

Saying Hello to the Devil
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EXT. FRONT DOOR - HOUSE -- DAY

A finger presses the doorbell -- ding, dong. LUCIEN, fit, 33, an old scar across his cheek, awaits an answer.

The door opens. KEIL, big guy, 6'6", Russian, late 40s, his neck, arms and hands are covered in prison tattoos. He looks down at Lucien with an intimidating glare.

LUCIEN
Keil Francovich?

KEIL
Who the fuck are you?

LUCIEN
I found this last night.

Lucien shows Keil a wallet. Keil grabs it. Rifles through the cash. His tense face loosens as he looks back at Lucien.

KEIL
I didn't think there were any honest fuckers left in this city.

LUCIEN
I must be the last one.

Lucien's charm forces a grin onto Keil's face.

KEIL
Least I can do is offer you a drink.

INT. DEN

A Russian flag hangs on a wall. An empty pizza box on the coffee table.

Lucien sits on the couch. He observes his surroundings.

KEIL
You like vodka?

LUCIEN
What man doesn't?

KEIL
None. Only pussies.

Keil disappears into the--

KITCHEN

Keil opens the freezer door. Pulls a frosty vodka bottle and two shot glasses.

DEN

Keil enters.

KEIL
You have a name, my friend?

LUCIEN
Lucien.

KEIL
Honest Lu.

Keil pours the vodka into the shot glasses. Sits across from Lucien.

LUCIEN
What part of Russia are you from?

KEIL
Moscow. Born and raised on the meanest streets in the world, my friend.

Keil raises his glass. Lucien acknowledges. The two men down their shot.

Keil pours more vodka.

KEIL (CONT'D)
What's the story behind the scar.

Lucien grazes the old scar on his face.

LUCIEN
An introduction to manhood.

Keil stares at Lucien. Lucien stares back.

KEIL
A funny thing about a person's eyes.
(beat)
They always tell you the truth.

The mood shifts. Keil's stare becomes more intense. Tension fills.

KEIL (CONT'D)
What do my eyes tell you?

Lucien takes a second.

LUCIEN
I don't know.

Keil grabs his shot. Downs it. Eyes fixated on Lucien.
Silence lingers.

KEIL
If you look deep enough, you'll see
that I'm a fucking monster.

Keil places the shot glass on the table.

KEIL (CONT'D)
When I opened the door, your eyes
told me you were here to kill me, my
friend.

The men pause.

Keil opens the pizza box. Pulls a gun. Stands. Approaches
Lucien who shows no fear.

KEIL (CONT'D)
How much did they pay you?

Keil awaits an answer. None is given.

Keil swings -- the butt of the gun smacks against Lucien's
brow -- Lucien's head jerks back -- blood pours from a gash.

KEIL (CONT'D)
How much did they pay you?

Lucien calmly grabs a balled-up napkin from the coffee table.
He uses it to cover the laceration over his eye.

Lucien leans back against the cushion. This predicament
seems normal to him.

LUCIEN
Seventy-five thousand.

Keil chuckles.

KEIL
You were robbed, my friend. I'm at
least worth \$2 million.

Keil motions Lucien to stand. Lucien rises to his feet.

KEIL (CONT'D)
Who put the price on my head?

Lucien remains quiet.

Keil punches Lucien in the gut -- Lucien bends in pain.
Keil throws Lucien to the floor -- drags him by his collar
into the...

BATHROOM

Lucien is on his knees, facing the bathtub, trying to catch
his breath from Keil's stomach blow.

Keil stands behind Lucien. Gun aimed at the back of his
head.

KEIL

Let me tell you what I'm about to
do, you fucking American pussy.

Keil squats down. He wraps his arm around Lucien's neck.
Squeezes. Lucien struggles to breath.

KEIL (CONT'D)

I'm going to take this gun and fire
it beside your right ear until it
bleeds. Then I'm going to ask your
left ear, who sent you.

Keil releases Lucien. Pushes him against the tub. As he
cocks the gun, Lucien moves--

THIS HAPPENS IN 6 SECONDS:

Lucien reaches back -- grabs the gun handle and Keil's wrist --
twists it awkwardly and away from his head -- POW -- a shot
fires -- it hits a shower tile.

Keil uses his other arm to wrap around Lucien's neck -- he
pulls him onto his feet in a choke hold -- Lucien uses the
back of his head to head-butt Keil repeatedly in his nose
and mouth -- blood sprays.

Keil's grip loosens -- Lucien pulls Keil's arm from around
his neck -- he releases the gun handle and Keil's wrist --
swings behind him.

As Keil regains control of the gun, a blade slides across
his neck -- blood sprays -- the gun fires three times --
three shower tiles explode.

Keil's upper body falls into the bathtub -- he squirms
violently as he struggles to breath -- blood gurgles from
the smile in his neck -- it runs down the bathtub drain.

END OF 6 SECONDS.

Keil's body slows to a stop. Lucien takes in a deep breath.
Exhales slowly. He's calm. It's eerie.

EXT. RUSSIAN BROTHEL

A small, two story, early 20th century hotel that's nestled in the shadows of Little Russia.

INT. KITCHEN - RUSSIAN BROTHEL

Lucien, a band-aid over his eye, sits at the kitchen table across from two Russian men, DMITRI, 28, slender, clean cut, and KANE, 35, muscular, tattoos on his neck and arms.

A small black bag rests beside Lucien's feet.

DMITRI

Bit of a struggle?

LUCIEN

It happens in my line of work.

Dmitri's eyes scan over Lucien's body.

DMITRI

Only a scratch on you. I guess you're as good as I've heard.

(beat)

Where're you from, hit man?

A beat.

LUCIEN

Are you going to take me upstairs and fuck me?

KANE

(points at Lucien)

Watch your fucking mouth.

DMITRI

(to Kane)

Calm down.

(to Lucien)

Fair enough, hit man.

(beat)

How do I know it's done?

Lucien grabs the small black bag. Opens it. Pulls an empty vodka bottle. Places it on the table.

Dmitri grabs the bottle. Notices something inside. It's a human finger. Dmitri examines. Sees a tattoo. Places the bottle back on the table. Nods to Kane.

Kane pulls a thick envelope. Slides it across the table to Lucien.

DMITRI (CONT'D)

As agreed.

Lucien grabs the envelope. Opens it. It's stuffed with stacks of hundreds.

DMITRI (CONT'D)

What about the others?

The door to the kitchen opens. In walks NEVAEH, 9, adorable. She holds a newspaper. Fear grows when she sees Dmitri and the men. She stops.

NEVAEH

I'm sorry, Dmitri.

DMITRI

(to Lucien)

One second.

(to Nevaeh)

Come. Sit on my lap.

Nevaeh doesn't move.

Dmitri smiles. His tone is more polite--

DMITRI (CONT'D)

Come. It's okay.

Nevaeh cautiously approaches. Dmitri puts her in his lap. Looks at the newspaper.

DMITRI (CONT'D)

The Crime and Safety section.

(glances at Lucien)

Fitting.

(beat)

Girls her age play with dolls.

Lucien looks on; not sure what to expect.

DMITRI (CONT'D)

All the bitches in this whore house can barely speak English.

(to Nevaeh)

How old are you?

NEVAEH

Nine.

DMITRI

Nine years old and she can read the newspaper, do math and she's never been to school.

Dmitri's smile dissipates. His tone becomes fierce.

DMITRI (CONT'D)

But one thing she can't do is stay
the FUCK OUT OF MY WAY!

Nevaeh quickly moves off of Dmitri's lap. In rushes SASHA, 24, Russian, wearing nothing but a short robe. Fear stains her eyes.

DMITRI (CONT'D)

And there she is. Your whore of a
mother.

SASHA

(to Nevaeh)

You're supposed to wait outside the
room when I'm busy.

Nevaeh hurries to her mother.

NEVAEH

I was just getting some water.

DMITRI

You were interrupting business.

Lucien looks at the fear in Sasha and Nevaeh's eyes as they hold one another.

SASHA

(to Nevaeh)

Go to the room.

(to Dmitri)

I'm sorry, Dmitri. It won't happen
again.

Nevaeh runs out.

DMITRI

For now on, she stays in the room
with you. You make her watch.

Sasha is distraught.

Dmitri stands. Walks to Sasha. He grabs her hair, spins her around and puts his hand in her robe on her breast.

DMITRI (CONT'D)

You teach that bitch how to be as
good as you in bed, no?

Tears form in Sasha's eyes.

SASHA
Dmitri. She's just a child.

DMITRI
It's time she grows up.

Lucien looks at Sasha. She looks back.

DMITRI (CONT'D)
(to Lucien)
I'll hear from you soon, hit man.

Lucien nods. Exits. Enters the...

LOBBY

Lucien walks through. He observes.

Russian Guard 1 stares at two security monitors that are on a desk by the front door.

Russian Guard 2 stands beside a fat man in a suit who stares at 5 half-naked prostitutes, mid to late teens.

Four of the teens are so high, they can barely stand. The last teen is sober and terrified. She shakes in fear.

Fat Suit points at the petrified teen.

FAT SUIT
That one.

The young girl is distressed. She screams. Russian Guard 2 grabs her. Forces her into a nearby room.

Fat Suit follows. Enters the room with a smile. The door closes. Another dreadful cry from the girl within the room.

A buzz sounds. Russian Guard 1 looks at a security monitor. He grabs a shotgun. Stands. Opens the front door. Another suit enters. Lucien passes by. Exits.

INT. SAFETY DEPOSIT ROOM - BANK

Lucien stands in front of 4 large safety deposit boxes. They're filled with stacks of one hundred dollar bills. It looks like one million per box.

Lucien adds the \$75,000 to one of the boxes.

INT. SASHA'S ROOM - RUSSIAN BROTHEL -- NIGHT

Small. Just a bed, dresser, window and a few small stacks of books and newspapers tucked in the corner.

Sasha, dressed, scrambles around the room. She quickly throws clothes into a duffel bag.

Nevaeh looks at her mother frantically pack their things. They keep their voices low.

NEVAEH

He'll kill us.

SASHA

He won't find us.

NEVAEH

Where are we going? We don't have money.

Sasha flashes a stack of money. Pockets it. Nevaeh's eyes widen.

NEVAEH (CONT'D)

Where did you get that?

SASHA

Some tip if I do certain things.

Sasha zips the duffel bag. Steps to Nevaeh. Kneels.

SASHA (CONT'D)

If we stay here, you'll end up like me. A slave. I want you to be free. And that freedom is worth dying for.

(beat)

(tears up)

You're my piece of heaven, yes?

Nevaeh smiles. Nods.

SASHA (CONT'D)

I love you.

They hug.

NEVAEH

I love you too, mommy.

SASHA

(moves)

Now let's get out of here.

Sasha grabs a blanket from the bed. Steps to the--

WINDOW

It's nailed shut. The only way to open it is to--

Sasha's elbow, wrapped in the blanket, swings through the window -- CRASH -- glass rains down 2 stories.

She clears the shattered glass from around the window frame. Grabs the duffel bag. Tosses it out of the window.

SASHA (CONT'D)

You stay here. Don't come out until
I tell you.

Sasha hurries to the dresser. She pushes it. Barricades the front door.

Commotion comes from the hallway. Footsteps close in on the room. Two Russian men yell in their native tongue.

Sasha runs back to the window. Climbs out. Jumps. She lands on the duffel bag. Rolls hard onto the concrete.

The men hammer the door. The dresser holds them back.

Sasha quickly stands. Limpes to the window.

SASHA (CONT'D)

Nevaeh. Jump. I'll catch you.

NEVAEH

It's too high.

SASHA

You have to jump now.

The dresser slides. The door cracks open.

Nevaeh reluctantly climbs out onto the ledge.

SASHA (CONT'D)

You have to jump.

The door pushes open. Two Russian Guards force their way into an empty room.

They rush to the window. Scan the view. No one; just shattered glass on the sidewalk.

EXT. QUIET STREET - LITTLE RUSSIA - LATER

Street lights give off a dull glow. Businesses are closed.

Lightening branches. The sky briefly glows an electric purple. Rain trickles.

Sasha and Nevaeh emerge from the shadows. Sasha limps badly. Nevaeh stays close. Their breaths hit the cold air.

Headlights beam in the distance. Sasha and Nevaeh turn.
Nowhere to hide. Fear builds as the headlights near.

It's a taxi.

Sasha limps into the street. Waves her arms. The taxi slows
to a stop. Her and Nevaeh quickly get inside.

INT. TAXI

They're relieved.

TAXI DRIVER

Where to?

Sasha sighs. Smiles.

SASHA

As far away as...

POW! POW! Bullets rip through the back window of the taxi --
Taxi Driver speeds off -- POW! A bullet tears through his
back -- blood splatters on the windshield.

EXT. CITY STREET - LITTLE RUSSIA

The taxi jumps the curb -- speeds into a metal light post --
CRASH -- the light post bends -- metal tears from concrete --
smoke spews from the hood of the taxi.

Headlights from an SUV shine on the taxi. Dmitri, Kane and
two Russian Guards run from the vehicle.

Dmitri reaches inside the taxi. Pulls Sasha out by her hair.
Drags her in front of the headlights of the SUV.

SASHA

Dmitri! Please!

DMITRI

Grab that little bitch.

Kane grabs Nevaeh. Drops her beside her mother. Sasha and
Nevaeh look up at the men.

SASHA

You promised you wouldn't hurt her.

DMITRI

You know what happens when you run?
You become an example.

Dmitri pulls a gun. Aims it at a screaming Sasha. Thunder
roars as a bullet exits her skull. Blood and brain spray.
Rain pours from the sky.

Nevaeh's eyes grow as she watches her mother's body hit the wet concrete.

Dmitri turns to Nevaeh. She looks up at the gun.

CRASH -- lightning strikes the metal light post -- the light bulb explodes -- sparks fly like fireworks -- the men shield themselves.

The sound of metal being pulled apart -- the men look upward -- see the light post falling towards them -- they dive out of the way -- the post crashes on top of the taxi.

Dmitri rolls off of his stomach. Stands. Sasha's body lies by the fallen light post, but Nevaeh has vanished.

Dmitri looks around.

DMITRI (CONT'D)

NEVAEH!

The other men stand. Their eyes peer through the rain.

DMITRI (CONT'D)

Find her!

The men separate.

Dmitri grabs a crowbar from the SUV. He uses it to remove a manhole cover from the street. He drags Sasha's body to the hole. Drops her into the city's underbelly.

INT. BAR -- NIGHT

Only a few people are inside. Lucien sits alone at the bar. He hovers over a glass of scotch.

The bartender, ALEX, 27, beautiful, stands across from Lucien. She looks as if she's pissed.

ALEX

I've been calling for 3 days.

Lucien takes a gulp of scotch.

LUCIEN

A little busy with work.

ALEX

Work or another girl?

Alex grips the bar. She's agitated. Lucien sees it. He takes another gulp.

LUCIEN

I thought this was just casual.

Alex backs away from the bar. She folds her arms. Her agitation just increased several degrees.

ALEX

It's been eight months. We've passed casual.

LUCIEN

Are you mad at me because you caught feelings and I didn't?

Alex is pissed. She grabs Lucien's drink. Throws it in his face.

Lucien calmly takes a napkin. Wipes away the liquor.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)

That's the best you can do?

INT. BEDROOM - LUCIEN'S APARTMENT

Moonlight shimmers through the window, revealing two body's rolling in the bed. Alex moans passionately as Lucien thrusts himself inside of her.

EXT. INNER CITY STREET

Raining. Wrong place to be at night. Bars on windows. Bums passed out on the sidewalks. Hookers walking the beat.

Dmitri's SUV skids to a stop by the front door of a rundown tenement. Water sprays from a puddle; almost landing on Russian Pimp who stands under an awning smoking a cigarette.

Russian pimp grabs an umbrella. Opens it. Approaches Dmitri's SUV.

DMITRI

You've seen Nevaeh?

RUSSIAN PIMP

Out here?

DMITRI

Answer the fucking question.

RUSSIAN PIMP

No, just the scum of the earth.

DMITRI

You see her, you call me.

(MORE)

DMITRI (CONT'D)

Any of the girls see her, you call me. I want that bitch dead. Understand?

RUSSIAN PIMP

OK, Dmitri.

DMITRI

You fucking understand me? Dead.

The SUV speeds away. Water splashes on Russian Pimp. He's drenched, and so is his cigarette.

RUSSIAN PIMP

Chyort voz'mi!

INT. BEDROOM - LUCIEN'S APARTMENT

The faint glow of the city's light creep through the fabric of the window curtains.

Alex is asleep. Lucien is on his back. He stares at the ceiling.

Lucien's cell phone vibrates on the side table. He grabs it. Walks into the...

DEN

Lucien's naked body strolls through the moon's glow. He answers the vibrating phone.

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION - LUCIEN AND DMITRI

Dmitri sits in the passenger seat of an SUV. Little Russia's night life passes the windows.

DMITRI

A little piggy left the market. I need her found, and I need her dead.

Lucien sits in a chair.

LUCIEN

Who is she?

DMITRI

The little one that interrupted us.

Lucien leans back. Takes a moment.

LUCIEN

You want me to kill a little girl?

DMITRI

God kills thousands of kids everyday.
I'm only asking for one.

LUCIEN

Then ask God.

DMITRI

This little one is smart, you know.
How long before she finds her way
into a cop's arms? And how long
before cops are knocking at our doors?

LUCIEN

Our doors?

DMITRI

In our line of work, people talk
when their back's against the wall.

LUCIEN

I'm not the one to threaten.

DMITRI

That little bitch is threatening
everything I'm working for and
everything you're hiding.

Silence. Lucien's thinks.

DMITRI (CONT'D)

Twenty-five thousand if you find and
kill her, hit man. Motel Russia.
Fifteen minutes.

DEN

Lucien hangs up. Stands. Walks to the window. Kneels to
the floor vent. Removes the cover. Reaches inside. Pulls
out a shoebox.

He opens it. Inside is a picture, two old plane tickets and
a gold necklace with a cross charm.

Lucien grabs the--

OLD PICTURE

A little girl and little boy smiling.

Lucien stares. His mind wanders.

INT. BATHTUB - BATHROOM - FLASHBACK

Dark. Closed curtain. Little Lucien, 12, and his sister, REBECCA, 9, a gold necklace with a cross charm around her neck, fearfully sit inside the stained linoleum.

A fist pounds on the other side of the bathroom door.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
OPEN THIS GODDAMN DOOR!

Fear consumes Rebecca's face. She grabs her cross charm. Lucien holds her tight.

REBECCA
Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom
come...

LUCIEN
What are you doing?

REBECCA
Saying the prayer mommy taught us.

LUCIEN
She's dead and there ain't no God.
It's just us and what's on the other
side of that door.

CRASH! Light feeds into the room.

MALE VOICE
Come on out, faggot. And bring that
little bitch wit'cha.

LUCIEN
Stay here.

Lucien stands.

REBECCA
Don't go. Don't leave me.

Rebecca grabs for Lucien's hand as he steps out of the tub. He snatches his hand away. Closes the curtain.

BATHROOM

The battered door barely hangs from a hinge. A large shadowy figure, FATHER, 43, stands at the threshold with a beer bottle in hand.

Father hits the light switch -- CLICK. His stomach bulges through his dingy t-shirt.

Lucien fearfully stands his ground as he and Father stare at one another.

FATHER

You lookin' like you don't like me,
boy.

Lucien reaches in his pocket. Pulls a box cutter. He grips it. His little knuckles whiten.

Father laughs as he staggers into the room.

FATHER (CONT'D)

What'cha gonna do with that thing?

LUCIEN

Stay away.

Father takes a gulp from the beer bottle.

FATHER

You cut me and I'll fuckin' kill ya.

Father rips the curtain from the shower. Rebecca screams.

Lucien lunges forward -- the blade slices Father across the leg -- Father back-hands Lucien -- Lucien flies back -- smacks against the wall -- the box cutter slides behind the toilet.

Blood oozes from Father's leg, spreading through the fabric in his pants like a plague.

Lucien looks to the box cutter. He quickly grabs it from behind the toilet.

As he raises, a beer bottle crashes against his face -- glass rains as blood and beer splatter against the wall.

Lucien's eyes roll back into his head as he drops to the cold floor. Blood pours from a slash across his cheek. He slips into unconsciousness.

Rebecca screams for her brother. Father angrily stares down at his motionless son.

END FLASHBACK.

DEN

Sweat beads on Lucien's brow. His finger grazes the scar on his cheek.

ALEX

What are you doing up?

Lucien stares at the picture in his hand. He looks up at Alex. Sadness in his eyes. He puts the items back inside the shoebox

He places the shoebox back into the vent. Walks to the...

BEDROOM

Lucien grabs some clothes. Gets dressed.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Where are you going?

LUCIEN
Work called.

ALEX
It's the middle of the night.

Alex reaches for her phone. Looks at the time.

ALEX (CONT'D)
What kind of consultant works at 3
in the morning?

Lucien doesn't respond.

ALEX (CONT'D)
(annoyed)
Hello! Anywhere there?

LUCIEN
What do you want me to say?

ALEX
The truth.

Lucien ties his shoes.

LUCIEN
Not sure when I'll be back.

ALEX
I won't be here.

LUCIEN
Then lock up.

Lucien walks out.

ALEX
You're such an asshole!

The front door opens and closes.

ALEX (CONT'D)

ASSHOLE!

EXT. QUIET STREET - LITTLE RUSSIA

The rain has subsided. The taxi is still mangled metal.

Excess rain runs along the side of the street, escaping into the sewers through a--

SEWAGE DRAIN

Tiny hands grip the concrete. Nevaeh's head peeks out. She pulls herself from the underground.

QUIET STREET

A drenched Nevaeh runs off into the night.

INT. LUCIEN'S CAR - MOVING

Lucien prowls the streets of Little Russia. He carefully looks at the landscape.

Hookers flash their breasts at potential customers. Drug addicts in the alleys getting their fix.

Lucien sees Dmitri's SUV parked in front of a shitty hotel. He pulls beside it; passenger side.

Kane is behind the wheel and Dmitri is in the passenger seat.

Dmitri lowers his window.

DMITRI

I have two men sweeping the hotel.
She's around here somewhere. She
didn't get far.

Lucien nods. He pulls off.

INT. DMITRI'S SUV

Kane and Dmitri watch as Lucien's car drives away. Dmitri, pen and paper in hand, writes down Lucien's license plate number. Tears the paper from the pad.

Dmitri hands Kane the paper.

INT. LUCIEN'S CAR - MOVING

Lucien pulls onto a dark street. Cruises. Pulls onto another street.

Closed businesses and dark apartment buildings. Ahead, there's an open convenience store. Lucien pulls in front.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE

Packaged cell phones sit on a rack at the counter. A male Clerk, 20s, sits behind the counter with a comic book. His eyes stay focused on Lucien as he nears the store.

Lucien enters. He looks at the staring Clerk. Clerk quickly turns his eyes back to his comic book.

Lucien walks the aisles. Checks the back of the store.

Clerk's hand shakes as he flips to the next page.

He shifts his eyes down--

BEHIND THE COUNTER

A gun sits on top of a metal safe. Nevaeh sits beside it with her knees to her chest. Her body shivers. She mouths, "PLEASE" to the Clerk.

He shifts his eyes up as Lucien reappears from the back of the store.

CLERK

Can I help you with something?

Lucien heads for the front door. As he nears, he looks down. Something catches his eye.

He pauses. Turns back to the counter.

LUCIEN

Busy tonight?

Clerk looks nervous.

CLERK

Say again?

LUCIEN

Have you been busy tonight?

Clerk looks around.

CLERK

No. Pretty slow.

Lucien studies Clerk. He sees his hands shaking on the comic. Clerk can barely look Lucien in the eye.

LUCIEN
You seem nervous.

CLERK
Say again?

A beat.

LUCIEN
You seem nervous.

Clerk wipes sweat from his brow.

CLERK
Oh. Um, we were robbed a few weeks ago. A little scary at night.

Lucien nods.

LUCIEN
I thought it was because of the little girl you're hiding behind the counter.

Clerk pauses. Sweat races down his cheeks.

CLERK
Say again?

Clerk looks at the floor by the front door. He sees small wet footprints that lead behind the counter. His nervousness amplifies.

CLERK (CONT'D)
I don't want trouble, man. She says people are trying to kill her.

LUCIEN
Well, she's right.

Clerk reaches under the counter. Comes up with the handgun. He aims.

Lucien stays calm.

CLERK
I'm calling the cops.

Lucien looks at the gun.

LUCIEN
The safety is on.

CLERK
Say again?

Lucien lunges for the gun -- Clerk pulls the trigger -- CLICK; no shot -- Lucien grabs the gun -- sends a punch to Clerk's jaw -- Clerk crashes to the floor unconscious.

Lucien places the gun on the counter.

LUCIEN

Get up.

A moment. Nevaeh slowly stands. Faces Lucien.

NEVAEH

Are you here to kill me, mister?

Lucien nods.

Nevaeh's eyes water. Tears drops.

NEVAEH (CONT'D)

Is it going to hurt?

Lucien walks behind the counter.

Nevaeh closes her eyes. Lucien reaches in his pocket. Pulls his blade.

NEVAEH (CONT'D)

Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom
come, thy will be done...

Lucien pauses.

NEVAEH (CONT'D)

...on earth as it is in heaven...

LUCIEN

Where did you learn that?

Nevaeh opens her tear filled eyes.

NEVAEH

My mommy taught me.

Sorrow enters Lucien's eyes. He lowers the blade. Steps back.

Confusion swipes Nevaeh's face.

The front door opens. It's Russian Pimp. He's oblivious to the situation as he lights his last cigarette and tosses the empty pack on the sidewalk.

He looks up. Sees Lucien and Nevaeh. He quickly pulls a gun. Aims it at Lucien.

Russian Pimp sees the gun on the counter. He looks over the counter and sees Clerk on the floor. He observes Lucien and gets a glimpse of the blade. He lowers his gun.

RUSSIAN PIMP

Dmitri sent you?

Lucien nods.

RUSSIAN PIMP (CONT'D)

Then what are you waiting for?

Lucien doesn't move. Russian Pimp gets anxious. He walks to Lucien. Pushes him away.

RUSSIAN PIMP (CONT'D)

Fucking pussy.

Russian Pimp aims the gun at Nevaeh. She quickly shuts her eyes. Takes in a deep breath.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE

All is quiet until -- POW! A gunshot rings within the store.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE

Lucien is behind Russian Pimp. One hand is around Russian Pimp's hand with the gun it. The gun is aimed high and away from Nevaeh.

Lucien's other hand is on the handle of his blade. The other end of the blade is jammed into Russian Pimp's chest.

Blood leaks from Russian Pimp's mouth. His eyelids slowly close. He drops the gun. Lucien pulls the blade from Russian Pimp's flesh before he hits the ground.

Nevaeh looks up at Lucien.

Lucien grabs Clerk's gun from the counter. Turns to the store's front window. Sees Dmitri's SUV slowly cruising towards the store.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE

Lucien exits the store with Nevaeh draped over his shoulder. He walks to his car. Pops the trunk. Dmitri's SUV pulls beside Lucien.

Dmitri sits in the passenger seat, Kane is behind the wheel and Russian Guards 1 and 2 are in the back.

DMITRI

Is that who I think it is?

LUCIEN
It's what you're paying me for.

DMITRI
Is she...

LUCIEN
Broken neck. Nice and clean.

Dmitri tries to see Nevaeh's face, but her wet hair covers her identity.

DMITRI
A lot of kids in this neighborhood.
Need to make sure you killed the
right one.

Lucien steps closer to the SUV. He turns his shoulder.
Gently pulls back on Nevaeh's hair to lift her head.

Dmitri studies her face.

DMITRI (CONT'D)
What are you going to do with her?

Lucien turns back to Dmitri.

LUCIEN
Burn her in an oil drum.

Dmitri smiles.

DMITRI
Nice and vicious.

As Lucien turns to put Nevaeh in the trunk, she exhales.
Dmitri sees Nevaeh's breath penetrate the cold night air.

Lucien turns. Sees the confused look on Dmitri's face turn to anger. Before Dmitri can react, Lucien sprints for the store.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE

Clerk stands to his feet. He's wobbly. He turns. Sees Lucien run into the store with Nevaeh draped over his shoulder.

Bullets shatter the store's front windows. Clerk takes gunshots to the chest. Drops.

Lucien and Nevaeh stay low. Bullets zip past as they rush to the back door.

EXT. ALLEY - BACK OF CONVENIENCE STORE

Across from the store is a brick hi-rise apartment building with fire escape stairs 15 feet from the ground. One end of the alley leads to the street, the other end is bricked off.

The back door to the convenience store kicks open. Lucien and Nevaeh quickly exit the building.

Lucien promptly surveys the alley. He looks up. Sees the fire escape stairs to the hi-rise.

He takes a step back, sprints for the hi-rise -- he jumps -- as his foot hits the brick, he powers himself higher into the air -- his hand grips the fire escape ladder -- it slides down to the alley floor.

Nevaeh looks in amazement.

NEVAEH

Wow.

Lucien grabs Nevaeh. Puts her on the ladder. She climbs rapidly. Lucien follows.

Dmitri's SUV skids into the alley. Russian Guard 1 emerges from the back of the convenience store.

Lucien turns -- fires at Russian Guard 1 from the ladder -- the guard dives back into the store.

Nevaeh and Lucien reach the landing. It sits in front of a large corridor window.

Russian Guard 1 fires his gun from the store. Dmitri fires his weapon from the moving SUV.

Bullets fly. Brick explodes. Sparks spray from the iron fire escape.

Lucien sends several shots into the corridor window -- glass shatters. He and Nevaeh dash inside.

INT. CORRIDOR - HI-RISE APARTMENT BUILDING

Closed doors on both sides. Another corridor crosses about 30 feet ahead.

Lucien and Nevaeh run. They disappear around the corner into the crossing corridor.

Moments later, Russian Guard 1 reaches the landing. He climbs through the window.

Lucien reappears from the crossing corridor with his gun aimed -- he fires -- bullets punch through Russian Guard 1's torso -- he hits the ground a dead man.

An apartment door opens. A Man steps out.

MAN

What the fuck is all the damn...

Man sees Russian Guard 1 sprawled out on blood and shattered glass. He turns. Sees Lucien with a gun in his hand.

MAN (CONT'D)

Ohshit!

He steps back inside his apartment. Tries to slam the door, but Lucien blocks it with his shoulder. He powers his way inside.

MAN'S APARTMENT

Nevaeh scurries inside. Lucien closes the door. Holds the gun to Man's head.

MAN (CONT'D)

(horrified)

Don't kill me. Please don't kill me.

LUCIEN

Shut up.

Lucien forces Man to the couch. He sits him down.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)

Stay quiet.

Lucien walks to a window. He peeks out to the fire escape. Kane and Russian Guard 2 climb the ladder. The SUV speeds back to the main street in reverse.

Lucien steps away from the window.

MAN

Don't shoot me. I won't tell the cops nothing.

LUCIEN

Stop talking, or we're all dead.

Man nods.

Lucien walks to the front door. Looks through the--

PEEPHOLE

Kane and Russian Guard 2 run past.

Lucien waits a moment. He opens the door. Glances out. Kane and Russian Guard 2 are at the other end of the corridor. They disappear into a staircase.

Lucien turns to Man.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)

If you talk to anyone about this, if your name comes up on a court document, those men will come back, and they will kill you. Do you understand?

Man's eyes widen. He nods.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE

Lucien and Nevaeh enter from the back. Lucien stops at a closed door with "Employees Only" written on it.

He kicks the door open.

ROOM

A low budget security system sits on a cluttered desk. Lucien ejects the security tape.

STORE

Lucien grabs a packaged cell phone from the counter.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE

Lucien and Nevaeh walk to Lucien's car. They get inside. The car speeds off.

INT. LUCIEN'S CAR - MOVING

Lucien maneuvers through the city's streets. Nevaeh sits in the passenger seat. She looks at the night life zip past her window.

Nevaeh's eyes water. Reality settles. She curls in her seat. She cries hard. Lucien glances at her. Turns back to the road.

EXT. FRONT OF HI-RISE APARTMENT BUILDING

Dmitri's SUV is parked. Police sirens close from the distance.

Kane and Russian Guard 2 exit the building. They get inside the SUV.

INT. DMITRI'S SUV

Dmitri sits behind the wheel, Kane in the passenger, Russian Guard 2 in the back.

KANE

Nothing.

RUSSIAN GUARD 2

He killed Peter.

DMITRI

Fuck Peter.

The sirens get louder. Dmitri pulls off.

He turns the corner. Eyes glare at the convenience store as they cruise past. Lucien's car is gone. Dmitri is enraged.

DMITRI (CONT'D)

(punches the steering
wheel)

Mother-fucking-shit-mother-fucker!

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Light flickers from a TV. Cartoons are on. Elmer Fudd has a shotgun aimed at Bugs Bunny. Bugs doesn't give a shit.

Nevaeh is asleep in the bed.

Lucien is in a chair, peeping out of the--

WINDOW

A car pulls up. Hooker 1 and John 1 exit the vehicle. They go into a room.

Lucien's cell phone vibrates. He answers.

DMITRI (V.O.)

(from phone)

Welcome to my most wanted list.

LUCIEN

(into phone)

I'm glad you care.

DMITRI (V.O.)

(from phone)

Bring her to me and you both die quick, no?

LUCIEN

Death is not an option.

DMITRI (V.O.)
You fucking American. You two will
be dead by morning.

LUCIEN
Then I don't have long.

DMITRI (V.O.)
For what?

LUCIEN
To kill you first.

Lucien hangs up. He removes the phone's battery. Tosses it
and the phone in the trash.

He takes the packaged cell phone from the convenience store.
Tears it open.

Lucien looks back over to a sleeping Nevaeh. He stares as
his mind wanders.

INT. BEDROOM - FLASHBACK -- NIGHT

Dark. Orange light from a street lamp subtly glows through
a window that sits between twin beds.

A figure appears from outside of the window. The figure
pulls it open. Tips inside.

As the figure closes the window -- CLICK -- a lamp comes on.
Rebecca lies in her bed. Little Lucien, a healed scar across
his face, holds a car radio.

REBECCA
What are you doing?

LUCIEN
Go back to sleep.

Lucien slides the radio under his bed. Rebecca looks at him
suspiciously.

REBECCA
Did you steal that?

LUCIEN
What difference does it make?

Lucien takes off his clothes. Slides between his sheets.

REBECCA
Dad will kill you if he found out.

LUCIEN
Are you gonna tell him?

Rebecca shakes her head.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)
Okay then.

REBECCA
Stealing is a sin.

LUCIEN
Who says?

REBECCA
God.

Lucien reaches under his bed. Pulls out a shoebox. Opens it. It's filled with small bills.

Rebecca looks in awe.

LUCIEN
Three hundred and fifty-three dollars.
A few more months and we're outta
here.

REBECCA
To where?

LUCIEN
As far away from him as possible.

Rebecca smiles.

REBECCA
Can we go to California? Live on
the beach?

Lucien smiles back.

LUCIEN
Anywhere you wanna go.

Lucien turns off the light.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)
Get some sleep.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Lucien is still stares at Nevaeh. Her eyes slowly open. She focuses on Lucien.

NEVAEH

He won't stop until we're dead.

Lucien turns on the new cell phone.

LUCIEN

Good for him.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE

Police barriers block off the street. Cop cars. Lights flashing. Cops investigating. Ambulances. Coroners vans. Reporters and onlookers behind the police barrier.

DETECTIVE GOODE, 30, untamed hair, unshaved, coffee in hand, emerges from the crowd. He ducks under the barrier.

REPORTER

Detective. Is there anything you can tell us?

Goode ignores the question. Yawns. Sips coffee. Heads toward the convenience store. Police Officer approaches.

POLICE OFFICER

Fucking store looks like it belongs in Iraq. Two dead inside. Another man dead in the hi-rise behind it.

Goode nods. Sips on coffee.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE

A fucking mess. Shattered glass, debris and dead bodies on the floor.

Goode and Police Officer stand above Russian Pimp. He's face up. Gun in hand. Some kind of a tattoo on his neck leads under his shirt.

POLICE OFFICER

No ID, but we did find five thousand bucks in his pocket.

Goode finishes his coffee. Yawns. Scans the store. Spots the coffee bar.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

He was stabbed in the heart.

(beat)

Never bring a knife to a gun fight my ass.

Goode walks to the bar. Pours another cup of coffee. Heads back to Police Officer and the dead pimp.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
 The poor clerk is behind the counter.
 Twenty year old kid. Took three to
 the chest.

Goode looks up at the ceiling. Sees the security cameras.
 Police Officer notices what has Goode's attention.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
 I checked their security system.
 The tape is gone.

Goode pulls up pimp's shirt. The stab wound goes through
 the center of a tattoo of a bull's head with the horns ending
 on the pimp's neck.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
 Ouch. That looks like it hurt.
 (beat)
 I mean the tattoo.

Police Officer studies the pimp's ink.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
 Thinking about getting my badge on
 my shoulder.

Goode nods. Sips on his coffee.

GOODE
 Thank you, officer.

INT. CORRIDOR - HI-RISE APARTMENT BUILDING

Shattered glass. Russian Guard 1 lies in blood. Goode
 studies the body. Looks around. Steps to an apartment door.
 Knocks. Man answers.

GOODE
 (flashes his badge)
 I'm Detective Goode. Sorry to bother
 you at this hour.

MAN
 Like I told the other cops, I didn't
 hear or see nothing.

Goode turns to the dead body and the glassless corridor
 window.

GOODE
 Someone shot their way inside this
 hallway, waited for this man to enter,
 then shot him.
 (MORE)

GOODE (CONT'D)

All of this happened on the other side of your front door and you expect me to believe that you heard nothing?

MAN

I'm a deep sleeper. A tornado could'a hit the building and I would'a slept through it.

GOODE

You didn't hear gunshots, but you heard police officers knocking on your door?

Man searches for another lie, but he can't find one.

MAN

I umm...I...

GOODE

Do you mind coming down to the station with me so I can ask you a few more questions?

MAN

Am I under arrest?

GOODE

No, sir.

MAN

I didn't see nothing, I didn't hear nothing and I know my rights.

Man begins to close the door. Goode stops the door from closing with his foot.

GOODE

Let me at least give you my card.

MAN

I know the number. 911, right?

Goode removes his foot. Man closes the door.

GOODE

Jesus Christ.

A frustrated Goode slips his card under the door.

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- DAY

Nevaeh sleeps wildly. Bad dreams.

The front door opens. Light pours in. Nevaeh awakens in fright. She calms when she notices it's Lucien.

He's holding two large plastic bags and a hotel bucket filled with ice.

Lucien places one plastic bag on the table and tosses the other on the bed.

LUCIEN

Breakfast.

He pulls a sandwich and chips from the bag on the table.

Nevaeh opens the bag on the bed. She pulls out new clothes and a newspaper.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)

There's enough food and drinks here to last you until I get back.

Lucien heads to the door.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)

Don't leave the room. Don't use the phone. Don't answer the door. I'll be back later.

NEVAEH

Where're you going, mister?

Lucien leaves.

INT. RESTAURANT -- DAY

Four star establishment. Packed with the lunch crowd. Chatter fills the space.

BOOTH

Near the back. More private. Less chatter.

On one side, IVAN, 63, a graying beard, stars tattooed on his hands, cuts into the final pieces of his rare steak.

VIKTOR, 62, a cross tattooed on his hand, and a nervous Dmitri quietly sit on the other side.

Ivan finishes his steak. Grabs his glass of wine. Guzzles half of it. Takes a napkin. Wipes his mouth. Drops the napkin on his plate.

This scene is spoken in Russian.

IVAN

Before last night, we were myths.
Ghosts. Moving more product than
Fed-Ex.

Ivan grabs a newspaper from his seat. Places it on the table.
Headline reads: "Wild Shootout Leaves 4 Dead in Little
Russia."

IVAN (CONT'D)

In one night, your fuck up has us on
the radar. The dogs have our scent.

(beat)

And now, you tell me that some random
guy killed two men and took a 9-year-
old witness with enough knowledge to
destroy your entire operation. The
operation I entrusted you with.

DMITRI

I have men on it, papa. We'll find
them soon.

Ivan gives a brief grin.

Viktor quickly grabs Dmitri's wrist. Forces his hand on the
table. Ivan grabs Dmitri's hand. Turns it palm up.

Dmitri struggles to get free. The table shakes. Viktor
pulls a blade. Puts the tip to Dmitri's stomach.

VIKTOR

Move again and I'll poke you.

Dmitri settles. His hand trembles in Ivan's.

Ivan checks around the restaurant. No one is giving them
any attention.

He grabs his steak knife. Sticks the tip into Dmitri's palm;
just below the knuckle of the index finger.

Dmitri's eyes are wide. He's scared.

DMITRI

We'll find her, papa. I promise.

IVAN

This guy. The guy who has her. Who
is he?

DMITRI

I don't know.

Ivan digs the tip into Dmitri's palm. Blood leaks. Dmitri holds back his painful cries.

VIKTOR

Shhhh.

IVAN

You know what I love about this restaurant? They make the best steak. So tender.

Ivan slides the steak knife across Dmitri's palm. Blood pours from the gash. Ivan keeps Dmitri's hand pinned.

Ivan grabs his glass of wine -- pours it over Dmitri's wound. Dmitri is in agony, but he keeps quiet. Sweat accumulates as he hold back his cries.

IVAN (CONT'D)

A random man doesn't decide to risk his life, and take lives for a girl he doesn't know.

(beat)

Whoever this man is, he knows you and he knows the girl.

Ivan let's go of Dmitri's hand. Dmitri grabs his father's dirty napkin from the plate. Wraps it around his hand. Slightly whimpers.

IVAN (CONT'D)

Everything you touch turns to shit. You may be my son, but you are expendable.

DMITRI

I'll find them, papa.

IVAN

I have seen too many sons ruin their fathers. That will not happen to me.

DMITRI

I'm sorry, papa.

IVAN

This will be the last time we have this conversation. Understand?

DMITRI

Yes, papa.

IVAN

You have until morning to find them.
If you don't, I'll find you.
(beat)
Get out of here. You're leaking
blood everywhere.

Dmitri slides out of the booth. He tucks his bloody hand under his armpit.

DMITRI

I'll find them, papa. You'll see.

Dmitri gingerly heads for the exit.

IVAN

(to Viktor)
Where the fuck is Keil?

VIKTOR

I've been calling all morning. Just getting the voicemail.

IVAN

(rubs his beard)
Send some men to his house.

Viktor nods.

IVAN (CONT'D)

Tell everyone to be on alert. I have too much riding on tonight's shipment.

INT. CORRIDOR - LUCIEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING

Alex stands next to Lucien's apartment door. Her eyes are red from crying.

Lucien enters the corridor from the staircase. Sees Alex. Heads for his apartment door.

ALEX

We need to talk.

Lucien opens the door.

LUCIEN

Now is not a good time.

Alex follows Lucien inside.

LUCIEN'S APARTMENT

ALEX

Why don't you love me?

LUCIEN

I didn't know I had to.

Alex forces Lucien to turn and face her. She angrily pokes her finger into his chest.

ALEX

Eight months of me putting up with you and your bullshit. Don't you want more in life? More than this rotten apartment?

LUCIEN

This is my life. A nobody waiting to get what he deserves.

ALEX

You deserve me. You can have me.

They lock eyes.

LUCIEN

Who do you think I am?

ALEX

A man who keeps pushing me away.

LUCIEN

Then why do you keep coming back?

Silence. Alex stares. She sees the nothingness in his eyes. She's crushed. She shakes her head in defeat. Tears descend.

Alex grabs a piece of folded paper from her pocket. She hands it to Lucien. Leaves.

Lucien looks in his hand. Unfolds the paper. It's a medical document. It has Alex's name, address and the fact that she's pregnant on it.

Lucien takes in a deep breath. Exhales slowly. He folds the paper. Tosses it into a small trashcan.

BEDROOM

Lucien reaches under the bed. Pulls a small bag. He opens it. It's filled with money.

DEN

Lucien walks to the vent under the window. Opens it. Removes the shoebox. He leaves the apartment with the bag and shoebox in hand.

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICE

Plaques and pictures on the wall. Captain, 55, on the phone, stands behind his desk.

Goode, coffee and donut in hand, knocks on the office door. Forest turns. Waves him in.

CAPTAIN
(on the phone)
I gotta go.

Forest hangs up. Goode sits.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
Tell me something, goddamnit.

Goode finishes his donut. Sips on the coffee to wash down the pastry. He gives an apologetic gesture for the delay.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
(annoyed)
No, please. Take your fucking time, detective.

GOODE
Sorry, Captain. I haven't slept in almost two days. Sugar and caffeine is what has me going.

Captain reaches in his desk drawer. Pulls a container of Vaseline. Puts it on the desk.

CAPTAIN
You see this?
(Goode glances at the Vaseline)
This is for me. Everyone from the Chief to the Mayor has been in my ass after last night's episode.
(beat)
I know you've got a lot on your plate with the new baby and all, but I need my best detective on this.

Goode looks around.

GOODE
Where is he?

CAPTAIN
 Very fucking funny.
 (beat)
 What can you tell me?

GOODE
 Well, you may need another bottle.
 (gestures to the
 Vaseline)
 The Russians are at war. I just
 don't know with who.

INT. DMITRI'S SUV - MOVING

Kane drives. He's on the phone. Dmitri sits in the
 passenger. Kane hangs up.

KANE
 We've got his address.

DMITRI
 Send a couple of guys to his house.
 Have them sit outside and call when
 they see him or Nevaeh.

KANE
 Now that the hit man has turned on
 us, what about the other two?

A beat.

DMITRI
 We'll see what the night brings.

INT. LUCIEN'S CAR - PARKED

Side of the street. A few buildings down from the brothel.
 Lucien keeps his eyes on the traffic moving in and out.

He checks his watch - 3:24 pm. He turns his attention back
 to the brothel.

INT. TRACTOR TRAILER - TAILGATING A SEDAN -- NIGHT

Two Russians, Driver and Passenger, sit in the cab. They
 puff on cigarettes and drink vodka. Russian music blares.
 They drunkenly sing along.

Driver sounds the horn at the slow car in front of them.

DRIVER
 Left lane is a pass lane, you piece
 of American shit!

The car signals. It slowly shifts to the right lane. As they pass, Passenger yells out of the window.

PASSENGER

Mandavoshka!
 (back to Driver)
 The old bitch shit her pants.

The drunk Russians laugh. They drink more vodka. Bad singing continues.

Driver looks in his side mirror. Blue and white lights flash from a police cruiser.

DRIVER

Chyort voz'mi!

PASSENGER

What is this?

DRIVER

A fucking cop.

Driver takes another drink. Passenger pulls a gun. Driver does the same.

Driver takes the next exit. Turns onto a dark road. Stops.

EXT. DARK COUNTRY ROAD

Trees and brush line the road. The Cop steps out of the cruiser. He keeps his chin low. His face is hidden in the night.

Cop slowly passes the trailer. Heads for the cab.

As he nears, headlights appear from behind the cruiser. It's a van. It speeds past the cop and skids to a stop in front of the truck.

A Masked Man, armed with an assault rifle, jumps from the van. He and Cop turn their weapons to Driver and Passenger in the truck.

MASKED MAN AND COP

GET OUT! GET OUT!

Cop swings the door to the truck open. Pulls out Driver -- he crashes to the concrete -- looks up -- sees the gun -- sees Cop's face. It's Dmitri.

Passenger lies on the ground on the other side of the truck. Masked Man stands above him with the assault rifle.

Dmitri and Masked Man kick their hostage's guns from their hands -- hand-cuff them -- throw them in the back of the police cruiser.

Masked Man removes his mask. It's Kane.

Dmitri gets into the police cruiser. Kane gets into the van -- parks it on the side of the road. He gets out. Hops into the truck. Drives off. Dmitri follows.

EXT. DIRT ROAD

Two tractor trailers and a police cruiser are parked. Dmitri and Kane transfer the cargo from one trailer to the other.

A huge fucking German Shepherd is tied to the back of the unloading truck. He sits. Stares at the Russians in the cop car.

Dmitri and Kane close the door to the loaded cargo trailer.

They walk to the cop car -- grab the Russians -- push them into the back of the empty trailer.

DRIVER

Tebe Pizd'ets! Your father will
kill you for this.

Dmitri whistles. The German Shepherd jumps to his paws. Barks viciously.

Kane unties the dog. It jumps into the trailer with Driver and Passenger.

The crazed dog barks uncontrollably -- spit and foam fly from its mouth.

Dmitri snaps his fingers. The dog charges Driver and Passenger. Kane closes the trailer door. Screams echo from within the confined space.

INT. OFFICE - IVAN'S HOME

Ivan sits behind an oak desk. Viktor sits on the other side.

This scene is spoken in Russian.

IVAN

Where?

VIKTOR

In his bathtub. Slit neck.

Ivan leans back. Grabs a cigar from a drawer.

IVAN
Who did this?

VIKTOR
I don't know. But we have to consider
that we're next.

Ivan lights the cigar. Inhales.

IVAN
Let them come. War is nothing to
me.

BEEP, BEEP. Viktor grabs his cell phone. Reads a message.

VIKTOR
The truck stopped.

Ivan sits up.

IVAN
My truck? Where?

VIKTOR
A few miles outside the city.

Ivan jumps from his seat. Pissed.

IVAN
Tell them to meet us there.

They storm out of the room.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Nevaeh is asleep. Empty chip bags, candy wrappers and soda
bottles around her.

The TV is on. Laughter from a sitcom awakens her. She looks
around. No sign of Lucien.

She walks to the ice bucket. A soda floats in warm water.
She grabs the bucket. Leaves the room.

EXT. MOTEL

A car enters the parking lot.

Nevaeh walks down the concrete path to the ice machines.
She fills her bucket. Heads back to the room.

The car parks. Hooker 2 and John 2 exit the vehicle.

As Nevaeh nears the room, Hooker 2 looks at her.

JOHN 2

I'm gonna give you what you need
tonight, baby.

Hooker 2 hugs John 2. She keeps her eyes on Nevaeh entering her room.

Hooker 2 grabs her cell phone.

INT. LUCIEN'S CAR - PARKED

Lucien waits patiently. His eyes are still on the brothel.

He checks his watch - 12:16 am. He cranks the engine. Pulls off.

EXT. STORAGE FACILITY

Dmitri and Kane unload the last crate from the truck into a storage unit.

DMITRI

Soon, the world will know my name.

An electronic tone sounds. Dmitri answers his phone.

DMITRI (CONT'D)

(into phone)

What?

(beat)

Where?

(beat)

Keep your eye on that fucking room.

If she moves, you call me. I'm
sending someone over.

Dmitri hangs up.

DMITRI (CONT'D)

She's not far. Take care of it.

EXT. CITY PARKING LOT

Partially full. Lucien pulls in. Parks.

SIDEWALK

Lucien strolls. He turns the corner and sees--

MOTEL PARKING LOT

Two Russian Gangsters talk to Hooker 2. She points at Nevaeh's room.

An SUV pulls up. Parks. Kane steps out.

SIDEWALK

Lucien ducks into the shadows. He sees an alley that runs behind the motel.

INT. FRONT DESK - MOTEL

Desk Clerk, 50s, sits behind the counter watching TV. Kane enters.

DESK CLERK

(to TV)

It's the driver you idiot.

KANE

Who's in room 13?

DESK CLERK

Dunno. Who's asking?

Kane reaches in his pocket. Pulls a few hundred dollar bills. Places them on the counter.

Desk Clerk reaches for the cash. Kane grabs the back of the clerk's head -- slams his face against the bills. Desk Clerk's nose bleeds profusely.

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)

Goddamnit, you fuck!

KANE

To help your memory.

DESK CLERK

You broke my nose.

KANE

Next, will be your fingers, then your arms, then your...

DESK CLERK

Fuck! Some guy.

KANE

What about a little girl?

DESK CLERK

I ain't see no girl. Just a guy.

KANE

Go fetch me the key.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Nevaeh sits on the bed. She reads a magazine. Sips on a cup of soda and ice.

Knocking comes from the bathroom. Nevaeh turns. Mutes the television. Listens.

Whispers come from outside the front door. Feet shuffle. Metal clicks. More knocking from the bathroom.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM

Kane and the 2 gangsters stand at the door. Guns drawn. Kane inserts the key.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

The front door swings open. The men pour into the room.

The bed is empty. The room is clear.

Kane rushes for the--

BATHROOM

An open window above the toilet.

EXT. ALLEY - BACK OF MOTEL

The alley runs between the back of the motel and the back of a diner.

Kane looks out of the bathroom window. The backdoor to the diner closes.

INT. KITCHEN - 24-HOUR DINER

Two cooks work on orders. They barely notice Lucien and Nevaeh scramble past.

EXT. 24-HOUR DINER

Lucien and Nevaeh run from the diner.

SIDEWALK

They cross an intersection and sprint down stairs into a subway terminal.

Kane and his men give chase.

INT. SUBWAY TERMINAL

Light crowd. Large columns run down the terminal. A subway train sits. Passengers step on and off.

Lucien and Nevaeh briskly walk along the side of the train.

Moments later, Kane and the gangsters enter the terminal. They sprint to the subway doors as they close.

Kane and Russian Gangster 4 make it on the train. The doors close behind them. Russian Gangster 5 remains in the terminal.

SUBWAY CAR

The train moves. Kane and Russian Gangster 4 are on the hunt.

Through the window of the train, Kane spots Lucien and Nevaeh hiding behind a column in the terminal. Kane and Lucien lock eyes.

TERMINAL

The train disappears into the tunnel.

Lucien glances around the column.

Russian Gangster 5 walks through the thin crowd. He reaches in his pocket. Grabs his cell phone. Answers.

A beat.

The gangster stuffs the phone back into his pocket. Peers around a column -- he's five columns away from Lucien and Nevaeh.

He checks two more columns. Then another two. He grabs his gun. Runs to the other side of the next column.

No one.

Confusion. He looks around. Sees--

MEN'S BATHROOM

Six urinals and six stalls on one side, sinks on the other. Only the 2 stalls at the end are completely closed.

Russian Gangster 5 enters. Gun drawn. He locks the door; the only way out.

He bends down to get a view under the stalls. No feet.

RUSSIAN GANGSTER 5

I know you're in here.

Russian Gangster 5 walks toward the last two stalls, barely glancing into the other stalls with partially open doors.

He stands in front of the first closed door. Aims. Sends two shots through the center.

He glances under the stall. A drop of blood hits the floor. Before he can react, the stall door explodes off the hinges.

Lucien pushes the door -- Russian Gangster 5 is forced backwards -- he hits the sink -- cracks the mirror.

POW! POW! Russian Gangster 5 fires over the door -- a bullet grazes Lucien's back -- Lucien pulls the door up, knocking the gun out of the Russian's hand -- the gun slides across the floor.

The gangster dives for the weapon -- Lucien and the door fall on top of him.

Lucien uses his weight and the door to keep the gangster pinned to the ground.

Lucien pulls his blade. Stabs the gangster twice under his armpit. It's precise.

The gangster struggles to move. Lucien keeps his weight on top of the door until the gangster struggles no more.

Lucien rolls off of the door. Pulls the door off the gangster. Blood pours. No movement. He's dead.

Blood leaks down the sleeve of Lucien's jacket. More blood flows down his back.

NEVAEH

Mister?

Lucien stands. He walks into one of the partially open stalls. Closes the door. On the back of the door, Nevaeh's coat is hooked onto the coat hook. She hangs helplessly.

NEVAEH (CONT'D)

Is he gone?

Lucien unhooks her from the coat rack. Nevaeh sees blood dripping from his sleeve.

NEVAEH (CONT'D)

You're hurt.

Lucien walks toward the front door. Nevaeh runs to the paper towel dispenser. Pulls a few.

LUCIEN

What are you doing?

Nevaeh pulls Lucien to his knees. She pulls down his coat. Checks the deep flesh wounds on his arm and back.

She wets a few paper towels. Wipes the wounds. Blood continues to leak. She stuffs Lucien's shirt with dry paper towels.

Lucien gives a faint grin. He's appreciative. He nods. Nevaeh nods back.

EXT. DIRT ROAD -- SAME FROM EARLIER

The tractor trailer and van sit. The German Shepherd hears cars approaching. He growls from within the trailer.

Two SUVs speed toward the truck. They stop. Ivan, Viktor and the Russian Gangsters step out.

This scene is spoken in Russian.

IVAN

(to Russian Gangster

1)

Check the cab.

Russian Gangster 1 walks to the cab. Its empty.

Viktor signals for Russian Gangster 2 to check the van. He looks. It's empty.

Ivan signals Russian Gangster 1 to open the trailer door.

Russian Gangster 1 pulls the trailer door open.

TRAILER

Headlights shine inside. A fucking massacre. The Russians have been dismantled by the German Shepherd. Blood, guts and bone everywhere.

The dog, covered in blood, turns to Ivan and crew. He growls. Charges. Startled, the gangsters step back. Ivan and Viktor hold their ground.

Pow! A bullet rips off half the dog's face. His body slides to a stop at the edge of the trailer.

Ivan's gun smokes in the night.

IVAN (CONT'D)

Burn the fucking truck.

The gangsters go to the SUVs. Pull gas jugs. Splash gas over the trailer, and dead bodies.

Ivan, full of anger, stares inside of the trailer. He pulls a cigar. Strikes a match. Tobacco turns orange.

Ivan flicks the match into the trailer. Waves of flames appear. Ivan watches as the flames consume the truck.

Ivan pulls Viktor close. He talks low so only Viktor can hear.

IVAN (CONT'D)

We've got a snake.

(beat)

Burn his ass out. I want to know who has my \$10 million dollars of uncut heroin.

INT. STAIRWELL - ALEX'S APARTMENT BUILDING

Lucien and Nevaeh stand quietly in the corner. Blood drips from his fingertips in quick intervals.

The door to the stairwell opens. Alex enters. Climbs the steps. Lucien clears his throat. Alex turns. Sees him and Nevaeh. Sees the blood.

INT. BATHROOM - ALEX'S APARTMENT

Steam fills the room. Bloodied cotton balls in the trash. Peroxide, alcohol, bandages and ointment on the sink.

Lucien wipes steam from the mirror. He checks the fresh bandages on his arm and back.

Alex paces back and forth from the hallway to the bathroom; pissed is an understatement. Nevaeh looks into the hallway from a bedroom.

ALEX

I'M HAVING YOUR FUCKING BABY!

(to Nevaeh)

Sorry.

She goes back to pacing. Lucien remains calm.

ALEX (CONT'D)

And you were going to...

(turns to Nevaeh,

turns back to Lucien)

You were going to kill her?

Tears fill Alex's eyes.

LUCIEN
It's complicated.

ALEX
And me falling in love and getting
pregnant by a psycho isn't
complicated?

Anger builds in Alex's eyes as she stares at Lucien. Her tears fall.

Lucien backs away. Sits on the toilet.

Alex cries hard. She charges Lucien -- repeatedly pounds his chest with her fists -- her emotions pour.

ALEX (CONT'D)
How could you do this to me?

Lucien stands. Grabs Alex's fists. Alex cries harder. She wraps her arms around Lucien. Alex is comforted. She cries uncontrollably in the arms of the man she loves.

Alex regains composure. Pushes Lucien away.

ALEX (CONT'D)
No! I can't do this.
(backs away)
I can't do this.

Alex retreats to her bedroom. Slams the door. Her cries are heard.

Lucien sits back on the toilet. He eyes Nevaeh who still peeks into the hallway and bathroom.

LUCIEN
(to Nevaeh)
Try and get some sleep.

Nevaeh walks to Lucien. Hugs Lucien around his neck. Lucien's eyes briefly close as he appreciates the moment.

NEVAEH
Thanks, mister.

Nevaeh walks back to her room.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - LUXURY TOWNHOME

Dmitri knocks on the door. Waits for an answer.

The door opens. Ivan appears. Gun in hand. A look on his face that the devil would fear.

This scene is spoken in Russian.

DMITRI
I just heard, papa?

IVAN
Why are you here?

DMITRI
I'm here to help.

FOYER

Ivan backs away from the door. Dmitri enters.

IVAN
You want to help? Find out who stole
my fucking heroin.

Ivan thinks aloud--

IVAN (CONT'D)
Somebody is a fucking snake. And
I'll find him.

Dmitri Follows Ivan into the--

KITCHEN

Beautiful. Slate floors. Stainless steel appliances. A large granite counter top.

Ivan puts his gun on the granite. Grabs a glass. Pours vodka. Drinks.

DMITRI
Why do you treat me as if I'm not
your son?
(beat)
(off Ivan's stare)
Your blood runs through me. I can
make a name for myself like you did
in Moscow.

IVAN
You have no idea what I went through
in Moscow.

Ivan rips open his buttoned-up shirt -- buttons fly and bounce across the room.

IVAN (CONT'D)

The number of bodies I've stepped
on. The years in prison.

He pulls the torn shirt off -- pulls off his under shirt --
unbuttons his pants -- drops them to the floor.

Ivan shows his naked body to his son. His flesh is covered
with tattoos. A tiger and crown on his stomach. Daggers
with blood dripping from the blades on his shoulders.
Candlesticks on his biceps. Barbed-wires on his arms.

IVAN (CONT'D)

This is the body of a king. These
tattoos didn't come from a coloring
book. They came from the streets
and prisons of Moscow.

(beat)

I've been in plenty of battles for
the Sidorov name. My name. And I'm
always the last one standing. I
wasn't handed this organization, I
built it.

DMITRI

So this is my life? Running a whore
house. This is what you have for
your only son?

Ivan eyes Dmitri. Notices mud and dirt on his shoes and
pants. Ivan bends. Looks at his own pants and shoes. Sees
the same color mud and dirt.

Ivan looks Dmitri in the eyes.

The mood in the air changes. Ivan knows who took the heroin.
Dmitri sees it.

Dmitri pulls a flask from his pocket. Takes a swig.

DMITRI (CONT'D)

Why don't you love me the way mama
did?

IVAN

You have her whore eyes. Even her
whore smell.

(beat)

You're not my son. You're your
mother's son.

Dmitri reaches behind his back. Pulls a gun. Aims. Fear
in his eyes. The gun shakes.

DMITRI

The son of a whore is about to take everything from you. How does that make you feel, papa?

IVAN

You can never be me. You're a weak, gay, pussy.

Water builds in Dmitri's eyes.

Ivan sees the weakness. He points his fingers at Dmitri as if he was holding a gun. His hand is steady.

IVAN (CONT'D)

A father's love is something you will never experience.

(softly)

Pow.

Dmitri pulls the trigger -- bullets explode through Ivan's chest -- he crashes against the granite countertop -- tears fall from Dmitri's eyes as he continues to fire shots.

Blood sprays. Glass breaks. Debris from cabinet doors hit the air. Ivan's body dances violently as bullets continue to rip through him.

Click, click, click -- empty gun. Ivan drops to the floor. Blood pours from 9 holes in his body. He struggles to breathe. Blood volcanoes from his mouth.

Dmitri kneels beside his father. Grabs him. Holds him close. Cries.

DMITRI

I'll be a great leader, papa.

Dmitri kisses his father's forehead. Looks into his eyes.

DMITRI (CONT'D)

You'll see.

Ivan spits blood into Dmitri's face. Dmitri wipes it away. Stares at his father. Hums a song as Ivan's life expires.

INT. SUBWAY - MEN'S BATHROOM

Russian Gangster 5 lies on the floor. The stall door is next to him. Detective 1 stares down at the body. Goode is beside him. Hair matted. Still unshaved.

GOODE

I'm already working three bodies.

DETECTIVE 1

Now make it four.

Detective 1 kneels. Pulls up the gangster's shirt -- a tattoo of a full armored knight standing in front of a castle is on his chest. The castle has three dome towers.

Goode kneels. Looks at the body.

DETECTIVE 1 (CONT'D)

Funky tattoo, right? Russian. Just like your vics last night. I figure they're connected. Which makes this pour dead bastard your new BFF.

Detective 1 stands.

DETECTIVE 1 (CONT'D)

You know what the tattoo means?

GOODE

Does it really matter?

Detective 1 shrugs.

GOODE (CONT'D)

Security found him?

DETECTIVE 1

Nah. A fucking bum. Came in here to sleep. Asked how long it was gonna take cause he's tired.

Goode stands.

DETECTIVE 1 (CONT'D)

Lucky for you, there's a security camera near the bathroom door. They're pulling footage now.

Detective 1 looks at Goode for the first time.

DETECTIVE 1 (CONT'D)

To say you look like shit would be a compliment.

GOODE

I forgot how to sleep.

DETECTIVE 1

I remember those days. Baby crying every fucking 30 minutes. Just wait until he turns three and says everything 10 times.

SECURITY CENTER

Dozens of monitors on the wall. Two security guards eyeing them.

Goode and Security Guard 1 concentrate on one monitor. They're watching playback of the camera outside of the bathroom.

Monitor

People walking by. Subway train pulling in. Stopping. More people walking by. Men walking in and out of the bathroom. Constant flow of redundancy.

GOODE

Fast forward.

Security Guard 1 zips past the boredom. People speed through. Trains zip by. More redundancy.

SECURITY GUARD 1

Thinkin' about being a detective one day, you know? Thought I'd start here to get a good base.

Goode doesn't hear him. His eyes are focused on the screen.

SECURITY GUARD 1 (CONT'D)

I bet you've seen some pretty sick stuff in this city, huh?

(no response)

Yeah. Don't let this security guard shit fool you. We do real work down here.

Goode's eyes buzz around the screen, trying to keep up with the fast motion.

Security Guard 1 is so into himself, he doesn't realize that Goode isn't paying attention to a single word.

SECURITY GUARD 1 (CONT'D)

Like one time. It had to be five dudes, right. They jumped the fare booth without paying. I grabbed one of them and wrestled him to the ground.

Security Guard 1 gets so involved in the story that he begins motioning his hands to make it more impactful.

SECURITY GUARD 1 (CONT'D)

The others thought they got away,
but after I interrogated the little
shit, he ratted his boys out.

Security Guard 1 smiles. Nodding his head as he relives a
moment in his dull life.

SECURITY GUARD 1 (CONT'D)

He was only, like, 10 or something,
but I bet'cha he ain't tryin' that
shit no more.

Goode's eyes grow in excitement.

GOODE

Wait. Stop.

Security Guard 1 quickly snaps out of his story. Stops the
footage.

GOODE (CONT'D)

Back it up.

Monitor

Lucien and Nevaeh hide behind a column. They sneak into the
bathroom. Moments pass. Russian Gangster 5 looks around.
He enters the bathroom.

A couple of minutes go by.

Lucien and Nevaeh exit the bathroom and quickly head for the
escalator steps.

GOODE (CONT'D)

Get me a copy of this.

INT. BEDROOM - FLASHBACK -- NIGHT

Dark. Orange light from a street lamp creeps through a window
that sits between twin beds.

Little Lucien opens the window. He creeps inside. Rebecca
turns on the lamp.

Lucien smiles. Reaches in his pocket. Pulls out two plane
tickets.

LUCIEN

There's a flight to LA tomorrow night.
We're gonna be on it.

Rebecca smiles.

Lucien reaches under his bed for the shoebox. Confusion hits. He looks under the bed.

The door to the room opens. Father stands in a police uniform. He's drunk. A beer in one hand. A shoebox in the other.

Lucien looks up.

FATHER
Looking for this?

Father tosses the shoebox on the bed. Lucien looks inside. It's empty.

LUCIEN
Where's my money?

Father guzzles the rest of his beer. He launches the bottle against the wall. Glass explodes. Rebecca screams.

FATHER
My own son! A fucking thief!

Father charges Lucien -- pulls him up -- slams him face-down against the bed.

He pulls his cuffs -- forces Lucien's hands behind his back -- cuffs him.

FATHER (CONT'D)
I'll show you how we handle thieves,
boy.

Father pulls his baton -- jabs Lucien in the ribs -- Lucien yells -- Father jabs him again.

FATHER (CONT'D)
You wanna embarrass the uniform?
Ruin my good name, boy?

Father tightens the handcuffs -- grinds them against Lucien's skin -- flesh rips -- blood trickles -- Lucien yells.

Rebecca jumps off the bed -- runs to Father -- pounds her little fists on his back.

Father turns -- tosses her back to her bed.

Lucien turns -- kicks Father in the groin -- Father bends -- Lucien pushes him away with his shoulder.

Lucien and Rebecca dash for the door. Father quickly blocks their path.

Enraged, Father punches Lucien -- he's forced back into Rebecca -- she falls back -- her head smacks against the night table -- she drops to the floor -- eyes open -- nothing behind them -- blood pours from her skull.

Lucien rolls off his hand-cuffs -- sees Rebecca motionless -- intense shock and sadness grows.

LUCIEN

Get up, Rebecca! Get up!

Rebecca doesn't move. Blood spreads.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)

Rebecca please! You're OK. You just have to get up. Please!

Father stands in shock. His mouth is wide open. Eyes begging for his little girl to move.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)

GET THESE GODDAMN HANDCUFFS OFF ME!

INT. DEN - ALEX'S APARTMENT - PRESENT DAY -- DAY

Lucien lies on the couch. He quickly awakens. He's out of breath. Sweat pours.

He sees his shoebox from his apartment on a table. It's open. Alex sits near with the picture from Lucien's shoebox in hand.

Lucien sits up.

ALEX

This is your sister. Isn't it?

Lucien stands.

LUCIEN

You shouldn't snoop.

ALEX

What happened to her?

Lucien walks to the kitchen. Grabs a glass.

ALEX (CONT'D)

That's who you dream about. That's why you have the nightmares.

Lucien fills the glass with faucet water. Takes a few gulps.

ALEX (CONT'D)

That's what this is about. She reminds you of your sister.

LUCIEN

Does it matter?

ALEX

Whatever happened to her, you can't change by saving Nevaeh.

LUCIEN

So if I killed her, would you feel better about the situation?

(off Alex's silence)

What's done, is done; no matter the reason. Now they want me dead, and the feeling is mutual.

A beat.

ALEX

You're one man going against an army. You can't win.

(beat)

I don't want to raise this baby alone.

Lucien puts the glass on the counter. Stares into the water.

LUCIEN

You know what I do. Why do you still want to be around me?

Alex walks over to Lucien.

ALEX

A part of me is saying run away. The other part is saying run away with you.

Alex grabs Lucien's hand. Places it on her stomach.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I grew up in foster homes. Never had a family. This is my chance to be happy. To finally have what I always wanted.

(beat)

All I care about is the future. Our future.

Lucien takes a moment.

LUCIEN

I'm a killer, you understand? Not a father. I don't think about the future, I think about now. And I don't run when there's a target on my back.

Alex drops her head. Steps away.

ALEX

So is that it? You knock me up and leave.

LUCIEN

I don't know what you expected.

ALEX

I expect you to be a man and help me take care of this child. Your child.

LUCIEN

I'm not meant to be a father?

ALEX

You're protecting a girl you barely know. Imagine if she was your daughter.

Lucien takes a moment.

He looks at Alex. She stares back. Notices something different in his eyes.

She steps to him. Wraps her arms around him. He holds her back. She cries. She's happy.

INT. KITCHEN - IVAN'S HOME

The cabinets are riddled with bullets and blood. Ivan lies motionless on the floor. Viktor kneels beside him.

He rubs Ivan's brow with his thumb.

This scene is spoken in Russian.

VIKTOR

Das vidanya, Ivan Sidorov.

Viktor senses eyes on him. He turns. Sees Dmitri with a gun in hand. Blood stains his shirt. Tears stain his cheeks.

Viktor stands. He keeps his hands behind his back.

VIKTOR (CONT'D)

Your father was incapable of love.
All he knew was how to be feared.
Blame Russia for that.

DMITRI

Fuck him and fuck Russia. I've cried
my last tear.

VIKTOR

You don't think I'm going to let you
ruin everything me and your father
fought for?

DMITRI

It would be out of character if you
didn't try.

Viktor whips his hands from behind his back -- a gun in hand -- he raises it -- but before he can fire, bullet holes shoot through his chest -- his gun drops -- he smacks against the countertop -- collapses beside Ivan -- blood pours from his chest and stomach.

Dmitri approaches. Viktor, weak, looks up at Dmitri.

VIKTOR

Hell is a small place.
(beat)
We'll see you soon.

Dmitri aims at Viktor's head -- BANG.

INT. DETECTIVE'S DEPARTMENT - POLICE STATION

Goode is at his desk. A mound of paperwork and crime scene photos are stacked around him. His office phone rings. He answers.

GOODE

(into phone)
Hello.
(beat)
I'm not sure. I've got a lot of
work, but I'll get there as soon as
I can. Besides, I need some hugs
and kisses.
(beat)
How's my little man?
(beat)
Good. I'll call later.
(beat)
Love you, too.

Goode hangs up.

Detective 2, belly hanging over his belt, sneaks up behind Goode. Kisses him on his neck. Goode quickly stands.

GOODE (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ.

Detective 2 laughs.

DETECTIVE 2

I thought you needed some hugs and kisses.

GOODE

Funny.

Goode sits. Detective 2 drops a case file on his desk.

DETECTIVE 2

Another dead Russian.

Goode sighs heavily.

GOODE

At least tell me you have something here.

DETECTIVE 2

An old lady across the street from the vic's house. She thinks she's Murder She Wrote or some shit.

GOODE

She saw something?

DETECTIVE 2

What didn't she see? She has the plate of a taxi that stopped next door to the house. The plate of a UPS delivery van and an offensive description of the driver who dropped a package two doors down. The explicit description of the Latino landscapers doing work three houses down, plus the plate number to their truck. Do I need to go on?

Goode looks at the file.

GOODE

There's at least thirty plates here.
(leans back)
Jesus Christ.

DETECTIVE 2

I think she saw him too. May even have his plate number.

GOODE

What about the other plates?

DETECTIVE 2

All but an Impala checked out. We only have a partial, but eight names came up when we ran it. We're running the names through the database. See if anything pops up.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)

Goode! You waitin' for me to draw you a map? Get your ass in here?

DETECTIVE 2

Oh yeah. Captain wants to see you.

GOODE

Don't you have a treadmill to die on or something?

Detective 2 blows Goode a kiss.

INT. DEN - ALEX'S APARTMENT

Alex and Nevaeh sit on the couch. Lucien puts on his coat. He hands Alex the small duffel bag filled with money from his apartment.

She looks in the bag. Alex is shocked to see that much money.

ALEX

How much money is this?

LUCIEN

Call the airport. Get a flight out of the city.

ALEX

And go where?

LUCIEN

Anywhere.

NEVAEH

What about you?

LUCIEN

When I'm done here, I'll call.

ALEX

We'll wait.

LUCIEN

The further you are the safer you are.

Lucien opens the front door.

NEVAEH

Mister?

ALEX

You're going to call? Right?

Lucien nods at the ladies. Exits.

INT. DMITRI'S SUV - MOVING

Kane maneuvers through the streets while on his cell phone. Dmitri sits in the passenger.

KANE

(to Dmitri)

No sign of them.

DMITRI

He's not coming back. Tell them to go inside. See what they find.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - MOVING

Lucien sits in a crowded rail car. He stares out of the window, watching advertisements zip by as the train speeds along.

INT. GRAVEYARD - FLASHBACK - DAY

Grave workers shovel loose dirt onto a small casket that's nestled 6 feet underground.

Little Lucien and Father watch the men work. They both look distraught.

FATHER

My little girl. I can't believe God took my little girl.

Lucien gives a look of anger and disgust.

LUCIEN

God?

FATHER

This is your fault.

LUCIEN

My fault?

Father cries hard.

Lucien's mouth tenses.

Father turns to his son.

FATHER

It should be you in there. Not her.

Father turns back to the grave workers as Lucien stares at him in fury.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. OFFICE - BANK

Lucien sits at a desk across from a Bank Manager. Bank Manager slides a stack of papers toward Lucien.

BANK MANAGER

(points)

Initial here, here and sign here.

LUCIEN

This will make it final?

BANK MANAGER

If anything were to happen to you, or if so requested, all assets from your safety deposit box will become the sole custody of Alexandra Wesley.

Lucien takes a pin. Initials. Signs.

INT. MORGUE

DOCTOR, call him Doc, 60, and Goode look down at the naked, cold bodies of Ivan, Viktor and Keil on metal slabs.

GOODE

Jesus. All three.

DOC

You must know them.

GOODE

Dealers from Moscow. These guys trafficked anything from drugs to women.

Doc walks over to his desk. Grabs some photos of a dead body. Hands them to Goode -- he flips through the pictures.

GOODE (CONT'D)

This is the guy we found in the subway last night.

DOC

Look at the stab wounds.

Goode observes the picture.

GOODE

Those are precise.

DOC

I had to pull some records and go back a couple years.

GOODE

You've seen something like this before?

DOC

Stab wounds usually aren't as precise as these. Victims have defensive wounds; lacerations on their palms, wrists and arms.

Doc walks over to his desk. Grabs a folder. Hands it to Goode.

DOC (CONT'D)

Take a look. Similar murders in the past two years. All done with a double edged blade. Multiple with puncture wounds to the heart and lungs, and I found a few with...

GOODE

(interrupts)

Slit throats.

(looks at Keil)

Jesus.

DOC

In this city alone, I've found 7 similar cases.

Goode sighs. Drops the folder on Doc's desk.

GOODE

A hit man.

Goode takes a moment. Thinks.

GOODE (CONT'D)

Thanks, Doc.

Goode rushes into the...

CORRIDOR

Goode walks briskly. Grabs his cell phone. Makes a call.

GOODE
 (into phone)
 I need Dmitri Sidorov's address.

INT. DEN - LUCIEN'S APARTMENT

Two Russian Foot Soldiers ransack Lucien's place. Foot Soldier 1 knocks over a trashcan. Rummages through the junk. Grabs a piece of folded paper. Reads it.

EXT. SIDEWALK - LITTLE RUSSIA

Vendors stand outside of stores. They sell their poppyseed pastries, meat pies and nesting dolls.

Lucien blends in with the moving crowd, carefully keeping aware of his surroundings.

QUIET STREET

Lucien strolls along the sidewalk. He passes a "Dead End" sign. The brothel sits at the end of the street.

FRONT DOOR - RUSSIAN BROTHEL

A security camera beams down at Lucien. He waits.

The door opens. Russian Guard 2 has a shotgun aimed at Lucien.

RUSSIAN GUARD 2
 Put up your hands!

INT. LOBBY - RUSSIAN BROTHEL

No one in sight but Russian Guard 2 and Lucien.

RUSSIAN GUARD 2
 Close the door.

Lucien turns to close the door. He's already spotted a mistake. Russian Guard 2 is too close.

Lucien moves -- with his back to the guard, he grabs the barrel of the gun -- sends an elbow to the guard's chin -- the guard stumbles back -- BANG -- buckshot sprays the front door.

Lucien twists the gun out of the guard's hand. Aims it at him.

The kitchen door swings open. Russian Guard 3 appears with an automatic weapon -- bullets fly from his gun -- Lucien dives out of the way as Russian Guard 2 gets ripped by friendly fire.

Lucien shoots -- buckshot rips through Russian Guard 3's knee -- he hits the floor screaming.

Lucien sprints to him. Kicks the gun from his hand.

More shots spray toward Lucien from the staircase -- it's Russian Guard 4 -- he fires as he runs down the steps.

Lucien pumps, pulls the trigger -- CLICK. Fuck. Empty. He launches the gun at Russian Guard 4 -- the gun hits him -- he loses his balance -- tumbles down the stairs to the floor -- his gun slides out of his hand.

Before he can move, Lucien is above him with the guard's own gun. Lucien also has the other gun from Russian Guard 3. Each gun is pointing at its owner.

LUCIEN

Where's Dmitri?

RUSSIAN GUARD 4

Fuck you.

Lucien fires -- kills Russian Guard 4.

Lucien turns his attention to Russian Guard 3 -- he's lying in pain. Blood pours from his shattered knee.

RUSSIAN GUARD 3

I don't know!

Lucien shoots the guard in the other knee. Blood squirts. Russian Guard 3 yells.

RUSSIAN GUARD 3 (CONT'D)

I don't fucking know! I swear!

LUCIEN

Where does he live?

Russian Guard 3 keeps silent. Lucien puts the hot barrel of the gun into his bullet wound -- blood sizzles -- guard screams.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)

Where?

RUSSIAN GUARD 3
1044 Mica Lamp Ct. Ten minutes away.

A door to a nearby room slowly squeaks open. Lucien aims. Sees a 15 year old girl prostitute in a bra and skirt.

More doors open around the brothel. More prostitutes peek out of their rooms. They're scared. High. Confused.

Lucien walks to the front door. Exits.

INT. DEN - ALEX'S APARTMENT

Alex hangs up the phone.

ALEX
Our plane leaves in a few hours. We better get going.

NEVAEH
Why San Diego?

Alex smiles.

ALEX
Once we get out there, you won't ask that question.

Alex grabs a suitcase. Rolls it towards the front door.

NEVAEH
I don't get it.

Alex laughs.

ALEX
I'll explain on the way.

STAIRWELL - ALEX'S APARTMENT BUILDING

Alex and Nevaeh walk down the stairs. As they reach the top of the last flight, the same two foot soldiers from Lucien's apartment enter the building.

Everyone pauses. They all exchange looks. Nevaeh's eyes widen as she looks up at Alex.

And just like that, Alex and Nevaeh take off up the stairs. One of the Foot Soldiers give chase -- he hops Alex's abandoned suitcase.

CORRIDOR

Alex and Nevaeh enter. They run to the end of the hall. Enter another stairwell. Foot Soldier 1 is not far behind.

STAIRWELL

Alex and Nevaeh sprint down the stairs into the basement.

EXT. BACK OF ALEX'S APARTMENT BUILDING

The basement door swings open. The two ladies climb the stairs from the basement to ground level.

ALLEY

Leads from the basement steps to the street. Alex and Nevaeh run through the alley toward the street. Foot Soldier 1 climbs the steps. Enters the alley.

As Alex and Nevaeh near the street, Foot Soldier 2 appears from street side. Alex and Nevaeh are trapped. The two Foot Soldiers close in on their targets.

INT. LUCIEN'S CAR - PARKED -- NIGHT

Lucien stares at a dark house across the street. He waits patiently.

His cell phone rings. He answers.

LUCIEN

(into phone)

You made it out?

INT. KITCHEN - BROTHEL

Dmitri sits at the table. Russian Guard 3, in immense pain, sits beside him. Alex and Nevaeh sit across from them. Kane stands close.

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION - LUCIEN AND DMITRI

DMITRI

(into phone)

Your pretty girlfriend gave me your new number. You don't mind, do you?

Lucien's face pales.

LUCIEN

Where are they?

DMITRI

Let me guess. You're at my house.

Dmitri turns to Russian Guard 3 -- aims a gun -- Russian Guard 3's eyes grow--

RUSSIAN GUARD 3

WAIT, DMITRI!

POW -- brain matter sprays -- Alex and Nevaeh scream.

DMITRI

You know, you just cost me a lot of money, hit man. All of my girls have escaped. So it looks like I have to start over with these two.

LUCIEN

I'll see you soon.

DMITRI

I'll leave the light on for you.

Dmitri hangs up.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET

Goode stands near the back driver side door of Lucien's car with his gun aimed.

GOODE

Don't move! Hands on the steering wheel!

Lucien glances over his shoulder. Sees Goode.

GOODE (CONT'D)

Do it!

Lucien raises his hands. Puts them on the steering wheel.

Goode cautiously opens the door.

GOODE (CONT'D)

Get out!

LUCIEN

For what?

GOODE

Out of the car!

Lucien steps out. Goode keeps his distance. He looks in the passenger seat.

GOODE (CONT'D)

Where's the girl?

Lucien stays calm.

LUCIEN

Are you going to arrest me?

GOODE

Turn around. Put your hands behind your head.

LUCIEN

I can't do that.

Lucien takes a couple of steps toward Goode. Goode steps back.

GOODE

Don't move. I know about you. I know about the murders.

Lucien steps forward again. Goode moves back toward a parked car across the street.

GOODE (CONT'D)

Stay back. I will shoot.

Lucien steps forward. Goode steps back closer to the parked car.

LUCIEN

An unarmed man?

Lucien steps forward.

GOODE

Take another step and it will be your last.

Goode takes another step back -- the heel of his foot hits the car's tire -- he briefly loses his balance -- he looks down -- Lucien lunges for the gun -- Goode looks up -- fires a shot -- the bullet rips through Lucien's shoulder as he grabs the weapon.

Lucien twists the gun -- head-butts Goode in his nose -- blood trickles -- Lucien pulls the gun from Goode's hand -- smacks him across the head with the butt of the gun -- Goode drops to the ground.

Lucien stands with the gun aimed down at Goode. Goode stares back. Fear in his eyes.

GOODE (CONT'D)

I have a kid.

LUCIEN

Me too.

Goode closes his eyes.

POW! POW! Lucien fires two shots. The bullets zip pass Goode's head -- they hit the car's tire.

Lucien hops back into his car. Speeds off. Goode lies still. Relieved to be alive.

EXT. RUSSIAN BROTHEL

Dark. Quiet. Cars parked on the street. Foot Soldiers 1 and 2 stand guard outside of the front door.

Headlights approach down the street. The Foot Soldiers become alert. A car nears and comes to a stop. There's a lit sign on top of the car - "PIZZA".

A Pizza Man steps out of the car with a pizza. The Foot Soldiers aim their weapons.

FOOT SOLDIER 1
WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE?

PIZZA MAN
I'M A PIZZA GUY! I'M A PIZZA GUY!

FOOT SOLDIER 2
PUT YOUR HANDS UP!

Pizza Man immediately drops the pizza. He puts his hands high.

FOOT SOLDIER 1
I'm going to blow your fucking brains
out.

Pizza Man is scared shitless.

PIZZA MAN
Some guy called! Told me to deliver
here!

FOOT SOLDIER 2
Guy? What guy!

Foot Soldier 1 notices smoke from a parked car across the street.

FOOT SOLDIER 1
What is that?

BOOM! The car explodes. The Soldiers step back. Pizza Man quickly hits the ground.

The Soldiers look at the fire. Lucien appears behind them.

Foot Soldier 2 turns -- sees him -- as he raises his gun -- Lucien kicks Foot Soldier 2's hand and gun downward -- POW -- the gun fires -- a bullet rips through Foot Soldier 2's foot.

As Foot Soldier 1 turns to see what's going on, Lucien slides a blade across his neck -- Foot Soldier 1 falls to his knees -- he drops the gun -- holds his neck -- blood pours as he tries to suck in air.

Lucien, still in motion, swings the blade to the back of Foot Soldier 2's neck -- the blade jabs inside -- Lucien twists the blade -- pulls it out -- blood gurgles -- Foot Soldier 2 drops to the ground.

Lucien pauses. He breathes it all in.

Pizza Man, still sprawled on the concrete, stares up at Lucien in amazement and utter fear.

Pizza Man jumps up. Hops in his car. Reverses down the street at full speed.

INT. LOBBY - RUSSIAN BROTHEL

Dark. Dmitri stands at the top of the staircase.

Lucien enters. Sees Dmitri.

DMITRI

You wanna kill me, pussy? I'm gonna
let that little bitch watch as I
fuck your girlfriend.

Lucien charges toward the stairs. Instinctively he senses something. He stops. Looks into the darkness of the lobby. Without warning, he dives toward the front desk.

Gunshots burst, illuminating the darkness of the lobby in quick intervals -- bullets zip past a diving Lucien and hit the wall behind him.

Lucien lands behind the front desk -- bullets hit the wood. After nine shots -- click, click; the gun is empty.

Lucien stands. He sees Kane with the empty gun.

Lucien pulls his blade -- quickly moves for Kane -- Kane drops the gun -- readies for a charging Lucien.

Lucien swings the blade toward Kane's neck -- Kane dodges the blade -- punches Lucien across the face -- Lucien stumbles back -- Kane quickly runs and grabs him -- the two spin in a grapple, trying to get the best leverage.

Lucien gets his footing, spins and pushes Kane against a nearby wall -- Kane knees Lucien in the groin -- he pushes himself and Lucien over a couch and onto a coffee table -- it shatters -- the men lose their grip.

Lucien quickly rolls over onto his hands and knees. He looks for his blade. Kane sees it. Grabs it. Gets to his feet.

Lucien stands -- Kane swings the blade toward Lucien's neck -- Lucien leans back -- grabs Kane's swinging elbow -- he sends a fist into Kane's ribs.

Kane drops the blade -- catches it in his other hand -- swings his body around -- the blade slashes Lucien across his back.

Lucien turns -- Kane swings the blade again -- Lucien ducks under the attack and turns behind Kane.

Lucien grabs Kane's wrist that the blade is in and uses the momentum to push the blade toward Kane's chest -- Kane shifts the blade -- it jabs into his shoulder.

In pain, Kane sends a flying elbow. It connects across Lucien's jaw -- Lucien staggers back.

Kane spins behind Lucien -- he wraps his arm under Lucien's neck -- he pulls and falls back -- Lucien falls on top of Kane in a dangerous choke hold.

Kane wraps his legs around Lucien's thighs, locking him in. Lucien is in serious trouble.

Lucien's face turns red -- he can't breathe -- he tries to loosen Kane's grip -- no good.

Lucien's strength is fading fast. Kane pulls tighter. He feels Lucien weakening.

Lucien reaches back -- feels for the knife in Kane's shoulder -- pulls it -- hammers the blade back -- stabs Kane in the side of the neck -- Kane's hold quickly loosens -- blood sprays.

Lucien rolls over -- he grabs the blade and forces it across Kane's neck, through flesh, muscle and bone. Blood geysers.

Lucien sucks in air. He's weak. Blood leaks badly from the bullet hole in his shoulder.

He struggles to stand. Wipes the blade across his pants. Staggers upstairs.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Dark. All of the room doors are closed. At the end, light bleeds from under a closed door.

Lucien slowly approaches. He's weak. He leans against the hallway wall as he walks. Blood streaks.

Lucien swings the door open.

ROOM

Nevaeh and Alex sit in chairs that face Lucien. They're both in tears. Frightened.

Lucien enters with caution.

ALEX

Behind you!

Dmitri emerges from the darkness in the hallway -- clubs Lucien in the back of the head with a gun -- Lucien drops.

Nevaeh tries to run to Lucien -- Dmitri aims his gun at her -- she stops.

DMITRI

You get up again and you'll see your mother.

Nevaeh sits back in her chair. Tears pour from her eyes as she watches Lucien helpless on the floor.

ALEX

Get up, Lucien. Please get up.

Lucien tries to regain his senses.

DMITRI

Lucien, Lucien, Lucien. They call for you, yet you do nothing.

Dmitri walks to Lucien -- pulls Lucien's head back -- forces him to look at Nevaeh and Alex.

DMITRI (CONT'D)

Who dies first, hit man?

Nevaeh shakes her head. She begs Dmitri to let them go.

DMITRI (CONT'D)

WHO'S FIRST?

Lucien bleeds badly. He breathes heavily as his head sways from side to side. He's fighting to stay conscious.

DMITRI (CONT'D)

You gonna pass out on me, pussy?
Should I keep this little bitch as a
whore or should I kill her?

The only response Dmitri receives is heavy breathing.

DMITRI (CONT'D)
Not much fight out of you now, no?

ALEX
STOP! LEAVE HIM ALONE!

Dmitri lets go of Lucien's head -- walks between Nevaeh and Alex. He turns and faces Lucien.

DMITRI
Since you can't decide, I will.

Dmitri aims the gun at Alex -- Nevaeh screams -- grabs Dmitri's arm before he can fire -- Dmitri pushes Nevaeh -- she falls -- POW! A shot fires -- the bullet goes through Nevaeh's stomach.

Lucien's blade flies through the air -- it stabs through Dmitri's hand that holds the gun.

POW! POW! POW! Shots are fired. They pierce the floor.

Lucien is up. He knocks the gun out of Dmitri's hand.

The men hit the ground. Lucien lands on top of Dmitri with his hands around his neck.

Lucien squeezes. Veins bulge. His knuckles whiten. Dmitri punches and claws at Lucien, but to no avail. Lucien is not letting go.

Lucien squeezes harder. Dmitri's movements become weaker and weaker. Then, there's no movement at all. He's dead.

Lucien squeezes more to ensure that he's gone.

He lets go. Rushes to Nevaeh. Alex is already there stroking her hair.

Nevaeh's eyes are still open. She's alive.

ALEX
(to Nevaeh)
Why did you do that? Why?

NEVAEH
(weakly)
Are we safe now?

Lucien applies pressure to her stomach to stop the blood flow.

LUCIEN

I have to get you out of here.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM LOBBY - HOSPITAL

Security Guard 2 chats to a Nurse that sits behind the registration desk. She looks behind him. Her eyes widen.

NURSE 1

GOODNESS!

Lucien rushes through the doors with a limp Nevaeh in his arms. Alex is right behind them.

For the first time, we see Lucien emotional.

LUCIEN

She's been shot. She's not breathing.

Nurse hits the intercom.

NURSE 1

Code blue! Code blue!

Doors from the emergency room burst open. Two nurses wheel in a flatbed. Lucien quickly lays Nevaeh down.

The two nurses rush Nevaeh into emergency. Lucien follows. Alex tries to keep up but Nurse 1 holds her back.

NURSE 1 (CONT'D)

Let the doctors handle it.

ALEX

Lucien!

Doors close behind Lucien, leaving Alex in the waiting area.

CORRIDOR - ER

Doctor 1 rushes out. Sees the little girl and Lucien.

NURSE 2

She's not breathing. No pulse.

DOCTOR 1

Get her to trauma room 1 now!

Security Guard 2 grabs Lucien as the nurses wheel Nevaeh into the trauma room.

SECURITY GUARD 2

What in the hell happened?

Another nurse appears, Nurse 4, and sees Lucien's condition. She calls for another doctor.

Lucien looks through the windows on the doors of the trauma room. He sees the doctor desperately trying to save Nevaeh.

Everything around Lucien tunes out. He hears nothing. He only sees Nevaeh lying lifeless on the RE table.

Doctor 1 pulls out the paddles. He presses them on Nevaeh's chest. Her body pulses up. Nothing.

Doctor 1 waits. Does it again. Her body jumps. Nothing.

Nurse 4 and Security Guard 2 try to force Lucien on a flatbed.

DOCTOR 2

Sir, you're losing too much blood.
You need attention now.

Lucien jerks his arm free from the nurse and guard -- enters--

TRAUMA ROOM 1

The two nurses stand beside Nevaeh's body. Shocked. Almost in tears.

Doctor 1 steps back.

LUCIEN

Why'd you stop?

The nurses and Doctor 1 look up at Lucien.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)

YOU KEEP GOING!

Doctor 1 shakes his head.

DOCTOR 1

There's nothing else we can do.

LUCIEN

You don't tell me that. You keep trying. You keep pumping until she comes back.

DOCTOR 1

I'm sorry, sir.
(beat)
She's gone.

Lucien stands there. Trembling. Shocked.

Doctor 2 touches Lucien on the shoulder.

DOCTOR 2

Sir, please. You need help.

Lucien inches to Nevaeh's body. He shakes his head in disbelief. His eyes water.

Lucien sits beside Nevaeh. He grabs her. Holds her tight.

DOCTOR 2 (CONT'D)

Sir!

Lucien rocks Nevaeh. Kisses her on the forehead.

His strength is gone. His eyelids begin to heavy. His eyes close, a tear drops as his body falls back against the wall.

Doctor 2 rushes to Lucien.

Cops burst through the doors like an army brigade. Goode enters. Sees an unconscious Lucien.

INT. DEN - APARTMENT - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Father is asleep in a chair. Empty beer bottles surround him. Snow flickers on the television.

Little Lucien stands behind the chair with a rope in his hands. Light from the flickering TV moves around his stare. It's eerie.

Lucien cautiously approaches his father. He carefully swings the rope around Father's body and the chair -- Father moves -- clears his throat -- Lucien quickly ducks behind the chair -- petrified that his father will awaken.

Father settles in the chair. He snores. Lucien stays still for a moment. He stands. He wraps the rope around Father and the chair once more.

Lucien pulls the rope tight. Ties a knot.

Father slowly awakens from his drunken slumber. He tries to get up, but can't.

FATHER

What the...LUCIEN!

Lucien walks from behind the chair. Stands between Father and the TV.

FATHER (CONT'D)

Get me outta this chair, boy.

Lucien reaches in his pocket. Pulls a blade.

FATHER (CONT'D)
And what're you gonna do with that?

Lucien takes a nervous step forward.

FATHER (CONT'D)
Untie me.

Father sees the terror in Lucien's eyes.

FATHER (CONT'D)
I said untie me!

Father wiggles to free himself, but the rope is too tight.

Lucien fearfully takes a step back.

FATHER (CONT'D)
You're dead, boy. You hear me?
DEAD! UNTIE ME!

Father moves violently to free himself.

Lucien stares. He's still. Frightened.

Father rocks the chair side to side. After several rocks --
CRASH -- the chair and Father hit the floor.

FATHER (CONT'D)
You're dead, boy!

Father squirms to free himself. Lucien stares as he sees
the rope beginning to move.

Father starts to slide the rope toward his head. He's
determined to get free and it's working.

Lucien hasn't moved. Fear is keeping him captive. The blade
shakes in his hand. His eyes water. Sweat pours down his
face.

Father is almost free. It's only a matter of seconds.

Lucien's mood changes immediately. His eyes go from fearful
to vicious. He grips the blade. He charges.

Father's eyes widen as Lucien runs toward him.

Lucien stabs father repeatedly in the stomach. Blood squirts
as Lucien jabs the blade in and out.

Father wrestles to get free, but to no avail. Lucien
continues the stabbing. Father pleads for his son to stop,
but Lucien keeps thrusting the knife in and out.

After twenty stabs, Lucien finally backs away. He's out of breath. Soaked in blood.

Blood gurgles from father's stomach and chest as his eyes swirl around his head.

Father wheezes. His eyes close.

Tears run down Lucien's face. He drops the knife. Cries.

Lucien looks at Father. Lucien's cries turn to laughter.

He wipes his tears. Grabs the knife. Walks to an outlet. Removes the electrical plate. Tampers with the wires.

EXT. LITTLE LUCIEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING

Fire engulfs an apartment. People in their pajamas and nightgowns pour from the burning building.

Ambulances, fire trucks and police cars race to the scene.

Little Lucien, clean clothes and a duffel bag, walks through the crowd. He heads down a lonely street, never looking back at the chaos.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. FRONT YARD - HOUSE - PRESENT DAY - DAY

FIVE YEARS AFTER NEVAEH'S DEATH.

The house is beautiful. A white picket fence surrounds it. A four year old girl with a gold chain and cross charm around her neck, happily runs around the fresh grass.

Alex sits on the porch in a rocking chair. She smiles as she watches the little girl play.

Alex's eyes scan her new neighborhood. It's far from the city. Clean. People wave. Everyone is nice. It's the perfect place to raise a child.

A mailman walks to the mailbox. He stuffs mail inside. He waves at Alex. She waves back. The mailman walks to the next house.

Alex strolls to the mailbox. Grabs the mail. Walks back to her rocking chair. Sits.

She fumbles through the--

MAIL

Bill. Pizza coupon. Bill. Junk mail from a cable company.
A letter from Northern Penitentiary.

Alex pauses at the letter. All focus has switched to this envelope. She opens it. Reads it.

LUCIEN (V.O.)
The guy in the cell across from me
spent his last month praying.

INT. PRISON CELL - NORTHERN PENITENTIARY -- NIGHT

Six feet by six feet. Cracked paint peels from concrete walls. Lucien sits at a table. He eats a bloody steak and potatoes.

LUCIEN (V.O.)
He told me he was begging for God's
forgiveness.

LUCIEN'S CELL - LATER

Everything is bare. No sheets on the bed.

LUCIEN (V.O.)
I asked him why.

Two prison guards, looks like they eat steroids for breakfast, stand outside of Lucien's cell. The bars slide open.

LUCIEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
So I can go to heaven, he said.

Lucien stands and walks to the guards. They cuff him. Walk him out of his cell.

CORRIDOR

The prison guards stand on either side of Lucien. They all move slowly down the bare corridor toward a door at the end.

LUCIEN (V.O.)
He was executed 6 days ago.

ROOM

Lucien is buckled to a stretcher. The two prison guards and a doctor stand around him.

LUCIEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Knowing your expiration date would
drive most people insane.

A metal box hangs on a wall. A tube leads from the box to a syringe that is inserted into a vein in Lucien's arm.

LUCIEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But for some of us, we find peace.
My peace is knowing that I have a
little girl out there that will not
have to live in the hell I did.

A light on the metal box turns green.

LUCIEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I finally realized that Nevaeh's
name spelled backwards is heaven.

Fluid travels down the tube into Lucien's vein.

LUCIEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It's funny. I've been in hell my
entire life and never seen the devil.

The poison moves quickly. Lucien takes one last blink. His
eyes stare up at the prison ceiling. He's gone.

LUCIEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And after 33 years, I finally get to
say hello.

THE END