

One In The Chamber

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FADE IN:

EXT. THE CITY - AERIAL - DAY

SUPER: PRAGUE, THE CZECH REPUBLIC

CREDITS BEGIN as we move through the city from high above. All through the credits the exterior sounds are dulled, as if coming from a distant room.

EXT. THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

RAY walks with his head down, hands stuffed deep into his pockets, a nondescript backpack slung over his shoulder.

EXT. AN ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Ray enters an alley, merging with the shadows...

Ray continues -unabated- disappearing into the shadows.

EXT. A LOW-LYING BUILDING - ROOFTOP - DAY

Ray slips off his backpack and UNZIPS it. The buildings surrounding us are baroque, older, but this is definitely an area on the upswing.

With the hands of an experienced professional, Ray selects piece after piece from his backpack, swiftly building a SIG SG 550-1 sniper rifle. Ray rips open a side pocket and slips a SCOPE out of a black satin bag.

The scope connects to the rifle with a satisfying CLICK.

Ray removes a CLIP holding the ammunition rounds from the backpack, checks them, and thumbs the top round back into the clip. CLACK! Ray slaps the clip into the receiver. He works his way to the edge of the building top, flips down the rifle's BI-POD and positions himself at the edge.

RAY'S POV

His WATCH. A chronometer. Several dials. ECU the main dial as the 'seconds' hand ticks clockwise around the dial.

TICK. TICK. TICK.

As DAY becomes NIGHT.

BACK TO SCENE

Ray takes a sip of water from a bottle using his free hand.

ACROSS THE WAY

a LIGHT turns on in an APARTMENT roughly level with Ray's position, ILLUMINATING the inside.

Ray puts down the water, and gets back into position.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The apartment's OCCUPANT closes the door behind him, and tosses his keys on the table in the hallway.

The apartment is nothing special, but it is clean and orderly.

INT. APARTMENT - THE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The occupant puts a paper bag of GROCERIES on the table, and starts to unload them.

EXT. THE CITY - BUILDING ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

An aerial shot reveals a barely discernible Ray lying very still on the rooftop.

THROUGH RAY'S RIFLE SCOPE

Ray has the apartment's occupant in view. Within the scope, there are the cross hairs, a range finder, and a bullet drop indicator.

Ray removes the GLOVE on his trigger hand.

He flicks a switch on top of the scope, makes an adjustment, but continues to case the target within the apartment.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The occupant finishes packing the fridge, pulls a BOTTLE out, starts to drink from it, oblivious to the assassin casing him outside.

INT. YAVGENI TAVANIAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A large FISH TANK bubbles away behind YAVGENI TAVANIAN. Another part of town, a much swankier apartment.

YAVGENI, late 30's, sits in a big leather desk chair. He looks well fed, and well oiled. Lots of jewelry, all gold, loud shirt.

Yavgeni and his crew represent the modernized version of the Russian mafia: loud, abrasive, flaunting, egotistical, money wasted on insecure luxuries, loud cars, louder women.

Several of Yavgeni's CREW sit around in the living room, drinking, having a good time --

-- but they're also conducting business.

DEMYAN -40s, a beast of a man, chiseled, well-dressed, unblinking- lurks in the shadows, his eyes everywhere, scanning the money, the men, and the data: this is Yavgeni's right-hand man.

Duffel bags are unzipped and their contents unceremoniously dumped upon the floor: countless bundles of hundred dollar bills.

The bindings are ripped free and the cash handed to GREGORI - 40s, rotund, balding, always smoking- who feeds them into a counting machine which flips through the bills with surprising speed and grace.

With every hundred bills, the men takes the stack and re-binds them, placing them into a series of large silver cases.

Gregori pauses from time to time, inputting numbers onto his ledger.

YAVGENI's phone rings and he answers it.

YAVGENI

Hello, Nicolai. Yes, your men delivered the currency an hour ago.

As the last of the US currency is counted, a man jots down a figure and hands it to Yavgeni.

YAVGENI

And unlike most, the sum you quoted me was correct. I appreciate that. What is your currency of choice? Euros? Not a problem.

Yavgeni hands the piece of paper to a young woman who approaches a large wall of cabinets. She selects one and slides it open to reveal hundreds of bound stacks of EUROS.

She begins counting them out into a black leather briefcase.

YAVGENI

Your money -minus my twenty percent, of course- will be delivered to your men in the lobby within ten minutes. No, Nicolai. Thank you.

Yavgeni hangs up as a WOMAN (20's) walks into the room.

She is one of Yavgeni's girlfriends. Dressed provocatively in a mini-dress and heels. She's hot. A couple of Yavgeni's soldiers eyes turn, but they know better than to look at the boss' property for too long, quickly turn their attentions back to making money. She approaches Yavgeni, putting one knee between his legs, starts to straddle him a little.

YAVGENI

(bemused)
Mmmm...

YAVGENI'S GIRLFRIEND

(sweetly)
Baby, I've been waiting so long.
When are we going out for dinner?

YAVGENI

Not now, can't you see I'm-

YAVGENI'S GIRLFRIEND

(nuzzling Yavgeni's ear)
Please, Yavgeni. There's nothing to
do here...and I've a few ideas of
my own...

She leans in even closer, and WHISPERS something into Yavgeni's ear. We can't hear, but Yavgeni's demeanor changes.

YAVGENI

I'll be heading out for a bit. If
anything comes up, let me know.

Yavgeni's crew either nods or answers affirmatively in semi-unison. With the loud shirt, it looks like an outfit a child could have picked out. Yavgeni walks to the door as behind him, a ringing phone is answered.

DEMYAN

Yavgeni...

YAVGENI

(With a wave of his hand)
I'm not here..

DEMYAN

It's Mikhail.
(a beat, then)
Mikhail Suverov.

Yavgeni's demeanor changes, stops in his tracks.

YAVGENI

(to girlfriend)
Wait for me downstairs. I will be
with you shortly.

Girlfriend pouts but complies. Yavgeni goes back to his desk, faces the BLINKING LIGHT of a call on hold.

He places the handset to his ear, leans back in his seat, and presses the button.

YAVGENI
Hello Mikhail...

Silence.

YAVGENI
(a beat, then)
Mikhail?

MIKHAIL (O.S.)
(a beat, then)
We had an arrangement, Yavgeni. A gentlemen's agreement, you and I.

YAVGENI
(hesitating, then)
We still do.

INT. A WAREHOUSE - AN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Pacing with dress shirt open, sweating, MIKHAIL SUVEROV -50s, large, muscular, intimidating, and vicious- holds a phone to one ear-

MIKHAIL
Oh? Then tell me...

-as he punches a man bound to a chair in front of him with the other.

MIKHAIL
...why do Nicholai Egorov's men now congregate in the lobby of your building?

INT. YAVGENI TAVANIAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Nervous, Yavgeni lights a cigarette, waiving a hand towards his men who shut down their machines.

The room grows eerily quiet.

MIKHAIL (O.S.)
We drew lines in the sand, you and I, but now... you have wiped it clean, have you not?

YAVGENI
Mikhail... Nicolai, he-

MIKHAIL (O.S.)
 (interrupts, growls)
 -came to you, of course.

INT. A WAREHOUSE - AN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mikhail punches the man once...

MIKHAIL
 And from what I've gathered, there
 have been others...

...and again...

MIKHAIL
 ...they've flocked to you, but
 then again, what do you expect when
 you undercut me by five points.
 (a beat, then)
 Five...

...before kicking the man to the floor-

MIKHAIL
 ...fucking...

-and shooting him twice in the chest with a silenced pistol,
 killing him.

MIKHAIL
 ...points.

INT. YAVGENI TAVANIAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Yavgeni swallows hard, sweating.

MIKHAIL
 Three years of peace sacrificed for
 a handful of silver.
 (snarls)
 Your move, Yavgeni was ill-advised.

YAVGENI
 (in Russian, subtitled)
 Mikhail-

MIKHAIL (O.S.)
 (in Russian, subtitled)
 ...as is mine.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The occupant is talking on the PHONE and drinking directly
 from the carton we saw him pull from the fridge earlier.

EXT. A BUILDING ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Ray is in firing position. His mobile phone CHIRPS once. It's a text message. 'GO.'

Ray retracts his rifle and aims directly for the occupant across the way.

Ray takes a deep breath and FIRES.

We see the entire ACTION starting with Ray's finger pulling the trigger. Then the CAMERA enters the clip-eject chamber. From there we're inside the rifle's mechanisms. PFFFT!...as the round of ammunition is sent on its way, and the casing is ejected.

TRACK as the bullet leaves the muzzle of Ray's gun 'Matrix-style,' and we alternate between external shots of the bullet, and the bullet's POV.

It flies through the air in SLOW-MOTION across the way, and penetrates-

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

-but not shatters the window of the occupant's apartment. It barely misses him, flies over his shoulder and towards the back of the apartment. We see the occupant drop the carton and it BREAKS, splashing liquid on the floor.

Back to the bullet. It continues its journey through the back of the apartment and into a second window-

EXT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

-punching through that as well.

INT. YAVGENI TAVANIAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The bullet we were just TRACKING with terminates into one of Yavgeni's big bay windows, cracking it. Yavgeni and his men turn and see the damage.

YAVGENI
What the fu-

EXT. A BUILDING ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Ray takes another breath and pulls the trigger a second time.

This time we see everything HYPER ACCELERATED at 10x-speed --

-- We see the SECOND BULLET pop out of the magazine, and into the firing chamber. The hammer comes down on the firing pin, and the bullet is fired out of the muzzle at high speed.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The BULLET'S POV --

-- as it impossibly flies through the hole in the pane of glass made by it's predecessor.

We see the bewildered look on the occupant's face as he tries to make sense of what happened a few seconds prior as the second bullet flies out the back of his apartment through the second hole.

INT. YAVGENI TAVANIAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The second bullet pierces the already damaged glass, hits Yavgeni squarely in the chest KNOCKING HIM BACK into his chair.

DEMYAN

Boss?

WATER from the FISH TANK positioned behind Yavgeni starts to pool onto the floor behind him. The second bullet pierced that too. Yavgeni's dead, but manages to exhale a PUFF OF CIGAR SMOKE anyway...through the bullet hole in his chest.

CU on Yavgeni's PHONE, lying on the ground.

EXT. A BUILDING ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

All traces of Ray are gone. As if he was never there. A ghost.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The occupant is freaking out in his apartment, trying to keep away from the windows, and frantically trying to dial "911."

INT. A WAREHOUSE - AN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mikhail buttons up his shirt as he motions towards the body on the floor.

MIKHAIL

Get rid of that, will you.

While the men bag the body, BOBBY SUVEROV -20s, young looking, but brilliant, Mikhail's brother- sits at a desk with his feet up.

BOBBY
You've created a vacuum, y'know?

Carrying a silver tray, JUNIOR -30s, obese, three-piece suit- sets down a pair of martinis upon the table-

BOBBY
Thanks, Junior. Your a lifesaver-

-before turning on his heel with a nod, leaving the men to their business.

MIKHAIL
I assure you; Demyan's already taken the reigns with eager hands.

Mikhail dials a number and takes a sip of his drink.

MIKHAIL
And since there's still blood in the water, it's best to negotiate swiftly.

INT. YAVGENI TAVANIAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

His hands covered in blood, sweat heavy upon his brow, Demyan -a streak of crimson staining his cheek- desperately attempts CPR on Yavgeni...

...but it's obvious the man is dead.

GREGORI
Demyan, he is-

DEMYAN
(roars)
FUCK!

Demyan sinks to a sitting position, defeated.

DEMYAN
(mutters)
Fuck.

A beat... and his cellphone rings. He answers it.

DEMYAN
Yes?

MIKHAIL (O.S.)
Hello, Demyan.

Demyan's eyes turn to ice.

DEMYAN
Mikhail.

The room slows... silence.

MIKHAIL (O.S.)
I take it you now speak for you and yours?

DEMYAN
(a beat, then)
Yes.

MIKHAIL (O.S.)
Good. With Yavgeni dealt with, you and I are now at a reset point.

DEMYAN
Agreed.

MIKHAIL (O.S.)
That said, what do you suggest?

DEMYAN
The old terms...

INT. A WAREHOUSE - AN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

With his phone between cheek and shoulder, Mikhail slips on his tie.

DEMYAN (O.S.)
...plus a fifteen-percent kickback on territorial referral.

MIKHAIL
(thinking, then)
Done.

Mikhail hangs up and tosses Bobby his film.

MIKHAIL
See? Done and done. Simple as that.

BOBBY
(chuckles)
Shit, brother... it ain't never simple as that.

INT. YAVGENI TAVANIAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Demyan stares off into nothing, thinking.

GREGORI

Demyan.
 (a beat, then)
 Boss.

The word snaps Demyan out of his stupor.

GREGORI

What do we do?

DEMYAN

I don't know, Gregori.
 (mutters)
 I do not know.

EXT. THE STREET - DAY

Ray walks down busy city streets with his gear in the black duffle bag. SIRENS sound faintly in the background.

Ray walks purposely, but even in movement Ray has a stillness, an air of isolation about him. A *palpable* presence, but inscrutable, disconnected.

EXT. THE BUS STOP - DAY

Ray joins the others on their commute home from work.

A bus pulls up to the stop.

An off-duty PLAIN CLOTHES POLICE OFFICER emerges from within and accidentally collides with Ray.

They look at each other like they both got wronged. Ray reaches into his jacket pocket like he's going for a gun in case there's trouble with Off-duty...but it turns out to be only a BUS PASS.

Ray pulls off his SUNGLASSES. His eyes are deserted, dead like a Shark's. Betray nothing. Off-duty can only look into them for a moment.

OFF-DUTY COP

Sorry.

Off-duty's RADIO BLARES.

DISPATCHER/RADIO

Shots fired. Repeat. Shots fired.
 Vicinity of...

RAY

That's ok, man.

Ray walks past him-

INT. THE BUS - CONTINUOUS

-and enters the bus, sliding his bus pass through the reader.

Ray finds a seat, puts the duffle bag upright between his legs. PULL BACK from Ray slightly as the doors close, and suddenly that attitude, that presence seem to melt away.

He's just another passenger on his way home.

EXT. RAYS APARTMENT BUILDING - DUSK

Ray stops at an inconspicuous walk-up apartment building, and uses a key to enter.

INT. RAYS APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ray walks slowly down a hallway past another apartment door. He KNOCKS on the apartment door as if by habit, but continues past, and then up a flight of stairs to the second floor.

INT. RAY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Ray makes his way to a door with SEVERAL LOCKS, uses a MULTITUDE OF KEYS to open all the locks in a peculiar systematic order to prevent an alarm system from going off. We notice there are about two-dozen keys on this particular ring.

Ray steps into the apartment, shutting the door behind him, and enters a five-digit code into a KEYPAD that rearms the system. He turns all the dead bolts from the inside.

INT. RAY'S SECOND FLOOR APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ray walks down the short hallway to the living room, takes off his jacket, tosses it on the couch. The apartment is clean, functional, but without a trace of personality. Almost like a model apartment in a new development.

Ray wants to get cleaned up, but he doesn't go into the bathroom on his left or through the kitchen to the bedroom. Instead he goes to a spot in the living room, bends down, and flips up a small square of hardwood, and pulls on the STEEL RING hidden underneath.

A large panel set into the floor swings up, revealing a SHORT SPIRAL STAIRCASE. Ray goes down, carrying the duffle bag, pulling the panel closed behind him.

INT. RAY'S FIRST FLOOR APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ray rents the apartment directly beneath his own under another name. This is where he lives. He has a bed, a bathroom, computer...a duplicate to the one upstairs but the decor and furnishings better reflect who Ray is. Some Eastern European art, a few Asian influences, notably a poster for Melville's film *Le Samourai* hangs on the wall.

There are flat-screen monitors lining the wall. The screens are split into several quadrants. We see a VIDEO FEED of the upper apartment, the hallway, and the entrance.

CLOSE on the front door. Sealed from the inside, but a kick panel has been installed in the bottom half, so Ray can boot it out from the inside if there's ever a problem upstairs.

JUMPCUTS - Ray removes the ankle strap, the partially disassembled sniper rifle from the duffel. Intercut with him removing his watch. Ray pulls a length of RAZOR WIRE out of the watch's bezel, making sure it is in good working order. Ray flexes his right wrist, testing a flex-activated SWITCHBLADE disguised as an wristband. He puts all of it away in the locked closet, and closes it.

INT. RAYS FIRST FLOOR APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

SOUNDS of DRIPPING WATER over the last few stanzas of "Seata." Ray finishes taking a shower, turns off the valve, and get out. The mirror is steamed up.

Ray wipes it clean, scrutinizes himself.

INT. RAY'S FIRST FLOOR APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Ray gets dressed.

EXT. THE CITY - ESTABLISHING - TIMELAPSE

DAY becomes NIGHT.

INT. RAY'S FIRST FLOOR APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A table set for one.

Ray eats -slowly and alone- with only the radio playing softly in the background.

While he eats -slow and deliberate- Ray flips through an old, dog-eared Bible, a finger to the page, tracing each sentence as he reads.

EXT. A WAREHOUSE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

Nondescript and seemingly abandoned...

...until a luxury car pulls up to the garage.

A beat... and the door slides open -revealing two armed guards and a sea of expensive vehicles.

The car pulls in and the door is pulled down behind it.

INT. A WAREHOUSE - "A CASINO" - NIGHT

Well-dressed men and women mill about the expertly crafted (albeit illegal) casino: replete with a full service bar, poker tables, craps, blackjack, and roulette.

Money flows like water through the fingers of the rich, but none seem to care.

On stage, a jazz band performs a rousing piece.

From the catwalks overhead, Junior walks back and forth, taking notes as he studies the clientele.

EXT. A WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A limousine pulls up to the doors...

...which do not open.

The drivers side window opens...

...as the driver slips out his hand, brandishing a thick wad of cash.

A beat...

...and the door opens.

As the limousine enters, four of its windows slide down.

INT. A WAREHOUSE - THE PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The limousine enters, the door closing behind it.

Two armed guards approach it...

...and are cut down by silenced gunfire within...

...as are the two near the doors.

A beat...

...and DEMYAN emerges -along with a half-dozen of his men-
from the limo

DEMYAN
(in Russian, subtitled)
Yahvgeni died with a whisper.

-pulling a black mask down over his face.

DEMYAN
(in Russian, subtitled)
Mikhail dies screaming.

The seven men -each heavily armed- make a beeline for the
main doors.

Demyan attaches an explosive device to the doors as his men
duck for cover.

INT. A SECURITY STATION - CONTINUOUS

A SECURITY GUARD stares off after a sexy young woman in a
red, sequined cocktail dress, lost in his own daydreams.

SECURITY GUARD
(sighs)
Someday...

He turns back to the monitors with a yawn.

SECURITY GUARD
Some...
(trailing off)

ON ONE OF THE SCREENS we see Demyan and his men outside the
main door.

SECURITY GUARD
What the fu-

BOOM!

The doors implode, smoke rolling into the room.

INT. A WAREHOUSE - AN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mikhail and Bobby both look up, tense.

BOBBY
(a beat, then)
I'd wager to guess that'd be
Demyan.

MIKHAIL
(sighs)
As would I.

A pair of his men appear in the doorway, awaiting their commands.

MIKHAIL
What do you think?

BOBBY
I think... this is no place to die.

MIKHAIL
Agreed.
(to his men)
Cover us.

His men take off down the hallway as Bobby and Mikhail head out through a different exit.

INT. A WAREHOUSE - "A CASINO" - CONTINUOUS

Like feral tigers from the early morning mist, the seven men enter the room...

...and methodically cut everyone down...

The Security guard is shot in the back as he dives for the phone.

Meanwhile, the girl he was leering at is shot in the back as she flees.

No one is spared...

...and all the money is ignored, cash and chips trampled beneath panicked feet.

UP ON THE CATWALK

Junior sprints towards the exit, but stumbles and falls, panicking.

He pulls himself up, steadying himself, and freezes.

Silence.

He looks down below...

...to find that no one stirs.

A beat...

...and he turns to find Demyan -carrying a duffel bag- striding towards him, ripping off his mask.

DEMYAN
 (grins)
 Hello, Junior.

JUNIOR
 (losing it)
 Who are you?

DEMYAN
 Nobody just yet, but...

Demyan drops the unzipped duffel bag at Junior's feet.

DEMYAN
 ...things change in seconds.

Demyan reaches down into the bag with both hands, and produces a length of rope...

...one end snapped via a carabiner to the catwalk's railing...

...the other end -a noose- tossed over Junior's head.

JUNIOR
 Are you k-

Demyan drives a right into Junior's gut, stunning him, and then spins behind him, grabbing him tight, lifting him, and tossing off of the catwalk...

...the rope whizzing out of the bag...

...until it grows taut...

...with a sickening SNAP.

DEMYAN
 Nope.

Demyan and his men leave...

...as Junior dangles from above.

EXT. A PARKING LOT - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

Desolate, lonely... safe.

INT. MIKHAIL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mikhail sips from a flask as he watches Bobby talking to someone out in the lot.

A beat... and Bobby jogs back to the car, sliding into the seat behind him.

MIKHAIL

Well?

BOBBY

Fourteen dead, eighteen hospitalized, seven critical, and...

MIKHAIL

(waiting, then)

What?

BOBBY

They hung Junior from the rafters.

MIKHAIL

Oh.

BOBBY

And they didn't take anything either.

MIKHAIL

What do you mean?

BOBBY

I mean... this was as pure a hit as I've seen.

MIKHAIL

Meaning?

BOBBY

Meaning they could have walked with millions, but instead... they simply walked away.

(a beat, then)

Seems you've underestimated Demyan.

MIKHAIL

So it would seem.

Silence.

BOBBY

(mutters)

War.

MIKHAIL

(mutters)

War.

BOBBY

And with the opening salvos from either side complete... what now?

MIKHAIL

We hurt them more than they hurt us, plain and simple.

BOBBY

I recommend you table that phrase.

MIKHAIL

Noted.

(a beat, then)

Get me Leo on the phone.

BOBBY

Are you sure about that?

MIKHAIL

How do you mean?

BOBBY

I mean... we got our team and Demyan's got his and when it comes to the specialists, Leonard's got that market cornered. Hell, he's the only independent in town.

MIKHAIL

Why is that, exactly?

BOBBY

(shrugs)

I don't know. Grand-fathered in, I suppose. Look, all I'm saying is that we shouldn't put all our eggs in one basket on this. Besides, chances are good Demyan's already in talks with Leo which means if we approach him as well, the handler would then have the best intel... and with intel comes the advantage. What's to stop Leonard from working the system? Playing us against one another? Creating additional work, if you will.

(sighs)

If I sound paranoid, my apologies, but this is after all... war.

MIKHAIL

(a beat, then)

So what do you suggest?

Bobby dials a number-

BOBBY
I suggest we do what we can with
what we have...

-and places his phone to his ear.

BOBBY
...and have The Wolf deal with the
rest.

EXT. A RUSSIAN BAR - ESTABLISHING - CONTINUOUS

SUPER: MOSCOW

INT. A RUSSIAN BAR - CONTINUOUS

Standing in the center of the room, ALEKSEY "THE WOLF"
ANDREEV -40s, tall, lean, muscular, a beast of a man, never
serious, never scared, always amused- wipes blood from the
corner of his lips.

The bodies of three men lie on the floor around him.

Nearby, a dog on a chain barks at him, desperate to join in
on the action.

Aleksey's phone rings, removes it from his pocket, pointing
at the dog-

ALEKSEY
SHUT IT!

-who complies with a whimper as he answers his phone.

ALEKSEY
(into his phone)
What?

BOBBY (O.S.)
Is this the man they call the wolf?

ALEKSEY
I prefer Aleksey, but yes. One and
the same.

BOBBY (O.S.)
I need you in Prague by tomorrow.

ALEKSEY
That's a bit of short notice, mate.

BOBBY (O.S.)
We'll double your day rate.

ALEKSEY
Text me an address, and until then,
fuck off.

Aleksey hangs up, slipping the phone back into his jacket.

ALEKSEY
Sorry 'bout that. Now...

Across the room, FIVE MEN stand in front of PETER who sips his beer with a smile, amused.

ALEKSEY
...about that money you be owin'
Slim Jimmy.

PETER
So...
(grins)
...they sent a dog to collect their
scraps.

ALEKSEY
Actually...
(grins)
...they sent a wolf.

The room grows cold: they all know who he is.

PETER
(in Russian, subtitled)
Kill him.

The five men surge into Aleksey...

...who surges into them with a roar.

Aleksey is an unstoppable force of nature.

Every blow he lands is precise and with purpose.

He takes out knees with vicious kicks, shatters noses with elbows, crushes throats, snaps wrists, arms, and necks...

...and whenever he is struck, it seems to strengthen him; the level of adrenaline he attains is unimaginable.

The last man's arm is twisted behind his back, wrist snapping, as Aleksey slams his face down upon the bar, sending him silent to the floor.

Silence.

Peter-white-faced, trembling, horrified- holds a pistol in hand, shaking, aimed at Aleksey.

PETER

Don't-

Aleksey kicks a chair into which smashes into his hand, the pistol errant shot firing wide.

Aleksey then kicks the table into Peter, folding him in two, the pistol clattering across the floor.

Aleksey grabs his hand and calmly sits down across from him.

ALEKSEY

Can you pay?

Aleksey snaps one of Peter's fingers. Peter screams.

PETER

YES!

Aleksey snaps another finger.

ALEKSEY

Will you pay?

Snap.

PETER

YES!

Snap.

PETER

STOP, GODDAMMIT! THE BOX BEHIND
THE BAR! BELOW THE REGISTER!

ALEKSEY

That's good to hear.

Aleksey stands, hesitates, and knocks the young man out.

He walks behind the bar and pours himself two shots of vodka.

He finds the box and counts out an amount, stuffing it into one pocket.

ALEKSEY

One for the client...

He slams back one shot...

...and slips the rest of the cash into another pocket.

ALEKSEY

...and the rest for me.

He slams back the other shot, and then turns to study the dog.

ALEKSEY

Sit.

The dog sits.

ALEKSEY

Good dog.

Aleksey unlatches the chain and takes the dog with him.

ALEKSEY

Come on. Let's get you out of this
shit hole.

EXT. RAY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

INT. RAY'S FIRST FLOOR APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ray stretches out on the bed, arms folded behind his head.

He meticulously slows his breathing... staring at the
ceiling... eyes slowly closing.

On the bed stand beside him rests the dog-eared, stained and
worn Bible.

DREAM SEQUENCE/FLASHBACK

*FILTERED SOUND and STYLIZED IMAGES that become more and more
lucid and clear throughout the scene.*

YOUNG RAY in military uniform salutes the camera.

Young Ray is going through army ranger school: running,
swimming, obstacle after obstacle, men dropping all around
him from exhaustion... but Ray continues on; stubborn and
driven to the core.

Young Ray in hand-to-hand combat: unbeatable.

Young Ray at sniper training. HUMAN SILHOUETTES with kill
zones numbered. He's an amazing shot, efficiently knocking
down all the targets from distance. His SUPERIOR OFFICERS
watch and take note.

Young Ray in a military office.

Ray is handed a DOSSIER which he accepts with his free hand,
slipping out a picture which he studies: this is EDDIE
KNOWLES- 30s, built like a boxer, well-dressed, huge grin.

WE SEE Eddie's face plastered across the city: running for
District Attorney.

At a rally, he waves, his young daughter lifted upon his shoulder.

THROUGH BINOCULARS Ray watches him, taking notes.

AT THE DOCKS, Eddie accepts a large bribe -bundles of cash stuffed into a slim briefcase- from a seedy mafioso in expensive clothes, ignoring the boxes of illicit weapons being off-loaded behind them.

AT HOME, Eddie cooks grilled cheese sandwiches for his daughter who is playing in the other room.

He reads to himself from a small, dog-eared BIBLE: leather-bound and worn... nothing special, but special to him.

Young Ray -dressed in black- calmly walks into the kitchen, rests the silenced barrel of his pistol -his hand encased by a plastic bag- to the back of Eddie's head and fires twice.

Eddie drops to the floor as -without hesitation- Young Ray shoots him twice in the back, both round punching through his back.

Young Ray reaches into Eddie's back pocket, removing the man's wallet, making it look like a random home invasion gone wrong.

Young Ray takes the blood-stained Bible, studying it as he stands, glancing over...

...into the horrified face of Eddie's daughter who stands frozen at the end of the hall.

As if by instinct, Young Ray instantly raises the pistol, her face between the sights.

A beat... and Young Ray lowers the pistol, horrified by what his training almost made him do.

Young Ray turns, and leaves...

...as the anguished cries of the young girl echo throughout the night.

A PHONE RINGS O.S.

RAY wakes up in his bed disoriented, doesn't immediately make it to the phone.

RAY'S ANSWER MACHINE
Leave a message.

LEONARD (O.C.)
The park, nine-sharp.

The caller hangs up.

Ray is awake, doesn't look like he got much sleep.

EXT. A LONG STRETCH OF OPEN ROAD - ESTABLISHING - DAWN

A SILVER MERCEDES CONVERTIBLE soars across the open expanse of road.

INT. A SILVER MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

ALEKSEY drives with a cigarette in one hand, his arm stretched out across the steering wheel.

Standing on the seat beside him, the dog (ROCKY) has its front paws perched upon the door, head out into the wind, tongue flapping past its cheek...

...overjoyed at the advent of a sudden road trip.

EXT. A PARK - ESTABLISHING - DAY

A blue dawn on a beautiful day.

The park is empty save for a few JOGGERS and COUPLES taking a morning stroll. Ray makes his way to the lake where an older black man sits.

We will come to know this man as LEONARD CROSBY, 50's. He is Ray's handler/general contractor, gets him the jobs, and serves as sort of a 'manager' for hitmen.

Ray sits down. He's never really comfortable around Leonard. Trust between the two is always held at arm's length.

LEONARD
How we doin', Ray?

RAY
(shrugs)
Head above water, Leo. About par for course.

LEONARD
I hear you.
(a beat, then)

LEONARD
How you sleepin'?

RAY
What kind of question is that?

LEONARD
I don't know. Saying something like "you look tired" seemed trite.

(MORE)

LEONARD (cont'd)
Besides, I was never any good at
small talk so let's cut to the
chase.

RAY
What do you got for me?

LEONARD
Payment for a job well done-

Leonard slides him the case.

LEONARD
-and enough work to choke a
Japanese assembly line.

RAY
Did you just come up with that?

LEONARD
Nah. Been workin' on it since
breakfast.

RAY
(chuckles)
Not like war really matters all
that much. I've never known
business to be all that slow for
you.

LEONARD
Truer words, knock on wood, but in
times of war, prices escalate
across the board.

RAY
(smirks)
Carpetbagger.

LEONARD
And proudly so.

RAY
So what are we looking at?

Leonard hands slides Ray a piece of paper.

Ray reads it, and grows serious... silent.

LEONARD
(a beat, then)
Is it the names? Or the amount?

RAY
Both.

LEONARD

And as you can see, they come at a premium... which means your handiwork with Yavgeni must have really gotten under Demyan's skin.

(on his look)

I've other men on the roster, Ray, and other contracts in need of fulfillment should you-

RAY

(interrupting)

No, no.

(hesitating, then)

I'm on it. The others they...

(trailing off)

LEONARD

Are a bit messy?

RAY

(mutters)

Yeah. Something like that.

LEONARD

Y'know the others, as you call them, accept the reality of their chosen profession... while you romanticize it.

RAY

(irritated)

And how's that? Because the others don't discriminate? They've got no moral code? No sense of right or wrong? Willing to kill both innocent and guilty alike?

(sighs)

It's hard enough for me to sleep as is.

LEONARD

I can respect your position, Ray, and I, in fact, do. However, there will come a day when -pardon my cynical nature- you will learn a very important fact of life... that no one is innocent. Deep down, we're all the same: fallen creatures... forgotten by God.

Ray slips the paper into his pocket and sits for a moment in silence.

LEONARD

How much more of this life do you got in you, Ray?

(sighs)

(MORE)

LEONARD (cont'd)
 We've all got a "sell by" date, if
 you catch my meaning.

RAY
 I dunno. Never really gave it much
 thought.
 (motions)
 How about you?

LEONARD
 (shrugs)
 Until I feel otherwise.

RAY
 (mutters)
 Good answer.

Silence.

Ray stands, taking the case with him.

RAY
 Be seein' you, Leo.

LEONARD
 See ya', Ray.

Ray walks away.

EXT. A PRIVATE CLUB - ESTABLISHING - DAY
 Mikhail's makeshift headquarters

INT. A PRIVATE CLUB - THE LOBBY - DAY
 Lots of wood, and polished stone.

Scantily clad women serve drinks to European businessmen
 while a young woman seductively dances on stage.

A few of Suverov's men stand guard in the hallway, smoking.

Aleksey enters the club: a cigarette smoldering between his
 lips, Rocky trotting alongside him on his leash.

MIKHAIL SOLDIER
 What do you want?

ALEKSEY
 I'm lookin' for Bobby Suverov.

MIKHAIL SOLDIER
 And who the hell are you?

ALEKSEY
Aleksey Andreev.

MIKHAIL SOLDIER
(smirks)
Who?

Aleksey hands the leash to one of the guards...

...and moves into him - fast. His right hand slams up into the man's face -breaking his nose- as he disarms him with his left; ejecting the clip from pistol and pulling back the slide to eject a round.

Aleksey tosses the gun aside with a smile.

ALEKSEY
You know me now.

Aleksey takes the leash back from other guard who stands frozen, stunned.

ALEKSEY
(motions)
Cigarette?

A guard offers him one.

ALEKSEY
Thank you. You gotta' light?

Another guard offers him a light...

...to which Aleksey -amused- is forced to steady the man's shaking hand.

He takes a deep pull off the cigarette and exhales with a sigh.

ALEKSEY
Thank you. Now, please... Bobby
Suverov, if you please.

Silence.

MIKHAIL GUARD
(nods)
Yes, sir. Follow me.

Aleksey nods with a smirk.

ALEKSEY
Much obliged.

INT. A PRIVATE CLUB - THE BANYA ROOM - DAY

Mikhail and Bobby hold court with a couple of older men.

All are in towels, shvitzing. The steam is heavy and unpleasant.

Following Rocky -who is none too pleased by the steam- on the leash, Aleksey enters...

MIKHAIL

And you are...?

...and instantly strips down naked.

ALEKSEY

Hungry, tired, thirsty...
(a beat, then)
...and Aleksey.

Bobby snaps at an ATTENDANT who approaches.

BOBBY

What's on your palate?

Aleksey talks directly to the attendant, treating him -like the others- with a great deal of respect.

ALEKSEY

A glass of ice, and a bottle of...
well now, I dunno... what do you
recommend sippin' on in a wet heat
like the here and now?

Aleksey is making everyone nervous. He's just so damn chill.

ATTENDANT

Rum, sir.

ALEKSEY

(surprised)
Interesting.

ATTENDANT

A tall glass of ice water coupled
with shots...
(hesitating, then)
Are shots all right with you, sir?

ALEKSEY

(nods)
Preferred, in fact.

ATTENDANT

Appleton Estate Thirty Year Rum
from Jamaica. It would be damn
near perfect in here, sir.

ALEKSEY
I'm diggin' the sales pitch, boyo.
I'll give her a go.

ATTENDANT
Yes, sir. Anything else?

Aleksey hands the leash to the Attendant.

ALEKSEY
(winks)
Privacy.

The Attendant takes the dog and leaves as Mikhail waves along the others who are eager and willing to join them.

MIKHAIL
Now... where do we begin?

ALEKSEY
Introductions would be nice.

MIKHAIL
Mikhail Suverov.

BOBBY
Bobby Suverov.

ALEKSEY
Aleksey. And as for my unfortunate moniker, I'd rather you not use it.
(mutters)
It's just so goddamned cliché.

BOBBY
All right... Aleksey. Tell me... what do you know about the current state of play down here in Prague?

ALEKSEY
(shrugs)
Same old, same old, I'd assume: two parties of differing opinions gnawing at each other's throats over trivialities.

BOBBY
I like the way you think.

ALEKSEY
I don't; think, that is. I simply... do.

MIKHAIL
Then just what is it that you do?

ALEKSEY

I play chess with the old war vets
in the park every Tuesday and
Thursday afternoon. I restore cars
from the seventies and pinball
machines from the nineties. I go
to church on Sunday, bbq on
Mondays, and if you pay me enough,
I'll probably kill anything that
breathes.

BOBBY

Probably? As in no women? No
children?

ALEKSEY

As in no innocent party, mate.
Kids are off table regardless, but
I got no problems with women
although I'll only shoot 'em: up
close or at range. Using the hands
or a blade on a lady just comes
across as rather tacky... rather
wicked, you know?

MIKHAIL

Fair enough.

The Attendant returns with the ice water, and rum.

ALEKSEY

Ah. Thank you.

Aleksey takes a long pull off the water, and then shoots the
rum.

ALEKSEY

My God. That is...
(searching for the word)
...sublime.

ATTENDANT

Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

Aleksey reaches into his pants pocket and hands the Attendant
a couple, hundred dollar bills.

ATTENDANT

(in Russian, subtitled)
Thank you, sir!

ALEKSEY

You gotta' kitchen back there?

ATTENDANT

Yes, sir.

ALEKSEY
Hook Rocky up with a steak or
something.

ATTENDANT
Yes, sir.

The Attendant leaves as Aleksey pours himself another shot.

ALEKSEY
Seriously, gentlemen, this is...
(slams it)
...ambrosia.
(sighs)
So... what is it you want me to do?

BOBBY
(a beat, then smiles)
Wreak havoc.

ALEKSEY
(grins)
Now, that... is my goddamn
speciality.

SMASHCUT TO:

INT. A RESTAURANT - LATER

With his cigarette smoldering in an ashtray beside him, GREGORI wipes down his bowl with a chunk of brown bread as his men continue to eat, drink, and be merry.

They are a raucous bunch, but they have the whole place to themselves.

Suddenly, the doors to the kitchen swing open as a man back-peddles before ALEKSEY and falls to the ground, clutching his throat.

Aleksey flips the kitchen knife from his right hand to his left with a grin.

ALEKSEY
Which one of you poor fools is
Gregori?

Aleksey follows everyone's gaze to hone his sights on Gregori.

ALEKSEY
Seems the Suverov's got a bone to
pick, mate...
(grins)
...and I'll be doin' the pickin'.

One of Gregori's men stands-

GUNMAN
(in Russian, subtitled)
FUCK YOU!

-as he reaches for his gun.

Aleksey snaps back his wrist and a pistol slides out from within his sleeve into his hand.

With guns ablazing, Aleksey and leaps into their midst: cutting down half with the knife, and shooting the other half in close quarters.

Aleksey is a ferocious blur of finely honed talent.

Panicking, Gregori sprints towards he door.

Aleksey drives the knife into one man's chest, fires his last bullet, rips the knife free, and flings it at Gregori...

...the blade sinking into his back, dead before hitting the floor.

Silence.

ALEKSEY
Well, now... looks to me like we're
off to a good start.

Aleksey stuffs his hands into his pockets, whistles softly to himself, and calmly exits the restaurant.

EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT

Ray heads towards the entrance of 'The Pulpit' bar.

INT. THE PULPIT - CONTINUOUS

It's about nine O'clock and the place -once dead- is on the verge of life as people begin to trickle in.

There are a couple of OLDER REGULARS scattered about who nod at Ray in silent greeting, welcoming one of their own.

A lone guitarist sits on the small stage, strumming his ancient instrument with talented grace.

Ray takes a seat at the bar.

JANICE KNOWLES, half-European/half-black, early 30's, attractive, sees Ray from the other side of the bar, pulls out a beer, takes off the cap, and sets it down on a coaster as she sidles up to the bar, pushing it towards Ray.

JANICE
Where you been, Ray?

RAY
(shrugs)
Around.

JANICE
Yeah, well... its good to see you
regardless.

Janice smiles warmly, brushes an errant wisp of curly hair from her face. She leans across the bar and kisses Ray on the cheek. Ray is motionless, moves quickly to take things down a notch.

RAY
How's business?

JANICE
(shrugs)
Could be better, could be worse,
but at the end of the day, as you
say, the head's above water.

RAY
Anything I can do to help?

JANICE
I'll keep this on my shoulders for
the time bein', Ray, but I
appreciate the thought.
(sighs, smiles)
And for all her problems, I love
this place. A lot of people do,
so.... when push comes to shove,
I'll have a horde kickin' and
screamin' alongside a' me to keep
this place open.

Janice moves away to serve another CUSTOMER, and Ray can't help but admire Janice's tenacity. Janice is practically running the whole place by herself.

Janice returns but not before unhooking a small framed photograph from above the register. It's out of the way, and consequently unseen most of the time.

JANICE
Did I ever show you this?

Janice turns the photograph so Ray can see it.

RAY
Yes.

We realize its the same man from Ray's flashback: EDDIE KNOWLES, the man who Ray killed.

JANICE

I wonder if Dad would approve of what I've done with this place. He rarely drank, but when he did, it was here. He referred to it this place as his sanctuary. When it went up for sale, I snagged it.

(tapes her chest)

Keeps dad alive in here, you know?

Ray NODS, but doesn't speak, lost in his own thought.

JANICE

(a beat, then gently)

You look tired, Ray.

RAY

Yeah, well, I'm feelin' it, too.

(sighs)

You know what, I think I'm going to head out.

JANICE

But you just got here. Are you sure?

Ray nods, suddenly weary... distant.

JANICE

Well, good to see you, nonetheless.

RAY

A wet blanket, I know.

(hesitating, then)

Breakfast tomorrow? My treat.

JANICE

No.

(smiles)

You got last time. That tab'll be mine.

RAY

All right.

(nods)

See you at seven.

Janice watches Ray go, suddenly feeling more than a bit tired herself.

INT. A GYM - A POOL - NIGHT

NICHOLAI EGOROV -60s, but in excellent shape- swims back and forth, lap after lap, tireless.

Finally, he emerges at the end of the pool, folding his arms on the ledge, steadying his breath...

...to find a half-dozen of his men, the air thick with gun smoke.

ALEKSEY (O.S.)
Hello, Nicholai.

Nicholai looks over at Aleksey...

...who sits in a seat with a silenced pistol nonchalantly resting upon his knee, the barrel aimed at Nicholai.

NICHOLAI
Who are you?

ALEKSEY
(shrugs)
A trained monkey, but well enough
paid to do the little dance.
(a beat, then)
You started all of this, you know?

NICHOLAI
What do you-

THUMP!

Aleksey fires a single round, killing Nicholai instantly.

His body floats off as Aleksey stands-

ALEKSEY
(mutters)
Cheap bastard.

-and leaves.

EXT. THE STREETS - NIGHT

Ray walks alone, lost in thought.

As he seemingly wanders the endless labyrinth of the sidewalks in Prague, his countenance slowly changes...

...cracking his knuckles, his neck, head rolling about...

...stretching his arms...

...controlling his breathing...

...and as he does so, his pace diminishes...

...until he is completely calm, but far from "at ease".

Ray... is now in character.

EXT. A RUSSIAN BAR - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

INT. A RUSSIAN BAR - THE MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Bobby enters-

INT. A RUSSIAN BAR - THE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

-and stops off at the urinal.

From the ceiling behind him, a silhouette drops down from above without making even the slightest of noises.

A beat...

...and Ray pulls out the RAZOR WIRE from his watch-

-and slings it around Bobby's neck, dragging the horrified man back into a stall.

The wire cuts into his flesh, a circlet of crimson seeping out from behind the wire.

Bobby fights, but to no avail, gasping, kicking...

...slowing... giving in to-

-death.

Ray pulls him up into a sitting position upon the toilet.

He glances around, making sure he's left nothing behind, and pauses...

...to close Bobby's eyes.

With little to no effort, Ray swiftly ascends into the ceiling, disappearing as he slides the ceiling panel back into place.

EXT. A DINER - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

Across the street, ALEKSEY studies a series of pictures...

...each relating to a HALF-DOZEN MEN seated throughout the restaurant.

ALEKSEY
Two at Table Two.

Drops the picture.

ALEKSEY
One at Table Three.

Drops the picture.

ALEKSEY
Four at Table Six.

Drops the picture.

ALEKSEY
Three at Table Eight.

Drops the picture.

ALEKSEY
(mutters)
Two clips. 17 rounds apiece makes
39. 10 men. 3 rounds apiece with
nine slated to miss.
(a beat, then shrugs)
The estimate's sound.

SMASHCUT TO:

INT. A DINER - NIGHT

Aleksey enters-

ALEKSEY
OI!

-and as everyone looks up, snaps back his wrists, two silenced
Glock pistols ejecting into his hands.

He empties both clips...

...taking out all of his targets in a matter of seconds.

Silence as the innocent cower.

ALEKSEY
(to himself)
The left's got three in the clip,
and the right's holdin' onto one in
the chamber.

Aleksey turns and leaves with a wink at the trembling
cashier.

ALEKSEY
Twas a thing of beauty, no?

INT. A RUSSIAN BAR - BATHROOM - NIGHT

A pair of bodyguards part...

...as Mikhail enters; stoic, but hands trembling.

The others take their leave.

Mikhail takes a halted breath...

...and sinks to his knees at the sight of his brother,
weeping.

FADE TO:

EXT. A DINER - ESTABLISHING - DAY

We see Ray and Janice through the window of a homey diner in
downtown.

INT. A DINER - CONTINUOUS

Its the kind of place where the waiters know the regulars,
and Janice is a regular.

CU on the remnants of a breakfast for two. Janice puts down
her fork.

JANICE
Y'know, I haven't had a night out
for as long as I can remember.
Between managing the bar-

RAY
Solo, from what I can tell.

JANICE
If I can handle it, I don't have to
pay for it.

RAY
Good point.

JANICE
Then again, others have dreams, and
for as silly as it may sound, I'm
actually living mine.

RAY
That's good to hear.

JANICE
How about you, Ray?

RAY
What about me?

JANICE
What exactly do you... do?

RAY
(smiles)
I'm a consultant.

JANICE
Oh?

RAY
People come to me with their
problems.

FLASHBACK

Ray fights a man in a kitchen.

They engage in an extensive -and brutal- fight.

It ends with Ray SNAPPING the man's neck.

END FLASHBACK

RAY
And I make their problems go away.

JANICE
You enjoy it?

RAY
(a bit too quickly)
No.

JANICE
Then why do you do it?

RAY
(shrugs)
Because it's all I know, and -sadly-
I'm rather good at it.

JANICE
And it pays well.

Ray lifts his COFFEE CUP.

RAY
(smirks)
And it pays well.

JANICE
You ever thought of a change?

RAY
Sure, but thinkin' don't exactly
make it happen.

JANICE
True.
(smiles)
It's been what... two years?

RAY
You and me? I guess so. Feels
longer, though.

JANICE
It does... and I don't know shit
about you.

RAY
Trust me. There's little worth
knowing.

JANICE
(flirty)
You may live in a box, Ray, but
every box has gotta' lid... and
someday? I'll be takin' a peek.

Janice smiles. We're not sure if she was serious or just
flirting.

RAY
Someday.
(a beat, then)
Maybe.

JANICE
Hell, Ray... that ain't much of a
promise, but I'll take it.

Janice leaves MONEY for the check.

EXT. A PRIVATE CLUB - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. A PRIVATE CLUB - THE BANYA - DAY

The steam is heavy, almost solid.

Aleksey enters, disrobing.

He takes a seat, plucks the bottle of rum from the ice bucket
waiting for him, and pours himself a shot.

He lights two cigarettes, stands...

...and offers one to Mikhail who sits alone with his head down, a half-empty bottle of vodka held loose in his hand.

A beat... and Mikhail accepts the cigarette with a nod.

MIKHAIL

(groans)

Thank you.

Aleksey nods, sits, slams back his shot, and continues to smoke.

ALEKSEY

I had a brother once, too... a lot like yours: level-headed, bright, and cool to the core. The exact opposite a' me, but goddammit... I loved him.

Silence.

MIKHAIL

(a long beat, then)

What happened to him?

ALEKSEY

We both started life in the underbelly; born into the Russian mafia... and we both wanted out. Me, I earned my way out, but he... he was the good kid. He turned state's evidence. Thought it all through, too... save for the mole they had in the DA's office. So my powers that be -at the time- laid out my options.

Aleksey pours himself another shot... and slams it.

ALEKSEY

If I let him testify and disappear into Witness Protection, his extended family -47 documented, including me- would be systematically slaughtered. But if I killed him before the court date, I'd be let free.

MIKHAIL

(a long beat, then)

What'd you do?

FLASHBACK TO

Through a window, we see Aleksey's BROTHER sitting at a small table with a cup of tea between his hands.

The place is crawling with federal agents.

A reflection of light splashes across his face, unnoticed by all but him.

He turns...

...and looks across the way, directly into the scope of Aleksey's rifle.

He smiles, nods, and lowers his head.

Aleksey swallows hard-

ALEKSEY
(softly)
Good bye, brother.

-and pulls the trigger.

END FLASHBACK

ALEKSEY
I earned my way out.

Silence.

ALEKSEY
(motions)
Give me that.

Mikhail tosses Aleksey the bottle of vodka.

ALEKSEY
Little else goes better with sorrow
and grief than vodka.

Aleksey takes a long pull off of the bottle before lowering it, screwing the cap back into place.

ALEKSEY
Am I still on the payroll?

MIKHAIL
Yes.

ALEKSEY
Then what would you have me do?

MIKHAIL
If... if it was just me, left to my
own devices, I'd order you to raze
the city to the ground... and salt
every inch of its the earth...

(MORE)

MIKHAIL (cont'd)
 but Bobby, he... he was the cool
 one, as you say, so, uh...
 (sighs)
 Aleksey?

ALEKSEY
 Yes?

MIKHAIL
 Get dressed.
 (mutters)
 We've an acquisition to make.

EXT. A WAREHOUSE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

INT. A WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

In the center of the room, a man sits bound to a chair, a hood having been placed over his head. Armed men stand nearby as Mikhail enters -with Aleksey straying into the shadows, pacing, watching- and pulls the hood free...

...to reveal LEONARD; his face beaten and bruised, but he is not scared.

MIKHAIL
 Hello, Leonard.

LEONARD
 Hello, Mikhail.

Leonard's eyes find those of Aleksey.

LEONARD
 So that would explain why your
 contract load has been so light.

MIKHAIL
 You know him?

LEONARD
 (nods)
 It's my job.
 (a beat, then)
 He's expensive, but... well worth
 the pay.

Leonard and Aleksey share a nod of mutual respect.

LEONARD
 That said... what am I doing here?
 (growls)
 What is the meaning of this?

MIKHAIL

The meaning of this? The meaning is simple... your man killed my brother.

LEONARD

And what has this to do with me?

MIKHAIL

Everything. Times change, Leo. Under the old guard, you had a safe place out the wilds: taking coin from both parties, the last of the independents, but...

(growls)

...times change.

LEONARD

For some, I'd agree, but for myself, I remain as is...

(glowers)

...and I yield to know man. If you kill me-

MIKHAIL

Now, Leo...

Mikhail snaps his fingers...

MIKHAIL

...why would I just up and kill you?

...and a pair of his men push a small, stainless steel cart towards Leonard. It is full of knives, tools, blades, hammers, awls... there is even a car battery underneath with jumper cables.

MIKHAIL

When I can transfer a bit of the pain your man has caused me...

Mikhail grabs a knife, studying it with a smile.

MIKHAIL

...to you.

LEONARD

(a beat, then)

My clientele will not be amused by this infraction.

MIKHAIL

Your clientele is now my clientele, Leo, because at the end of the day, I'll be the only one left payin', now...

(MORE)

MIKHAIL (cont'd)
(growls)
...who killed my brother?

Silence.

MIKHAIL
Your silence is commendable -I'll
grant you that- but be forewarned:
if I am unable to extract my
vengeance through him...

Mikhail places to blade to Leonard's cheek, the tip hovering
a half-inch from his eye.

MIKHAIL
...I will do so through you.

FADE TO:

EXT. RUSSIAN SUPPER CLUB - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

The club is a gaudy interpretation of old world elegance.

INT. RUSSIAN SUPPER CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Exhausted -skin pale, eyes sunken- Mikhail stands at the bar
with his head hovering over his empty glass.

BARTENDER
Would you like another, sir?

MIKHAIL
(nods, sighs)
Please.

EXT. RUSSIAN SUPPER CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Outside the Russian Supper Club, Ray cases the area one last
time, black backpack on his shoulder.

The club is located on a mixed residential/commercial block.

Ray crosses the street to an apartment building on the
opposite side.

INT./EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Ray picks the lock of the door, enters the building.

INSIDE THE APARTMENT BUILDING

Satisfied, he pulls back the fiber-optic camera from inside the apartment, stuffing it into his bag.

Ray expertly picks the lock in a matter of seconds, opening the door with a satisfying click.

He plants an eye-ball camera outside the door before entering, and closing the door softly behind him.

A MOTION SENSOR turns on the lights automatically when Ray walks through the door, ILLUMINATING the surroundings. Ray is surprised, but moves quickly to disarm the system. He cases the entire apartment to be sure he's alone.

Ray tunes the presets on the IPHONE --

-- Ray can see video footage from the cameras we saw him place in the building. We can still hear the music from upstairs, but it's muffled.

Ray pulls out rifle parts from the bag, expertly start to assemble them.

EXT. RUSSIAN SUPPER CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Through the window, we see Mikhail take a seat... alone.

INT. APARTMENT 6F - CONTINUOUS

Ray loads a clip into his SV-99, admiring it, feeling the heft of it.

He gets into position in the window, lines up a shot.

THROUGH RAY'S SCOPE

Ray sees people gathered outside the club. The CROSS HAIRS move, searching for something.

Ray sees Mikhail sitting at window booth, scanning the menu.

Ray takes a breath-

-as Mikhail turns with a smile, reaching down-

-Ray's finger tightening against the trigger-

-Mikhail swivels back into view-

-as his arms hold up his TWO YEAR OLD DAUGHTER.

SMASH TO FLASHBACK

Janice face staring at Ray between the sights of his pistol.

SMASH BACK TO SCENE

RAY FIRES...

...but manages to shift his weight at the last moment, the shot going wide.

EXT. RUSSIAN SUPPER CLUB - CONTINUOUS

The window SHATTERS with a deafening boom.

Mikhail dives to the floor, dragging his wife down with him, shielding their daughter from harm.

INT. APARTMENT 6F - CONTINUOUS

Ray lies still, hands trembling.

A long beat...

...as he starts to dismantle the rifle...

...when he hears a RUSTLING at the door.

Ray glances at his Iphone...

...all of the feeds have gone dead; Ray is flying blind.

The front door opens, and the occupants -a YOUNG COUPLE- enter, but the automatic light system doesn't come on.

MAN

What the...babe, the stupid sensor is on the fritz again.

WOMAN

Sometimes...
(flicking switch back to ON)
...it just takes a woman's touch.

The room ILLUMINATES...

...but Ray is nowhere to be seen.

WOMAN

(smiles)
Presto!

The man closes the door behind him. They both pull off their coats, put keys on the table.

MAN

I'm beat. Want to turn in?

WOMAN

Uh-huh. Honey, you forgot to close
the door.

MAN

No, I didn't...

The man turns back...

...to find the door standing WIDE OPEN.

MAN

(mutters)

...that's a helluva' thing...

He closes the door.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ray goes to where he placed the last eye-ball camera...

...but it is nowhere to be seen.

Ray's pistol is immediately in hand, moving slowly, side-
stepping, searching the darkness.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

The other eye-ball cameras are missing as well.

Suddenly, the shadows behind him seem to move with
unimaginable speed...

...as ALEKSEY emerges, slaps aside the pistol, effortlessly
lifts Ray, and-

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

-hurls him through the stairwell window where he plummets
within a cloud of glass down six stories...

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

...where he lands on a stack of wood pallets, the force of
his body shattering them to splinters beneath him.

He rolls onto his back, gasping for breath, hands to his
ribs, and disappears into the shadows.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

From his vantage point, all Aleksey can see is darkness down below.

Aleksey produces two grenades, pulls the pins, and lets the the safety levers spin off into the air.

ALEKSEY
And boom...

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

One of the safety levers hits Ray in the chest, another bouncing to a rest nearby.

He recognizes what they are...

...and drives his feet into a basement window, cracking it.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Aleksey drops the grenade...

ALEKSEY
(smirks)
...goes the dynamite.

...along with the eye-ball cameras before turning and disappearing into the shadows.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Ray drives his feet through the window and spins...

...as the two grenades -and multiple cameras- clatter to the ground around him.

Ray reaches through the window and -with all of his strength-

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

-pulls himself into the basement, falling eight feet onto a folding table-

-as the grenades EXPLODE, a voracious flume of flame leaping into the room.

A beat...

...and Ray pulls himself to a pair of unsteady feet.

EXT. A GAS STATION - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

INT. A GAS STATION - LATER

Exhausted, Ray enters, nods at the attendant who doesn't look up from his magazine, grabs a couple of items, and heads into-

INT. A GAS STATION - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

-where he tends to his wounds like a field medic: removing a bullet from his side, a piece of shrapnel, cleaning the wounds, and sewing them shut.

He pulls his shirt back on, and stares at himself in the mirror.

RAY
(whispers)
Otherwise.

EXT. THE PULPIT - ESTABLISHING - AFTERNOON

INT. THE PULPIT - CONTINUOUS

Ray enters...

...greeting the regulars with a nod, all of whom give him a once over: he still looks like hell.

At the bar, Janice yawns, wiping her eyes, but smiles at the sight of Ray who sinks into a chair across from her.

JANICE
Evenin', R-
(a beat, then)
What the hell happened to you?

RAY
I fell off a building.

JANICE
What? Really?

RAY
(smiles)
Bike ride. Tight turn. Poor
brakes.

JANICE
Bullshit... but I'll let it pass.
What'll you have?

RAY
McCallan 18.

JANICE
That's a bit out of the ordinary.
We drinkin' rich on account of
feast or famine?

RAY
Famine.
(a beat, then)
I'm heading outta' town for a bit.

JANICE
(taken aback)
A bit?

RAY
(nods)
Yeah.

JANICE
And how long's a bit?

Ray doesn't answer.

Janice produces the bottle, eyes betraying everything.

RAY
Two glasses... if you'd care to
join me.

JANICE
Usually, I'd say, no, but, hell...

Janice selects the bottle and two glasses.

JANICE
...it's you, Ray.

She pours two shots. They clink glasses and...

...sip... savoring it.

JANICE
Damn... that's good.
(a beat, then)
You will be comin' back... right?

RAY
(smiles)
Of course.
(shrugs)

EXT. THE CITY - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Night falls.

INT. THE PULPIT - LATER

The bottle is now more than half-empty.

It is clear that Ray and Janice have been drinking a while.

RAY
Come on. Let's get you home.

Janice does a long pour into her glass.

JANICE
(grinning)
But... there's some left.

Janice pours a shorter one into Ray's, finishing off the bottle.

JANICE
Y'know, Ray... I wish you coulda'
met my dad. You remind me of him.

RAY
(uncomfortable)
Oh?

JANICE
He was strong... he was...
strong...
(fading)

Janice drinks up, finishes off the glass. Ray does too, puts down the glass. Janice takes both of the glasses and puts them away behind the bar.

JANICE
Take me home, Ray.

RAY
Ok.

JANICE
To your home.

RAY
(hesitates, then)
Ok.

INT./EXT. RAY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Ray opens the door and lets Janice in, closing it behind him.

INT. RAY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ray gets to the door of his 'upper apartment.' He pulls out the ring of KEYS, starts to open the locks in the right combination.

JANICE
(re: locks)
Whatcha' doing with those?

RAY
Just superstitious.

JANICE
Oh. Ok.

In her state, Janice buys Ray's explanation of the locks.

INT. RAY'S SECOND FLOOR APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Janice looks around, looks somewhat surprised. Absolutely nothing out of the ordinary, but not what she thought Ray's apartment would look like.

JANICE
The bathroom?

RAY
What about it?

JANICE
I need to use it.

RAY
Oh. Right over there.

Ray points her to the bathroom.

JANICE
Thanks.

Janice drops her shoulder bag on one of the couches, goes to the bathroom. Ray uses the opportunity to cover up the hatch that leads to the lower apartment.

Janice suddenly emerges from the bathroom just as he finishes up and leans against the doorway, smiling seductively at a suddenly uncomfortable Ray.

JANICE
So... what now?

RAY
What do you mean, what now?

Janice slowly strides towards him, smiling.

JANICE
It's been two years, Ray... you
know there's a connection here...
an attraction.

Janice moves in to kiss him, but Ray pulls away.

RAY
Janice, I can't.

Janice is hurt.

JANICE
(confused)
But... why?

RAY
Because... it's complica-

PUSH IN on the locks. They begin to RATTLE.

Ray looks at the door, sees one of the mechanisms turning
from the outside.

Ray's ALARM SYSTEM gets triggered.

A BUZZER SOUNDS.

A RED FLASHER goes off inside the apartment.

JANICE
Ray? what's going on?

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR

A half-dozen, heavily-armed masked men.

The HEAD GOON hears the BUZZER from inside the apartment. His
man is still attempting to pick the locks.

HEAD GOON
(snarls)
Bust it on open.

INSIDE THE UPPER APARTMENT

The RATTLING stops.

JANICE
Ray, what's happening...?

Instinctively, Ray grabs hold of Janice just as-

-TWO SHOTGUN BLASTS rip through the door, turning it into Swiss cheese.

Janice's mouth is open, but no sound comes out as Ray pushes/throws her up, and over the couch for cover, just as Suverov's men kick in what remains of the door. Guessing, they start FIRING in a moving pass across the wall.

Ray runs just a step ahead of the bullets which hit the wall behind him. Diving, he does a tuck, and roll behind the other couch.

Ray pulls out the small pistol. This is all he has on him at the moment.

Several SHOTS from the attackers take out much of the room's lighting. The RED FLASHER casts the room in a red hue, making the scene almost surreal. The Head Goon sees the BUZZER, shoots it silent.

Another shot hits the couch, missing Janice, but sends a flurry of fabric, and feathers everywhere. Ray returns fire, hitting one of the attackers in the leg. He cries out, goes down. This buys Ray the time to get across the room to Janice.

Ray shoots off a couple rounds of suppressive fire, checks the clip. Shit! Running low --

-- and the hatch is out in the open. The only way out!

RAY
Do you know how to use a gun?

JANICE
What???

Ray gives her the gun, presses it into her hand.

RAY
POINT! SHOOT!

Another shot hits the couch. More feathers, and debris. Ray shoots another blind round.

RAY
NOW!

Ray gets up, hurtles towards the hatch. Janice does as she was instructed, shooting off the last remaining rounds.

Amid more feathers, and noise, Ray manages to get to the hatch unscathed, opens it, scrambles down. Once inside, unhooks a GUN attached to the underside of the trap door.

Janice looks on, terrified.

JANICE
Oh, shit!

Ray pops his head out of the hatch.

RAY
Come on!

Janice closes her eyes, takes a big breath, runs for the hatch as Ray shoots off a few protective rounds.

She flies through the hatch head first into-

INT. RAY'S FIRST FLOOR APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ray manages to catch her on the way down with his arm, slowing her fall, but can't hold her. She hits the ground with a soft thud, gasping.

A barrage of gunshots just miss Ray, bringing him back to reality. He returns fire, hitting another man, knocking him back from the hatch. Ray closes the hatch, locks it from inside.

Ray checks on Janice as he slides down the stairs. She's stunned, but okay. She rubs her head, starts to take in these new surroundings.

JANICE
(stunned, muttering)
Who are you? Batman?

On the monitors, the attackers upstairs regroup, try to open up the hatch.

RAY
I'll answer your questions later
but right now, we've got to get out
of here.

He moves quickly in his lower apartment, starts to pack. He goes to his stash, opens the cabinet, and starts selecting the appropriate gear, handing Janice a bulletproof vest.

RAY
Put this on.

Ray opens the floor safe, and we see bundles of cold, hard CASH....and the briefcase from the last job. Retirement. Ray tosses it all into a duffle bag.

Ray tosses a gun to Janice. She fumbles it, but hangs onto it.

RAY
Still know how to use this?

Janice holds the gun awkwardly. Ray gives her another lesson.

RAY
This is the *safety*...

He clicks it 'off.'

RAY
Now, you point it and you shoot it.
At them. Not me. Got it?

JANICE
(nods)
Got it.

INT. RAY'S SECOND FLOOR APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The attackers hammer away at the hatch.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. RAY'S FIRST FLOOR APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ray's surveillance monitor.

Ray and Janice see what is going on from the monitor. Ray pumps the shotgun, points at the ceiling --

-- BOOM! BOOM! The noise is deafening. Ray unloads a couple of rounds. Janice recoils in fright.

INT. RAY'S SECOND FLOOR APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

One of the attackers is hit by Ray's shots that come up from the floor, his head sheared in half.

The other attackers move away from the hatch, and start firing into the floor.

INT. RAY'S FIRST FLOOR APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Bullets and debris rain down from the ceiling. Ray, and Janice search for safe haven within the apartment. Ray discards the now empty shotgun.

INT. RAY'S SECOND FLOOR APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The Head Goon moves towards the doorway, pulls up his mask revealing his face, tells a couple of the attackers to go downstairs.

HEAD GOON
Downstairs! Corner them off!

A couple of the men break off, do as they are told.

INT. RAY'S FIRST FLOOR APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ray gets his things together. No rhyme or reason. We see him collect a variety of objects.

Janice is still in shock, scared out of her wits, but --

-- she sees Ray pick up the BLOODSTAINED BIBLE and toss it into the duffle. Time and motion SLOW for Janice, her face drops, as if realizing something.

INT. THE SECOND FLOOR - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The attackers run down the hallway towards the stairwell.

INT. RAY'S FIRST FLOOR APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ray finishes packing up his things.

RAY
Come on. Time to go.

Janice says nothing, almost catatonic. Ray doesn't make anything else out of it given their situation, shakes her and she seems to 'wake' out of it a little.

RAY
Come on, we've got to go!

Ray looks at the surveillance monitors one more time.

INT. RAY'S SECOND FLOOR APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A couple of attackers continue to work on the hatch, seconds away from cracking it open.

INT. RAY'S FIRST FLOOR APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Ray rocks the stove, moves it away from the wall-

-exposing the GAS LINE.

He rips it out of the wall, the escaping gas making a high-pitched HISSING sound.

Ray proceeds to the sealed front door of the apartment where Janice is pulling on the door knob fruitlessly.

Ray moves her aside, starts to vigorously break the kick plate with his boot. After a few hard kicks, it breaks. Ray slides through the door with his duffle, just as-

INT. RAY'S SECOND FLOOR APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The attackers finally break through the hatch.

INT. RAY'S FIRST FLOOR APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ray starts to pull Janice out of the apartment.

RAY

Follow me.

She takes Ray's hand, while gripping the gun that Ray gave her.

The attackers from the upper apartment start shooting from the hatch opening.

WHIP PAN over to the stove where the GAS LINE is wide open.

HEAR the metallic sound of Zippo lighter being STRUCK.

Ray flicks the ignited Zippo into the apartment. TRACK --

-- with the Zippo as it soars in the air across the room. The gas ignites as Ray pulls Janice through the bottom of the door.

The flame trail returns to the gas line, IGNITES. There is a brief pause as the air BURSTS INTO FLAMES.

A huge fireball engulfs the apartment and works its way up to the attackers at the hatch who were caught off guard-

INT. RAY'S SECOND FLOOR APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

-now consumed by flame.

EXT. RAY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A pair of windows explode with a blast...

...as down below, casually eating an apple beneath a street lamp, ALEKSEY glances up towards it.

ALEKSEY
(chuckles)
Amateurs.

He turns, tosses the core aside, stuffs his hands into his pockets, and walks away.

INT. THE FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lots of smoke everywhere. The buildings SPRINKLERS have turned on.

A couple of attackers emerge from the end of the hallway, and -upon spotting Ray and Janice through the dissipating smoke- start shooting.

Ray fires into them, sprinting, until his pistol empties.

He finishes them off with a flurry of punches and kicks, ending with the mind-numbing snap of the Head Goon's neck...

...all while Janice watches, horrified.

Ray grabs Janice's hand-

RAY
Come on!

-as they run towards --

THE DROPDOWN FIRE ESCAPE

At the other end of the hallway.

Ray puts down his duffle, reaches for the bottom rail to bring it down.

JANICE (O.C.)
Open the bag, Ray.

Ray looks behind him, sees Janice brandishing the gun at him. Janice is shaking, but looks more confident with the gun than ever before.

JANICE
OPEN THE BAG!

RAY
Janice, we don't have-

Janice drives the barrel of the gun to the side of his head, locking eyes with him.

JANICE
I saw the book, Ray.

Ray looks away as tears start to well up in Janice's eyes.

JANICE
I saw the book.

Ray cautiously proceeds to open the duffle bag. The Bible sits on top of everything else, the money, and a few leftover weapons. He could easily take one of the guns and shoot her, disarming her, but he doesn't.

Ray pulls out the bloodstained bible, holds it out for Janice. She takes it from him, more tears streaming down her face, and lets out an anguished cry.

RAY
Jan, I-

Janice screams and SHOOTS RAY in the arm.

Ray gets knocked back some. Its only a flesh wound, but it hurts like hell. Janice is even surprised she did it.

JANICE
Did you kill him?

Ray looks at Janice, unsure of what to say.

RAY
Janice.

JANICE
Did you kill my father?!?

RAY
Yes.
(a long beat, then)
I did.

We start to hear SIRENS in the background.

JANICE
Why?

A beat... and Ray looks into her eyes as she sees him for the first as who he really is.

RAY
Because he was a terrible man.
(a beat, then)
And I was paid to do it.

JANICE
(softly, confused)
What?

Ray silently lowers the fire escape.

RAY
Get out of here.
(motioning)
Go.

Janice pulls back the hammer of the weapon.

JANICE
You think I can't do it?

RAY
No, I know you can... but if you
did, you'd become like me, and I'd
never forgive mys-.

Janice SHOOTs off another round just over his head.

Ray doesn't flinch.

JANICE
Why'd you find me?

RAY
I don't know.

Janice drops the gun on the floor, but holds onto the bible, moves toward Ray who moves aside.

RAY
Janice, I...
(a beat, then)
I'm sorry. And good bye.

Janice starts to silently descend the fire escape, but keeps her eyes on Ray as long as she can.

When she gets to the bottom, she looks up --

-- but Ray is gone.

As the approaching sirens grow louder, Janice stumbles off into the night: hurt, confused, and alone.

EXT. A LOFT BUILDING - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

A posh retrofit.

EXT. A LOFT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

A MAN drops a quarter into a pay phone, and dials a number.

INT. A BAR - CONTINUOUS

At a corner booth, Demyan sits alone, studying a ledger as he sips his drink.

DEMYAN

Demyan.

MAN (O.S.)

(a beat, then)
We've found him.

DEMYAN

Who?

MAN (O.S.)

Mikhail's new man.

DEMYAN

(sighs)
Then kill him.

Demyan hangs up on him.

INT. A LOFT - NIGHT

Classical music plays... loud.

Wearing a t-shirt and jeans, Aleksey ambles through large, open space: a roast beef and swiss in one hand, and a bottle of wine in the other.

He is being followed by Rocky to whom small bits of roast beef are tossed.

Aleksey yawns...

...and leans against the wall of glass, staring out at the city.

A beat... and he pulls back.

EXT. THE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

SIX HEAVILY ARMED GUNMEN stand outside his door, joined by a SEVENTH who slips his mask down over his face, giving a thumbs up.

GUNMAN #1

(mutters)
We ready?

GUNMAN #2

Shit. I mean, yeah. I mean...
this is... Him, y'know.

GUNMAN #1
 (growls)
 Everyone bleeds.

INT. A LOFT - CONTINUOUS

Aleksey picks up Rocky...

ALEKSEY
 Y'know... some call it a sixth
 sense...

...and heads into the kitchen...

ALEKSEY
 ...or intuition or gut instinct -
 sorry about this-

...and places Rocky in the fridge, closing the door on him as
 he whimpers.

ALEKSEY
 -but in reality, its the little
 things like-
 (motioning)
 -terrible ventilation-

Aleksey grabs his two pistol from the table, and grins,
 facing the door.

ALEKSEY
 -and the smell of gun oil.

INT. THE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The lead gunman tenses and-

GUNMAN #1
 NOW!

-kicks in the door-

INT. A LOFT - CONTINUOUS

-only to have Aleksey empty his pistols into their midst,
 each dead before they hit the floor.

Aleksey tosses aside his pistol, grabs the bottle of wine-

ALEKSEY
 (mutters)
 Amateurs.

-and heads into the kitchen, removing Rocky from the fridge.

ALEKSEY
 Sorry about that, buddy, but if an
 errant round had nipped ya'-

Aleksey feeds him a large piece of roast beef.

ALEKSEY
 (smiles)
 -that'd a' been the death a' me.

EXT. THE STREET - LATER

Ray walks down the streets, carrying the duffle bag.

IN RAPID SUCCESSION

We see Ray at his different storage lockers around the city.

In each case, Ray uses his RING OF KEYS to open a locker.
 Removes a small wrapped package from it, and deposits it into
 his duffle bag.

INT. A BOWLING ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

We hear the muted sounds of a bowling alley as Ray enters the
 building carrying the duffle.

Ray walks to the bowling shoe lockers, opens a locker. A pair
 of unworn MULTI-COLORED SHOES stares back at him, moves it
 aside to reveal another package. He opens it, and inside --

-- is nothing but GREEN. Ray deposits the package in the
 duffle bag, reaches into the locker, finds another GUN and
 some ammunition. Puts it back, replaces the bowling shoes,
 and closes the locker.

Ray walks by the bar setup in the back towards a back door.
 Ray focuses on an ILLUMINATED EXIT SIGN past the lanes, but
 something else catches his eye.

ON A BIGSCREEN TV OVER THE BAR

The nightly newscast is on.

We see aftermath footage of the events that took place at
 Ray's apartment building.

INT. LEONARD'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Leonard watches the same newscast in his apartment. His face
 reveals nothing.

BACK IN THE BOWLING ALLEY

Ray moves towards the exit, and slinging the duffle over his shoulder --

-- Ray stops, winces in pain. Puts the duffle on the floor, and touches his shoulder. A reminder.

IN THE BACK OF THE BOWLING ALLEY

Ray goes to a PHONE BOOTH near the toilets. The hallway is empty except for the WHITE TRASH using the phone. Ray crowds the phone, implying that he needs to use it. WHITE TRASH turns his back on him.

Ray taps WHITE TRASH on his shoulder, and WHITE TRASH pulls up his shirt to reveal a small gun tucked in his waistband.

WHITE TRASH
Piss off, douche! Go find yourself
another fu-

Lightening fast, Ray pulls the gun from the man's waistband, and SLAMS it against the side of his head, knocking him unconscious.

Ray tucks the pistol in the back of his pants and grabs the receiver, dialing a number.

A WOMAN passes Ray on the way to the bathroom.

RAY
(on her look)
Don't worry. I'm callin' this
drunk douche-bag a cab.

Ray smiles wide, and the woman buys it, goes to the ladies' room.

Ray begins to dial a call. The phone keeps ringing. Ray slams the phone down. Gets his change back in the return slot. Re-inserts it to make another call.

INT. JANICE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The lights are on, but no one appears to be home. Nice. Feminine. The phone RINGS, and the camera PANS past framed photographs of Janice and her family towards the source of the ringing.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Ray hangs up the phone, dials another number.

INT. THE PULPIT - CONTINUOUS

Inside the bar, the lights are on. Everything is as we left it earlier.

An old-school style telephone RINGS --

-- Its picked up, but the hand is not Janice's.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Ray listens intently, but there is nothing but silence.

RAY
(into phone)
Hello?

LEONARD (O.S.)
Hello, Ray.

The air turns to ice.

RAY
(a beat, then)
Leo? What's going on?

LEONARD (O.S.)
An unfortunate turn of events, Ray.

RAY
The girl. She's got nothing to do with this.

LEONARD (O.S.)
I know... but...
(sighs)
Leverage is leverage, kid.

RAY
What do you want from me?

LEONARD (O.S.)
(a long beat, then)
Come down here and see.

The line goes DEAD, leaving Ray to stare at the handset, lost in thought.

EXT. THE PULPIT - LATER

Ray walks the street opposite the bar. He's not carrying the duffle anymore.

Everything looks normal, except at this time of night the bar would be closed, the protective steel shutters would be down.

INT./EXT. THE PULPIT - CONTINUOUS

Ray enters the bar cautiously, knows this is a trap. The door is unlocked. Janice's bag on the counter, but the contents have been spilled out, including the Bible.

As Ray enters, he puts the White Trash's gun down in the alcove.

RAY
Where is she?

Accompanied by a half-dozen RUSSIAN THUGS, Leonard emerges from the back area.

The Russians train their guns on Ray.

RAY
Oh.
(sighs)
Right.

Unbeknownst to Ray, another pair of thugs approach from behind, their pistols trained on him, hammer back, moving silently.

LEONARD
Hello, Ray.

RAY
Hello, Leonard.

LEONARD
Well... I suppose this would be our
"otherwise" don't you think?

RAY
Looks like it.

Leonard raises his own pistol, offering a small/slight smile.

LEONARD
I'm sorry about this, kid.

RAY
I know you are.

BOOM! BOOM!

Leonard fires twice, killing the one man and mortally wounding another behind Ray.

One of the thugs disarms and shoots Leonard while the other focus their weapons upon Ray...

...who grabs the wounded man behind him, using him as a human shield, reaching for White Trash's gun.

Human shield is hit with more fire. Ray fires back.

BOOM! BOOM!

A couple of thugs go down.

Ray fires back. BOOM! BOOM!

Another thug is down. Ray's doing pretty good until his gun empties and a-

-MASSIVE GOON comes out of nowhere, CLOTHES-LINING him -hard- to the floor.

PUSH IN on RAY. Blood appears in the corner of his mouth. He's breathing, but only just. Ray labors --

-- to reach a gun that is just out of arm's reach.

All the other men are dead already.

Stading over him, the goon grins, raises his gun-

-and pulls the trigger.

INSIDE THE GUN -- MECHANISMS MOVING SLOWLY.

Ray brushes aside the gun with his left hand, fingers constricting tight as the weapon discharges, the bullet tearing through his forearm.

With an angry/pained cry, Ray pulls the goon down towards him, uses his WRIST ACTIVATED SWITCHBLADE, and stabs the Goon a number of times...

...until the Goon drops to his knees -eyes wide- and falls face first to the floor, dead.

Silence.

Clutching his wounded arm, Ray pulls himself up to his feet...

...and limps over to where Leonard lies; his complexion fading, breathing laboured.

RAY
Thanks, old man.

Ray drops to his knees with head down, suddenly exhausted.

LEONARD
...figured I owed ya'...
(a beat, then)
They're at the club, Ray.
(a long beat, then)
Y'know what?
(MORE)

LEONARD (cont'd)
 (chuckles)
 I hadn't shot a man in thirty...
 years...
 (trailing off)

Leonard dies...

...as Ray stays beside him for a bit.

EXT. A PRIVATE CLUB - NIGHT

Lights are visible from the outside, but the upscale facility is closed for the night.

However, someone inside is burning the midnight oil.

INT. A PRIVATE CLUB- SUVEROV'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Janice is tied up in the corner of Suverov's office an upper floor of the building --

-- notice that her nose bleeds from being hit.

Mikhail emerges behind her, puts his hands on Janice's shoulders.

She squirms.

JANICE
 (half-conscious)
 ...don't... touch... me...

Mikhail laughs, running his hands through her hair.

MIKHAIL
 Once I'm done with you? You won't
 be feelin' a thing...

Mikhail leaves, locking the door behind him. Janice is alone.
 FOCUS on Janice hands --

-- a little raw and red, she tries to free herself.

EXT. A PRIVATE CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Ray skulks around the front, sees the front is closed and guarded by SENTRIES. Ray dismisses an assault on the front entrance for now, checks his watch.

EXT. A PRIVATE CLUB - THE BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

A SUVEROV SOLDIER hears a NOISE, goes to check it out --

-- There is nothing but a DUMPSTER to be seen. Soldier decides to check it out anyway. He approaches it, looks behind it, firearm at the ready. Nothing. He turns back --

-- and suddenly Ray's behind him, emerging silently from *inside* the dumpster. He uses the WIRE CHOKER from his watch to silently strangle the man, pulls him up, and into the dumpster. Closes the lid. No one hears a thing. Ray takes the man's RADIO RECEIVER, listens to the chatter.

EXT. A PRIVATE CLUB - THE PARKING LOT - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

A collection of LUXURY CARS and SUVs are out back, as are more SUVEROV SOLDIERS. There are only two ways in and both heavily protected.

EXT. A PRIVATE CLUB - THE PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

A Mikhail soldier lights a cigarette --

EXT. A PRIVATE CLUB - AN ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

--Ray aims his silenced pistol at the cars--

EXT. A PRIVATE CLUB - THE PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

-- and we hear the faintest sounds - PHUT! PHUT! PHUT! - a half dozen times.

Unsure of what he has hear, the soldier looks up...

...as the alarms of a dozen cars blare to life-

EXT. A PRIVATE CLUB - THE BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

-as Ray shoots a round into the sides of each.

EXT. A PRIVATE CLUB - THE FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The guards hear the commotion out back, move to see what is going on.

EXT. A PRIVATE CLUB - THE BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

A beat...

...and Ray casually strides out from behind the dumpster...

...and guns them all down before simply striding into the building.

EXT. A PRIVATE CLUB - FRONT - CONTINUOUS

Ray runs down the front of the building, goes in the front door with out any trouble.

INT. A PRIVATE CLUB - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The club is deserted, but some lights are on. Ray walks through the bottom floor of the club until the scene is strafed by fire. Fine crockery and glassware is destroyed.

Ray turns over a table, uses it as a SHIELD. Ray takes out a couple, but is pinned down, cornered by fire.

Ray, all motion, all forward, picks up the table, runs with it *towards* his attackers, firing AROUND THE TABLE --

-- takes out all of these except one as his gun jams

RAY
(mutters)
...cheap piece a' Russian shit...

Ray hurls it into the last man's face, drawing blood, as the two engage one another in hand-to-hand combat: fierce and feral, each landing their punches... at first.

The Russian is good, but no match for Ray. After a few moments, the Russian is faltering, punch drunk.

-- Ray's boot comes down like a sledgehammer, out of nowhere.

SNAP!

The guy's arm shatters.

As he holds it to his chest, choking on a scream, Ray finishes him off with a roundhouse kick.

INT. A PRIVATE CLUB - SUVEROV'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mikhail continues to get in touch with his men, but there's just COMMOTION on the radio. He changes channels, hoping for a different result.

Nothing.

Mikhail hurls it aside with a roar of fury.

MIKHAIL
 (in Russian, subtitled)
 SHIT!

Mikhail grabs his pistol and motions towards his men.

MIKHAIL
 (in Russian, subtitled)
 GET DOWN THERE!

SUVEROV SOLDIER
 (in Russian, subtitled)
 Who boss?

MIKHAIL
Everyone!

INT. A PRIVATE CLUB - THE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mikhail's men pour out into the hallway.

INT. A PRIVATE CLUB - SUVEROV'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Janice struggles against her restraints.

JANICE
 He's gonna' kill you y'know...
 (almost to herself)
 ...and then I'm gonna' kill that
 son of a b-

Mikhail snaps, hits Janice across the face, knocking her out cold.

Mikhail is losing it.

MIKHAIL
 (in Russian, subtitled)
 SHUT UP! SHUT THE FUCK UP!

INT. A PRIVATE CLUB - THE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Ray ducks into the kitchen, is surprised to see some workers still in there, some DISHWASHERS, and TWO BIG, ANGRY LOOKING RUSSIAN COOKS.

RAY
 Walk away.

One of the cooks attacks from behind, puts Ray into a big, Russian "bear hug," forcing Ray to drop his weapons, as the other cook comes at Ray with a long BUTCHERS KNIFE.

Ray kicks off the wall, somersaults behind the first cook, and the second one skewers the first with the knife. The second cook slashes wildly, slicing Ray in the shoulder. Ray looks at the wound, looks at the cook.

Ray picks up a SKILLET and uses it to fend off the cook's assault --

-- CLANG! CLANG! As the knife hits only metal.

Ray eventually gets the upper-hand and uses a backhand with the skillet to KNOCKOUT the second cook.

Ray leaves the kitchen.

INT. A PRIVATE CLUB - STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Ray walks quickly up the stairs to the next level. A couple of soldiers appear at the landing. Bullets strafe the stairwell, but Ray takes them out --

-- they tumble down the stairs.

INT. A PRIVATE CLUB - SECOND FLOOR LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Ray finds himself pinned down by gunfire from Suverov's men.

He waits, listening...

...until he hears the click of hammers upon empty chambers: they are out of ammunition.

INT. A PRIVATE CLUB - STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

As they swiftly reload, Ray calmly walks through the thin wall of acrid gunsmoke, and takes each man down with a round apiece.

INT. A PRIVATE CLUB - SUVEROV'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mikhail and a couple of remaining soldiers hear the CRIES of men fighting outside.

Silence.

MIKHAIL

(re: door)
Aim there!

Beat.

MIKHAIL

Fire!

The door is shredded to pieces by automatic gunfire.
Soldiers expend every last round of ammunition.
Everything goes quiet.

MIKHAIL

Have a look outside.

INT. A PRIVATE CLUB - ONE FLOOR ABOVE - CONTINUOUS

A FIRE HOSE...

...rapidly UNSPOOLS from its holder.

INT. A PRIVATE CLUB - SUVEROV'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

One of the men cautiously opens the door, gun at the ready --
-- just as a BODY tethered to the FIRE HOSE comes crashing
through the window, showering them with a wall of broken
glass --

-- Ray drops in, right behind, opening fire, taking a bullet
to the leg. He goes down, but rolls on the ground, takes out
the remaining shooters, continues rolling behind Suverov's
desk for cover --

-- while Mikhail takes cover behind Janice, still tied up in
the chair.

Mikhail puts his gun to Janice's temple.

MIKHAIL

A life for a life.

RAY

She's not in play.

MIKHAIL

But you are. You killed my
brother. It's only fair that you
balance out the scale.

Mikhail jams the gun harder into Janice's temple. She
squirms, grits her teeth, and closes her eyes.

MIKHAIL

Put the gun down, or I kill her
right now.

Janice opens her eyes, sees Ray lowering the gun. Even though she's still mad at him, she knows they're both dead if he puts the gun down.

Ray drops his pistol.

RAY
We had a deal.

MIKHAIL
Yes.
(smiles)
We did.

ECU on Suverov's finger as it squeezes the trigger --

-- but Janice has managed to free one of her hands, knocks Suverov's gun off target, but a shot still goes off.

Ray sprints towards him, leaps, and lands a kick to his chest, breaking his ribs and sending him back to slam into the wall, drywall crumpling before him.

Half-conscious, he tries to stand, but instead pukes...

...as he wrenches a second side-arm from within his jacket, arm extended-

-as Ray grabs his wrist, snaps it -bone protruding- turning the pistol's barrel to aim at Mikhail's face and-

-BOOM!-

-Mikhail crumples to the floor... dead.

Silence.

Ray unties Janice.

The two share an awkward, but strangely caring, moment.

RAY
Are you ok?

JANICE
No.

RAY
(smiles)
Come on.

Janice follows after Ray as they head downstairs.

INT. A PRIVATE CLUB - THE LOBBY - NIGHT

Janice and Ray walk through the sea of bodies, looking to exit through-

INT. A PRIVATE CLUB - THE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

-but as they approach the door-

-Aleksey appears, standing before them with a grin, a silenced MP5 held steady upon them.

Silence...

...and Aleksey tosses aside the weapon, motioning towards the door.

ALEKSEY
(motions)
She can go.

RAY
(a beat, then)
Get out of here.

JANICE
What about you?

RAY
What about me?

Janice nods and heads for the door. She pauses, looking back.

JANICE
Thanks, Ray.

Aleksey holds the door for Janice as Ray watches her leave.

Aleksey and Ray size each other up, circling.

ALEKSEY
I threw you out a window.

RAY
I bounce.

ALEKSEY
And the grenades?

RAY
I...
(chuckles)
...luck.

Ray snaps back his wrist, his stiletto in hand.

ALEKSEY
 (amused)
 Just who the hell do you think you
 are?

RAY
 (thinking, then)
 The bad guy.

ALEKSEY
 That's funny...

Aleksey pulls a knife free from the butcher's block.

ALEKSEY
 (grins)
 ...because I thought I was.

Aleksey and Ray circle one another... and then each attack at
 random intervals; slashing, stabbing, punching, kicking...
 brutal.

The upper-hand seems to shift from one to the other, always
 moving, never tiring.

They pull back from one another, exhausted.

ALEKSEY
 Can I say something?

RAY
 (nods)
 Go ahead.

ALEKSEY
 I don't often come across someone
 like me, so I don't mind dying by
 your hand.

RAY
 Nor I by yours.
 (hesitating, then)
 Name's Ray.

ALEKSEY
 (nods)
 Aleksey.
 (grins)
 Goodbye, Ray.

The two surge into one another with every ounce of energy
 they can muster...

...metal against metal...

...flesh against flesh...

...metal through flesh...

...each bleeding profusely...

...until finally, Ray disarms Aleksey, drops him to his knees -stunned- and raises his stiletto overhead, preparing to drive home the kill.

A beat... and Ray drops his knife, wrapping his arms around Aleksey's neck in a sleeper hold.

Aleksey struggles, but passes out.

Ray gently lowers him to the floor...

...and leaves the room.

EXT. THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Ray stuffs his hands in his pockets, lowers his head, and walks off into the night.

FADE TO:

EXT. THE PULPIT - ESTABLISHING - DAY

A DELIVERY TRUCK pulls up to the curb of Janice's bar, and the UNIFORMED DELIVERY MAN gets out, and opens the back of the truck, picks out a package.

INT. THE PULPIT- CONTINUOUS

Janice attempts to clean up her wrecked bar. She's on her knees, trying to scrub the blood from the floor. It looks and feels hopeless to her.

The delivery men comes inside.

JANICE
Sorry, we're closed.

DELIVERY MAN
Package. Sign here.

The delivery man hands her an ELECTRONIC TABLET and she hesitatingly signs. Janice scrutinizes the box. No return address. The delivery man leaves, leaving Janice alone with the box. She opens it and --

-- inside there is a wrecked attache case with a note taped to it. It reads simply " *For my tab - R*"

Janice opens the case and --

MONEY. Lots of it. All neatly banded together. And --

-- An ENVELOPE which reads: THE TRUTH. OPEN ONLY IF YOU WANT TO KNOW IT.

Janice hesitates...

...and decides to leave it shut... for now.

But most importantly, there is her father's BIBLE.

Janice tenderly lifts it, closes the case, and holds it to her chest.

FADE TO:

EXT. THE WOODS - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

Dark, dreary, and lonely with a sense of foreboding.

EXT. THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Hanging upside down from a tree -gagged, hands and feet bound, dangling four feet from the ground- Demyan awakes...

...to find ALEKSEY and his dog chilling beside a small campfire roasting hot dogs.

ALEKSEY

There you are.

Demyan tries to say something -to plead- but the gag is tight, his words muffled.

Aleksey stands, tossing a piece of meat to his dog.

ALEKSEY

Y'know, it's not often that those I am paid to kill instead come after me, so my apologies for this, but...

Aleksey removes a large MACHETE from his side as he calmly strides towards Demyan.

ALEKSEY

...examples must be made to discourage this from happening again.

Demyan's eyes grow wide as Aleksey swings the blade.

CUT TO: BLACK

FADE IN:

EXT. CHARLES DE GAULLE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

The airport is in full swing, planes taking off and landing, the terminal bustling.

Carrying little luggage, Ray -travelling light- hails a cab...

EXT. A TRAIN STATION - DAY

...and is dropped off at a train station, where he jogs up into one of the-

INT. A TRAIN - A PRIVATE CAR - CONTINUOUS

-tucking his bags in the overhead, before sinking down into the seat, exhausted.

He stares off at the countryside which rolls past him...

...and falls asleep.

FADE TO:

EXT. A LUXURY HOTEL - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

SUPER: BELARUS

INT. A HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ray sits on the porch of his suite overlooking a pristine city scape: smoking a cigar and finishing off a scotch.

Behind him, movement...

...as ROCKY appears beside him, licking his hand.

ALEKSEY (O.S.)
I ain't gonna' kill you, Ray.

Aleksey lights himself a cigarette out on the balcony.

ALEKSEY
I figure I owe you that much.

RAY
How'd you find me?

ALEKSEY
 Same way men like us find men like
 us...
 (smirks)
 ...we go lookin' for 'em.
 (motioning)
 Favor a refill?

RAY
 Please.

Aleksey takes his glass and heads back inside.
 At the bar, he pours himself rum and Ray a scotch.
 He hands Ray his glass.

ALEKSEY
 (raises his glass)
 Cheers.

Ray raises his own.

RAY
 Likewise.

Each take a long pull off their drink.
 An awkward, yet strangely comfortable, silence.

ALEKSEY
 Y'know... I've spent a long time
 and come a long way to ask you one
 simple question...

RAY
 Why didn't I kill you?

ALEKSEY
 (nods)
 Why didn't you kill me?

RAY
 (thinking, then)
 I dunno. I guess maybe because I
 was headin' done with the job,
 headin' into the fade as it were.
 Maybe because you and I were two
 pawns in a game being played by
 lesser men. Or maybe just because-

ALEKSEY
 (chuckles)
 -no one paid you to kill me.

RAY
 (laughs)
 True. True.
 (motions)
 How about you? You still in the
 game?

ALEKSEY
 (shrugs)
 Kind of.

RAY
 Kind of?

ALEKSEY
 I mean, I am, but, well... I don't
 exactly take on clients anymore.

RAY
 (curious)
 I don't follow.

ALEKSEY
 I didn't really enjoy being
 manipulated by all those underworld
 assholes. I enjoyed the pay, of
 course, but then I thought to
 myself, instead of earnin' it from
 'em...
 (grins)
 ...why not just take it from 'em?

RAY
 Huh.
 (motions)
 Buy you dinner?

ALEKSEY
 That, you may.

The two head towards the door as Rocky follows after them
 with a bark.

FADE OUT: