

BROKEN

by

Kenneth M. Sutton
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(906) 253-1965
ksutton@sweetkenny.com

NARRATOR.

This is a story, about a girl named Meghan, Meghan McKenna. All though, this is a fiction story. Many young girls and boys are bought and sold for sex all around the world everyday.

(ZOOM IN TO FADE OUT)

THIS IS A STORY ABOUT ONE WHO FOUGHT BACK!

CUT TO:

A BLACK VAN PULLS UP QUICKLY, FOUR MEN WITH HOODS ON, JUMP OUT OF THE VAN AND GRAB MEGHAN MCKENNA.

A SERIES OF SHOTS OF A GIRL BEING KIDNAPPED FROM AN ALL GIRLS SCHOOL BY A LONE MAN.

MEGHAN MCKENNA, age 14, long brown hair, pretty. Shes the daughter of a CYBER TECH COMPANY BILLIONAIRE, RONALD MCKENNA.

RONALD MCKENNA holds a file containing secrets on a government operation, targeting AMERICANS, titled "OPEN HOUSE."

SHE KICKS ONE OF THE FOUR MEN IN THE BALLS-- HE FALLS TO HIS KNEES in PAIN--

TWO OF THE THREE MEN WATCH GUARD WITH GUNS, AS ONE OF THE MEN FIGHTS HER INTO THE VAN--

THE VAN DOOR SLIDES SHUT!

SLIDE! SLAM!

THE OTHER THREE GET IN THE VAN SLAMMING THE DOORS SHUT!

SLAM!, SLAM!

THE VAN RACES OFF AND DISAPPEARS INTO THE CITY TRAFFIC.

CUT TO:

IT'S RAINING OUT:

Lite rain blurs the windows to a dark, cold room. On the bed is the KIDNAPED daughter of RONALD MCKENNA, shes tied up, blind-folded and gagged.

Shes scared!

CUT TO:

4 INT.- KIDNAPERS HOUSE/LIVING ROOM.- NIGHT.

4

A dim to dark room, soft lights from the window shine through the rain blurred windows.

A DARK SUITED MAN is sitting on a sofa, drinking a glass of VODKA.

ALONE!

WE DON'T SEE HIS FACE.

The sound of a CELL-PHONE rings--

Plays music.

A tattooed hand picks up the CELL-PHONE--

UKRAINIAN MAN.

(Russian accent)

Hello Mr. McKenna, so good of you to call.-- Don't worry shes safe and unhurt.-- Now there's no need of that language, were both civilized men aren't we? You have a file, do you not?-- Please sir don't play dumb with me, you know what file I am talking about! Yes, yes that one. Give me the file, and I'll give you back your daughter.-- In the morning darkness, on the bridge over looking the park.-- Yes that's the one, 9 am. See you then.

CLICK!

THE DARK SUITED MAN, slowly takes a drink of his glass of VODKA.

FADE TO BLACK:

5 EXT.- A BRIDGE OVER LOOKING THE PARK.- DAY.

5

The DARK MORNING is a cold winter's day. The water under the bridge is frozen--

We hear the sound of FROZEN ICE MOVE.

RONALD MCKEENA stands nervously in the cold, waiting on the KIDNAPPER to show up.

He checks his watch--

CU- on gold watch, the time is 3:58 am

He walks back and forth in the cold, like a worried father would on his daughters first date.

ANGLE ON BLUE SUV driving up onto the BRIDGE.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

The BLUE SUV stops, the window comes down, RONALD MCKEENA walks over to the SUV--

UKRAINIAN MAN.
(Russian accent)
Mr. Mckeena?

RONALD MCKEENA.
Yes that's me. Who are you?

UKRAINIAN MAN. CONT'D
Please sir, get in.

RONALD MCKEENA. CONT'D
(angry.)
Where's my daughter?

UKRAINIAN MAN. CONT'D
(calmly)
Please sir get in, she is safe,
I'll take you to her. Please--
please sir, get in.

RONALD MCKEENA quickly walks around to the passengers side of the SUV, and gets in.

The SUV drives off into the cold winter morning.

FADEOUT/IN:

6 EXT.- A SERVICE ROAD.- NIGHT.

6

HOURS LATER:

A BLUE SUV quickly pulls up to the curb, comes to a screeching stop.

The passenger door opens--

--out falls RONALD MCKEENA to the curb, he's been beaten, and shot-- DEAD!

The BLUE SUV quickly drives off, and into--

FADE TO BLACK:

7 INT.- STRIPPER CLUB.- NIGHT.

7

SUPERIMPOSE: TEN YEARS LATER:

Men and WOMAN fill the CLUB, STRIPPERS line the CLUB like it's a sale at WAL-MART, DANCERS strip and wiggle and move to the sounds of ROCK, RAP, and HIP HOP music.

The BOUNCER at the door is a BIG BODYBUILDER TYPE of a man, his hair is slicked back in a ducktail style, he's in his 30s, white and RUSSIAN, EX- FSB.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

A MAN in a DARK SUIT and TIE, DARK SUNGLASSES enters the CLUB.

We follow him through the crowded CLUB, past patrons, dancers giving lap-dances.

ANGLE ON DANCER GIVING A LAP-DANCE.

He stops at the BAR, and taps on it with his PINKY RING--

TAP!, TAP!, TAP!

The BARTENDER walks over to him, leans in on him--

--the DARK SUITED MAN, whispers something in his ear.

The BARTENDER nods his head yes, returns to work. The DARK SUITED MAN walks through a doorway, down a set of stairs to a lower level of the CLUB.

He taps on the door with his PINKY RING--

TAP!, TAP!, TAP!

He checks his PINKY RING, (Official EMBLEM OF THE FSB) kisses it.

The DOOR opens, a tall MAN (ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY) with long blonde hair stands in the doorway in a pair of blue pants, button down light blue shirt, and a black suit coat, he steps a side for the MAN IN THE DARK SUIT, who goes in--

--and shuts the door--

CUT TO:

8 INT.- STRIPPER CLUB/OFFICE.- NIGHT.

8

The office is clean, a very well kept desk, a desk lamp, laptop computer, and a high-back black leather chair. Off to one side is a black-leather sofa, and a coffee table.

On a back wall is a bench table, on top of it sets a coffee pot, coffee cups, rock glasses. Underneath is a small office fridge, containing coffee cream, milk, ice VODKA and TWINKIE CAKES.

The TALL MAN (ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY) sits on the sofa, smoking a cigarette, rock glass of VODKA on the rocks sits on the coffee table.

The DARK SUITED MAN slaps him up-side his head--

--curses something in RUSSIAN--

The TALL MAN (ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY) looks up at him--

(CONTINUED)

CURSES SOMETHING IN RUSSIAN.

The DARK SUITED MAN points to the ROCK GLASS OF VODKA.

CU- on ROCK GLASS OF VODKA.

UKRAINIAN MAN.
(subtitled in Russian)
Use a coaster, dumb ass!

TROTSKY.
(subtitled in Russian)
Sorry boss.

The DARK SUITED MAN takes his seat behind the desk, opens the laptop, a screen saver logo (AN ANGEL OF DEATH)--

CU- on LAPTOP SCREEN, a login window.

THE DARK SUITED MAN types in a password, a window opens up to a DARK WEB website (ANGELS OF THE GODS), he clicks an icon to open his email--

--the EMAIL page opens, he types in his password--

CU- on EMAIL PAGE MESSAGES.

He scrolls down to a message titled "DEVUSHKA."

Note

DEVUSHKA, meaning a young woman, aged from 15 to 30.

He opens the MESSAGE.

It reads: Written in TURKISH- TRANSCRIBED TO RUSSIAN--
SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH.

Please send photos of girl for sale, her age.-- Is she a virgin?-- Eymen

Note

Eymen Meaning; Blessed and good fortune.

He replies: Typed in RUSSIAN- TRANSCRIBED TO TURKISH,
SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH.

Shes eighteen years old, yes she is a virgin--

--he's lying, her real age is twenty four, and shes been raped repeatedly--

--he attaches photo's to the email.

A SERIES OF SEXY PHOTOS OF GIRL, ONE PHOTO OF HER EATING A TWINKIE CAKE- (MEGHAN MCKENNA.)

He clicks SEND on the reply email.

The sound of incoming email.

(CONTINUED)

He quickly gets a reply message sent.

He opens the REPLY MESSAGE.

What is that she is eating?, shes pretty! How much?-- EYMEN.

He REPLIES back to EYMEN.

Shes eating a TWINKIE, she loves them. The cost is \$100,000 US DOLLARS or BITCOIN.

He clicks SEND, and sends the message reply.

TROTSKY gets up from his seat, to get a refill of VODKA.

TROTSKY.

(subtitled in Russian)

Get you a drink boss?

UKRAINIAN MAN.

(subtitled in Russian)

Yes, thank you.

TROTSKY gets the bottle of VODKA from the small fridge, and up-rights a ROCK GLASS for the DARK SUITED MAN, pours him and himself a drink--

TROTSKY hands the DARK SUITED MAN his GLASS OF VODKA.

UKRAINIAN MAN.

Thank you.

(sips the drink)

The sound of incoming email.

He opens the EMAIL MESSAGE--

I need account number for bitcoin.--EYMEN.

The DARK SUITED MAN says something in RUSSIAN.

He replies to the EMAIL:

The account number is 666553487271 heres link. He places a BITCOIN link in the message, and sends it.

The sound of a in-coming message, a window pops up, it says--

Funds transferred to your BITCOIN account.

The DARK SUITED MAN claps his hands, says something in RUSSIAN, he's happy.

He closes the LAPTOP--

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (3)

8

UKRAINIAN MAN.
 (subtitled in Russian)
 Trotsky, go get the girl and bring
 her here.

TROTSKY.
 (subtitled in Russian)
 Yes boss.

TROTSKY gets up, and leaves the office, closing the door
 behind him.

CLICK!

CUT TO:

9 EXT.- PRIVATE ESTATE.- NIGHT.

9

A 51,267-square foot stone manor house dates back to 1785,
 the 14-bedroom, 23-bathroom estate, includes a 18-hole golf
 course on a 106 acres of rolling hills and woods, a private
 lake and stream.

We see ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY in his SUV as he drives up to
 the MANSION.

CUT TO:

10 INT.- LOCKED ROOM.- NIGHT.

10

The room is more of an APARTMENT than a bedroom, small
 KITCHEN, small LIVING ROOM. TV, sofa, coffee table, video
 games. Small BEDROOM, small BATHROOM.

MEGHAN MCKENNA (TWINKIE), is sitting on the sofa playing a
 video game, her hair in pigtails on both sides of her head,
 shes dressed in a T-SHIRT, BLUE JEANS, FOOTIES. Shes pretty,
 but a girl with NO- FEELING inside of her, SHES A BROKEN
 SOUL.

SHE DOESN'T SPEAK BECAUSE OF THE RAPES, THE MENTAL RAPE OF
 HER MIND.

The sound of the door being un-locked.

CLICK!

The door opens--

--in comes TROTSKY, he's carrying a SCHOOL GIRL UNIFORM,
 BLACK SHOES, WHITE ANKLE SOCKS, AND A BOX OF TWINKIES.

TROTSKY.
 (broken english)
 Twinkie, you need to put this on.
 (he shuts the door)

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

She looks up over at him, he hands her the BOX OF TWINKIES--

CU- as she tears open the BOX OF TWINKIES like a starving BEAR.

He shows her the clothes, she jumps up out of her seat, like a little girl on her birthday, she has a big smile on her face.

TROTSKY. CONT'D

(broken english)

Now go get dressed, the boss wants to see you.

She steps back in fear.

TROTSKY.

It's okay, he's not gonna hurt you.

She simle at at--

--takes the clothes, and runs into the bedroom, she quickly returns, and grabs the BOX OF TWINKIES, and runs back into the bedroom.

CUT TO:

11 INT.- LOCKED ROOM/BEDROOM.

11

The BEDROOM is like a LITTLE GIRLS ROOM, stuffed animals on the bed, PINK WALLS, with WHITE TRIM, SOFT CARPET. NO WINDOW.

She quickly removes her T-SHIRT, JEANS, and FOOTIE SOCKS, she stands in her bra and panties, shes beautiful, her tone body, she looks like a model, a TATTOO of an ANGEL on her RIGHT SHOULDER, the symbol of SERVITUDE.

She takes a wrapped TWINKIE from the box, tears it open with her teeth, takes a bite of it, sets it down on the dresser, and begins to dress, the PLAID SKIRT first, the WHITE BLOUSE, and small BLACK NECK TIE.

She BOUNCY SKIPS into the BATHROOM--

CROSSFADE:

12 INT.- LOCKED ROOM/BATHROOM.

12

She stands in front of the mirror over the sink, and puts on her eye makeup, then SOFT PINK lipstick. She, like a little girl, runs back into the BEDROOM--

CROSSFADE:

13 INT.- LOCKED ROOM/BEDROOM. 13

--picks up her TWINKIE and eats it, sits on the bed and puts on the ANKLE SOCKS, the SHOES.

CUT TO:

14 INT.- LOCKED ROOM.-CONTINUOUS. 14

TROTSKY, sitting on the sofa playing the video game TWINKIE was playing--

The action in the game, plays out in TROTSKY'S movements.

The sound of the BEDROOM door opening.

TWINKIE comes out of the BEDROOM with the TWINKIE BOX under arm, walks up behind TROTSKY, and taps his shoulder.

CU- on TWINKIE tapping TROTSKY'S shoulder.

He turns around and looks at her, she smiles at him.

TROTSKY.
(broken english)
Okay, let me kill this guy.

She takes another wrapped TWINKIE from the box under her arm, tears it open with her teeth, and takes a bite.

TROTSKY kills the guy in the video game, gets up from the sofa, looks at TWINKIE--

TROTSKY'S POV- on TWINKIE, she sexy in her school girl uniform.

TROTSKY.
(broken english)
WOW! You look hot as hell Twinkie!
(says something in
Russian)
Where's your coat?

TWINKIE walks to the coat closet, and gets her cute little coat, TROTSKY helps put it on her.

TROTSKY. CONT'D
Ready? Okay lets go.

FADE OUT:

15 INT.- STRIPPER CLUB/OFFICE.- NIGHT. 15

The door opens, in walks TWINKIE and TROTSKY, behind the desk is the DARK SUITED MAN working on his LAPTOP.

WE DO-NOT SEE HIS FACE.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

DARK SUITED MANS POV- on TWINKIE, she's every mans dream girl in a SCHOOL GIRL UNIFORM.

He gets up, comes from around the desk, arms out--

UKRAINIAN MAN.
(broken english)
Twinkie!-- You look amazing!
(he turns her around)
Let me get a look at you-- Wow!

She has a big smile on her face, like a little girl pleasing her daddy.

UKRAINIAN MAN. CONT'D
I have someone for you to meet
Twinkie--

She fearfully smiles at him--

UKRAINIAN MAN. CONT'D
This is his photo.
(shows her a photo)
You be nice to him, okay!

She looks at him with a confused look.

UKRAINIAN MAN. CONT'D
It's only for a few days, I'll come
get you like the last time, okay!

She backs up a bit, begins to shake and cry.

UKRAINIAN MAN. CONT'D
It's okay, it's okay Twinkie, I
won't let him hurt you!-- you just
have to be nice to him for a few
days okay. I'll come and get you on
Monday. Trotsky he's gonna drive
you to meet him-- and if your
really good, I'll buy you a new
video game and a big case of
twinkies, okay!

She reluctantly nods her head yes.

UKRAINIAN MAN.
(subtitled in Russian)
Trotsky, give her something to
relax her, something strong, yeah!

TROTSKY.
(subtitled in Russian)
Yes boss.

ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY , doesn't want to do it, does his job anyways.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

He fixes her a XANAX LACED SODA, and hands it to her.

TROTSKY.
(broken english)
Here Twinkie, you drink, okay.

She takes the SODA from him and downs it like a little kid drinking KOOL-AID.

The DARK SUITED MAN, opens the small office fridge, pulls out a BOX OF TWINKIES and hands them to TWINKIE--

TWINKIES face lights up when he hands her the BOX OF TWINKIES, she takes them and quickly opens it, and removes ONE of the CAKES, tears open the wrapper with her teeth, and takes a bit of it.

UKRAINIAN MAN.
(in broken english)
You okay now Twinkie? It's good
yes?-- I see you Monday.
(he kisses her cheek)

She smiles and takes another bite of her TWINKIE.

UKRAINIAN MAN. CONT'D
(subtitled in Russian)
Trotsky, you go now-- Don't, let
her run away!

TROTSKY takes TWINKIE by the hand, and they both leave the office.

CUT TO:

16 INT.- YACHT.- NIGHT.

16

EYMEN A SHORT TURKISH MAN, very hairy late 60s, bald, he's super rich, a pervert, child molester- male, female, owner of FIVE SEX SLAVES, ONE MALE, FOUR FEMALES.

He has just bought TWINKIE as his new girl.

EYMEN is sitting on the sofa with his SEX SLAVE BOY, Vietnamese, 16 years old, black hair (DUONG) with his hands and on his leg. The boy is shy, hangs his head in shame.

ANGLE ON DOOR- as TROTSKY and TWINKIE walk in.

CU- on EYMEN, his face lights up with a shit eating smile, he stands in awe of TWINKIE.

EYMEN.
This must be Twinkie!

EYMEN walks over to her, looks her over like his just bought a car, and now wants to drive it.

(CONTINUED)

EYMEN. CONT'D
Shes beautiful Mr. Trotsky-- Thank
you very much--
(authoritative voice)
You can go now.

ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, gets in his face.

TROTSKY.
(pissed, broken english)
Hey, who you think you talking to?

EYMEN, steps back in shock, puts his hands up in a gesture
of I'm sorry.

EYMEN. CONT'D
Calm down, calm down Mr. Trotsky, I
make a small joke.

TROTSKY. CONT'D
Joke not funny-- Twinkie, you be
good-- okay!

TROTSKY leave the CABIN, leaving TWINKIE alone.

EYMEN looks over at DUONG--

EYMEN.
(broken english)
Duong, take her to my room, and
wait for me there.

ANGLE ON DUONG, who looks up, with a scared look on his face
for TWINKIE.

He gets up from his seat, and takes TWINKIE by the hand to
EYMENS BEDROOM.

EYMEN, take a PILL BOX FROM HIS POCKET, opens it and takes
TWO BLUE PILLS from it--

"VIAGRA."

--with a smile on his face, he takes THE LITTLE BLUE PILLS
and POPS THEM INTO HIS MOUTH, and slams a glass of WINE.

We follow EYMEN down the hallway to his BEDROOM--

CU- on EYMENS face, he has a devilish grin on his face, the
look in his eyes are full of pure evil.

He opens the door, stands in the doorway.

EYMENS POV- on TWINKIE and DUONG, the TWO are sitting, DUONG
on the bed, TWINKIE in the chair.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

EYMENS eyes shifts to DUONG, and motions his head, as to leave the room.

DUONG gets up and looks over at TWINKIE with a tear in his eye, and leaves the room.

The dead sound of the door clicking shut.

CLICK!

A SCREAM!

FADE TO BLACK:

17 EXT.- A CITY ROOF.- NIGHT.

17

SUPERIMPOSE: FIVE YEARS LATER.

CU- TRIGGER as it is slowly depressed by a finger. UNTIL we hear the CLICK SNAP of the bolt on an empty chamber. We TILT up as a HOODED FACE removes their eye from the scope. We are sighted in--

The HOODED FIGURE waits patiently-- for their target to appear.

CUT TO:

18 EXT.- A CITY STREET.- NIGHT.

18

ANGLE ON CITY STREET, a BLACK SUV pulls up, a well dressed MAN gets out of the drivers seat. Quickly runs over to the passengers door, and opens it.

Out steps a TALL a well dressed OLDER MAN.

CUT TO:

19 EXT.- A CITY ROOF.- CONTINUOUS.

19

The HOODED FIGURE picks up a SINGLE ROUND, taps it on the BUILDINGS ROOF LEDGE, slides it into the weapon, and RACKS the bolt.

CLICK! LOADED!

We PULL BACK as the HOODED FIGURE leans forward peering through the scope again, and TRACK AWAY from the HOODED FIGURE over the CITY ROOF.

20 EXT.- AERIAL SHOT.- CONTINUOUS.

20

We move away from the CITY ROOF, CONTINUING BACK until the CITY BUILDING stands before us.

The DRIVER and the OLDER MAN are talking, the OLDER MAN is angry, throwing up his hands in anger.

21 EXT.- A CITY ROOF.- CONTINUOUS.

21

The HOODED FIGURE looks through the scope at the scene.
Depresses the trigger slightly--

A SLIGHT CLICK!

CLICK!

HOODED FIGURES POV- on the DRIVER and the OLDER MAN arguing.

BACK ON THE HOODED FIGURE, who never takes their eye from
the scope.

ANGLE ON THE HOODED FIGURE, looking through the scope,
watching the TWO ARGUE.

The HOODED FIGURE takes a DEEP BREATH.-- Slowly releases it.

Says something in RUSSIAN.

Squeezes the trigger again.

PFFT!

ANGLE ON THE OLDER MAN, as his head transforms into a red
mist.

The OLDER MAN drops to the ground dead, the DRIVER, stunned,
looks around in bewilderment at where the shot came from.

A SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS:

The HOODED FIGURE unscrews the SILENCER from the barrel,
breaks down the rifle.

--picks up the shell casing from the roof, it's STAMPED with
the NUMBER ONE on it, and the disassembled rifle, places it
into a LONG BLACK CASE, and causally walks away to the roofs
stairwell door, and leaves--

FADEOUT/IN:

22 INT.- NICE SUBURBAN HOUSE.- DAY.

22

The house is a buzz with CHILDREN and the FAMILY DOG
(MIKE) running about. The TV is playing CARTOONS, toys are
strewn about the house.

ANGLE ON STAIRCASE, as a WOMAN'S bare legs come walking down
them--

She steps on a DOGS toy, SQUEAK! The DOG (MIKE) comes
running up to the WOMAN, WOOF!

NANCY RAY.
(happily)
Hey Mike.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

A small child (CHESTER) crying, comes running up to her--

CHESTER.

Mommy Kenny won't let me play cars
with him.

NANCY RAY.

(picks him up)

What? KENNY YOU LET HIM PLAY CARS
WITH YOU!

(sets him back down)

Now go play, mommies gotta get her
coffee.

NANCY makes her way into the KITCHEN--

CUT TO:

23 INT.- NICE SUBURBAN HOUSE/KITCHEN.- DAY.

23

NANCY grabs a coffee cup from the dishwasher, and pours
herself a hot cup of coffee-- she opens the fridge and gets
the milk, smells it, it's bad!

NANCY RAY.

Shit! JIM! JIM! WERE OUT OF MILK!!

JIM RAY, her husband, walks into the KITCHEN with MIKE the
DOG following behind him.

NANCY RAY.

JIM!

JIM RAY.

What?

NANCY RAY. CONT'D

Oh, there you are, were outta milk!

JIM RAY.

So, get some later.

NANCY RAY. CONT'D

But I need some for my coffee!

JIM RAY. CONT'D

So stop and get a coffee on the way
to work!

(he pours himself a cup)

Or drink it black!

NANCY RAY. CONT'D

Funny.-- I gotta go--

(gives him a kiss)

I'll call you later on, love you
bye.

(she leaves the kitchen)

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

JIM RAY. CONT'D
Well Mike, what do you say?

The DOG MIKE barks, WOOF!

ANGLE ON FRONT DOOR as the BABYSITTER (TINA) walks in, she's in her 20s, long brown/black hair very sweet looking woman.

The children come running up to her, excited to see her.

THE CHILDREN.
TINA!

TINA.
Hi guys!

MIKE the DOG comes running in, WOOF!

TINA. CONT'D
Hi Mikey!!

JIM comes out from the kitchen.

JIM RAY.
Hi Tina, I left your check on the kitchen table, I'll be home around three this afternoon, okay! If you need anything just call, I gotta go bye, bye kids, daddy loves you.

THE CHILDREN.
Bye daddy!

JIM leaves out of the front door.

CUT TO:

24 EXT.- A CITY STREET.- DAY.

24

CRIME SCENE:

We see the OLDER MAN "DEAD" covered up on the pavement, POLICE and a small crowd of lookie loos stand behind the POLICE TAPE.

POLICE OFFICERS question the DRIVER next to the BLACK SUV.

A DETECTIVES CAR pulls up with it's RED/BLUE LIGHT FLASHING from the dash of the car.

Out steps NANCY RAY and her partner SANDY ESTRADA, they walk under the CRIME SCENE TAPE and to the OFFICER IN CHARGE.

SANDY ESTRADA.
So what do we got?

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER IN CHARGE.

An older male, shot once in the side of his head, the driver witness the shooting.

NANCY RAY.

I haven't had my coffee yet!

SANDY ESTRADA.

Let me see the guy.

The OFFICER pulls back the tarp.

NANCY RAY.

That had to hurt! Any idea who did it?-- Who is he?

OFFICER IN CHARGE.

No, the drive says they were just talking over some business when he was shot in the head, he didn't see anyone.

NANCY RAY.

Who is he?

OFFICER IN CHARGE.

His drivers licenses says he's Robert John, Hackmen.

SANDY ESTRADA.

Any idea where the shot came from?

OFFICER IN CHARGE.

We asked the driver that, he said it was dark, didn't hear a thing, didn't see anyone.

NANCY RAY.

(looks at Sandy)

Sounds like a pro!

SANDY ESTRADA.

Yeah, that's all we need is another mob hit!

NANCY RAY.

Okay officer, we'll meet you back at the station.

(says to Sandy)

Lets go, I need a coffee.

The TWO leave the CRIME SCENE.

CUT TO:

25 INT.- STRIPPER CLUB/OFFICE.- DAY.

25

TWO DAYS LATER:

The DARK SUITED MAN is working at his desk on his LAPTOP.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

KNOCK!, KNOCK!, KNOCK!

UKRAINIAN MAN.

(subtitled in Russian)

Come in!

In comes ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY in a rush, he turns on the TV.

TROTSKY.

(subtitled in Russian)

Boss! You need to see this!

NEWS CASTER.

Prominent business man Omar Spentsky was shot down sometime late last night. Police tell us it looks to be a random killing, and has no suspects at this time.

UKRAINIAN MAN.

(subtitled in Russian)

Whats this to me? He was a pig anyways.-- Go get back to work.

TROTSKY. CONT'D

(subtitled in Russian)

Yes boss.

ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY. leaves the office.

The sound of the door shutting--

CLICK!

CUT TO:

26 EXT.- A CITY STREET.- DAY.

26

It's a busy day as pedestrians and CARS fill the CITY STREET, people of every walk of life pass each other going in and out of BUILDINGS and SHOPS.

The sound of a busy City.

ANGLE ON COFFEE SHOP, as TWO MEN exit with HOT COFFEE in hand. ONE of the MEN is a OLDER PORTLY MAN and the other is a TALL THIN MAN.

They walk down the SIDEWALK sipping their COFFEE (ADLIB CONVERSATION)

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

ANGLE ON HOODED FIGURE coming up behind the TWO MEN.

CU- on HOODED FIGURES hand, a SILENCED 9.mm in hand.

The HOODED FIGURE quickly and calmly catches up to the TWO MEN--

--and--

PFFT!

--places a well placed shot to the HEAD of the OLDER PORTLY MAN as THE HOODED FIGURE passes by them, painting the face and jacket of the TALL MAN with BRAINS AND BLOOD, dropping the OLDER PORTLY MAN in his tracks.

A SCREAM from a WOMAN passing by!

The HOODED FIGURE DISAPPEARING in the CROWDED STREETS, and into--

CUT TO:

27 EXT.- A CITY SERVICE ROAD.- DAY.

27

BRIGHT SUNNY DAY:

The TRAFFIC on the road is moving smoothly, in both directions on the HIGHWAY.

LATER THAT DAY:

CUT TO:

28 INT. SPORTS CAR.- DAY.

28

The sun is shining in the eyes of the DRIVER of a SPORTS CAR-- The DRIVER is a WOMAN in her 40s, long brown hair, very well dressed, large sunglasses that are for more then show then to block the sun.

She's driving without a care in the world--

--music is blasting from her surround sound speakers as she sings to the song playing.

BEGIN INTERCUTS BETWEEN BLACK PICK UP TRUCK AND SPORTS CAR.

29 EXT.- A CITY SERVICE ROAD.- DAY.

29

ANGLE ON BIG BLACK PICK UP TRUCK that's gaining speed to catch up with the SPORTS CAR.

The windows are darkened to an almost black on the PICK UP TRUCK--

30 INT. SPORTS CAR.- CONTINUOUS.

30

BACK ON SPORTS CAR:

THE WOMAN DRIVER, pulls out a FAT JOINT and sparks it up.

The music is cranking, the DRIVER is getting high, not paying attention to the BIG BLACK PICK UP TRUCK coming up along side of her.

ANGLE ON BIG BLACK PICK UP TRUCK as it pulls along side the SPORTS CAR--

--the passenger side window slowly lowers--

ANGLE ON SPORTS CAR DRIVER, sucking in the SMOKE from the JOINT.

ANGLE THROUGH THE WINDOW OF THE SPORTS CAR AT THE BIG BLACK PICK UP TRUCK-- we see the end of a SILENCER pointed at the head of the SPORTS CAR DRIVER.

CUT TO:

31 INT.- BIG BLACK PICK UP TRUCK.- DAY

31

Were looking down the barrel of the GUN and through the passenger window at the SPORTS CAR DRIVER.

PFFT!

The DRIVERS SIDE WINDOW SHATTERS!

A well placed shot to the head of the SPORTS CAR DRIVER, sending brains mixed with blood on the passenger side window and dashboard of the SPORTS CAR. The WOMAN slumps forward, her foot hits the gas--

CU- on FOOT SLAMMING ON THE GAS PEDAL.

--sending the SPORTS CAR out of control, racing down the road, slamming into other CARS, and running head on into a STORE FRONT, lodging it's self on a display of BEER.

The motor racing, the tires spinning, cans of BEER, GLASS and other debris litter the STORES FLOOR AND PARKING LOT.

ANGLE ON BIG BLACK PICK UP TRUCK as it slows down, a pause, then drives off.

END INTERCUTS:

FADE TO BLACK:

32 INT.- STRIPPER CLUB.- NIGHT.

32

Strippers are dancing, MEN AND WOMEN are drinking and enjoying themselves.

(CONTINUED)

The DARK SUITED MAN, "WE STILL DON'T SEE HIS FACE." is a PAKHAN (BOSS of the RUSSIAN MOB) He's having a drink with a OLDER RUSSIAN MAN.

Note

Pakhan - also called Boss, Krestniy Otets ("Capo di tutti capi, Godfather"), Vor (, "Thief"), Papa, or Avtoritet ("Authority"), controls everything. The Pakhan controls four criminal cells in the working unit through an intermediary called a "Brigadier."

The OLDER RUSSIAN MAN is a KNOWN EX-KGB AGENT. But is now a sickly OLD MAN, on OXYGEN.

The DARK SUITED MAN leans in on the OLDER MAN, whispers something in his ear.

The OLDER MAN laughs.

OLDER MAN.

(subtitled in Russian)

Semion, Semion.-- do you still have that little girl that eats those little cakes, what you call them,-- twinkies? She loved those things, I've never seen anything like it. She was good in bed!!

Note

SEMION IVANKOVIC is the real name of THE DARK SUITED MAN.

WE SEE THE FACE OF THE DARK SUITED MAN "SIMION IVANKOVIC."

SIMION IVANKOVIC.

(subtitled in Russian)

No! She's gone, I sold her to a fat pig a long time ago.

OLDER MAN. CONT'D

You sold her? Oh to bad Semion-- I was hoping to spend some time with her tonight.

SIMION IVANKOVIC.

I get you another girl for tonight.

OLDER MAN. CONT'D

She must be a young girl like the one you call twinkie!

SIMION IVANKOVIC. CONT'D

Yes, yes, she's only 12 years old this one. Her hair smells like fresh flowers in the morning!!

OLDER MAN. CONT'D

Is she pretty Semion? I don't like them ugly!

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

SIMION IVANKOVIC. CONT'D
 Yes she's pretty! You can be the
 first to try her!!

The TWO share in a laugh and a drink.

A STRIPPER walks past the OLDER MAN, he slaps her on her
 ass, she jumps, turns and smiles.

They salute each other, and toss back their drinks.

FADEOUT/IN:

33 INT. A RUSSIAN MOB HOUSE.- NIGHT.

33

BEDROOM: LATER THAT NIGHT.

The OLDER RUSSIAN MAN is RAPING the TWELVE YEAR OLD SMALL
 GIRL, his BIG FAT HAIRY BODY engulfs the SMALL GIRL as he
 molests and rapes her, he's like a BEAR enjoying his KILL.

The SMALL GIRL tries to cry, but the weight of the OLDER MAN
 keeps her from doing so.

CU- on SMALL GIRLS FACE, her eye's get big and wide, tears
 rolling down her face.

ANGLE ON A GUN SILENCER, JAMMED in the EAR of the OLDER MAN.

A GARBBLED VOICE SPEAKS.

GARBBLED VOICE. (O.S.)
 (subtitled in Russian)
 Get off of her pig!

The OLDER MAN puts his hands up, and gets off of the SMALL
 GIRL.

GARBBLED VOICE. (O.S.)
 Get on your knees pig!

A HARD SLAP to the side of the OLDER MANS head with the
 SILENCER.

GARBBLED VOICE. (O.S.)
 Now get on all fours.

He complies.

OLDER MAN.
 (subtitled in Russian)
 What do you want? Do you know who I
 am?

GARBBLED VOICE. (O.S.)
 Shut up pig! No talking!!

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

OLDER MAN. CONT'D
I'll pay you what ever you want!

GARBLED VOICE. (O.S.)
I said shut up!!

We see the SILENCER being shoved up the OLDER MANS ASS.

CU- on OLDER MANS FACE, his eyes get wide in pain!

Then!

PFFT!

The OLDER MAN falls face first, blood pools around him.

We see only from the waist down of the STRANGER.

A HAND is out stretched to the SMALL GIRL who is curled up in a tight ball on the bed. Blood on her thigh.--

CU- of OUT STRETCHED HAND.

The SMALL GIRL takes the HAND, and hugs the STRANGER tight.

FADE TO BLACK:

34 INT. A RUSSIAN MOB HOUSE.- DAY.

34

CRIME SCENE:

THE POLICE and EMS, as well as the CORONERS OFFICE is on the SCENE.

DETECTIVES NANCY RAY and her partner SANDY ESTRADA, enter the BEDROOM--

A C.S.I. OFFICER is taking photo's of the CRIME SCENE.

FLASH SHOTS OF THE BODY, THE BED, A TEDDY BEAR.

The CORINOR checks the LIVER TEMP on the BODY--

SANDY ESTRADA.
He has to be the hairiest man I
have ever seen!

NANCY RAY.
So what do we got doc?

CORINOR.
Well, he's been dead for about 6
hours, a gun shot to the anus.

The CORINOR checks the BODY for an EXIT WOUND, he rolls the BODY over onto it's side.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

CORINOR.

I don't see any exit wound, I'll
know more after I cut him open.

NANCY RAY. CONT'D

Any sign of a struggle? Do we know
who he is??

DETECTIVE NANCY RAY picks up his PANTS, checks the POCKETS--
--finds his WALLET, checks his ID.

NANCY RAY. CONT'D

His name is Ivan Tarnoff-- Where do
I know that name from?

SANDY ESTRADA.

Ain't he that old Russian mob guy
we sent up sometime back?

NANCY RAY. CONT'D

Yeah! He raped some little girl
didn't he?

SANDY ESTRADA. CONT'D

Yeah a sick fuck! Looks like
someone got even with him.

NANCY RAY. CONT'D

You think it's a Russian mob hit?
Or a victim getting payback??

SANDY ESTRADA. CONT'D

I don't know, the Russian on the
street, the guy with the head shot
in front of the coffee shop, rich
bitch the other day-- Looks like
someones getting back at them...

CORINOR WORKERS ZIP UP THE BODY BAG, PUT IT ON A GURNEY AND
WHEEL IT OUT--

NANCY RAY.

Okay doc, we'll see you later.

BOTH DETECTIVES follow the CORINOR WORKERS OUT.

CUT TO:

35 INT.- COFFEE SHOP.- DAY.

35

A line has formed for orders of COFFEE and DONUTS, patrons
sit at various tables in the SHOP.

A GROUP of FOUR- TWO MEN and TWO WOMEN are enjoying their
COFFEE, occupying a TABLE in the CENTER of the SHOP.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

A HOODED MASKED FIGURE suddenly comes in the SHOP--

--aims a SILENCED 9.mm GLOCK PISTOL at the TWO WOMEN and places TWO SHOTS to each head.

PFFT!, PFFT!, PFFT!, PFFT!

Dropping them to the floor, spraying BLOOD mixed with BRAINS AND COFFEE in the SHOP AND PATRONS.

ANGLE ON- the HOODED MASKED FIGURE, who calmly and quickly leaves the COFFEE SHOP.

EVERYONE IS STUNNED AT WHAT HAS JUST HAPPENED!

A MOMENT OF SILENCE.

THEN A SCREAM!!

CUT TO:

36 INT.- STRIPPER CLUB/OFFICE.- DAY.

36

LATER THAT DAY:

ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY. is watching a TALK SHOW, at his desk working is THE DARK SUITED MAN (SEMION IVNKOVIC).

The TV is on (A TALK SHOW) when suddenly the local news station breaks in with--

BREAKING NEWS!

NEWS CASTER. TAYLOR ADAMS.

There has been another shooting at a local coffee shop, we have Jim Randel on scene to give us an update. Jim, what is going on in this city?

INTERCUTS FROM STRIPPER CLUB OFFICE AND CRIME SCENE.

CUT TO:

37 EXT.- CRIME SCENE COFFEE SHOP.- DAY.

37

NEWS CASTER. JIM RANDEL.

Well Taylor police say a masked gunman just walked in and shot and killed theses two women who were enjoying their coffee.

CUT TO:

38 INT.- STRIPPER CLUB/OFFICE.. 38

NEWS CASTER. TAYLOR ADAMS.
Jim, do we know who the two women
are?

CUT TO:

39 EXT.- CRIME SCENE COFFEE SHOP. 39

NEWS CASTER. JIM RANDEL.
Both women are from here in the
city, but as to who they are,
police tell us their keeping that
out of the press until the families
have been notified.

CUT TO:

40 INT.- STRIPPER CLUB/OFFICE. 40

ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY sits on the edge of his seat, picks up
his CUP OF HOT COFFEE and takes a sip.

NEWS CASTER. TAYLOR ADAMS.
Okay Jim. Now we'll return you to
your program.

The TALK SHOW returns playing.

TROTSKY.
Hey boss, what do you think?
Someones killing off some of our
costumers.

SIMION IVANKOVIC.
Who cares! That's on them!! Whats
it to me?

TROTSKY. CONT'D
What if the police come asking
questions?

SIMION IVANKOVIC. CONT'D
So let them come?

CUT TO:

41 INT.- POLICE HEADQUARTERS.- DAY. 41

DETECTIVES ROOM:

PHOTO'S ARE HELD WITH MAGNETS ON A LARGE WHITE BOARD OF THE
VICTIMS KILLED BY THE UNKNOWN KILLER.

A LARGE GRAINY CCTV STILL PHOTO OF THE HOODED FIGURE IS
CENTERED WITH A QUESTION MARK OVERLAYED ON IT FROM THE
COFFEE SHOP.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

There names and connections to each other are LINKED TOGETHER BY A RED STRING.

The Sound Of The Phones Ring In The Background.

DETECTIVES sit gathered together in a SQUAD ROOM working on the case.

DETECTIVE NANCY RAY stands looking over the PHOTO'S ON THE LARGE BOARD.

NANCY RAY.

What is the connection to them all?

She turns around--

NANCY RAY. CONT'D

Come on people! Think!! That hooded killer right here is targeting people! Why??

DETECTIVE ROSEN.

The 3 women are all rich and well connected in the city. Old money ma'am.

NANCY RAY. CONT'D

What about the men?

DETECTIVE HAWLEY.

Well the old naked man is an ex kgb officer from way back in the 1980s. He's a known sex offender,-- but we haven't got any solid proof on it.

NANCY RAY. CONT'D

What do you mean no proof?

DETECTIVE HAWLEY. CONT'D

We've had complaints from young women, but when we interviewed them, they wouldn't talk or press charges on him.-- We even had him in a line up, but when the girl saw him-- she wouldn't say.

SANDY ESTRADA.

Well somebody got the proof, and killed the motherfucker! That's the link between them all.-- Lets look for any sex crimes that they might or might not have comment.-- We link anything to the shooter-- we can find out who they are.

(she points to the photo
of the hooded figure)

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

FADE TO BLACK:

42 EXT.- A CITY STREET.- DAY.

42

THE SKY IS GRAY AND OVERCAST IN THE CITY.

FOUR UNMARKED POLICE CARS PULL UP IN A ARROW SHAPE AND STOP IN FRONT OF A BOARDED UP BUILDING UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

POLICE OFFICERS dressed in TACTICAL-VESTS throw open their CAR DOORS in a BIRD WING SHAPE, with GUNS DRAWN and POINTED AT THE BOARDED UP DOOR.

A S.W.A.T. TEAM TRUCK PULLS UP BEHIND THE CENTER UNMARKED POLICE CAR, BLOCKING THEM IN AND LOCKING THE CARS IN.

NO ONE GETS OUT!

THE S.W.A.T. TRUCKS DOORS BUST OPEN--

A FULL TACTICAL S.W.A.T. TEAM JUMPS OUT LIKE ANTS FROM AN ANT HILL.

A BIG MASSIVE BODYBUILDER TYPE S.W.A.T. OFFICER WITH A DOOR BATTERING RAM walks up to the DOOR. He swings back with a TEST SWING--

--finds his mark-- and in A POWERFUL SWING HE PUNCHERS THROUGH THE DOOR BLASTING IT OPEN.

BAM!

HE STEPS BACK AND DROPS THE BATTERING RAM TO THE GROUND.

TANG!

S.W.A.T. OFFICERS RUN IN LIKE SWARMING BEES FROM A BEES NEST.

CUT TO:

43 INT.- BOARDED UP BUILDING.- DAY.

43

S.W.A.T OFFICERS WITH WEAPONS UP- RED AND GREEN LASER BEAMS ZIG-ZAG THROUGH THE DARK DAMP TRASHED FILLED BUILDING.

CATS AND RATS SCURRY AND RUN OUT OF THE BUILDING AS OFFICERS SEARCH THE BUILDING.

THE S.W.A.T. OFFICERS come across a LOCKED DOOR.

A FAINT FLICKER OF LIGHT shines from underneath the LOCK DOOR.

A SHADOW BRAKES THE FLICKERING LIGHT.

AN OFFICER RAISES UP HIS FIST-- A SIGNAL TO HALT AND WAIT.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

HE POINTS TO THE FLOOR AT THE SHADOW UNDER THE DOOR.

He motions to move to ONE SIDE-- As they are parting the way--

BAM!

A SHOTGUN BLAST, blast through the door hitting an OFFICER in the CHEST, sending him back FIVE FEET and to the GROUND.

THEN ANOTHER THREE BLASTS!

BAM!, BAM!, BAM!

CUT TO:

44 INT.- BOARDED UP BUILDING- METH LAB.

44

OTHER SIDE OF DOOR.

We see a METH LAB, CHEMICALS. BARRELS AND METH COOKING SUPPLIES ON TABLES AND SHELVES. ROTTEN FOOD LITTERS THE FLOOR, A SMALL COT BED WITH A RAT ON IT LAYS AGAINST THE WALL.

THE SMELL OF METH CHEMICALS, FILLS THE AIR, A CHEMICAL FOG LINGERS IN THE ROOM.

A METH HEAD, 30s-- NO TEETH, TATTOOED FROM HEAD TO TOE, VERY DIRTY, VERY SMELLY.

HE'S A METH COOKER from a local MOTORCYCLE GANG. (THE HELL HOUNDS M.C. CLUB.)

Note

THE MOTORCYCLES GANGS NAME IS NOT A REAL GANG. I MADE IT UP.

METH HEAD GANG MEMBER. (O.S.)
FUCK YOU MOTHERFUCKER!

He shoots another SHOTGUN BLAST!

BAM!

CUT TO:

45 INT.- BOARDED UP BUILDING.

45

A S.W.A.T. OFFICER Stands in front of the door and BOOTS IN THE DOOR with a force of a CLYDES DALE HORSE--

BAM!

Taking it off it's hinges, and sending it flying into the METH HEAD GANG MEMBER.

CUT TO:

46 INT.- BOARDED UP BUILDING- METH LAB.

46

We see the DOOR COMING AT THE METH HEAD, SLAMMING INTO HIM--
POW!

Sending him and the door to the floor, setting off another
SHOTGUN BLAST.

BANG!

Setting a small fire on some TRASH FROM THE SHOTGUN BLAST.

S.W.A.T OFFICERS rush in like a PACK OF WOLVES ON A DEER.

THE SCREAMS OF OFFICERS COMMANDS ECHO THROUGH OUT THE
BUILDING.

SWAT OFFICERS COMMANDS.
ON THE FLOOR!, GET DOWN!, ON THE
FLOOR! DON'T MOVE!!!

An OFFICER looks around--

S.W.A.T. OFFICERS POV- at the METH LAB.

SWAT OFFICER.
(muffled under his mask)
GET THE FUCK OUTTA HERE!!!!!! IT'S A
METH LAB!!!!!!
(he waves them out)
GRAB HIM AND MOVE!!

TWO S.W.A.T OFFICERS flip over the door and like a rag doll
they lift the METH HEAD GANG MEMBER to his feet and drag him
out of the building.

CUT TO:

47 EXT.- A CITY STREET.- DAY.

47

We see S.W.A.T. OFFICERS running out of the BUILDING FOR
DEAR LIFE--

JUST AS THE TWO OFFICERS WITH THE METH HEAD IN TOW HIT
OUTSIDE OF THE DOOR--

BANG!

The METH LAB BLOWS UP!!

BOOM! A BALL OF FIRE BLASTS OUT OF THE DOOR.

The TWO S.W.A.T OFFICERS TAKE THE METH HEAD and slams him
face first into the hood of an UN-MARKED POLICE CAR and
CUFFS HIM.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

METH HEAD GANG MEMBER
Fuck you bitch! Ouch! My arm
motherfucker!!

Then out of nowhere--

SPLAT!

The METH HEADS BRAINS PAINT THE FACE SHIELDS OF THE TWO
S.W.A.T. OFFICERS.

With smoke filling the air from the BURNING BUILDING, it
blinds the S.W.A.T. OFFICERS view from where the shot came
from.

SHOCKED-- The S.W.A.T OFFICERS take cover and AIM AND POINT
IN ALL DIRECTIONS-- HIGH AND LOW.

SWAT OFFICER.
What the fuck just happened?!?

CUT TO:

48 EXT.- A CITY STREET.- DAY.

48

45 MINUTES LATER:

DETECTIVES NANCY RAY and her partner SANDY ESTRADA, show up
on the scene.

The FIRE DEPARTMENT is on scene putting out the BURNING
BUILDING.

THE CITY STREET IS BLOCKED OFF, OFFICERS AND THEIR POLICE
CARS LINE THE STREET.

C.S.I. OFFICERS are on scene taking PHOTOS, VIDEOS, AUDIO
RECORDINGS.

NANCY RAY and her partner SANDY ESTRADA, walk up to the LEAD
S.W.A.T OFFICER who is standing at the DOORS OF THE S.W.A.T
PANEL TRUCK.

SANDY ESTRADA.
(looks around)
What the fuck happened here?

NANCY RAY.
(to swat officer)
So what do we have?

SWAT OFFICER.
We have a cluster fuck is what we
have.-- We were set up! Somebody
wanted this guy dead and used us to
do it!!

(CONTINUED)

SANDY ESTRADA.

Who called it in?

SWAT OFFICER. CONT'D

We got a tip called in that this guy was in the building and wanted. Sent in a C.I.--

NANCY RAY.

What did the C.I. Say about it?

SWAT OFFICER. CONT'D

He made a buy, all was good, the tip panned out, so we went in, he shot at us, we took him down.

SANDY ESTRADA. CONT'D

How'd the fire start?

SWAT OFFICER. CONT'D

When we breached the door, it slammed into him and his shotgun went off setting the fire in some trash. When we brought him out and cuffed him that's when he was shot.

NANCY RAY. CONT'D

Anyone see where the shot came from?

SWAT OFFICER. CONT'D

No, the smoke was too heavy, it was blocking our view.

We see OFFICERS ON THE ROOFTOPS OF NEAR BY BUILDINGS.

S.W.A.T OFFICERS RADIO.

OFFICER ON RADIO.

L.T! We found signs of a tripod up here. A perfect line of sight from here.

SWAT OFFICER. CONT'D

(presses his mic)

Copy that, doc it all. No fuck ups!

OFFICER ON RADIO.

Copy that.

NANCY RAY. CONT'D

So who is this guy that someone wanted him dead so bad?

SANDY ESTRADA.

Can you send us everything you have on this guy?

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2)

48

SWAT OFFICER.

It'll be on your desk waiting for you. I don't know what the fuck is going on,-- but find that motherfucker and stop him!

NANCY RAY.

Yeah, thanks man.

(to partner)

This is one ballsy guy to use the department to bring his target out for him.

The TWO DETECTIVES walk back to their car and pauses.

DETECTIVE ESTRADA'S POV- on the ON LOOKERS AND CROWD.

She quickly grabs a C.S.I. OFFICER.

SANDY ESTRADA.

Video the on lookers and get a copy to me. Thanks.

NANCY RAY.

What you thinking?

Walking back to their car.

SANDY ESTRADA. CONT'D

Just a hunch. He might be watching us.

NANCY RAY.

Yeah right, good thinking San.

CUT TO:

49 INT.- DETECTIVES CAR.-DAY.

49

DETECTIVE SANDY ESTRADA is behind the DRIVERS WHEEL, she starts the car--

SANDY ESTRADA.

This is one smart fucker, one smart fucker.

--she throws it into drive and hits the gas, and the TWO DETECTIVES drive off.

CUT TO:

50 INT.- STRIPPER CLUB/OFFICE.

50

ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY is flipping through the LOCAL NEWS PAPER, enjoying a CUP OF HOT BLACK COFFEE.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

ANGLE ON THE DOOR, as it opens and SEMION IVANKOVIC comes in.

HE BARKS SOMETHING IN RUSSIAN AT ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY.

TROTSKY.
(subtitled in Russian)
What is it boss?

SIMION IVANKOVIC.
Do you ever work?

TROTSKY. CONT'D
Yes boss I work, I work only for
you boss!

SIMION IVANKOVIC walks behind his desk and takes a seat.

He hangs his head and shakes it back and forth--

--then opens his LAPTOP and LOGS ON TO THE INTERNET.

He checks his MESSAGES.

WE SEE HIM SCROLL THROUGH HIS EMAIL MESSAGES.

THEN!

A WINDOW POPS UP!

A SNIPERS SCOPE CROSS HAIRS LOADS WITH THE WORDS " YOUR TIME IS UP." OVERLAYED OVER IT.

SIMION IVANKOVIC.
What the fuck is this?

TROTSKY.
What is it boss?

SIMION IVANKOVIC. CONT'D
This bullshit on my screen, come
look.

TROTSKY gets up to see.

TROTSKY'S POV- on LAPTOP SCREEN.

TROTSKY. CONT'D
Someone fucking with you?

THEN IT BURNS UP LIKE OLD FILM.

TROTSKY. CONT'D
What just happened?

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (2)

50

SIMION IVANKOVIC. CONT'D
Some asshole playing games-- go get
nerd boy to see who send it.

TROTSKY. CONT'D
Yes boss.

ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, leaves the OFFICE shutting the door
behind him.

CLICK!

SIMION IVANKOVIC pulls open his desk drawer and pulls out a
9.MM, drops the magazine and checks it, slides it back into
the butt of the gun, pulls back the slide-- releases it--

CLICK!

LOCKED AND LOADED.

He sets the GUN on his desk next to his LAPTOP, and goes
back to work.

CUT TO:

51 EXT.- A CITY STREET.- NIGHT.

51

YOUNG BOY'S AND GIRLS ARE WORKING THE STREETS, DOING WHAT
EVER TO GET THEIR FIX OR MONEY FOR THE NIGHT.

MOST LOOK DRUGGED OUT AND HOMELESS.

ANGLE ON A NEW MODEL BLUE JEEP, RUNNING BOARD FLOURESCENT
BLUE LIGHTS THAT GIVE IT APPEARANCE OF FLOATING IN THE AIR.

THE MUSIC IS POUNDING AND THE BASS IS DEEP AS THE BLUE JEEP
SLOWLY FLOATS DOWN THE ROAD.

CUT TO:

52 INT.- NEW MODEL BLUE JEEP.- NIGHT.

52

A WHITE BOY (WILL PERRY) SNOOP DOGG WANNABE DRIVES ALONE--
HE'S ON THE PROWL FOR SOME SEX--

With his hand down his pants, he fondles himself, he takes a
big drag from the BLUNT HANGING FROM HIS MOUTH--

--THE DOPE IS HARSH, HE CHOKES HARD ON THE SMOKE.

WILL PERRY'S POV- on a young stringy blonde haired girl.

She's dressed in jeans to BIG for her small frame, a low cut
tank top with the LOGO OF A LOCAL BAR on it. She looks to be
only 16-17 but she's over 21.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

WILL PERRY.
Lookie, lookie here! I bet that's
some tight pussy! I gott'sta have
me some of that ass!!
(chokes some more)

He pulls his BLUE JEEP over to her, and lowers the passenger
side window.

WILL PERRY.
HEY GIRL!

CUT TO:

53 EXT.- A CITY STREET.

53

STRINGY HAIREd GIRL'S POV- on the BLUE JEEP, she's impressed
with the JEEP, her eye's get wide and BIG SMILE ON HER FACE,
she can't believe her luck, a RICH WHITE BOY for a change.

STRINGY HAIREd GIRL.
What's up sweetie, you looking for
a date?

She walks up to the passenger side door, pulls down her top
to show him her TITTIES.

STRINGY HAIREd GIRL.
You like?

CUT TO:

54 INT.- NEW MODEL BLUE JEEP.

54

WHITE BOY WILL'S POV-- he drops his BLUNT in his lap as he
looks at her TITTIES. Slaps the fire from his lap out.

WILL PERRY.
(talks cool)
Why don't you hop in and go have
some fun with your fine self.

CUT TO:

55 EXT.- A CITY STREET.

55

She pulls up her top, opens the door and gets in.

CUT TO:

56 INT.- NEW MODEL BLUE JEEP.

56

She shuts the door, puts on the seatbelt.
She looks over at him, and down at his pants.
He's got a erection.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

STRINGY HAIREG GIRL'S POV- on his erection.

She licks her lips--

STRINGY HAIREG GIRL.

Mmmmm, your all ready sweetie. You
wanna do it here or go somewhere?

WILL PERRY.

Shit, you can get busy now baby.

He whips out his dick, she un-seats the belt, drops her head
and goes down on him--

--he kicks back the seat, puts his head back as she slob
his nob--

He's in a world of his own, toking on his blunt as her head
goes up and down.

THEN!

SUDDENLY THE PASSENGER DOOR OPENS, A SET OF HANDS GRABS THE
GIRL AND THROWS HER OUT OF THE JEEP.

HOODED FIGURE.

(garbled voice)

Get out bitch!

WILL PERRY is shocked and scared--

He screams like a little girl---

WILL PERRY.

Aaaaaaaaaah!

The HOODED FIGURE SLAMS THEIR FIST INTO THE SIDE OF HIS
HEAD, REACHES DOWN AND GRABS HIS SPIT COVERED COCK AND PULLS
HARD AS IF TO RIP IT OFF.

WILL PERRY.

(tears in his eye's)

AAAAAAGH!

THE HOODED FIGURE BEATS HIM IN THE FACE ALL THE WHILE
PUTTING A VICE GRIP ON HIS COCK, TURNING IT A DARK BLUE
ALMOST BLACK COLOR.

THEN IN ONE QUICK MOTION, THE HOODED FIGURE PULLS OUT A
TWELVE INCH BOWIE KNIFE--

CU- on the KNIFE as it CHOPS OFF WILL PERRY'S DICK!

HE SCREAMS BLOODY MURDER!

WILL PERRY.

AAAAAAGH!

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: (2)

56

THE HOODED FIGURE TAKES THE BLOODY COCK AND SHOVES IT IN HIS MOUTH--

--THEN JAMMING THE KNIFE IN AN UPPER CUT MOVE INTO HIS JAW, PINNING HIS DICK IN HIS MOUTH AND THROUGH TO HIS BRAIN.

THE HOODED FIGURE SPITS IN HIS FACE, then exits the JEEP, leaving WILL PERRY DEAD, with his BLOODY DICK IN HIS MOUTH, AND--

Disappearing into the night!

FADE TO BLACK:

57 INT.- POLICE HEADQUARTERS.- DAY.

57

CONFERENCE ROOM:

DETECTIVES NANCY RAY AND HER PARTNER DETECTIVE SANDY ESTRADA ARE WATCHING THE CRIME SCENE VIDEO FROM THE METH HEAD KILLING, ON THE CROWD GATHERED AROUND.

CU- ON CRIME SCENE VIDEO PLAYING ON A LARGE FLAT SCREEN TV.

DETECTIVE SANDY ESTRADA'S CELL PHONE VIBRATES IN HER POCKET.

She removes it, looks at the CELL PHONE SCREEN-- SGT CHO'S NAME AND NUMBER IS HIGHLIGHTED.

SANDY ESTRADA.

Detective Estrada.-- Okay, we'll be right there, thanks.

(ends the call)

They found another one.

NANCY RAY.

Where?

SANDY ESTRADA. CONT'D

First and main.

NANCY RAY. CONT'D

Where all the hookers are?

SANDY ESTRADA. CONT'D

The very one.

NANCY RAY. CONT'D

Well there's nothing on this tape, it's a dead in.-- lets go then.

DETECTIVE NANCY RAY, picks up the REMOTE and shuts off the VIDEO, drops the REMOTE on the table and they both leave the room--

And into--

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

CUT TO:

58 EXT.- A CITY STREET.- DAY.

58

CRIME SCENE:

POLICE CARS AND POLICE OFFICERS ARE ON THE SCENE AS
DETECTIVES SANDY ESTRADA AND NANCY RAY ARRIVE ON SCENE.

THE TWO DETECTIVES get out of the CAR and walk over to the
BLUE JEEP.

SANDY ESTRADA.

So what do we have?

DETECTIVE NANCY RAY'S POV- on WILL PERRY, dead with his cock
in his mouth.

NANCY RAY.

(shocked)

Is that his?--is that his thing in
his mouth?

OFFICER IN CHARGE.

(writing his report)

Yes- it- is. Somebody sure didn't
like him.

SANDY ESTRADA.

Eeeee! Any witnesses?

OFFICER IN CHARGE. CONT'D

A hooker scared out of her mind or
just on p.c.p. Take your pick.
She's over there, with the baggie
pants and stringy hair.

THE DETECTIVES GO AND SPEAK WITH HER.

STRINGY HAIREG GIRL, standing by an EMS TRUCK.

NANCY RAY.

Hi miss?

STRINGY HAIREG GIRL.

(tweeking)

Yeah?

NANCY RAY. CONT'D

Can we speak with you about what
happened here?

STRINGY HAIREG GIRL.

Yeah sure, I'm not gonna go to
jail? Cause I didn't do anything
wrong!!

(CONTINUED)

SANDY ESTRADA.

So what happened?

STRINGY HAIRED GIRL.

He stopped and asked me if I wanted to go on a date, I said sure and got in. He's a horny motherfucker too, he already had a hard on when I got in.

NANCY RAY. CONT'D

O-kay! Then what happened?

STRINGY HAIRED GIRL.

What do you mean? I started sucking his dick-- that's what happened.

NANCY RAY. CONT'D

I mean what did you see happen to him.

STRINGY HAIRED GIRL.

Some crazy fucker pulled me outta the jeep and started beating the shit out of him. Then,-- then that happened.

SANDY ESTRADA. CONT'D

Did you get a look at them?

STRINGY HAIRED GIRL.

(pissed off)

NO! Now I'm out 20 dollars! I'm I gonna go to jail?

NANCY RAY.

No! You're not going to jail. Officer can you take her statement please?

The TWO DETECTIVES walk back over to their car.

SANDY walks over to the drivers side and NANCY to the passengers side.

THEY TALK OVER THE CARS ROOF TO EACH OTHER BEFORE THEY GET IN.

NANCY RAY.

This guy is one bold killer to cut off a mans dick and shove it in his mouth, be-fore he kills them.

SANDY ESTRADA.

Yeah, but what has he to do with the rest of them? Is there a
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (2)

58

SANDY ESTRADA. (cont'd)
connection? I don't get it.-- let's
grab a coffee and some lunch.

NANCY RAY. CONT'D
You can eat after seeing that?

SANDY ESTRADA. CONT'D
Yeah, why not? I didn't suck his
dick!

They get in the CAR AND DRIVE OFF.

CUT TO:

59 EXT.- CITY.- NIGHT.

59

AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE POWERFUL CITY AT NIGHT.

THE CITY LIGHTS BUILD SHADOWS OF OF THINGS IN THE NIGHT,
STEAM BILLOWS FROM THE STREET MAN-HOLE-COVERS.

A SPEEDING CAR SUDDENLY SPEEDS BY IN A BLUR--

ZOOM!

BEHIND IT A POLICE CAR, RED AND BLUE LIGHTS FLASHING LIKE A
CHRISTMAS TREE.

ZOOM!

THE CITY GETS DEATHLY QUIET!

SUDDENLY!

A SERIES OF FLASHING IMAGES OF A YOUNG GIRL BEING RAPED BY A
GROUP OF MEN AND WOMEN IN A ROOM FILLED WITH RED LIGHT.

CUT TO:

60 INT.- POLICE HEADQUARTERS.- DAY.

60

SQUAD ROOM:

DETECTIVE NANCY is eating a POWER BAR and having a CUP OF
COFFEE as SHE looks over the CASE HER AND HER PARTNER SANDY
ESTRADA are working on.

SHE reads over the REPORTS on the BACKGROUNDS of the VICTIMS
and their CONNECTION TO EACH OTHER.

SHE finds that all have a CONNECTION TO A RUSSIAN MOB GUY
NAMED--

SIMION IVANKOVIC.

She pulls his PHOTO from UNDERNEATH THE REPORT.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

DETECTIVE NANCY RAY'S POV- on the PHOTO OF SIMION IVANKOVIC.

NANCY RAY.

I busted you 3 years ago on sex
trafficking charges, time to pay
you a visit.

She picks up her CELL PHONE and calls her PARTNER SANDY
ESTRADA.

NANCY RAY. CONT'D

Sandy,-- I found a connection,--
yeah I been here all night,-- meet
me at the park in an hour,-- yeah
okay bye.

She gets up from her desk and slides the chair under the
desk, picks up the REPORT FILE, and leaves the SQUAD ROOM.

CUT TO:

61 EXT.- CITY PARK.- DAY.

61

The morning is cool as a LITE FOG ROLLS IN FROM THE WATER.

The CITY PARK is quiet as PARK GOERS and PARK RUNNERS come
and go from the PARK.

DETECTIVE NANCY RAY is sitting on a PARK BENCH sipping on a
COFFEE. Next to her is the POLICE REPORT FILE.

ANGLE ON THE PARKS ENTRANCE, as a CAR drives in and parks,
the PASSENGERS SIDE DOOR OPENS--

--out gets DETECTIVE SANDY ESTRADA, she shuts the door and
makes her way to where her PARTNER SITS.

SANDY ESTRADA takes a seat next to NANCY RAY--

SANDY ESTRADA.

Hey!

NANCY RAY.

(hands Sandy her coffee)

Hey!

SANDY ESTRADA. CONT'D

Thanks! Why the meet here?

NANCY RAY. CONT'D

To many ears in the squad room.

SANDY ESTRADA. CONT'D

O-kay!

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

NANCY RAY. CONT'D
I found a connection to all of the
vic's.

SANDY ESTRADA. CONT'D
Who?

NANCY RAY. CONT'D
Do you remember about 3 years ago
we busted a Russian named Simion
Ivankovic?

SANDY ESTRADA. CONT'D
Wasn't he the guy busted with a sex
ring?

NANCY RAY. CONT'D
Yes, the one and only!

SANDY ESTRADA. CONT'D
So whats the connection?

NANCY RAY. CONT'D
Each one of the vic's names where
in the sex ring we busted.

SANDY ESTRADA. CONT'D
Okay now I'm listening-- but we had
to let him go,-- not enough on him.
You think he's killing off the
witness?

NANCY RAY. CONT'D
Kinda looks that way don't it.

NANCY'S CELL PHONE VIBRATES--

ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

NANCY RAY.
Detective Ray. Text me the address,
--thanks, bye.
(hangs up her cell phone)
We gotta go, they found a girl
raped and half dead.

SANDY ESTRADA.
Where?

NANCY RAY. CONT'D
Two blocks from here.

The TWO DETECTIVES head for NANCY'S CAR.

CUT TO:

62 EXT.- BASEMENT WAREHOUSE.- DAY.

62

We see the EMS-EMT'S loading the GIRL into the EMS TRUCK.

POLICE OFFICERS ALONG WITH THE FIRE DEPARTMENT ARE ON THE SCENE.

POLICE OFFICERS ARE INTERVIEWING WITNESS.

A CSI VAN pulls up on the scene.

DETECTIVES RAY AND ESTRADA pull up close to the CSI VAN, and get out of their CAR--

--walk up to an OFFICER and FLASH THEIR BADGES and go inside the BUILDING.

CUT TO:

63 INT.- BASEMENT WAREHOUSE.- DAY.

63

We see boxes and rolls of old carpet, along with trash, rats, and cockroaches thrown and strewn about the BASEMENT.

An OLD BLOOD STAINED MATTRESS on the floor, and signs of a RAPE, the GIRLS BRA, PANTIES, SHOES, and CLOTHES are scattered about the BASEMENT.

CSI OFFICERS are taking pictures of the crime scene--

A FLASH OF A CAMERA.

NANCY RAY.

So who can tell what happened here?

OFFICER IN CHARGE.

Some druggies looking to shoot up found her and called it in. They really did a number on the poor girl. Just beat and raped her something bad.

SANDY ESTRADA.

Anybody hear or see anything?

OFFICER IN CHARGE. CONT'D

No, just the two junkies outside.

SANDY ESTRADA. CONT'D

Okay thanks.

The TWO DETECTIVES LEAVE THE BASEMENT--

CUT TO:

64 EXT.- BASEMENT WAREHOUSE.

64

CITY STREET:

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

They are coming out of the BUILDING and are stopped by a YOUNG GIRL, she's dressed in blue jeans, hoodie black in color, and carrying a BLACK BACKPACK.

YOUNG GIRL.
Officers, officers-- I found this
in the alley.

NANCY RAY.
Where in the alley did you find it?

THE YOUNG GIRL POINTS TO THE ALLEY ACROSS THE STREET.

YOUNG GIRL.
Over there!

DETECTIVE NANCY RAY OPENS AND LOOKS IN THE BACKPACK.
She finds, the GIRL who was RAPED ID and CELL PHONE.

NANCY RAY. CONT'D
Heres her Id and cell phone. She's
only 16 years old.

SANDY ESTRADA.
You think she's connected to the
others?

NANCY RAY. CONT'D
No, I think she was just random,
wrong place at the wrong time.

SANDY ESTRADA. CONT'D
Sweetie, where do you live?

YOUNG GIRL.
Around the block.

SANDY ESTRADA. CONT'D
Okays sweetie, I'm gonna have an
officer take you home okay.
OFFICER!

ANGLE ON POLICE OFFICER as he looks up and over at the
DETECTIVE. He walks over to her.

POLICE OFFICER.
Yes detective.

SANDY ESTRADA.
Can you please take here home, she
lives around the block.

POLICE OFFICER.
Yes ma'am!

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (2)

64

SANDY ESTRADA. CONT'D
You go with this officer sweetie,
he'll take you home, okay.

YOUNG GIRL.
Okay.

The POLICE OFFICER AND THE YOUNG GIRL WALK OVER TO THE
OFFICERS POLICE CAR.

DETECTIVES NANCY RAY AND DETECTIVE SANDY ESTRADA make their
way over to their CAR and drive off.

CUT TO:

65 INT.- STRIPPER CLUB/OFFICE.- DAY.

65

ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, is make himself a CUP OF COFFEE, he
turns and asks his BOSS, SIMION IVANKOVIC who is working at
his desk, on his LAPTOP --

TROTSKY.
(subtitled in Russian)
Boss, you want a coffee?

SIMION IVANKOVIC.
(subtitled in Russian)
Yes please.

TROTSKY. CONT'D
(subtitled in Russian)
Cream and sugar?

SIMION IVANKOVIC. CONT'D
(subtitled in Russian)
Do I look like your mother? No!

ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, pours the COFFEE and sets it next to
his BOSS. He then takes a seat on the SOFA and begins to
read the SPORTS PAGE from the MORNING NEWS PAPER.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR--

KNOCK!, KNOCK!, KNOCK!

ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, and SIMION IVANKOVIC look at each
other.

ANGLE ON SIMION IVANKOVIC, with a "GET THE FUCKING DOOR LOOK
ON HIS FACE."

ANGLE ON ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, with a BEWILDERED LOOK ON HIS
FACE!

SIMION IVANKOVIC.
(pissed off)
Well see who it is!

(CONTINUED)

TROTSKY.

Oh, yes boss.

ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, answers the door--

He opens the door, in walks DETECTIVES NANCY RAY AND HER PARTNER SANDY ESTRADA.

NANCY RAY.

Hi Simion! What'cha doing?

SIMION IVANKOVIC.

Detectives, come in, come in. Would you like some coffee? Trotsky, get the detectives some coffee.

SANDY ESTRADA.

No we don't want any coffee, thanks anyways.

SIMION IVANKOVIC. CONT'D

So what can I do for you?

DETECTIVE NANCY RAY sits on the edge of SIMION'S DESK--

NANCY RAY.

A lot of your friends keep coming up dead. You know anything about that?

SIMION IVANKOVIC. CONT'D

No, no I don't know what your talking about.-- who died?

ANGLE ON SANDY ESTRADA, as she puts her hand on her GUN, she leans in on SIMION, and in a stern voice.

SANDY ESTRADA.

Look motherfucker! I'm gonna put you and sweet cheeks here behind bars-- your finger prints are all over this shit, and when I connect the dots and it leads to you, your done with, you got it Baby!!

SIMION IVANKOVIC.

You scare me, now get out of my office.

DETECTIVE NANCY RAY gets off of the desk, walks up to ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, and pats him on his face--

NANCY RAY.

You might wanna find a new job, sweet cheeks.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (2)

65

The TWO DETECTIVES leave the OFFICE, ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, shuts the door behind them.

TROTSKY.

What sweet cheeks mean?

SIMION IVANKOVIC shakes his head.

SIMION IVANKOVIC.

Shut the fuck up!

FADE TO BLACK:

66 EXT.- ROOF TOP.- NIGHT.

66

We see a HOODED FIGURE being lowered down to a BALCONY on a WINDOW WASHERS LIFT.

THE LIFT STOPS,-- the HOODED FIGURE STEPS OFF and JIMMIES THE SLIDING GLASS DOOR OPEN.

AND GOES IN.

CUT TO:

67 INT.- BEDROOM.- NIGHT.

67

We see a MAN in his 50s, gray hair sleeping, a young under age naked GIRL sleeping next to him.

ANGLE ON HOODED FIGURE, as they walk over to the UNDER AGE GIRL, places their hand over her mouth--

CU- on UNDER AGE GIRLS FACE as she suddenly wakes up, she tries to scream!

CU- on the HOODED FIGURES HAND BEING PLACED TO THEIR LIPS AS TO SAY SHHHHH!

The HOODED FIGURE MOTIONS WITH THEIR HAND TO GET OUT OF BED.

The UNDER AGE GIRL slides out from under the sheets and quickly runs to the BATHROOM.

The HOODED FIGURE with a ROPE in their hand slips it around the MANS TWO ANKLES and quietly walks over to the WINDOW WASHERS LIFT, and TURNS IT ON.

The LIFT starts going up, pulling the MAN OUT OF BED.

CU- on MAN'S FACE as he's pulled out of the bed, his eye's are wide, he struggles and screams!

MAN IN HIS 50S.

HEY! WHAT THE FUCK!! AAAAAAAH!!!!

The LIFT pulls him outside onto the BALCONY and up--

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

CUT TO:

68 EXT.- BALCONY.- NIGHT.

68

THE MAN IS SWINGING UPSIDE DOWN AND HIGH IN THE AIR NAKED
JUST OVER THE BALCONY RAIL.

The HOODED FIGURE calmly walks over to the MAN HANGING OVER
THE BALCONY RAIL.

MAN IN HIS 50S.

(scared)

What ever you want I'll pay it,
just don't kill me!

HOODED FIGURE.

(garbbled voice)

Yes you will pay!

IN A QUICK MOTION THE HOODED FIGURE CUTS THE ROPE--

SNAP!

DROPPING THE MAN TO THE GROUND!

WE FOLLOW HIM DOWN TO THE GROUND LANDING ON THE SIDEWALK IN
A--

SPLAT!

--BLOOD STAINING THE STREET WITH BITS AND BROKEN BODY PARTS
OF THE NAKED MAN.

CUT TO:

69 INT.- NICE SUBURBAN HOUSE.- NIGHT.

69

BEDROOM:

DETECTIVE NANCY RAY is in bed with her HUSBAND SLEEPING.

HER CELL PHONE ON THE NIGHTSTAND RINGS!

RING!, RING!, RING!

SHE SLEEP ANSWERS HER CELL PHONE.

NANCY RAY.

Hello! Yeah okay, text me the
address and be their an a hour,
it's okay bye.

JIM RAY.

Is everything okay?

DETECTIVE NANCY RAY, GETTING OUT OF BED.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

NANCY RAY.

Dead guy on the sidewalk, go back
to sleep.

JIM RAY. CONT'D

Okay, have fun, love you.

SHE'S WALKING TO THE BATHROOM.

NANCY RAY. CONT'D

Yeah, yeah, yeah love you too!

THE BATHROOM DOOR CLOSES.

CLICK!

CUT TO:

70 EXT.- A CITY STREET.- NIGHT.

70

SIDEWALK CRIME SCENE:

WE SEE THE SIDEWALK POLICE TAPED OFF, OFFICERS AND EMS, CSI
OFFICERS AND THE BROKEN SPLATTERED BODY COVERED UP WITH A
BLUE TARP.

DETECTIVES SANDY ESTRADA AND NANCY RAY'S CAR PULLS UP WITH
THEIR RED AND BLUE LIGHTS FLASHING.

The TWO DETECTIVES gets out of their CAR and DUCK UNDER THE
POLICE LINE TAPE.

Walking over to the CSI OFFICER, who is TAKING PHOTO'S OF
THE DEAD BODY.

OFFICER IN CHARGE.

Sorry to wake you.

NANCY RAY.

So what happened, is he a jumper?

CSI OFFICER.

No he didn't jump.

SANDY ESTRADA.

Not a jumper? How do we know that?

CSI OFFICER. CONT'D

Not a jumper! He was dropped to the
ground.

SANDY ESTRADA. CONT'D

He was dropped?

THE CSI OFFICER POINTS TO THE ROPE TIED TO HIS ANKLES.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

CSI OFFICER. CONT'D
Jumpers don't tie a rope to their
ankles first then jump.

THEY ALL LOOK UP TO THE ROOF OF THE BUILDING.

CSI OFFICER. CONT'D
He was pulled out of bed by a
window washers scaffold and then
dropped.

NANCY RAY.
Who called it in? Any witness?

OFFICER IN CHARGE.
Yeah there was a girl who was with
him. She said someone came in
through the sliding glass door.

NANCY RAY.
Can she identify them?

OFFICER IN CHARGE. CONT'D
I asked her that, she said they
were in a black hoodie tied tight
around their face and it was dark.

SANDY ESTRADA. CONT'D
Is she here?

OFFICER IN CHARGE. CONT'D
We sent her to the hospital to get
checked out. There's one more thing
you should know.

NANCY RAY. CONT'D
Whats that?

OFFICER IN CHARGE. CONT'D
She's only 14 years old. She said
he bought her a week ago from--
(looks at his notes)
A guy named Simion, she said he
spoke russian.

SANDY ESTRADA. CONT'D
She said Simion? Simion Ivankovic
sold her to the vic? That
motherfucker!

The TWO DETECTIVE'S walk away--

NANCY RAY. CONT'D
Thanks officer. We need to speak to
her, and now!

They walk over to their CAR and leave the scene.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: (2)

70

CUT TO:

71 EXT.- STATE CORRECTIONAL.- DAY.

71

We see a WOMAN IN RED sitting on the HOOD OF HER RUSTED OUT CAR, waiting for someone to come out and through the gate.

She's sexy, with long brown hair, jeans that look to be sprayed on, and in a TOO SMALL FOR HER RED TANK TOP FORMED AROUND HER BIG BREASTS.

ANGLE ON THE BUILDINGS DOOR, as it opens--

--a GUARD steps out, then a RELEASED INMATE (MAN) with a baled head, tattoos, from head to toe, a really bad guy.

The GUARD walks him to the MAIN EXIT GATE, unlocks it and opens it.

The RELEASED INMATE with his GANGSTER WALK walks through the GATE.

ANGLE ON THE WOMAN IN RED, she hops off the HOOD OF HER CAR and EAGERLY RUNS UP TO HIM--

--she throws her arms around him, hugs and kisses him, he grabs her ass as they share in a kiss.

THEN!

SUDDENLY!!! WHOOSH!!!!!!

SPLAT!

HIS BRAINS PAINTS THE WOMAN IN RED'S FACE!!

SHE SCREAMS!!!

WOMAN IN RED.

AAAAAAAHAH!

THE RELEASED INMATE DROPS TO THE GROUND IN A POOL OF BLOOD,-- GUARDS COME RUNNING OUT THROUGH THE GATE AND THE BUILDING AND OVER TO THE WOMAN IN RED AND THE DEAD INMATE, WITH THEIR GUNS DRAWN, THEY TAKE A 360 DEGREE LOOK AROUND.

THE SHOCKING SCENE STUNS THEM ALL.

CUT TO:

72 INT.- STRIPPER CLUB.- NIGHT.

72

BACHELOR PARTY:

A GROUP OF YOUNG MEN ARE HOSTING A BACHELOR PARTY FOR THEIR FRIEND--

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

He's in his 30s, tall BLACK MAN, very well kept, STRONG MAN.

The GROUP takes up ONE SIDE OF THE CLUB and THE BEST OF THE BEST GIRLS, DANCE AND STRIP for the MEN.

MONEY AND DRINKS FLOW LIKE WATER.

THE MUSIC SETS THE MOOD TO THE CLUB, WITH FLASHING LIGHTS FROM THE STAGE BOUNCING OFF SOME OF THE DANCERS COSTUMES.

A DANCER DOES A STRIPTease FOR THE GUEST OF HONOR--

BEGIN BACK AND FORTH SHOTS BETWEEN DANCER AND OVERCOAT MAN.

CU- ON DANCER DOING STRIPTease, she 20 something, very sexy, tall with legs up to her ass, she's the whole package.

ANGLE ON A MAN SITTING IN A DARK SPOT OF THE CLUB, he's dressed in an OVERCOAT, fondling himself under the table--

OVERCOAT MAN'S POV- on the STRIPTease DANCER as she drops her TOP--

He wacks off to the beat of the music, faster, and faster--

CU- on TABLE WABBLING.

--hitting the underside of the table, spilling his drink.

STRIPPER, she takes off her panties, swings them over her head, and like a SLING SHOT, she shoots them at the GUEST OF HONOR, smacking him in the face.

FLAP!

THE GUEST OF HONOR, with a big smile on his face, takes the STRIPPERS PANTIES from his face and SMELLS THEM!

ANGLE ON OVERCOAT MAN, his eye's wide open, fixed on the NAKED STRIPPER, not missing a beat as he jacks off.

STANDING NAKED, She slowly bends over for THE GUEST OF HONOR giving him a very good look at her pussy--

THE GROUP OF GUYS SHOUT CAT CALLS AND THROW MONEY AT THE DANCER.

SHE TURNS HER HEAD AND LOOKS OVER HER SHOULDER, AND WINKS AT THE GUEST OF HONOR.

CU- on STRIPPERS FACE, as she winks.

THE GUEST OF HONOR, leans in on the STRIPPERS BENT OVER BODY and takes in the sight of her opened legs.

The OVERCOAT MAN, can't control himself--

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: (2)

72

HE STANDS UP WITH HIS DICK IN HAND JACKING OFF IN A BLUR.

A DANCER sees him--

DANCERS POV-- on the OVERCOAT MAN JACKING OFF, her jaw drops.

BACK ON OVERCOAT MAN.

--and cums like a teenager on SATURDAY NIGHT, WATCHING CHEERLEADERS AT A FOOTBALL GAME--

THEN SUDDENLY!

--falls back in his seat and to the floor, out of breath.

END BACK AND FORTH SHOTS.

THE CLUBS BOUNCER comes over to the OVERCOAT MAN who is on the floor, WITH HIS GOO on his pants and floor.

The BOUNCER grabs him by his shirt, and lifts him to his feet.

The OVERCOAT MAN FLICKS THE CUM from his hand on the DANCER WHO TOLD THE BOUNCER, slapping her in the face.

SPLAT!

The BOUNCER drags the OVERCOAT MAN through the CLUB with his pants falling down to his knees, and his swinging dick out of the CLUB.

CUT TO:

73 EXT.- STRIPPER CLUB.- NIGHT.

73

ENTRANCE DOORS:

THE DOORS BUST OPEN--

WHAM!!

The BOUNCER THROWS THE OVER COATED MAN OUT OF THE CLUB AND INTO THE ARMS OF ONE OF THE DANCERS WHO IS SHOWING UP FOR WORK.

KNOCKING HER AND HIM TO THE GROUND, WITH HIS DICK LANDING ON HER LAP.

DANCER #1.

(screams)

Aaaaah! Get this fucker off of me!

THE OVERCOAT MAN grabs her TITS, with googly eyes and a big smile on his face.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

The BOUNCER picks up THE OVERCOAT MAN and pushes him into the PARKING LOT, he stumbles and falls.

BOUNCER.
DON'T COME BACK DICK BOY OR I'LL
KICK YOUR ASS!

THE BOUNCER HELPS THE DANCER UP.

BOUNCER.
Sorry I didn't see you.

DANCER #1.
(pissed)
What the fuck?
(looks down at her dress)
Is that!?!-- Cum on me?

BOUNCER.
(helps her into the club)
Sorry! Let me help you get cleaned
up!

DANCER #1.
GET THE FUCK OFF OF ME, YOU DUMB
FUCK!

The BOUNCER still tries to help her, she slaps him like a step child repeatedly, and goes into the CLUB.

ANGLE ON OVERCOAT MAN, he's pulling up his pants as he starts walking away from the CLUB.

CUT TO:

74 EXT.- STRIPPER CLUB.- NIGHT.

74

LATER THAT NIGHT CLOSING TIME:

We see the lights go off on the CLUB, and the doors open.

Out walks SIMION IVANKOVIC and ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY.

ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY walks to a BLACK SUV, and gets in--
--and drives it up to the front of the CLUB.

SIMION IVANKOVIC who is on his CELL PHONE walks back and forth speaking with someone in a HEATED CONVERSATION IN RUSSIAN.

He hangs up his CELL PHONE and gets in the BLACK SUV.

CUT TO:

75 INT.- BLACK SUV.- NIGHT. 75
ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, puts the SUV in drive and drives off slowly, and out of the CLUBS PARKING LOT.
CUT TO:

76 EXT.- A SERVICE ROAD.- NIGHT. 76
THE BLACK SUV, stops at a RED LIGHT.
BEHIND IT, PULLS UP DETECTIVES NANCY RAY AND HER PARTNER SANDY ESTRADA.
CUT TO:

77 INT.- DETECTIVES CAR.- NIGHT. 77
DETECTIVE NANCY RAY'S POV- on the passengers side mirror of SIMION IVANKOVIC ON HIS CELL PHONE.
NANCY RAY.
That's SIMION in the front of us!
Hit the lights, lets pull him over.
CUT TO:

78 EXT.- A SERVICE ROAD.- CONTINUOUS. 78
We see the DETECTIVES CAR'S RED AND BLUE LIGHT FLASH.
CUT TO:

79 INT.- BLACK SUV.- CONTINUOUS. 79
ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY'S POV- he looks in the REAR-VIEW MIRROR, at the FLASHING RED AND BLUE LIGHTS.
TROTSKY.
(subtitled in Russian)
Fuck! The cops boss.
SIMION IVANKOVIC looks behind at the DETECTIVES CAR.
SIMION IVANKOVIC.
(subtitled in Russian)
Pull over, see what they want.
(on the phone)
Let me call you back.
(hangs up)
ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, flicks on his BLINKER and pulls over.
CUT TO:

80 EXT.- A SERVICE ROAD.- CONTINUOUS. 80
We see the BLACK SUV pull over to the SHOULDER (CURB) with the DETECTIVES CAR CLOSE BEHIND.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

And stops.

A BEAT.

The DETECTIVES CAR DOORS OPEN, BOTH DETECTIVES gets out of the CAR--

--with HANDS ON THEIR GUNS they walk up to the BLACK SUV, ONE to each side of the SUV.

DETECTIVE NANCY RAY TOUCHES THE REAR HATCH DOOR, TO LEAVE HER FINGERPRINTS.

DETECTIVE SANDY ESTRADA SLAPS HER BADGE ON THE WINDOW, taps on the WINDOW WITH HER BADGE.

SANDY ESTRADA.
Lower the window please.

The SUV'S WINDOW LOWERS--

OTHER SIDE OF BLACK SUV.

DETECTIVE NANCY RAY, taps on the PASSENGERS SIDE WINDOW.

NANCY RAY.
(smiles)
Lower the window please.

The PASSENGERS SIDE WINDOW LOWERS.

BEGAN BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN DETECTIVES.

ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, lowers the WINDOW--

TROTSKY.
Is there something wrong detective?

NANCY RAY.
Simion, let me see some Id.

SIMION IVANKOVIC.
(pissed)
What do you want?

SANDY ESTRADA.
Put your hands on the dash, please.

ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, puts his hands on the DASHBOARD.

NANCY RAY. CONT'D
Id please.

SIMION IVANKOVIC. CONT'D
(hands her his id)
You look very nice detective.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY RAY. CONT'D

Shut up.

SIMION IVANKOVIC. CONT'D

Oooh, that turns me on detective.

NANCY RAY. CONT'D

I said shut up!

With his hands on the dashboard, ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY smiles at DETECTIVE SANDY ESTRADA--

SANDY ESTRADA. CONT'D

Let me see your Id.

TROTSKY.

It's okay to move my hands?

SANDY ESTRADA. CONT'D

Slowly, don't make me shoot you, okay!

ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, slowly reaches in his jacket pocket and removes his wallet, and hands DETECTIVE SANDY ESTRADA his ID.

She takes his ID, looks at it, a pause--

--looks at him, then back to the ID.

SANDY ESTRADA. CONT'D

Put your hands back on the dash, I'll be right back.

She walks back to her CAR, and runs his ID.

SIMION IVANKOVIC. CONT'D

You smell good detective, what is that you're wearing?

NANCY RAY. CONT'D

What do you know about a under-age girl sold to a man in his-- lets say fifties, by the name of Steve Wilson.

SIMION IVANKOVIC. CONT'D

I don't know any man with a under-age girl in his fifties, who is he?

DETECTIVE SANDY ESTRADA returns to the SUV--

A CAR passes by.

--she hands back ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, his ID.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: (3)

80

NANCY RAY. CONT'D
(calmly leans in on him)
I know your the one who sold the
girl to him,-- and as soon as I can
prove it. I'm gonna put your ugly
ass in jail-- have a nice night.

SANDY ESTRADA.
Your free to go, drive safely.

The DETECTIVES walk back to their CAR, and gets in.

END BACK AND FORTH.

The BLACK SUV drives off into the NIGHT OF THE CITY.

FADE TO BLACK:

81 INT.- LOCKED ROOM.- NIGHT.

81

We see the DOOR open--

--in comes SIMION IVANKOVIC and ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY,
TROTSKY is CARRYING A LARGE BLACK BOX WITH A BLUE RIBBON AND
BOW TIED AROUND IT.

The TV SET is on and a VIDEO GAME is PAUSED.

We hear the sound of the TOILET FLUSH.

WHOOSH!

The BATHROOM DOOR OPENS AND OUT WALKS YOUNG GIRL (TAMMY) IN
HER TEENS, LONG BLONDE HAIR, BLUE EYES.

SHE'S DRESSED IN AN OVER-SIZED TEE-SHIRT AND BLUE JEANS,
BUNNY SLIPPERS. A SMALL TATTOO OF A BIRD ON HER RIGHT WRIST.

She gets scared when she sees SIMION IVANKOVIC, and drops
her head and looks at the floor, and like a whipped puppy
she scurries to the sofa and sits down-- she keeps her head
down and looks at the floor.

SIMION IVANKOVIC.
Tammy, it's okay, I'm not gonna
hurt you.

SIMION IVANKOVIC takes a seat next to her, he puts his arm
around her, she flinches and pulls away from him.

SIMION IVANKOVIC. CONT'D
(stroking her hair)
You look pretty tonight.-- I have
something for you.
(subtitled in Russian)
Hand me the box.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, hands SIMION IVANKOVIC a LARGE BLACK BOX WITH A BLUE RIBBON AND BOW TIED AROUND IT.

SIMION IVANKOVIC opens the BLACK BOX and pulls out a Floral Print Velvet Mini Dress.

He holds it up to show her.

SIMION IVANKOVIC. CONT'D
Look sweetheart, it's for you.

The YOUNG TEEN (TAMMY) looks at the dress.

CU- ON TAMMY'S face, as she gets a smile on her face.

SIMION IVANKOVIC. CONT'D
(nicely)
You like it?-- Why don't you go put
it on and show me how pretty you
look in it!

She takes the dress, and like a little girl on her birthday she runs into the BEDROOM to put it on.

TROTSKY.
(subtitled in Russian)
Boss, she's not ready!

SIMION IVANKOVIC.
(subtitled in Russian)
She's ready! If she fucks him like
she fucked me last week! Shes
ready!!

SIMION IVANKOVIC walks around the APARTMENT and looks around.

SIMION IVANKOVIC.
Remember the girl we called
twinkie? She was a good girl, she
brought me lots of money, remember
her?

TROTSKY.
(smugly)
Yes I remember her boss.

SIMION IVANKOVIC. CONT'D
What happened to her?

TROTSKY. CONT'D
(very frank)
You sold her to a fat pig years
ago. I think she dead now.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (2)

81

SIMION IVANKOVIC. CONT'D
Maybe, she was always eating those
little yellow cakes, she couldn't
get enough of them.-- I should have
kept her.

The BEDROOM DOOR OPENS, and out walks TAMMY in her NEW
DRESS.

SIMION IVANKOVIC gets a big smile on his face, puts his arms
out and walks over to her.

SIMION IVANKOVIC.
Look at you-- your beautiful Tammy!
Turn around, let me see all of you.

She smiles and turns around for him.

SIMION IVANKOVIC. CONT'D
Isn't she beautiful Alex?

TROTSKY.
(shamefully)
Yes boss, shes beautiful.

SIMION IVANKOVIC. CONT'D
Tammy, you want to go to a party
with me?

TAMMY gets a BIG SMILE ON HER FACE, and nods yes.

SIMION IVANKOVIC. CONT'D
Good, good.-- go put you're makeup
on and do you're hair up nice for
me okay! Go make your self look
nice, go now!

TAMMY runs quickly to the BEDROOM, and shuts the door behind
her.

CLICK!

In the background we see ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, texting
somebody--

CUT TO:

82 EXT.- POSH NIGHTCLUB.- NIGHT.

82

A line forms around the building waiting to get in. At the
door is a BIG RUSSIAN WOMAN with a TABLET CHECKING OFF NAMES
OF A-LISTER'S, PICKING AND CHOOSING PEOPLE FROM THE LINE,
WELCOMING THEM IN.

A BLACK SUV, pulls up to the front entrance and parks.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

Out steps SIMION IVANKOVIC from the passengers side, he quickly opens the rear passengers side door--

--out steps TAMMY, dressed in the dress that SIMION gave her.

She looks older then she is, shes beautiful, and shocks the BIG RUSSIAN WOMAN, turned on by the sight of young girl.

SIMION IVANKOVIC shuts the door, takes TAMMY'S hand and escorts her to the doors of the CLUB.

BIG RUSSIAN WOMAN.
(subtitled in Russian)
New girl Simion? Shes pretty, maybe
you let me try her too?

SIMION IVANKOVIC.
(subtitled in Russian)
After tonight my love, after
tonight.

The BIG RUSSIAN WOMAN opens the door for the COUPLE, the TWO goes in.

CUT TO:

83 INT.- POSH NIGHTCLUB.- NIGHT.

83

A Prohibition-era speakeasy, decorated like an illicit bar of the Roaring Twenties.

With a glitz and glamour style you would expect in a retro NIGHTCLUB.

WAITRESSES are dressed in ALL WHITE FLAPPER DRESSES serving drinks--

BARTENDERS, DRESSED TO THE NINE'S IN BLACK SUITES OF THE TWENTIES, slicked back hair, clean shaven, pinky rings on their right hand, with a rose in their jacket lapel.

THE MUSIC IS LOUD PLAYING.

BIG RUSSIAN BOUNCERS stand at the ENTRANCES and EXITS of the CLUB.

ANGLE ON THE FRONT ENTRANCE, as SIMION IVANKOVIC and TAMMY walk in.

SIMION leans in on a BOUNCER, and whispers something in his ear.

The BOUNCER nods his head yes, and points to the VIP SECTION OF THE CLUB, then flags a WAITRESS, waving her to escort SIMION and TAMMY to the VIP SECTION.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

The WAITRESS ESCORTS the couple to the VIP SECTION, where a well dressed POWERFUL MAN is entertaining FOUR WELL DRESSED MEN and a FIVE BEAUTIFUL HIGH CLASS CALL GIRLS.

The POWERFUL MAN stands as SIMION AND TAMMY APPROACH HIS TABLE--

POWERFUL MAN.
(arabic accent)
Simion, Simion welcome-- please
sit, sit!

SIMION AND TAMMY takes a seat, she is in AWE at the CLUBS ATMOSPHERE and the POWERFUL MAN.

POWERFUL MAN. CONT'D
Who is the beautiful flower you
have here?

SIMION IVANKOVIC.
This is Tammy, she is beautiful
yes!

ANGLE ON TAMMY'S FACE as she smiles at all of the attention she is paid.

THE POWERFUL MAN waves to a WAITRESS--

POWERFUL MAN. CONT'D
We must have a new bottle
champagne!

WAITRESS.
Yeas sir?

POWERFUL MAN. CONT'D
We'll have another bottle of your
finest champagne please, and
another glass for the beautiful
Tammy.

WAITRESS. CONT'D
Yes sir, will that be all?

POWERFUL MAN. CONT'D
Yes thank you.

The WAITRESS leaves with the POWERFUL MANS ORDER.

ANGLE ON FRONT ENTRANCE as ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, enters--

--he scans the CLUB for SIMION AND TAMMY.

ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY'S POV- scanning the CLUB for SIMION AND TAMMY, he sees them sitting in the VIP SECTION, and goes over to them.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: (2)

83

We follow him through the CLUB and over to the VIP SECTION.

He leans over to whisper something in SIMIONS EAR and then points to the BAR-- and leaves, taking a seat at the BAR.

BARTENDER.

Would you like something sir?

TROTSKY.

Vodka, two finger no ice.

BARTENDER. CONT'D

Yes sir.

The BARTENDER pours and serves him his drink.

ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, pays for his drink, SLAMMING it back quick!

ANGLE ON VIP SECTION as SIMION IVANKOVIC gets up from his seat and walks over to ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, who's is downing drink after drink.

SIMION IVANKOVIC.

(subtitled in Russian)

Why you drink so much?

TROTSKY.

(subtitled in Russian)

I just feel like drinking boss-- I stop if you like me to.

SIMION IVANKOVIC. CONT'D

Take it easy, I don't need you drunk.

TROTSKY. CONT'D

Yes boss. Hows girl doing?

SIMION IVANKOVIC. CONT'D

She doing good for now, he's trying to get her drunk first. Something's not right with this guy, he's to friendly, I don't trust him, you keep look out for trouble.

TROTSKY. CONT'D

Yes boss.

SIMION IVANKOVIC. CONT'D

(grabs Trotsky's arm)

No more drinking!

ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, looks at his arm, then up at SIMION, and nods yes.

SIMION IVANKOVIC walks back over to the VIP SECTION.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: (3)

83

VIP SECTION:

The POWERFUL MAN is now sitting next to TAMMY-- pouring her drink after drink, getting her drunk, shes having a good time, shes loose, and starting to feel the CHAMPAGNE.

ANGLE ON POWERFUL MANS HAND as he slips something into TAMMY'S drink.

SIMION'S POV- on the POWERFUL MAN slipping her a MICKEY. He's pissed at what he sees, and leans in on the POWERFUL MAN.

SIMION IVANKOVIC.
(whispers in his ear)
If you think you can fuck me over
tonight, I will kill you where you
sit!

POWERFUL MAN.
(looks at Simion)
Who the fuck you think your talking
to?

ANGLE ON ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, he stands, reaches behind his back, and produces a 9mm GLOCK and walks over to the VIP SECTION.

SIMION IVANKOVIC. CONT'D
(calmly)
I'm talking to a fucking pig,
wanting to fuck a little girl!

ANGLE ON ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, who is now standing behind the POWERFUL MAN, he lays his GUN on his shoulder.

CU- on 9mm GLOCK ON HIS SHOULDER.

The POWERFUL MAN looks at the GUN, then back to SIMION, a pause, then he smiles at SIMION.

POWERFUL MAN. CONT'D
Hey, were all friends here, I'm
sorry, I'm sorry Simion, here have
a drink with me, everything is
okay!

ANGLE ON SIMION, he studies him a bit.

SIMION IVANKOVIC. CONT'D
(subtitled in Russian)
Alex, get the girl.--
(looks at Man)
Keep your drink pig!

ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, takes TAMMY by the arm and helps her out from her seat, shes feeling the effects of the MICKEY

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: (4)

83

that the POWERFUL MAN has slipped her, he picks her up in his arms to carry her out of the CLUB.

POWERFUL MAN. CONT'D
(gets him some balls)
Who the fuck you think you are
Simion? You owe me motherfucker!

SIMION is pissed now and in one smooth move whips out a BUTTERFLY KNIFE and drives the BUTTERFLY KNIFE in his hand, pinning it to the TABLE!

THUMP!

The POWERFUL MAN screams out in pain--

POWERFUL MAN.
Aaaaaaagh!

--blood squirts out of his hand like a little boys squirt gun.

ANGLE ON ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, as he holds the CLUBS BOUNCERS back at GUN POINT WITH TAMMY DANGLING IN HIS ARM.

The GIRLS at the TABLE SCREAM IN HORROR.

SIMION then grabs him by his EAR in a CLAW LIKE GRIP, pulls the BUTTERFLY KNIFE OUT FROM HIS HAND AND CUTS OFF HIS EAR--

POWERFUL MAN. CONT'D
Aaaaaaagh!

THROWING HIS EAR IN HIS FACE!

SMACK!

SIMION IVANKOVIC.
Fuck you!

With the POWERFUL MAN bleeding from his HAND AND EAR, SIMION SPITS ON HIM and leaves the CLUB calmly--

--leaving the CLUBBERS in SHOCK AND AWE!

CUT TO:

84 EXT.- POSH NIGHTCLUB.- NIGHT.

84

SIMION IVANKOVIC exits the CLUB, whipping his hands off with a HANDKERCHIEF.

ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, helps TAMMY into the SUV.

BIG RUSSIAN WOMAN looks at him--

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

BIG RUSSIAN WOMAN.
(subtitled in Russian)
I can have girl now?

SIMION IVANKOVIC.
(subtitled in Russian)
I'll call you?

SIMION leaves her smiling and walks towards his waiting SUV.

FADE TO BLACK:

85 EXT.- CITY PARK.- DAY.

85

An OLDER MAN WALKING HIS DOG:

The day is sunny and bright, people are walking, jogging in the PARK, all is calm.

The OLDER MAN WALKING HIS DOG STOPS TO TIE HIS SHOE--

--he keels down to TIE HIS SHOE.

SPLAT!

His brains SPLATTER the LEG OF THE JOGGER passing him with blood and brains.

He slowly topples over onto his side.

FLOP!

The JOGGER'S POV- on the OLDER MAN as he topples over and sees the blood pool on the sidewalk.

CU- on JOGGER'S face, their eyes are wide with horror and shock--

--screams for help!

PARK JOGGER.
O MY GOD! HELP!, HELP!, HELP!

FADEOUT/IN:

86 INT.- STRIPPER CLUB/OFFICE.- NIGHT.

86

SIMION IVANKOVIC is working alone on his LAPTOP, he's calm as he types out a EMAIL to a SLAVE BUYER.

The OFFICE DOOR OPENS, in walks ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, he shuts the door behind him.

CLICK!

He walks over to the COFFEE MAKER and POURS HIMSELF A CUP OF BLACK COFFEE.

(CONTINUED)

TROTSKY.
(subtitled in Russian)
Can I pour you a cup boss?

SIMION IVANKOVIC.
(subtitled in Russian)
No! Thank you!!-- How is Tammy
doing?

ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, takes a seat on the SOFA, sips his HOT COFFEE.

TROTSKY. CONT'D
She's a little hungover, but okay.
(burns his mouth on the
hot coffee)
Fuck!

SIMION'S POV- on ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, who is holding his hand over his mouth from the HOT COFFEE, he smiles and laughs at him.

ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, curses something in RUSSIA.

A KNOCK AT THE OFFICE DOOR.

KNOCK!, KNOCK!, KNOCK!

ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, gets up from his seat and opens the door.

We hear the sound of music.

A STRIPPER in a WHITE COWBOY HAT, WHITE COWBOY BOOTS, WHITE BIKINI, TWO COWBOY CAP GUNS ON HER HIPS come in.

TROTSKY.
(smile on his face)
What do you want?

COWBOY STRIPPER.
Simion, there's a drunk guy causing trouble, he won't pay for his lap dances.

SIMION IVANKOVIC.
(subtitled in Russian)
Go take care of it.

ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, and the COWBOY STRIPPER leave the OFFICE.

CLUB HALLWAY:

ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY'S POV- on the COWBOY STRIPPER, he checks her out, like a boy in high school.

(CONTINUED)

TROTSKY.
I like to play cowboy.

COWBOY STRIPPER.
(smiles)
I bet you do.

ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, and the COWBOY STRIPPER reach the MAIN FLOOR, she points to the DRUNKEN MAN. He's a tall heavy set man, red wavy hair, black TEE-SHIRT, BLUE JEANS.

ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, walks up to him.

The DRUNKEN MAN is yelling at the BARTENDER over his drink.

TROTSKY.
Whats the trouble here?

BARTENDER.
He thinks I over charged him on his drink and he won't pay Judy for the dance.

TROTSKY. CONT'D
(very stern)
You pay for your drinks and dance!

DRUNKEN MAN.
(arrogant)
Fuck you, you big fucking russian,
I ain't paying for shit!!

TROTSKY. CONT'D
You pay!

DRUNKEN MAN.
Fuck off I said!

THEN!

SUDDENLY ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, grabs the DRUNKEN MAN by the back of his head and SLAMS HIS FACE INTO THE BAR, busting out his front teeth!

BOP!

The DRUNKEN MAN falls to the floor, with blood and teeth spilling out of his mouth--

ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, searches his pockets and takes his money from his wallet and pays the BARTENDER and JUDY THE STRIPPER.

He grabs the DRUNKEN MAN and DRAGS HIM OUT OF THE CLUB BY HIS FEET.

A MOMENT.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: (3)

86

ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, comes back in the CLUB, brushing his hands together.

TROTSKY.
It's okay now, yes?

STRIPPER JUDY.
(shocked)
Yes!

ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, heads back to the OFFICE.

CUT TO:

87 INT.- STRIPPER CLUB/OFFICE.

87

The OFFICE DOOR OPENS, in walks ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY.

SIMION IVANKOVIC'S POV- on ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, as he shuts the door behind him.

SIMION IVANKOVIC.
Everything okay?

TROTSKY.
He had to go to the dentist, he's gone now.

SIMION IVANKOVIC. CONT'D
(smiling)
The dentist? Okay??

CUT TO:

88 INT.- LOCKED ROOM.- NIGHT.

88

TAMMY is playing a VIDEO GAME--

We see on the TV SCREEN a ZOMBI VIDEO GAME PLAYING.

ANGLE ON DOOR, as it opens--

--in walks ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, and SIMION IVANKOVIC.

ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY is carrying a BROWN PAPER BAG OF FOOD. CAN GOODS, CEREAL, MILK, CANDY, TV DINNERS.

TAMMY looks up at SIMION, with a look of "I DON'T WANT TOO."

SIMION IVANKOVIC.
Hi Tammy, what you playing?

TAMMY.
(in a low scared voice)
A game.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

SIMION IVANKOVIC. CONT'D
Can I play?

TAMMY.
If you want to you can.

SIMION picks up the other controller from the COFFEE TABLE,
and begins to play the GAME.

ANGLE ON ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, putting away the FOOD.

TROTSKY.
Tammy, here is your cereal you
like.

TAMMY.
Coco Puffs?

TROTSKY.
Yes coco puffs.

She gets up quickly and runs to ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY--
--she looks at the box like a little girl on Saturday
morning, she's happy and pours herself a bowl.

SIMION IVANKOVIC.
(playing the game)
Don't eat too much Tammy, I'm gonna
take you to diner, and then to a
party.

TAMMY.
(whispers)
Alex! I don't want to go to a
party.

TROTSKY.
(whispers)
It'll be alright.-- if someone hurt
you, you call me, okay?

TAMMY.
I'm scared!

TROTSKY.
No, no Tammy don't be scared, I
won't anyone hurt you, okay!

TAMMY.
Okay...

CUT TO:

89 INT.- UP SCALE HOTEL.- NIGHT.

89

HALLWAY:

(CONTINUED)

We see ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, TAMMY, AND SIMION IVANKOVIC walking down the HALLWAY to THE SUITE OF A RICH MAN AND WOMAN FROM CANADA.

They stop at the SUITE'S DOOR.

SIMION stops and checks TAMMY'S LOOK-- Shes dressed very sexy, in a short mini dress, her hair down and flowing, she looks like a RUNWAY MODEL.

SIMION IVANKOVIC.
You look very beautiful Tammy.
(he kisses her cheek)
You make me so proud of you.

TAMMY.
(pleads)
I don't want to Simion!
(starts to cry)

SIMION IVANKOVIC.
Now, now Tammy none of that you'll
mess up your makeup.

TROTSKY.
(subtitled in Russian)
Boss!

SIMION IVANKOVIC. CONT'D
(looks at Trotsky)
Tammy this is the last time, okay!

ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, knows that she is being sold and won't be coming back with him, he turns around--

--and wipes his eyes.

SIMION IVANKOVIC knocks on the SUITES DOOR.

KNOCK!, KNOCK!, KNOCK!

The door opens--

--in the doorway stands a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN in her 30s, long blonde hair, dress in black leather pants, low cut blouse, black 6-inch pumps.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.
Simion! Come in, please come in.

She looks at TAMMY like a SHE WOLF ON A DEER.

SIMION, TAMMY and ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, go into the SUITE.

CUT TO:

90 INT.- HOTEL SUITE.- NIGHT.

90

The SUITE is big and more of an APARTMENT THEN A ROOM, a large BAR, fully stocked, kitchen, living room, TWO bed rooms and baths.

The BEAUTIFUL WOMAN helps remove TAMMY'S FUR COAT--

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

What a beautiful fur, it must keep
you nice and warm. I'm just gonna
hang it up for okay!

TAMMY.

(smiles)

Thank you.

ANGLE ON BED ROOM DOOR, as it opens, out walks a TALL
HANDSOME MAN (ROBERT OWENS), 30s, he's rich as rich as one
can be, hair very well kept, dressed in a tailor made suite.

ROBERT OWENS.

Simion! Welcome!!

(looks over at Tammy)

And who do we have here?

SIMION IVANKOVIC.

This is Tammy, isn't she pretty?

ROBERT OWENS. CONT'D

Hi Tammy, I'm Robert it's nice to
meet you.

(kisses her hand)

TAMMY is relaxing and calming down, she looks over at
ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY,--

TAMMY'S POV- on ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, he has a sad worried
look on his face, but smile back at HER LIKE A LOVING
FATHER.

ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, walks over to the BAR, and grabs a
bottle of VODKA, in anger he spins the cap off--

--the cap hits the floor.

PLOP!

He pours himself a TALL GLASS OF VODKA, a pause in thought,
then slams it back in a GULP! He sets the GLASS DOWN HARD ON
THE BAR--

--he feels sick to his stomach at what is taking place, he
puts his hand behind his back and under his jacket--

--gripping the 9mm GLOCK tucked in his pants, he thinks long
and hard--

A BEAT.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

He stares at ROBERT OWENS with a THOUSAND MILE STARE, he thinks about his actions.

THEN!

Removes his hand from behind his back.

TROTSKY.

(subtitled in Russian)

I'll be in the hallway boss.

SIMION IVANKOVIC.

(subtitled in Russian)

Yes.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

Is he okay?

SIMION IVANKOVIC. CONT'D

Yes, yes he just needs some air is all, he's fine.

ROBERT OWENS.

Can we, we talk in the other room
Simion?

SIMION IVANKOVIC. CONT'D

Sure, sure.

(looks over at Tammy)

I'll be just one minute sweetie
okay, you get to know her, I'll be
right back.

SIMION IVANKOVIC AND ROBERT OWENS go into the other room.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

Can I get you anything sweetie?

TAMMY.

You have Dr. Pepper!

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN. CONT'D

Mmmmm, let me look and see.

She walks behind the BAR and in the small fridge.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN. CONT'D

Sorry no hun! We have Coke! Do you
like Coke?

TAMMY.

That'll be fine, I like Coke!

ANGLE ON DOORWAY OF THE OTHER ROOM as ROBERT OWENS come out
ALONE!

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (2)

90

CU- on THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN as she puts a DATE RAPE DRUG IN TAMMY'S DRINK.

She walks over with the GLASS OF COKE A COLA and hands it to TAMMY.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN. CONT'D
Here you go sweetie.

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN takes a seat next to TAMMY, licks her lips like a LIONESS about to eat.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.
Has anyone ever told you how pretty
you are? You have very high cheek
bones. Have you done any modeling?

TAMMY smiles and touches her face.

TAMMY.
No, but I want too.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN. CONT'D
Oh, you would make a beautiful
model. Put a little makeup on you,
fix up your hair, you'd be
stunning!

TAMMY. CONT'D
Are you a model?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN. CONT'D
I was along time ago, then I fell
in love with Robert and I quit.

CUT TO:

91 INT.- UP SCALE HOTEL.

91

HALLWAY:

A DOOR OPENS and out come SIMION IVANKOVIC ALONE!

ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY'S POV- on SIMION, as he comes out of the room, he has a smile on his face and a ENVELOPE HE STUFFS IN HIS SUITE JACKET POCKET.

SIMION IVANKOVIC.
(subtitled in RUSSIAN)
Whats wrong with you Alex? We make
a lot of money tonight.

TROTSKY.
(lying)
Room, room to stuffy for me, I need
some fresh air-- I'm okay now.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

SIMION IVANKOVIC. CONT'D
Come on, lets get out of here.

The TWO walk down the HALLWAY and into--

FADE TO BLACK:

92 INT.- HOTEL SUITE.- NIGHT.

92

TWO HOURS LATER:

TAMMY is in and out of consciousness--

TAMMY'S POV- she sees everything out of focus, sounds in the room are slow and muffled.

ROBERT OWNS picks her up and carries her into the BED ROOM and sets her on the BED.

CUT TO:

93 INT.- SUITE BED ROOM.

93

TAMMY'S EYES ARE ROLLING AROUND IN HER HEAD-- SHE CAN'T MOVE!

ADLIB VOICES FROM ROBERT AND THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

THEN!

LIKE TWO LIONS, ROBERT AND THE WOMAN POUNCE ON TAMMY, PULLING HER DRESS OFF--

TOSSING IT INTO THE AIR--

ROBERT OWENS POV- on TAMMY, who is in her BRA AND PANTIES, he licks his lips, kisses the BEAUTIFUL WOMAN in a passionate kiss--

THEN HE TURNS HIS FOCUS ON TAMMY!

He takes a PAIR OF SCISSORS FROM THE DRESSER, and begins to CUT OFF TAMMY'S PANTIES AND BRA, TOSSING THEM TO THE FLOOR.

We hear a sound coming from the other room.

He stops-- looks at the BEAUTIFUL WOMAN who is now FULLY NAKED.

ROBERT OWENS.
Go see what that was.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.
(stand offish)
Me? You go see!

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

ROBERT OWENS. CONT'D
(nicely)
Please baby, would go see for me?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN. CONT'D
Okay, but don't start yet, wait for
me! I want to eat that pussy!!

The BEAUTIFUL WOMAN puts a ROBE ON and leaves the BED ROOM.

CUT TO:

94 INT.- HOTEL SUITE.

94

LIVING ROOM:

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN looks around the room--

A SOUND COMING FROM THE OTHER ROOM.

She walks over to the OTHER ROOM.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.
Is somebody in there? Hello!

She goes into the ROOM.

THEN!!

Out of the darkness a HAND GRABS HER ARM!

SNATCH!

Pulling her into the dark room, the door slams behind her.

SLAM!

CUT TO:

95 INT.- SUITE BED ROOM.

95

ROBERT OWENS is on top of TAMMY licking her neck, and
gorping her--

ANGLE ON THE DOOR, as it slowly opens--

--in walks a HOODED FIGURE with a GARROTE WIRE in their
hands, they slowly and quietly walks up behind ROBERT OWENS.

THEN!

In in quick movement the HOODED FIGURE WRAPS THE GARROTE
WIRE AROUND THE NECK OF ROBERT-- pulling him backward and
onto the floor.

With ROBERT CHOKING, his eyes bugging out, ROBERT quickly
flips the HOODED FIGURE OVER onto their back.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

ROBERT gasping for air removes the GARROTE WIRE from around his neck.

THE HOOD FIGURE quickly stands up and gives ROBERT a ROUND HOUSE KICK TO THE HEAD, sending him flying into the wall behind him.

ROBERT, stunned gets up on his feet.

ROBERT OWENS.

I'm gonna fuck you up motherfucker!

ROBERT AND THE HOODED FIGURE, fight like their in a MMA FIGHT RING.

The HOODED FIGURE slams their fist hard into ROBERT'S face, busting his nose, sending blood and spit spraying onto the walls.

ROBERT stops and wipes his nose, sees the blood on his hand, and charges the HOODED FIGURE like a BULL SEEING RED.

The HOODED FIGURE jumps into the air like a KUNG FU fighter and places their foot square into ROBERT'S CHEST!

SLAM!

Knocking ROBERT into the wall about HALF WAY in it.

ROBERT struggles to get out, falling to his knees.

The HOODED FIGURE picks up the SCISSORS from the floor and STABS ROBERT IN THE EYE, KILLING HIM.

The HOODED FIGURE wraps a sheet around the limp naked body of TAMMY and picks her up and walks out of the room.

CUT TO:

96 INT.- STRIPPER CLUB.- NIGHT.

96

SAME NIGHT:

The CLUB is closed for the NIGHT, NIGHT LIGHTS shine dimly over the BAR AND STAGE.

CUT TO:

97 INT.- STRIPPER CLUB/OFFICE.- NIGHT.

97

SIMION IVANKOVIC is behind his desk working on his LAPTOP PC. Next to him is a ROCK GLASS of VODKA, NO ICE.

ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY is resting on the SOFA with a COLD COMPRESS on his FOREHEAD.

THE OFFICE IS QUIET.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

THEN!

The sound of MUFFLED MUSIC PLAYING FROM THE DJ BOOTH.

ANGLE ON SIMION IVANKOVIC, he looks up over his LAPTOP in BEWILDERMENT--

SIMION IVANKOVIC.
(subtitled in Russian)
Whats that music playing?

ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, drifting off to sleep.

SIMION IVANKOVIC. CONT'D
Alex!, Alex! Whats that music
playing?

TROTSKY.
What music boss?

SIMION IVANKOVIC. CONT'D
Wake up! Go see who's playing that
music.

ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, removes the COLD COMPRESS from his head, and sits up right.

TROTSKY.
Boss! Who's playing that music?

SIMION IVANKOVIC. CONT'D
(anger)
Get the fuck up and go see!

SWEARS SOMETHING IN RUSSIAN.

ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY, gets up from the SOFA, sets the COLD COMPRESS ON THE TABLE--

--opens the door--

THE MUSIC GETS LOUDER.

--shuts the door behind him.

CLICK!

CROSSFADE:

98 INT.- STRIPPER CLUB.

98

MUSIC IS BLASTING "WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE, BY GUNS AND ROSES."

The STAGE LIGHTS are flashing.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

We follow ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY as he walks around the CLUB checking to see who is playing the music.

He walks up to the DJ BOOTH, and goes in. He looks around at the CONTROLS on how to shut it off.

TROTSKY.

How the fuck you turn off this
shit?

THEN!

BAM!

He's hit over the head-- knocked to the floor, out cold!

A BEAT.

CUT TO:

99 INT.- STRIPPER CLUB/OFFICE.

99

SIMION is waiting for the music to stop playing and for ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY to return.

A BEAT.

SIMION, reaches into his desk drawer and removes a 9mm GLOCK, he pulls back the SLIDE, RELEASES IT.

CLICK!

LOCKED AND LOADED.

He curses something in Russian.

And leaves the office.

CROSSFADE:

100 INT.- STRIPPER CLUB.

100

The dead bodies of the BEAUTIFUL WOMAN AND ROBERT OWENS are POSED at the BAR AND STAGE.

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN SITS NAKED PROPPED UP AGAINST THE STAGE MIRROR, WITH ROBERT OWENS SITTING AT THE BAR.

SIMION, comes out from the CLUBS HALLWAY, GUN RAISED.

SIMION'S POV- at the CLUB, then the BAR AND STAGE.

A MOMENT.

He's startled at seeing the TWO DEAD BODIES.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

SIMION IVANKOVIC.
What the fuck is this?
(he shouts over the
music)
WHO IS HERE? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

A GARBLED VOICE FROM THE CLUBS P.A. SYSTEM.

GARBLED VOICE. (O.S.)
Your blood Simion.

SIMION, fires a shot at the DJ BOOTH.

BANG!

The music stops playing, sparks fly!

SIMION IVANKOVIC. CONT'D
COME OUT!

GARBLED VOICE. (O.S.)
(laughing)
Ha, ha, ha, ha!

SIMION fires another TWO SHOTS.

BANG!, BANG!

THEN!

A HOODED FIGURE RUNS PAST HIM WITH A KNIFE--

CU- ON HOODED FIGURE CUTTING SIMION'S FACE.

--CUTTING HIS FACE!

SIMION, puts his hand on his face, blood fills his hand, he flicks it onto the floor and fires a series of wild shots in the CLUB.

BANG!, BANG!, BANG!, BANG!

THEN THE EXIT DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS TIGHT.

SIMION runs to the EXIT DOOR--

--opens it, stands in the open doorway, blood dripping down his face and to the floor, pooling at the doorway.

He looks around to see if he can spot the HOODED FIGURE.

SIMION'S POV- of the ALLEY, he sees something move by the DUMPSTERS, fires a wild shot.

BANG!

A CAT SCREAMS AS IT'S DIEING.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: (2)

100

He goes back in the CLUB--

--shuts the door behind him.

CLICK!

He stands in a waiting stance, looking around the CLUB.

SIMION'S POV- on the empty CLUB, he looks around with a 360-degrees look.

He stops and sees himself in the STAGE MIRRORS.

Blood, dripping from his face, he looks and waits.

He's eyes turns to the DEAD BEAUTIFUL WOMAN LEANING UP AGAINST THE MIRROR--

Her arm suddenly raisies up with a 9mm GLOCK in her hand, and fires a shot at SIMION

BANG!

Hitting him in the chest, knocking him off his feet and to the floor.

The BEAUTIFUL WOMAN stands up, rips the BLONDE WIG FROM HER HEAD, throws it to the floor, with GUN RAISED she jumps off of the STAGE, with the 9mm pointed at SIMION.

She stands over him, dressed in the ROBE of the DEAD BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

Points the GUN at his head.

SIMION'S POV- looking up at the WOMAN, he knows her.

SIMION IVANKOVIC.
You! I thought you were dead?

She shakes her head NO!

SIMION IVANKOVIC. CONT'D
How did you get away?

TWINKIE.
Alex, he saved me.

SIMION IVANKOVIC. CONT'D
ALEX?!?

TWINKIE. CONT'D
(anger)
You sold me to that pig!

She's shaking in anger.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: (3)

100

TWINKIE. CONT'D
(really angry)
Do you know what he did to ME?!? He
raped me everyday!!

A SERIES OF FLASH BACK SHOTS OF HER BEING RAPED.

TWINKIE. CONT'D
He raped me-- and beat me! OVER AND
OVER!! Alex found me tied up and
that PIG on top of me!! Alex cut
his throat. ALEX!, ALEX!! SAVED
ME!!

SIMION IVANKOVIC.
FUCK YOU!, FUCK YOU BITCH!!

THEN!

BANG!, BANG!

KILLING SIMION.

We see a COAT being placed over her shoulders.

TROTSKY.
Come Twinkie, we go now.

She turns around suddenly and hugs ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY,
crying uncontrollably in his arms, dropping the gun to the
floor.

FADEOUT/IN:

101 INT.- STRIPPER CLUB.- DAY.

101

We see POLICE OFFICERS and the TWO DETECTIVES enter the
STRIPPER CLUB.

LOOKING AROUND THE TWO DETECTIVES find SIMION dead on the
floor.

NANCY RAY.
Hey look at that, he's finely dead!

SANDY ESTRADA.
Looks like somebody got their
payback.

CUT TO:

102 EXT.- A COUNTRY ROAD.- DAY.

102

We see a RV-CAMPER driving down a country road, the day is
sunny and warm.

CROSSFADE:

103 INT.- RV-CAMPER.- DAY.

103

ALEXANDROVIC TROTSKY is in the drivers seat, sipping on hot COFFEE.

ANGLE ON REAR OF CAMPER as TWINKIE comes up and gets in the passengers seat.

She looks over at ALEX. With a loving smile, gets up and kisses his cheek.

TROTSKY.

(surprised)

What that for?

TWINKIE.

For saving me Alex. Thank you.

CROSSFADE:

104 EXT.- A COUNTRY ROAD.- DAY.

104

We see the RV-CAMPER driving off into the sunset to the music of "JOHN DENVER'S TAKE ME HOME COUNTRY ROADS."

105 THE END.

105