

WILD WILD EAST

by
Chase Palmer

Draft 3/31/06

Chase Palmer
347.512.5980

Geoff Morley
Jason Burns
United Talent Agency
310.273.6700

Lindsay Williams
Peter McHugh
The Gotham Group
310.285.0001

A BUMPER STICKER READS:

I HEART AFGHANISTAN

INT. HUMVEE - MOVING - DAY

The driver, PVT. BEST, a girl not more than twenty-two, navigates aggressively through the insane traffic of Kandahar, Afghanistan. Her civil affairs team, a SERGEANT in shotgun and TWO SPECIALISTS in back, fill out the vehicle.

SERGEANT

You know, Best, for a chick you drive okay.

PVT. BEST

Fuck you very much.

SPECIALIST 1

That an invitation or recap?

She scowls at him in the mirror. Doesn't see...

A TRUCK

SIDESWIPE the humvee, plowing right into the Sergeant's door.

Glass EXPLODES. Metal CRUNCHES. The humvee spins out and lurches to a stop...

Pvt. Best recovers, looks to the Sergeant beside her. A tangled mess. Blood everywhere. He's dead.

PVT. BEST

Guys?

The Specialists, both shaken but alright.

SPECIALIST 1

Yeah... shit...

SPECIALIST 2

What the fuck was that?

Pvt. Best, looks through the cracked windshield. Sees the truck rolled on it's side, cargo everywhere. A TECHNICAL, pick-up rigged with a machine gun, skids to stop.

PVT. BEST

Ali Babas! Out! Out! Out!

SPECIALIST 1

Sarge?

PVT. BEST
He's dead, asshole.

EXT. SIDE STREET - KANDAHAR - DAY

Pvt. Best and the Specialists storm from their Humvee, M-4's locked and loaded, pissed and scared as hell. Thinking ambush. Thinking anything.

FOUR ALI BABAS, Afghan militia types, jump from the technical, hands up, placating.

Pvt. Best and the Specialists strafe over their heads.

PVT. BEST
Get back! Get Back!
(then, in Farsi)
<<Away from truck!>>

The Ali Babas do this.

SPECIALIST 1
Fucking move, Osama!

Specialist 2 sees something on the road. Picks up a BRICK OF HEROIN.

SPECIALIST 2
Uh, guys?

ALI BABA 1 steps forward, broad smile pasted on his handsome face. His demeanor curiously unruffled, unworried.

ALI BABA 1
Uncle Sam all cool, Joe.

PVT. BEST
Uncle Sam is definitely not cool.
Our man is definitely not cool.

She points to the humvee, the dead Sergeant.

Ali Baba 1 sees this, his demeanor blackens.

ALI BABA 1
You should get him to hospital.

SPECIALIST 1
Shut him the fuck up!

Specialist 1 gets aggressive waving his rifle.

PVT. BEST
Get down, down on your knees!

ALI BABA 1
This is bad scene, Joe. You don't
want to do this.

Pvt. Best throttles him to the ground.

PVT. BEST
Who you callin' Joe?

Specialist 2 sees heroin bricks all over the road, scattered
from the back of the van. He backpedals to the humvee, rifle
up.

SPECIALIST 2
I'm gonna call this shit in.

Ali Baba 1 looks back to his second, or perhaps his boss,
FACE COVERED BY A HEAD SCARF, only the eyes blazing.
Specialist 1 sees the exchange.

SPECIALIST 1
You! Get over here!

Scarfman doesn't move.

Specialist 2 at the humvee, grabs the radio.

SPECIALIST 1
Now, Osama. And lose the headscarf.
Tell him, Best.

Pvt. Best, distracted for the moment.

PVT. BEST
(in Farsi)
<<Remove your headscarf.>>

Ali Baba 1 knocks away her rifle. Shots rings out.

Specialist 1 turns...

The Scarfman whips out an old school SMITH & WESSON revolver,
gunslinger style, and wastes Specialist 1 with a shot in the
ear.

Specialist 2 sees this, fumbles in desperation, half with the
radio, half raising his weapon.

SPECIALIST 2
(over radio)
Oh my God? Hello? Hello?

A third Ali Baba jumps on the technical's flatbed and opens up its big-ass machine gun on the humvee.

Specialist 2 shredded inside.

Pvt. Best wrestles Ali Baba 1 for control of her rifle. He's stronger, but she's scrappier. A head butt square in the nose sends him yowling. She takes back the gun and strafes him at close range, blood coating her.

She rolls up, the Scarfman kicking her rifle from her hands.

He's got her dead to rights, Smith & Wesson in her face. They exchange a last, hard look.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

SMASH CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: *WILD WILD EAST*

Words exploding on screen with each gunshot. Ennio Morricone inspired "spaghetti western" cords set the badass mood.

CUT BACK TO:

SCARFMAN removes his headscarf. No remorse. He's AMERICAN.

FADE TO BLACK.

KIEV, UKRAINE - DAY (ONE YEAR LATER)

We swoop over the stark, sword wielding Rodnya Mat (Motherland Statue) overlooking the snow-dusted city of Kiev.

INT. PREMIER PALACE - DAY

Track through the Soviet-chic lobby of a luxurious hotel, recently-renovated with new money and zero taste. A man with Johnny Cash confidence and the wardrobe to back it up lingers pretending to read Dashiell Hammett's *Red Harvest*.

STEPHENS, a Brit in his 50's, sees the book title. Comes up.

STEPHENS
You the fixer?

THE FIXER, a man with no name, looks up, cocky and cool.

(NOTE: He's *not* the American from the opening.)

INT. CAFE - PREMIER PALACE - DAY

The Fixer takes a seat across from Stephens and a young, very attractive UKRAINIAN GIRL.

STEPHENS

The consulate rejected her visa application. I can't leave without her. I won't.

THE FIXER

Just married?

STEPHENS

Money's not an issue.

The Fixer sizes up the girl.

THE FIXER

I'll bet.

She blows smoke in his face.

THE FIXER

Five thousand U.S. Take a day or two.

STEPHENS

Just like that?

THE FIXER

Just like that. Here to do business, I know people. Here to party, I know other people.

GIRL

(Ukrainian, subtitles)

<<They're all the same people.>>

The Fixer levels her a knowing stare.

THE FIXER

Can I talk to your new bride? Alone.

STEPHENS

Uh, sure. Okay.

Stephens reluctantly retreats to the bar.

THE FIXER
(in Ukrainian)
<<He know about the Ukrainian
starter kit?>>

GIRL
<<The what?>>

THE FIXER
<<The kid. Your kid.>>

She laughs nervously.

GIRL
(to English)
You're crazy.

THE FIXER
This town, pretty girl your age
without a kid is about as novel as
a cabinet minister without a secret
bank account. He know or not?

The girl takes a long drag, shoots him a look to kill.

GIRL
No.

THE FIXER
How long he been sending money?

GIRL
Six months.

THE FIXER
Any other boyfriends? What about
the kid's father?

GIRL
He's a motherfucker. They're all
motherfuckers.

THE FIXER
That one a motherfucker or just
American?

Silence.

THE FIXER
Who takes care of the kid for you?

GIRL
My grandmother.

THE FIXER
And if you leave?

GIRL
I'll send for my boy.

THE FIXER
(nodding to Stephens,
worrying at the bar)
After you ditch that poor schmuck?

GIRL
I don't have any plan but getting
out of Ukraine.

THE FIXER
You wanna go anywhere, you'll tell
him now.

GIRL
What if he doesn't want me then?

THE FIXER
Then he wouldn't make much of a
father, would he?

She walks to the bar like it were a gas chamber.

The Fixer watches her tell him. She's gentle, her steely facade softened. Stephens face falls into a blank mask. He forces a smile, whispers comfort, then walks over to The Fixer.

STEPHENS
Her son's name is Nik. He's four.

THE FIXER
She'll likely leave you before you
pick up your baggage.

Stephens knows this, but doesn't care.

THE FIXER
Meet the kid. If everyone still
wants to do this, get in touch.
I'll get both visas. One for her,
one for the child.

STEPHENS
Thanks.

THE FIXER
Don't thank me. I just rolled you
for an extra \$5,000.

EXT. PREMIER PALACE - DAY

The Fixer strides out into the black and white city landscape
on an electric blue day. Someone calls from behind.

CHEEVER
Mornin', sport.

The Fixer turns to see CHEEVER, a rooster necked American
smoothie in a bad suit and cheap sunglasses. (NOTE: Also not
the Scarfman.)

THE FIXER
Mornin', Cheever. I didn't know you
existed before noon.

Cheever leans against a JEEP sporting DIPLOMATIC PLATES.

CHEEVER
I don't. Let's take a ride.

INT. JEEP - MOVING - DAY

Driver drives, they ride. Friendly acquaintances who wouldn't
crawl into a lifeboat together.

CHEEVER
Sorry it's so last second. My
secretary's a certified
incompetent.

THE FIXER
I'd think that be grounds for
divorce.

CHEEVER
I can't. She's a spy for the
Ukrainian SBU. Better to know the
snake in your grass, even if that
snake schedules my lunches.

THE FIXER
What's she got penciled in for this
little conversation?

CHEEVER
Well, I got another hook-up.
Thought you could guide him through
the channels here in Kiev.

THE FIXER
Isn't that your job?

CHEEVER
I'm the white market guy. You're
the black market guy.

THE FIXER
Only white market in this town
sells by the kilo or falls from the
sky.

CHEEVER
And everyday's Christmas.

THE FIXER
You paying or the civilian?

CHEEVER
Gotta name I can write on a
government check this time?

The Fixer issues a sidelong, fuck you stare.

THE FIXER
French, Australian or Russian.

CHEEVER
Doesn't anyone carry an American
passport these days?

The Jeep rolls up to the U.S. EMBASSY gates. The Fixer's
nerves coil.

THE FIXER
Yeah, they're all in the desert
getting shot.

CHEEVER
(slyly)
Not all of them.

MARINES hold them up, take mirrored sticks to search under
the car for bombs.

THE FIXER
So who is this guy?

CHEEVER

Some gas exec from Denver. Big-dick political player. Looking for a deal in Ukraine. Probably just here for some pussy, God bless.

THE FIXER

Fine. Let me know when he lands.

The Fixer toggles at the door. Locked. Cheever eyes him laser-like.

CHEEVER

You know, lotta folks in this world would die to get *inside* these gates.

Bomb squad gives the all clear. Gates open.

THE FIXER

Just open the Goddamn door, Cheever.

Cheever winks to the DRIVER in the rearview mirror. Locks snap open. The Fixer gets out.

INT. PARLOUR - DAY

Angle overhead on an opulent Tzarist-era room and middle-aged blond beauty, cocked back Christ-like in a chair. Other women attend to her hands and feet like little birds, giving a manicure and pedicure. A hand-picked pool of journalists hang on her every word. This is VITA LYSENKO (40), darling of the orange revolution, Ukraine's democracy movement.

VITA

A lot has been made that I'm a woman. Even more that I am too beautiful. Too young. This is true, of course...

The room chuckles.

VITA (CONT'D)

But it shouldn't distract from the important thing. That I'm here by the will of the people.

She sits up for emphasis.

VITA (CONT'D)

The people.

An attendant overshoots a nail, red polish dabbed on Vita's sleeve. The room goes tense. For a moment it appears Vita might go ballistic. If it's reminiscent of the introduction to Al Capone in *'The Untouchables,'* that's not by accident. She smiles graciously, continuing...

VITA (CONT'D)

Ukraine is at a pivotal time in our history. We have the cultural assets of Europe and the capitalist instinct of America. The only thing we lack is faith in our government. But the Soviets didn't put corruption in our DNA. It was there from Eden, like everyone else. The difference between this country and our friends in the west is our corruption is self-defeating while theirs greases the hands of everyone. So if corruption is inevitable, then what?

She pauses. Holds the room by its throat.

VITA (CONT'D)

Why then, vote for the corruption that pleases most. That's democracy.

INT. BORYSPIL AIRPORT - DAY

Arrivals come through customs. The Fixer looks out for his charge. Sees...

TRIP WOLAHAN, Cheever's all-American, stick out from the black clad locals. He's a big man, all gruff gravitas and sad decency.

The Fixer waves him over. They handshake.

WOLAHAN

Trip Wolahan. You with the embassy?

THE FIXER

I'm your fixer. Those your bags?

WOLAHAN

I travel light.

THE FIXER

Like a pilgrim.

WOLAHAN

My wife tells me the lighter a
man's bags, the heavier his
conscience.

THE FIXER

No one has a conscience in Kiev.

INT. GOVERNMENT TAX OFFICE - DAY

A BUSINESSMAN struts confidently down the corridor, a Lion of
industry ready to roar.

THE FIXER (V.O.)

Two things you need to know about
doing business here.

'YOU ARE HERE' scrawled on his featureless face. This is all
hypothetical.

INT. GOVERNMENT TAX OFFICE - DAY

Track down drab, file-clogged desks of UKRAINIAN BUREAUCRATS.

THE FIXER (V.O.)

One: know who to bribe.

The Businessman visits a TAX OFFICIAL, as anonymous as the
rest. Hands a WHITE ENVELOPE.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

The Tax Official peruses a rack of mink coats.

THE FIXER (V.O.)

Tax officials take kickbacks from
businessmen who underreport their
financials to avoid paying.

Pays cash for one. A newspaper by the register headlines
(subtitled):

'TAX SHORTFALLS PUT PRESSURE ON DEMOCRATIC REFORMS'

EXT. KIEV STREETS - DAY

The Tax Official, proud as a peacock in his new mink (yes,
he's a man), struts down the street.

THE FIXER (V.O.)
Two: know who you're bribing.

The Official stops in front of a TRAVEL AGENCY storefront, admires a vacation advertisement to MIAMI BEACH.

INT TRAM - DAY

The Tax Official steps on furtively, heads to the back.

THE FIXER (V.O.)
These same guys will then pass on
the real financials to gangsters...

He plops down next to a GANGSTER, passes a WHITE ENVELOPE.

INT. OFFICE RECEPTION AREA - DAY

A RECEPTIONIST steals nervous glances at the Gangster, settled into a plush sofa, patiently thumbing through an *Economist*. WHITE ENVELOPE on the cushion beside him.

THE FIXER (V.O.)
...who use this information to
extort cash from those businesses
skirting tax laws.

The Businessman steps from his office, clueless.

The Gangster looks up and smiles. Rolls the magazine in his hands like he's about to smack a dog.

EXT. MIAMI BEACH - DAY

The Tax Official, windsurfing.

THE FIXER (V.O.)
You want, I'll introduce you to
who's who.

INT. KHUTOROK RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Local scene only gangsters, politicians and brave western tourists can afford. The Fixer there with Wolahan, plates clean, dinner done.

WOLAHAN
Cheever said you're the guy.
Anything else I should know about
this town?

He can't help but watch a spectacular YOUNG WAITRESS sashay
by, sweep up their plates.

THE FIXER
The girls, of course.

INT. HIRED CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

They ride down the broad boulevard, city outside twinkling
like a winning slot machine. Arrive at a hulking factory on
the riverfront. Intimidator SUV's, tin can taxis and hard men
line-up outside.

WOLAHAN
What's this?

THE FIXER
The Kryvorizhstal.

EXT. THE KRYVORIZHSTAL - NIGHT

The Fixer and Wolahan at the door. Bouncers wand them down.
The Fixer peels off some local currency and in they go...

INT. THE KRYVORIZHSTAL - NIGHT

They enter a thumping, writhing club of Stalinist
proportions. Ukrainian girls in scant, fuck-me attire prowl
the floor, dance. Businessmen, thugs, young ex-pats drink at
tables, size up the merchandise.

It's a brothel and Cheever is already there. He waves them to
his booth, where he enjoys a carafe of vodka and the view.

CHEEVER (V.O.)
Truth be told, there's no single
man more untrustworthy than the
American abroad...

INT. BOOTH - THE KRYVORIZHSTAL - LATER

Cheever plies The Fixer and Wolahan with booze and bullshit.

CHEEVER (CONT'D)

Take the soldier. At least you know that rifle in your face is loaded. That's about as honest you can get. Guys like me and you, Wolahan, the diplomats and businessmen of this world, nothing but snake crucifixers and locusts. I were a native I'd run for the hills.

WOLAHAN

And the fixer? What are you?

THE FIXER

I don't count.

CHEEVER

An American philosopher! Category of liar all its own!

The Fixer, half-amused.

WOLAHAN

You might appreciate Afghanistan then.

Wolahan rattles The Fixer's cage ever so slightly.

THE FIXER

What about it?

WOLAHAN

Someone told me we'll never really win there because it isn't a place, it's a state of being. Fucked seven ways to Sunday. It's Afghanistan and will always be Afghanistan.

The Fixer's heard this before. He may have even said it.

CHEEVER

Ask me, any place that upholsters its woman deserves to be fucked.

WOLAHAN

Ever been?

THE FIXER

The place or state of being?

Wolahan smiles, lifts a shot to toast.

WOLAHAN
To Afghanistan.

They all drink to Afghanistan.

CHEEVER
Lets get him girl.

WOLAHAN
I don't think so.

CHEEVER
When in Rome, fuck.

WOLAHAN
Really. I'm okay. Though I wouldn't
mind some extra security.

CHEEVER
You want, we'll detail a bodyguard
first thing a.m.

WOLAHAN
I was thinking more a gun.

The Fixer doesn't like what he's hearing.

CHEEVER
Johnny Cash, my friend. "Don't Take
Your Guns to Town." Especially this
one.

WOLAHAN
Just the same.
(to The Fixer)
Can you arrange it?

THE FIXER
You mean here and now?

WOLAHAN
You're the fixer, aren't you?

CHEEVER
You really don't wanna fuck around
in this venue, sport.

WOLAHAN
I didn't come here to fuck around.

Wolahan challenges The Fixer with a cold stare. The Fixer
accepts, kicks up from the table.

THE FIXER
Follow me.

INT. BATHROOM - THE KRYVORIZHSTAL - NIGHT

Music video swank, Socialist seedy. The Fixer pisses at a trough. Wolahan stands by. He awkwardly smiles at the super-sexy Russian bathroom attendant, KARINA, who ices him with a antarctic stare.

The Fixer zips up, drops cash in Karina's tray and whispers in her ear. No stranger to propositions, Karina is genuinely surprised and intrigued. She looks to Wolahan, shrugs her bare shoulder and with a cute little move pulls a snub nose PISTOL from under her slight skit.

The Fixer palms it off to Wolahan, exiting without a word. Wolahan's impressed, he cocks the gun like a pro...

INT. DANCE FLOOR - THE KRYVORIZHSTAL - NIGHT

The Fixer snakes his way through bodies on the jumping, booming dance floor.

Wolahan follows with a newfound steely determination. He points the pistol AT THE FIXER'S BACK!

Before he can shoot, a student-age prostitute, NEEKA, pulls him into her orbit.

The Fixer slips into the crowd, oblivious.

INT. BOOTH - THE KRYVORIZHSTAL - NIGHT

Wolahan returns with Neeka in tow. Cheever sits with his own girls, all Cheshire smiles.

CHEEVER
How'd I do? Two hundred bucks for
the night. You can do anything you
want.

Neeka cozies up beside Wolahan.

NEEKA
(Ukrainian, subtitles)
<<Anything.>>

THE FIXER
Except shoot her.

Wolahan casts a loaded look.

WOLAHAN
She's my daughter's age.

CHEEVER
Welcome to Kiev!

EXT. THE KRYVORIZHSTAL - NIGHT

Wolahan slides into the hired car, Neeka onto his lap.

THE FIXER
Driver knows where to go.

The Fixer slaps the roof and the car zooms off.

Cheever piles into his Jeep with his two girls.

CHEEVER
Ride with us, sport!

THE FIXER
Forget it, Cheever. I gotta walk
off the cheap perfume.

CHEEVER
You kill me. Only man walks in and
out of that place without the
talent.

Doors slam. Jeep rolls away.

EXT. MIKHAYILOVSKY SQUARE - NIGHT

Blue-white halo of dawn begins to break. The Fixer walks across the deserted square, his shoes scuffing loudly on the crusty snow.

More scuffing starts up from behind. A THUG follows him at a lingering distance.

As The Fixer reaches the far side of the square, a parked car comes to life, high beams blinding him. Two more THUGS step out of the tiny dented Zaporzhets.

ZAZ THUG
(in Russian, subtitles)
<<You there.>>

The Fixer stops. The tailing thug sidesteps to get his own angle. As do the Zaporzhets thugs. The Fixer's surrounded.

THE FIXER
<<We taking a trip to the ATM?>>

Hands twitch, as if at holsters. Everyone faces off.

ZAZ THUG
<<We already been paid.>>

Guns BLAZE from the high beams, the thugs all around.

The Fixer is mowed down. He lies lifeless, splayed on the square.

The three thugs converge on the body, make certain it's cold and dead. Standing over him, they puzzle at the lack of blood, at the SNOWBALL clutched in The Fixer's hand. He rifles it at a thug's face...

SPLAT! The Fixer springs to life like bottled lightening and rolls the thugs with moves no legal man should know. In a violent flash, the three thugs lay wasted at his feet and The Fixer trains two smoking gun barrels at the Zaporzhets.

The DRIVER peels away in reverse down the thoroughfare.

The Fixer coolly stalks after the car. He squints into the high beams, waits a beat, then blasts both front headlights out.

Now able to make out a SILHOUETTE OF A FIGURE behind the wheel, he marks up and volleys off three rounds.

The Zaporzhets lurches and sways, careening into a kiosk and flipping over, its tires spinning at the moon.

He stalks up to the car, the thug inside still alive, whimpering. The Fixer grabs him by the throat.

THE FIXER
<<Who sent you?>>

DYING THUG
<<You did.>>

The Fixer lets him go, walks away, clipping off a couple shots into the Zaporzhets without even looking. The thug's whimpering silenced.

EXT. FIXER'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Tucked away off a gritty, back-alley courtyard. Perfect place for under-the-radar living. The Fixer enters.

INT. FIXER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Spare and post Soviet-chic. The Fixer unbuttons his shirt, wearing underneath a kevlar vest--U.S. MARINE ISSUE stenciled near the nape of the neck.

He peels it off and inventories a pattern of bruises across his bare chest and back from the slug impact.

Then he squirrels away the vest into a cache beneath the floorboards. More guns, loose cash, passports, other U.S. MARINE ISSUE gear, including his M-4 assault rifle. He closes the cache.

INT. FIXER'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

The Fixer kisses a WEDDING BAND threaded along with his DOG TAGS on a strap around his neck. His name and social security number filed off like the serial number of a stolen car.

INT. FIXER'S APARTMENT - MORNING

POUNDING on the door riles The Fixer awake.

He pads to the window, sees TWO UKRAINIAN POLICE CARS out in the courtyard.

POUNDING continues.

The Fixer looks at the floorboards then the door.

Opens it to a DETECTIVE backed by several uniformed COPS. They don't look happy.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - POLICE STATION - DAY

Scarred walls, florescent light. The Fixer gets the treatment.

DETECTIVE
(in Ukrainian, subtitles)
When did you arrive home last
night?

THE FIXER
Don't look at the time that late.

DETECTIVE
Why's that?

THE FIXER
Nothing good ever happens after 2 a.m.

DETECTIVE
Especially to foreigners.

THE FIXER
What exactly are you charging me with?

DETECTIVE
An American disappeared last night from his hotel. You were seen at Kryvorizhstal together.

THE FIXER
Trip Wolahan?

DETECTIVE
Yes, that's the name. Only two people know of this man's arrangements in Kiev. One is the diplomat. The other is you.

He pushes over a PHOTO. ENLISTMENT SNAPSHOT stamped A.W.O.L.
THE FIXER, years younger, an army brat.

DETECTIVE
This was in his room.

The Fixer betrays nothing, but it's like looking at an open wound.

DETECTIVE
He come to find you? Blackmail you?

THE FIXER
Just to show him the sights.

DETECTIVE
And did you?

THE FIXER
What about the prostitute? He left with a girl.

DETECTIVE
Hotel staff says your Wolahan
walked in alone. You know her name?

THE FIXER
She's a whore. What do you think?

DETECTIVE
I think you find yourself in some
trouble here.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

The Fixer walks out with Cheever, who's hopping mad.

THE FIXER
Thanks for getting me out.

CHEEVER
Yeah, well, this is a rat's nest
for the embassy. Goddamn
kidnappings. Kills these young
countries. It's a plague and it's
spreading.

THE FIXER
It's a good business for bad men.

CHEEVER
Does The Fixer get a cut?

The Fixer stops, insulted.

THE FIXER
What about you?

CHEEVER
Me? I'm a guy whose only chore here
is to cheer the economy and keep
the politicians out of Moscow's
back pocket. Losing Westerners
waving money does not inspire
confidence.

Cheever walks on.

THE FIXER
This hit the press yet?

CHEEVER

No. And it won't. Wolahan's disappearing act stays off the record 'til we know what's what.

THE FIXER

What about the man's family?

CHEEVER

What about the whore? He's not thinking about 'em why should we.

THE FIXER

Cops say he was alone.

CHEEVER

Ukrainian cops will say the sky's made of cotton candy someone pays them enough.

THE FIXER

Well, Wolahan isn't found, the only sky I'll be seeing is from inside a Ukrainian Gulag.

CHEEVER

It's a democracy. They're prisons now.

THE FIXER

You got immunity. What about me?

CHEEVER

Never heard of you and neither has the embassy. Sorry, sport, but you've just become radioactive.

Cheever leaves him, stranded.

INT. PREMIER PALACE - DAY

The Fixer walks into the lobby. The Maitre De blocks him.

MAITRE DE

(Ukrainian, subtitles)

<<Guests only.>>

THE FIXER

<<But it's me?>>

MAITRE DE

<<That's the problem, my friend.>>

He nods to two strong-arm SECURITY GUARDS. The Fixer gets the message, goes.

EXT. KHUTOROK RESTAURANT - DAY

The Fixer tries his go-to eating establishment, but the DOORMAN stops him at the door.

THE FIXER
You can't be serious. Everyone in
Kiev does business here.

DOORMAN
Then looks like you're out of
business.

THE FIXER
But I come every day!

DOORMAN
They know that.

Points to...

A BLACK INTIMIDATOR SUV

Parked on the street. A MAFIA-TYPE opens the door, nods The Fixer over.

INT. INTIMIDATOR SUV - PARKED - DAY

The Fixer slides in next to the mafia-type. A grey-skinned man in goggle-like mirrored sunglasses turns from the front passenger seat. This is DARKO, best boy of the baddest businessman in Kiev, and blind as a bat.

DARKO
You know who I am?

The Fixer knows.

DARKO
Then you know who I work for.

THE FIXER
Lazar Kindrachuk.

Darko pecks a kiss to RAWA, an austere, steely-eyed Afghan woman behind the wheel. She floors it, launching them into traffic.

EXT. KINDRACHUK'S BUILDING - DAY

An art nouveau landmark. Armed men move aside and the gate yawns open to a fortified courtyard. Darko's SUV pulls in.

INT. KINDRACHUK'S BUILDING - DAY

There's a vacuum of humanity, as if construction wrapped seconds ago.

Rawa has Darko's arm like a guide dog. Together the pair are both tender and menacing. They lead The Fixer to an elevator bank, where yet another armed man grooves to his ipod.

INT. ELEVATOR - ASCENDING - DAY

Silence, like a dive to the deepest, darkest ocean floor. Only up.

THE FIXER
He's the only one in the building,
isn't he?

DING!

INT. KINDRACHUK'S PENTHOUSE - DAY

Doors slide open. TWO BODYGUARDS greet them, one holding an UZI, the other a pair of WHITE SLIPPERS. Both bodyguards wear slippers of their own.

DARKO
Put them on.

The Fixer dons the white slippers and steps from the elevator. By the time he looks back for Darko and Rawa the doors shut and he's left alone with the slippered bodyguards.

They chaperone him through the labyrinthine penthouse, decorated in Tzarist decadence, slippers whooshing against the marble floor.

The Fixer turns the corner to the living room, where a man in smart suit pants and an undershirt tinkers over a half-assembled, 50's era open-wheel racing Jaguar. If Dick Cheney was a gangster, he'd be LAZAR KINDRACHUK.

KINDRACHUK

Rivals any puzzle, don't you think?
I had it disassembled and shipped
from a collection in Macau with the
original blueprints.

He proudly hoists up a crinkled set of blueprints.

KINDRACHUK

When I'm finished it will make for
a beautiful piece of sculpture.

THE FIXER

Novel.

Kindrachuk likes him already.

KINDRACHUK

Novel, yes. Like yourself. A man no
one knows, who seems to know
everyone. Take a seat.

The Fixer clears the spare parts littering the sofa cushions.

THE FIXER

If I crossed you in some way, that
was not my intention.

Kindrachuk rolls up a loose tire, perches face to face with
The Fixer.

KINDRACHUK

If you did you'd be dead. Fact is I
thought we could work together.

THE FIXER

I work for myself.

KINDRACHUK

This is going to be a challenge
given your current reputation. Your
American, Mr. Wolahan, went poof
into thin air. Not good for
anybody. Particularly you. I hear
police have interest. I can help.

THE FIXER

Help how?

KINDRACHUK

I was Minister of Interior Affairs
before the traitors took over.

THE FIXER
Don't you mean the election?

Kindrachuk smiles, dismissive.

KINDRACHUK
I controlled all the federal
police. I still have influence.
This unpleasantness can go away.

THE FIXER
Working for you.

Kindrachuk opens his palms, playing innocent.

The Fixer smiles to himself, sees the angle.

THE FIXER
You wouldn't happen know which thin
air my American went poof into?

KINDRACHUK
Alas, I'm as much a victim as you.

THE FIXER
What do you mean?

KINDRACHUK
From what I've heard, Mr. Wolahan
was in Kiev considering certain gas
interests of mine. A facility the
state also wants. I think they were
behind his abduction.

THE FIXER
(unbelieving)
The Ukrainian government?

KINDRACHUK
Punishment for my giving voice to
the opposition.

THE FIXER
Aren't you the opposition?

KINDRACHUK
Either way, this is their heavy-
footed way of blocking a deal when
I'm short of cash.
(off his look)
What's so funny?

THE FIXER
Short of cash are you?

KINDRACHUK
The cash anyone can see anyway. Of course, that's not the kind I'd like to offer you.

He slides a BRIEFCASE to The Fixer.

THE FIXER
I don't know. I was thinking Istanbul these days. War on the border, fast track to the E.U. What's Ukraine got but pretty girls and ugly gangsters.

Kindrachuk chills him with look, then thaws.

KINDRACHUK
That's why I need a western face.

The Fixer looks to his feet.

THE FIXER
Can I keep the slippers?

EXT. KINDRACHUK'S BUILDING - DAY

The Fixer walks out, briefcase and slippers in hand. Darko greets him coolly.

DARKO
You report to me.

THE FIXER
Blind leading the blind, eh?

Darko grabs him by the scruff of the shirt.

DARKO
I know you. You're the one I'll have to clean up when you stray. You have no loyalties. Mr. Kindrachuk forgets this.

THE FIXER
Afraid he might forget you now that I'm around?

The Fixer rips away.

INT. STAIRWELL - FIXER'S BUILDING - DAY

The Fixer climbs to his landing, stops cold at the door to his apartment. Television blares from inside. He stashes Kindrachuk's briefcase behind a radiator and enters...

INT. FIXER'S APARTMENT - DAY

TWO SECRET POLICE AGENTS kick back watching a badly produced Ukrainian music video, smoking like fiends.

A THIRD and FOURTH sift through The Fixer's cache of passports, weapons and cash under the floorboard.

AGENT 1
(Ukrainian, subtitles)
<<Come in. Come in.>>

THE FIXER
<<Thanks. My place. Or is the government reclaiming it.>>

AGENT 1
<<Those were communist days. We are Democracy now.>>

INT. ICE RINK - DAY

The agents deliver The Fixer, who takes a slippery, uncertain-footed trek to the center of the ice. There, Vita Lysenko glides gracefully across the empty rink.

VITA
You know when I was little, every Ukrainian girl dreamed of the ice. Men throwing flowers at your feet.

THE FIXER
Now they all want to be you. Isn't that right, Ms. Lysenko?

VITA
They shouldn't. In politics, the only things men throw are fists. I think you've taken a blow meant for me.

THE FIXER
You mean Wolahan?

VITA

The police have their suspicions, I have mine. You know Lazar Kindrachuk?

He shrugs yes. She knows he knows.

VITA

This is a political game for him. Terrorize foreign investment, make instability. Blaming the new government for bad economy is his ticket back to power.

THE FIXER

Sounds credible as the next story.

VITA

You've heard the next story?

THE FIXER

I hear stories. Kiev is full of 'em.

She skates circles around him, playfully taunting.

VITA

I imagine the U.S. military would like to hear about yours?

The Fixer gives up nothing, lights a smoke.

THE FIXER

I'm curious, what it take for Ukraine's 'Robber Baroness' to become her 'Darling of the Revolution?'

VITA

Just democracy.

THE FIXER

Not immunity from prosecution for those in parliament?

VITA

Some people use power and money to take more power, more money. Others return it to the people. That was the difference between Kennedy and Capone. That's the difference between me and Kindrachuk.

THE FIXER

Kennedy was shot and Capone died in prison. What's your plan?

She skids to a stop, sprays ice on his pant leg.

VITA

I want you to take up with Kindrachuk's organization. Work as a double for the state.

THE FIXER

The state or you?

VITA

Both.

THE FIXER

Who's paying?

VITA

My government has trouble enough paying its own people.

THE FIXER

So what are *you* buying? Want me to find the missing American?

VITA

We don't care what happened to him so long as you help us find someone else.

THE FIXER

And who might that be?

VITA

The vampire junkie.

The Fixer, intrigued.

INT. INTERIOR MINISTRY OFFICE (FLASHBACK) - DAY

Kindrachuk talks to someone we can't see.

VITA (V.O.)

He's an important witness...

Shuts the door in our face.

EXT. INTERIOR MINISTRY (FLASHBACK) - DAY

Kindrachuk emerges with bodyguards, climbs into his mint restored ZIL, a bygone Soviet limousine.

VITA (V.O.)
...to an order Kindrachuk gave...

INT. ZIL (FLASHBACK) - PARKED - CONTINUOUS

Darko hands Kindrachuk a packet of something.

VITA (V.O.)
...back when he was interior
minister...

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK (FLASHBACK) - DAY

More evacuated than abandoned. A JOURNALIST, bag over his head, is marched down the hallway by someone unseen...

VITA (V.O.)
...to execute a popular crusading
journalist.

BANG! Journalist drops dead.

INT. VAMPIRE'S CELL - UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT

A NEEDLE sticks into a forearm.

VITA (V.O.)
Everyone knows he's a notorious
junkie who'll turn for a fix.

PUPILS dilate. MOUTH slackens.

CUT TO:

A RAZOR BLADE...

VITA (V.O.)
A sadist who bleeds his
girlfriends.

...cuts the flesh of a screaming unseen girl.

INT. KINDRACHUK'S PENTHOUSE - DAY

Swoop through room by room, no one home, coming upon...

THE FIXER (V.O.)
Kindrachuk can't have him killed
because...

A PHOTOGRAPH: Kindrachuk, years younger, with his 8-year old boy.

INT. VAMPIRE'S CELL - UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT

Kindrachuk looks on, pained, holding Darko's packet of POWDERED HEROIN.

VITA (V.O.)
...the vampire junkie is his own
son, Roman.

ROMAN Kindrachuk (now 30's) seizes into the full clutch of an ecstatic high.

CUT TO:

ARIEL SHOT - KIEV

Swoop overhead the raw, sprawling city. Zoom in on...

VITA (V.O.)
Instead, he's hidden his boy from
the light of day. Imprisoned
somewhere in the city.

Kindrachuk's Zil, driving.

INT. STAIRWELL - FIXER'S BUILDING - NIGHT

The Fixer gets the briefcase he stashed behind the radiator.

VITA (V.O.)
We want to find him. Grab him.

INT. FIXER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The Fixer snaps open the briefcase. It's crammed with cash.
On top a business card:

NATIONAL HISTORIC SOCIETY OF SOVIET PROPAGANDA

VITA (V.O.)
Break him to testify against his
father.

Scrawled in the corner: *TOMORROW NOON.*

VITA (V.O.)
Finally bring Lazar Kindrachuk to
justice.

He slams shut the briefcase.

EXT. NATIONAL HISTORIC SOCIETY OF SOVIET PROPAGANDA - DAY

The Fixer walks up to a 50's built exhibition hall. He sees
Rawa behind the wheel of Darko's SUV, giving the evil eye.

INT. NATIONAL HISTORIC SOCIETY OF SOVIET PROPAGANDA - DAY

A TICKET-TAKER snores behind the donation desk. Darko stands
in the gallery of vintage prints from Soviet-era propaganda
campaigns. Only one there.

He vibes The Fixer's entrance.

DARKO
You're late.

THE FIXER
How you know it's me?

DARKO
Who cares about old lies?

On cue TWO AUSTRALIAN TOURISTS walk in.

TOURIST 1
Cool.

DARKO
(barks)
Museum's closed!

TOURIST 1 holds up his guide book.

TOURIST 1
But it says in the book...

Darko pulls a gun and pops off two blind shots in their general direction, almost hitting The Fixer and waking the snoozing ticket-taker.

The Australians book it out of there.

DARKO

Let's go.

INT. CATALOGUE ROOM - DAY

Darko brings The Fixer in back, where prints and artifacts not on display are catalogued. Darko gropes along the wall until he gets to a huge propaganda billboard trumpeting the virtues of pig-iron. He swings it open to reveal a second, vault-like door with a combination dial.

Darko presses his ear to the door and works the dial. The vault yawns open. A ladder descends into a flickering fluorescence.

DARKO

You first.

INT. SECRET VAULT - DAY

They descend into an ample, well lit basement. Two diminutive men, 70-YEAR OLD TWINS, bustle about the various presses and printers, screens and stamps, magnifying glasses and markers. They run this underground counterfeiting and forgery operation like clockwork.

DARKO

The Becker Brothers. Very talented.
Very precise. Very Swiss.

THE FIXER

Looks like Kinko's for crooks.

DARKO

What's Kinko's?

THE FIXER

It's a place where lines are long,
nothing works and nobody cares.
Very Soviet. You'd appreciate it.

Darko hands The Fixer a sheath of documents.

DARKO

We are democracy now.

THE FIXER
That's what everyone keeps telling
me.

On top is a U.S. PASSPORT, inside The Fixer's PHOTO, name:
TRIP WOLAHAN.

THE FIXER
This retouched or a fake?

DARKO
Retouched would tell you we know
where to find him, when we don't.
Kindrachuk saw opportunity in the
man's disappearance.

THE FIXER
I'll bet.

The Fixer flips through the sheath. Bills of Lading from
China and Ukraine, Articles of Incorporation filed with the
U.S. Secretary of State. WOLAHAN'S SIGNATURE everywhere.

THE FIXER
And the rest of this?

DARKO
They authenticate the purchase of
one of Mr. Kindrachuk's gas
facilities by a foreign consortium
lead by Trip Wolahan. Now led by
you.

THE FIXER
So what's the job?

EXT. GAS PLANT - EASTERN UKRAINE - DAY

Heavy industry hell. K-GAZ, Kindrachuk's brand. Gas is piped
into tanker trucks.

DARKO (V.O.)
First shipment is one hundred fifty
million dollars of gas to China.

INT. CUSTOMS MINISTRY - DAY

The Fixer walks down a corridor.

DARKO (V.O.)
You will go to Customs Ministry,
make a filing as Wolahan.

CUT TO:

The Fixer sits across from a CUSTOMS OFFICIAL, who
suspiciously studies the paperwork.

DARKO (V.O.)
In Ukraine, exports trigger a tax
refund. 20% of the sale.

APPROVES the refund.

EXT. CUSTOMS MINISTRY - DAY

The Fixer walks out. Grins at Darko seated in an SUV out
front.

DARKO (V.O.)
In thirty days the government will
write a \$30 million check.

EXT. GAS DEPOT - CHINA - DAY

A K-GAZ tanker valve is opened. No gas.

DARKO (V.O.)
Of course the goods will never go
anywhere.

A CHINESE OFFICIAL, vexed.

EXT. GAS DEPOT - UKRAINE

K-GAZ tankers arrive. The Fixer shakes hands with a MANAGER.

DARKO (V.O.)
We will sell it here.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY

It's a front. Only a phone on the floor.

DARKO (V.O.)
By the time authorities discover
the deal is a fraud...

Tax Police raid the place.

INT. PREMIER PALACE - DAY

The Fixer struts in like he owns the place. He's back.

DARKO (V.O.)
The tax money will have disappeared
with the American businessman.

INT. CAFE - PREMIER PALACE - DAY

The Fixer regroups over cocktail. Maitre De approaches, now all cozy.

MAITRE DE
(Ukrainian, subtitles)
<<Good to have you back, my
friend.>>

The Fixer ignores him, sees something that amps his interest, out the window:

NEEKA, the prostitute, walks by in a NURSE UNIFORM.

EXT. PREMIER PALACE - DAY

The Fixer runs outside. Spots her down the street. She disappears into...

INT. SUBWAY STATION (PLAZA ENTRANCE) - DAY

Neeka down an endless escalator, The Fixer a few bodies behind.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - DAY

Neeka squeezes into one end of the car, The Fixer the other. She grabs a handhold and buries her nose in a medical text book. The Fixer drifts toward her. Looking up, she catches his eye, perhaps making the connection, then goes back to reading.

THE FIXER
(Ukrainian, subtitles)
<<Pardon me. Do I know you?>>

NEEKA
(ignoring)
<<No.>>

THE FIXER
<<You look very familiar.>>

NEEKA
<<I look like a girl you're trying
to pick up.>>

THE FIXER
<<I know. The Kryvorizhstal.>>

Passengers in the car perk up, gawk at Neeka.

NEEKA
<<I don't know what you're talking
about.>>

THE FIXER
<<You went home with a friend of
mine.>>

She SLAPS him and retreats to the next car.

EXT. NEEKA'S APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

A dreary Soviet suburb on the outskirts of the city.
Ubiquitous Brezhnev-ugly high-rise apartment blocks brace
against the plain.

Neeka spills from the subway with a crowd of commuters. The
Fixer follows, keeping his distance.

INT. NEEKA'S APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

Neeka enters the junky lobby. Keys open a mailbox and grabs
her mail. The Fixer spies from the front door.

Neeka catches the elevator. The Fixer ducks inside and checks
out the apartment number on the mailbox.

INT. NEEKA'S FLOOR - DAY

The Fixer approaches Neeka's apartment door. Knock-knock.
Footsteps inside. A beat.

NEEKA
(from behind the door)
<<Fuck off pervert or I call the
police.>>

The Fixer slides \$200 under the door.

THE FIXER
<<You can pay their gas for the
trip or we can just talk.>>

Door opens and Neeka thrusts a GUN in his face.

NEEKA
<<Ukrainian girl's best protection
against unsafe sex.>>

THE FIXER
<<So you do remember me.>>

She pockets the \$200 and closes the door behind her.

NEEKA
<<Let's talk outside. My mother's
home.>>

EXT. CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND - DAY

The Fixer and Neeka stroll between apartment blocks.

THE FIXER
<<She know what you do? Your
mother?>>

NEEKA
<<She knows I'm in nursing school.
One night at Kryvorizhstal pays for
one month of study. Any girl in
Kiev can go as long as she gives
back to the door. No one owns
you.>>

THE FIXER
<<Not even for a few hours?>>

She glares.

NEEKA
<<You asked about your friend. The
one I left with.>>

THE FIXER
<<He disappeared that night.
Kidnapped, killed. No one knows.>>

She looks genuinely surprised, upset.

NEEKA
(in English)
You think I do?

THE FIXER
You speak English?

NEEKA
Better to pretend not to. This way
men say things around you they
think you don't understand. Things
that will let a girl know if she is
in trouble.

THE FIXER
You get into a lot of trouble?

NEEKA
We never went back to hotel. He
left me at the metro. That was it.

THE FIXER
Why not get his money's worth?

NEEKA
He said I reminded him of his
daughter. That's why he was here,
in Kiev.

THE FIXER
His daughter?

NEEKA
Yes. He was a sad man. Not all who
come to that place are hard. Many
are sad. Your friend was the
saddest.

THE FIXER
No friend. Just another American.
Anything else?

Neeka considers holding back, then decides against it.

NEEKA
Before I pulled him. In the club.
He was going to shoot you.

The Fixer, face like he was just slapped from a dream.

INT. BATHROOM - THE KRYVORIZHSTAL - NIGHT

The Fixer whispers to Karina, the bathroom attendant, dropping cash in her tray. She looks up, not buying what he's buying.

INT. BOOTH - THE KRYVORIZHSTAL - NIGHT

Karina slides into a booth with The Fixer.

KARINA
You're wasting your time.

THE FIXER
You must see and hear all sorts of things in your position?

KARINA
It's exactly that I forget what I see and hear that I have position at all. Otherwise I'd be one of them. Desperate.

She nods to the DANCE FLOOR where a writhing throng of women put themselves on display. NEEKA among them.

The Fixer sees her, zeros in his gaze. Neeka catches it, looks away embarrassedly. Karina gauges this timid exchange.

KARINA
I'd take her home. Too bad Darko doesn't like staff to play with the merchandise.

THE FIXER
I'm not worried about Darko.

KARINA
You should be. He's worried about you.

THE FIXER
Yeah, well, it's the seeing eye Afghani that spooks me.

He nods to Rawa, who greets a twosome of TURKISH GANGSTERS at a cage-like ELEVATOR that rises to a private level high above.

KARINA
I hear she's not only his eyes and
ears, but his wrath.

THE TURKS negotiate something, gesture toward the dance
floor.

THE FIXER
What's she run up there? More
girls?

KARINA
These are different girls.

Rawa goes to the dance floor.

THE FIXER
Different how?

KARINA doesn't answer.

RAWA grabs Neeka.

THE FIXER, concern growing.

THE FIXER
Different how?

KARINA
VIP only. Very expensive. You
really don't know?

RAWA drags Neeka from the dance floor. She looks back
pleadingly at The Fixer.

THE FIXER
Maybe some things I don't want to.

KARINA
They're kidnapped. Traded.
Russians, Lithuanians, even a
Filipino or two.

THE FIXER
What about Ukrainians?

Karina's look says it all... yes.

KARINA
We call them Kryv girls.

RAWA delivers Neeka to the Turks.

THE FIXER leaps from the booth. Pushes his way through patrons. CHEEVER intercepts him.

CHEEVER
Hello, Sport. You're not an easy
man to find these days.

THE FIXER
Not now, Cheever.

CUT TO:

Rawa, Neeka and the Turks step into the elevator. Rawa uses a KEY strung around her neck to activate the cab. Doors close...

THE FIXER arrives just in time, holds the door.

THE FIXER
Wait!

Rawa shoots daggers with a look. Neeka sobs. The Turks confused.

THE FIXER
She's with me.

TURK 1
Who is this fuck-o?

THE FIXER
I paid for the night.

Darko calls from behind, flanked by THUGS.

DARKO
They're paying for far more than
that.

The Fixer takes Neeka's hand, steers her from the elevator.

THE FIXER
Then they better find themselves a
new girl.

Turk 1 grabs Neeka.

TURK 1
We're done shopping.

The Fixer seizes his nuts like a vice.

THE FIXER
Right you are.

Turk 1 buckles to the floor. Turk 2 makes a move. The Fixer stops him with a wag of the finger. A badass not to be trifled with. Turk 1 moans on the floor. Turk 2 backs down.

The Fixer pulls Neeka away.

Darko blocks their path...

DARKO
You fuck up, she gets hurt.
...then lets them go.

INT. TAXI - MOVING - NIGHT

They ride together, Neeka still trembling, The Fixer afraid to comfort too closely a woman he's just bought.

NEEKA
Thank you.

THE FIXER
Don't think about it.

NEEKA
I can't help it. Girls are kept
drugged up there. I hear if they
make trouble or try escape, there's
the vampire.

The Fixer's antennae perk, perk, perk.

THE FIXER
Did you say vampire?

NEEKA
Bad business to damage the goods,
especially if your business is
flesh. Kryv girls aren't beaten,
they're bled. Those who get
punished, it's impossible to tell.

THE FIXER
And you believe these stories?

NEEKA
With all my heart.

Bingo. Roman Kindrachuk.

EXT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

Neeka steps from the taxi. Wants to say something to The Fixer, doesn't know how.

NEEKA
You know, you paid for--

THE FIXER
I didn't.

She smiles shyly.

NEEKA
Are you hungry? I'll treat.

THE FIXER
Listen Neeka, I ever see you back
there, I'll hurt you myself.

He slams the door in her face. Taxi sputters away, Neeka left stinging.

INT. TAXI - MOVING - NIGHT

The Fixer catches his reflection, hating himself. He dials his cell.

THE FIXER
(into phone)
I think I found your man.

EXT. DNIEPHER RIVERFRONT - NIGHT

Ice-clogged and industrial. The Fixer and Vita rendezvous in front of a rusty, listing boat. The Kryvorizhstal lit up like a lavish Hollywood premier in the distance.

VITA
We can't just raid the
Kryvorizhstal. It's protected.
Powerful men like to play there.
Men I work with. We'll have to get
him out quietly.

She drops a direct look, an appeal for help.

THE FIXER
Information costs one thing. Action
something more.

VITA
What about loyalty?

THE FIXER
Even you're not rich enough.

INT. KHUTOROK RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The Fixer, back in favor, dines after hours. Only the chefs and wait staff eat at a table nearby.

MAFIA-TYPES enter and surround his table. The Fixer goes about his meal, the ultimate cool customer. The restaurant people scam. Darko enters last.

THE FIXER
I fuck up yet?

DARKO
We'll see. You're coming with us.

THE FIXER
Where to?

DARKO
Odessa.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAWN

A convoy of Intimidator SUV's cut through the Ukrainian steppes, blood-orange sun rising fast.

INT. DARKO'S SUV - MOVING - DAY

The Fixer looks around the stony, murderous expressions of the men crammed around him. Darko turns from the front seat.

DARKO
Tell me, what do I look like?

THE FIXER
Excuse me?

DARKO
My style. What I'm wearing. Does it work?

THE FIXER
Uh, I think you're asking the wrong guy.

DARKO

Please, my woman dresses me in the morning like a child. I could look like a goat herder and wouldn't know the difference.

Darko leans back for a better show of his attire.

DARKO (CONT'D)

Now tell me? I don't want to be fucked with. Do I look the part?

THE FIXER

Yeah, your woman knows what she's doing.

This pleases Darko immensely. He gives his shirt a little tug.

DARKO

You know I was KGB in Afghanistan. Only man to survive our helicopter shot down by Mujahideen. Rawa found me blinded. Crawling like a dog through the mountains. She nursed me back to health. If her village knew, they'd have killed us both. She is only thing good I know in the world. Do you have such a person?

THE FIXER

No.

Darko smiles slyly.

DARKO

I knew you were a liar.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The convoy continues on. Brash ODESSA looms in the horizon, the glassy Black Sea beyond.

INT. MEN'S CLOTHING STORE - ODESSA - DAY

The Fixer fitted for a NEW SUIT. Darko a blind witness.

THE FIXER

You gonna let me in on what I'm dressing for?

DARKO

A wedding. And a funeral.

The Fixer shows off his new attire.

THE FIXER

How do I look?

Darko doesn't find it funny.

EXT. ODESSA TRAIN STATION - DAY

A white palace. DARKO'S CONVOY parked out front, blending into the bustle of the station.

INT. DARKO'S SUV - DAY

Darko's men ready their weapons, prep their assault. The Fixer can see this is bad news. Looks to...

EXT. PANTELYEMONOVSKY CHURCH (ACROSS FROM STATION) - DAY

Four silver onion domes. Very Eastern Orthodox. WEDDING GUESTS in dapper, reproachless dress line-up outside. A wall of SECURITY GUARDS vet the arrivals.

THE FIXER (V.O.)

We're not invited, are we?

EXT. ODESSA TRAIN STATION - DAY

DARKO

You are.

Darko hands over a WEDDING INVITATION.

THE FIXER

And who am I?

DARKO

New York lawyer we picked up connecting in Frankfurt. On his way to pay respect to a client who's made him very, very rich. A client he's never met.

THE FIXER

You mean a client I've never met.

Darko grins.

DARKO

Zuperov. Kindrachuk's rival. Used to run interrogation for KGB. Now he owns two TV stations.

THE FIXER

So I go in, play the lawyer, then what?

DARKO

Head count his protection. Signal us when the service begins.

THE FIXER

We're here to kill him.

DARKO

We're here to kill everybody. The bride's his only daughter. First time in months he's exposed.

THE FIXER

WHAT DO YOU MEAN EVERYBODY?

DARKO

Kindrachuk wants to send message. There are no longer petty gangsters or strong-arm businessmen in Ukraine. Only him. Only us.

The Fixer steels himself, a knot of resolve in his jaw.

THE FIXER

What's Zuperov look like?

EXT. PANTELYEMONOVSKY CHURCH - DAY

The Fixer approaches the security guards at the entrance, flashes his invite. They cross his name off the list. Pat him down, take his CELL PHONE.

SECURITY GUARD

(Ukrainian, subtitles)

<<No phones or photographs.>>

A CELL PHONE CHECK GIRL gives him a claim ticket. The Fixer turns a last anxious glance back at the TRAIN STATION.

INT. PANTELYEMONOVSKY CHURCH - DAY

The Fixer makes his entrance. Flowers everywhere. Children run around. Family and friends take their seats. It's a convivial, joyful atmosphere. He looks for...

BODYGUARDS AND GANGSTERS

Everywhere. The Fixer walks down the aisle and counts them, cases the scene. Then he spots:

ZUPEROV, a proud, coarse little man by the stairs. He dispenses orders to a PRIEST, then disappears to the upper chambers of the church.

The Fixer pivots and walks swiftly for the exit. A BOY (5), horsing around, nearly trips him. The boy ducks behind his SISTER (8) in a pew.

SISTER

<<Sorry.>>

The boy smiles, sheepish.

The Fixer considers the boy, his sister, then looks to the exit. Darko lurks somewhere outside, massacre on his mind.

The Fixer takes a knee, whispers to the boy.

THE FIXER

<<Want to play a game?>>

The boy nods, not sure what he's nodding about.

THE FIXER

<<I want you to hide. Hide until I tell you to come out, okay? Take your sister.>>

The boy grabs his sister and they duck between the pews, playfully keeping down.

The Fixer's expression hardens. He goes to the stairs. A BODYGUARD stops him.

THE FIXER

Toilet?

BODYGUARD ON STAIRS

<<Family only.>>

The Fixer bounces up and down. Gotta go bad.

THE FIXER

Please. I haven't pissed since New York. You speak American?

The bodyguard, sufficiently irritated, pats down The Fixer and waves him by. We follow the Fixer as he climbs the stairs.

(NOTE: The rest of the sequence is one continuous shot, the camera stalking with The Fixer like he were a character in a shoot 'em up video game.)

INT. UPPER CHAMBERS - CHURCH - DAY

Wedding party people flutter this way and that. The Fixer looks out for Zuperov. TWO GANGSTER-TYPES notice him out of place, go for their guns.

GANGSTER-TYPE

<<Hey you. What are you doing up here?>>

Viper-quick The Fixer takes them. Smashes one guy's nose into his brain, turns the gun on the other. BLAM!

The wedding party people scream, duck for cover.

The Fixer grabs both guns and double-fisting it, kicks down doors one by one until he gets to...

INT. BRIDE'S CHAMBERS - CONTINUOUS

Zuperov and his daughter, the BRIDE, in her wedding white. A moment interrupted.

The Fixer stalks in, guns leveled.

THE FIXER

<<Tell her to step back.>>

The bride screams. She clings to her father. Zuperov knows what's coming. He wrenches her away.

ZUPEROV

<<Kindrachuk can burn in hell.>>

The Fixer holds for a moment, struggles with the horror he's about to inflict on this beautiful young girl.

THE FIXER

<<You can warm it up for him.>>

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Zuperov's BLOOD splatters on his daughter's wedding white. The bride curdles a cry.

INT. UPPER CHAMBERS - CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

The Fixer steps out. He's met by the bodyguard who let him pass, leading a charge of Zuperov's men. Guns blaze!

The Fixer wastes them left and right, a ballet of bullets. More of Zuperov's men materialize. The Fixer ducks into...

INT. CHOIR BENCH - CONTINUOUS

Seating for the choir open to the congregation below. Pushing through the singers, The Fixer leaps...

INT. PANTELYEMONOVSKY CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

...and CRASHES onto an extravagant flower arrangement.

The Fixer staggers to his feet and flees down the aisle, picking off anyone with a gun.

He passes the boy and his sister, still hiding in the pew, and shushes them to stay down and be quiet.

EXT. PANTELYEMONOVSKY CHURCH - DAY

The Fixer blows away the last security guards on the steps.

Darko's convoy wheels up. Men step out, ready to raid.

THE FIXER
It's done.

DARKO
What do you mean it's done?

THE FIXER
Zuparov's dead. I killed him.

The church doors burst open. What's left of Zuperov's men, hot after The Fixer. Darko and company raze them down.

DARKO
What about everyone else?

THE FIXER

Bride's wearing him on her wedding dress. That clear enough message?

POLICE SIRENS whine in the distance. Darko brightens.

DARKO

Maybe I was wrong about you.

THE FIXER

Let's just get back the hell to Kiev.

They pile into the SUV's and take off.

INT. KIEV OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

The orchestra warms up. Kindrachuk, with entourage, makes his way up the stairs to the balcony box. He pulls aside the curtains and sees...

INT. BOX - OPERA HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Vita, always a stunner. She greets him brightly, two flutes of champagne in hand.

VITA

Hello Lazar. Don't you just love the opera? It's so... full of shit.

Kindrachuk, not happy about the ambush.

KINDRACHUK

What are you doing here, Vita?

VITA

I might ask you. This is the state box is it not? Last time I checked, you were no longer part of this government.

He nods to his entourage.

KINDRACHUK

Please, give us a moment.

The curtains close, Vita and Kindrachuk left alone. They circle each other like caged spiders.

KINDRACHUK

What do you want?

VITA
I thought we'd celebrate.

She offers the flute.

KINDRACHUK
You and I have nothing to
celebrate.

VITA
No? Our old friend Zuperov was
butchered, didn't you hear?

KINDRACHUK
(unmoved)
I did.

VITA
Lucky for us, don't you think? Old
friends, old rivals. Three's a
crowd in politics I say.

KINDRACHUK
Two's a crowd in this box.

VITA
You'll find one a crowd in your
prison cell, I promise.

KINDRACHUK
I should have kept you in yours.

VITA
Like you keep your son? How is he
these days.

Kindrachuk narrows his eyes.

KINDRACHUK
Glad he's away from you.

VITA
I wonder how a junkie knows if he's
glad or not?

Kindrachuk opens the curtains.

KINDRACHUK
I think we're done here.

Vita winks, hands him the flute on her way out.

VITA
My dear, we're just getting
started.

INT. BATHROOM - THE KRYVORIZHSTAL - NIGHT

Karina opens a BRITISH PASSPORT to her own photo. The Fixer
hands her a PLANE TICKET and a small purse of uncut DIAMONDS.

THE FIXER
You can get enough from those to
start a new life away from here.
Five new lives.

KARINA
What are you asking me to do with
this one?

EXT. THE KRYVORIZHSTAL - NIGHT

Guards wand down one of Vita's secret police agents, AGENT 1
from The Fixer's apartment, undercover as a mafia-type.

THE FIXER (V.O.)
Four men will see you.

INT. BOOTH - THE KRYVORIZHSTAL - NIGHT

AGENT 1 passes by, steals a glance with AGENT 2 (also
undercover), who shoots a vodka.

THE FIXER (V.O.)
Each on his own.

INT. BATHROOM - THE KRYVORIZHSTAL

A man with ORANGE SOCKS zips up. AGENT 3.

THE FIXER (V.O.)
Look for the orange socks.

He tips Karina, who eyes a stall: *'OUT OF ORDER'*

CUT TO:

BATHROOM STALL

AGENT 4 lifts the toilet tank. Inside a cache of weapons.

THE FIXER (V.O.)
You'll supply each a weapon.

INT. THE KRYVORIZHSTAL - NIGHT

Karina catwalks past The Fixer sidled at the bar, a parting glance goodbye...

THE FIXER (V.O.)
Then you walk out of here, go
directly to the airport and never
look back.

The Fixer looks to undercover AGENTS 1-4, now together, negotiating with Rawa at the elevator.

Darko steps beside The Fixer.

DARKO
I don't like those men with Rawa.
Go with her.

THE FIXER
Who, me?

DARKO
You know what's upstairs.

THE FIXER
Doesn't mean I wanna see it.

DARKO
You've proven yourself more than
just a convenient face.

He gives The Fixer a SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN.

THE FIXER
Make sure they behave. Otherwise,
Odessa.

CUT TO:

AGENTS 1-4 herd into the ELEVATOR. Rawa keys the activation. The cab doors close. The Fixer holds them last second.

THE FIXER
Room for one more? Darko's orders.

He steps into an elevator he shouldn't be in.

INT. ELEVATOR - ASCENDING

The Fixer's shotgun gets looks from the agents. Rawa's sharp eyes cut through the conspiring air.

INT. SEX SLAVE CELLBLOCK - NIGHT

They land at a private level in the rafters of the converted steel factory.

Rawa, The Fixer and Agents 1-4 step out into a reception area, where a wall of PLASMA SCREENS capture the closed-circuit goings-on in all the cells.

GIRLS who are not engaged primp and pose before the camera.

Rawa hands the agents a SEX MENU, a description of stats and specialties for the girls on display.

The Fixer notices a CAGE DOOR that bars entry to a CORRIDOR and the girls beyond. Looks to the key around Rawa's neck.

The agents make their picks, point to the displays.

Rawa glimpses Agent 1's GUN tucked away in his belt line as his jacket lifts.

The Fixer sees that Rawa knows something's up.

Rawa sees that he sees. She's uncertain who's side he's on.

TIME SEEMS TO STOP...

...as they both devise their next move...

The Fixer cocks his shotgun at her.

Rawa kicks it away. It fires...

BLOWS the chest out of Agent 4.

The shotgun skitters across the floor. Then...

WRATH

RAWA, with frightening velocity, sticks a dagger into Agent 1's stomach, then grabs the gun she saw in his waistband.

Agent 2 and 3 draw theirs.

Rawa, wielding Agent 1 as a shield with her dagger hand, blasts away Agent 2 and 3 as they futilely fire back into their comrade.

In a bloody blink, The Fixer is all that's left. He scrapes after the shotgun.

Rawa flies at him like a giant bat, all flowing black robes, screaming for the fatal blow.

The Fixer gets behind the shotgun in time. BLOOEY!

Rawa blasted out of the air like a spinning skeet. She lands with a lifeless thud.

The Fixer yanks off the KEY strung around Rawa's neck.

CUT TO:

CELLBLOCK CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The Fixer looks furiously for the vampire junkie, only finding girl's cells.

THE FIXER
Where's the vampire?

A SEX SLAVE, maybe 17 or 18, pipes up.

SEX SLAVE
I know.

CUT TO:

The Sex Slave leads him past more cells, a shower, even a gym. At last they come to a DOOR. The girl's look tells all. The Fixer busts it down, charges inside...

INT. ROMAN'S CELL - NIGHT

Posh prison living. He finds a cadaverous, 30-something male splayed unconscious and tangled in prostitutes. ROMAN Kindrachuk, the vampire junkie, doped out of his skull.

INT. CELLBLOCK CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The Fixer drags Roman, NOW DRESSED IN THE CLOTHES OF AGENT 1, orange socks included, back toward the elevator.

The sex slaves follow him like liberated villagers.

INT. SEX SLAVE CELLBLOCK - NIGHT

The Fixer steps over Rawa's corpse, over the stripped Agent 1.

The girls see what's happening. See him step into the elevator. They beg to be taken too. Beg for freedom.

THE FIXER
I can't. I can't.

SEX SLAVE
Please. You can't leave us.

His helplessness kills him.

THE FIXER
I'm so sorry.

He activates the elevator with Rawa's key and the doors slide shut.

INT. ELEVATOR - DESCENDING

Back to the high decibel music below. The Fixer takes a deep breath. Roman Kindrachuk hangs off him like a rag doll. They reach the bottom and...

INT. THE KRYVORIZHSTAL - NIGHT

Doors open. There's Darko.

DARKO
Any trouble?

The Fixer and Roman, dressed like the agent, are clearly reflected off Darko's mirrored goggles.

THE FIXER
Like you thought. This guy was carrying.

Hands Darko the agent's gun.

DARKO
Where's Rawa?

THE FIXER

Taking care of the others. I was gonna throw this asshole in the river.

Darko smiles blindly.

DARKO

Do it then.

The Fixer carries Roman away.

Darko steps in the elevator cab, produces a KEY of his own.

The Fixer double times it through the crowded club, getting sidelong looks as he goes, never looking back.

CUT TO:

ELEVATOR

Darko going up. Something dawns on him.

EXT. KRYVORIZHSTAL - NIGHT

The Fixer walks the vampire junkie right out the front door of The Kryvorizhstal. Longest walk of his life.

INT. SEX SLAVE CELLBLOCK - NIGHT

Elevator doors open, girls scream and scatter. Darko steps out. He already knows.

DARKO

Rawa?

He trips over something. Feels at a corpse. Agent 1, stripped.

DARKO

Where is she, you whores!

The sex slaves look on, quiet as mice.

Darko fumbles over dead bodies, frightened as a child. He finally feels her silken robes.

DARKO

No!

He takes Rawa's cold body into his arms, her face into his hands, blood smeared everywhere. He cries in agony.

EXT. ABANDONED FAIRGROUND - DAY

A Ferris wheel tilts in decay. The Fixer meets Vita. He's alone. She's backed by agents in her Benzo.

VITA

What the hell happened? Where's Roman?

THE FIXER

Afghanistan.

Vita regards him curiously.

THE FIXER (CONT'D)

Think of it less a place, more a state of being. Fucked seven ways to Sunday.

VITA

You didn't get him?

THE FIXER

I got him, alright. After your guys blew cover. Now I'm in the fuck shop 'til Kindrachuk's in custody.

VITA

We can't do anything without his son to testify.

THE FIXER

You want your vampire junkie, I want in on what you know about the missing American.

VITA

Why do you care as long you're not a suspect?

THE FIXER

I have a feeling Wolahan's a blind spot in my rearview mirror. I need to know what's coming.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

A CORONER pulls out a slab from a corpse locker. On it a small square object covered by a white sheet.

The Fixer looks to Vita. She pulls the sheet. Inside a metal tray is Wolahan's SEVERED HEAD.

THE FIXER
Sweet Jesus!

VITA
Posted to your embassy a few days ago. Addressed to you.

THE FIXER
To me?

VITA
Nothing from who or where. No demands. No claim of responsibility. Just...

THE FIXER
Just what?

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

A CLERK furnishes a PHOTOGRAPH of some Ukrainian family from the 80's.

VITA
From the decapitation's mouth.

THE FIXER
Any idea what this means?

VITA
One.

The clerk wands a GEIGER COUNTER over the evidence photo. Pops and crackles. It's RADIOACTIVE.

EXT. DNIEPHER RIVERFRONT - DAY

Been here before. The site of the rusty, listing boat. The Fixer pops a HATCH. Inside Roman Kindrachuk, who shakes and vomits. Vita looks pained for the addict.

THE FIXER
 Poor bastard's already in
 withdrawal. Breaking him should be
 nothing.

Vita hands The Fixer the EVIDENCE PHOTO.

VITA
 I want this back. You have 24
 hours.

THE FIXER
 You know nothing in Ukraine gets
 done in 24 hours.

VITA
 Not unless you have a fixer.

She winks.

INT. BEST EVER TRAVEL AGENCY - DAY

Cheery fliers trumpet group tours to CHERNOBYL. ONDREJ, a
 tour guide, sells it like a day trip to Lake Como.

ONDREJ
 Chernobyl is highlight experience.
 We have very nice radioactive
 protective suits for you. Of course
 these are just for ambiance. And
 there is lunch. Two, three days
 tops for official paperwork.

The Fixer slaps down cash next to Ondrej's SNOWGLOBE OF A
 NUCLEAR PLANT.

THE FIXER
 That paperwork enough to go now?

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY

ONDREJ'S CRAP KAWASAKI zips by, Ondrej and The Fixer riding
 tandem. They skid to a stop under a SERIOUS LOOKING SIGN
 saying something in Russian.

ONDREJ
 "Exclusion zone" very close.

THE FIXER
 I thought I said no checkpoints.

ONDREJ

No checkpoint on private tour.

Ondrej slaps down his visor, revs the bike and pilots them onto a field, bee-lining it to the tree line.

EXT. WOODS - "EXCLUSION ZONE" - DAY

Ondrej and The Fixer ride in jags and spurts through the brittle, snow-packed woods. Trees skulk overhead like inky black spiders. They pass a WOLF.

EXT. BACK ROAD - DAY

They emerge across from an abandoned school, decayed like a sunken ship. Ondrej kills the motor. There's an eerie quiet, the dead echo of evacuation and swings creaking in the poisoned, listless air.

ONDREJ

Nothing now but you, me and
contained nuclear holocaust. We are
safe.

THE FIXER

How far is the squatter?

ONDREJ

Not so much. But I am telling you,
his marbles are very lost from his
head.

THE FIXER

Just take me there.

EXT. EVACUATED VILLAGE - DAY

Breached by the unchecked creep of mother nature. The Kawasaki zips past the derelict dachas, coming to...

EXT. SQUATTER'S DACHA - DAY

A small cabin reclaimed from ruin. Ondrej kills the bike. The Fixer dismounts. BEAR TRAPS litter the path from the gate to the front door.

ONDREJ

He's not so hot for visitors.

THE FIXER
You don't say.

ONDREJ
It's okay. We've made friendly
pact.

Ondrej tip toes through the traps. The Fixer gingerly follows.

CLAP! of a rifle shot SPRINGS A TRAP inches from The Fixer's ankle.

THE FIXER
What kind of pact?

SNAP! SNAP! SNAP! Three more traps spring from rifle shots at The Fixer's feet.

LEONID, a fire-breathing oldster, pokes his head from a window, sights set behind a Kalashnikov.

LEONID
(Ukrainian, subtitles)
<<Get lost!>>

Ondrej waves his arms wildly.

ONDREJ
<<Wait! Leonoid! It's me! Ondrej
from Best Ever Tours!>>

Leonid squints through the sight, smiles heartily.

LEONID
<<Best Ever Ondrej! Why not say so!
Did you bring my material?>>

INT. SQUATTER'S DACHA - DAY

Ondrej hands Leonid a little trove of magazines, *People*, *US Weekly* and *In Touch*.

ONDREJ
I also brought an American.

The Fixer surveys Leonid's home with wonder. PHOTOGRAPHS cram every square inch of wall space. Shoeboxes brimming with more photos are stacked on the floor. A cataloguing of sorts seems to have begun.

ONDREJ

He has great curiosity to meet
mayor of dead zone.

Leonid eyeballs The Fixer with deep-seated suspicion.

LEONID

Okay. But no pictures!

INT. KITCHEN - SQUATTER'S DACHA - DAY

Again, snapshots everywhere. Leonid prepares tea, the
Kalashnikov slung around his shoulder.

LEONID

The people in Kiev, they are
whiners. Every ailment they blame
Chernobyl. A rash. Chernobyl. Car
breaks down. Chernobyl. My wife
cheating on me. Chernobyl.
Chernobyl. Chernobyl.

He serves up teacups to The Fixer and Alexsei, who regard the
offering like it were, well, radioactive.

LEONID

I was here for meltdown and
returned when the Soviets went
kaput. Sixteen years and I'm
healthy as a bear. The radiation
has got used to me.

Leonid gulps his tea.

THE FIXER

That why they call you the mayor?

LEONID

I am mayor because I have people.

He proudly waves over all the photos, the people in them.

LEONID

I collect them from abandoned
homes.

ONDREJ

Probably he's been into every
dwelling in exclusion zone.

LEONID
I don't steal, mind you. Just
custodian until they return.

THE FIXER
Of course.

The Fixer passes Leonid the EVIDENCE PHOTO from Wolahan's
head. Some Ukrainian family from the 80's.

THE FIXER
What can you tell me about this?

Leonid looks up gravely.

LEONID
They will not be returning.

INT. SQUATTER'S DACHA - DAY

Leonid holds The Fixer's photo up against a collage on the
wall. The Fixer and Ondrej lean in. The family in the
evidence photo IS THE SAME as that smiling back from several
of the squatter's framed snapshots.

THE FIXER
You know these people?

LEONID
No. I saved the pictures from their
apartment in Prypyat. An evil
place. I will never go back.

ONDREJ
Why not, Leonid?

LEONID
Men are taken to vanish there. It
is nothing but an anonymous grave,
that block.

THE FIXER
What men?

LEONID
The innocent. The guilty. All men.

THE FIXER
Who takes them there?

LEONID

Whoever can afford the silence of
checkpoint police. This is not
attraction you want to see.

The Fixer turns to Ondrej.

THE FIXER

Yes, it is.

EXT. PRYPYAT - DAY

The ghost city's desperate final hours are frozen in time,
contamination cast overhead like illuminated milk. Patches of
snow like lesions.

Ondrej's crap Kawasaki sluices down an EMPTY BOULEVARD.

They take a short cut through the lobby of a POLICE STATION.

They weave around a cluster of apartment blocks.

They finally arrive at the tallest building in town, THE
PROMETHEUS. Ondrej kills the bike. He looks up at the eerie,
corpse-like structure.

ONDREJ

Maybe I stay down here. With the
bike.

The Fixer understands, heads inside alone...

INT. LOBBY - THE PROMETHEUS - DAY

The Fixer looks at the back of the evidence photo. Newly
penciled in: *APT. 1107*

He peers up the open elevator shaft, down at the water filled
elevator pit, iced over. Power out, he heads for the stairs.

INT. STAIRWELL - THE PROMETHEUS - DAY

The Fixer climbs and climbs. Higher he gets, worse the
stench. He muffles his nose.

INT. 11TH FLOOR - THE PROMETHEUS - DAY

The Fixer ventures into a hallway strewn with personal effects: a left shoe, head of a doll, lidless tea kettle, calender circa 1986.

He steps over a DEAD BODY with a sack over its head. (The Journalist)

Looking for Apt. 1107, he half-glimpses through the cracked doors of rooms hits, executions, murders. Many shot. Some stabbed. Still others strung up, tortured with power tools. All decomposing, food for birds that flutter in freely through the broken windows. Ukraine's answer to the bottom of the Hudson River.

The Fixer steels his gaze forward, trying to ignore the hell he walks in. He reaches Apt. 1107. Pushes open the door...

INT. APT. 1107 - THE PROMETHEUS - DAY

The Fixer takes a probing step inside. There, a HEADLESS BODY propped in front of a cracked TV set.

He fishes the corpse's pockets. Pulls WOLAHAN'S PASSPORT.

He can't help notice a SNAPSHOT taped to the TV set. He grabs it. He recognizes:

PVT. BEST.

The driver who was killed. Beaming proudly as she gathers a gaggle of Afghan children in front of her humvee.

Written on the back:

"DAD, BE HOME SOON. MUCH LUV. - S"

The Fixer looks up, the mystery coming into focus.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! Gunfire breaks the spell. He looks out the window.

THE FIXER'S POV:

Car below, a BEEMER. Ondrej shot dead on the pavement. THREE MEN charge into the building.

INT. 11TH FLOOR - THE PROMETHEUS - DAY

The Fixer runs to the stairwell.

INT. STAIRWELL - THE PROMETHEUS - DAY

The Fixer on the landing, hears a barrage of boot heels take the stairs. It's as if they know exactly where to find him.

The boot heels get louder. The men get closer. No where to go but up. The Fixer runs for the ROOF...

EXT. ROOF - THE PROMETHEUS - DAY

The Fixer emerges high above the ghost city, the SARCOPHAGUS of the CHERNOBYL PLANT hulking in the distance.

He circles the edge for a way out, a way down. Comes across a WINDOW WASHER SCAFFOLD. He casts it over the edge. The rope snaps into dust. The scaffold plummets and splinters on pavement fourteen stories below.

THE FIXER

Nice.

He returns to the roof door. LOCKED! From the inside. He can hear the boot heels behind it. He's trapped.

Desperation falls. He looks for anything, sees an EXHAUST FAN DOME.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF - THE PROMETHEUS - SECONDS LATER

The door bursts open and out noses an old-school SMITH & WESSON revolver, handled by none other than THE AMERICAN WHO KILLED PVT. BEST.

This is LT. BIXBY, and he's flanked by two other American soldiers of fortune: big nigga LEONE and CRAZY MARY, nineteen and pretty as a girl.

Leone props opens the door and they fan out with military strike precision. The Fixer nowhere to be found.

Crazy Mary notices the EXHAUST FAN DOME, cockeyed and loose. He kicks it away. A man-sized opening leads to the ELEVATOR MOTOR ROOM below.

INT. MOTOR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bullets spray the room. Bixby, Crazy Mary and Leone drop in, guns drawn. Again no Fixer. Only dated, turbine-looking elevator motors.

A cable strung from one of the motors through a grate in the concrete slab jiggles with the weight of something alive.

Bixby grins ear to ear. Peers down the elevator shaft and shouts:

LT. BIXBY
Hello Captain, que pasa?

Pops off several shots.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

The Fixer dangles precariously from a cable over the pitch black abyss. Bixby framed overhead by a square of light.

LT. BIXBY
(shouting down)
You fucking dead yet or what?

INT. MOTOR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bixby nods to Crazy Mary who strafes the shaft with his M-4.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

Bullets whiz and snap around The Fixer, who lets go of the cable. He drops with a BIG CLANG atop the elevator cab wedged a floor below.

LT. BIXBY
(shouting down)
I mean, we tried to make it easy in
Afghanistan.

INT. MOTOR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Leone finds an old flashlight. It works.

LT. BIXBY
(shouting down)
Instead you make us come to cold as
fuck Ukraine.

Hands it to Bixby, who shines it down the shaft.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

The light spots on The Fixer, who grimaces. Blood squirts from his side. He's hit.

LT. BIXBY
(shouting down)
Chernobyl for the love of Christ!

The Fixer sees the rusted out BRAKE clenching the cable.

Bixby sets his sights for the kill with his Smith & Wesson.

The Fixer KICKS OFF THE BRAKE and the elevator cab PLUMMETS down the shaft.

INT. LOBBY - THE PROMETHEUS - CONTINUOUS

The cab SPLASHES heap-like into the water filled elevator pit, which somewhat braces the fall. The Fixer rolls out into the lobby. Shaken hard, shot, but in one piece.

INT. MOTOR ROOM - THE PROMETHEUS - CONTINUOUS

Bixby turns to his men. Shit.

EXT. THE PROMETHEUS - CONTINUOUS

The Fixer hobbles out. Sees Ondrej dead. Turns to the Kawasaki. Grabs the spare gas can.

INT. STAIRWELL - THE PROMETHEUS - CONTINUOUS

Bixby and company dash down the stairs.

EXT. THE PROMETHEUS - CONTINUOUS

The Fixer douses Bixby's Beemer with gas. He mounts the Kawasaki, sparks a lighter and tosses it on the hood of the car.

INT. LOBBY - THE PROMETHEUS - CONTINUOUS

Bixby, Crazy Mary and Leone spill from the stairwell, black smoke billowing through the front door.

EXT. THE PROMETHEUS - CONTINUOUS

They run outside. Flames swallow the Beemer. The Fixer escaped.

CUT TO:

WANDERER MONTAGE

EXT. BACK STREETS - "EXCLUSION ZONE" - DAY

The Kawasaki zips by the abandoned school.

The Fixer pilots himself home, losing blood, losing blood...

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Neeka races down the corridor with a gurney. She smiles at a BOY with a broken arm...

INT. STRIP CLUB - DAY

Cheever peruses an issue of *THE ECONOMIST* as a stripper bends over for him...

INT. MOSQUE - DAY

Darko stands by as Muslim women clean Rawa's body for burial, their careful sponging reflected off his sunglasses...

INT. KINDRACHUK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Kindrachuk sits in his vintage Jaguar, all assembled, staring at a framed photograph of himself, years younger, with his 8-year son, Roman...

INT. VITA'S BENZO - MOVING - DAY

Vita's flashing motorcade blows through a blasted neighborhood. A impoverished OLD WOMAN pushing a cart of bottles stares at Vita through the tinted glass as if she could see into her soul...

INT. APT. 1107 - THE PROMETHEUS - DAY

Wolahan's headless body sits in repose...

EXT. RURAL ROAD - EXCLUSION ZONE - DAY

Bixby, Leone and Crazy Mary walk back to Kiev. Mad as hell...

END MONTAGE

EXT. NEEKA'S APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

Neeka trudges from the subway, end of a long day.

INT. NEEKA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

She shuts the door behind her.

NEEKA
<<How's your day, Mother?>>

NEEKA'S MOTHER rings her hands in front of the TV, a picture of anxiety.

NEEKA'S MOTHER
<<A man came looking for you.>>

Neeka stops cold.

NEEKA
<<What man?>>

NEEKA'S MOTHER
<<<He said from the hospital. He asked to use the bathroom. He won't come out.>>

Neeka whips out her gun. Her mother gasps.

NEEKA'S MOTHER
<<What are you doing with that?>>

NEEKA
<<Hush, mother.>>

She slowly steps to the bathroom. Kicks open the door...

INT. BATHROOM - NEEKA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kevlar vest on the vanity. The Fixer in her bathtub, barely conscious, blood smeared everywhere.

THE FIXER
Home later than usual.

Neeka kneels to help.

NEEKA
My God! We need to call somebody.

THE FIXER
No.

NEEKA
But I'm just a student.

THE FIXER
Please.

He squeezes her hand. She takes a deep breath and...

INT. KITCHEN - NEEKA'S APARTMENT - LATER

Neeka cleans makeshift instruments used for the surgery in the sink. Blood swirls down the drain. She quivers with adrenaline. A tea kettle BLOWS.

NEEKA'S MOTHER
<<What's going on. Who is this man?>>

NEEKA
<<He helped me out at the... at the hospital. I'm returning the favor.>>

NEEKA'S MOTHER
<<I think he's mafia. Look what I found.>>

Her mother shows her a roll cash, passports and Wolahan's photo of his daughter, Pvt. Best.

NEEKA
(disapproving)
<<Mother, you went through his
pockets?>>

NEEKA'S MOTHER
<<What? I thought he was going to
die.>>

INT. BEDROOM - NEEKA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

The Fixer blinks awake, patched up and cleaned off, in Neeka's bed. A RECORDING IN UKRAINIAN plays from a small device on her desk. A man speaking seriously.

He sees Neeka, fresh and pink from the shower, naked and dressing. She catches him peeking.

NEEKA
Feeling better, pervert?

THE FIXER
What am I listening to?

NEEKA
I record the doctors at the
hospital so I won't forget what I'm
learning. You hungry?

INT. KITCHEN - NEEKA'S APARTMENT - DAY

The Fixer wolfs down breakfast. Neeka slides the PHOTO OF PVT. BEST across the table.

NEEKA
Who is she? Girlfriend?

Neeka's Mother sits there checking him out, listening intently.

NEEKA
Don't worry, she can't understand.

The Fixer handles the photo.

THE FIXER
She's the daughter of that
American. One who...

NEEKA
Disappeared?

THE FIXER
I found him.

NEEKA
He was looking for her? His
daughter?

THE FIXER
She was killed in Afghanistan. I
think he came looking for me.

Neeka waits for an explanation.

NEEKA'S MOTHER
<<What is he saying?>>

The Fixer holds the photo up, squints for comparison.

THE FIXER (CONT'D)
I can see why you reminded him of
his little girl.

NEEKA
Does he blame you?

THE FIXER
He's dead.

The Fixer and Neeka lock eyes.

NEEKA'S MOTHER
<<What am I, invisible?>>

INT. BEDROOM - NEEKA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Neeka opens a CLOSET with a rack of MEN'S CLOTHES.

NEEKA
You like, take something from here.

THE FIXER
Whose are these?

NEEKA
My father was like you, kind of a
dissident. He disappeared when I
was seven. Mother convinced herself
it was the KGB. I knew better. I
knew he escaped west.

THE FIXER
How'd you know?

She waves at the clothes in the closet.

NEEKA
He wore his best suit. The KGB
didn't give time to get dressed.

THE FIXER
I'm sorry.

NEEKA
(bitterly)
I'm sure he was too.

The Fixer goes to the closet and chooses a suit.

Neeka watches him dress in silence.

The Fixer finally turns to her for appraisal. Neeka steps toward him. She straightens and smooths the ill-fitting clothes.

THE FIXER
It's shor--

NEEKA KISSES HIM HARD, cutting him off. They embrace. She digs at his clothes, her father's clothes, starts ripping them off. The Fixer suddenly pushes her away.

NEEKA
I'm not that girl in the
photograph.

THE FIXER
You don't know what I am.

He goes to the window, lights a smoke.

THE FIXER (CONT'D)
If you had five lives. Five lives
to do whatever you choose. Who
would you be?

NEEKA
I don't know.

She thinks about it, list popping into her head.

NEEKA (CONT'D)
A drummer. Own a hat shop.
Definitely a test pilot. And an old
person on Miami Beach.

THE FIXER
What about a figure skater?

NEEKA
No. That's it.

THE FIXER
That's only four.

NEEKA
Five is who I am.

He adores that answer.

NEEKA (V.O.)
What about you? If you had five
lives what would you do?

THE FIXER
Atone for this one.

NEEKA
That's sad.

THE FIXER
It's the truth.

NEEKA
I think it's a foolish game, five
lives. There's only one that
counts. You can atone for it today
if you wanted to.

He looks to her. She's right.

EXT. U.S. EMBASSY - DAY

The Fixer struggles to take his first step across the threshold of the front gate. Neeka, there for support, removes something from her necklace. She places a CRUCIFIX CHARM in The Fixer's hand.

NEEKA
My grandmother gave to me. It gets
me through times I'm frightened.

THE FIXER
I hope that's not often.

She opens her palm, the flesh bruised and pierced where she clutched the crucifix like a vice.

NEEKA
Every time I'm with a man for
money.

The Fixer redoubles his grip on the charm and walks onto
United States soil.

EXT. GATE - U.S. EMBASSEY - DAY

The Fixer at a MARINE.

THE FIXER
U.S. Citizen.

MARINE
Passport?

Opens his forgery: TRIP WOLAHAN

INT. COURTYARD - U.S. EMBASSEY - DAY

The Fixer walks through like a condemned man.

SECRETARY (O.S.)
Uh, Mr. Cheever... a Mr. Wolahan is
here to see you...

INT. CHEEVER'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Cheever's long suffering SECRETARY (and state spy) on the
phone.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)
That's right. I said... I know he
is... Okay.

Hangs up. Smiles.

INT. CHEEVER'S OFFICE - DAY

Cheever, fussing in a drawer at his desk, surprised as hell
to see The Fixer.

CHEEVER
You!

THE FIXER
Expecting someone else?

CHEEVER
Yeah, a ghost.

THE FIXER
I know what happened to Wolahan.

CHEEVER
No shit. This a confession?

THE FIXER
Something like that.

EXT. U.S. EMBASSY - DAY

Neeka paces out front, sucking on a smoke. Bixby, Crazy Mary and Leone hop out of a UKRAINIAN SQUAD CAR. Still mad as hell.

THE FIXER (V.O.)
I soldiered in Afghanistan under a
black ops command called Tokyo Six.

Neeka has no idea.

INT. TECHNICAL - MOVING - AFGHANISTAN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A pick-up truck, Crazy Mary behind the flatbed mounted machine gun. Bixby drives, The Fixer shotgun. All dressed local, all with heavy beards. They look like Afghan militia men.

THE FIXER (V.O.)
Could be a man, could be a code
word for a larger operation. Nobody
knows.

EXT. POPPY FIELD - AFGHANISTAN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The Fixer's technical races through an endless field of purple poppies.

THE FIXER (V.O.)
We worked with local warlords and
the Afghan government to control
the country's opium.

CUT TO:

THE FIXER'S TEAM negotiates with local officials,
traffickers.

THE FIXER (V.O.)
Not its eradication mind you...

CUT TO:

A FARMER slices a poppy bulb, captures the milky sap.

THE FIXER (V.O.)
...but its cultivation and trade.

OPIUM CARGO stacked into covered trucks.

EXT. MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY - AFGHANISTAN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The Fixer's technical escorts a procession of rickety covered trucks through a breathtaking snowy pass. Drugs on the move.

INT. HEROIN REFINERY - AFGHANISTAN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

CHEMISTS refine the opium into Heroin.

THE FIXER (V.O.)
We set up in-country refineries...

The Fixer, Bixby and Crazy Mary pack the bricks of heroin into crates marked *MEDICAL*. Leone, clean cut and in a medic's uniform, load these into his humvee.

INT. MILITARY TRANSPORT PLANE - FLYING - DAY (FLASHBACK)

LEONE accompanies his "medical" cargo.

THE FIXER (V.O.)
...and smuggled product in military transport...

CUT TO:

MAP GRAPHIC

Military bases light up across Europe and the U.S...

THE FIXER (V.O.)
...to Europe and the States.

Names, locations of bases assault the screen like smoke signals.

EXT. WARLORD'S VILLA - AFGHANISTAN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Poolside, The Fixer pays off a WARLORD.

THE FIXER (V.O.)
The idea was keep our allies
flush...

A private army of Afghan soldiers laze about with
Kalashnikovs in his back yard.

EXT. TALIBAN STRONGHOLD - DAY

This same army assaults a village, slaughter TALIBAN
HORSEMEN.

THE FIXER (V.O.)
...and fighting the Taliban...

CUT TO:

MAP GRAPHIC - AFGHANISTAN

Neighbors Pakistan, Iran, Tajikistan highlighted. DRUG ROUTES
and DRUG ECONOMY NUMBERS illustrated.

THE FIXER (V.O.)
... while cutting out regional
players...

As NEW ROUTES bypass these countries, the numbers plummet.

INT. PAKISTANI CAFE - DAY

A DRUG TRAFFICKER strikes a deal. Product's exchanged for
cash.

THE FIXER (V.O.)
...where much of the drug economy
went back to financing terror.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE OF CAR BOMBS, EXPLOSIONS, KIDNAPPINGS...

INT. AIRFIELD - AFGHANISTAN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A military transport plane lands.

THE FIXER (V.O.)
Of course it didn't hurt we
provided the U.S. military presence
in Afghanistan...

TALIBAN INSURGENTS shoot at it with a shoulder missile.

EXT. BANK OF KABUL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

U.S. MARINES on guard.

THE FIXER (V.O.)
...with some untagged, untraceable
discretionary funds.

They're shot at by drive-by TERRORISTS

CUT TO:

RECONSTRUCTION MONTAGE - AFGHANISTAN

Roads. Schools. Detention Camps.

THE FIXER (V.O.)
What the money was used for, I
can't say.

INT. CHEEVER'S OFFICE - U.S. EMBASSEY - DAY

Cheever kicks back, savoring the story.

THE FIXER
But I can say everyone started
taking a cut for themselves...

The Fixer rubs Neeka's crucifix. Out the window, he *doesn't*
see:

EXT. GATE - U.S. EMBASSEY - DAY

Bixby, Crazy Mary and Leone walk in, flash credentials to the
Marine.

THE FIXER (V.O.)
...including my guys.

EXT. BACK STREETS - KANDAHAR - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A technical speeds through a grimy warren of streets,
following a lead truck.

THE FIXER (V.O.)
(narration now urgent)
They were moving an unauthorized
shipment...

Passengers are Afghan militia types, including Bixby, dressed
the part. He sees:

The lead truck SIDESWIPE A HUMVEE.

THE FIXER (V.O.)
When they ran into some reservists
who didn't know any better.

Bixby's technical skids to avoid the collision.

He covers his face with the scarf.

CUT TO:

BLACK

BLAM BLAM BLAM

EXT. SIDE STREET - KANDAHAR - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Bixby and the Ali Babas quickly gather up the bricks of
heroin, race off.

THE FIXER (V.O.)
The reservists were killed,
including Wolahan's daughter...

CLOSE ON the executed Pvt. Best, her NAME TAG.

THE FIXER (V.O.)
...who's married name was Sophie
Best.

DISSOLVE TO:

PVT. BEST...

...her name mentioned in an OFFICIAL REPORT of the incident,
along with *AMBUSH*, *HERO* and *INVESTIGATION CLOSED*.

THE FIXER (V.O.)
The pentagon played it as an
ambush, but it is was murder plain
and simple.

INT. TENT - AFGHANISTAN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The Fixer can't sleep.

THE FIXER
I could lie to myself that what I
was doing was for the greater
good...

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Wolahan watches his daughter put in the ground.

THE FIXER(V.O.)
...but I couldn't lie to those
families about their boys and
girls.

INT. CAFE - AFGHANISTAN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The Fixer confides to a man *we see only from behind*. THE
COLONEL.

THE FIXER (V.O.)
When I threatened to break ranks,
my guys tried to assassinate me.

A gang of AFGHAN MILITIA-TYPES enter the cafe.

THE FIXER (V.O.)
I went awol with the help of a good
Colonel...

TWO GUNS BLAZE!

The assassins laid to waste by The Fixer and Colonel.

INT. PREMIER PALACE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The Fixer sits with Stephens and his new "wife."

THE FIXER (V.O.)
...ended up here, where I knew a
trick or two.

INT. WOLAHAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Wolahan reads the official report. Much of it BLACKED OUT.

THE FIXER (V.O.)
My guess is Wolahan wanted more
than the "official" story for
closure...

Burns it in the fireplace.

INT. CONGRESSMAN'S OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Wolahan shakes a CONGRESSMAN'S hand.

THE FIXER (V.O.)
...and had enough friends in
Washington to go to Afghanistan and
investigate himself.

Holds it a beat too long.

INT. AIRPLANE - FLYING - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Everyone sleeps. Not Wolahan.

INT. CAFE - AFGHANISTAN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Same as the assassination attempt. Wolahan confronts Bixby.

THE FIXER (V.O.)
When the trail stopped at my team,
they put the blame on me.

Bixby passes him a SECRET FILE. The Fixer's ENLISTMENT
SNAPSHOT stamped: A.W.O.L. Caption reads: *WANTED FOR MURDER,
DRUG TRAFFICKING.*

THE FIXER (V.O.)
The deserter.

Wolahan takes the photo (the same found in his room in Kiev.)

EXT. CAFE - AFGHANISTAN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Wolahan steps into the daylight. Clouds race overhead like frantic, unstoppable thoughts.

THE FIXER (V.O.)
Wolahan wanted his revenge.

INT. BORYSPIL AIRPORT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The Fixer and Wolahan handshake.

THE FIXER (V.O.)
Somehow he tracked me down. Knew I was a fixer.

INT. HIRED CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

The Fixer and Wolahan ride.

THE FIXER (V.O.)
Led my enemies right to me.

INT. THE KRYVORIZHSTAL - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Wolahan on the dance floor, goes to shoot The Fixer in the back.

THE FIXER (V.O.)
The two troublemakers together...

Neeka intercedes.

EXT. MIKHAYILOVSKY SQUARE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The Fixer's showdown with the thugs.

THE FIXER (V.O.)
...Tokyo Six hired local talent to make us both disappear.

EXT. THE PROMETHEUS - PRYPYAT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The ghost city near Chernobyl. Thugs march Wolahan inside its tallest building.

THE FIXER (V.O.)
Wolahan did.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - POLICE STATION - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The Fixer questioned by detectives.

THE FIXER (V.O.)
I didn't.

INT. U.S. EMBASSY - DAY

Bixby, Crazy Mary and Leone march through the lobby.

THE FIXER (V.O.)
Now they're here to finish the job
themselves.

INT. CHEEVER'S OFFICE - DAY

Cheever considers this like a lozenge in his mouth.

CHEEVER
That's a pretty Goddamn good story.
What do you think I can do?

THE FIXER
Get me back to the States without
being killed. Put me under Justice
protection. I'll go public and
you'll be a hero.

CHEEVER
Sorry, sport. I'd rather be rich.
Drugs are more lucrative than book
deals.

Cheever pulls a gun from his drawer.

CHEEVER
Bixby promised me a cut. Who do you
think arranged to have you both
killed in Kiev?

With a glint in his eye, The Fixer calmly approaches Cheever,
who squeezes the trigger. CLICK.

THE FIXER
Yeah, that occurred to me.

The Fixer grabs the gun away. Takes a small device from his pocket. Clicks a button.

CHEEVER
(on the recording)
*Drugs are more lucrative than book
deals...*

NEEKA'S DIGITAL RECORDER. Conversation on the record.

CHEEVER
Fuck.

The Fixer bashes Cheever in the skull with the gun. The rooster-necked smoothie goes night-night.

INT. CHEEVER'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

The Fixer saunters out. The Secretary hands him BULLETS from Cheever's gun clip. He tosses back an envelope of cash.

THE FIXER
Better to know the snake in your
grass.

He winks.

INT. HALLWAY - U.S. EMBASSY - DAY

The Fixer discards the gun and clip down a mail slot, then ducks down a service staircase just as Bixby, Leone and Crazy Mary turn the corner.

INT. CHEEVER'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Bixby and company enter. Secretary looks up, all smiles.

BIXBY
He in?

SECRETARY
Just out of a meeting.

They head into Cheever's office.

INT. COURTYARD - U.S. EMBASSEY - DAY

The Fixer walks briskly, rewinding the recorder, tucking it into his jacket pocket.

INT. CHEEVER'S OFFICE - DAY

They find Cheever on the floor, just coming to.

CHEEVER
He's here.

BIXBY
Who's here?

CHEEVER
Your fucking Captain! And he's got
everything on record!

Leone looks from the window...

LEONE
There!

EXT. GATE - U.S. EMBASSEY - DAY

The Fixer walks past a Marine. A phone rings...

INT. HALLWAY - U.S. EMBASSY - DAY

Bixby, Crazy Mary and Leone launch down the service
staircase.

EXT. U.S. EMBASSY - DAY

The Fixer exits to freedom. Looks for Neeka. She's gone.

An Intimidator SUV skids up, back door swings wide. There's
Neeka. Darko with a gun to her head. He nods to get in.

INT. COURTYARD - U.S. EMBASSEY - DAY

Bixby and his boys race to the gate...

EXT. U.S. EMBASSY - DAY

They run into the street, the taillights of Darko's SUV gone
around the block.

BIXBY
Shit! Shit! Shit!

EXT. THE KRYVORIZHSTAL - DUSK

The sun sets angry and dirty behind the snow clouds. Darko's SUV rolls up.

INT. DARKO'S SUV - DUSK

Bouncers drag Neeka from the vehicle. The Fixer, hands bound behind his back, tries what he can.

THE FIXER

No!

Darko reins him in.

DARKO

You left a vacancy to fill.

She's taken, screaming and struggling, inside.

THE FIXER

You hurt her...

DARKO

It'll be nothing like what I'm going to do to you.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Darko's SUV maneuvers down a narrow mud logging road. The Fixer DRAGGED behind on a tether by his bound wrists.

EXT. STATUE CEMETERY - NIGHT

They come to a large clearing, the SUV's headlights splashing over HUNDREDS OF SOVIET-ERA STATUES. Lenin's and Stalin's everywhere, fists raised, eyes scowling. Other statues too, scrapped communist ideals. Snow gently begins to fall.

Ride over, The Fixer skitters to a bruising stop at a pair of shiny black wing-tips. Kindrachuk stands next to his Zil with some men.

KINDRACHUK

Where's my son?

THE FIXER

Check rehab.

Kindrachuk kicks The Fixer in the ribs.

KINDRACHUK
I know you delivered him to that
bitch, Vita Lysenko.

The Fixer grips Neeka's charm, still in his hand. It's drawn blood.

THE FIXER
I don't know what you're talking
about.

Kindrachuk gives Darko the go-ahead.

KINDRACHUK
String him up.

A NOOSE hangs high, thrown over a Stalin statue's thrusting fist. They string up The Fixer by his feet, like a pig to be drawn and quartered.

THE DIGITAL RECORDER falls from his pocket.

Kindrachuk picks it up.

KINDRACHUK
What's this?

THE FIXER
Nothing.

But Kindrachuk can tell it's something. He presses the button. ONE OF NEEKA'S DOCTORS DRONES AWAY IN UKRAINIAN.

KINDRACHUK
Nothing, you say?

Kindrachuk SMASHES the device. The Fixer's dream of redemption smashed with it. Cheever's recording, gone.

KINDRACHUK
Crossing me will get you killed.

Darko pulls a SCYTHE and HAMMER off a nearby iron statue.

KINDRACHUK (CONT'D)
Using my son will make it slow.

THE FIXER
You were holding him against his
will. He wanted to go.

KINDRACHUK

He was too far gone to want anything but another fix. I gave him what he wanted. Now I want him back.

The Fixer picks away at his binds with Neeka's crucifix.

THE FIXER

The police have him now. I don't know where.

KINDRACHUK

I own the police. What are you talking about?

THE FIXER

Vita's gonna make him testify about your order to execute that journalist back when you were interior minister.

KINDRACHUK

Is that what she told you?

THE FIXER

If I delivered your son, he'd deliver you.

Kindrachuk erupts with laughter.

KINDRACHUK

The only one I trust with an order like that can't ID anyone.

Darko removes his mirrored goggles, smiles through scorched eye-sockets.

KINDRACHUK

Seems for a man so adept at playing sides, you've been played yourself.

THE FIXER

I don't understand?

KINDRACHUK

This was all a vendetta. My ministry jailed Vita for corruption. My son blew the whistle. They were lovers back when she was stealing her fortune. Back when we were all stealing fortunes.

(MORE)

KINDRACHUK(cont'd)

He's the last link to her criminal past. The only man who could destroy the darling of the new democracy movement.

The Fixer, furious.

THE FIXER

Let me fix this. I'll get him back.

KINDRACHUK

So you do know where he is?

THE FIXER

No, but give me 24 hours.

Darko bites at the bit to avenge Rawa.

DARKO

You can't let him go. I can't even cry for her. Please.

Kindrachuk, considering, respects this.

KINDRACHUK

Make him hurt. If he says anything about my son, give me a call.

Darko flips the hammer to one of his men and raises the scythe. He advances on The Fixer, ready for blood.

Kindrachuk jumps into his Benzo and drives away.

The Fixer desperately picks his binds, almost there.

DARKO

Did she scream like this...

Darko lashes at The Fixer's stomach, who bellows a scream. Scythe snags. There's no blood.

Darko rips away the scythe and some of his jacket, revealing BODY ARMOR. Marine issue kevlar. Darko's stunned.

The Fixer frees his hands with the crucifix. Punches Darko and grabs the scythe, dropping the charm in the snow.

One of Darko's men pulls a gun.

The Fixer decapitates his gun-wielding hand with a stroke. Then cuts his feet free from the noose, thudding to the ground.

THE MAN WITH THE HAMMER charges The Fixer, whacks the scythe out of his hand. Whacks The Fixer back. Raises the hammer for a fatal blow.

THE FIXER

Darko!

Darko groping blindly to his feet, pulls a gun. SHOOTs...

The man with the hammer in the back. He drops.

The Fixer takes off...

Darko's last man fires after him. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

But The Fixer disappears deep into the statue cemetery.

Darko regains his composure. Looks around with his dead eyes.

The man with the decapitated hand moans in the snow. As does the man with the hammer, shot and dying. Darko's last man steps up.

LAST MAN

(Ukrainian, subtitles)

<<He's gone into the cemetery.>>

DARKO

<<He's as dead as Lenin.>>

CUT TO:

THE FIXER

Hides among the creepy Soviet-era statues. Lenin EXPLODES! Dzerzhinsky (founder of KGB) EXPLODES! The Fixer somersaults as the world heaves around him.

DARKO and his last man sweep the cemetery, GRENADE BELTS slung over their shoulders. With a keen ear, Darko listens and points his man where to throw. They advance behind the blasting grenades, beaters for the hunt.

DARKO

I know you're out there! I can hear
your beating heart! I'm going to
rip from what's left of your chest!

THE FIXER hunkers down, still and silent. He hears a branch crack. Sees a WOLF. A grenade lands near...

He books off, the wolf exploding with a SQUEAL.

DARKO and his man stalk to the squeal. Find what's left of the wolf carcass. Darko hears movement, points to...

THE FIXER springs from the darkness and TACKLES Darko's last man.

Darko turns his gun on the struggle, firing blindly around them.

The Fixer yanks a grenade, crams it down the man's pants, then rolls away.

The panicked last man desperately fishes his pants. Darko shoots him dead.

DARKO
I get him?

The Fixer ducks behind a statue.

KA-BOOM!

Last man's blown to bits. Darko blasted back.

The Fixer's okay. He comes over Darko's shattered body.

DARKO
Smells like... Afghanistan.

Darko drifts into death.

CUT TO:

NEEKA'S CRUCIFIX

The Fixer picks it up.

Jumps into Darko's SUV.

EXT. PARLIAMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Vita wades through a throng of fawning reporters, a star in her own solar system.

REPORTER 1
(Ukrainian, subtitles)
<<Ms. Lysenko, what about a bid for
the presidency?>>

VITA
<<Please, I was only just elected
to parliament.>>

REPORTER 2
<<Some say corruption under this
government is worse than ever?>>

VITA
<<Baseless attacks from the bandits
of the last regime.>>

THE FIXER
If they're so baseless, why was
Lazar Kindrachuk's son taken into
custody?

Everyone turns to the THE FIXER. Vita gives a man-crushing
stare. Reporters go into a frenzy.

INT. VITA'S PARLIAMENTARY OFFICE - DAY

A regal, hard-nosed office. Vita lights a smoke.

VITA
These matters I'd like to keep
unofficial until the right time.

The Fixer returns the radioactive evidence photo.

THE FIXER
Like the missing American?

VITA
Yes, like that. What did you learn?

THE FIXER
Nothing I shouldn't have known.
You?

VITA
Roman's dead.

The Fixer can't fucking believe it.

VITA
He choked on his tongue in
withdrawal.

He laughs.

VITA
This comic for you?

THE FIXER
You feed it to him?

VITA
Why would I feed him a tongue I
need?

THE FIXER
Because this wasn't about justice
for Kindrachuk, it was about
housekeeping your past.

VITA
Who says this?

THE FIXER
Kindrachuk, before he tried to gut
me.

VITA
I have a past, this is true. But
Ukraine is different now. I am
different now.

THE FIXER
Go to bed a criminal nation, wake
up one well rested.

VITA
Who are you to talk? Your country
was built on slaves and outlaws.
Your Kings were robber barons. Your
Queens frontier whores. Democracy
isn't clean. What looks inspired in
history is always dirty when the
bodies aren't buried yet.

THE FIXER
Especially if you're one of the
bodies. That how all your lovers
end up? Like the vampire junkie.

She looks genuinely hurt.

VITA
I'm not Kindrachuk.

THE FIXER
I don't think the media will make
that distinction.
(MORE)

THE FIXER(cont'd)

Especially when they find out you were in business with one of his fixers. Your star's gonna fall fast.

He heads for the exit.

VITA

A politician has to rape a dozen nuns and eat children to be disgraced in Ukraine.

THE FIXER

That explains why you don't have kids.

This cuts Vita deep.

VITA

You go public whoever you're running from finds you.

THE FIXER

They already have.

He SLAMS the door on his way out.

INT. STAIRS - PARLIAMENT BUILDING - DAY

Grandly Stalinesque. The Fixer bounds down. Vita runs up after him.

VITA

Stop!

The Fixer stops, turns to her.

VITA

I was pregnant when they threw me in prison.

INT. PARLIAMENT FLOOR - DAY

Empty. Vita and The Fixer walk the aisle.

VITA

It was Roman's. He didn't know.

THE FIXER

He knew enough to put you behind bars.

VITA

That was the heroin, not the man.
His father used it against him.
Like a hammer. Kindrachuk saw me as
a political threat.

THE FIXER

He wasn't wrong.

VITA

No. He wasn't.

THE FIXER

Am I to believe you still loved
him? Even after...

She stops. Watches an Old Woman sweep the floor, the same
from the wanderer montage. The one pushing the bottles.

VITA

I don't know what Roman could have
said against that tyrant, but I
knew I had to save him from his
awful addiction. In the end I
killed him. You're right about
that. But this was not my hope.

THE FIXER

You really want to get Kindrachuk?

VITA

Now more than anything.

THE FIXER

Then help me housekeep *my* past.

The Fixer holds up the smashed digital recorder.

INT. KIEV BATH HOUSE - DAY

A steam-choked old-world Ukrainian bath house. Vita's agents
dump Cheever on the tile, bound, blindfolded and fully
clothed.

CHEEVER

You know who I am, you fucking
cunts!

VITA
I do, Mr. Cheever. And I hear
you're an enthusiast of both
blindfolds and naked women. Today's
your lucky day.

Vita swims in the pool, nude.

CHEEVER
Who are you? I know that voice?

VITA
Vita Lysekno. We met once or twice
during the elections.

CHEEVER
Lyskeno? What the hell are you
doing? We helped get your sweet ass
in power.

VITA
Thank you. And now that my sweet
ass has a country to run, I must
again ask for your help.

CHEEVER
Funny fucking way. What do you
want?

VITA
It's about the missing American.
Wolahan.

Cheever senses the landmine.

CHEEVER
Erm, you have a lead?

VITA
I have a recording.

Cheever's nailed and knows it.

CHEEVER
A recording?

Vita climbs out, parading her naked body in front him, still
blindfolded. If he only knew.

VITA (CONT'D)
Neither of our governments want to
see such an unseemly incident go
public. Businessmen kidnapped.
(MORE)

VITA(cont'd)

Diplomats expelled. Questions asked.

CHEEVER

What are you saying?

VITA

Your military friends are to go back to whoever they report to and report The Fixer's been eliminated.

Vita towels off. Cheever sweats like crazy.

CHEEVER

Impossible. They don't give a good Goddamn what happens to me.

VITA

Tell them I know they're sitting on a substantial cache of heroin they can't unload. Heroin skimmed off a secret U.S. sanctioned trade operation in Afghanistan.

She puts on a robe.

VITA

Ukraine is a trafficking hub. I can arrange for it to be safely smuggled into the country. The Fixer has already lined up a buyer. I'll make them rich, make you rich. But this manhunt must end now.

CHEEVER

Why do you care?

Vita finally rips off his blindfold. Hands Cheever, who's soaked, a towel.

VITA

This is a civilized country. My country. And I don't like Americans running around it with guns.

INT. KINDRACHUK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kindrachuk asleep in bed. An ENGINE roars to life somewhere in his apartment. He snaps awake.

The roar accelerates for his bedroom door, sound of glass SMASHING, furniture SPLINTERING...

The vintage Jaguar CRASHES through the door, racing for the bed. Kindrachuk dives for his life. The Jag launches out the window wall and plummets into the courtyard below.

Kindrachuk peels himself off the floor. A gun is pressed to his temple.

KINDRACHUK

You better be here to kill me.

THE FIXER

I'd rather make a deal. I found your son.

KINDRACHUK

Alive?

THE FIXER

Seems while Vita doesn't want him to talk, she can't quite put him out of his misery. She reminds me of you, actually.

KINDRACHUK

What makes you think you can get to him?

THE FIXER

They trust me like you did. And I got to you, didn't I?

He surveys the destroyed penthouse.

KINDRACHUK

You'll bring him to me? At what cost?

THE FIXER

The girls. All the sex slaves in the Kryvorizhstal. And Neeka better be with them.

KINDRACHUK

My son for forty whores?

THE FIXER

Call it Ukrainian math. That and the price off my head. Agreed?

KINDRACHUK

Do I have a choice?

THE FIXER

They tell me this is a democracy.

Kindrachuk snorts with laughter.

INT. KRYVORIZHSTAL - NIGHT

Cheever plays messenger. Gathered at a booth are Bixby, Crazy Mary and Leone, extremely fucking pissed.

BIXBY

Who does this chick think she is?
Hillary Clinton?

CRAZY MARY

Ten million for gettin' that gear
off our hands. Sounds like a good
deal to me, Lieutenant.

LEONE

Twice that won't protect us from
the people who want this over.
Won't protect us from *Tokyo Six*.

CHEEVER

Who is this Tokyo Six anyway?

A sudden black chill settles at the table.

BIXBY

Maybe you. Maybe us. Maybe that
motherfucking Fixer. That's the
thing. He's everywhere and nowhere.
An Architect and a ghost.

CHEEVER

Architect of what?

BIXBY

You State guys really are clueless
fucks, aren't you? This
administration can always scare up
cash for its war on terror. Even
for that black hole Iraq. The
Afghan drug money is for a war
nobody wants to talk about.

CHEEVER

What war is that?

Nothing but Arctic stares. A question better not asked.

BIXBY

We do the deal. Then we kill him.

CRAZY MARY

What about Hillary Clinton?

BIXBY

Kill her too. Kill everyone. This is the fucking wild west out here, nobody gives a shit.

EXT. BORYSPIL AIRPORT - EARLY MORNING

Bixby, Crazy Mary and Leone off-load the drug shipment into the back of a POLICE MINI-VAN. Customs officials look on, giving protection.

EXT. BORYSPIL AIRPORT HIGHWAY - EARLY MORNING

The police mini-van, flashers on, sweeps down a straight shot of road fenced in by inky-black trees barring any glimpse of the countryside, a Soviet-era landscaping quirk.

EXT. THE KRYVORIZHSTAL - DAY

On the river, the Kryv girls are herded into the hold of a K-GAZ TANKER TRUCK.

INT. HOLD - TANKER TRUCK - DAY

Neeka cramps into the drum-dark hold with the rest of the sex slaves. Packed like rats. The lid SHUTS and they're enveloped in screams and blackness.

EXT. THE KRYVORIZHSTAL - DAY

Kindrachuk approaches one of the DRIVERS, who laces his truck with EXPLOSIVES.

KINDRACHUK

<<Not until I have my boy. Then there will be blood.>>

EXT. KIEV RAIL YARDS - DAY

FEDERAL POLICE assemble. A handpicked force. The Fixer slams a mag into his M-4, sting ready. Vita comes up with a JOURNALIST and a CAMERAMAN.

VITA

These men worked with the journalist Kindrachuk had executed. They're here to break the story.

THE FIXER

What story's that?

JOURNALIST

Girls for drugs. Ukrainian businessman arrested in a major trafficking bust. American G.I.s implicated.

VITA

Of course none of the Americans survive the shoot-out.

THE FIXER

God bless free speech.

EXT. SUBWAY STATION (PLAZA ENTRANCE) - NIGHT

Under renovation. Kindrachuk and four bodyguards enter from the park.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - CONTINUOUS

Grand as a subterranean ballroom, all chandeliers and tile mosaics. Kindrachuk's detail rides down one of the longest and steepest escalators in the world.

INT. UNDERGROUND MALL - NIGHT

Bixby, Crazy Mary and Leone shoulder their way through shoppers. They each tote SHOPPING BAGS. Come to...

INT. SUBWAY STATION (MALL ENTRANCE) - CONTINUOUS

Also under renovation. They march down a passageway plastered with peeling billboards.

EXT. BUILDING ROOF - NIGHT

Vita sits tight, backed by police. She scans through binoculars, radios...

INT. TUNNEL - SUBWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Fixer, crouched in the shadows.

VITA
(over earpiece)
No sign of the girls.

He watches as...

INT. PLATFORMS - SUBWAY - CONTINUOUS

The two factions, Kindrachuk and Bixby, converge on opposite platforms. All the guns come out, trained and trigger-ready.

THE FIXER
(radios)
Don't give a go until there is.

An EXPRESS TRAIN whooshes by, the faces of train passengers as puzzled by the scene as the armed men on the platforms. It rumbles away down the tunnel...

KINDRACHUK
(in Ukrainian)
<<Who are you? Where's my son?>>

LEONE
What the fuck is he saying?

KINDRACHUK
Americans?

BIXBY
Lazar Kindrachuk?

KINDRACHUK
You with The Fixer?

BIXBY
He arranged the buy.

KINDRACHUK
You mean trade.

BIXBY
Call it a fucking summit for all I
care. How we do this?

Bixby brandishes the shopping bags.

KINDRACHUK
For your sake, better not be what's
left of my son in those shopping
bags.

BIXBY
Afghan Heroin. USDA approved. You
got the ten million?

Kindrachuk, incensed.

KINDRACHUK
The deal was my boy for the Kryv
whores!

CRAZY MARY
Girls? What the fuck are we
supposed to do with girls.

KINDRACHUK
If you don't know, you're a bigger
mutt than you look. The Fixer set
us up!

EXT. BUILDING ROOF - NIGHT

Vita, her police force ready to pounce.

VITA
(radios)
What do we do?

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

The Fixer, resolute.

THE FIXER
(radios)
They're here. Where do you hide
forty human beings...

EXT. BUILDING ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Vita spots the K-GAZ TANKER TRUCK, parked by the plaza.
Driver walking away.

THE FIXER (O.S.)
(over earpiece)
...in plain sight?

She barks orders to her men.

VITA
The truck. Go! Go! Go!

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

THE FIXER gets a GUN BARREL pressed to his temple.

CHEEVER
Hello, sport. This time it's
loaded.

Cheever rips out The Fixer's radio earpiece.

INT. PLATFORMS - SUBWAY - CONTINUOUS

BIXBY
What do you mean there's no money?

KINDRACHUK
(backing away)
Just federal police if we don't get
the fuck out of here.

Cheever marches The Fixer from the tunnel at gunpoint.

CHEEVER
Maybe The Fixer can show us the
way.

All eyes, barrels fall on The Fixer.

BIXBY
There's only one way this
cocksucker is leaving here.

Bixby cocks his old school Smith & Wesson for the kill.

KINDRACHUK
Wait!

Kindrachuk aims at Bixby.

BIXBY
What the fuck are you doing?

Everyone aims at everyone. A shooting gallery waiting to happen.

KINDRACHUK
I must know first. Where's my son?

The Fixer doesn't blink.

THE FIXER
Afghanistan.

BLACKOUT

The platforms goes dark. The Fixer throttles Cheever, his gun discharging as it skitters between the tracks.

THE GUNPLAY BEGINS, SERGIO LEONE 'SPAGHETTI WESTERN' STYLE

Everyone shoots wildly at everyone else, muzzle flash illuminating the chaos.

Crazy Mary strafes away with his M-4.

Kindrachuk blasts back, his bodyguards taking and giving bullets.

Leone is killed.

Cheever crawls on all fours, keeping down like a cockroach.

Bixby hunts The Fixer, easy prey between the tracks, with his Smith & Wesson.

EXT. PLAZA - NIGHT

Police surround the tanker truck.

INT. UNDERGROUND MALL - NIGHT

Police stampede through shoppers, raid the subway...

INT. PLATFORMS - SUBWAY - NIGHT

Bixby finally gets a clean shot at The Fixer. Only an EXPRESS TRAIN whooshing through, its carriage shredded by gunfire, saves him.

The train past, Bixby's lost the shot. The Fixer's gone. Before he can look, he hears a voice from behind.

THE FIXER
Que pasa, Lieutenant.

The Fixer mows Bixby down in the back with Leone's M-4.

THE FIXER
You dead yet or what?

EXT. PLAZA - NIGHT

Police attempt to pry open the hold of the tanker truck. BOOM! It pogos into a FIREBALL.

EXT. SUBWAY STATION (PLAZA ENTRANCE) - CONTINUOUS

Vita witnesses the FIREBALL across the plaza as police raid the station.

VITA
My God.

INT. PLATFORMS - SUBWAY - CONTINUOUS

Chandeliers shake. Everyone feels the explosion. The Fixer picks up his radio earpiece.

VITA (O.S.)
(over earpiece)
The girls are gone! He blew the truck!

He locks eyes with Kindrachuk across the tracks.

POLICE swarm the platforms.

Crazy Mary and Kindrachuk's bodyguards go down shooting.

Kindrachuk leaps onto the tracks and flees down the subway tunnel.

The Fixer takes the Smith & Wesson from Bixby's cold hand and chases after him.

Cheever crawls into an AIR SHAFT.

INT. TUNNEL - SUBWAY - NIGHT

The Fixer pursues Kindrachuk, shadows clamoring down the black hole. Kindrachuk pops off wild defensive shots.

INT. AIR SHAFT - NIGHT

Cheever finds a ladder to the surface. He climbs to freedom.

INT. PLATFORMS - SUBWAY - NIGHT

After taking casualties, police kill Crazy Mary, Kindrachuk's bodyguards. Gunfight over.

INT. TUNNEL - SUBWAY - NIGHT

The Fixer, sick of this running shit, sights the clamoring shadow as a guide and squeezes the trigger.

BLAM!

A CRY and the SHADOW FALLS.

INT. PLATFORMS - SUBWAY - CONTINUOUS

Police control the scene. Vita hears the shot. She races into the tunnel.

INT. TUNNEL - SUBWAY - CONTINUOUS

Kindrachuk, blood in his eyes, writhes on the tracks. The Fixer stands over him like Bixby had Pvt. Best, dead to rights with the Smith & Wesson.

KINDRACHUK
My son... We had a deal.

THE FIXER
You killed those girls. What's a deal between devils.

They exchange a last, hard look.

KINDRACHUK
Wait! There's a--

SMASH CUT TO:

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Over flashlights and footsteps. The Fixer turns to Vita, who runs up. She sees Kindrachuk, dead as dust.

THE FIXER
There's a second truck.

EXT. PLAZA - NIGHT

Cheever crawls from a grate in the sidewalk, police flashers across the park. The twisted, charred hull of the tanker still smoldering. He smooths himself down and walks away cool as Kansas...

EXT. SIDESTREET - NIGHT

Cheever passes a back alley courtyard. He hears pounding, muffled screams, as if from inside...

EXT. ALLEY COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

The SECOND K-GAZ TANKER TRUCK, driver door ajar. Whoever was guarding it has bailed and gone.

Bixby walks up to the scene like it were Christmas morning and too good to be true. He puts his ear to the hold.

CHEEVER
Hello girls.

He licks his lips. Looks around, just to be sure.

INT. TANKER TRUCK - PARKED - CONTINUOUS

Cheever jumps behind wheel. Finds the keys in the ignition. Turns it...

A BLINDING LIGHT...

Cheever looks up. His eyes adjust to...

EXT. ALLEY COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Three Ukrainian squad cars skid to stop, spotlights in his face. They block the exit. The Fixer and Vita jump out.

INT. TANKER TRUCK - PARKED - CONTINUOUS

Cheever raises his hands in surrender and smiles like a fox caught stealing the henhouse.

INT. HOLD - TANKER TRUCK - NIGHT

Blackness. Commotion outside. A disk of light opens. Neeka blinks, gasps for air. A policeman's hand reaches in. The girls are pulled to freedom one by one...

EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

The Fixer helps policemen pull girls from the hold. At last he pulls out NEEKA. They embrace. He returns her crucifix charm.

A jealous smile stirs in Vita, who stands over Cheever, handcuffed on the ground.

CHEEVER

You gimme that recording I won't
say a word about this to my
embassy.

VITA

There is no recording, Mr. Cheever.

Cheever can't fucking believe it.

INT. FIXER'S APARTMENT - DAY

The Fixer packs his slippers, hands Vita the briefcase he received from Kindrachuk.

THE FIXER

My cash from Kindrachuk. Divide it
between the Kryv girls. Neeka too.
Give them something to go home
with.

VITA

It will be done.

She hands him an OFFICIAL UKRAINIAN DOCUMENT.

VITA (CONT'D)
Your death certificate. As far your
country's concerned, your life
ended here, yesterday.

She kisses him on the cheek, tantalizingly close to his
mouth.

VITA (CONT'D)
Good luck.

THE FIXER
Thanks. You too. If it means
anything, you have my vote.

She smiles.

VITA
You know, with Kindrachuk gone and
the Americans off the scent, you
could stay in Kiev indefinitely.
Vote as many times as you want.

THE FIXER
You don't think having someone
around who knows your past is a
liability?

VITA
Makes us remember who we were. Who
we want to be.

THE FIXER
Who we want to be, eh?

INT. CUSTOMS MINISTRY - DAY

A Custom Official hands The Fixer a check.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL
<<Here you go, Mr. Wolahan. Your
VAT refund.>>

THIRTY MILLION DOLLARS

EXT. CUSTOMS MINISTRY - DAY

The Fixer strides out. Neeka waits for him in a taxi.

NEEKA
What were you doing in the customs
ministry?

THE FIXER
Closing a gas deal.

Neeka tilts her head in puzzlement. The Fixer laughs.

NEEKA
C'mon. See me off.

EXT. BORYSPIL AIRPORT - DAY

Taxi swings to the curb.

INT. TAXI - PARKED - DAY

They sit for a moment.

NEEKA
Where can I find you?

THE FIXER
Be best if you don't look.

Everything else, what might have been, acknowledged and left
unsaid between them. He opens the door. She grabs his sleeve.

NEEKA
I never got your real name. Mine's
Natalie. Neeka was my... a name I
won't be using anymore.

The Fixer whispers in her ear.

Neeka places her crucifix charm in his palm, then closes his
hand and kisses it goodbye.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

More evacuated than abandoned. Cheever, blindfolded, is
marched down the hallway by someone unseen.

CHEEVER
Please. You can't do this. I'm an
American!

We've been here.

INT. TERMINAL - BORYSPIL AIRPORT - DAY

Immigration STAMPS the passport of STANLEY CHEEVER, diplomat.
The Fixer takes it, walks through...

INT. GATE - BORYSPIL AIRPORT - DAY

The Fixer runs into STEPHENS, the Brit from the opening. He vacantly watches a SMALL BIRD flutter among the rafters of the airport. Trapped.

THE FIXER
Wonder how it got in here?

STEPHENS
And why it can't get out.

THE FIXER
Where's the new wife?

STEPHENS
I'd be a good father to her boy.
But she loves someone else.

The Fixer knows this all too well.

THE FIXER
It's probably for the best.

STEPHENS
That's what I keep telling myself.

THE FIXER
I tell myself lies worse than that.

Stephens smiles sadly. The bird flutters.

CUT TO:

EXT. ISTANBUL - DAY

Otherworldly minarets dot the skyline of this breathtaking, exotic city. A haunting Adhan call echoes from a mosque. This is the view from...

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

The Fixer lingers, pretending to read Hammett's *Red Harvest*. Neeka's crucifix now dangles with the wedding band and dog tags on a strap around his neck.

A lupine, smooth as silk FRENCHMAN approaches. This is RICHTER, a bounty hunter. We see him only from the back.

RICHTER

They say you're the fixer?

The Fixer drops his book and grins, cocky and cool as ever.