

**PAYBACK**

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FADE IN:

**INT. FORTUNE TELLER - DAY**

AN OLD, UGLY GYPSY WOMAN gazes at a crystal ball. The reflection distorts her face even further, if possible. She WHISPERS with hoarse voice...

GYPSY

(in Hungarian)

Guardian spirits show me, show me,  
show me the future of this young  
girl. I call upon you all, to show  
me her future. O Guardian spirits  
show me... show me... show me...

In the semi-lit room, 10-YEARS-OLD TYLER SCHIFF, BLONDE HAIR AND GREEN EYES, stares at the gypsy woman, then looks up to HER MOM ANDREA, 40-ISH and forcing a smile as she squeezes her shoulder.

ANDREA

Miss Bagulagia, I'm just scared.  
You know, with all the kidnappings  
of young girls one sees on  
television and in the newspapers  
these days. I just, well, I just  
want to know if my daughter Tyler  
is going to be safe. I want to  
know, if she is going to make it to  
adulthood. Please, tell me what you  
see.

MISS BAGULAGIA

The guardian spirits are showing  
me. They are whispering to me...

Young Tyler looks around to make out the source of A STRANGE WHISPERING.

MISS BAGULAGIA (CONT'D)

They are showing me things... Oh my...  
they are telling me... that one day,  
the entire world shall know the  
name of Tyler Schiff.

ANDREA

Oh my God! You're telling me she's  
going to be kidnapped, and it will  
be on the news everywhere? Is that  
what you're seeing? Please, God,  
no!

MISS BAGULAGIA

No, no. But wait... kidnapped, yes,  
but, she escapes.

Young Tyler's green eyes go wide. Her mom instinctively holds her tighter.

ANDREA

Oh my God!

MISS BAGULAGIA

I see blood, everywhere. I see gold, and money. Mountains of gold. I see... Tyler singing. Yes, singing before great multitudes of people, and they are throwing their gold at her, and the gold becomes like a mountain.

ANDREA

When is she going to be kidnapped?  
Will she be harmed?

Young Tyler shifts weight, unease, as THE WHISPERING GROWS LOUDER.

MISS BAGULAGIA

The spirits are showing me, much blood, much violence... oh dear, oh dear, I see a cloud, a bright cloud, and much destruction, and fire, and twisted metal... OH MY... OH MY... NO... NO... NO! It is too much. NO MORE. NO MORE!

The crystal ball brightly flashes and we spot what looks like an atomic explosion inside it. The woman quickly grabs the ball, and it burns her hands - with a grunt, she tosses it into her fireplace, where it shatters.

THE WHISPERING STOPS.

The old woman turns to look at Andrea, shaken.

MISS BAGULAGIA (CONT'D)

I am sorry Madam, but you and your daughter must leave, now. I will not charge you any money this time. I must rest now.

ANDREA

Can I come back tomorrow? I need to know more!

## MISS BAGULAGIA

No, sorry, I have seen too much already. The spirits have shown me too much. But do not worry, your daughter will not be harmed. She will live a long and successful life. The spirits told me that she must go to Nashville, and become a singer and writer of songs, and, if she does this, she will change the world, for the good of all. The entire world will one day know the name of Tyler Schiff. Now, please go, go, I must rest.

The woman mumbles something in Hungarian, and passes through a doorway of beads into a room. Troubled, Andrea takes young Tyler by the hand and they leave in haste.

DISSOLVE TO:

**CARD: 20 YEARS LATER**

**EXT. TAYLOR'S LIMO - DAY**

A black Escalade SUV slowly makes its way past THE CROWD spilling from the sidewalks into the street. Behind it, Taylor's white limo pulls up in front of an elegant SoHo mid rise condo, followed by another Escalade SUV.

THREE BODYGUARDS get out of the first SUV and hold back the SCREAMING FANS, waving their CDs in the hope of getting them autographed. A GROUP OF PAPARAZZI tries to get Tyler to smile at them. ANOTHER BODYGUARD picks up A FLUFFY WHITE CAT (MR. CUDDLES) from the front seat of the limo and quickly gets out of the way.

THE LIMO DRIVER gets out and holds the back door open. The crowd is electrified with anticipation.

And here she comes.

A high heel emerges from the limo. TYLER SCHIFF, NOW 30 AND THE MOST SUCCESSFUL POP SINGER ALIVE, graces her fans with a glimpse of her long legs as she steps out. She smiles and blows them a kiss.

The crowd goes wild, kids SCREAM and jump in excitement, while the Paparazzi snap shots and YELL:

PAPARAZZI

Tyler, Tyler... over here! Tyler, look over here!

The bodyguards firmly keep everyone at a distance.

Tyler waves another greeting and takes Mr. Cuddles from the bodyguard's hands, strikes him lovingly and heads for the front door.

**INT. TYLER'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER**

Tyler hands Mr. Cuddles to ONE OF HER MAIDS (LUCIA).

TYLER  
Feed Mister Cuddles his usual raw  
sirloin, please.

Lucia nods and disappears with the cat in the kitchen. Tyler takes off her high heels and promptly ANOTHER MAID (MARIA) fits her a pair of fluffy slippers.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
Thank you, Maria.

MARIA  
De nada, señorita.

Tyler gets rid of her purse, jacket, sunglasses, that Maria promptly takes, and plops on a leather chaise-long.

TREEMA (O.C.)  
There she is! Welcome home.

Tyler turns and gets up to meet HER PUBLICIST TREEMA, THE RED-HAIRED, NO-NONSENSE WOMAN walking up to her with a warm smile on her face. The two hug and kiss on the cheek.

Treema motions to A TALL BLONDE WOMAN and HER FOUR-PERSONS CREW, lounging in the wide living room. The blonde gets up from the sofa.

TREEMA (CONT'D)  
Tyler, this is Miss Elena Borchko,  
and her crew, from that Russian TV  
channel I told you about over the  
phone. They're here for the  
interview.

Tyler walks over to the woman and extends her hand, smiling.

TYLER  
Nice to meet you Miss Borchko. I'm  
Tyler Schiff.

They shake hands, and Elena smiles amiable.

ELENA

Of course you are. Everyone in the entire world knows the name of Tyler Schiff. You've sold more CDs and won more music awards than any other woman in history, and you're only 30 years old. Congratulations.

TYLER

(smiling)

Well, I was hoping to achieve that goal by age 25, but, you know, with the pandemic and all, the war in Ukraine, things slowed me down a lot.

ELENA

Yes, of course. Could we start the interview now, or should we wait?

TREEMA

Well, Miss Tyler probably needs some rest first and something to eat.

TYLER

Nonsense, Treema. These folks came all the way from Russia to interview me. I don't want to keep them waiting--

(realizes)

Oh, if you'll excuse me one sec. Maria?

She motions to Maria who's been quietly standing by.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Can you please get me some sneakers, for the interview? I don't want my Russian fans to think I'm disrespecting them by wearing slippers on camera.

Maria disappears in the corridor that leads to the bedrooms, and reappears moments later carrying a pair of white and gold sneakers. She helps Tyler.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Thanks.

(to Treema)

How do I look?

TREEMA

Gorgeous. Your fans will love the casual-chic-work-from-home style.

Tyler sits down in a big leather chair, and Elena pulls up a smaller chair facing her. THE LIGHTS MAN checks the lighting. THE CAMERAMAN adjusts his tripod. THE SOUND GUY puts mics on Taylor and Elena. A MAKE-UP ARTIST touches up Tyler's makeup.

TYLER

I didn't know I was so popular in Russia. How can they understand my songs?

ELENA

English is quickly becoming Russia's second language, like Spanish is in America.

TYLER

Si, claro. I should have studied Spanish in high school, instead of French.

She looks with a grin at Lucia and Maria, chatting. They smile back at her and nod.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Sometimes I wonder what they're chatting about.

SOUND GUY

(in Russian)

We are ready.

ELENA

Well, Tyler, we're ready to begin. Are you ready?

TYLER

Always.

ELENA

Wonderful. I will ask you questions in English, and we'll put Russian subtitles in later, before we air the interview.

TYLER

Okay.

The cameraman motions to Elena and counts 3... 2... 1...

CAMERAMAN

We're recording.

ELENA

Good evening, this is Elena Borchko with channel 24 television. I am here with the famous American singer and song-writer Tyler Schiff, who really needs no more introduction. Tyler, how are you doing today?

TYLER

I am very good, Elena, and happy to hear that I have so many fans in Russia. You know, my fans mean everything to me.

ELENA

Tyler, I read that you were born in Pennsylvania, but when you were 10 years old, an old gypsy woman told your mother to take you to Nashville Tennessee, and that you would become the most famous singer of all time. Is that story just a myth?

TYLER

Nope! That's a true story. When I was 10, my mother brought me to this gypsy woman, some sort of psychic Tarot card reader.

HARD CUT TO:

**INT. FORTUNE TELLER FLASHBACK - DAY**

*YOUNG TYLER hears the STRANGE WHISPERING... her mom holds her close... the ball explodes in the fireplace... Andrea hurries her out!*

TYLER (PRE-LAP)

And that's what she said, "Go to Nashville and become a singer, the most famous in the world".

BACK TO:

**INT. TYLER'S HOME - CONTINUOUS**



TYLER

In that moment, my mother and I both decided I *had* to go to Nashville and become a star. First in country music, and then in pop music... and the rest is history.

ELENA

Fascinating. Tyler, let me ask a few questions about your love life. You've had about a dozen boyfriends since you were eighteen. Is that common in America to have that many boyfriends?

In the background, Treema looks up from her phone and frowns slightly.

TYLER

(chuckles)

Well, Elena, I really don't know. Some girls I know had a lot more before they were my age. I guess I had to look around a lot until I found the love of my life, my fiancé Joe Irwyn.

ELENA

The handsome British movie star. You and Joe have been dating for years now. This looks pretty serious to me. There are rumors of marriage in the air.

TYLER

Well, we have our plans for the future, but we like to keep them as secret as we can. I think couples should be left alone... We're not some Royal family, you know, we enjoy our privacy. Joe and I have been together for years, and I love him with all my heart, and he tells me he loves me the same. That's all I can really tell you at this point.

ELENA

Where's Joe right now? Why isn't he here with you, in this beautiful New York City apartment?

HARD CUT TO:

**INT. TYLER'S HOME FLASHBACK - DAY**

*FLASHBACK: Tyler and JOE arguing while he tosses clothes into his luggage.*

*JOE*

*We can't think about kids now!  
You're at the pinnacle of your  
career, and if I'm gonna take this  
recurring role--*

*TYLER*

*There's never going to be a perfect  
time, Joe! You'll always be acting,  
and I'll always be singing, and  
we're never gonna be a regular  
family, a "normal" one! Not with  
this crazy routine of ours.*

*Joe walks to her and holds her close.*

*JOE*

*Can we talk about this when I'm  
back from India? Can we, Sweet  
Cheeks?*

*OFF Tyler's face...*

**MATCH CUT TO:**

**INT. TYLER'S HOME - CONTINUOUS**

*Tyler forces a smile to Elena.*

*TYLER*

*He's on location in Mumbai, India,  
shooting a romantic film about a  
British soldier who falls in love  
with an Indian princess... I can't  
spoil the story! It's set back in  
the late 1800s.*

*ELENA*

*Aren't you a little concerned that  
the handsome Joe Irwyn is working  
with a beautiful Indian actress  
every day, and so far away?*

*TYLER*

*Oh, not at all! I trust Joe with my  
life. I have no concern at all when  
he has beautiful leading ladies  
acting with him.*

*(MORE)*

TYLER (CONT'D)

I know the man, and I love the man. I trust him 100%, and he trusts me. We have an eternal bond which cannot be broken, not by death, not by anything.

ELENA

Fascinating! So powerful. So, tell us Tayler, how many CDs have you sold thus far?

TYLER

Oh, wow, you'd have to ask my business managers about that. I'm sure it is in the hundreds of millions at least.

ELENA

Well, congratulations. And, tell us, how much money have you accumulated since you started selling CDs and doing concerts, and product promotions?

Tyler looks down, then glances briefly at Treema who has a "WTF?" stare.

TYLER

Well... aw... Elena... that's hard to say. I don't think that asking a person how much money they make per year, or have, is quite proper here in America. Let's just say that I've done very well for myself, because of my 800 million fans, who continue to use their hard-earned money to purchase my CDs, to stream my songs online, to watch my music videos online, and to buy merchandise on my website. I've truly been blessed in so many ways, and I owe it all to my fans. They love me, but not as much as I love them!

ELENA

Would you say, Tyler, that you'll accumulated at least a billion dollars, from your CD sales, commercials, merchandise, Spotify, Vevo, and product endorsements?

Tyler looks confused. Treema hides her disapproval as best as she can.

TREEMA

Maybe we should stick to some other questions, like Tyler's new album, "LOVE NEVER LIES"?

TYLER

That's okay Treema, I'll answer the question. Well, sure, I have a lot of money. But I do a lot of good with it. I support two children's hospitals, one here in the U.S. and another in Kenya. I plan to build schools for disadvantaged children in Latin America, Africa, and India. I donate millions to charities every year but, look Elena, can't we talk about something else than my money? I mean, sure, I have a lot of it, but it was fans who gave me all my money, and I love my fans. My fans want to hear about my new CD I'm working on called LOVE NEVER LIES, can we talk about that now? I'd love to talk about LOVE NEVER LIES... ok?

Taylor smiles encouraging. Elena smiles back and crosses her hands on her lap.

ELENA

Well Tyler, I have some good news and some bad news. Which one do you want to hear first?

Tyler and Treema stare at each other, puzzled.

TYLER

Aw... well... I'll take the good news first.

ELENA

Well, the GOOD news, Tyler, is--  
(beat)  
We're not gonna hurt you.

ON Tyler, ON Treema: confused, panicking.

Elena NODS slightly and the Cameraman, Sound Guy, Lights Man and Make-up Artist take out a 9 mm with silencer each, and POW - POW - POW - POW - POW!

Five precision shots take down the two bodyguards, the Mexican maids, and Treema! Mr. Cuddles scurries under the couch.

TYLER  
TREEMA? TREEMA!

Tyler runs to Treema, crouching by her limp body. She cradles her - shot in the head, eyes open, already bled out.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
Treema, oh Treema, I'm sorry...

ANOTHER BODYGUARD runs in and hits the cameraman, but POW! Make-up Lady takes him down. TWO MORE BODYGUARDS come in the front door, and POW! POW! Sound Man and Lights Man get rid of them. Sound Man nods at the cameraman bleeding heavily.

SOUND GUY  
(in Russian)  
He's hit.

ELENA  
(Russian too)  
Stick to the plan.

Tyler desperately holds Treema's hand, but Sound Man grabs her and jerks her upright! He holds her while Make-up Lady puts tape on her mouth and helps Lights Man tie her up. Tyler throws a fight, but they easily restrain her. Elena stares her down.

ELENA (CONT'D)  
The BAD news?  
(fake sorrow)  
We're not with TV 24.

She nods to her crew.

ELENA (CONT'D)  
(in Russian)  
Throw her down.

Make-up Lady opens the window. Sound Guy and Lights Man haul Tyler to the windowsill and, HOP! They toss her out!

**EXT. SIDE ALLEY - CONTINUOUS**

Taylor falls screaming in her gag!

She struggles to wiggle free, looks down terrified!

But instead of smashing on the ground, she lands on a life-catcher that FOUR FIREMEN hold ready. Without a word, they take her and spirit her away.

From a side door of the building out comes Elena, followed by her crew. They all jump into three large dark vans marked "NYPD" that speed away down the alley.

The hit cameraman has dragged himself to the window. He sees the abandoned life-catcher, then jumps down and splatters on the sidewalk as the three vans disappear in the distance.

**INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS**

The VAN DRIVER is visibly upset, but keeps it low.

DRIVER  
(in Russian)  
Why didn't we wait for Eugene? We could have saved him.

ELENA  
(also in Russian)  
Eugene did what he had to do. He's history. Don't worry about him.

The driver shakes his head imperceptibly and Elena registers it. She turns to Tyler, lying on the floor, frightened.

ELENA (CONT'D)  
(in English)  
He's gone. So what. This is a dangerous business, he knew that.

Tyler's eyes fill with fear. Elena squats beside her.

ELENA (CONT'D)  
Listen, sweetheart. We're going to hold you for ransom. \$300,000,000 is not too much asking. When we receive the money, you'll be taken to a park and let go, unharmed. However.

She smiles cold.

ELENA (CONT'D)  
If you give us trouble, we will beat you. If you try to escape, we will shoot you. If you cooperate and do as we say, you will see your parents and Mr. Cuddles again.  
(MORE)

ELENA (CONT'D)

(icy)

Do you understand?

Tyler nods her head up and down. With a quick snap, Elena removes the tape from Tylers's mouth.

TYLER

You killed my friends! I've known them all for years, and Treema, she was not only my publicist, but my best friend. Why did you kill them? You're a monster!

SLAP! Elena smacks Tyler in mid sentence and sends her head bouncing against the van's floor.

ELENA

You are NOT to speak unless spoken to, do you understand? If you do that again, we will keep you chained, with tape on your mouth, and we won't let you use the toilet or the shower. Do you understand?

TYLER

Yes... I understand.

Elena gets up and leaves Tyler miserable on the floor, crying silent tears.

**EXT. MOB BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER**

The three vans arrive at an anonymous East New York building and enter the underground parking.

**INT. MOB BUILDING PARKING - MOMENTS LATER**

Elena gets out the van first. Behind her, Sound Guy and Make-up Lady haul Tyler along. They march her towards the wide doors that lead inside the building.

**INT. MOB BUILDING LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

They emerge in the imposing lobby, all marbles and oversized live plants. A CONCIERGE nods to Elena and her crew as they take a side corridor.

**INT. MOB BUILDING CORRIDORS - CONTINUOUS**

They pass doors that open onto a large ballroom. In the dim light, Tyler makes out a number of GORGEOUS, SEMI NAKED YOUNG WOMEN waiting by a stand-up podium. ONE of them is in the spotlight. SEVERAL WELL-DRESSED MEN, SOME WITH EXOTIC ATTIREs, faces covered by black masks, nod in approval and hold up cards for their bids. Tyler's eyes go wide.

SOUND GUY

Move!

He pushes her away towards another elevator.

**INT. MOB ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS**

Squeezed between Sound Guy and Make-up Lady, Tyler peeps out every time the door opens. Nobody gives her a second look.

SEQUENCE: MOB ELEVATOR

-- FLOOR 2: a dimly lit brothel where HALF-NAKED YOUNG DANCERS entertain MOBSTERS around a dancing pole. TWO DANCERS enter the elevator, holding their cash and GIGGLING.

-- FLOOR 5: the Dancers gets out, A MOBSTER gets in. The girls enter a room with live sports on wide screens, and head to one of the many gambling booths.

-- FLOOR 7: the Mobster gets out, TWO OTHERS carrying AK-47 get in. In the armory, MEN OF VARIOUS NATIONALITIES in camouflage attire choose their guns from all kind of weapons available, and practice in the indoor shooting range.

-- FLOOR 9: the Camo Mobsters get out, head for a gym where SEVERAL MEN AND WOMEN train in martial arts.

-- FLOOR 12: TWO LAB TECHNICIANS in white coats enter the elevator, talking among themselves. Behind them, Tyler spots a lab with MORE TECHNICIANS.

-- FLOOR 13: the Lab Technicians get out, ANOTHER MOBSTER gets in pushing a cart full of taped bricks of hashish.

-- FLOOR 16: Cart Man gets out and disappears in a brightly lit room, where SEVERAL LOW-RANK MOBSTERS are counting money on counting machines, surrounded by piles of cash. A DISTINGUISHED MOBSTER with a leather case gets in.

-- FLOOR 18: the Leather Case mobster gets out and Tyler sees him entering a classroom, the door tag says "English".

END OF SEQUENCE.



The door closes behind the man, leaving Tyler and her kidnapppers alone. Elena takes out a key and locks the elevator to the top floor: private floor 21. It noiselessly shoots up.

**INT. MOB BUILDING TOP FLOOR - CONTINUOUS**

The crew steps out in a wide penthouse. THREE MEN wait by an oversized window overlooking New York: VLADIMIR (VLAD) MARAT IVANKOV, 60-ISH, the Godfather of the Moscow Brotherhood (Moskovskoya Bratstva), flanked by TWO YOUNGER AVTORITET (ASSOCIATES).

Elena stops the crew with a gesture and walks up to the men. For the briefest moment, she eyes casually one of the Avtoritet, HANDSOME SERGEY CHUMACHENKO. Then she kisses the old man on the lips, lascivious. Sergey doesn't blink. The other associate swallows.

ELENA  
(in Russian)  
Father, we lost Eugene. He's dead.  
(beat)  
But we have the girl. Meet the  
famous Tyler Schiff.

She nods to Tyler, held by Sound Guy and Make-up Lady by the entrance.

VLAD  
(in Russian)  
Bring her here.

Sound Guy pushes Tyler in front of the Godfather, who looks her over carefully.

VLAD (CONT'D)  
(in perfect English)  
The famous Tyler Schiff. The most  
famous female singer-song-writer of  
all time. The *wealthiest* female  
singer-song-writer of all time.  
Such a pleasure to meet you.

TYLER  
I'm sorry I can't say the same.  
When are you going to let me go?

And again, SLAP! Elena slaps her angrily.

ELENA  
Don't. Speak. Unless spoken to. I  
won't warn you again!

GODFATHER

Elena, Elena, that's okay. I don't mind answering a question from the famous and beautiful Tyler Schiff. The answer is simple my dear.

He takes her chin between his fingers and makes Tyler stare up at him.

VLAD

We'll let you go when we get the money.

He walks back to the window, like a cat toying with a frightened mouse.

VLAD (CONT'D)

We're asking your parents for \$300 million. We know you have at least three times that much. But we are not being greedy here. Are we?

He LAUGHS, and the youngest Avtoritet grins.

VLAD (CONT'D)

We will leave you with plenty of money for your hospitals for dying children. So, don't worry! We know that your parents have full access to your accounts. All of them. Not just the ones in American banks, also your accounts in Switzerland, and those tax-dodging secret accounts in Panama and the Cayman Islands, that you don't want the IRS to know about.

He savors the surprised look on Tyler's face.

VLAD (CONT'D)

How do we know, eh? Ah! We're the Russian Mafia, we know EVERYTHING. We are like that fat man behind the curtain, what is his name again?

ELENA

The Wizard of OZ.

VLAD

I am the Wizard of OZ. And this--

He gestures at the view of New York City below them.

VLAD (CONT'D)  
This is my Emerald City.

TYLER  
Why did you have to kill my  
friends. People I loved the most? I  
cared about my friends, not about  
my money!

VLAD  
(to Elena, in Russian)  
Did you have to kill them all?

ELENA  
(in Russian too)  
The bodyguards were armed and the  
women saw us. Too dangerous.

Vlad waves a hand, dismissive.

VLAD  
(to Tyler)  
Yes, an unfortunate necessity in  
our line of work. Very unfortunate.  
But, again, the important thing now  
is to make sure you get back to  
your parents safely and unharmed.

He looks at Sergey, who nods.

VLAD (CONT'D)  
This is Sergey. He is like a son to  
me. I took him under my wing when  
he was just a teen, surviving on  
the streets of Moscow. I trust him  
more than anyone else in this  
building, including my daughter.

Elena's face reveals nothing. She gives Sergey a hard stare.

VLAD (CONT'D)  
I've assigned Sergey to be your,  
your...

He looks at Elena.

ELENA  
Caretaker.

VLAD  
Ah yes, your Care-Taker. He will  
feed you, and make sure you are in  
comfort, and may use the bathroom  
any time you need to use it.  
(MORE)

VLAD (CONT'D)

You can even take showers here. We have good Russian soap and shampoo.  
(to Elena, in Russian)  
Did you remember to put tampons in the bathroom?

ELENA

Yes, of course, father.

VLAD

Good, good.  
(back to English)  
Your room has a bed, a bathroom with shower, soap and shampoo, feminine items, even Russian make-up which I'm told it's the best, and perfume! You'll be fed good Russian food three times a day. We want you to be comfortable during this troubling time.

TYLER

Comfortable, right. You just killed the best friends I had in the entire world.

ELENA

(icy)  
Tyler, this is your last warning. One more outburst like that, and we are hog-tying you for the duration.

VLAD

See, Tyler, I've been in America now for almost fifteen years. I learned a phrase a long ago: SHIT... HAPPENS. It is unavoidable. That's why your friends are dead.

He moves closer to Tyler, stares at her implacable.

VLAD (CONT'D)

Now, you have two choices. You can either be a good girl, behave and don't speak up, and we will treat you very well and release you to your parents as soon as they pay the \$300 million. Or you can choose to give Sergey trouble. And then I'm afraid he will tie you up and tape your mouth, and not let you use the bathroom, and we won't feed you. It could get... unpleasant.

(MORE)

VLAD (CONT'D)

(beat)

Those are your only two choices. Do you understand?

Tyler nods her head yes.

VLAD (CONT'D)

Very good! Very good! I can assure you that Sergey is a gentleman, he won't harm you. Like I said, he is like a son to me. I trust him with my own life. He will care for you while we all wait.

(claps his hands)

Now, let's take you to your room.

Sound Guy and Make-up Lady push Tyler after Elena, Vlad and his men.

**INT. MOB BUILDING TOP FLOOR - CONTINUOUS**

They walk past a huge office with a huge stained glass window: St. George slaying a dragon among golden inscriptions in Cyrillic. It's the symbol of Moscow.

Tyler spots a strange bulk machine that fills the corner of the office, behind the imposing carved desk.

MAKE-UP LADY

What you lookin' at? That's the Boss' office. Move!

**INT. MOB BUILDING TOP FLOOR / ELENA'S QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS**

Sergey opens the door of a large, fancy master bedroom. A California king size bed full of creamy pillows. Two chairs and a sofa arranged for entertaining, with a coffee table at a side. A desk by the floor-to-ceiling window. A door leads into the bathroom graced by an old style tub.

They all walk in, and Sound Man tosses unceremoniously Tyler onto the bed. He and Make-up Lady help her sit up, put some pillows behind her.

Elena smiles amiably, like the psycho she is.

ELENA

This is one of my favorite rooms. Don't mess it up, I'm taking it back when you leave.

(MORE)

ELENA (CONT'D)

Remember, don't give us trouble, or we'll hog tie you and tape your mouth, and let you piss and shit in your own panties.

(sweet)

If you piss on my bed, I'm personally going to beat you blind!

Vlad waves Elena away.

VLAD

That doesn't need to happen, Elena. I'm sure Tyler here knows how to behave, am I right?

Tyler nods yes.

VLAD (CONT'D)

Good! Very good. All your meals will be brought to the door. Sergey will watch you eat, we don't want you to die of malnutrition in our care, like it almost happened in those secret clinics... was it twice?

Tyler looks at him in shock.

VLAD (CONT'D)

(casually)

Ah, yes, twice. You almost died, didn't you. From not eating. Yes, your eating disorder, how unfortunate.

Vlad passes a finger over the furniture, checking for dust and satisfied not to find any.

VLAD (CONT'D)

Good thing that we know about that. We know as much about you as you know about yourself. Huh, perhaps more!

(looks at Tyler)

So, eat our good Russian cuisine, it's the best in New York City.

He comes close to her, pats her on the shoulder and whispers into her ear:

VLAD (CONT'D)  
Remember the last clinic you were  
in, when they force fed you with a  
hose... Painful, wasn't it? Do you  
want us to do that to you?

Tyler shakes her head no.

VLAD (CONT'D)  
Very good. I knew you're a good  
girl.

Suddenly, something catches his attention. He reaches for a  
pillow that sustains Tyler and takes it from behind her back.  
Without support, Tyler almost falls from the bed but Sergey  
props her back promptly.

Vlad shows the pillow into Elena's face, angry.

VLAD (CONT'D)  
(in Russian)  
Elena! Didn't I tell you to change  
all the pillows in the building?  
This looks like some trash from a  
cheap Moscow whorehouse.

ELENA  
Yes, father. They said they were  
bringing new pillows tomorrow, for  
the entire building. Hundreds of  
them.

VLAD  
What good is it to bring in 10  
million dollars a day, and have  
pillows that look like they belong  
to some dirty gypsies?

He throws it back onto the sofa and looks at Tyler again,  
composing himself.

VLAD (CONT'D)  
(to Sergey, in Russian)  
Make sure she eats all her food.  
Don't let her out. Watch her  
always, even she is taking a bath  
or showering or taking a shit.  
Every moment, do you understand? If  
she screams or tries to get out,  
gag her and tie her up. And don't  
speak to her. Understand?

SERGEY  
(in Russian)  
Understood.

Elena has taken the remote off the desk and turns on the television on the wall. A REPORTER is in front of Tyler's condo, where the POLICE and FBI collect evidence and SECURITY GUARDS keep THE LARGE CROWD at a distance.

NEWS REPORTER  
I'm here in front of Tyler Schiff's apartment building in SoHo, Manhattan. She owns the entire block. It appears that Tyler was kidnapped by a television crew that was supposed to interview her today. Witnesses said they were speaking Russian or some other Slavic language. Police found six people dead inside Schiff's condo, and one man dead in the alley behind the condo. Their identities are being kept secret for the moment. Police says that the man found in the alley died either from a gunshot or from a fall. They suspect he was one of the kidnappers.

Elena's jaw tightens as on camera a black body bag with the remains of Eugene is hauled into a Police van.

NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)  
Witnesses saw firemen and NYPD vans in the area, but a spokesman for the Fire Department said they had no fires nor any drills or training in this area today. The NYPD said that officers working crowd control in front of the building heard the shots inside, but by the time they entered the condo, Tyler and the alleged kidnappers were already gone, perhaps using a rear door. The FBI checked the entire block, all the buildings, basements, rooms and rooftops and found nothing, a clear sign that we're dealing with a crew of extremely professional criminals.

Elena grins slightly. The camera now moves to AN OFFICER holding Mister Cuddles... Tyler grabs her mouth and starts to cry.



NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)

On a positive note, Tyler's prized white Persian cat, Mister Cuddles, was found hiding under a sofa in her living room, unharmed, with his \$500,000 diamond studded collar still around his neck.

VLAD

See? Mr. Cuddles is doing great! You'll do great too.

He takes the remote from Elena and turns off the TV.

VLAD (CONT'D)

Sergey will eat the same things you eat, and make sure you finish each meal. Sorry, but when he shits you have to go with him, and...

He looks at Elena for a prompt.

ELENA

Vice versa.

VLAD

Thank you. And vice versa. Don't worry, Sergey is the Avtoritet over my best Brigade. He always does as he is told. He won't harm you.

Elena throws a set of keys to Sergey, who catches them. She shots Tyler a killer look, then smiles crazy:

ELENA

Don't piss on my bed!

Everyone leaves except for Sergey.

**INT. ELENA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Sergey rummages among the stuff on Elena's desk. He finds a cutter, walks behind the bed and sits close to Tyler.

SERGEY

I'm going to untie you now. It won't hurt.

He cuts open and carefully unties Tyler's plastic handcuffs. He eyes her skin, it's red where the plastic bit into it.

SERGEY (CONT'D)

Are you hungry?

Tyler snaps.

TYLER

Hungry? Is that a sick joke? I just saw my best friends murdered, and you're asking me if I'm *hungry*?

Sergey gets up from the bed, quietly throws the handcuffs in a bin.

SERGEY

I'm sorry, I meant no disrespect.

He disappears in the bathroom, opens a cabinet and looks for something.

SERGEY (CONT'D)

Our business is a very brutal business. But in case you haven't noticed, my boss is very concerned about you being fed properly.

A moment after, he's back and throws Tyler a hand lotion.

SERGEY (CONT'D)

For your wrists. It'll ease the rash.

She starts applying the lotion with a grunt that could be a thank you.

TYLER

I said I'm not hungry. What's with him anyways? I mean, your boss.

SERGEY

Vlad? We call him the PakHan, he used to be a major in the Soviet Army.

Sergey moves to the window and looks out.

SERGEY (CONT'D)

American weapons killed too many of his friends and comrades, in Afghanistan. They were killed by weapons that the CIA gave to the Afghani rebels. An American stinger missile shot down the helicopter that his son, Alexei, was piloting. He was supposed to be sent home the week after. So Vlad does not have much sympathy now for Americans. He's obsessed with revenge.

(MORE)

SERGEY (CONT'D)  
(matter of fact)  
He wants his payback.

**INT. MOB BUILDING CONTROL ROOM - SAME TIME**

A room filled with computer screens. Elena taps on one of them, showing Tyler sitting on the bed from a high angle.

ELENA  
(in Russian)  
This one.

A TOUGH-LOOKING SECURITY GUARD types on his console, and the image is projected on the biggest screen. Tyler is looking defiant at Sergey.

TYLER (ON VIDEO)  
And what about Lucia, Maria... they were from Mexico, they didn't have anything to do with Afghanistan! They were completely innocent! I knew them for years. I went to their children's birthday parties. Now I have to tell them that their mothers are dead, because of me.

She begins to whimper.

SERGEY (ON VIDEO)  
Not your fault. In all wars, there are innocents killed. My boss thinks that Russia and America are still at war. For him, the Cold War never ended.

TYLER (ON VIDEO)  
I'm not at war!

**IN ELENA'S ROOM:** Sergey casually moves between Tyler and the camera, blocking Elena's view of their faces.

SERGEY (V.O.)  
It doesn't matter. Vlad is.

Elena points at another camera, from a lower, side angle.

ELENA  
(in Russian)  
Switch to this one.

CUT TO:

**INT. ELENA'S ROOM - SAME TIME**

If he covered the camera on purpose, Sergey doesn't show it.

SERGEY

That is why we do what we do. We take from the Americans, and give to ourselves, and our families back in Russia. We take the American wealth, and, with it, we make our families wealthy. In every war there are winners and losers, and in every war both the combatants and the innocent are killed. And, in every war, there are the spoils. That's why we are here, to collect the spoils of war.

(beat)

So. What shall I order for your dinner?

Tyler shakes her head, stubborn. Sergey checks his watch.

SERGEY (CONT'D)

Fair enough. There's plenty of time.

BACK TO:

**INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAME TIME**

Elena moves away from the screens.

ELENA

(in Russian)

Anything moves in that room, I want to know. Understood? I'll be back.

SECURITY GUARD

Of course.

She walks out.

**INT. ELENA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Tyler lies on the bed in a fetal position, hugging her knees and quietly whimpering.

TYLER

Oh Treema, what have I done to you my friend... I can't believe you're gone.

Sergey says nothing, but clenches his fists. Then:

                  SERGEY  
                  That shouldn't have happened.

Tyler props herself up.

                  TYLER  
                  What do you mean, why-- did you  
                  order my friends to be killed?

                  SERGEY  
                  I didn't. That was never the plan.

He finally turns to face her. She's wiping her eyes.

                  SERGEY (CONT'D)  
                  The team had to hold guns on your  
                  bodyguards, to get them drop their  
                  weapons - and to shoot only if they  
                  didn't. Your maids and personnel,  
                  they were not to be harmed.  
                  (bitter)  
                  Must have been one of Elena's  
                  ideas.

                  TYLER  
                  She was my friend... I've known her  
                  since I was 14. Why, oh why--

She tears up again. Sergey shakes his head.

                  SERGEY  
                  Why does anything bad happen to  
                  anyone? It's a mystery.  
                  (beat)  
                  Shit happens.

He moves to Elena's desk, where a photo of young Alexei on his graduation day is framed among others. He looks at the boy's face. Too young to die.

                  SERGEY (CONT'D)  
                  Hitler invades Russia, after making  
                  a peace treaty with Stalin. And, in  
                  four years of fighting, twenty  
                  million Russian and Ukrainians die,  
                  but they kick out the Nazis. Think  
                  about that. Twenty million Russians  
                  and Ukrainians, half or more of  
                  them civilians, died in the Great  
                  Patriotic War: what you would call  
                  World War Two.  
                  (MORE)

SERGEY (CONT'D)

Most of them were not even combatants, but regular folks. They just wanted to live happy lives with their families, milking cows, growing wheat. What did they do to deserve death? Where not they also innocent victims, like the people with you today?

TYLER

Yes, I suppose so. But-- they were my friends. I loved them.

SERGEY

I know your pain. I've lost loved ones too.

He takes out his pistol and cleans it, caressing it as if it was a pet.

SERGEY (CONT'D)

My father to war. My mother to disease, because we had no money to get her treatment. My brother was stabbed to death in prison by a rival gang member. My sister was lost to a foolish accident, a drunk bus driver didn't see her. She was two months pregnant.

He puts the pistol away, takes a chair and sits facing her. All this time, Tyler's been watching him.

SERGEY (CONT'D)

Do you still have people you love, alive?

TYLER

I do, yes.

SERGEY

Who are they?

TYLER

My mom and dad. My fiancé Joe. My brother Austin... My cat, Mister Cuddles... there's others, but they are the five I love the most.

SERGEY

You'll see them again, all of them. And you'll be safe again.

He gets up again and goes to the window. At their feet, New York's streets bustle with life, so normal, so unaware.

SERGEY (CONT'D)

Once my boss has the money, you'll be free to go.

**INT. MOB BUILDING BALLROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

The same ballroom Tyler saw when being escorted inside is filled with MEN OF ALL NATIONALITIES - Asian, Saudis, African-American, North American... - in elegant business attire. It's a hush-hush of expensive suits and oversized watches, or golden rings and preposterous rapper gold chains. The men all wear black, carnival-style masks.

Elena moves to the podium. She has changed into a tiny black dress and Bulgari necklace.

ELENA

Gentlemen. Thank you for coming out today. Our selection today we are especially proud of. The girls have been conditioned to obey your every command, and to address you as "Master" and "My Lord". They will not give you any trouble. They have all agreed to cooperate fully, and become your pets for as long as you need them. They know what will happen to their families if they displease you.

(beat)

Let's start our auction, shall we?

She motions to A MOBSTER.

ELENA (CONT'D)

Ivan, please send out the first girl.

The man disappears briefly behind a curtain, and comes back leading out A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN (18-ISH). Behind the fancy dress and make-up, her eyes are darkened and distant, as if she was looking at the room in a haze.

ELENA (CONT'D)

We will call this Natalia. She speaks Ukrainian, Russian, and some English. She knows how to cook, and she is bi-sexual. We shall start the bidding at \$1 million dollars.

AN ASIAN MAN raises a red card.

ELENA (CONT'D)

We have one million. Do I hear 1.5 million?

A SAUDI PRINCE raises a red card above him.

ELENA (CONT'D)

Very good, we have 1.5 million, 1.5 million. Do I hear 2 million. 2 million. 1.5 million going once, going twice, SOLD at 1.5 million.

(to Ivan)

Ivan, please prepare Natalia for our first buyer of the day, then bring out our next girl.

Natalia follows Ivan behind the curtain again, eyes darting around, confused. The mobster comes back followed by A MUCH YOUNGER GIRL (PRE-TEEN), dressed as a Lolita-skater. She looks around, lost. Drugged. Some men in the audience WHISTLE and CLAP.

ELENA (CONT'D)

This is Cindy. Isn't she adorable? Cindy is 12 years old. Still a virgin. Shall we begin our bidding at 2 million.

AN EXTREMELY OLD MAN man raises his card.

ELENA (CONT'D)

I see 2 million. 2 million... Do I see 2.5 million? 2.5 million?

**INT. ELENA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Tyler now sits on the bed, hugging her knees.

TYLER

I need to use the bathroom.

SERGEY

Of course. It is right there.

Tyler gets off off the bed and looks at the huge en-suite bathroom. She steps in, begins to close the door, but Sergey jumps up and keeps it open with his arm.

SERGEY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. The Boss ordered me to watch you at all times.



TYLER

You're gonna watch me take a dump?

SERGEY

If that's what it takes, yes. That is my duty.

Tyler moves slowly inside and sits on the toilet, off camera. She farts.

TYLER (O.C.)

Excuse me.

SERGEY

No need to apologize. It's natural.

TYLER (O.C.)

There's this woman, a pretty woman, on YouTube who sells her farts for cash. She's made over half a million dollars so far. Maybe I'm in the wrong profession.

Sergey smiles a little.

SERGEY

Is the ransom going to make you go broke?

TYLER (O.C.)

No, no. My fans love me, I have a lot more than that. And now, it's going down the toilet.

Sergey hears the toilet FLUSH and the tap running as Tyler washes her hands.

SERGEY

Well, at least it buys your freedom. I'm sure in time you can make it all back.

Tyler stares at him from the bathroom door.

TYLER

Yeah. Sure.

She walks back to the bed, then changes her mind and sits on one of the sofas. She pushes the cushions to the side.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Another three or four CDs should get that all back. Another sixty or seventy songs.

(MORE)

TYLER (CONT'D)

Another ten to twenty music videos. Hundreds of hours in a studio. More touring. Yes, I can make it all back. It will just take a lot of time and a lot of hard work.

Sergey goes to sit to on the other sofa, opposite to her.

SERGEY

Hard work is good for the body and the soul.

TYLER

You believe in a soul, and you live this kind of life?

SERGEY

I try not to think about the future. I live one day at a time. Some days suck. Others, I get to meet the most famous singer in the world.

Tyler holds her leg under her chin, cradling herself like a hurt kid.

TYLER

I wish I never met you, Sergey. I wish that this day never happened.

SERGEY

I don't blame you. Don't worry, this won't last long. It might take a few days, or a week... Probably not even that.

(beat)

We usually drop hostages at a park at night, with a hood on their face and loose handcuffs. We speed away, and you can take off the hood yourself and find your way home from there.

TYLER

What if my parents don't pay? Do they even know--

SERGEY

Why would they not? You're worthy at least twice that in cash reserves alone, not counting your investments. Your ten houses. You six condos. All your jewelry.

TYLER

The jewelry, it all came from male fans. I never asked anyone to send me things.

SERGEY

Of course not. They did it because they love you.

He goes to the window and looks down again.

SERGEY (CONT'D)

The entire world loves Tyler Schiff.

Tyler is about to blurt out, outraged, but he continues.

SERGEY (CONT'D)

And yes, your parents know about...  
(gestures)  
this. Your father was fishing off the coast of New Jersey when we snatched you.

He checks his watch.

SERGEY (CONT'D)

By now, he should be at the FBI office with your mom and brother. I believe they're talking with Special Agent in Charge, Agent Yamamoto.

TYLER

How do you even--

Sergey looks at her with inscrutable eyes, and nods imperceptibly to a corner of the room. The one where one of the cameras is hidden.

SERGEY

We're the Russian Mafia, Tyler. We know everything.

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. FBI OFFICE - SAME TIME**

The entire Schiff's family - Tyler's mom Andrea, DAD SCOTT AND BROTHER AUSTIN - is packed into the claustrophobic office of SPECIAL AGENT KAY YAMAMOTO, 50-ISH AND LOOKING LIKE DWAYNE JOHNSON'S LUKE HOBBS IN FAST AND FURIOS. The office's not that small, but the bulk man makes it look so.

Right now he's barking into a phone.

YAMAMOTO

No, we will NOT raid the building. Because our intel says there's a weapon inside... yeah, some old relic from the Cold War. They may decide to deploy it if we... What do you mean, can I be more specific? Listen kid, go tell the mayor that if that weapon is deployed, it'll make 9/11 look like a freakin'-birthday party, ok? How's that for specific? Now if you could kindly let me get back to work. I'll keep you posted. Yeah, yeah.

He throws the phone on the table and crashes into a chair that squeals under his weight.

YAMAMOTO (CONT'D)

Fuck you very nice too.

SCOTT

You can't raid the building? You mean the FBI knows where she is, and it's not going to do anything?

Scott Schiff angrily faces Yamamoto, who seems to notice their presence only now.

YAMAMOTO

Ah, Mister Schiff. Madam. Kid.  
(nods to Andrea and Austin)

Yes, we know where she is, our cameras caught the convoy. She's right here in New York City, in a building that serves as the base of operations for the Russian mob in North America. We've been monitoring these bastards for years, could never pin them to anything. They're smart, and armed up to their teeth.

He gets up again, his massive presence intimidating.

YAMAMOTO (CONT'D)

I can't send my SWAT team in there with gun blazing. Oh, believe me, I'd love to. But the risk's too high.

(MORE)

YAMAMOTO (CONT'D)  
It's a mixed use building, too many  
civilians might get killed.

He stares hard at Scott.

YAMAMOTO (CONT'D)  
Including your daughter.

ANDREA  
I don't want my baby to get hurt.  
Do what you can, but I don't want  
my baby to get hurt!

YAMAMOTO  
Mrs. Schiff...

ANDREA  
It's Miss *Farley* now. Mister Schiff  
and I have been divorced for years.

YAMAMOTO  
Very well, Miss Farley. The safety  
of your daughter Tyler is our  
priority. Which is why we won't  
raid the building.

SCOTT  
So, how do we get her out safely?

YAMAMOTO  
We're looking at exfil, the roof  
seems to be the safest point.  
(beat)  
Unless, of course, you pay the  
ransom and hope for the best.

Scott throws up his arms and looks angry.

SCOTT  
What? Are you out of our mind?

ANDREA  
Pay them. Pay them all of it. Right  
away. If that is the only way Tyler  
won't be harmed.

YAMAMOTO  
Well, as the Agent-in-Charge of the  
New York City FBI Office, I can say  
that paying is usually the most  
viable solution in similar  
situations. This is my professional  
opinion. Some battles we can't win.

AUSTIN

Don't we need proof of life first?  
I mean, before the ransom is paid.  
Can't we do that?

ANDREA

Oh, my poor little baby! What are  
you suggesting Austin, that's she  
gone already?

Andrea starts to cry. Yamamoto offers her a box of Kleenex.

YAMAMOTO

Miss Farley. There is no reason to  
believe that Tyler has been harmed  
at all. She's their leverage. And  
we believe she's still in the  
building.

SCOTT

Then get off your lazy butts and go  
rescue her... now!

Yamamoto leaves the Kleenex to Andrea and steps closer to  
Scott, towering him.

YAMAMOTO

Mister Schiff. Let me repeat  
myself.

(clears throat)

That building, which we're not  
planning to raid, is filled with  
armed, trained men. They have Ak-  
47s, grenades, possibly an old  
weapon of mass destruction. Now, we  
don't know for sure if said weapon  
is in working shape. But we can't  
take a chance on that.

AUSTIN

You mean ...an atomic bomb?

YAMAMOTO

I never said that! I said they have  
a weapon, that *might* be  
operational, that *could* bring down  
the entire building, at least the  
building that Tyler is in now. If  
we raid it, they may detonate it.

(beat)

You should consider paying.

ANDREA

Please, Agent Hamamoto...

YAMAMOTO

It's Yamamoto.

SCOTT

Whatever! The ransom's a lot of money.

AUSTIN

Dad, he's right. We're gonna pay the \$300 million. Tyler alone has three times that. We can afford it.

SCOTT

I know that, Austin. Okay. Alright. We'll pay it. But that will take a lot of time. Different banks. Counting... gathering the money.

YAMAMOTO

With all due respect, Mr. Schiff. I don't know how much of an old timer are you, but criminals nowadays are not really fond of cash. They prefer cryptocurrency. That means digital, untraceable transfers. Your banks will be able to arrange a safe transfer in a matter of an hour or less.

SCOTT

So, there's no way to trace to bills to them...

Yamamoto CHUCKLES.

YAMAMOTO

Nobody uses bills anymore. And no, I'm afraid the answer to your question is no, we won't be able to trace the transfer. There's a fair number of corrupt banks in Russia and China willing to close both eyes to accommodate similar transactions, and their governments look the other way. Your money will be lost.

(beat)

What we can do, is arrest low-level Russian cartel members, and hope they flip in court.

SCOTT

How many have flipped to date?

YAMAMOTO

A few. Witness Protection isn't so appealing. And in prison, they know they'll be killed. But we keep trying.

ANDREA

Look, I don't care about the money. They can have all of our money. I don't care. I just want my sweet baby back, unharmed. That's all I want.

SCOTT

I want her back too, just as bad as you do. But... that's almost half of what we have to our names.

ANDREA

I don't care, they can have all of it. All of it. I just want Tyler back.

AUSTIN

Me too.

(realizes)

Hey, has anyone called Joe yet? He needs to know what's going on.

ANDREA

No, I haven't.

SCOTT

Not me.

Austin takes out his cellphone and frantically dials.

**INT. MUMBAI, MOVIE SET - DAY**

An elaborate set with elegant sofas, ebony furniture, carpets, exotic hunting trophies and silverware on display.

HANDSOME JOE IRWIN, impeccable in his late 18th century British Army Captain's uniform, is holding the hands of A BEAUTIFUL INDIAN ACTRESS (HASHMI) in traditional dress and a diamond in her nostril.

JOE

I'm going to resign, so you and I can be together forever, Hashmi.



HASHMI

My father will never approve.  
You're not a Hindu, my love.

JOE

Then I'll become a Hindu. Anything  
for your love.

And just when they're leaning in for a passionate kiss:

DIRECTOR (O.C.)

CUT!

The IRRITATED DIRECTOR waves a phone in Joe's direction.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

You have an emergency call. Some  
man named Austin.

He throws the phone to AN EMBARRASSED 3RD AD who rushes it to  
Joe.

JOE

Austin, is this you? How's Tyler?

(beat)

What? When?

(beat)

Oh my God! Is she still--

(beat)

They have her *where*? Shit! Right.  
Right. I'll be there as soon as I  
can.

Joe hangs up and starts stripping off his British uniform  
while he storms away from the set, tagged by the Director and  
the 3rd AD.

DIRECTOR

Joseph! Where are you going?

JOE

I need to get back to New York City  
right away. It's a family matter.

3RD AD

But... your family is in England, no?

He catches a boot that Joe has shaken off and tags him, picks  
up pieces of costume that the actor scatters as he goes.

JOE

It's my fiancée, Tyler Schiff.

The 3rd AD makes a face and almost drops the boot.

**INT. JOE'S STAR TRAILER - CONTINUOUS**

JOE

I can't talk about it right now. I  
have to leave right away.

He slips on a t-shirt and pair of old jeans, just as the  
director walks in his trailer.

DIRECTOR

You can't walk away from set like  
this! I can't replace you now.

JOE

I'm sorry, I can't stay. I'll come  
back when Tyler is safe.

He hands his wig to the 3rd AD and pushes past the baffled  
director.

DIRECTOR

No, no, no... We can't stop the  
production and wait... Look, Joe, if  
you don't come back within 24  
hours, you'll never work in  
Bollywood again!

JOE

I'm sorry, I need to go help Tyler.  
I'm really sorry.

He runs towards the nearest SUV idling, bumps at the driver  
who's snoozing at the wheel and jumps in.

JOE (CONT'D)

Hey brother, I need to get to the  
airport real quick. Thanks, bro.

DIRECTOR

Joseph, Joseph, listen to me! Come  
back within 24 hours are you are  
finished!

JOE

Talk to my manager! Sorry, but I  
have to do this!

He slams the door and the SUV skids away!

**INT. ELENA'S ROOM - DAY**

Sergey checks his watch again, then takes out his cell phone.

SERGEY

(in Russian)

Hello, kitchen. This is Sergey. No, the other one. Yes, the one in charge of our special guest. Cook her up some borsh with some toast and jam on the side. What to drink? Water and that white wine we got her. Have someone bring it up to Elena's suite as soon as it is ready. No, just one serving. Yes, Yes.

He ends the conversation and puts the phone back in his pocket.

SERGEY (CONT'D)

Your food will be done soon. I also ordered you something to drink. It might help you relax a little.

TYLER

(sarcastic)

I guess you know everything about me, don't you?

Sergey shrugs and nods imperceptibly to another corner, where another camera is hidden. Tyler's eyes widen, but he casually puts himself between her face and the camera.

SERGEY

We followed you, for years. We studied everything - emails, phone conversations, sms, chats. Standard procedure. We're trained by former KGB agents. Retired Mossad agents. Even a few ex-CIA operatives.

He slightly nods to another point of the room.

SERGEY (CONT'D)

We know our shit.

Tyler shuts her eyes.

TYLER

My parents, they will get me out of here. They'll get the FBI, CIA, the SWAT Team, and they're gonna storm in here and rescue me.

Sergey moves by the window.

SERGEY

That's not gonna happen.

(beat)

We have a, let's say, an old machine. A very dangerous old machine. The FBI knows that if they storm this building, Vlad will turn it on. And that is something nobody wants.

Sergey goes back to the desk and picks up the photo of Alexei again.

SERGEY (CONT'D)

My boss is an old man, and he's alone. He lost his only son to war, his wife died some time after that. All family he's left with is Elena, she was his wife's daughter from a previous marriage. And she's a psychopath, so he keeps her close... he lets her do the dirty work. But he lives day to day, every day expecting it to be his last. He has a bad heart, doesn't have much left to live. You might say he has no heart left. He enjoys the game, that's all. He doesn't care if he dies, or his daughter dies, or if we *all* die.

He signals 'don't speak' with a slow movement, then clumsily hits a folder that falls in a scattering of loose sheets. He leans to pick them up, and:

SERGEY (CONT'D)

(low voice)

If Vlad suspects the game is about to be over, and he's gonna lose... he'll turn on that machine. Then you'll be gone, with everyone else in this building, and half of New York City.

Tyler puts a hand on her mouth.

TYLER

You have a... an atomic bomb, here?

Sergey puts the folder back on the table.

SERGEY  
                  (brisk)  
                  Forget what I said. And forget  
                  about a rescue.

He walks into a spacious walk-in closet and rummages until he finds something.

                  SERGEY (CONT'D)  
                  You should get ready for dinner.  
                  Here.

He tosses a white robe to Tyler, and a set of clean clothes.

                  SERGEY (CONT'D)  
                  They should fit. Now, go take your  
                  shower. By the time you are  
                  finished, your meal will be here.

Tyler slowly takes the white robe and the clothes, and walks into the bathroom. She begins to close the door but Sergey stops her.

                  SERGEY (CONT'D)  
                  You know how it is. Sorry.  
                  (low voice)  
                  There's no cameras in the shower.

**INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Tyler hangs the robe up and looks back at Sergey, who has turned around to give her some privacy.

**INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAME TIME**

The security guard wipes his mouth from the crumbs of a sandwich and frowns a little. On camera, Sergey's back blocks the view of Tyler in the bathroom.

He reaches for a phone, but just then Sergey moves a little, and Tyler's figure can be seen while she's undressing.

The guard relaxes and takes a sip from his drink. Then dials.

                  SECURITY GUARD  
                  (in Russian)  
                  Ms. Elena? There's movement in the  
                  room.

**INT. MOB BUILDING BALLROOM - SAME TIME**

Elena adjusts her earplug and leans towards Ivan.

ELENA  
(sotto)  
Bring back the girls to their  
dorms.

She smiles bright to the men's audience.

ELENA (CONT'D)  
Gentleman, that was our last bid  
for the day. Thank you for coming  
out today, and please enjoy our  
entertainment.

Men MURMUR in disapproval, but Elena's already disappeared in  
the back of the room.

**INT. BATHROOM - SAME TIME**

Tyler has folded her clothing and put them on a chair. She  
turns on the shower, grabs the shampoo and conditioner. Soon  
the shower is filled with hot steam.

IN THE BEDROOM: Sergey throws a glance above his shoulder and  
catches a glimpse of Tyler shampooing her hair, reflected in  
the mirror. He turns his head, facing away from her again.

IN THE SHOWER: Tyler doesn't notice it. She rinses her hair  
and spies him, standing by the door with his back to her.

She stealthily gets out of the shower and looks around for  
anything to hit him with... there! She grabs a sharp-looking,  
forged hairpin with an embossed snake and slowly sneaks up  
behind Sergey, dripping wet. But just as she's getting ready  
to plunge the hairpin into his neck:

SERGEY (O.C.)  
You know Tyler, if I were to die  
here, you would be in more trouble  
than you are. We're on the top  
floor, and this building is full of  
people like me. Except, they're not  
me.

He has spoken pretending that she's still in the shower.  
Tyler freezes.

SERGEY (CONT'D)  
They're trained to shoot first,  
think later.  
(MORE)

SERGEY (CONT'D)

Your FBI won't dare enter here.  
You'd have nowhere to go.

(soft)

Perhaps you need to put that thing  
away, and get into the robe. Your  
dinner is almost here.

She cautiously steps back keeping him in sight. She stops the  
water and wears the robe, slipping the hairpin into one of  
the pockets. Then she takes a towel to dry her hair.

**INT. ELENA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Tyler walks past Sergey patting her hair dry. But he stops  
her abruptly and,

SERGEY

Can't let you keep this. Sorry.

He pulls her close, retrieves the hairpin from the robe and  
quickly pockets it. His mouth is very close to her ear.

SERGEY (CONT'D)

(whispers)

In my business, one learns to grow  
eyes in the back on one's head.

Tyler jerks her arm free and moves back to the bathroom.

TYLER

I need to get dressed. And dry my  
hair properly.

CUT TO:

**INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAME TIME**

Elena storms in, scans the screens and sees the interaction  
between Sergey and Tyler.

ELENA

(in Russian)

What do we have here?

SECURITY GUARD

(in Russian)

I'm not sure. The voices were  
muffled.

ELENA

Play it back.

While the guard plays with the videos, Elena keeps an eye on what's currently happening in her room. Sergey's still by the door and blocks the view of Tyler in the bathroom.

ELENA (CONT'D)  
Where is she?

The guard points at the screen replaying Tyler's shower.

SECURITY GUARD  
Here's why I called you. She took a shower.

Elena frowns. Sergey guarding the door impedes the view, except when he shifts weight from one foot to the other. Even then, the hot steam makes everything blurred. Elena catches some glimpses of Tyler rinsing her hair, then:

ELENA  
Stop. What's this?

The frame shows Sergey pulling Tyler close, very close.

On the main screen, Tyler gets out of the bathroom wearing one of Elena's sweatshirt and trousers with trainers.

ELENA (CONT'D)  
Bitch.  
(to the guard)  
Keep your eyes on her.

#### **INT. ELENA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Tyler sits cross-legged on one of the two sofas, opposite to Sergey.

TYLER  
When do I get out of here?

He passes a hand on his forehead.

SERGEY  
As I said before, as soon as the ransom is paid.

TYLER  
It will take time to get that cash together. I don't have it all in one bank, you know.

SERGEY  
Ah, there will be no need for cash withdrawals.  
(MORE)



SERGEY (CONT'D)

We deal with crypto only. We have a friendly bank in China, of course they take their cut. Then crypto is deposited in our controlled bank in Russia. As far as our government goes, it will look the other way, they get a cut of the profits as well. Everybody gets a piece of the pie, and everybody is happy.

TYLER

I'm not happy.

SERGEY

No. Of course not. You are collateral damage in my Boss' war. He lives for revenge.

TYLER

I want revenge too.

Sergey gets up and walks to the window.

SERGEY

It's a common human emotion, one that we all share. You want to get revenge for the killing of your bodyguards and maids--

TYLER

...and MY FRIEND, TREEMA!

Sergey turns back abruptly, his eyes hardened.

SERGEY

For your own good. Do. Not. Scream.

He calmly moves closer to her, and for the first time Tyler is really scared.

SERGEY (CONT'D)

Do you think it makes me happy, what happened today? Would it make you feel better if I told you I'm sorry about your friends? Because I am. Do you think I was ok with Elena taking over the mission? I was the one supposed to lead it. But I am an officer, a Brigade Commander in the Moscow Brotherhood.

(MORE)

SERGEY (CONT'D)  
I didn't get to become an Avtoritet  
in the most powerful Russian mafia  
organization in North America by  
ignoring orders.

He locks eyes with her.

SERGEY (CONT'D)  
The plan was to neutralize the  
bodyguards, and tie up everyone in  
the room. She didn't follow  
protocol. Had anyone else done  
that, they wouldn't live to tell  
the story. But Elena is the Boss's  
daughter. So, she gets away with  
murder -literally.

(beat)  
Your friends didn't need to die.

Three KNOCKS on the bedroom.

WAITER (O.S.)  
(in Russian)  
Room service!

Sergey stares at Tyler a moment longer, then he goes to open  
the door. TWO MOBSTERS bring in a service trolley with  
covered plates over an impeccable white table cloth. A bottle  
of white wine is kept cold in a silver bucket.

SERGEY  
(in Russian)  
Leave it here. Spasiba.

**INT. VLAD'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Vlad sits behind his imposing desk talking on the phone, when  
Elena walks in and leans on the desk, demanding his  
attention.

VLAD  
(in Russian, on the phone)  
I'll call you back. Yes. Bye.

ELENA  
(in Russian)  
Your guest.

VLAD  
What about her? Trouble?

ELENA

She's cunning. Sergey's too weak.

VLAD

Nonsense! He's my best Avtoritet, he'll keep her quiet.

ELENA

I don't trust him, father.

Vlad waves dismissive at her.

VLAD

I do. Put your personal issues with Sergey behind. This is business, understood?

ELENA

Yes, father.

She clenches her jaw and marches out.

**INT. ELENA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Sergey has rolled the cart in front of Tyler. The cutlery and elegant plates make it look like she's dining at a fancy restaurant.

Sergey grabs a corkscrew. He opens the wine bottle and smells the cork, then offers it to Tyler for her to smell it too. She backs away from it in disgust.

TYLER

Sorry, I'll pass. How can you expect me to want to eat or drink at a time like this?

Sergey pours wine into two glasses.

SERGEY

I understand. But eating this food and drinking this wine will make you sleepy, and right now, sleep is good for you.

He hands her a glass, which she reluctantly accepts without sipping it.

SERGEY (CONT'D)

The more you sleep, the sooner this nightmare will end, and you'll go back home to your family and that fiancé of yours, Joseph Irwyn.

TYLER

Joe's away shooting a film.

SERGEY

Ah, yes. The Indian remake of Gunga Din. He's playing a British captain in love with an Indian princess. Very romantic. The actress is a beautiful woman.

TYLER

Joe would never cheat on me. He loves me totally, and I love him totally.

Sergey relaxes on the sofa, and raises his glass in Tyler's direction.

SERGEY

Good. Then let us drink to that. Let us drink to the fact that you'll soon be home with your brother and parents, and back into the arms of your beloved Sweet Eyes.

TYLER

How do you... nobody knows I call him *that*! We don't even use those terms around our bodyguards... Oh, let me guess, there's a camera in my bedroom? Two?

Sergey puts his glass down, looks away.

SERGEY

One.

TYLER

That's disgusting. Perverts.

SERGEY

Believe me or not, I don't like it either.

TYLER

Sure thing. And why would I believe you.

He gets up and walks to the window.

SERGEY

Because I don't need to watch you in bed with your fiancé.

(MORE)

SERGEY (CONT'D)  
Because I'm not lying. And because  
I actually have a lot of respect  
for you.

Tyler opens her mouth to say something, but stops.

SERGEY (CONT'D)  
I know what you do when you're not  
on camera. I know how you visit  
sick children, and that you give  
millions away, quietly, to  
children's hospitals and charities.  
Sometimes to some of your fans who  
need operations and can't afford  
them. You do most of this in  
secret. I respect that.

Tyler says nothing, not sure to be stunned or angry anymore.  
She looks at her plate, so inviting. Sergey sits back on the  
sofa, opposite to her. He leans forward.

SERGEY (CONT'D)  
Tyler, you must be exhausted. Have  
some dinner. Your... eating disorder.  
We're not going to let that happen  
while you're our guest. Not under  
my watch. Please, eat something  
now.

Tyler smells the borsch cautiously and then tastes it.  
Slowly, she spoons it and nibbles on a slice of bread.

Sergey nods in approval.

She eyes the wine label.

TYLER  
This is one of the most expensive  
white wines you can find in NYC,  
one of my favorite. Not all  
restaurants carry it.

She finally sips.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
But of course, you knew that.

Sergey smiles sad, and sips too.

SERGEY  
Like I told you before, we're the  
Russian Mafia. We know everything!

**INT. FBI OFFICE - EVENING**

Agent Yamamoto towers A YOUNGER OFFICER and her laptop, impatient. Scott and Austin are huddled at the side. Andrea sits twisting her hands nervously.

YAMAMOTO  
So? It is done yet?

YOUNG FBI OFFICER  
Yup. I've transferred one-hundred-  
forty million from Mr. Scott  
Schiff's account, one-hundred-forty  
million from Ms. Fraley's account,  
and twenty million from Mr. Austin  
Schiff's account into the crypto  
wallet that will deposit them into...

YAMAMOTO  
Speak English!

YOUNG FBI OFFICER  
It means it's done, sir.

YAMAMOTO  
Good. Let me know when they  
acknowledge the transfer.

Scott looks at Austin.

SCOTT  
Twenty million. That's all you had,  
son. Everything you had.

ANDREA  
Tyler will pay you back, Austin,  
you know that.

AUSTIN  
I just want to get Tyler back safe.

ANDREA  
Is she going to be safe, Agent?

But before he can reply, ANOTHER OFFICER comes to the door of the office:

FBI OFFICER  
Agent Yamamoto, there is a Joseph  
Irwyn here...

YAMAMOTO  
Joeseph who?

FBI OFFICER

He claims to be the fiancé of Tyler Schiff. He says he wants to speak with you. Should I let him--

Joe brushes past the Officer and rushes in!

ANDREA

Oh, Joe, I'm so glad that you're here!

Joe hugs Andrea, shakes hands with Scott and Austin. He's clearly sleep deprived and in need of a shower. Not that he cares.

JOE

How is Tyler. Just tell me!

AUSTIN

We don't know. The bastards killed her bodyguards and staff.

Joe plops down in a chair, processing the news.

JOE

What... Treema? Maria and Lucia, dead? Good Lord! Was Tyler harmed?

YAMAMOTO

(clears throat)

Ehm. Mr. Irwyn. There is no indication that she's been harmed, at least for now. It wouldn't be in their best interest.

(beat)

Kay Yamamoto, Agent in charge. This is my office, by the way.

Joe seems to notice the bulky agent only then. He gets up, apologetic, and shakes his hand.

YAMAMOTO (CONT'D)

Let me bring you up to speed with the current investigation. We've just met the kidnappers' financial demands. Now it's up to them to hold up their part of the bargain.

JOE

What do you mean, you're not tracking--

YOUNG FBI OFFICER

They wanted cryptocurrency. No tracking.

YAMAMOTO

Only thing we can do right now, is wait for their next move. I know it sounds like sitting ducks. But cases like this one usually end quickly with the hostage released, and the police tipped on the location. These bastards have their comms over satellite, we can't tap into their network. We have their building under surveillance, 24/7.

JOE

You know where they brought her? Then why don't you--

AUSTIN

They're keeping her right here, in New York City!

SCOTT

They can't. There's a nuclear bomb in that building.

JOE

A nuclear bomb? Are you kidding me?

YAMAMOTO

Woah, woah, woah... slow down! The FBI never told you that.

He waves the Young Officer out.

YAMAMOTO (CONT'D)

What I did say, and I will repeat, is that storming the building is too dangerous. When Tyler is back to her family, safe, *then* we can make other plans. Not now.

Joe looks at Austin.

JOE

Do you know where she is?

Austin nods.

AUSTIN

I sure do.



Yamamoto steps in between the two, like a WWE referee keeping two fighters at a distance. He holds both by a shoulder.

YAMAMOTO

Mr. Scott, Mr. Irwyn. Listen to me. Neither of you must approach that building, do you understand? This isn't a point-and-shoot video-game that you play in your basement while stuffing chips in your mouth. There's a whole army of fucking-FBI and NYPD snipers with precision rifles on the ready out there!

But Joe wriggles free!

JOE

I'm not a kid! And I just can't wait and do nothing.

(to Austin)

Are you gonna help me?

Austin gets up and wriggles free of Yamamoto's grip too.

AUSTIN

Anything to get Tyler back safe.

YAMAMOTO

For fuck sake! Just go home and wait if you can't keep quiet, order a pizza or something! The ransom is paid. They may release her safe and unharmed anytime now.

JOE

May? That's NOT good enough! Tyler is the only woman I ever loved, I can't just sit around and wait. C'mon Austin, let's go!

SCOTT

Guys, guys! This is foolish!

But they storm out!

YAMAMOTO

Godamnit, kids!

He presses an intercom.

YAMAMOTO (CONT'D)

Lawson? Get my car ready. You and Mallory get your asses here, now!

He straps his bullet proof vest on and cocks his gun.

YAMAMOTO (CONT'D)

They're gonna get themselves hurt  
or mess things up, and right now we  
don't need that.

ANDREA

Can't you stop them? You're the  
FBI!

YAMAMOTO

I can't arrest them, madam. They  
haven't committed any crimes yet.

As he talks, he opens a wall panel and gets more ammo, an UZI  
and a bunch of grenades that he pockets as if they were gummy  
bears.

ANDREA

Oh my God! They'll be killed if  
they try to get into that building.

SCOTT

Damn fool kids!

YAMAMOTO

Mister Schiff, Miss Fraley. You're  
welcome to wait here in my office,  
or go home and have some rest.  
Either way, my colleagues will keep  
you posted.

He throws a walkie to Scott, who catches it.

YAMAMOTO (CONT'D)

I'll be in touch if there's any new  
development. Now if you excuse me,  
I have go after those two, and your  
daughter's kidnappers, before  
something goes wrong and they  
transfer me to Nome, Alaska.

And he storms out too!

YAMAMOTO (CONT'D)

(mumbles)  
Fucking kids.

**INT. ELENA'S ROOM - SAME TIME**

The leftover of dinner on the table. The bottle of wine is almost empty. Tyler is curled on the sofa, head heavy, eyes vacuous.

Sergey sits opposite her, and watches her eyelids dropping as she speaks.

TYLER

Why do you help these men? They are evil men. What they did today was evil. Very evil.

SERGEY

This world is full of evil, Tyler. Evil happens. You cannot stop it. All you can do, the BEST that you can do, is survive it.

TYLER

I'm gonna survive this.

SERGEY

Of course you will. You're Tyler Schiff, the most famous singer in the world! You'll survive this, and go back to your fiancé, your loving family, back to your cat, back to the friends you still have... and this day will fade, a little more each year, until it becomes just a distant memory, like a past life, like a nightmare you had years ago, that has slowly faded away.

TYLER

I don't think I could ever forget this horrible day. Never.

SERGEY

You may not forget it completely. But, you'll learn to live with it. Like, when my grandparents had to eat their mule, and then their dogs, and then, pieces of dead strangers, during the siege of St. Petersburg. You never forget, but you survive.

By now, Tyler's eyes are closed. Sergey lowers his voice.

SERGEY (CONT'D)

You put it on the back shelf of your mind, and keep it there the best you can, and go on living.

He quietly gets up and reaches for a throw blanket, then puts it on Tyler, asleep.

**INT. CAR - NIGHT**

Joe comes out of the bank with a large sack. He gets into Austin's car, and spills the money, in 100s, onto the floor.

AUSTIN

What the hell, Joe? Did you rob the bank? We've got enough trouble as it is!

JOE

That's all I have in my account here, it's roughly one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. We're gonna need it.

AUSTIN

Joe, the ransom is paid. Maybe that Yamamoto is right, maybe we should wait.

JOE

You really think they're gonna let her leave, Austin? C'mon, drive!

AUSTIN

Where are we going?

JOE

Anywhere North of Yankee Stadium. We need some guns, ammunition, and maybe some help.

AUSTIN

The Bronx? They'll rob us if they see all this cash!

JOE

Just go, Austin. Go. Let me do the talking.

Austin shakes his head, and they drive off.

**EXT. BRONX - NIGHT**

Austin's car drives cautiously in a dark alley. Half lit by a street lamp, A DODGY TEENAGER in oversized pants and t-shirt waves at them.

JOE  
There. Stop the car.

The Teen walks up to them, and Joe lowers his window.

TEEN  
Yo, yo homies, I gots what you needs. If I don't gots it, I can gets it. How can I help you fellas?

JOE  
Guns, high calibre. AK-47 with banana clips. Glocks. Uzis. Guns and ammunition both.

The Teen spots the money on the car's floor and backs off.

TEEN  
Muther fuckuh! You guys 5-0? I thought you just wanted some rock?

Austin leans in, points at Joe.

AUSTIN  
Look, kid, don't you recognize him? He's Joe Irwyn, the fiancé of Tyler Schiff, and I'm her brother Austin. We're both actors.

TEEN  
Tyler Schiff? Damn. She's one hot BITCH. Oh... sorry man, I mean, she's one hot lady. I don't know man, you guys must be cops, maybe dat Secure Homeland shit.

Austin takes out his driver's license from his wallet and hands it to the Teen.

TEEN (CONT'D)  
Austin Schiff. Damn. Daaaaammnn. The real thing, uh? Yo, I didn't know y'all smoked crack.

He hands the driver's license back to Austin.

JOE  
We don't want crack. We want guns.

TEEN

Why y'all need guns? You gonna rob a bank or sumethin'?

Joe looks at Austin and then at the Teen.

JOE

We're gonna rob the Russian mafia. They got Tyler and they're keeping her in a building near here, with a bunch of mobsters inside. The FBI can't go in 'cause they have an atomic bomb in the building, so they won't raid it. We need guns to rescue her.

The Teen's eyes go wide.

TEEN

DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAMMMMMNNNNNNNN!!!!

He pulls out a Glock 9mm and shows it in Joe's face.

TEEN (CONT'D)

I got this Glock 19 right here. It's yours for \$10,000 dollars.

AUSTIN

That's too much.

TEEN

Okay, \$5,000 and not one dime less than that, my last offer. This mother fuhkuh holds 19 rounds, hollow points. Blows them Russian mother fuckers AWAY!

Joe gathers a handful of bills and hands them to the kid in exchange for the Glock.

JOE

What else do you have?

The Teen counts the money, quickly pockets it, then digs around his belt and pulls out an UZI.

TEEN

I got this Uzi right here. Fully loaded. I can't let this puppy go for anything less than ten hard.

AUSTIN

He means ten grand.

JOE  
(counts bills)  
Anything else?

The Teen grabs the money and hands the UZI. He starts to take things out of his oversized pants high and low: brass knuckles, a .38 special, a switchblade, a Colt 45, a sawed-off shot gun, and a stun gun.

TEEN  
Oh, one more thing.

He takes off his t-shirt, revealing a bullet proof vest.

TEEN (CONT'D)  
Das all I gots. I can let y'all have this all fo', lets say, twenty hard?

Joe hands him a handful of cash, passes the weapons and vest to Austin.

JOE  
We need five or six men, and we'll pay them all ten hard, if they create a diversion. Can you find them?

TEEN  
Hey dude, we don't go for that gay bullshit, okay? You two get out of here while you still can.

He starts walking off with his pockets full of cash, but Austin tails him.

JOE  
No, wait! Nothing gay. Look, Tyler is kept in a building not far from here. Austin and I will get in through the roof, but we need someone to distract the guards near the entrance, so they won't look up and see us. Do you understand?

The Teen stops.

TEEN  
You mean like a fight or something?

JOE

Yes! Start fighting in front of the entrance, and keep fighting for at least five minutes. Can you do that?

TEEN

Man, you two fools be serious?

AUSTIN

Never been more serious in our lives.

TEEN

So, if I gets some of maw homies to help, you gonna pay us up front?

AUSTIN

Not just that. Tyler will invite you to her next concert, she'll get you and your friends on backstage, and you'll all get pictures with her! And she will give you more money, a LOT more.

TEEN

How much more?

AUSTIN

I'm sure we're talking six figures.

TEEN

Six figures. I like dat. Just for fightin' eh?

JOE

Five minutes fighting.

TEEN

Okay, okay, yeah, we can do dat. We fight all the time and don't get paid for it. Yeah, okay, you dudes wait here and I'll be back in fifteen minutes.

AUSTIN

Make it ten!

The Teen runs off.



**INT. ELENA'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Tyler looks up from the sofa. She feels the blanket on her, warm. Sergey is standing by the window.

She props herself on one arm.

TYLER

How long was I asleep?

SERGEY

An hour, more or less. You'll find the bed more comfortable.

He nods to the bed, where one of Elena's pajama lays inviting. Tyler gets up, grabs the pj and heads to the bathroom to get changed. She stops mid-way, without looking at him.

TYLER

You know, Sergey, I could make you a very wealthy man if you helped me get out of here right now.

Sergey says nothing, but turns and hints at the hidden cameras. As she's closer to him,

SERGEY

I swore an oath to the Brotherhood. It's for life.

She brushes him off and enters the bathroom, without even trying to close the door this time.

She starts undressing, looking at him, one piece at a time.

TYLER

(takes her t-shirt off)  
I will pay to you, personally, three hundred million dollars. I promise you this.

She removes her socks, then the trousers.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Money buys you everything these days. You can get a new identity. Start a new life in South America, Brazil maybe, or some remote island... living near the beach, in a luxury hotel, with beautiful women every day.

By now she's wearing only her underwear. Sergey keeps his eyes on hers as she gets dangerously close.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
Wouldn't you like that?

SERGEY  
Tempting, Tyler. Tempting. You are a very tempting woman indeed. In many ways.

He steps away and turns his back to her.

SERGEY (CONT'D)  
Once you become a Vor, a Thief, you cannot leave unless it is in a pine box. In the Brotherhood, it is hard to get in and impossible to get out. At least alive.

Tyler steps forward and grabs his arm, forcing him to turn and watch her. She puts her hands on her heart.

TYLER  
I swear to you in the name of the Holy Saints, and on the grave of my beloved grandmother, Marjorie... let me go, now. I will make you rich.

SERGEY  
I can't spend your money if I'm dead, or in prison.  
(beat)  
Are you not going to wear that?

She stares at him defiant, walks back into the bathroom and starts brushing her hair instead. Again, Sergey gives her his back and stands in the way of the camera. He lowers his voice.

SERGEY (CONT'D)  
Helping you now would make me a suka, a bitch, worse than a traitor. Every Vor of the Bratsva would kill me on the spot if they saw me.

He looks at the tattoo in the inside of his arm, a knight slaying the dragon.

SERGEY (CONT'D)  
You don't get one of this unless you're a member of the Moskovskoya Bratstva.

(MORE)

SERGEY (CONT'D)

I can't walk back on them without being hunted forever. If the Brotherhood did not catch me, the FBI would. Either way, I'd be a dead man.

(beat)

You could die, too.

Tyler comes out of the bathroom wearing Elena's pajama.

TYLER

I see.

She goes to bed, snug under the comforter. Sergey turns off the main light.

SERGEY

Try to get some sleep. Come this time tomorrow, you'll be home and back to the life you had.

TYLER

You mean I can go home in time to attend the funerals of my best friends.

SERGEY

We all bury our friends, and we all bury our families. Or they bury us. That is how life works.

He sits on the floor, at the feet of the bed.

SERGEY (CONT'D)

Let me tell you a story. When I was a very young boy, my father went to Afghanistan to fight the Taliban. The Soviets had installed a Communist ruler in Afghanistan, who wanted to educate girls through college, and give women rights, but the Taliban didn't want that. So, they fought the government. The government called upon the Soviet Union to help, and they sent in troops from all over the Soviet Union. My father was one of them. He served in Afghanistan for five years. He became a tank commander. The Taliban could not stop Soviet tanks. Then the American CIA gave the Taliban anti-tank weapons. One hit my father's tank.

(MORE)

SERGEY (CONT'D)

(beat)

He and his crew burned to death  
inside that tank, screaming. They  
all died horrible deaths.

Tyler turns in bed, uncomfortable.

**INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAME TIME**

Enters Elena, who has changed into a tracksuit and trainer shoes. She drops her duffel bag with a loud noise and startles the guard awake.

ELENA

(in Russian)

Wake up.

SECURITY GUARD

(in Russian)

I'm sorry, I must have snoozed-

She dismisses him with an angry wave of hand and focuses on the camera with Sergey.

ELENA

He shouldn't be talking to her.  
What is he saying?

The guard frets and adjusts the volume.

SERGEY (ON CAMERA)

There were many widows where I lived, because of the war. My mother could not find a man willing to raise her three children of another man. So she was always working. My older sister raised me like her own child. When I was about 16, my mother got cancer. At that time, there was no treatment unless you could pay for it. We had no way to pay for it.

TYLER

My mother got cancer too. She almost died. I almost died.

Elena rolls her eyes.

ELENA

Spare me.

She motions to the guard and he quickly dims the volume again.

ELENA (CONT'D)  
I'll be in the kickboxing ring.  
Call me if anything happens.

SECURITY GUARD  
Sure, Ms. Elena.

She walks out without looking back.

**INT. ELENA'S ROOM - SAME TIME**

Tyler's eyes are fixed on Sergey's back of the head.

TYLER  
Luckily, we got her the best treatments on the planet. One of the great things about being super-rich, I guess. She survived... for now.

SERGEY  
Mine wasn't so lucky. They were hiring teen boys as smugglers. I dropped out of school and took the job. I made good money, but it wasn't enough for the treatments. I was given harder things to do, and I made more money, until finally I had enough to get my mother cancer treatments. By then, the cancer had already spread all throughout her body. She passed away. It was, how you say, too little too late.  
(beat)  
But I tried.

TYLER  
So... that's why you become a mobster, to treat your mother's cancer. I can understand that. I would have done the same for my mother, if that was my only choice.

SERGEY

It was, for me. And it didn't work. Suddenly I was a young man with no family left, a criminal record, a thief, a member of the Russian mafia with no college or apprenticeship... You either stay with the thieves and do as they do, whether you like it or not, or die. So, that is what I did.

(beat)

When I was a boy I wanted to be a cosmonaut.

TYLER

You've had a rough life.

SERGEY

Maybe so. I guess it's a matter of perspective.

He gets up and pours himself a vodka shot from Elena's cabinet, drinks it straight.

SERGEY (CONT'D)

Compared to my grandparents, who were children in Leningrad during World War II, my life was not so bad. The Nazis surrounded the city, it's called St. Petersburg now. They did not let in any food for a whole year. The siege lasted nine hundred days.

He throws a glance to Tyler. She has closed her eyes and lets herself be lulled by his voice. He pours another shot while he continues:

SERGEY (CONT'D)

First, the birds started to disappear. Then, the horses and mules all disappeared. Then, the dogs and cats all disappeared.

He drinks, pours another shot.

SERGEY (CONT'D)

Finally, the bodies of the dead, which were piled up in certain areas, started to disappear too.

TYLER

(sleepy)

That sounds like hell.

SERGEY

It was hell. But we won. The Soviet Union won.

He drinks a last shot, checks her rhythmical breathing. She's fast asleep, now. He gets close to the bed and looks at her profile - so unaware, so perfect, a thing of beauty. His hand almost caresses her cheek. Instead, he whispers:

SERGEY (CONT'D)

Because we knew how to suffer better than our enemies knew how to suffer.

He closes the door behind him and quietly walks out of the room.

**INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Austin is at the drive. He glances at the rear view mirror, two cars are following them. They're packed with HALF A DOZEN GANGSTA TEENAGERS.

AUSTIN

Do you think they're gonna do it?

JOE

We'll find out soon.

AUSTIN

What if the mobsters start shooting at them?

Joe cocks one of the guns as he's done countless times on set. Only, this time it's not a prop.

JOE

Then we'll shoot back. You're sure this is it?

He checks at the map on his phone.

AUSTIN

Positive.

JOE

The building next to it is the same height. We should be able to jump across from the roof, they're pretty close. That's our best way in.

Austin swallows but says nothing.

JOE (CONT'D)

What?

AUSTIN

I have vertigo.

Joe looks at him, incredulous. Then he bumps his arm, encouraging.

JOE

You'll be fine. Just do as I tell you and promise you won't look down, ok?

AUSTIN

Ok.

JOE

I mean it. I know how to keep anxiety low - promise you will do as I say.

AUSTIN

Ok.

JOE

Say it.

AUSTIN

Ok, ok, I PROMISE! I'm just a bit nervous right now, alright? But I won't let Tyler be harmed. I won't.

Joe clenches his jaw and frowns.

JOE

Good. Me neither.

**INT. FBI SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT**

CLOSE UP of the roof of the Russian mob building, seen through a thermal viewfinder. It belongs to FBI AGENT LAWSON, finger on the trigger. A HEAVY-ARMED MOBSTER comes into view. ANOTHER ONE, holding a lethal crossbow, passes behind him.

YAMAMOTO (O.C.)

How many of them?

LAWSON

Five. One on each side, plus one in the middle with a crossbow.

Yamamoto frowns at HIS SECOND LAWSON, A NO-BS BRUNETTE.



YAMAMOTO

I want eyes on everything that moves on that damned roof. Morris, take the other window.

AGENT MORRIS

On it, chief.

MORE FBI AGENTS bustle around assault weapons and a couple of monitors. Yamamoto stomps behind AN AGENT and his tablet.

YAMAMOTO

Show me the entrance. Any movement?

FBI AGENT

Nothing. Just the usual activity--

Just then AGENT MALLORY peers down the street.

MALLORY

Chief? Something's not right.

Yamamoto paces to the window and looks down in time to see the two cars full of gangsta teenagers pulling up half a block from the building entrance. They get out and start to argue, until A TALL KID shoves ANOTHER ONE, and a fight ensues! TWO VORS come out, but the teens ignore them.

On the roof, THE LOOKOUT MOBSTERS look down at the commotion, moving away from their positions, all except Crossbow Mobster who stays alert.

MALLORY (CONT'D)

Two men are trying to break in on the roof.

Yamamoto grabs his binoculars and points them to the roof of the nearby building: Joe and Austin are trying to place a plank across.

YAMAMOTO

Damned kids!

(to Mallory)

Get your ass to that building and grab them before they do something stupid!

(to Lawson)

Lawson, with me! Nobody shoots unless I say so, do you hear me?

AGENTS

Copy.

Yamamoto storms out, tagged by Lawson with her rifle on the ready.

**INT. NEARBY BUILDING - SAME TIME**

Agent Mallory storms in and YELLS at A WOMAN who just entered the elevator:

MALLORY  
F.B.I.! Get out!

The woman scampers out and Agent Mallory presses frantically for the top floor.

**INT. FBI SAFEHOUSE STAIRS - CONTINUOUS**

Yamamoto takes the stairs to the top roof two at two.

**EXT. NEARBY BUILDING ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS**

Joe drops the wooden plank, it's barely long enough.

JOE  
It could slip. We'll safer jumping.

He throws Austin a look.

JOE (CONT'D)  
It's less than two meters. We can make it.

On the other roof, the Lookout Mobsters are still distracted. Crossbow Mobster has his back to them.

JOE (CONT'D)  
It's now or never, Austin.

Stubborn, Austin carefully places the plank across, sliding it off a bit more on the other edge and holding it steady on his end.

AUSTIN  
You first.

Joe puts his foot on the plank: it creaks, but holds.

JOE  
Remember: breath, put one step after the other, and don't you ever look down. Got it?

Austin nods.

JOE (CONT'D)  
See you on the other side.

**EXT. FBI SAFEHOUSE ROOF - SAME TIME**

Yamamoto and Lawson emerge on the roof, just in time to see...

LAWSON  
There!

**EXT. NEARBY BUILDING ROOFTOP - SAME TIME**

Uzi in his hand, Joe takes four quick steps over the plank and he's across!

**EXT. FBI SAFEHOUSE ROOF - SAME TIME**

Lawson has one of the Mob Guards in her thermal viewfinder.

LAWSON  
(calm)  
I can take them down, chief. At least two of them, before they can respond to fire. Should I?

YAMAMOTO  
Negative. The kids can be caught in the cross-fire. And we can't risk retaliation.

He keeps his eyes on Austin.

YAMAMOTO (CONT'D)  
Where's Mallory? Damned kids!

**EXT. MOB BUILDING ROOF - SAME TIME**

Joe has crouched and pushed the plank back towards Austin half an inch, holding it with all he's got.

JOE  
(sotto)  
Come on, Austin.

**SERIES OF TIGHT SHOTS:**

-- NERABY BUILDING: Agent Mallory sprints up a never-ending flight of stairs

-- DOWN IN THE STREET: the Gangsta Teens are arguing and fighting rough. There's now FOUR MOBSTERS trying to get them to stop and leave.

-- ON THE ROOF: Austin takes a deep breath. He starts putting one foot on the plank, deep in concentration.

AUSTIN  
Breath in... breath out...

-- Austin takes another step... and another...

-- ON THE MOB BUILDING'S ROOF, Joe holds his breath:

JOE  
Come on. You can do this...

-- DOWN IN THE STREET: in the commotion, some teens get into the faces of one of the Vor, who pulls out a Glock and fires three rounds into the air!

-- IN-BETWEEN ROOFS: Austin looks down startled, and almost loses his balance!

-- DOWN IN THE STREET: The teens jump into their cars and speed away.

-- IN-BETWEEN ROOFS: Just as they do, Austin throws himself through the last inches and lands safely next to Joe, panting.

AUSTIN  
I did it. Oh my God, I did it.

Joe pushes him behind a low wall, just as the Lookout Mobsters move away from the edge to go back to their positions. Crossbow Mobster looks in their direction, alerted by the noise. For a tense second, he looks straight at where Joe and Austin had been a moment before, then he turns again.

Joe and Austin exhale, relieved.

**EXT. FBI SAFEHOUSE ROOF - SAME TIME**

LAWSON  
Crossbow almost spotted them.

YAMAMOTO  
Do you have him?

The thermal viewfinder is focused on the Crossbow Mobster.

LAWSON  
Positive. It's a clear shot.

**EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - SAME TIME**

Agent Mallory makes it to the roof one split second too late!

MALLORY  
(over radio)  
I lost them, chief.

YAMAMOTO  
(radio)  
They're hiding behind the wall.

Mallory takes cover by the roof edge and peers out through his night visors, gun at the ready.

MALLORY  
I see them. There's a hostile  
walking in their direction.

YAMAMOTO  
Lock him in.

**INT. MOB BUILDING TOP FLOOR / ELENA'S QUARTERS - SAME TIME**

Sergey is by Elena's room door, chatting with ANOTHER MOBSTER, DIMITRI.

DIMITRI  
(in Russian)  
My girlfriend is about to have our  
second child. I hope it's a boy  
this time.

SERGEY  
(in Russian)  
If it's a girl I hope she looks  
like her mother and not you.

They both CHUCKLE.

**EXT. FBI SAFEHOUSE ROOF - SAME TIME**

Yamamoto levels his own gun and aims at a third lookout mobster.

YAMAMOTO  
Lawson. Anytime.

Lawson shoots a single, precision shot. THUD! Crossbow Mobster falls down, hit.

**INT. MOB BUILDING TOP FLOOR / ELENA'S QUARTERS - SAME TIME**

Sergey and Dimitri are still laughing, when A MUFFLED BONK coming from the roof startles them.

DIMITRI  
What was that?

Alarmed, Sergey opens the door and peers inside - all looks normal, Taylor is fast asleep. He locks Elena's room, pockets the keys, and cocks his gun.

SERGEY  
(in Russian)  
Nobody enters until I'm back,  
understood?

And he rushes to the stairs!

**SERIES OF TIGHT SHOTS:**

**EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - SAME TIME**

YAMAMOTO (O.C.)  
(radio)  
Mallory. Now.

Agent Mallory shoots Lookout Mobster #1, the one closest to Joe and Austin. He falls face down.

**EXT. MOB BUILDING ROOF - SAME TIME**

AUSTIN  
Shit!

JOE  
Take cover!

The other mobsters scramble to shoot back, but before they make it - POW! - another precision shot from the FBI safe house rooftop takes down Lookout Mobster #2.

LOOKOUT MOBSTER #3  
(in Russian)  
We're under attack! There!

**INT. MOB BUILDING TOP FLOOR - SAME TIME**

Sergey sprints up the stairs leading to the roof.

**EXT. MOB BUILDING ROOF - SAME TIME**

Joe hints at Lookout Mobster #3 and #4 looking in the opposite direction, then at the door that leads into the building.

JOE

At my sign, ready? Now!

They both sprint for the door just as it burst open and Sergey storms out! Lookout Mobster #4 turns and spots them and RAT-TAT-TAT! He starts to shoot! Austin is hit on his bullet proof vest, Joe pushes him out of the way and shoots back - but he ends up getting shot! Sergey spots the wounded Mobster, the other three down, then Joe, and yells:

SERGEY

(in Russian)

Hold your fire! Man down!

He runs to check Mobster #4, his pulse is weak. He drags him close to the door, and:

SERGEY (CONT'D)

(to Lookout Mobster #3)

Go find help. Quick!

The man disappears inside and Sergey sweeps the roof, now empty of guards. He walks over to Joe, bleeding heavily. Austin is at his side, paralyzed in fear.

Without a word, Sergey strips Austin of one sleeve and uses to patch Joe's wound. It makes no difference, the wound is too big. Austin shakily points his gun at Sergey, but Sergey swats it aside without even looking.

AUSTIN

Tyler... we're here for Tyler.

SERGEY

Yeah, like getting yourselves killed will help her. She was safe, until now.

(spots the plank)

Go back before we find you!

AUSTIN

I can't do it again. I'm --

Sergey eyes Mallory on the nearby roof, Yamamoto and Lawson on the other, and takes a quick decision. He scrambles to grab the crossbow from the dead mobster.

**EXT. FBI SAFEHOUSE ROOF - SAME TIME**

Yamamoto has eyes on Sergey moving around Joe and Austin.

YAMAMOTO  
The hell is this guy?

MALLORY  
(radio)  
Came out from the door. He's one of them.

LAWSON  
I have him locked. Chief?

YAMAMOTO  
Wait! Both of you.

**EXT. MOB BUILDING ROOF - CONTINUOUS**

Sergey quickly attaches a wire to the arrow, then a carabiner. With his eyes on Mallory, he passes the arrow inside Austin's bullet proof vest and hauls him close to the building edge. He fastens the carabiner to the wire, and to Austin's vest.

SERGEY  
It's Kevlar. It'll hold.

He aims the crossbow at the penthouse window, one floor below, and shoots. The wire whizzes and unfolds super fast!

**INT. FBI SAFEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

SDANG! The arrow smashes the window and sticks to the opposite wall! The agents rush to take cover, swearing loud.

**EXT. FBI SAFEHOUSE ROOF - SAME TIME**

LAWSON  
Son of a bitch!



**EXT. MOB BUILDING ROOF - CONTINUOUS**

Sergey quickly wraps the wire on his end around a metal scaffold. He pushes Austin above the edge and sends him off!

AUSTIN

Aaaah!

**EXT. FBI SAFEHOUSE ROOF - SAME TIME**

MALLORY

(on radio)

He's making a pulley!

YAMAMOTO

Lawson, go grab him! Everybody HOLD  
YOUR FIRE!

Agent Lawson rushes downstairs--

**INT. FBI SAFEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

...and throws herself at intercepting Austin as he crashes in through the smashed window!

LAWSON

I got him!

**EXT. MOB BUILDING ROOF - SAME TIME**

Sergey cuts the wire loose and kicks the crossbow close to the dead mobster. He squats near Joe who's barely breathing, tries to patch his wound a bit more.

SERGEY

(shakes head)

Joseph Irwyn. This was a very bad  
idea. Crazy brave, but still bad.

JOE

Tyler... I must keep her... safe.

SERGEY

She is safe.

JOE

Promise... nothing will happen to  
her...

Just then, Lookout Mobster #3 rushes back on the roof followed by A PARAMEDIC and MORE MOBSTERS, who scatter in defensive positions to the four corners of the roof. Sergey gets up,

                          SERGEY  
                          (in Russian)  
                          Here!

He walks to his fallen comrade, but before he steps away from Joe:

                          SERGEY (CONT'D)  
                          I promise.

But Joe can't hear him. He's dead. Sergey passes a hand on his forehead and joins his men, barking orders in Russian.

                          SERGEY (CONT'D)  
                          Alex, Pavel: bring him downstairs  
                          with the doctor, then come back and  
                          take the bodies. Vladi, Yuri, you  
                          two set up a perimeter, we're too  
                          exposed. There are men on the  
                          nearby roof. I counted three  
                          snipers, so watch your back. And  
                          get rid of that stupid plank.

**EXT. FBI SAFEHOUSE ROOF - SAME TIME**

For a moment, Yamamoto observes through thermal binoculars Sergey manning his crew. When he sees him disappearing inside, he trots downstairs too.

**INT. MOB BUILDING TOP FLOOR / ELENA'S QUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER**

Elena marches to confront Sergey, standing by Tyler's door.

                          ELENA  
                          (in Russian)  
                          How this could even happen!

                          SERGEY  
                          (in Russian)  
                          Ask the Lookout leader. I'm in  
                          charge of the 'guest' in this room,  
                          and she is safe.

Vlad comes to the door, quietly angry.

VLAD  
(in Russian)  
What's this mess. Elena?

ELENA  
There was a breach on the roof,  
dad. They alerted me in the gym.

SERGEY  
I heard noises and went upstairs,  
but we had already lost three men.

VLAD  
Who dares attack us! They won't  
live too regret it.

Elena puts a hand on Vlad's arm to calm him.

SERGEY  
Tyler Schiff's fiancé, Boss. He's  
already dead.

ELENA  
Dad. There was a fight by the  
entrance. Our men were focusing on  
that.

Vlad's eyes are a thin slit.

VLAD  
Tyler Schiff's fiancé, hm? And he  
did not get any help?

SERGEY  
There was another man with him. He  
managed to escape.

Vlad turns to Elena, icy.

VLAD  
Can we trust our guards, now? Or  
are they still "distracted"!

Elena bites her lips.

SERGEY  
Boss, I set up a new lookout. We  
might want to reinforce that. And  
we should have more cameras.

VLAD  
I'm not worried about our safety,  
son. But good. Now stay with our  
guest.

(MORE)

VLAD (CONT'D)

Elena, you take care of the cameras.

He waves both off and starts down the corridor, tagged by Elena.

ELENA

I told you she was a bitch. She's surely behind this.

VLAD

Hm.

ELENA

Dad. Let me show her the body of her dead boyfriend. That should teach her a lesson.

VLAD

Not now, my dear. Not now. Tomorrow morning he'll be just as dead. Go take care of those cameras, and then get some sleep. Goodnight.

He closes the door of his quarters, leaving Elena fuming. She shoots a killer look towards Sergey, but he ignores her and unlocks Tyler's room.

**INT. ELENA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Sergey pours himself a shot of vodka and drinks it straight. He sits on the sofa and mechanically checks his gun, pensive.

In bed, Tyler stirs in her sleep.

**INT. FBI SAFEHOUSE - SAME TIME**

Austin is with A FBI PARAMEDIC who insists on him drinking some liquids. Yamamoto stands in front of him with a frown.

YAMAMOTO

I don't even know where to start with you. What did you think you were doing?

AUSTIN

Rescuing Tyler!

YAMAMOTO

And how, exactly? Blasting your way out of a building full of mobsters who actually know how to use their weapons? What you two did put her more in danger! What if any of her captors takes it out on her, did you think about it? Of course not!

AUSTIN

Joe had a plan... Wait, where is he? You guys got him, right? Your under cover man, with the crossbow, he helped me...

YAMAMOTO

He's not one of ours. Damned kids!

And he walks away, shaking his head. Lawson puts a hand on Austin's arm.

LAWSON

Joe's still on that roof. I'm sorry.

OFF Austin's petrified stare...

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. ELENA'S ROOM - MORNING**

Tyler opens her eyes to the smell of bacon and eggs. She rubs her eyes, gets up and heads to the bathroom leaving the door open. A freshly prepared food tray has been wheeled in. Sergey quietly oversees her.

TYLER

Looks like I overslept.

Sergey says nothing as she splashes her face with fresh water.

SERGEY

You better get dressed.

TYLER

Are you going to let me go? Now?

SERGEY

Not now. Soon.

Tyler wears Elena's clothes from the day before and sits by the breakfast tray, nibbling on some scrambled eggs.

Sergey is by the window, quietly HUMMING a song. Tyler raises her head.

TYLER

I haven't sang that one in years.  
It was one of my Country hits.

SERGEY

I know.

There's a sadness in his behavior that Tyler can't quite grasp. He comes closer, putting himself in the line of the camera, and lowers his voice.

SERGEY (CONT'D)

Keep eating.

(beat)

Listen carefully now. Whatever happens, I won't allow anyone to harm you. Do you understand? Nod if you do.

Tyler nods slightly.

SERGEY (CONT'D)

It might mean nothing to you, but I gave my word to a dying man. And I intend to keep it.

Tyler looks up, alarmed.

TYLER

Dying? Who's dying?

Sergey hesitates. Just then, the door burst open and in barges Elena. She jingles a set of keys under Sergey's nose.

ELENA

Sorry to interrupt you two love birds.

(in Russian, to Sergey)

Spare keys.

Vlad and TWO BODYGUARDS wait by the door.

VLAD

Ms. Tyler. Ah, I see you had a restful sleep. Good, good. Now follow me, there's something I want to show you.

Tyler gets up and follows Vlad and his men, ignoring Elena's mocking face. She spies Sergey, but he won't meet her eyes. He closes the door behind them and follows.

**INT. MOB BUILDING TOP FLOOR / BOARD ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

A double door opens onto an elegant meeting room. The broad table is covered with black plastic tarp, hiding something from the view. The stench makes Tyler almost gag, and she puts a hand to her mouth.

VLAD

Now, Ms. Tyler. While you were sleeping, someone tried to penetrate our building, without succeeding. You don't happen to know him, do you?

Elena nods at one of the guards, and he removes the cover to reveal Joe's stiff body. Tyler's blood drains from her face.

TYLER

Joe... JOE!

She rushes to take his hand, touches his face, desperate for a sign of life on that cold body.

TYLER (CONT'D)

No, no no... Joe! It can't be true... what did they do to you...

She runs her finger over his hands, arms, torso, drenched in blood that by now has dried.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Oh Joe... Joe... please don't be dead... please... please!

Tyler cries out loud all her pain, then flops over Joe's body, weeping and SOBBING uncontrollably.

VLAD

Ah, the things we do for love. Your fiancé was a hero. Sacrificing himself while rescuing his damsel in distress. So romantic.

Elena makes a face.

VLAD (CONT'D)

And completely unnecessary. We just asked for a little money, not for a life.

With this, he nods for his guards and Elena to leave.

VLAD (CONT'D)  
(in Russian)  
Let her grieve. Sergey, she's your  
responsibility.

SERGEY  
(in Russian)  
Yes, Boss.

Vlad leaves too, and Sergey steps back to let her cry.

TYLER  
You were the king of my heart, my  
body, and my soul. We were meant to  
live our lives together. How... how  
could you do this to me?

She turns to Sergey, hits him with fists full of rage,  
sobbing.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
You killed him! And with him you  
have killed me too!

Sergey lets her hit him, until she melts down and hides her  
face in his chest. He gently holds her while she sobs away  
her pain.

SERGEY  
I was too late to save him. I'm  
sorry.

**INT. MOB BUILDING TOP FLOOR / ELENA'S QUARTERS**

Tyler lets Sergey guide her back to Elena's room, talking in  
between tears.

TYLER  
How did he get here? He was on set,  
in India. He's here. I saw his  
body. I felt him. It was him. They  
killed him. Why, oh why did you  
come, Joe? Why?

Sergey keeps the door open for her.

SERGEY  
He and another man snuck in through  
the roof while the guards were  
paying attention to some fight down  
on the street.

She stops.



TYLER

What other man? What did he look like?

Sergey nudges her into the bedroom.

SERGEY

(lies)

Just another man. He escaped.

Tyler crashes on the bed, sobbing. Sergey looks around and locks her inside.

SERGEY (CONT'D)

I'll be right back.

**INT. VLAD'S OFFICE - DAY**

Vlad is pouring a round of vodka to A FEW MEN sitting around his wide table: A DISTINGUISHED CHINESE MOBSTER (MR. TONG) AND HIS BODYGUARDS.

Enters Sergey, after barely knocking.

SERGEY

(in Russian)

Boss, sorry to interrupt.

VLAD

(in English)

You remember Mister Tong, our associate from the New York City Tong society. Mister Tong does not understand Russian. Let's not be rude to him, shall we?

Vlad offers Sergey a glass of vodka.

SERGEY

Of course not. What are we celebrating?

VLAD

They paid us! They paid us the three hundred million. The Tong Society kept their usual 10%, and we get the rest. That is what we are celebrating. Elena will join us soon. All this was her idea, you know.

Sergey makes a face.

SERGEY

Yeah. I might have talked about Tyler Schiff around her.

VLAD

Ah! You know how jealous she gets. I told you you shouldn't let her get into your bed, not even once.

SERGEY

(shrugs)

Mistakes happen.

Everyone LAUGHS, and Sergey drinks his shot straight. Vlad walks over to a photo framed of his son in army camouflage, shows it to Mr. Tong.

VLAD

This was my son Alexei. He was a helicopter pilot in Afghanistan. He was killed by an American stinger missile, given to the Taliban by the CIA. How ironic, isn't it, that the CIA later fought the Taliban in Afghanistan.

He spills some vodka on the floor, toasts to the photo.

VLAD (CONT'D)

To you, Alexei! I'm gonna give some of this money to ISIS in Iraq, so they can kill Americans with it.

(soft, in Russian, to the photo)

I will avenge your death many times over before I die.

SERGEY

What with the prisoner. Shall I arrange her release?

Mr. Tong raises an eyebrow. His men hide a smile.

MR. TONG

I used to think Russians had balls. You've become too soft-hearted.

VLAD

She had a good look at you, at me, at Elena, at some of our boys here. She can't be released.

SERGEY

I'll tell Elena to put her up for auction.

Vlad and Mr. Tong LAUGH.

MR. TONG

Your boys are going soft, Vlad.  
Very soft. Let *my MEN* do the job!

VLAD

Are you joking, Sergey? Nobody can hide Tyler Schiff. The entire world knows who she is, who's going to buy her? No auction.

(drinks another shot)

She must go. Find a way, make it look like an accident, like a car crash or something. I don't want the FBI snooping around.

Just then, enters Elena and kisses Vlad equivocally.

ELENA

I can take care of that, dad.

Vlad tops everyone's vodka glasses again, and offers her one.

VLAD

Nonsense. Sergey will get rid of her, maybe you can use that acid we keep in the basement to make the body and clothes disappear. Why, she was never here, was she?

Everyone LAUGHS, except Sergey. Vlad puts a hand on his shoulder.

VLAD (CONT'D)

Now, let's celebrate a good business. Sergey, you are like a son to me, my most loyal Avtoritet. I know you won't let me down. I can trust you, can't I?

SERGEY

Always, Boss.

VLAD

That is the Sergey Chumchenko I know and love.

He raises his glass in a toast.

VLAD (CONT'D)  
Nasdarovia! To good business!

ALL  
Nasdarovia!

Everyone drinks. Sergey puts his glass back on the table.

SERGEY  
If you will excuse me now.

And he walks out. When he's gone, Vlad leans in to Elena:

VLAD  
(in Russian)  
Keep an eye on him. Just in case.

Elena nods and drinks another shot before leaving too.

**INT. ELENA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Tyler sits on the bed, her eyes now dry. Her hard stare makes Sergey stop by the door.

TYLER  
They killed my Joe. I'm dead  
inside. Whoever did this to him, I  
swear I'll make them pay.  
(beat)  
You should be afraid of me now.

Sergey goes to sit at the end of the bed and smiles, sad.

SERGEY  
I am. A little.

He gets up and,

SERGEY (CONT'D)  
However, since your parents paid  
the ransom, it's time for you to go  
home. Luckily I won't have to fear  
you for long.  
(nods at the bathroom)  
You may want to freshen up before  
you go.

Tyler sneers, but goes to the bathroom and starts brushing her teeth.

TYLER  
So this is where you take me to  
that park of yours?

SERGEY

Yeah.

Her head pops out from the door. She's brushing her hair, mechanically.

TYLER

I'm not leaving Joe here. We've got to take his body.

SERGEY

That might not be possible.

Tyler shuts the door, outraged, and Sergey doesn't force it open.

SERGEY (CONT'D)

Look, I know they'll take his body where the police will find him. Once he is at the coroner's office, his family will be notified, you will be notified. You can claim the body, and attend his funeral. I will take care of that later, you have my word.

She opens the door.

TYLER

You keep saying that.

SERGEY

I mean it.

(beat)

But first, I need to take you back to your family.

Tyler nods.

TYLER

Give me a minute.

She closes the door again, and Sergey moves in the line of the cameras, making a show of his preparation: he wears a pair of tight-fitting gloves, retrieves a wire from his pocket and stretches it. He stuffs it back in his pocket, and checks his gun.

TYLER (CONT'D)

What are the gloves for?

SERGEY

No fingerprints. In case I have to abandon the van later.

HARD CUT TO:

**INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAME TIME**

Elena chews a gum and pops an oversized balloon while she sees him on-screen.

ELENA  
Follow them.

SECURITY GUARD  
(in Russian)  
Sure.

The Security Guard zooms on Tyler and Sergey, leaving Elena's room. The view switches to the corridors.

BACK TO:

**INT. MOB BUILDING TOP FLOOR - SAME TIME**

Sergey escorts Tyler holding her by the arm.

SERGEY  
(sotto)  
Do as I say.

They pass by the large office of Vlad, still drinking and laughing with Mr. Tong and his men. One of them notices Tyler and Sergey, and waves her goodbye.

Tyler briefly looks up at Sergey, concerned.

SERGEY (CONT'D)  
Let's go.

He rudely pushes her on.

**INT. MOB ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS**

Sergey and Tyler enter the elevator, joined by ANOTHER VOR.

VOR  
(in Russian)  
Privet, Sergey. Elena sends me to help.

SERGEY  
(in Russian)  
Privet, Pavel. I don't need help.

They make room for him, and he presses the button to the basement. He shrugs, then glances at Tyler.

PAVEL  
(in Russian)  
Unlucky woman.

Tyler's transfixed by the numbers flashing in rapid succession. Behind her, Sergey quietly takes out his wire and wraps the end of it around his hands. He looks at the back of Pavel's head, then Tyler's hair, hesitating.

**INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAME TIME**

ELENA  
(in Russian)  
Why aren't we seeing them?

SECURITY GUARD  
(in Russian)  
The camera in the elevator isn't working.

ELENA  
Fuck!

BACK TO:

**INT. MOB ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS**

Floor 15... Floor 13... Floor 10... With an inner effort, Sergey lifts up his arms as if to strangle Tyler, but he strangles Pavel instead!

The two men struggle, Tyler cowers in the corner, until Sergey gets the upper hand and kills Pavel. He props the dead body against the wall, searching him for his gun.

SERGEY  
(to Pavel, in Russian)  
I'm sorry.  
(to Tyler)  
Do you know how to use this?

He throws her Pavel's Glock.

TYLER  
Of course, do you know how many stalkers I have?

She pops a round in the chamber, then aims the Glock at Sergey.

TYLER (CONT'D)

I could pull the trigger right now.

He calmly presses the button for floor 2, where the brothel is, then locks the elevator to floor 21.

SERGEY

You could. Lots of blood splattered, possibly an elevator damage.

(beat)

Perhaps you shouldn't.

Tyler lowers her gun.

TYLER

Why are you doing this?

He takes out a Glock from his jacket, chambers a round.

SERGEY

I told you. I promised to keep you safe. Now, no more questions. Hide your gun and do as I say. Always assume someone's watching us, because they are.

Tyler says nothing and pockets Pavel's Glock.

**INT. MOB BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER**

Sergey and Tyler get out in the dim light. Sergey grabs Tyler by the arm and makes a show of pushing her along.

SERGEY

Move now.

Tyler does so, reluctantly.

HARD CUT TO:

**INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAME TIME**

SECURITY GUARD

(in Russian)

There!

He zooms on Sergey and Tyler walking past the brothel rooms.



ELENA  
(in Russian)  
Where's Pavel. He was supposed to  
be with them.

The Security Guard frets around different views of the building, but Elena storms out!

**INT. MOB BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

AN OLD VOR stops Sergey and:

OLD VOR  
(in Russian)  
Privet, Sergey. You taking her to  
the back, eh? May I share?

SERGEY  
(in Russian)  
Privet. Maybe next time.

And he nudges Tyler to move on. She almost stops when she spots an old man whipping a screaming girl, but Sergey won't allow her.

SERGEY (CONT'D)  
Keep moving.

He leads her to an armed door, takes a furtive look around, then presses in a series of numbers. The door unlocks. It opens onto a stairwell.

SERGEY (CONT'D)  
Quick now, I'm letting you out of  
this building.

He takes out his guns and pushes her forward, weapon at the ready.

SERGEY (CONT'D)  
You've seen too much, Tyler. Ransom  
or not, Vlad wants you dead.

**INT. MOB BUILDING - SAME TIME**

Elena furiously presses for the elevator, one of them is locked! She kicks the door, and heads to the nearby one.

**INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAME TIME**

A number of alarms BEEP on the console! The Security Guard and HIS AIDES check frantically the screens, while talking in his mic:

SECURITY GUARD  
We have a security breach on door  
B-3. It appears a man and a woman...  
Shit, it's Sergey!

ELENA (O.S.)  
(intercom)  
Stop them, he's letting her escape!  
Initiate contain protocol.

The guard yells at the others:

SECURITY GUARD  
Let's go, let's go, LET'S GO!  
Sergey's gone rough, we're in  
contain protocol! He's heading at  
door B-3.

Everyone rushes to put rounds into the chambers of their  
Glocks, then runs out of the room.

**INT. MOB BUILDING STAIRWELL - SAME TIME**

Sergey pushes Tyler down the flight of stairs. By now, all  
sorts of alarms are BLASTING loud.

SERGEY  
This gets out in the alley. Run  
until you get to the street. The  
FBI will see you, they have snipers  
on the other buildings. Come on,  
quick!

**INT. MOB BUILDING TOP FLOOR - SAME TIME**

Vlad escorts Mr. Tong and his men to the elevator, talking  
business. ONE OF VLAD'S BODYGUARDS adjusts his earplug.

ELENA (O.S.)  
(earplug, in Russian)  
We have an emergency! Contain  
protocol, bring my father in the  
safe room!

BODYGUARD  
Everybody DOWN!

He grabs Vlad's arm and throws him down just as the elevator's door opens! Mr. Tong's men protect him and snap into defensive positions! But instead of a gunshot, Pavel's body topples face down, neck bleeding, eyes open.

The men get cautiously back to their feet.

BODYGUARD (CONT'D)

(in Russian)

Boss, I must bring you back to the safe room. We're in contain protocol.

VLAD

Where's Elena!

(to Mr. Tong)

Mr. Tong, please follow my men. We're containing a situation.

MR. TONG

I can see that.

BODYGUARD

She's on it, Boss.

The bodyguard hurries Vlad back, towards the safety of his office, while other men set up to defend the corridor.

#### **INT. MOB BUILDING STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS**

Sergey runs down the last flight of stairs, it ends with a heavy locked door that he disarms and pushes open.

SERGEY

See that wall? Keep close to it and you'll be ok. I'll keep them busy as long as I can. Now go!

But Tyler stops where she is.

TYLER

I'm not going.

SERGEY

What? Tyler, you must go. For God's sake, I can delay them but I can't stop them. Just get to the street, the FBI will see you, and you'll be safe. Run, NOW!

TYLER

I don't want to run!

SERGEY

You've got a death wish or something? They'll kill you, if you don't go. Get out of here, you're free! Go back to your family. There's no time to argue!

TYLER

You don't understand! These people killed everything I loved in the world. They killed my best friends, and the one man I truly loved, my Joe. Tyler Schiff is dead. DEAD, you hear me? She died in there, with Joe. But these people, they're evil. And I want them to pay! I want my PAYBACK too!

She holds her Glock, almost shaking. Sergey walks back to her. He reaches into his pocket, and hands her more rounds.

SERGEY

Then you'll need more of these.  
(shakes his head)  
This is insanity. Stay close, ok?

He takes both his guns out, each in one hand, and they run back!

**INT. FBI SAFEHOUSE - SAME TIME**

Yamamoto looks in his binoculars, assessing the Mob building. From the nearby windows, Agent Mallory and Agent Lawson are doing the same.

YAMAMOTO

Mallory, do you see what I see?

MALLORY

The door that got open in the alley? Unusual. They typically leave the building from the underground parkade.

LAWSON

I don't like it.

Yamamoto lowers his binoculars.

YAMAMOTO

Me neither. Mallory, cover us. Lawson, we're going out.

And he marches out.

**INT. MOB BUILDING / BROTHEL'S FLOOR - DAY**

Sergey and Tyler have made it to the second floor. Sergey nods to the sex rooms doors, and:

SERGEY  
Let's hit them where they'll  
suffer. Ready?

TYLER  
You bet.

Sergey kicks open the closest door and shoots A VOR in shorts! Tyler jumps in after him, grabs THE SCREAMING GIRL by an arm and pushes her out!

TYLER (CONT'D)  
You're free! Get the others, and  
run out the back door. Run for your  
lives!

Sergey's already kicked open a second door, where ANOTHER HALF-NAKED VOR hurries to get hold of his gun, but BANG! Tyler shoots him, and Sergey shows out THE SCREAMING GIRL!

SERGEY  
Run, the back door is open! Go, GO!

It's chaos! CLIENTS, VORS and STRIPPERS are panicking and YELLING -- GIRLS run out naked, half naked, covered in sheets. A FEW BOYS run out barefoot. Sergey and Tyler shoot A VOR after THE OTHER and push the sex slaves towards the end of the corridor.

SERGEY (CONT'D)  
Quick, to the alley!

TYLER  
Run! The FBI is waiting for you on  
the street.

Tyler spots the little girl from the auction and rushes to get her -- her eyes are unfocused, lost.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
It's ok, I got you.

She frantically wraps the girl in a blanket and carries her out, where she stops A STRIPPER.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Take her with you.

The stripper nods, takes the girl and carries her away. The old ugly man from the auction comes to the door, half naked - and Tyler shoots him before Sergey does. He looks at her,

SERGEY

We need more fire power. Come on.  
The armory is on the 7th floor.

And he takes a flight of stairs up.

**EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS**

Yamamoto and Lawson peek at the open door from the corner of their building, weapons at ready. But instead of mobsters, half naked girls start streaming out!

Yamamoto lowers his gun.

YAMAMOTO

Mallory, you see them?

MALLORY

(radio)

Shall I send down a team?

YAMAMOTO

Send paramedics, have them out in  
the main street. Now!

Lawson hasn't dropped her gun, aimed at the doorframe.

LAWSON

Nobody's going after them. Weird.

YAMAMOTO

Keep your eyes on that door. Anyone  
even remotely resembling a mobster  
comes out of it, you take the son  
of a bitch down. Mallory do you  
copy?

MALLORY

(radio)

Copy.

YAMAMOTO

I'm going in.

He makes a run for the door, against the chaotic stampede of girls and kids. Lawson waits for him to be inside, then:

LAWSON

Screw it.

She makes a run for the door too!

**INT. MOB ARMORY - MOMENTS LATER**

Sergey closes the door behind them and turns on the light. The small room is filled with AK-47s with long clips.

**INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAME TIME**

The Guard spots Sergey and Tyler raiding the weapons!

SECURITY GUARD

(in Russian)

Ms. Elena! They're in the armory!

**INT. MOB BUILDING / BROTHEL'S FLOOR - CONTINUOUS**

Elena stops running towards the sex rooms and changes direction abruptly, heading to the elevators. Her team - Sound Guy, Make-Up Lady and Lights Man - follow her, guns ready.

BACK TO:

**INT. MOB ARMORY - CONTINUOUS**

Sergey and Tyler frantically load two AKs with large clips, and put more in their clothing.

SERGEY

Ever fired a fully automatic  
Kalashnikov?

TYLER

(grins)

Once a month, at least. How about  
you?

Tyler fills a bag with clips, and strings the bag over her shoulder. Sergey pushes a heavy cabinet by the door and pulls it under the door lock to jam it from the inside.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Wicked.

SERGEY

When you're outnumbered, be the  
wrench in their machine. Come on!

And he pushes her in the opposite direction, far from the  
elevator.

**INT. MOB BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

Elena and her team burst out from the elevator and they make  
a run for the armory!

**INT. MOB BUILDING / BROTHEL'S FLOOR - CONTINUOUS**

Yamamoto and Lawson frantically send GIRLS AND KIDS towards  
the exit.

LAWSON

This way! Run!

YAMAMOTO

(to Lawson)

I think I told you to watch the  
door.

They push past the stampede of semi-naked women.

LAWSON

Sorry chief. I figured you needed  
backup.

YAMAMOTO

Hm. Glad you did.

(radio)

We're sending out civilians! Get  
them as far from the building as  
possible.

He eyes the elevators, nods to Lawson who grins.

LAWSON

Top floor for the boss?

YAMAMOTO

Yeah. I bet they keep the hostage  
close.

(radio)

Mallory? We're heading upstairs.  
Stay put.



MALLORY  
(radio)  
Copy.

Yamamoto and Lawson hurry to the elevators.

**INT. MOB ARMORY - CONTINUOUS**

Elena tries the door, it's jammed locked! Furious, she shoots the lock and kicks away the cabinet.

ELENA  
(in Russian)  
They took the AK-47. Fuck!

She takes out her rage onto the rack, smashing it with her gun. Then she turns to her team:

ELENA (CONT'D)  
(in Russian)  
Take a floor each, and find that  
son of a bitch!

Make-up Lady, Sound Guy and Lights Man run out and up the stairs.

**INT. VLAD'S OFFICE - SAME TIME**

Vlad is on the phone fuming. ONE VOR rushes in.

VOR  
(in Russian)  
They are raiding us! The girls are  
escaping from the back door,  
several men are down.

ELENA  
(radio)  
They have the AK-47.

VLAD  
(in Russian)  
Find Sergey, and kill him, or bring  
him to me alive. Either way. Elena,  
did you hear me?

ELENA  
(radio)  
Yes, father.

Vlad dismisses the Vor who rushes out. Finally alone, he walks to the strange machine sitting in the corner and lifts off the cover, revealing an old-looking set of circuits wired to a timer. He speaks to the photo of his dead son.

VLAD

Alexei, this is the end. Today I  
will avenge you, ten thousand fold.

He punches a code into the timer, and a count-down begins to BEEP! 300... 299... 298... 297...

One of his bodyguard peeps in from the door.

BODYGUARD

(in Russian)  
Boss? It's time.

VLAD

Yes. I'm coming.

He kisses Alexei's photo and carries it with him as he follows the bodyguard into the safe room.

#### **INT. MOB ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS**

Lawson presses for floor 21, but without the private key it won't work. Yamamoto SLAMS the button of floor 20, and it speeds up. They quietly reload their guns.

YAMAMOTO

Anyone tries to stop us, shoot 'em.

And just then, the elevator stops at floor 13 and the door opens -- BAM! BAM! Lawson blasts TWO MOBSTERS with a cart full of heroin bricks. ANOTHER MOBSTER takes cover and shoots back, but BAM! BAM! BAM! Yamamoto takes him down too.

He peeks out at the rooms full of stashed drug.

YAMAMOTO (CONT'D)

The hell with this place.

The elevator doors close.

#### **INT. MOB BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

Sergey and Tyler fly up the stairs and face Sound Guy with his UZI ready. Sergey pushes Tyler to the ground, safe, and RAT - TAT - TAT! He fires!

Sound Guy takes cover behind an open door.

SOUND GUY  
(radio, in Russian)  
I have eyes on them.

ELENA  
(radio)  
Where?

RAT - TAT - TAT!! Sergey's bullets rain down on the door frame, hitting Sound Guy!

SOUND GUY  
AHHH!

ELENA  
(radio)  
Shit! Which floor are you?

But Sergey jumps up and finishes him before he can reply. He takes his radio, UZI, and the extra clip, and carefully places the body on the floor.

SERGEY  
(in Russian)  
I'm sorry, Andrei.  
(to Tyler)  
We plaid chess together every Tuesday night. He was a sore loser. I used to let him win so he would not get upset.

Tyler puts a hand on his arm.

TYLER  
Hey. I'm sorry.

SERGEY  
(shrugs)  
Every job comes with risks.

The radio CRACKS WITH VOICES! Sergey hurries Tyler down the corridor.

SERGEY (CONT'D)  
Go, before Elena figures out we're here. We'll take the other stairs.

TYLER  
I want to make *him* pay!

SERGEY  
Who, Vlad? He'll be in the safe room by now.

He kicks open the side door of a wide, industrial kitchen, and KITCHEN STAFF flees.

SERGEY (CONT'D)  
(in Russian)  
Everybody, OUT!  
(to Tyler)  
Here, stay hidden. I'm gonna make  
sure this floor is clear.

And he disappears among the chaos.

**INT. MOB BUILDING / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Tyler frets to reload her AK-47, but she's out of rounds.

TYLER  
Shit.

She takes out her other gun, a smaller Beretta, reloads it.

ELENA (O.C.)  
Well, Miss Schiff, you're full of  
surprises.

Tyler instinctively fires two rounds aiming at where Elena should be - the door frame, but: BANG - BANG - BANG! Elena shoots back from behind the door! Tyler ducks under a table and peeks from the reflection in the metal cabinets. Elena's gun searches around.

BANG - BANG - BANG - BANG! Elena shoots her way inside. She checks behind a counter, clear.

ELENA (CONT'D)  
Don't be shy, now, Miss Schiff.  
It's just you and me, your  
bodyguard's not here.

She sneaks around a cabinet corner, stalking Tyler like a predator.

ELENA (CONT'D)  
Or shall I call him... your *new*  
*boyfriend?*

Something dangles from a cabinet in the empty kitchen and BANG - BANG - BANG! Elena shoots in that direction. From her hiding spot, Tyler shoots back! BANG - BANG - BANG! Elena ducks! BANG!

ELENA (CONT'D)  
There you are, little bunny.

She moves along the counter, quietly aiming her gun at where Tyler hides.

ELENA (CONT'D)  
By my count, you're out of bullets.  
Not good.

Tyler checks her Beretta - she's right.

TYLER  
Who says I don't have spare rounds?

ELENA  
You're not reloading.  
(beat)  
This is too easy.

She throws her gun on the counter, far from both's reach, and picks up a butcher's knife instead. She tries the tip. Sharp. She slides on the table another knife that drops at Tyler's feet.

ELENA (CONT'D)  
Get out and fight, little bunny.

Tyler hesitates, then picks it up. Slowly, she raises from her hiding place, knife in her left hand, the Beretta aimed at Elena.

ELENA (CONT'D)  
Really?

Tyler drops her gun, and the two women circle each other.

ELENA (CONT'D)  
Now, *this* is going to be fun.  
(sweet)  
I'm going to carve you up, like a  
Christmas ham.

And she suddenly charges!

Tyler dodges and the sharp blade misses her by an inch! She kicks Elena viciously - but Elena counters with a swipe that scratches Tyler's arm. Tyler throws everything she finds at hand into Elena's face! Elena YELLS and the two fight, going for each other's throats, kicking, grunting, slamming heads on the equipment! Elena finally knocks Tyler to the ground and pins her down with her body.

She passes the blade of her knife on Tyler's cheek, studies Tyler's panicked eyes with morbid curiosity.

ELENA (CONT'D)  
You see, sweet cheeks. I'm a  
psychopath. I have no empathy.  
Sucks, right?

She pulls back Tyler's hair and is about to scalp her when -  
BANG! A shot hits her and she drops the knife, almost in  
surprise. Elena stares back at Sergey, still holding his gun.

ELENA (CONT'D)  
(in Russian)  
Sergeyushka... I loved you. Why?

Sergey shoots her again, this time in the head - and Elena  
collapses over Tyler. Tyler pushes the limp body away and  
dusts herself.

TYLER  
Oof! What a lunatic.

SERGEY  
You ok?

TYLER  
Yes, thanks. I ran out of bullets.

SERGEY  
I have a few left myself. C'mon,  
lets get to Vlad's office. All  
elevators are stuck. We'll take the  
stairs.

They run out of the kitchen.

#### **INT. MOB BUILDING STAIRS - CONTINUOUS**

Sergey and Tyler take the steps two at the time, guns at the  
ready. RAT-TAT-TAT! A VOR shoots down at them! Sergey pushes  
Tyler out of the way and calmly shoots him back. Dead, the  
Vor falls to the ground. Sergey and Tyler hurry up the  
stairs.

#### **INT. SEMI TRUCK CABIN - SAME TIME**

A TRUCK DRIVER munches his chips HUMMING ALONG the COUNTRY  
MUSIC from his radio, as he navigates the crowded NY streets.  
The plate says, New Jersey - Garden State.

**INT. MOB BUILDING 20TH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS**

DING! Yamamoto and Lawson peek out from the elevator, cautious. ANGRY RUSSIAN VOICES bark orders, hands reload weapons. Yamamoto spots the emergency door.

YAMAMOTO

Let's go.

They run for the door in the growing chaos.

**INT. MOB BUILDING STAIRS - CONTINUOUS**

Yamamoto and Lawson hurry up the stairs, weapons ready. They skip over the dead's mobster body. Lawson briefly touches his throat.

LAWSON

This one's fresh.

YAMAMOTO

Keep your eyes open.

They continue up the last flight of stairs, tense.

**EXT. NEW YORK STREET - CONTINUOUS**

The driver looks in his side mirror. Police cars have blocked the street behind him.

DRIVER

(grunts)

Cops. I hate this city.

And he checks his GPS.

**INT. VLAD'S OFFICE - SAME TIME**

Sergey and Tyler peek inside, weapons ready. Empty. Except for the LOUD BEEP BEEP BEEP! Sergey runs over to the old-looking machine and his face goes white.

SERGEY

He's done it. He's really done it.  
I never thought he would!

TYLER

What? What are you talking about!

SERGEY

In the late 1970s the Soviets smuggled a small atomic bomb into New York City, and later assembled it. It was to be used as a last deterrent. Well, after the Soviet Union fell in 1981 the Moscow Brotherhood paid millions of dollars to the KGB...

He frantically looks for a way to deactivate the countdown.

SERGEY (CONT'D)

...and here it is! The bomb! That's why the FBI never raided this building. They were afraid that Vlad would use it if they did, and they were right!

TYLER

What? Are you KIDDING ME? Let's get the hell out of here!

YAMAMOTO (O.C.)

We might be too late for that, Ms. Schiff.

Yamamoto and Lawson barge in, both weapon pointing at Sergey! Sergey freezes. BEEP - BEEP - BEEP!

YAMAMOTO (CONT'D)

Glad to see you're not harmed.  
(nods at the beeping timer)  
How much longer?

INSERT: the countdown ticking away, BEEP - BEEP - BEEP!

SERGEY

Less than three minutes. The bomb is small, if you evacuate two to ten blocks now you'll be able to save some lives.  
(beat)  
I'm sorry.

YAMAMOTO

(radio)  
Mallory do you copy? We have to evacuate ten blocks NOW. Get everyone off the street. Take them outside of the blast zone. Evacuate ALL CIVILIANS IMMEDIATELY!  
(MORE)



YAMAMOTO (CONT'D)  
(to Lawson)  
Get your ass out of here.

LAWSON  
Chief, I--

YAMAMOTO  
I SAID LEAVE!

LAWSON  
I'll be dead anyways! I'll stay and help, there must be a way to stop this timer!

SERGEY  
Yes, you're right, there is: a set of numbers, I think six.

Yamamoto lowers his gun.

TYLER  
What are we waiting for? Let's look for clues!

BEEP - BEEP - BEEP! Yamamoto throws books around, Lawson flips pages. Sergey frantically rummages through Vlad's desk. Tyler holds up a photo of Alexei's grave stone.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
Try this! Alexei's death, 1981-08-08.

Sergey hurries and punches the sequence into the timer. BEEP - BEEP - BEEP! The clock is down to 120 seconds, 119, 118...

SERGEY  
Shit! It didn't work!

TYLER  
Try his date of birth, here: 1958-02-10.

Sergey quickly punches numbers. BEEP - BEEP - BEEP!

SERGEY  
Damn it!

And he hits the machine with a fist!

YAMAMOTO  
Move away!

BANG - BANG - BANG! Yamamoto shoots it, but the steel case doesn't bulge! BEEP - BEEP - BEEP!

HARD CUT TO:

**EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - SAME TIME**

It's chaos! PANICKED PEOPLE run out the buildings, POLICEMEN AND FBI OFFICERS pick them up in squad cars, vans, anything that has wheels, and they haul civilians away from the building!

MALLORY

Move, move!

BACK TO:

**INT. VLAD'S OFFICE - SAME TIME**

BEEP - BEEP - BEEP! Sergey punches in more random numbers, against all logic. Yamamoto puts a hand on Lawson's arm.

YAMAMOTO

You should call home.

Lawson nods, takes out her phone and hits speed dial as she steps back.

LAWSON'S HUSBAND

(on the phone)

Hello, luv. What's going on?

LAWSON

Hey honey. Remember when I told you the day might come to head to your Mom's place in Ohio with the boys. Well, today is that day. I'll join you as soon as I can. No, no questions. Just get the boys real quick and head for your Mom's place. I mean now. I'll call you when it's safe.

(beat)

I love you, Frank. Take care of yourself. I'll see you when I'll see you.

Yamamoto pretends he hasn't heard her, but swallows hard.

YAMAMOTO

It's been a honor, Lawson.

Sergey looks in horror as the timer beeps, defeated. BEEP - BEEP - BEEP... 10... 09... 08... 07...

SERGEY

I'm sorry Tyler, it's too late. For what is worth, I'm sorry for all this. You've always been special to me. God, please, forgive us!

Sergey closes his eyes and covers his face. Lawson braces. Yamamoto stares out, speechless. BEEP - BEEP - BEEP... 03... 02...

TYLER

Screw you, toaster.

The lights on the timer fade and the machine winds down with a LOUD WHIZZ. Everybody stares at Tyler, holding a plug.

YAMAMOTO

Mother of God, you *unplugged* it?

TYLER

Why, you've never dealt with a stuck computer?

LAWSON

Oh my God, thank you, thank you, thank you!

YAMAMOTO

She stopped it! The plug! Ah ah!

Yamamoto squeezes Lawson in a bear hug and lifts her from the floor like she was weightless. Sergey, silly with happiness and adrenaline, grabs Tyler by the shoulder and dances her around the room.

SERGEY

Tyler, you did it, you're amazing!  
You saved everyone, all of us!

He holds her close.

SERGEY (CONT'D)

You're a very special woman. I'm lucky to have met you.

Tyler leans in just so, and their lips melt in a kiss.

In the background, Yamamoto barks orders on his radio.

YAMAMOTO

(radio)

Mallory? Call off the evac. Yeah.  
Lawson and I are coming down to  
help. Man, it feels good to be  
alive.

But just then, BAM! A hidden door in the far wall breaks open and Vlad fires his Uzi! Everyone ducks! Sergey shelters Tyler.

VLAD

I'm sorry to interrupt you, love  
birds. But you interrupted the  
revenge I'm seeking upon America  
for killing my son Alexei.

Behind Vlad, Mr. Tong and his two bodyguards hold weapons ready. Tyler wiggles free and stands to face Vlad. Sergey stands up at her side.

TYLER

I didn't kill your son. Sergey  
didn't kill your son. None of the  
people that would have died today  
ever killed your son. The men who  
killed your son are dead and  
buried, a long time ago. You  
shouldn't punish innocent civilians  
for the crimes of other men who are  
now dead.

VLAD

Innocent, ah! Every single one of  
you Americans is guilty. Anywhere  
there's a conflict, there's U.S.  
dollars, U.S. weapons, U.S.  
contractors and a U.S. flag. Have  
you been asleep all your life, Ms.  
Schiff? Afghanistan, Iraq, Syria,  
and before that Vietnam, Nicaragua,  
the list is long! Nobody in this  
side of the world can call themself  
innocent. Your government and your  
army has been bullying the rest of  
the world ever since we, the  
Russian Army, defeated that lunatic  
Hitler! But of course, you don't  
know about that, right?

(in Russian)

The arrogance.

He spits in disgust. Behind him, Mr. Tong nods.

VLAD (CONT'D)

It doesn't matter what you think, or say, Miss Schiff. I've watched you on my CCTV cameras, go from floor to floor, killing my men. I watched you two kill Elena. Yes, she was a psycho. But she was still my step-daughter.

He loads his Uzi.

VLAD (CONT'D)

I have plans for you, Miss Schiff. A very slow and a very painful death. Later. For the moment--

He points the Uzi at Sergey!

VLAD (CONT'D)

I must take my revenge on this rat. He was like a son to me for many years. My most intelligent and most trusted Avtoritet. I gave him everything, and this is how he repays me?

YAMAMOTO

(soft, to Laswon)

You have him?

Lawson moves her head no, and tries to position her rifle at a better angle without making a sound.

TYLER

(rushes)

Look, you got your money, right? Then move to Brazil, spend the rest of your life in luxury, surrounded by beautiful beaches and women...

VLAD

I don't want any more whores! I just want some payback. That's all I want in my life, and I'll have it. Because after I kill you, Miss Schiff, I'll plug that timer back into the wall socket. Say goodbye to your new boyfriend, Miss Schiff.

Mr Tong freezes, steps back and shouts at his men:

MR. TONG  
(in Chinese)  
Back in the safe room! He wants to  
detonate the bomb!

YAMAMOTO  
NOW! Get the Chinese boss too!

BAM - BAM - BAM! Vlad is hit, but the Uzi's still on Sergey!  
Tyler charges Vlad full body and sends him crashing through  
the stained glass window! Sergey bolts to grab her, but  
Yamamoto tackles him!

YAMAMOTO (CONT'D)  
You can't save her!

**EXT. MOB BUILDING / FALLING - CONTINUOUS**

Vlad and Tyler fall in SLOW MOTION through the shattered glass  
- Vlad holds on to his Uzi, Tyler holds on to Vlad.

**EXT. FBI BUILDING - SAME TIME**

An FBI armored vehicle stops and Tyler's family rushes out,  
anxious. Austin points at the building, the falling bodies...  
Andrea puts a hand to her mouth.

**EXT. MOB BUILDING - SAME TIME**

The semi truck with New Jersey plate drives up in front of  
the building. On the side of the trailer, a fancy lettering  
reads: "Mister Pillow".

**INT. SEMI TRUCK CABIN - CONTINUOUS**

THUD!

DRIVER  
What the heck!

He screeches to a halt as Vlad and Tyler smash into the thin  
metal roof!

**EXT. MOB BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

Everyone rushes up to the back of the trailer - FBI, NYPD,  
Emergency Response Vehicle, Yamamoto and Lawson come running  
from the main building entrance. Austin elbows his way to the  
back door, Andrea and Scott behind him.

ANDREA

Oh my God my baby... my baby is dead!

Scott and Austin keep her from throwing herself onto the semi. A SWAT team swarms out holding guns at Mobsters with their hands raised. Yamamoto pushes everyone back.

YAMAMOTO

Stand back!

He slowly opens the back of the semi truck. Dozens of smashed pillows fall out and he's covered in geese feathers. He turns to Lawson, shakes his head. But, from inside:

TYLER

(faint)

I'm okay. Help me out.

Yamamoto rushes to dig through the pillows, and brings out Tyler, alive but bruised up and covered in blood.

YAMAMOTO

Miss Schiff. We need to get you to the hospital. You're bleeding.

TYLER

I'm fine. This ain't my blood, it's Vlad's. He's in back there. His body and the pillows saved me.

She points at the semi, while Andrea runs to hug her in a mama bear hug.

ANDREA

Oh my baby, my baby, this is a miracle, a miracle!

TYLER

Oh I'm so glad to see you all, mom, dad, Austin! It's just like you and Dad always said, if I didn't have good luck, I wouldn't have any luck at all.

Austin and Scott hug her too. In the background, Yamamoto and Lawson oversee AGENTS as they drag out Vlad's body, crushed and covered in blood.

AUSTIN

Where's Joe, still inside?

Tyler stares at him, and her eyes fill with tears. She shakes her head no.

TYLER

He was shot. But I got some  
payback. I made those bastards pay.

Austin is about to ask how, when A DOZEN PAPARAZZI appear and  
begin snapping photos!

PAPARAZZI

Tyler, Tyler, look over here, look  
over here!

YAMAMOTO

Get those assholes out of here!

He covers Tyler and her family and pushes them away from the  
crowd. In the confusion, Tyler spots Sergey peeking furtive  
from around the corner. Their eyes meet.

AUSTIN

Tyler, where are you going?

She slips away from the Security grip and runs without  
answering.

**EXT. MOB BUILDING / STREET CORNER - CONTINUOUS**

Tyler runs around the corner, just in time to spot Sergey  
trying to disappear among the crowd.

TYLER

Hey!

He silently curses, turns back quickly and pulls her in a  
dark corner. His back faces the street to cover her from  
everyone's sight.

SERGEY

What are you doing here? Get away  
from me, Tyler, I'm dangerous!

TYLER

You were going without saying  
goodbye? Vlad is dead.

SERGEY

And so is everyone I could testify  
against, don't you understand? I'm  
a traitor now, I must run.

She stares at him stubborn - then impulsively kisses him. He  
melts.



SERGEY (CONT'D)  
God, I'm so glad you're alive.

Sergey cradles Tyler's face with unexpected tenderness.

SERGEY (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry I got you into this.

TYLER  
You didn't do this. Vlad and Elena did.

He shakes his head.

SERGEY  
It's my fault Elena convinced Vlad to kidnap you.  
(beat)  
I--

He looks down, suddenly shy.

SERGEY (CONT'D)  
Since I saw your first music video many years ago, I-- I'd think about you all the time. I'd talk about you all the time. God, I even used to have dreams about rescuing you from a bad King and his knights in a black castle. What an idiot, right?  
(beat)  
When Elena understood... she yelled I was crazy to not love her back, and she swore she would have her payback. Kidnapping you wasn't for the money.  
(beat)  
She just wanted you gone. I'm sorry.

Tyler stays silent for a long while.

TYLER  
I don't know whether to thank you, or hate you.

SERGEY  
When I saw you falling, a moment ago... I died, inside.

He pushes her away, gentle.

SERGEY (CONT'D)  
Go back to your life, now. Keep  
singing. I'll be listening.

Sergey turns around and begins to walk away, but then he goes  
back and kisses Tyler one last time.

SERGEY (CONT'D)  
Remember, I loved you, and I always  
will. Farewell now.

TYLER  
Wait. What are you going to do?

SERGEY  
(matter-of-fact)  
Run. I can't turn myself in, and I  
can't go to jail. I'm not going to  
Witness Protection.

YAMAMOTO (O.C.)  
I wouldn't do that either.

Tyler and Sergey turn abruptly. Yamamoto blocks their way.  
Sergey's face hardens.

SERGEY  
I'm not going to jail.

YAMAMOTO  
Mh. As far as I know, there's no  
extradition treaty with Russia. And  
first, the FBI would have to catch  
you.  
(long beat)  
Assuming you're not already dead in  
the shootout.  
(shrugs)  
Can't arrest a corpse.

He casually moves away and turns his back to them.

YAMAMOTO (CONT'D)  
A life for a life, soldier.

Sergey swallows hard. He and Tyler watch Yamamoto as he walks  
away, then Sergey pushes her away.

SERGEY  
Goodbye Tyler.

And he walks off in the opposite direction.

TYLER

Wait!

She hurries after him.

TYLER (CONT'D)

I'm coming with you.

He gently pushes her away and keeps walking.

SERGEY

No, you aren't. You can't do that. You're Tyler Schiff, the most famous singer alive. The entire world knows your name, and they know your face as well. You can't come with me.

She stops.

TYLER

World-famous Tyler Schiff? Tyler Schiff died in this building, with Joe. There is no more Tyler Schiff. I'm a new girl now. A new person. My life of before is dead and buried. And if I say I want to go with you, I will.

Sergey turns and stares at her, stubborn and beautiful. She walks up to him. He shakes his head, passes a hand on his face.

SERGEY

What kind of life could I possibly offer you?

TYLER

Let's find out.

She nods to a white sports car parked across the street and they make a run for it, while Austin rushes after them:

AUSTIN

Tyler, wait, please... Tyler... Tyler!!

**INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Sergey hot wires the car!

**EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS**

Austin watches Sergey and Tyler speed off in the little white sports car. There's a white stallion logo on the hood - a white horse, just like in Sergey's dreams.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. STOCKMAN'S BAR - NIGHT**

White screen.

**CARD: Ten years later.**

A LARGE, MIDWESTERN AUDIENCE fills the room of an unspecified bar. Boots, cowboy hats, pints of beer and happy faces.

On-stage, Tyler is playing her guitar and SINGING a Karen Carpenter song. In the first row, sitting at a table with TWO KIDS UNDER 10 YEARS who look pretty much like Young Tyler - Sergey, now salt and pepper and with a medium length beard.

TYLER

And when the evening comes, we  
smile / So much of life ahead /  
We'll find a place where there's  
room to grow / And yes, we've just  
begun...

The crowd goes wild in a standing ovation. Tyler bows and smiles to her family. The kids are CLAPPING wildly, pulling Sergey in excitement.

BOY

Mom is amazing!

GIRL

When I'm a grown up, I wanna sing  
like her!

Sergey and Tyler share a secret, happy smile.

FADE TO BLACK.