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Gorky Park

By Dennis Potter

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- Who found them?

- He did.

He was on patrol,
he left the path for a pee and...

- Uh-oh.

- Three lost souls.

Like an execution, Pasha.

How long have they been here?

Arkady.

Greetings, comrades.

I bring you hot-water bottles.

Good. We were wondering

why you came, Comrade Major Pribluda.

This is a matter for militia. There's no
reason to think state security's involved.

What interest is this to KGB?

KGB decides what interests KGB.

So, who are they?

What's it look like? Drunks, or what?

If you want the case, Major, welcome.

We militia can go back to our beds.

I wonder you ever left them.

Comrade Major,

you're disturbing the evidence.

Holy Mother.

Look at this.

Look.

No face. Sliced right off.

Good God.

This one too. Butchered.

Jesus.

Faceless.

All three of them.

Who are they?

- You've disturbed enough evidence.

- Oh, stop complaining.

I've done some of the dirty work for you.

Yes, I know. You always do, comrade.

One day, Renko, this could be you.

Let's leave these policemen to it.

The cold has made them inhospitable.

Comrade Major?

Are you sure you want

militia to investigate this?

- What do you mean?

- It does seem like a KGB case after all.

Bodies carved up in the middle of

Moscow. Who knows where it could lead?

A body this size stays like stone for days.

I'd say they'd been there

three weeks to a month.

I'm about to make an incision

into the chest wall.

- This is disturbing you?

- Well, I'm glad I had no breakfast.

Sorry. I'm used to dealing with the dead.

The only emotion I feel about one is

a faint hope it may be a party official.

Be careful, my friend.

You don't want this case.

Please. You don't want this case.

How were they killed,

Comrade Chief Pathologist?

The two men were shot in the head

at contact range.

All three were shot in the chest.

They were all in their twenties.

Go on.

Arkady, whoever cut off their faces knew

what he was doing. He was an expert.

- And who are the experts, Levin?

- I'm not listening.

They were there as soon as we were,

Pribluda and his gang. Who told them?

You've got an informer

in your office, haven't you?

Anything else for me?

The smaller male dyed his hair.

Its natural colour is red.

Possible indication of antisocial activity.

Or maybe he was a black marketeer.

Or...

- Or a foreigner.

- Arkady, please.

I don't like to get

mixed up with KGB work.

Don't worry. If one of these really is a

foreigner, it's out of our hands anyway.

I've just got to find enough
to make KGB take over the case.
And the quicker I can do that,
the safer we'll all feel.

Chest incision!

I can't understand it, lamskoy.

Dead bodies in Gorky Park.

- What the hell are they doing there?

- Yes, it passes belief, General.

Chief Investigator Renko
reporting, General.

- Have you shaved this morning?

- Comrade General, I...

- The general wants to know your initial...

- A fellow should keep hair off his face.

Your initial reaction to this. What are
the prospects for an early resolution?

With the world's finest militia
and the support of the Soviet peoples,
I am confident we will apprehend the
criminals involved, Comrade General.

Yes, yes, yes. I hope so, young man.

Your father, General Renko,
he was always clean and tidy,
even when he was killing Germans.

It's nearly four hours since the three
bodies were uncovered. Who are they?

The bodies have no marks
of identification, Comrade Prosecutor.

What? No papers? Here in Moscow?

The bodies were badly mutilated.

No papers. No fingertips.

No faces.

They were clean-shaven,
General. Quite literally.

Well...

Your father was just as insolent,
but then he could afford to be.
He was very good at his job, Renko.

Cut, cut, cut, cut, cut, cut.

For God's sake, Yuri,
can't you concentrate?

Your button, man. Your tunic button.

It's hanging off. Wardrobe!
Irina! Irina, please.
OK, let's set up again from the top.
Remember, you're tired, you're
frightened, Napoleon has you on the run.
Be careful, Misha.
- Show me that barn door again.
- Opening positions, everybody.
Quiet, please. Let's get ready to do this.
Ready to roll.
What does a chief investigator
want with me?
We found your skates.
Your name was scratched on them.
Oh, those. I lost them months ago.
You reported them missing on February 4
but said you lost them on January 31.
You didn't know
they were missing for four days?
That's how it is. You don't
miss something till you need it.
- They were found on a dead girl.
- There is justice after all.
Please, don't be shocked. You've no idea
how long it took to save for those skates.
Look at my boots. See?
Split.
She was murdered.
The girl wearing your skates.
The director of that film promised me
new boots if I went to bed with him.
Think I should?
Winter is almost over.
Exactly. And me a Siberian.
I am used to the cold.
Is your heart cold too?
What?
The girl wearing your skates,
about your age.
Two others were found with her,
also murdered. Their faces were cut off.
What has this to do with me?
What do you want?
Think back. Any idea

who took your skates?

I suspect everyone.

So do I.

Well?

Are you going to arrest me
for losing my skates?

- Perhaps not.

- Good.

Then please leave me alone.

It's cold. We've been skating,
but we've left the skating paths
for the clearing. Why?

- To talk.

- To eat. It's why anyone goes skating.

To stop, have a meat pie,
pass around the vodka.

So I've brought food. There's vodka in
our bellies. We're feeling good, relaxed.
Then...

- You shoot from your pocket.

- Shoot your own foot that way.

Forensic found traces of leather
in the bullet wounds.

A bag. You brought the food
in a leather bag with the gun.

We're friends.

Enjoying ourselves.

We leave the paths for a secluded place.

We are all alone.

I am handing out the food from the bag.

And I don't suspect a thing
as you lift the bag close to my chest.

What about the noise? Wouldn't the
other two call out? Wouldn't they run?

- Well, they don't know what's happening.

- But the noise!

Hey!

Hey!

The noise would make them run. It...

What? What did you say?

- You know what you just did?

- We're missing something.

- Yes, you went through a red light.

- Concentrate. No fingertips, no face.

Why? To make identification difficult. But the killer shoots the two men in the head.

- Why?

- And he risks making even more noise.

Yes, but if he sliced off their faces, what's the point of shooting them in the mouth?

- What do you have in your mouth?

- My tongue.

Your teeth.

Your teeth!

Gutta-percha.

- He had root-canal work, the redhead.

- Meaning?

Dentists in Europe don't use gutta-percha, only the Americans.

Finally, and overwhelmingly, the dental technique suggests that the victim is an American.

Arkady.

Would you...?

Excited, are we?

I think we've got enough to dump this case.

I've just seen the report from Ballistics.

- What weapon?

- It's a 7.65mm pistol.

And that's a KGB gun.

Is it that shithead Pribluda?

That's like asking if a girl's a virgin when I see her in bed with a man on top of her.

Well, what man?

Oh!

- Am I missing a joke?

- It's about your friend, Major Pribluda.

What do you mean, "my friend"?

What is it?

I've been asked to lamskoy's dacha.

He's throwing a weekend party and he wants to talk to me.

- That's a great honour, Comrade Renko.

- Well, well, well.

You'll have to tidy yourself up.

What?

Oh, yes.

Well, well. A weekend at the lamskoys'.
Now, is it because your father
was a hero of the Soviet army? No.
God knows, it can hardly be
because of your charm or elegance.
Not all weekend, Anton. Just today,
long enough to get our host into a corner.
So... what are you up to?

- I'm saving a life.

- Whose?

Mine. I'm on a case that reeks of KGB
involvement and I've got to be extra...
Wouldn't you two
rather have good Soviet vodka?
No, Natasha, wicked French wine will do.
Who is that?

That is Jack Osborne.

An American.

He comes here
to buy our sable pelts.

Well, it is the only place
you can get them.

They say the Kremlin uses him to take
messages to and from Washington.

He's a very big wheel.

He even had dinner
with Brezhnev before he died.

Well, perhaps the conversation
would have been better after he'd died.

Anton.

The Ancient Greeks
understood the mechanics of power.

"Justice" they said. "Justice is
in the interests of the strong. "

I've heard the same sentiment expressed
in not-too-dissimilar terms in America.

"Those were the gold-maker rules"
someone said.

You mean in America only
those with money can be innocent?

No. I mean in America, attorneys
do very well for themselves.

Well, do you know what you're doing here
when you engage a defence lawyer?

Wasting money.

I read your report, Arkady.

And I can see that you are anxious
for the KGB to take over the case.

But this is not like you, huh?

Why? What's wrong?

- May I speak freely?

- To me? Always.

It is more than possible
that KGB killed those three people.

I agree.

Then it is likely they are
laying a trap for me.

Why?

Once I tried to arrest Major Pribluda.

I proved he was an assassin.

- Remember the two bodies by the river?

- God, it's cold out here.

- You want to freeze my blood even more?

- I proved KGB did it.

I moved for the indictment,
and I was arrested and beaten senseless.

And who got you out?

I was grateful to you. I am grateful to you.

But it's a poisonous farce.

Arkady, things are changing.

Believe me, I have more power
than used to be the case.

They are more vulnerable.

You're easily
the best policeman in Moscow.

And I need your help. I need it badly.

And you can protect me and my men?

Listen, our Soviet constitution
is a noble piece of work.

But only if honourable men
and women respect it.

Now, I'm determined to stand on legality.

KGB must not, cannot work outside the
law, or they're little better than the CIA.

- But how?

- Support me. Don't try to unload the case.

We mustn't give them a centimetre.

And I promise you, Arkady...

I promise you, I'll be behind you
every step of the way.

Yes, my dear?

You are the only one here
who is going back to Moscow tonight.

- It seems so.

- Will you take me with you?

- At this hour? Is there something wrong?

- Please?

You'd better first persuade Mr Osborne
to give you a fur coat, my dear.

The investigator's car has no heater.

Not the sort of place a girl without a
decent pair of boots normally goes, is it?

Won't your rich American friend
be disappointed?

I asked you for a lift, not a conversation.

What, still upset

about a pair of lost skates?

- If they were lost.

- I reported them missing.

- Yes, but why?

- What?

You're not the sort who goes to the police
for a thing like that without a reason.

Were you afraid they might
turn up on the wrong person?

- Let me out.

- What?

- Stop and let me out. I'd rather walk.

- Don't be silly. You'd freeze to death.

What are you doing? You're insane!

What are you trying to do? Kill yourself?

Questions, questions.

Oh, no. Fine, fine.

Now we can both freeze.

Come on.

KGB have better cars, you know.

But they don't always take you
where you want to go, do they?

I don't know whether to get deep
in this case or not. Really take it on.

- Don't piss into the wind.

- Maybe. Maybe not. Forensic?

Forensic picked up traces of gesso,
sawdust and gold on the clothing.

- Gold?

- All used in the restoring of icons.

Black marketeers. That's why the KGB
disposed of them. Sodding Pribluda.

Anything else?

Did Forensic turn up anything else?

Yeah, some spots

of chicken and fish blood.

That's odd, isn't it?

That doesn't fit.

God, I wish we knew

what they looked like.

Hm.

No dessert?

- And the redhead. I want his head too.

- Why not the other one?

We know nothing about him. Besides,
how many do you think I can carry?

So long as you know what to say
if they stop you in the street.

The greatest of killers.

I'm sorry?

Tamerlane the Great.

Nasty man. His skull
showed right-side paralysis,
and I had some hair to deal with.

Yes, I see.

Do you? Do you?

Well...

What about the mildew?

On the upper lip?

- Yes. I'm sorry, what do you mean?

- Where the moustache grew. Mildew.

Of course.

- I am Professor Andreev.

- Chief Investigator Renko. I tried to ring...

I do not do forensic work,
either for militia or KGB.

Renko?

- How interesting.

- Why?

Your father was General Renko.

You don't look a bit like him.
My God. Your zygomaticus has a
completely different elasticity altogether.
Promise me I can have your face
when the breath has left your body.

Professor Andreev,
these heads have no faces.

- Don't try to interest me.
- A murderer erased their identities.

You can give it back to them.

Professor, too many people
in our society disappear without trace.

Oh?

Why is that?

They fall into a chasm.

What sort of chasm?

The one between what is said
and what is done.

You may not be long for this world,
my fine, imprudent fellow.

Hm.

Right. First thing:

Clean off the rest of the flesh. Hm?

Fetch me the grubworms.

Whoa, where you're concerned,
my heart I sold

It's so easy to fall in love

It's so easy to fall in love

- # It seems so easy

- # It's so easy, it's so easy, it's so easy

- # So doggone easy

- # Doggone easy, doggone easy

- # It seems so easy

- # It's so easy, it's so easy, it's so easy

Where you're concerned my heart I sold

It's so easy to fall in love

It's so easy to fall in love

Let's go. All right?

- # Well shake it up, baby, now

- # Shake it up, baby

- # Twist and shout

- # Twist and shout

Come on, come on,

come on, come on, baby, now

- # Come on, baby
- # Come on and work it on out...
Hey.
Who are you?
What are you doing there?
I said, what are you doing there?
This is a...
Stop! Militia!
Son of a bitch!
Stay away.
An American.
Arkady?
Ah.
Who did it? What happened?
Was it Pribluda? Arkady?
No, no.
I think it was an American.
Christ.
CIA, you think?
Somebody with fists made of stone.
- More painkiller?
- Mmmm.
What are we doing in the kitchen?
You should lie down.
This is where you keep
your French brandy.
The way to do this is to imagine
they are your loved one...
these little creatures.
Oh, yes, we need them.
Don't the ones you love eat up your flesh?
"A member of the Komsomol brigade,
Valerya Davidova,
demonstrates a pelt
of a Barguzinsky sable
to visiting American... businessman...
Jack Osborne. "
And who's this?
A redhead?
It's rainin' outside,
in case you hadn't noticed.
Close the door.
No.
Throw it to my feet.

Empty your pockets on the bed.

Now take your coat off.

Throw it to the floor.

Trouser pockets.

- You're all alone, aren't you, Boris?

- Be still.

- What?

- Don't move.

Easy, Boris. Easy, easy.

It's my room. Why should I move?

Sit.

Easy.

Now tie your laces together.

What you gonna do now?

Pile the furniture on me?

If need be.

I should have killed you in the park.

Why?

- Cos that's where you killed my brother.

- Your brother?

So that's why...

I didn't kill him.

You or your friends. Makes no difference.

But you're the one that will pay for it.

A policeman from New York?

That's a gold shield, Boris. I'm a detective.

A detective? Lose your way, did you?

- I found you, didn't I?

- I didn't kill your brother.

But how are you gonna find the one who did it? Or doesn't that matter?

I think you'll need a bit of help.

Tell me about the girl
in the newspaper cutting.

She was a friend of your brother's.

Perhaps she was killed with him.

Ask your comrades in the secret police.

No. Perhaps KGB did kill them.

But I want to find the killer.

But I need help. Why don't we
help each other, Mr Kirwill?

Sure. You on the outside and me on the
inside, looking at you through the bars.

A deal.

I won't arrest you.
You help me. How about it?
Go fuck yourself.
Wait a minute. How about my shield?
I'm gonna need that.
Not here, you won't.
VALERYA DAVIDOVA

JAMES KIRWILL:

A very good morning to you.
No, I've been up all night.
Come, come. No man
can work so many hours.
Don't worry, I'm going home to bed.
This is my breakfast.
The poet lays down his pen, the killer
his axe, and even you must learn to relax.
Well, bed. I can relax in bed.
I have just the thing to open up
your pores and unclog your weary mind.
This is my daily regime. A brisk walk,
a leisurely dip. It's wonderful.
Even we humble servants of the state
need to be refreshed from time to time.
Ah!
Well, well. This is a surprise.
You recall Chief Investigator Renko
from last weekend?
Yes. I'm not sure whether he arrested or
abducted the lady who accompanied me.
Rescued.
Say, from the machinations of a capitalist.
Do sit down, Jack. Have a drink.
Have something to eat.
Talk to the only one of our homicide team
with a 100% record of success.
I'm afraid I have an appointment
with a general so old that he dribbles.
I always wanted to meet an American.
You are so... so different.
Forgive me for staring.
Only once before did I ever meet
an American in the flesh, so to speak.
A young student.

Kirwill, I think he was called.

James Kirwill.

Oh?

But he was dead.

That doesn't count, then, does it?

You must have noticed many differences
between a man like yourself, Mr Osborne,
and a man like me.

Man overboard.

What?

There's a sliver of food on your upper lip.
I'm just a plodding investigator. No style.
Completely out of my depth.

Three bodies, three people,
shot down and mutilated in Gorky Park.

And me, I have food on my lip.

Not even caviar at that.

I somehow feel that the executioner,
whoever he may be,
would have preferred somebody...

a more, um... nimble opponent.

- Ah. Finished eating, are we?

- Yes, thank you.

I understand you import our
wonderful Soviet sable into America.

You Soviets have
the world monopoly on sable.

I always wanted a sable hat.

A man of your status should possess one.

Must we see what we can do?

We Russians know how
to wait for things. I'm very patient.

I watch and I think and I wait.

It is my only virtue.

But why wait? I'm always happy to
accommodate particular Soviet friends.

Patience has its own rewards.

Do you want the hat or not?

Perhaps the chief investigator
has some other reward in mind?

Yes.

Perhaps.

- You don't know?

- Not yet.

First I have the hunch,
then I begin to assemble reasons.
Then I...
- And then you...?
- I pounce.
That's no way to catch a sable.
They're far too cunning and far too fast.
While you wait and you think,
and you watch...
your prey is gone.
Oh, I don't think so.
Good. Good.
Meanwhile I have the hat and you don't.

IRINA:

OSBORNE:

Bang!
- Detective Pavlovich, you're drunk!
- Not as drunk as Fet.
Detective Fet!
- I told you to follow him, not...
- Ah, ah, ah. Look what I've got.
One of the KGB files.
- How in God's name...?
- I stole it. From Fet.
Fet! Little bastard.
Pasha!
Well, open it. No vomit on it, is there?
You mean you got Fet so drunk that...?
- They'll shoot me, won't they?
- Probably.
I'll get shot.
Fuck it.
Pasha, this is Irina Asanova's file!
Put the light out.
"Expelled from Moscow University
for antisocial behaviour
and unwise associations,
particularly with Siberian renegade...
Valerya Davidova. "

"KGB informant:

"Used-car salesman. "

Where is Valerya?

- What are you talking about?

- Where do you think she is?

Who?

I've seen your file.

You were friends with Valerya Davidova
and an American student, James Kirwill.

The same file will tell you I was expelled
from university for writing on a wall.

- Your friends are dead. Murdered.

- You're sick.

I'll show you their bodies,
their clothes. Come and see.

You're one of a leper organisation.

I won't be infected.

- They were found in Gorky Park.

- Why do you lie? Do...

- Where are they, these friends of yours?

- Out!

Out?

Who do you think got them out?

You're trying to trap me.

I'm not going to betray my friends.

Whoever was to get them out led them to
their deaths. You must be in danger too.

They're free.

Free.

Like a thigh, eh?

Just like strokin' her leg.

Nice. Very nice.

You're in love already.

Go on, take your time. Walk around it.

If I wanted to walk,

I wouldn't be here, would I?

- Anna said I was to talk to Golodkin.

- Who?

Look, I've got these marks,

West German money. I was trying to...

- That's all right. I can deal in that.

- No, no.

Gotta be Golodkin.

"Make sure it's Golodkin" she said.

It's all right, friend. Meet Feodor,

Feodor Golodkin. I'm your man.

You never said a truer word.

Where the fuck
are you going?!

- This is militia headquarters, dickhead!

- Just shut it.

I work for the KGB.

I'm not talking to you.

All right?

Now, listen...

Pasha... open the window.

My pleasure.

This is all some kind
of a misunderstanding.

How did a greasy, parasitic pimp like you
come to meet a girl like Irina Asanova?

Who?

Pasha, handcuff this piece of shit.

- Hey, now look. Hey, come on.

- My pleasure.

Hey, now listen. Get off me.

Come on! I'm protected by KGB.

- Ow! That hurts!

- Pasha, lift him up.

- Get off me!

- Why are you trying to escape?

I'm not! I'm not!

What did he do, Pasha?

Ran wildly to the open window,
Comrade Chief Investigator.

- That's right.

- No, I didn't! I didn't! I didn't! I didn't!

No! No-o-o-o!

We were counting.

When we reached three, away he went.

- You're crazy. You wouldn't.

- One.

- Two.

- No!

- Three!

- No! Listen!

That's him. He and Valerya and Irina and
this big fellow, Kostia, they were cronies.

Kostia, did you say?

- Who was he? What was he?

- He was a big ape from Siberia. Mukta.
He was screwing Valerya.
And they all knew Jack Osborne?
Mr Jack Osborne? Yeah.
- He wanted to bed down the girl. Valerya.
- And did he?
I should think so. Girls like
screwing foreigners, don't they?
It's almost as good as travel.
Clean sheets, little presents.
And Kostia didn't seem to mind.
He was after something else.
You see, Kostia knew that
Mr Jack Osborne wanted something.
- That's...
- What did Osborne want?
A chest. A big church chest.
That's not a nun with tits.
You know, with religious panels. Big...
- What for?
- I don't know.
But he promised me 2,000 American
dollars if I could get him one.
- And did you?
- Yes, I did.
But Mr Jack Osborne
looked straight through me.
He got one from those three.
Cheaper, I'll bet.
- Kirwill, Valerya and Kostia?
- Yeah. And I can't sell the one I got.
It's too big for anybody to smuggle out.
You can't chop up a chest and hide it in...
Where is this chest?
Where is it?
My place.
- Pasha, go with him. I want that chest.
- What, now?
Yes, now.
Goodbye, pretty lady.
Well, I work hard. I work very hard.
Holy Peter!
Something you want?
Anything you'd like?

Where's this chest?

How about, um,

100 good French condoms?

- All colours.

- 100?

Mm. It's just about enough

for a weekend, eh?

- The chest.

- It's in the bathroom.

There's no room for it in there.

I don't want the damn thing

clutterin' up my nice room, anyway.

Comrade Prosecutor, Golodkin

was of some assistance to KGB.

- You know how it is.

- An informer, you mean.

- Well, it is our case.

- What do you mean "your case"?

- You festering baboon.

- And we have already determined

that Golodkin shot your man and

then turned his own gun upon himself.

- Very swift deduction. Congratulations.

- Your man was unarmed.

It was that file, wasn't it?

It was a trap. A trap!

- I have no idea what you're talking about.

- Listen!

- You killed him! It was you!

- Arkady! Arkady!

Pull yourself together.

There is an American

who is a link to everything.

Oh? Who?

An American who knew

all three of them.

An American who had

dealings with Golodkin.

An American who has

very powerful friends.

- KGB friends.

- Who?

An acquaintance of yours, I'm...

Osborne.

Osborne? Jack Osborne?

Why would an American businessman kill
three nobodies in the middle of Moscow?

I don't know.

- Unless...

- Unless what?

Unless they were all involved
in something so big
that Osborne had to make sure
his partners would never, ever talk.

- Jack Osborne.

- Yes.

Are you sure? Quite sure?

In my bones.

Well, then...

go after him.

He's at the Metropole Hotel.

Rattle him.

Trip him up.

Where is Valerya? You have to tell me.

Safe.

Please. I must know.

At this precise moment?

Certainly finishing her lunchtime
apertif in Manhattan.

Come to my room.

Please.

Let me go!

Go away. I'm KGB.

Why'd you come in
through the window, Boris?

What?

The door was open.

- Who is she?

- Irina Asanova.

She knew your brother and the other two.

We've got to get her temperature down
quicker. Get some ice from my fridge.

- Was she in on the killings?

- She thinks they got out.

She can't believe they're dead.

But she's the key.

Jesus Christ! What the hell kind
of a diet are you on, anyway, pal?

Bring the ice.
What the hell is that?
I had it reconstructed from
one of the Gorky Park heads.
Why?
The killer had sliced off their faces.
Shit.
She'll be in a bad way when she comes
round, and if she sees that head...
I'll take it.
She's going to be all right.
He didn't get enough into her veins.
Renko, give me somethin'.
Give me somethin' to work on.
Come on.
I believe the three were making a chest.
A religious chest for
the black market in icons.
- Yeah. And?
- Their clothing.
Beside the traces of gold and gesso...
there were spots of chicken
and fish blood. I don't know why.
I've been in Soviet markets. I've never
seen anything fresh enough to bleed.
- I'll be seeing you.
- I'm very grateful to you.
Well, when you took that shot
at me you aimed away.
Not by much.
By enough. Maybe you're for real.
Maybe you just don't shoot very well.
You'll never know, will you?
Why did you save my life?
You're important to my investigation.
- Now what?
- Well, when your clothes are dry, you go.
Where?
It's up to you.
Home.
They'll be waiting for me.
Friends, then. You must have
someone you can stay with.
And get them into trouble as well?

- Citizen Asanova...

- Irina.

You've undressed me.

Irina.

- This is the worst place for you to be.

- It's very simple.

Either you are with them, and it doesn't matter where I run, or you are not and...

- You'll be trapped here. They saw me.

- We'd be trapped here.

I can't take care of you.

You've got two plates, two cups.

Why did you go to the hotel?

- What is Osborne to you?

- A friend.

A friend? What sort of friend?

Is he the one you think

got them out? Is that it?

No questions.

Irina.

My friend is dead. Your friends are dead.

- Why delude yourself? Why?

- Then why did KGB try to take me?

Perhaps to protect the killer.

To protect Osborne.

All I know is your friends were killed.

- No!

- Irina, please.

If I had a gun and I could get out, I'd shoot you now.

Here, take it.

Take it.

What are you waiting for?

That's not going to get me out, is it?

How are they killed?

- Uh, who?

- Sables.

- You don't think I kill them myself?

- Yes, I do.

Oh, no, no, no. I do not soil my hands.

I mean, do you kill the animal when you eat his flesh or use his skin for boots?

No. Like most of us I turn my eyes from such things.

- Exactly.

- I said like most of us.

Yes, I suppose there are those who enjoy the act of butchery.

Especially if they feel themselves superior beings.

- Yes?

- What are we talking about?

- Dead bodies in Gorky Park.

- Ah.

- Doesn't it interest you?

- Me?

I have established that you knew all three of them.

Have you, now?

Well.

I met Stalin when I was young.

Did you know that?

No.

Well, you do know that Stalin is dead.

Now, does the mere fact that I met him prove that I killed him?

- The sadist cut off their faces.

- Do you mind?

In the same way he might skin an animal.

A sable, perhaps.

I don't think we'll be seeing each other again.

Oh?

You once said that patience was your only virtue.

That you watch and you wait.

I have only four days more in Moscow.

After that I'm leaving for good.

However, I feel that you deserve some reward.

Expect a knock at your door.

I'm having that sable hat delivered to you.

- It was good. Thank you.

- Anybody can cook stew.

You could burn it. I do.

Irina?

Help me, please.

How do I know the attack on me

wasn't staged to make me trust you?
Irina.
How do I know that you didn't plan it
to make me betray my friends?
Like Osborne, you mean.
Your friend Osborne.
Let's talk about Osborne.
Tell me about Osborne.
Is that all you can do? Talk?
Talk?
Irina, listen.
You don't have to talk so much.
Irina, I am your friend.
No. My enemy.
Everything I've told you... is either
an extraordinarily elaborate lie...
or the very simple truth.
It's a lie.
No! No!
They're not dead. They're not dead.
Don't hold back. Let it out. Let it come.
I'm...
Arkady, I'm going out of my mind.
I don't know what's going on or who to...
Irina, listen to me. I won't tell you lies.
- No, you're tormenting me.
- No. No, Irina.
It doesn't matter how ridiculous a lie is
if it's your only chance of escape.
No. Irina, no.
It doesn't matter how obvious the truth is
if the truth is that you'll never escape.
Irina.
So this Irina was
a friend of my brother.
At the university before he was deported.
Why did he come back?
Jimmy wanted to be a fuckin' hero.
You gotta turn right, right here.
He was determined to smuggle somebody
out of the Soviet Union.
Anybody, even if they didn't wanna go.
How come you know so much about us?
My grandmother. She was one

of you. She was a Russian.
I spoke Russian before I spoke English.
Jimmy was... He was always
obsessed with this country.
It's all he ever talked about.
All right. You gotta turn left
in here and then park.
- Heard of born-again Christians?
- No.
Born-again Christians. They don't smoke,
they don't swear, they don't fuck.
All they do is talk about Jesus
and try to walk on the goddamn water.
That was Jimmy, God love him.
- That's it over there.
- How'd you find this place?
I got a nose for fresh fish
and chicken blood.
What a stench.
This is where they made the chest.
That's how they got 'em out.
- Live sables.
- Bingo. They fed 'em the fresh meat.
Six live sables.
I'm no expert on sable shit
but, yeah, I think so.
They'd be worth how much
to an American?
Freedom. Smash the monopoly. How
high can you count? Worth killing for.
Motive.
Evidence.
Circumstantial.
Witness.
In your apartment, Arkady.
She's got to tell me, now.
Osborne is leaving in three days.
Don't kill him.
Not yet.
What is it, Arkasha?
I have no sugar for your tea.
I don't need it.
Do you still think I'm lying to you?
- That I am just a militia investigator?

- Arkasha...

Do you imagine I'm trying to trap you,
that this is all just a terrible game?

No.

But...

But what?

- If Valerya is safe somewhere...

- Irina, I love you.

I... Arkasha...

Help me.

I've learned to trust nothing.

Nobody.

Never.

Irina.

If Valerya is safe somewhere, I...

And if she is dead, she is dead.

How can I help her?

- Let's go.

- Arkady.

You talk too easily about dying.

Where are we going, Arkasha?

You'll see.

You know who was here, don't you?

Come on!

No.

Then what else can I do?

Little Jimmy.

Kostia, the big man.

Valerya, you. Let us reconstruct.

- Please. Arkady, don't.

- There's three of you.

You believe a whole new life
is about to begin. Yes. Glide.

Glide. Valerya and Kostia and Jimmy.

Let your skates bite and hiss.

Your very movement reminds you of the
freedom that will soon be yours. Glide.

Glide, my little ones.

Ah, Valerya.

The little bird. She's wearing her
friend's skates. Her good friend.

But there's someone else watching.

Isn't there? Someone who

beckons them from the ice.

Oh, happy Valerya. Trusting
Valerya. Innocent Valerya.
I'm their saviour from the West.
It's laughter and toasts.
Hear the music?
Ah, we need another bottle.
Why not? I sort through the bag.
I feel the grip of the gun.
I turn to Kostia and I smile.
And...
Jimmy doesn't know what's
happening. How can this be?
Osborne had used him to gull the others.
He had been brought back into Russia
as proof that Osborne could get
people in and out. Isn't that so?
Poor Jimmy. Idealistic Jimmy
who only wanted to help.
The Christian who now
must turn the other cheek.
- What about Valerya?
- No, Arkady.
- No.
- My love, why don't you stop me?
Do I have to be the killer?
I have to have a witness.
Someone must tell me.
You must tell me.
I can't.
She doesn't scream. Doesn't run.
What's the point?
Her life, her hopes... done.
This man has made love to her. He can
bring the gun as close as he wants.
He can almost caress her with it
and she'll welcome the bullet.
No.
Yes.
But what of Valerya's friend?
What about you? She won't tell because
she wants Valerya to be in America, free.
She won't tell because Osborne has
told her she is to be the next to get out,
and this fantasy is the most

important thing in her life.
It's all that keeps her going.
Yes.
So, the question is, where is Valerya?
New York.
She's in New York.
But in Moscow...
the great Professor Andreev...
can reconstruct a head.
A face.
From the bones and tissue alone.
No. Hope is all I know.
Here is Valerya.
V- Valerya. Valerya. Valerya!
- Valerya who?
- Valerya Davidova.
- The others?
- Kostia Borodin. James Kirwill.
- What were they doing here?
- Making a chest for Osborne.
American furrier, Jack Osborne?
Yes, Jack Osborne.
You saw what they brought
Osborne here from Siberia.
Tell me. Say it.
Sables.
Live, dead, pelts, what?
- Live sables.
- How many?
Six sables.
Six live sables.
Good girl.
I hate you.
Irina, lies are not freedom.
I hate you!
Where'd she go?
Think she's taken off with Osborne, huh?
OK. Well, tell me where
we're going, will you?
I need the other head.
Then I'll have enough.
The other head?
- KGB?
- Yes.

But why would they steal the evidence?

It must be something else.

- What else?

- Well...

We'll see, won't we?

What the hell are you doin'?

You know where we are.

Now I do.

I'm a fool.

- What does that mean?

- That I've missed everything.

That's lamskoy, the chief
prosecutor of Moscow.

And Jack Osborne. They've
been dealing the whole time.

So now they'll deal with me.

I've no chance now, nowhere to go.

They've beaten me.

Oh, God.

Don't look.

- You'll be even richer.

- You won't be exactly poor.

What can I spend it on here?

I wish I could come to Stockholm.

Diamonds look their best
on a young girl's throat.

You must never
again be seen with me.

But I'll send you a postcard
from Stockholm.

Good luck, then.

- Bastard.

- Don't.

You're making a mistake. We're
on the same side. I promise you.

We wanna talk to him.

You're a fool!

We don't need to talk to him.

Osborne's going to Stockholm.
Stockholm!

Come on! Get me out of this place.

Come on! I wanna stay one step
ahead of that bastard.

You on the outside and me on the inside,

looking at you from the morgue!
I want you to promise me,
Anton, on your life...
that you will take all this - papers, tape -
personally to the prosecutor general.
On my life, I promise.
- And give me your gun.
- Oh, Christ.
It's a lawyer's special issue.
It probably won't shoot straight.
And if Irina ever turns up...
take care of her for me.
Well, sure. I'll give her your beautiful car.
- What are you going to do?
- A brisk walk.
And a little dip.
Arkady.
The firing squad will not be quite
as much fun as Stockholm, will it?
Arkady.
You're out of... you're out of control.
You kept me on the case
to put pressure on Osborne.
He couldn't have been offering... enough.
But you settled.
The price must have been high.
You should be looked after.
Certainly you should be looked after.
How much?
\$100,000, American?
Come on. You know
the value of live sables.
This'll be worth tens
of millions to Osborne.
Osborne was greedy.
That's why I had to
threaten him with, uh...
I was going to say my best man.
150,000, hm? How about that?
- I've ordered stingers.
- Stingers.
- What's that?
- Cognac and crme de menthe.
Which of the two is meant

to spoil the other?
In Sweden all
excesses are permitted.
Comrade Pribluda, when do I get
the gun, and where do I kill him?
You will ask no questions.
You will make no comments.
You will simply do as you're told.
Consider yourself lucky to be still alive.
Osborne will trade. He'll return the
six sabres, but he'll only talk to you.
And I don't like that, Renko.
I'm warning you. Be very, very careful.
Why will he trade?
What will he trade?
Which is the brandy?
Which is the crme de menthe?
Let's see if you can tell, Renko.
Bruised, are we?
I imagine they wanted to make quite sure
you were telling the truth about lamskoy.
Well, he didn't know
how good you were, did he?
The fool.
And now you're here to kill me.
Right?
Yes.
What do you think?
You know the KGB will always
track you down, wherever you are.
Precisely.
So, what exactly are you proposing?
- Do not be unduly alarmed.
- What are you doing?
You haven't seen
the rest of the house yet.
Old houses are so like people,
don't you think?
Full of surprises.
- Open that door.
- What?
Open the door.
I made them bring you.
You see, corruption is part of us.

All of us.

The very heart of us.

Irina?

Why should a woman sleep with a killer unless she likes being hurt?

- No!

- No?

Then it's money that excites you, perhaps? It's money?

You've earned it, Irina. You paid with the lives of your friends. What is this?

Is this another one of his gifts?

You're a whore, Irina.

You're a whore.

When you showed me the head -

Valerya's head - I decided to kill myself.

- Melodrama.

- Yes.

I went to Osborne instead.

I slept with him.

I didn't feel dirty. I felt as though a layer of my skin had been burnt away.

- I knew what to do.

- Yes. Sell yourself.

What else did I have to sell?

I told him I knew everything.

But I knew he wanted me. I told you I'd do anything to get out.

Anything.

The second day in Stockholm I went to the KGB. The Russian embassy.

I told them I could get the sables back if they would trade you for them, if they would let you out because...

because I...

Irina?

I had to get you out.

It was the only reason.

Why would Osborne trade the sables for me?

He's got more than six, Arkasha.

Valerya and the others helped him use the route once before.

He's got another six sables.

And nobody knows it, except him and me.

And now you.

Frankly, I am astounded that your people would understand a sexual obsession.

But, well, it seems they understand that I want her enough to trade the sables.

Only she won't come without you.

But they sent me here to kill you.

But they'd rather have their little furry friends back.

- But my job is to kill you.

- What?

Kill a man who keeps his promises?

You see the hat that was not delivered to you in Moscow.

Barguzinsky sable. The finest.

There's no more comparison between this and ordinary fur than Irina's skin and that of other women. Feel it.

You're sick, Osborne. Sick. I don't want the hat or anything else from you.

Oh, be forgiving. You want to survive, don't you?

Tomorrow, if you convince them, the Soviets and I will trade.

You and Irina for the six sables.

Oh, and, uh, \$200,000.

Do you agree?

Yes.

A stinger, please. A stinger.

- That's a whore's drink.

- I am a whore.

- How many?

- Three upstairs. KGB.

- Maybe more down here.

- OK. What's the score?

- I'll give you one, two, three.

- OK. Shoot.

One.

Osborne is deceiving KGB into a swap.

Six sables for Irina and me, plus dollars.

- But he's got more out than they know.

- When's the swap?

- Tomorrow. They've bought it.

- OK. Two.

Two. I am under orders from Moscow to kill Osborne and the sables.

- Three.

- Three. The KGB kills Osborne, you, the girl and the sables.

Am I right?

- Correct.

- Does she know this?

No.

- You're in a hell of a jam. Did I tell you?

- Yes, thank you. Eat some of my peanuts.

I'll be there. Good luck.

- What are you doing?

- This is a whore's drink.

- Give me that. Let's get out of here.

- We've got an early start.

Son of a bitch.

Oh, no.

- Don't touch him.

- Oh...

God, no.

What are you up to, Renko?

What's he doing here?

- What the hell is going on?

- Who is it? Who?

A friend.

He killed my dogs.

I gutted him because he killed my dogs.

Now, Mr Osborne.

Let's not concern ourselves with the intruder.

Are these the six sables?

The sables are dead.

Throw down your guns.

Not while you have yours.

Mr Osborne, everything is correct now.

You may take Renko here. We take the sables. No one needs guns.

The sables are dead.

I do not intend to join them.

We're not thugs, Mr Osborne.

If that's what you want,

you may have our weapons.

- Rurik, Osborne will kill you.

- Stay out of this, you.

Wake up. He'll kill all
of you, except Pribluda.

- What?

- Pribluda is Osborne's man.

- That's why he'll give up his gun.

- Renko, you're a liar.

It's all right. Renko is unarmed.

- I made sure of that.

- Put the gun down.

- What?

- Put down the gun.

Jack...

listen.

I've got the money.

Mr Osborne.

On your right there are two more KGB.

Keep your head down.

Holy Peter.

Arkasha!

Irina, stay out!

Step out, Renko.

Or the girl is dead.

No, Arkasha.

Renko.

That's a KGB gun.

Now we can be free.

Arkasha?

Irina.

I have to go back.

No.

I have to go back, otherwise
they will hunt you down.

That was...

That was the deal I made in Moscow.

Kill the sables. Kill Osborne. Go back.

And you could go free.

No.

No.

Irina, look at me.

No, look at me.

What do you see?

A Russian.

I never could be anything else.

- Then I'll come back.

- No.

You were dead there. Dying there.

I will always...

love you.

Arkasha.

One day, Irina.

One day.

Chief Investigator Renko reporting
for duty, Comrade General.

One day, Arkasha.

One day.