

MOTOR CITY

by

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"Before you embark on a journey of revenge, dig two graves."

--CONFUCIUS

OVER LOGOS

The intro to Santana's "Jingo" fades in...

1 EXT. DETROIT - NIGHT (1970'S) 1

The city is lit up. If it glows, or otherwise emits light, it's turned on.

But, something doesn't look quite right as we MOVE OVER downtown.

A Skyscraper or two is missing.

No cell phone towers.

A Billboard advertises the new Ford Torino GT. Detroit made.

Al Green echoes from someone's stereo...

GRAPHIC: DETROIT. LATE 1970'S.

WE MOVE over buildings, away from Downtown, to a more residential area. Upscale.

Sirens are still coming.

As we move over the top of a string of Apartment Buildings...

Some MANIAC RUNS RIGHT BY US--carrying a DEAD MAN over his shoulder.

1A TRACKING WITH MANIAC: 1A

His clothes are torn, blackened, filthy, and bloody. Cuts and scrapes bleed openly.

His head is shaved boot camp style. His face is covered in a dozen scars--the kind you get from deep gashes that heal without the benefit of stitches.

There's a pistol-grip sawed off double-barrel shotgun in his hand and murder in his eyes.

Meet JOHN MILLER.

Running for all he's worth across the top of an apartment building, he LEAPS into the night air off the edge...

2 EXT. ROOF #2 - CONTINUOUS 2

And lands with a BONE JARRING THUD--the DEAD GUY tumbles and skids.

Miller twisted an ankle.

Means nothing right now. If he coughed up his spleen, it wouldn't stop him. Not now.

Not this night.

He picks up the shotgun and drags the Dead Guy to the edge of the building, as the GUNNING OF ENGINES and the SQUEALING OF TIRES ebbs into focus from below...

3 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS 3

Two late 70's MERCEDES roar by, traffic laws be damned.

4 EXT. ROOF #2 - CONTINUOUS 4

Miller zeroes in like a hawk on the headlights tearing ass up the street ten stories below.

Wipes his bleeding nose--puts the shotgun down... And THROWS THE DEAD GUY OVER THE EDGE.

After a BEAT of Miller's heavy breathing--a hellacious BANG below. Tires screech. CRASH.

Miller jumps over the edge on to the fire escape...

Very calm. Very matter-of-fact.

5 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS 5

A leg and a loafer sticks out of the windshield of the Mercedes that's wrapped around a light pole--direct hit with the Dead Guy.

The other Mercedes hit a FIRE HYDRANT--still running as water GUSHES UNDERNEATH the bent front end.

Miller limps off the Fire Escape and Zombies towards the light pole Mercedes, shotgun at the ready.

Makes a beeline for the passenger's window--doesn't even look inside. Just shoves the shotgun into the car and...

BOOM.

Miller heads to the fire hydrant Mercedes further down the street--approaches from the front.

It's obscured by the showering water--halos of headlights in the torrent. The windshield is spiderwebbed--impossible to see through.

He pulls TWO SHOTGUN SHELLS from his back pocket. Loads them.

They hold special meaning, though we don't yet know what.

Shotgun leveled squarely at the opaque windshield, Miller limps towards it.

Cautious steps.

Slow.

Tense.

THE ENGINE ROARS.

The mangled Mercedes leaps out of the wall of water, nailing Miller, who finds himself on the slippery hood...

TRACKING WITH MERCEDES:

Ripping down the street--engine knocking. Miller desperately tries to hang on to both hood and gun.

He throws a look over his shoulder...

MILLER'S POV:

A cross street. A red light. A river of traffic zipping by. Half a block away and this car isn't even slowing down...

Shit.

Miller punches the shotgun barrel through the already shattered windshield, right where the Driver's head should be...

The BRAKES ARE SLAMMED.

His grip slips.

Thrown from the hood, Miller sails directly into the midst of the passing cars...

A SHOT EXPLODES from Miller's shotgun as he flies backwards...

5 CONTINUED: (2) 4.
5 5
5A TIME SLOWS ALMOST TO STILL-LIFE... 5A

On his back, BETWEEN two passing trucks--firing between his legs in mid-air.

But, it's not buckshot loaded into that shotgun blast.

It's PENNIES.

Smoking, flaming, copper discs--frozen an inch from impacting the windshield...

BLACK.

The title slowly burns in:

MOTOR CITY

6 EXT. MOSCOW - DAY 6

Cold, drab Eastern bloc buildings give way to the imposing beauty of the Kremlin and Red Square...

GRAPHIC: MOSCOW. YEARS LATER.

WE MOVE over the city. Arrive at a gorgeous new apartment overlooking the square.

7 EXT. MOSCOW APARTMENT ROOF - DAY 7

A MAN takes in the view from behind. Alone. He will be seen only in silhouette.

His hair flutters in the cool breeze. He makes a SHINING PENNY dance over his fingers. Absentmindedly.

Birds streak by. He hasn't moved. Just the dance of the penny. Been here for a while.

You can tell from the ice-melted, watery drink that sits near him. Untouched.

Like watered down blood.

A MAID exits glass doors, tray in hand. Atop this tray is a fresh ice filled cocktail...

...and a BRIGHT RED PACKAGE.

The Maid doesn't dally. She swaps drinks. Sets down the package. Scurries away. As if trying to escape the Man's notice.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

Still, he has not moved.

CLOSE ON PACKAGE:

A tied red bow flaps gently in the wind. Hands reach into the frame. Open it. A LEATHER SCRAP BOOK.

One of the hands abducts the nearby cocktail, as the Scrap book is opened.

Yellowed. Old. Newspaper clippings.

Headlines creep by us as page after page is turned.

"Soviet forces invade Afghanistan."

"Muhammad Ali announces his retirement from boxing."

"Pirates win The Series."

8 INT. MOSCOW APARTMENT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 8

Anemic Russian music squeaks from a small transistor radio. The Maid shimmies her hips. Washes the glass she just brought in.

Dries it. Eyeballs the EMPTY VODKA bottles of the day.

Outside, A GLASS SHATTERS.

She races out...

9 EXT. MOSCOW APARTMENT ROOF - CONTINUOUS 9

She explodes out the glass doors. Concerned.

The Man leans against the railing of the deck. Head down. At his feet...

A shattered glass. A dropped cocktail. Ice and slivers of glass gleam...

The Scrap Book. Also, dropped.

A faded Headline: "LOCAL MAN CAUGHT IN BIGGEST BUST EVER".

There's a grainy black and white photo of a MAN on the ground, staring at us--a Cop's knee in his back.

His teeth bared--forever frozen in time yelling. But, it isn't anger on his face. It almost looks like...

9 CONTINUED:

9

Anguish.

It's John Miller.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. FACTORY - (1970'S)

10

When you think of a shitty industrial job, you think of this place--brick and smoke belching smoke stacks. Hard work for hard working people, or those to whom it never occurred they could do something else with their lives.

The Night Shift just got cut loose.

WORKERS stream out the gates, filthy and tired. These cats ain't your Blue Collar Heroes. This ain't the good Union gig.

These guys work here because they can't get jobs anywhere else. You can see it in their faces--this job is the only thing keeping them from being criminals.

Again.

ONE GUY exits. Head down under a dirty Detroit Tigers ball cap.

The others are paired up along racial lines. Black Guys. White Guys. Hispanic Guys. Friends. Colleagues in sweat and grime.

But not this guy. He walks alone.

The other Workers toss sideways glances at him along the way. Fear? Distrust? Admiration?

No one even talks to him. Funny thing is, there's absolutely nothing about him that obviously causes it.

He's utterly normal in this crowd.

The only thing out of the ordinary? He walks with his eyes down. Never raising them. No bravado. No cocksure swagger like the others.

A quiet humility in his body language the others do not possess.

11 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAWN

11

The guy in the Tigers cap stops at his beat to hell and rusted '68 390 CID V8 MUSTANG.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

Someone is leaning on the trunk, sucking down a bottle of grape Faygo soda. Judging this book by its cover, he's a fence/pimp/all around shady individual. His name is YOUNGBLOOD.

Our guy lifts his face--underneath the brim of that dirty Detroit Tigers ball cap, a familiar face...

JOHN MILLER.

Glances over their shoulders. On the sly. Miller palms a handful of foldin' money to Youngblood.

Who produces a tiny brown bag like David Copperfield--hands it to Miller.

ACROSS THE PARKING LOT:

On the other side of the asphalt island--a PONTIAC GTO.

12 EXT. GTO - CONTINUOUS

12

Three shady looking mothers, ATHOS, PORTHOS, and ARAMIS, watch between parked cars. Aramis whistles. Pop Goes the Weasel.

They watch Miller peek into the small brown bag and smile. He slaps Youngblood some skin and climbs into his MUSTANG.

Aramis starts the GTO--rumbles to life like Detroit engines used to.

13 INT. MUSTANG - DAWN

13

Pre-morning rush hour traffic--Miller tosses the small brown bag inside the glove box.

He slides an 8-track into the deck--the opening riff from Pink Floyd's "Time" kicks in...

Miller wipes exhaustion from his eyes, as the GTO pulls alongside him. Aramis tosses a sideways glance Miller's direction.

The GTO slows, vanishes from the MUSTANG's driver window--Miller never notices.

14 EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAWN

14

Miller parks in front of a run-down convenience store.

15 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAWN

15

The CLERK behind the counter chatters away on the phone in a language as foreign as he appears to be. Absently plays with an ornate ZIPPO lighter.

A replay from last night's Lions game barely comes in on the static-filled TV.

The Clerk tosses a wave to Miller who just walked through the door, and right out of the frame. The Clerk throws today's WANT ADS on the counter. The Help Wanted section. Already circled.

He presses buttons on the cash register between staccato outbursts of whatever he's speaking--knows what Miller is buying.

Miller returns with a cup of coffee, grabs the Want Ads, and drops a few coins on the counter--waves goodbye.

Morning ritual between these two. Coffee and Help Wanted.

16 EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

16

Miller exits for his car.

Problem.

It ain't there.

Takes a second for what he's seeing to careen around inside his tired brain looking for something to connect with.

Drops the coffee when it does. But, not the Want Ads.

Miller whiplashes his eyes up the street.

There's his wheels! Just turning the corner...

17 EXT. STREET - DAWN

17

The MUSTANG rumbles up the street, as Miller careens around a corner on foot--running his ass off after his ride.

Still clinging on to those Want Ads.

The MUSTANG makes another turn down the block.

18 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - MOMENTS LATER 18

Clutching at a stitch in his side, Miller gasps for air. His run slows to a defeated walk.

Can't go anymore. He kicks a garbage can in a rage.

Just as it appears that Miller is about to scream the longest, most creative stream of profanity ever uttered...

The GTO roars out of a nearby alley, tires squealing, and blows by Miller. Athos, Aramis, and Porthos lock eyes with him.

Aramis flicks his cigarette Miller's way as they pass.

19 EXT. NEARBY ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER 19

Miller finds his car. Driver's door open. Just sitting there.

He panics...

20 INT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS 20

Terrified, Miller opens the glove box. The small brown bag is still there.

With the greatest sigh of relief mankind has ever witnessed, he opens the bag--pulls out a...

Small VELVETEEN BOX.

Miller opens it and gazes at the ENGAGEMENT RING, with the world's smallest diamond, inside.

A sliver of Cubic Zirconia.

To Miller it's the Hope Diamond.

21 EXT. THE NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING 21

Brick tenement buildings sprout from concrete like weeds.

KIDS play stick ball in the street, between rusted and beat to hell cars. And...

...the DRUG DEALERS, UNEMPLOYED, and SHADY DUDES. Not prevalent. But, they're there.

Just like they always are in a neighborhood like this.

(CONTINUED)

10.
21 CONTINUED: 21

Music BLARES from book case sized BOOM BOXES. Echoes as WE MOVE ALONG THE STREET--to find a familiar MUSTANG parked in front of a particularly ratty tenement.

A few windows are busted out on lower floors. Empty beer cans, still in brown bags, clothes lay here and there...

22 INT. MILLER'S BUILDING HALLWAY - MORNING 22

WE MOVE down the narrow hall. MUSIC. TV's. VOICES. You hear it all through tissue paper walls.

An auditory buffet: Someone is beatin' his woman. A baby cries. Kids laugh and play.

Some of the doors are held together with DUCT TAPE and cardboard.

A lot of these people said "Fuck It" a long time ago.

But, not all.

There's a freshly painted door here. Unblemished. The brass knob glistens.

WE MOVE THROUGH it.

23 INT. MILLER'S PLACE - CONTINUOUS 23

Third-hand furniture. Life on a frayed shoe string.

But, it's neat.

PICTURES ON THE WALL. On tables. Half without frames. That costs money.

John Miller and a WOMAN we'll meet in a minute.

Happy as clams. A birthday. A Christmas. A Tuesday. Ain't much in this dump. But, there's pride and love.

24 INT. MILLER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 24

Miller sits on the edge of the bed and stares at the Engagement Ring in his hand--listens to RUNNING WATER from the shower.

He wears a grimy wife-beater. Arms covered in the haphazard tattoos of a haphazard life.

(CONTINUED)

Most the kind you get with a straight pin and Bic ink. Jail House Tatts scrawled all over a body that had more time than skin.

But, a few are ornate and professional. Like the one on his shoulder--a small banner with a single word...

...RANGER.

But, it's faded. That was a long time ago. He looks to the bathroom...

MILLER'S POV:

The dark curves of a WOMAN are visible through the plastic distortion of the shower door.

Excitement and fear take root. Courage and determination pull him to his feet. He's gonna do it.

Hard eyes that have seen hard years soften to raw adoration, as he watches the womanly shape on his way across the bedroom.

But, something stops him cold. Like when you feel someone behind you.

He turns...slowly.

And sees himself in a third-hand mirror. Miller and his reflection stand back to back, each staring over a shoulder at the other.

He looks at the Jail House Tattoos. He looks the same to us, but we just ain't seeing what he sees.

Who he sees.

Miller puts the ring in his pocket and walks out, as the woman in the shower hums a pretty song...

Eggs sizzle.

Her name is NAIDA and she'd be beautiful if she didn't look so damned tired. She has that "two jobs" look.

Her back is to Miller, who sits at a card table pretending to be kitchen table. The WANT ADS lay before him.

He neatly folds today's classifieds--lays them on a stack of other folded classifieds. A month's worth.

Morning ritual. Complete.

BEHIND NAIDA:

He kneels behind her back, the Engagement Ring in his hand. Try again.

Do it right.

She has no idea he's there. He opens his mouth to speak--stops. He's trying. Real hard.

Miller finds his Zen, and tries again.

Fails. Curses himself silently for being such a wuss.

He looks at the crappy kitchen with the crappy furniture. He looks at her tattered and frayed robe. He looks at that ridiculous little ring in his hand.

He just can't do it.

Closes his eyes in resignation--closes the box. Something seems to break inside of him.

When he opens his eyes, he's staring at the front of Naida's robe.

BUSTED. A plate of steaming eggs in her hand, she's frozen like a deer in headlights.

They stare terror at each other for a long, long BEAT.

NAIDA

Yes.

WATCHING MILLER AND NAIDA FROM OUTSIDE:

Framed in a dingy window Naida and Miller embrace. Like a photo hanging on the World's wall.

She smiles. He smiles. They talk. We can't hear what they're saying from out here, but you can read the lips.

I love you's galore.

Naida slides the ring on her finger--kisses Miller like it was their last day on earth.

This is what happiness looks like.

OUR POV TILTS STRAIGHT DOWN:

(CONTINUED)

13.
26 CONTINUED: 26

Ten floors below...

FOUR DETROIT P.D. Squad Cars parked in front of the building.

BLOOD RED LIGHTS FLASHING.

27 INT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS 27

Two UNIFORMED COPS stop in the midst of the other cars. The Driving Cop rams into park. Both exit the vehicle with shotguns.

We stay put. The radio squawks.

Through the dirty windshield, MORE COPS pass us. Half a dozen. Armed with shotguns.

They run into Miller's Building...

28 INT. MILLER'S BEDROOM - MORNING 28

Miller and Naida stand naked in front of each other. Lips kiss. He strokes the hair from her face. Adoration. Worship.

She bathes him with the intense, misty-eyed look of love.

Moments later. In the most under-rated of sexual positions, missionary... they make love in silhouette. Slow. Savoring. Intentional. Perfection...

Her perfect skin. His painted skin. CLOSE ON HER FACE as she climaxes. Almost spiritual.

29 INT. MILLER'S BUILDING - LOBBY - MORNING 29

Clicks. Clacks. The six COPS load Shotgun shells into shotguns...

CHICK-CHACK. Six Cops chamber rounds in their shotguns.

30 INT. MILLER'S BUILDING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 30

WE FOLLOW THE SIX COPS.

They make for a freshly painted door. Stack up on each side. A signal is given.

The door is KICKED OPEN...

- 31 INT. MILLER'S PLACE - CONTINUOUS 31
WE MOVE IN WITH THE COPS...
They charge through the place like bulls.
KNOCKING OUR POV to the floor...
WE WATCH their boots disappear into the bedroom, as a
photo of Miller and Naida falls in front of us.
It was Valentine's Day. Looking into each other's eyes...
A SCREAM. YELLS. Shit breaks.
- 32 EXT. STREET - MORNING 32
Naida in the back of a squad car--anguished face visible
through the window.
Stunned.
At the trunk of Miller's MUSTANG, a UNIFORMED COP pulls
KILO after KILO of COCAINE out.
Miller, in cuffs, shakes his head. Slowly. Then,
faster...
He shoots a look at Naida in the squad car. She stares
back. Sadness. Anger. Disappointment. Can't hold his
gaze.
- 33 INT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS 33
Outside, Miller struggles against his cuffs. Screaming at
the top of his lungs--all we hear is Naida's heart
breaking.
Anguished sobs.
We watch Miller fight. Struggle.
This is the fight of a man who has been set up and is
just now realizing it.
- 34 EXT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS 34
One Detective appears to have a difficult time with the
bust.
KENT--a walking recruitment poster.

34 CONTINUED:

34

He looks at the Kilos stacked thigh high. At Miller's Building.

The neighborhood.

At Naida sob in the back of the Squad Car for a lingering moment.

Kent shakes his head. $1+1=3$ in this math. Something ain't right.

35 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

35

Miller is a snarling, growling mess of an innocent man--he's wrestled to the ground. A knee in his back. A boot on his head.

Eye level with the street, a pair of wing tips approaches.

They belong to a snake in a cheap suit--LIEUTENANT SAVICK. The badge hanging from his belt gleams as he squats next to Miller.

Pitiless eyes fall on Miller's face--teeth bared like a trapped animal.

Savick raises a finger to his lips.

SAVICK

Shhh.

Only one man besides Miller happens to catch Savick's gesture--Kent.

36 EXT. SEDAN - MORNING

36

Savick strolls towards an unmarked car--a STYROFOAM COFFEE CUP in his hand.

He passes the parked GTO we've seen earlier. Without breaking stride, he sits the Coffee Cup on the T- Tops and keeps walking.

A BEAT later, a hand reaches out of the GTO--nabs the cup.

37 INT. GTO - CONTINUOUS

37

With Athos and Porthos looking on, Aramis pulls the plastic lid off the Coffee Cup.

(CONTINUED)

42 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS 42

Miller stares into the two way mirror. Begging physics to give him a break--trying like hell to stare through it...

He can only see himself.

The door opens--a man that narrows Miller's eyes to slits enters.

Well dressed, but something gaudy about his style. 50's. This is no Cop. This dude is a Viper in a trendy suit.

His face is hard. Peeking out from his collar is the same kind of jagged prison tatt that Miller sports. Cyrillic letters inked on his fingers.

His name is DIMITRI ZHUKOV.

He drops a penny on the table.

43 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS 43

Savick watches...

ZHUKOV (O.S.)
(in a thick Russian
accent)
Penny for your thoughts.

44 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS 44

Zhukov has a seat at the table. Pockets the still-wobbling penny. Unplugs the cord from the Microphone.

FLASH CUT TO:

45 INT. NIGHT CLUB - (FLASHBACK) 45

The joint is jumpin'. The music BLARES, like it does in a real club--Donna Summer's "I Feel Love." The eight minute version. You have to scream an inch from someone's ear to be heard.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR

A woman dances alone. Lost in her own world. Luminous. Sensual. All eyes on her--men and women alike.

Naida.

LATER

(CONTINUED)

WE FIND Miller at the bar. Alone. Sipping a beer, and looking as out of place.

This isn't the Miller we've known thus far. This guy is a Thug. This guy's body language is dangerous.

No trace of the quiet humility we've seen.

He hasn't met the woman that inspired it yet.

Miller waves over the BARTENDER, who is all too happy to see him.

The Bartender produces a wad of cash. Miller produces a bag of grass. Pleasure doin' business with ya.

No sooner has Miller stepped away from the bar to leave, someone RUNS into him. Hard.

Ready to punch the drunk in the throat, Miller freezes when he lays eyes on the culprit--Naida.

Lip split wide open. Mascara running.

Somebody slapped her around. Probably because of her show on the dance floor.

She doesn't know him. This must be how they met.

We can read his lips over the POUNDING music.

MILLER

You OK, Lady?

She turns away--runs through the crowd. Miller watches her go. Sips beer from his bottle. Follows.

Not many men can walk away from a beat up girl.

The ones that can aren't men.

Naida shoves her way past a line. Miller breaks the crowd just in time to see Naida run into the LADIES ROOM.

Well...that's that.

Fuck it. He tried.

Out of the crowd emerge three men--Zhukov and TWO THUGS. They shove Miller out of the way as they do everyone else.

Thugs #1 and #2 bully their way into the Ladies Room--drag Naida out.

She ain't happy about it, cursing them for all they're worth under the BEAT of the deafening music.

Zhukov grabs her arm. They're an item.

This asshole is the one responsible for her split lip. And, he seems none too happy with her rebellion--pulls her towards the crowd.

One problem...

Miller stands in his way.

Silent.

Unmoving.

He and Zhukov glare at each other. When two cats stare at each other like this, somebody is leaving feet first.

Hard to tell who swings first in the strobing, flashing dance lights.

Doesn't really matter.

Miller moves with military precision. In the strobing lights we catch glimpses of elbows popping, knees bent backwards, bones crunching.

Zhukov levels a chrome .38 at Miller's gut. In an instant Miller disarms him. Pulls the clip from the gun. Drops him.

Asses properly stomped.

Naida watches this display of primal aggression.

Miller extends his hand to Naida. An offer.

History between her and Zhukov.

History enough that the choice isn't immediate. She hesitates. Her eyes go back and forth between the two men.

Defiance--she takes Miller's hand. He pulls Naida behind his back--backs towards the door.

Zhukov looks up from the floor. He never breaks his hate filled stare with Miller. Of all the things you expect him to do, Zhukov does the last in line...

46 CONTINUED: (2)

46

He smiles.

A sinister, evil, from the pit of Hell itself smile. A threat in that smile. A promise in those eyes.

47 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

47

Zhukov pulls something from his pocket--sits it on the table between he and Miller.

Miller tries to lunge at Zhukov. Gets yanked back by the cuffs.

Zhukov stands. Walks out.

Miller doesn't look at the object on the table. He knows what it is...

That tiny little Engagement Ring that represented his future an hour ago.

Still does...

48 EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE POLICE STATION - DAY

48

Naida walks blindly. Angry. Hurt. Jaw clenched. Fighting...

She won't cry. She will not cry.

She stops. Slides down a wall. Sits on the concrete.

Face in hands. WE WATCH her sob through the legs of PASSERSBY. Painful.

It's like someone is pulling her spine and soul right out of her body. Sobs mix with uncaring and unaware traffic.

ACROSS THE STREET:

A Mercedes idles at the curb. In the back sits Zhukov.

He watches Naida through the passing cars. The look on his face is hard to read.

Regret? Sympathy? Love? Maybe all three.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. MOSCOW APARTMENT ROOF - (DAY) 49

The SCRAP BOOK open on a deck chair. The Silhouetted Man stands over it. Hands shaking.

The ocean breeze kicks up, catches pages of the scrap book--flips a few. It stops on a yellowed headline...

"LOCAL MAN FOUND GUILTY AFTER 3 MONTH TRIAL"

An ink smeared black and white of Miller dead center. Cuffed. Pulled through a crowd of COPS and REPORTERS.

50 INT. PRISON PROCESSING - (1970'S) 50

A TYPEWRITER clacks away. The arms coming down at us. Smashing ink onto paper. A name is typed: "John Miller."

FLASH. Miller's mugshot is snapped. Fingerprints are roughly taken. More words typed: "OV 15 - Aggravated Possession of Controlled Substances"

Miller naked against a tile wall with several other prisoners--gritting teeth and yelling in the spray of ice cold water. Delousing powder is haphazardly thrown on him. More words typed: "Sentence of not more than 25 Years..."

Miller is given an orange jumpsuit. The click-clack of the typewriter becomes the sound of echoing footsteps...

51 INT. GENERAL POPULATION - LATER 51

Row after row of darkened cells--warehousing of men.

The deafening roar of disembodied voices emanating from the cells is a testament to the people in them.

Threats. Promises...

Fresh meat--caged Predators sense it.

WALKING POV:

WE MOVE along a walk way. Glimpses of angry FACES between bars. Over and over.

A Demon Display at a psychotic zoo.

REVERSE POV:

CLOSE ON MILLER. Stone-faced, walking along the walkway--hands and threats shoot out of the bars at him.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

PULL BACK:

He isn't alone. Escorted by three Prison Guards. Three men we've already met.

Three men whose vocations we've incorrectly assumed...

Athos, Aramis, and Porthos.

Uniforms crisp. Nightsticks in hand.

Miller exudes desperation. Anticipation. His jaw is set. He knows where this is going.

So do you.

Athos shoves Miller into an open cell. They follow him inside, disappearing from view.

We stay put, staring down the walk way, cell doors stretch to infinity before us...

Lights Out. The overhead lights are shut off--CLACK, CLACK, CLACK. Darkness races down the cell block in fits and starts.

WE HEAR THE BLOWS--nightsticks connecting with a body. Again and again.

The din of Prisoner voices, that ambient roar, subsides.

Even they're listening.

Quiet.

Except for the sound of a relentless beating--each strike like the thump of boxer's gloves hitting a heavy bag.

52 INT. MILLER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

52

Naida stands in the middle of the living room. It hasn't been cleaned since the cops raided it. Place looks like it was hit by a tornado.

She takes it all in.

The overturned furniture. The shattered mirror on the wall. The torn photos of a life that already seems so far away.

Resolve comes over Naida's face. She's a survivor. And she will survive this.

53 INT. MILLER'S CELL - MORNING

53

Some time has passed.

Miller's eyes are almost swollen shut--ten shades of black and blue. Lips split. Blood has dried where it oozed from gashes.

Shirtless--his body covered in swollen welts from a hundred strikes of nightsticks.

Remarkably, he isn't curled up on the floor. No. He's struggling to do push ups--body screaming in agony. Guttural whimpers of pain from deep within his throat with every effort.

He doesn't cry out--jaw clenched to keep the sound inside.

Swallow it.

Bury it.

Overcome it.

53A INT. NAIDA'S FAMILY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

53A

A tiny apartment. The depth of poverty, but well lived-in.

The front door opens and Naida enters. Bedraggled. She kicks off her shoes, hangs up her coat. Reveal she is wearing a waitress's uniform. Name tag pinned to her chest.

Voices speaking Russian echo from the other room...

53B INT. NAIDA'S FAMILY'S APARTMENT - DINING ROOM

53B

Naida stands in the archway leading into the dining room. Her traditional Russian family sits around the well-worn table. Food and a beautiful bouquet of flowers spread out on it.

Two of her SISTERS, both younger, marvel at matching bracelets on their wrists. Naida's GRANDMOTHER watches as her MOTHER proudly poses wearing a new fur coat. The price tag still dangles from it.

But the thing that makes Naida's mouth hang open in silent shock is the man sitting at the table. It's Zhukov.

(CONTINUED)

53B CONTINUED:

53B

Naida's Mother turns around, sees her. Her Mother's eyes light up. She pulls Naida over to the table.

Her Mother pushes her towards the open seat next to Zhukov, motions for her to sit. Naida looks back to her Mother. She stares at Naida expectantly.

Naida sits next to Zhukov. A tense moment between them. She finally offers him an uncomfortable smile.

PULL BACK through the doorway as we leave Naida, Zhukov, and her family...

53C INT. MILLER'S CELL - DAY

53C

Miller does sit-ups.

Boots stop in front of Miller's cell. Aramis chuckles at the sight of Miller--tosses a LARGE ENVELOPE into the cell, and slithers on his way.

Miller opens the envelope.

PHOTOS.

A wedding reception.

Zhukov in a tux, Naida in white, feeding each other cake with interlocking arms. Married.

A handwritten note reads: "YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE HONEYMOON. --DIMITRI"

Miller nods. The kind of nod when life just made a decision for you, and all you can do is come along for the ride.

WE PUSH IN ON MILLER'S FACE

Swallow it.

Bury it.

Overcome...

WE PUSH IN ON THE PHOTO. FLASH BULBS POP...

53D INT. CHURCH - (MILLER'S IMAGINATION/REALITY)

53D

A lavish wedding in an ornate Russian Orthodox Church. Naida is radiant. Beautiful. Dolled up. She sports an engagement ring with a giant rock. Puts Miller's to shame.

(CONTINUED)

53D CONTINUED:

Zhukov and Naida exchange rings. Vows. They kiss.

The audience cheers. Zhukov beams.

And in a moment that Naida only shares with the PRIEST, we see the color drain from her face. Doubt fills her eyes.

54 INT. HOTEL - (MILLER'S IMAGINATION/REALITY) 54

Zhukov and Naida feed each other cake. The moment frozen forever in that photograph races by.

Like Zhukov's style, the affair is gaudy, overblown.

One of the PARTY PEOPLE hits the dance floor like he was Travolta. The crowd's attention turns. He's cheered on. The music THUMPS.

Members of what are clearly Naida and Zhukov's families get their pictures taken by the Photographer. Naida's Mother full of pride.

Unwatched, Naida's radiance dims once more. The smile goes bittersweet under no one's eyes. She downs her champagne. Swallows the pain.

Booze and music. That'll quiet the devils.

She grabs Zhukov's face and kisses him like a Kamikaze, as the Guests dance around them...

55 EXT. ZHUKOV'S BUILDING - DAY 55

The antithesis to Miller's building. A fountained courtyard, surrounded by an eight-foot gate. Opulent.

Built to keep people out.

Or, in?

FOUR Thugs patrol the perimeter of the entrance. You don't need X-ray eyes to know they're packin'.

Two open the gate for an exclamation point with wheels-- Naida and Zhukov exit the Mercedes.

56 INT. ZHUKOV'S BUILDING LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER 56

Palatial. Excessively so.

So beautiful that we might miss...

56 CONTINUED: 26.
56

The BARS on windows. The GUNS under the jackets of Zhukov's Thugs.

The subtle similarities to the very prison that Miller suffers in, glossed over in the trappings of wealth and excess.

Big-assed 70's SECURITY CAMERAS in the corners...

57 INT. ZHUKOV'S BUILDING (BASEMENT) - DAY 57

Two Thugs watch large monitors. Zhukov leads Naida to his PRIVATE ELEVATOR in grainy black and white.

Other monitors: A COCAINE PROCESSING ROOM, where the shit is cut. A MONEY ROOM, where the cash is counted.

58 INT. PENTHOUSE HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER 58

Beautifully appointed. More uniformed bodyguards line the hall, stationed at various doors.

As Zhukov and Naida pass one of the rooms, she sees four more Guards playing rummy. Passing the time.

59 INT. PENTHOUSE BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER 59

Surrounded by a view to die for.

Zhukov walks towards Naida.

We see BRIEF FLASHES of Naida. Intercut from some time later. Her pain. Her truth. Her reality.

But not now. Zhukov slides her wedding dress off her shoulders. She lets him do it.

Reminding us that much of the 70's was a braless time. Zhukov holds her face...

60 INT. MILLER'S CELL - DAY 60

CLOSE ON MILLER'S FACE:

Intense hatred and sweat. Jaw clenched. Nostrils flared. Veins bulging.

REVERSE ON MILLER:

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

Naida and Zhukov are in the cell with him. The prior scene in the bedroom between them plays out here in front of Miller...

Through his eyes we see Naida and Zhukov *in flagrante delicto*. Every man's worst nightmare.

Miller stares back. But, he's alone again. No one here. Just him.

Sweating thoughts of murder.

61 INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY - DAY

61

Christmas lights hang. Goofy decorations.

A COP dressed as Santa gets in Detective Kent's way, as he strides down the hall like a man on a mission.

He opens an office door without knocking.

Behind a desk, sits Savick--doesn't like the intrusion.

Kent could give a shit. SLAMS the door behind him.

62 EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

62

Snowing.

The Silly Season upon us. Christmas lights and decorations hang from street lights.

Shoppers, bundled against the wind's bite, slosh through it all for that one last deal at Bloomingdales.

Welcome to the REALLY good part of town.

63 INT. CAFE - DAY

63

Among the BUSINESSMEN and WIVES, wearing enough fur to make any member of PETA have an aneurysm, we find Naida.

She's alone. Vacant look in her eyes. A beautiful meal in front of her remains untouched. She sips a glass of wine.

Someone stops at her table.

It's Kent.

He shows his badge.

63 CONTINUED:

63

Then tosses that tiny ENGAGEMENT RING on the table in front of her.

He takes a seat. The apathetic look on her face vanishes.

64 EXT. CAFE - DAY

64

Snow falls as we pull out, Kent and Naida receding, and he begins to speak. Tells a story. What he saw. What he knows...

Naida stares at the table. Dumbstruck.

She's been told the truth: The Man you loved was innocent. The Man you married set him up.

Her heart breaks before our eyes. Tears well. First of sadness, and regret.

Then...anger.

65 INT. ZHUKOV'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

65

The Christmas Tree is massive--has to be to umbrella all the presents under it. Nat King Cole croons.

Zhukov tears into a present, as Naida sips wine. She hasn't laid off the vino since lunch.

She haphazardly fills her glass, as Zhukov gets to the chewy center of the gift...

It's the tiny Engagement Ring.

Zhukov levels a glare at Naida that would melt paint. She's expecting him to say something. Anything. But he just smiles.

She throws the glass of wine at Zhukov's head.

66 INT. PRISON VISITOR ROOM - DAY

66

Youngblood sits on one side of the glass partition, a telephone receiver to his ear.

His jacket hangs on the back of his chair. Olive drab. Military Issue. Faded. Weather worn.

Frayed SERGEANT STRIPES on the arm.

Above them, a single small green patch on the shoulder...

66 CONTINUED:

66

...RANGER.

On the other side of the glass sits Miller--his hair long, his beard full. His face covered in scars--gashes healed without the benefit of stitches.

The fire of Hell burns in his eyes.

Youngblood speaks on the other side of the glass--we can't hear his words, but it ain't good based on Miller's face.

Like he's being stabbed with an ice pick repeatedly, and refusing to acknowledge it--hands clenched into shaking fists.

67 EXT. BINOCULARS POV - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

67

Someone watches Zhukov's Penthouse.

Naida and Zhukov are clearly going at it.

The CONTINUATION OF THE FIGHT that began previously.

68 EXT. ROOFTOP ACROSS STREET - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK)

68

The binoculars come down--it's Youngblood. A frown spreads over his face--he lifts the looking glasses back to his eyes...

68A BINOCULARS POV:

68A

Just in time to see Zhukov knock Naida across the room--hard. She tumbles into that big ass Christmas tree.

He drags her up by the hair, screams God knows what into her face--slaps the shit out of her.

She struggles free--runs for the door.

Zhukov is on her before she reaches the knob. He hits her with one final blow. Lights out.

69 INT. BEDROOM - LATER (FLASHBACK)

69

CLOSE ON:

A candle burning brightly.

A syringe being prepped.

A bubbling clear mixture on a blackened spoon.

(CONTINUED)

The mixture sucked into the tip of a syringe...

The needle goes into her arm. The plunger goes down.

We now see that Naida is tied to the bed, her arms and legs bound to the four posts with nylon rope.

She's nude, spread eagle, unconscious. Zhukov strokes her hair lovingly, as her breath comes in and out.

ZHUKOV

Shhh...

Her head is turned away from him. She slowly comes to. A single tear runs down her cheek. Though numb, you can see in her eyes there's still fight left in her soul.

On Youngblood's side of the glass this time--he sighs like he just shot Old Yeller.

His story finished.

Miller tries very hard to cork the volcano within him. Seethes.

He hangs up the phone.

Pulls Youngblood's eyes down to his finger, resting against the glass partition.

Miller tosses a glance over his shoulder...

That fucker Aramis watches closely from twenty feet away. And this quick look-see just set his Spidey Sense off. What are they up to?

CLOSE ON MILLER'S HAND:

A fingernail taps on the glass partition. A SPASTIC tap that means Miller possesses absolutely zero rhythm, or...

It's MORSE CODE.

Youngblood watches/listens intently.

Miller throws another glance at Aramis. Closer. Eyeing him suspiciously.

Breaks Miller's concentration. He fucks up.

Miller taps again. Faster. Feverishly.

WITH ARAMIS:

Just knows something is up. Can sense it. He runs the last two steps to Miller and sees...

Nothing out of the ordinary.

WITH YOUNGBLOOD:

Aramis looks at Miller--his hands are folded innocently in front of him.

Aramis aims a cooked glare at Youngblood.

Pulls Miller up by the collar--drags him away. Visit over.

Youngblood watches them go.

A SOUND.

A series of unrelenting small thumps, hammering with metronome precision.

WE FIND Miller in a corner. Wearing nothing but Boxer shorts. The body before us is bigger. More cut. More muscular.

Been putting his time to good use.

One of Miller's eyes is swollen shut and black--the price for pissing off Aramis. That's not surprising.

Expected, really.

What is surprising is that Miller...

IS PUNCHING THE SOLID BRICK WALL.

Fists, raw and glistening with blood, pound away at the solid brick and cement.

Conditioning.

Like Kung Fu Monks toughening their bones by repeatedly punching trees or solid wood planks. Just this side of hard enough to break anything.

Methodical.

71 CONTINUED:

71

Each hit wince inducing...for us. From the look of that circle of smeared blood on the lime green wall, he's been doing this for hours.

This has to fucking hurt.

He doesn't care.

71A On the next hit we FLASH TO:

71A

Miller entering his tiny apartment. Before this ever happened. Home from the night shift.

A letter sits on the table. Sealed with a red lipstick kiss.

HIT. Miller punches the wall in his cell.

We're back in the apartment. He opens the letter. Reads.

NAIDA (V.O.)

Today we celebrate our first year together. It was a year of firsts.

HIT.

NAIDA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Our first date. Do you remember?
We took the boat around Belle
Isle. It was the first time you
held my hand.

Miller and Naida stand on the Boblo Boat. Wind blows their hair. Miller tentatively takes her hand. She looks at him, taken aback. Smiles.

HIT.

NAIDA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Our first kiss.

He brushes the hair from her face. Rubs his thumb across her lips. Kisses her gently.

HIT.

NAIDA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

What you whispered the first time
we made love.

They make love. Miller whispers in Naida's ear.

HIT.

NAIDA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Our first Christmas.

Families noisily dine in a greasy spoon. Naida serves them. Checks the clock.

Another clock. Miller stares at it as he works a sweaty assembly line. Willing the hours to go by.

Later. She is asleep in his arms. Both exhausted. A pitiful 3-foot sapling in the corner.

HIT.

NAIDA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Our first New Year's.

They kiss as the New Year's countdown plays on TV. An ageless Dick Clark mutters away.

HIT.

NAIDA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The first time you introduced me to your only two friends. I didn't even think you had friends.

Miller and Naida in a bar drinking beers with Youngblood and SINGH, the clerk from the convenience store.

HIT.

NAIDA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I know something happened to all of you. Something I won't ask about.

Naida watches Miller and his friends. They laugh and joke, but there's a darkness just under the surface.

HIT.

NAIDA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I remember the first time you screamed in the night.

Their bedroom, middle of the night. Naida's eyes burst awake in shock. Miller has his hand around her throat. He's screaming.

Her cries shake him out of it. He pulls away. Surprised and horrified at what he's done.

Classic PTSD.

(CONTINUED)

HIT.

NAIDA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I know you have a dark past.
Things you aren't proud of. I do
too. But it doesn't matter.

Naida caresses Miller's naked back. Runs her fingers
across a jagged scar.

HIT.

NAIDA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

No one has ever treated me like
you have. And not just the
gestures.

Valentine's Day. He gives her two dozen slightly wilted
roses.

HIT.

NAIDA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The little things too. How you're
always there to pick me up ten
minutes early.

Miller leans against his Mustang outside Naida's diner.
Watches through the window as she finishes up with a
customer. Clocks out. A nightly routine.

HIT.

NAIDA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The way you are with my family.

Miller and Naida have dinner with her family. Very
Russian. Miller pulls the chair out for her mother.
Clearly very respectful.

HIT.

NAIDA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And just...listening.

Naida is talking animatedly. Miller watches her, lost in
her words.

HIT.

NAIDA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It's everything. I never knew what
life could be until this.

(MORE)

71 CONTINUED: (4)

71

NAIDA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I don't think I even really
existed before. Like I was asleep.
But I'm awake now.

A series of shots. Miller brushes his hand along the
small of Naida's back.

HIT.

Miller and Naida stare at each other. Lost in one
another's eyes.

HIT.

Naida asleep. Miller just watches her.

HIT. The punches come faster now.

NAIDA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You are my first true love.

A blur of abstract images. Hands touching. A wisp of her
hair. One of Miller's tattoos. Lips barely touching--

NAIDA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Happy Anniversary. Ya tebya
lyublyu.... Naida.

HIT HIT HIT -- the punches reach a crescendo.

In the cell, Miller stops. Cracks his bloody knuckles--
paces.

Back and forth. Like a lion in a cage.

Rage aching to be set free, as surely as his body aches
to be free of this place.

Panting, now still, Miller lifts his face to an imaginary
sun.

Calmly. Quietly. Miller resumes his conditioning.
Pounding on that solid wall...

Savoring the pain.

72 EXT. DETROIT RIVER PIER - NIGHT

72

Zhukov stares at the tiny Engagement Ring ruefully. Gazes
across the river from the end of the pier. The
Renaissance Center dominates the downtown Detroit
skyline.

Muffled YELLS fade into audio focus.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

Zhukov turns. At his feet is a struggling, tied body.

It's Kent. On his knees. Hands cuffed behind his back. Flanked by two armed goons.

He screams bloody murder under the duct tape gag. Eyes wet and wild with terror.

Savick is there. Looks on without emotion.

Zhukov pulls a gun from his coat. Cocks the hammer...

He pauses. Studies Kent's face. Almost a look of compassion...

You can make out Kent's muffled cries of, "Please! Please..!"

No pomp. No circumstance. No lessons. Just...

BAM...BAM...echoes across the river.

Two in the head.

72A UNDERWATER

72A

Kent's body splashes into the murky, polluted water of the Detroit River. It sinks down, soon enveloped in darkness.

73 OMITTED

73

74 INT. MILLER'S CELL - DAY

74

Miller works out. His biceps bulge. His chest is cut.

This man has been working out like a maniac.

The insufferable bastard Aramis bangs his nightstick on the bars. Waves a BUSINESS-SIZED RED ENVELOPE at him.

Calmly, Miller walks to the bars, oozing MENACE.

Aramis laughs at him.

Miller looks up and down the walkway.

Fast as a snake, Miller reaches through the bars, grabs Aramis' shirt, and jerks the bastard into the hard steel bars forehead first.

KLANG.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

Miller yanks the envelope out of Aramis's hand--releases him before the Guard can even let out a yelp. Fast.

Aramis wipes the blood away from his just acquired gash--makes sure no other Guards are around, and levels a promising finger at Miller.

ARAMIS (O.S.)

Tonight...

Miller watches him go.

75 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

75

Time has passed since we last saw Naida. She's a mess.

Long gone is the beautiful woman we saw before.

Too thin. Eyes sunken. Dark under the eyes. She's a full fledged JUNKIE. Horrific tracks, half-infected, run up her arms.

Visible as she slams a suitcase onto the bed. Shaky bony fingers play hell getting it open.

Naida grabs clothes. Doesn't matter which ones. Any will do...

WE GO TO THE WINDOW:

Down in the courtyard, a Mercedes SKIDS to a stop.

WITH Naida:

She hears--eyes go wide in horror. She picks up the pace...

Can barely keep herself together, as she empties the contents of a drawer into the suitcase.

A photo of her and Zhukov on the dresser--the woman she was stares at her. Naida throws it against a wall with all her might, and tries to close the suitcase latches.

It's like her fingers are snakes. Uncooperative snakes tweaked on Bennys.

Her fingers slip. Slide. Miss. It's painful to watch such a simple task so difficult.

CLICK CLICK.

Finally.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

She turns on her heel, and...

Finds Zhukov leaning against the door frame, blocking her exit.

For a red hot second, there's a flicker of the Naida we saw on Christmas--she's still in there, inside this twitching scarecrow of a woman.

Zhukov grabs her by the throat. She drops the suitcase.

His frown turns to a smile. He pulls her close. Rips her blouse open. Fondles her breast.

He kisses her. She bites down. He pulls away--blood on his lip.

He pushes her into the bedroom. Closing the door in our face.

75A EXT. STREET - NIGHT

75A

The streets are nearly empty. A car passes.

75B INT. CAR - NIGHT

75B

Athos, one of the prison guards, is behind the wheel. In uniform, headed to work for the night shift.

He whistles along with the radio. Checks his hair in the mirror. Thinks he's God's gift to women. Son of a bitch even winks at himself.

Which is why he doesn't see the TRASH TRUCK that's about to T-Bone him as he goes through the intersection.

75C EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT

75C

BOOOOM.

The Trash Truck has its two prongs extended out front--you know, the ones they use to pick up dumpsters. Only this time they're impaling Athos' car.

The Truck shoves the car across the intersection in a hail of sparks and screeching metal. Finally comes to rest against the curb.

75D INT. CAR - NIGHT

75D

Athos slowly shakes it off. Head bloodied.

(CONTINUED)

75D CONTINUED: 75D

Somehow, the radio is still playing.

Suddenly, his whole car shudders. Begins to RISE off the ground.

75E EXT. TRASH TRUCK - NIGHT 75E

Hydraulics strain as the Truck's prongs LIFT the car into the air.

75F INT. CAR - NIGHT 75F

Athos' world goes sideways as the car is lifted. He screams. His face smashes against driver's side window.

Through the window, he's face to face with the cab of the Trash Truck.

75G INT. TRASH TRUCK - NIGHT 75G

Youngblood is at the wheel. Next to him is Singh.

He takes out his ornate ZIPPO. Lights a smoke. Nods to Athos through the window. 'Sup.

76 OMITTED 76

77 INT. MILLER'S CELL - NIGHT 77

Miller sits at the tiny shelf protruding from a wall that passes for a desk/table in a cell.

He dumps out the contents of the Red Envelope. Just a single page, handwritten note.

Miller checks over his shoulder. Coast clear.

Retrieves a PENCIL. God only knows where he got it.

He circles what seem to be random letters in the handwritten note. Then, on the back of the envelope, Miller scribbles.

"AB BA BBAA ABAA..."

The letter contains a code--Miller deciphers it before our eyes.

He sets about translating the "AB" code. Glimpses. Flashes of words. Peeks at the content of the message...

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

"2200 HOURS"

"GUARD SHIFT CHANGE"

"BE WAITING"

Miller pulls apart at the Red Envelope at the seams.
Flattens it out.

On what was the inside of the envelope, he shades with
his pencil, revealing another secret...

A MAP.

Indented into the paper is a detailed layout of the
prison--each stroke of pencil lead reveals more and more
before our eyes...

78 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

78

An overhead light flickers. We hear guttural screams. The
sound of electricity.

Wires snake from the junction box on the wall. The ends
of the wires are clamped onto Porthos' big toes.

He sits at a table, thrashed within an inch of his life,
but still conscious. Singh administers random shocks that
jolt Porthos' whole body.

Clearly visible on Singh's shoulder is a familiar
tattoo...

A simple banner and a single word...RANGER.

ACROSS WAREHOUSE:

A pair of pants are neatly folded, set on a work table. A
shirt is placed on top of them.

Athos is cuffed to a chair. Youngblood, stripped down to
his boxers, stands over him with a 3 foot length of
GARDEN HOSE.

And beats him mercilessly with it. Blood spatters
Youngblood's skin.

Youngblood tosses the hose on the table nonchalantly, and
retrieves a notebook of handwritten notes.

He uncuffs one of Athos' hands. He shakily draws A MAP.
The exact Prison layout we just saw Miller reveal.

(CONTINUED)

Youngblood pats Athos on the head like a good boy-- takes the map...

Under it is the open RED ENVELOPE--the pressure of Athos's pencil has imprinted the drawing into the envelope paper.

Youngblood folds the Red paper back into the shape of an envelope--glues the seams.

The occasional look of derision thrown Athos' way when the whimpering sobs get too loud.

Pitiless.

Judge, Jury, and soon to be Executioner.

Youngblood hands the envelope to Singh, who composes the letter Miller was reading, hefts a .357 Revolver.

SOBS echo.

Singh strolls towards a graffiti tagged MAILBOX on the corner--the Warehouse in the background behind him.

A FLASH in one of its dark windows. Another.

Singh drops the RED ENVELOPE into the Mailbox, and strolls away whistling.

Miller picks at a piece of mortar between concrete blocks of his cell. A two inch piece comes away easily.

Behind it, a small wad of tissue paper. Matches and a crushed plastic cup.

He strikes a match--burns the Red Envelope, the Letter inside, and the deciphered message in the empty toilet bowl.

He takes out a small shaving mirror. Goes to the edge of the bars. Looks right, then pivots left. Nervously checks if the coast is clear.

Still is.

81 INT. MILLER'S CELL - LATER

81

Miller kneels over the toilet. Holds his hands over the small fire he's built.

Satisfied.

He places the crushed cup over the fire. It starts to melt. Solid plastic turning to gummy liquid.

Miller runs it along the edge of the toilet bowl, smoothing its edges. Shaping it to a fine, deadly point.

He blows on it. As it cools, the plastic turns solid again.

Strips of thread and cloth are torn from his sheets. He wraps them around it, making a handle.

He inspects the SHIV--drags the edges across the rough concrete floor a few times, whetstone style--gives it edges.

He plunges the shiv into his mattress--slices a three foot gash like butter.

Miller puts out the fire. Matter-of-factly removes all of his clothing, sets it on the bed.

Then he sits naked in the middle of the floor--closes his eyes. Calm. Still.

A sadness on him that weighs a ton--turns his face Heavenward.

CLACK. CLACK. CLACK.

Lights out--plunged into near darkness.

A silent moment. Then...

Faint whistling. Pop Goes the Weasel.

Then FOOTSTEPS. Louder. Closer. Unavoidable.

A SILHOUETTE stops in front of the bars, nightstick in hand. Keys jingle. The lock clicks.

Aramis steps in--still whistling. Raises the night stick.

The whistle is cut short.

An awful sound. Wet and brutal. Aramis GURGLES. Gasps.

(CONTINUED)

- 81 CONTINUED: 81
- WE'RE HEARING the sounds of a man dying from being stabbed in the throat.
- There's absolutely nothing satisfying about it.
- Thrashes. The scuffle of boots on concrete. The CHOKING. The rustling of clothes. Then...
- The Silence.
- 82 INT. OUTSIDE MILLER'S CELL - MOMENTS LATER 82
- Miller exits the cell, wearing Aramis' uniform.
- He wipes his bloody hands on the uniform, which is already wet with blood--the dark color conceals the stains.
- Hat pulled low, Miller beats feet down the walk way.
- 83 EXT. PRISON - NIGHT 83
- A nondescript sedan pulls into the prison parking lot--stops next to Aramis' GTO.
- 84 INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS 84
- It's Savick. He slicks his hair back with Murray's Pomade. Checks himself in the mirror.
- He glances at Aramis' GTO--reaches into his jacket and retrieves THREE ENVELOPES.
- Checks the contents of each--a few crisp hundred dollar bills. Payroll for Athos, Porthos, and Aramis.
- 85 INT. PRISON HALLWAY - NIGHT 85
- Miller is just another employee--draws no attention.
- Passes a couple of RANDOM GUARDS. Nods are exchanged. They don't look twice.
- But, his cool is shot to shit as he rounds a corner--a GUARD OFFICE with a barred door ahead. The OFFICE GUARD watches a boxing match on a tiny black and white TV. Tommy "The Hitman" Hearns pounding the shit out of some white guy. They didn't call him the "Motor City Cobra" for nothing.
- Moment of truth.

85 CONTINUED:

85

Miller slides the keys off his belt--there's about twenty of them.

He looks at the lock. He looks at the multitude keys.

Shit.

He tries a key. No dice. Another. A third. No luck.

The Office Guard stirs. Miller tries not to look. Tries another key feverishly.

He's tapped on the shoulder. Winces...

It's YOUNGBLOOD. Sporting Athos' Uniform. The real Office Guard out cold on the floor, crumpled under the counter.

Miller grabs his pounding heart. Flips Youngblood off.

86 INT. PRISON VISITOR PROCESSING - CONTINUOUS

86

Savick hands his gun to the BEARDED GUARD behind the glass--signs himself in.

A BUZZ clicks open the door--he enters the Prison proper...

87 INT. PRISON HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

87

TRACKING WITH MILLER & YOUNGBLOOD:

They unlock a door, shut it behind them. Move in unison, with purpose.

They approach another barred door and Guard Office.

No problem. Youngblood has the right key from Athos' pilfered key ring.

So far, so good.

Calm and cool--walking quickly, they round a corner...

Miller bumps into Savick!

Doesn't stop. Doesn't say "sorry".

They keep their heads low and keep going. Miller's eyes "Oh, Shit" wide--resisting the urge to bolt for it.

Savick never saw his face--just arms wide in disbelief.

- 88 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE PRISON - NIGHT 88
Miller's Mustang sits across the street--parallel with the prison fences.
- 89 INT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS 89
Singh blows cigarette smoke out the window, as he changes stations on the radio.
Goes through static, Motown, a car commercial, until he finally settles on Jimi Hendrix/Band of Gypsies' "Machine Gun." The beginning of the epic twelve-minute guitar riff.
Singh eyes the prison--concentric rows of eighteen foot tall chainlink fences with concertina wire between.
He takes a relaxed drag from his smoke. Confident.
Till, the PRISON ALARM BLARES--a deafening klaxon.
Singh frowns.
TURNS UP the radio.
- 90 INT. MILLER'S CELL - CONTINUOUS 90
Savick and a HANDFUL OF GUARDS stare at the dead body of Aramis...
- 91 INT. PRISON VISITOR PROCESSING - CONTINUOUS 91
Youngblood knocks The Bearded Guard across the floor. Miller hits the BUZZ LOCK--they haul ass.
- 92 EXT. PRISON ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS 92
Miller and Youngblood exit--ain't home free yet.
Thirty yards of walkway across the yard to a large STONE GATE ARCH in the fence perimeter. The Gate Arch has huge metal doors to seal off the Prison.
Huge metal doors that are slowly closing.
SEARCH LIGHTS from Guard Towers carve through the night, illuminating the yard like a football field.
Faster. The Gate closing. TOWER GUARD guns sweep.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

92

Miller looks at Youngblood. Do. Not. Run...

Miller senses the eyes behind him. He turns...

Savick. Who reaches for his gun--ain't there. He checked it in.

Miller and Youngblood RUN.

Savick SHOUTS and waves at the Guard Towers--gestures wildly and points. Can't be heard over the klaxon alarm.

TRACKING WITH MILLER AND YOUNGBLOOD:

They'll never make it. The door is closing too fast.

But, through the closing space between the doors, headlights are coming.

Fast.

93 INT. MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

93

Singh stomps the accelerator, racing the closing doors--JIMI HENDRIX still blaring from the stereo.

In the backseat -- five one-gallon GAS CANS clang against each other.

Buckles his seat-belt. Flicks his smoke out the window.

93A WITH MILLER AND YOUNGBLOOD:

93A

Running for all they're worth. Guards pour out of the door behind Savick. Tower Guards get a clue--spotlights race towards our boys...

And Singh coming dead at Miller and Youngblood at 50 MPH.

No way he'll stop if he makes it through. He'll run them over. Man vs. Car game of chicken--metal gates in between.

Still closing...

93B WITH SINGH IN MUSTANG:

93B

On top of the doors. Seven feet of space between them. No way.

Singh bumps the car into neutral, cuts the wheel, and stomps the emergency brake.

The world WHIRLS.

94 EXT. PERIMETER GATE - CONTINUOUS 94

The Mustang goes 180 with a perfect bootlegger turn--ass end SLAMS into the metal gate at the last possible instant.

CLANG. The doors slam shut on the ass of the Mustang, crumpling it like tinfoil, but holding them open.

Miller and Youngblood, never slowing, leap onto the trunk and over the car, as the still grinding doors rupture the gas tank...

WITH SINGH:

Calmly watches his buddies run over the windshield and down the hood--the first BULLETS ZING BY.

95 EXT. PERIMETER GATE - CONTINUOUS 95

Singh steps out of the Mustang. Flips open his ZIPPO. Bids it farewell.

Then tosses it under the car, and walks away.

Casually.

The gas ignites. Twenty gallons of gasoline--a six foot wall of fire.

WITH SAVICK:

No one is going to run through that. No one can shoot due to the metal doors. The Guard Towers face inwards.

He seethes.

96 EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS 96

Aramis's GTO burns rubber into the night.

CUT TO:

97 INT. MOSCOW APARTMENT STUDY - DAY 97

Slamming ornate wooden doors behind him, The Man in Silhouette backs towards a wooden desk you could sail across the Pacific.

Never taking his eyes from the doors, he opens a desk drawer--pulls a REVOLVER.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

Panting. Hands trembling. He aims at the door--sits in the leather chair.

Silence.

Just his scared breathing.

We still haven't seen his face.

His free hand goes to close the drawer--glances down. He's immediately shocked to his feet.

In the drawer is a yellowed NEWS PAPER CLIPPING.

HEADLINE: "WAR ZONE: DOZENS DEAD."

A front page photo. Cops. Ambulances.

FOOTSTEPS. Someone is coming.

He picks up the phone to call for help. Dead. No dial tone. He bangs the phone's "hang up" buttons. Nothing.

The knobs on the ornate doors move. He aims the gun with one hand. The other holds the phone receiver.

WE MOVE IN on the phone receiver. It becomes...

98 INT. ZHUKOV'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

98

A phone on a night stand. RINGING. And, ringing.

Zhukov, alone, wipes the sleep from his eyes. Knocks over half the stuff on the night stand groping for the phone.

He knocks that over, too.

99 EXT. STREET CORNER PHONE BOOTH- NIGHT

99

Savick is an island of light in a PHONE BOOTH on an otherwise darkened corner.

Impatiently waits for someone to answer--bundle of nerves.

100 EXT. ZHUKOV'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

100

Looking in through the window, we see Zhukov pick up the phone receiver from the floor...

BOOM DOWN to below the window...

(CONTINUED)

49.
100 CONTINUED: 100
ON PHONE JUNCTION BOX.
Phone line wires dangle. Cleanly cut.

101 OMITTED 101

102 INT. STREET CORNER PHONE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS 102
Savick stares at the receiver. The DO-RE-MI of a Ma Bell
ERROR MESSAGE...
ERROR MESSAGE
If you'd like to make a call...
Savick starts to bolt from the phone booth. Stops. Fucker
actually tries to get his change back. No dice.

103 INT. ZHUKOV'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 103
Zhukov hangs up, annoyed--plays like a crank call for
him.
Groggy, he dons the robe and slippers.

104 EXT. ZHUKOV'S BUILDING - NIGHT 104
TWO GOONS keep watch. The street lights behind them casts
their shadows on a nearby brick wall.
And it is only their shadows we see as two dark figures
rise up behind them. We hear the sound of metal entering
flesh, and the Goons' shadows drop.

105 EXT. ZHUKOV'S BUILDING (COURTYARD) - CONTINUOUS 105
Another GOON floats face down in the massive courtyard
fountain.
ALONG THE WALL:
The Skinny Goon slides up to the inner courtyard wall.
Lights a smoke.
SHADOWS COME ALIVE--he's pulled into the darkness. Gone.
Only thin fingers of cigarette smoke remain as we hear
bones SNAP.

106 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 106

An Unmarked Sedan speeds through traffic--RED BUBBLE LIGHT flashing on the roof.

Behind it are CITY POLICE CARS. Likewise lit up and racing.

107 INT. UNMARKED SEDAN - CONTINUOUS 107

Savick doesn't pretend to give a damn about the pedestrians and civilians that get in his way.

Steers with one hand--pushes shotgun shells into a Riot Gun across his lap with the other.

108 INT. ZHUKOV'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 108

The coffee table is a Junkie's Paradise. Horse. Foil. The spoon. Matches and candles.

Naida is passed out on the floor. Her arm still tied off--a needle hangs from it. Didn't even get the syringe out of her vein before she went down.

Maybe she didn't care.

She looks dead.

Zhukov enters and...panics.

He leaps over the couch and drops to his knees beside her--checks for a pulse.

Sighs relief.

Zhukov unties her arm--pulls out the needle. He brushes the hair from her face--wipes the drool from her mouth.

This is love in his twisted way.

ZHUKOV
(in Russian)
Sleep well, my love.

Gently, Zhukov picks her up. Her head lolls against his shoulder. He kisses her forehead and carries her out.

109 INT. ZHUKOV'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 109

Zhukov lays Naida in bed--covers her as her eyes flutter open.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

They never focus. Her eyes roll--back out she goes.
Trapped in her own head.

Zhukov's lips purse--she was so beautiful. Tell tale
signs of regret cloud his face.

He leans over to kiss her...

Suddenly, Naida's eyes open. Focused. A moment of
lucidity. Might be her only chance...

She rakes her fingernails across Zhukov's face, and makes
a break for the door.

Not fast enough. Zhukov tackles her. Screeching like a
banshee, Naida rolls over and kicks him in the face.

Zhukov BELLOWS in fury and pain. Backs towards the door.
Holds his bloodied face.

Naida grabs a syringe off the nightstand. Holds it like a
weapon. Charges...

...Zhukov steps back, and...

110 INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

110

...slams the door.

Grabs a chair, shoves it under the door handle. Naida
POUNDS. Screams. Bangs...

111A INT. ZHUKOV'S BUILDING (BASEMENT) - NIGHT

111A

CLOSE ON TV MONITOR:

Grainy black and white video of Miller entering the
basement.

The two Surveillance Thugs share a look, leap to their
feet.

As they race to the entrance, Singh and Younglood spring
from the shadows. Quickly silence them.

112 INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

112

Zhukov stomps in. Pissed. Bleeding. Still holding his
cheek.

He opens a drawer. A HAND CANNON inside. Looks back the
way he came. To where he left Naida.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

He sets the gun on the table. Grabs a bottle of vodka instead. Takes a swig.

113 INT. HALLWAY AT ZHUKOV'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

113

Youngblood moves down the hall. Stops at the door with the chair blocking it. He motions to Miller and Singh. They join him.

Youngblood pulls the chair free. Slowly opens the door...

And, damned near gets his head knocked off. He ducks Naida's blow.

Miller pins her to the door frame, hand over her mouth. Her eyes go wide.

He releases her. She studies him a moment. Is this real?

They embrace. Silent tears run down her cheeks.

Miller sees her face. What's become of her. Rage wells up inside of him.

He looks down the hall. A lion hunting for his prey. Sees a light on in the office--Zhukov is there.

Miller pries himself from Naida's embrace. She fights him. Singh and Youngblood take her. Lead Naida down the hall. Towards freedom.

Naida keeps her eyes on Miller until she vanishes around the corner.

Miller peers into the bedroom. Sees the drug paraphernalia. The overturned furniture. The life Naida has been living.

Closes his eyes.

114 INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

114

Zhukov takes another swig. Movement in his peripheral vision makes him look up.

Miller. Like a Ghost, he's just there.

A lingering moment--Zhukov frozen in shock. Miller savors his fear. Knuckles white.

Long time comin'.

114 CONTINUED: 114

Zhukov drops the bottle. Miller knocks the son of a bitch across the room.

115 EXT. ZHUKOV'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT 115

Quietly, Singh and Youngblood help Naida across the Penthouse to the other side of the building.

Singh opens the window onto the FIRE ESCAPE. Climbs out. Youngblood ushers Naida towards the window.

116 INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 116

Zhukov's face is a bloodied mess--crawling away from Miller, who boots him in the ribs again.

Miller came to make Zhukov pay. They both know it won't be quick or easy.

He realizes too late, Zhukov ain't trying to get away.

He's going for something else.

Just as Miller prepares to deliver the Coup de Grace, Zhukov grabs the revolver off the desk.

Zhukov is a cornered animal. Fighting for his life.

They wrestle over the gun. A shot goes off, shatters the window. Miller finally disarms him. The gun hits the floor.

Miller head butts him repeatedly. Zhukov bites hard enough to draw blood.

This ain't a Hollywood fight. This is what a real brawl looks like. Eye gouging. Biting. Head butting. Military training versus a down-and-dirty style that could only have been learned in a Gulag.

Neither is concerned with protecting himself, only killing the other son of a bitch.

117 EXT. ZHUKOV'S BUILDING FIRE ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS 117

Youngblood sees them first.

A phalanx of cop cars. Sirens echoing across city canyons. Coming fast.

He helps Naida through the window into Singh's arms, then vanishes back inside.

- 118 INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 118
Zhukov and Miller squared off. Miller pounds him.
- 119 INT. ZHUKOV'S BUILDING LOBBY - CONTINUOUS 119
Savick and his COPS storm into the lobby, and into the Private Elevator.
- 120 INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 120
Zhukov has been beaten to within an inch of his life.
Haggard, out of breath, Miller raises his foot to crush his skull...
But he's stopped by Youngblood, who grabs Miller and starts to drag him away.
Miller screams in protest, tries to break free.
- 121 INT. ZHUKOV'S BUILDING FIRE ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS 121
Singh and Naida run down the third flight of stairs. Fuck being quiet. They pound steel.
A loud and reverberating BANG above them.
Through the grates, they see Miller and Youngblood coming down behind them. Miller is bloody, looks like hell. He stumbles.
Concerned, Naida RUNS back up stairs for him...
WITH MILLER:
He limps, blood everywhere. But, nothing else matters. Nothing but the woman three floors below running up to him...
- 122 INT. ZHUKOV'S BUILDING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 122
Savick and Six Dirty Cops barge out of the elevator.
- 123 INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 123
Zhukov stirs. Covered in blood. He stumbles over to the revolver on the floor. Picks it up.

124 EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS

124

Miller hobbles down the first flight, as Naida runs up. Just one flight separates them.

All this time. All this heartache.

Seconds apart. Hearts pound.

The window behind Miller opens. Zhukov leans out...

WITH Zhukov:

He aims at Miller--cocks the hammer. Dead in his sights.

Impossible to miss.

WITH MILLER:

Halfway down. Hits a step wrong. Stumbles ever so slightly. Just enough to move where his back is...

As Naida ascends...

BAM!

WITH Zhukov:

Frozen.

Horror.

The smoking gun falls from his hand, as Savick and The Cops approach behind.

Unwilling to accept what he sees, Zhukov shakes his head defiantly.

WITH MILLER:

Naida staggers down the steps.

A BULLET HOLE IN HER CHEST. Where her heart is.

Was.

She touches it. Confused. Doesn't understand.

NAIDA

John...?

Miller reaches.

Naida tumbles off the Fire Escape. Falls into the black night.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

Miller can't move.

Can't compute.

Can't believe.

GUNFIRE from below. More of Savick's Cops. No way down.

Singh KICKS IN the nearest window. He and Youngblood drag Miller inside, as SHOTGUNS fire on them from above...

125 INT. ZHUKOV'S BUILDING - BASEMENT - NIGHT 125

Singh and Youngblood pull Miller into the basement. Gunshots echo behind them.

Youngblood reaches down. Pulls up a SEWER GRATE--

126 EXT. ZHUKOV'S BUILDING - LATER 126

No crime scene tape.

No cops other than Savick and the ones he arrived with earlier.

Zhukov watches Naida's sheet covered body wheeled by.

WE FOLLOW THE BODY:

Zhukov recedes. We're loaded into a Coroner's Van.

The doors SLAM SHUT.

Through the rear windows, WE SEE an irate Savick approach Zhukov--pissed.

Gestures wildly. Points at us in the van. He can't cover Zhukov's ass anymore.

Zhukov protests.

Does no good.

WITH Zhukov:

Savick storms away. Relationship terminated.

The engine cranks up in the Coroner's Van, jerking Zhukov's attentions away from Savick.

He watches it drive away...

127 INT. GTO - NIGHT

127

Youngblood drives. Singh in back. Miller stares out the passenger window. No one has the words.

Just the GROWL of the engine.

Passing street lamps splash light on the shadows across Miller's face in metronome pulses.

He brings his hand into the passing lights--covered with blood.

He was so close...

He clenches his fist.

Swallow it.

Bury it.

Kill them all.

128 INT. ZHUKOV'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

128

Zhukov closes the door behind him. Collapses on his luxurious couch.

Numb.

His hands shake. They find their way to his bloodied face.

A plate of coke on the table. He wrangles a line with trembling hands.

The Beast actually cries. His shoulders heave. He inhales the line deep enough to gag himself.

His sadness wanes. Rage takes hold. He kicks over the table. Throws it into a window.

Trashes the Penthouse. SOBBING FURY.

128A INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

128A

A CORONER walks down the hall. Wears a bloody smock. He yawns loudly, end of his shift. He reaches into his pocket, pulls out a pack of smokes.

Empty. Ain't that always the way.

128A CONTINUED: 58.
128A

He looks up to find a gun in his face. Youngblood on the other end. Singh next to him.

We move past them into the morgue--

128B INT. MORGUE - NIGHT 128B

Fluorescent lamps flicker overhead. Miller stands in front of a wall of freezer drawers. Stopped at a particular one.

He can't bring himself to open it. Doesn't want to see what he knows is inside. Finally, he musters the strength.

The door opens with a hiss. A sheet-covered body inside. He carefully slides it out. Pulls the sheet back to reveal--

Naida. Skin a pale blue. Eyes closed.

He just stares at her for what seems like forever. Love and rage and hate and pain fill him.

Then Miller leans down and whispers in her ear. We don't know what he says. We never will.

He brushes the hair from her face. Rubs his thumb across Naida's lips. Kisses her. Just like the first time.

Then he's gone.

129 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY 129

Among the gravestones.

Atop a small hill, not far away, PEOPLE are gathered.

130 EXT. GRAVESIDE - CONTINUOUS 130

The PRIEST closes his Bible. Zhukov crosses himself. He looks like hell--bloodshot and glassy eyes.

Hasn't slept in days.

ON THE OTHERS PRESENT:

Dark glasses. Constant head movements, looking to and fro. Half the people here are paid GOONS. Protecting Zhukov.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

130

The other half we saw at the wedding. Naida's family. Her MOTHER approaches Zhukov. Curses at him in Russian. Has to be pulled off by the rest of her family.

Zhukov's family stands nearby. Solemn. We get the sense this isn't the first person in Zhukov's life they've buried.

Zhukov tosses a handful of dirt on the coffin in the grave.

Stares at his hands. Dirt. Grave dirt.

Can't wipe it off fast enough. It don't let go. It sticks to his skin.

Like sin. Like death.

Like the dirt of a not-yet-dug grave coming for him already.

131 INT. WAREHOUSE BATHROOM - NIGHT

131

Miller stares through the man staring back at him in the grimy broken mirror.

Passionless.

The BZZZ of clippers.

He begins to shave his head.

INTERCUT WITH:

132 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

132

Some time earlier.

Miller, still sporting hair, empties buckshot from shotgun shells.

Youngblood is hard at work next to him. Six double-barrelled shotguns sit on a long shop table-- all in one state of modification or another.

Muscles in his arms ripple as he HACK SAWS away barrels and saws off stocks. Effectively creating long 12-Gauge Double-Barreled pistols.

133 INT. WAREHOUSE BATHROOM - LATER

133

Miller continues shaving his head.

134 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 134

Six .357 COLT PYTHONs gleam under the harsh light above. They sit in the midst of 100 rounds of .357 Hollow Point rounds.

Lined up meticulously, like soldiers ready to fight.

Singh very gently DRILLS THE HOLLOW POINTS a little wider and deeper. Tedious. Precise.

135 INT. WAREHOUSE BATHROOM - LATER 135

Clumps of hair fall around Miller's feet as he continues to shave his head.

136 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 136

Youngblood welds a thick piece of IRON GRILL onto the front of the GTO. A makeshift police push bumper.

Several grenades sit on the table, fuses unscrewed from the housing. Singh uses wire cutters to shorten the fuses.

Miller, still with hair, takes out a STACK OF PENNIES. Loads them into a row of empty shotgun shells. Slow. Methodical.

137 INT. WAREHOUSE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 137

The job is almost done now. As he finishes shaving his head, we see a barrage of images from Miller's life--

137A Naida and Miller. Naida and Zhukov. Eyes. 137A

Hands on skin. Miller kissing Naida's back. Naida's death.

Finally, we see Miller making love to Naida for what would be the last time. Close on her face as she climaxes--

The BZZZ of clippers abruptly dies. We're back in the bathroom.

Miller stares at his reflection. A suicide of sorts. Death to the man in the mirror. Becoming someone else.

Someone from long ago.

Head fully shaved, Boot Camp short. A reflection he never wanted to see again.

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

137

Miller drops his head. Closes his eyes. Lets his anguish and anger wash over him.

Make peace with it.

When he lifts his head...

...HE'S STARING AT NAIDA IN THE MIRROR.

She's so beautiful. She wears a white dress, skin almost ethereal. She smiles ever so slightly. Miller smiles back.

NAIDA (V.O.)

Ya tebya lyublyu...

MILLER (V.O.)

I love you.

She lifts her hand, places it on the other side, as if it truly were but a window to a memory.

Miller reaches out. Places his hand on hers. Stares at his own reflection in the filthy mirror.

He rears back, punches the mirror in fury. It spiderwebs.

A hundred tiny reflections of Miller stare back at him. Like the frenzied pieces of his own mind.

138 INT. WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

138

Miller exits the bathroom.

Sizes up Singh--most of the .357 Rounds drilled.

And Youngblood--sharpening a row of knives.

Miller grabs a sawed off shotgun off the table. Thumb releases the lever--he flicks the breach open--checks the barrels.

A quick flick of the wrist, he closes the breaches and aims it.

War. Death dealing. Kill them all.

139 INT. ZHUKOV'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

139

Zhukov scrubs his hands vigorously. The grave dirt won't let go.

He soaps, scrubs, and rinses again.

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

He pulls a towel--glances in the mirror, and fucking vapor locks...

MILLER IS BEHIND HIM, looking over his shoulder.

Ready to kill him.

Zhukov practically crawls up the wall. But, there's no one there.

He throws the towel--pulls a VIAL from his jacket.

Dumps a thick rail of COKE across the back of his hand and hoovers it in one pass.

Courage.

Paranoia.

140 INT. ZHUKOV'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 140

CLOSE on thick stacks of HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS.

Zhukov stands in front of Savick.

A large suitcase between them. It's full of money. A million in cash. Easy.

Zhukov is scared. Terrified. Can't hide it. Zhukov pleads with eyes as glassy as marbles.

Savick weighs options.

Wrestles.

Deal with The Devil at The Crossroads.

He takes the suitcase and makes for the door.

141 OMITTED 141

142 EXT. ZHUKOV'S BUILDING - NIGHT 142

A fucking fortress.

TWO POLICE CARS out front.

FOUR DIRTY COPS stroll up and down the streets along the block perimeter.

- 143 EXT. ZHUKOV'S COMPOUND (COURTYARD) - CONTINUOUS 143
Every lowlife and thug in the neighborhood with nothing to lose is here.
There must be TWENTY of them, all armed.
WE MOVE PAST THEM...
- 144 INT. ZHUKOV'S BUILDING LOBBY - CONTINUOUS 144
TWO MORE Thugs in here. Staring at the lobby door.
- 145 INT. ZHUKOV'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT 145
Zhukov turns away from the window, looking like warmed over death.
He hits the Bolivian Marching Powder on his desk--only thing keeping him going.
Teeth gnash. Fingers dance over the pearl grip of the revolver in his belt.
He paces.
Savick, seated in a corner, watches with disgust--glances at his watch.
- 146 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE ZHUKOV'S BUILDING - NIGHT 146
Along the block perimeter with the Police Cars.
A MANHOLE COVER is ajar in the street--as if someone recently came out of it.
No Dirty Cops strolling. All on the ground--dead.
Miller emerges from a shadow--drops the last DEAD COP from his arms.
He wipes a bloody blade on his pants and sheathes it. Pulls out a flashlight.
Blinks it up the dark street twice. Blocks away HEADLIGHTS reply.
- 147 INT. GTO - CONTINUOUS 147
Singh clicks a STOPWATCH behind the wheel. One minute. Youngblood in the passenger's seat.

(CONTINUED)

- 147 CONTINUED: 147
- Game faces on. The GTO's 350 V8 idles like a purring lion.
- They slide shells into their sawed off Shotgun Pistols.
- 148 EXT. ZHUKOV'S BUILDING (REAR) - MOMENTS LATER 148
- Miller hides in the shadows outside the fence. A crowbar in hand. Eyeballs more Thugs walking the perimeter.
- Checks a stop watch...10 seconds...
- 149 INT. GTO - CONTINUOUS 149
- Singh GUNS the engine once--cracks his neck. Checks the stop watch.
- 4...3...2...
- It's a straight shot two blocks to the metal gate of Zhukov's compound.
- He drops it into gear.
- Youngblood sticks a DASHBOARD JESUS onto the dash between them...
- Singh shoots him a look.
- Youngblood shrugs.
- Singh STOMPS THE ACCELERATOR.
- 150 EXT. GTO - CONTINUOUS 150
- The rear tires smoke--the car leaps into action.
- TRACKING WITH GTO:
- The GTO rips down the middle of the street. The peripheral blurs--the tunnel effect of speed.
- IN GTO:
- The metal gate zooms closer and closer.
- The push bumper on the GTO's grill grins insanely.
- Hands tighten on the wheel.
- The speedometer just blew by 80.

151 EXT. ZHUKOV'S BUILDING (COURTYARD) - CONTINUOUS 151

By the time anyone hears it, it's too late.

The GTO SLAMS into the metal gate, knocking the doors off their hinges in a shower of sparks.

Thugs run for their lives--most avoid being plowed over.

Most.

152 INT. ZHUKOV'S BUILDING LOBBY - CONTINUOUS 152

The glass doors EXPLODE as the GTO storms in, skidding sideways.

Singh and Youngblood come out FIRING. The two Thugs guarding the elevator are blasted.

They SCREAM BLOODY MURDER.

The sideways GTO in the lobby creates the perfect barrier and cover. Tables turned...

...now, Singh and Youngblood defend the building from the Thugs outside. Keeping them from coming in.

They just captured the flag. The GUNFIRE is deafening.

153 INT. ZHUKOV'S PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS 153

Zhukov is in a panic. The gunshots reverberate and echo, even up here. He looks to Savick, who racks his pistol and runs out of the room.

154 INT. ZHUKOV'S BUILDING (REAR) - CONTINUOUS 154

The bars covering a window are pried open. Window shattered...

Miller slips inside. Moves cautiously. He makes his way to the BASEMENT ELEVATOR.

155 INT. BASEMENT ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS 155

Miller hits the button for Level 20 - the Penthouse. Nothing happens. The button doesn't light up.

He hits it again. Still nothing.

66.
155 CONTINUED: 155

He sighs. He'll have to settle for Floor 19 and fight his way up. He presses the button. The elevator moves.

Miller stands there, guns at his side. Doesn't care if he survives this night.

DING.

156 INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 156

The doors open. Miller steps out.

Immediately starts firing. Thugs in the hall go down.

Miller reloads, moves methodically down the hallway. Like Travis Bickle.

He blasts open the nearest door...

157 INT. COCAINE PROCESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 157

Tables. Scales. Powdered Vitamin C. Milk Powder. KILOS OF BRICK COCAINE.

SIX THUGS raise their guns.

They don't make it.

BOOM-BOOM. Miller stands there, a sawed off shotgun in his hand. The air is filled with buckshot.

Damned near rips one Thug in half.

We follow him out of the room and into a--

158 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT 158

Miller quick walks up stairs. Sawed off shotgun sweeping.

A PACK OF Thugs comes out the door at the top of the flight.

Miller FIRES. Both barrels. Buckshot ZINGS through the air faster than the speed of sound. SHREDS the Thugs.

Miller dispatches any survivors with his Python. Reloads the shotgun as he runs up steps, bursting into...

159 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 159

He kicks in the nearest door.

160 INT. ROOM - NIGHT

160

His shotgun sings. Does its job on a pair of poor bastards. But, he's blind-sided by two more THUGS he didn't see.

Neither did we. No time to re-load. They drag him to the ground. Raining blows on him.

Doesn't last long.

Miller uses a shotgun like a club. Shatters a knee. Then another. Drops the fuckers to his level. Beats the living hell out of the Thugs.

THREE MORE THUGS enter from the hallway. Point Blank, Miller quick-reloads and fires the shotgun at one.

Literally, blows him into pieces. He swings the shotgun, knocks away the gun of Thug #2.

Boots #3 in the face.

Thug #2 grabs his legs. Each trying to shoot the other, as Thug #3 approaches like a demon.

Three men. A snarl of arms. Legs. Fists. Guns. Fighting. Smashing around the room.

Miller gets his shotgun into position--right in the gut of Thug #2.

BOOM. Blood explodes out of Thug #2, drenches #3 behind him. Kills both the bastards with one shot.

He takes a deep breath. Stands. Moves on.

161 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

161

Empty. Not a sound. Something isn't right.

Miller moves stealthily to a partially opened door.

Holds up a small shaving mirror, tries to get a glimpse inside.

In the reflection we see--

162 INT. MONEY ROOM - NIGHT

162

Seven thugs have flipped over tables. Hundred dollar bills carpet the place. STACKS OF CASH.

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED:

162

Guns on the door. Quiet. Sweating. Afraid. Hearts pound.

163 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

163

Miller closes his eyes. Not sure he has it in him to take all of them on.

Then gets an idea.

He pulls the hand grenade from his pocket. Pops the pin. Tosses it inside.

He continues down the hallway, reloading as he goes. Stops. Looks back at the room, curious. Why hasn't the grenade--

BOOOOOOM.

The Money Room, and everyone in it, is ripped to pieces in the explosion behind him. Limbs and torsos go flying.

Miller reaches the end of the hall. Pushes his way into--

164 INT. ZHUKOV'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

164

Quiet. Nothing stirs.

Shotgun in hand. Fuck stealth.

He moves through the Penthouse. Sure. Methodical. Hunting.

All senses alive. Waiting for the ambush he is certain will come.

So are we. Zhukov and Savick could be anywhere.

Somewhere, far in the distance, SIRENS bleed ever so slightly into audio focus.

Miller clenches his jaw. Clock ticking.

He picks up a Vase. Tosses it far ahead of him. It SHATTERS.

But, nothing moves. No one takes the bait.

Something dawns on him. Slithers across his face like a cold breeze.

Miller runs to the nearest window. Looks down at the street...

165 EXT. ZHUKOV'S BUILDING COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS 165

Fucking grave yard. Dead Thugs litter the grounds.
Moaning. Crying. Death.

A couple are still alive, and sending rounds towards the
GTO.

166 INT. ZHUKOV'S BUILDING LOBBY - CONTINUOUS 166

Youngblood leans against a wall to catch his breath.

BLOOD leaks down his fingers in tiny rivers.

Singh pulls Youngblood's jacket open. Bullet wounds. Hit
at least THREE TIMES.

Youngblood jerks his jacket closed--pushes Singh away.
Takes a few steps. Collapses against a wall.

Singh blasts his Python outside. Takes out the remaining
Goons. Goes to Youngblood again.

Shaking, he makes it to his feet again.

Youngblood throws an arm around Singh to steady himself--
together they move on. Head for the stairwell.

For about five steps.

Youngblood collapses to his knees. Tries to stand.

Not this time.

He falls forward on all fours.

Crawls. Refuses to succumb.

Singh drags him up the hallway, sitting.

Youngblood's head lolls. Blood oozes from his mouth.
Shutting down. Like a drained battery losing all power.

A helpless Warrior. No blaze of Glory. No death
befitting. Life drains out of Youngblood before our eyes,
as Singh drags him.

Heroes rarely die a Hero's death.

Singh closes his friend's eyes. Crosses Youngblood's
hands over his chest.

BAM.

70.
166 CONTINUED: 166

Singh is shot in the head. Collapses.

Zhukov, gun smoking, runs out of the shadows. Followed by two Thugs.

167 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE - NIGHT 167

Two Mercedes sedans sit at the ready.

The instant Zhukov is inside--

The cars roar to life, and PEEL OUT.

As SIRENS SERENADE. Close. Seconds away.

168 EXT. ZHUKOV'S BUILDING - CONTINUOUS 168

Miller races out. Spots the two Mercedes racing away. Zhukov behind the wheel of one...

Miller runs after the cars--eyes burning hatred.

169 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE - CONTINUOUS 169

Panting, Savick spots Miller hauling ass out of the building's courtyard. Running down the street.

He follows.

170 EXT. STREET WITH MILLER - NIGHT 170

Miller pounds the ground after the two Mercedes a block ahead of him. As POLICE CARS scream on scene to the building two blocks behind him.

The Sedans make a turn ahead.

Miller cuts across the street and into an alley...

171 INT. ZHUKOV'S CAR - NIGHT 171

The other Mercedes ahead of him, Zhukov checks his rear view mirrors.

Nothing.

172 EXT. STREET WITH MILLER - NIGHT 172

Miller careens around a corner at full gallop--his eye is on an APARTMENT BUILDING dead ahead.

He glances up at the top of it.

173 INT. BUILDING LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER 173

Miller pounds the lobby elevator button. Grace of God above, the doors open right up.

He gets in, frantically hits a button. After what seems like an eternity, the doors start to close.

Miller leans back against a wall. Hands on knees--panting. A moment's rest...

"Flute Thing" by Blues Project filters in from the overhead speaker. Miller looks up. Are you fucking kidding me?

That's when he sees Savick running at him down the hallway.

The doors have almost closed. Both men raise their guns. Fire simultaneously.

Miller is clipped in the shoulder. But he nails Savick. Both men drop.

Savick's right leg is shredded from the blast. It blocks the doors from closing. They open again.

Savick screams in agony on the ground. Miller, not even feeling his own wound, drags Savick inside.

DING.

The doors close.

174 INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS 174

Miller sinks to his knees. Puts Savick in a choke hold. Strangles the life out of him. Savick flails, his hands grabbing for Miller's face.

But after a moment, he's gone.

175 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT 175

DING. We hear the elevator doors open.

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED: 72.
175 Savick's body is dragged past us.

176 EXT. DETROIT - NIGHT 176
WHERE WE BEGAN...
Sirens are coming.
As we move over the top of a string of Apartment Buildings, easing along the rooftops...
MILLER RUNS RIGHT BY US.
TRACKING WITH MILLER:
His clothes are torn, blackened by fire, filth, and blood. Cuts and scrapes bleed openly--hasn't had time yet to congeal since received.
His head is shaved boot camp style. His face is covered in a dozen scars--the kind you get from deep gashes that heal without the benefit of stitches.
There's a pistol-grip sawed off double-barrel shotgun in his hand, and murder in his eyes.
And over his shoulder, he carries the dead body of Savick.
Running for all he's worth across the top of an apartment building, he LEAPS into the night air off the edge...

177 EXT. ROOF #2 - CONTINUOUS 177
Miller sails out of the air and lands with a BONE JARRING THUD from the building next door--Savick tumbles and skids.
Miller twisted that ankle he hurt on the fire escape.
Means nothing to him right now. If he coughed up his spleen, it wouldn't stop him. Not now.
Not this night.
He just growls, picks up the shotgun, and drags Savick to the edge of the building, as the GUNNING OF ENGINES and the SQUEALING OF TIRES ebbs into focus from below...

- 178 INT. THUG'S CAR - NIGHT 178
The Thug that took off with Zhukov checks his rearview--
the other Mercedes, Zhukov's car, is right behind him.
- 179 INT. ZHUKOV'S CAR - NIGHT 179
He looks back. Doesn't see Miller. He laughs.
Pounds the steering wheel, rejoicing.
He got away.
- 180 INT. THUG'S CAR - NIGHT 180
This guy is pretty damned with pleased with himself too.
He slows down. Gets comfortable in the seat. Relaxes.
About then, SAVICK'S DEAD BODY CRASHES THROUGH THE
WINDSHIELD.
- 181 INT. ZHUKOV'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 181
Zhukov goes bug-eyed as the Mercedes in front of him
fishtails in his path.
He swerves hard to miss it...
- 182 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS 182
Tires scream as brakes are locked up--an ungodly
screeching cacophony of eight tires, asphalt, and
friction.
Zhukov's Mercedes nails a fire hydrant--stopping it on a
dime and sending a geyser heavenward
A BEAT later, the fishtailing other car slams into a
light pole.
Then, quiet.
Only the sound of rushing water and a roughly idling
engine.
- 183 INT. ZHUKOV'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 183
Zhukov is out cold--head on the steering wheel and
bleeding.

183 CONTINUED:

183

Wavy shadows and shimmering light fill the car--effect of water cascading over the windshield.

Zhukov stirs. Moans.

BAM--the sound of Miller blowing away the Thug in the other car jerks Zhukov out of his blow-to-the-head induced haze.

He squints through the shattered windshield.

A shape. A man's silhouette in front of the car. A gun in the shadow's hand...

Miller.

Zhukov wipes blood out of his eyes, grips the wheel tight, and FLOORS IT.

Miller tumbles onto the hood.

184 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

184

TRACKING WITH MERCEDES:

Ripping down the street, engine knocking, and picking up speed. Miller slides all over the place, desperately trying to hang on to both hood and gun.

He throws a look over his shoulder at where they're headed...

MILLER'S POV:

A cross street. A red light. A river of traffic zipping by. Half a block away, and this car isn't even slowing down...

Shit.

Two options here. Both suck.

Miller raises the shotgun...

185 INT. ZHUKOV'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

185

Teeth barred in sheer hatred, Zhukov chuckles like a mad man.

Till, a sawed-off shotgun is shoved through the windshield into his face.

He STOMPS THE BRAKES.

186 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS 186

Miller is thrown from the hood, directly into the midst of the passing cars...

The Mercedes skids, ten feet from the intersection.

Pennies EXPLODE from Miller's shotgun into the windshield as he flies backwards...

WITH Zhukov:

Glass and smoking copper discs ZIIIP through the air--headed for the man they were meant for.

Each one a penny for Miller's thoughts.

Half of Zhukov's face is shredded.

WITH MILLER:

Through the air on his back, BETWEEN two passing trucks...

Towards a passing METRO BUS...

187 INT. METRO BUS - CONTINUOUS 187

AN OLD MAN reads the newspaper as the bus chugs along. "Detroit Crime Rate Rises for 5th Straight Year," the headline announces.

Miller crashes through the window of the seat in front of him--bounces off the opposite inside wall, busting that window as well.

BEAT.

The Old Man goes back to reading.

While Miller writhes in pain on the seat.

188 INT. ZHUKOV'S CAR - NIGHT 188

Zhukov has his hand on the shredded half of his face, like he's trying to hold it on.

Furious. We stick with him as he drives.

Steam spews from under the hood and into the car through the nonexistent windshield.

The engine knocks.

(CONTINUED)

188 CONTINUED: 76.
188
He groans in agony and rage.
Then, out of the blue, the car is rear ended HARD...

189 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS 189
The Metro Bus pulls alongside Zhukov's car as it fishtails--slamming into the side of it.
Trying to force it off the road.

190 INT. METRO BUS - CONTINUOUS 190
Miller has the shotgun aimed at the terrified DRIVER's head.
He grabs the wheel from the guy and slams the bus into Zhukov again.
And again.
Zhukov steers into it--the Mercedes pressed up against the bus.
Matter of fact, he's glaring at Miller through the open bus doors.
Miller aims the shotgun at the son of a bitch, and...
SMASH. The bus clips another car. Miller's shot goes wide.
Livid, Miller throws the shotgun down and LEAPS ONTO THE MERCEDES.

191 EXT. ZHUKOV'S MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS 191
Miller scampers over the roof--crawls through the gaping windshield area...

192 INT. ZHUKOV'S MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS 192
And commences pounding the living hell out of Zhukov.
Problem is, Zhukov still has his gun--pulls it out of his belt and FIRES.
Miller dives over the seat into the back, narrowly avoiding the round.

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED: 77.
192 Behind Zhukov now, he grabs the front seat belt, wraps it around Zhukov's throat, and slides it under the seat's head rest.
Pulls with all his might. Zhukov gags.
He claws at the belt around his throat--steers wildly. The car skids violently...

193 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 193
And SLAMS into a passing Dodge Charger at a solid 60 MPH.
The Mercedes comes to a VIOLENT and immediate stop--throws Miller out through the glassless windshield.
He skips across the Charger's hood. Slides along the pavement.
Legs broken at obtuse angles.

194 INT. ZHUKOV'S MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS 194
Zhukov is dazed. Head on the steering wheel. Stuck horn blaring. He slowly comes around.

195 EXT. ZHUKOV'S MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS 195
CLOSE ON MILLER:
It's been a long night.
Miller tries, but he just can't pick himself up--hasn't got the strength.
He tries again--collapses.
He screams in agony--legs shattered, and God only knows what else.
Battered, bloody, and literally broken, Miller looks over at the Mercedes...
Unable to stand, not even able to crawl, his legs all but useless, Miller drags his broken body across the asphalt with his hands.
It's slow. It's agonizing--he does it through sheer will power.
He has to see that bastard dead.

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED:

195

After a Herculean, blinding pain inducing effort, Miller nearly reaches Zhukov's Mercedes...

When it backs up. Extracts itself from the wreckage in a cacophony of grinding metal.

It doesn't compute for Miller.

Zhukov, bloody and dazed, sees him through the shattered windshield.

They lock eyes.

BEAT.

Chuckling, Zhukov pulls away.

WE PULL UP:

Miller sprawled helplessly on the asphalt...

HIGHER STILL:

As Zhukov's Mercedes drives away, vanishing into traffic.

Gone.

Miller's voice echoes across the concrete canyon.

The most anguished scream of rage and remorse from the pit of hell you've ever heard.

From the depths of his agonized soul.

FADE TO:

196 EXT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - DAY

196

An indistinct, out of focus figure limps towards us.

INTERCUT WITH:

197 INT. MOSCOW APARTMENT - STUDY - YEARS LATER

197

The knobs on an ornate door turn...

CLICK--the latch disengages.

The Silhouetted Man stands--reaches for the gun. Aims it with both shaking hands.

The door opens.

(CONTINUED)

He cocks the hammer--fear courses through his veins.

It's the fucking Maid with the Scrapbook.

She screams...

REVERSE ON MAID:

...at the sight of ZHUKOV LEVELING A GUN AT HER. He's a couple of years older. A little more snow on the roof.

Face heavily scarred.

He grabs his heart. She damned near killed him.

He throws a vase at her.

Cursing a blue streak in Russian, she leaves. Zhukov puts the gun on the desk, goes to the door and locks it.

Double checks the lock. Triple checks it.

Satisfied no one is coming through that door now, he makes his way to the small bar in the corner.

Pours himself a vodka. Chuckles. Overreacting. Calm down. Get a hold of yourself.

Nerves settling down, he returns to his desk. Reaches for the gun he laid down.

Problem.

IT ISN'T THERE.

He freezes. Confusion is stamped by ice cold panic.

A pistol is placed to Zhukov's head. He doesn't have to look.

You know who it is.

MILLER

He walks around the desk.

Scarred. Limping. Calm and methodical. Not an ounce of his hatred has subsided.

Zhukov stands. Holds up his hands. Miller slowly screws a silencer onto the pistol.

BAM!

Miller shoots Zhukov in the left kneecap.

(CONTINUED)

197 CONTINUED: (2) 80.
197
BAM!
The right one, too.

198 EXT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - DAY 198
The indistinct figure limps towards us, very slowly
coming into focus...

199 INT. MOSCOW APARTMENT - STUDY - YEARS LATER 199
Zhukov drops. Screaming. Crying.
BAM!
Left shoulder.
BAM!
Right shoulder.

200 EXT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - DAY 200
The indistinct figure continues limping our way, nearly
in focus...

201 INT. MOSCOW APARTMENT - STUDY - YEARS LATER 201
Zhukov is sobbing. On his knees.
ZHUKOV
Please. Please...I loved her, too.
I did. I loved her...
Miller's merciless eyes lock with Zhukov's pleading eyes.
Puts the gun to Zhukov's forehead.
MILLER
I still do.
BAM!

202 EXT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - DAY 202
The figure we've seen limping towards us finally comes
into focus.
Miller.

(CONTINUED)

He's in a cemetery. Inexorably makes his way to Naida's grave.

He takes the ENGAGEMENT RING from his pocket. Sets it on the headstone. Kisses it.

Then he does something. Something we haven't seen him do in a very long time.

Miller smiles.

CUT TO BLACK.

OVER CREDITS

Bauhaus's "Bela Lugosi's Dead" begins to play...