORROW NIGHT, CHAPTER 14.
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
I LIVE HERE.
I'M LEAVING
TOMORROW.
WE HAVEN'T TIME TO SEPARATE
IF YOU'RE COMING WITH ME.
THERE'S A LO OF WORK TO DO.

OH, I SEE. WELL, IF WE
MUST HURRY, I'LL HURRY.
I GO PACK MY SUITCASE.
YOU WAIT HERE.
OK. HURRY UP.
HEY, HURRY UP,
WILL YOU, COMRADE?

I ADVISE YOU TO:

GO HOME TO YOUR HOTEL.
LATER, IT GETS VERY COLD
HERE ON THE STEPS.
WELL, THAT'S A FINE
RUSSIAN TRICK.
COMRADE, ALL I KNOW OF YOU IS THA YOU'RE A FRIEND OF MY FATHER'S,
WHO IS A CHILD.
IF YOU THINK I'VE BEEN
LYING TO YOU ALL THIS TIME,
WHY DON'T YOU
SAY SO?
WHAT I SAY IS THA YOU'RE MAKING ME SUSPICIOUS.
YOU'RE A STRANGER WHO GETS
ON MY STREETCAR, KISSES ME,
AND WANTS ME TO LEAVE
RUSSIA WITH HIM TONIGHT.
NO.
I INTEND TO INVESTIGATE YOU
FROM EVERY ANGLE.
NOW I SAY GO HOME.
GOOD NIGHT.
MR. THOMPSON.
OH, HELLO.
I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU.
VANYA, WE'RE ALL SET.
YOUR TROUBLES ARE OVER.
YOUR DAUGHTER IS WAITING
FOR ME AT THE AIRPORT.
WONDERFUL GIRL. I'M VERY
GRATEFUL TO YOU, VANYA.
NEVER EXPECTED A MOTORMAN
TO TURN OUT SO PRETTY.
YOU WERE ALL WRONG
ABOUT HER BEING STUBBORN.
SHE'S RARIN' TO GO.

WE'RE LEAVING
ON THE FIRST PLANE.
SHE ASKED ME TO SAY
GOOD-BYE TO YOU FOR HER.
MR. THOMPSON,
YOU ARE LYING.
YOU DON'T THINK I'D LIE
ABOUT A THING LIKE THIS
WHEN I KNOW HOW IMPORTANT IT IS TO YOU?
MITKA HAS TOLD ME
BY THE TELEPHONE.
TOLD YOU WHAT?
EVERYTHING-HOW SHE
SLAMMED THE DOOR ON YOU.
MR. THOMPSON,
YOU MUST TRY AGAIN.
ALL RIGHT,
I'M LYING.
YOU GOT A LOPHEADED WITCH FOR A
DAUGHTER, AND YOU CAN KEEP HER.
MR. THOMPSON, YOU ARE
GOING TO MURDER MY DAUGHTER.
OH, STOP TALKING THROUGH
THAT FUR HAT OF YOURS.
I'M MURDERING
NOBODY.
SHE'S TWICE AS
CUCKOO AS YOU!
I DID EVERYTHING I
COULD, BUT SHE WON'T GO.
YOU ARE KILLING HER.
YOU ARE GOING AWAY ALONE AND
LEAVING HER BEHIND TO DIE!
NO, MR. THOMPSON. YOU WILL
NEVER GET OUT OF RUSSIA ALIVE.
I'M YOUR FRIEND,
MR. THOMPSON.
YES, I AM YOUR FRIEND,
BUT I WILL NOT LET YOU MURDER
MY DAUGHTER, MR. THOMPSON.
HEY, WHERE
ARE YOU GOING?
I'VE GOT SOME PANTS
TO PRESS.

OH, NO. NO, YOU DON'T.
GO ON, KILL ME. THA WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD.
IF MITKA DOESN'T HEAR FROM
ME WITHIN A HALF AN HOUR,

HE WILL GO:

TO THE POLICE.
A HALF AN HOUR, HUH?
COME ON, PAPA.
I'M GOING TO TIE YOU UP
AND STUFF THA BIG MOUTH OF YOURS.
AHA! YOU HEAR?
THAT IS MITKA NOW.
COME ON. GET BACK IN THA CORNER AND KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT.
COME IN.
HELLO. I MADE
THE INVESTIGATION.
OH. WELL, OK.
COME IN.
COMRADE, YOU'RE PERFECT.
BASTAKOFF TOLD ME.
OH. WELL,
WHO'S BASTAKOFF?
HE'S THE MAN I LOVE MORE
THAN ANYBODY IN THE WORLD.
MM-HMM. AND HE SAYS IT'S
OK FOR YOU TO GO WITH ME?
YES. HE HAS
A GREAT SOUL.
HMM. YES.
I LIKE HIM, TOO.
HOW COULD YOU HELP IT?
HE'S SO SWEET.
HELLO, FATHER-
MY LITTLE CHILD.
GOLUBKA...
COMRADE...
HE WAS WONDERFUL!
BASTAKOFF?
YES.
THIS FELLOW BASTAKOFF ISN' COMING ALONG, BY ANY CHANCE, IS HE?
OH, NO.
HE'S TOO BUSY.
DOING WHAT?

OH, EVERYTHING.
HE KNOWS EVERYTHING, TOO.
WHEN I FINISHED TALKING ABOUT YOU, HE TOOK ME IN HIS ARMS
AND SAID, "THEODORE, YOU
HAVE IDEALS. FOLLOW THEM!"
OH, A BRUSH-OFF, HUH?
WHAT?
SKIP IT. YOU PACKED?
I TOOK ONLY MY MOTORMAN'S UNIFORM ALONG,
IN CASE WE WAN A WAR FROM WITHIN.
EXCUSE ME. AS A FATHER,
MAY I ASK WHAT IS GOING ON?
NOTHING THA CONCERNS YOU.
I'M GETTING MARRIED.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN,
MARRIED? TO WHO?
TO YOU, COMRADE.
WHO ELSE?
OH, THIS IS THE HAPPIES DAY OF MY LIFE!
I HAVE A SON!
CONTROL YOURSELF,
VANYA.
I'VE HAD A TOUGH DAY.
NOW, LISTEN, THEODORE,
I WASN'T FIGURING ON MARRIAGE.
LUCKY FOR YOU I AM
THE PRACTICAL ONE.
WE MUST GET MARRIED.
IT IS THE ONLY WAY WE CAN GE PERMISSION TO LEAVE RUSSIA.
WHAT? YOU LEAVE RUSSIA?
FOR WHERE?
TO AMERICA.
YOU'RE LEAVING YOUR FATHER LIKE THIS
- ALONE, WITHOUT ANYBODY?
OH, I SHOULD LIVE
TO SEE THIS BLACK DAY!
GOLUBKA, YOU'RE
BREAKING MY HEART!
YES, YES. OK, VANYA.
IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL,
SHE DON'T GO.
OH, NO, MR. THOMPSON.
YOU MISUNDERSTAND ME.
I'M CRYING WITH JOY.

PAY NO ATTENTION
TO MY FATHER.
HE HAS NO SOUL, NO BRAIN,
NO IDEALS. HE'S A NOBODY.
I'M LESS THAN A NOBODY.
I'M A NOTHING.
20 YEARS WE HAVE BEEN EDUCATING
RUSSIA, AND WHAT DO YOU KNOW?
NOTHING.
LESS THAN A BABY.

I ONLY KNOW:

HOW TO BE A FATHER,

BUT THIS I KNEW:

UNDER THE CZAR, TOO.
LOOK HERE, THEODORE.
JUST WHEN WERE YOU
FIGURING ON THIS MARRIAGE?
TONIGHT.
ISN'T IT A LITTLE LATE?
NO, MR. THOMPSON.
THAT'S ALL RIGHT.
THE MARRIAGE BUREAU
KEEPS OPEN TILL 1 A.M.
STATISTICS SHOW THAT PEOPLE
WANT TO GET MARRIED AT NIGH MORE THAN
IN THE MORNING.
UH, YOU, UH,
DON'T FEEL NERVOUS?
WHAT ABOUT?
MARRYING A STRANGER.

THIS IS NOTHING:

NEW TO ME.

I MARRIED:

STRANGERS BEFORE.
OH?
UH, HOW MANY?
ONLY TWO.
I DON'T WANT TO
SEEM INQUISITIVE,
BUT, UH, WHAT DID YOU

DO WITH THEM?

OH, I SENT BACK
THE POSTAL CARDS.

OH.

PLAYING POST OFFICE?

YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND, COMRADE.

WHEN YOU GET MARRIED, YOU
ARE GIVEN A POSTAL CARD.

WHEN YOU SEND THE POSTAL
CARD BACK, MARRIAGE IS OVER.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO
GIVE ANY REASON?

NO. IT'S ALL
ON THE POSTAL CARD.

ALL YOU DO IS CROSS OUT "HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME"?

YES.

MY FIRST HUSBAND I MET AT AN ATHLETIC EXHIBITION.

WE SHARED THE SAME
HORIZONTAL BAR.

BUT BASTAKOFF SAID
HE WAS WRONG FOR ME.

HIS SOMERSAULTS:

WERE THEY GOOD?

THEY WERE FINE, BUT HE WAS TOO ANIMAL.

NO IDEALS.

SO YOU PUT HIM:

BACK ON THE BAR.

YES.

I SUPPOSE NUMBER TWO

WAS ALL RIGHT.

TO THE CONTRARY.

WHEN HE TOOK:

HIS SHIRT OFF,

I REALIZED I MADE

A DANGEROUS MISTAKE.

RICKETS?

NO. HE HAD A PORTRAIT OF THE

CZAR TATTOOED ON HIS CHEST.

THAT'S TOUGH.

YES. I FELT BAD,

BUT HE'S AT THE

LUBYANKA PRISON NOW,

SO EVERYTHING:

TURN OUT ALL RIGHT.
WE ARE BEING MARRIED
NOW, COMRADE.
EXCUSE ME, PLEASE.
WHAT IS YOUR NAME?
OH, UH...
MCKINLEY B. THOMPSON.
UH, HERE.
IT'S ON THE PASSPORT.
OH! AMYERIKANYETS.
SI, SEOR.
THEODORE.
THEODORE?
HOLD IT, HOLD IT.
WHAT'S THE HITCH?
HE SAYS HE CAN' PUT DOWN "THEODORE"

FOR THE NAME:

OF THE BRIDE.
IT IS AGAINST THE LAW.
THAT'S TOO BAD.
LIZZA VINESCHKA.
IT'S FIXED.

I TOOK THE NAME:

OF LIZZA VINESCHKA.
HMM. LIZZA VINESCHKA.
SHE DIED UNDER TORTURE
BY THE MENSHEVIKS.
HER FEE WERE BURNED OFF.

MAY I BE WORTHY:

OF HER.
YOU DON'T NEED
A STAMP, HUH?
NO.
EVERYTHING IS FREE.
COME. WE HAVE
LOTS OF WORK TO DO.

WHAT TIME DOES:

THE PLANE LEAVE?

7 A.M.

BASTAKOFF SAYS YOU

CAN SLEEP ON THE PLANE.

I HOPE IT DON'T TURN OU I MARRIED BASTAKOFF.

I'M A LITTLE TIRED, BU OH, SO HAPPY, MR. THOMPSON.

YOU KNOW, WE OUGHT TO

STRAIGHTEN OUT SOME THINGS.

I'M MAC, SEE,

AND YOU AIN'T THEODORE.

LIZZA VINESCHKA?

WELL, LIZZIE WILL DO.

I TAKE IT YOU'RE SPENDING

THE NIGHT HERE, LIZZIE,

PROVIDING:

I'M NOT TATTOOED.

OH, YES.

UNDER THE SOVIET,

MARRIAGE IS THE SAME

AS ANYPLACE ELSE.

ONLY SHORTER.

IT IS LIKE GOING INTO

PARTNERSHIP WITH SOMEBODY

AND OPENING:

A STORE.

IF BUSINESS IS BAD,

STORE CLOSES.

WHAT IS THIS?

WHAT'S WHAT?

OK, LIZZIE.

YOU WIN.

GET BACK:

TO YOUR CORNER.

STOP! PLEASE! PLEASE!

OLGA MILANOVA!

THEODORE YEKHUBITZ!

MY HERO!

HELLO. GIVE ME

THE BARROOM.

COMRADE, THIS IS

OLGA MILANOVA.

PLEASED TO MEET YOU.
BARROOM? SEND ME UP
A BOTTLE OF KUEMMEL.
YEAH. ROOM 310.
THOMPSON SPEAKING.
SHE'S MY SERGEANT.
WE'RE IN THE SAME WOMEN'S
PARACHUTE DIVISION.
SHE'S GOT 8 MEDALS
FOR JUMPING.
SHE'S GOING TO GE ANOTHER ONE IN A MINUTE.
YEAH, HELLO.
HELLO? WHO IS THIS?
NO, NO, NO!
I DON'T WANT THE KREMLIN.
I WANT KUEMMEL-
A BOTTLE OF KUEMMEL.
EXCUSE ME, LADIES.
I'VE HAD A HARD DAY.

WOULD YOU MIND:

IF I RETIRED?
COMRADE MILANOVA,
I WOULD LOVE YOU TO STAY,

BUT WE ARE ONLY:

MARRIED AN HOUR,
AND WE'RE NOT YE ACQUAINTED.
WHOO! YOU'RE MARRIED! MY
CONGRATULATIONS, COMRADE!
YOU DID NOT BRING
YOUR PARACHUTE.
THEN HOW WILL YOU GO
TO THE PARADE TOMORROW?
I'M NOT PARADING.
WE'RE LEAVING FOR AMERICA
ON A SECRET MISSION.
OOH! PROPAGANDA.
SABOTAGE.
GOOD NIGHT.
GOOD NIGHT.
MAY STALIN CONQUER.

STALIN:

WILL NOT FAIL.
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE LOOKING
FOR A BRIDE, MR. THOMPSON.
I WOULDN'T HAVE FALLEN
ASLEEP THIS AFTERNOON.
I, TOO, KNOW HOW
TO SERVE RUSSIA.
GOOD-BYE, COMRADE.
I WONDER WHAT I'D GET IF I ORDERED SCOTCH.
PLEASE ORDER NOTHING. WE
HAVE EVERYTHING WE WANT:
YOUTH, IDEALS, AND
A CAUSE TO FIGHT FOR.
OH. SO YOU DID
BRING YOUR PARACHUTE.
I DO NOT UNDERSTAND
WHAT IS WRONG.
THAT NIGHTGOWN.

YOU DO NOT LIKE:

NIGHTGOWNS?
WELL, THAT ONE WORRIES ME
A LITTLE BIT.

I MUST ASK YOU:

TO EXPLAIN.
I THOUGHT WE WENT OVER ALL THAT.

I TOLD YOU:

A FEW HOURS AGO:

WHAT WAS WRONG WITH
COMMUNIST PROPAGANDA.
I'M NOT MAKING
PROPAGANDA NOW.
I'LL SAY
YOU'RE NOT.
I'M NOT THINKING
OF MYSELF.
PERSONALLY, NIGHTGOWNS
MEAN NOTHING TO ME,
BUT YOU'VE GOT WORK TO DO,
AND IT'S IMPORTANT THAT YOU START OUT RIGHT.
CHARM, BEAUTY,

APPEAL-

THAT'S THE WAY YOU'RE
GOING TO SPREAD COMMUNISM
IN THE NEW WORLD.

WE BOTH AGREED:

ON IT.

HERE. PUT THIS ON.

I AM GOING TO SPREAD
COMMUNISM IN THIS?

LIKE A HOUSE AFIRE.

NOW GO ON.

YOU GOT A JOB TO DO.

DO IT RIGHT.

I'M OBEYING YOU

BLINDLY, COMRADE.

DON'T WORRY. I'M RUNNING
THIS PROPAGANDA UNIT.

WHAT A TROUSSEAU.

IT'S A LITTLE ON THE
REACTIONARY SIDE.

I FEEL A LITTLE CONFUSED,
BUT I'M GLAD YOU LIKE IT.

COME HERE.

I WANT TO:

ASK YOU SOMETHING.

I FOUND THIS:

IN YOUR SUITCASE.

A WONDERFUL FACE,

ISN'T IT?

YEAH. WHO IS IT?

BASTAKOFF.

YOU DON'T SAY?

HIS EYES:

ARE SO SENSITIVE...

AND HIS MOUTH-

LIKE A SAINT.

YEAH. SAINT RUSSIA.

SO GENTLE AND YE SO FULL OF IDEALS.

TO SEE HIM:

IS TO LOVE HIM.
UH, WHERE DOES HE LIVE?
NUMBER 15
LEMSKE PROSPECT.

YOU THINK:

HE'D BE THERE NOW?
IT IS A LITTLE LATE TO GO
CALLING, EVEN ON BASTAKOFF.
NO, NO. NEVER TOO LATE
TO CALL ON A SAINT.

MAYBE YOU COULD:

WRITE HIM A LETTER.
HE LOVES TO GET LETTERS.
YOU MUST BE TIRED-
ALL THAT WALKING.
I'M USED TO WALKING.
YOU JUST TURN OU THE LIGHTS AND RELAX
SO YOU WON'T HAVE A CHARLEY
HORSE IN THE MORNING.
I'LL BE BACK
AS SOON AS I CAN.
ALL I WANT IS A FEW WORDS
WITH BASTAKOFF.
MAC! I JUST HEARD YOU GOT A VISA
AND ARE LEAVING IN THE MORNING.
OH, SWEETHEART,
AM I GLAD I FOUND YOU.
LOOK, DARLING, YOU STILL
LOVE ME A LITTLE-
NOT MUCH-JUST ENOUGH TO
DO ME ONE FAREWELL FAVOR?
I WAS JUST GOING OU FOR A BREATH OF AIR.
LET'S GO DOWN TO THE BAR.
NO! I CAN' TALK TO YOU THERE.
I'VE GOT MY HANDS
ON A TERRIFIC STORY.
YEAH? WHAT IS IT?
SOMEBODY TRIED TO ASSASSINATE
VASILIEV THIS AFTERNOON.
THEY SHOT HIM IN THE HAND. WORST LUCK.
YOU'LL BE OUT OF THIS
DOGCATCHER'S COUNTRY TOMORROW-

LOOK, JANE,
I WANT YOU TO MEET-
I WANT YOU TO FILE THE STORY
FOR ME WHEN YOU GET OUT.
SHUT UP, WILL YA? I'M TRYING
TO INTRODUCE YOU TO SOMEONE.
YOU OWE ME THAT MUCH
AFTER TOKYO!
I WANT YOU TO MEE MY WIFE, YOU DOPE!
WHAT WIFE?
WHOO! WHERE
ARE MY GLASSES?
OH, THAT. I THOUGH YOU'D BE PACKING.
I GOT MARRIED.
MARRIED? OH, NOW, MAC,
THAT'S GOING TOO FAR.
WHY SHOULD I SAY I WAS
MARRIED IF I WASN'T?
I SPEAK 5 LANGUAGES!
HOLY IKE!
YES.
SHE'S VERY SMART.

TO MARRY:

McKINLEY B. THOMPSON?
THAT'S NOT SMART,
THAT'S WIZARDRY.
CONGRATULATIONS, MY DEAR.
I DIDN'T THINK IT COULD BE DONE
WITHOUT A POLICE WARRANT.

YOU ARE:

SWEETHEART?
RELAX, HONEY.
I'M ONE OF THE ALUMNAE.
I DO NOT UNDERSTAND.
ME NEITHER. I NEVER UNDERSTOOD
IT. IT JUST HAPPENED.

A GEISHA GIRL:

WITH BOWLEGS,
AND I GOT THE JOB
OF MADAME BUTTERFLY,
NOSE AGAINST THE WINDOW.

WHAT SHE'S TRYING TO TELL YOU IS THA WE'RE GREAT OLD FRIENDS, THAT'S ALL.
I DO NOT EXPECT A MAN OF YOUR
AGE TO BE ENTIRELY INNOCENT.

HAVE YOU KNOWN:

EACH OTHER LONG?

NO, BUT WE HAVE

THE SAME IDEALS.

I'M GLAD OF THAT.

THEN I CAN SPEAK FREELY.

COME ON. THAT'S ENOUGH.

WE'LL TAKE A WALK.

ON YOUR WEDDING NIGHT?

DON'T BE SILLY.

YOU CAN TRUST ME.

I WON'T LET ON TO THE

BRIDE WHAT A RAT YOU ARE.

THAT SHE MUS FIND OUT FOR HERSELF.

I'M SURE YOU WON'T MIND YOUR HUSBAND

DOING SOMETHING FOR ME, WILL YOU?

PARTICULARLY SOMETHING THAT WILL HELP

KNOCK THE PROPS OUT OF THIS PHONY SOVIET.

WAIT A MINUTE!

THIS WHAT?

DON'T GET NERVOUS, HONEY.

WE'RE ALL SAFE INSIDE THIS ROOM.

WE CAN TAKE OUR IDEALS OU AND PLAY WITH THEM.

WILL YOU CUT IT OUT?

LET'S GO DOWNSTAIRS.

I'LL ONLY STAY A MINUTE.

THE REASON I WANT MAC

TO DO THIS FOR ME

IS NOT ONLY BECAUSE

WE'RE OLD FRIENDS,

BUT HE AND I ALSO HAVE

THE SAME IDEALS.

WE BOTH HATE RUSSIA

IN SPADES.

THAT'S A LIE.

I LOVE RUSSIA.

WHAT?

IT'S PURELY JEALOUSY.

PAY NO ATTENTION TO HER.

WHO'S JEALOUS OF WHAT,

YOU FATHEAD?
YOU'VE BEEN HOUNDING ME EVER
SINCE I BROKE YOUR HEART. GET OUT.
BROKE MY HEART?
WHAT IS THIS?
THAT'S WHY YOU'RE TRYING TO TELL
HER THAT I'M NOT A COMMUNIST.
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO
BE A COMMUNIST?
OH HO HO HO!
OK, OK.
NOW BEAT IT.
JUST A MINUTE!
WHAT IS YOUR NAME?
HONEY, MY NAME'S JANE WILSON,
AND I'M QUEEN OF THE MAY.
MINE IS THEODORE YEKHUBITZ, AND
I WANT TO INVESTIGATE SOMETHING!
GET BACK IN BED.
YOU'LL CATCH COLD.
YOU KEEP QUIET!
YOU'RE SURPRISED TO HEAR
HE'S A COMMUNIST?
HE'S NOT THE NOBLE SOUL?
HE'S NOT BURNING WITH IDEALS?
OH, HO! THAT IS
THE LOWEST, DIRTIEST TRICK
I EVER HEARD OF ANYONE
PLAYING, EVEN ON A WIFE.
MAC, YOUR TECHNIQUE
MUST BE SLIPPING.
I NEVER KNEW YOU TO
STOOP TO POLITICS BEFORE.
NEVER MIND ABOUT MY STORY.
I'LL GET IT IN MYSELF.

WHERE ARE YOU:

GOING?
I'M GOING TO SEE
BASTAKOFF.
OH, NO. YOU'RE
TRYING TO ESCAPE.
I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING
WHEN YOU PUT ON YOUR TIE.

GIVE ME THAT KEY.

NO. YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A TALK
WITH ME, RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW!

I DON'T TALK TO LADIES WHO STAR YELLING. IT'S A RULE I'VE GOT.

BE A GOOD GIRL:

AND GIVE ME THAT KEY.

I WANT THE TRUTH.

YOU'RE NOT A COMMUNIST?

WHO SAID I WAS?

YOU TRAITOR!

I SEE THROUGH YOU.

YOU ARE TRYING TO STEAL

ME AWAY FROM RUSSIA!

IS A CAPITALISTIC

PLOT!

PUT THAT CHAIR DOWN

BEFORE I GET SORE.

NOBODY'S TRYING

TO DO ANYTHING.

YOU GOT A POSTCARD.

MAIL IT IN.

YOU THINK YOU CAN MAKE ME

BETRAY RUSSIA? I SPIT ON YOU!

GET BACK IN BED:

AND BEHAVE YOURSELF.

MY LAST HUSBAND IS IN THE
LUBYANKA PRISON ROTTING AWAY.

THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE GOING,
TO ROT AWAY BESIDE HIM.

LISTEN, BLINTZE BRAIN, PUT THA CHAIR DOWN, OR I'LL CROWN YOU.
YOU'RE RIGHT.

I'VE LOST MY HEAD.

I'M BEHAVING

LIKE A CHILD.

FINE WEDDING NIGH THIS TURNED OUT TO BE!

WHO ARE YOU:

CALLING UP, STUPID?

I'M CALLING

THE SECRET POLICE.

OH, YOU ARE, ARE YOU?

YES. YOU'RE A SPY. THEY

WILL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH.
AH!
OH, GET HER. SHE WANTS
TO WRESTLE, HUH?
SHUT UP! OW!
SHUT UP!
YOU MR. THOMPSON?
YEAH.
COMMISSAR VASILIEV
WISHES TO SEE YOU.
YOU ARE TO COME WITH ME
AT ONCE TO THE KREMLIN.
WHAT'S GOING ON?
NO QUESTIONS, PLEASE.
YOU BRUTE!
WHO IS THIS LADY?
I'M HIS WIFE.
THEN YOU MUS COME WITH HIM.
TO THE SECRE POLICE? GOOD!
THAT'S WHERE
I WANT TO GO.
EXCUSE ME, PLEASE.
I WILL GET DRESSED.
YOU HAVE NOT TIME.
I AM A MEMBER OF THE PARTY.
I CANNOT GO LIKE THIS.
YOU WILL COME AS YOU ARE. WE CANNOT WASTE
TIME ALLOWING YOU TO DISGUISE YOURSELF.
I'M A FRIEND OF VASILIEV'S.
YOU MIND TELLING ME WHAT'S UP?
YOU WILL FIND OU SOON ENOUGH, MR. THOMPSON.
OH, EXCUSE.
COMRADE, I WISH
TO MAKE A STATEMENT!
I'M A MEMBER
OF THE PARTY.
WORKERS' COUNCIL 72,
DIVISION "B,"
THEODORE YEKHUBITZ,
STREETCAR MOTORMAN.
MR. THOMPSON,
YOU ARE TO GO INSIDE.
DON'T BE ROUGH
ON HER, PAL.

THIS IS HER BRIDAL NIGHT.
SHE'S A LITTLE CONFUSED.
HEY, COMMISSAR.
COME ON OUT.
IT'S ONLY ME.
WHEN I CAME HOME
LAST NIGHT AT 3
THE MAN WAS WAITING

THERE FOR ME:

WELL! A RADIO!
THANKS FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT,
COMMISSAR.
OH, HELLO, HOFER.
COME ON IN. JOIN THE PARTY.
WHERE'S
THE COMMISSAR?
RIGHT THERE.
HE'S INVISIBLE.
THERE'S A NEW
RUSSIAN INVENTION.
YOU RUB IT ON YOUR HAIR,
AND YOU DISAPPEAR.
OUGHT TO COME IN HANDY
IF YOU'RE A DETECTIVE.
YOUR JOKES, MR. THOMPSON,
FAIL TO AMUSE ME.
COMMISSAR VASILIEV!
YOU'RE
A FINE PAL, COMMISSAR,
GETTING A GUY OU THIS TIME OF NIGHT.
MAY I SYMPATHIZE
WITH YOU, COMMISSAR,
ON YOUR DEPLORABLE
ACCIDENT THIS AFTERNOON.
PLEASE SIT DOWN,
GENTLEMEN.
AN EXIT VISA HAS BEEN
SIGNED FOR YOU, MR. THOMPSON.

WHEN DID YOU:

INTEND TO LEAVE?

ON THE 7:

WHY ARE YOU LEAVING?
I HATE TO SAY, COMMISSAR.
YOU'LL JUST GET SORE.
I'VE ASKED THE QUESTION.
OK. NOW,
NO HARD FEELINGS,
BUT I'M KIND OF LONELY TO
GET BACK TO GOOD OLD U.S.A.
YOU KNOW HOW IT IS.
IF YOU WERE STUCK AWAY IN
NEW YORK WITH NOTHING TO DO

BUT TO SEE THE:

YANKEES PLAY BALL
OR STAY UP ALL NIGH DANCING IN SOME HOT SPOT,
YOU'D GET LONELY

FOR ALL THIS:

AND WANT TO GET BACK TO THE
KREMLIN AND THE SECRET POLICE.
WELL, THAT'S
THE WAY I FEEL.
DOES THAT BELONG
TO YOU, HERR VON HOFER?
NO.

YOU ARE:

INTERESTED IN IT?
I BEG YOU TO FORGIVE ME,
HERR COMMISSAR.

MY MIND WAS:

ON SOMETHING ELSE.

HAVE YOU EVER:

SEEN THAT BEFORE?
ALL RADIOS LOOK ALIKE
TO ME. IT'S GERMAN-MADE.
HOW ABOUT IT, HOFER?
SOMEBODY STEAL THIS FROM YOU?
I HAVE NEVER SEEN THAT RADIO
BEFORE. I GIVE YOU MY WORD.
THIS IS NOT A RADIO,
HERR VON HOFER.

THIS IS:

A SECRET CAMERA.

NO!

YOU DON'T SAY?

WELL, WELL!

I TAKE IT THIS IS SOME

KIND OF EVIDENCE, HUH?

YES.

WHOSE IS IT? IF YOU'RE NO GIVING AWAY STATE SECRETS.

IT IS THE PROPERTY

OF COMRADE X.

THEN YOU'VE

CAUGHT HIM?

YES, WE'VE CAUGHT HIM.

WELL, CONGRATULATIONS, COMMISSAR.

THAT'S QUITE A FEATHER IN YOUR CAP.

YOU ARE PLEASED?

I ALWAYS LIKE TO SEE

A PAL MAKE GOOD, SURE.

ARE YOU GIVING US A STATEMEN ON THE SUBJECT TONIGHT?

YES.

THERE IS COMRADE

X FOR YOU, GENTLEMEN.

WHICH ONE:

IS COMRADE X?

YOU KNOW THIS MAN,

HERR VON HOFER?

YES. HE'S AN EMPLOYEE

OF THE HOTEL AMBASSADOR.

I KNOW HIM AS A VALET.

AND YOU?

LISTEN, COMMISSAR, I DON' WANT TO SPOIL YOUR PARTY,

BUT IF THAT'S COMRADE X, I'LL

EAT THE KREMLIN WITHOUT SAUCE.

TAKE IT EASY, VANYA. I'LL

STRAIGHTEN THIS OUT FOR YOU.

THIS FELLOW IS THE DUMBEST,

DOPIEST VALET IN ALL MOSCOW.

I'VE KNOWN HIM FOR MONTHS.

HE'S A POTATO-HEAD.

YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS,

COMMISSAR.

THIS SECRET CAMERA WAS FOUND
IN HIS ROOM, INSIDE HIS PILLOW.
DO YOU WISH TO MAKE A STATEMENT TO
THE PRESS, IVAN FEDOROVICH YEKHUBITZ?
YES. WHY NOT?
PROCEED.
I'M COMRADE X.
CONTINUE, PLEASE.
WHAT ELSE? UH...I'M
A TRAITOR TO RUSSIA,
AND I'VE WORKED

VERY HARD:

TO UNDERMINE THE SOVIET, AND, UM...
I'M COMRADE X.
WHAT MORE CAN I SAY?
HE'S DRUNK.
I'M GLAD FOR OUR SAKES
IT WASN'T ONE OF US.
I'M NOT SO CERTAIN YET,
HERR VON HOFER.
YEKHUBITZ WAS UNDOUBTEDLY HIDING
THE CAMERA FOR SOMEONE ELSE,
AND YOUR JOINT SECRETARY REPORTS
THAT SHE SAW IT THIS MORNING
IN THE SUITE SHARED
BY YOU AND MR. THOMPSON.
WHO WAS YOUR ACCOMPLICE,
COMRADE X?
WHO WAS WHAT?
WHO HELPED YOU?
WHO HELPED ME? WHAT DO I NEED HELP FOR?
YOU'RE LYING. WE KNOW
YOU WERE IN LEAGUE
WITH ONE OF THE FOREIGN
CORRESPONDENTS.
NEVER, AS GOD
AS MY JUDGE.
THERE IS NO GOD.
THEN WHOEVER IS IN HIS PLACE,
LET HIM JUDGE, COMMISSAR.
IT'S THE SAME THING
TO ME, WHOEVER JUDGES.
COMMISSAR.

IT SEEMS YOUR DAUGHTER IS
OUTSIDE AND WISHES TO SPEAK TO ME.
WHAT? THAT IS
IMPOSSIBLE.
I HAVE NO DAUGHTER.

DO YOU WISH:

TO MAKE A STATEMENT?
COMRADE COMMISSAR, I AM
A MEMBER OF THE PARTY.

I HAVE SENT ONE:

HUSBAND TO PRISON

BECAUSE HE WAS:

A TRAITOR.
MY RECORD IS CLEAN.
YOU KNOW THIS MAN?
I KNOW HIM SINCE I WAS
BORN. HE'S MY FATHER.
I CAN BRING YOU WITNESSES
THAT I NEVER SAW HER BEFORE.
QUIET. PROCEED.
MY FATHER IS NOT COMRADE X, COMMISSAR.
I CAN PROVE IT.
YOU CAN PROVE IT?
I CAN PROVE IT, TOO!
THAT HANDKERCHIEF
PROVES IT.
I TOLD YOU I'D STRAIGHTEN
THIS OUT FOR YOU.
WHY DON'T YOU LEAVE IT TO
ME AND KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT?
YOU KEEP SHUT! WHAT DOES I MATTER WHAT HAPPENS TO ME?
I'M AN OLD MAN.
LOOK HERE, COMMISSAR-
DON' BE AN IDIOT, VANYA.
YOU SEEM VERY ANXIOUS TO
PROTECT YOUR VALET, MR. THOMPSON.
I'M ANXIOUS TO SEE ANYONE
GET A FAIR TRIAL, COMMISSAR.
VERY COMMENDABLE.
PROCEED.
WHAT WERE YOU SAYING

ABOUT THIS HANDKERCHIEF?
HA! THAT'S HOW I FOOLED
THE WHOLE POLICE.
LOOK HERE, COMMISSAR.
YOU JUST PUT THIS
HANDKERCHIEF OVER SOMETHING,
AND YOU WILL SEE.
LOOK. YOU SEE HOW
IT SHOWS THROUGH?

SOMEBODY ELSE:

OUTSIDE RUSSIA:

HAS A HANDKERCHIEF
JUST LIKE THIS ONE.
THEY PUT IT OVER
MY WRITING,
AND THEY ONLY READ WHA I WANT THEM TO READ.
THAT'S AN OLD TRICK
FOR SENDING CODE MESSAGES.
YES.
YES, I KNOW.
SIMPLE, BUT CLEVER.
HAVE A LOOK,
MR. THOMPSON.
YOU'LL SEE THAT CERTAIN WORDS
APPEAR THROUGH THE LINEN.
HMM.
WELL,
WHAT DO YOU KNOW?
THAT'S VERY
INTERESTING.
LOOKS AS THOUGH YOUR TROUBLES
ARE ALMOST OVER, COMMISSAR.
ALMOST.

YOUR FATHER:

IS A STUPID MAN.
I HAVEN'T BELIEVED FOR A MINUTE
THAT HE ALONE IS COMRADE X.
I EXPECTED HIM TO TELL
ME WHO HIS EMPLOYER IS.
NOW HE HAS TOLD.

I HAVE:

TOLD NOTHING!

SEND TO THE PRESS BUREAU FOR
ALL COPY MAIL OUT OF RUSSIA
FOR EVERY FOREIGN CORRESPONDEN IN THE LAST 8 MONTHS.

AT ONCE,
COMMISSAR.

HAVE THEM BROUGH TO MY OFFICE,
AND NO CORRESPONDENT IS ALLOWED TO
LEAVE HIS ROOM OR USE THE TELEPHONE.
HERR VON HOFER?

YOU MAY RETURN:

TO YOUR ROOM.

YOUR COPY WILL BE READ
THROUGH THIS HANDKERCHIEF.

I'LL NOTIFY YOU
OF ANY RESULTS.

YES, COMMISSAR. I CAN ONLY
WISH YOU A QUICK SUCCESS.

AND YOU,

MR. THOMPSON,

I'M AFRAID, WILL HAVE
TO POSTPONE FOR A WHILE

YOUR DEPARTURE:

FROM RUSSIA.

SAY, YOU COULDN' DRIVE ME AWAY NOW.

I'LL BE ON PINS AND NEEDLES

UNTIL YOU FIND THE HEEL

THAT'S LETTING THIS POOR

GOOF TAKE THE RAP FOR HIM.

PROMISE YOU'LL LET ME

KNOW THE MINUTE IT BREAKS.

I'LL BE SITTING

RIGHT BY THE PHONE.

YOU SHALL BE:

THE FIRST TO HEAR.

THANKS.

THANKS, COMMISSAR.

COME ON, THEODORE.

I HATE YOU.

SHAME ON YOU TO SAY

YOU HATE YOUR OWN HUSBAND.
JUST A MOMENT.
DID YOU SAY HUSBAND?
YES.
QUIT JOKING. THE
COMMISSAR HAS WORK TO DO.
DON'T TOUCH ME!
YOU LIED TO ME.
HE TOLD ME HE WAS
A COMMUNIST,

INTERESTED:

IN WORLD REVOLUTION.
HE SWORE IT!
YOU KNOW HOW IT IS WHEN YOU'RE
CRAZY IN LOVE WITH A GIRL
AND SHE'S A LITTLE
CRACKED ON SOME SUBJECT.
COME ON, HONEY.
ONE MOMENT,
MR. THOMPSON.
YOU TRY TO LEAVE
RUSSIA SUDDENLY,

AND ON THE EVE:

OF YOUR DEPARTURE,
YOU MARRY THE DAUGHTER
OF A MAN WHO STUPIDLY TRIES
TO TAKE THE BLAME
FOR BEING COMRADE X.
THAT'S QUITE AN INTERESTING
STORY, COMMISSAR.
WHY DON'T YOU SEND
THESE PEOPLE HOME,
AND WE'LL HAVE A LONG
TALK ABOUT IT?
YOU ARE GOING TO BE HELD IN
THE KREMLIN, MR. THOMPSON-
YOU, THIS MAN, AND THIS WOMAN
- BUT NOT FOR LONG.
I PROMISE YOU, YOURS
WILL BE THE FIRST COPY
WHICH I WILL READ
THROUGH THIS HANDKERCHIEF.

TAKE THE PRISONERS.
WHAT IS THIS?
WHY AM I TREATED
LIKE THIS?

I CAME HERE AS:

YOUR FRIEND TO CONFESS!
HERE'S A MESSAGE TO
THE AMERICAN EMBASSY.

I DEMAND YOU:

HAVE IT DELIVERED.
TAKE THE PRISONERS.
PLEASE,
COME WITH US.

WHY DID YOU DO:

THIS TO ME, MAC?
WHY DOES A MAN LIE TO A WOMAN?

BECAUSE:

HE LOVES HER.
HE SAYS,
PLEASE, NOT TO TALK.
COME ON, VANYA.
YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOW.
YOU MUSTN'T CRY.
I'M CRYING FOR YOU
AND FOR GOLUBKA.
LOOK WHAT I HAVE
DONE TO YOU.
WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

I KNOW:

WHAT YOU FEEL.
YOU ARE YOUNG,
AND YOU ARE IN LOVE.
WHAT IS LOVE?
AN ACCIDENT.
GORKI SAYS LOVE IS THE FAILURE
OF THE MIND TO UNDERSTAND NATURE.
GORKI, SCHMORKI.
I SAY YOU SHOULD BE LYING
IN A FIELD OF DAISIES,

AND LOOK WHERE:

I HAVE BROUGHT YOU.
WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

MANY HAVE DIED:

FOR RUSSIA.
WE ARE 3 MORE.
I FORGIVE YOU, FATHER.
AND YOU, TOO, COMRADE.
I FORGIVE YOU.
YOU'RE NO SORE AT ME?
YOU'RE GOING TO PAY
FOR YOUR CRIME.
IN A LITTLE WHILE, YOU WILL
BE LYING SILENT...FOREVER.
HEY, LISTEN, HONEY.
I TAKE A LOT OF KILLING.
COME ON.
FORGIVE ME AGAIN.
MAXIMILIAN!
THEODORE!

WHO ARE THOSE:

JITTERBUGS?
HER FRIENDS.
WHAT, UM...
WHAT ARE THEY SINGING?
SAME THING THEY ALWAYS SING IN PRISON:
"WE ARE FREE."
I'M HAPPY NOW.
THEY'RE ALL HERE.
YEAH. YES, IT DOES
MAKE IT KIND OF HOMEY.
IS, UH...BASTAKOFF A MEMBER
OF YOUR LITERARY GROUP?
PLEASE DON' SPEAK HIS NAME.
WHY NOT?
WE WILL DIE WITHOU BETRAYING HIM.
KIND OF SMART OF HIM
TO STAY AWAY.
WE ARE IN THE CELL
FOR THE DEAD.

OUR TIME:

WILL COME SOON.
BASTAKOFF WILL BE
PROUD OF US.
HEY, LISTEN, BABY. YOU'RE TWO
JUMPS AHEAD OF A BUTTERFLY NET,

LIKE NEARLY ALL:

THE RUSSIANS I KNOW.
THEY'VE ALL BLINDFOLDED
THEMSELVES,
AND THEY'RE HANGING FROM THE
CHANDELIERS BY THEIR TOES,

THROWING ROCKS:

AT EACH OTHER,
AND FOR A FINISH, THEY'LL
SET FIRE TO THEIR PANTS.
THEY'RE ALL A LOT OF POLITICAL
PALOOKAS PLAYING AT HALLOWEEN,
AND WHEN YOU ASK THEM
WHAT THEY'RE DOING,
THEY'LL HOLLER BACK,
"IDEALS."
WELL, I GOT A FEW IDEALS
OF MY OWN, BABY,
AND RIGHT NOW, THEY TELL
ME THAT YOU WEREN'T MEAN TO BE A MOTORMAN
OR A PUMPKIN-HEAD.
YOU'RE A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN,
AND NOBODY'S GOING TO TURN A
MACHINE GUN ON YOU IF I CAN HELP IT.
THAT'S MY POLITIC.

WHAT DID:

THE OFFICER SAY?

THE SAME THING:

AS BEFORE-
HE'S GOING TO TELL SOMEBODY UPSTAIRS
- BUT HE'S LYING.
HE'S BEEN LYING
ALL NIGHT.
WE ARE NEXT.

OH, I'D LIKE TO GET SOME SLEEP BEFORE I DIE.
I UNDERSTAND YOU HAVE A
CONFESSION TO MAKE. PROCEED.

I WANT TO TALK:

TO VASILIEV.

WHY DO YOU WISH:

TO TALK TO VASILIEV?
HERE'S MY PROPOSITION. YOU TAKE
ME UP TO HIM, AND I'LL GIVE HIM
THE NAME OF THE MAN WHO TRIED
TO ASSASSINATE HIM YESTERDAY,

THE LEADER OF:

THIS COUNTERREVOLUTION,
AND I'LL GIVE HIM A PICTURE OF
THE FELLOW DOING THE SHOOTING.
YOU HAVE THIS?
VASILIEV HAS BEEN EXECUTING
A LOT OF HARMLESS PEOPLE HERE
WHO DON'T KNOW
WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT.
HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT THEY'RE JUST BEING USED
BY THIS UNDERHANDED,
DOUBLE-CROSSING KILLER.
HE'S BAD, DANGEROUS.
HE MEANS BUSINESS.
YOU PHOTOGRAPHED HIM WHILE
HE WAS SHOOTING VASILIEV?
THAT'S RIGHT, AND I'M READY TO
MAKE A DEAL WITH THE COMMISSAR.
I HAVE REPEATED TO THE
COMMISSAR YOUR INFORMATION.
HE WILL SEE YOU NOW.
THANKS.
HOW DO YOU DO,
MR. THOMPSON?
HELLO.
I'M MICHAEL BASTAKOFF.
SO I SEE.
YOU ARE SURPRISED
TO SEE ME.
YES, MR. BASTAKOFF,

AND I DON' SURPRISE EASY.
SIT DOWN.
THANKS.
I TAKE IT COMRADE
VASILIEV IS NOT AROUND.
MY PREDECESSOR WAS A VICTIM
LAST NIGHT OF A TRAFFIC ACCIDENT.

IS HE EXPECTED:

TO RECOVER?
NO. HE CAUGHT PNEUMONIA.
I UNDERSTAND YOU KNOW ME,
MR. THOMPSON.
I HAD THE PLEASURE

OF SEEING YOU:

IN YOUR COFFIN,
MR. BASTAKOFF.
YOU ARE MORE NAIVE THAN
I EXPECTED, MR. THOMPSON,
BUT ONE CAN NEVER HOPE
TO MEET A REALIS AND AN AMERICAN
AT THE SAME TIME.
FIRST, ALLOW ME TO ASSURE
YOU I GREATLY ADMIRE
THE GENIUS YOU HAVE
REVEALED AS COMRADE X.
YOU FINALLY TRACKED
ME DOWN, HUH?
WE ARE WASTING TIME,
MR. THOMPSON.

YOU HAVE:

A PHOTOGRAPH OF ME.
YES-
RUNNING FOR OFFICE.
MAY I SEE IT?
SURE.
HOW QUICKLY FORTUNE CHANGES
WHEN WE HELP IT A LITTLE.
HA HA! IT IS NO VERY FLATTERING, HUH?
HA HA!

YOU HAVE OTHER:

PRINTS OF THIS?

NO.

ONLY THE NEGATIVE.

AND THAT IS HIDDEN.

RIGHT.

I SEE I AM DEALING WITH A
RESOURCEFUL MAN, MR. THOMPSON.

MAY I ASK YOU ALSO TO BE A
REALIST FOR A FEW MINUTES?

I WILL BE FRANK:

WITH YOU.

THIS PHOTOGRAPH IS
EXCEEDINGLY EMBARRASSING TO ME.

IT REVEALS A PHASE OF MY LIFE
THAT I HAVE, UH...OUTGROWN.

I IMAGINE THE FAC THAT 100 RUSSIANS

WERE EXECUTED:

LAST NIGH FOR BEING FOLLOWERS

OF BASTAKOFF:

IS ALSO A LITTLE
EMBARRASSING.

IT IS, MR. THOMPSON,
I ADMIT.

ESPECIALLY SINCE
IT WAS BASTAKOFF

WHO ORDERED:

THEIR EXECUTION.

I WILL CONTINUE TO BE
FRANK, MR. THOMPSON,
BECAUSE I WANT YOU TO BE
EQUALLY FRANK WITH ME.

IN ASSUMING THE POS OF POLICE CHIEF,
MY FIRST DUTY WAS TO CONVINC
THE GOVERNMENT OF MY SINCERITY.

WHAT MORE CONVINCING
GESTURE COULD I MAKE
THAN THE LIQUIDATION
OF MY OWN DISCIPLES?

THE PARTY ITSELF
HAS CONGRATULATED ME.

I DON'T GET IT.
FOR WHAT?
FOR MANY THINGS-
FOR LOVING RUSSIA
AS A WHOLE,
FOR RIDDING MYSELF OF
PEOPLE WHO WERE STUPID ENOUGH
TO ADMIRE ME AS AN ENEMY
OF THE GOVERNMENT.
BUT WE ARE NOT HERE
TO DISCUSS MY VIRTUES.

I HAVE TOLD YOU:

ALL THIS, MR. THOMPSON,
BECAUSE I TRUST YOU,
AND BECAUSE, UH...
WELL, AS YOU SAY
IN YOUR COUNTRY,

I WANT TO:

PLAY BALL ON YOU.
YOU WAN THE NEGATIVE.
AND YOU WANT YOUR LIFE.
IT IS NO A BAD BARGAIN.
OH, I DON'T KNOW.
I DON'T THINK MY LIFE
IS WORTH THAT MUCH.
YOU ARE VERY MODEST,
MR. THOMPSON.
HOW ABOU RAISING THE ANTE?
I AM WILLING, AS YOU
SAY IN YOUR COUNTRY,

TO PUT MY CARDS:

UNDER THE TABLE.
WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I HAVE A WIFE:

DOWNSTAIRS.
WHAT IS HER CRIME?
WELL, ABOU THE ONLY WRONG THING
SHE'S EVER DONE IN HER
LIFE IS TO ADMIRE BASTAKOFF.
AH, SHE ADMIRE

BASTAKOFF THE PHILOSOPHER.
THEN SHE IS AN ENEMY OF
BASTAKOFF THE POLICE COMMISSAR.
TOO BAD.
WHAT IS HER NAME?
YEKHUBITZ.
AH, YES.
THEODORE.
AN IDIOT.
DANGEROUSLY NAIVE.
IT IS SUCH PEOPLE WHO KEEP
RUSSIA IN HER IDEALISTIC ROMPERS.

I WANT HER:

AND HER FATHER.
ANOTHER IDIOT.
LISTEN, BASTAKOFF, YOU ARE, IN
MY OPINION, NOT A JUDGE OF IDIOCY,
MORE A PROOF OF IT.
MR. THOMPSON, YOU HAVE ME
AT A DISADVANTAGE.
I MUST YIELD.
I'M SORRY I BLEW UP.
YOU'LL LET US OUT?
YES.
YOU ARE ALL FREE.
IN ADDITION, I FORGIVE
YOU FOR BEING COMRADE X.
MR. THOMPSON, YOU HAVE
MADE ME VERY HAPPY.
YOU HAVE TOUCHED

A SIDE OF ME:

I DIDN'T THINK REMAINED
IN THE POLICE COMMISSAR.
YOU TRUST ME,
MR. THOMPSON.
OH, YOU'RE 100%,
MR. BASTAKOFF.
I TRUST YOU, TOO.
I AM PLACING MY FUTURE
IN YOUR HANDS.
I WON'T LE YOU DOWN, COMMISSAR.
I'LL GET THE NEGATIVE AND SEND I RIGHT BACK TO YOU

WITH THE BELLBOY.

GOOD.

I'LL GIVE THE NECESSARY
ORDERS, MR. THOMPSON,
TO SEE THAT YOU ARE
NOT MOLESTED ANYMORE.
YOU'LL NATURALLY SAY NOTHING
ABOUT ALL THIS TO YOUR NEWSPAPER.
AFTER WHAT YOU'VE DONE?
OH, NOT A PEEP!

I HAVE YOUR:

WORD OF HONOR?

AS THEY SAY IN MY COUNTRY,
YOU CAN COUNT ME OUT.

THANKS. I WISH YOU MUCH
HAPPINESS, MR. THOMPSON.

THE SAME TO YOU,
MR. BASTAKOFF.

THANK YOU,

MR. BASTAKOFF.

THANK YOU,

MR. THOMPSON.

YOUR FRIENDS WILL BE OU IMMEDIATELY, MR. THOMPSON.

THE COMMISSAR HIMSELF
HAS ORDERED A TAXICAB.

THANKS.

MR. THOMPSON,

WHAT IS THIS?

WHY ARE THEY GOING TO
SHOOT US IN THE STREET?

EVERYBODY ELSE GO SHOT IN THE KREMLIN.

YES. WELL,

TAKE IT EASY, VANYA.

THEY HAVEN' SHOT US...YET.

COME ON. GET IN.

TELL THE COMMISSAR

THANKS A LOT.

IT IS NOTHING, SIR.

THAT'S WHAT I THINK.

HOTEL AMBASSADOR.

STEP ON IT.

WHAT HAPPENED?

BASTAKOFF:

SAVED OUR LIVES.
BASTAKOFF?
WHERE IS HE?
IN HIS OFFICE. HE'S
THE NEW CHIEF OF POLICE.
VASILIEV GOT PNEUMONIA LAST NIGHT-
GALLOPING PNEUMONIA
WITH LEAD COMPLICATIONS.
YOU'RE TELLING ME BASTAKOFF
IS THE POLICE COMMISSAR? NO.
HE AIN' NOTHING ELSE BUT.
BASTAKOFF IS A POET,
NOT A POLICEMAN.
THEN HE'S GO A DUAL PERSONALITY.
BUT THOSE PEOPLE
LOVE HIM.
HE WOULDN'T KILL
PEOPLE WHO LOVE HIM.
ALL RIGHT. IF YOU DON' BELIEVE ME, ASK HIM.
WHO'S THE NEW HEAD
OF THE K.P.U.?

TOVARISH:

BASTAKOFF.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

EVERYBODY LOVES:

BASTAKOFF.

BASTAKOFF:

KILLS EVERYBODY.
EVERYTHING BALANCES.
YOU KNOW ANYPLACE WE COULD
STOP AND GET A HOT DOG?
SORRY, OLD MAN, BUT THIS
IS A CAPITALISTIC STREET.
MR. THOMPSON, I WOULD LIKE
TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON.
YOUR PAL BASTAKOFF'S A
GREAT LITTLE GUY, BABY.
I TOLD HIM I HAD SOME
EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM.

SOON AS I:

LEAD HIM TO IT,
HE'LL GIVE ME PNEUMONIA, AND YOU, TOO.
WHERE'S THE EVIDENCE?
IN MY POCKET.
SOON AS THEY SEE
WE'RE NOT HEADING FOR THE
HOTEL, THEY'LL OPEN UP.
GET DOWN.
WE'RE TURNING OFF.
HERE THEY COME.
GET DOWN!
I THINK THEY ARE
CATCHING UP.
STAY ON THE FLOOR.
COME ON!
WHERE? THERE IS
NO PLACE TO GO.
COME ON, I SAY!
CLIMB ON!
HURRY UP, POP.
WHAT'S THE MATTER?
IS SHE HURT?
TERRIBLE.
HERE, HERE, HERE.
SHE SPRAIN SOMETHING?
HERE, HERE,
HERE, HONEY.
HER SOUL IS DEAD.
OH, THAT.
SHE DOESN'T WANT TO LIVE. SHE TOLD ME.
DON'T FEEL BAD, HONEY.
WE'LL GET OUT OF THIS.
LOOKS LIKE A PRETTY ROTTEN
WORLD FROM WHERE WE SIT,

FULL OF MURDER:

AND DOUBLE-CROSS

WITH A HANDFUL:

OF HIGH-PRESSURE BOYS
PEDDLING GRAVEYARDS UP AND
DOWN EVERY STREET IN EUROPE.
BUT I KNOW A PLACE WHERE YOU

CAN STILL DIE OF WHOOPING COUGH.
WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE WHAT YOU DIE OF?
YOU DIE.
THAT'S ENOUGH.
I, UH...I GO A CONFESSION TO MAKE.
I LIED TO YOU.
WHAT ABOUT?
THE U.S.A.
IT AIN' A SPIRITUAL DESERT.
SAY, IT'S PIE A LA MODE,
TWO-PANTS SUITS
AND THE HOME OF THE BRAVE,

PIKES PEAK:

AND CONEY ISLAND.
AND I TOLD YOU WRONG
ABOUT THE BROOKLYN DODGERS.

THEY FINISHED:

IN SECOND PLACE.
HOW...HOW CAN
WE GET THERE?
WE'LL WALK.

WHEN THIS:

PERCOLATOR STOPS,
WE'LL GET OUT AND WALK UNTIL
WE FALL DOWN OR GET SHOT.
THEY'RE GOING TO SHOO US ON SIGHT, ANYWAY...

BUT THEY GOT TO:

SEE US FIRST.
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOING
TO HAVE SOME VISITORS.
WHO IS IT?
THE RUSSIAN ARMY.
WHAT CAN WE DO?
I DON'T KNOW. WE'RE
A LITTLE OUTNUMBERED.
SOMEBODY MUST HAVE SEEN
US BOARD THE VODKA LIMITED.
NO. THEY'RE
NOT SEARCHING FOR US.
THEY'RE NOT?

LOOK. THEY'RE MANNING
THE TANKS. SEE?
3 IN EACH TANK.
WHAT'S THAT PROVE?
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?
3 IS A CREW.
AT SCHOOL, WE HAD 4:
PILOT, COPILOT,
CO-COPILOT, CO-CO-COPILOT.
QUIT STUTTERING.
SAY, YOU MEAN YOU KNOW
HOW THIS THING TICKS?
A LITTLE. I WENT TO NIGH SCHOOL FOR TANK MANEUVERS.
GET IN THAT SEAT,
HONEY.
YOU'RE GOING TO DO
A LITTLE HOMEWORK.
OOH!
OOH!
NO, NO, NO. TELL HIM TO
GET DOWN ON THE FLOOR.
ALL RIGHT.
TIE HIM UP.
OK, LIZZIE,
LET HER GO!
SEE THOSE TANKS?

HEAD OVER THERE:

LIKE YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE
A PLACE IN THEIR FORMATION.

THEN WHEN I:

GIVE YOU THE WORD,
START EDGING OVER
TOWARD THOSE TREES.
MAKE IT SLOW, THOUGH.
GENERAL BOBINSKI!
OH!
WE ARE KILLED!
WHAT'S THE MATTER?
THEY ARE COMING!
STEP ON IT!
STEP ON WHAT?
GO FASTER!

THIS IS THE FASTES I CAN GO.
WAIT A MINUTE.
NOW I REMEMBER.
THIS IS FOR SPEED.
HEY, WE'VE STOPPED!
LET ME HAVE A BANG
AT THIS TRACTOR.
I'M PLAYING
HIDE-AND-GO-SEEK, HONEY.
WE'RE GOING TO SI IN THOSE BUSHES FOR A WHILE.
SO LONG, FELLAS.
HAVE A NICE TRIP.
WELL, WE DID IT, HONEY.
WE GAVE THEM THE SLIP.
OH! WE ARE KILLED!
IT'S TRUE!
HERE THEY COME!
WHO?
THE TANKS. THEY
MUST HAVE SEEN US.
HOLY IKE!
MAC!
HURRY!
HURRY UP, MR. THOMPSON!

THIS MUZHIK:

IS BITING!
WELL, BITE HIM BACK!
HEY, CAN'T YOU DODGE
THOSE TREES, LIZZIE?
YOU SEE ANYTHING?
NOTHING. NOT A SOUL.
WE ARE SAFE NOW.
LOOK!
HEY, COME HERE!
VANYA, COME HERE!
I SEE NOTHING.
THAT'S
WHAT'S THERE, ALL RIGHT.
COME HERE!
WE'RE CORNERED,
TRAPPED LIKE RATS IN RUSSIA.
OH, MY GLASSES.
HEY! HEY, COME HERE!

WHAT SHALL WE DO NOW?

STAY BACK HERE:

AS FAR AS YOU CAN.
PRAY THAT I GET THIS THING
IN REVERSE THE FIRST TIME.
WHAT DID HE SAY?
HE SAID, "THIS IS GENERAL
BOBINSKI. COME QUICK."

TURN ON:

THAT RADIO.
WHAT'S THAT SAY?
HE SAID, "LEAD ON,
GENERAL BOBINSKI."

WE ARE WITH YOU:

TO THE LAST MAN!"
YOU UNDERSTAND? WE'RE
IN THE GENERAL'S TANK.
THEY'RE NOT CHASING US.
THEY'RE FOLLOWING US!
FOLLOWING US?
YES.
HOLY IKE.
THAT'S WONDERFUL!
WELL, SIT DOWN,
KIDS,
AND MAKE YOURSELVES
COMFORTABLE.
FROM NOW ON,
WE CAN RELAX.
NOW, I'LL JUST BACK THIS
KIDDIE CAR OFF THIS TIGHTROPE,
AND EVERYTHING WILL BE
CLEAR SAILING.
I LOVE YOU,
MR. THOMPSON.
YOU HAVE SAVED US.

WE ARE:

AT DNEISTER RIVER.
ON THE OTHER SIDE
IS RUMANIA.

THEY HAVE PROMISED NOT TO
GO INTO RUMANIA RIGHT NOW.
OH, OH.
WELL, HOLD ON
TO YOUR HATS, BOYS.
HERE'S WHERE RUSSIA
BREAKS ANOTHER PROMISE.
MAY I ASK, MR.
THOMPSON, WHERE ARE WE GOING?
HOLD YOUR BREATH,
VANYA.
WE'RE
IN THE NAVY NOW.
MR. THOMPSON, THEY ARE GOING TO
FOLLOW US ALL THE WAY TO AMERICA!
OH, NO, THEY'RE NOT.
I GOT IT.
GET ON THAT RADIO.
TELL THEM TO TURN
BACK TO THE BORDER

AND WAIT FOR:

FURTHER INSTRUCTION.
YES. ALL RIGHT.
WHAT WILL WE DO NOW?
WE'RE GOING TO GET CAPTURED,
INTERNEED, AND RELEASED

BY THE AMERICAN:

CONSUL.
HOW DO YOU SAY "SURRENDER" IN RUMANIAN?
CAPITULUM.
CAPITULUM?
YES.
CAPITULUM,

CAPITULI:

CAPITULI,

CAPITULUM:

JOY IS:

EVERYWHERE:

CAPITULI ,

CAPITULUM:

IT'S GOING TO BE TOUGH TO
SURRENDER TO THESE PEOPLE.

YOU GOT TO:

CATCH THEM FIRST.
GO ON!
GO ON TO THIRD!
THE HOME RUN!
COME ON, BROOKLYN!

MAY I ASK:

WHAT IS GOING ON?

THE DODGERS ARE:

MURDERING THE REDS!
AHA!
THE COUNTERREVOLUTION!