

SKINLOVE

Screenplay by Aleksey Stasenko.

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EXTERIOR. GYM NIGHT

A low building from reinforced concrete with a flashing neon sign "S/C Olimpiyskiy". An empty changing room can be seen through cracked windowpanes patched with adhesive tape. Several teenagers in sports outfit stand at the porch.

1st TEENAGER

Man, Dimon, you were
great today! My
respect!

2nd TEENAGER

Well, when do we meet?

DIMA

Let's meet after
holidays, guys.

2nd TEENAGER

Yep. Well, we gotta go!
We have to go through
the whole city now!

Dima nods and shakes hands.

2nd TEENAGER

Call you on the phone!

1st TEENAGER

Bye!

Both guys disappear in the dark. Dima is left alone at the porch.

INTERIOR. GYM NIGHT

Empty gym. Thick rope hanging from the ceiling.

EXTERIOR. PORCH OF THE GYM NIGHT

Dima turns his head.

INTERIOR. GUARD DESK OF THE GYM NIGHT

Janitor closes the door. Then bolts the door.

EXTERIOR. DORMITORY AREA. WASTELAND NIGHT

Dima goes down the path towards a big 9-storey panel building. An old crooked swing stands near abandoned reinforced concrete panels.

EXTERIOR. PLAYGROUND NIGHT

Dima comes up to the swings. Dusts the seat off. Sits down with his bag in his hands. Pulls on his hood. Pushes away with his legs from the ground.

GIRLS' LAUGH

Dima lifts his head up.

EXTERIOR. FAÇADE OF THE PANEL BUILDING NIGHT

On the façade of the building two lit windows - on the seventh and the fifth storey.

EXTERIOR. PLAYGROUND NIGHT

Dima gets up from the swing and goes to the unlit entrance. The swing keeps slowly swinging in the autumn wind.

INTERIOR. STAIRCASE NIGHT

Dima comes up to the door. Takes out the key.

DIMA'S MOTHER

Dima, is that you?

DIMA

Yes, ma.

The door opens. Dima's mother, a fair-haired woman in a white bathrobe with a thick layer of a night cream on her face, stands at the door.

INTERIOR. HALL NIGHT

DIMA'S MOTHER

Why are you so late?
You fell in love or
something?

DIMA

I was working out.

DIMA'S MOTHER

Working out... hungry?

DIMA

Yeah. Ma, anyone called
me?

DIMA'S MOTHER

Some guy of yours. He
didn't give his name.

INTERIOR. KITCHEN NIGHT

Dima is sitting at the table. Mother is standing at the window, smoking, exhaling smoke through the open window leaf.

DIMA'S MOTHER

What's in the school?

DIMA

Classes.

DIMA'S MOTHER

And how are you getting on?

DIMA

Okay.

Dima comes up to the stereo standing on the fridge. Takes out a CD.

DIMA'S MOTHER

Not now, I have a
headache. We had
inspection today. From
the Center.

DIMA

Why's that?

DIMA'S MOTHER

I don't know. Looking
for something.
Everyone's nerved out.
Kept us till late at
night. Mikhalych locked
up in his office.

DIMA

Drinking?

DIMA'S MOTHER

Could be.

DIMA

Ma, are you okay?

DIMA'S MOTHER

Yes.

Mother comes up to Dima. Strokes his hair with her hand.

DIMA'S MOTHER

You are such a grown-
up, just like...

DIMA

Ma, don't.

DIMA'S MOTHER

Okay. So what about
sport? Are you serious
about it?

DIMA

Don't know. We'll see.

Dima drinks a glass of mineral water at a gulp.

DIMA'S MOTHER

Of course. Well, go to bed.

DIMA

And you?

DIMA'S MOTHER.

I'll sit up a bit. Now go.

INTERIOR. DIMA'S ROOM NIGHT

Dima sits down on the sofa. Takes from his bag a portable CD player. Inserts a CD. Puts on headphones. Volume indicator on LCD crawls up.

INTERIOR. KITCHEN NIGHT

Mother is sitting at the empty table. She closes her eyes. Touches her face with fingertips. Wrinkles. Jerks her hand away. White balls of the night cream are on her fingertips.

EXTERIOR. STRIP BAR. HALL NIGHT

At the stage leaning against a chromed pole sit two drunken skinheads. In the remote corner of the hall a short stout man in a gray suit without a tie sticks bills into a belt of a dark-haired stripper.

EXTERIOR. STRIP BAR. VIP LODGE NIGHT

In a dark red niche for VIP guests sit Spas, owner of the bar Lionya and his girlfriend.

LIONYA

What the fuck they need
Streptocid for?

SPAS

Sore throat.

LIONYA

Throat?! Get out, bro!
A bag of Streptocid to
heal throat, fuck them!

Lionya's face turns crimson with laughter. His girlfriend drops her glass. On a white tablecloth a red stain spreads out.

EXTERIOR. STRIP BAR. HALL NIGHT

A tall lean stripper passes by the tables and heads toward the stage.

LEAN STRIPPER

Where the hell is it?

The dark-haired stripper comes up to the lean one. Crumpled banknotes stick out from under her black nylon belt.

DARK-HAIRED STRIPPER

What are you looking for?

LEAN STRIPPER

The same thing as usual.

DARK-HAIRED STRIPPER

Your bra?

LEAN STRIPPER

Yeah. Somebody jacked it again.

DARK-HAIRED STRIPPER

Did you look it up with them?

One of the skinheads holds a crumpled rose bra in his hands.

LEAN STRIPPER

There it is!

DARK-HAIRED STRIPPER

You be careful with
them!

The man in a gray suit runs through the hall.

DARK-HAIRED STRIPPER

Oh, that prick again.
Enough, I'm out of
here.

MAN IN A GRAY SUIT

Olga, wait!

Dark-haired stripper disappears behind the door with a sign "Staff". Lean stripper walks round the sleeping skinheads and appears behind their backs. She carefully reaches to her bra. The second skinhead opens his eyes.

LEAN STRIPPER

Sleep, baby.

The second skinhead tries to get up. The stripper strokes his cheek with her hand.

LEAN STRIPPER

Sleep.

The skinhead grabs the stripper at her butt.

LEAN STRIPPER

You son of a bitch!

A transparent polymeric heel jabs into the forehead of the second skinhead. He falls on his back and lies still.

EXTERIOR. STRIP BAR. VIP LODGE NIGHT

Lionya's girlfriend makes faces pulling her skin on whiskeys. Lionya drops his head on the table.

LIONYA

Oh, that's more than I
can get!

SPAS

Okay, Knucks, cool
down.

EXTERIOR. STRIP BAR. HALL NIGHT

The man in a gray suit takes out a small comb.

SPAS

What's Vladimir doing here?

LIONYA

I don't know. Just like others - pinching broads and drinking. They say he is in trouble.

SPAS

Really?

EXTERIOR. STRIP BAR. HALL NIGHT

The man in a gray suit sits down at an empty table and calls up the waiter.

EXTERIOR. STRIP BAR. VIP LODGE NIGHT

LIONYA

Do you have any ideas?

LIONYA'S GIRLFRIEND

Lionya, I want to sleep, ha?

LIONYA

Well, have some patience, Kolya will drive you home.

LIONYA'S GIRLFRIEND

And you, soon?

LIONYA

Yes.

Spas lifts a half-finished glass. Through uneven glass surface a slowly rotating mirror sphere can be seen.

EXTERIOR. DORMITORY AREA NIGHT

On a concrete ground near "Khrushchovka" a few cars stand in a row. A tall guy in a gray raincoat and a cap and a

girl in a leather jacket approach Mercedes of metallic color.

Guy winds a scarf round his face.

GUY

Pull up the hood.

GIRL

This one?

GUY

Yes.

The guy gets from the pocket of his raincoat a portable gas burner.

GIRL

Matches?

GUY

No, lighter.

The girl brings a lighter to the burner's nozzle. Sound of an opening valve. Gas brings the flame down.

GIRL

You bitch!

The guy turns his back to the wind.

GUY

Let's do it on a count of three.

GIRL

Okay.

The guy's lips silently count one-two-three. His finger lies on a valve's button. The lighter's flame burns the nozzle. Flap. Ignited gas in an even jet breaks out from the burner. The guy brings the burner to a rubber strip of a side glass. The rubber blares up with the red flame. The guy turns the burner off. In a dark seal strip a small through hole appeared.

GUY

Give me the tube.

The girl takes a piece of plastic tube for dropper. The guy blows on a hole, then carefully pushes the tube inside the car.

GIRL

Wow, where did you learn that?

GUY

Doesn't matter. Connect.

The girl connects the free end of the tube with a bottle.

GUY

Lift it higher. Careful there.

INTERIOR. CAR NIGHT.

The plastic tube slowly sways above the driver's seat.

EXTERIOR. CAR PARK NIGHT.

GUY

Well, everything's quiet?

The girl looks round.

GIRL

Seems so.

GUY

Pour.

INTERIOR. CAR NIGHT.

Gurgling sound. The tube jerks. A thin stream of colorless liquid pours over the seats.

GUY

There it goes. Keep
your eyes open, you
hear me?!

GIRL

I am, all right!

The guy carefully draws the tube out of the car.

GUY

Bag.

The girl opens a black bag. The guy throws the tube and
the bottle inside.

GIRL

What's with this? We
take it with us?

GUY

Yes.

GIRL

Fuck, let's smash it,
ha? It's Caucasian's
car!

GUY

Shut up, fool. It's not
politics, it's pure
cash, got it?!

GIRL

I know. Axe,
listen, let's leave a
mark at least!

GUY

Do you want a fur coat?

GIRL

So?

GUY

And medicines for your mother?

The guy brings a lighter to the hole in rubber. The flame licks glass and rushes inside.

GUY

That's it, we are out of here!

INTERIOR. CAR NIGHT

The flame jumps over to the control panel. On a rear-view window Muslim beads hang afire.

EXTERIOR. DORMITORY AREA MORNING

Early morning hours. In a bluish haze the outlines of the dormitory area are seen.

EXTERIOR. STREETCAR STOP MORNING

On a bench sleeps a bum covered with heaps of old newspapers. The wind tosses the dirty papers. A lonely mongrel crosses the street. A middle-aged man is jogging on a sidewalk in a light jogging suit. A black limousine with tinted glass drives past the man. Reflection of the runner fancifully wriggles on a mirror surface of the car.

CELL PHONE RING

A man picks up the phone. His left cheek is cut with a short torn scar.

HARDBRO

Ok, I got it.

Limousine speeds up and drives out on an empty highway. The man stops. Dials a number. Turn his head to the right. A sign "Wholesale market" is hanging at the tall rusty gates.

HARDBRO

At five. At the old
place.

INTERIOR. WHOLESALE MARKET. CONTAINER STOCK MORNING

On a loading cart a gray-haired man in a dirty quilted coat sleeps his head hanging down to the asphalt. Two

large women stand at the gate of a shed. One of them slowly chews an apple from time to time spitting down the seeds. Another one yawns leaning with her breast against a shovel.

1st WOMAN

Got drunk yesterday, bastard.

2nd WOMAN

There are no men today! Women keep the world turning.

1st WOMAN

Yeah, that's how it is in Russia.

A young pregnant woman with a broom appears in the passage between the containers.

1st WOMAN

There, see, Ninka is pregnant?

2nd WOMAN

So what?

1st WOMAN

Backs up the national producer.

2nd WOMAN

How's that?

1st WOMAN

You guess.

2nd woman laughs hysterically dropping the shovel.

2nd WOMAN

Vaska or something?

1st woman smiles.

1st WOMAN

Yeah.

2nd WOMAN

What goods are there?
Shoes or something?

1st WOMAN

Seems so. Boots or
shoes, don't remember.

2nd WOMAN

Woman's? Maybe there is
something for me? Why,
I can actually pay!

1st woman throws the apple rest in the direction of the
drunken loader.

1st WOMAN

Let's go, we should
take them to Tamara.

EXTERIOR. WHOLESALE MARKET. GATE. MORNING

Hardbro stops. Picks up the phone.

HARDBRO

He'll come.

Hardbro wipes the sweat off his forehead.

HARDBRO

All right.

Hardbro looks around him and runs to the gate with the
cell phone in his hand.

EXTERIOR. WHOLESALE MARKET. CONTAINER STOCK. MORNING

From the shed comes a cart with a big cage for
watermelons. In the cage lies a pair of army boots with
lacing.

2nd WOMAN

What the hell she needs
these shoes for?

1st WOMAN

Boots, Varya.

2nd WOMAN

The same shit! Who will
buy them?!

1st WOMAN

It's fashion.

1st woman spits to the ground.

EXTERIOR. BALCONY OF A PANEL BUILDING. MORNING

A Vietnamese man in an old darned jacket next to the skin
smokes on a balcony of a panel building. On a linen
string woman's pants and child's tights are hanging.

EXTERIOR. WHOLESALE MARKET. MORNING

Hardbro runs along the passage between containers.

EXTERIOR. BALCONY OF A PANEL BUILDING. MORNING

The Vietnamese man looks at the jogging man. Stubs out
the cigarette and throws away the butt.

EXTERIOR. WALL OF A PANEL BUILDING. MORNING

On a thin string thrown over the rails a transparent
plastic bag with decaying fish is hanging.

EXTERIOR. WHOLESALE MARKET. PASSAGE BETWEEN CONTAINERS.
MORNING

Hardbro runs along the passage between containers.

HARDBRO

And look, everything
must run smoothly!

The cart with the cage blocks the passage.

HARDBRO

Old fools! No, did you
get everything?! Yeah,
I'll call you back.

Hardbro hides the phone and speeds up. A chrome boot toe
can be seen through the bars.

2nd WOMAN

And he says - only with
lacing!

Hardbro runs in the gap between the cart and the stock's
gate.

2nd WOMAN

What a retard! Running
from a heart attack!

1st WOMAN

Well, he is a serious
one. He's got business
in here.

The drunken loader utters a moan as he rolls down to the
ground and wakes up.

DRUNKEN LOADER

Ladies, help the man!

2nd WOMAN

Woke up, bastard! King
of beasts!

INTERIOR. CLASSROOM. MORNING

A worn map of the Russian Federation is hanging on the
board. Teacher, a corpulent woman wearing glasses, is
standing at the window. Several teenagers are smoking on
the school ground. One of them, a tall curly-haired
colored teen, is laughing comically rolling out his eyes
and making helpless gestures.

TEACHER

The Russian Federation
is a multinational
country...

On the first desk a fair boy is diligently taking down the lecture into a thick copybook. In the corner of the class a teenager with a butch haircut tries to get under the skirt of a full-bosomed blonde. Two girls are whispering to each other and choking with giggle.

TEACHER

The population of our country amounts to over 140 millions of people, of which the ethnic Russians...

A fat boy gets a short plastic tube.

TEACHER

Orthodoxy, Islam and Judaism.

A popping sound. A piece of crumpled paper hits the hear of the straight A student. He instinctively turns round, the pen slides on the copybook and tears the page. The face of the fat boy breaks into a smile.

TEACHER

Petrov, what's the matter?

STRAIGHT A STUDENT

I only...

TEACHER

Stop clowning around!

The hem of the blonde's skirt rides up. The overage's hand crawls into her pants.

DIMA

Zinaida Stepanovna, may I go out?

TEACHER

Go!

The blonde convulsively grabs the edge of the desk. Dima stands up his eyes fixed on the loving couple.

INTERIOR. SCHOOL HALL. DAY

A teenager about 15 his head shaved to the skin is sitting on a windowsill in a black "pilot" and light-colored jeans. Near him stand the first grader.

FIRST GRADER

Show me, ha?

Dima goes out of the classroom's door. A sign at the door: «10-C». Seeing him the first grader steps aside.

FIRST GRADER

Well, I gotta go. Come
by!

The skinhead nods his head. First grader runs along the hallway.

DIMA

Hi, Junior!

Shake hands.

JUNIOR

Are you ready?

DIMA

Yes. When?

JUNIOR

Come tonight at
midnight. The old
boiler house, you know
where?

DIMA

Yes.

JUNIOR

We are done then.

DIMA

Will he be there?

JUNIOR

Must be. But I warned
you - he doesn't take
everyone. Only the
best. So you do your
best.

DIMA

What am I to do?

JUNIOR

You'll see.

Junior turns round and leaves without saying good-bye. School parquet squeaks under the army boots. A long chrome chain for keys is hanging on a thigh.

RING FOR BREAK

INTERIOR. SCHOOL HALL. DAY

Ring for break. The doors bursts open. A red-haired guy runs out of the class. Stand in a Wu Shu pose and makes a few clumsy blocks. The teacher appears at the door.

TEACHER

Stop clowning! You'd
better have your hair
cut!

A red-haired guy kicks an invisible enemy and freezes. Girls' laugh can be heard.

TEACHER

Yezhov! Go down to the
laundry and take some
chalk! Yes, from the
charwoman, Dusya!

Dima looks puzzled at the group of classmates coming out of the room.

DIMA

Where's that?

CLASSMATES (IN CHORUS)

Where Tanka and Petrov
are kissing!

TEACHER

And be quick!

DIMA

Okay, I got it.

The teacher goes back to the room. Dima mingles with the stream of high school students rushing outside.

VOICE FROM LOUDSPEAKER

Attention! All high
school teachers must
immediately undergo
vaccination!

At a windowsill several Gothic girls are making their faces richly up. A long-haired guy in a leather jacket with logo "HMR" holds a CD-player in his hands. His pal studies the CD cover.

GUY IN COAT

Yeah, that's fresh!
Grabbed it yesterday at
the beam! Music's the
shit!

Guy in a leather jacket nods his head in time with the music.

GUY IN COAT

Turn the sixth track on!

A tall Gothic girl drops a powder-case.

TALL GOTHIC GIRL

Shit!

GUY IN COAT

Shiznit, eh?!

INTERIOR. SCHOOL. STAIRS. DAY

A short thickset teacher of physical training in a worn out blue and red sport suit with the emblem of Olympic Games'80 walks up to Dima. A black lace with a pink whistle is hanging on his red neck.

PHYSICAL TRAINER

Oh, Yezhov! Wait a bit!

DIMA

Yes, Leonid Petrovich.

PHYSICAL TRAINER

Do you remember about our agreement?

DIMA

Yes.

PHYSICAL TRAINER

Now, Yezhov, I'm sending you to the city contest. It's your chance. You'll defend the honor of the school. And district! I'll arrange it with the class teacher.

Physical trainer taps Dima on the shoulder. A curly-haired boy in a first grader's uniform pulls the physical trainer by the trousers.

CURLY-HAIRED BOY

Uncle Lionya, let me whistle!

Physical trainer bends over the boy.

PHYSICAL TRAINER

I'll show you whistling!

The boy rushes up the stairs laughing. The physical trainer tries to snatch at his sleeve, but stumbles and falls on his knee. "All faggots!!!" can be seen written on the wall.

PHYSICAL TRAINER

Well, that's too much!

Dima carefully passes by the physical trainer. The physical trainer shakes his fist.

PHYSICAL TRAINER

I'll show you!

INTERIOR. 1st SCHOOL FLOOR. SMOKING ROOM. DAY

At the window on the first floor two teachers of primary school are smoking.

1st TEACHER

So I tell him: "Get your hands off me, you bastard!"

2nd TEACHER

What a stinker! And what about your Vovchik?

1st TEACHER

He stood clasping daddy in his arms! Both drunk as hell!

A fat boy smashes his schoolbag against the head of a fair-haired girl wearing two plaits.

GIRL WITH PLAITS

Maria Ivanovna!

FAT BOY

You fool!

1st TEACHER

Sokolov, stop that!

FAT BOY

What did I do?

2nd TEACHER

So what, he just stood
there like that?

The girl with plaits jumps on Sokolov and bites his ear.
Both fall to the floor with a crashing sound.

1st TEACHER

Real imbeciles! All to
the classroom!

Dima opens the door to the utility room.

INTERIOR. SCHOOL'S UTILITY ROOM. DAY

In the middle of the room stands a table with a dirty yellow Lenin's bust. The front wall is heaped with banners of the soviet period. Red panel of "GLORY TO KPSS!" peeps out from behind the banner "NATIVE SPEECH". Mops and brooms are cast in the corner. A big zinc bucket and a plastic basin stand on the floor. The parquet floor is covered with soapy water. The charwoman Dusya, a gray-haired stout woman, smokes a cigarette sitting on a wooden stool at the huge lamp radio. A classical music flows from the loudspeaker. Dima wipes his feet against a floor cloth.

DIMA

May I?

Dusya sluggishly nods letting out a cloud of bluish smoke.

AUNT DUSYA

Do you like to work?

DIMA

What do you mean?

AUNT DUSYA

Well, cleaning the
territory, washing the
hallway?

DIMA

No.

Dusya puts out the cigarette in a tin can from coffee and grins.

AUNT DUSYA

Well, you'll have to.

DIMA

How so?

AUNT DUSYA

Tomorrow's the festive day, my dear.

DIMA

What festive day?

AUNT DUSYA

Why, don't you know, November 7?

DIMA

But no one celebrates it now.

AUNT DUSYA

Who told you that? Ah, yes. I forgot - "The Day of National Reconciliation".

Strokes Lenin's peeled nose with her hand.

AUNT DUSYA

Formerly they told us to love him and now to honor. So why did you come hear?

DIMA

Zinaida Stepanovna sent me here, she ran out of chalk.

AUNT DUSYA

Zinka, she's a bitch.
And stupid.

Dusya comes to a big dirty zinc bucket. A piece of colored striped fabric sticks out of the soapy water.

AUNT DUSYA

Come here. I'll give
you chalk. And you help
me, we must wring it
out. Come on, grab the
end.

Dima and Dusya lift the twisted piece of fabric from the bucket. On its wet surface red and blue stripes show through.

AUNT DUSYA

Hold it firmly! Don't
be scared, pull it
harder! Oh, that's
fine! And now wring it
out!

The streams of dark water flow down from the tricolor.

AUNT DUSYA

Ooh, what a mess! We'll
rinse it all right.

INTERIOR. ORTHODOX CHURCH. DAY

A tall man with a shaven head in a sport jacket talks to a church attendant.

SPAS

Andrey, Nikolay,
Fyodor. Yes, all
baptized.

The church attendant takes a piece of paper with the names written on it from Spas' hands. Spas counts down the bills.

CHURCH ATTENDANT

God bless you!

INTERIOR. ORTHODOX CHURCH. PRAYING ROOM. DAY

A man with a beard in a tarpaulin coat holds a small boy by the hand. A young woman in a mourning shawl stands in front of an icon in a golden frame. Her lips soundlessly repeat words of a pray. Spas lights up the candle. Through the open jacket collar a big silver cross can be seen. An old nun with a bucket comes to a candleholder. Thin crooked fingers pull the candle rests and throw them into the bucket. Spas shields the candle with his hand. Puts it into the notch. Makes a sign of cross three times.

SPAS

Let them rest in peace.

EXTERIOR. ORTHODOX CHURCH. DAY

Three skinheads are sitting on the stairs.

The first skinhead examines the sole of his boots.

1st SKINHEAD

Don't know, I used to like "Martens", but now all fops are wearing them.

3rd SKINHEAD

You've got a hole large as a finger, you patriot!

1st SKINHEAD

What do you mean?

3rd SKINHEAD

See yourself!

The third skinhead kicks with the toe of his old "Martens" the sole of the army boot of his friend. The first skinhead flings his leg on top of the other.

1st SKINHEAD

Bitches, they can't do anything right!

Spas appears at the doors of the church.

1st SKINHEAD

Spas, what we are up to now?

Spas walks down the stairs and heads to the church gate without looking at his friends and not uttering a word. Two nuns bow behind him.

The second skinhead pushes the 1st one into the shoulder.

2nd SKINHEAD

Leave him alone! Let's
go.

All three stand up and follow Spas.

EXTERIOR. KHRUSHCHEV BUILDING. FRONT DOOR. DAY

At the front door of the building of Khrushchev era two persons are standing - Heinrich, a tall dark-haired man in a black leather coat, and Schulz, a young fair-haired guy in a Bundeswehr jacket. Heinrich holds a paper bag corded with a thread. Schulz holds a pile of typescript sheets in his hands.

HEINRICH

You've got everything?

SCHULZ

Papers are with me.

HEINRICH

And the list?

Schulz nods.

HEINRICH

Fine.

Several concrete chips fall on Heinrich's shoulder. Heinrich lifts his head.

EXTERIOR. KHRUSHCHEV BUILDING. DAY

On a balcony of a second floor of the building of Khrushchev era an elderly woman in a gray headscarf is hanging a red flag on a spindle of decimeter TV antenna.

EXTERIOR. KHRUSHCHEV BUILDING. FRONT DOOR. DAY

SCHULZ

Will we have any
actions on the seventh?

Heinrich shakes the chips off his coat.

HEINRICH

No.

EXTERIOR. KHRUSHCHEV BUILDING. DAY

The woman closes the balcony door. The red flag with the half-worn hammer and sickle flaps on the antenna spindle.

EXTERIOR. KHRUSHCHEV BUILDING. FRONT DOOR. DAY

HEINRICH

Ok, let's go.

EXTERIOR. SIDEWALK OF A CENTRAL STREET. DAY

Heinrich and Schulz walk on a sidewalk of the city's central street towards a flea market.

HEINRICH

Do you know why are
they not dangerous?

SCHULZ

Why?

HEINRICH

It's all the matter of
aesthetics. Bolsheviks
came in conflict with
the human biology. They
tried to create beauty
out of ugliness. But
why experiment with an
old scrub mare if
Arabic stallion is

available? Do you know why?

SCHULZ

No.

HEINRICH

Because the mere concept of "breed" was unbearable for their backwoods minds. They slaughtered all stallions and set forth the experiments with the mare. And that lasted for 70 years.

SCHULZ

Dictatorship of proletariat?

HEINRICH

Breach of the Beauty's Concept. Not to mention the fact that they've lost the Spirit of Destruction having substituted it with social creation. And this dualism lies in the essence of Marxism.

EXTERIOR. FLEE MARKET. DAY

At the curb several men are standing. An elderly man in a cap takes accordion in his hands. Warms up his fingers.

HEINRICH

Is this the place? Are you sure?

SCHULZ

He used to stand here all the time. I don't understand anything.

The man in a cap shuts his eyes. His fingers touch the keys. One of the men takes out a pack of Belomor

cigarettes. Someone sneezes loudly. The man with the cigarette looks round. The bellows stretch.

THE SOUNDS OF KATYUSHA ARE HEARD

MAN WITH THE CIGARETTE

Petrovich is the
master! Makes the soul
sing!

SCHULZ

We'll find him shortly.
He couldn't have gone.

Schulz and Heinrich make their way through the crowd of people. A fat man with two Chinese thermoses in his hands argues with a group of second-hand booksellers.

MAN WITH THERMOS

There was order under
Stalin!

A man wearing glasses with a broken arm in plaster tries to make an objection. His voice gets lost in a roar of a buzz saw. Two workers cut the reinforced bars.

MAN WITH THERMOS

Eh?! What the fuck I
need this freedom for,
if I have nothing to
gorge!

A woman with a two-wheeled hand cart comes up to the man with thermoses.

MAN WITH THERMOS

Yes, I am selling.
Chinese manufacture!

An elderly bookseller opens a faded edition of "Ogonyok" with Lenin's portrait on the cover. The man wearing glasses tries to imitate with his healthy hand a loop of a rope thrown on the neck.

MAN WITH THERMOS

Eh, you glass-eyed
 offal, where have you
 been before?

The woman tries to unscrew a thermos' cap.

MAN WITH THERMOS

Fuck you! Screw it in a
 different way, damn it!

A woman with a big plush toy bars the way for Heinrich
 and Schulz.

WOMAN WITH TOY

Buy the joy, boys!

Toy's paw touches the Schulz' face.

SCHULZ

Thank you.

MAN WITH THERMOS

Dickheads, fuck!

SCHULZ

Ah, there is the man.
 He promised me the Iron
 Cross.

HEINRICH

We'll see.

Several dozens of Wehrmacht medals, an album with
 pictures and a rusty infantry helmet are lying on a
 wooden folding counter. The seller, a young guy in a
 ragged camouflage jacket, listens to a walkman.

SCHULZ

Hi!

SELLER

Oh, hi, bro!

The seller takes "tablets" of headphones out of his ears
 and shakes hands with Schulz.

SCHULZ

Here, I brought a man.

SELLER

Yes, yes, I remember,
Iron Cross, eh?

SCHULZ

Yeah.

The seller bends down above the pile of carton boxes and gets the Iron Cross on a frayed velvet cushion.

SELLER

That's the thing, ah? The last one.

SCHULZ

What do you think?

Heinrich brings the medal to his face. Turns it over and draws along the back of his hand.

HEINRICH

It's fake.

The seller tries to grab the medal out of the Heinrich's hands. Heinrich makes one step back. The seller leans with his body against the counter.

SELLER

What's up man? I don't
push shit!

HEINRICH

Hands off. Polish
casting. Take it.

The seller tries to get up reaching out his hand at the same time. Heinrich releases the medal.

HEINRICH

Let's go.

The seller's hand reaches out for the medal lying in dirt between Heinrich's chrome boots.

INTERIOR. LIQUOR STORE. DAY

A bum in a rabbit ear-flapped fur hat puts a glass of beer down on enameled table. Through the window the outlines of the flea market are seen.

EXTERIOR. DORMITORY AREA. DAY

Heinrich and Schulz walk on the sidewalk along the rows of grocery stores.

HEINRICH

And what we do is only
the beginning.

EXTERIOR. LIQUOR STORE. DAY

Two drunken men with string bags step out of the doors of the liquor store. One of them gets caught with the belt of his quilted coat on a door handle and loses balance. The second man catches him under the arms and puts him back on his legs.

2nd MAN

Mitiay, what the hell?
You are not alone!

The first man convulsively presses the string bag to the breast.

1st MAN

I've got it.

2nd MAN

Let's go!

1st MAN

I never! I've been
fighting, hell!

2nd MAN

Careful there, yeah,
with both legs.

The man with the string bag wipes his face with a sleeve and spits down.

2nd MAN

Oh, we'll fight, brother!

EXTERIOR. DORMITORY AREA. DAY.

HEINRICH

Look at them.

EXTERIOR. HIGHWAY. DAY

The men, clasping each other in the arms, cross the road. A rusty "Kopek" (VAZ 2101) signals them with a hoarse horn. The man with the string bag tries to kick the "Kopek". Schulz takes his eyes off the paper.

SCHULZ

Aha.

HEINRICH

Did our mother nature
millions of years ago
combine the genes and
annihilate thousands of
species for this? What
for? For this moron? Do
you think that this
shit in wet pants is
worth the name of The
Man? What should happen
to light up these eyes?

SCHULZ

Well, they are ours at least.

HEINRICH

Well, of course,
compassion, humanism.
Ideology of losers. You
must understand that
each of us should break
out from the humanism
shell. We need
spontaneity, movement.
It's like music of a

new world - bold and
merciless.

EXTERIOR. HIGHWAY. DAY

The second man puts his right hand on his friend's
shoulder.

2nd MAN

What the fuck they are doing
here!

1st MAN

What's up?

2nd MAN

Come on, Mitiay, dance!

Two men slowly sway to and fro on one place.

1st MAN

Holy shit!

2nd MAN

Don't look down, look
ahead! Hell it's tango!

1st MAN

We'll do them all!

EXTERIOR. SIDEWALK. DAY.

HEINRICH

Do you know what's the
most terrible?

SCHULZ

What?

HEINRICH

They can outlive us.

SCHULZ

In what sense?

HEINRICH

In spiritual.

SCHULZ

But...

EXTERIOR. HIGHWAY. DAY

A white car of some foreign brand cuts in front of the drunken men. The man in the quilted coat brushes with his shoulder against the car's side mirror. The string bag with bottles falls to the ground.

HEINRICH

I was kidding all
right. They'll die in
the gutter like dogs.

EXTERIOR. HIGHWAY. DAY

The man in the quilted coat kneels down in front of the trashed bottles. The second man flings his arms.

2nd MAN

Fuck you!

EXTERIOR. SIDEWALK. DAY

HEINRICH

They say 'mankind', we
say 'nation'!

SCHULZ

They say 'law', we say
'justice'!

Heinrich laughs and taps the cheek of the young man with his palm.

HEINRICH

That's my boy!

The young man smiles.

HEINRICH

Yes, look here. I put
down some notes. Tell
them it's important. Or
it will be like last
time.

SCHULZ

Yes.

HEINRICH

Well, then go. I have a
business to do here.
See you tomorrow. And
don't be late.

SCHULZ

All right.

HEINRICH

Bye.

Schulz gives a Roman salute and makes off. Heinrich nods.
Takes out a cigarette. Lights it up.

SOUND OF SIREN

Heinrich turns round.

EXTERIOR. HIGHWAY. DAY

Police car "Volga" is standing on a dividing strip. Three
cops are dragging the drunkards to the car.

1st MAN

What the fuck, son of a bitch?!

The cop beats the man with a blackjack against his back.
The drunkard covers his face with hands. The second cop
grabs him on the collar and pushes him into "Volga".

EXTERIOR. SIDEWALK. DAY

The cigarette ash falls down on the paper bundle.
Heinrich throws away the cigarette and shakes the ash
off.

EXTERIOR. HIGHWAY

"Volga" turns on the flasher.

EXTERIOR. SIDEWALK. DAY

Heinrich walks on a sidewalk. Lifts up the collar of the coat on his way.

EXTERIOR. COURT OF A CLOTHES FABRIC. DAY

A young Vietnamese girl is sitting on a wooden bench and drinking kefir from a paper pack. Several Vietnamese girls are playing hide-and-seek near the old weaving machine. A man in a padded jacket is sleeping under the shelter on rolls with hieroglyphs. An elderly skinny Vietnamese man with a bamboo cane sits down on the bench. The girl makes an attempt to stand up.

MAN WITH THE CANE

Be seated, daughter, I
don't take much place.

LEE

Maybe...

MAN WITH THE CANE.

Don't.

An old man shows with his hand to the bench. Lee sits down. The old man unbuttons his collar. Turns his face to the sun.

MAN WITH THE CANE

Your name is Lee, right?

Lee puts a pack with kefir down.

LEE

Yes, and who are you?

MAN WITH THE CANE

A friend. They told me
you need help.

LEE

Who told you?

MAN WITH THE CANE

Fisherman.

Lee nods her head.

LEE

Fisherman?

MAN WITH THE CANE

Yes.

GIRLS' LAUGH

Two girls are racing with each other round the weaving machine.

MAN WITH THE CANE

They say a man can get
used to everything. But
I cannot get used.

Lee takes a sip of kefir.

MAN WITH THE CANE

You see, their sky is
different.

LEE

Sky?

MAN WITH THE CANE

Yes, can you see how
low it is?

The old man points with his cane in the direction of a gulf.

MAN WITH THE CANE

Look, it almost touches
the earth. Maybe that's
why everything is so
confused here. You

can't get at once
where's the sky and
where's the earth.

LEE

I don't remember our sky.

MAN WITH THE CANE.

And I can't forget.

MAN WITH THE CANE

Do you have anybody
there?

LEE

Yes.

MAN WITH THE CANE

Do you miss them?

LEE

Very much.

MAN WITH THE CANE

Do you know the Black Ravine?

LEE

Is it behind the woods?

MAN WITH THE CANE

Yes, look.

The old man draws a scheme on the sand with the tip of
his cane.

MAN WITH THE CANE

Understood?

Lee nods.

MAN WITH THE CANE

Good. And put some warm
clothes on. The night
will be cold.

Two Vietnamese girls run up to the bench.

1st GIRL

Lee, let's go, Ho shows
some tricks!

LEE

I...

MAN WITH THE CANE

Go.

The second girl takes Lee by her hand.

2nd GIRL

Let's run!

A man wearing glasses makes a silk handkerchief out of
the air. A tiny Vietnamese girl claps her hands.

TINY VIETNAMESE GIRL

Mine-mine!

Lee tries to break away from the embrace of her friends.
Turns round. The old man stands up from the bench.

LEE

Thank you!

The old man makes a hardly visible gesture with his left
hand without turning round.

INTERIOR. CAR PARK. DAY

Wrecker's crane describes an arc above the carcass of a
burnt down car. Two policemen in uniform of traffic
police talk to each other.

1st COP

What's in the office?

2nd COP

Igor sent in his papers today.

1st COP

For real? I didn't believe it. There were rumors. But you know everyone gossips. A dark story. There was powder. And how it all went out is none of our business.

The claw of the wrecker's crane touches the car roof.

1st COP

Everything's not so clear here either. The tank seems empty, did not burn out. And inside the car it smells like gas.

2nd COP

Maybe, he set it on fire himself?

1st COP

The Caucasian or something? I don't know. He is scared all right. You saw him. What the hell he needs it for?

2nd COP

What about insurance?

1st COP

He doesn't know such words. Watermelons - that's his theme. And you talk about insurance! How come! He had a new car, see, he made enough money and

bought wheels to drive
chicks to the bars. Do
you remember the
Blister?

2nd COP

Well?

1st COP

What cars did he smash?
The old ones. Selling
them is pain in the
ass. So he bangs it and
then they share
cabbage. Ok, did you
get everything down?

2nd COP

As due.

1st COP

Good. Most important is
to document this shit.
And out of sight. My
boy's got birthday
today, I have to buy
him a present.

2nd COP

How old is he?

1st COP

Fourteen, big man!
Yesterday I caught him
in a smoking room with
lads. Well, I gave him
hard time. When are you
planning to have kids,
eh?

2nd COP

Well, we are...

The wheels of the car get torn away from the asphalt. The
claw of the wrecker's crane tears the burnt roof of the
car. The coupling gives a lurch.

1st COP

Damn, he'll tear it to peaces!

2nd COP

Would you believe it,
it's like paper.

1st COP

Vanya, careful there!

From the wrecker's cab the driver's head pokes out.

1st COP

It'll fall down to hell!

EXTERIOR. WRECKER'S CAB. DAY

DRIVER

Don't worry, chief, I
won't drop it!

The driver's hand carefully pushes the crane's lever. The car hovers above the platform.

INTERIOR. CAR PARK. DAY

2nd COP

Jeweler!

The first cop takes off his cap. He wipes the sweat off his forehead. The wheels of the car touch the platform.

DRIVER

I told you - like
shuttle!

1st COP

Fucking spaceman.

EXTERIOR. OLD BRICK BUILDING IN INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT.
EVENING

An old brick two-storey building. Above the entrance a faded splashed with mud sign "Tailoring" is hanging.

Heinrich walks down the earth road carefully omitting the puddles. He holds the paper pack corded with the thread in his hands. He stops before the front door. Lifts his head up. On the third floor the only window is lit.

INTERIOR OF WORKSHOP. EVENING

Cans with paints and dried up brushes are scattered over the workshop's floor. A broken easel with a half-finished still life is lying in the corner of the room. A faded picture depicting a dark-haired girl and two young men standing in front of the MSU building is hanging on the wall. A sewing machine is standing on a rough wooden table. Long sheets of patterns are pressed down with a plate with a half-eaten sandwich on it.

DOORBELL RINGING

A bent figure of a gray-haired old man wearing glasses appears from the darkness.

FIMA

I'm coming!

Opens the door. Heinrich is standing at the door.

FIMA

Hello, Grishenka! I
thought I would never
see you again. Forgot,
forgot Fima Goldman!

Fima touches Heinrich's cheek with his hand.

FIMA

Well you come in! You
did not forget the way,
eh?

Fima halts in the middle of the room.

FIMA

What did they take you for?

HEINRICH

For Picasso.

FIMA

Oh, my boy, I always
told you that trading
is a delicate thing.

FIMA

And do you know what's
the most difficult?
Temptation. Because
this thought gnaws you
- "surpass the Master!
Leave yourself on
canvass!" And the brush
- she's like a whore,
just let her loose!

Grisha comes up to the wall and stops. Fima follows him
limping. Both look at the photo.

FIMA

Your father was always
an iron man. He never
yielded. To this
temptation.
In those years we sold
about twenty copies of
Ayvazovski with him,
back in Nikita's times.
Two years spent on
seas. Lived in
restaurants. Vine,
girls.

Fima comes to the table. His crooked fingers get a
squashed cigarette pack. Takes out a cigarette. Lights it
up. Takes a deep draw. Turns round.

FIMA

Picasso... what a joker!

Fima comes close to Heinrich.

FIMA

And I left the
business. I grew old.

Shakes the ash to the floor.

FIMA

Well, go on, show it.

Heinrich gets the pack with a bundle. Fima artfully tears off the paper and unfolds the roll.

FIMA

Leather.

Fima passes his hand over the cut.

FIMA

Wight.

Fima lifts his head. Adjusts his glasses.

FIMA

Are you going to a
carnival?

Heinrich does not give any response. Fima is looking for something in his vest pocket.

FIMA

Well, let's takes
measures.

Fima holds in his hands a yellow nylon meter with rubbed out figures. Heinrich takes off the coat.

FIMA

You grew so tall, I
cannot reach you.

Fima stands on a stool. The yellow strip joins on the Heinrich's back.

FIMA

I've seen your friends.
Being drawn to people?
Poet, you've always
been a poet!

Heinrich puts on his coat. Takes a white envelope out of the inset pocket and puts it on the table.

HEINRICH

I'll come in the morning.

SOUND OF THE CLOSING DOOR

Fima takes a thin shoe knife sharp as blade from the shelf.

FIMA

That's the way it is.
They grow up, but the
cut remains the same.

The blade of the knife cuts the snow-white leather in two peaces.

EXTERIOR. BOILER HOUSE. EVENING

Dima and Junior come up to a pair of girls standing in the end of the queue and being engaged in a lively conversation.

FAT GIRL

I told you, all men are
the same!

JUNIOR

Girls, did you send in
for skinheads?!

FAT GIRL

Oh, Junior, hi. Will
you treat the girl with
a cigarette?

Junior takes out a pack of cigarettes.

JUNIOR

Lot's of people.

Fat girl lets out a stream of smoke.

FAT GIRL

Yeah, horrible!

Black limousine drives up to the entrance. The club's security shows up.

FAT GIRL

That's him?

The girl on the high heels shrugs her shoulders. A tall girl in a bright red evening dress comes staggering to the company. Her cavalier, a round-faced man in a black suit without a necktie is talking on the cell phone. The door of the limousine gets opened. The security makes a live corridor. The fat girl tries to get in between the security guys. They gently push her into the stomach.

JUNIOR

Began!

Through the crowd of teenagers a figure of a corpulent gray-haired man in a gray suit can be seen. One of the security guys talks over the radio set.

SECURITY

The object went out.

GIRL IN THE RED DRESS

Who do we have there?!
Wow, Vladimir
Alexandrovich!

The guy grabs his escort under the elbow.

CAVALIER

You'd better be quiet!
And look under your
feet!

The girl in the red dress turns round on her way.

GIRL IN THE RED DRESS

Wow, workers of the
service industry! I
know, I know -
everybody wants to be
liked! The question is
how? But there is one
recipe.

The girl in the red dress stands between the girls.

FAT GIRL

What the fuck?

The girl in the red dress turns her back to the fat girl.

GIRL ON THE HIGH HEELS

So?

The girl in the red dress whispers something in the ear of the girl on the high heels.

GIRL IN THE RED DRESS

You ask him to sew it
on you.

The girl in the red dress touches with her hand the breast of the girl on the high heels. The girl on the high heels makes a step back.

GIRL ON THE HIGH HEELS

How so?

The girl in the red dress laughs.

GIRL IN THE RED DRESS

He knows your size!

GIRL ON THE HIGH HEELS

Fuck you!

The cavalier rudely pushes his escort.

CAVALIER

Natalia!

The girl in the red dress clings to her cavalier and gives him a French kiss.

GIRL IN THE RED DRESS

Oh, come, my boy, so
angry!

A man in a sport suit greets the gray-haired man.

MAN IN SPORTS SUIT

You've been looked for.

GRAY-HAIRED MAN

Later, Kolya, later.

SECURITY

The object passed. Yes,
got it.

DIMA

And who's that?

JUNIOR

Eh, fuck, some Papik.
Bourgeois, in short.

A long-haired guy in a short black leather jacket comes up to Junior. Bends over his head.

METALHEAD

Well, well, made cash
on pants, son of a
bitch!

Junior brusquely turns round clenching his fists. The metalhead laughs holding a can of beer in his hands.

JUNIOR

Wow, look who it ain't!

METALHEAD

Don't recognize your friends?!

JUNIOR

Spider!

Both shake hands and hug.

METALHEAD

Well, what's up, Junior?
How's it going?

JUNIOR

I'm all right. Here,
meet Dima, he's our
man!

The metalhead offers Dima the beer can.

METALHEAD

Have a sip.

DIMA

Thanks, not today.

METALHEAD

Yeah, only sportsmen
around, hell!

Drinks the rest of beer in a gulp and throws the can into
the back of a security guy. Junior pushes the metalhead
in the chest.

JUNIOR

What the fuck you're
doing?!

The security guy turns round, but can't figure out the
one who hit him. The crowd forces the security to the
entrance of the boiler house. The metalhead shows "fuck".

METALHEAD

Bullies!

METALHEAD

Do you miss ours?

Junior passes his hand over his shaven head.

JUNIOR

So are you coming?

METALHEAD

And who's there tonight?

JUNIOR

Don't know.

METALHEAD

No. I won't come. You
come by us. See you,
buy!

The metalhead goes away arranging his hair on the way.

JUNIOR

Let's go.

EXTERIOR. PARKING LOT IN FRONT OF THE BOILER HOUSE.
EVENING.

A girl wearing a low cut dress is sitting on a hood of a
tuned up Honda. A tall guy with a thin joint is standing
in front of her.

GIRL

No! I don't want!

GUY

Come on!

The guy puffs at the joint and blows a thin drag of smoke
into the girl's mouth.

The girl shuts her eyes. Smiles.

GIRL

Yeaaaah!

The girl puts her hand on the guy's chest.

INTERIOR. BOILER HOUSE. LOWER DECK. EVENING

VOICE IN LOUDHAILER (HEINRICH)

And the main question
is - to the black or to
the white?

DIMA

Is it some kind of roulette?

JUNIOR

Sort of!

INTERIOR. BOILER HOUSE. UPPER DECK. STAIRS. EVENING

Two tall girls in bikini with inversed signs "1 ROUND" accompanied by security walk down the iron stairs. Junior and Dima walk up the stairs.

SECURITY

Get out, husks!

JUNIOR

Calm down, moron!

Dima's eyes happen to be on the breast level of a second girl. Her tanned body is covered with golden powder. Junior keeps shouting something. The girl turns on the move and bedazzles Dima with her smile.

JUNIOR

What are you waiting
for?! The seats will be
taken!

INTERIOR. BOILER HOUSE. UPPER DECK. EVENING

Junior and Dima walk up to the second storey. Hundreds of shaven-headed teenagers are sitting on wooden benches. A fat man in a leather apron brings a case of beer. A large guy in a sleeveless jacket is French kissing with a tiny fair girl. A coarse, tattooed hand touches the girl's pale cheek. The girl throws back her head. A chrome swastika glitters in her earlap. Dima comes up to the rails. Below in place of dismantled boilers stands a rectangle ring with dirty-yellow sand.

INTERIOR. BOILER HOUSE. LOWER DECK. EVENING

VOICE IN LOUDHAILER (HEINRICH)

In the ring, gentlemen,
stands the one, who
kills our children,
rapes our wives,
plunders our country -
Black Mohammed!

CROWD

Kill! Kill! Kill!

Soffits light up. A tall muscular black guy gets into the ring with a motorcycle chain in his hands.

CROWD

Kill! Kill! Kill!

Several beer bottles are thrown in the ring. The gladiator strikes with his chain and breaks one of them into pieces. Pieces of glass fall to the ring like a golden rain. An elderly man in a crumpled suit comes running to the barrier.

MAN

Fuck off! Black-assed
crap!

The audience whistles. The gladiator throws his chain ahead. The man covers his face with both hands and falls on his knees with a wild howl.

MAN

Bitch!

Two security guys drag the wounded fan away.

CROWD

Kill! Kill!

VOICE IN LOUDHAILER (HEINRICH)

The white race will be
defended today by young
Aryans from Wehrwolff
legion!

The crowd bursts into applause. Two shaven-headed guys run into the ring. Both of them have pieces of rusty reinforcing steel bars in their hands.

CROWD

Wehrwolff! Wehrwolff!

In the first row Hardbro is shouting something into the ear of the gray-haired fat man in the gray three-piece suit. The gray-haired man nods.

GONG SOUND

The gladiator slowly starts spinning the chain above his head. The skinheads break up. One of them tries to stand beside the gladiator. The gladiator brusquely turns round and falls on his knee. The chain leaves a deep torn wound on the skinhead's stomach. He bends, drops the piece of steel and falls to the side. The second skinhead throws the bar into the gladiator's head. He misses. The bar hits the audience. Someone screams hysterically. The disarmed skinhead throws himself on the gladiator. The chain strikes directly the skull. The skinhead falls with his face down. The gladiator steps over the body and comes into the middle of the ring. The blood drains down the chain.

EXTERIOR. BOILER HOUSE. UPPER DECK. BACK OFFICE. EVENING

In front of the dirty window facing the ring stands Heinrich with a microphone in his hand. Sheets of typed text lay on the table. Heinrich closes his eyes.

INTERIOR. BOILER HOUSE. UPPER DECK. EVENING

Junior comes up to Dima.

JUNIOR

Let's get out of here!

Dima stands still clinging with both hands onto the metal rails. Junior strikes his shoulder.

JUNIOR

That's it, the end!

Dima and Junior walk down to the exit.

EXTERIOR. BOILER HOUSE. LOWER DECK. EVENING

The gray-haired man in the first row tears his coupon to pieces and throws it to the ring. Hardbro is trying to stop him.

HARDBRO

But Vladimir...

GRAY-HAIRED MAN

You blew it all, suckers!

Two bodyguards push Hardbro away. The gray-haired man disappears behind the door. All rise from their seats. Crumpled coupons fall to the ring. One of the viewers picks up a chair and throws it to the barrier.

VOICE IN LOUDHAILER (HEINRICH)

These wretched losers
are not worth their
race! Who will defend
the outraged honor of
the White Man?!

DIMA

I!

Junior grabs his sleeve.

JUNIOR

What the fuck, where are
you going?!

Dima pushes him into the chest and jumps over the barrier.

JUNIOR

Hell, fucking psycho!

The gladiator lifts his chain. Dima takes off his jacket. The chain swishes through the air.

CROWD

Kill! Kill!

Dima backs up, stumbles over the leg of an outstretched skinhead and falls on his back. The gladiator comes close to him and lifts the boot above his face. The boy's hand tries to find some object in the ring. The shadow of the boot lies on the scared boy's face. He suddenly turns on his back and throws a handful of sand into the gladiator's face. The gladiator covers the face with his hands, trying to beat the sand off and drops the chain. Dima stands on his four, lifts the chain and beats with it the legs of the gladiator. The chain lashes round his ankle. Dima pulls the chain with both hands. The gladiator falls on his back. He tries to lift his hand and freezes. The referee starts the countdown.

VOICE IN LOUDHAILER (HEINRICH)

Ladies and gentlemen!
 The event that we've
 been waiting for so
 long finally happened!
 Black Mohammed fell
 from the hand of the
 white young man! David
 defeated Goliath!

The light goes out. The only soffit leaves the sharply outlined circle on the sand. Three skinheads get into the ring. A wooden stool and a basin with water appear in the bar of light. All rise. Spas in a black shirt with the rolled up sleeves comes up to the stool. Dima stands up from the ring and sits down on the stool clenching the chain in his fists. Spas takes a straight blade out of the pocket of his trousers. The sweat is dripping off the boy's cheeks. Spas draws the blade along the leather suspenders.

CROWD

Shave! Shave! Shave!

The razor touches Dima's hair.

CROWD

Shave! Shave! Shave!

Dima convulsively clenches the chain stained with blood. Hair flocks fall into the soapy water.

CROWD

Shave! Shave! Shave!

The crowd jumps over the barrier. Dozens of hands stretch out to the shaven head. Dima tries to get up. Spas puts his hand on his shoulder. Someone's fingers touch his hands. Someone turns the basin over. Wet hair gets stuck to the army boots. The crowd starts moving along the spiral. Dima unclenches his fingers. The chain falls to the ring. The crowd forms a line. All become quiet. Each person comes up to Dima and draws his hand over his skull. Two skinheads drag the gladiator's body away from the ring.

EXTERIOR. WOOD BELT IN THE AREA OF THE GULF OF FINLAND.
 NIGHT

A group of Vietnamese refugees - men, women, children - goes down the country road past the bed of rushes. A man wearing an ear-flapped fur hat carries on his back a cupboard with numerous drawers tied with a towel. A young pregnant woman with a child in her hands pulls a two-wheeled cart with carton boxes. An elderly man in a quilted coat with a bamboo cane leads the procession.

CUCKOO'S CALL

The man with the cane lifts up his hand. The column stops.

CUCKOO'S CALL

The man with the cane parts from the column and comes to the rushes. Among the tall stems the figure of the guide can hardly be seen. The MAN WITH THE CANE comes up to the guide, bows and gives him a light-colored pack wrapped up in polyethylene.

GUIDE

Tell your people not to
stop. We'll go across
the swamp. When we come
to the coast, a raft
will be waiting.

EXTERIOR. SWAMP. NIGHT

The column of refugees walks among the rushes.

LEE

Where are you going?

MAN WITH THE CANE

I'll go back.

LEE

Why?

MAN WITH THE CANE

I have no home. I have
nobody. I'm old, Lee.
The one who has no home
is doomed to go hither
and thither. Be on the
constant move.

Lee points to a man with a wooden cupboard behind his back.

LEE

What does he need it for?

MAN WITH THE CANE

I don't know. Maybe
he's got some secret.
Do you have a secret?

Lee smiles.

LEE

Leave it!

MAN WITH THE CANE

I hear some noise.
Don't you hear it?

LEE

No.

MAN WITH THE CANE

Stay where you are.

LEE

All right.

A growing hum is heard. The man with the cane comes up to the guide.

MAN WITH THE CANE

What's that?

The guide brings his finger to his lips. A military helicopter slowly flies over the woods. Position lights illuminate the dirty-yellow legend on the hull "015". Making a steep turn the helicopter flies away in the direction of the gulf.

GUIDE

Fucking flying here!

MAN WITH THE CANE

What shall we do?

GUIDE

Calm down! They are not
looking for us!

MAN WITH THE CANE

What do they need?

GUIDE

They are looking for poachers.

MAN WITH THE CANE

Russian?

GUIDE

No, Finnish. Ours go
out at night. Ashamed
or something.

MAN WITH THE CANE

Ashamed of stealing?

GUIDE

Who is stealing! Fish
is the same - it swims
hither and thither
without any visa! It
does not understand our
state of affairs. Fish
is fish, free creature,
not like...

WOMAN'S SCREAM

PREGNANT WOMAN

Help me! Get the kid!

EXTERIOR. SWAMP. NIGHT

Lee is standing over the pregnant Vietnamese sunk waist-
deep in the swamp's sludge.

PREGNANT WOMAN

Leave me! Take him!

Lee snatches the crying child out of the woman's hands. The swamp's slush floods over the face of the woman.

GUIDE

Don't stop!

At the edge of the funnel the old man appears. In an agile movement he forces the cane under the chin of the drowning woman.

MAN WITH THE CANE

Hold on it!

The woman grabs the cane with both hands. The old man stands behind her back.

MAN WITH THE CANE

Don't let go, you hear
me! Lay on the back, on
the back!

PREGNANT WOMAN

I can't any more!

The child is terribly screaming on Lee's hands. The old man stands kneels down and gropes in water the jacket's hood. The woman's hand slips off the cane.

MAN WITH THE CANE

Don't let go!

PREGNANT WOMAN

I got it!

MAN WITH THE CANE

Don't jerk, damn it!
Lay still, you got me?!

PREGNANT WOMAN

I'm scared!

MAN WITH THE CANE

Just be still!

The old man seizes the woman by the hood and draws it out to the grass.

MAN WITH THE CANE

That's all. Just like
on a rice field. It's
cold though.

The old man takes of his quilted coat and covers the woman with it. Lee tries to hush down the crying baby.

MAN WITH THE CANE

Give him to her!

Lee brings the baby to his mother.

PREGNANT WOMAN

My little boy!

The guide comes up to the old man.

GUIDE

Why are you sprawling
here! I told you -
don't stop!

MAN WITH THE CANE

We'll be up in a while!

Having sensed his mother the baby calms down. The old man picks up his cane from the ground.

GUIDE

The women!

Spits to the ground.

GUIDE

Don't stop!

Lee lifts her backpack fallen to the ground. The hand of the pregnant woman touches the girl's palm.

PREGNANT WOMAN

Thank you!

EXTERIOR. COASTLINE OF THE GULF OF FINLAND. NIGHT

GUIDE

That's all, here we are.

The refugees form up a line. Several men come close to water. The boy about ten years old squats and scooping the ice cold water washes his face.

LEE

Is it far from the shore?

GUIDE

No, everything's very close here. You won't get at once, where is ours and where is foreign. We have to wait.

LEE

It's so quiet.

The boy picks up a flat stone and throws it in the water. The stone bounces several times and disappears in the mist. The guide takes out a crumpled pack of cigarette.

GUIDE

Quiet.

The lighter's flame touches the end of the cigarette. A dazzling beam of light floods the whole shore. A shrill squeal of a ship siren breaks the silence. All refugees freeze on their places. The spotlight slides along the water edge.

PREGNANT WOMAN

Oh my God!

GUIDE

Back all! All to the
ground, hell!

From the strip of the coastal fog a gray board of the
guard ship sails out.

VOICE IN LOUDHAILER

I order you to stop!
You violate the state
border of the Russian
Federation! All stay
where you are!

The crowd of refugees scatters in panic all over the
swamp. The pregnant woman falls on the ground covering
her child with both hands. Lee pulls the old man's
sleeve.

LEE

Where?

MAN WITH THE CANE

To the woods! Follow
me!

VOICE IN LOUDHAILER

All stay where you are!

The ship comes close to the shore. The noise of the
descending ladder. The dogs' bark. Two dozens of frontier
guards disembark to the shore. Two sailors from the
machine gun crew take their places on the deck.

INTERIOR. MACHINE GUN CREW OF THE GUARD SHIP. NIGHT

1st SAILOR

Distance?

2nd SAILOR

200 meters!

Two small figures appear in the cross of the gun sight.

EXTERIOR. COASTLINE OF THE GULF OF FINLAND. NIGHT

LEE

I can't any more!

The old man turns round on his way and snatches Lee on the jacket's sleeve.

MAN WITH THE CANE

Come on, girl!

INTERIOR. MACHINE GUN CREW OF THE GUARD SHIP. NIGHT

The finger of the machine gunner touches the trigger.

VOICE IN LOUDHAILER

I order you all...

1st SAILOR

Squint-eyed bitches!

The thunder of shots. The burst of tracer bullets flies above the swamp. The old man utters a cry and falls on his back. A blood stain comes through the torn quilted coat.

MAN WITH THE CANE

To the woods, to the woods, quick!

Lee seizes the old man under his elbow.

LEE

We won't make it!

MAN WITH THE CANE

Here!

Several bullets hit the sludge lifting the fan of dirt splashes.

MAN WITH THE CANE

To the ground!

Both fall on the grass. Lee notices a big bush.

MAN WITH THE CANE

Yes, we'll wait here till it's over.

EXTERIOR. COASTLINE OF THE GULF OF FINLAND. NIGHT

Soldiers encircle the group. The refugees fling to each other in panic. An officer with the machine rifle comes up to the guide.

GUIDE

But we've agreed!

The officer strikes the guide into his face with a butt stock. The guide falls to the ground covering his face with his hands.

OFFICER

Search him!

Two soldiers come running to the fainted guide. One of them steps on his hand and puts the rifle's muzzle to his forehead.

1st SOLDIER

Lay still, crap!

The second soldier kneels down and unbuttons the guide's jacket. Gets the crumpled package.

2nd SOLDIER

Here, commander!

The officer snatches the package out of the soldier's hands. Tears the envelope. Takes out the crumpled bills tied up with the rubber band.

OFFICER

Oho! The jackals'
services rise in price!
And I'm still working
at the old prices! Who
do you take me for,
bastard?

GUIDE

Fuck you!

The officer strikes a short but heavy blow in the guide's face.

OFFICER

Trash!

EXTERIOR. SWAMP. BUSH. NIGHT

MAN WITH THE CANE

All gone?

Lee nods her head.

MAN WITH THE CANE

And the raft?

LEE

I don't see it.

MAN WITH THE CANE

You have to get out of here.

LEE

And you?

The old man turns to his side. The bamboo cane lies near the bush on the dirty grass.

MAN WITH THE CANE

Give it to me.

Lee crawls on her stomach over the grass. Grabs the cane. The old man catches hold of it and places it near him.

MAN WITH THE CANE

Go.

Lee disappears in the dark. The old man takes the cane by its ivory grip and pulls it forcefully. A grip with a thin long blade remains in his hand.

MAN WITH THE CANE

One friend is left.

He passes his finger along the blade and smiles.

EXTERIOR. COASTLINE OF THE GULF OF FINLAND. NIGHT

The guide stands up and throws himself on the 1st soldier standing with his back to him.

GUIDE

You fucktards! I'll kill you!

The guide tries to snatch the machine rifle out of the hands of the 1st soldier. Sound of the lock. The 2nd soldier puts the gun to the back of the guide's head.

2nd SOLDIER

And now, you fucker,
get the hands off him -
and so that I could see
them.

The guide lets off the rifle and lifts his hands up. The 1st soldier kicks the guide in the stomach. The guide bends, but keeps his balance. The 2nd soldier puts the gun down.

GUIDE

You condom!

The 1st soldier kicks the guide in the jaw with his boot. The guide falls down. The 1st soldier runs up to him and strikes him twice in the head with the butt stock. The officer comes up to the prostrate guide.

OFFICER

Here's your tip, son of a
bitch!

Takes two bills out of the pack and throws them into the guide's face. One of the bill sticks to the blood-stained forehead.

OFFICER

Let's get out of here!

2nd SOLDIER

Commander, maybe we
should take someone?
Why do we release them?

OFFICER

So that they come back
again.

The ship slowly sails off the shore. An old Vietnamese man in a dirty quilted coat is sitting with his back against the bush. The lifeless palm clenches the long thin dagger blade.

2nd SAILOR

Damn, Serega, you are a
fucking sniper! You've
scared all squint-eyed
bastards away!

The ship turns round. The spotlight slides along the water edge. On the jammed grass among the abandoned things stands the Cupboard.

EXTERIOR. PLAYGROUND. DAY

Wasteland in front of the playground. Irregular rank of boys. Heinrich wearing a long leather coat with an upturned collar is smoking. A little boy is swinging on the swings. Petrovich is sitting on the bench with a quarter-liter bottle of vodka in his hand. The button accordion in a leather case stands on the ground. A boy about five years old aims at Petrovich from a bright pink gun.

A tattered UAZ drives off the highway to the earth road. Heinrich throws away his cigarette. Scornfully examines the rank. Bazooka squares her shoulders and snaps to attention. UAZ halts on the wasteland. The sound of the opening door. Out of the clouds of settling dust comes Spas with a brown bear on a leash. All stand still. Heinrich turns round on his heels and thrusts out his hand in salute.

HEINRICH

Heil!

The rank comes to life. Several dozens of hands shoot up into the air.

CROWD

Heil!

Spas slowly approaches Heinrich. The bear growls and balks. Feeble readjusts glasses on his nose. The kids on the ground leave their toys in the sandbox and climb up the slide. Heinrich gives the go-ahead.

SPAS

My white brothers! We
are the young force of
Russia, we are the
great brotherhood. Our
walls collapse, but our
hearts will be not
shattered. Liberalism
is neither ideology,
nor the system of the
world's conspiracy.
It's a disease! A
mental disorder!
Forcing its victims to
say nonsense and
undertake inadequate
actions! This disease
is incurable and
socially dangerous!
Liberalism is poison!
Spiritual poison
bringing death and
decay to the people,
who admit it! It's
infection, which must
be burnt out of the
souls with a red-hot
iron! And in a number
of neglected cases it
must be burnt down
together with the
souls!

Spas bends over Feeble, spouting his glasses with saliva.

SPAS

So we call on all
those, who are not
indifferent to the fate
of their land and their
city - don't be
indifferent! Join us!
Only together we can
stand for our rights!

The rights of Russian
people on Russian land.

Spas spreads his hands as if trying to embrace Mother Russia. Heinrich nods to Spas and takes out a notepad with sheets covered with small writing.

SPAS

Our hands are live
pillars of the bridge,
which will unite the
East and the West.
Russia will become the
united national
socialistic empire and
its flags will proudly
flap in the wind in
every corner of the
world. We were not
broken by the years of
communist terror, the
mold of democracy,
impotence of the right
wing front. We call on
those to follow us, who
wants to change the
world for the better.
The decrepit world will
fall and above its
ruins the banners of
New Eon will rise
heralding the coming of
a superman! We are
called to return to
people the lost power
and spirituality. The
search of this is the
only worthy goal.

Heinrich turns over the page.

SPAS

Only together we'll be
able to ensure the
growth and prosperity
of our people.

Axe's hand tries to touch Bazooka's ass. Bazooka gives a short blow upon Axe's ribs. He bends in two and his eyes rest on Heinrich's boots polished like mirror. Overcoming the pain he gets back to the line. Heinrich scornfully

examines Axe from head to toe, sets straight the collar of his coat and walks away.

SPAS

...hurl out from our land
 all unwelcome guests.
 And become its owners
 again! The history's
 pendulum swung in our
 direction. Because it
 is our country! The
 future belongs to us!
 Be White and Proud!
 Strong and Brave!
 Healthy and
 Uncompromised! We'll
 win! At all costs!

EXTERIOR. HIGHWAY. DAY

The crowd of the skinheads walks down the road. The procession is led by Heinrich, waving away an annoying mongrel with his whip. Drunken Petrovich with accordion in his hands uncertainly drags along behind him. Spas with the bear brings up the rear. Feeble tries to keep abreast, but gets confused and falls. Axe picks him up and seats him on his shoulders. Heinrich turns round. Slowly lifts up his hand. The mongrel runs away into the bushes with a yelp. Feeble hugs his brother round the neck. Petrovich wakes up on the way. Spits down the cigarette, which went out long ago. Heinrich abruptly puts his hand down. The bellows of accordion gets stretched with a wild grinding sound. Feeble starts singing.

FEEBLE

Bells are not heard over the Motherland
 It's quiet in Kremlin palaces
 But every minute the call becomes louder:
 "Russia is calling me!"

The country still dozes in mass of rocks
 Not hearing the sacred call
 "But thousands got risen!" Everyone said
 Russia is calling you!

Let the mean tribe make haste to live
 Since it will not escape the fire

CHOIR

This cannot be otherwise. Cannot be!
 Russia is calling, Russia is calling,
 Russia is calling me!

Having sensed the woods, the bear tries to escape. Spas gives it a kick in the butt. The bear growls, but calms down.

FEEBLE

The previous order is not for us and we don't like it too,
 We'll sweep it away right up to the sky,
 Russia today and the whole world tomorrow,
 Russia is calling, Russia is calling,
 Russia is calling me!

We Russians will ruin the hostile chalice
 We'll sweep it away right up to the sky,
 Russia today and the whole world tomorrow,
 Russia is calling, Russia is calling,
 Russia is calling me!

On the road behind the procession appears the boy with a pink gun. A fat boy with green Kalashnikov and a girl with antitank grenade join him. Skinheads disappear in the direction of the City. On a white and yellow banner a black double-headed eagle is depicted with swastika in its claws.

EXTERIOR. WASTELAND. DAY

Spas, the bear and three skinheads are standing on a wasteland near the city's dump. From the belly of a huge garbage truck dirty bags appear. Several bums climb up the truck carcass.

SPAS

I tell you once again -
 take only the biggest!
 Got it?!

1st SKINHEAD

Yes, we got it.

SPAS

Then execute!

2nd skinhead throws away the cigarette.

One of the bums snatches a bag. Dirty fingers tear away the black polyethylene. Other bums standing on the ground start shouting. A skinny gray-haired woman falls on her knees and starts crying.

1st SKINHEAD

And where are we
supposed to find it?

A large man wearing a torn quilted coat appears on the roof of the garbage truck.

2nd SKINHEAD

Fuck, there it goes!

The man grabs the bum's hair and beats with his head against the corner of the truck carcass. The bum stands up straight pressing the bag to his chest. The man spits down and strikes with his fist into the bum's face. The bum steps back, drops the bag, loses his balance and falls to the ground. The man picks up the bag. The crowd stands still. The old woman closes her face with her hands.

1st SKINHEAD

Look, what he's doing,
the smudgy! Isn't he
the limit! And what are
the others waiting for?

3rd SKINHEAD

Grub.

The crazy old woman comes up to the bum lying on his back. Looks round. Bends over the body and tears the hat away. The bum opens his eyes and tries to get up. The old woman kicks him with her boot in the head. Puts on the hat and withdraws in the direction of the crowd.

EXTERIOR. HIGHWAY. DAY

A silver-colored jeep drives along an empty highway.

INTERIOR. JEEP. DAY

At the jeep's wheel sits a dyed blonde aged 35-40 in a black synthetic jacket. A boy about 5 years old is sitting at the backseat. He's holding a big transformer toy in his hands.

CHILD

Ma, Ma, look!

Transformer transforms into a jet airplane and hits the driver's seat.

MOTHER

Vova, calm down!

MOTHER

What a stench! Where it comes from?!

EXTERIOR. HIGHWAY. DAY

Spas walks with the bear along the side of the highway. Big clouds of smoke are hanging above incinerator. Spas halts. The bear growls dissatisfied.

SPAS

All right, all right,
I'll be back in a
minute! Your damn fish
will not get away from
you!

Spas ties the leash to the concrete pole and walks away from the highway.

INTERIOR. JEEP. DAY

The mother twists the tuner's knob.

FM RADIO

Sleet is expected in
north-western regions
of Russia. Gusts of
wind up to 15 m/s.

CHILD

Mommy, mommy, bear!

The child stands up on the seat and strikes the glass with his palm. The bear is sitting on the road.

EXTERIOR. HIGHWAY. DAY.

Spas unzips the fly. Shuts his eyes. Squeal of brakes.

SPAS

What the fuck...

The silver-colored jeep is standing on the side of the highway in front of the bear. Spas runs up to the car zipping his fly on the way.

SPAS

What the hell...

The door gets opened. A fair boy in sports suit comes up to the car's hood.

CHILD

Mister, is this your bear?

MOTHER

Vova, get back to the car!

The mother gets out of the car and takes the child by the hand.

SPAS

You?

MOTHER

Yes, so what.

The child cuddles to his mother.

CHILD

Ma, please, Ma?

SPAS

I didn't recognize you
at once.

MOTHER

Grew old?

SPAS

No, just kind of...

CHILD

Mommy, can I look at the bear?

MOTHER

Well, if...

Spas squats in front of the child.

SPAS

Just don't come close to it!

MOTHER

How's your Harley?

SPAS

I sold it long ago.

MOTHER

How so?

SPAS

I don't have anywhere to ride.

MOTHER

Once...

Spas nods in the child's direction.

SPAS

Nice boy.

MOTHER

And how are you doing? Married?

SPAS

Was.

MOTHER

Got children?

SPAS

All are mine!

Nods to the side. Three skinheads drag a huge empty carton box from fridge.

SPAS

House for Manya.

The child stands near the peacefully sleeping bear.

SPAS

There are none of ours left. Andryuha the Fat was found a month ago. He sat down in front of the TV and stayed seated. Two weeks later his neighbors started complaining about the loud music. Anryukha loved TV. And I keep wondering what he saw there before...

MOTHER

What about Seriy?

SPAS

He's gone. Five years already.

MOTHER

Died?

SPAS

I don't know. Went out for cigarettes. And gone.

The boy squats. Manya opens her eyes.

SPAS

How old is he?

MOTHER

Five.

SPAS

Looks like you. And you became a cool one - husband, car! What did you come for?

MOTHER

To get one paper. Just a formality. Vova, let's go!

SPAS

I was looking for you.

MOTHER

And I wasn't.

Takes the child in her arms. Spas touches the kid's cheek.

MOTHER

It's time to go.

Gets into the jeep. Switches on the ignition. Spas looks at his hand. The jeep darts away. Behind Spas' back a carton box falls down with a noise. Three dirty shaven-headed boys hardly catch their breaths. Manya wakes up. Approaches the box. Takes a sniff, then bites a piece of carton and spits it down. Spas smiles. The skinheads choke with laughter.

EXTERIOR. DORMITORY AREA. MARKETPLACE. DAY

Taxi Volga drives up the highway not far from the marketplace.

INTERIOR. CAR INTERIOR. DAY

Inside the taxi on the backseat sits reclining Hardbro.

EXTERIOR. HIGHWAY DAY

A truck with construction materials cuts in front of the taxi.

HARDBRO

Hurry on, bro!

The driver changes lanes.

INTERIOR. CAR INTERIOR. DAY

Hardbro takes out the cell phone. Dials a number. The sound of siren. Police patrol overtakes Volga.

HARDBRO

Fuck!

Canceling dialing. Hides the cell phone in the inset pocket.

HARDBRO

Stop here! Yes, I'll be
back in a minute.

EXTERIOR. DORMITORY AREA. MARKETPLACE. DAY

Volga halts at a telephone booth. Hardbro gets out of the car. Turns round. Two Caucasians in red sheepskin coats are explaining something to the stout fair woman in a black apron.

INTERIOR. TELEPHONE BOOTH. DAY

HARDBRO

Business is agitated,
the game is not played
by rules. It's all that
old cock! Hired those
chinks for nothing and
thinks he rocks!
Pockets swell, but he
doesn't want to pay!

The woman in apron nods her head and spits the seeds on a sidewalk.

HARDBRO

Yeah. And how are your
twinkie boys, being on
their mettles?

Hardbro laughs and shakes his head.

HARDBRO

Yes, I understand -
soldiers!

Axe approaches the Caucasians. The fat woman runs away.

HARDBRO

Don't tell me tales!
It's all a talk through
the hat, brother!

One of the Caucasians makes a helpless gesture. Axe grabs
him by the collar and lifts above the ground.

HARDBRO

Why are you fucking
your time away? Growing
old?

Hardbro puts a receiver into a different hand. Slightly
opens the door of the booth. Inside break in the scraps
of Caucasian speech mixed with Russian vulgar words. The
second Caucasian tries to explain something to Axe. Axe
throws the scared Caucasian against the concrete fence.

HARDBRO

Yes. And make
everything nice and
tidy!

Hardbro opens the door a little more.

1st CAUCASIAN

Just calm down, eh?!
Why are you so mad,
man!

The Caucasian unbuttons his coat. Looks round. Gets a
small polyethylene pack and hands it over to Axe.

AXE

Ah, you son of a bitch!

Axe kicks the Caucasian with his knee in the belly. The 2nd Caucasian backs up.

2nd CAUCASIAN

No, don't, brother!

Axe hides the pack and runs over the roadway. Hardbro hangs up.

EXTERIOR. PLAYGROUND. NOON

Playground. Heinrich is sitting in the old leather chair. Feeble dressed in the Party's uniform stands in front of him playing the violin. On the background the boys are working out on horizontal bars.

DIMA

Where did this bear come from?

BAZOOKA

It's all that Moldavian circus. They've gone and left her. Spas saw her. On a kids' playground. He wanted to change it for vodka in the grocery store, but that wouldn't do. That's how it was. So he kept it.

DIMA

And in winter?

BAZOOKA

Sleeps

Heinrich takes out a cigarette. Waives to Feeble to stop playing. Feeble snaps to attention flinging out his hand in a Nazi salute. Heinrich nods and leans back in the chair. Feeble puts the violin down on the grass and runs to the group of boys playing football.

DIMA

Who is he?

BAZOOKA

Heinrich? He is the
brain of the Party. He
thought it all up.

DIMA

Does he always wear the
coat?

BAZOOKA

Yes.

Dima rubs his hand.

BAZOOKA

You did well yesterday!
Knocked down the Black!

DIMA

What's with him?

BAZOOKA

I don't know.

DIMA

Listen, I've killed
him, right?

Bazooka jumps down from bars.

BAZOOKA

You see, everything is
not so easy here. The
main thing is that you
were chosen. Look ahead
and don't ask question

INTERIOR. CUTTING WORKSHOP OF CLOTHES FABRIC. DAY

Two Russian loaders carry a roll of beige fabric.

1st LOADER

Kuzmich, how much of
those rags women need?
See, I only have a pair

of trousers and a
shirt!

2nd LOADER

And where is Lyudka? I
don't see a shit!

A prominent big-bosomed lady wearing blue protective
overall blocks their way.

1st LOADER

Wow!

LYUDKA

You finally turned up,
my darlings! Where have
you been burning
around, you slackers?

1st LOADER

We had a smoke break!

LYUDKA

Yeah, smoked right from
the morning! Come on,
bring it to the corner!
And be quick!

Loaders back up frightened, the roll makes an arc and
knocks the Vietnamese man down.

2nd LOADER

Saniok, use your eyes,
not your ass!

Vietnamese sewers stand behind the long cutting table.
Several men dismantle a broken sewing machine. Russian
technician, untidy middle-aged man, is shouting on a tiny
sewer with tearful eyes.

TECHNICIAN

Fuck, where will I get
it for you? Have no
brains - hell, climb up
the palm!

LYUDKA

Zhora, watch the tongue
all right? I can get it
wrong! And I have a
heavy hand, you know
it.

TECHNICIAN

Lyudka, this monkey
must be torn off her
hands!

LYUDKA

Shut the fuck up,
bastard!

Lyudka grabs the technician by his neck and throws him on
the table.

TECHNICIAN

What's wrong with you?

LYUDKA

Go back to work, fucker.

The door gets opened. Lee comes into the workshop.

1st SEWER

She's been out for a
third time already.

2nd SEWER

Why can't she just stay
here? Russians are
kind, they wouldn't let
her harm.

1st SEWER

She has brother in
France. Back since war.

Lee comes up to conveyor. Gathers her hair in a knot and
ties a blue headscarf up. The workshop foreman, an
elderly Vietnamese man wearing monstrous horn-rimmed
glasses, fastened with adhesive tape, snatches out a bra

of conveyor belt. Two dozens of workers silently watch the process. All are skinny and flat-bosomed. Lyudka's bosom of E-size enchants the Vietnamese. The foreman hooks up the fastener and slowly withdraws with a bent posture. Lyudka shrugs her shoulder and gives a nod. The foreman closes his eyes. A sigh of relief is heard in the hall. All come back to their work places. Bras disappear in the slit of packing machine.

EXTERIOR. STREETCAR STOP. EVENING

Dima, Axe and Junior are sitting on the bench of a streetcar stop and smoking. Junior gets up from the bench.

JUNIOR

So I kicked his ass pretty much.

AXE

Don't you lie through
your teeth there!

Junior clenches the fist in front of Dima's face.

JUNIOR

We must beat them up!
All of them!

AXE

Beat up, eh?!

JUNIOR

So?

AXE

You jumped in and I
knocked him down. You
are just a Pee Wee,
Junior!

JUNIOR

Are you bitching me?!

Junior tries to snatch Axe on his face. Axe slightly kicks Junior under the knee. Junior falls to the side.

AXE

Cool down. It's the
street. Your time will
come.

Axe picks Junior from the ground and seats him on the
bench. Junior rubs the hurt side.

JUNIOR

You are such an asshole!

Axe smiles and puts his hand on Junior's shoulder.

AXE

Fuck that, it's all
crap. Don't get mad.
See, one thing is when
you have some shit in
your hands, a different
thing is when you go on
Caucasian with empty
hands! I was bad too,
we turned out in that
backstreet by accident,
just to take a leak!
And there's that
blockhead kicking your
ass!

Junior wipes away the sniffles with the dirty sleeve.

JUNIOR

Yeah. He was mine, mine!

Axe spits down.

AXE

Yours.

EXTERIOR. INDUSTRIAL ZONE. EVENING

Gray tapered building of heat power plant. Clouds of
steam. A crane jib carries a bunch of concrete panels.
Flashes of electric welding.

SOUND OF POLICE SIREN

AXE

Here it is some kind of
a border. See that
steam from a stack?
That's it - we can't go
there. It's Borka's
area.

DIMA

Whose?

AXE

Borya the Skull.

JUNIOR

Skulls. Have you heard?

DIMA

Sort of..

AXE

Well, that's them.

DIMA

And what do they want?

AXE

What do you mean what?
The same thing we do.
Order.

DIMA

But if we are up to the
same thing, why can't
we go there?

AXE

You see, if there is no
border, everything will
be messed up, there'll
be no order. Order
means having one boss.

DIMA

It's kind of weird.
Cause is one, but
bosses are many.

AXE

That's how it is: cause
is important, not
bosses. If there was
one boss, everyone
would fight with the
others. But here
everyone has his own
boss and the common
cause. No fighting.

DIMA

Still, why can't we go
to that stack?

A streetcar halts at the stop. From an empty wagon runs
out Feeble with a violin case on his shoulder.

JUNIOR

Brother.

AXE

Well, we have to go.
Meet you tomorrow at
8.00 a.m. on the bars.

Axe gets up. Comes to Feeble and strokes his head.

AXE

How is it going?

FEEBLE

Norm.

Axe bends down.

FEEBLE

For real.

Feeble hugs his brother round the neck. Axe takes the
violin case.

DIMA

What are we up to?

JUNIOR

Let's sit and wait.

The streetcar driver gets out of the streetcar with a bottle of beer.

DIMA

Have you been with him for a long time now?

JUNIOR

With whom? Ah, Heinrich. Since summer.

DIMA

And before?

JUNIOR

Listened to the metal.

DIMA

Got bored?

JUNIOR

No.

DIMA

Why then?

JUNIOR

Cops used to bust us. Who had long hair - to the wall and out the pockets. It was fucking shit.

DIMA

Don't they bust you now?

Passes his hand over the shaven head.

JUNIOR

Sometimes. But we are
at one with them.

Dima drops the cigarette.

DIMA

How's that?

JUNIOR

We are for Russia with
them. Got it?

The streetcar takes off.

EXTERIOR. WASTELAND IN FRONT OF THE BUILDING OF THE
CLOTHES FACTORY. EVENING

Dima and Junior pass by the Factory's building. On the
side of the Factory a mosaic picture worn out over the
course of time can be seen depicting two fair frontier
guards with a patrol dog. Legend: "BORDER IS LOCKED".
Near the sidewalk on a tilted bench two tipsy Vietnamese
men are sleeping on Lyudka's bosom.

JUNIOR

See that bitch! She
can't get enough of
ours, so she fondles
these dwarves!

EXTERIOR. CLOTHES FACTORY. EVENING

Lyudka strokes the Vietnamese on their heads. Lee walks
out of the entrance lodge. She takes off her scarf on the
way and looses her hair.

JUNIOR

Oh, another one! And a
cute on too! Hey you,
chinky, will you go
with me?!

Lee passes by without halting and lifts her tiny hand up with a stuck out middle finger. Dima chokes with laughter.

JUNIOR

Ah, you bitch!

Runs up to the girl and dumps her. Lee falls on her knees. Junior hits her with the fist on the back of her head.

DIMA

Hey-hey, Junior, what are you doing?!

Junior presses his boot against Lee's breast. She tries to get up, but falls again on the ground.

JUNIOR

Cunt!

Dima hits Junior with his head in the belly at the full speed. Both fall to the ground. Lyudka grabs the Vietnamese by collars and runs away.

JUNIOR

What the fuck...

Dima tries to reach Junior's face. The latter breaks out, gets on top of Dima and strikes two blows into his head.

JUNIOR

Son of a bitch!

A heavy blow into the throat throws Junior to the ground. Lee slowly picks up a piece of cobblestone from the ground. Junior's face is distorted with a pain grimace. Dima catches hold of Lee's hand.

DIMA

Don't.

Lee throws the stone away. Dima tries to sit down. Junior crawls away on his four.

JUNIOR

You are done.

Lee picks up her backpack. Dima stands up with difficulty. The blood from the cut forehead covers his face.

LEE

Let's go.

Dima wipes the blood with his sleeve.

DIMA

Yes.

Both head to the entrance lodge.

INTERIOR. HALL OF CLOTHES FACTORY. NIGHT

The door made of galvanized metal. Stencil sign: "Radio room. Staff only!" Lee takes out the key. The door wouldn't yield.

DIMA

Let me...

LEE

Wait.

Knots her hair. Puts the key into the keyhole and hits the door with her shoulder. The door gives in with a squeak.

LEE

Get in quick.

INTERIOR. RADIO ROOM OF CLOTHES FACTORY. NIGHT

In the middle of the room stands a massive radio panel with needle indicators. A pair of microphones stands on flexible chrome-plates posts. A tape-recording panel with one spool. At the edge of the radio panel stands a portable cassette-reorder. The walls are covered with posters with Paris views. Among them several posters with Joe Dassin and Mireille Mathieu. Dima sits down on the sofa. Lee nervously paces the floor.

DIMA

A nice place you've got.

LEE

Couldn't be better.
Where did I put that
first-aid kit?

DIMA

Maybe I can do without
it? I'll just rinse it,
that's all.

LEE

You'd better listen to
the music.

Lee takes the cassette-recorder from the control panel
and puts it on the sofa. Dima pushes the PLAY button.

AUDIO RECORD. WOMAN'S VOICE

Je voudrais faire les
ongles. I would like to
have my nails done.

Dima's face breaks into a smile. Lee chokes with
laughter.

LEE

This is my French
course!

DIMA

A great disco you've
got! Will you borrow it
to make a copy?

LEE

Take it!

DIMA

Listen, I can do that
too: "J'ai vou"

LEE

No, not like that. The
 sound must go right
 from the throat.

Dima makes a gargling sound. Lee covers her face with her hands.

LEE

Enough, I can't stand
 that any more!

Dima comically gasps for air. Lee leans back against the wardrobe and slides down to the floor.

LEE

Oh, I remember! The wardrobe!

INTERIOR. BEDROOM. EARLY MORNING

VOICE OF A TV HOST

The change of the
 situation in the market
 of low qualified labor
 force resulted in...

KLICK OF THE REMOTE CONTROL

INTERIOR. BEDROOM. TV SCREEN. EARLY MORNING

On the screen of a colored TV-set two well-known satirists are singing satirical songs accompanied with the guitar.

INTERIOR. BEDROOM. EARLY MORNING

Fingers cock a rifle's lock. In the cross of the sight appears the face of the hostess. The shooter's finger touches the trigger. The hostess' face breaks into an idiotic smile.

KLICK OF THE REMOTE CONTROL

INTERIOR. BEDROOM. TV SCREEN. EARLY MORNING

The audience busts the guts laughing.

INTERIOR. BEDROOM. EARLY MORNING

The shooter puts the rifle at the end of the table. Takes an old rusty jigsaw. Leans with his bare foot upon the butt stock.

INTERIOR. BEDROOM. TV SCREEN. EARLY MORNING

A block of commercials on the screen. Happy newlyweds are running along the edge of the ocean.

INTERIOR. BEDROOM. EARLY MORNING

The blade of the saw touches the barrel.

INTERIOR. HEADQUARTERS OF THE PARTY. MORNING

A dim table lamp illuminates the typewriter. Near it stands a paper bag tied with a cord. Heinrich is sitting with the eyes shut in the chair in the shadow of the lamp. He is smoking. Exhaling the jet of smoke into the bar of light.

FLASHBACK

INTERIOR. HEADQUARTERS OF THE PARTY. DAY

Headquarters of the party. Back office without windows. The interior is lit with a low chandelier with a broken shade. Light wallpapers with geometric patterns cover the walls. A black office bookcase. A low homemade couch stands in the corner piled up with newspapers and correspondence. A pair of high box-calf boots stands near the steam heating radiator. A writing table with a typewriter takes up the front part of the room. The Party's poster is hanging on the wall depicting a man and a woman with Kalashnikov rifles standing in front of Kremlin. The legend reads: "Russia will be free!" Schulz is typewriting. Heinrich in a leather coat paces to and fro behind the back of the stenographer and smokes throwing the ash to the floor from time to time.

HEINRICH

I do not believe in
tolerance, since
tolerance means
depreciation of
standards. You must
understand that good is
made from the evil.
Experience and hatred -
these are the sources
of energy. We need 25
hours of hatred a day.

We must learn to hate
and take a delight in
it. Violence is the
only universal
communication means.

Schulz' long pale fingers are artfully moving on the
keyboard.

HEINRICH

We are not impartial,
we are Russians. The
feeling of cultural
exceptionality is
inherent in us. The
word "Russia" must
prevail over the word
"Freedom".

Cursor types "Freedom".

HEINRICH

Overcoming the subhuman
is a complicated
evolutionary process,
my dear. And we like
Darwinists must
understand that our
fight...

Heinrich stops. Comes up to the table. Bends over Schulz.

HEINRICH

You must learn to get
the joy out of the
process of fighting.

Heinrich strokes Schulz' hair with his hand.

HEINRICH

It's like an act of
self-treatment.

The stenographer's fingers slip off the keyboard. The
cursor types several uppercase A's on the paper.

SCHULZ

I'm sorry. I'll make it right.

HEINRICH.

Don't worry. We all
make mistakes.

Heinrich forcefully presses the boy's head against his belly. Schulz' hand touches the chrome-plated belt buckle. Heinrich rudely seizes the boy's chin.

HEINRICH

Remember, your duty is
to take care of your
own safety. Your life
belongs to the cause of
the White Revolution.

Schulz leans back in his chair. Heinrich sits down on the edge of the table.

HEINRICH

The outlines of our victory ...

SOUND OF A FALLING BUCKET

FADE OUT

INTERIOR. HEADQUARTERS OF THE PARTY. MORNING

Heinrich drops the ash. Opens his eyes.

WOMAN IN THE HALL

Damn it, jammed it all!

A sheet of paper is inserted in the typewriter. The heading reads "Address to Russian people". Heinrich turns his head. The black leather jacket is hanging on the hanger on the door handle. Heinrich's hand carefully touches the bag.

INTERIOR. BEDROOM. EARLY MORNING

Low wooden table covered with a dirty tablecloth. The cutaway butt stock, jigsaw, cuttings of barrels and a box from bullets are lying on the table. A man in black jeans is sitting at the edge of the crumpled bed. His face is overlapped with a cell phone panel. A pair of high army boots with white laces is standing at the bed. A muted sound of auto redial.

EXTERIOR. KHRUSHCHEV BUILDING AT THE CITY'S OUTSKIRTS.
EARLY MORNING

Bazooka comes out of the front door. Talks over the cell phone.

BAZOOKA

Yep, I got it. Fine,
I'll take it. Bye then.

At the doorstep appears a tiny woman with a towel in her hands.

BAZOOKA

Ma, what's the matter,
eh? Go back to sleep!

BAZOOKA'S MOTHER

Oh, you such a trash!
Where are you heading?

BAZOOKA

Come on, Ma?

BAZOOKA'S MOTHER

I'll show you how to
jerk around at night!

BAZOOKA

Ma, what's wrong with you?

The mother strikes the daughter into the face with a wet towel with all her might. Bazooka tries to cover her face with the hands. Another stroke.

BAZOOKA'S MOTHER

I'll show you walking
in the moonlight!

Bazooka runs into the front door. A sound of overturned jars can be heard.

INTERIOR. BEDROOM. EARLY MORNING

Rough hands are lacing up the boots.

EXTERIOR. STREET NEAR THE CLOTHES FACTORY. EARLY MORNING

Two figures are walking along the fence - Axe and Junior.

JUNIOR

And then he strikes
such a blow on me! I
was fucking shocked!
Maybe, he's at one with
that chink, eh?!

Having walked up to the end of the fence, Axe grabs Junior by the sleeve.

AXE

Halt.

Junior peeks out behind the corner.

EXTERIOR. CLOTHES FACTORY. EARLY MORNING

The factory's building is enveloped by mist.

JUNIOR

Seems to be quiet.

Axe unzips his jacket and takes out the sawn-off rifle. Seeing the weapon, Junior starts backing.

JUNIOR

What the hell?! Why?!
We only...

Axe cocks the shutter. The barrel of the sawn-off rifle is pressed against Junior's chest.

AXE

Get the fuck out of here!

Junior makes another step backwards, stumbles, whispers something to himself and runs away. Axe looks round and carefully crosses the road.

INTERIOR. RADIO ROOM OF CLOTHES FACTORY

Dima is sitting on the sofa. Lee tries to reach to the first-aid kit lying on the shelf together with old

gramophone records. She stands on tiptoes. A short shirt rides up exposing her tanned body. Dima looks away.

DIMA

Need help?

The girl's fingers touch the enameled surface of the box. The skirt rides up even higher. Dima not being able to resist any longer studies Lee.

LEE

Whoops!

The kit falls to the floor. Lee makes a helpless gesture and laughs. Dima smiles in response. Lee damps the bandage in water and applies to the scratch. Dima catches hold of the girl's hand. Lee sits down on the sofa. Her fingers touch the boy's lips.

The door bursts open with a noise. At the doorstep stands Axe with the sawn-off rifle. Dima stands upright. Lee covers her mouth with her hand.

SOUND OF A SHOT

The shot throws Dima back. The poster with the Eiffel Tower gets bloodstained. Lee is screaming hysterically.

AXE

Son of a bitch!

Axe approaches the body spread on the floor. The army boots with white laces appear near Dima's face. Axe lifts the sawn-off rifle and aims at the head. Dima opens his eyes. The blood trickles down the corners of his mouth. Lee bends over the body.

SOUND OF POLICE SIREN

Axe gives a start. Lowers the sawn-off rifle. Spits to the floor and runs away.

EXTERIOR. WASTELAND IN FRONT OF THE CLOTHES FACTORY. EARLY MORNING

Heinrich, Spas and Manya are standing at a half-rotten truck carcass.

SPAS

And when the black-
 assed were burnt down
 in the market?
 Remember? The public
 was craving for it!
 Blew them up for half a
 year, sent walkers to
 cops. And the fucking
 null!

Heinrich carefully examines the buttons on the sleeves of
 his white coat.

SPAS

Came by me. In suits.
 Real show. And started
 - "save Mother Russia,
 they don't let common
 people live!" Well, we
 helped them. We've
 overdone it a bit
 though. Fucking broke
 down everything! But
 there are no blacks
 now! That's it -
 freedom! Just go and
 trade. But nobody came.
 They've been drinking
 for a week, singing
 songs. They don't want
 to work. Got out of
 habit. And I got out of
 habit too, Grisha.

Spas takes out a flat metal flask, nervously unscrews it
 and takes a few gulps.

SPAS

Everyone wanted to be
 the first...

Chokes with cough.

EXTERIOR. WASTELAND IN FRONT OF THE CLOTHES FACTORY.
 EARLY MORNING

Sound of motors. Spas peeks out from behind the truck. A
 group of bikers on road motorbikes drive down the
 highway.

SPAS

Japanese.

HEINRICH.

What?

SPAS

The sound is different.

EXTERIOR. HIGHWAY. EARLY MORNING

The bikers' column loads into the corner. The last bike has two passengers. A fair plait peeps out from under the helmet.

EXTERIOR. WASTELAND IN FRONT OF THE CLOTHES FACTORY

SPAS

All right, we'll kick those chinks out of the factory and will take hold of it.

Heinrich stands still.

SPAS

Don't look at me like that. I'm not afraid of your pals. It is my territory! I am boss here!

Spas walks into the stripe of mist.

SPAS

We'll open a club there. Will gather all guys there, let them work. Enough of the fight, we'll dance, Grisha! Naked chicks, music! "Take me quickly, take me away beyond the seas!"

Spas breaks into a dance. Having made several pas he snatches at his back. Comes up to Heinrich.

SPAS

Do you want to be a DJ?
Everybody loves DJs,
Grisha! And love is the
main thing.
Everything's for its
sake.

Puts hand on Heinrich's shoulder.

SPAS

It's cold...

Spas takes out a pack of cigarette. Tries to light up a
cigarette. Strikes with the lighter against the truck
hood.

INTERIOR OF A PATROL CAR. EARLY MORNING

Interior of a patrol car. Two figures are sitting in the
cabin - officer and driver. Their faces are not shown.
Through a windshield the outlines of the clothes factory
can be seen.

SOUNDS OF GUNFIRE

After the shooting sounds the officer throws away the
cigarette, spits through the window and opens the door.

OFFICER

Fucking bastard! I told
him about bashing, and
he... Degraded fag!

The officer turns to the driver.

OFFICER

Come on, don't fucking
hum and haw - get
calling.

The driver calls for reinforcement by the transmitter.

DRIVER

Base, I'm "Arrow", we
need reinforcement.
There are shots at the
factory.

EXTERIOR. CLOTHES FACTORY. BACK DOOR. EARLY MORNING

The officer makes two steps forward setting his shirt straight on the way. The door flings open. Axe is standing at the doorstep with the sawn-off rifle.

AXE.

All bitches!

The officer lifts up his head in astonishment. In MIA uniform stands Hardbro. The flash of the shot. The blow throws Hardbro on the car hood. A gunpowder smoke streams out of the rifle's barrel. Hardbro slowly slides down and lies still. Axe's face is distorted by a grimace.

EXTERIOR. WASTELAND IN FRONT OF THE CLOTHES FACTORY MORNING

SPAS

Have you got matches?
Mine...

Heinrich lights up his cigarette. Spas shuts his eyes slowly exhaling smoke. With a darting movement Heinrich plunges a self-made knife into Spas' neck. He gets choked with blood and kneels.

SPAS

Bitch.

HEINRICH

Sorry.

The bear tears out the leash from Spas' weakened hand and thrust herself on Heinrich. The snow-white coat gets stained with red blood. With a wild roar Manya runs away in the direction of the woods. Two blood-stained figures are lying on the ground.

EXTERIOR. CLOTHES FACTORY. BACK DOOR. MORNING

AXE

I'll shoot you all,
fucking bastards!

INTERIOR OF RADIO ROOM. EARLY MORNING

Lee is sitting on the floor of the radio room pressing Dima to her breast. Their bodies are slowly swinging. The boy opens his eyes. Lee kisses him into the cheek. The sounds of the lullaby fills the air.

LEE

Gió mùa thu mẹ ru mà con ngủ
 Năm (ơ) canh chày, năm (ơ) canh chày, thức
 đủ vừa năm

SUBTITLES

Autumn wind. I will lull you
 Five nights. I've been up for all five nights.

EXTERIOR. WASTELAND. EARLY MORNING

Police jeep is chasing the bear.

SOUNDTRACK (LEE)

Hỡi chàng chàng ơi, hỡi người người ơi
 Em nhớ tới chàng, em nhớ tới chàng

SUBTITLES

Oh, my dear husband
 Oh, my beloved husband, I remember you

EXTERIOR. CLOTHES FACTORY. BACK DOOR. EARLY MORNING

Cops twist Axe's arms and push him into the car. At the background - dead Hardbro with the opened eyes leaning with his back against the patrol car.

SOUNDTRACK (LEE)

Hãy nín nín đi con, hãy ngủ ngủ đi con
 Con hời là con hời, con hời con hời

SUBTITLES

My baby, don't you cry
 My sweetheart, bye baby, sleep
 My baby, my sweetheart

EXTERIOR. WASTELAND. EARLY MORNING

The cops' jeep hits the earth bank and falls to the side.

SOUNDTRACK (LEE)

Con hỡi con hỡi, hỡi con!

SUBTITLES

My baby, my sweetheart

EXTERIOR. WOODS. EARLY MORNING

The bear disappears in the wild woods.

INTERIOR. RADIO ROOM

The boy drops his head on Lee's lap.

EXTERIOR. DORMITORY AREA MORNING

Tilt illusion. Wide shot of the district.

EXTERIOR. STREETCAR STOP. MORNING

Black Limousine with a rolled down side glass is parked at the streetcar stop. Vague outlines of a man inside. The glass rolls up. The Limousine slowly turns in the direction of the City.

FADE OUT

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