

JUSTINE. I care, I'm angry, I'm upset. That doesn't mean I can't do a good job.

SUNITA. We'd be better served by moving you.

*Pause.*

JUSTINE. Am I being punished?

SUNITA. No.

JUSTINE. That's how it feels.

SUNITA. You need time to calm down. Somewhere... quiet.

JUSTINE. Where I can't do too much damage if I fuck up again. Right?

*Pause. SUNITA thinking.*

SUNITA. Remind me. How good is your Russian?

20.

KOPLOV's office. KOPLOV and JUSTINE are having sex, against or on the desk, fully clothed.

*He comes and quickly rearranges himself and moves away from her. He picks up her knickers from the floor and throws them at her.*

KOPLOV (in Russian). Yours.

*She puts her knickers on.*

JUSTINE (in Russian). What's wrong, Anton?

KOPLOV. I want you to type up a letter for me.

JUSTINE. Uh. Yes, okay.

*A little confused, JUSTINE opens her laptop and sits ready to type.*

KOPLOV. Are you ready?

JUSTINE. Yes.

KOPLOV. The letter is to Mr Kravchuk. Dear Vladimir. I am unhappy to report that my suspicions were correct. There is a mole in my office. I have discovered that the guilty party is my assistant, Julya...

JUSTINE stops typing. KOPLOV begins speaking in English.

Why have you stopped typing?

JUSTINE. Anton, how could you think –

KOPLOV. Julya is working for the other side.

JUSTINE glances towards the door.

Julya has been working for me long enough to know that my security detail is always right outside my office door. Why aren't you typing?

JUSTINE. You're scaring me, Anton.

KOPLOV. Type, or I will cut your fucking fingers off!

JUSTINE puts her hands back on the keyboard and begins typing again.

Julya is a woman called Justine and most of what she told me about herself is a cover story. She is not half-Russian. She is not an orphan. She is a British Intelligence Officer. I had been suspicious of her for some time but I allowed things to continue, whilst only feeding her false or valueless information to protect myself. Why did I do this? Because I wanted to learn for myself what kind of person Justine is. How far would she go to get information out of me? The answer is, quite far.

JUSTINE stops typing again.

Justine will go quite far. I am not sure if this is because she is a good officer or because she is a whore. Type!

JUSTINE types.

I am embarrassed to reveal to you that I had become quite fond of Julya before a picture of her was found showing that she was not being entirely truthful with me.

JUSTINE. What picture?

KOPOV. You in a bar kissing a young artist. It was still not easy to track down your true identity from there but I know all about you now. Your family.

JUSTINE *begins speaking English.*

JUSTINE. You should let me go.

KOPOV. You are on Russian territory in this Embassy. I will do whatever I want.

JUSTINE. Anton...

KOPOV. I would like to ask you a question. Did you sleep with me only for your work?

*Pause.*

JUSTINE. For what it's worth I actually quite like you.

KOPOV. You have made me very angry and you have made me feel foolish, but you impress me. Without that picture you could have remained undetected. I could do with people like you on my side.

*Pause.*

JUSTINE. I'll give you the number of my superior officer. She'll negotiate with you for my release.

KOPOV. How much do they pay you? The pay is very low for people like you. You could earn more in the city, or in most other serious professions. I would pay you properly.

JUSTINE. The pay is low because we're not motivated by money.

KOPOV. What are you motivated by? Are you doing this to help your country?

JUSTINE. Something like that, yeah.

KOPOV. You slept with me to help your country?

*Pause. JUSTINE is frowning.*

JUSTINE. I thought it would help you trust me. That you'd be likely to give me better access and more important information.

KOPOV. And was it worth it?

*Pause.*

Ask yourself what you have given for your country and what your country has given for you. I do not believe that you are seeing this young artist any more.

JUSTINE. That's got nothing to do with it.

KOPOV. He has returned to his wife.

*Pause.*

JUSTINE. Good.

KOPOV. Good?

JUSTINE. I. It was my choice.

KOPOV. And one you made freely?

*Pause.*

I think I know a little bit about you, Julya. Justine. You were young and you were full of idealism. You thought you could make a difference. Yes?

JUSTINE. I'm supposed to be Clark Kent, not Superman.

KOPOV. Excuse me?

JUSTINE. Anton... let me leave, please?

KOPOV. You are old enough now to have woken up from your youthful dreams. Surely you can see that you're just a cog in a big machine. They use people like you up and spit them out and pay very badly for the privilege of doing so, but you would be very valuable to me. Very important.

*Pause. JUSTINE is wavering.*

Please, Justine. Let us talk about this.