

BORYSKO/RAZMIG

EXT. KHARKOV, UKRAINE — DARK ALLEY — NIGHT

LITTER blows down a dimly lit alley as a dog BARKS in the distance.

SLOW DOLLY IN ON AN OLD, WOODEN DOOR. A brief pause, then...

RAZMIG, 40, a disheveled portrait of poor decisions, bursts through it, and stumbles into a puddle.

He scampers to his feet, and hobbles down the alley, but his pace is impeded by his intoxication.

BORYSKO, 50's, a soulless, criminal degenerate, bursts through the door behind him.

BORYSKO
Razmig! Razmig!

As four THUGS pour into the alley, Razmig rounds a corner, searching desperately for a place to hide.

He removes the LID from a TRASHCAN, but quickly decides that he won't fit.

He moves on to a pile of CARDBOARD BOXES, but when he leans over to pick one up, he stumbles forward on top of them.

He shuffles underneath BAGS OF TRASH, and pulls a panel of CARDBOARD over himself, then FREEZES. His heart pounds in his chest as he listens for footsteps. Silence. Then...

The box is ripped away, and a Thug stands him up, and slams him against the brick wall.

Two Thugs draw their PISTOLS, and put them to his chin.

Borysko scratches the back of his neck, unimpressed, as he approaches.

BORYSKO
Why do you run, Razmig? Do you fear me?

Razmig is too scared and exhausted to reply.

BORYSKO (cont.)
You don't need to fear me. Just give me my money. You have my money, yes?

Razmig hesitates, unable to conjure up an excuse. Borysko nods thoughtfully.

BORYSKO (cont.)
Mm.

Borysko sighs reflectively.

BORYSKO (cont.)
This is sad news.

As Borysko turns away, the fourth Thug PUNCHES Razmig's mid-section, dropping him to his knees.

Another Thug pulls a GASOLINE CAN out of his TRUNK, and approaches Razmig.

RAZMIG
No! No! I have your money! It's not here, but I have it!

BORYSKO (cont.)
Ah. If only it were here.

Borysko nods at the Thug, signaling him to continue.

RAZMIG
I have it — I swear! Give me time. I will go home, and get it for you now! I'll pay you every ruble! And more!

Borysko glances at the Thug with the gasoline, who awaits orders. He ponders for a moment, then kneels next to Razmig.

BORYSKO
Home? What home? You live in the Kravets' home. You sleep on the floor like a dog.

Razmig's eyes fill with fear, realizing that Borysko knows where he lives.

BORYSKO (cont.)
(dominating grin)
Yes, I know where you live, my friend. I
know where your children sleep. I also know
that you are a good thief. So I'm counting
on you. I will have my money, plus 20%
interest by midnight, or you and your family
will be no more. Understand?

Borysko slowly rises over Razmig, who trembles with fear.

RAZMIG
Thank you! Thank you, Borysko! Thank you!

BORYSKO
Midnight.

Borysko and his Thugs walk away, leaving Razmig trembling
on his knees in the dark alley.

Borysko stops before rounding the corner.

BORYSKO (cont.)
And Razmig...
(turns back)
It is impossible to hide from me.

They disappear around the corner.