

A man in a dark suit and tie is sitting on a metal fence. He is looking to the right. The background is a light blue sky with some faint clouds. There are stone pillars on either side of the fence.

I THINK HE'S STILL ALIVE.

UNBELIEVABLE.

The man is sitting on the fence, looking directly at the viewer with a serious expression.

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU?

*I am a myth, a legend, a representative of the hopes and fears of my countrymen. I am the prince who drank the healing water.*

The man is now standing on the fence, holding a handgun in his right hand. He is looking to the right.

HERE, TIE HIM UP.

AND BRING A CAR AROUND.

*I am the boy who tamed the talking wolf. Who slew the magic tiger.*

The man is standing on the fence, looking to the right. He is holding the handgun in his right hand.

LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN BREATHE UNDERWATER.

*I am the boy who knows that there are magic tigers.*



IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN ALL RIGHT. IT SHOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED. THERE WAS A CEASEFIRE.

WHY WAS HE HERE, ANYWAY? THE TSAR, I MEAN. HE DIDN'T NEED TO BE HERE.



BUT NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE, STARETS, YOU COULD--

DRIVER...

TSAR NICHOLAS' REASONS ARE HIS OWN. YOURS IS NOT TO QUESTION.

OF COURSE, SIR. OF COURSE. I DIDN'T MEAN--

WHERE IS HE?



THIS WAY, SIR.





