

DOUBLE ACTION

by William C. Martell

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EXT. SUBURBAN TEXAS -- MORNING

The sun creeps over the roofs of a typical suburban neighborhood in Laredo, Texas. Porch swings, bicycles, freshly mowed lawns... If Steven Spielberg were a cowboy, this would be his neighborhood.

TITLE: "LAREDO, TEXAS, AUGUST 6th, 6:43 AM"

A Sheriff's Department car creeps quietly around a corner, pulls up in front of one of the houses. A uniformed SHERIFF's DEPUTY gets out of the car, checks his gun, creeps to the back of the house.

INT. SUBURBAN KITCHEN -- DAY

Pretty suburban mom MARY ANN CARSON is scrambling eggs on a griddle piled with sizzling bacon and home fries. Ten year old BILLY CARSON finishes his homework at the kitchen table.

MARY ANN

I thought you were supposed to finish that before you went to bed last night?

BILLY

I tried mom... but my bedtime is too early.

MARY ANN

We should let you stay up to midnight?

BILLY

That could work. Will you ask dad?

She just shoots him a look.

Billy hears a noise outside. Stops talking and listens.

BILLY

Where is dad?

MARY ANN

In the shower, why?

Billy puts his finger to his lips, sets down his pencil and creeps up to the back door.

MARY ANN

What's wrong?

In one swift motion Billy kicks open the back door and springs outside... Where he is grabbed by the armed Deputy.

JAKE

Gotcha! You're under arrest for not washing behind your ears and eatin' your vegetables. You have the right to an attorney. If you can't afford one, that's tough patootie.

The back door squeaks open and Deputy JAKE HUNTER steps into the kitchen carrying Billy. He drops him in his chair, takes a deep breath - savoring the aroma of the breakfast.

JAKE

Hey good lookin' whatcha got cookin'?
(grabs a strip of bacon)
Where's Hank?

MARY ANN

Still getting dressed.

JAKE

Hell, it's almost seven.

Jake is a smart-alec Deputy Sheriff dressed in a rumpled khaki western-style uniform topped off by an overly fancy Stetson hat. With his holstered 44 Magnum and silver sheriff's star he looks like the Deputy from an old Western movie.

There are three places set for breakfast, Jake sits in the fourth chair.

Mary Ann piles three plates with scrambled eggs, home fries, bacon, and wheat toast and sets them on the table. She pours three cups of coffee and sets one in front of Jake. Mary Ann sits down and starts eating.

JAKE

Why does it take him so long to put on his pants?

MARY ANN

(winks)
There's a big decision involved.

JAKE

Can't be THAT big.
(grabs a strip of bacon
from Billy's plate)
What you working on?

BILLY

Math.

JAKE

Want some help?

BILLY

Last time you helped me, I got a "D",
Uncle Jake.

JAKE

What's wrong with that? I got Ds all
through high school and I did okay.

Billy eats his breakfast, Mary Ann eats her breakfast, Jake
sips his coffee and eyes Hank's breakfast.

JAKE

Hank! Your breakfast is getting cold!

A muffled response from the far end of the house. Jake steals
a strip of bacon from Hank's plate. Grabs the fork and tries
some of the home fries.

JAKE

Best damn home fries I ever ate.

Before you know it, Jake has wolfed down the entire breakfast.
He slides the empty plate back, licks the fork clean and
replaces it on the table.

SHERIFF HANK CARSON enters in his pressed khaki uniform, Hank
has a calm self-assurance - cool and in control. He inspires
confidence in everyone. Where Jake is the comic relief
sidekick, Hank is the hero - John Wayne incarnate.

Hank gives Mary Ann a kiss that's too passionate for Billy's
ten year old sensibilities.

BILLY

Yech! Do you mind? I'm trying to do my
homework.

Hank playfully musses his son's hair. Looking over the boy's
shoulder, Hank points to a problem on the homework.

HANK

You forgot to carry the one.

BILLY

Thanks, dad.

Billy pulls a Swiss Army knife with his name on it.

BILLY

Dad, all the blades are loose on my
knife. I tried fixing it, but I don't
have a screwdriver small enough.

Hank takes his son's pocket knife and studies it.

HANK

Hmmm. I think I've got some jeweler's tools at the station house. Tell you what, I'll have it fixed good as new by the time I pick you up from Little League this afternoon.

BILLY

Thanks, dad.

Hank drops the knife in his pocket and sits down at the head of the table, looking at his empty plate.

HANK

What happened to my breakfast?

JAKE

We were runnin' late so I ate it for you. You can thank me later.

Jake puts his coffee cup in the sink and tries to hustle Hank out of his chair.

JAKE

Come on! The bad guys punched the clock fifteen minutes ago.

Hank finishes his coffee, reluctantly leaves the table. He gives Mary Ann another (passionate) good-bye kiss, which involves dipping.

JAKE

Come on, come on. There's plenty of time for that tonight. We got bad guys to catch.

Mary Ann and Hank pull apart, look into each others eyes.

MARY ANN

(Grace Kelly)

Don't go.

HANK

(Gary Cooper)

I've gotta go, I'm Sheriff.

Hank grabs his hat from a hook on the wall, picks up his cup of coffee, turns to Jake.

HANK

What are you waiting for?

Jake follows Hank out of the house - he'd follow him anywhere. The door squeaks closed behind them.

BILLY

You guys are too mushy.

MARY ANN

(smiling at him)

And you're gonna miss your bus if you don't hurry up.

EXT. RURAL ROAD -- DAY

In a rural area west of town, a two story ranch house on the wide open range. A few horses are corralled near a barn where a dirty Cessna is parked.

The Sheriff's car comes to a stop on the road a hundred feet from the ranch, and Jake and Hank climb out.

They walk up to a group of SHERIFF'S DEPUTIES hunkered behind their squad cars a few feet up the road.

HATLESS DEPUTY

Hey, Sheriff, you're late.

HANK

And I haven't had my breakfast.

Hank turns to PUDGY DEPUTY who's watching the house through binoculars.

HANK

They still in there?

PUDGY DEPUTY

Yeah.

HANK

How many?

PUDGY DEPUTY

Six of `em.

Hank grabs the binoculars and takes a look at the house.

EAGER DEPUTY

Should we call in the D.E.A.?

HANK

And let the feds screw up the case?
No. If the D.E.A. had been doing their job, Quarry would have been behind bars years ago.

JAKE

I say we go in, guns blazing.

HANK

Well that's just Jake, but I say we sneak up to the house, surround it, then ask them to come out.

JAKE

You're no fun.

Hank smiles, hands the binoculars back to Eager Deputy.

EXT. QUARRY'S RANCH HOUSE - DAY

Pudgy Deputy and Eager Deputy go around to the back of the house. Hatless Deputy covers a window.

Hank and Jake creep up onto the porch.
Jake knocks on the door.

JAKE

Curtis Quarry? Sheriff's Department.
Open up. We have a warrant.

Bullets BLAST through the front door, splintering it.

JAKE

Shit!

HANK

Well, he's home.

Hank nods to the bullet riddled front door.

HANK

You want it?

JAKE

Go ahead, you're Sheriff.

Hank flips around, gun ready, and kicks down the front door. It cracks into four pieces which fall inside the house. When no gunfire comes from inside, Hank cautiously creeps inside. Jake covers him, creeps into the house behind Hank.

INT. QUARRY'S RANCH HOUSE - DAY

Jake takes cover behind a scuffed and dirty living room sofa. The house is furnished in early Cowboy. Lots of wood and cowhide. Jake clicks his shoulder mic and whispers.

JAKE

We're inside.

Hank creeps past an old chair, gun aimed at the archway leading to the dining room. Jake, gun drawn and ready, inches his head past the arm of the couch to assay the situation.

The house seems empty. Stripes of shadow stretch deep into the corners, creating dark spaces where someone might be hiding. The room is incredibly quiet.

Hank continues forward, carefully, gun ready. Obviously in control.

HANK

Curt Quarry, we have a warrant for your arrest. Why don't you come on out with your hands up? Let your lawyers do the fighting?

Jake scurries from behind the sofa, moving to the next bit of cover, an understuffed chair. Sweat dots his brow and his hand clenches the butt of his 44 Magnum for dear life. He is not a brave man - without Hank leading, he'd still be outside.

Hank creeps through the archway leading into the dining room.

HANK

Come on out. We don't want any trouble.

JAKE

Shit.

Jake watches Hank creep into the next room, out of his sight line.

JAKE

Double shit.

He scurries to the archway, uses it for cover, gun ready.

DINING ROOM

On the dining room table: five poker hands have been dealt. Whiskey, chips, and cigars litter the table. Hank uses Billy's Swiss Army knife to flip over one of the poker hands.

HANK

This guy had a straight flush. He's probably pissed off right about now.

Hank creeps towards the saloon-style cafe doors leading into the kitchen. Gun ready.

Behind him, Jake edges around the door frame, gun in hand.

KITCHEN HALLWAY

A huge, violent looking criminal with an Uzi machine gun (SCUM #4) slams through the cafe doors. Firing at them.

Bullets tear up walls, blasting cards off the table behind Hank.

Hank spins and blasts at Scum #4, hitting him in the shoulder and throwing him back through the cafe doors. Machine gun fire arcs up the ceiling, following Scum #4 into the kitchen.

KITCHEN

Pudgy Deputy and Eager Deputy smash open the back door, drawing down on Scum #4.

Scum #4 sprays a stream of machine gun fire at Pudgy Deputy.

Pudgy Deputy and Eager Deputy fire a barrage at Scum #4, killing him.

EAGER DEPUTY

Controlled! Hold your fire!

Hank and Jake lower their guns, not wanting to shoot their own man. Pudgy Deputy comes out of the kitchen, nods to Hank.

PUDGY DEPUTY

One down, five to go.

Hank nods and creeps towards the stairway.

BASE OF THE STAIRCASE

Hank hears a door close above him. He checks his gun, then takes the first step up. He hears a sound from above him and stops, holding his breath.

It was nothing.

He takes the second step. Another sound.

Hank takes a third step, gun ready. His eyes scan the top of the stairway, looking for some human figure in the shadows.

A fourth step.

SCUM #5 scrambles from behind his cover, firing a six gun and jogging down three steps.

BLAM!

The bullet splinters the wooden banister near Hank's hand.

JAKE

He's got shredders!

Hank fires up at Scum #5, as he tries to back down the steps. Scum #5 ducks, and the bullet misses by inches.

Hank dives to the floor, just as Scum #5 spins his pistol and sprays bullets down the stairway.

The shredder bullets tear into the stairs, taking dinner plate sized divots out of the floor.

Hank pops up, returning fire.
Scum #5 follows the moving figure, taking a few more shots.

BLAM! BLAM!

Bullets spray the floor as Hank rolls down the stairway. He takes cover at the base of the stairs as Scum #5 continues blasting his way down the stairs - spraying sawdust.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

SCUM #5
You better hide, cop. You better run
squealing all the way home like the
other little piggies.

Scum #5 blasts his way three-quarters of the way down the stairs before clicking dry.

Hank goes on the offensive, spinning out from the base of the stairway, using gunfire to chase Scum #5 back to the top of the stairs.

Scum #5 reloads, resumes firing.

SCUM #5
Now you got me mad.

Hank holds his ground.
Shooting up the steps, he hits Scum #5 in the chest.

Scum #5 screams as the impact lifts him up off his feet and he smashed through the wooden railing.

Scum #5 falls twenty feet to the poker table, sending a shower of chips and cards flying through the room.

Hank looks over at the crumpled Scum #5, takes a deep breath, then begins running up the staircase, gun up and ready.

JAKE
That's two down, three to go.

Jake, Pudgy Deputy and Eager Deputy follow him up, guns ready.

HALLWAY

At the top of the stairs are two bedroom doors.
Hank moves up to the first one and kicks it open.

FIRST BEDROOM

SCUM #3 has a 44 Magnum in each hand and opens fire the minute he sees Hank, sending a volley of shots towards him.

SCUM #3
Die! Die! Die! Die!

Hank fires his gun once at Scum #3, missing him and smashing a full length mirror on the wall. He rolls out of the room into the hallway, away from the gunfire.

Bullets are flying everywhere. Chaos and destruction.

HALLWAY

Hank pulls out of the line of fire.
Eager Deputy isn't as quick.
A bullet slams into his shoulder, knocking him into the wall.

EAGER DEPUTY
I've been hit! I've been hit!

Pudgy Deputy runs into the hall, grabs Eager Deputy and pulls him out of the line of fire.

PUDGY DEPUTY
He's clear!

SCUM #2 (with a tattoo on his face) spins out of the second bedroom with a double barrel shotgun. He aims at Hank and pulls the trigger.

BLAM!

A Huge hole is poked through the wall next to Hank's head. Scum #2 re-aims the shotgun and pulls the other trigger.

Jake hears the noise, spins and fires.

BANG! BLAM!

Jake hits Scum #2 in the shoulder, spinning him to the left in a graceful pirouette, which ends with the shotgun discharging into the ceiling.

SCUM #3 rolls out of the first bedroom behind Hank and fires off both 44's at him. Plaster explodes from the wall next to Hank's head, showering him with powder.

PUDGY DEPUTY
Behind you, asshole!

Pudgy Deputy fires at Scum #3, hits him square in the chest and lifting him off his feet.

He flies backwards and skids along the floor to the end of the hallway.

END OF THE HALLWAY

SCUM #6, a HUGE brute in cowboy garb, rolls out of a doorway with a pump shotgun.

BLAM! BLAM! Scum #6 fires off a pair of shots.

Pudgy Deputy is hit in the chest, goes flying past Jake to the edge of the stairs. Jake spins and fires rapidly at Scum #6.

Bang! CLICK! CLICK! Out of shells!

Scum #6 pumps his shotgun, aims it at Jake.

ON THE STAIRWELL

Pudgy Deputy rolls down the stairs and SPLATS at the bottom of the steps, dead.

HALLWAY

Hank turns from the first bedroom, and sees Scum #6 getting ready to cut Jake in half with a shot blast. "Fanning" his gun western style, Hank fires off three shots at the brute.

All three hit Scum #6 in the chest, slamming him to the floor.

JAKE

Thanks.

HANK

You owe me.
(smiling)
Breakfast, at least.

Jake uses a speedloader to slap 6 shells in his 44 magnum.

FROM THE SECOND BEDROOM

CURT QUARRY (Scum #1) rolls into the hall, a gun in each hand, springs to his feet, and fires his 357 Magnums at Hank.

The bullets whiz past Hank's ear as he re-aims his gun and squeezes the trigger.

BLAM! The shot misses, knocking a hole in the wall.

Quarry lowers his Magnums and rolls into the second bedroom to escape.

As Hank and Jake follow, Scum #6 staggers to his feet and aims his shotgun at the two men.

BLAM!

A chunk of wall next to Jake is removed by the blast. Hank fans his gun two more times, hitting Scum #6 in the throat. Killing him.

Scum #6 falls down dead, shotgun discharging into the ceiling. BLAAAAM!

Hank bolts down the hallway after Quarry, gun ready. Jake follows.

SECOND BEDROOM

Hank runs in and spots Quarry standing next to the dresser, lighting the papers in expensive briefcase on fire.

Quarry drops the flaming papers into the briefcase, while he raises one of his 357 Magnums at Hank and fires off a shot.

BLAAM! The door frame splinters next to Hank and he ducks behind it. Hank pops back through the door frame, he sees Quarry as he runs at high speed towards a window.

Hank aims the gun and fires at him. Click. Out of shells.

Quarry hits the window. Glass follows him outside as he crashes through.

EXT. QUARRY'S RANCH HOUSE -- DAY

Quarry flies out the second story window, somersaulting onto the grass outside as glass shards rain around him. When Quarry rolls to his feet, Hatless Deputy stands in front of him.

HATLESS DEPUTY

Freeze!

QUARRY

Fuck you.

BLAM! BLAM!

Quarry blows Hatless Deputy away, and starts running.

INT. QUARRY'S RANCH HOUSE -- DAY

Jake reaches into the burning briefcase, rescuing a piece of paper from the flames. A stiff, foreign looking cocktail napkin. Hand written notes burned, but the club name is still legible: APHRODITE (in Cyrillic letters).

Hank looks out the broken window.

HANK

Shit. Haven't even had breakfast.

Then he jumps out the window.

EXT. QUARRY'S RANCH HOUSE -- DAY

Hank lands on the grass and starts running across the ranch, chasing Quarry.

JAKE

Hey! Wait for me!

Jake yells, moments before he jumps to the ground.

Quarry hears Hank and Jake behind him. Twisting his head around, he tries to gauge his lead. Only seventy yards. He turns back to the corral, climbing over the wooden fence.

Hank reloads his 38 as he runs.

HANK

Stop!

Quarry turns as he runs, sees Hank's gun glinting.

QUARRY

Fuck you!

Quarry turns and fires his 357 Magnums at Hank and Jake.

Hank and Jake hit the dirt. Bullets spatter the dirt all around him. Exploding divots of earth over the two men.

Quarry turns and keeps running. Towards the parked Cessna. Hank springs to his feet and runs after Quarry.

JAKE

Wait up.

Jake pops to his feet and runs.

Quarry gets to the Cessna, climbs inside, and starts it up.

Jake overtakes Hank and goes into the FBI crouch, drawing down on the plane.

BLAM! BLAM! Jake's bullets hit the tail section of the plane.

JAKE

Where the hell's the gas tanks?

Quarry pops out the open door of the Cessna and fires off a volley of shots from one of his 357's.

Jake takes careful aim at Quarry as bullets whiz around him, and fires off a pair of shots.

Behind Jake, Hank is hit and goes down. Quarry is almost hit by one of Jake's shots, and rolls back into the moving plane.

THE CESSNA shoots across the ground and is airborne.

Jake empties his gun at it, but the plane is GONE. That's when he turns around and sees that Hank is on the ground.

JAKE

Hank!

Jake bends down and cradles Hank in his arms.

Hank has been hit in the chest, and is on the brink of death. Through bleary eyes, he smiles at Jake. Jake takes Hank's hand in his, holding it tight.

JAKE

Hold on, Hank. You're gonna be okay.
Just hang in there.

HANK

Jake....

Eager Deputy jogs up behind them, shoulder wound no longer bleeding. Jake hears him and spins around.

JAKE

Get an ambulance! Code 301

Eager Deputy nods and jogs down the road to the squad cars.

JAKE

Just hang in there, Hank. Help's coming.
Hang in there.

Hank smiles, then his hand goes limp in Jake's and falls to the earth. When Hank's hand opens, Billy's Swiss Army knife falls onto the damp earth.

Jake sobs, holding Hank's body close.

JAKE

Hang on, please hang on. Hank. Please
hang on...

We pull back as the ambulance sirens pierce the silence.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. GRAVEYARD IN TEXAS -- DAY

A beautiful spring day and the funeral seems out of place in the grassy cemetery. A ring of MOURNERS, mostly policeman, circle the coffin, listening as a PRIEST finishes the rites.

Mary Ann, fighting bravely to hold back her tears, holds on to little Billy's hand. Both deep in shock.

Jake keeps looking over to Mary Ann and Billy, wishing he could do something.

PRIEST

Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust.

The Priest finishes his rites by sending a spade of soil down on the coffin. He moves over to Mary Ann and gives his condolences. Billy looks up at Jake, bravely holding back his tears - pocket knife in his little hand.

BILLY

My dad was going to fix this.

JAKE

I'll fix it for you.

Billy gives Jake the knife.

Billy bursts into tears and Jake hugs him, holding him close.

JAKE

I'll fix it for you.

Jake lets go of Billy and raises up to take Mary Ann's hand. They look at each other, wordless. Each feeling the loss. Mary Ann takes Billy's hand and leads him away from the grave.

Jake watches them walk away, looking down at the Swiss Army knife with Billy's name.

As the crowd drifts away, Jake and CHIEF SIEGEL walk to a grassy knoll overlooking the grave site.

JAKE

They find the plane, yet?

SIEGEL

Landed on the top deck of long term parking at Houston International. Flew in under the radar. Tower didn't even see him until he'd touched down.

JAKE

Airport security?

SIEGEL

By the time they got to the Cessna he was gone. Hopped a plane. Out of the country.

JAKE

Where'd he go?

SIEGEL

It doesn't matter, Jake. He's gone. No longer our problem...

(beat)

You know you're gonna have to ride a desk for a couple of weeks and let the Feds sort this whole thing out.

Jake turns to Siegel, angry.

JAKE

I'm not riding a desk.

SIEGEL

It's POLICY, Jake. Every time there's an officer involved shooting, we've got to take the officer off the streets until the incident's been investigated.

JAKE

That scumbag killed my partner.

SIEGEL

I know. Take it easy.

JAKE

Where'd he go?

SIEGEL

It doesn't matter --

JAKE

It matters to me.

SIEGEL

Russia.

(beat)

Look, Jake, it's a whole other country. He can kill as many people as he wants over there. That's THEIR problem, not ours. If he steps back into the country he's in jail. I promise you.

JAKE

How much vacation time I got coming?

SIEGEL

Two weeks.

JAKE

Fine. I'm taking some time off, starting tomorrow.

Siegel looks at him, realizing he can't change the man's mind, and reluctantly says:

SIEGEL

Send me a post card from Red Square.

JAKE

I'll send you Quarry.

INT. JAKE HUNTER'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Jake packs his 44 magnum and a box of shells in a lead lined film bag. He wraps the film bag in a couple of shirts, and buries it at the bottom of the suitcase.

He puts Billy's Swiss Army knife in the suitcase then zips it up. Looks at a framed photo on the table: Jake and Hank on a fishing trip mugging with a huge fish.

Jake takes the photo from its frame, folds it in quarters and stuffs it in his coat pocket, before hefting the suitcase and leaving the apartment.

EXT. HOUSTON INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT -- DAY

A 747 takes off into the deep blue sky.

EXT. RED SQUARE, RUSSIA -- DAY

Red Square, the spires and obelisks of Moscow in the background.

TITLE: "MOSCOW, RUSSIA, AUGUST 10th, 2:48 PM

Jake, dressed in his cowboy hat and Texas outfit, lugs his suitcases across Red square. A cowboy in Russia.

EXT. RUSSIAN STREET - DAY

Jake loads his luggage in the back of a taxi parked on the side of the street. The TAXI DRIVER, a smiling, fat faced Russian, helps Jake with the luggage.

TAXI DRIVER

You are American?

JAKE

Texan.

TAXI DRIVER

Come. Ride in front seat with me, I
talk American to you!

The Taxi Driver closes the back door and opens the front passenger door for Jake, smiling the entire time. Jake returns the friendly smile and climbs into the taxi's passenger seat. He has to take off his Stetson to fit.

INT. TAXI CAB -- DAY

Jake sets his Stetson on the front seat and turns to the smiling Taxi Driver.

JAKE

The Hotel Imperial.

TAXI DRIVER

Yes. Yes.

The Taxi Driver pulls the car from the curb, enters traffic.

THE TAXI zips in and out of traffic at high speed, narrowly missing a few cars and almost hitting a pedestrian.

TAXI DRIVER

My sister is in America, now. She met a man over the internet. A very rich man. He owns his own house. She decided to marry him, and he sent her some money. There was enough money for me to rent this taxi cab and...

The Taxi Driver keeps his cheerful conversation going the entire time, but Jake doesn't hear a word of it.

He's too busy holding on.

The taxi drives at extreme speeds, zipping between cars, barely missing pedestrians, running stop lights.

IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL

The Taxi Driver skids to a stop and smiles at Jake.

TAXI DRIVER

You think I could get job driving
Taxicabs in your New York City?

JAKE

You'd be right at home.

TAXI DRIVER

Maybe I join my sister in America?
(MORE)

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)

Are there women in America who would pay for a husband?

JAKE

You'll probably have to find the money some other way.

Jake opens the Taxi door and pulls out his wallet.

JAKE

How much do I owe you?

The Taxi Driver smiles. And pulls a knife.

TAXI DRIVER

All of it.

Jake looks at the knife. A big lethal looking kitchen knife. He glances back to the suitcase where his gun is packed.

JAKE

Let me get something out of my suitcase, okay?

TAXI DRIVER

No. Your money. NOW.

Jake frowns and pulls a few bills from his wallet.

TAXI DRIVER

ALL of it - America can be expensive.

JAKE

Not as expensive as Russia.

Jake reluctantly hands the Taxi Driver all of his money, then steps out of the Taxi.

TAXI DRIVER

This is all? You are not a rich man, American.

EXT. RUSSIAN STREETS -- DAY

Jake goes to open the back door of the taxi to retrieve his luggage... especially the suitcase with the gun.... When the passenger door SLAMS shut.

TAXI DRIVER

Das Vedanya! Have a nice day!

The taxi tears off, leaving Jake, hatless, on the street.

JAKE

Hey! Hey! My luggage! My Stetson!

Jake takes off running after the speeding taxi cab.

A BLOCK AWAY, the back door of the Taxi Cab pops open, and Jake's luggage is DUMPED out of the speeding car.

The luggage skids across the asphalt for a few feet before slamming into the curb and stopping. Jake runs up to the scuffed, dumped luggage, and yells at the speeding Taxi Cab.

JAKE

Hey! My hat!

THE STETSON flips out of the Taxi's front window, and sails across the street.

Jake chases his flying hat, rescuing it only moments before it sails into what appears to be an open sewer.

Jake fits his hat back onto his head and storms over to pick up his luggage.

INT. JAKE'S HOTEL, RUSSIA -- DAY

A BELLBOY sets down Jake's scuffed bag, switches on the lights, gives Jake a tour of the postage stamp sized room.

The Bellboy flips on the lights in the bathroom, gesturing to the various appliances within. Jake checks out the toilet paper supply. One roll partly used.

BELLBOY

(mile a minute Russian)

Is everything satisfactory, sir?

Jake looks around the room.

JAKE

I guess it'll do.

Jake takes the room key and tips the Bellboy a dollar.

BELLBOY

(in Russian)

Thanks.

When the Bellboy leaves, Jake pops open his suitcase and pulls out his 44 Magnum. Holstering the gun, he pulls out the burned cocktail napkin, studying the Cyrillic letters.

EXT. CLOTHING SHOP -- DAY

An OLD WOMAN is sweeping the sidewalk in front of the Clothing Shop. Jake shows her the napkin with the Cyrillic letters.

JAKE

Excuse me. Do you know where this is?

The Old Woman looks at the lettering and shakes her head.

JAKE

Thanks.

Jake moves down the street. This isn't just a strange town where he doesn't know how to find anything, they speak a different language and use a totally different alphabet. He can't even understand what any of the signs say.

INT. COFFEE SHOP -- DAY

Jake shows the napkin to the MAN behind the counter at the coffee shop and gets a shrug.

MAN

Nyet.

JAKE

Then gimme a cup of coffee to go.

MAN

Coffee?

The Man grabs a cracked china cup from the counter and grabs the coffee pot.

JAKE

No. No. TO GO.

MAN

Coffee?

JAKE

Yes. Coffee.

The Man smiles at Jake and pours coffee into the cup.

JAKE

No. TO GO. You know? To GO?

Jake walks his fingers across the counter like a little man. The Man looks at Jake's fingers as if he's crazy.

JAKE

To Go.

MAN
Coffee YES or Coffee NYET?

The Man holds the cup of coffee out to Jake, then pulls it away. Jake ends up just taking the cup of coffee, paying for it, and drinking it in the cafe.

EXT. NEWSSTAND -- DAY

Jake shows the piece of napkin to the NEWSDEALER.

JAKE
You know where this is?

NEWSDEALER
Da. Da.

The Newsdealer lets loose with a torrent of Russian. None of which Jake can understand.

JAKE
English?

NEWSDEALER
Nyet.

Jake shrugs and walks away.

EXT. RUSSIAN STREET -- DAY

Jake trudges down the street, looking from sign to sign from the Cyrillic letters.

A TAXI CAB cruises past him, pulls to the curb, and stops. The passenger door opens and a smiling CABBIE waves to Jake.

CABBIE
Taxicab?

Jake uses his hands to ward off the taxi, walking FAR around the cab.

JAKE
No Taxi. Can't afford another taxi.

CABBIE
You are an American! My sister is in America. Come - I give you deal.

JAKE
No deals and no taxi.

CABBIE

I have best cab in Moscow. All of the American ride in it. I had your Madonna in the back of my cab once.

JAKE

No taxi.

The Cabbie paces along with Jake for half a block before ZOOMING away.

Jake turns a corner and sees what must be a mirage: The Golden Arches of McDonalds. He smiles - he's home again.

EXT. RUSSIAN MCDONALD'S -- DAY

A HUGE CROWD of people stand outside the restaurant. Jake moves to the front doors, smiling at the people and nodding.

JAKE

How you doing?

But when he tries to go through the front doors, a MAN puts his hand up to stop him.

JAKE

Hey. Take it easy, buddy. Just having a Big Mac attack.

Jake tries to go through the doors again, but the Man stops him, and gestures to the back of the crowd. Jake looks at the crowd and realizes it's a line.

ABOUT A HUNDRED PEOPLE waiting in line for McDonald's.

JAKE

I shoul'da made reservations.

Jake walks away, looking back at the long line a few times.

INT. CAFETERIA -- DAY

Jake stands in a short line of people at a cafeteria. When Jake gets to the front of the line, he is given a bowl of steaming soup.

JAKE

Hey! I didn't order this....

But he is pressed to the cash register, where he reluctantly pays for the soup.

Jake finds a table and sits down, realizing that EVERYONE in the cafeteria is eating soup. NOBODY got a choice. Jake grabs his spoon and tastes the soup.

JAKE

Yech! What'd somebody PISS in here?

He stirs the soup a little, and a goat eye pops to the surface. Jake drops his spoon and moves quickly away from the table.

A RUSSIAN MAN leaning against the wall spies Jake leaving his soup bowl, and saunters over to the table. He looks around for a moment, then sits down and eats the soup.

The Russian Man is overjoyed to see the goat eyeball. It's meat, after all.

INT. MEN'S ROOM

Jake is still wiping his mouth as he passes the LAVATORY ATTENDANT and heads towards a stall.

When Jake opens the stall, he notices there is no toilet paper. Not even a dispenser for toilet paper.

JAKE

What the hell.

Jake exits the stall and looks at the grinning Attendant. There are four DIFFERENT tidy stacks of toilet paper on his little cart. The Attendant holds out his hand.

Jake lays some money in the Attendant's hand and points to a pile of TP.

JAKE

That one looks soft.

The Attendant gives Jake a big grin and counts off four squares, handing them to Jake.

Jake looks at the insignificant tissue and pulls some more money from his wallet, purchasing additional squares.

JAKE

Probably be cheaper to use the money.

Jake takes his toilet paper and enters the stall.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

Jake shows his napkin to a GROUP OF MEN sitting on the stoop. One of the men nods and points to the left. Jake smiles and follows the directions.

EXT. DEAD END ALLEY -- DAY

Jake stops at the dead end, he's been given bad directions.

JAKE

Shit.

He pulls out the photo of him and Hank fishing.

JAKE

What would you do, buddy?

Hank has no answers.

Jake pockets the photo and exits the alley. Passing a FAMILY digging through a trash can for food scraps. A LITTLE GIRL smiles at Jake and waves.

Jake waves back at her... then gives her some money.

The Little Girl sees the writing on the napkin in Jake's hand and points to the next street.

EXT. APHRODITE CLUB -- DAY

Jake walks down the next street, looking at the napkin. Then sees a neon sign: Cyrillic letters spell the name of the club over the entrance.

The napkin matches the sign. Jake enters.

INT. APHRODITE CLUB, RUSSIA -- DAY

Smooth chrome and plexiglass, half go-go joint, half topless club. Very upscale. Men in tailored suits chat with the scantily clad barmaids who double as dancers. A full-sized theatrical stage in the back of the room.

Jake takes a seat at the bar and gestures to the BARTENDER.

JAKE

Jose Cuervo.

The Bartender shakes his head no.

JAKE

What do you mean, NO?

BARTENDER

Nyet. No. We have no Jose Cuervo.

JAKE

Hell, just gimme a whiskey.

The Bartender nods and returns with a glass of suspiciously colored liquid. Before Jake can take a sip, the show begins:

It starts with the music, "Leader Of The Pack". All of the house lights dim, and some very atmospheric lighting hits the stage.

As the motorcycle revs in the music, a sexy blonde in black leather rides up onto stage and parks the bike. This is a high production value strip number, with more ballet and jazz dancing than bump and grind.

Smoke machines pour a thin fog over the stage, creating instant atmosphere. The girl in leather dances with grace, unzipping the side of her leather skirt as she moves.

Although by the time the number is over, the blonde is stark naked except for her cycle boots, Jake feels like he's been watching a Gene Kelly movie instead of a strip tease act.

Jake takes a sip of his drink and almost spits it out.

JAKE

What is this shit?

BARTENDER

Starka. A man's drink.

The Bartender starts to walk away.
Jake grabs him and pulls him back.

JAKE

Look, I didn't order a glass of donkey piss. That may be what you backwards guys drink, but I'm American. Now what have you got? Beer?

BARTENDER

We have the beer.

JAKE

Get me a Bud.

BARTENDER

Bud? Okay, Bud.

He escapes and returns with a flip-top bottle of beer labeled "BUDVAR" in Czech.

JAKE

That's more like it.

He takes a sip, makes a face. But at least it's beer.

NATASIA, a waitress in a white leather vest, no blouse, tight white shorts, bounces up and gives Jake a sexy smile.

NATASIA

Hello, I see by your outfit, that you are a cowboy.

JAKE

I see by your outfit that you're a cowboy, too. But I like your outfit, better.

NATASIA

You're an American? From Texas?

JAKE

Laredo. But most of my family's from Georgia.

NATASIA

My family is also from Georgia!

JAKE

What you doing here, girl?

NATASIA

I'm Natasia.

JAKE

Pleasure to meet you.

She offers her hand and Jake shakes it. Sparks of attraction fly between them.

JAKE

Can I buy you a drink? This Russian beer tastes like goat piss, but maybe they've got some wine coolers.

NATASIA

We both have family in Georgia, we should celebrate with champagne from Georgia!

Natasia nods to the Bartender, steers JAKE to a booth.

BOOTH

Jake isn't sure how close to sit to Natasia, and ends up sitting across from her.

A WAITRESS brings a bottle of Georgian champagne and glasses.

JAKE

What do I owe you?

Jake holds out some money, the waitress takes most of it. Jake looks at the bottle of champagne - label in Cryllic.

JAKE
 Didn't know they made champagne in
 Georgia. Probably half moonshine.

Natasia pours each a glass of champagne. It's greenish.

NATASIA
 We can talk here privately.

JAKE
 Okay. You speak pretty good English
 for a Ruskie gal. You take lessons?

NATASIA
 (tentatively)
 Are you here to meet with Yuri?

JAKE
 Yuri? No, I'm looking for a man.

This gets a strange reaction from Natasia, so Jake clarifies.

JAKE
 Don't get me wrong, I like girls. Even
 Russian girls. But I'm a Texas Sheriff.
 This is work, I wouldn't be in a place
 like this...
 (distracted by cleavage)
 Okay. I been in strip clubs before. I
 admit that. But I'm not here just to
 look at girls.
 (pulls out mugshot)
 Have you seen this guy?

Shows the mug shot of Quarry to Natasia.
 For a moment, their hands touch, and a charge of sexual
 electricity passes between them.
 Natasia lets go of the photo (and his hand).

NATASIA
 I don't know this man. He is your
 friend?

JAKE
 Not my friend.

Jake puts away the mug shot.

NATASIA
 Is being a Sheriff in Texas a good
 job? Do you own your own house?

JAKE
 I live in an apartment.

NATASIA

You have a wife? Children?

JAKE

No wife. No kids. Still footlose and
fiance free.

NATASIA

You have a woman takes care of you?

JAKE

I can take care of myself. Wait, that
didn't sound right. I like girls.
When do you get off around here?

NATASIA

You ask me out?

JAKE

You're the only one in this country
that understands me. And we both have
kin in Georgia.

NATASIA

Come back at midnight, cowboy.
That's when I get off.

Jake smiles at her.

JAKE

I think I'll do that.

NATASIA

I like you, cowboy. You're "Cute".

JAKE

You're not so bad yourself...

That's when Quarry enters the club.

Neither Jake nor Natasia notice him.

Quarry looks around the go-go club. He is the only guy not
looking at the strippers. He notices the cowboy hat before he
notices Jake.

Natasia laughs and touches Jake's hand.

Quarry reaches under his lapel and grabs his 357 Magnum.

Natasia looks away from Jake for a moment... sees Quarry.

NATASIA

Your American friend.

Jake looks over to see Quarry draw his gun.

QUARRY
Should have stayed in Texas, cowboy!

JAKE
Down! Down!

Jake grabs Natasia and dives for the floor.

Quarry fires, shattering drink glasses on Jake's table.
One shot hits the champagne bottle spraying foam.

Jake wipes champagne foam from his face, draws his gun.

JAKE
(to Natasia)
Keep your head down.

Quarry fires at Jake, shattering glass and taking a divot out
of the booth cushion.

Jake returns fire, smashing the back bar mirror.

Screams erupt from the topless dancers and waitresses.
Patrons hit the dirt.
The Bartender pulls a shotgun from behind the bar.

BARTENDER
(Russian)
Drop it!

Quarry spins and fires.
The bullet hits the Bartender high in the chest, lifting him
up off his feet, over the bar, and slamming him into a table
of Businessmen.

Businessmen scatter, holding onto their drinks.

The shotgun discharges into the ceiling twice. Hitting the
mirrored ball above the dance floor. The result is a wild
surreal light display adding to the chaos.

ABSOLUTE PANIC erupts.
Topless dancers scream and dive for cover.
Businessmen trip over each other and landing on the floor.
Drunks suddenly caught in indecision.

Jake fires at Quarry. Bullets shattering glassware.

Quarry knocks a table over for cover, and returns fires.
Blowing a mirror behind Jake right off the wall.

JAKE
Hold still.

Jake takes careful aim at Quarry, but Patrons keep getting in the way of a clean shot.

A bar PATRON gets caught in the cross fire, and Quarry blows him away.

A DIRTY OLD MAN steps in front of him, confused, and he gets shot. People are screaming all around Quarry.

Quarry fires at Jake again, but a CUSTOMER gets in the way.

BLAM!

The Customer is lifted off his feet from the impact and slammed against the wall near the doors. He slides down to the floor slowly.

Quarry spins and fires at Jake.
The shot misses by an inch, killing a man behind him.

Jake raises out of the booth and lifts his gun to fire at Quarry, but somebody gets in his way again.

JAKE

Outta the way! Outta the way!

Everyone is screaming.

Jake holds the 44 out in front of him at Quarry, takes a deep breath, and goes into what almost looks like a trance state. Concentrating on Quarry and the screaming crowd in the bar.

Quarry sees Jake's head is exposed.
A clear shot.
Quarry aims at Jake and squeezes off a shot.

BLAM!

A chair a few inches behind Jake turns into wood debris.
Jake doesn't even flinch.

Quarry re-aims, correcting for his last mistake...
Finger ready to squeeze the trigger.

QUARRY

Say cheese mother fucker.

A sudden calm seems to come over the bar, as Jake sights down his gun barrel at Quarry's chest.

Quarry suddenly grabs a running WAITRESS and pulls her into his arms. Using her as a shield.

QUARRY

Drop it, shit-kicker.

JAKE

Guess again.

Quarry presses the gun roughly against the woman's head.

QUARRY

Drop it, or I waste her.

The Waitress' eyes plead with Jake.

QUARRY

Do it.

Jake studies the situation for a moment, lowers his gun.

QUARRY

On the floor, kick it over here.

Jake considers his chances.

QUARRY

Now!

Jake reluctantly complies.

QUARRY

Now just stay there. I see you come out the doors after me, this broad dies. Understand?

JAKE

Fucker.

QUARRY

Do you understand? Or do I waste her here and grab another hostage.

(nods to Natasia)
Maybe your woman, there?

JAKE

I gotcha.

Quarry smiles and begins backing to the front doors, keeping his gun pressed against the Waitresses head.

Jake watches them back out of the club. Waits a beat, then runs to the doors, scoops up his fallen gun along the way.

BLAM! BLAM! Shots from outside.

EXT. APHRODITE CLUB -- DAY

As Jake bursts out the doors, a car is skidding away from the curb at high speed. He starts after it on foot, then sees the Waitress on the sidewalk.

Jake bends down next to her, but it's clear that she's dead. Shot twice, blood running down the sidewalk and into the gutter. Quarry has murdered her. Jake looks up at the long-gone car, holsters his gun, and heads back into the club.

INT. APHRODITE CLUB -- DAY

Jake looks around for Natasia, but she is gone. He crosses the rubble to where a BUSINESSMAN sits on the floor, crying.

JAKE

The woman I was with. Did you see where she went?

BUSINESSMAN

Nyet.... No.

Jake looks at the destruction.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. APHRODITE CLUE -- LATER

Blue and white light strobes across the club from the police cars outside. AMBULANCE and MORGUE CREWS take away the injured and the dead. The place looks like a war zone.

BORIS KERENSKY, a party-line Moscow cop who believes in the system, crosses to Jake. His uniform is pressed, his shoes shined, he wears enough medals to have survived two wars. Boris looks at the cowboy.

BORIS

(in Russian)

Why a grown up would dress this way?

JAKE

No sprekenzeeee. English.

BORIS

Okay. English. I am Lt. Boris Kerensky of the Moscow Police Department. Let me see your papers.

JAKE

Look Boris, why don't you go chase Moose and Squirrel and give me a break.

BORIS

Who is Moose and Squirrel?

JAKE

Forget it. Here's my passport.

Boris looks over Jake's passport.

JAKE

Where did you learn English?

BORIS

At the University. They don't teach Americans to speak Russian in your Universities?

JAKE

How would I know? I barely made it through high school.

BORIS

You do this?

JAKE

I tried to stop it.

Boris uses a pencil to pick up the 44 magnum, studying it for a moment before dropping it in a plastic evidence bag.

JAKE

Hey! That's my gun!

BORIS

No. It's my evidence. You are under arrest, Mr. Jake Hunter.

JAKE

For what?

Boris looks around the demolished club.

JAKE

Look, I'm a Texas Sheriff.

BORIS

And this is in your jurisdiction?

JAKE

I've got a badge. ...

Jake reaches for his badge, but Boris stops him.

BORIS

You can show it to me later.

Boris pulls Jake to his feet and snaps on the hand cuffs.

JAKE

Hey! Wait a minute! You can't do this to me, I'm an American! Hey! Hey!

Boris escorts Jake out of the club to a squad car.

INT. MOSCOW POLICE STATION -- NIGHT

Jake sits in a grim, ugly, holding cell, still handcuffed. He's been there for a while. The cell door clanks open, Jake looks up and sees Boris.

JAKE

About time. I want a lawyer.

BORIS

No lawyer.

JAKE

You can't hold me without a lawyer.

BORIS

This is Russia.

JAKE

When do I get my phone call?

BORIS

You get no phone call, but you can confess to me.

JAKE

Give me a fucking break.

Boris grabs Jake and SLAMS him against the cell wall.

BORIS

Listen, Cowboy. I don't like Americans. Your people forced us into a free market that we weren't ready for.

Boris slams him against the cell wall again.

BORIS

Then you dump your bad habits here. Consumerism. Unemployment. Drugs. Quick food. Prostitution. Wrestling.

(slam!)

Now you shoot up our country, killing Russian citizens.

(slam!)

Why should I not beat you to death?

Jake is really frightened and confused. HE'S usually the guy slamming prisoners against the wall.

JAKE

The other guy, Curtis Quarry, did all the shooting.

Boris lets him go, Jake falls to the cell floor.

BORIS

He did all the KILLING, you mean. All bullets from the victims came from his gun. But maybe you are just a lousy shot?

JAKE

Look, this Quarry guy killed my partner, came here to Russia --

BORIS

You think you are Clint Eastwood? This is not the wild west. In Russia we believe in order. We follow rules.

JAKE

I don't see much order around here. You got yourself a serious desperado problem --

BORIS

The way to solve this problem is to fire guns in crowded night clubs?

JAKE

Maybe you could use a little Texas style justice. Quarry is a bad-ass cocaine dealer, probably has a shipment coming in to your orderly little city.

BORIS

Here? He brings drugs?

JAKE

Why else would he come here?

BORIS

(Russian)

Shit.

(English)

I should shoot you, Cowboy.

JAKE

Then how would you find Quarry? I'm the one who knows what he looks like.

Boris pulls the mug shot out of his pocket, shows it to Jake.

BORIS

Like this?

JAKE

But I know what he thinks like. We're both Americans, after all.

(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)

(smiles)

Look, Ivan or whatever your name is...

BORIS

Boris.

Jake moves to his feet and brushes himself off.

JAKE

I don't particularly like Russians. I mean, for forty years you're our enemy, and then, all of the sudden, we're supposed to send financial aid and shake hands? Bullshit. You guys fucked up, you guys can pay for it.

Boris gives Jake a final look before signaling to be let out of the cell. Jake grabs his uniform, pleading.

JAKE

Hey! Wait a minute. What I'm trying to say is, we may not like each other, but we're after the same guy.

(lets go)

Sooner or later, the American Embassy is going to spring me from this cell. That asshole killed my partner. I'm not leaving this country, unless I've got that guy in cuffs, or a body bag.

BORIS

You think we should work together?

JAKE

Damned straight.

BORIS

Does that mean "yes" or "no"?

JAKE

Boris, you need me to find this sucker.

BORIS

I don't work with prisoners.

Boris leaves the cell.

The KEEPER locks the cell door behind him.

JAKE

Hey! Wait! Boris! Come on! Hey!

Boris walks away. Jake swears and sits down on the cell cot.

JAKE
Fucking Russian.

INT. POLICE STATION -- BORIS' CUBICLE

Boris looks at the photo of Quarry and frowns.

BORIS
(in Russian)
Fucking American.

He looks up from the photo.

INT. BORIS' SQUAD CAR -- DAY

The squad car is parked in front of the Police Station. Boris reaches across the interior and unlocks the handcuffs on Jake's wrists, putting them away.

BORIS
Remember this, American. You are not
my partner, you are my prisoner. You
will do what I say.

Jake gives him a sarcastic salute. Boris starts the squad car and pulls into traffic.

BORIS
Now. Where do we find this countryman
of yours?

JAKE
Why don't we try his hotel?

BORIS
Which hotel?

JAKE
How many hotels have you got where
they speak English?

BORIS
All of them.

JAKE
You're shitting with me.

BORIS
Why? Are you shit?

JAKE
So we start at the top of the list,
show them the picture, and work our
way down.

BORIS

We could do that with you in jail.

Jake decides to keep his mouth shut.

INT. HOTEL #1 -- DAY

Jake and Boris show Quarry's mug shot to the DESK Clerk.

The Desk Clerk shakes his head "no".

INT. HOTEL #2 -- DAY

Jake and Boris show Quarry's mug shot to the ANOTHER DESK Clerk. The Desk Clerk shakes his head "no".

MONTAGE:

Hotel #3 - nothing.

Hotel #4 - nothing.

Hotel #5 - nothing.

Jake and Boris are wearing down.

Hotel #6 - possible? Nope.

INT. HOTEL #7 - DAY

Jake and Boris show the mug shot to DESK CLERK #7, who studies it for a moment, before nodding.

CLERK #7

The American? He is in room 507.

Boris pockets the mug shot and guides Jake towards the stairs.

JAKE

Hey! Wait a minute. What if he's home?

BORIS

Then I arrest him.

JAKE

What if he starts shooting?

BORIS

Then I shoot back.

JAKE

But I don't have a gun. What if he starts shooting at ME?

BORIS

I don't have to take you back to jail.

Boris races up the stairs. Jake runs to keep up with him, stopping Boris at a landing.

JAKE

Look, I know we're not partners...

BORIS

You want me to give you your gun back?

JAKE

Pretty please with sugar on top.

BORIS

Does that mean "yes" or "no"?

JAKE

It means if he comes out shooting I don't want to be standing there with nothing but my dick in my hand.

BORIS

You are a strange person, American.

JAKE

But am I gonna be an armed strange person or a dead one?

BORIS

You are a prisoner. Maybe it is different in America, but here in Russia we do not give guns to prisoners. It might cause a problem.

Boris starts up the next sections of stairs.

JAKE

(under his breath)

Fucking Russian.

Boris pulls Jake's bagged gun from his pocket and wiggles it - the way you'd dangle yarn over a cat.

Jake races up the stairs to grab it, tearing the 44 Magnum from the plastic evidence bag.

JAKE

'Least you kept it fresh.

BORIS

This is a strange gun. A cowboy gun. Old. Primitive. Do Americans not have modern weapons?

JAKE

What do you use?

Boris pulls out a massive Makarov 9mm Automatic.

JAKE

Nice.

BORIS

Most powerful handgun in the world. It can blow a man's head clean off.

JAKE

(defensively)

My gun can do that.

BORIS

That relic? It is not even an automatic. Must you cock it every time you fire?

JAKE

It's a double action. It cocks itself.

BORIS

(under his breath)

Just like an American.

JAKE

Hey! I heard that!

Jake hurries up the stairs to catch up with Boris.

INT. HOTEL HALL -- DAY

Gun drawn, Boris carefully twists the door to room 507 open. He waits a moment, and when there is no gunfire, he nods to Jake, and they carefully enter the room.

INT. QUARRY'S HOTEL ROOM -- DAY

Boris and Jake creep quietly into the room. Boris' eyes move back and forth, and he stands ready in the event of attack. A flashlight guides their way as they move through the dark.

There is a thump from behind them. Boris and Jake stop moving for a moment, very quiet.

Boris listens for the sounds. Nothing.

JAKE

What was that?

BORIS

People in next room slamming the door.

JAKE

Maybe headboard action?

BORIS

Shhhh.

Boris listens for a moment, then moves deeper into the room.

JAKE

I don't think he's home.

BORIS

We search the room.

JAKE

Don't we need a warrant?

BORIS

Not in Russia.

Jake and Boris begin searching the room. They search through waste baskets, desk drawers, etc. There is another thump.

Both stop searching. Tension builds. One thump might be the door slamming in the next room. Two is suspicious.

Boris pulls out his 9mm. Nodding to Jake to turn off the pocket flash. Boris carefully creeps to the bathroom, hugging the walls and trying to blend with the shadows.

Jake watches him enter the bathroom, leaving him alone in the room. He steps away from the bed - someone might be hiding underneath it.

IN THE BATHROOM

Boris creeps into the dark bathroom. A shadow seems to move to his left, he spins, gun ready.

On the far side of the bathroom, a figure moves into position, aiming a gun at Boris with its left hand.

Boris almost fires, then realizes he would be killing himself.

The figure aiming the gun at him is his own reflection in a full length mirror.

IN THE BEDROOM

Jake hears Boris spin towards the mirror and takes a step backwards. Now he stands in the darkness next to the floor length window curtains.

He grips his 44 Magnum tightly in his hands.

A man's shoe pokes out from under the curtains behind Jake.

IN THE BATHROOM

Boris sees an elongated shadow behind the shower curtain.
A man hiding?
He creeps closer, finger on the trigger of the Makarov.

He grabs the edge of the shower curtain... rattling the curtain hooks.

IN THE BEDROOM

Jake hears the noise, takes a step back... steps on something.
Looks down and sees the shoe.
Jake grabs the edge of the curtain.
The shoe doesn't move.

IN THE BATHROOM

Boris quickly rips open the shower curtain, gun out and ready.
There is nothing there.

IN THE BEDROOM

Jake takes a deep breath, sweat pouring down his brow.
He pulls back on the curtain, jams his gun at the assailant.

There is no one behind the curtain.
Just one of Quarry's discarded shoes sitting on the floor.

Suddenly somebody grabs his shoulder from behind.
Jake raises his gun to fire.
But the MAN grabs his wrist, wrestling the gun away.

BORIS

If you shoot me, I'll have to take you
back to jail.

Jake lowers his gun.

JAKE

What's the food like in Jail?

BORIS

Want to find out?

JAKE

I'd rather find this scumbag.

Jake flips on the light over the desk, starts opening drawers.
One has stationary and a couple of postcards showing the hotel
surrounded by dirty snow.

He closes the drawer, grabs the note pad next to the telephone.
Grabs a pencil and rubs it over the note pad... smiles, tears
off the page and hands it to Boris.

BORIS
What's this?

JAKE
Directions. But where to?

Boris takes the pencil rubbings - holds them sideways to the light.

BORIS
The countryside near Kalinin. Probably a farm.

EXT. KALININ, RUSSIA -- DAY

The centuries old village of Kalinin sits in the Russian countryside. Unchanged for hundreds of years, it is the hub of the farming community.

Quarry checks his directions, then parks his rented car on the street. He gets out, carrying a briefcase.

INT. OLD STONE BARN -- DAY

Quarry carries the briefcase inside the stone barn and looks at his watch. Suddenly there is a noise from behind him, and he spins. Standing behind Quarry are two Russians.

YURI, a smooth looking Americanophile Mafia, dressed in American clothes about a decade behind the times. Yuri learned English from watching TV reruns, sounds a little like a TV gameshow host doing a Maynard Krebs impersonation.

ANDROV is an ex-circus strong man capable of deadlifting a small car. He is Yuri's bodyguard.

YURI
Well, Daddio. You found the place.

QUARRY
You have the samples?

YURI
Stay cool. I'm just the middle man. The Colonel will be here in a few minutes. That gives us a little time to get to know each other.

Androv moves over to Quarry and gestures for him to lean against the wall.

QUARRY
Is this necessary? I'll hand you my gun, if you want.

YURI

Hey, daddio, we're not worried about your gun. We just want to make sure you aren't wearing a wire.

QUARRY

A wire?

YURI

Hey, we got cop problems, here, just like you do. Better to be careful, than to be in Siberia. That's what I always say.

Quarry reluctantly allows Androv to pat him down.

YURI

My handle's Yuri, you don't need a last name. And that's Androv. Used to be with the Moscow Circus before he developed a drug problem.

Androv takes a quick look at Quarry's 357 Magnum, then returns it and turns to Yuri.

ANDROV

Clean.

Quarry moves away from the wall, Yuri shows his perfect teeth.

YURI

Speaking of drugs, let's see what you brought.

Quarry pops open his briefcase and pulls out a baggie of cocaine, tossing it to Yuri.

Yuri catches the baggie. He pulls a pocket knife and a small vial from his coat, stabs the baggie, and immerses the knife blade into the vial of liquid.

When he turns blue, he grins. He touches his finger into the white powder and rubs it onto his gums.

YURI

Bitchin'. When does the rest of the shipment arrive?

QUARRY

Three days from now, in Odessa.

A panel truck backs into the barn and COLONEL GROMEK steps out - an ex-Soviet Army commander, middle aged and bitter, put out to pasture by the new regime.

COL. GROMEK
You didn't tell me that drugs were
involved.

YURI
Hey, chill out. This is Colonel Gromek,
who was, until recently, with the great
Soviet Army.

COL. GROMEK
I will not deal in drugs.

YURI
Take a chill pill. Mr. Quarry is paying
ME in drugs, I will pay YOU in cash.
We all get what we want.

Col. Gromek isn't happy about this, but accepts it.

QUARRY
What have you got for me?

COL. GROMEK
The finest Soviet military technology.

YURI
The Colonel is Army Surplus, himself.

COL. GROMEK
My base was closed and I was retired.
They stopped paying my pension.

Col. Gromek pops open the back doors of the truck, exposing a
dozen different styles of Soviet weapons. From machine guns
to hand held rocket launchers. It's an AWESOME display. Quarry
examines a few of the weapons, amazed.

QUARRY
Wait until these hit the streets! The
FBI's gonna have to add a few more
digits to their crime statistics.

He checks the action on a HUGE big-bore machine gun.

QUARRY
Can I test them?

COL. GROMEK
You doubt they work?

QUARRY
No. I just love firing guns.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NEAR THE BARN -- DAY

Col. Gromek, Quarry, Androv, and Yuri test the weapons in the quiet countryside.

Quarry fires each weapon, creating massive destruction.

BLAAM! BLAAM! BLAAM!

The rocket launcher completely destroys a tree. Explodes it.

QUARRY

Very good. How many of each?

COL. GROMEK

Enough to start several wars.

Gromek hands Quarry a list. Machine guns, rocket launchers, light artillery... it's a criminal's Christmas list.

QUARRY

Excellent.

Quarry pockets the list and returns all of the weapons except for the big machine gun to the Colonel's panel truck.

YURI

Shall we play "Let's Make A Deal"?

COL. GROMEK

Two million American dollars.

QUARRY

One.

COL. GROMEK

Two. I must have two million.

QUARRY

One and a half.

COL. GROMEK

One and three quarters.

QUARRY

Sold. Arrange for the guns to be waiting on the docks at Odessa three days from now.

COL. GROMEK

And the machine gun?

QUARRY

I keep it. In case something unexpected comes up.

Col. Gromek nods to the three men, closes the truck's doors.

COL. GROMEK
The guns will be waiting. Just make
sure my money is ready.

The Colonel climbs into the panel truck and leaves.

Quarry turns to Yuri.

QUARRY
You heard the man. My shipment will
be in Odessa in three days, just make
sure the money is there.

YURI
The money will be there. With or without
me. Androv will see to that.

The strong man nods. Yuri and Androv prepare to leave...

When Jake and Boris pull up in the squad car.

QUARRY
How the hell did they find us? Did
they follow you?

Quarry raises the huge machine gun, fires at the squad car.

Jake and Boris dive behind the squad car, as bullets tear the
car to shreds causing massive destruction.

JAKE
Shit!

When the gunfire stops, Jake turns to Boris.

JAKE
Take a look, I'll cover you.

BORIS
No. You look. I'll cover.

JAKE
I'm a guest in your country. You should
look.

BORIS
You are not a guest, you are a prisoner.
You will look.

Jake raises his head cautiously, looking over the car hood.
Yuri, Androv, and Quarry are running away.

JAKE

They're getting away!

Boris and Jake spring from behind what's left of the car and give chase.

The bad guys split up. Yuri and Androv running into the woods and Quarry running towards the village.

Boris runs after Quarry. Jake runs after Yuri and Androv.

EXT. THE FOREST -- DAY

The forest is dense: coated with light ground fog and leaves. A place where man is a stranger. Jake looks particularly out of place in his cowboy hat.

JAKE

Stop! Stop or I'll shoot!

Jake runs through the woods, knowing that Yuri and Androv could be hidden anywhere.

As he runs, his gun swings a wide arc, from tree to tree.

Yuri and Androv pour on the speed as they run between trees. Yuri can hear Jake's cowboy boots crunching on the fallen leaves behind them.

Jake hears Yuri and Androv running about a hundred yards ahead of him, and pours on the sweat.

Yuri moves off the path, through some dense scrub to his right. Androv stays on the path.

Jake runs through the ground fog until he realizes that the two men have split up.

Stopping for a minute, he listens for foot falls. Finally, Jake takes off through the dense scrub to his right. Following Yuri.

Jake runs through the woods between the trees, leaving the modern world completely behind.

Yuri is almost out of breath. As he runs between trees, he pulls out his Walther PS 9mm Automatic.

Jake spots Yuri seventy five yards ahead of him.

Yuri hears Jake behind him. Twisting around, he fires a trio of shots.

Jake hits the dirt, rolling away from the path. Bullets spatter the dirt all around him.

His clothes gets covered with dirt, but he isn't hit.

EXT. THE VILLAGE -- DAY

Boris chases Quarry through the old Village.

BORIS
Stop! Moscow Police!

Quarry turns and fires his big machine gun at Boris.

Boris dives for cover, and the bullets hits an Audi parked on the side of the street.

BLAM! The Audi explodes, knocking Boris on his butt.

Quarry runs into the alley way between buildings, leaving the burning wreckage of the Audi behind.

BORIS
(in Russian)
Shit.

Boris staggers to his feet and brushes off his uniform, before resuming his chase.

EXT. THE FOREST -- DAY

Yuri fires again, keeps running.

Jake springs to his feet, grabs his fallen cowboy hat, chases after Yuri.

Yuri jogs through the woods, out of breath.
Turns his head and sees Jake only twenty yards behind him. He fires at the cowboy and increases his pace.

Jake picks up the pace.
The bullet hits the tree just to his left, spraying sawdust.

Yuri keeps running, doesn't notice the fallen branch in front of him and trips over it, sprawling.

The Walther PS slides away from his hand.

Jake runs up to Yuri, standing over him. Gun ready.

Yuri looks at his gun, a couple of inches from his hand.

JAKE
I know what you're thinking.

YURI
You can't arrest me, Daddio.

JAKE
Want me to shoot you? Go for it.

Yuri sees something in the ground fog, smiles, pulls his hand away from the gun.

JAKE
That's better.

Androv slams into Jake, knocking him to the ground. WHAM!
Androv slams his gun butt against Jake's head.

EXT. THE VILLAGE -- DAY

Quarry hears Boris right behind him.
Turning his head, he tries to gauge his lead.
Only fifty feet.

Boris unholsters his Makarov 9mm as he runs.

BORIS
Moscow police! Stop or I shoot.

Quarry turns, sees the gun.

Boris fires.

Quarry hits the dirt, rolling towards the mouth of an alley.
Bullets spatter the asphalt all around him, ricocheting.

Boris runs into the alley after Quarry.
Quarry fires a stream of bullets at the Russian.

QUARRY
Screw you, Russian!

Boris dives to the cobblestones. The bullets hit the wall
just to his left, spraying him with plaster dust.

Quarry runs out of the alley, leaving Boris behind.

Boris scrambles to his feet and chases after Quarry...
But the alley is empty.
Quarry has disappeared.

EXT. THE FOREST -- DAY

Jake rolls to his feet, chasing after Yuri and Androv. Realizes
he doesn't have his hat.

JAKE
Crap. If they don't have toilet paper,
where am I going to find a Stetson?

Goes back and grabs the hat, takes off after Yuri and Androv... but, when Jake breaks through the trees Androv and Yuri are gone. Disappeared.

EXT. THE VILLAGE -- DAY

Jake staggers up to where Boris leans against the bullet riddled squad car.

BORIS

Where's are the Russians?

JAKE

Lost them.

BORIS

You LOST them? What do you mean? You were chasing them, right?

JAKE

They got away when I was looking for my hat.

BORIS

Looking for your hat?

JAKE

Where am I gonna find another one in Russia?

BORIS

No wonder you Americans have so much crime. You spend all your time chasing hats.

JAKE

I don't see you coming in with prisoner. What happened to Quarry?

BORIS

He is temporarily not in custody.

JAKE

See? We're even... But you don't have a hat.

BORIS

Why would I want such a ridiculous hat? It is stupid. Russian hat is only worn when in winter. You would freeze in that poor excuse of a hat.

JAKE

It keeps the sun out of my eyes.

Boris looks up at the cloudy sky, gets into the police car.

BORIS

What sun?

INT. THE SQUAD CAR -- NIGHT

Boris drives the squad car back to the city. Jake looks out the window, totally ignoring Boris.

JAKE

(under his breath)

Fucking Russian.

BORIS

(in Russian, under his
breath)

Fucking American.

The squad car enters Moscow.

INT. SQUAD CAR, PARKED -- NIGHT

Jake gets out of the squad car.

BORIS

I will see you in the morning. Don't
forget your hat. It is so valuable.

JAKE

Hey - maybe your suspect will be
temporarily in custody by them.

Jake slams the door.

INT. JAKE'S HOTEL - ELEVATOR -- NIGHT

As the elevator ascends to Jake's floor, he pulls out the folded photo of himself and Hank catching fish, studies it.

IN THE PHOTO Hank is grinning.

JAKE

No way to replace you, Hank.

The elevator doors open and he pockets the photo.

INT. JAKE'S HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Jake flips the lights on in the living room.

Yuri is sitting on his sofa, aiming a gun at him and drinking from a bottle of vodka..

JAKE

You forgot to bring the dancing girls.

Jake doesn't notice Androv until he makes a move for his gun. Quick as a flash, Jake pulls his gun, twists it into his hands, and aims it at Yuri.

Androv moves out from behind the door and fast draws a 9mm automatic from his holster, pokes it into Jake's neck.

Androv shuts the door with his foot, trapping the them in the room.

YURI

We call this a Chechnian stand off.

Androv pokes Jake with the 9mm, and Jake lowers his gun.

YURI

We don't know each other yet - my name is Yuri and yours?

JAKE

Kiss my American ass.

YURI

Ahhh! We have a comedian here? Like the Robin Williams? The Pauley Shore? The Tom Green? Who is this Yakov Smirnoff person? Why is he so popular in your country?

Jake sets the gun down on the table, attempts to act relaxed.

JAKE

Isn't he one of your boys? Smart enough to leave when he got the chance.

YURI

You are an American cowboy? We have no cattle in Moscow. We are a modern city. No horses for you to ride. So why are you here?

JAKE

You got a point?

YURI

Maybe you should go back to America before something bad happens to that silly hat of yours.

JAKE

Are you threatenin' my Stetson?

Yuri takes a final pull from the vodka bottle and moves to the door.

YURI

Androv, show this comedian that we aren't joking. Good bye cowboy.

Yuri leaves the room. Androv pulls a guillotine cigar cutter from his pocket and pokes Jake with his gun.

ANDROV

In the bathroom. We don't want to get the carpet messy.

IN THE BATHROOM

Androv takes the cigar cutter and braces his foot against Jake's foot. Androv grabs Jake's right hand, slips the cigar cutter around Jake's right index finger.

ANDROV

Your trigger finger. Just a little snip off the top. Maybe you learn to shoot with your other hand, eh?

He raises the gun to hit the trimmer and cut off Jake's finger.

Jake head butts Androv, then twists around quickly, grabbing for the gun in Androv's hand.

Androv pulls the gun back out of his reach, then gives Jake the gun: right across the face.

The pistol barrel slams into his cheek and whips Jake's head to the right. The cigar cutter flies from Jake's finger and skitters into the bathtub.

Androv touches his bleeding nose and laughs.

ANDROV

Now you lose both fingers.

Androv presses the gun into Jake's bruised face. Jake knees Androv in the groin. Hard. Androv screams in pain and slams onto the floor.

Jake kicks the gun out of his hand - it bounces on the bathroom wall and ricochets...

Right into Jake's hand.

Androv scrambles on hands and knees into the bedroom. Jake ambles after him, touching his bruised cheek.

IN THE HOTEL ROOM

Androv uses the table to pull himself to his feet.
 Jake sees him, hands on the table, feet apart: pat-down mode.

JAKE

Just how I want you.

Jake moves closer to pat him down.... Androv scoops Jake's
 gun off the table, spins around and presses the barrel into
 Jake's face. Jake presses Androv's gun into Androv's face.

JAKE

Drop it!

ANDROV

You drop it!

JAKE

You know, American guns works better
 with the safety off.

ANDROV

You still think you're a comedian?

JAKE

Go ahead and pull the trigger.

Androv laughs, pulls the trigger... nothing.
 The safety really is on.

JAKE

Now - slowly - give me the gun.

Androv gives him the gun... slamming it into Jake's face!

Jake is knocked to the floor.
 Androv tries to find the safety catch on the 44 Magnum.

ANDROV

Fucking American guns!

Jake grabs the chair to pull himself to his feet.
 Androv finds the safety, clicks it off, aims at Jake...

Just as Jake swings the chair at Androv's head...
It splinters over the brute's head...
knocking the gun from his hands.

Chair legs bounce across the floor.
 But Androv doesn't go down.

Androv grabs the lamp from the table and slams it into Jake.
 The lamp breaks into shards, Jake falls backwards.

Sparks shower the room from the tip of the damaged lamp, creating a crazy fireworks display.

Androv lifts the table over his head.

ANDROV

Go home, Cowboy.

He slams the table down on Jake's head.... WHAM!
Everything goes dark.

INT. JAKE'S HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Jake's eyes flutter open. The first thing he does is check for his fingers - they're still there.

He smiles... then has a frightening thought and unzips his pants, looks inside. That's still there, too.

IN THE BATHROOM

Jake slides into the tub, letting the water wash over him. He turns off the water and opens the bathtub curtain, allowing a billow of steam to float into the bathroom.

As he soaks his battered and bruised body, His face is swollen and bruised and generally he looks in need of a vacation. He hears the sound of the front door opening.

Someone comes into his room - he can hear them walking. Androv returning to cut off his fingers?

Footsteps headed towards him. Jake tries to pull himself out of the tub quietly. Wraps a towel around his dripping body and makes a quick scan of the bathtub, looking for a weapon. Finds a back brush made of hard plastic.

A shadow fills the bathroom doorframe. The figure takes a step into the room. Jake has the back brush up like a samurai sword - ready for action.

Natasia enters the bathroom, dressed in is a slinky dress.

NATASIA

You to give me the brush so soon?

JAKE

What are you doing here?

NATASIA

You stood me up last night.

JAKE

They threw me in jail.

NATASIA

Did you escape? Bribe somebody?

JAKE

I'm cooperating with the police. Who are you cooperating with?

She ignores the question, takes a step towards him. The brush drops to the floor of the steamy bathroom as they find each other's lips. When the part, Jake grabs her purse.

NATASIA

Hey!

IN THE PURSE

Lipstick, compact, make up, tissues, keys, and a tin containing a baggie of cocaine.

JAKE

Naughty girl.

Jake opens her wallet, looks through the photos: An old photo of Natasia's parents. A pair of unidentified photos of women. A photo of Natasia and Yuri arms around each other.

NATASIA

Find what you were looking for?

JAKE

You know Yuri?

NATASIA

Yes. How do YOU know him?

JAKE

What is he? Your boyfriend?

NATASIA

I have no boyfriend.

JAKE

He's your pimp.

NATASIA

He owns the Aphrodite Club.

JAKE

But you sleep with him.

NATASIA

He sleeps with all of the girls. It is his right. He is the boss.

JAKE

It's not his right.

NATASIA

You don't understand our country. For decades, all we did was make weapons to compete with the United States. We could not compete... you make ten weapons for every one of ours. We had no choice but to surrender to your free-market. But we have nothing to sell... except weapons. And your country won't let us sell our weapons.

JAKE

You want to sell your nukes to that wacky Iraqi?

NATASIA

Before the reforms, I was a school teacher. I went to the university, received a degree. But if I worked as a teacher, I would make only eighty cents a day. As a dancer, I make more than a hundred dollars a day. And if I work as a prostitute and escort I make a hundred dollars an HOUR.

JAKE

It's the same in America. Teachers get paid shit.

NATASIA

You are proud of this?

JAKE

No.

NATASIA

You know what Russia's biggest export is? Women. Mail order brides. We have nothing to sell except our selves.

JAKE

Did Yuri tell you to come here?

NATASIA

I came because I liked you.

She kisses him.

NATASIA

I can help you find Yuri.

JAKE

How?

NATASIA

I know where he will be tomorrow.

JAKE

Where?

NATASIA

I'll tell you in the morning.

She grabs the towel and uses it to lead him to the bed.

INT. JAKE'S HOTEL ROOM -- MORNING

Natasia finishes dressing - notices the room is trashed.

NATASIA

For some reason I thought Americans were cleaner than this.

JAKE

Androv was here last night, I hit him in the fist with the back of my head a couple of times and he went away.

NATASIA

You should stay away from Yuri. He is the most powerful man in Moscow. He could kill you and get away with it.

JAKE

Mafia.

NATASIA

There is no word for organized crime in Russian. It never existed when we had communism. So we use the American word. We've had to learn a lot of American words in the past ten years.

JAKE

You were going to tell me where to find Yuri...

NATASIA

He spends Tuesday afternoons at the Hermitage. That's where he does his business.

Natasia grabs her purse and leaves.

EXT. THE HERMITAGE - DAY

Jake stakes out the entrance of the Hermitage, waiting for Yuri to arrive.

SUDDENLY someone grabs Jake's shoulder and pulls him back into the shadows.

Jake quick draws his gun.... finds himself aiming it at Boris.

BORIS

What are you doing here?

JAKE

Waiting for Yuri Tarkov. You know? The Russian Mafia guy? Five foot eight, about one ninety?

BORIS

How do you know this?

JAKE

Good old American know-how. You Russians wouldn't know about it.

Boris silences Jake, as Yuri and Androv walk by - Yuri carries a black gym bag.

INT. THE HERMITAGE - DAY

Jake and Boris follows Yuri and Androv through the museum.

Yuri looks at paintings, sculpture, and fine Russian art, wandering through the magnificent museum. Androv keeps his eyes open - on guard.

Jake and Boris keep a few hundred feet back. Androv stops and turns around, almost spotting the two men following him.

Jake and Boris dive behind an archway, out of sight.

Yuri continues through the museum.... Androv following Jake and Boris step out from behind the archway and follow.

PAINTING ROOM

Yuri and Androv goes into a large room with a wall-sized canvas. Yuri sits on the bench in the center of the room, sets the canvas bag down next to him... admires the painting.

Jake and Boris can't follow him inside, and there's no way to watch him without being seen. This is Yuri's "office".

From another entrance, Col. Gromek enters and sits next to Yuri, admiring the painting. Col.

Gromek unzips the bag, looks inside at bundles of American money.

COL. GROMEK
Such beautiful pictures.

YURI
A portrait of Benjamin Franklin, a famous American President.

Col. Gromek hands Yuri a folded newspaper.

COL. GROMEK
Have you seen today's Pravda? There's an interesting story on page five.

Yuri opens the newspaper. On page five is the shipping and cargo papers for the guns.

YURI
I'll read it later. Enjoy the portraits.

Col. Gromek zips up the bag and turns to leave...

Heading right towards Jake and Boris!

HERMITAGE

Jake sees him coming and hides behind a pillar. Boris is caught off guard, and pretends to be interested in a sculpture.

Col. Gromek passes the pillar only inches from...

Jake holds his breath as Col. Gromek walks past, trying to meld himself to the pillar. As he presses against the pillar, he sees a MUSEUM GUARD watching him with suspicion.

Col. Gromek passes the pillar and Jake, but stops for a moment, examining the same sculpture as Boris.

Boris tries to keep the sculpture between himself and Col. Gromek. Some tense moments before Gromek walks away from the statue, heading out of the building.

Boris starts back to the painting room, but Jake grabs him... following Col. Gromek.

BORIS
We will lose Yuri.

JAKE
We're following the money.

Jake and Boris follow Col. Gromek out of the museum.

EXT. MOSCOW STREETS - TAILING SEQUENCE -- DAY

Col Gromek gets into a chauffeur driven limousine and the car pulls away from the curb.

BORIS' SQUAD CAR

Jake and Boris climb into the squad car and follows Col. Gromek's limousine three cars back.

THE TWO CARS

Twist through Moscow, Boris always maintaining a separation of at least two cars.

JAKE

Who's the guy in the doorman suit?

BORIS

Your "American know how" is no longer working?

JAKE

Okay, I'm sorry. I was being a dick. Who is this guy?

BORIS

Colonel Gromek. He used to be with the People's Army. When your country stopped threatening us with nuclear weapons --

JAKE

When YOUR country stopped threatening MY country with nuclear weapons.

BORIS

Why would we want to threaten you? We are a peaceful people.

JAKE

Back to the Colonel.

BORIS

The Army no longer needed him, and he was, how do you say?...

JAKE

Laid off.

BORIS

"Laid" off? A peculiar term. Is it similar to this American contest we hear of The Pillsbury Bake Off?

JAKE

Not really.

BORIS

There is no sex involved in being "Laid Off"?

JAKE

The company screws you, but that's about it. What does this Colonel Gromek do now?

BORIS

He sells government surplus on the black market. Boots. Wool blankets.

At an intersection, Col. Gromek's limousine gets the green light and Boris gets the red.

They watch the limousine speed away from them.

BORIS

(Russian)

Shit.

The tail lights of the Limo are getting further away.
The light is still red.
The light turns green.
Boris burns rubber, speeding down the street like a maniac.

Jake hangs on the dash board, as the squad car flies down the street.

JAKE

Hey! Hey! This isn't a taxi, you know!

The light at the next intersection turns yellow, and Boris floors it, shooting across just as the light is turning red.

Two intersections later, he is three cars from the Limo again.

JAKE

Answer me a question, Boris: What would the Mafia want from an ex-Army Colonel like Gromek?

BORIS

Weapons.

INT. COL. GROMEK'S LIMO

The DRIVER looks into the rear view mirror.

DRIVER

He is still behind us, sir. What should I do?

COL. GROMEK

Lose him, you fool!

The driver increases speed.

THE LIMO shoots across an intersection, tires squealing. Behind him, the Squad Car spins around a slow moving car and gives chase.

SQUAD CAR

Boris lets go of the steering wheel while he pulls the seat belt and shoulder harness.

Jake grabs the wheel in time to swerve around a slow moving Zil. Boris adjusts the seat belt and grabs the wheel again.

BORIS

Thanks.

JAKE

What kind of weapons could this Gromek guy get his hands on?

BORIS

All kinds. Large caliber machine guns, tanks...

JAKE

Nukes?

BORIS

They are monitored.

THE LIMO

Skids around a corner, pulling onto a side street. Gromek looks behind them as the Squad Car slides around the corner.

COL. GROMEK

Faster!

The Driver gives the car more gas, skidding the Limo to the left against the light.

Two boxy Russian cars hit the brakes. One slams into a row of newspaper vending machines, turning them to rubble.

SQUAD CAR

Boris spins the corner and speeds down the street in hot pursuit.

JAKE

Geeze!

The Limo twists into a narrow alley. The sides of the car skim along the walls, shooting sparks.

Boris twists the wheel of the Squad Car, following the Limo.

Jake ducks as the side view mirrors are sheared off. The door on Jake's side begins to bow inwards, the arm rest pops off, shooting through the car.

JAKE

Shit!

THE LIMO

The Driver hits the gas, zooming out of the alley. Col. Gromek turns to see the Squad Car right behind them!

COL. GROMEK

Faster! Faster!

SQUAD CAR

Boris out of the alley, twists around a slow moving Volkswagen, flying down the asphalt towards the Limo. Speedometer creeping up to 100 KPH.

THE LIMO

The speedometer is at 95 KPH. The Driver looks at the Squad Car, growing larger in his rearview mirror.

AT THE INTERSECTION

A hundred year OLD MAN hobbles across the street on his cane.

A slow moving TRUCK heads towards them in the oncoming lane.

THE LIMO

The Driver must either stop the Limo, or hit the Old Man. Swerving toward the sidewalk, the Driver slams into a parked Renault, turning the car over, ricochets around the corner.

THE OLD MAN turns to look at the smashed Renault, momentarily stopped in the center of the street.

Right in front of the Squad Car.

SQUAD CAR

Boris spins the wheel to the right, then the left, missing the Old Man by inches. Jake has his eyes covered.

JAKE
Did we hit him?

BORIS
No.

The Old Man flips them off.

THE TWO CARS speed towards a park.

THE LIMO

COL. GROMEK
Through the park! Through the park!

The Driver twists the Limo up the curb and onto the grass of the park.

THE PARK is a typical one block square of trees, grass, and wooden benches. Quiet, serene, a picture of simple life in Russia. Children play - then run in terror screaming as...

The Limo slams through a wooden park bench, splintering it and sending shards overhead. They rain down on the Squad Car a dozen yards behind.

SQUAD CAR

Jake covers his head as the park bench rains over the car. When he looks through the spider webbed front window, he sees the Limo twist through a pair of trees and head towards a bench on the opposite side of the park.

Boris twists through the trees, barely missing the one of the left, in hot pursuit of the Limo.

JAKE
Where the hell did you learn how to drive?

BORIS
At the university.

The Limo spins around the bench and flies off the grass onto the asphalt of the street, on two wheels. They hit the bench head on, smashing it to firewood.

THE LIMO

Bounces back onto all four wheels.

COL. GROMEK

Look out!

A BIG DELIVERY TRUCK rounding the corner and unable to swerve, SLAMS into the Limo.

Col. Gromek holds on, as the car FLIPS UPSIDE DOWN, and skids along the sidewalk on its roof.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Jake and Boris get out of the squad car, and run to the wreckage.

The Limo's door pops open, and the Driver falls out onto the sidewalk.

The Driver pulls out his machine pistol and begins firing at Jake and Boris.

People scream, as Jake and Boris unholster their weapons and return fire. Bullets fly everywhere, tearing up the street. Gasoline drips from the wreckage of the Limo.

THE LIMO

Col. Gromek pops his seat belt and drops to the roof. Smells gas, crawls through the shattered back window of the car.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Bullets ricochet at Jake's feet, he dives for cover.

The Driver aims at Boris and fires a stream of bullets.

Car windows shatter around Boris as he continues towards the Driver. Boris finally gets a clear shot, and fires at the Driver.

The Driver is hit in the chest and flies backwards, skidding and slamming into a building.

Jake moves out from behind his cover and approaches the wrecked Limo, looking for Colonel Gromek.

He doesn't see him in the car...

.....but he hears something...

.....tail light wires spark against each other.

BORIS

Is he in there?

Jake pushes Boris away, tackles him to the street.

BLAAAAAAAAM!

The Limo explodes in a giant fireball.

BORIS

I owe you one, Cowboy.

Jake pulls Boris to his feet... And Boris gives Jake a big bear hug (almost crushing him).

JAKE

Easy, there partner. Don't want anyone to get the wrong idea.

When Boris releases him, Jake makes sure he doesn't have any broken ribs.

BORIS

Now who do we follow? The Colonel is dead.

JAKE

No. He's here somewhere.

Boris and Jake try to see past the growing crowd of onlookers. Boris sees Col. Gromek, the gym bag of money in one hand, running down the street to an outdoor market.

BORIS

There!

Jake and Boris fight through the onlookers to give chase.

EXT. OUTDOOR MARKET -- DAY

Col. Gromek slams a woman out of his way and runs through the maze of booths. He pushes over a fruit cart, sending apples and oranges rolling across the cobblestones.

Jake and Boris spin around the overturned cart, careful to avoid the slippery fruit.

JAKE

Outta the way! Outta the way! Police business.

No one understands a thing he's saying. He's a lunatic cowboy with a gun.

They chase Gromek through the crowded market, hurdling over vendor's stalls and weaving through the crowd.

Col. Gromek jumps over a table of hand blown glass. The GLASS MAKER ruins the work at the end of his pipe.

The Colonel slams the Glass Maker out of the way with his gun barrel, runs through the crowd.

Jake and Boris get to the glass booth.
Col. Gromek turns and fires at them.
Glass explodes! Shards flying through the market.

Jake and Boris dive for cover.

A few SHOPPERS are hit by flying glass.

Jake aims at Col. Gromek, Boris puts his hand on Jake's gun.

BORIS
Too many people.

Col. Gromek turns a corner into a dead end alley.

EXT. FIRE STAIRS -- DAY

Gym bag of money slung over his shoulder, gun in one hand,
Col. Gromek climbs the fire stairs of an old building.

When Jake and Boris enter the dead end alley...
Col. Gromek has disappeared.

JAKE
He can't just disappear.

BORIS
On the fire stairs!

Col. Gromek fires a burst of gun fire at them.
Jake and Boris dive for cover.
Col. Gromek runs up the stairs.

Jake climbs the stairs after Col. Gromek, Boris behind him.

EXT. A FEW FLIGHTS UP

Col. Gromek fires his gun down at Jake and Boris.

Jake and Boris take cover as bullets spark all around them.

Col. Gromek continues up the stairs towards the roof.

When the shooting and sparking stops, Jake and Boris continue
climbing the stairs.

A FEW FLIGHTS UP

Col. Gromek swings out and fires at Jake and Boris.

Jake dives to the landing.

Col. Gromek sprays bullets between the stairs at him.

Boris aims up at the Colonel and fires.

Col. Gromek squeezes against the wall, out of the line of fire. Bullets ricochet all around him.

Boris and Jake continue up the stairs, closing in on Gromek.

JAKE

He runs fast for an old fart.

BORIS

Russians have stamina.

JAKE

What's he gonna do when he gets to the roof? Fly?

BORIS

Find a door, get into the building,
find a hostage, use them to get away.

Col. Gromek hears and sweeping them with gunfire.

Bullets spray the steps behind Jake as he rolls to the wall. Bullets SPARKING all around him.

Boris continues climbing to the next landing.

Jake ducks as the bullets pummel the wall behind him, sparking off metal and spraying bricks over him.

Boris fires at Gromek, forcing him back against the wall. Gromek stops shooting and starts climbing stairs again.

Jake rolls to his feet, tries to catch up with Boris.

JAKE

Thanks.

Gromek reaches the top of the stairs, scrambles to the roof.

EXT. ROOFTOPS OF MOSCOW -- DAY

Jake and Boris reach the roof and chase after Col. Gromek.

Col. Gromek sees the end of the roof ahead.

A dead end.

He twists, fires off a stream of gunfire at Jake and Boris.

Jake hangs onto his cowboy hat as he hits the roof. He rolls to his feet, runs to a steaming roof vent. Gunfire follows him across the roof, ripping tar paper. Boris runs through the gunfire... still chasing.

BORIS

Halt! Halt!

Col. Gromek doesn't stop. He increases speed... running to the edge of the roof and a ten storey drop to the street!

Jake comes out from behind the vent in time to see Col. Gromek jumps across the ten storey drop to the next building.

JAKE

Shit. He does have stamina.

Boris runs to the edge of the roof and jumps.
Scared to death - praying that he won't fall.
Amazed when he lands on the roof of the next building.
Boris chases after Col. Gromek.

Jake runs to the edge of the roof and stops.
He looks down.
Way down - a hundred feet - to the street below.

JAKE

No fucking way!

Boris looks back - sees Jake still on the other roof.

BORIS

Come on!

Jake moves back to get a running start.
Says a prayer and starts running.
Holds onto his cowboy hat and jumps.
He sails over the chasm, barely making it to the other roof.

JAKE

I made it. I made it!

Jake scrambles to his feet and chases after Boris and Gromek.

Col. Gromek spins, fires at the two men.

Jake and Boris scramble for cover.
Bullets ricochet off the rooftop.
Shredding roof tiles.

Col. Gromek keeps running.
At the edge of the roof, he jumps to the next building.

BORIS

You lose your hat again?

JAKE

You lose your suspect?

Jake and Boris run to the edge of the roof together and jump.
The street a hundred feet below them.
Both land and roll to their feet... running.

JAKE

That's kind of fun.

BORIS

Americans have a strange idea of fun.

Jake and Boris chase after Gromek who has a sizable lead.

Col. Gromek jumps from building three to building four. Rolls to his feet, checks on Jake and Boris - halfway across the roof. Sitting ducks. He raises his gun and fires.

Bullets spatter the roof under Jake's feet. He dives behind a chimney. Bricks and mortar EXPLODE around Jake.

Boris hits the roof. Bullet chase him across the tar paper. Boris springs to his feet and runs right into the gunfire! At the edge of the roof Boris jumps - still firing at Gromek!

Col. Gromek stops shooting and starts running. He gets to the far end of the roof before Boris gets to his feet. Col. Gromek jumps to building number five.

By the time Boris rolls to his feet and aims his 9mm Marakov, Col. Gromek is on the roof of the next building.

BORIS

Come on!

Jake jumps across the chasm, landing wrong. His hat blows off... skittering in the breeze to the edge of the roof. He scrambles after it, catching it seconds before it flips over the edge.

JAKE

Almost lost my hat!

BORIS

You can get another one.

JAKE

Not in Russia.

Jake smashes the hat down on his head, catches up with Boris.

Col. Gromek runs to the edge of the building. He spins and fires off at Jake and Boris - keeping them back.

The bullet sparks off a vent next to Jake. Jake and Boris pour on the speed. Col. Gromek jumps to the next rooftop.

JAKE

I gotta plan.

BORIS

I don't like it.

JAKE

You chase him, I shoot at him.

BORIS

Why don't you chase, I shoot?

JAKE

My hat.

BORIS

You are controlled by your hat.

Jake stops running, letting Boris chase after Col. Gromek.
Jake takes careful aim - sees Gromek's back in his sights.

BANG!

Misses by an inch, spraying chimney brick at Col. Gromek.

BORIS

You missed!

JAKE

Wind!

Jake aims again, correcting for the wind.
Fires.

Col. Gromek jumps to the next rooftop.
Feels a tug on his shoulder.
When he rolls to his feet, he realizes he's been shot.
Gromek turns to return fire... sees Boris jumping at him!

COL. GROMEK

Ybwanna mat!

Col. Gromek lowers his gun, turns and bolts.

Boris lands on the roof badly... starts sliding to the edge.

Jake aims at Col. Gromek again. Fires.

The bullet hits a chimney in front of Col. Gromek, spraying
red dust in his face. He wipes his eyes without slowing.

Boris slides off the roof.

BORIS

Nyet! Nyet!

Twisting at the last minute, his fingers grab the gutter.
 Holding on by his finger tips.
 Legs dangling a hundred feet over the street.

BORIS

Jake!

JAKE

Just hang in there.

Jake ignores Boris and focuses on Col. Gromek.
 He sights down the barrel, almost in a trance.
 Fires.
 Sees Col. Gromek suddenly spin out of control.

Boris hangs on as the gutter begins to bend under his fingers.

Col. Gromek is hit in the shoulder...
 Blinking from the chimney dust, spinning from the impact...
 He reaches the edge of the roof and forgets to jump.

In Jake's gun sights, Col. Gromek just disappears.

JAKE

Huh?

He lowers the gun to get a better look.
 Col. Gromek is gone.

BORIS

I'm loosing my grip!

Boris watches as the nails holding the gutter onto the roof
 start popping out. Ping! Ping! Ping!
 People, FAR below him, look like ants.

Jake holsters his gun, takes a running jump to the next roof.

The gutter starts groaning and bending under Boris' weight.

Jake brushes himself off, adjusts his hat, looks down at Boris.
 Boris tries a smile - it doesn't work.
 The gutter groans.

Jake reaches down and grabs Boris' hand SECONDS before the
 gutter snaps off and falls hundreds of feet to the street, He
 pulls Boris up to the roof, where they sit next to each other,
 catching their breath.

BORIS

Did he get away?

JAKE

He made it down to the street.

BORIS

Thank you.

JAKE

Hey - no hugging, okay?

Jake gets to his feet, pulls Boris up.

JAKE

Come on.

Boris and Jake move up to the edge of the building, and look down at Col. Gromek - splattered on the pavement below. Money from the gym bag continues to rain down on him, fluttering in the breeze.

BORIS

Think we can get him to tell us where the deal's going to take place?

JAKE

I think he's a dead end.

INT. POLICE STATION -- NIGHT

Jake sits on a bench, hands cuffed behind him. Yelling from the Commander's Office so loud Jake jumps.

COMMANDER (O.S.)

A respected Army Colonel is DEAD!
Killed by a foreigner, who was supposed
to be in YOUR custody!

COMMANDER'S OFFICE

The COMMANDER holds up Jake's 44 Magnum.

COMMANDER

You allowed this foreigner to use his
gun? What were you thinking, Boris?

BORIS

I'm sorry, sir. The Colonel was...

COMMANDER

I don't care if the Colonel was screwing
your mother! We do not help tourists
kill ex-party members!

BORIS

Yes, sir.

COMMANDER

You are relieved of duty!

Commander SLAPS Boris across the face. Boris takes it, but there's an ugly red handprint on his face.

COMMANDER

You have disgraced the uniform.

Boris takes off his uniform jacket, hands it to the commander, along with his ID badge and gun.

COMMANDER

The pants, too.

Boris takes off his pants, folds them, puts them on the desk.

ON THE BENCH

Boris leaves the Commander's Office in his long-johns, shoes and socks, takes a seat next to Jake on the bench.

JAKE

When they dress you down in this country, they don't kid around. You gotta walk home like that?

BORIS

I have clothes in my locker.

JAKE

They fire you?

BORIS

Suspended without pay.

JAKE

I'm sorry...

BORIS

I owed you one. You saved my life twice in the same day. It's o-kay.

JAKE

No. It's not okay. It's my fault. I'm too much of a hot dog.

BORIS

I would have done the same thing without you. I, too, am a "hot dog".

JAKE

You got your shoes shined, you follow the rules, you're a good cop. I'm a screw up. Usually doing something the stupid way instead of just thinking it through. I end up getting myself and everyone else around me in trouble.

Boris puts a hand on Jake's shoulder.

BORIS

You are a good cop, Jake.

Boris heads to the locker room to put on some pants.

TWO POLICEMEN yank Jake off the bench and take him to the...

COMMANDER'S OFFICE

Jake is pushed down into a chair.
The Commander frowns at him.

COMMANDER

American, I would like to jail you for the rest of your life in Siberia... But I have been told that might cause an international incident at a time when we have a disagreement with your country's foreign policies.

JAKE

You gonna cut me lose?

COMMANDER

No. I am deporting you. Your plane to America leaves at nine O'clock tomorrow morning. Until then, you will be under house arrest in your hotel room.

JAKE

What about my gun?

COMMANDER

Confiscated. It will be locked in our evidence room until Col. Gromek's inquest. Then it will be destroyed.

JAKE

Boris had nothing to do with this. He's a good cop. Everything is my fault. I taught him a bunch of bad American habits.

COMMANDER

Boris has broken rules before. Arrested people who are not to be arrested. But he IS a "good cop".

The Commander gestures for the Policemen to take Jake away.

COMMANDER

I hope you enjoyed your stay in Russia, American. Please don't come back.

The two Policemen take Jake out of the room.

INT. JAKE'S HOTEL ROOM - HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Two Policemen stand outside the door to Jake's room. Armed, ready to stop anyone from entering or leaving.

INT. JAKE'S HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Jake paces near the front door.

JAKE

Come on, guys. Just let me out for a minute? I've got a rental car in the hotel garage. If I don't take it back, they'll charge me a fortune.

POLICEMAN (O.S.)

Nyet.

JAKE

I didn't buy gifts for my friends...

POLICEMAN (O.S.)

Nyet.

JAKE

I'm horny? I need a bowl of Borscht?

POLICEMAN (O.S.)

Nyet. Nyet. Nyet. Nyet.

Jake gives up, sits on the edge of the bed. He pulls out his bent photo of Hank, studying it.

JAKE

Sorry, Hank. I guess I fucked up again. That's all I ever do. Fuck up. I sure wish you were here. You always know what to do. You were my hero. I never got a chance to tell you that.

(beat)

I just don't think I can do this alone. I mean, I'm just the sidekick.

Holding back tears, he stuffs the photo back in his pocket. He falls back in the bed, closes his eyes.

The phone rings.

JAKE

Hello?

NATASIA (V.O.)

Didn't you get my messages?

JAKE

I've been kind of busy. It's been a bad day. Boris and I got in trouble.

NATASIA (V.O.)

Yuri's here. At my apartment.

JAKE

What?

NATASIA (V.O.)

He is meeting his American friend in half an hour.

JAKE

Where?

NATASIA

Here.

JAKE

Gimme your address.

Jake writes it down, hangs up the phone. Pounding at the front door startles him.

POLICEMAN (O.S.)

American! Who is calling you?
(pounds on the door)
American! Open up!

The pounding is replaced by a slamming sound. One of the Policemen throws his shoulder against the door. Another slams at the front door. The frame begins to splinter.

JAKE

Gimme a minute! I'm not wearing any pants!

Jake spots the only way out: the balcony.

INT. JAKE'S HOTEL ROOM - HALLWAY

One Policeman stands with their gun ready, while the other slams against the door again. It begins to cave.

EXT. BALCONY -- NIGHT

Jake climbs out onto the hotel balcony, looks down to the street, sixty feet below.

JAKE

Nowhere to go... but down.

INT. JAKE'S HOTEL ROOM

The door splinters open, spraying a shower of wood.

The two armed policemen move quickly into the room, covering for each other and taking ground like soldiers.

POLICEMAN

(in Russian)

Search every inch of this room! He must not escape!

At no point are the guns holstered. These guys mean business.

One Policeman searches the bathroom, it is empty.

The Policeman look at each other.

POLICEMAN

(in Russian)

There is no one here. He has escaped!

That's when the second Policeman notices the balcony doors. Both Policemen creep up to the balcony doors, guns ready.

EXT. BALCONY -- NIGHT

The two Policemen smash onto the balcony...
It is empty.

Jake hangs on to the edge of the balcony, feet dangling sixty feet above the Moscow street.

Jake hears a leather boot advance towards him.
Has no idea the policeman's shoe is only inches from his finger tips.

The Policeman never looks down...
He turns away from the balcony, re-enters the hotel room.

Jake hangs in there, listening until he is sure that the Policemen are both inside.

Jake begins hand over handing around the balcony to the balcony of the suite next door.

Jake moves around the ledge, feet hanging over the street.
One hand in front of the other.
Trying to keep his body from swinging back and forth.
Hands moving one in front of the other.

Jake hand over hands, until he's across from the balcony next door. He makes the mistake of looking down.
The distance between his feet and the street seems to expand.
He looks up before vertigo can set in.

Jake takes a deep breath, pushes off, lets go, spins in mid air, grabs the floor of the balcony next door.

His right hand finds purchase.
His left hand misses the ledge.
He is dangling by one hand.

Panic sets in.
Jake looks up at the ledge.
He reaches up to grasp it, and misses.
He tries another swipe at it, but loses balance.

CARS ON THE STREET look like matchbox toys.

Jake tries again, and grabs the ledge overhead.

From this balcony, he swings down to the balcony below, landing on his feet. He checks the balcony door... unlocked.

EXT. JAKE'S HOTEL, RUSSIA -- NIGHT

Jake sneaks out of the hotel lobby onto the street.
He looks around for policemen.
An empty police car is parked to his left, so he goes right.
Right into trouble.

When he passes a doorway, a gun comes out of the shadows, pokes him in the back. Jake raises his hands.

JAKE

I wasn't trying to escape. I needed to buy some souvenirs for my friends.

The gun nudges him again.

JAKE

You aren't putting me in hand cuffs?

What if the gun at his back doesn't belong to a policeman?

JAKE

If this is a robbery, you screwed up, this place is swarming with cops.

The gun nudges him forward - into a dark alley.

JAKE

Androv? You don't have to kill me...
They're taking me back to Texas tomorrow morning.

IN THE DARK ALLEY

The gun prods him again. Jake realizes he's going to die.

JAKE
Just tell me what you want, okay?

BORIS
I want to return your gun.

Jake spins around. Boris is holding out the 44 Magnum.

BORIS
I took it from the evidence locker.
Maybe they suspend me again.

Jake accepts the gun, smiles.

JAKE
You're helping me get Quarry?

BORIS
Our police department is based on the traditions - you keep your mouth shut and do what you are told. Sometimes you must do things that make problems worse for you, to make things better for everyone else.

JAKE
Is that a "yes" or a "no"?

BORIS
Yes. We can both get out of trouble if we work together.

He gives Jake a big bear hug.

JAKE
Don't do that. Come on. Ouch! Ouch!

Boris let's him go.

BORIS
Now we go to Yuri's flat.

JAKE
Why? He's at his girl's place. Here's the address.

Boris leads Jake to his car... they zoom away.

EXT. NATASIA'S BUILDING -- NIGHT

Boris' car pulls up in front of an old building.

INT. NATASIA'S BUILDING -- NIGHT

Boris bad Jake climb the stairs to her floor.

JAKE

Is there an elevator shortage in this country, or something?

BORIS

Lifts are decadent.

JAKE

I know what it is - Otis. The brother who invented the elevator. Everyone in this country is white, that's why you got no tequila, no elevators, no sushi bars, no falafel burgers, no MTV, no Stetsons, no Jackie Chan movies --

BORIS

Shhh.

They reach the hall, creep down the hall to Natasia's door. Both draw their guns. Boris knocks on the door.

BORIS

(in Russian)

Natasia? It's me. I have the money. Please open the door.

An unmarked door opens behind them and Quarry looks out - big machine gun in hand.

QUARRY

It's the fucking cops!

Jake spins, draws his Magnum, blasts at Quarry.

BLAM! BLAM!

Boris adds to the fire, forcing Quarry back through the door.

BORIS

I take him.

Boris runs down the hall, kicks open the un-marked door.

Jake kicks open the door to Natasia's flat, gun ready.

INT. NATASIA'S FLAT -- NIGHT

It's a "shotgun flat" - a hallway with doors leading to rooms. A half dozen doors - living room, kitchen, bedrooms.

Jake rolls into the hallway, pops up on his feet.

Nobody shoots at him.

He creeps deeper into the flat, his Magnum leading the way.

A noise behind him.

The door behind him opens!
 Jake spins, ready to fire.

BORIS
 I thought we were working together?

Jake lowers the gun.

JAKE
 What are you doing sneaking up on me
 like that?

BORIS
 I've been here whole time. The other
 door is service door - leads here.

JAKE
 Division of duties. I'll open the doors,
 you cover me.

Boris nods. Jake moves to the second door, kicks it down.
 Boris swings in, gun drawn.

LIVING ROOM

Yuri opens fire - a machine gun in each hand.

Boris fires once before retreating into the hall.
 Bumping into Jake.
 Both dive for cover...

But Yuri swings the machine guns towards the wall.
 Blasting THROUGH the wall at Jake and Boris.

HALLWAY

Bullets punch through the wall - spraying plaster dust.
 Jake and Boris hit the floor, soon covered with dust.

A bedroom door at the end of the hall pops open and Quarry
 fires into the fog of plaster.

Jake and Boris stay on the floor as bullets whiz overhead.

Yuri stops firing, and the dust dissipates.

Quarry looks through the fog... can't see anyone.
 Looks down to the floor - shapes.
 Corrects his aim.

Boris lifts his gun and fires, forcing Quarry to dive back
 into the bedroom.

LIVING ROOM

Yuri moves to the door, machine guns ready.
Sees no one.

JAKE

Down here.

Jake grabs Yuri's ankles, YANKS his legs out from under him.
Yuri lands on his back in the living room. Sits up and aims
the machine guns at Jake's face.

Jake rolls out of the line of fire seconds before bullets rip
through the doorway.

HALLWAY

Boris jumps over Jake and fires through the door at Yuri.

JAKE

What? We switching?

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Quarry fires down the hall at Jake, an easy target on the
floor. Jake scrambles into the Living Room... mistake!
Is chased back into the hall by gunfire.
Fires two shots at Quarry to hold him back.

JAKE

Clowns to the left, Jokers to the right.

Jake uses his speed-loader to fill his cylinder.

LIVING ROOM

Boris dives behind a chair as Yuri opens fire.
The chair is blasted to pieces.
Boris rolls behind another chair.
Yuri blasts that chair to bits.

Boris fires as he rolls across the room to the next chair - a
big, old, overstuffed chair.

Yuri fires at the chair - but it isn't destroyed.

BORIS

Just right.

He sees Yuri reflected in a mirror on the wall.
Sees him walking to the chair - guns blazing.
Boris is between the chair and the wall - no escape!

YURI

It's endsville for you, daddio!

Boris leans back and KICKS the chair at Yuri.

Yuri is knocked down by the chair.

Boris springs to his feet, fires over the chair at Yuri.

Yuri is hit square in the chest and skids backwards, slamming into the wall. Boris lowers his Marakov 9mm... Not noticing that Yuri is still alive, still has the machine gun in hand.
HALLWAY

Quarry rolls into the hall, fires his machine gun at Jake. Bullets BLAST past Jake, punching holes in the wall.

Jake fires his 44 Magnum at Quarry...
Who holds his ground.
Then starts running at Jake.

QUARRY
Fucking shit-kicker cop!

Quarry fires his machine gun as he runs at Jake.

Jake has no place to go in the hall...
Except through the wall.
He slams his body against the bullet-riddled wall.
Breaks through into the Living Room.

LIVING ROOM

Boris spins as the wall explodes behind him.
A man, covered with plaster dust, breaks into the room.
Boris aims his Marakov 9mm at the man.

Jake wipes dust from his face.
Can't see anything - he has dust in his eyes.
Knows that Quarry is right behind him.
Lifts his 44 Magnum...

Boris fires his gun!
Not at Jake - he recognizes the cowboy hat - at Quarry.
The bullet whizzes over Jake's shoulder, slams the wall next to Quarry. Boris fires again, and Quarry retreats.

JAKE
I can't see. I can't see.

Boris races to the door, firing down the hall at Quarry.
Chasing him back into the bedroom.

Yuri, dying, aims his gun at Boris' back.
Silhouetted in the doorway. Boris is an easy target.
Finger tightens on the trigger.

Jake gets the dust out of his eyes, sees Yuri ready to fire.
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Hits Yuri with all three shots, slamming him into the wall.
Boris spins, sees powdered Jake holding his 44 Magnum.

JAKE
Where's Quarry?

Before Boris can answer, Quarry laughs.

HALLWAY

Quarry comes out of the bedroom, machine gun pressed against
Natasia's head. Jake steps into the hall and takes aim.

QUARRY
Put the gun down, or the bitch dies.

JAKE
You drop your gun, or you die.

Jake aims his 44 Magnum at Quarry's head.

NATASIA
Jake... Please... He's hurting me.

Jake sights down the barrel at Quarry's head.

QUARRY
Drop it!

Quarry killed the hostage in the night club.
Jake pulls the trigger.
Click.
Out of shells.

QUARRY
This must be my lucky day, shit-kicker.
Now drop the gun.

Jake drops the gun, raises his hands.

JAKE
Take me instead.

QUARRY
You're dangerous.

JAKE
You've got the gun.

QUARRY
She's prettier than you are. More
fragile, too. Do anything to screw up
my deal - I waste her. Understand?

Jake and Natasia lock eyes.
 Jake knows Quarry will kill her when he thinks he's safe.

QUARRY
 UNDERSTAND?

JAKE
 Yes.

QUARRY
 Good.

Quarry pulls the gun from her neck, and shoots Jake.
 BLAM!

Jake is hit in the shoulder, spins back through the door.
 He knocks Boris off his feet.
 Both men hit the floor hard.
 Quarry aims through the door and fires again.

Boris slams back against the wall. His eyes flicker closed.

Quarry puts the gun back against Natasia's head and drags her
 down the hall and out of the flat.

Jake grabs his wounded shoulder, realizes Boris is down.

Jake bends over Boris - Boris is covered with blood.

QUICK FLASH: Hank dying in Jake's arms.

JAKE
 Boris! Boris? Come on, don't die on
 me. Boris?! Can you hear me?

BORIS
 I'm trying to sleep. Leave me alone.

Boris groans, sits up.

JAKE
 Have you been hit?

BORIS
 You knocked me down when you came
 through the door.

JAKE
 There's blood. All over you.

BORIS
 It's yours.

Jake looks at his bleeding shoulder.

BORIS

We should take the bullet out.

Jake hands Billy's Swiss Army knife to Boris, who pulls out one of the blades.

BORIS

This will hurt. Bad.

JAKE

No shit.

Boris digs the bullet out of Jake's shoulder, drops it on the floor. Leaves for a moment and returns with supplies. He pours some vodka on the wound, uses duct tape and a sanitary napkin to create a make-shift bandage.

BORIS

You should live.

JAKE

Thanks - I owe you one.

They hear a helicopter landing in the vacant lot next door.

Boris helps Jake to his feet, then recovers his fallen gun.

BORIS

No time for this bull shit.

Jake and Boris run out of the flat.

EXT. NATASIA'S BUILDING -- MORNING

The helicopter lands in the vacant lot next to the building. Quarry forces Natasia inside, closes the door. The helicopter takes off.

Jake and Boris run out of the building in time to see the helicopter zoom away.

BORIS

Come. They're getting away.

Boris runs to his car, gestures for Jake to hurry up.

JAKE

We're never going to catch them.

BORIS

You insult my car?

Jake gets into the car and Boris takes off.

INT. BORIS' CAR -- DAY

Boris pilots the car through the streets of Moscow.
Jake keeps his eyes on the helicopter.

JAKE
Go left! Left! Okay. Okay.

The helicopter isn't bound by streets and stop lights - it zooms over the city, heading out of town.

Boris drives like a maniac, trying to catch the chopper.

JAKE
Right. Left at the next corner. Right again. Left again.

They chase the helicopter to the south edge of Moscow.

Boris pilots his onto the highway...
Helicopter so far in front of them they can barely see it.

BORIS
Where is it?

JAKE
It's up there...

But he can't see it anymore.
Natasia and the helicopter are gone.

JAKE
We lost them.

BORIS
No. Your Mr. Quarry is a smuggler.
He's going to Odessa.

JAKE
I have a cousin in Odessa.

BORIS
I have a cousin in Paris.

JAKE
So do I! Small world! Right off
highway 82, north-east of Dallas.

BORIS
Dallas?

Boris looks at Jake.

JAKE
Hey! Keep your eyes on the road.

Boris zooms the car down the highway to Odessa.

EXT. DOCK AT ODESSA -- DAY

The helicopter lands on a pad near the docks.
Quarry and Androv (pilot) climb out.
Natasia is handcuffed inside.

Quarry crosses the docks to a hundred metal shipping containers, waiting to be loaded onto a ship by a giant crane.

QUARRY

This is my cargo.

Quarry hands the DOCK OFFICIAL the shipping and cargo papers.
The same papers that Gromek gave to Yuri at the Hermitage.

The Dock Official looks over the paperwork.

OFFICIAL

Everything seems to be in order. You
can start loading.

The Dock Official waves to the CRANE OPERATOR who starts up the giant crane. The Dock Official Hands the papers back to Quarry and gets in his scooter - headed to the next dock.

Quarry grabs a DOCKWORKER and points to a random container.

QUARRY

Open this one. I want to see what I'm
buying.

DOCKWORKER #1 nods, opens the containers.

THE CONTAINER is filled with hundreds of wooden crates.

Dockworker #1 gestures to three other Dockworkers. They pull a few crates from the container, pry them open with crowbars.

QUARRY

Excellent.

INSIDE ONE CRATE are a dozen AK-47 Machine guns.

INSIDE ANOTHER CRATE are a pair of hand held rocket launchers.

A THIRD CRATE contains hand guns, still in the box.

THE FOURTH CRATE contains full ammo clips for the AK-47s.

THE FIFTH CRATE contains 50 caliber machine guns.

THE SIXTH CRATE has stinger missiles.

The Dockworkers aren't phased by the contents of the crates - they work for Yuri and are used to contraband.

QUARRY

You can start loading the ship.

Quarry starts walking back to the Helicopter.

THE GIANT CRANE starts up, grabbing one of the containers in its claws, and hoisting it up to the ship.

INT. BORIS' CAR -- DAY

Jake studies a diagram of the docks.

JAKE

It's the next one.

Boris turns onto the next dock.
Cargo containers, the helicopter, and Quarry.

EXT. DOCK AT ODESSA

Boris' car roars onto the dock, sliding to a stop, knocking some fuel barrels into the sea.

Boris and Jake step out, guns drawn.

BORIS

Hold it! You are under arrest for transporting stolen weapons!

Dockworker #1 looks down at the open crate of machine guns. Quarry spins away from the helicopter and barks an order.

QUARRY

KILL THEM!

Dockworker #1 scoops up an AK-47 and a few clips.

THE OTHER DOCKWORKERS scramble to get guns and ammo.

Jake draws his 44 Magnum, aims at Dockworker #1 and fires. The bullet slams into a crate, sends sawdust into the air.

Dockworker #1 fires his AK-47 at Jake and Boris.

Jake and Boris dive behind the car, bullets tear it to shreds.

JAKE

Maybe we should have had a plan.

BORIS

Too late now.

Jake and Boris fire over the car at the Dockworkers.

THE DOCK FOREMAN runs coverfire as Quarry runs to the Helicopter to escape.

INT. HELICOPTER

Natasia sees Quarry running towards her.
The ignition keys dangle from the Helicopter's control panel.
She strains against her handcuffs.
Can't reach them.

NATASIA

Damn!

EXT. DOCK AT ODESSA

The Dock Foreman blasts Jake and Boris with his huge 50 caliber machine gun. Sending them diving behind the car.

Bullets tear the car to pieces.

BORIS

No! No! You know how long I had to
save for this car?

Quarry is only a hundred yards from the Helicopter.

INT. HELICOPTER

Natasia takes off her shoe, stretches her leg to the controls.
She has long legs. She snags the keys with her big toe, pulls
them out of the ignition.

Quarry is getting closer.

Natasia pulls her leg back, stuffing the keys into her shoe
Just as Quarry climbs inside the Helicopter.

QUARRY

Looks like we're going for a ride.

Quarry's fingers fumble over the ignition switch, searching
for the keys. They aren't there.

QUARRY

Where are the fucking keys!

NATASIA

Maybe Androv took them?

He looks back at Natasia, she's handcuffed to the back seat.
She COULDN'T have taken them.

EXT. DOCK AT ODESSA

Jake aims at the Helicopter, fires a shot.
The bullet sparks off the cab next to Quarry.

INT. HELICOPTER

Quarry ducks for cover as bullets spark off the helicopter.
One shot cob-webs the windscreen.

QUARRY

Damned Androv! Russian moron.

EXT. DOCK AT ODESSA

Quarry scrambles out of the Helicopter, running for the safety
of a container.

Dockworker #1 climbs the side of a container, AK-47 slung
over his shoulder. On top of the container, he's a sniper.

DOCKWORKER #2 and DOCKWORKER #3 run to the car, firing short
bursts of machine gun fire. Jake and Boris take cover behind
what is left of the car. Bullets spray sparks over them.

The Foreman, DOCKWORKER #5 and DOCKWORKER #6 take cover behind
a container, and move from container to container - closer to
Boris' car... and Jake and Boris.

JAKE

Now!

Jake and Boris pop up from behind the car, firing at Dockworker
#2 and Dockworker #3.

Dockworker #3 is hit in the neck, screams but doesn't die.

Dockworker #1 aims down at them and fires his machine gun.

Bullets spray at Boris and Jake, forcing them back behind the
car. The windows are blown out, spraying them with glass.

JAKE

Is it insured?

In the middle of the battle, Quarry wanders between containers
looking for Androv.

QUARRY

Androv?!

ANDROV (O.S.)

Over here.

Dockworker #1 sprays another burst of fire, covering Dockworker #2 who is only forty feet away from the car.

Boris sees the man running at them and fires his Marakov.

Dockworker #2 hits the dirt as bullets rain around him.

Dockworker #3 yelps and runs around like a spastic in the center of the pier, bullets flying right and left past him.

JAKE

There's not much car left. I say we
go before there's nothing left.

Jake and Boris move into action, firing off a few rounds to keep Dockworker #4 and Dockworker #2 in place as they run to the nearest container and dive for cover.

The same container Quarry is behind.
Quarry dives behind another container before they can fire.

Dockworker #1 aims down from his vantage point, blasts a stream of bullets at Jake and Boris.

Dockworker #5, #6, and Androv chime in.

Jake and Boris outrun the bullets to the next container. Run
Bullets kick up dust only inches behind them.
Jake holds tight to his Stetson.

Dockworker #4 and Dockworker #2 run to the container and fire
at Jake and Boris.

Dockworker #1 increases the speed of his arc slightly, twisting
the AK-47 to the right.

One of the bullets from Androv's AK-47 tags Jake in the leg.
His thigh is yanked out from under him and he crumbles in a
heap on the ground... losing his hat.

JAKE

I'm hit!

Boris sees Jake fall, runs to save him.

Dockworker #1 takes careful aim at Jake, squeezes the trigger.
Click.

His clip is empty.

Dockworker #1 pulls another clip from his pocket and reloads.

Boris grabs Jake under the arms and hoists him to his feet,
dragging him to a container.

Androv jumps out from behind his container and sends a spray
of machine gun fire at Jake and Boris.

Quarry spots Androv and saunters over, careful of the stream of hot brass spraying from the machine gun.

QUARRY

Androv? Do you have the keys?

ANDROV

What keys?

QUARRY

For the helicopter, idiot.

ANDROV

You left them in the ignition.

Boris drags Jake behind the container, where they crouch down out of the line of fire.

BOING! DING! BONG! Bullets whiz all around them, ricocheting off the container, occasionally taking a chunk out of it.

Boris rips away the leg of Jake's pants.

BORIS

It's only a scratch.

JAKE

But what about my hat?

A stream of bullets sparks off the container. Jake uses part of his pant leg to bandage the "scratch".

Boris decides to open the container... breaks open a crate and pulls out a rocket launcher.

BORIS

You want one?

Jake looks at the rocket launcher and shakes his head.

JAKE

What else you got?

Jake starts busting open crates.

Boris turns to see Dockworker #4 and Dockworker #2 coming right at them! They raise their AK-47s...

Boris swings the rocket launcher to his shoulder and fires. BLAAAAAAM!

Dockworker #4 and Dockworker #2 hit the deck. The rocket whizzes over them. Hitting Boris' car. The car explodes in a giant fireball.

Dockworker #1 drops to the ground and runs from container to container, around the pier to Jake and Boris' container.

BORIS

Now it can not be repaired.

Dockworker #2 and Dockworker #4 spring to their feet...
Aim their machine guns at Boris.

BANG! BANG!

Jake shoots both of them with a gun he found in a crate.

Dockworker #1 silently moves behind them, slowly creeping to the container.

Jake and Boris are unaware that Dockworker #1 is creeping up behind them.

Dockworker #1 raises his machine gun, aiming at Jake's back.

Boris hears the click, spins, fires a rocket at Dockworker #1.

BLAAAAM! Dockworker #1 is no more.

Jake sees Quarry run into the MAZE OF CONTAINERS.
 Jake quickly reloads from the shells in his pockets.
 His last six bullets.

JAKE

Gotta run.

Jake limps after Quarry.

BORIS

Wait! We are working together!

Boris drops the rocket launcher, grabs his 9mm, follows Jake and Quarry into the maze of containers.

MAZE OF CONTAINERS

Jake creeps to the first intersection.

JAKE

Quarry! I came all the way from Texas.
 I'm not going home without you.

The trail crosses the intersection, continuing straight ahead.

ANOTHER PART OF THE MAZE

Dockworker #6 waits between the containers ahead of Boris.

ANOTHER PART OF THE MAZE

Boris spins around the corner, aiming to the right. He spots the Dockworker #6, fires. Misses.

Dockworker #6 sends a stream of AK-47 fire at Boris.

Boris runs between containers towards a dead end. Boris fires over his shoulder, missing Dockworker #6, but forcing him to take cover. Boris prays that it isn't a dead end in front of him.

Dockworker #6 moves from behind his cover, aims his AK-47 at Boris's back and fires.

Boris sees it isn't a dead end, but a corner. Boris dives around the corner as bullets tears up metal. Sees that Dockworker #7 waiting for him around the corner.

Dockworker #7 swings his AK-47 at Boris, squeezes the trigger.

Boris rolls to the left, bullets sparking off the containers. He pops to his feet and fires two shots into Dockworker #7.

Dockworker #7 falls backwards, AK-47 firing into the sky.

Boris dives around the next corner, just as Dockworker #6 turns the corner behind him shooting Dockworker #7 by mistake.

Boris takes a breath, swings out, firing at Dockworker #6. Click. Click. Out of shells.

ANOTHER PART OF THE MAZE

Quarry flitter across the space between containers in front of Jake. Then Androv attacks.

Androv slams his machine gun at Jake's wrist. Knocking the gun out of his hand. It flies across the dock and lands near a container.

ANDROV

Ready to die, American?

Androv presses his machine gun into the back of Jake's neck. Finger tightening on the trigger.

Jake twists around quickly, grabbing the gun barrel.

Androv pulls the gun back out of his reach, then slams it across Jake's face. The machine gun butt slams into his cheek.

Jake falls onto the pier, dazed.

Androv re-aims his machine gun.

ANDROV

When you get to Hell, say hello to
Yuri for me.

ANOTHER PART OF THE MAZE

Boris scrambles for cover as bullets spark off the containers where he was standing. Boris reaches into his coat pocket. The pocket is empty. Boris pulls his pocket inside-out and looks at it.

BORIS

(Russian)

Shit.

He puts the 9mm in his left hand and checks that pocket. A sigh of relief. One clip left. He jams the last clip into the 9mm, then sheds his coat.

Moving deeper into the maze, he spins around a corner, 9mm up and ready. No one. A long corridor stretching the length of the maze, broken halfway down the right side.

OVERHEAD

Boris and Dockworker #6 are on opposite sides of the same container. Both moving at the same rate towards each other.

THE MAZE

Boris gets to the side passage, and swings out his gun.

So does Dockworker #6.

Boris sees the AK-47 aiming at him and jumps back. Bullets spark off the container near him.

BORIS

No. I'm over here. A little to your
left. Too far. No. Missed again.

Boris waits until Dockworker #6 is out of shells, then twists around the corner and puts two bullets into him.

BORIS

Jake! Where are you?

Boris creeps down the long corridor to the corner. At the corner, he twists out, Marakov 9mm ready. No one.

ANOTHER PART OF THE MAZE

Jake kicks out quickly and connects with Androv's groin. Androv screams in pain and lets go of his machine gun. It drops onto the ground. Jake scrambles for the fallen machine gun.

Androv kicks out at Jake's chest. Connecting with enough force to launch Jake into the air.

Jake is knocked to the ground by the kick. Before he can stand up, Androv is on top of him.

Androv slams a fist into Jake's face. Androv pulls back his fist for another shot, but Jake smashes a hand into his nose.

Androv's nose breaks with a crunch. BLOOD spreads over Androv's face, but he laughs it off.

Androv grabs Jake, lifts him over his head, and THROWS him.

Jake CRASHES against a container near the GIANT CRANE.

Androv crosses the pier and slams a fist into Jake'S face, whipping Jake's head sharply to the left.

Jake punches Androv in the throat.

Androv weakens, Jake pushes the muscleman over onto his back. He throws another punch at Androv's face. Androv catches Jake's fist in his right hand and squeezes.

JAKE

Arrrrrrggggggg!

Jake screams as bones in his hand begin to snap, crackle and pop. Jake tries to pull away, and Androv rolls him over onto his back and lets go of his broken hand.

Androv grabs Jake's collar and lifts his head off the pier. He brings Jake's face up close to his and laughs at him. Then SLAMS Jake's head back down on the pier.

ANOTHER PART OF THE MAZE

Boris is faced with a choice: Go straight ahead, or to the left. He swings out to the left, gun ready. No one. Just a long corridor heading all the way to the end of the pier.

Dockworker #5 hears Boris approaching, gets his AK-47 ready. Silence.

He waits, but Boris doesn't come.

When he sticks his head out to see where Boris went...

WHAM! Boris yanks the AK-47 out of Dockworker #5's hand, spins it like a baton, and fires it at Dockworker #5.

Boris drops the AK-47 and keeps looking for Jake.

NEAR THE BIG CRANE

Androv lifts Jake's head up, laughs, and SLAMS it down. Jake's eyes are glassing over. He can't take any more of this.

Androv pulls Jake's face up close again, and laughs at him. Then Jake swings his head forward quickly, head-butts Androv.

SMACK!

Androv falls back off of Jake, letting him crawl to his feet.

Jake staggers to his feet next to the crane.

Androv searches the ground for his fallen machine gun. Finding it, he lifts it up, swings around, aims it at Jake.

Boris sees Androv about to shoot Jake. Aims his 9mm at the giant... But Jake is in the way.

Androv's finger tightens on the AK-47 trigger.

Boris sees a container hanging from the Giant Crane, directly over Androv.

Boris fires at the Crane. BANG! BANG! BANG!

THE STEEL PINS holding the Giant Crane's jaws closed are shot off, and the Container falls...

Right on top of Androv.

Flattening the strong man beneath a dozen tons of cargo. SPLAT!

A WALL OF DUST washes over Jake, and when he blinks it away, he sees Boris, 9mm extended in his hands.

JAKE

Good shooting.

BORIS

He was impressed.

Boris hands Jake his Stetson.

BORIS

You dropped your hat. I know how much it means to you.

JAKE

Natasia's in the helicopter. Why don't you make sure she's okay.

BORIS

What are you going to do?

Jake reaches in his pocket and pulls out the Swiss Army knife with Billy's name, and the bent photo of him and Hank.

JAKE

What I came here to do.

Jake pockets the photo and clicks open his 44 Magnum. Two bullets left.

JAKE

Wouldn't have any 44 Magnum shells, would you?

BORIS

Nothing for a primitive gun which cocks itself.

Jake closes the cylinder, tips his hat to Boris.

JAKE

Then two's gonna have to do.

EDGE OF THE PIER

Jake comes out of the maze of crates, spots Quarry climbing the rope ladder to a cargo ship.

JAKE

Quarry!

Quarry drops to the pier. They face each other, maybe fifty feet between them.

QUARRY

You came a long way just to die.

Quarry's gun aims at Jake.

JAKE

Put the gun down. I'm taking you back to Texas.

QUARRY

You can't extradite me, and I haven't broken any laws, here. I'm helping the Russian people with "Free Trade". I'm a businessman.

JAKE

Trading guns for drugs?

QUARRY

The CIA does it all the time. You forgot what America stands for: Making Money. Fuck whoever gets in your way.

Quarry sprays machine gun fire at Jake.

Jake dives as machine gun fire shreds the dock behind him. He pops to his feet, and aims the 44 Magnum at Quarry.

Quarry dives behind a stack of fuel barrels.

Jake fires.

The bullet misses Quarry, piercing a fuel barrel. Liquid sprays onto the dock.

Quarry pops from behind the barrels, sprays machine gun fire at Jake.

Jake ducks, as bullets trash the dock around him. He takes CAREFUL aim at Quarry's exposed head. Squeezes the trigger on his 44 Magnum.

BANG! The bullet misses.

Jake pulls the trigger four more times.

Click.

Click.

Click.

Click.

Quarry laughs.

QUARRY

Sounds like you're outta shells.

Quarry comes out from behind the barrels, walking slowly to where Jake crouches... machine gun at his side.

QUARRY

I've got a full clip. Fifty rounds....

Quarry advances.

QUARRY

Ten for each leg... Ten for each arm... And ten for your little shit-kicker head. Five for each eye.

Quarry stands next to the barrels, aims the AK-47 at Jake.

Jake notices the trickle of fuel near his foot.
Fuel spraying from the ruptured barrels behind Quarry.

Jake pulls Billy's Swiss Army knife from his pocket and scrapes
the blade across a metal dock fixture.

SPARKS from the knife blade.

The sparks ignite the fuel.

JAKE
Say cheese, mother fucker.

Quarry sees the flames shooting across the dock at him.
Fire shooting between his legs to the barrels behind him.

Quarry screams as the flames ignite the fuel spilled on him.
He drops the AK-47 as his hair FLASH burns.
For a moment, Quarry runs around the dock, fully engulfed.

Jake takes cover as Quarry mistakenly runs at the barrels.

Quarry and the fuel barrels EXPLODE into the stratosphere.
Metal and maniac raining down into the sea next to the ship.

Jake closes the blades back into the Swiss Army knife.

JAKE
All fixed, Billy.

He slowly pockets the knife.

Boris and Natasia run up behind him. Boris smiles at Jake.
But Jake doesn't notice.

NATASIA
Jake! Jake!

Natasia grabs him, gives him a passionate kiss.

INT. MOSCOW AIRPORT -- DAY

Natasia gives Jake a passionate kiss.

NATASIA
Why can't you stay, Jake?

JAKE
I've got to go back. I'm the sheriff.

NATASIA
I could come with you?

JAKE

Your work is HERE. With your school kids. Maybe I'll come back sometime for show and tell.

Natasia kisses him again.

Jake turns to Boris and gives him a big hug.

JAKE

You saved my life, partner. If you're ever in Texas, look me up.

BORIS

Why would I want to go to Texas? I have already met the best cop in all of America.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Last call for flight 743 to New York.
This is final boarding.

Jake takes off his Stetson and gives it to Boris.

JAKE

They're hard to find in Moscow.

BORIS

I can't accept this.

JAKE

You're an honorary cowboy.

BORIS

It has a bullet hole in it.

Jake laughs, jogs to catch his plane.

Boris and Natasia watch, arms around each other, as the 747 takes off, carrying their American friend back home.

FADE OUT