

KATASTROFIA

Story by

Matthieu R. McClintock

Screenplay by

Matthieu R. McClintock & James Massaro

FADE IN:

INT. COFFEE BEAN - MORNING

ROMAN SIDOROV, 20, dark hair, dressed in jeans and a white shirt, sits at one of the tables, drinks coffee, carefully examines a textbook which is filled with highlighted material, the textbook involves architecture; Roman is very focused. Finally he gets to the end of the chapter and closes the textbook quickly.

He stands up, revealing his physique in comparison to those around him at the cafe; he is well-built with broad shoulders; he is also a handsome young man, confident looking. He then collects his books into a briefcase like container.

EXT. COFFEE BEAN - MORNING

Roman exits the cafe and walks towards a BLACK RANGE ROVER SPORT and gets inside.

INT. RANGE ROVER - MORNING

Roman throws his briefcase on the passenger seat and cranks up the engine. The car quickly screeches out of the parking lot.

EXT. ROMAN'S CONDOMINIUM - MORNING

The RANGE ROVER turns into the housing complex and parks. The complex is filled with a luxurious set of condominiums built side to side in a very modernistic style. ROMAN slowly gets out of the vehicle and begins approaching the CONDO, he unlocks the door and walks inside.

INT. ROMAN'S CONDOMINIUM - MORNING

Roman enters the spacious condominium which is extremely impressive for a man his age, he closes and locks the door behind him. Flat screen televisions, brand new Italian imported furniture sets, paintings on the wall, etc.

ROMAN

Melissa?

ROMAN looks around and waits for a response, nothing.

He continues into the LIVING ROOM where he takes off his jacket revealing a suspending holster carrying a 9MM pistol, he takes it off and places it on the table in front of him. He also takes out the contents of his pockets, a cell phone, a wad of cash, a wallet, etc. and places them on the table.

He reaches for the remote and turns on the television set, he changes it to the HISTORY CHANNEL, a documentary special on World War II. Roman begins to get comfortable.

The sound of the lock, the door opens, MELISSA RODRIGUEZ, 22, long dark hair, beautiful smile, almond brown eyes, dressed in a red workout suit that accentuates her curves, enters the condominium. Sweat beads off her forehead.

MELISSA

Hey baby.

Melissa walks over to Roman and kisses him on the cheek.

ROMAN

(laughing)

Come here.

Roman stops Melissa from leaving and grabs her softly for a kiss, she smiles.

MELISSA

You ready for the exam?

ROMAN

Yeah. Should be fine.

MELISSA

You want to go into the city later, maybe celebrate?

Melissa disappears into the bedroom as Roman continues watching the TV.

ROMAN

Yeah, what do you want to do?

MELISSA (OS)

I don't know, maybe go see a show or something.

ROMAN

Ugh, I don't want to see a show, how about a movie?

MELISSA (OS)

Why would we drive all the way into the city to go see a movie?

Roman gets up off the couch and enters the MASTER BEDROOM which is magnificent in size, high vaulted ceilings, a mounted plasma television, a king sized bed. Roman walks into the bathroom where he hears the shower begin to run.

ROMAN
I'll take you shopping.

Roman see's Melissa about to get into the shower, he grabs her naked body and kisses her on the neck.

MELISSA
(smiling)
OK -- Come on I'm all sweaty.

ROMAN
(smiling)
So what?

MELISSA
Come on, don't you have your exam?

ROMAN
Yeah, so what?

Roman continues to caress her, she turns around and kisses him on the lips, they begin to make out, Roman lifts Melissa up onto the counter as she begins to undress him, one piece of clothing at a time.

CUT TO:

INT. LAW OFFICES OF BRUCE FEINSTEIN - MORNING

The HECTIC LAW OFFICE is in full swing. SECRETARIES, ATTORNEYS, ASSISTANTS and impatient CLIENTS are all running around the grandiose office, making phone calls, answering phones and typing away on their computers. In the back of the office, we can hear screaming as we pan through.

CUT TO:

PRIVATE OFFICE

BRUCE FEINSTEIN, 43, strong build, slightly bald, dressed in a dark suit, stands behind his desk. A gorgeous SECRETARY stands in front of him . . .

SECRETARY
(screaming)
You're a fucking asshole! Everyone in this town knows what a piece of shit you are, have fun finding another secretary who could do half the shit I fucking did!

BRUCE
 Like give me hand jobs under my
 desk during conference calls? Come
 on, Debbie Love.

SECRETARY
 Fuck off Bruce!

The secretary begins to leave.

BRUCE
 You got this all wrong.
 (screaming)
 FUCK YOU! You money grubbing whore
 you thought because you gave me a
 little head that you had some kind
 of job security? GET THE FUCK OUT
 OF MY OFFICE!

The secretary is fuming; she runs back into the office,
 Bruce tries to grab her, she starts slapping him.

SECRETARY
 (crying)
 YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE!

BRUCE
 (screaming)
 Get the fuck out of here!

Bruce gets her off of him; everyone in the office is now
 looking at the scene, somewhat in amusement. Bruce begins to
 notice, now the secretary notices.

BRUCE
 (calming down)
 Come on, now.

Bruce tries to touch her, she swings her arm down.

SECRETARY
 (crying and screaming)
 DON'T YOU FUCKING TOUCH ME!

The secretary runs out of the office, Bruce exits the
 private office to make sure she is gone, everyone is looking
 at him.

BRUCE
 Alright people, back to work.

Everyone continues on with their prior business as Bruce
 fixes his shirt and tie which have been disheveled.

Bruce walks back into his office and pours himself a drink as he calms down. The SPEAKERPHONE sounds.

ASSISTANT (OS)
Mr. Feinstein you have a call on
Line 3.

BRUCE
Who is it?

ASSISTANT (OS)
They wouldn't say.

BRUCE
(softly)
Jesus fucking christ, ALRIGHT SUZY,
put em' through.

We hear a click noise on the speaker phone.

BRUCE
Bruce Feinstein.

MAN'S VOICE (OS)
Bruce -- It's me -- That thing we
we're talking about -- That thing
downtown -- ninety percent sure
it's going down, it's happening.

BRUCE
(to himself)
Fuck.
(to the speakerphone)
Alright, I'll get back to you.

Bruce hangs up the phone, he looks worried now.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDREI SIDOROV'S HOUSE - MORNING

Vaulted ceilings, a lavishly decorated living room adjacent to a large kitchen and dining room.

MELANIE, 10 years old, an absolutely adorable little blond girl, sits in her white nightgown and eats from a bowl of cereal.

Her father, ANDREI, 47, a rough looking character with a permanent emotionless expression on his face, sits in a white bathrobe at the breakfast table and reads the newspaper and enjoys a cup of coffee in silence.

ANGELA SIDOROV, 41, has aged extremely well, she has long dark hair and a charming smile, she enters the living room and kisses Melanie on the cheek.

ANGELA
(to Melanie)
Are you ready to go to school?

MELANIE
Yes.

ANGELA
Let me just get your lunch and then
we'll go.

Angela opens the fridge and takes out a brown paper bag and places it on the counter. Melanie finishes her bowl of cereal and places it in the sink, Angela turns to Andrei.

ANGELA
Hi handsome.

Angela kisses Andrei on the top of the head as he reads the newspaper, he doesn't move from his position.

ANDREI
Hey honey.

ANGELA
(to Melanie)
Come on, baby, let's go.

Angela leads Melanie towards the door after she grabs her keys off the kitchen counter, the phone begins to ring.

ANGELA
I'll get it.

Angela grabs the phone right by the door.

ANGELA
(into the phone)
Hello? -- Hey, Bruce, one second.

Suddenly Andrei looks up at Angela, concerned.

ANGELA
(to Andrei)
It's Bruce.

MELANIE
Tell Uncle Bruce I said hi!

ANGELA
Not right now, Melanie. Go wait
outside, this is an important call
for your father.

Melanie walks out the door to the front of the house, Andrei
walks over and takes the phone from Angela who waits,
looking at him with curiosity, they are both worried.

ANDREI
(into the phone)
Hey. -- Oh yeah, alright, I'll get
ready. Set up everything so we
don't have to do it last minute,
alright, I'll see ya'.

ANDREI hangs up the phone, he looks disappointed.

ANDREI
(to Angela)
Looks like they're going to hand
out the indictments.

ANGELA
(with worry)
When?

ANDREI
Could be today, could be next week,
could be never. I just want to be
ready for when the time comes.

ANGELA
Oh my god.

Angela hugs Andrei who maintains his serious expression.

ANDREI
It will be fine, sweetie. You know
how it goes, come on. You got to
take Melanie to school.

Angela tries to stop herself from crying.

ANGELA
Why won't they just leave us alone
already?

ANDREI
I don't know -- Come on.

Andrei leads Angela to the door; she kisses Andrei and walks
outside where Melanie is standing by the car patiently.

ANDREI
Have a good day at school!

MELANIE
Ok daddy!

Andrei smiles and closes the door, he turns around.

CUT TO:

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - MORNING

The CLASSROOM is completely packed and silent as around sixty students take an entrance exam into one of top ARCHITECTURAL PROGRAMS in the state. Roman is sitting amongst the students, quickly finishing up the exam. Something is off, ROMAN reaches for his pocket, his cell phone is vibrating.

ROMAN opens up his cell phone discretely and reads the text message from JOEY.

3:15

Roman continues the exam, he finishes it and then gets up from his seat, one of the first people to finish, he looks confident as he smiles at the PROCTOR and hands it in.

CUT TO:

INT. RANGE ROVER - MORNING

ROMAN is driving his car while he smokes a cigarette. His cell phone begins to ring, the screen says MOM, he doesn't pick it up.

CUT TO:

EXT. DENNY'S - MORNING

The RANGE ROVER pulls into the parking lot and parks. Roman gets out of the car and finishes his cigarette, he drops it on the ground, puts it out with his foot and continues into the restaurant.

PAN OVER TO:

ACROSS THE STREET

A sketchy looking SUBURBAN. Two MEN with BINOCULARS are watching the Denny's from a parking lot across the street.

AGENT #1
(to agent #2)
We got confirmation on the cell phone.

CUT TO:

INT. DENNY'S - MORNING

Roman walks into the active restaurant, there are families eating breakfast, students, people discussing politics over a cup of coffee. Roman sits down at the counter and looks around.

WAITRESS (OS)
What can I get for you?

Roman turns to the WAITRESS.

ROMAN
Cup of coffee, please.

A ring of the door, another customer walks in . . . JOEY DESIMONE, 29, a tall man with a dark complexion and black slicked hair, dressed in a black suit. He sits down next to ROMAN, they exchange eye contact for a moment.

The WAITRESS places the cup of coffee down in front of ROMAN, he begins to sip it, the waitress looks at JOEY.

ROMAN
(to the waitress)
Thank you.

WAITRESS
(to Joey)
And you?

JOEY
Cup of coffee.

The WAITRESS turns around to get JOEY a cup of coffee, JOEY slides a set of car keys across the counter, no one notices. ROMAN puts the set of keys in his pocket and continues sipping his coffee. The waitress places a cup of coffee down in front of Joey.

WAITRESS
(smiling)
Here you go, hun.

JOEY
Thanks.

ROMAN places a five dollar bill on the counter and stands up, he drops a set of keys on Joey's lap and walks out of the restaurant.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN - MORNING

Two DEA AGENTS are sitting in the front of the car with BINOCULARS, they watch as Roman exits the restaurant. One of them lifts the radio up to his mouth.

AGENT

Suspect is leaving the restaurant.
He is getting into another car, a
BLACK CADILLAC, CTS.

From the SUBURBAN we watch as Roman gets into the BLACK CADILLAC and drives off.

AGENT

We're moving.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

The floor of the NEW YORK ORGANIZED CRIME DIVISION. Dozens of cubicles, private offices, board rooms, bathrooms, as well as a COFFEE and DONUT area. Dozens of agents are running around the offices answering telephones, delivering messages to their superiors and typing on computers.

SPECIAL AGENT JASON MARBURY and SPECIAL AGENT SEAN O'CONNOR are walking through the side of the office towards the back. MARBURY, 32, a tight build, a bit too confident for his own good, leads the way as O'CONNOR, 31, and much more modest looking, trails closely behind him. Both men are dressed in dark suits . . .

O'CONNOR

You got to admit.

(a beat)

No one thought they would come up
with a true bill this quickly.

MARBURY

Well, they did. So let's make this
happen.

Marbury arrives at the door of his superior, he knocks quickly.

KRUGER (OS)

COME IN!

Marbury opens the door and enters the office, O'Connor follows him.

CUT TO:

KRUGER'S OFFICE

. . .FBI's Head of the Organized Crime Division of New York City, a plaque on the wall states this. Certificates on the walls of everything you can think of, commendations from several mayors, the governor, police academy photographs, pictures with celebrities, etc.

KRUGER, 49, hasn't aged well, a miserable man, is sitting behind his desk looking over a huge packet of papers, he stands up, takes off his black suit jacket, sits back down.

KRUGER

Take a seat.

Marbury and O'Connor sit in the two seats in front of Kruger's desk.

KRUGER

How much do you guys know about Andrei Sidorov?

MARBURY

We've been following this investigation from the beginning, sir.

KRUGER

Good. Because all that information is about to come in handy, I got something special for you guys that our lovely district attorney has cooked up.

Marbury and O'Connor kind of look at each other, not sure. Kruger slides a file across the desk, ROMAN SIDOROV'S FBI FILE. There is a picture of him, probably from his driver's license.

KRUGER

Roman Sidorov. Andrei's twenty year old scumbag son. He's a small time dope dealer on Long Island, the kid's only twenty but the DEA is on him -- They've been following this kid for a while. -- I think he might be the missing piece of this investigation.

O'CONNOR

How is that, sir?

KRUGER

Sure we got witness testimony, wiretaps, surveillance photos, all the basics. The one thing that we do need, is Andrei Sidorov.

(getting closer)

Here's the problem, we don't have enough substantial evidence against Andrei to force him to turn witness, however, with his son in custody facing some serious drug charges, that may change.

MARBURY

I see.

Kruger slides a card across the table, it has a phone number on it.

KRUGER

(to Marbury)

Marbury I want you to meet up with Hawthorne and his crew and take care of some of these arrests on the indictment, make sure you're on the ride to Andrei's house.

(to O'Connor)

You call this guy, Agent Ramirez from the DEA, they're planning to take this kid down this afternoon, I want you to ride along, make sure everything goes smoothly.

O'CONNOR

Yes, sir.

All of the agents stand up simultaneously.

KRUGER

I can't stress how important Andrei Sidorov is to this entire indictment. Make it stick.

(a beat)

Alright, good luck boys.

CUT TO:

ORGANIZED CRIME DIVISION

Marbury and O'Connor exit the office and continue walking down the side hallway.

O'Connor gets a phone call on his cell phone, answers it.

O'CONNOR
 (into phone)
 Hello? Yes this is him. -- Ok, I'll
 be right there, ok.

O'Connor hangs up the phone looks at Marbury.

O'CONNOR
 Jimmy got in some trouble at school,
 I gotta go over there.

MARBURY
 What do you mean? Kruger just said
 you got to go meet up with those
 guys over at the DEA.

O'CONNOR
 I know, it will only take a second,
 calm down.

O'Connor walks past Marbury and makes his way to the
 elevator, Marbury watches him in amusement.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKER ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - MORNING

A Black Impala with tinted windows pulls up in front of the
 playground of the Elementary School. This is the typical New
 York Public School, everything made of brick and concrete.
 The Impala parallel parks, O'Connor gets out of the car and
 rushes across the street.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKER ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - MORNING

O'Connor walks into the administration offices, there are
 two secretaries behind a window answering phone calls and an
 adjacent waiting area where parents are reading old
 magazines. O'Connor walks up to the window. A SECRETARY gets
 off the phone.

SECRETARY
 Hi, how can I help you?

O'CONNOR
 I'm Jimmy O'Connor's father. I got
 a call from the dean, said he was
 in some kind of trouble.

SECRETARY

Oh, yes. You're son is in with the principal right now, second office on the right.

The secretary hints toward an office, O'Connor looks back to her.

O'CONNOR

Thank you.

CUT TO:

PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

The PRINCIPAL, a bald man in a gray suit, sits behind his desk and looks at JIMMY O'CONNOR, ten years old, a spitting image of his father, he's dressed in jeans and a Yankee's jersey, he squirms around in his seat, a seat entirely too big for him. . .a knock at the door.

PRINCIPAL (OS)

Come in!

O'Connor opens the door, the Principal stands up and shakes his hand.

O'CONNOR

How are you doing, sir?

PRINCIPAL

Not too bad, yourself?

O'CONNOR

Working.

PRINCIPAL

Take a seat, Mr. O'Connor.

O'Connor sits down next to his son, he glances at his son quickly who has a bruise on the left side of his face.

O'CONNOR

So, what happened?

PRINCIPAL

You're son got in a fight with another student. They we're fighting over a girl, another class mate. Even though your son didn't start the fight it's school policy and I have to suspend him for five days.

O'Connor looks at his son, and then to the Principal.

O'CONNOR
(distressed)
Come on. You know how much I work,
how am I going to look after him?

PRINCIPAL
I'm sorry, Mr. O'Connor, rules are
rules.

O'Connor looks at Jimmy, then the principal, then Jimmy.

O'CONNOR
Alright, Jimmy. Let's go.

Jimmy and O'Connor stand up, the Principal follows suit.

PRINCIPAL
Thanks for --

O'Connor and Jimmy leave the office without saying goodbye,
the door slams shut in the face of the principal.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKER ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - MORNING

O'Connor and Jimmy walk out of the Elementary School, across
the street, towards the Black Impala.

O'CONNOR
Come on, Jimmy.

JIMMY
I'm sorry pop. It wasn't my fault,
I'm telling you. This other kid hit
me, what was I supposed to do?

O'CONNOR
Come on, get in the car.

O'Connor and Jimmy get into the Impala.

CUT TO:

INT. O'CONNOR'S APARTMENT - MORNING

The door of the apartment swings open, Jimmy and O'Connor
enter. The apartment is clearly a mess, clothes all over the
floor, everything is unorganized, dishes haven't been done,
food has been left out. There are empty beer bottles all
over the place.

O'CONNOR
Jimmy I got to go back to work, are
you going to be alright here until
I get back?

JIMMY
Yeah, I'll watch TV.

O'CONNOR
How about you do some homework?

JIMMY
I don't have homework, I got
suspended, remember?

O'Connor goes into his BEDROOM, he gets his bullet proof
vest and walks back out into the living room, his son is
turning on the TV.

O'CONNOR
Alright, Jimmy, I'll be back in a
few hours.

O'Connor kisses his son on top of the head and walks out the
door.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROMAN'S CONDOMINIUM - AFTERNOON

The BLACK CADILLAC CTS pulls up in front and parks in the
driveway. Roman gets out of the car, looks around for
suspicious activity and then reaches into the car and pops
the trunk.

The trunk flings open, Roman walks towards it and takes a
big black duffel bag out and swings it over his shoulder. He
closes the trunk with his left hand and starts walking
towards the door of the condo. He takes his key out and
opens it.

CUT TO:

INT. ROMAN'S CONDOMINIUM - AFTERNOON

Roman enters the condo and finds that no one is home. He
walks over to the Master Bedroom and drops the DUFFEL BAG down.

CUT TO:

MASTER BEDROOM

Roman walks into the closet and takes his leather jacket off, he puts it on a hanger, he takes his holster and PISTOL off and puts them in a drawer, he takes a wad of cash out of his pocket and places it in the drawer as well. He then begins to open his LARGE SAFE which has a regular lock as well as a digital code.

Roman leaves the closet for a moment and comes back with the duffel bag which he unzips. It contains several GALLON ZIPLOC BAGS, which are also sealed, full of marijuana. Roman begins unloading the contents of the duffel bag into the LARGE SAFE. When he is done, he stands up and takes out his cell phone, he dials a number.

ROMAN
(into phone)
Yo, it's Roman. Where you at? --
You know I don't like waiting,
hurry up. Alright.

Roman hangs up the phone, he leaves the closet.

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM

Roman sits down on the couch and unbuttons his shirt. He picks the remote up off of the table and turns the TV on, he begins to switch through the channels.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROMAN'S CONDOMINIUM - AFTERNOON

We follow as several DEA Agents, equipped with bullet proof vests and pistols approach the door of the CONDO. Two men holding a battering ram make their way through the agents toward the door. O'Connor is behind these men holding his gun in anticipation.

AGENT
(softly)
1,2,3!

The AGENTS swing the BATTERING RAM.

CUT TO:

INT. ROMAN'S CONDOMINIUM - AFTERNOON

Roman, still sitting on the couch, hears a loud thumping noise at the door, he knows what it is.

He gets up and starts running through the condo to the master bedroom and the porch behind it.

CUT TO:

THE DOOR OUTSIDE

The two AGENTS are standing at the door, dumbfounded.

AGENT

What was that?

O'CONNOR

He's probably got the door plated,
try it again.

The two AGENTS swing the battering ram, it hits the door, still, nothing happens.

O'CONNOR

(laughing to himself)

Well, this really defeats the point
now doesn't it.

O'Connor holsters his weapon and takes off, running around the back of the building.

CUT TO:

THE PORCH

Roman gets ready to jump off the BALCONY, he looks down, only two to three stories. He takes a leap of faith and hits the ground hard.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

He starts to run and gain momentum. He jumps over a fence in someone's backyard. Roman leaps through a doorway and stops a car in the middle of the street and signals them to stop. He approaches the driver's side of the car, there is a tough looking driver. Roman punches the man through the window and throws the man out of the car and gets in.

The car takes off down the road as Roman tries to remain aware of his surroundings, he thinks he is in the clear when suddenly a row of police cars emerge from behind him. He speeds up the MUSTANG as fast as it can go and swerves in between traffic, he finally stops at a light which is jammed with federal agents and suburbans, several agents are holding shotguns towards the car and begin firing at the tires.

Roman puts his hands up, gets out of the car and gets on his knees in the middle of the street.

The agents, including O'Connor, rush him with their shotguns drawn and knock him down to the pavement, his face hits hard, breaking his nose.

O'CONNOR
Don't fucking move kid!

The agents cuff him quickly and lift him up by his arms causing extreme pain, blood drips from the tip of his nose.

CUT TO:

INT. HILTON HOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON

NIKOLAI SIDOROV, 34, a sharp looking and well groomed man is having sex with AMANDA BERNSTEIN, 29, a stunning blonde on the bed. NIKOLAI is pounding her up against the wall of the hotel room hard, she tries to be quiet. After a few moments, they finish and tumble down over on the bed.

AMANDA
(catching her breath)
That was amazing.

Nikolai lights up a cigarette and walks over to the bathroom.

NIKOLAI
(smiling)
You got to stop pulling me away
from work in the middle of the day
like this, we're going to get
caught, I'm going to get caught.

Amanda puts one of the hotel robes on.

AMANDA
(laughing)
I'm sorry I couldn't help it.

Nikolai puts out the cigarette and gets into the shower, he turns on the water. Amanda lays down on the bed, picks up the remote, she turns on the news, a BREAKING STORY.

CUT TO:

NEWS STORY

A FEMALE REPORTER speaks over a series of VIDEO and PICTURES. Mainly, ORGANIZED CRIME FIGURES being arrested all over the city and a few accompanying MUGSHOTS of these defendants.

REPORTER

This morning an indictment was unsealed in the Southern District of New York involving organized crime activity in the area. The indictment involves over 62 counts and thirty four defendants including the administration of the five families of the Italian mafia. Others involved in the indictment are Russian businessman Andrei Sidorov who was allegedly the mastermind behind a several billion dollar gas tax scheme which took birth in the early eighties.

Now they cut to the DISTRICT ATTORNEY, ANTHONY DEMARCO, at a press conference, several reporters are crowding him.

DEMARCO

This indictment is groundbreaking in that it involved bosses, captains and soldiers from all five of the La Cosa Nostra families in New York City as well as Russian organized crime figures as well.

CUT TO:

HOTEL ROOM

Amanda is shocked after seeing ANDREI'S MUGSHOT on the TV, it was obviously from when he was a young man.

AMANDA

(loudly)

Nikolai!

Nikolai comes out of the shower, he starts to dry himself off.

NIKOLAI

What is it?

AMANDA

You're brother -- he was on TV.

Nikolai looks confused, he walks closer to Amanda and the TV.

AMANDA

It just said your brother was indicted in a federal court this morning, he's been taken into custody.

NIKOLAI
 (surprised)
 What? -- Pass me my phone.

Amanda grabs his cell phone off the night stand and passes it to him. He quickly dials Angela on his phone.

NIKOLAI
 (into phone)
 Angela, it's Nikolai. What is this? -- Is he alright? Why didn't anyone tell me? Alright, i'm in the city i'll be there in thirty minutes, alright, bye.

Nikolai hangs up the phone, looks worried.

NIKOLAI
 I got to go.

Nikolai starts to put his clothes on quickly, Amanda watches him.

AMANDA
 Is everything alright?

NIKOLAI
 No, everything is not alright.

Nikolai kisses Amanda.

NIKOLAI
 Call me later.

Nikolai grabs his keys, his phone, his jacket and walks out the door. Amanda sits on the bed, she lays down.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROMAN'S CONDOMINIUM - AFTERNOON

A BLACK 350Z drives in front of the CONDO, Melissa is driving the car. She see's all the DEA AGENTS and POLICE CARS out front, she continues.

CUT TO:

INT. MELISSA'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Melissa drives the car into a parking lot, she parks the car. She looks extremely worried, on the verge of a panic attack. She takes out her cell phone, her hands are shaking. She goes through her contacts, she gets to Angela and presses call.

MELISSA
 (into Phone)
 Mrs. Sidorov, it's Melissa.
 (trying not to cry)
 Something happened with Roman, I
 don't know what's going on, they're
 all over the place.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDREI'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Angela and Nikolai are sitting on the couch having drinks.
 They are in the middle of an obviously serious conversation.

NIKOLAI
 What do you think this is about?

ANGELA
 (aggravated)
 I don't know, he hasn't been
 involved for a long time now. They
 just like to -- they just like to
 fuck with people.

NIKOLAI
 It'll be fine. I'm sure Bruce is
 all over it.

There is a knock at the door, Nikolai looks up.

ANGELA
 It's Melissa.

Angela gets up and answers the door, Melissa is standing
 there, trying extremely hard not to cry. Angela hugs her and
 closes the door behind her, Nikolai gets up.

MELISSA
 I don't know what's going on.

ANGELA
 Calm down, Melissa. Sit down.

Melissa sits down, Nikolai and Angela stand there, waiting
 for some kind of an explanation.

MELISSA
 He went to take his exam this
 morning -- Everything was fine. I
 went to get some groceries -- When
 I got back, there were DEA agents
 and police cars all over the place.

ANGELA

Are you sure they were there for Roman?

MELISSA

Yes -- They were going in and out of the house, I couldn't see Roman anywhere.

(crying now)

What do I do? I don't know what to do.

Angela brings Melissa into her arms, tries to calm her down.

NIKOLAI

I'm going to call Bruce -- see what the fuck is going on.

Nikolai takes his cell phone out and dials a number, Angela is trying to calm down Melissa on the couch. Nikolai walks away from them so they cannot hear him on the phone.

NIKOLAI

(into phone)

Bruce. What the fuck is going on, Roman's girlfriend just came over to the house in tears, she says the DEA and FBI took Roman.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTY JAIL - AFTERNOON

Bruce is getting out of his Black Cadillac in the parking lot in front of the county jail as he talks on his cell phone.

BRUCE

(into phone)

What? Why the fuck would they do that? Alright, I'll look into it I'm at the jail right now picking up Andrei, alright, bye.

Bruce hangs up his cell phone and walks toward the county jail.

BRUCE

(to himself)

FUCK!

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - AFTERNOON

Andrei is sitting across the table from James Marbury and another FBI AGENT who are standing up. Andrei looks emotionless, he has done this many times before.

Marbury finally sits down.

MARBURY

So -- your son got picked up a couple hours ago. My friend over at the DEA told me he's facing some pretty serious charges. -- Apparently your son is quite the business man. Probably takes after his father, don't you think? -- Alright, i'm going to be brief with you Mr. Sidorov.

(getting closer)

You cooperate with us, give us testimony against all the five families, and I will get the district attorney to guarantee that you and your son don't spend one day in prison.

Andrei remains emotionless, it kind of disturbs Marbury.

MARBURY

Here's your other option. You don't cooperate, you face a minimum of twenty years in prison, your son will probably only do five since he's a first time offender. -- What about that?

The door swings open, Bruce Feinstein marches into the room and grabs his client by the arm. Marbury looks upset.

BRUCE

I am Mr. Sidorov's attorney, bond has been placed and my client is no longer in your custody. Thank you very much for your time.

Bruce leads Andrei out of the room, Marbury remains seated, Andrei and Marbury exchange eye contact as Andrei leaves the room. Marbury looks to the other FBI agent.

MARBURY

That guy is fucked -- Let me tell you.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDREI SIDOROV'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Angela, Melissa and Nikolai are sitting around the couches waiting. It looks like Melissa was previously crying. Nikolai seems to be in a deep train of thought. Suddenly the door swings open, Andrei and Bruce enter the house.

Andrei lets out a brief smile as Angela runs up to him and kisses him.

ANDREI
Hey, sweetie.

Nikolai approaches, Andrei and Nikolai both smile and hug each other.

NIKOLAI
How ya' doing?

ANDREI
I've been better.

Andrei looks around at everyone, pauses for a moment, he looks at Melissa who is sitting on the couch.

ANDREI
Melissa, don't worry.

Andrei sits down next to her, puts his arm around her.

ANDREI
(soft tone)
Everything is going to be fine. --
Don't worry. He'll be out first
thing in the morning, you can pick
him up if you want.

Melissa almost starts crying.

ANDREI
(calming tone)
Alright.

ANGELA
Melanie is upstairs.

ANDREI
Alright.
(to Bruce)
Make sure everything is set so
Roman has no problems in the
morning, alright?

BRUCE
Sure thing. I'll have him come
straight from the jail to my office.

ANDREI
(to Bruce)
Good.

NIKOLAI

(to Melissa)

You want me to take you back home?

BRUCE

I don't know if that's such a good idea just yet. They might not be able to go back there.

ANGELA

Why?

BRUCE

Well.

(to Melissa)

Usually in a raid like that, the government can seize your property and your assets. Judging from what you described when you drove by, that's exactly what they're doing. At least for the time being, nothing is official until after we go to court. Don't worry I'll have that all back for you guys in no time.

MELISSA

So where am I supposed to stay?

ANGELA

Honey, why don't you just spend the night here and tomorrow morning we'll figure everything out? Alright?

MELISSA

(agreeing)

Ok.

INT. COUNTY JAIL - LATE AFTERNOON

ROMAN is accompanied by a JAIL GUARD through a HALLWAY into a SMALL CORRIDOR, ROMAN is still in civilian clothes.

CUT TO:

PROCESSING ROOM

ROMAN is led into the room which contains a desk, behind which are several prisoner uniforms as well as BOXES for prisoner possessions. The JAIL GUARD turns around, the GUARD behind the desk enters.

GUARD

Take all your clothes off and get in the shower.

ROMAN looks around, it is awkward, he starts undressing, the GUARD hits a button that turns the shower behind ROMAN on. ROMAN puts all his clothes on the COUNTER. The GUARD places them in a box.

ROMAN gets into the shower, the water is hot, it feels good.

ROMAN
Can I get a towel?

The GUARD looks around, he finds a hand towel, he throws it to ROMAN. ROMAN looks at the towel, it is very small.

ROMAN
(under his breath)
Asshole.

ROMAN begins to dry his body with the hand towel. The GUARD places an ORANGE JUMPSUIT on the counter.

GUARD
Put that on.

The guard hands him a full pillowcase.

GUARD
This is your pillow, blankets,
manual, don't lose this. You're
gonna need it when you get out.

CUT TO:

HALLWAY

Another JAIL GUARD leads ROMAN down a long hallway which leads to another CORRIDOR, the DOOR opens.

GUARD
Step in.

ROMAN steps into the CORRIDOR, the door behind him locks.

CUT TO:

CORRIDOR

The door in front of him opens, on the other side of the door in D-BLOCK, where he has been assigned. There is a JAIL GUARD on the other side of the door.

GUARD

Roman Sidorov. You're in Cell 229
on the second floor.

CUT TO:

D-BLOCK

ROMAN walks through the COURTYARD of D-BLOCK, some chairs, a desk where the JAIL GUARD hangs out, and two FLOORS full of CELL's. ROMAN walks up the staircase to the second floor. He walks up to CELL 229.

An annoying sound as the JAIL GUARD unlocks the door from his desk, ROMAN opens the door to the cell and walks in. He sits down on the bed and looks at the piece of paper in his PILLOWCASE, it has his charges on it. The STATE OF NEW YORK vs. ROMAN SIDOROV.

ROMAN lays down on the BOTTOM BUNK. He rubs his hands through his hair.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTY JAIL - MORNING

CELL 229

ROMAN is sleeping, uncomfortably, when a LOUD ANNOYING SOUND begins to ring which wakes ROMAN up instantly.

LOUDSPEAKER

First appearance, thirty minutes.

ROMAN gets up and walks to the door, it opens.

CUT TO:

HOLDING CELL

ROMAN and a DOZEN OTHER INMATES are sitting in a large room, being called one by one to FIRST APPEARANCE. ROMAN is one of the only WHITE GUYS in the room, the only other one is an old man, probably homeless.

LOUDSPEAKER

Roman Sidorov.

ROMAN gets up and walks over to the DOOR.

CUT TO:

FIRST APPEARANCE ROOM

The ROOM is arranged so that ONE INMATE waits while another sits in front of a CAMERA and TV SCREEN which displays a COURTROOM SETTING. The JUDGE and PROSECUTOR can be heard by the INMATE, and vice versa.

ROMAN walks into the room, a JAIL GUARD signals him.

GUARD

Over here.

ROMAN walks over and sits in the chair in front of the CAMERA, he see's the JUDGE sitting in the courtroom.

JUDGE(OS)

The State of New York vs. Roman Sidorov. Mr. Sidorov you have been charged with Felony possession of Marijuana with intent to sell in excess of ten pounds, possession of an illegal firearm. Bail has been set at \$50,000 which my records indicate has already been paid, why is this inmate still here counselor?

PROSECUTOR (OS)

The prosecution would like to motion that Mr. Sidorov be placed on house arrest with a GPS tracking unit.

JUDGE (OS)

Granted.

PROSECUTOR

We've been waiting for the unit to arrive before releasing Mr. Sidorov from custody.

JUDGE (OS)

Very well, then. Mr. Sidorov judging from your silence I will assume that you understand what you are being charged with today.

ROMAN stares at the camera, almost embarrassed, he doesn't respond.

CUT TO:

PROCESSING ROOM

ROMAN is given his CLOTHES and BELONGINGS BACK.

CUT TO:

PRE-TRIAL RELEASE OFFICE

ROMAN is sitting in the GPS OFFICE as a WOMAN places an ELECTRONIC BRACELET around his right leg.

WOMAN
Is that good?

ROMAN
Yeah that's fine.

The WOMAN hands him a big BOX, the GPS device.

WOMAN
This is your GPS System, you will hook this up to a phone line in your house. You must stay within twenty five feet of this unit.

ROMAN
Or else what?

WOMAN
You come back here.

CUT TO:

RELEASE CHAMBER

ROMAN enters a CHAMBER, a door separates him from the FREE WORLD, MELISSA is standing there, she smiles but still has tears under her eyes. ROMAN smiles when he see's her, the door opens.

MELISSA runs to ROMAN and kisses him. They embrace each other.

CUT TO:

INT. MELISSA'S CAR - MORNING

MELISSA is driving as ROMAN sits in the passenger seat, a million thoughts running through his head per second.

MELISSA
Your dad was arrested, too.

ROMAN
(surprised)
What?

MELISSA
There was an indictment, it's all over the news, the FBI arrested him right before they got you.

ROMAN
Do you know what the charges were?

MELISSA
I don't know.

ROMAN looks extremely confused and worried.

ROMAN
I need you to call Jackie, he's holding some money for me. Fifty grand, you pick it up from him after you drop me off at Bruce's office. Alright?

MELISSA
Are you sure? How do you know Jackie wasn't the one who snitched on you?

ROMAN
Because I know, just call him.

MELISSA
(panicking)
What is going on Roman? What is this all about?

ROMAN
Nothing, it's bullshit. Don't worry.

ROMAN tries to pretend like he isn't worried. He kisses MELISSA, and gets out of the car, he is at his ATTORNEY'S OFFICE. Melissa watches him as he disappears into the elevator, she looks concerned.

CUT TO:

INT. FEINSTEIN'S OFFICE - MORNING

ROMAN enters the LUXURIOUS LAW OFFICES OF BRUCE FEINSTEIN. He enters the lobby where a BEAUTIFUL SECRETARY is sitting.

ROMAN
Hi, how ya' doing? I'm here to see Bruce.

SECRETARY
Mr. Feinstein is waiting for you in the board room.

ROMAN

Thank you.

CUT TO:

INT. BOARD ROOM - TIME

The BOARD ROOM consists of a LONG TABLE with a FLAT SCREEN TV at the end of it, BRUCE is sitting, going over paper work. ROMAN enters the room, BRUCE gets up.

BRUCE

Hey Roman, take a seat. How was the can?

Bruce and Roman shake hands, Bruce smiles at him sarcastically.

ROMAN

Not so good.

BRUCE

(smiling)

Take a seat, there's nothing to worry about, trust me, we're just gonna go over a few things so you have a better idea of what the fuck is going on here.

ROMAN

Alright.

ROMAN sits down at the table.

BRUCE

Now, you we're hit by the DEA an hour or two after your father was taken into custody by the FBI, now, this is no coincidence. You're father is being indicted as part of a massive probe involving organized crime members all over New York, it's a huge deal. Now, the D.A., who I went to Law School with, is trying to put pressure on you're father to testify. Arresting you was only step one of this process.

(a beat)

Roman. Look at me.

(a beat)

They will do anything to get you're father to testify, and when I say anything I mean it.

ROMAN

And I'm not supposed to be worried?

BRUCE

Well, here's the thing. The reason they want your father to testify so badly is because they have no case, or at least a weak one. That is a good thing. And if they have no case, then they have no case against you.

(a beat)

Either way, Roman, you're a first time offender, you're a good kid, you're in school, right?

ROMAN

Yeah.

BRUCE

You've never been arrested before, you don't do drugs, you come from a good family and you're white. These are all very good things.

ROMAN laughs a little bit, BRUCE too.

BRUCE

It's alright man, don't worry.

BRUCE pats ROMAN on the back.

ROMAN

This is real bad, Bruce. Real bad.

BRUCE

You don't know that. I'll have all the evidence in your case within a week, we'll meet again, go over everything and see what's what, alright?

ROMAN

Yeah.

BRUCE

In the mean time, relax, fuck your girlfriend, and don't leave your house.

BRUCE laughs with ROMAN.

ROMAN

Alright.

BRUCE
I'll give you a call when the
police report comes in, alright?

The two of them get up, shake hands.

BRUCE
Everything is going to be fine,
don't worry.

ROMAN
Alright, thanks.

BRUCE
No problem, call me if you need
anything.

Roman exits the office, the smile comes off of BRUCE's face immediately, he is a bit worried.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE - MORNING

Roman exits the building and enters the PARKING GARAGE where MELISSA is waiting for him in her car, he gets in.

CUT TO:

INT. MELISSA'S CAR - MORNING

Roman enters the PASSENGER SIDE, Melissa is driving.

ROMAN
Did you get it?

MELISSA
Yeah it's in the glove. What did
Bruce say?

ROMAN opens the GLOVE COMPARTMENT, there is a huge stack of HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS, ROMAN shoves it back in.

ROMAN
(hesitates)
He said not to worry.

MELISSA
Everyone keeps saying that, Roman.
How am I not supposed to worry?

ROMAN
Baby, listen to me. If there was something to worry about, I would let you know. You know I love you and I wouldn't let anything happen to us, right?

Melissa looks over at Roman.

MELISSA
Yeah.

ROMAN
Good, so you let me do the worrying.

Melissa watches Roman put on his front, she is extremely nervous.

CUT TO:

INT. ROMAN'S CONDO - MORNING

ROMAN and MELISSA enter the CONDO which has been turned upside down by the DEA AGENTS looking for contraband. Nothing is broken, however.

ROMAN
(in amazement)
Holy shit, they really fucked everything up.

MELISSA
Don't worry I'll fix everything.

CUT TO:

MASTER BEDROOM

ROMAN walks into his bedroom, all his clothes have been ripped from his closet and thrown onto the bed. ROMAN takes the STACK OF HUNDREDS and puts it in the safe which is wide open and empty. MELISSA comes up from behind him.

MELISSA
Is everything alright?

ROMAN
Yeah.

ROMAN walks into the bathroom and walks into the shower, he reaches around the bottom of the shower, there is an invisible string attached to one of the tiles, he lifts it up. He reaches his hands down into the hole and lifts another stack of cash, wrapped to be water proof.

MELISSA
I didn't even know it was there.

ROMAN
Neither did they.

ROMAN drops it back in and closes up the tile, there is a knock at the door.

MELISSA
I'll get it.

ROMAN looks paranoid, he looks around the bathroom

CUT TO:

THE DOOR

MELISSA opens the door, it's NIKOLAI, he smiles.

NIKOLAI
(smiling)
Is the CONVICT home?

MELISSA
Yeah, come in.

NIKOLAI kisses MELISSA on the cheek.

MELISSA
(loudly)
Roman! It's me!

NIKOLAI closes and locks the door behind him, ROMAN emerges from the MASTER BEDROOM, he smiles and hugs his uncle.

NIKOLAI
How you doing?

ROMAN
I'm alright, I just got back.

NIKOLAI
So I heard.

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM

ROMAN and NIKOLAI are in the living room, ROMAN is pouring them a couple of drinks, VODKA.

NIKOLAI
Are you sure you can drink?

ROMAN

I only get drug tested, don't worry.

ROMAN hands NIKOLAI the drink and sips his own, he sits down.

NIKOLAI

You know your dad's real worried about you, he didn't know about what you were doing.

ROMAN

Oh so now he's all concerned.

NIKOLAI

Hey. Your dad loves you, no matter what bullshit you guys had between you, at the end of the day he's your father.

ROMAN

He's a scumbag.

NIKOLAI

Alright, whatever. The important thing is you're out, you're free, you got a beautiful girl that's crazy about you, a nice condo. Shit, you should've seen where I lived when I was your age.

ROMAN

How's my mom doing with all this?

NIKOLAI

She's real worried about you, too.

ROMAN

She knows everything?

NIKOLAI

Yeah. What did you think, they weren't going to find out. Come on, man.

ROMAN takes another sip of his drink.

ROMAN

I fucked up, Nikolai. I fucked up real bad.

NIKOLAI

Everyone fucks up, you learn from your mistakes, deal with the consequences, and move on with your life, that's what being a man is all about.

ROMAN

(chuckling)

Being a man...

NIKOLAI

Hey man, let's be real, this could've been a lot worse. It's a good thing you were only selling pot or we'd be having this conversation between glass right now.

ROMAN and NIKOLAI both take a sip of their drinks.

NIKOLAI

Every thing is going to be fine, just stay strong, spend some time with Melissa, ya know?.

(a beat)

Alright?

ROMAN

Yeah.

NIKOLAI notices the ankle bracelet on his leg, he touches it and starts laughing.

NIKOLAI

Look at this fucking thing.

(chuckling)

Let that be a reminder, consequences.

ROMAN looks down at it. NIKOLAI gets up from the couch.

NIKOLAI

Alright, man, I gotta go meet this girl for lunch, give me a call, alright?

ROMAN

Yeah.

ROMAN walks NIKOLAI to the door.

ROMAN

Alright man.

NIKOLAI

I think your mom is gonna come by later. She hasn't seen the place yet has she?

ROMAN

No.

NIKOLAI

Alright man.

ROMAN

Peace.

NIKOLAI leaves the CONDO, ROMAN closes the door, he locks it.

CUT TO:

SHOWER

ROMAN is in the shower, letting the HOT WATER beat down on the back of his neck, he is in a deep thought. ROMAN looks down at the electronic bracelet on his leg. He punches the side of the shower.

ROMAN

(to himself)

Fuck! What the fuck am I doing?

ROMAN hits the shower again. MELISSA walks into the bathroom, wearing a robe.

MELISSA

Are you alright?

ROMAN

Yeah.

MELISSA takes her robe off and gets into the shower, she comes up from behind ROMAN and starts kissing him on the neck. He turns around and picks her up, he starts kissing her and props her up on the side of the shower. They start to have sex.

CUT TO:

INT. MANHATTAN BAR - AFTERNOON

The CO-WORKERS of CORPORATE AMERICA fill this bar up during the day, maybe to get a few drinks in them before they go back to work. There is a BASKETBALL GAME on the TV, in the back of the bar, NIKOLAI and AMANDA are sitting, having a drink.

AMANDA

So are you going to tell me what's going on or are you just gonna sit there?

NIKOLAI

I don't know, I mean, what's to say. Roman, you know, he's a good kid, he just made some bad decisions. You can't really blame the kid, and my brother, you know, it's the life he chose.

(a beat)

The government in this country is really fucked up, what do you want me to say? I mean, they didn't hurt anybody.

AMANDA

Victimless crime?

NIKOLAI

Exactly, victimless crime. There are people who spend their entire lives trying to think of ways to destroy this country and all the government and law enforcement does is go around chasing pot dealers? It's ridiculous.

AMANDA

So, where do you fit into all of this?

NIKOLAI

He's my brother, and Roman's my nephew. You know, I gotta look out for family. Hopefully our family will make it out of this one.

AMANDA

They will, I don't think god punishes good people.

NIKOLAI

It's got nothing to do with god, Amanda. This one is out of god's hands.

AMANDA looks at NIKOLAI, tries to read his emotions.

NIKOLAI

I'm worried.

(a beat)

You know, I love my family, they're all I got, you know? I feel powerless.

(changing his beat)

Alright, enough about my bullshit. How are you doing, how's your husband?

AMANDA

(laughing)

He's fine, he's an asshole. I'm thinking of leaving the bastard.

NIKOLAI

(laughing)

Oh yeah, well, you know I'm always available.

AMANDA

Yeah, I know.

Two FIGURES emerge from the crowded bar, familiar faces. It is SPECIAL AGENT SEAN O'CONNOR and JAMES MARBURY. They stand at the edge of the table, NIKOLAI looks at them.

NIKOLAI

Can I help you?

MARBURY

Special Agent James Marbury, FBI. Let's talk.

AMANDA looks frightened, she looks at NIKOLAI.

NIKOLAI

It's alright, just give me a second.

AMANDA

Are you sure?

NIKOLAI

Yeah.

AMANDA gets up and walks away, she looks back at NIKOLAI and disappears into the crowd. MARBURY and O'CONNOR sit down at the table.

MARBURY

Cute girl.

NIKOLAI

What the fuck do you want?

O'CONNOR
We just want to talk, nothing to
get heated about.

MARBURY
How's your brother doing?

NIKOLAI
He's fine.

MARBURY
Yeah, what about your nephew, Roman?

NIKOLAI
Can you just cut the fucking
bullshit already, what do you want?

MARBURY
Talk to your brother, let him know
it's in his best interest, in your
families best interest, to cooperate.

NIKOLAI
Oh yeah, why is that?

MARBURY
Because if not, your brother and
your piece of shit nephew are gonna
spend the rest of their lives in
federal prison.

NIKOLAI gets up from the table, so does MARBURY, they get
real close to each other. NIKOLAI wants to hit him, O'CONNOR
stands in between, ready to break up a fight.

NIKOLAI
Fuck you.

NIKOLAI walks away, MARBURY and O'CONNOR look at each other.
NIKOLAI finds AMANDA, standing by the bar, he grabs her.

NIKOLAI
Come on let's go.

AMANDA
What the hell was that?

NIKOLAI
Nothing let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. ROMAN'S CONDO - LATE AFTERNOON

ROMAN and MELISSA are lying on the COUCH watching a movie, MELISSA has fallen asleep on top of ROMAN. There is a knock at the door, ROMAN gets up and answers the door, MELISSA wakes up.

ROMAN answers the door, it is his mother, ANGELA, with ROMAN's little sister, MELANIE, 6, a cute little girl.

ANGELA

Hey.

ANGELA hugs ROMAN, MELANIE runs and jumps into his arms.

ROMAN

Hey, Melanie.

MELANIE

Is this your apartment?

ROMAN

Yeah, you wanna see? Melissa will show you around.

ANGELA

Hi, Melissa.

MELISSA

Hey.

ROMAN puts her down, MELANIE walks up to MELISSA.

MELISSA

(smiling)

Come on, come with me.

ROMAN closes the door behind his mother who looks around at the LIVING ROOM, all the expensive things everywhere.

ROMAN

Come, I'll show you around.

ROMAN leads her to the GUEST ROOM, MEDIA ROOM and MASTER BEDROOM where they stop.

ANGELA

Was it worth it?

ROMAN looks around, back to his mother.

ROMAN

No.

ANGELA continues walking deeper into the CONDO.

ANGELA
You're lucky you have people in
your life that care about you.

ROMAN
Yeah I know.

ANGELA
Come here.

ROMAN hugs his mother who kisses him on the cheek.

ANGELA
Are you hungry?

CUT TO:

KITCHEN

ANGELA is cooking dinner for her children and MELISSA. She is making some PASTA, PENNE VODKA, she is mixing the sauce. MELANIE and MELISSA are sitting down at the table, ROMAN enters the kitchen.

ANGELA
So, Roman. What are you gonna do
when this is all over?

ROMAN
I don't know yet, I got a few
idea's, all of them legitimate.

ANGELA
I hope so. How are you with money?

ROMAN
I'm fine, mom.

ANGELA turns around and brings a big bowl of PASTA to the table. Everyone starts to help themselves.

MELANIE
What kind of pasta is this?

ANGELA
It's penne a la vodka, it's
delicious, try some.

MELISSA
Thank you, Mrs. Sidorov.

ANGELA
You're welcome. Enjoy.

ROMAN starts to eat, he notices his mother is looking at him, trying to figure out what is going on with her son. She looks at MELISSA.

ANGELA
So, Melissa. How are things going with you?

MELISSA
I'm in class, working a lot, keeping busy.

ANGELA
If only my son was such a good kid.

ROMAN
Mom.

ANGELA
I'm just kidding.

CUT TO:

THE DOOR

MELANIE and ANGELA are getting ready to leave as ROMAN and MELISSA stand by the door. ROMAN kneels down and hugs MELANIE.

ROMAN
You be a good girl now, alright?

MELANIE
(smiling)
OK. Bye Melissa.

MELISSA
Bye.

MELANIE leaves, ANGELA looks at ROMAN.

ANGELA
(getting emotional)
Stay out of trouble, you only get one chance at life, alright?

ROMAN
Don't worry about me, mom. I'm gonna be fine.

ANGELA
I know.

ANGELA hugs ROMAN, she almost cries but doesn't.

ANGELA
Bye Melissa, you take care of my
son, ok?

MELISSA
I know.

ANGELA kisses MELISSA on the cheek and leaves the CONDO, ROMAN shuts the door behind her. ROMAN looks at MELISSA, he kisses her.

CUT TO:

INT. BRUCE FEINSTEIN'S PRIVATE OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

BRUCE is sitting in his office, looking over paper work, mainly the INDICTMENTS as well as a PACKET OF DEA EVIDENCE on ROMAN SIDOROV. BRUCE begins to dial a number on the phone, it rings.

SECRETARY (OS)
District Attorney's office how can
I help you?

BRUCE
Can I speak with Anthony DeMarco,
please.

SECRETARY (OS)
Who may I say is calling?

BRUCE
An old buddy from Law School.

SECRETARY (OS)
Ok, one moment.

She puts BRUCE on hold who continues looking through documents.

CUT TO:

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S PRIVATE OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

ANTHONY DEMARCO is also going over paper work in his office, a SECRETARY knocks at the door.

DEMARCO
Come in.

The SECRETARY answers the door, walks in.

SECRETARY

You have a call on line one, says
he's an old buddy from Law School?

DEMARCO

Put him through.

CUT TO:

BRUCE FEINSTEIN'S PRIVATE OFFICE

BRUCE is still on hold, going over documents.

DEMARCO (OS)

Hello, this is Anthony DeMarco.

BRUCE

Anthony DeMarco, how are you doing,
it's Bruce Feinstein.

DEMARCO (OS)

Hey Bruce, how are you doing?

BRUCE

Well, I've been looking over these
documents here, it looks like
you're the District Attorney on
both of my client's cases.

(sarcastically)

I wonder how that happened? Come on!

CUT TO:

DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S PRIVATE OFFICE

ANTHONY is on the other side of the line.

DEMARCO

The legal system's a funny thing,
Bruce.

CUT TO:

BRUCE FEINSTEIN'S PRIVATE OFFICE

BRUCE

That it is, Anthony. Listen, do you
think we can get together and go
over all this?

ANTHONY (OS)

I don't know Bruce, I'm pretty busy these days. There's not much to go over. I think both cases are open and shut.

BRUCE

Come on, Anthony. How long have we known each other?

ANTHONY (OS)

Alright, alright. How about lunch tomorrow?

BRUCE

Sound's great. We'll meet in neutral territory, how about Manhattan?

ANTHONY (OS)

Fine, noon, tomorrow. The Cabana.

BRUCE

Alright, Anthony, I'll see you there.

ANTHONY (OS)

Alright.

BRUCE hangs up the phone.

BRUCE

(to himself)

Fucking asshole.

BRUCE

(screaming to secretary)

Donna! Clear my schedule for tomorrow!

CUT TO:

INT. ANDREI'S HOME - NIGHT

ANDREI is sitting in the LIVING ROOM drinking out of a BOTTLE OF VODKA, he is watching some NEWS SHOW on CNN. The door opens, it his wife and daughter, ANGELA and MELANIE.

ANGELA

Hey honey. What ya' doing?

ANDREI

Just watching the news.

MELANIE

Hi daddy.

ANDREI
Hey there, did you see your big
brother?

MELANIE
Yup.

ANDREI
Go get ready for bed.

MELANIE runs up the stairs to her room.

ANDREI
How was Roman?

ANGELA
He's fine.

ANGELA sits down next to her husband, she begins to put her
fingers through his hair.

ANGELA
Your son's got a nice condo.

ANDREI
I'm sure he does. What else? How is
Melissa?

ANGELA
She's better, you know. I think
they're both still kind of in shock,
we all are. Has Bruce called?

ANDREI
Yeah, he's meeting with the D.A.
tomorrow.

ANGELA
Good.

There is another knock at the door, quicker.

ANGELA
(frustrated)
Now what?

ANGELA walks quickly to the door, opens it, it's NIKOLAI.

NIKOLAI
Hey.

ANGELA
It's your brother.

ANDREI gets up and walks to the door, NIKOLAI is drunk and looks worried.

ANDREI
What's wrong?

NIKOLAI
We need to talk.

CUT TO:

FRONT OF THE HOUSE

ANDREI, wearing a robe now, stands in the front yard in front of his brother who is out of his breath.

NIKOLAI
The FBI came up to me today, I think they've been following me.

ANDREI
Calm down, what happened? What did they say?

NIKOLAI
They told me to tell you to testify or else they were gonna fucking destroy all of our lives.

ANDREI
(to himself)
Jesus. These FBI guys today, they've got no class.

NIKOLAI
They never had fucking class.

ANDREI
Listen, just be careful, don't do anything stupid, just lay low.
(trying to think)
What about that girl you've been seeing, your boss's wife? You can't be doing shit like that with the FBI watching you, I'm telling you Nikolai, they'll stop at nothing.

NIKOLAI looks even more worried, ANDREI notices.

ANDREI
What is it?

NIKOLAI
(confessing)
I was with her when they came.

ANDREI
Fuck.
(thinking)
Alright, that's fine they don't
know who she is, she could be anyone.

NIKOLAI
Yeah, you're right. I'm just being
paranoid.

ANDREI
Just, until things cool down, don't
see her for a while, just be careful.

NIKOLAI
Alright.

NIKOLAI and ANDREI hug.

NIKOLAI
How about you, you alright?

ANDREI
Yeah, I'm fine. Angela's a little
freaked out.

NIKOLAI
I saw your son earlier.

ANDREI
Yeah.

NIKOLAI
You should go see him, he needs you.

ANDREI
Now's not a good time.

NIKOLAI
It's never a good time, that kid
really loves you, he's just really
confused, he's all fucked up right
now. The kid doesn't know which way
is up.

ANDREI
He's a strong kid, he'll be fine.

NIKOLAI
 You're the reason he's in this
 fucking mess in the first place.
 (a beat)
 Alright, well, I'm gonna go.

ANDREI
 Alright, be careful.

NIKOLAI
 Will do.

CUT TO:

INT. ROMAN'S CONDO - LATE AT NIGHT

MELISSA is in bed sleeping when suddenly she wakes up and notices that ROMAN isn't in bed, she turns the light on. She hears the sound of the TV coming from the living room, she leaves to investigate.

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM

MELISSA discovers ROMAN sitting on the couch eating ice cream and getting drunk while watching cartoons. At first, she is kind of upset, and then, she looks at the TV and starts laughing.

MELISSA
 Hey.

ROMAN looks at her, smiling.

ROMAN
 Hey.

She sits down next to him on the couch.

MELISSA
 Aren't you tired? It's like three
 o'clock in the morning already.

ROMAN
 Really?

MELISSA
 Yeah.

ROMAN
 I don't know I can't fall asleep.

MELISSA notices that he isn't really paying attention.

MELISSA
Why? What's wrong?

ROMAN
I don't know.

MELISSA gets frustrated, grabs the remote and turns the TV off.

MELISSA
Look at me. Can you talk to me?

ROMAN
There's nothing wrong I don't know
what you're talking about.

They exchange looks for a moment, MELISSA knows.

ROMAN
I don't fucking know.
(confessing)
I'm losing my mind, really. There
are like so many thoughts going
through my head at once.

MELISSA
Like what?

ROMAN
Like everything. All the stupid
shit I've done, all the mistakes
I've made...
(a beat)
All the regrets I have.

MELISSA
Roman, there's nothing you can do
about any of that. Focus on the
future, on us, on not going to prison.

ROMAN
You don't understand what it's like,
to wake up every single day...
(a beat)
And just think to yourself, what
the fuck did I do with my life?

MELISSA
You're right I don't.
(a beat)
But thinking like that isn't going
to change any thing. Trust me.

ROMAN continues to eat his ice cream, he takes a sip of his
vodka.

MELISSA
Come back to bed, it's late.

MELISSA gets up, walks to the BEDROOM.

CLOSE UP - ROMAN SIDOROV, he takes a sip of VODKA.

CUT TO:

INT. RUMBERGER INVESTMENT FIRM - MORNING

The OFFICES of the INVESTMENT FIRM are filled with desks, private offices, people running around delivering messages and answering phone calls. We PAN OVER to the ELEVATORS, one is just opening up.

REVEAL - NIKOLAI

He gets off the elevator, dressed to kill, a dapper looking suit, one of the most valued employees of the firm. This time, however, there is something different about his arrival at work, he looks nervous. He feels like everyone is looking at him, which they are.

CUT TO:

NIKOLAI'S OFFICE

He enters his office, one of the top tier members of the INVESTMENT FIRM works here. It says NIKOLAI SIDOROV at the front of his desk, he sits down, puts his briefcase down and turns on his computer . . . a knock at the door.

NIKOLAI
Come in.

A SECRETARY walks in.

SECRETARY
Mr. Bernstein would like to see you
in his office.

NIKOLAI
Can you tell him I'm busy?

SECRETARY
No, he says it's really important.

NIKOLAI
Alright, tell him I'm coming.

CUT TO:

HALLWAY OF OFFICE

NIKOLAI exits his office and begins walking towards the main office, it his boss, ADAM BERNSTEIN, NIKOLAI looks nervous, almost sweating.

He KNOCKS on the door of the office.

ADAM (OS)

Come in!

NIKOLAI opens the door and...

CUT TO:

ADAM BERNSTEIN'S OFFICE

...enter's the office. ADAM BERNSTEIN, 55, hasn't aged well, sitting behind his desk. He seem's like an odd individual, no sense of reality. NIKOLAI stands in front of him.

NIKOLAI

You wanted to see me?

ADAM

Yeah, take a seat, Nick.

NIKOLAI sits down.

ADAM

I can't even begin to say how much you have helped the firm since you came on board. You're definitely one of the best I've ever seen. However, I understand that your family has been having some problems lately. It's...

(a beat)

Well I'm just going to be honest with you, it's been attracting a lot of negative attention to the firm. The possibility that we may have ties to organized crime.

NIKOLAI

(laughing in amusement)

What? Sir, that whole FBI thing is a pile of bullshit, my brother is no gangster.

ADAM

And that may be true. But, Nick, appearances are everything and I can't afford something like this, next thing you know we're being audited by the IRS, then investigated by the FBI.

NIKOLAI

What's the real reason you're firing me, Mr. Bernstein. Did someone visit you?

(implying rudely)

Did someone threaten you?

Adam and Nikolai exchange serious looks.

ADAM

I've made my decision, I'd be happy to give you a recommendation to another firm.

NIKOLAI

(angrily)

You can shove your recommendation up your ass.

Nikolai leaves the office in a hurry.

CUT TO:

EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

Nikolai walks quickly up the stairs and through the MAIN ENTRANCE of the FBI BUILDING.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

Nikolai enters through the main doors, he is stopped at a SECURITY CHECKPOINT, guards are sporting guns. Nikolai walks up to one.

NIKOLAI

I'm here to see Special Agent James Marbury, tell him it's Nikolai Sidorov.

GUARD

Ok, just wait there, sir.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

FBI HEADQUARTERS is hectic, several cases and investigations going on at the same time. There is one area of the floor dedicated to the INDICTMENTS, however, JAMES MARBURY has just gotten off the phone. O'CONNOR approaches him with news.

O'CONNOR
Nikolai Sidorov is here, he wants
to see you.

MARBURY
What did I tell you, Sean? You put
a little bit of pressure and they
all come tumbling down.

MARBURY walks past O'CONNOR who isn't too sure of his
assessment.

MARBURY
Send him up.

CUT TO:

FLOOR OF ORGANIZED CRIME

Nikolai gets off the elevator to the FLOOR of the ORGANIZED
CRIME DIVISION, he walks angrily towards Marbury who he
spots next to O'Connor in the back of the office.

NIKOLAI
(screaming)
YOU FUCKING PIECE OF SHIT! YOU GO
TO MY WORK!

Nikolai tries to run up on Marbury, O'Connor stops him.

NIKOLAI
YOU MOTHER FUCKER!

O'CONNOR
Calm down.

MARBURY
Let him go, I'll beat his fucking
ass right here, you think I give a
fuck?

Nikolai lunges at Marbury, O'Connor and another FBI AGENT
stop him.

O'CONNOR
Both of you shut the fuck up!

NIKOLAI
YOU THINK YOU CAN FUCK WITH
PEOPLE'S LIVES LIKE THAT AND GET
AWAY WITH IT?

ALL the AGENTS in the OFFICE are watching.

MARBURY

I don't know what the fuck you're talking about.

NIKOLAI

Alright.

(getting closer to him)

What goes around comes around buddy, I'll see you on the other side.

Nikolai wrestles himself away from O'Connor.

NIKOLAI

FUCK THIS ENTIRE OFFICE!

Nikolai gets on the ELEVATOR, flicks off Marbury and smiles as the door closes.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CABANA - EARLY AFTERNOON

The CABANA is a CAFE DOWNTOWN where the intellectuals of New York City go to have a cup of coffee and a bite to eat during their busy days. There are several small tables situated near a window, Anthony DeMarco is sitting at one of them, impatiently.

Bruce Feinstein emerges, he sits down at the table.

BRUCE

(smiling)

How you doing?

DEMARCO

You're late.

BRUCE

Traffic, sorry about that.

A WAITRESS walks by the table.

WAITRESS

Can I get something for you, sir?

BRUCE

Cup of coffee, lots of cream, lots of sugar. Thank you.

DEMARCO

So, how's your wife?

BRUCE

She's fine, how about yours?

DEMARCO

She's busy with the kids, you know.

BRUCE

So, Anthony. Apparently your FBI boys are being pretty fucking hard on my clients.

DEMARCO

What do you mean?

BRUCE

Oh I don't know. Maybe you heard about a little incident down at FBI Headquarters.

DEMARCO

I haven't.

BRUCE

Oh COME ON! Your boys had Andrei's brother, Nikolai, who's never had a parking ticket in his entire life, fired from his job. Not to mention a list of other things, but I'm sure you're aware of all that.

DEMARCO

What are you getting at? You know how it is.

BRUCE

Listen, I know that it's your job to make my job a living hell, that's why we've gotten along for so many years, it's a mutual understanding, sometimes I win and sometimes you win.

(sarcastically)

But usually I win.

DEMARCO

What's your point?

BRUCE

My point is, both of these cases are complete fucking bullshit and you know it.

(getting closer)

Between me and you, man to man, we both know that my client Andrei has been retired for years now, he hasn't even spoken with anyone OC.

(MORE)

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Now you guys tag him onto this huge fucking indictment that my client has barely anything to do with.

DEMARCO

Your client defrauded the federal government and the state of New York of hundreds of millions of dollars.

BRUCE

First of all, that has yet to be proven. Second of all, you have absolutely no evidence to prove that, you have one heroine junkie witness and a few wiretaps of other guys talking about my client. You do not have one recorded conversation that my client is directly involved in. Now, you and I both know that the only reason that my client was included in this indictment was because you wanted to put pressure on him to testify. You guys needed a Russian witness to break the door open on RUSSIAN OC because the FBI has never had an informant who could do that.

DEMARCO

I don't see this going anywhere.

BRUCE

I see where this going, long drawn out trials where I file motion after motion so that both of our lives are a living hell for the next two years. And at the end of it all, neither of my clients will do one day in jail. I've seen a lot of shit since I started my practice, Anthony, and you know this is bullshit. I mean, you guys go after the man's kid? What ever happened to not messing with people's families?

DEMARCO

His kid, Roman, was already on several DEA watch lists before we picked him up.

BRUCE

He's fucking small time, the DEA doesn't give a shit about a kid like Roman. The only reason you busted him was to put more pressure on Andrei. Let me tell you, you can put all the pressure you want, my client will not testify.

DEMARCO

Then he will spend the next thirty years of his life in federal prison.

BRUCE

Come on, Anthony, what do you think I just graduated from law school this morning?

DEMARCO

You want to talk? Your client has three options. One, he cooperates with us and him and Roman don't see the inside of a jail cell, second, him and Roman plead guilty, twelve years for Andrei and three years for Roman.

BRUCE

And the third option?

DEMARCO

Take this to trial, and I guarantee you that Andrei will spend thirty years, five for Roman.

BRUCE

Wow, that sounds pretty official. A guarantee, huh? You know what, Anthony?

Bruce gets up from his seat.

BRUCE

That's why we go to court.

Bruce rushes out of the restaurant, looks back at Anthony who is not fazed, he sips on his coffee. DeMarco picks up his CELL PHONE, he dials Marbury on his phone.

DEMARCO

Yeah, it's DeMarco. Let's turn up the heat.

CUT TO:

INT. HAIR AND NAIL SALON - EARLY AFTERNOON

Nikolai looks kind of drunk as he stumbles into an upscale HAIR SALON, he is still in his work uniform although he has taken off his tie and let a few buttons lose on his shirt. He looks like a guy who probably just got fired. Amanda Bernstein, is getting her nails done. Nikolai hovers over her, she notices him.

NIKOLAI

Amanda I need to talk to you.

AMANDA

What are you doing here?

(looks closer)

Are you drunk?

NIKOLAI

No, I had a few drinks. Listen, I really need to talk to you, just for a second.

WOMAN

(to Amanda)

Do you want me to call the police?

AMANDA

No. Just give me a second, alright?

WOMAN

Yes, ma'am.

The WOMAN gets up from her seat, Nikolai sits down in her place.

AMANDA

What the fuck, Nikolai?

NIKOLAI

Listen, the FBI went to work, went to your husband, make a long story short, I got fired. Here's what I'm getting at...

(pauses)

Leave your husband, come move in with me.

AMANDA

Are you fucking crazy?

(a beat)

Listen, you don't mean that. You're drunk, go home take a shower, call me when you sober up.

NIKOLAI

I am sober. Please, just think about it. For real this time.

(a beat)

I love you.

AMANDA

(fed up)

Oh my god, get out of here, Nikolai.

(trying not to laugh)

Before they call the cops on you.

NIKOLAI

Ok, fine, but promise me you'll meet me for dinner tonight.

AMANDA

Alright, go.

Nikolai leaves the SALON, everyone is looking at Amanda, she chuckles to herself as the WOMAN sits back down in her seat.

CUT TO:

INT. BRUCE FEINSTEIN'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

We are WAITING in the LOBBY of Bruce Feinstein's office. Melissa and Roman are seated patiently, Roman is looking through a magazine. Suddenly, Nikolai flings open the door and looks around.

ROMAN

Hey.

NIKOLAI

What's up what are we waiting for?

ROMAN

I don't know he's busy or something.

NIKOLAI

Bullshit he is.

Nikolai walks up to the SECRETARY.

NIKOLAI

Can you tell Bruce that Nikolai is here.

Bruce walks out into the lobby.

BRUCE
 Tammy why didn't you tell me my
 favorite client and his douche bag
 uncle were here?

TAMMY
 I was -

BRUCE
 Come on back.

MELISSA
 (to Roman)
 Do you want me to come in?

ROMAN
 You should probably just wait here.

MELISSA
 Alright.

Roman kisses her on the cheek.

CUT TO:

THE BOARD ROOM

BRUCE, NIKOLAI and ROMAN take their seats around the table.
 BRUCE hands them each a thick stack of paper, EVIDENCE on...

CLOSE-UP: THE STATE OF NEW YORK vs. ROMAN SIDOROV

BRUCE
 Now, I spoke with the District
 Attorney yesterday and I can start
 by telling you right now, that he
 is a complete asshole.

ROMAN
 Terrific.

BRUCE looks at NIKOLAI, smells liquor.

BRUCE
 Are you drunk?

NIKOLAI
 No.

BRUCE

Ok, well, I'm not going to sugar coat this for you. So, if you will peruse through this packet you will see what a horrible drug dealer you were.

(laughing)

No I'm just kidding. Anyway, what they have is called a Confidential Informant who has recorded several conversations with you involving large purchases of cannabis.

(reading)

If you look at page fifteen there was another source, an undercover DEA agent...

NIKOLAI

Good job, Roman.

BRUCE

This guy also recorded several conversations with you and made a number of buys from you, one of which was at your place of residence, hence the search warrant on your house. Any questions?

ROMAN

Yeah, I've never done any deals at my house before.

(looking at document)

This guy is lying.

BRUCE

These are federal agents we're talking about here, they lie all the time. Now, the question is, can you prove that?

NIKOLAI

Can they prove that they did make a buy at my house.

(almost whispering)

My girlfriend doesn't really know that I was into all this shit, plus I would never do a deal at the house, are you kidding me?

NIKOLAI

You know, I hope you're right.

BRUCE

Well, that's a start. If I can prove that the search warrant was issued on false pretenses we're one step closer to a victory. However, there is bad news, there isn't going to be a plea bargain unless you want to spend three years in Federal Prison.

(a beat)

I didn't think so, it smells, the food is bad and the closest thing to pussy is your right hand.

NIKOLAI

So, Bruce, what are you gonna do?

BRUCE

(jokingly)

Magic, my Russian friend, magic is the name of the game. Here is the good news that I do have, the FBI is being very blatant about trying to disrupt your family, the more they do, the more you can play the victim in the court room. Now, in the mean time, stay out of trouble, don't think too much, thinking is bad, I try and avoid it as much as possible, and stay away from your uncle, he's trouble.

NIKOLAI

Thank you. All joking aside, you should read this entire packet, see if there's anything in there that you think is bullshit and write it down so Bruce can look into it.

(ROMAN is reading)

OK?

Roman continues reading, a frightening look on his face.

ROMAN

This is really bad.

(a beat)

Really bad.

BRUCE

What do you mean?

ROMAN

One of my closest guys was the confidential informant, this guy, Winston.

BRUCE

How do you know that?

ROMAN

I can tell by where and when I met up with him. Is this guy going to testify in court?

BRUCE

It's possible.

Roman lays back in his seat, puts his fingers through his hair.

ROMAN

Jesus christ.

(a beat)

This is real bad.

BRUCE

Hey, the law is on our side Roman. I'm not gonna sit here and lie to you and tell you everything is fine, because that would be bullshit.

(a beat)

But I will say, this could be a lot worse. If you we're selling cocaine, for instance, you'd be looking at mandatory fifteen years in federal prison.

ROMAN

Alright, so, realistically. What am I looking at? Worse case scenario?

Bruce thinks for a second, doesn't want to answer this question.

BRUCE

Worse case scenario, eleven months thirty one days, County Jail. But I don't think that is going to happen, a million things could happen between now and the trial. I will tell you this, I will do everything in my power to help you, just like I would do for your dad.

(MORE)

BRUCE (CONT'D)

(a beat)

Me and your dad grew up together, I would do anything for that man, so know this, you have the best criminal defense attorney in this city on your side.

Nikolai looks at Roman, a look of assurance.

NIKOLAI

He's right Roman.

BRUCE

Alright, we'll meet again in a week, I'm going to look over everything, I'll have a better idea of what we're looking at then.

(a beat)

I am going to warn you, Roman. The FBI aren't any better than the average criminals, they will stop at nothing, I mean nothing, to put you and your dad behind bars. So be careful, alright, don't give them an inch.

ROMAN

Alright.

CUT TO:

LOBBY (WAITING ROOM)

Roman exits the BOARD ROOM and walks into the waiting room where Melissa is sitting there, worried.

MELISSA

What did he say?

ROMAN

(smiling)

We're fine, everything's going to be straight.

Melissa looks happy, she hugs Roman, the smile that was on his face disappears when she can no longer see him, he is lying.

CUT TO:

INT. THE STEAK HOUSE - NIGHT

The STEAK HOUSE is an extremely elegant restaurant, the top-tier of New York City's upper-class society dines here.

The tables are full for the most part, towards the back of the restaurant Nikolai is seated at a table alone, drinking already.

Amanda enters the restaurant, she looks around, she see's Nikolai sitting alone and approaches him.

AMANDA

Hey.

NIKOLAI

Hey.

Amanda sits down across from Nikolai.

AMANDA

Tough week for you huh?

NIKOLAI

(looking down)

Tell me about it. How about you, are things alright back home?

AMANDA

No, I packed all my things I'm staying at my mother's until I find a place.

NIKOLAI

Forget your mother's, move in with me.

(a beat)

I'm serious.

AMANDA

Do you know what you're saying? There's a lot of things to consider, like, I can't just move in with you, how is it going to work? You just got fired from your job, how are you gonna survive?

NIKOLAI

It's always about money.

AMANDA

It's not about money.

Nikolai looks disappointed, he has another sip of his drink.

AMANDA

And you seriously need to stop drinking so much.

NIKOLAI
I'm having a rough week, give me a
break.

Amanda and Nikolai look into each other's eyes.

NIKOLAI
You move into my apartment, you
won't have to get a job, and we'll
take it slow.

Amanda thinks about his proposal.

AMANDA
Yeah?

NIKOLAI
Yeah.

AMANDA
(with a slight smile)
I don't know, I need to think about it.

NIKOLAI
(smiling)
Alright, that's all I wanted to hear.

CUT TO:

INT. ROMAN'S CONDO - NIGHT

GUEST BEDROOM

Roman opens up an old BOX full of his things in the GUEST ROOM. His COLLECTION of COMIC BOOKS, a few pictures albums, he takes another sip of vodka from his glass on the window sill.

He see's pictures of him and Melissa together, traveling.

CLOSE UP - Roman looking down at PICTURES

Pictures of him with his family, his uncle, his father. He closes the album shut and takes another sip of vodka.

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM

Roman stumbles back into the living room and sits down on the couch. He places his drink down and picks up the remote, he turns on the TV. The NEWS is on. He takes another sip of his drink.

Someone is at the door, it opens, Melissa walks in--arriving home from work, she's a HOSTESS and is dressed accordingly.

MELISSA

Hey baby.

ROMAN

Hey.

She puts her keys down and sits next to Roman on the couch. She starts to caress him as he sits there, in a deep train of thought.

ROMAN

Let's get married.

Melissa is taken aback by this comment, Roman looks at her.

MELISSA

Excuse me?

ROMAN

Let's get married.

Melissa thinks for a moment.

MELISSA

Where did that come from?

ROMAN

I've been thinking a lot, ever since I got out. I've been thinking a lot, about us. I think we should get married.

(a beat)

Don't you?

MELISSA

I mean, yeah...

(a beat)

Don't you think this is a bad time?

ROMAN

When this is all over...

Melissa is thinking, she smiles and kisses Roman.

ROMAN

(smiling)

I'll take that as a yes.

CUT TO:

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - MORNING

The PRINCIPAL of Melanie's school, a fat man in a dark suit, is sitting in his office. His CERTIFICATES of academic achievements covers the wall. His SECRETARY opens the door, walks in.

SECRETARY

There are two men from the FBI here to see you.

PRINCIPAL

(surprised)

Ok, let them in.

Marbury and O'Connor enter the office. The principal stands up to shake their hands.

MARBURY

Special Agent James Marbury, FBI.

O'CONNOR

You can call me Sean.

PRINCIPAL

Please, have a seat.

MARBURY

Thank you.

Marbury and O'Connor sit down in front of the Principal.

PRINCIPAL

What can I do for you?

MARBURY

We are here about a student by the name of Melanie Sidorov.

PRINCIPAL

Ok, what about her?

O'CONNOR

Do you watch the news Mr. Bradley?

PRINCIPAL

Yes, I do.

MARBURY

So you know that Melanie's father is a member of Organized Crime.

PRINCIPAL

I do not know that. What I do know, is that he has been indicted and "allegedly" was involved in organized crime some years ago.

MARBURY

Allegedly?

(a beat)

Let me tell you about this man. This man made a living making the bosses of all the five families in New York City millions and millions of dollars which they used to murder, extort and gain more power and influence over this city. Does this sound like a good man to you?

PRINCIPAL

Listen, I don't know why you're speaking to me about this.

MARBURY

(seriously)

We want you to expel Melanie from school.

The Principal is in shock, the evil behind this.

PRINCIPAL

Excuse me? I have no grounds for doing that, she's a good girl she has straight A's, has never caused any trouble.

MARBURY

Mr. Bradley, Mr. Arthur Bradley, graduated from Yale in 1973, with honors, starting teaching at high schools, then went on to be a college professor and look at you now, thirty years later, PRINCIPAL of one of the finest private schools in New York. I didn't go to private school myself, I was a public school kid. My parents never did have any money, but i'm sure if they did, they would've sent me here.

The PRINCIPAL doesn't know what he is getting at.

MARBURY

Every penny you take from the Sidorov's is blood money, this academic institution is indirectly responsible for the endorsement of organized criminal activity.

PRINCIPAL

Those are bold accusations to be making, you come into my office and talk to me like a child!

MARBURY

How about I go to your house right now, and show your wife these.

Marbury places an envelope on his desk, the Principal opens it, pictures of him with another woman, younger women.

MARBURY

You can keep those, I have more. That's not all, do you know what your salary is here a year, Mr. Bradley?

PRINCIPAL

Of course I do.

MARBURY

What is it, then?

PRINCIPAL

That's none of your business.

MARBURY

On your income sheets and tax returns you report an annual salary of what...

(looks at O'CONNOR)

\$275,000 a year. What other businesses do you have going on?

PRINCIPAL

I don't know what you are implying...

MARBURY

(interrupts him)

I'm implying that you're not reporting all of your income, or anywhere near all of it, now, you tell me, Mr. Bradley. Are you gonna play ball?

The Principal looks nervous, he is sweating, O'CONNOR is embarrassed.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - MORNING

The PARKING LOT in front of the PRIVATE SCHOOL. AGENT Marbury and O'Connor are walking through towards their car.

O'CONNOR

Don't you think we're going a little too far, Jimmy? I mean, it's the guy's daughter.

Marbury stops O'Connor in the middle of the parking lot.

MARBURY

No, I don't think we're going too far. I think we're not going far enough.

(a beat)

Because here's the truth, Sean. Sometimes, you have to break the law to enforce it.

Marbury continues walking toward the car.

O'CONNOR

This is bullshit, man. I don't know, Jimmy.

MARBURY

If you don't know then get reassigned, maybe field work isn't for you.

Marbury opens the door and gets in the car, O'Connor follows him, he is disturbed by all of this.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDREI'S HOME - MORNING

Andrei and Nikolai are sitting around the couch having a serious conversation, Andrei is still in his robe. The TV is on.

ANDREI

I can always tell when you want something, Nikolai, just ask me.

NIKOLAI

Ok. I want to start a private practice, Amanda's moving in with me, I lost my job, I'm telling you, all I need is a few hundred grand to get me back on my feet, start my own firm and I'll be good to go.

ANDREI

Alright. How much?

NIKOLAI

Two or three hundred thousand. I know this isn't a good time for you right now, but I really need this.

ANDREI

I know I'm partly responsible for you getting fired, and I'm sorry if being related to me might have some consequences, but, if I give you this money, it's the last time. After this, it's all you.

NIKOLAI

I know, I know that.

ANDREI

Alright.

The door opens, it is Melanie and Angela, Angela is angry, she slams the door on her way in.

ANDREI

What's wrong?

ANGELA

(to Melanie)

Go upstairs baby I need to talk to your father.

Melanie goes upstairs, Angela comes closer.

ANGELA

They expelled Melanie from school. They said our family name attracted too much "negative attention" to their academic institution.

NIKOLAI

That's been going on a lot lately.

ANGELA

Shut up, Nikolai.

ANDREI

(confused)

What do you mean? They can't do that.

ANGELA

Well they just did, I'm going to take Melanie to get registered in public school in the morning.

NIKOLAI

Jesus Christ, these guys are unbelievable. I know who it is too, it's that fucking guy, Marbury, he's a real piece of shit.

ANDREI

Yeah I know who you're talking about.

Angela disappears into the kitchen, Andrei gets closer to Nikolai.

ANDREI

Get in touch with Gus. Invite him over for dinner tonight, i'm gonna find out what the fuck is going on.

CUT TO:

INT. BRUCE FEINSTEIN'S PRIVATE OFFICE - MORNING

Bruce is dialing a number on his phone, he puts it on SPEAKER PHONE. It begins to ring.

WOMAN (OS)

District Attorney's office, how can I help you?

BRUCE

Yes, I'd like to speak with Anthony DeMarco please.

WOMAN (OS)

May I ask who is calling?

BRUCE

The grim reaper, put him on the phone.

BRUCE is put on hold, he looks impatient, maybe even worried.

DEMARCO (OS)

Hello.

BRUCE

Yeah, Anthony, it's Bruce. I just got a call, it seems like your boys are totally out of control.

DEMARCO (OS)

I don't know what you mean by my boys, Bruce. I serve at the discretion of the Attorney General.

BRUCE

Ok. First you get some bullshit letter from the judge to freeze all my client's assets before we even go to trial, then your FBI boys get my client's brother fired from his job and then, you stoop to the lowest of lows getting his daughter kicked out of her school. Come on, what the fuck is this?

DEMARCO (OS)

Our office has nothing to do with anything you're talking about, I suggest you call the FBI, I'm sure they would be happy to assist you.

Bruce is angry now.

BRUCE

This is getting out of fucking hand, Anthony.

DEMARCO (OS)

You wanted it to be like this, Bruce. Good bye.

DeMarco hangs up the phone.

BRUCE

Don't you --

(a beat)

Hello? Hello!

(throwing the phone)

FUCK!

The PHONE hits his door and makes a loud sound.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDREI'S PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

Andrei is sitting behind his desk, BRUCE is standing in the corner of the room sipping from a GLASS OF VODKA and CRANBERRY JUICE. They are waiting for something, NIKOLAI appears with someone behind him.

GUS SOTO, 62, an old school Italian gangster, he has dark cold eyes but is still in good shape for his age, he's dressed in a slick black suit. Gus smiles when he see's Andrei who stands up, they both have immense respect for each other.

GUS
Andrei, how you doing?

ANDREI
I've been better, how about you,
your wife?

GUS
She's alive, come here.

The two men hug. Nikolai stands behind Gus as Bruce stands in the corner amused.

GUS
Is it ok to talk in here?

ANDREI
Yeah, I have the house swept for
bugs twice a day.

BRUCE
I'm gonna go wait outside, take
care of the women.

ANDREI
Alright, Bruce.

BRUCE exits the office, closes the door behind him.

CUT TO:

PRIVATE OFFICE

A TIGHT SHOT of our three men speaking quietly to each other.

GUS
Word on the street is some major
people are turning. Anthony
Bertolina possibly, others too.

ANDREI

Do I know him?

GUS

He was small time when you were around, you probably never heard of him.

ANDREI

But he's heard of me?

GUS

Exactly.

ANDREI

I don't get why they keep fucking with me I've been out of the game for a long time now.

GUS

These feds now-a-day's, they've got no class. Back in my day, there was a mutual understanding, they kept it professional. Now, it's all over the place.

ANDREI

It's getting ridiculous, I might just leave this fucking country after this is all over.

GUS

Listen, some of my guys, some credible people, are telling me there's a plan in the works.

ANDREI

If there is I don't want to know about it. I just want to know how the other guys are dealing with this, I mean, are the feds fucking with them too?

GUS

You weren't the only one indicted, Andrei, thirty seven guys arrested. All five families, it's big. I know you can't be involved with anything on the street, myself, I try not to get involved, but for an old friend, I put my ear to the pavement.

ANDREI

Thanks, Gus.

GUS

No problem, all I will say, is that there is a plan in the works to solve this problem for all of us.

CUT TO:

DINING ROOM

Bruce, his wife Bonnie, Angela, Gus' wife, Nikolai, Amanda and Melanie are all getting seated to have dinner. Gus and Andrei enter the dining room, from the back OFFICE.

ANDREI

Ok, let's eat.

CUT TO:

INT. ROMAN'S CONDO - NIGHT

Roman is sitting at the dinner table while Melissa makes dinner for them both, Roman is sipping a glass of wine.

MELISSA

You want some potatoes, too?

ROMAN

Yeah, sure.

There is a KNOCK at the door, quick, repetitive, loud. Roman looks to the door, paranoid. He walks over to the door, he looks through the peep hole.

CUT TO:

THE DOOR

Marbury, O'Connor, Agent Hernandez and two DEA AGENTS are standing at the door.

MARBURY

Open up we have a search warrant.

CUT TO:

INT. ROMAN'S CONDO - NIGHT

ROMAN

(to himself)

Jesus Christ.

ROMAN opens the door.

ROMAN
 (aggravated)
 Don't you guys have anything better
 to do with your time?

Marbury and his COHORTS enter the condo, Melissa stops making dinner. She looks at them, she is worried.

MARBURY
 (sarcastically)
 Roman Sidorov, how you doing?
 (looking around)
 Nice place. You know I've heard a
 lot about you, never actually got
 to meet you though.

The DEA AGENTS start tearing the place apart.

ROMAN
 Let me see the search warrant.

MARBURY
 Here you go, boss.

Marbury hands Roman the SEARCH WARRANT, it appears legitimate. Marbury walks through the house, starts looking through things, O'Connor walks over to Roman.

O'CONNOR
 Just take a seat, this will only
 take a minute.

MELISSA
 Is this even legal? They can just
 go through all our stuff whenever
 they want?

O'Connor stands in front of Melissa and Roman while the other agents go through the house.

ROMAN
 You know this is bullshit, right?
 (to O'Connor)
 How do you sleep at night?

O'Connor doesn't say anything, cold face. Roman sits down, Melissa is much more worried, he holds her hand.

ROMAN
 It's gonna be fine, don't worry.

Melissa is on the verge of crying, Marbury comes back into the living room, he see's the glass of wine on the dinner table.

MARBURY
You been drinking, Roman?

ROMAN
No.

MARBURY
(picking one up)
Then why are there two glasses of
wine here? O'Connor, cuff him, he's
in violation of his pre-trial
release conditions.

ROMAN
Whoa, are you fucking kidding me?

MARBURY
No, sir.

O'Connor puts the handcuffs on Roman, it's hard for him to
do, Melissa starts to cry hysterically.

MELISSA
You can't do that, LET HIM GO!

Melissa wrestles with O'Connor who pushes her into the couch,
Roman tries to lunge at O'Connor, Marbury tackles Roman to
the ground, still in handcuffs, he lands badly. Marbury hits
Roman over the head.

MELISSA
You fucking assholes!

MARBURY
(to O'CONNOR)
Come on, let's go.

Marbury and one of the DEA AGENTS pick Roman up and lead him
out of the house, he is hurt pretty bad.

MARBURY
(to Melissa)
You might want to think about
getting a new boyfriend.

The DEA AGENTS exit the CONDO, Melissa is on the couch,
tears dripping down her face, O'Connor stands at the door,
looks at her.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP - O'CONNOR

O'Connor has a moment of recognition as he watches Melissa on the couch crying hysterically, maybe he is in the wrong line of work.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDREI'S HOME - NIGHT

The DINNER TABLE, everyone is still sitting around the table enjoying dinner, Nikolai gets a phone call, it's Melissa.

NIKOLAI

Excuse me.

Nikolai gets up from his seat and answers the phone.

NIKOLAI

Hello? Okay, calm down. What did they say? Where did they say they were taking him?

Everyone at the table notices the conversation, especially Andrei. Angela notices as well.

NIKOLAI

Alright, don't worry I'm coming over just stay there.

Nikolai hangs up the phone, the TABLE is quiet, everyone waiting for an explanation.

NIKOLAI

(to everyone)

Roman's been taken into custody, Melissa is hysterical I'm gonna go over there.

BRUCE

What do you mean he's been arrested -- it's nine o'clock at night, the kid's on house arrest?

NIKOLAI

I don't know I'm gonna go over there and see what happened, she said the DEA and FBI came to the house and took him.

Bruce jumps up from his seat.

BRUCE

I have had enough of this bullshit.

Bruce starts to head out the door, in a fit of rage.

BONNIE
 Where are you going honey?
 (to herself)
 How am I gonna get home?

ANGELA
 Don't worry, Bonnie, I'll take you.

NIKOLAI
 I'm going over to check on Melissa.

AMANDA
 I'll come with you.

CUT TO:

INT. BRUCE'S CAR - NIGHT

Bruce is speeding in his car, anxiously dialing away on his cell phone, he tries to call Anthony DeMarco, keeps getting a message. He gets impatient and throws the cell phone to the side, he speeds up.

CUT TO:

EXT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S HOME - NIGHT

A SUBURBAN block with paved sidewalks, and clear cut lawns. A nice sized COLONIAL house sits at the edge of the block. Two CARS in the drive way, a BLACK BMW turns down the street, speeding towards us.

The CAR SWERVES into the driveway and parks abruptly. Bruce gets out of the CAR, on a mission, he walks quickly up to the door and knocks.

No one answers, he keeps knocking faster and louder until the door opens, it is JACQUELINE DEMARCO, Anthony's wife.

JACQUELINE
 (surprised)
 Hi, Bruce.
 (a beat)
 What are you doing here?

BRUCE
 I need to speak to your husband,
 can you get him please?

JACQUELINE
 Sure.

Jacqueline disappears, Bruce stands at the door impatiently. DeMarco emerges at the doorway.

ANTHONY

(upset)

What the fuck do you want?

BRUCE

This is your last chance, Anthony, you let my client out of custody right now, or it's going to get real bad for all of us.

ANTHONY

Is that a threat?

BRUCE

No.

(catching his breath)

It's a fucking guarantee.

ANTHONY

Your client was in violation of his pre-trial release conditions, there's nothing I can do.

BRUCE

Are you sure you wanna do this?

ANTHONY

Yeah.

BRUCE

You know, I gotta say, I am completely disgusted with you, your office, the FBI, just the federal government in general. The way my clients are being treated is despicable, if the founding fathers saw this shit, the entire US government would be hung for treason.

ANTHONY

Good night, Bruce.

Anthony closes the door in Bruce's face, Bruce kicks the door and runs back to his car he gets in.

CUT TO:

INT. NIKOLAI'S APARTMENT - LATE AT NIGHT

Nikolai is sitting on the couch, drinking. The TV isn't on, he is just sitting there in his underwear, Amanda walks into the living room.

AMANDA
What are you doing?

NIKOLAI
Thinking.

Amanda sits down on the couch next to him.

AMANDA
Yeah.

NIKOLAI
(thinking out loud)
When me and my brother were kids, our mother used to always get home late from work. She worked like three jobs or somethin'. Nikolai was always a business-minded kid you know, always trying to find a way around the system.

(slightly smiling)
He was having girls over, doing this, doing that, and I was just this little innocent kid. He used to have all his friends come over and play poker and charge everyone at the door. I thought my older brother Andrei was the coolest guy there was.

(a beat)
Eventually my mother figured out what was going on and she kicked him out, but that didn't stop him.

(a beat)
You know the guy was a millionaire before his 18th birthday?

AMANDA
(curious)
Really?

NIKOLAI
Yeah. He was a smart kid, he was running a huge sports betting operation, making a lot of money for all the Italians, they all loved him. The guy was a genius you can't deny that.

(a beat)
He would've been great at anything, we grew up in a different time though, he was on the streets so that's all he knew.

(MORE)

NIKOLAI (CONT'D)
 (laughing to himself)
 I remember when he first had Roman,
 he used to always come over,
 panicking, because he was afraid
 that he would turn out like our father.

AMANDA
 What was your father like?

NIKOLAI
 He was an asshole, he used to beat
 us, beat my mom, you know, the
 typical old fashioned type of
 father. When I was eleven years old,
 he died of a heart attack, left my
 mother with nothing.

Nikolai takes another sip of his drink, Amanda can tell he
 is depressed.

AMANDA
 Come on, put that down.

Amanda grabs the bottle softly and puts it down.

NIKOLAI
 They don't deserve this, you know?
 Roman and my brother, they're the
 good guys.

AMANDA
 I know Nikolai, come on, let's go
 to bed.

NIKOLAI
 You go on, I'm just gonna sit here.

Amanda looks at Nikolai, she shrugs it off and goes into the
 bedroom. Nikolai looks at the bottle of VODKA.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIKOLAI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nikolai comes out of the door of his apartment, in his
 boxers and a wife beater, with the bottle of vodka in hand,
 and throws it into the ground, hard. It breaks, VODKA goes
 everywhere. He goes back into the apartment.

CUT TO:

SHOT OF THE BROKEN GLASS

All over the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAYGROUND - MORNING

The elementary school playground is in FULL SWING. Most of the kids are playing with one another, making noises, running around, racing each other, etc. Melanie is standing by the fence next to Jimmy, they are holding hands.

A couple of HOODS appear from across the street sporting bulky leather jackets. They approach our sweet naive characters who are conversing near the fence.

MELANIE

You got in trouble for that?

JIMMY

Yeah, I'm staying at my dad's now. It's pretty cool though, he's never home.

MELANIE

What about your mom?

JIMMY

I don't know. She doesn't live around here. I haven't seen her in a while.

The hoods get closer, they recognize Jimmy from a picture.

HOOD

Jimmy O'Connor?

JIMMY

Who wants to know?

HOOD

(looks at the other hood)
Look at this punk kid?
(a beat)
Kid's got an attitude.

The hoods both look at Jimmy, Melanie looks scared.

HOOD

Tell your pops he's barking up the wrong tree, kid. You got that?

Jimmy stares down the hood, he is angry.

JIMMY

Tell ya' mother to go fuck herself.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTY JAIL - LATE AFTERNOON

The VISITATION ROOM. Several booths where glass windows separate the VISITORS from the INMATE. Roman is escorted through the room by a JAIL GUARD, Roman sits down at one of the chairs, Melissa and Angela are on the other side, Roman smiles. Melissa picks up the phone, Roman follows suit.

ROMAN

Hey baby.

MELISSA

(trying not to cry)

Hey.

ROMAN

Don't cry. Everything's going to be fine, I'm gonna get out of here, we're gonna get married.

MELISSA

(crying now)

I know. I love you.

ROMAN

I love you, too.

Melissa can't do this, she backs away. It hurts Roman. Angela picks up the phone.

ANGELA

Hey.

ROMAN

Hey, mom.

ANGELA

You alright in there?

ROMAN

Yeah, I'm fine.

ANGELA

I just want you to know, Bruce has been up for the past forty eight hours trying to get you out of here, he's running all over the place. He says he's got something in the works.

ROMAN
 Good, because I'm starting to get a
 little too used to this place.

ANGELA
 (laughing a bit)
 You just stay strong. Keep your
 head up.

ROMAN
 Alright, mom.

JAIL GUARD
 Time's up, Roman.

Roman turns around, looks at the guard, than back at Angela.

ROMAN
 Tell Melissa I love her.

Roman gets up and is escorted out of the room, Angela stays seated as she watches her son get taken away, she tries hard not to cry.

CUT TO:

INT. O'CONNOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jimmy is watching TV on the couch alone when the door suddenly opens. O'Connor walks into the apartment and puts his holster down.

O'CONNOR
 Hey Jimmy.

O'Connor walks past the living room.

JIMMY
 (worried)
 Pops.

He stops in his tracks, turns back towards his son.

JIMMY
 Some guys came by school today for
 you.
 (a beat)
 They said you were barking up the
 wrong tree.

A look of shock consumes O'Connor as he gets closer to his son.

O'CONNOR

WHO!

(a beat)

WHO SAID THAT TO YOU, JIMMY!

JIMMY

These guys. During recess.

O'Connor looks heated, he runs out the door.

O'CONNOR

Stay here, Jimmy.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDREI'S HOME - NIGHT

Angela gets home from visiting Roman in jail. No one is in the LIVING ROOM, Angela walks through the quiet house.

CUT TO:

MASTER BEDROOM

Andrei is passed out in bed, Angela turns around and exits.

CUT TO:

THE STAIRCASE

Angela continue's up the staircase towards Melanie's room.

CUT TO:

MELANIE'S BEDROOM

ANGELA walks in, the light is on, MELANIE can't fall asleep.

MELANIE

Hi mommy.

ANGELA

(softly)

Hi sweety.

MELANIE

What happened to Roman? I'm scared.

Angela tries to think about how to answer.

ANGELA

Your big brother just got in some trouble, that's all, it's nothing for you to worry about.

MELANIE

What do you mean trouble?

ANGELA

It's complicated. When you're older,
I'll explain it to you. Good night
baby.

MELANIE

Good night.

Angela kisses her on the cheek, turns the light off.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

TOMMY DESIMONE, an Italian mobster dressed in a three piece suit is sitting across the table from Marbury who is staring at the clock, impatiently. Tommy looks like a cocky, arrogant guy, he has a fancy Rolex, it shines. Marbury looks at him with disgust.

Agent O'Connor flies in through the door and sits down in front of Tommy who suddenly looks less confident, there is a flare in O'Connor's eyes.

O'CONNOR

I want the word to get out at
Rikers that Andrei Sidorov is
cooperating with us.

Marbury suddenly looks stunned, he looks at his partner.

MARBURY

(interrupting)

Hold on a second.

O'CONNOR

(CONT'D)

And that his son is going to
cooperate and you get that word on
the street as soon as FUCKING...

(screaming now)

...possible or I swear to god we'll
drop you back on the street and you
will go down with the rest of of
those mother fuckers, YOU GOT THAT!?

MARBURY

Sean, can we talk for a second?

Tommy looks almost frightened, this is a serious recommendation.

Tommy almost laughs as Marbury and O'Connor step outside of the interrogation room.

INT. BUREAU CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Marbury is close to O'Connor, they are almost whispering.

MARBURY

Do you know what you're doing?

O'CONNOR

Yes I know what the fuck I'm doing.

MARBURY

If you do this, his kid is dead.
It's a fucking guarantee, it's open season.

There is a moment of silence, they both contemplate what they are about to do.

O'CONNOR

They got to my son.

Marbury suddenly understands, he looks concerned.

MARBURY

Jimmy?

O'CONNOR

They came to him at school.

O'Connor rubs his hands through his hair.

CUT TO:

INT. LAW OFFICES OF BRUCE FEINSTEIN - NIGHT

Bruce Feinstein is the only one in the office as he diligently works, seeping through paperwork. He is exhausted, his eyes are dreary. His desk is filled with file folders and paperwork, he looks up on the computer and finds an article about an FBI Corruption probe.

All of a sudden a burst of energy comes over him and he dials a number, an answer, a groggy sound comes from the speaker.

BRUCE

It's Bruce Feinstein. Agent Hernandez from the DEA, headed up that task force that took down Roman?

VOICE (OS)
Yeah, what about him?

BRUCE
FBI Corruption division, please
tell me what I'm looking at is real.
This guy has some dirty laundry.

He stands up, pacing and back and forth through his office.

VOICE (OS)
Agent Hernandez, DEA?
(BRUCE is excited)
Yeah, his entire task force is
under investigation by the FBI
Corruption division. Anything else?

BRUCE
(smiling)
No sir.

VOICE (OS)
You tell anyone about this
conversation there's gonna be a
problem, you know what I mean?

BRUCE
Of course. Good night.

The phone clicks, Bruce smiles, he nearly jumps up and down.

CUT TO:

INT. RIKER'S ISLAND CELL 203 - MORNING

It is a dark and early morning, a fluttering night light barely shows the tiny cell. The bunk bed is occupied, Roman is sleeping on the bottom one. Suddenly, an extremely ANNOYING buzz sound rolls the doors. Roman slowly opens his eyes when a hood abruptly storms into the room, Roman tries to get up but isn't fast enough.

The hood grabs Roman and they tumble onto the concrete floor of the cell as the upper bunk roommate tries to run out of the cell, the door is locked. Roman struggles as the hood strangles him, he tries to fight back, he knees the hood in the groin and gets up for a second, limping.

The hood tackles Roman to the ground, Roman's head hits the door of the cell rendering him almost unconscious as he slides down, his head is bleeding. The hood grabs Roman and starts pummeling him in the face, beating him to death.

CUT TO:

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S PRIVATE OFFICE - MORNING

Anthony DeMarco is sitting behind his desk speaking to two DEA AGENTS, one of which is Agent Hernandez, who was at Roman's house both times he was arrested. Anthony is looking over a packet of papers.

ANTHONY

Alright, send a copy of this over to James Marbury at the FBI, I want to know what he thinks about this. Ok?

Anthony notices Bruce Feinstein walking towards his office.

ANTHONY

(to agents)

Ok, we're done here.

As the DEA AGENTS exit the office, Bruce enters, he is excited about something, he drops a huge packet of papers on Anthony's desk.

ANTHONY

What is this?

BRUCE

(with great sarcasm)

This -- is your demise, my friend. Signed statements by Melanie's PRINCIPAL that he was threatened by FBI agents to expel Melanie from school! Second, signed statements from Adam Bernstein, Nikolai's boss, that he was also threatened by FBI agents to fire NIKOLAI from his job, sad isn't it? Third! A detailed report, compiled by the FBI Corruption division which just so happens to be investigating the DEA agents who were in charge of Roman's case for suspicion of taking in millions of dollars in illegal profits unreported to the United States government.

(a beat)

Do you want me to keep going? I'm not done yet. I can go for fucking days!

Anthony is in shock as he starts to look through the documents.

BRUCE

I want Roman Sidorov released from custody within the hour and I want Andrei Sidorov dropped from the indictment.

(a beat)

Or else -- the D.A.'s office, the FBI and the DEA are gonna have a media cluster fuck which I'm sure wouldn't be too good for them right now, especially with all the hearings going on about possible budget cuts. Fuck you very much. Good bye, Mr. DeMarco, always a pleasure doing business with you.

Bruce begins to walk out of the office.

DEMARCO

(sadly)

Bruce.

Bruce turns around, looks at DeMarco.

DEMARCO

Sit down for a second.

Bruce can tell by the look on DeMarco's face that something is wrong, and important. Bruce looks at DeMarco, concerned.

DEMARCO

Roman Sidorov is dead.

A look of confusion and loss absorbs Bruce's expression.

BRUCE

What?

DEMARCO

He's dead, Bruce. He was killed at Riker's early this morning. Strangled to death.

BRUCE

What the fuck are you talking about Anthony?

Bruce's eyes are tearing.

DEMARCO

I'm sorry, Bruce. I am.

Bruce doesn't know how to respond, he looks at a distraught DeMarco and then turns away, he walks out of the office trying to maintain composure.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDREI SIDOROV'S HOME - AFTERNOON

The house is dark and still. Andrei, Nikolai and Angela are sitting around the breakfast table in complete silence. Angela's eyes are filled with tears while Nikolai and Andrei are on the verge.

NIKOLAI

Word must have gotten to Gus,
somehow.

(thinking deeply)

They thought you we're gonna talk,
cause of Roman.

(looking down)

I just...

Nikolai cant handle himself, he looks at his brother, on the verge of tears.

ANDREI

(slowly)

I killed my son.

Suddenly Andrei falls to the floor, he is having a heart attack as he grabs for his heart, Nikolai and Angela get up screaming as Melanie comes down stairs.

NIKOLAI

Melanie, call 911! NOW!

Nikolai and Andrei hover over Andrei as he nearly goes unconscious.

ANGELA

Andrei, NO!

(CRYING HYSTERICALLY)

DON'T YOU FUCKING DO THIS TO ME!

CUT TO:

INT. AMBULANCE - AFTERNOON

ANDREI is in the ambulance unconscious, on the way to the hospital.

CUT TO:

INT. O'CONNOR'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Special Agent Sean O'Connor is sitting on the couch, looking down at a bottle of whiskey. He has drunken himself into a stupor. There is a knock at the door, he slowly gets up and answers it, Agent Marbury is standing at the doorway.

MARBURY

Roman's gone. Strangled to death at Rikers.

O'CONNOR

I don't give a fuck anymore, James. I'm done with this shit, I'm done with the bureau.

MARBURY

You're not done. I would've done the same thing in your position, they came after your family.

O'CONNOR

So did we, James. That's what you don't get.

(a beat)

We're just as fucked up as they are.

MARBURY

We still got a lot of work to do on this indictment, Bertolina's got some more leads for us.

O'CONNOR

Go have fun. Leave me the fuck alone.

O'Connor slams the door in Marbury's face. He walks back into the living room and sits down, he looks at the gun and badge on the table.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN

The sound of a gun shot, O'Connor has committed suicide.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - LATE AFTERNOON

Bruce, Nikolai, Angela and Melissa are standing around Andrei's body. He has just died only moments before. Angela starts crying hysterically. Melissa follows suit.

Nikolai remains strong, filled with anger, he storms out of the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONG ISLAND STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

Nikolai is speeding down the Long Island Expressway on his way into the city. The car swerves in and out of lanes, Nikolai's eyes are filled with tears and anger.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAVENITE SOCIAL CLUB - LATE AFTERNOON

THE BLACK SEDAN doesn't even parallel park, Nikolai gets out of the car in the middle of the street and walks into the social club. A bunch of mobsters are sitting around smoking cigars, playing cards, conversing, etc.

NIKOLAI

Where the fuck is Gus?

GANGSTER

He's in the back, who the fuck are you?

Nikolai grabs the GANGSTER by the neck and smashes his head into a picture frame on the wall, he speeds past everyone, knocking over some chairs and hoods in the process. He is abrupt, quick and determined.

Nikolai makes it to the door where a BODYGUARD is standing at attention, Nikolai pulls out a 44 MAGNUM and pistol whips the bodyguard who doesn't have the chance to pull out his gun. The bodyguard drops down hard as blood squirts from his face. The hoods in the social club begin to disperse, some remain to fight.

Nikolai steps over the bodyguard and elbows the door open. He see's Gus Soto sitting at a table with two younger GANGSTERS. Gus Soto looks shocked as he watches Nikolai enter the room with pace.

He fires off the gun blowing a hole through both of the hoods sitting at the table, he stands in front of Gus who is frightened.

GUS

(pleading)

Nikolai!

Nikolai blows a hole the size of a small pear in between both of Gus' eyes. Gun shots start blaring as Nikolai takes cover, some of the bullets get close.

The fight is not over yet, Nikolai still needs to make it out of the social club alive. He runs over to the dead bodies and gathers ammunition, he hears random gun fire which is deafening.

Nikolai loads up the two pistols and kicks the door open and ducks down, a range of shots fire back in his direction, when they stop he runs through the door shooting as many of the hoods as he can, most of them have already ran.

He shoots two of them before catching a debilitating bullet to the rib. The sound of police sirens becomes extremely loud when mixed with the bullets.

Nikolai stumbles out of the social club, bleeding profusely. As the POLICE CARS pull up the remaining HOODS run out the back door of the club.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

Nikolai stumbles onto the street as people run and scream, several police cars pull up and make a circle around Nikolai who has two gun shot wounds. Finally, once he reaches the middle of the street he falls to his knees.

POLICE OFFICER
PUT THE GUN DOWN!

OFFICER #2
PUT THE FUCKING GUN DOWN NOW!

Nikolai uses the adrenaline to unload the clip on the array of police officers as he is shot to death, bullets rattling his body, there is blood everywhere as his body falls onto the street in a pool of blood.

CUT TO:

EXT. FUNERAL - LATE AFTERNOON

The funerals of Andrei, Roman and Nikolai. Angela, Melissa and Amanda are all crying profusely. The weather is cloudy and dark as the massive amount of people at the funeral are wearing black. There is a picture of each of the deceased on their coffins, before they are buried.

Bruce cannot stand the funeral, he walks away, eager and ambitious to do something about these recent events. There is a look about him.

CUT TO:

SUBTITLE: THREE MONTHS LATER...

DEMARCO

It is the intention of this court,
and intention of those involved to
become aware of what has transpired
in the past several months
involving an FBI corruption probe
into the Drug Enforcement Agency's
New York Task Force as well as
multiple agents from the FBI.

INT. COURT ROOM - AFTERNOON

Bruce and Anthony DeMarco are standing next to each other on the side of the District Attorney's Office while the defendants sit at the opposite table. The court room is jammed packed with reporters, attorneys, onlookers, etc. Angela, Amanda and Melissa are in the audience.

BRUCE

Several months ago the FBI targeted the Sidorov family alleging their involvement in Organized Crime. Although this has yet to be proven to this day in a court room or even be considered beyond a reasonable doubt, the FBI did willingly choose to include Mr. Sidorov in the indictment.

(to the jury)

But that, ladies and gentlemen, is only the tip of the iceberg.

The jury is diverse as we pan across to the defense table where very familiar looking federal agents are on trial, Marbury and Hernandez are present.

BRUCE

And over the course of this trial I will expose the FBI as well as the DEA in all aspects of their corruption involving not only this particular investigation but several others over the past few decades involving not only corruption but extortion, racketeering, grand theft, and even murder.

Marbury looks anxious as he watches Bruce, they make brief eye contact before we suddenly...

CUT TO BLACK.