

THE THIEVES CODE

"Pilot"

Written By

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ANTHOLOGY UNDERGROUND

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TEASER

OVER BLACK:

The incessant tapping sound of rain on the pavement.

INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT (BRIGHTON BEACH, BROOKLYN) - NIGHT

A studio apartment. The walls are bare. A bed. A couch. A coffee table. A gun, cell phone, cigarette and lighter above the coffee table.

A MAN, his back to us, standing at a window watching the rain pounding the pavement. He has distinctive looking tattoos on his arms, hands and fingers.

A BUZZING sound and the man turns to the coffee table. Light emitting from the cell phone display as it continues to buzz.

REVEAL: IVAN DANKO (27), scruffy looking, but still handsome with haunting hazel eyes. Ivan has a quiet way about him when he speaks. He grabs the cell phone on the coffee table.

IVAN
(into cell phone; in
Russian)
Yeah.
(beat)
See you soon.

Ivan pockets the cell phone, cigarette and lighter. He slips the gun down the small of his back, grabs a sweatshirt inside a closet then heads out the door.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Ivan waiting in the rain wearing the sweatshirt with the hood on. He eyes an approaching van down the street suspiciously. As the van gets closer, Ivan's hand instinctively slides down the small of his back for his weapon.

The van rolls by and disappears around a corner. Ivan's hand emerges from behind his back clutching a MATCHBOX. Ivan opens the matchbox, revealing a half dozen tiny BLUE PILLS inside.

Ivan pops a pill into his mouth, grimacing as he dry swallows it. As soon as he pockets the matchbox:

A BLACK JAGUAR COUPE with tinted windows pulls up from around the corner. Ivan gets into the passenger seat and the Jaguar pulls away.

EXT. BELT PARKWAY FREEWAY - NIGHT

Dark. Deserted. Rain falls on the rear window of the Jaguar racing west of the freeway.

INT. JAGUAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

YURI ORLOV (32) driving. Eyes glazed over. Yuri is what you would call, tall, dark and handsome, aside for his propensity for violence. Ivan riding shotgun, watching the road ahead.

EXT. BRIGHTON 6TH STREET - NIGHT

A one-way street lined with two family houses. Not a soul in sight. The Jaguar turns into the street. Parks at the curb. Rain continues to fall.

INT. JAGUAR - NIGHT

Yuri turns the lights off, but leaves the engine running. He looks down the street.

YURI
Which house is his?

IVAN
The brick one down to the right.

Yuri looks over the brick house. Lights shining from within. Yuri then eyes the rain with contempt.

YURI
I hate the fucking rain. Hope this asshole shows up soon.

EXT. TOYS "R" US (PARKING LOT) - NIGHT

FRANK VINCENNES (45) striding toward a station wagon carrying a shopping bag and an umbrella over his head. Vincennes folds the umbrella, gets into the station wagon and drives off.

INT. JAGUAR - NIGHT

Yuri is getting agitated. He checks the rear view mirror for oncoming cars. Nothing so far. Yuri looks at his watch.

YURI
Where the hell is this guy?

Ivan lights a cigarette, powers down the window and blows out the smoke.

IVAN

Be patient. He'll show.

Yuri reaches into his inside jacket pocket. Pulls out a vial of coke. Ivan watches.

IVAN

Come on, Yuri. Put that away.

That angers Yuri.

YURI

You don't ever get to tell me what to do. You got it?

IVAN

I just don't think it's wise to get high right now.

Yuri simply glares at Ivan. Ivan knows better and backs off. Yuri pops the vial cap off and hits one nostril.

YURI

Dad would have never considered you for this, if it weren't for me.
(hits other nostril)
Remember that.

IVAN

You're right. I apologize.

Yuri studies Ivan's face a moment, trying to discern whether he is being sincere or not. Satisfied, he puts the cap back onto the vial, which goes back into his jacket pocket.

A car headlights appear behind them, growing larger. As the car rolls by, Yuri and Ivan eye the driver. It's Vincennes.

YURI

Here we go.

THEIR POV: Vincennes station wagon pulling into the driveway of the brick house.

RESUME SCENE

Ivan tosses the cigarette out the window, pulls on his hoody and steps out of the car.

YURI

Hey!
 (off Ivan's look)
 Make it quick.

EXT. BRIGHTON 6TH STREET - NIGHT

Ivan shuts the door and heads toward the brick house without breaking a stride.

EXT. GRAY HOUSE (2ND FLOOR) - NIGHT

A FIGURE watches Ivan in the window, before vanishing behind the curtain.

EXT. BRICK HOUSE (DRIVEWAY) - NIGHT

Vincennes steps out of the car with the shopping bag. As he shuts the door:

IVAN (O.S.)

Vincennes!

Vincennes turns around. Eyes go wide at the sight of Ivan's weapon. TWO QUICK SHOTS to the chest and Vincennes succumbs to the ground.

The shopping bag goes flying up and a white Teddy Bear falls out of it, lands beside Vincennes' head in a puddle of dirty water.

Ivan stands over Vincennes on the ground, who is still alive and bleeding from the mouth. Rain falls on Vincennes' face, as he struggles to speak.

VINCENNES

I'm... a cop.

Ivan levels the weapon to Vincennes' head. His hand steady.

IVAN

(calm)
 I know.

Ivan FIRES.

FADE TO BLACK.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. BELT PARKWAY FREEWAY - NIGHT

The Jaguar pulls up to the side of the highway. Ivan emerges and tosses the gun into the water. He gets back into the car and Yuri drives off.

EXT. BRIGHTON 6TH STREET - NIGHT

The rain has settled. Police crime scene tape is up. Police cars, forensics, the media, cops, with notebooks interviewing onlookers.

A ROOKIE lifts up the police crime scene tape and an unmarked car rolls through. Lights flash on the dashboard, no sirens. LIEUTENANT SANTINO exits, 46. Santino is old school NYPD and tough as nail.

EXT. BRICK HOUSE (DRIVEWAY) - NIGHT

TWO UNIFORMED OFFICERS eye Vincennes' body with a sad look on their faces. Officer #1 kneels next to the body for a closer look.

SANTINO (O.S.)
Hey, get away from him!

Officer #1 gets startled, quickly rises as Santino enters the driveway.

SANTINO
What the hell were you thinking?

Officer #1 is at a loss for words.

SANTINO
Just get out of here! Both of you.
(as they're not moving
fast enough)
Go! Now!

The officers head out of the driveway, past three detectives who have just arrived. FEDOROV, 40. RUIZ and DELANO. Both in their late 30's. Upon seeing Vincennes' body.

FEDOROV
Goddamn it, Frank! Goddamn it!

RUIZ

Christ.

Delano stares at Vincennes' body, speechless, but the look on his face says it all. Fedorov kneels beside Vincennes' body. As he attempts to touch it:

SANTINO

Fedorov, don't.
(off Fedorov's gaze)
Come on, you know better.

Fedorov obeys, but remains next to the body. Grief stricken.

FEDOROV

(something dawning;
rising)
Shit! Adele and the kids?

SANTINO

They're all right. They were at her mother's. Got a unit watching them.

FEDOROV

(pacing)
I'm gonna fucking kill him.

SANTINO

Calm down.

RUIZ

What are we gonna do, Lieutenant?

DELANO

(pumped)
Come on, Lieutenant. We all know who did this.

Santino does know, as he scans the faces of his men. They're in agony.

INT. ROSIYA BAR - NIGHT

Ivan and Yuri at the end of the bar drinking and watching the news of Vincennes' shooting on a tv mounted atop the bar.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Details are a bit sketchy at this time, but we do know that detective Frank Vincennes has been fatally shot in his driveway earlier this evening.

BORIS, SERGEI and ALEXEI watch alongside Yuri and Ivan. All in their mid 30's and tattooed up.

Boris leans toward Ivan, whispers something in his ear, then gives him a congratulatory pat on the back. Ivan nods, resumes watching the news.

INT. ROSIYA BAR (OFFICE) - NIGHT

VLADIMIR ORLOV (68) watches the same news on a flat screen tv at his desk. Vladimir is lean with a pleasant face and hawk-like eyes. Everything about him exudes power and authority. He sports assorted tattoos on his arms and hands.

REPORTER (V.O.)

The highly decorated detective was leading the task force that has waged war on the Russian mob, also known as Vory v Zakone, which is headed by Vladimir Orlov.

Watching alongside Vladimir is DMITRI, a hard looking Russian in his 50's. Dmitri is Vladimir's right hand man. His hands and fingers are also adorned with tattoos.

INT. ROSIYA BAR - NIGHT

The word mafia did not sit well with Yuri, who screams at the reporter on the screen.

YURI

Fucking bitch.

Yuri gulps down his drink.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Detective Vincennes is survived by his wife Adele and twin sons, Dylan and Michael.

The front door suddenly BURSTS OPEN and Santino, Ruiz, Delano and Fedorov walk in, weapons drawn. The vory seem unfazed by the cops' entrance.

SERGEI

Didn't you guys get the memo?

DELANO

Which one was that?

SERGEI

We don't serve pigs in this bar.

The others laugh. Delano suddenly pistol whips Sergei across the face. Knocks him down. Boris attempts to intervene, but Ruiz presses his gun against his temple.

RUIZ
Go ahead, asshole. Make a move.

Boris glares at Ruiz with no intention of backing down until:

VLADIMIR (O.S.)
Boris...

Everyone turns toward Vladimir, who has just stepped into the bar from a back door. Dmitri stands by his side.

VLADIMIR
(in Russian)
... back off.

Boris obeys, steps back.

SANTINO
How are you, Vladimir?

Vladimir approaches. Dmitri follows.

VLADIMIR
What do you want, Santino?

SANTINO
You know the drill.

EXT. ROSIYA BAR - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Vladimir and the other vory are being ushered out the door by Santino and his crew.

SANTINO
You know how it goes, gentlemen.
Up against the wall.

The others comply, except for Ivan, who stands his ground and glares at Santino.

IVAN
(in Russian)
What's the matter, Lieutenant? One
of your boys got popped?

FEDOROV
(steps up)
I speak Russian, asshole.

IVAN

I know.

Fedorov starts pouncing on Ivan with ferocity. Santino pulls him off.

SANTINO

Calm the fuck down.

FEDOROV

I'm calm.

Ivan has a bloody lip. As Santino steps toward him, he spits the blood in his face.

CLOSE ON: Vladimir watching, pleased with what Ivan had done.

CLOSE ON: Yuri notes the look of satisfaction in his father's face. He is jealous.

Santino wipes his face and gives Ivan a firm look as he says:

SANTINO

Turn around and spread it.

Ivan reluctantly obliges. As Santino pats him down...

SANTINO

(to his crew)

Check them.

Ruiz, Fedorov and Delano start patting the others down. They are done and back off.

DELANO

They're clean.

VLADIMIR

You hear that, cop? Clean. Now unless you plan on arresting us, get the hell off my property.

Santino gets into Vladimir's face.

SANTINO

I know you had Vincennes killed. I can't prove it yet, but when I do, I'm gonna back up a truck in here and pack all your asses in it like rats.

VLADIMIR

In Russia, you'd all be dead.

SANTINO

Well this ain't Russia, you fuck.
We're on your ass, now. Morning,
noon and night. We're gonna be on
you like flies on shit.

VLADIMIR

(in Russian)
Get the fuck out of here.

Fedorov pulls Santino back.

FEDOROV

Come on, Lieutenant. Let's go.

Santino looks at Ivan before walking away. We get the sense that there's more to that glare than we think.

INT. SANTINO'S UNMARKED CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Ruiz driving. Santino riding shotgun. Delano and Fedorov in the back seat. They ride in silence, but emotions are obviously running high.

INT. GENTLEMEN CLUB (PRIVATE ROOM) - NIGHT

Music blaring out. Yuri, inebriated, dances with TWO RUSSIAN GIRLS whose faces are full of make up. The girls are so doped up that they can barely move to the music.

Boris, Sergei and Alexei are being entertained in a booth by THREE MORE GIRLS, who are in various stages of undressing and overly made up as well.

One of the girls (OLGA), 22, beautiful, with long curly locks and light green eyes grinds on Sergei, while glancing at:

Ivan in a booth, drinking a beer. Senses Olga's eyes on him, he glances briefly at her. Olga's equally doped up but still manages to keep her posture under control.

Ivan then turns toward Yuri dancing and making out with an 18 year old NATALYA, who's wearing bright red lipstick and heavy eye make up. Natalya's face is sad and her eyes are empty.

Yuri stumbles over to a glass table, with lines of cocaine on top. He snorts a line of coke, then downs a shot of whisky.

YURI

Ivan, come party with us.

IVAN

I'm content watching from here.

YURI

Suit yourself.

Natalya suddenly falls down. Yuri bursts out laughing. Ivan moves to help Natalya, but Olga beats him to it. She assists Natalya in standing up then sits her down in a chair.

Ivan and Olga stare at one another. Her eyes are vacant, but there seems to be a slight connection between them.

Yuri looks on, jealous. He does another line of cocaine then grabs Olga firmly by the wrist and leads her into an adjacent room.

Ivan locks eyes with Olga as Yuri shuts the door behind them. Ivan finishes the beer and leaves.

INT. YURI'S GENTLEMEN CLUB (BACK ROOM) - NIGHT

Olga on all fours, being entered roughly from behind by Yuri. Yuri has two STAR-SHAPED TATTOOS on either side of his chest. Yuri grunts, pulling Olga's hair, while pushing deeper inside her. Olga is expressionless.

Yuri finishes, climbs off the bed, then begins putting on his clothes. Olga turns away from Yuri, staring blankly into the wall. She is deaden.

INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT - MIDDLE OF NIGHT

Ivan on the couch, absorbed in a book - Kiplin's "The Man Who Would Be King." His gun rests on the coffee table within his reach.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE (LITTLE ODESSA) - DAY

Fedorov kneeling beside a man's body lying in a pool of blood from a gunshot wound to the head. A UNIFORMED OFFICER stands by watching.

FEDOROV

Who is he?

UNIFORMED OFFICER

(from a note pad)

Sasha Wachowski, 67 years old.

Married father of two.

(MORE)

UNIFORMED OFFICER (CONT'D)
Neighbor said he and his wife Vera
own the place.

Fedorov gestures toward a stunned looking RUSSIAN GIRL at the
counter, chain smoking. Her hand is shaking.

FEDOROV
She the cashier?

UNIFORMED OFFICER
Yes. Said she came in early to
help Wachowski do the inventory and
stumbled on the body.

Fedorov stands.

FEDOROV
Got a statement from her?

UNIFORMED OFFICER
Yes.

FEDOROV
So send her home.

UNIFORMED OFFICER
Yes, sir.

The Uniformed officer heads over to the cashier and whispers
something in her ear. The cashier nods. Heads out the door
past --

DETECTIVE PELOSI entering. She's a tall, attractive 40 year
old blond of Italian decent, with a no non-sense attitude.

PELOSI
Detective Fedorov?

Fedorov turns toward Pelosi.

PELOSI
Lieutenant Santino said I would
find you here.
(offers a hand)
I'm detective Eve Pelosi. Your new
partner.

Fedorov studies Pelosi for a moment, then reluctantly shakes
her hand.

FEDOROV
Where are you from detective
Pelosi?

PELOSI

The Bronx.

(beat)

I'm sorry about detective
Vincennes. I heard he was a good
man.

FEDOROV

Thank you.

Pelosi nods, then approaches Sasha's body.

PELOSI

What do we have here?

FEDOROV

Robbery gone bad. DOA's Sasha
Wachowski. SGW to the head.

Pelosi leans over Sasha's body. Studies it without touching.
Fedorov watches closely, as she examines the wound pattern on
Sasha's head.

PELOSI

Looks like a 9mm.

Pelosi eyes the front door. Fedorov and the Uniformed cop
look on.

PELOSI

Shooter was standing over there.

Pelosi steps toward a shelf near the door, pushes it aside.
A shell casing is on the floor.

PELOSI

(to uniformed cop)

Bag this.

Fedorov looks on, impressed.

PELOSI

Anybody saw or heard anything?

UNIFORMED OFFICER

Woman next door saw two black men
running away from the scene minutes
after she heard the shot.

(beat)

Makes sense.

PELOSI

(defensive)

How's that?

The uniformed officer is suddenly frozen, realizing what he had just said.

FEDOROV

Brighton Beach is run by a man named Vladimir Orlov. What the officer meant to say was, no one from this neighborhood is stupid enough to do this.

Pelosi nods, understands.

EXT. KINGS HIGHWAY - CORRIGAN'S DEALERSHIP (CAR LOT) - DAY

A town car pulls into the car lot. Boris steps out from the driver side and opens the back door. Vladimir gets out.

Dmitri exits from the passenger side. Boris remains by the car, while Vladimir and Dmitri head toward the office, past a line of luxury automobiles.

INT. CORRIGAN'S DEALERSHIP (OFFICE LOBBY) - DAY

A three hundred pound man (LITTLE MIKE) stands from a chair, as Dmitri and Vladimir stride through the door.

LITTLE MIKE

Good morning, Mr. Orlov.

INT. CORRIGAN'S DEALERSHIP (OFFICE) - DAY

JIMMY CORRIGAN (50) leaning back in the seat behind his desk with his eyes shut. There's a KNOCK at the door, which then opens by Little Mike.

LITTLE MIKE

Excuse me, Mr. Corrigan.

CORRIGAN

What?

LITTLE MIKE

Vladimir Orlov is here to see you.

Corrigan suddenly straightens himself up.

CORRIGAN

Sorry, darling. We'll have to finish this later.

Emerging from under Corrigan's desk is his secretary ISIS, a pretty black girl in her 20's. Isis leaves the room through another door. Corrigan puts himself together then stands.

CORRIGAN
Okay. Show him in.

Little Mike heads to the door. Opens it. Vladimir walks in, trailed by Dmitri. Little Mike leaves, shutting the door.

CORRIGAN
Good morning, Mr. Orlov. Dmitri.

From the way Corrigan quickly extends his hand, we get a real sense of Vladimir's power and authority.

VLADIMIR
(shakes Corrigan's hand)
How are you, Jimmy?

CORRIGAN
I'm good, Mr. Orlov. Thank you.

Corrigan waits for Vladimir to sit down first before settling back in his seat. Dmitri remains standing.

CORRIGAN
What can I do for you?

VLADIMIR
Ivan Danko. What do you know of him?

Corrigan is basically a source of information for Vladimir or anyone with the right price. He knows everything about anyone from the five boroughs as long as it's illegal.

CORRIGAN
Smart. Tough. Knew his mother back in the days. Good woman. What did he do?

VLADIMIR
It's nothing like that. What else?

CORRIGAN
Got a trip to the zone for killing his father back in St. Petersburg. Was a minor then.

VLADIMIR
How long?

CORRIGAN

Three years. He pretty much kept to himself in there until an inmate took something from him.

FLASH CUT:

ST. PETERSBURG PRISON. YARD. Inmates walking in line back to the gate.

Ivan among them, hand tucked into his pocket, eyes fixed on a SKIN HEAD INMATE in front of him.

In a flash, Ivan produces an ice pick, stabs Skin head inmate several times in the back, then calmly strides off.

RESUME SCENE

Vladimir listens attentively.

CORRIGAN

Prison authorities never connected him to the stabbing.

Vladimir, satisfied, stands up. Corrigan rises. They shake hands.

VLADIMIR

Thanks, Jimmy.

Vladimir and Dmitri head for the door. Vladimir stops, looks back at Corrigan.

VLADIMIR

By the way, what did the inmate take from Ivan?

CORRIGAN

A cigarette.

Vladimir smiles, appreciates that. Vladimir and Dmitri head out the door.

INT. TOWNCAR (MOVING) - DAY

Boris driving. Vladimir stares out the window a moment then turns to Dmitri.

VLADIMIR

You called our friend?

DMITRI

Meeting is set for tonight at
midnight.

VLADIMIR

Good.

Vladimir looks back out the window. Houses are blurring by in the distance.

EXT. KINGS HIGHWAY (DINER) - DAY

The Jaguar pulls up front. Ivan and Yuri exit and cross to the diner. They go inside.

Moments later, they re-emerge with Yuri shoving an envelope into his jacket pocket. They get into the Jaguar and drive off.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

TIRE SHOP: The Jaguar is parked outside. Yuri and Ivan exit the tire shop toward the Jaguar, Yuri pocketing cash. OWNER of tire shop watches them drive away with disdain.

COFFEE SHOP: Yuri is handed cash from a register by a PRETTY BLOND WOMAN. Ivan watches Yuri count the cash. They leave.

CHINESE RESTAURANT: Yuri and Ivan emerging from a side door of a Chinese restaurant. Yuri pockets money. They get into the Jaguar and drive away.

DEAD-END STREET: A DRUG DEALER bolts from around the corner into a dead-end street.

The Jaguar careens around the corner at sixty miles per hour chasing the dealer. Yuri laughing maniacally, while running down the dealer.

Ivan jumps out, takes the dealer's money then gets back into the car. Yuri reverses out of the street and peels off.

END SERIES OF SHOTS:

INT. DENTIST OFFICE - LATE DAY

A YOUNG DENTIST goes flying across the room -- crashing head first into the wall next to Yuri.

YURI
 You had until four o'clock today.
 (checks his watch)
 It's four-o-one.

Ivan pulls the dentist up by the hair and backhands him into a chair. Blood streams from a cut on his forehead. As Ivan moves toward him with purpose:

THE DENTIST
 Wait!

The dentist retrieves a stack of cash from a desk drawer and hands it over to Yuri. Yuri takes the cash.

YURI
 Late again...
 (draws his gun)
 ... and I'll shove this so far up
 your ass, it'll come out of your
 mouth.

The terrified dentist nods. Yuri and Ivan head out the door.

INT. 66TH PRECINCT (ORGANIZE CRIME DIVISION) - LATE DAY

SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS: Covering a board on the wall. Vladimir and his top three men. Dmitri, Yuri and Boris.

SANTINO (O.S.)
 Meet the stars of Vory V Zakone.

The photos consist of Vladimir and his men getting into cars, exiting the Little Odessa restaurant, going into the Rosiya bar and talking on the streets.

SANTINO (O.S.)
 Loosely translates to "Thieves in
 Law."

REVEAL: Santino addressing his crew. Fedorov, Delano, Ruiz and Pelosi.

SANTINO
 These guys run Brighton Beach and
 its surrounding neighborhoods. On
 orders from Vladimir Orlov, they
 murder, rob, extort, deal drugs and
 traffic women for sex.
 (beat; emotional)
 Last night, we lost one of the best
 detectives I've ever had the
 pleasure of working with. And --

Santino pauses, as emotion envelopes him.

SANTINO

Fedorov, you and Pelosi go back to Vincennes' neighbors. Someone bound to see something.

(off Fedorov's nod)

Ruiz, Delano, back them up. Bring me something to bury these assholes.

Everyone heads out the door.

EXT. DIVE BAR - LATE DAY

The Jaguar pulls up. Yuri and Ivan get out. They enter the bar.

INT. DIVE BAR - LATE DAY

Dark. Dingy looking. No one's in sight. Yuri looks around.

YURI

What a piece of shit.

(yells)

Hey, Gregor?! Where are you?

Ivan looks down a corridor. Light emits from beneath a door.

IVAN

Yuri. Office.

Yuri and Ivan start down the corridor. Yuri in the lead. As they get closer to the door:

YURI

Gregor! You in there?!

Ivan HEARS a click. He instinctively pushes Yuri down to the floor just as several bullets go through the door. Ivan then HEARS two consecutive clicks. Gun is out of bullets.

INT. DIVE BAR (OFFICE) - LATE DAY

GREGOR (70's) frail looking, aiming the empty revolver toward the door. Waiting nervously. Hand trembling.

WHAM! The door gets violently kicked in. Yuri walks in, gun drawn. Ivan trails him.

YURI
Hello, Gregor!

Yuri levels the gun to Gregor's head.

YURI
Goodbye, Gregor.

IVAN
Yuri. No!

Yuri SHOOTS Gregor dead.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. STREET - LATE DAY

Ivan and Yuri crossing toward the Jaguar. Ivan is hurrying while Yuri is taking his time. They get into the Jaguar.

INT. JAGUAR - LATE DAY

Yuri doesn't start the engine. He just sits there, staring ahead.

IVAN

What are you doing? We need to get out of here.

Yuri looks at Ivan.

YURI

How long have we known each other, Ivan?

Ivan stares at Yuri, surprised by the timing of the question.

IVAN

I don't know. About a year now.

Yuri suddenly whips out his weapon, jams the barrel against Ivan's jaw.

YURI

That's the second time you tried telling me what to do. There ain't gonna be a third time.

IVAN

(calm; composed)

Get your gun out of my face, Yuri.

A beat. Yuri stares at Ivan. Yuri then slides the gun into his waistband, starts the car and pulls away.

EXT. BRIGHTON 6TH STREET (HOUSE FRONT PORCH) - LATE DAY

Fedorov and Pelosi question a HEAVY SET RUSSIAN WOMAN on her front porch. She is uncooperative.

PELOSI

You expect us to believe that you live two doors down from detective Vincennes' and you didn't hear any gun shots last night?

The Heavy set woman eyes a Range Rover approaching from down the street.

HEAVY SET WOMAN

Yeah. That's right.

EXT. RANGE ROVER - LATE DAY

The passenger window is powered down to reveal Boris, locking eyes with --

The Heavy set woman, who suddenly becomes agitated. She yells something in Russian then slams her door shut.

Fedorov turns toward the Range Rover driving away just as the passenger window rolls back up, wiping Boris from view.

PELOSI

What did she say?

FEDOROV

You don't want to know.

They start down the steps, meet Ruiz and Delano emerging from another house.

FEDOROV

Anything?

RUIZ

So far, everyone's got amnesia.

FEDOROV

Figured that much.
(scans the street)
Look up and down the block and tell me what you guys see.

They oblige him. The street is deserted, not a soul in sight.

PELOSI

There's no one around. So what?

FEDOROV

It's summer. No kids playing in the block. No one sitting on their stoops.

(MORE)

FEDOROV (CONT'D)

And no old ladies in beach chairs
on the sidewalk gossiping.

(off their gaze)

Because we're here. People are
afraid. As long as Orlov runs
these neighborhoods, no one will
ever cooperate with us.

Fedorov glances toward the gray house just as a Figure on the
second floor window disappears behind the curtain. He thinks
a moment.

EXT. BROOKLYN SKYLINE - NIGHT

Night has fallen.

EXT./INT. BELT PARKWAY - JAGUAR - NIGHT

Yuri driving, calm. Ivan stares at him, pissed. Yuri takes
notice.

YURI

What?

IVAN

You didn't have to kill him.

YURI

He took a shot at me. Nobody does
that to me and live.

IVAN

His gun was empty. He was no
longer a threat to us.

YURI

You know what Ivan, I'm beginning
to think you ain't cut out for
this.

IVAN

I don't mind getting my hands
dirty. I proved that last night
when I popped the cop. I just
think killing should be the last
resort. Besides, Gregor would have
paid us eventually.

Yuri cuts over two lanes and screeches to a halt on the side
of the highway.

YURI

Eventually, Ivan? Really? Do me a favor, if and when I bring you to my father's table, don't use words like, eventually. These people are our fucking puppets. We tell them what to do and when to do it. No one gets a pass. People start paying whenever they feel like it, that's when everything goes to shit.

Yuri gets back on the highway.

IVAN

Just remember one thing.

YURI

What?

IVAN

Dead man don't pay.

EXT. ROSIYA BAR - NIGHT

Slow night. A handful of patrons drink and socialize. Yuri and Ivan walk in and head for the back room. There is still tension between them.

INT. ROSIYA BAR (BACK ROOM) - NIGHT

Boris and Sergei play cards at a table. Ivan joins them, as Yuri proceeds to enter the office. Sergei picks up on the tension between them.

SERGEI

(in Russian)

Everything alright, Ivan?

Ivan simply stares at Sergei.

VLADIMIR (V.O.)

What happened at Gregor's?

INT. ROSIYA BAR (OFFICE) - NIGHT

Yuri stands in front of Vladimir's desk like a child waiting to be reprimanded. Dmitri observes nearby.

YURI

The old bastard took a shot at us.
So I put him down.

Yuri follows his comment with a tiny smile. Vladimir stares at him, furious.

VLADIMIR

You think it's funny killing an old man? A man I've known for forty years.

Yuri's demeanor abruptly changes. He lowers his gaze to the floor.

VLADIMIR

Dmitri, get Ivan.

Dmitri goes to the door, calls to Ivan, who comes in, stands next to Yuri. Vladimir shifts all his interest toward Ivan.

VLADIMIR

Was it necessary to kill Gregor?

After a long moment.

IVAN

Yes. I believe if Yuri hadn't shot him, we would not be standing here.

Vladimir studies Ivan's face for a beat. He isn't convinced.

VLADIMIR

Let me explain something to you gentlemen. We are not animals. Although we may sometimes act on impulse like they do, the difference between them and us, is the ability to think rationally.

(off Ivan's gaze)

And when we no longer in the position to think as such, we become worse than the fucking animals. That's all.

Yuri and Ivan turn to leave.

VLADIMIR

And gentlemen...
(as they look back)
... dead man don't pay.

Yuri glances at Ivan, then heads out the door. Ivan follows.

VLADIMIR
What do you think?

DMITRI
Ivan was lying.

VLADIMIR
To protect Yuri. I'm aware of that. I rather find that honorable. But what do you think of him?

DMITRI
I think he's smart... and reliable. Those are important qualities to have in this business of ours.

Vladimir nods, agreed.

VLADIMIR
Bring him alone tonight. I wanna see how he does.

DMITRI
What about Yuri?

VLADIMIR
Don't worry about Yuri.

EXT. ROSIYA BAR (STREET) - NIGHT

Ivan exits the bar and heads for his BMW. Yuri strides out after him.

YURI
Ivan.

Ivan turns.

IVAN
Yeah.

YURI
(approaching)
Thanks for backing me up in there.

Ivan nods. Beat.

YURI
I'm sorry about Gregor.
(beat)
And I'm sorry for pulling a gun on you.

Ivan doesn't say a thing. He just listens.

YURI
Anyway. Thanks.

Ivan simply nods. Yuri goes back inside, past Dmitri walking out.

DMITRI
Ivan...
(Ivan looks)
Vladimir wants to see you.

A confused look in Yuri's face, before he disappears into the bar.

EXT. JAZZ CLUB (SUNSET PARK) - NIGHT

CLYDE (24) watches a BLACK ESCALADE pull up. OTIS exits from the driver's side, opens the back door. ELI BLACK steps out, 35 years old. Well groomed.

ELI
Where are they?

CLYDE
In the office.

Clyde opens the door. Eli heads in. Clyde and Otis follow.

INT. JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT

Small and intimate. The patrons are well dressed, black men and women sipping on wine and champagne.

ON STAGE: A band consists of three men and a woman performs. Think of the woman as a young Billie Holiday.

All eyes on Eli, who nods to a bevy of gorgeous women, shakes hands with a couple of guys. Eli, Clyde and Otis head down a hallway toward a red door.

INT. JAZZ CLUB (OFFICE) - NIGHT

TRAVIS and MAXWELL, both late 20's, stand to greet Eli, as he walks in, trailed by Clyde. Otis stays outside the door.

ELI
At ease, gentlemen.

Travis and Maxwell sit down. Eli removes his suit jacket and hangs it up.

ELI
(sitting at his desk)
Is everything ready for tonight?

MAXWELL
As ready as we can be.

ELI
What does that mean exactly?

CLYDE
We're good to go, Eli.

ELI
That's better.

INT. ROSIYA BAR - NIGHT

Yuri at a window, watching his father, Boris, Dmitri and Ivan get into a Range Rover and pull away. Yuri is jealous.

EXT. PROSPECT EXPRESSWAY - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

The RANGE ROVER races west of the highway. Boris is driving. Ivan rides shotgun. Dmitri and Vladimir occupy the back seat.

INT. JAZZ CLUB (SUNSET PARK) - NIGHT

Closing time. Chairs atop tables. Otis and Clyde sitting at the bar. Otis watches a car pull up through the window.

OTIS
They're here.

Clyde steps over to the door. Opens it.

CLYDE
Welcome, gentlemen.

Vladimir and his men enter. Boris is the last one in. Clyde pulls the door shut, then locks it.

CLYDE
Mr. Orlov, you and two others.

Vladimir gestures toward Dmitri, but it takes him a moment to choose Ivan. Ivan gladly accepts.

CLYDE
Follow me, please.

Clyde leads the way. Vladimir, Dmitri and Ivan follow. Ivan scans the place as he goes.

OTIS
(to Boris)
How about a drink?

BORIS
Sure. Why not.

Boris joins Otis at the bar.

INT. ROSIYA BAR (OFFICE) - NIGHT

Eli sits behind his desk. Maxwell and Travis occupy the same seats as before. Clyde opens the door.

CLYDE
Mr. Orlov and associates.

Vladimir, Dmitri and Ivan enter. Clyde steps in, closes the door behind him. Eli stands to greet Vladimir.

ELI
(re: chairs)
Please.

Vladimir and Dmitri sit. Ivan remains standing by the door. He locks eyes with Maxwell briefly, then looks away.

ELI
It's been a long time, old friend.
You looking well.

VLADIMIR
Thank you. You don't look so bad
yourself.

ELI
(tiny smile)
I'm simply trying to keep up with
you.
(beat)
So, what can I do for you?

VLADIMIR
The liquor store robbery that took
place last night on Coney Island
avenue.

ELI
I heard about that.

VLADIMIR
Then you must know that the two men
involved work for you.

Eli seems genuinely surprised. He looks toward Maxwell for an explanation.

MAXWELL
It was Hakim and one of his junkie
friends.

ELI
(sighs)
My wife's nephew. Boy can't keep
his nose clean. He was let go six
months ago when I caught him with
his hand in the cookie jar, if you
catch my meaning.

FLASH CUT: HAKIM on his knees in front of Travis and Clyde holding pistols. Hakim's face is bloody and bruised. Eli enters the room.

HAKIM
*I'm sorry, uncle Eli. If you let
me walk out of here tonight, I'd go
so far away, it'd be just like I
was dead.*

ELI
(a long moment)
*You lucky I love my wife.
(to Travis)
Let him go.*

RESUME SCENE

Vladimir and Eli stare at each other.

VLADIMIR
Be that as it may, a good man lost
his life. This needs to be
rectified.

ELI
I agree. State your claim.

Vladimir looks to Dmitri, who pulls out a small notebook and scans through it.

DMITRI
Sasha's death cost us a grand a
week.

ELI
Would six months do?

VLADIMIR
That's very generous of you.

ELI
Clyde, count out twenty-four
thousand dollars and put it in an
envelope.

Clyde nods, goes into another room and shuts the door behind
him.

ELI
That's done. What else?

VLADIMIR
I'm assuming you'll be taking care
of the other thing internally?

ELI
You assume correct.

VLADIMIR
Good. Because I don't want a
repeat of last night.

ELI
Neither do I.

Clyde returns with an envelope. He hands it to Dmitri. Eli
stands. Vladimir and Dmitri rise. Eli holds up a hand.

ELI
Until next time, Vladimir.

Vladimir shakes, heads out the door. Dmitri and Ivan follow.
Eli steps out from behind his desk.

ELI
Hey, Max...

As Maxwell steps forward, Eli decks him with a blow. He hits
the floor hard, bleeding from the mouth.

ELI
Don't you ever keep anything like
that from me again.

MAXWELL
 (rising)
 Understood.

ELI
 (returns to his seat)
 Now, go find my nephew.

EXT. BRIGHTON 2ND STREET - NIGHT

The Range Rover pulls up outside a modest looking home. Boris gets out and opens the back door. Vladimir emerges, carrying the envelope containing the money.

VLADIMIR
 (to Boris)
 Wait here.

Vladimir steps to the house and knocks on the door. Seconds later, an elderly woman (VERA WACHOWSKI) opens the door. A sad look upon her face. Vladimir gives her a warm embrace.

VLADIMIR
 Good evening, Vera.

VERA
 Mr. Orlov.

VLADIMIR
 (in Russian)
 I'm sorry about Sasha. He was a good man.

VERA
 (in Russian)
 Thank you.

INT. RANGE ROVER (PASSENGER SEAT) - NIGHT

Ivan watches Vladimir and Vera talk. He looks back to Dmitri.

IVAN
 Who is she?

DMITRI
 Sasha's wife.

Ivan observes Vladimir hand Vera the envelope. She thanks him then goes back into her house. Ivan displays a tiny smile of admiration for Vladimir, who starts walking back to the car.

EXT. RANGE ROVER - NIGHT

Vladimir gets into the back seat. Boris shuts the door, then settles behind the wheel. Boris drives off.

INT. ABANDONED BASEMENT (EAST NEW YORK) - NIGHT

Hakim paces around, scratching his left arm, which is full of needle pricks. He goes to the window and looks outside. The street is empty. He resumes pacing and scratching his arm.

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE - NIGHT

A skinny, disheveled and badly in need of a fix HISPANIC MALE rounds the corner and heads down Pennsylvania avenue.

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA & BELMONT AVENUE - NIGHT

Hispanic man steps over to a black dealer (GAINS) standing at the corner. The two exchange cash for dope. As Hispanic man scurries off, Gains pulls out a cell phone, punches a number.

GAINS
Clyde, it's Gains.

EXT. ST. BRENDAN'S CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

Ivan's BMW pulls up. Ivan gets out and goes into the church.

INT. ST. BRENDAN'S CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

Ivan dips his fingers into the holy water and does the cross sign. He takes a seat at the back of the church watching the choir rehearse on stage.

The song ends. The choir leaves the stage, via a side door. Ivan heads for a confessional booth, opens the door and goes inside.

INT. ABANDONED BASEMENT - SAME - NIGHT

Hakim, still pacing around, sees the doorknob turning. Hakim rushes to the door to meet Hispanic man entering.

HAKIM
Did you get it?

HISPANIC MAN

Yeah, man.

HAKIM

Give it here!

Hispanic man hands over a packet of heroin. Hakim heads for a mattress on the floor, trailed by Hispanic man. They begin prepping to shoot up.

MOMENTS LATER

Hakim and Hispanic man are high. Hakim's on a broken chair. Hispanic man on the mattress on the floor.

TRAVIS (O.S.)

Hakim! Wake up!

Hakim slowly opens his eyes, sees Travis standing before him. He gets startled and falls off the chair.

TRAVIS

You fucked up this time.

Maxwell is in the room as well, with Hispanic man kneeling at his feet. Maxwell clutches a gun.

HAKIM

Travis. I'm sorry. I needed the money, man.

Eli enters the room. Hakim instantly crawls on his hands and knees toward him.

HAKIM

Uncle Eli, please. I'm sorry.
I'll leave town tonight. I swear.

ELI

Nowhere you go would be far enough.
Except out of this world.

HAKIM

(confused)
I don't get it.

ELI

That was always your problem,
Hakim. You're stupid.

Eli glares at Travis on his way out the door. Travis pulls out a pistol.

HAKIM

Uncle Eli!

(eyes pleading)

Travis, don't --

Travis shoots Hakim dead. Hispanic man makes a run for the door. Maxwell pops him in the back of the head. He dies. Travis and Maxwell leave.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. BROOKLYN CEMETARY - DAY

VINCENNES' GRAVESITE. The funeral is ending. UNIFORMED COPS have just handed ADELE VINCENNES the American flag. Her twin boys DYLAN and MICHAEL sit beside her.

Santino, Fedorov, Delano, Pelosi and Ruiz look on, dressed in their police uniforms. Fedorov's face is emotional.

THROUGH THE TREES

A FIGURE watches from afar. Too far to make out the person's face or gender. The person walks off.

LATER - CEMETERY PARKING LOT

Fedorov talks to Adele near her car. Dylan and Michael stand on either side of their mother, looking sad. We can not make out what they're saying, but we get the picture.

DELANO, RUIZ, PELOSI & SANTINO

Watch from a distance.

THEIR POV: Fedorov kneels down to talk to Dylan and Michael. The boys nod to Fedorov, then get into the car with Adele and drive off.

Fedorov watches after the car.

INT. ATLANTIC AVENUE DINER - DAY

Packed for lunch. Families, cops, construction workers and so on...

Ivan occupies a booth in the back, eating a hamburger, trying to look inconspicuous.

THREE UNIFORMED COPS at a table. Uniformed cop #1 looks over to Ivan, who glances up briefly, returns his gaze.

UNIFORMED COP #2

What's up?

UNIFORMED COP #1

Guy sitting in that booth over there.

UNIFORMED COP #2

What about him?

UNIFORMED COP #1
I've seen him somewhere before.

Ivan checks his watch, gulps down the rest of his beer, drops some cash on the table and starts toward the exit.

Uniformed cop #1 eyes Ivan as he walks by, trying to remember where he had seen him. Ivan exits the diner.

EXT. STATE STREET - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Ivan hurrying toward his car, glancing over his shoulder. He gets behind the wheel and drives off.

EXT. FORT GREENE STREET - LATER - DAY

Ivan's car is parked at the curb. He's watching a brownstone in the side mirror. A BUZZING SOUND...

INT. IVAN'S CAR - DAY

Ivan pulls out his cell phone, checks the display. It's Yuri calling. Ivan disconnects the call. Pockets the phone.

EXT. FORT GREENE STREET (CORNER) - DAY

A PRETTY BRUNETTE rounds the corner, clutching a LITTLE BOY'S hand. The little boy wears a Sponge bob backpack.

INT. IVAN'S CAR - DAY

Ivan eyes the brunette and the little boy in the side mirror, as they climb up the steps of the brownstone. The cell phone starts buzzing once again. Ivan silences the buzzing without pulling out the phone.

EXT. BROWNSTONE (FRONT DOOR) - DAY

The brunette draws her keys and opens the front door, letting the little boy inside. Feeling someone's watching, she looks down the street.

INT. IVAN'S CAR - DAY

Ivan scoops down in his seat, but keeps watching the brunette in the side mirror, until she goes inside. The cell phone starts buzzing for the third time. Ivan answers.

IVAN
(into cell phone)
Yeah.

INT. YURI'S APARTMENT - DAY

Yuri stands shirtless at a window, talking on his cell phone.
A lit cigarette in one hand.

YURI
(into cell phone)
Where the fuck are you? I've
called you twice already.

INT. IVAN'S CAR - DAY

Ivan starts the engine.

IVAN
(into cell phone)
I had something to take care of.
What's the matter?

YURI
Just get here.

Click! The line goes dead. Ivan puts the car in gear, pulls
away.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - LATE DAY

A yellow cab pulls up. Irina ORLOV (28) steps out. Irina is
naturally beautiful in jeans and sneakers. Hair up in a bun.
Glasses. No make up.

The DRIVER comes out, removes a duffel bag from the trunk and
places it at her feet.

IRINA
Thank you.

The driver nods politely, gets back into the cab, pulls away.

INT. TOWNHOUSE (FOYER) - LATE DAY

Irina enters the foyer, drops her duffel bag on the floor and
heads into an elegant living room.

IRINA
Dad? Uncle Dmitri?

Dmitri walks out of the kitchen.

DMITRI

Irina.

IRINA

Uncle Dmitri.

Dmitri and Irina hug for a moment.

DMITRI

I was about to send a car to get you from the airport.

IRINA

My flight came in early, so I decided to take a cab home. How are you?

DMITRI

I'm well. And you're more beautiful than ever.

IRINA

You're not so bad yourself.
(off his smile)
Dad around? I need the key to my apartment.

DMITRI

He's in the study.

IRINA

I'm gonna say hello. I'll see you later.

DMITRI

Okay, sweetheart.

Irina heads off.

INT. TOWNHOUSE (STUDY) - LATE DAY

Enough books to start a library in a small country. Vladimir, glasses on, sits in a chair reading a book. Irina walks in.

IRINA

Hi, dad.

Vladimir's face instantly lights up, as he looks up to Irina.

VLADIMIR

Irina.

Vladimir puts the book down, removes his glasses. He stands to embrace his daughter. They hold on to each other tightly.

IRINA

How are you?

VLADIMIR

I'm good. Sit. Sit.

Irina obliges him. Vladimir sits down.

VLADIMIR

So, doctors without borders finally gave you some time to come see your old man.

IRINA

They don't own me dad. I can leave any time I want.

VLADIMIR

I would have never guessed that, since I haven't seen you in over a year in a half.

IRINA

Come on, dad. You know the work I do over there is important to me.

VLADIMIR

And your family isn't?

IRINA

You know that's not what I meant.

VLADIMIR

There are a lot of disadvantaged children you can treat right here in America instead of Somalia, or Yemen.

Irina looks down, quiet.

VLADIMIR

Okay. I'm sorry.

(beat)

I just worry about you, honey.

IRINA

I know you do. And I love you for that. But I'm not twelve anymore.

VLADIMIR

Does that mean I have to stop caring?

IRINA

No. It just means that I'm now old enough to take care of myself.

VLADIMIR

I know.

A brief pause.

VLADIMIR

And I may not say this often, but I'm very proud of you.

IRINA

I know you are, dad.

VLADIMIR

Your mother would have been proud of you, too.

Irina forces a smile.

VLADIMIR

Will you at least stay for a little while?

IRINA

Okay, dad. Sure.

VLADIMIR

(smiles happily)
Good.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - LATE DAY

Dmitri waits behind the wheel of the Range Rover as Vladimir and Irina come out onto the porch.

VLADIMIR

Why don't we have dinner tonight? You know, something to celebrate your return.

IRINA

I feel like the prodigal daughter or something.

Vladimir lowers his gaze. She catches the disappointment in his eyes.

IRINA
Okay. But just dinner.

VLADIMIR
Yeah. Just dinner.

Vladimir smiles, then kisses his daughter on both cheeks.

VLADIMIR
See you tonight.

IRINA
Bye, dad.

Irina heads to the Range Rover, gets into the passenger seat. Vladimir watches them pull away.

INT. YURI'S APARTMENT - LATE DAY

Sergei opens the door. Ivan stands in the hall. As he walks in:

IVAN
Where is he?

SERGEI
Bedroom.

Ivan heads for the bedroom.

INT. YURI'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER - LATE DAY

Ivan staring down at the nude body of a pale looking Natalya lying on the bed, with a belt tightened around her neck like a dog leash. Yuri comes into view beside Ivan, emotionless.

IVAN
What happened?

Yuri doesn't respond. He simply exits the room, as he says:

YURI
Just get her out of here.

As Ivan looks after Yuri...

EXT. BUILDING COMPLEX - LATE DAY

The Range Rover pulls up. Dmitri and Irina get out. Dmitri grabs her duffel bag from the back seat and hands it to her.

DMITRI
Do me a favor.

IRINA
Anything for you, uncle Dmitri.

DMITRI
Take it easy on the old guy. He means well.

IRINA
(with a smile)
Okay.

DMITRI
That's a good girl.

Dmitri gets back into the Range Rover and drives off. Irina goes into the building complex.

INT. BUILDING COMPLEX (IRINA'S APARTMENT) - LATE DAY

Irina enters, locks the door behind her. She puts the duffel bag on the floor, then scans the apartment.

IRINA
Home sweet home.

Irina heads into --

THE BEDROOM

Irina sits on the bed. She grabs a photograph on the bedside table. Her and her mother (ANJA), in a tight embrace. Irina stares at the photograph with admiration.

EXT. GRAY HOUSE - LATE DAY

Fedorov and Pelosi pull up. They get out, cross over to the house.

PELOSI
What are we doing here?

Fedorov rings the doorbell.

FEDOROV
I'm not sure yet.

Fedorov rings the doorbell again. Moments later, ANYA, a shy sixteen year old girl opens the door.

ANYA

Yes.

Fedorov flashes his badge.

FEDOROV

I'm detective Fedorov. This is my partner, detective Pelosi.

(pockets the badge)

We'd like to ask you some questions regarding a murder that took place on the block last night.

ANYA'S GRAND-MOTHER appears from nowhere, about 75 years old. Strong Russian accent.

ANYA'S GRAND-MOTHER

(in Russian)

Anya, get away from the door.

(to Fedorov)

We didn't see nothing.

PELOSI

Hey, why don't you let her answer for herself.

Anya's grand-mother shoots Pelosi a pissed off look. Fedorov steps in to cool things off.

FEDOROV

(in Russian)

Excuse my partner. She's new.

(politely)

A policeman was murdered last night in the brick house down the street.

(beat)

He was my partner. We just want to know if you or Anya saw or heard anything.

ANYA'S GRAND-MOTHER

I didn't see anything.

FEDOROV

What about you Anya? Did you see anyone suspicious around the neighborhood last night?

Anya looks at her Grand-mother for approval. She gives her a gentle nod.

ANYA

(a long moment)

No. I didn't see anyone like that.

Pelosi stares at her, not convinced.

 ANYA'S GRAND-MOTHER
 There. Happy. Now go.

Anya's Grand-mother shuts the door in their faces.

 PELOSI
 Now what?

EXT. BELT PARKWAY FREEWAY - NIGHT

Ivan's BMW eastbound of the freeway. Sergei riding shotgun. Ivan gets off the freeway at the Pennsylvania avenue exit.

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE - NIGHT

Ivan drives past Donnelly's crematorium, turns down an alley.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

ALPHONSE DONNELLY, middle aged, bald, stands at the back door of the crematorium watching Ivan's car pull up.

The trunk pops open. Ivan and Sergei exit, take out Natalya's body, wrapped in a white bedsheet. They carry her inside the crematorium. Alphonse closes the door.

INT. DONNELLY'S CREMATORIUM - NIGHT

Three stainless steel furnaces. A rectangular cardboard box the size of a casket rests on a stainless steel table, ready to be rolled into the middle furnace.

 ALPHONSE
 (re: cardboard box)
 Put her in there.

Ivan and Sergei put Natalya's body inside the cardboard box.

 IVAN
 (to Sergei)
 Wait outside.

Sergei heads out the door. Ivan gently moves Natalya's hair away from her forehead to expose her face. He gazes down at her for a moment. She seems at peace. A life gone too soon.

 IVAN
 Go ahead.

Alphonse grabs a Polaroid camera nearby and snaps a photo of Natalya. He passes it to Ivan, who stares at Natalya's face for a moment. Ivan pockets the photo, then nods to Alphonse.

Alphonse closes the box, seals it with a tape dispenser like a shipping package. He then hits a button and the cardboard box is slowly rolled into the furnace.

Ivan watches until the cardboard box gets engulfed in flames then heads out the door.

EXT. CREMATORIUM (BACK ALLEY) - NIGHT

Ivan strides out the door toward his BMW. He settles behind the wheel and drives off.

INT. 66TH PRECINCT (ORGANIZE CRIME DIVISION) - NIGHT

Phones, desks, computers and detectives. Pelosi and Fedorov sit on opposite desks.

Ruiz and Delano also sitting on opposite desks but closer to the door. A young delivery man (ADONIS) walks in.

ADONIS
Anybody ordered food?

RUIZ
Over here.

Adonis heads over to Ruiz's desk.

RUIZ
How much?

ADONIS
Sixteen-fifty.

Anya and her Grand-mother walk into the bullpen and approach Delano's desk.

DELANO
May I help you?

ANYA'S GRAND-MOTHER
My grand-daughter needs to confess something. It's about the shooting last night.

DELANO
Are you talking about the cop who got shot?

Anya's Grand-mother simply nods. Ruiz passes a twenty dollar bill to Adonis, who has been eavesdropping.

RUIZ
Keep the change.

ADONIS
Thanks.

Adonis smiles at Anya, then leaves.

FEDOROV & PELOSI'S DESK

Pelosi glances up and sets eyes on Anya and her Grand-mother.

PELOSI
(to Fedorov)
Hey!
(gestures toward the door)
Look.

Fedorov looks toward Anya and her Grand-mother then exchanges a curious look with Pelosi.

INT. 66TH PRECINCT (OUTER ORGANIZE CRIME OFFICE) - NIGHT

Adonis waits for the elevator with his cell phone to his ear. The elevator door opens. As he steps inside:

ADONIS
(in Russian)
Hey, it's Adonis. Let me speak to Yuri.

INT. SANTINO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A KNOCK at the door is quickly followed by Fedorov entering.

SANTINO
Something I can help you with?

FEDOROV
(tiny smile)
We got a witness.

Off Santino's face.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. 66TH PRECINCT (ORGANIZE CRIME DIVISION) - NIGHT

Santino stands in the doorway of his office watching Anya and her Grand-mother with Delano. Fedorov stands beside him.

SANTINO

Call the DA's office. Have them
send someone up here right away.

FEDOROV

Done.

INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ivan enters, sets eyes on Yuri sitting on the couch, dressed in a dark gray suit.

IVAN

(shutting the door)
What's going on, Yuri?

Sergei appears behind Ivan, gently retrieves Ivan's gun from the small of his back and passes it to Yuri.

YURI

When are you gonna move out of this
shitty basement?

Ivan stares at Yuri, who stares back. After a long pause...

YURI

Someone saw you pop the cop last
night.

IVAN

Who?

YURI

It don't matter? Dad wants to see
you.

IVAN

When?

As Yuri stands:

YURI

Now. Get change.
(re: gun)
I'll hold on to that for you.

As Ivan stares at Yuri...

INT. JAGUAR - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Sergei driving. Ivan, now suited, riding shotgun. Yuri sits directly behind Ivan in the back seat.

Ivan, nervous, gazes at the road racing beneath the car. The road seems endless.

EXT. THE PLAZA HOTEL - NIGHT

A TOWNCAR pulls up. The DOORMAN opens the back door. FYODOR ITSOV, 67, steps out, trailed by a BODYGUARD. They enter the hotel.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Jaguar races toward Manhattan. Ivan's face in the window looking tense.

EXT. THE PLAZA HOTEL - NIGHT

The same Doorman opens the back door of a Mercedes Benz which has just pulled up. ANDREI BYKO, 60s, gets out. His DRIVER, a hard looking Russian man leads him into the hotel.

INT. THE PLAZA HOTEL (ROYAL SUITE) - NIGHT

Fit for a king. Dmitri opens the door. Andrei and his Driver walk in. Fyodor, (ANTON, 70s) and Vladimir greet Andrei with hugs.

EXT. THE PLAZA HOTEL - NIGHT

The Jaguar pulls up. Sergei gets out. The Doorman moves to open the passenger door for Ivan, when Yuri emerges from the back seat.

YURI

I got it.

Yuri opens the passenger door. Ivan exits. Yuri and Sergei escort Ivan into the hotel.

INT. THE PLAZA HOTEL (ELEVATOR) - NIGHT

Yuri and Sergei stand on either side of a tense looking Ivan as they ride up in silence.

INT. THE PLAZA HOTEL (HALLWAY) - NIGHT

Yuri leads Ivan and Sergei down the hallway. They reach room 245. Yuri uses a key card to open the door.

YURI
(to Sergei)
Keep him in there.

Yuri walks away. Sergei widens the door. Ivan goes into the room. Sergei follows.

INT. THE PLAZA HOTEL (CONFERENCE ROOM) - NIGHT

The shades are drawn. Four chairs are arranged behind a long table, facing a single chair. Alexei scans the room for bugs with a handheld scanner. Yuri comes in.

YURI
Where are we?

ALEXEI
I'm almost done.

INT. THE PLAZA HOTEL (ROOM 245) - NIGHT

Sergei pulls up a chair across from Ivan and sits down. The two men just stare at one another.

INT. THE PLAZA HOTEL (CONFERENCE ROOM) - NIGHT

Alexei is done sweeping the room, turns toward Yuri waiting.

ALEXEI
We're good.

Yuri nods and heads out the door.

INT. THE PLAZA HOTEL (ROYAL SUITE) - NIGHT

Dmitri opens the door and Yuri strides in. Vladimir, Anton, Andrei and Fyodor are having drinks in the living room area. Yuri gives his father a gentle nod.

INT. THE PLAZA HOTEL (ROOM 245) - NIGHT

The door opens and Yuri walks in. Sergei and Ivan stand up.

YURI
(to Ivan)
Let's go.

Ivan walks out of the room. Yuri and Sergei follow.

INT. THE PLAZA HOTEL (HALLWAY) - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Ivan heads down the hallway, trailed by Yuri and Sergei. The hallway appears to go on forever. They get to the conference room. Yuri opens the door.

YURI
Go in.

INT. THE PLAZA HOTEL (CONFERENCE ROOM) - NIGHT

Ivan steps into the room, as Yuri shuts the door behind him.
Ivan SEES --

Vladimir, Andrei, Fyodor and Anton sit behind the table like a panel of judges. Ivan eyes the single chair facing them.

Dmitri approaches Ivan on the side.

DMITRI
(in Russian)
Your clothes, please.

Ivan takes his jacket off, hands it over to Dmitri, who folds it, places it on a chair nearby.

Ivan then removes his tie and shirt, disclosing an assortment of detailed tattoos covering his chest and stomach area.

NOTE: Each tattoo should denote his past, present and future in the criminal underworld.

Ivan takes off his shoes, socks, pants and hands them over to Dmitri. Ivan stands only in his boxers. More tattoos on his thighs, legs and ankles.

The panel carefully examines Ivan's tattoos and the locations in his body in which they're placed.

RIGHT SIDE STOMACH: **SPIDER**. Crawling up: Ivan continues to lead a criminal life.

LEFT WRIST: BARB WIRE. Three BARBS in the wire: Ivan spent three years in prison.

RIGHT FOREARM: ROSE. Ivan spent time in the zone before the age of eighteen.

NOTE: Zone=Russian prison.

RIGHT SIDE OF STOMACH: MADONNA AND CHILD. Ivan belongs to a criminal organization.

Andrei's eyes shift down to Ivan's legs to study the tattoos. He makes a "Turn around" gesture with his finger.

Ivan turns around. Andrei and the others examine the tattoos throughout his back. JESUS CHRIST ON CROSS: In the middle of his back, among other tattoos.

ANDREI
(satisfied)
Sit down.

Ivan sits and tries not to slouch. The interrogation can now commence.

ANTON
I see that you are only half
Russian on your mother's side.

IVAN
That's correct. My father was an
American soldier stationed in St.
Petersburg. He and my mother met,
fell in love. Six months later, I
was born.

ANDREI
When did you move to America?

IVAN
I was seventeen when I came to the
states.

FYODOR
The skull tattoo with the dagger
on your left arm suggested that
you've committed murder before.

IVAN
Yes. I committed my first murder
when I was fourteen years old.

ANTON
Who was the victim?

IVAN

It was my father. And he was
hardly a victim.

FLASH CUT: Fourteen year old Ivan is stabbing his FATHER to death while he slept.

RESUME SCENE

Vladimir remains silent for now. Only studying Ivan's face.

ANDREI

What was the reason you decided to
take your father's life?

IVAN

My father was a chronic alcoholic
and a violent man. And when he was
drunk, he would beat and abuse my
mother and I. That didn't sit well
with me.

ANDREI

Well said.

IVAN

Thank you.

Vladimir clears his throat and the room becomes silent. It's
now his turn to interrogate Ivan.

VLADIMIR

You did two years at Sing Sing?

IVAN

Yes.

VLADIMIR

Why?

IVAN

I broke into a jewelry store and
stole three hundred thousand
dollars worth of jewelry.

VLADIMIR

Heard you spent the first six
months there in the hole.

IVAN

Correct.

VLADIMIR

What was the reason?

IVAN

Because I refused to cooperate with the authorities when my cell mate got shanked in the shower.

VLADIMIR

So you have no respect for the law?

IVAN

None. I was born a Blat and a thief. I have lived by the thieves code ever since I was fourteen years old. I don't know anything else and I don't much want to do anything else.

The others nod, satisfied with Ivan's response. That puts a smile on Vladimir's face.

INT. THE PLAZA HOTEL (ROOM 245) - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

RUSSIAN MUSIC PLAYS OVER THE FOLLOWING SCENE:

CLOSE ON: A TATTOOED HAND opening a leather pouch, removing tattooing equipment.

REVEAL: Ivan in a chair, smoking a cigarette while a MIDDLE AGED TATTOOIST prepares his right knee cap for the tattoo.

MOMENTS LATER

The tattooist is putting finishing touch on an EIGHT POINTED STAR tattoo on Ivan's right knee cap.

LATER

The Tattooist is wiping away blood from Ivan's left knee cap where he had placed a similar eight pointed star tattoo.

Ivan climbs off the chair. He now has an eight pointed star tattoo on both knee caps, meaning: "Ivan bows down to no authority."

INT. THE PLAZA HOTEL (OUTER ROOM 245) - NIGHT

Yuri waits patiently by the door, as the Tattooist comes out and heads down the hallway.

INT. THE PLAZA HOTEL (ROOM 245) - NIGHT

Yuri enters, as Ivan puts on his suit jacket. They stare at each other.

IVAN

Are you good with this?

YURI

(a long moment)

Yeah. I'm good with it.

(lies)

I was the one who recommended you to my father.

Ivan catches the lie, but nods his gratitude to Yuri anyway. Yuri hugs Ivan, squeezing him hard. It's genuine.

YURI

Congrats, brother.

IVAN

Thank you, Yuri.

Yuri pulls back, takes out Ivan's gun, then hands it over to him.

YURI

I think this belongs to you.

IVAN

(taking the gun)

Thanks.

Yuri nods, heads out the door. Ivan slides the gun down the small of his back, then follows him out.

INT. LITTLE ODESSA RESTAURANT (WAITING AREA) - NIGHT

Irina walks through the door. She looks stunning in a black cocktail dress that outlines her slender figure. A total contrast to how she looked when we first met her. She opens another door into --

THE MAIN DINNING ROOM

It's pitch black. Then LIGHTS come on and Irina is standing in the middle of a room full of people. EVERYONE YELLS!

EVERYONE

Surprise!

Irina glances at Vladimir smiling from across the room. As Vladimir steps forward:

IRINA
(tiny smile)
Just dinner, huh.

VLADIMIR
Hey, I'm happy you're home. So sue me.

Irina gives her father a tender kiss.

IRINA
Thank you, dad.

VLADIMIR
Welcome home, sweetheart.

CLOSE ON: Ivan is gazing at Irina. She might possibly be the most beautiful woman he's ever laid eyes on.

IVAN
How come you never told me you had a sister?

REVEAL: Yuri watches Ivan staring at his sister. Yuri steps in front of him, wiping his view of Irina.

YURI
She ain't for you.
(off Ivan's look)
Got it?

IVAN
Yes. I got it.

They hold each other's eyes a moment, then Yuri heads toward Irina. He sneaks up behind her and sweeps her up her feet.

IRINA
Put me down, Yuri.

Yuri twirls Irina around the room like a little girl. These two are obviously very close.

YURI
Hi, sis.

Yuri plants a kiss on Irina, who gives him a playful slap on the back of the head.

IRINA
Now, Yuri.

Yuri obliges her. Irina can not resist herself from smiling. As she pulls Yuri toward her:

IRINA
Come here, you jerk.

Irina hugs Yuri. They hold on to one another tightly. Yuri is emotional. A side of him we haven't seen until now.

YURI
I missed you, sis.

They break. Irina gives him a soft kiss.

YURI
I missed you, too.

Irina then casts her eyes on Ivan staring at her. She gazes at him briefly, then looks away.

LATER

The Party is in full swing. Music is playing. People drink and socialize.

Yuri, high and already intoxicated makes out with a BRUNETTE.

BACK TABLE. Vladimir, Boris and Dmitri talking and laughing.

NEAR THE BAR. Irina converging with old girlfriends from the neighborhood.

Among them is ANGIE, a buxom blonde in a tight dress, sipping on a glass of red wine.

THE BAR. Ivan sits at the end, nursing a beer. He now looks pensive and out of place.

ON ANGIE

As she eyes Ivan at the bar in a lascivious way:

ANGIE
Irina, who's the guy at the end of
the bar?

Irina looks over to Ivan.

IRINA
I'm not sure.

ANGIE
He's freaking hot.

Irina concurs by the way she stares at Ivan at the end of the bar.

THE BAR

Ivan feels someone's gaze on him. He looks up and locks eyes with Irina.

As Irina continues to stare at Ivan, Yuri comes drunkenly stumbling over. Irina catches him from falling. He puts his arm around her.

IRINA

Are you okay?

YURI

I am... great... baby sister.
(to Angie; flirtatiously)
What's up, Angie?

ANGIE

(inviting smile)
Hi, Yuri.

Yuri and Angie have their eyes on each other. Irina gets the picture.

IRINA

Why don't I leave you two alone.

Yuri and Angie are already in their own world, as Irina walks away

EXT. ALLEY (BACK OF RESTAURANT) - NIGHT

Ivan emerges from the back door of the restaurant, then pulls out the matchbox from his back pocket. He grimaces as he dry swallows one of the blue pills from the matchbox.

IRINA (O.S.)

Looks painful.

Ivan turns toward Irina, standing not ten feet away. As Ivan pockets the matchbox:

IVAN

What does?

IRINA

Whatever you just took.

IVAN

Vitamins.

IRINA
(not convinced)
Sure.

Ivan studies her a moment.

IVAN
We haven't been formally
introduced.
(offers a hand)
I'm Ivan.

IRINA
(shaking his hand)
Irina.

Ivan holds onto her hand. They both smile, gazing into each other's eyes. There is obvious attraction between the two.

IRINA
You're a friend of my brother's?

IVAN
Yes. And I work for your father.

Something dawns on Irina. She looks down at Ivan's hand then the various ring tattoos on his fingers. She slowly pulls her hand back. Ivan is embarrassed.

IRINA
So, how long you've been a thief in
law?

A long pause, before Ivan answers.

IVAN
Since I was fourteen.

IRINA
How's that working out for you?

IVAN
So far, so good.

IRINA
Is it that simple for you?

IVAN
Simple?

IRINA
(clarifies)
That kind of life.

Ivan gazes at her. Although being very inquisitive, he finds her charming.

IVAN

No. It never has. And probably never will.

She studies him a beat.

IRINA

You seem to feel very strongly about that.

IVAN

I've accepted my life a long time ago.

IRINA

Acceptance can sometimes be detrimental to one's growth.

IVAN

I guess I'm just a pessimist.

Irina studies Ivan once again. She takes a lot longer this time.

IRINA

You don't strike me as someone that my brother would be friends with.

IVAN

How so?

IRINA

Don't get me wrong, I love my brother, but his friends are usually... how should I put this... dumb.

IVAN

Perhaps I tricked you into believing otherwise.

IRINA

No. That's not it.
(deadpan)
You don't belong in that world.

IVAN

Does anyone ever belong anywhere?

She smiles, appreciates the answer. She stares deeply into his eyes.

IRINA
It's the eyes.

IVAN
They're just contacts.

IRINA
Maybe. But hey, if saying that
makes you feel like you belong, who
am I to tell you different.

Just then, Yuri exits from the back door of the restaurant.

YURI
Irina, dad's looking for you.

IRINA
(to Yuri)
Thanks.
(to Ivan)
It was a pleasure.

IVAN
Likewise.

Irina smiles at Yuri, then heads back inside. Yuri stares at Ivan for a beat.

YURI
Give me a cigarette.

Ivan produces a pack of cigarette. Yuri pulls one out, puts it to his lips. Ivan gives him a light. Yuri blows out the smoke.

YURI
You get what happened back at the
hotel earlier, right?

IVAN
Yes.

YURI
Good. Because there ain't no going
back. This is it. You're in for
life.

IVAN
I understand, Yuri.

YURI
Okay. And don't worry about the
witness.

IVAN

Why not?

FLASH CUT:

CONEY ISLAND AVENUE. A drunk looking Sergei behind the wheel of a beat up Mazda, ramming into the back of a Mercedes Benz.

66TH PRECINCT. Sergei, hands cuffed behind his back, waiting for the elevator with a uniformed cop. The elevator arrives. Doors slide open revealing Delano, Anya and her Grand-mother.

INSIDE ELEVATOR. Delano, Anya and her Grand-mother move back to make room for Sergei and the uniformed cop stepping in.

As the elevator doors shut, Sergei whispers something to Anya in Russian. Whatever was said turn Anya and her Grand-mother pale white.

RESUME SCENE

Yuri tosses the cigarette away.

YURI

It's all been taken care of.

Yuri starts toward the door. He stops and looks back at Ivan.

YURI

I love you like a brother, Ivan...

Ivan senses there's more.

IVAN

Yeah.

YURI

...but if you don't stay away from my sister, I'll cut your fucking nutts off and feed them to you.

Yuri and Ivan hold each other's eyes for a moment, then Yuri goes back into the restaurant. Ivan is left alone to assess the threat.

INT. ST. BRENDAN'S CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

Ivan makes the cross sign, then heads down the aisle. Ivan goes into the same confessional booth as before.

INT. CONFESSIONAL BOOTH - NIGHT

Ivan waits. Then the window slides open, a PRIEST appears on the other side. His face is never fully seen, just bits here and there. Ivan makes the cross sign.

IVAN

Bless me father for I have sinned.
It's been two days since my last
confession.

Ivan pulls out the Polaroid photo of Natalya and passes it to the Priest.

PRIEST

Who is she?

IVAN

Another unfortunate soul.

PRIEST

What happened to her?

Ivan doesn't respond.

PRIEST

What happened to you? I've been
waiting here three hours.

Ivan remains silent.

PRIEST

I thought you were dead.

A brief pause. Then:

IVAN

I'm in.

PRIEST

(genuinely shocked)
What? Are you serious?

IVAN

I have to go.

PRIEST

Are you kidding me? You can't
leave now. We need to discuss
this.

Ivan exits the confessional booth.

INT. ST. BRENDAN'S CATHOLIC CHURCH - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Ivan starts off, as the Priest's booth door opens and reveals Santino.

SANTINO

We're not done talking about this.

Ivan proceeds toward the exit without so much of a look back.

SANTINO

One more thing, detective.

Ivan gets to the exit door.

SANTINO

Who killed Vincennes?

Ivan stops and looks back at Santino.

CLOSE ON: Ivan's FACE as we --

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END