

**ODDS**

Written by  
Ivan Efremov

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WGA #1828716

[ivanefrem@gmail.com](mailto:ivanefrem@gmail.com)

FADE IN

EXT. ROCKY PLATEAU - DAY

Fall 2015

In the middle of a mountain plateau on top of a hill stands an armored personnel carrier - APC-82. In the sky, there is the increasing ROAR of an approaching heavy MI-26 transport helicopter. The APC, with its motor droning, drives down the hill, picking up speed. The helicopter flies over the APC as it dashes across the steppe.

The COMMANDER, PILOT, and NAVIGATOR of the Mi-26 helicopter, all peer at the steppe from the cabin. The commander spots several running saiga antelopes and points them out to the navigator. The navigator communicates their coordinates over the radio. The pilot slowly turns the control stick. The helicopter steers north.

The armored personal carrier goes into a steep turn at its top speed. Two men, one of them with a rifle, another with a shotgun, are visible halfway out of the APC's top hatch, looking for saigas tracked down from the helicopter. They are Colonel LAKSHIN and engineer DENISOV, who is in his 30's, and tests the APC. The heads of Lieutenant ODINAEV and the driver SMIRNOV are sticking out the front hatch. They are even younger.

The APC races along the tracks, full speed.

INT./EXT. THE APC - DAY

The driver Smirnov puts on some intense music and turns the volume on the jerry-rigged speakers to full blast. He is trembling from an adrenaline overdose, like a predator chasing his prey.

Having reached the saigas, the hunters shoot several times without stopping their vehicle. They kill three, end the pursuit, and both Odinaev and shooter NABIEV pick up the prey. The driver turns the APC on a dime and heads south.

EXT. AT THE OUTPOST - DAY

A bend of the Panj River. The river is the border between Tajikistan and Afghanistan. The APC enters the Tajik frontier. After saying goodbye, the hunters leave. Denisov and Smirnov enter the one-story barracks.

INT. BARRACKS - DAY

On both sides of the corridor there are a row of doors. They open one of them. The room has two beds, a bedside table, a wardrobe and a small table with chairs. Denisov opens his laptop. On his display picture he is embracing a cute girl. He opens his email and reads his new messages.

DENISOV

Bitch!

SMIRNOV

What happened?

DENISOV

She left me! Accused me of loving the armored carrier more than I do her.

SMIRNOV

You haven't been home in three months.

DENISOV

That's how my job works. I asked her to come here and she refused. She wrote that she fell in love with someone else.

Smirnov quotes the lyrics to a song.

SMIRNOV

"If a bride leaves you for another, you can't be sure who the lucky one is."

Denisov rips the girl's photo from the wall and throws it in the garbage can. He falls on the bed.

EXT. AT THE OUTPOST - EVENING

In the evening, an OFFICER posts patrol duties to the border guards on a small drilling square. A few APC and UAZ military jeeps are surrounded by the barracks. The APC-82, with its hood up, is among them. Denisov and Smirnov have a set of tools to tinker with the electronics while referring back to the scheme on his laptop display. Two hunters, Odinaev and Nabiev, come up in border guard uniforms. They bring plastic bags with some of the catch.

After washing his hands, Denisov takes one of the bags and walks to the headquarters.

INT. RECEPTION ROOM - EVENING

He enters the door marked 'Advisor Colonel Lakshin'.

Denisov leaves the bag on a table of a SERGEANT - the Colonel's aide. The sergeant reports to the senior officer over the intercom.

SERGEANT

Engineer Denisov is here to see you.

The sergeant directs Denisov to the door. Denisov enters the office. Lakshin is sitting at his desk watching TV. A large map of Tajikistan and Afghanistan hangs behind him.

LAKSHIN

Alexander! Come on in.

DENISOV

I brought a trophy.

LAKSHIN

Last time it made great barbecue.  
Hopefully this will be just as tasty.

DENISOV

(smiling)

Well, it all depends on the drink at hand.

LAKSHIN

Soon the Pamirs will announce hunting season on mountain sheep. We can go together.

DENISOV

Sir Colonel, I haven't had a leave in three years. I would rather fly home.

LAKSHIN

We'll talk about that later. Take a seat. Look here.

Lakshin points to the television. The news is showing information about the terrorist attack in Egypt. You can see the wrecked Russian airplane A321.

EXT. PANJ RIVER BANK - NIGHT

There's a hidden dugout for Tajik border guards on the high riverbank. After nightfall, they use an infrared imager. Noticing a moving dot from a warm boat engine, the BORDER GUARD reports it via two-way. As soon as a motorcyclist rides down to the shore, the boat floats away. The guards chase the smugglers into an ambush. A bright spotlight from the APC blinds the AFGHAN. He stops his bike and covers his eyes. Both the Afghan and the bag that is tied to his bike are delivered to the outpost. They rip his bag open. There are bags of heroin inside the pouch.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Colonel Lakshin is in his office. He reads the evidence against the detained drug courier.

Two border guards with submachine guns bring in the handcuffed Afghani, who has bruises on his face. DMITRY KHANSKY, a young, dark haired interpreter arrives with him. Khansky is about 25 and his ethnicity is hard to pinpoint.

KHANSKY

Here's his passport. He says he crossed the border in order to meet with a Russian General in Dushanbe.

LAKSHIN

Right, and I believe every word of that.  
(Takes passport and reads)  
Abdul Ali Haravi 1980, city Kunduz. Ask him where he picked up the heroin and where he was trying to deliver it.

Khansky repeats Lakshin's questions in Pushtu, and translates Abdul's answers.

ABDUL/KHANSKY

The heroin belongs to Jafar Al-Katari's network. He owns several factories. The customers were to meet with him tomorrow in Kulyab.

LAKSHIN

Where did he get the heroin?

KHANSKY

At an ISIL camp.

Lakshin stares intently at the captive, then addresses Khansky.

LAKSHIN

Give him a map. Have him show us the location of the camp.

The translator unfolds the map in front of Abdul, interprets Colonel's order, and hands him a pencil.

KHANSKY

It's between Kunduz and the border.

Abdul draws a circle on the map, Lakshin steps closer and gazes at the Afghan. The Afghan talks as Khansky translates.

KHANSKY

Jafar Al-Katari has recently sworn to the Islamic State and gave a million dollars a few months ago to help organize terrorist acts against countries that were bombing ISIL. Abdul claims to have personally delivered that million to Iraq. This money could have been used to bring down the Russian plane in Egypt. Given that Putin has promised a reward, Abdul says he's ready to help catch the organizer. This dirty old man is planning to take his thirteen-year-old daughter as his fourth wife. He says there will be a drop in two days for a shipment of heroin to the U.S. Jafar usually drives a black jeep.

Abdul shows where the drop will happen on a map and the route the alleged ringleader will travel. Colonel Lakshin doesn't believe in Abdul's tale and cannot hide his smirk.

EXT./INT. AT THE OUTPOST - DAY

Khansky walks by the APC-82 and, seeing that there is no one around, enters one of the single-story barracks. A row of doors lines both sides of the corridor. He knocks on one of the doors. Denisov opens it and invites him in. Maxim is lying on a bed.

KHANSKY

I'm Dima.

Denisov shakes his hand.

DENISOV

Sasha. And this is Maxim. You're the translator, right?

KHANSKY

Sort of. Actually, I'm just in the Army temporarily. I graduated from Dushanbe State University with a degree in Linguistics and know five languages. I pretty much ended up on the border to avoid working on my Masters. God only knows why I decided to learn Pushtu. This assignment is like being in exile.

DENISOV

Yeah, it's quite dull around here.

KHANSKY

So, what brought you here?

DENISOV

I'm an engineer at an APC factory. I helped design the new APC-82. And Maxim is a rally champion of our city. We conduct field tests here. It handles beautifully, so I hope that I'm not going to be stuck here much longer.

Khansky shows them an article on his tablet under the headline, "FSB offers \$50 million for information leading to arrest of A321 attackers".

DENISOV

Yeah, we already know that.

KHANSKY

The captured drug courier mentioned the organizer of the terrorist act. You can receive these millions. Are you interested?

DENISOV

Damn! Maxim and I were actually thinking about where we could find some money to start a small business.

Grinning, both Denisov and Smirnov are ready to listen.

EXT./INT. AT THE OUTPOST - DARK

Grabbing the tablet with the article, the three conspirators head to Colonel Lakshin. It is getting dark, but Lakshin is still in the office.

INT. RECEPTION ROOM - EVENING

Denisov stepping away from map.

DENISOV  
That's the plan.

KHANSKY  
I suggest we call this operation Trap.

LAKSHIN  
I don't think this courier is dreaming about returning to Afghanistan with someone and then fleeing.

DENISOV  
If you believe in the theory of probability, our odds are slim. But given the \$50 million reward, there's enough of a chance that we get the right outcome to take the risk.

LAKSHIN  
Do you know why I'm here? Why I asked to be on this outpost? My only son died from an overdose of Afghan heroin. I'm not here for the money.

DENISOV  
Jafar Al-Katari is the heroin largest producer in the world. We should at least try to punish him so the other people won't follow your son's fate.

LAKSHIN  
Alright, you persuaded me. I'm not going to help on this one, but I won't interfere for a chunk of the earnings.

DENISOV  
Can you help with the weapons at least?

LAKSHIN  
I can provide you with some of the ones we've seized.

EXT. AT THE OUTPOST - DAY

Life at the outpost continues as usual. Several borders sit in a VAZ. They are driving to patrol the border. Some soldiers clean their Kalashnikovs. The APC crew messes around with their vehicle.

Khansky, Lieutenant Hikmat Odinaev and gunner Suhrob Nabiev are socializing by the APC. Khansky shows them the article about the prize.



## KHANSKY

Check this out. The FSB is offering \$50 million! That Afghan we caught transporting heroin told us who is behind the terrorist attacks and how to catch him. The road is thirty kilometers from our border. To set up a successful ambush, we'd have to get an armored carrier to that road and then evacuate it back here. I'll talk to the helicopter crew and offer them an equal share of the millions. If the pilots agree - and everything is a success - each participant gets \$5 million each.

## EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

An UAZ drives along a narrow road of the rocky plateau. Smirnov is behind the wheel and Denisov is beside him. The UAZ comes closer to the Nurek hydropower plants. A towering dam blocks the canyon that is filled with mountain river water. A Mi-26 helicopter picks up a utility pole next to the dam and carries it into the mountains. Denisov and Smirnov wait for the helicopter to land and drive up to it. From the car, they pull out a bag with meat from their hunt.

## EXT. MOUNTAIN RIVER - DAY

On the riverbank, Denisov, Smirnov and three men from the helicopter stand by a fire and dress the carcass of a saiga that they have caught.

After another shot of vodka, Denisov shows his friends the article about the prize from his laptop.

## DENISOV

Here, read this. The FSB are offering \$50 million! We've got info about the ringleader's route and where he will travel over two days. If you drop us off in Afghanistan and pick us up after the operation, we'll split the fifty mil ten ways.

While the helicopter's crew is deciding what to do, Denisov walks along the river bank.

The captain puts forward his own terms.

COMMANDER

We weighed the risks and rewards, and are willing to accept. But we need some cash. A few thousand dollars will pay for the fuel and keep the air traffic controller silent.

EXT. AT THE OUTPOST - DAY

Denisov and Smirnov return to the post late in the evening and find their accomplices near the APC, actively discussing the details of their operation.

DENISOV

I've made a deal with the helicopter. There are now ten of us. But we need a few thousand dollars to cover the fuel costs to get us in and out. Who's willing to invest in a good cause?

Denisov looks at the investors. They shrug.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Denisov and Khansky enter and approach the sergeant. They discuss the situation. Denisov has a suggestion.

DENISOV

That drug dealer, Abdul, told us about the heroin buyers. They were going to meet on the way to Kulyab for a sale. If you give us Abdul and the confiscated heroin for several hours, maybe we can get the money for the helicopter fuel.

COLONEL

I'm an Afghanistan vet, and I know that Afghans have deceit in their blood. And your drug courier is a fraud willing to say or do anything if he thinks it'll give him a chance to escape.

DENISOV

We'll also punish the drug dealers, which isn't a bad result.

COLONEL

Well, I need to think about it.

EXT. KULYAB - DAY

Kulyab is a small Tajik town that is forty kilometers from the outpost.

EXT./INT. TEAHOUSE - DAY

Abdul, dressed as a Tajik peasant, sits in a teahouse drinking tea. Two jeeps pull up. Three of the people from the jeeps go into the teahouse and sit next to Abdul. Abdul points to a nearby standing motorcycle with a saddlebag. One of the men walks over to the motorcycle, and examines the contents of the bag. It contains plastic bags full of white powder. Without taking it out, he cuts one bag with a razor blade and tastes a pinch of the powder. He unties the bag, takes it to the jeep, grabs another bag and returns to teahouse. Abdul opens it, sees a thick bundle of dollars hidden under pistachio nuts, and nods. The three leave teahouse, get in the jeep and drive off.

EXT. KULYAB. STREET - DAY

At the nearest crossroads, they get blocked by the APC. The jeeps sharply turn on the breaks, trying to turn around. Two machine guns open fire on the radiators and everyone gets out from their jeeps with their hands up. A masked soldier gets out from the APC, takes the bag out of the jeep into the APC and leaves.

EXT. STEPPE - NIGHT

The APC's searchlight pierces the nocturnal dark sky. There is the sound of an approaching aircraft. Projectors turn towards the stars. Bright field lights illuminate a Mi-26 helicopter as it lands. Six of its massive wheels touch the ground, but the blades of the propeller continue to rotate.

The back hatch opens, and the APC rolls into it. The hatch folds closed again, the engine noise becomes louder, and the propeller gains momentum. The rear doors open and the APC immediately enters the helicopter. The helicopter takes off with great effort, and flies away. A cloud of dust lifts in the air leaving behind darkness.

EXT./INT. TRANSPORT HELICOPTER - DAWN

The helicopter flies without turning on its lights. The APC takes up almost all of its interior.

Six soldiers are sitting on folding chairs near the cabin door. Only the control panel glows in the dark cockpit. The commander is at the controls; next to him are the navigator and the pilot.

Dawn is breaking to the left in the starry sky. The helicopter heads south. Denisov and Abdul come into the cockpit cabin. They try to locate the road on the ground below with the help of the navigator. At sunrise among the hills, Abdul notices a narrow road that is little more than a caravan trail. The helicopter is landing raising a cloud of dust.

As soon as it unloads the APC, the helicopter, relieved of its burden, takes off again. It heads back towards a high mountain range, which is illuminated by the first rays of the rising sun.

EXT. ROCKY PLATEAU, ROAD - DAWN

The APC moves between the hills, but avoids the road. When the crew finds a suitable place for the ambush behind a small hill alongside the road, the APC stops.

The soldiers are dressed like Afghans: shirts that hang below their knees, wide trousers, cloth jackets, and hand-made leather shoes. Pistols, grenades, knives, walkie-talkies, and handcuffs hang off everyone's belts, except Abdul.

While three soldiers camouflage the APC, hiding it behind the hill, Denisov, Khansky and Abdul climb to the top of the hill to scan the area.

A sun-scorched rocky plateau covered with stunted shrubs surrounds them. The jagged skyline of the surrounding mountains emerges against the morning sky. A solitary EAGLE circles high in the air.

Denisov takes a good look at the trail through his field glasses. It curves and turns, winding around boulders. Visibility from the hilltop is several miles. The trail is so narrow that oncoming vehicles can't pass each other.

Khansky and Abdul set up an observation post.

Denisov descends to the APC, which is already under a camouflage netting. Smirnov and Popov sit right next to it. A can of food is being heated on a portable gas stove.

DENISOV

Maksim, head up to the top. And be careful with Abdul.

Smirnov gets up, and, grabbing his hot stew, heads to the top of the hill.

Denisov and Odinaev, taking a sapper shovel and mine, head to the road. They dig a hole and place the mine inside. Denisov screws in a radio detonator and covers the mine with soil.

EXT. HILLTOP - DAY

On the hill, Khansky, Smirnov and Abdul observe an old, beat-up truck pass by. And again, not a soul in sight.

A donkey cart passes by. Those are the only vehicles during their shift. Khansky sees Odinaev come up, and heads to meet him. He descends the hill, and squats among the tinned cans, deciding on his lunch.

EXT. HILLTOP - DUSK

Evening approaches. Odinaev, staring at the sky, suddenly pokes the dozing Smirnov and Abdul.

ODINAEV  
Look, he's diving!

They jump up and stare into the sky.

Its wings folded, the eagle plummets to the ground. Just above the ground, it extends its wings, and, having seized its prey, powerfully flaps its wings and flies off.

Odinaev is examining the eagle through his binoculars.

ODINAEV  
Looks like he's got a tortoise. He'll drop it to smash the shell.

The eagle flies higher and higher, then, unclenches its claws, drops the tortoise, and plummets after it. The bird comes to rest on a large rock near the place where the tortoise has landed.

EXT. HILLTOP - DUSK

The sun has disappeared already, but the clouds, gathered at the skyline above the mountains, still reflect its light. The other side of the sky is dark and the first stars appear.

In the APC, Odinaev contacts the helicopter.

ODINAEV

Bird, this is Trap. Bird, this is Trap. First day - nothing. Come in. Over.

BASE (V.O.)

Trap, this is Bird. Got you. Bird out.

EXT. ROAD - SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY

Second day of the ambush. Denisov and Nabiev are on the APC preparing the machine gun. Smirnov is measuring the pressure in the tires. The radio signal turns on. Denisov responds.

DENISOV

I hear you.

Khansky, Odinaev and Abdul are at the top of the hill. The translator looks through the binoculars, and speaks into his walkie-talkie:

KHANSKY

Vehicles in sight! To the left. Range - four kilometers. Only three are visible due to the dust.

ABDUL

(Looking in binoculars)  
It's ISIL!

KHANSKY

(reports back)  
Abdul says it's ISIL!

DENISOV

(states command)  
Hikmat, get down! Everybody, places!

Smirnov climbs into the APC. Odinaev dashes down the hill.

A convoy moves along the trail, raising clouds of dust.

Without lowering his binoculars, Khansky transmits.

KHANSKY

Range - two kilometers. Looks like five vehicles. About thirty meters between the vehicles. The first one might have a machine gun. The third is a black SUV.

DENISOV  
(to Odinaev)  
Got it! Do not shoot the black SUV!

Khansky aims the binoculars in the opposite direction

KHANSKY  
All's clear to the right.

They remove the camouflage netting from the APC. Odinaev gets in it and Nabiev takes his place in the machine-gun tower.

Denisov, grabbing a Kalashnikov, runs toward the trail. He conceals himself in the hollow, next to the camouflaged transmitter for the radio-detonator.

The convoy draws closer along the trail.

ABDUL  
(examines the cars)  
Yes!

KHANSKY  
Abdul says yes. Range - one kilometer. Five vehicles in all. Machine guns on the first and last. The black SUV is third.

DENISOV  
(into his radio)  
Crank it up!

The APC starts its engine.

KHANSKY (V.O.)  
Five hundred meters!

Denisov takes the safety catch off the radio-detonator.

The faces of the AFGHANIS behind the dusty windows of the first vehicle are already visible through binoculars.

KHANSKY  
Two hundred meters!

Denisov flicks the safety on his Kalashnikov off.

An explosion causes the first vehicle to lurch but it does not turn over. It continues under its own momentum 10 meters and halts, ablaze. The remaining vehicles brake sharply. Sporadic firing comes from them.

The APC, its engine roaring, emerges from behind the hill. Nabiev shoots twice into the second vehicle, a Range Rover, riddling its windshield.

From the top of the hill Khansky aims his Kalashnikov at the DRIVER of the last vehicle, a Dodge. A shot is heard, and a hole appears in the windshield. The Dodge sharply turns left, gets off the road, and, turning and twisting between the rocks, tries to escape.

One of the Afghanis from the cabin climbs to the back and opens heavy fire from a machine-gun. He immediately falls, struck down by shots from the top of the hill.

Khansky fires couple of burst of shots at the Dodge and several other holes appears in its body.

An Afghani jumps out of the SUV, and opens fire from an Uzi. Nabiev levels him with a burst of machine-gun fire. He turns his fire to the fourth vehicle, a truck, which is trying to veer off the trail.

Automatic rifle fire erupts from its cabin. The truck runs into a rock and stops, its windows shattered.

The Dodge pickup, with three Afghanis and a dead body inside, turns round, and heads back down the trail in the direction it came from.

The APC stops in front of the black Lincoln Navigator. Nabiev trains the machine-gun onto the windshield. The PASSENGERS remain in the car. Nabiev raises his aim, and fires once. The bullet ricochets loudly from the roof, leaving a dent in it, and flies away.

The door of the Navigator opens, slowly, and the DRIVER, a middle-aged, sinewy MAN WITH A CAMERA around his neck, climbs out with his hands up. He is wearing a camouflage jacket with multiple pockets.

A slender WOMAN, of indeterminate age, gets out from the back seat. They see Denisov approach with his Kalashnikov, and raise their hands. Denisov yells to Odinaev, pointing to the Dodge slipping away.

DENISOV

Get 'em Hikmat!

The APC's engine roars, pushes the truck off the road, and sets off in pursuit.

Abdul runs down the hill with Khansky behind him armed with a Kalashnikov and binoculars around his neck. Abdul, backed up by Khansky, cautiously examines the dead. The



ringleader Jafar Al-Katari of ISIL isn't among them. In the back, there are twenty cans of gasoline.

Khansky radios to the APC.

KHANSKY

Hikmat, Jafar isn't with us.

ODINAEV (V.O.)

Dima, ok, I will search here.

Denisov searches the captives, but he doesn't find any guns. He checks inside the Navigator. Khansky approaches the captives standing with their hands up, and points his Kalashnikov at them. He shouts in English.

KHANSKY

Who are you?

MAN

Americans.

Khansky takes a pair of handcuffs. Relieved to be spared, the Americans hold out their hands. Khansky snaps one ring of the handcuffs to the man's right wrist, and the other ring to the woman's left wrist. Denisov unzips from his belt and gives him another pair of handcuffs. Khansky handcuffs Abdul to the left arm of the American man.

Denisov opens the trunk of the Navigator. There are four bags in it. He unzips one of them; it is stuffed with plastic bags. He takes one out, and tears the plastic with his knife. It contains white powder. Carrying the packet, he walks toward the captives. The white powder trails out of the bag.

DENISOV

What's this?

AMERICAN MAN

Pure heroin. It costs a million dollars in Kabul. I could sell it, and give you the money in exchange for our freedom.

Denisov, irritated, throws the torn bag high in the air. It makes an arc in the air, leaving a white trail that sparkles in the sunlight, and falls to the ground. Denisov gets behind the wheel of the Navigator, starts the engine, and turns the vehicle around.

DENISOV

We'd better catch up with the guys.  
Load them into the back.

Khansky, using his Kalashnikov, gestures to the captives to get into the Navigator. They hesitate.

AMERICAN MAN

You should grab the bag in the back of the Range Rover.

Khansky glances at Denisov, who nods.

KHANSKY

Show us.

Handcuffed together and with two Kalashnikovs trained on them, the captives walk over to the Range Rover. It contains three bloodied bodies and some guns. The American man opens the back door, and unzips the bag inside the vehicle. It contains bundles of tightly-packed money.

AMERICAN MAN

Two million dollars!

EXT. TRAIL - DAY

The Dodge with the drug dealers moves along the trail as fast as the rocky road permits. The APC tries to catch up with it. Since the APC is better adapted to off-road travel, the gap between them is gradually closing. The Afghan tries to climb from the cockpit into the body and shoot from the machine gun. However, their Dodge bounces and shakes so much that they cannot aim.

EXT./INT. NAVIGATOR - DAY

The black Navigator speeds through the plateau. Denisov is at the wheel. Trying to get up to maximum speed, he takes the Navigator along the path taken by the APC. Khansky sits next to him holding a rifle. The drug couriers are sitting in the back with Abdul. The bag full of dollars is at their feet. The passengers have to brace their arms against the ceiling, because the Navigator jolts on the road. Khansky contacts the APC.

KHANSKY

Hikmat, answer.

ODINAEV (V.O.)

Where are you?

KHANSKY

We're behind you in the black SUV. And you?

ODINAEV (V.O.)

We're catching up to them.

KHANSKY

And go right back. Over.

DENISOV

Check their documents.

Khansky holds out his hand.

KHANSKY

Your documents!

The Americans hand him their passports. Khansky studies the pictures, and compares them to their faces.

KHANSKY

Pete Baker. Lois Baker. USA.

PETE

The guys in the Range Rover make powder. They have 100 kilos at one of their labs. They were on their way to another lab in the opposite direction. In a kishlak at the crossroads. People are waiting for them there to load another 100 kilos and take the money. In America, this heroin would be worth many times what it is here.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The countryside road leads towards the mountains. The gap between the Dodge and the armored personnel carrier is shrinking. Between two low mountains you can see a village. The Dodge, without slowing down, enters and rushes along the road that runs through the village. Its driver presses on the signal, trying to attract the attention of the village inhabitants. The APC bursts out behind of him. Hearing the noise, the Taliban people run out of their houses. Someone starts shooting fire at the APC from a machine gun. However, the APC manages to successfully pass the village.

INT./EXT. APC - DAY

Odinaev connects with Khansky.

ODINAEV

Dima, there are Taliban in the village. They were shooting at us. Do not enter the village.

Denisov decelerates the car.

DENISOV (V.O.)

Finish this off and return already.

The APC finally is close enough to the Dodge to open fire. Nabiev waits for a straight section of the road and fires several rounds from the gun. The Dodge crashes into a rock on the road and flips several times. One of the gunmen falls out of the car. The APC drives up to the gunman lying in the road and sees that the dead man doesn't look anything like Jafar Al-Katari.

ODINAEV

Dima, Jafar isn't here either.

KHANSKY (V.O.)

Return back. We're waiting.

The sound of a cannon shot is heard from far off. A tank comes out of the kishlak, heading towards the APC. A shell explodes near the APC. The APC's turret turns around. A cloud of smoke appears from the tank's cannon and then the shot is heard. After a couple of seconds, a second shell explodes near the APC. Several more cars from the village emerge after the tank.

ODINAEV

(connects to Khansky)

Sasha, Dima, the Taliban have a tank.  
Do you hear me?

KHANSKY (V.O.)

Yes.

ODINAEV

They are shooting at us.

DENISOV (V.O.)

(with no hesitation)

If they're shooting, fire back!

ODINAEV

(he commands)

Fire!

A third shell explodes near the APC. Nabiev pinpoints the target and presses the trigger. A missile launches from APC that the tank continues to target. After slightly correcting its flight path, the missile cuts into the tank armor and explodes. The tank rolls forward a little and stops. The Taliban cars stop moving.

ODINAEV

We hit it.

DENISOV (V.O.)

Ok.

ODINAEV

The village is in a valley. Neither of us can drive around it. We can't drive through the village either since the Taliban people have grenade launchers.

EXT./INT. NAVIGATOR - DAY

Denisov slows and then stops the Navigator about 2 kilometers from the kishlak. He takes the binoculars from Khansky, and he climbs onto the hood. He tries to figure out what happened to the APC. The kishlak is wedged in between two mountains, and it isn't possible to drive around it. Four vehicles drive out of the kishlak and, quickly gathering speed, drive in the direction of the Navigator.

Denisov gets back behind the wheel and turns the car in the opposite direction.

DENISOV

(talking to Khansky)

Tell Hikmat to call the chopper. We will reconnect once we get closer to the border.

KHANSKY

Hikmat, call "the bird" and fly away.

HIKMAT (V.O.)

Understood.

KHANSKY

When we arrive at the border, we'll let you know.

HIKMAT (V.O.)

Understood.

KHANSKY

We are getting further away and will lose connection soon.

HIKMAT (V.O.)

Alright.

KHANSKY

Over and out.

EXT. APC - DAY

The APC turns around and picking up speed moves on the road along the canyon. The Taliban people refuse to follow him.

EXT./INT. NAVIGATOR - DAY

The Navigator heads for the mountain plateau, bouncing with every pothole. There is about two kilometers between the Navigator and the Taliban's cars. Khansky turns to the Americans.

KHANSKY

Where is this money from?

Silence. The click off from the safety mode emphasizes the question.

PETE

This money belongs to a drug dealer from Los Angeles. We brought it here and paid Jafar Al-Katari's people with it.

KHANSKY

And the heroin?

PETE

That's the cargo we bought from them.

KHANSKY

Why?

PETE

We have a contract for its delivery to the United States. If we do not deliver, we'll get a bullet to the head instead of the money.

LOIS

Please help us and we can give you half.

KHANSKY

Half of the bullets?

LOIS

Half of the money.

KHANSKY

How about all of it?

The Bakers exchange looks.

PETE

Take all of the money, but let us have the cargo. We have to return it to the guys who gave us this money.

KHANSKY

Who exactly?

PETE

The drug mafia in Los Angeles.

LOIS

This is the first time we took this kind of risk. We did it out of despair.

KHANSKY

Who are you?

PETE

I'm a photographer and my wife is a writer. We get commissions from magazines to do reports from around the world. We are here on assignment from National Geographic.

Pete takes out a document from his pocket issued by the magazine and hands it to Khansky. There are also tickets in there. Khansky unfolds them and reads.

KHANSKY

Departure from Kabul tomorrow morning, transfer to Shanghai, arriving in Los Angeles.

The Navigator draws near to the site of the recent ambush. In clumsy English Abdul advises.

ABDUL

We need to grab several cans of gas from the back of the truck. There are no gas stations on the way.

DENISOV

Okay! We will need gas.

Khansky removes the handcuffs from Abdul and the Americans. Denisov stops by the truck.

One of the cars is a charred shell. The others lie motionless, with their doors open.

Abdul jumps out, and begins handing cans of gas from the back of the truck to Khansky, who loads them into the back

of the Navigator. Denisov watches their pursuers through the binoculars. Pete, trying not to be noticed, photographs the scene of the ambush with the help of his wife.

The distance between them and their pursuers has shrunk to one kilometer.

Before jumping down from the truck, Abdul dumps a full can on the roof of the truck and gestures to the Russians. When everyone is back in the Navigator, Denisov shoots at the canister several times using his gun. It ignites and falls into the back of the truck. Abdul applauds. The Navigator speeds up. One after another, the cans in the back of the truck ignite, sending a plume of black smoke into the air. Meanwhile, the Navigator races forward.

One of the Taliban cars remains at the scene of the ambush.

Denisov has difficulty driving the car along the unfamiliar, narrow and winding road, and he brakes frequently to avoid the rocks on the road. Abdul, no longer handcuffed, warns him of the dangers.

DENISOV

(asks Abdul)

Where does the road lead?

ABDUL

There's only one way - to Kabul.

Denisov smiles, suspicious, and addresses Khansky.

DENISOV

Tajikistan is to the north, on the left. If we hand over two million dollars and the drugs, along with these guys to High Command, we might be forgiven.

KHANSKY

Great idea! We might even get watches as a reward, along with a thank-you note!

PETE

We need to drive to Kabul. It is 200 kilometers away. If we get there, you can take all the money. However, we need to deliver the goods to Los Angeles.



ABDUL

(supporting Pete)

I can make you any passports you want,  
along with tickets to any country for  
\$50 thousand.

The road passes through poppy fields.

Three of the Taliban's cars are behind them, but haven't caught up. The road begins to twist, winding up the slope of the mountain. Abdul, helping himself with gestures, turns to Pete.

ABDUL

Is there a hose in the car?

Pete grabs a hose with a hand pump from behind the back seat, and gives it to Abdul.

ABDUL

There are some sharp turns ahead, so don't go too fast. Then, it straightens out for a bit. We'll have to refuel there, without stopping.

Pete and Lois constantly turn back, and watch with alarm as the Taliban cars gradually close the gap between them.

After about ten kilometers, Abdul with the hose in his hand points at the gas gauge, and climbs out of the window. His torso is completely outside the vehicle, and the Americans hold his feet. Abdul removes the cap on the gas tank, and sticks the hose into the tank. After climbing back into the Navigator, with the help of the Americans, he siphons the gas into the tank from the canisters.

There is a ridge of tall mountains ahead. Three of the Taliban's cars are behind them, but also cannot get close enough. Sometimes closing the gap, sometimes falling back. They obviously are in the chase to the end.

The path crosses the same dirt road. To the left of it, it passes through the kishlak. Denisov decelerates.

ABDUL

(gestures)

Straight ahead!

Several large vehicles, customized for the local roads, stand in the village. ARMED MEN idle around them. The Navigator slows down. Denisov sees the vehicles, and points at the road leading in their direction.

DENISOV  
North, toward our border.

Pete points in the direction of the village and people.

PETE  
The heroin growers that were going to sell us heroin are waiting for their cash in that village. There are lots of Taliban patrols to the right. We can only go straight.

Denisov hesitates. The Navigator stops at the intersection. Abdul panics. In order not to lose time on the translation, he leans forward and explains in sign language and with the help of a few English words.

ABDUL  
Left - death!  
(makes a cross in front  
of the Russians)  
Right - jail!  
(draws bars with his  
fingers)  
Forward - freedom!  
(points his finger  
toward the road ahead)  
Forward! Forward!

The Taliban cars are only a few hundred meters behind. There's a burst of machine-gun fire from their direction. A bullet hits the Navigator, piercing the metal, and embeds itself in the back seat. The armed Kishlak men grab their guns.

KHANSKY  
(screams)  
Forward!!!

THE AMERICANS  
(screaming)  
Go!!!

The back wheels spin, throwing up fine dust and sand. The Navigator speeds off. Pete, without raising his camera, takes a few pictures. No one hears the clicks of the shutter because of the roaring engine. There is a commotion in the village, and the armed men run to their vehicles, but they do not join the chase. The Taliban soldier operating the machine gun on the truck continues to shoot in short bursts, but he is unable to aim because of the dust.

The distance between the pickup and the Navigator is less than one hundred meters. Khansky takes a grenade off his belt, removes the pin, and throws it on the road. It explodes about ten meters in front of the pickup. The truck brakes, but continues the chase. When the pickup gets closer again and fires at the Navigator, Denisov throws a grenade. It blows up directly in front of the pickup. With its tires blown, the pickup loses speed.

At another turn, one of the two remaining vehicles gets within a shooting distance from the Navigator. One of the Taliban men hangs out of the window, and prepares to shoot.

Leaning back, Abdul opens the back door and pushes one of the heroin bags onto the road.

ABDUL

They won't pass up a hundred thousand.

Pete and Lois glance at each other with a look of doom, but they understand that this is the only way.

The Taliban vehicle sharply brakes. An Afghani jumps out, and cautiously approaches the bag. He peaks inside, then, grabs it, and jumps back into the vehicle. The pursuers lose a minute, and fall a kilometer behind. While the car regains speed, the other one passes it and charges ahead.

The road cuts through another village. A BOY stands barefoot in the middle of the road. The Navigator approaches at high speed, but he doesn't move. The road is too narrow for the Navigator to swerve round him.

Denisov switches on the car lights, and honks. The desperate boy continues to stand in the middle of the road as the Navigator bears down on him. Everyone tenses up. Denisov doesn't slow down, hoping that the boy would jump aside, but he keeps on standing. The distance shrinks rapidly, but the boy doesn't budge.

KHANSKY, ABDUL, PETE, LOIS

Stop!!!

Denisov slams on the brakes, and the Navigator screeches to a halt in front of the boy. The boy stretches out his hand, begging. Pete photographs him. Khansky jumps out of the Navigator and shoves him out of the way, then, gets back in. Everybody turns around, and looks in astonishment at the boy, who continues to stand there, his hand outstretched.

The cars with the Taliban men drive past him. The pursuing cars are very close because of the Navigator's emergency stop, and Abdul has to toss out another distraction.

Denisov looks at Pete in the rearview mirror, and shouts at Khansky.

DENISOV

He is taking pictures. Take his camera!

Khansky points his Kalashnikov at Pete. Pete shakes his head.

PETE

I haven't parted with my Canon in years. When I press a button to take a picture, I do it instinctively. It's a conditioned reflex, you know...

KHANSKY

We know, a Russian scientist, Sechenov, discovered it. And our Pavlov got a Nobel Prize for it. So I want to take away your external irritant.

PETE

No.

LOIS

We've got an advance from the magazine. We need to have some material for them. It's our professional duty.

PETE

I promise I won't take any pictures of you.

DENISOV

Don't listen to them!

Denisov turns back sharply, and grabs the camera, but Pete intercepts his hand, and twists it. Khansky points his Kalashnikov at him, and removes the safety lock. Lois grabs the barrel, and aims it at herself. Denisov has to make a turn so as not to crash into a rock, and he lets go of the camera. Pete unclenches his arm.

EXT. AERIAL SHOT. HELICOPTER - DAY

The Mi-26 helicopter is flying low over the ground. The commander sees the APC racing towards them from afar. The helicopter lands, opening the cargo bay doors. The APC

enters the helicopter. The helicopter takes off from the ground and flies away.

EXT./INT. NAVIGATOR - DAY

The Navigator and vehicles draw nearer to a mountain range. At the foot of a mountain, a shallow river intersects the road. Abdul tosses out the third bag of heroin. The Navigator nears the river. Abdul asks the Americans to hold him and, when the car enters the water, opens the window and fills a flask with water on the move. In the middle of the crossing, the Navigator hits an underwater stone and gets stuck. Denisov tries to reverse, but the Navigator gets stuck even deeper.

While Khansky and the Americans get out of the car, Abdul plunges into the water until it reaches his neck, and pulls a stone from under the wheel. The four push the Navigator towards the shore and it reaches the bank with a burst of acceleration. Lois' leg gets caught between two stones and she falls into the water with a cry. Pete and Abdul drag her out of the water and to the shore.

The Taliban men, drawing closer, open machine-gun fire again, but their car jolts as it rolls over stones on the riverbank and they miss the target. The bullets shatter small stones near the Navigator or fall into the water, leaving a trail of bubbles. Khansky and Denisov return their fire from inside the Navigator. When Lois gets in the car, Khansky tells Abdul get in front. They switch places. All wet, the fugitives duck down, trying to dodge the bullets by hiding behind the seats. The Navigator fishtails, engine roaring, and picks up speed. Khansky takes the clip out of his gun - there are no more cartridges.

EXT. ISIL CAMP - DAY

A group of people is crowded around a Range Rover with a broken windshield. Next to the car, several bodies are wrapped in shrouds. An old white haired man JAFAR AL-KATARI comes up to them with a retinue and bows his head.

JAFAR AL-KATARI

Mamed!

MAMED - a black bearded bald Afghan approaches the old man.

MAMED

I'm here.

JAFAR AL-KATARI

(loudly)

Find the people who did this, and kill them all! The two million dollars they stole will be yours.

EXT./INT. NAVIGATOR - DAY

The road is heading up the mountain. Abdul is now sitting next to Denisov.

ABDUL

The road cuts through the mountains ahead. It's easy to stray off the road at night and plunge off a cliff. I know the road, please let me drive.

Denisov doesn't answer.

Denisov, behind the wheel, almost drives the Navigator into a caravan of heavily loaded camels moving along the road.

Shots, demanding another dose of drugs, come from behind. Khansky opens the door and throws out the last bag. The car stops in front of the bag and an Afghan jumps out and grabs it.

DENISOV

Alright, Abdul, your turn.

Denisov and Abdul move their seats back to exchange places. Pete points to a button near the steering wheel.

PETE

Turn the cruise control on, commander!

Denisov shifts into cruise control, but while he's switching places with Abdul, the Taliban once again catch up and open fire. Lois takes a small bag out, digs through her clothes, pulls out a dress, and tosses the bag out the window. The Taliban fall for it. The first car of the pursuers stops in front of it.

Huge mountain silhouettes loom ever larger. The road becomes steeper. Abdul knows the road well. It's not easy for the Taliban to keep up with him, and their cars fall noticeably behind. The Navigator pulls up to the building by the bridge over the gorge. Barriers block the road. Abdul reduces speed.

ABDUL

Calm down, we need to pay for the fare.

TWO ARMED MEN in military uniform come out of the building by the bridge. The Russians ready their pistols. Abdul raises his hand in caution.

ABDUL

Wait, hide the pistols. Hand me the dough.

Khansky opens the bag, and hands him a wad of dollars. Abdul stops the navigator in front of the roadblock.

EXT. ROADBLOCK - DAY

One of the BORDER PATROL OFFICERS approaches the Navigator, holding a registration book. A large DOG trudges along behind him. With a friendly smile, Abdul drops the wad onto the ground.

An officer passes the car, and writes down its license plates. The dog lazily approaches the wad, picks it up with its teeth, and carries it to his booth. The bar is lifted, and the Navigator crosses the bridge over a deep gorge.

Behind them, at a distance, the Taliban's' the vehicles stop about two hundred meters short of the bridge.

INT. NAVIGATOR - DAY

ABDUL

They've got what they wanted, and won't risk any more. But they'll have problems with gas. They could be stuck at the border for a long time. The way back is closed for us.

EXT. THE MOUNTAINS - DAY

The road twists and turns up into the mountains.

The pursuers have dropped out of sight, but the Navigator continues to speed past ravines with its engine grinding. Abdul stops the vehicle at the highest point of the pass and turns off the engine. The fugitives get out of the Navigator and listen. It's dead quiet. The chase is over. The fugitives go into the bushes.

EXT./INT. NAVIGATOR - DAY

And a few minutes later all passengers are back in the Navigator, driving. Abdul thinks out loud in broken English.

ABDUL

They say Hong Kong - good place.

PETE

For us, any place that isn't the U.S.  
is fine for us, now that we lost the  
goods.

Abdul tries to find the right words.

ABDUL

If you don't go to America ... if we  
split the money five ways, then, in  
Kabul, I know people who can help glue  
Sasha and Dima's pictures into Pete and  
Lois passports. And, then, your  
tickets to the States won't be wasted.

Denisov makes a different suggestion.

DENISOV

We'll split the money, if they help us  
get back home.

They are all lost in their own thoughts.

EXT. THE MOUNTAINS - DAY

The road slants downhill. The mountain silhouettes acquire a greenish tint. Abdul drives fast and with confidence, enjoying the fact that the Russians and Americans are overwhelmed by the rocky cliffs just beyond the narrow road.

Abdul turns to a secluded place near a small creek. He parks the Navigator near the water. The men strip down to the waist, washing off the road dust. A short distance away, behind the bushes, Lois washes her face. Abdul then pours the rest of the gas in the tank. After filling a canister with water and laying it on the roof, he washes the car.

Denisov turns gloomily to Khansky.

DENISOV

Up until now, we only had one way out  
of this mess. We had to keep moving,  
and try to stay alive. Now we have  
options. We need to make up our minds  
before it's too late.

KHANSKY

I think it's already too late.



DENISOV  
Do you realize what's in store for us?

KHANSKY  
(laughing)  
"Before you rush in, consider how you can get out." I took up foreign languages when I was a kid because I was always dreaming about travel and adventure.

DENISOV  
So, you're out for adventure, huh?

KHANSKY  
With this kind of money, yeah.

Khansky watches over the prisoners with a pistol in his belt. Denisov grabs the two empty Kalashnikovs and his binoculars, climbs up a slope and leaves the guns in the branches of a tree. He climbs up the open face. Down below, he sees a green valley with patches of woods, rivers, small settlements and cultivated land.

EXT./INT. NAVIGATOR - DAY

The fugitives descend into the valley in the clean Navigator. Abdul is at the wheel. Khansky sits next to him.

At one settlement, Abdul stops the Navigator by a PEASANT WOMAN selling fruit on the side of the road. Without leaving the vehicle, he buys some local fruit from her, and passes it on to his companions. Denisov takes out his phone from this pocket and checks to see if a cellular connection appears.

The Navigator enters the city. When a cellular connection appears, Denisov calls the helicopter commander.

DENISOV  
Bird, hi, how are you? We're getting there on our own. Everything is fine, take care!

Denisov ends the call.

DENISOV  
(to everyone)  
They picked the APC up. The guys are back home.

Abdul is driving the Navigator confidently and quickly. Pete sometimes takes pictures, and Lois makes notes in her notebook.

KHANSKY

Did you two carry this money from America?

PETE

In this business, everything depends on trust and punishing those who don't live up to the trust. Lois and I decided to risk it this one time, but not because we wanted the good life. We need the money for treatment. We have AIDS.

KHANSKY

Both of you?

PETE

The three of us. Our daughter is ill too... Lois and I are ready to sacrifice ourselves for her, but that's not enough. We need money.

Lois takes a picture of a little girl out of her purse; the girl looks a lot like Lois. They all look at the smiling child's face.

PETE

We'd appreciate it if you could tell us how you knew about our route, back in the mountains. And how did you end up in Afghanistan with an APC?

Khansky looks at Denisov to make sure he has no objections.

KHANSKY

We weren't after the heroin. You ruined everything for us. We were trying to catch a local drug lord.

PETE

Jafar Al-Katari?!

KHANSKY

We need the money, too.

The traffic becomes increasingly heavy on the wide highway.

ABDUL

By tomorrow, the drug Mafia will be out on all the roads hunting for us. And

the Taliban will not forgive us for destroying the tank. They will probably try and catch us outside the Russian Embassy. The only way to save our skins is to fly to the States tomorrow morning. We have forty kilometers to Kabul.

PETE

(loudly)

You've got no chance of getting the money across two borders.

KHANSKY

You wanted to get the heroin across those same borders.

PETE

We have a license for trafficking.

KHANSKY

Explain.

PETE

The local mafia will cover us on the departure from Kabul. And the American mafia will upon arrival. This is a prepaid smuggling channel. If we divide the money equally into five parts, we'll give you a license for the three suitcases.

KHANSKY

That sounds fair.

PETE

Guys, I see that you're willing to take this risk but you should realize Jafar will try to hunt you down. As a warning to the others.

KHANSKY

They'll have to find us first.

EXT. KABUL - DAY

The Navigator passes the road sign that says Kabul.

INT. NAVIGATOR - DAY

DENISOV

We've got to find our Embassy.

KHANSKY

If we hand in the cash, where do you think it'll go? I don't want to use this money to buy the honorary title of certified fool, and a citation to prove it. Especially since the Taliban is perfectly capable of putting the embassy under surveillance. I don't want to fall into their clutches.

DENISOV

Abdul, where is the Russian embassy?

ABDUL

(shrugs his shoulders)

I don't know.

EXT. KABUL- DAY

The Navigator driving on the streets of Kabul.

INT./EXT. NAVIGATOR - DAY

Khansky is quiet. Denisov wants to finally get a straight answer.

DENISOV

Answer me straight: do you want to go to America, or back to your Motherland?

KHANSKY

My genes are Russian, Jewish, and Tajik. I don't know myself whether I am a Christian or a Muslim. My motherland is planet Earth. I want to live wherever I please. And don't tell me you've never wanted to visit America. We'll have some fun, spend some money and come back. We'll never get this kind of chance again.

DENISOV

So you're not going to help me arrange a meeting with our people?

KHANSKY

I usually don't help someone make a fool of himself.

DENISOV

That's going too far!

KHANSKY

Shoot me!

DENISOV

Fool!

The Navigator stops in the alley.

ABDUL

We cannot stay in Kabul. We've got to get photographs for the passports. An urgent alteration of the documents will cost \$50,000.

KHANSKY

(turns back)

Sasha, if you stay here, you'll get one fifth of the two million greenbacks. If you fly with me to the States, I promise to get you to the Embassy there. Right now we need to get our pictures taken for our passports. You will become Pete or Luis Baker.

DENISOV

(sighs)

What a mess...

KHANSKY

There's no other choice.

DENISOV

You've already made yours.

KHANSKY

If I had a pile of rubles, I'd choose Russia. But with a load of dollars, the U.S. somehow seems more appealing. If anything goes wrong, blame it all on me. Listen, Pete, tell me your conditions again.

PETE

We split the money evenly five ways, you'll get the passports, a driver's license and license for the three suitcases.

KHANSKY

Shake on it!

Satisfied, Khansky and Pete shake hands.

EXT./INT. BARBERSHOP, STREETS, PHOTO STUDIO, SHOPS - DAY

After driving several blocks, the Navigator pulls up to a small courtyard. Khansky accompanies Abdul to the barbershop where he shaves off his beard. They buy some new tourist clothes in the shops. In the photo studio, Abdul negotiates with the PHOTOGRAPHER about the documents while he takes Khansky's picture. The photographer leads them to a store that sells bags, suitcases and travel accessories. Out of the backroom, Abdul and Khansky carry three suitcases, returning to the Navigator. The quiet Americans sit in the back seat holding each other and watch the developments. Khansky takes three packs of ten thousand dollars out of the bag and hands them to Abdul. The Americans give them their documents. Stuffing everything in their pockets, Abdul and Denisov return to the photo studio. Denisov is posing for the photographer and Abdul gives him \$30 thousand.

INT. NAVIGATOR - EVENING

After returning with Denisov to the Navigator, Abdul proposes something.

ABDUL

We need to leave Kabul and stay at a motel not far from the airport. We will divide the money there and get ready for the flight.

Everyone agrees with Abdul's plan.

EXT. MOTEL - EVENING

The Navigator stops near cottage they have rented. The Russians and Lois carry the suitcases into the cottage.

INT. COTTEGE - EVENING

Abdul and Pete carry the money to the second floor. They close the curtains shut and only then turn on the light. Abdul sits down before the open bag of money and takes out one bundle at a time, placing them into five piles. Then the three smugglers lay the money in a secret stash inside the suitcase. Pete glues the "license" to the suitcases. They appear like seemingly ordinary travel stickers.

PETE

Let me give you a little advice that will help you stay alive longer. Don't doubt that Jafar and the drug mafia from Los Angeles will give an order to kill you. The killer who takes over your contract will know my last name,

and will track you down with the help of the passenger list. Wear bulletproof jackets, and use different names every time you check into a hotel. Every time you have to show your ID's, change your hotel, or, better yet, the city.

EXT. MOTEL - MORNING

In the morning, the photographer drives up to the motel. The men are clean shaven, in new suits and a camera across the shoulder. Abdul gives him the second part of the payment and receives the documents. He drives everyone to the airport in his car.

INT. KABUL AIRPORT - SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY

Abdul is the first to enter the airport, with Pete and Lois trailing at a distance. Denisov and Khansky follow close behind.

Check-in for the Kabul - Shanghai - Los Angeles flight is announced over the PA system.

Pete and Denisov walk over to the lockers. Pete puts his suitcase in an empty locker and leaves. Denisov sets the numbers on the combination lock and slams the door.

Abdul approaches the check-in desk. The two Russians and the Americans watch him from behind. An airport official checks his ticket, and lets Abdul through to customs. He joins the line.

The Russians, looking like ordinary travelers in their new clothes, go up to the desk and are checked in without a hitch. They join a different line, one made up of American tourists returning home.

A policeman looks at Abdul's passport, passes it on to a CUSTOMS OFFICIAL, making a sign with his fingers. Another OFFICIAL orders Abdul to step into a separate room for a personal search.

There, another POLICEMAN opens and carefully examines the suitcase. He discovers the secret compartment. He pulls out his gun and points it at Abdul.

The first policeman, who has followed them into the room, handcuffs Abdul. The customs official takes a pack of dollars out of the suitcase.

While the policemen are busy with Abdul, the customs official opens only one suitcase from the group of American TOURISTS.

After rummaging through clothes and not finding anything suspicious, he waves the baggage of the whole group through, including the Russians' suitcases. The flight boarding is announced.

Pete and Lois leave the airport.

EXT./INT. AIRPLANE IN FLIGHT - DAY

The Boeing 777 takes off from Kabul. Denisov and Khansky watch the Kabul airport disappear into the distance. They smile as their luck has held out. Once the plane gains altitude, flight information is announced. Khansky orders vodka.

KHANSKY

Alright, Alex, from now on we're only going to speak in English for your own good. That way, you'll learn quicker. If you take my advice, you'll even start thinking in English.

The Boeing flies over the grand mountain peaks of the Himalayas. Green fields turn into dazzling white glaciers, which shine in the sun against the blue sky. The Russians are delighted at the mountainous panorama.

After one hour in the Shanghai airport, the plane is again in the sky.

The night they spend on board the Boeing, flying towards the sun, is the shortest night of their lives. While the Russians are sleeping, the aircraft crosses the Pacific Ocean.

EXT./INT. LOS ANGELES AIRPORT - DAY

In the morning the plane lands in Los Angeles.

A spaniel sniffs between bags and suitcases from the Kabul flight. About fifty meters away, close to the ceiling, a hidden video camera slowly turns, and follows the dog.

The spaniel stops by Khansky's suitcase, sniffs it, and starts to bark at it and scratch it. An OFFICER in a uniform coat with the letters DEA - Drug Enforcement Administration - walks over. He picks up the suitcase, but when he notices the sticker on it, he puts it back down. He gives a treat to the dog and pets it. Then, he looks around, and pulls the dog away from the suitcase.



Denisov and Khansky pick up their luggage, and pass through the customs together with the other PASSENGERS.

The American CUSTOMS OFFICIALS check only foreigners' bags. They take the two Russians for natives.

The Russians, carefully concealing the stickers on their bags, blend in with the crowd of passengers and those meeting them. Somewhere in the crowd somebody is waiting for Pete and Lois Baker. The stream of passengers carries them out of the airport.

EXT./INT. TAXI. LOS ANGELES - DAY

The Russians get into a cab.

KHANSKY

One of the better hotels, please.

INT. MONITOR ROOM - DAY

A big plasma multi-screen monitor with lots of small windows around the angles run along the border of the one large, centered display. One of the little windows shows the cab leaving the parking lot.

The OPERATOR zooms in the cab's license plates. He enters the number into the computer.

EXT./INT. CAB - DAY

The cab drives down a highway. The radio is on. Denisov looks back several times, trying to determine if they are being followed. Khansky notices his anxiety.

KHANSKY

(to the driver)

It's our first time in Los Angeles.  
Can you show us the city, please?

DRIVER

Sure.

They drive in silence, delighted at the sights of the fashionable Los Angeles, all the more so after the poverty of Afghanistan.

INT. MONITOR ROOM - DAY

A monitor shows a river of cars moving along the street. The cab is among them with a red circle around it.

EXT./INT. CENTURY PLAZA HOTEL - DAY

Khansky pays the driver.

A BELLBOY picks up their bags from the trunk, loads them onto a trolley, and pushes them towards the reception area.

KHANSKY

(whispering to Denisov)

Don't forget ... you're Alex Davis, and I'm Dean Hudson. Pete said that they don't ask for passports here.

The RECEPTIONIST writes down their made up last names.

A MAN in the hotel uniform pushes the trolley up to their room. Khansky tips him a few dollars. He locks the door, and then opens his suitcase, and the secret compartment. The money is in place.

KHANSKY

That's it! We made it!

He holds up his hand. Denisov does the same.

KHANSKY

We're in America, and we're rich!  
Three hundred and eighty thousand each!

He flops down into the armchairs.

DENISOV

The happening just happened to happen.

The lucky Russians step out onto the spacious balcony. A panoramic view of the enormous city and the hotel's swimming pool below opens in front of them.

KHANSKY

(excited)

California! The richest state in America!

DENISOV

We need to call Pete in Kabul.

KHANSKY

Personally, I'm planning to call my parents in Dushanbe, and tell them that we're alive before they're informed that we're MIA. I will call them in Dushanbe, obviously not from the room.

DENISOV

OK, I'll call the colonel. Let's go  
buy some mobile phones.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - EVENING

The Russians leave the hotel and walk into a mall, past the bright window displays full of an amazing assortment of goods. The Russians buy mobile phones and SIM cards.

Khansky dials Pete.

KHANSKY

Greetings from America.

PETE (V.O.)

Greetings from Asia.

KHANSKY

Abdul got caught.

PETE (V.O.)

We saw. It'll be a while for him.

KHANSKY

I'm jealous of you and Lois. You've  
lived here all your lives.

PETE (V.O.)

Now you can live there.

KHANSKY

Here's the locker combination: one,  
nine, four, five.

PETE (V.O.)

Say 'hi' to Sasha.

KHANSKY

Kiss Lois for us.

Khansky hangs up, then, dials his home number.

INT. MONITOR ROOM - DAY

One of the monitors shows Denisov inspecting the cars parked at the curb, while Khansky talks on the phone.

EXT. LOS ANGELES, STREET - DAY

Khansky walks up to Denisov. He seems upset.

KHANSKY

Whew ... hard to explain to my parents that things could be worse, and that we're actually lucky... Let's not push our luck, let's get out of here.

They find another suitable pay phone. Denisov calls the colonel.

EXT./INT. STREET/COLONEL'S OFFICE - DAY

The sergeant picks up, and pushes the intercom button.

COLONEL

I'm listening.

DENISOV

Colonel, I inform you that the operation has failed. But we captured the drug mafia's money and flew to Los Angeles with the translator.

COLONEL

When did you have the time to get there?

DENISOV

We had to take off from Kabul to the states on the twenty fifth.

COLONEL

As far as I know it's the twenty-fifth in America now. Did you fly there on a rocket? Are you screwing with me, engineer?

Denisov looks at the date on his watch.

DENISOV

Today is the twenty-sixth. We'll try to establish contact with our Embassy.

COLONEL

Of course. You're speaking to me from the future... I'll tell you what, crazy illusionist, spend your money as fast as you can, and return from your future to our present ... to your ward.

The colonel hangs up.

DENISOV  
(Taken aback)  
What is today's date?

KHANSKY  
It's the twenty-fifth.

DENISOV  
But the twenty-fifth was yesterday.

KHANSKY  
We crossed the dateline when flying  
over the Pacific Ocean.

The usual calm face of Denisov turns into a smirk. He takes his watch off and throws it away.

INT. HOTEL - DARK

The Russians return to the hotel when it gets dark. Khansky goes into the room, while Denisov first walks to the end of the corridor.

Khansky, smiling that the suitcase is still in its place, goes out onto the balcony and admires the view of the city, transformed by the various colored ads. Denisov comes out and joins him.

DENISOV  
You promised me something about the  
Russian embassy?

KHANSKY  
We'll have to go to Washington for  
that. You can't wait to give the dough  
away? To the FSB? Where will they  
spend it here? I think that they'll  
invest in agents. It's your portion,  
so please. I'll spend mine myself  
somehow.

DENISOV  
(smiling)  
That reminds me - the colonel didn't  
believe me about the money and advised  
me to spend it as quickly as possible.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The day is in full swing but the Russians are still asleep. The TV is quietly on. Denisov wakes up first and shakes Khansky.

DENISOV

Dima! Get up! I think we mixed up day and night.

Khansky looks at his watch and stretches.

KHANSKY

We've flown halfway around the world. It's two in the morning in Tajikistan now.

Denisov turns the volume up on the TV.

DENISOV

What if we bury some five hundred thousand somewhere? Otherwise they'll be stolen.

KHANSKY

You bury yours, I will invest mine into something.

EXT. WESTWOOD - DAY

They eat lunch in a small Italian restaurant.

In utter amazement they stroll by the main streets and go to the well known places of the city. They buy some stylish clothes. Khansky eyes every attractive girl.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Dressed in fashionable new suits, Denisov and Khansky have dinner in a luxurious restaurant overlooking the ocean. They notice that here also everyone uses credit cards.

KHANSKY

We've got to get credit cards. They're too suspicious of cash around here.

DENISOV

How do we do that?

KHANSKY

Open a bank account, I suppose.

INT. ELECTRONICS SHOP - DAY

The Russians buys tablets in electronics store.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BEACH - DAY

That morning the Russians sunbathe on a prestigious beach. They admire the ocean, yachts and young women. The

Russians watch a BEAUTIFUL GIRL get into a stylish convertible and drive off.

KHANSKY

You can bet that some guy is sick and tired of her.

DENISOV

(hesitantly)

Maybe we should buy a car?

KHANSKY

(excitedly)

Yes, we should buy one! Let's go get the money.

He gets up, seizing the moment, before his friend changes his mind.

INT. MONITOR ROOM - DAY

One of the sub screens displays everything that goes on in their room.

INT. CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY

Denisov and Khansky look at cars in the showroom. Denisov decides on a Chevrolet Corvette.

DENISOV

This is the one for me.

KHANSKY

(points at a mini-van)

I need one like this, because you can put a bed in there.

After looking at a few other models, they choose a convertible Pontiac Firebird. The SALESCLERK looks at the four wads of ten thousand dollars, and glances at the two Russians with suspicion. He hesitates, but, then, smiles widely, and takes the cash. The salesclerk fills out the paperwork, using the name on Khansky's false driver's license. The Russians drive out of the dealership in a red Firebird, with Khansky behind the wheel.

KHANSKY

We need credit cards, and soon.

EXT. LOS ANGELES, STREET - DAY

Denisov buys a road map while their car is being filled at a gas station. Back in the car, he looks at the map of Los Angeles.

Khansky turns on the GPS, which displays the street plan and a moving red spot shows the location of the car. Careful not to break any laws, they drive the streets of Los Angeles. As they drive past a bank, Khansky stops the car.

KHANSKY

If we keep our money in a suitcase, it will be stolen sooner or later. We really need a bank account. I'll check it out.

INT. BANK - DAY

Khansky goes into the bank, looks around, takes several advertising brochures, and returns to the car.

EXT./INT. FIREBIRD - DAY

The Firebird drives along the shore.

DENISOV

Want to check out Hollywood?

KHANSKY

Let's.

Khansky sets the route on the navigator.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD - DAY

The Russians take a tour of the Universal Studios. They look at the stars' footprints and handprints embedded in cement in front of the Mann's Chinese Theater. Yul Brynner's handprints and signature are among them.

KHANSKY

I hope you've seen *The Magnificent Seven*.

DENISOV

Yeah.

KHANSKY

Did you know that Yul Brynner was Russian?



DENISOV

Lived in Vladivostok, I think, and got to the US by way of China and Paris.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS - NIGHT

At night, they continue driving around the city with the top down in their Firebird.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

They wake up at noon again. Khansky pours over the bank brochures.

KHANSKY

Listen, engineer, the bank lets you put money in some trustworthy stocks, and offers a profit of up to ten percent a year. If we buy stocks worth seven hundred twenty thousand, we'll be able to get a dividend of seventy-two thousand a year. We'll be able to spend six thousand a month! That means two hundred dollars a day and our capital won't shrink! Not a bad life, huh!

DENISOV

I don't know about the dividend, but I think money's always safer in the bank than in our bags.

KHANSKY

And if we want to avoid making the locals suspicious, we should deposit the money "honestly." In installments of fifty thousand. Or a hundred thousand.

DENISOV

Let's start with fifty thousand.

EXT. BANK - DAY

After lunch, the investors take fifty thousand to the bank. They leave the car around the corner, not far from the bank.

INT. BANK - DAY

Inside, Khansky walks up to a new accounts counter.

KHANSKY

I'd like to open an account, to invest  
in some stocks.

YOUNG CLERK

Is the money being transferred?

KHANSKY

No, I have cash.

YOUNG CLERK

Certainly, sir.

Khansky produces five wads of dollars. The clerk looks at the fifty thousand dollars, takes the money, and passes it through a small window.

YOUNG CLERK

Cash transactions involving such sums  
are carried out in a separate room.

The clerk calls someone using the bank's intercom. A fat SECURITY GUARD approaches Khansky.

SECURITY GUARD

Please follow me.

The guard turns round, and suddenly receives a knockout punch in the jaw from Denisov.

DENISOV

Let's get out of here!

Denisov sprints for the exit. Khansky steps over the prostrate guard, and follows Denisov. An ALARM goes off in the bank.

EXT. BANK - DAY

The two Russians sprint round the corner, jump into the car, and take off.

INT. MONITOR ROOM - DAY

The monitor operator watches the screens, and notices the Russians' hasty escape. He backs up the picture one of the screens.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Denisov floors it, the Pontiac quickly accelerates and turns at the first intersection. Denisov makes several more turns. They abandon the car in an alley and take off on foot. When they see a cab, they stop it and get in.

KHANSKY (breathless)  
We're late for our train. To the  
Century Plaza hotel, please, and then  
the train station.

INT. MONITOR ROOM - DAY

The computer screen shows the cab parked in front of the Century Plaza hotel, then, it adjusts to the image of an empty hotel room. The door opens, and the Russians enter the room. As soon as Russians grab their suitcase with money, the operator grabs the phone and makes a call.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

They pack up in haste. The escapees leave the keys to the room and five hundred dollars for their stay on the table. They head down in the elevator. Denisov presses the fifth floor.

DENISOV  
We'll take the stairs the rest of the  
way. If one of us is caught, the other  
should stay away.

The stairs' exit opens to the swimming pool. The fugitives walk by the tanning hotel guests, with their suitcase and bags in hand.

INT. MONITOR ROOM - DAY

The operator switches from the empty room back to the cab waiting outside.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

The Russians walk out at the opposite side of the hotel, and take another cab.

INT. MONITOR ROOM - DAY

The OPERATOR switches back to the room. FBI agents charge into the empty room.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

The cab quickly maneuvers on the highway, passing other vehicles. The black DRIVER does his best to make it to the bus on time.

INT. MONITOR ROOM - DAY

The monitor operator switches to the picture of the cab waiting for the Russians.

EXT. BUS STATION - DAY

DENISOV

Get tickets to some big city. We won't look so suspicious there.

KHANSKY

San Francisco, Denver, or Las Vegas?

DENISOV

Whichever bus leaves first.

The earliest bus is to Las Vegas. Khansky purchases the tickets, and they immediately board the bus.

INT. MOVING BUS - DAY

Khansky looks out the window of the moving bus.

KHANSKY

I'll puzzle over that one for the rest of my life: were they going to arrest me, or open me an account?

DENISOV

(laughing)

Yeah. America hasn't seen that before. To raid a bank in order to ditch a car and fifty k! I hope they compensate that guard for PTSD.

EXT. LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

The bus arrives in Las Vegas, and makes its way through the city brightly lit with neon ads. Endless hotels, casinos, and nightclubs slip by one after the other.

EXT./INT. BELLAGIO HOTEL - NIGHT

Khansky registers under a new name, signs, and receives the keys.

From their hotel window, they look out over the glittering Las Vegas. They hear music outside and the Bellagio fountain show begins. They watch TV till late, checking if anything is reported about the bank affair.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Denisov watches TV, channel-surfing. Khansky takes the breakfast menu off the door handle, makes some notes, and hangs it outside the door.

A WAITRESS, a young blonde, brings in the meal. The woman's voluptuous forms appeal to Khansky. While she sets the table, he leaves his wallet with a wad of dollars in the hallway.

SALLY

When should I come back to collect the plates?

KHANSKY

In about twenty minutes.

On her way out, she notices the wallet. Empty plates are left on the table.

When the waitress returns, she enters with a smile.

SALLY

Tell me, boys, are you winners or losers?

KHANSKY

We only got here yesterday, we haven't gotten into the swing of it yet. In fact, this is our first time here.

SALLY

Well, in that case, you're in for lots of fun.

KHANSKY

As a local... could you tell us which, in your opinion, where is the best show in town?

SALLY

No question - it's O, here in Bellagio.

KHANSKY

Hey, maybe you could be our guide for the evening? We could watch this O, and maybe get a bite to eat afterwards?

SALLY

I'm working tonight. But you can ring me tomorrow if you haven't blown off all your cash. Here's my number.

Khansky reads her name.

KHANSKY

Thanks, Sally. I'm Dean, and my friend's name is Alex.

SALLY

See you later, Dean and Alex.

Khansky, satisfied with himself, watches the cute girl wheel the cart out.

EXT. THE STRIP - DAY

They stroll around the Strip, blending in among the other tourists having a good time. They walk into bars and casinos and play the one-armed bandits. The pair walks into the Aladdin hotel's mall, which is lined with expensive boutiques. A striking GIRL loaded with shopping bags steps out of a store.

KHANSKY

What a babe! I would tap that...

The girl walks in their direction and notices Khansky gawking at her. Realizing that he is about to blurt out something, she beats him to it.

GIRL

A hundred bucks if you let me screw you.

KHANSKY

(confused)

Hey ... yeah, no, I'm just like that.

GIRL

O.K., whatever.

The girl smirks and walks on. Khansky watches her great body, then, approaches his laughing companion.

KHANSKY

She offered me financial aid from the local feminist group.

EXT./INT. CINEMA - DAY

A poster advertises *Spectre*. They enter the theater. They buy popcorn, beer and watch the movie in a half-empty theater.

INT. GUN SHOP - DAY

They enter the gun shop. They eye the extensive arsenal of weapons with professional interest. There are several types of Kalashnikovs. Denisov picks one up.

DENISOV

It's like meeting a friend from home.

Khansky, pointing to a handgun, addresses the SALESMAN.

KHANSKY

What do you need to buy one of these?

SALESMAN

A note from the police, stating that you're not a psycho.

They walk up to a display of bulletproof vests.

KHANSKY

This'll take a load off my mind.

Khansky tries on a vest and buys two. Denisov buys four Tasers.

INT. BELLAGIO HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Khansky tries on various coats with the bulletproof vest to see how they fit. Denisov takes apart one of the Tasers with some tools, removes a wire and connects it to another one. Denisov responding to Khansky's look.

DENISOV

The bank won't take our money, and you don't want to bury it, so we have to protect it somehow.

Denisov opens the bag with the secret pocket and installs the Taser in it.

DENISOV

If you want to open my bag, you'd better wear gloves.

KHANSKY

I want one too!

INT. BELLAGIO HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Denisov, lying in front of the TV, flips through the hotel advertising brochures.

DENISOV

There's a fabulous casino downstairs. Want to go and have a look?

KHANSKY

We need to find you a date for tomorrow night.

INT. BELLAGIO CASINO - NIGHT

Khansky and Denisov, impeccably dressed, go down to the casino. In the huge hall, there are innumerable slot machines and hundreds of tables for roulette, poker, blackjack, and craps. They are manned by hundreds of DEALERS, and thousands of PLAYERS.

At first, the Russians just watch, moving from one table to another. They wander into the hall for large stakes. Denisov falls for an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN with a short haircut. She's about his age. Having laid her bets on the roulette layout she watches the spinning wheel expectantly.

DENISOV

(to Khansky)

Try to talk to that woman at the roulette table.

The Russians sit down next to the woman, an American wearing a large diamond ring. Khansky buys two thousand dollars' worth of chips from the DEALER, gives half to Denisov, and addresses the woman with a smile.

KHANSKY

So, what are the lucky numbers?

CAROL

(concentrating on the game)

There're lots.

Khansky places several chips. The dealer sets the ball in circular motion. Denisov also places two chips on the numbered squares nearest to him. The ball lands on a different number. Denisov places another two chips on the same squares, and loses again. His neighbor is out of luck too. Khansky addresses her.

KHANSKY

They say if one's unlucky in gambling, he'll get lucky in love. Do you agree?

CAROL

(unenthusiastically)

I'm sorry. I don't know.

Carol places her bets. Denisov puts his last four chips on red. The ball falls on the green zero. Disappointed, he gets up.

DENISOV

I'll go get some more money.

Denisov starts to walk off.



CAROL

Hey, sir!

Denisov hears the female voice, and turns round. Carol gestures to him to return. He does.

CAROL

You've only lost half of your chips.

She points to the table. The dealer moves chips onto the line in the red sector.

DENISOV

Thanks.

Denisov remains standing. This time red wins. The dealer moves the chips away from the line. Red wins again, twice. After his third win Denisov sits down at the table, gathers up the piles of newly won chips, and addresses Carol.

DENISOV

Thank you.

The game continues with varying success. Their daring neighbor loses her last chip. Denisov looks at her with sympathy. She wanly smiles back. He pushes a pile of chips in her direction inviting her for a round of game. She doesn't refuse.

A MUSTACHIOED STRANGER approaches the opposite end of the table and, acting as though he is speaking on an iPhone, photographs Denisov.

Khansky loses his last chip, looks at his watch, and addresses Carol.

KHANSKY

Luck wasn't on our side today. Would you like to join us for a drink at the bar to drown our sorrows and reverse our luck?

CAROL

No, thanks.

Denisov bets all his remaining chips and loses them. He stands up, and says good night. Carol quickly gathers up her chips, and catches up with the unlucky players. She hands over Denisov's chips.

CAROL

They're yours.

Denisov refuses to take them.

KHANSKY

What's the problem?

CAROL

Your friend gave me these chips to bet for him. I have some winnings, so I'm giving these back to him.

DENISOV

They were a gift.

CAROL

I don't accept gifts from unfamiliar men.

She puts the chips on a table, and walks away. Denisov addresses Khansky.

DENISOV

Catch up with her, and tell her they were a loan.

Khansky catches up with Carol. Meanwhile, the mustachioed stranger orders a coffee, sits down at a table, and takes pictures of the argument unnoticed. Denisov picks up the chips and walks over to them.

CAROL

Listen, I played for you, if I lost, I wouldn't have reimbursed you with my own money. So, I can't keep the winnings either.

DENISOV

I can't use someone else's luck.

He gives the chips to Khansky, and walks away.

KHANSKY

I think the best way out is to split the winnings fifty-fifty. Please.

CAROL

OK.

Carol counts off the chips Denisov gave her and returns them to Khansky. She then divides the winnings between the two of them.

KHANSKY

My friend still won't approve. So, why don't you help spend his winnings with us at "O" tomorrow night? A local

acquaintance of ours is taking us there  
to show us around.

Carol hesitates. Then, she takes a card out of her bag,  
writes down her telephone number, and hands it to Khansky.

KHANSKY

I'm Dean and your partner's name is  
Alex.

CAROL

Good night.

KHANSKY

See you tomorrow, Carol.

Carol walks over to a roulette table, hesitates a moment,  
then, places all her chips on red. The ball lands on red.  
Carol leaves the chips in place. The dealer spins the  
wheel. Red again. The dealer adds another pile of chips.  
Carol doesn't move, the stake doubles. On the third spin,  
the ball lands on black. Carol leaves the casino.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

KHANSKY

(on the phone)

Hi, Sally. It's Dean, from the  
Bellagio. We're going to the  
Stratosphere. It would be much more  
fun to admire your city's panorama with  
someone in the know... Around two...  
Thanks, I'll see you then.

(hangs up)

Alex, give me Carol's card.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

The two Russians, Carol and Sally are having lunch in one  
of the restaurants at the top of the Stratosphere Hotel.  
The tables slowly rotate around the windows and the entire  
city is visible from the heights. Mountains can be seen in  
the distance. Khansky pours champagne.

KHANSKY

Let's thank Lady Luck for yesterday.  
Both for our winnings and for meeting  
each other. And let's drink to each of  
us enjoying at least a little luck on  
the whim of fate.

SALLY  
 (drinking champagne)  
 Are you in America on business, or just  
 traveling around?

KHANSKY  
 Both. We're mixing business and  
 pleasure.

SALLY  
 I'm from Texas. I'm in town working  
 for the season. Y'all must be from  
 somewhere in Eastern Europe?

KHANSKY  
 From the most eastern part.

SALLY  
 From Russia then?

KHANSKY  
 You're very shrewd.

A few feet away, the mustachioed stranger approaches the  
 bar, buys a pack of cigarettes, talks on his iPhone, and  
 discreetly takes a couple of pictures. Then he walks on.

KHANSKY  
 Tell me, Carol, have you ever had any  
 really big wins?

CAROL  
 First, I was just betting hundreds.  
 Then, to gamble my way out of debt,  
 thousands. But it didn't pan out. And  
 now that I've figured out a winning  
 system, my money's gone, and so is  
 everything I've borrowed.

KHANSKY  
 Say, your winnings can be deposited  
 directly from the casino into a bank  
 account, can't they?

CAROL  
 A lot of gamblers do that here.

KHANSKY  
 (to Denisov)  
 Sasha, we have a way of putting money  
 in the bank. We buy chips for cash,  
 and what we win goes into our bank  
 account!

EXT. THE PARIS HOTEL - NIGHT

That evening the Russians, with Carol and Sally, approach the entrance to the concert hall. The mustachioed man is standing nearby, photographing them. All four watch a fireworks display over the water.

INT. LARGE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

After the show, they go to a restaurant. The MAITRE D'HOTEL leads them to a table near the stage. A rock group is playing. Sally describes and orders the dishes with great enthusiasm. Music is loud. On stage, the show begins.

SALLY

Carol, have you been in Vegas very long?

CAROL

A month. The first week I was with my husband. The rest of the time alone.

SALLY

Got a job here?

CAROL

I gamble here.

SALLY

So, how much can you lose in a month?

CAROL

Everything.

SALLY

A lot?

CAROL

For me, a lot.

SALLY

And for your husband?

CAROL

It's not that much money for him. But he doesn't even want to talk to me until I quit gambling and leave this place.

On stage, the band starts to play dance music.

The mustachioed stranger is sitting at another table.

Denisov and Carol are attentive to each other, but reserved. Khansky and Sally are less inhibited. Like everyone else in the restaurant, they drink, eat, laugh and dance.

KHANSKY

(to Sally while dancing)

I think they like each other. Sally, I've got a big favor to ask. Let's help those two unhappy, lonely people spend some time together.

SALLY

I'm in.

KHANSKY

We'll pretend that we're going back to my room together. Then Carol will have no option, but to invite Sasha to hers.

SALLY

Okay.

The restaurant gradually becomes empty. A WAITER brings desserts. Khansky whispers something to Sally, gets up, and asks Carol for a dance. Sally asks Denisov.

KHANSKY

Carol, I've got a favor to ask. Would you help out two helpless lovers, Sally and me? She can't stay the night in my room, because Sasha's there as well. Can you put him up, just to make us happy?

CAROL

That's kind of awkward for me.

KHANSKY

Just for an hour. Watch TV. Okay, Carol?

CAROL

All right.

INT. THE BELLAGIO HOTEL - NIGHT

The two Russians and the women leave the restaurant.

CAROL

I think I'll go up by myself.

KHANSKY

(in Russian)

Sasha, see her home, and hang out there  
for an hour or so.

(in English)

Carol - you see how in love we are?

(in Russian)

Sasha, it's all worked out. All you  
have to do is say the magic word to  
Carol.

DENISOV

Carol, please!

CAROL

... All right, let's go.

Carol has a resigned smile as she exits the elevator.

CAROL

Have a nice night.

KHANSKY & SALLY

Thanks!

They wait for the doors of the elevator to close, then  
laugh, and kiss.

One of the doors is ajar. As Denisov and Carol pass it in  
the corridor, it opens wider. The mustachioed stranger  
checks the corridor in both directions, and silently takes  
a picture of them.

INT. CAROL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Denisov in tow, Carol enters a suite with a small lounge  
and bedroom.

CAROL

A month ago, we were living in the most  
expensive room in the hotel. Now, I'm  
stuck with this. But since I'm a  
chronic gambler, at least it's free.

Denisov shrugs.

DENISOV

Only mousetraps offer free cheese.

Carol switches on the TV, takes the second pillow and  
blanket off her bed, and throws them on the couch in the  
lounge. Then, she goes into the bathroom. Denisov turns  
off the light, and lies down without taking off his  
clothes. After failing to find anything about the bank

incident on TV, he turns it off. He can't sleep. The room is lit with the flashing lights of the neon signs from the outside.

Denisov gets up and quietly opens the door to the bedroom.

CAROL

No.

The door slowly closes.

INT. CAROL'S ROOM - DAY

A loud knock on the door awakes Denisov and Carol. Carol pulls on her dressing gown.

CAROL

Who is it?

GATTSY (V.O.)

Frank Gattsy. I'm a lawyer. There's been an accident. Open up quick!

Carol checks that Denisov is already dressed, and opens the door. FRANK GATTSY walks in with a briefcase. He is followed by the stranger taking pictures with his iPhone, only now without his mustache.

GATTSY

Frank Gattsy, your husband's lawyer. This is Milton Leffer, a private detective. Milton, write down this guy's name.

Leffer moves toward Denisov.

LEFFER

Name and proof of identity.

Denisov shakes his head. Leffer reaches for Denisov's pocket, and ends up on the floor. Recovering, he pulls out a gun, and points it at Denisov, who shakes his head again.

CAROL

Are you out of your mind? What d'you want?

GATTSY

We need proof of your adultery. Either you sign the papers yourself, or your boyfriend produces identification, or we call in witnesses.



CAROL

Oh God! He's been paying you to tail me! Is it because of my gambling?

The lawyer takes out some papers, a pen, and several photographs of Carol with Denisov, and puts them on the table. Bewildered, Carol sits down on the couch. Tense silence fills the room. Carol hesitates for a few seconds. Then, she picks up the pen, and signs the papers.

GATTSY

That's the accident.

The lawyer takes the papers, and leaves. The detective puts his gun away, and follows him out.

CAROL

Take the pictures, and leave.

DENISOV

I want to help you.

CAROL

Out.

DENISOV

Carol, don't leave. I'll help you.

Denisov takes one of the photos, and leaves.

INT. RUSSIANS' ROOM - DAY

Hearing their secret knock, Khansky opens the door. Denisov lashes out at Khansky.

DENISOV

Why didn't you tell me that Carol was married?

KHANSKY

She said it herself, in front of you.

DENISOV

Where's Sally?

KHANSKY

Gone to work. What's up?

Denisov throws the photo on the table.

DENISOV

It looks like I've been set up as proof that Carol's cheated. We didn't do anything! Two guys with a gun and some

photographs forced into her room and made her sign something. What does it mean?

KHANSKY

Her husband obviously wants to get out of his prenup.

DENISOV

Poor woman! It's all our fault, so I've promised to help her.

KHANSKY

(sardonically)

To find her another husband?

DENISOV

I don't know how, but I'm going to help her.

KHANSKY

That won't be cheap.

INT. CAROL'S ROOM - DAY

Carol sits at the table and looks at the pictures left by the lawyer. She takes yet another picture out from her purse and puts it in front of her. It's a shot of a fine-looking smiling man. Her eyes well up with tears. Carol collects all pictures and throw them into a trashcan.

INT. RUSSIANS' ROOM - DAY

The two friends stay in their room all day. Denisov lays on the couch as usual but this time the TV is off. He is deep in thought.

Sally brings lunch, and they tell her what happened.

INT. THE BELLAGIO CASINO - NIGHT

Denisov comes down to the casino to find Carol. She walks from one roulette table to the next, but doesn't participate.

Denisov buys twenty hundred-dollar chips, but doesn't play. He walks up to Carol, and chooses fairly simple words in English.

DENISOV

Good Evening, Carol. Please, help me...

He holds out half of his chips, and, in sign language, invites her to play, pointing at the roulette table. Carol glances at Denisov with condescension, but says nothing, and walks away. He watches her, then follows her at a distance, and observes her from aside. Carol notices an old acquaintance playing at the craps table. She stops at the table across from him.

CAROL

Hey, Eddy.

EDDY

Hi, Carol.

With a gesture that only EDDY understands, she taps her diamond ring with her index finger. Eddy throws craps, looks at the ring carefully across the table, then, pulls out of his pocket three large thousand-dollar chips, and shows them to Carol. An upset Carol goes around the table, and walks up to Eddy.

CAROL

This ring cost more than ten thousand.

EDDY

I believe you, Carol, but I can't give you more than four.

CAROL

No.

EDDY

Well, all right.

He takes Carol off to the side. Denisov watches them from a distance. Eddy pulls out two more thousand-dollar chips, and adds them to the three in his hand.

EDDY

This is all that I've got.

Carol hesitates, then, removes her ring, and holds it out to him. Eddy takes the ring, and gives her the chips all in one fluid motion. Carol heads for the roulette table, and Denisov turns to Eddy. The latter examines the ring, shielding it with his hand.

DENISOV

Excuse me, I want to buy the ring.

Eddy, not understanding what the foreigner wants, looks at Denisov doubtfully, but then mutters:

EDDY

Ten.

Denisov pulls out a pack of money. Eddy, satisfied with the contents of the pack, hands over the ring. Denisov sits down next to Carol at the roulette table, and shows her the ring so that only she can see it.

DENISOV

It's a present.

He tries to give her the ring. Carol pulls her hands away. She leaves the table and looks around until her eyes locate Eddy, but he continues to throw craps as if nothing has happened.

Carol stops, turns around and sarcastically speaks to Denisov, who is coming up to her.

CAROL

My husband gave me this as an engagement ring. Do you have the same thing in mind?

DENISOV

Excuse me?

CAROL

You're completely crazy.

Carol turns around, and walks off to another table. At the first opportunity, Denisov puts the ring down in front of Carol, who is playing at the table, and quickly leaves. Carol glances at the DEALER, who witnessed the scene with an embarrassed smile. She slips the ring onto her pinkie, and follows Denisov.

Denisov rushes towards the exit. She can't catch up with him. Carol sets off for the craps tables. Standing across from Eddy, she shows him the ring. Eddy holds up five fingers. Carol nods in agreement.

INT. THE BELLAGIO HOTEL - NIGHT

Denisov goes up to their room. Khansky hears their secret knock, opens the door and is disappointed to see Denisov.

KHANSKY

Oh, it's you. Well, how's Carol?

DENISOV

She's gambling... That day in the restaurant she said that she knows a way to win at the casino. True or not,

I don't know, but I'm going to ask her to play with our money. If we lose, we won't ask for it back. If we win - we'll split it three ways.

KHANSKY

And what about Sally? How come she deserves less than Carol? Unlike yours, she slept with me.

DENISOV

Okay, we'll split it four ways.

KHANSKY

First we take back the money we've invested and then we'll split whatever's left four ways, right?

DENISOV

Okay.

KHANSKY

And we'll transfer the winnings to a bank account.

DENISOV

The girls get their part as well. If we get arrested, let them keep at least something.

KHANSKY

... to remember us by.

They hear the secret knock. Khansky opens the door, and Sally appears with a radiant smile and dinner on a trolley. Khansky is happy to see her. Sally sets the table. Khansky sits down at it.

KHANSKY

Sally, we're about to make you an offer you can't refuse.

EXT./INT. THE BELLAGIO HOTEL - DAY

Khansky, carrying two shopping bags bulging with purchases, enters the hotel and approaches the reception desk.

Denisov is reading a Russian-English phrasebook. The secret knock breaks his concentration. He puts the book down on the table next to a photo of him and Carol. He opens the door and starts talking from the threshold.

KHANSKY

I've got us a suite.

## INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

They hear the secret knock. Khansky opens the door. Sally and Carol walk in, wearing evening gowns. Sally kisses him. The women and the Russians, both in suits, sit at the table set for a delicious dinner in the spacious dining area of their suite.

CAROL

The casino always has the advantage when you bet small amounts over a long time. The odds even out when you make a few big bets. The best way to really up the ante is to leave your winnings in. If, for example, you put a hundred dollars on red, and it comes up seven times in a row, then, you'll make twelve thousand eight hundred dollars.

KHANSKY

And what if you put a thousand in?

CAROL

One hundred and twenty-eight grand. With those stakes we could play roulette with one zero in the VIP rooms. The casino's got only a minimal advantage, two point seven percent.

DENISOV

Get the cash.

Khansky takes four pre-packaged wads out of the closet, puts them on the table, and distributes them among the group. All four are anxious to play. They quickly finish their dinner, and go down to the Bellagio casino.

## INT. THE BELLAGIO CASINO - NIGHT

The four gamblers exchange their money for the thousand-dollar chips at different tables. They play the tables with the biggest stakes where there is only one zero. The roulette wheels spin. Sally plays very emotionally. Khansky walks from table to table, observing the electronic boards, and betting at the tables where he observes a pattern in the winning numbers.

Carol places a bet. She steps away from the table, but sits nearby so that she can observe the results of the game.

Denisov bets ten chips, one after another, until he loses them all. His best streak was four wins in a row, which brought his stake to sixteen thousand.

After five wins, Sally has thirty-two thousand in chips. The DEALER calls over his pit BOSS to approve such a large bet. None of them wins seven times in a row.

INT. THE BELLAGIO HOTEL, ELEVATOR - NIGHT

All four of them ride up in the elevator. When it stops at Carol's floor, she gestures to Denisov not to accompany her, and addresses Khansky and Sally.

CAROL  
Have a nice night.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Frank Gattsy, Carol's husband's lawyer, waits for Carol at the breakfast buffet, holding a briefcase. When Carol approaches the salad bar, Gattsy puts a pile of papers on her table.

GATTSY  
Hi Carol. I've prepared some papers on the annulment of your marriage.

CAROL  
Show them to my lawyer.

Carol completely ignores the papers and walks away. Gattsy picks them up, and catches up with Carol at the elevator.

GATTSY  
Listen, Carol. The faster you divorce this one, the faster you can marry another.

CAROL  
You can discuss it with my lawyer.

GATTSY  
He's still waiting for you to pay him.

CAROL  
If you want it to go faster, pay him yourself.

GATTSY  
If we find a compromise, we can do without him.

CAROL  
No we can't! If you don't want to pay you'll have to wait!

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Gatsby comes to bother Carol at the side of the swimming pool. In an effort to escape him, she climbs up the diving tower and runs into the Russians on the highest board.

The Russians think that she has come up to jump into the water and, smiling in disbelief, motion for her to go first.

DENISOV AND KHANSKY

Please.

CAROL

After you.

KHANSKY

Let's do it together.

Khansky offers his hand. The Russians and Carol, holding hands step to the edge of the tower. Carol looks at the water far below. She is scared, but she is not the kind that backs out. The three of them step forward and fly down to the water feet-first. The SPECTATORS, resting in lounge chairs, clap with approval, but when Carol emerges from the water, she doesn't even notice the applause. Denisov helps Carol get out of the water. Pleased with the jump, she smiles at Denisov and thanks him.

DENISOV

Carol, can I help you somehow?

Carol shrugs her shoulders and her gaze settles on Gatsby, who is writing something in his papers.

CAROL

That lawyer leeches onto me because of you, so you can take care of him.

DENISOV

Maybe we can drown him?

CAROL

In the pool?

DENISOV

Well, I could push him in, and Dima will grab him by his legs under water.

KHANSKY

No. I'll push him and you can hold his legs.

Sally doesn't like these jokes.



SALLY

Why don't we get out of here? We could take a helicopter and see Las Vegas' surroundings. It's beautiful...

EXT. HELICOPTER RIDES - DAY

The four tourists buy tickets for a helicopter ride. Before taking their seats, the passengers IDs are checked.

KHANSKY

I already don't want to fly. It's not worth it to get exposed.

DENISOV

Too late; it would already seem suspicious.

KHANSKY

Then we don't need to stay in Las Vegas.

EXT./INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

The attendants register the info from the passengers' passports. The helicopter rises over Las Vegas and flies towards the mountains. The tourists admire a mountain lake. The helicopter flies over the Hoover Dam. From the high arched dam, a stream of water falls, sliced into droplets under the sun.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Khansky hands out the next four wads of money to the gamblers.

INT. THE VENETIAN CASINO - NIGHT

Carol's bet grows to sixteen thousand, but the fifth consecutive win eludes her. The GAMBLERS surround one of the tables.

Khansky has had six consecutive wins. His bet rises to sixty-four thousand dollars in chips. All he has to do is win just one more time, the seventh time.

The MANAGER of the casino allows the bet, after receiving approval by phone. The SPECTATORS sigh in disappointment, and Sally moans at his failure to pull it off.

INT. THE BELLAGIO HOTEL - NIGHT

The unlucky gamblers walk back to their hotel.

Carol and Denisov approach her room, and Carol opens the door. They kiss and then Carol pushes him away.

CAROL

Good night.

She closes the door.

EXT. IN FRONT OF NEW YORK, NEW YORK HOTEL - DAY

The next day all four go to the amusement park at New York, New York and ride on the roller coaster. Then, they walk around browse in the stores.

The Russians, long starved for female companionship, don't grudge any money to buy presents for the women.

INT. MONTE CARLO CASINO - NIGHT

They continue gambling at the Monte Carlo Casino. Denisov is the luckiest of them. He doubles his bet five times, but that puts an end to the series of his winnings.

After losing another forty thousand, the four sit in a bar and discuss the situation.

KHANSKY

We've already blown one hundred and twenty thousand.

SALLY

(hoping to continue)

Don't worry, our luck should pick up some time.

DENISOV

We have to play until we win. Then, leave... go far away.

KHANSKY

(whispering to Denisov)

If we make it.

INT. THE BELLAGIO HOTEL - NIGHT

In the hotel lobby, the RECEPTIONIST catches up to Carol and hands her an envelope. She understands who sent the letter and doesn't want to take it.

CAROL

From the lawyer.

Denisov takes Carol to her room. When she opens the door to her room, he speaks:

DENISOV

Take a look at what's in the letter...  
maybe we can help?

Denisov enters after her. Carol opens the envelope, and reads the letter.

CAROL

The lawyer says that he's been  
instructed by my husband to get the  
divorce papers ready, and asks me not  
to hold back the matters.

DENISOV

Carol. This is my fault... I want to  
help you.

Carol puts her hand on his shoulder.

CAROL

Thanks, Sasha ... maybe it's better this  
way.

They kiss, and find that they cannot stop..

Later. The telephone rings. In the dark, Carol, next to Denisov, reaches for the phone.

CAROL

Hello?

She is out-of-breath, and she holds the receiver away from her mouth.

KHANSKY (V.O.)

Have a good night!

Carol hangs up without answering, and presses even closer to Denisov's chest.

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT/SUITES - DAY

The four players finish their desert at one of the hotel's restaurants. Carol and Denisov, like Sally and Khansky, sit very close to each other, with their shoulders touching.

KHANSKY

Here's the plan. We'll break up for  
now, and we'll meet tonight at the MGM  
Grand. We'll get another forty

thousand ready for the next game. But this time, even if one of us wins seven times in a row, we will still have lost.

CAROL

Yeah, Sally and I already don't have anything to throw in. You could at least win back your money.

Carol and Sally go up to their suites.

Denisov is googling something on his tablet. Khansky is relaxing on the couch.

KHANSKY

Sasha, we shouldn't spend this much time in one city.

Denisov

We just need to wait until our first win at that damn roulette and then stop playing. Even Carol's losing hope. She seemed to be getting depressed, and I'm looking for any reason to get her out of here. We can go with you and Sally.

KHANSKY

Hey! We can ask them to show us the U.S. We'll buy a car, put it under, say, Sally's name, rent a camper for four, and head across America.

DENISOV

We can look for the wind in the fields!

KHANSKY

I need to call Dushanbe.

DENISOV

Go for it, now that we've decided to leave. I'll call Maxim.

Khansky goes to the other room. Denisov takes the phone.

DENISOV

Hi Maxim... Everything's OK but I can't talk long... I haven't been on vacation for three years. Tell them I couldn't handle it and went to the beach for a couple of months... When I'm back, I'll call... OK, Maxim, bye.

Denisov hangs up. Khansky enters.

KHANSKY

My father was called in by the secret police. They asked him to tell us that they're prepared to help us get back to Tajikistan. If our conversation was overheard, the CIA might start looking for us.

INT. THE MGM GRAND CASINO - NIGHT

Without any of their former enthusiasm, the four of them enter the MGM Grand.

Carol is down to her last 1,000-dollar chip at one of the tables. Denisov stands behind her. Khansky and Sally join them.

KHANSKY

Again I've won sixteen thousand only to lose it all. The same with Sally. That's it! We've lost a hundred and sixty grand!

Carol bets her last chip, and loses. She is very upset. Like an addict taking a saving fix, she accepts several chips that Denisov puts in front of her. Carol begins to win with one of the chips. The DEALER moves Carol's winnings onto the red. She has thirty-two thousand in chips. She wins again, and the stakes are doubled to sixty-four thousand.

SPECTATORS hurry over to their table. The MANAGER talks to somebody on the phone, then motions to dealer to allow the spin. The ball lands on a red number for the seventh consecutive time. Those around the gaming table scream with delight.

The dealer puts up a sign and closes the table. Triumphant, Carol smiles and tosses him two chips as a tip.

While the manager and the dealer count out the chips for \$128,000, Carol accepts congratulations from the regulars she knows.

KHANSKY

Carol, have them deposit it in your account. We'll sort it out later.

Carol carries the pile of chips to the CASHIER.

INT. AUTO SALON - DAY

The two happy pairs walk between new cars in an auto salon. They settle on a white Lincoln Continental as their choice. Sally signs papers and the car is registered to her.

EXT. LAS-VEGAS. STREET - DAY

The Lincoln drives by a dark Ford stopped the side of the road. Nearby, Mamed is praying on a little carpet.

Mamed drives the Ford down the Strip. Mamed drops the care at the Paris parking lot and, grabbing a bag, heads to the Bellagio.

INT. THE BELLAGIO HOTEL - DAY

He buys a Bellagio branded baseball hat. He then gets in an elevator and heads up. He walks up to the suite's door and puts the bag down. He takes a bottle of water out and dumps it on the floor. After the water leaks under the door, Mamed hides the bottle and knocks on the door. Khansky answers.

KHANSKY

Who's there?

MAMED

Excuse me, but the ceiling in the room below you is leaking water. I'm a Bellagio plumber.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Khansky glances down and, seeing the wet floor, opens the door. Mamed enters, pulls a pistol with a silencer from the bag and, removing the safety, aims it at Khansky.

MAMED

Get in the chair!

Khansky obeys. Mamed aims through the doorway of the second room at Denisov, who is lying on his bed with the tablet.

MAMED

Get over here and sit in the chair!

Denisov sits next to Khansky. Without letting them out of his sight, he checks if anyone else is in the suite. He sits in front of the Russians.

MAMED

I only need one of you to return the money you've stolen. So whoever cooperates will survive.

Mamed takes two pairs of handcuffs from the bag and puts them on the table.

MAMED

Put them on each other, just in case.

The Russians obey.

MAMED

Where's the dough?

KHANSKY

(gestures at the wardrobe)

In the suitcase.

Mamed, without dropping the pistol, pulls the suitcase out of the wardrobe and places it on the table. He opens it and is knocked paralyzed to the floor from the Tasers. Denisov grabs the pistol from Mamed's hand and aims it at him. Mamed regains consciousness. Khansky gets behind him.

KHANSKY

We don't need you to get the keys to the handcuffs but to avoid digging around someone else's pockets...

Mamed pulls the keys out and places them on the table.

DENISOV

Now the phone.

Mamed takes out the phone. The Russians take the cuffs off and place them on Mamed. Khansky looks at Mamed's bag. There are some tools.

DENISOV

What's that?

KHANSKY

(gesturing to the bathroom)

I think they're torture instruments. Water might be leaking in the bathroom.

The Russians, pointing the gun at Mamed, force him into the bathtub. Khansky locks Mamed's arm to the faucet with the second pair of handcuffs.

KHANSKY

Who sent you?

Mamed is silent.

KHANSKY

(to Denisov)

Can you bring his tools?

MAMED

Jafar Al-Katari

KHANSKY

Why are you alone? There are two of us.  
Were you being cheap?

The two Russians leave the bathroom.

DENISOV

(unhappy)

How did you let that happen?

KHANSKY

He poured water under the door and  
pretended to be a plumber.

The Russians quickly gather their things. They leave the suite with their suitcases and bags, dropping the pistol on the floor. Khansky pointing to the wet floor.

KHANSKY

See?

Khansky places a *Do not disturb* sign on the door.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The white Lincoln, with music blaring, leaves Las Vegas. They drive to a lot of campers for rent. They walk between them and pick the most comfortable one for their upcoming travels. While the girls deal with the paperwork, the Russians remove the SIM cards from their phones and throw them away.

EXT. FAMILIAR SIGHTS ACROSS THE US - SERIES OF SHOTS

The Russians with the girls, travel on the highways of America in the Lincoln with a trailer in tow.

The travelers stop at the Grand Canyon. Dressed as cowboys, they try their hand at horseback riding.

They soar high above the ground in a hot-air balloon.



They put on special helmets, and visit caves deep in the ground.

They visit several National Parks, see wild animals and exotic plants. The four of them try to embrace the trunk of a giant sequoia at a National Park.

The Lincoln with the trailer in tow speeds past the road signs with the names of the states. To the left lies Colorado, to the right is Nebraska.

They take a pleasure cruise along the Mississippi on an old-fashioned riverboat.

They have their pictures taken at different sights. They videotape each other and pose for artists.

At night, they stop at the most picturesque places.

A kaleidoscope of cities and states, mountains and valleys, rivers and lakes, forests and prairies whirls by.

They fish from a boat, and Carol and Sally cook the catch on a campfire.

After setting their camera's timer, they pose against the imposing view of the Niagara Falls.

The two happy couples are carried away not only by their journey, but also by their love.

The road sign behind the Lincoln's window reads Pennsylvania.

A month of fun and freedom, without the cares and hassles of everyday life, flies by.

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - DAY

The four travelers leave the trailer at a motel at the edge of town and drive the Lincoln to the capital.

In Washington, they walk around the White House and the Capitol Building.

The Lincoln pulls up to the Russian Embassy. Khansky sits behind the wheel. He stops the car near the entrance, and turns to Denisov.

KHANSKY

Back in Kabul, I promised to get you to the Russian Embassy...

The women are concerned, realizing where they are.

The POLICEMAN on guard outside the embassy starts walking toward them. Denisov doesn't hesitate.

DENISOV

No, let's go to New York first. How can we travel the U.S. and miss the Big Apple...?

With a big smile, Khansky takes off.

EXT. STATEN ISLAND - DAY

They check into a motel on Staten Island. The motel is empty, since it's the slow season. They carry their things into a rented cabin. They sadly watch a travel agency car pull away the camper that they had got so used too.

The Russians are bearded now after not shaving to disguise themselves.

EXT. STATEN ISLAND FERRY - DAY

The day is bright and sunny. The travelers drive the shiny Lincoln onto the ferry to Manhattan. The ferry passes the Statue of Liberty, and heads towards the skyscrapers of downtown Manhattan.

EXT. WORLD TRADE CENTER - DAY

They take in the sights from the top of the new World Trade Center together with other tourists.

DENISOV

What a city! This is where to live.

KHANSKY

Let's rent an apartment fore a few months.

DENISOV

How about a year?

KHANSKY

We've got a couple of hundred thousand each in the suitcases, and one hundred twenty-eight in Carol's account. We'll put it under her name. Do you trust her?

DENISOV

I love her.

KHANSKY

It's not the same, but I accept the answer.

(turns to the women)

What d'you think, how much would it cost to rent an apartment in Manhattan?

SALLY

(shrugging)

Well, I don't know, but if you want to rent a place, I know this guy in New York. He was gambling big money in Vegas last summer. I could call him up, maybe he can help you out.

CAROL

So the Russian dream is the same as the American dream.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - DAY

The Lincoln drives between the skyscrapers in Midtown Manhattan. Sally calls her New York acquaintance.

SALLY

(to Khansky)

John will give your phone number to a realtor. His name is Dale Smith.

They spend the rest of the day sightseeing.

EXT./INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The Russians park their Lincoln at an East Side apartment building. They take the elevator up to the fortieth floor, ring the doorbell, and DALE SMITH lets them inside the apartment.

DALE SMITH

(extending his hand)

Dale.

KHANSKY

Dean.

DENISOV

Alex.

DALE

Make yourselves comfortable. Can I offer you anything to drink? If I understood John correctly, you want to rent an apartment in Manhattan. How much are you willing to pay?

KHANSKY  
About fifty thousand.

DALE  
That means just one bedroom and not in  
a building like this one, of course.  
You'll pay monthly by card?

KHANSKY  
We can pay cash, up front.

DALE  
Cash?

Dale looks surprised. Khansky feels that he may have made  
a mistake.

KHANSKY  
Whatever is best.

DALE  
How does this apartment look to you?  
I'll give it to you for a hundred.  
It's worth a lot more, but I could use  
the cash.

KHANSKY  
No. Nothing over sixty.

DALE  
Let me make a call. I need to talk to  
my wife.

Dale goes into another room. He dials, and whispers into  
the receiver.

DALE  
Listen, John. Who are these guys  
you've sent me?

Khansky flops down into an armchair and inspects the room.

KHANSKY  
Wouldn't be bad renting a place like  
this.

Dale walks in.

DALE  
You're in luck, boys. My wife has  
found a place in the suburbs, and we  
need to give up this place, preferably  
for cash. Only, of course, we can't go

lower than eighty thousand. But the furniture stays.

DENISOV

If we agree, when can we move in?

DALE

Tomorrow if you want.

The renters are satisfied: luck is still with them.

EXT./INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

The three buyers pull up at a large office building on the bank of the Hudson. On the wall, next to the entrance, hangs a list of the offices and firms that occupy the building.

The sharply dressed Dale waits for the buyers in the foyer. They ride the elevator up to the notary's office. Dale enters a room, and re-emerges with LEONARD JEROME.

JEROME

State notary Leonard Jerome. Come in, please.

They proceed to a separate office, and sit down around the negotiating table. Jerome takes some papers from Dale, and examines them.

JEROME

Do you have a consent from the building manager?

DALE

Yes.

Dale hands him a piece of paper.

JEROME

Well, then. The papers are in order. All we need is for you to write out a check.

DALE

We would like to make the transaction in cash.

JEROME

You have the money on you?

Khansky takes the money out of the case and lays it out on the table.

KHANSKY

Eighty thousand.

Dale counts out twenty packs of bills, without unwrapping them, and places them inside a briefcase. The notary pushes some papers towards him.

JEROME

Sign that you received the money, and the rental agreement.

Dale signs the papers, and hands the keys to the apartment over to Carol, who also signs. The notary stamps the papers.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Outside, Dale bids the lucky renters farewell.

DALE

My wife and I will gather some of our things, and tomorrow you can move in. Say hello to John and Sally for me. See you later.

KHANSKY

You know Sally?

DALE

John told me that she's a great lay.

Dale notices Khansky's consternation and Denisov's and Carol's embarrassment.

DALE

OK, guys. Gotta run.

He dashes off, and turns a corner.

INT. MOTEL, CABIN - NIGHT

That evening the new tenants collect their things from the cottage. When he is with Sally, Khansky can't contain himself.

KHANSKY

Who's this John?

SALLY

He stayed at our hotel last summer and was easy with his money, just like you. A very courteous guy.

KHANSKY

You didn't meet with him today, by any chance, did you?

SALLY

I told you, I went shopping.

KHANSKY

Just don't try and deceive me, or I'll stop trusting you.

SALLY

I was brought up to believe that the most important thing in any relationship is trust. If two people don't trust each other, then they can't have a normal relationship.

KHANSKY

Damn right. I'm going to sleep in the living room. I want to watch a movie on TV.

Khansky pulls his blanket, and the sheet off the bed.

EXT./INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The new tenants enter the spacious entrance hall of the apartment building, bags in hand.

CONCIERGE

Who are you visiting?

KHANSKY

Apartment thirty-B. We live there, we've just rented the place.

He shows the keys. The CONCIERGE lets them through, picks up the phone and dials.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

The women inspect the apartment. Denisov gazes out of the picture window. Khansky walks over to the window, and leans on it, arms outstretched. New York lies in front of them.

KHANSKY

Billions! Billions of people on Earth dream of living in an apartment like this in this city, and I've got one! We've got one!

The doorbell rings. Khansky opens the door.

THOMPSON

I'm Arthur Thompson - I'm in charge of this building. If I understood correctly, you say that you've rented an apartment here? If that's the case, I should've been informed.

KHANSKY

Come in. Here is the lease agreement for a year.

Thompson looks at the papers, and shakes his head.

THOMPSON

This apartment was rented a few months ago by Mr. Dale Smith for a half year. He's either ripping you off, or kidding you. Not to mention the fact that this place is worth a lot more. Have you already paid?

KHANSKY

...No.

THOMPSON

In that case, it's just a practical joke. If you have any questions, I'm on the second floor.

He hands back the deed, and heads to the door. When the door closes, the three of them look at Sally. Upset, she picks up the phone, and dials.

SALLY

John, please. ... Thank you.  
(hangs up)

It's the number of a hotel. He's not there. Somebody else is already in the room.

KHANSKY

Well, what have you got to say for yourself now?

SALLY

I'm really upset... All I wanted to do was help.

KHANSKY

You've helped your friends. Or maybe you were in on the deal with them?



CAROL  
(interferes)  
What the hell are you talking about?  
Think about what you're saying!

KHANSKY  
What's it to you? Or are you in on it  
with them as well?

CAROL  
Whatever ...

SALLY  
(picking the receiver)  
I'll call the hotel administration.  
Maybe John moved to another room.

Carol turns her attention to Denisov.

CAROL  
Do you think that we were involved in  
the deal, too?

DENISOV  
I can't... without proof.

CAROL  
You mean we've acted in consort, but  
you can't prove it?

DENISOV  
Slow down... I didn't completely  
understand...

CAROL  
Yeah, but I understand. Everything's  
much clearer to me now. I know what I  
need to know to make the right  
decision. Here, inside me, is your  
child.

DENISOV  
Carol! ...

CAROL  
You probably understand the word  
"abortion"?

DENISOV  
Carol, please... I want... us to have the  
child.

CAROL

First, you have to trust me. Secondly, we have to have somewhere to live, and some money to raise the child.

DENISOV

Money from Las Vegas, all our winnings are in your bank account... You can use it.

CAROL

That wasn't part of the agreement, and that's hardly enough for a small apartment, anyway.

DENISOV

I'll work.

CAROL

(laughs scornfully)  
Where?

DENISOV

Maybe as a cab driver.

CAROL

I'm not interested in cab drivers.

Angry at their own helplessness, Denisov and Khansky grab the purchase and sale agreement and slam the door on the way out.

EXT./INT. MANHATTAN, LINCOLN - DAY

The Lincoln joins the flow of vehicles in the street. Khansky drives along the Hudson, sharply accelerating.

KHANSKY

For your information, engineer, when Sally brought us breakfast the very first time, back in Las Vegas, I intentionally left my wallet with a wad of money out where she would see it. She took the bait. It's quite possible that Sally and Carol agreed to scam us together.

DENISOV

And what about that lawyer and the private detective?

KHANSKY

Same as the realtor and the notary. Here, for a thousand bucks you can get someone to pretend to be the President. And a fictitious pregnancy is just an

old way of tricking people out of their cash. Are you sending her for a check-up?

DENISOV

No.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

The Russians go to the Notary's office. Khansky shows an employee the signatures on the deeds.

KHANSKY

Where can I find this notary?

EMPLOYEE

There's nobody by that name here.

KHANSKY

We had a meeting with him in that office.

EMPLOYEE

These rooms are for the meetings between our clients and their lawyers. A hundred dollars an hour. You're free to use them.

KHANSKY

Thanks. We already have..

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The two friends return to the ill-fated apartment as evening approaches. Nobody answers their knock.

Inside, they discover that the women and their things are gone. Denisov searches for a note, but there is none. Khansky checks the secret compartment in the suitcase. The money is still there.

KHANSKY

Another one hundred twenty-eight thousand ... "gone with the wind."

DENISOV

Bitch! I admit it, I was ready to do a lot for Carol..

KHANSKY

We've got a hundred and fifty thousand each. So now we've found out for ourselves what bourgeois morals are all about.

DENISOV

I want to go back to Russia, to  
Arzamas.

KHANSKY

I promised my dad I'd meet with our  
diplomat.

EXT./INT. MANHATTAN, LINCOLN - DAY

It's raining and overcast in New York. Khansky enters the  
apartment with grocery bags. Denisov is on his notebook.

DENISOV

Listen Dima. I got an email from Maxim  
in Arzamas. Smirnov wrote the report  
on the APC for me. Everyone's happy at  
the factory. They're asking about me.  
I asked Maxim to tell them I'm at a  
sanatorium recovering from an illness.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Khansky talks on the phone.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

When Khansky returns, he talks to Denisov.

KHANSKY

My father arranged a meeting with the  
diplomats for the day after tomorrow.  
I'll go find out what they want.

DENISOV

Dima, I've decided to stay here ... until  
they kick me out. I don't know where  
to search for Carol. Her cellphone is  
off, and the telephone in this  
apartment is our only possible means of  
communication... I'll never meet anyone  
better than her... I don't know if I  
deserve this reward, but if fate  
presented me with Carol and her baby,  
I'm going to try not to lose them...

KHANSKY

You've been trapped, engineer. Well,  
I'll buy you some English lessons, a  
subway pass and some gift certificates  
to the local movie theater. And, of  
course, the best medicine for  
heartache: a subscription to *Playboy*.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Lincoln drives toward the place of meeting. Khansky enters a small restaurant on a quiet street. Denisov waits in the car opposite the restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Inside, at a corner table, Khansky talks with two DIPLOMATS from Tajikistan's embassy. He flips through a *National Geographic* issue, and shows them the pictures that Pete took from the Navigator. The diplomats look through the magazine with suspicion. Khansky puts the apartment rental agreement in front of them.

KHANSKY

You tell me, what would you have done  
in our place?

He switches his gaze from one to the other.

FIRST DIPLOMAT

If, there in Afghanistan, there really  
was only one road, and it led to Kabul,  
and it's not hard to verify, then  
you're right - what other option did  
you have?

SECOND DIPLOMAT

And what about Denisov?

KHANSKY

His future doesn't depend on him now...  
He's in love.

Khansky and the diplomats talk for some time more. Then, grabbing the magazine, they leave the restaurant, shake hands, and go off in opposite directions.

EXT./INT. LINCOLN - DAY

When Khansky passes by, Denisov starts the car and follows him. Khansky climbs into the car after they turn the corner.

KHANSKY

It looks like I'm going home. Those  
two promised to take care of  
everything. During that affair at the  
bank, I'm sure we were videotaped. And  
since we put the Firebird under my  
name, you can be sure the police have  
put two and two together. And Pete's  
drug Mafia "friends" have our passport

numbers. So you see, we illegals and our life can only continue until the first speeding ticket... I didn't make a good millionaire... I'm a linguist. Maybe I'll manage to get a Ph.D.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

The TV is on, but the sound is muted. Khansky brings in the day's newspapers. He's in a good mood; it is obvious that he is looking forward to his departure. Denisov, however, looks upset. With every day he's losing hope that Carol will return.

Khansky tosses newspaper to his friend.

KHANSKY

If I understand correctly, you get the American ones and I get the Russian ones.

Denisov picks up the papers. They haven't shaved in a month and have small beards. The news begins on TV. It's showing Putin and Obama.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A cold, sunny winter day.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

The friends are making pilaf in the kitchen. The telephone rings. Denisov picks up with hope. It's her.

DENISOV

Carol, hi! What? All right ... I'm writing it down... We'll leave in five minutes!

Khansky, shocked, turns off the stove.

EXT. NEW YORK SUBURB, LINCOLN - DAY

The Lincoln speeds down the highway. Denisov is behind the wheel. Khansky, sitting beside him, points at the road signs. Arrows indicate that J.F. Kennedy airport is straight ahead, while Rockaway is to the right. Denisov turns right, drives over a bay bridge, and stops by a small new house in a quiet New York suburb by the ocean. They soon come to a two-story house.

INT. ROCKAWAY. HOUSE - DAY

Denisov and Khansky cautiously enter through the open door. The spacious sitting room is entirely empty and no furniture is in sight except a ladder left over from the recent renovations. Only the kitchen is furnished. Carol comes downstairs.

CAROL

Hello, Dima.

KHANSKY

Hi, Carol. Where'd you disappear to?

CAROL

We went back to Vegas. Hi daddy.

DENISOV

Why so long, Carol? I could've left...

CAROL

If you had left, it would have meant that you didn't really need us, and we would've gotten over it. I actually had decided to give you a one-month test, and call you then, but I couldn't wait that long myself.

DENISOV

Why Vegas?

CAROL

To get a divorce... you can do it there in an hour. Now I've bought this house with a mortgage. Half of it will belong to me and the other half is yours, if you pay on time.

KHANSKY

Great investment, I agree to pay in advance.

Carol takes two keys out of her purse and places them on the table.

CAROL

Dima, Sally took your crazy suspicions about her to heart and flew home to Texas. I guess she figured that you didn't need her anymore.

KHANSKY

I liked her.

CAROL

I guess that's not enough. Sally called yesterday and said that some guy claiming to be a tax auditor approached her yesterday asking about you. Then he took her phone.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The Russians pull up to the apartment building.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

They pack their things into the suitcases and bags.

KHANSKY

If that tax auditor took Sally's phone, it means he has our contacts.

DENISOV

That means he can find Carol too.

KHANSKY

Who's he looking for? Us or Pete and Lois?

DENISOV

This is what's known as sitting on your tail. I wonder who it is?

KHANSKY

If they're looking for money, it's a drug cartel. If it's for the heroin, it's either Jafar or the DEA. If it's the passports, it's the CIA, and if it's the bank, the FBI.

DENISOV

Good company...

KHANSKY

And now all that company may know our Lincoln's license plate number.

DENISOV

I'll tell Carol not to talk with Sally anymore.

Denisov gathers their things together in haste.

INT. ROCKAWAY. HOUSE - DAY

The living room of their new house in Rockaway now is partly furnished. Khansky's suitcase is in the middle of



the living room. In the kitchen, the Russians and Carol sit around a modest table. Khansky pours champagne and raises his glass.

KHANSKY

We have plenty to drink for today. But the first glass is for your move.

The three clink glasses and drink.

EXT. ROCKAWAY. STREET - DAY

A car drives down a quiet Rockaway street and turns on a two-way radio. Pete is driving, with a MAN and a WOMAN in the back seat. The car slowly turns down a street and stops just before Carol's house.

INT. ROCKAWAY. HOUSE - DAY

Denisov and Carol are serving each other. Khansky fills second glass

CAROL

I made the turkey using my mom's recipe. I hope you like it.

KHANSKY

Now let's drink to my return to Dushanbe. I'll be on a plane in three hours. Goodbye America!

DENISOV

Cheers Dima. I hope we meet again!

KHANSKY

I'll give you a shout when I find a new renter.

EXT. ROCKAWAY. STREET - DAY

A Chrysler carrying Lois and TWO MEN stops about two hundred meters away from the house on the other side.

INT. ROCKAWAY. HOUSE - DAY

An easy conversation unfolds at the table. Khansky filling the glasses.

KHANSKY

Your relatives probably also want you back.

DENISOV

My parents are simple folks. They have modest desires. They're happy when I am. I really love them.

Denisov gives the turkey a thumb's up.

CAROL

Let's drink to happy relationships.

KHANSKY

...That begin with trust.

EXT. ROCKAWAY. STREET - DAY

Denisov drives the Lincoln out of the garage and stops.

The Lincoln comes into focus through a pair of binoculars. A MAN sitting a dark minivan looks at the Nevada license plate. He puts down the binoculars and picks up a sniper's rifle.

Pete and the two men from his car walk towards Carol's house. Two other men are approaching from the Chrysler.

Khansky comes out of the house with his suitcase. Pete is smiling and walking to meet him when he sees a red dot on Khansky's coat.

PETE

(pushes Khansky)

Run!

The bullet hits the Lincoln's roof. Khansky tries to get into the car, but a shot in his back pushes him forward and he takes a few steps before collapsing. Behind the wheel, Denisov ducks and a third bullet smashes the windshield. Pete drags Khansky's lifeless body behind the car.

Lois, seeing what's happening, starts the car.

LOIS

(into CB)

What's happening?

PETE (V.O.)

There's a sniper! On your side!

Lois sees the minivan standing between her and the house pull out, moving towards her. Lois ducks, pulls out a pocket knife and opens it. The Chrysler starts abruptly and has a head-on collision with the minivan. The airbags

of both cars envelop the drivers. Lois punctures the bag with the knife and gets free. She jumps from the car, drawing a gun on her way, cocks it and opens the minivan's door. She holds the gun to the sniper's head. The sniper, who is still pinned by the airbag, helplessly rolls his eyes.

The agent, turning his pistol towards Denisov, orders him to keep his hands on the wheel. The second agent handcuffs him. Pit shows his CIA badge.

PETE

Hi Sasha.

Denisov is silent.

INT. ROCKAWAY. HOUSE - DAY

The agents from Pete's car carry Khansky into the house and lay him on the floor. The woman listens for a pulse. Tearing his shirt off, she sees his bulletproof vest. Carol pours some water on his face. Khansky opens his eyes, takes a deep breath and sits up, looking around in shock. The two agents remove the vest with an embedded bullet and search his spine for signs of bleeding.

A shocked Carol sits at the kitchen table.

EXT. ROCKAWAY. STREET - DAY

Pete is giving some orders by phone on the street. Lois approaches and greets Denisov, who remains silent.

INT. ROCKAWAY. HOUSE - DAY

Together, they take him into the house. Over the last few months, Pete and Lois gained several kilos and no longer look like AIDS patients. Khansky is already on his feet, but barely recognizes them.

PETE

(shows his CIA badge)

Hi Dima.

KHANSKY

Pete?! Lois?!

They shake hands. Khansky extending his hand to Lois. Lois extends her hand, but Khansky jerks his hand away, angry, as he realizes the truth.

KHANSKY

Shit! You set us up! What the hell!  
I almost got killed!

PETE

It's you that almost killed us! You almost ruined our Afghanistan operation. The CIA participated in that operation, and so did the FBI. We pretended to have AIDS for a whole year to earn the trust of the drug Mafia in order to get the license and the money from them. That route saw the heaviest drug traffic in Asia. We did everything we could to keep you safe.

KHANSKY

You followed us across America?

PETE

That's just it. We lost track of you after the bank incident in Los Angeles. We didn't know anything about you until your diplomats ordered you a plane ticket in my name.

KHANSKY

Those fools...

PETE

Unfortunately, we weren't the only ones with access to Aeroflot's information. This sniper from an LA cartel did too.

KHANSKY

Those assholes...

PETE

Just tell me, in LA, when you escaped via the pool, did you notice the tail on you?

LOIS

Wait, Dima, don't answer that. Pete, remember, we agreed that we wouldn't ask them any questions without their attorney present.

PETE

OK.

KHANSKY

And what'll happen to us now?

PETE

First, the court'll determine whether to consider you witnesses or defendants. For example, we brought

Abdul over from Kabul as a witness,  
protected by the government.

LOIS

By the way, he asked us to say  
hi if we found you.

Denisov breaking his silence.

DENISOV

Tell me, about Jafar Al-Katari, who  
ordered the terrorist attack airplane.  
Did Abdul make it up, or was it true?

PETE

It's unclear. For now, sorry, I have  
to act according to the rules.

Pete steps back. The agents handcuff Khansky and bring the  
Russians out.

Pete and Lois go into the kitchen and sit next to Carol.

PETE

You'll be required to act as a witness.  
You'll have to write down everything  
that you know about the detained.

CAROL

Well, this is quite an adventure.

LOIS

Show whatever you write to a lawyer.

CAROL

What did they do?

PETE

They killed several people in  
Afghanistan.

CAROL

Oh, God.

PETE

But in doing so, they saved hundreds of  
lives. They're our friends.

Pete points at Lois, who nods her head in agreement.

CAROL

Friends?

PETE

Sometimes, a couple of days with a man make you better friends than in years of knowing someone. For starters, we'll try to get them out on bail.

CAROL

Thanks. If bail is necessary, I've got the house..

PETE, LOIS

Thanks.

EXT./INT. BOEING IN FLIGHT - DAY

A Delta Boeing-737 sails through a cloudless sky. In the half-empty cabin, Pete and Lois sit next to each other. She takes a book out of her briefcase, and pushes it between the seats in front of her. Denisov and Khansky, sitting in those seats, turn to face her.

LOIS

I found you a good lawyer. He's the author of this book. True, it's written as a guide for other lawyers, but he insisted that you read it. You've got five hours before we get to Los Angeles.

Khansky, whose right hand is handcuffed to Denisov's left, takes the book. On the back cover of the book, there is a picture of the author, their future lawyer. The title reads: "*Casus and Force Majeure. A Lawyer's Comments.*" A row ahead, Carol, lost in thoughts, stares out the window. On her lap, the open book reveals its cover with a picture of a woman breast-feeding a baby.

EXT. AERIAL SHOT - BOEING IN FLIGHT - DAY

The airplane tilts into a turn.

To the right - Manhattan.

Ahead - America.

THE END