

1. INT. DINER. DAWN

We see pictures of Cold War historical events on the wall. Girl waitress goes through the diner and brings a milk shake to a client. Two CIA agents come into the diner. Agent Doyle BRUNSON (50), tall bold man with tough look looks around. He spots someone in the back of the diner and goes there. Young agent Ralph PERRY (20's) is following him. They come up to a single table where cocky FSB agent Igor KURGANOV (35) is sitting at and drinking a milk shake. BRUNSON looks at KURGANOV. BRUNSON is hesitating is he doing right but he starts.

BRUNSON

Do you sell a Slavic closet?

KURGANOV

The closet is sold. Can offer you a nickel-plated bed.

PERRY

With a nightstand?

KURGANOV

With a nightstand.

KURGANOV nods them to take a seat. PERRY sits first, then BRUNSON.

PERRY

Who's taught you such passphrases?
FSB?

KURGANOV glances at PERRY with contempt. Finishes his milk shake. (сёрбая трубочкой)

KURGANOV

No. James Bond.

BRUNSON

I am agent Doyle Brunson. This is my partner Ralph Perry.

KURGANOV

Igor Kurganov.

BRUNSON

How was your flight?

KURGANOV

There are no direct flights from Murmansk. Boat. Plane. Bus. Another bus. And here I'm out 1759\$ and 95 cents.

PERRY

I bet you took the cheapest tickets.

KURGANOV

Oh yeah pussy mustache agent. I did. Because I need to pay for myself to come to another country in another part of the world to sell national secret files to CIA which can't even provide me with an airport transfer!

BRUNSON

Shut up for a minute Perry! (to KURGANOV) So you've got what you offered us.

KURGANOV calms down a bit.

KURGANOV

Maybe. First, I'd like to see and touch what I'll get in return.

BRUNSON takes out an envelope from his jacket. Unpacks it and pulls out an American passport. KURGANOV's eyes sparkle. He wants this passport. But BRUNSON puts it back quickly.

BRUNSON

By the way, thanks for providing your passport photo. You really helped us to get it done on time. You look younger, but it's fine.

PERRY

Yeah, you couldn't have at least used a different photo for your fake US travel visa.

KURGANOV

What? No. It's... not...

BRUNSON

Now you understand that your information must be very interesting for us.

KURGANOV

Ok, mister Brunson. I bet it will excite you so much that Donald Trump personally will give me double golden American citizenship!

KURGANOV slightly bends to his bag, opens it. PERRY puts a laptop on the table expecting to receive a memory stick, but KURGANOV puts on the table a thick file.

BRUNSON

What's this?

KURGANOV

This, my friend, is the information about the newest Russian nuclear submarine "Borey" project 975.

PERRY

Damn, you stole it in the 60's?

KURGANOV

You expected that I'll give you a memory stick smuggled in my ass? Sorry. I came from Murmansk remember? At least you can be sure that this is the only copy.

BRUNSON

Do you mind if I take a look?

KURGANOV

Sure... Only without all those cameras in contact lenses and other spy stuff, ok? Look at me. I know that Tesla-boy is making things for CIA.

KURGANOV stares closely at BRUNSON eyes. BRUNSON and PERRY look at each other, omg, is he a total idiot? KURGANOV pushes the file to BRUNSON. BRUNSON opens the file, looks through a numerous pages and pictures of a submarine, various drawings. PERRY looks into the file too.

BRUNSON

Wow.

BRUNSON takes a floppy disk and audio tape lying on the top, he is surprised, PERRY too.

KURGANOV

Yep. I can bring more papers if you want. There were many other secret documents in different lockers at the base. Nuclear missiles, bombs, reactors, maps..

BRUNSON unfolds a big map from small packed piece of paper.

KURGANOV

I pinpointed all the military bases and production wharves. Like a bonus.

BRUNSON

We are fine with this... so far.

PERRY

Damn, so it's true that the Russians have upgraded Dead Hand System. Priceless information. (to Brunson)

You won't get reamed out before retirement, huh?

BRUNSON

Shut up and check this out.

BRUNSON gives PERRY few papers. PERRY looks through them. Pause.

KURGANOV

I saw beautiful ocean views on my way here by bus. Perfect place to live.

BRUNSON and PERRY are busy with documents.

KURGANOV (CON'D)

By the way, how much is a beach house around here?

PERRY

One or two million.

KURGANOV

Wow... Nice...

BRUNSON finishes looking through the documents.

BRUNSON

Great job, mister Kurganov. I think we can congratulate you with American citizenship.

BRUNSON closes the file, takes out the envelope with passport.

PERRY

Da! Vodki tovarishch?

KURGANOV instantly takes back the file.

KURGANOV

(to Perry) Potselui moyu zalupu! If you know what I mean. (to Brunson) Slow down, Doyle. I just thought it's not an equivalent exchange. I believe it will be equal if you add to the passport something like 2 million dollars.

PERRY

50 thousand tops!

KURGANOV

Are you at the fucking Egyptian market to haggle here? 2 million dollars. It's not... negotiable.

PERRY

There's no such word in the English language.

KURGANOV

Fine! I think Canadians have such word like "2 million". Or Brits. Or Chinks.

BRUNSON

It's up to you.

KURGANOV

Oh, it's up to me.

BRUNSON

Yes. Up to you.

KURGANOV

Haha. Up to me.

BRUNSON

Up to you!

KURGANOV

Up to me!

PERRY

Up to you!

KURGANOV / BRUNSON

Shut up!

BRUNSON

It is up to you Igor.

KURGANOV

Fine, Doyle.

KURGANOV is going to leave. BRUNSON doesn't stop him. KURGANOV walks towards the exit. Then he returns.

KURGANOV

Ok. Passport and half of a million.

BRUNSON

60 grand and Green Card.

KURGANOV

What?! Fuck you! Green card? You are fucking scammers! And you go and fuck your moustache.

BRUNSON

Say "yes", mister Kurganov. This submarine will probably just sink. If you know what I mean.

KURGANOV doesn't reply.

BRUNSON

You came here with forged visa,
mister spy. When we leave without
this file, the immigration police
will come here in a minute.

KURGANOV is speechless. BRUNSON and PERRY move to exit.

KURGANOV

Suka, blyat, pindosy ebuchie, idite
nahui otsyuda... Wait... I agree. Just
let me stay in the United States...
Legally... Please... I can't go back.

BRUNSON

Here's your legal documents and a
cash card.

BRUNSON puts on a table another envelope. PERRY takes the
file.

BRUNSON (CON'D)

Security PIN is zero-zero-zero-zero.

PERRY

May I ask you a question?

KURGANOV

Go on.

PERRY

Why did you do it?

KURGANOV

What?

PERRY

Betrayed your country.

KURGANOV

I'm 35... I want to live. To live like
a human being so badly. And to work.
To work in a country which can be
proud of you someday. Proud for good.
Not for shooting the Boeing down in
the Ukrainian sky. Where annexing
foreign territories is not a national
heroic deed. In a country where space
rockets are not falling down and
submarines are not sinking... We can't
even poison enemies properly! I don't
want to live in a country where
national ideas are force, impudence,
boorishness and impunity. I can't be
Russian. I'm done, I'm sick. I'm not
Russian. I can feel that I am
American right away.

PERRY

Well, at least you are not a Muslim.

BRUNSON

Welcome to the United States.

BRUNSON and PERRY go out. KURGANOV stays sitting near the window. He looks to the window with hope. The song "Прекрасное далеко» is playing. KURGANOV opens his bag gets out a red cap "Make America Great Again". He sits for a second looking to the window and then takes the envelope, his bag and leaves the diner.

Fade out. Title:

"Igor Kurganov was arrested and deported for a regular drunk driving, insulting and assaulting a police officer just after only 8 days".

"He has back for FSB". "For a bribe in 56.240\$"