

**THE SLEEPY AGENT**

Written by

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**INT. RETIREMENT HOME - RESIDENT ROOM - DAY**

A BINGO BALL: "O44". Lies beneath a bed, dusty. Only thing in sight -- Until a pair of sad, worn sneakers walks up:

A YOUNG MAN lowers to the floor. Called 'man' generously: baby-faced, freckled, the likes of a freshman at 18.

He spots the ball, reaches in, and frees it from its cave. He rubs the dust off it. Gives it a tired examination.

YOUNG MAN

Rosaline, I know this is the last  
bingo ball I'm gonna find in here,  
right? Tell me I'm right--

ROSALINE (O.S.)

Oh, you found it, Lucas! Thank you,  
dear! Let me know when you find my  
other marbles, too, will you?

LUCAS pauses. Exhausted. He pockets the ball, stands, sighs --

LUCAS

Right.

-- And walks off.

**INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HALLWAY - DAY**

Lucas wheelchairs ROSALINE, around 90. Could pass for 100.

ROSALINE

So, are you ready for high school?

LUCAS

I'm about to graduate high school,  
Rosaline. You know that.

ROSALINE

Oh, that's right! Goodness, you got  
so big over the years, honey!

LUCAS

I've been here for three months--

ROSALINE

Are you excited for college, then?

Beat. Lucas steps without direction, his eyes without focus.

LUCAS

... Yeah.

Suddenly, from behind -- LAUGHTER. Lucas peeks into a room:

He sees a WOMAN, 40s, talking to her FATHER -- a man around 75, sat upright and laughing.

WOMAN

Well, Joe and I will bring the kids around tonight. We'll get dinner.

FATHER

Sounds fine, honey. Can't wait.

WOMAN

Alright, Dad. Love you.

FATHER

Yup, love you, sweetie.

And they embrace like nothing in the world matters more.

Lucas watches from the edge of the doorway. He can't move ... Until Rosaline pulls him back into reality:

ROSALINE

Lucas, dear? Lucas?

LUCAS

Oh-- Sorry, Rosaline. Sorry. Yes?

ROSALINE

I just pissed myself.

If there's a proper response to that, Lucas can't find it.

ROSALINE (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm just messing with you, sweetheart.

LUCAS

Yup, real funny there, Rosaline--

ROSALINE

I shit myself.

Lucas leans in. Awkwardly sniffs the air -- and recoils like he just opened a fridge for the first time in weeks.

CALLER (PRE-LAP)

G47!

**INT. RETIREMENT HOME - GAME ROOM - DAY**

The CALLER stands behind a table, holding up: "G47".

CALLER  
G47, folks!

She's around 30, the only person here other than Lucas younger than 65. She shows the ball off clearly to --

THE RESIDENTS. Twenty of them. All awake as they can be, minus one near the back sitting next to Lucas --

A BEARDED ELDER. 70s. Glasses. Unkempt and haggard with a face grumpier than a goat's, even in his sleep. Impressive.

Rosaline sits next to him. New pants on. Only the free space on her card is marked. She stacks her chips like coins.

Lucas is sandwiched between them. Could cry on the spot.

CALLER (CONT'D)  
G47. G47, send you to heaven.

Every white-haired head in the room turns to her.

CALLER (CONT'D)  
To ... Meet your friend ... Kevin--

A CRYING ELDER shakily raises her hand --

CRYING ELDER  
My husband's name was Kevin!

The Caller is watched as she cranks the bingo cage, lets FOUR BALLS slide down the ramp. Sheepishly picks one up.

CALLER  
B51.

Lucas drags his hands over his face. Rises from his seat. He leans in and gives the Bearded Elder a gentle shake --

LUCAS  
Albert. Hey. I'm gonna call numbers.

Nothing. ALBERT is out. Lucas moves to try again, then:

ALBERT  
LEAVE ME ALONE, YOU FUCKING COMMIE!

Hardly anyone looks. Rosaline continues stacking her chips. Lucas stays with his head down, hands folded.

LUCAS  
Cool. Glad you'll be joining us.

He leaves Albert in his stir.

Lucas approaches the Caller, who waits with a new ball.

CALLER

Hey. Sorry. Really thought that  
heaven one would be a hit.

LUCAS

Well, they can't all be.  
(then, whispering)  
Sorry about Albert.

The Caller waves it off and walks over to a chair.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

(to everyone)  
Okay, guys, let's try this again.  
(reads new ball)  
I73! I73, folks.

The Residents resume the game -- as Albert JOLTS in place.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Albert! You alright back there?

Whatever had a hold on Albert is swiftly rocked away --

ALBERT

Quiet, you fucking fairy! I'm fine.

Lucas scoffs. He takes the next ball in line and raises it:

LUCAS

N19!

The game continues. So does Albert -- as he begins TREMBLING,  
fingers pressed into his temples. Lucas notices.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

(to the Caller)  
Hey, he's not getting through this.  
Could you go find more staff and--

CALLER

Yeah, sure, I got it.

As the Caller leaves, Lucas continues with the next ball --

LUCAS

B4. That's B4--

-- When, right on cue, Albert starts to SHUDDER and WOBBLE.

Lucas eyes Albert. Thinks for a moment. But then just picks the next one up. Still got a game to call.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

G29. G29.

The old man is trapped in whatever storm rages in his head.

Lucas peaks over at the entrance and sees --

The Caller, accompanied by two CAREGIVERS. Finally.

Lucas loosens up. Slides a hand into his pocket -- *and feels something*. He pulls out -- "O44". Huh. Forgot all about it.

The Caregivers approach Albert.

CAREGIVER #1  
Hey, you okay, Albert?

CAREGIVER #2  
We're gonna get you back to  
your room, Albert.

They gently try to move him. He remains paralyzed.

Lucas moves the ball around. Hmm. May as well. He shows it --

LUCAS

O44!

ALBERT'S EYES FIRE OPEN.

Caregiver #1 places a hand on Albert's shoulder. And it's grasped -- SNAPPED. He SCREAMS. Everyone's heads shift.

Except Rosaline. She's still stacking her chips.

Albert smashes Caregiver #1's face into the table -- knocking over Rosaline's chip tower!

ROSALINE

What the hell? I almost had bingo!

Caregiver #2 and the Caller take hold of Albert -- who effortlessly shoves the former into the table, ribs-first.

Lucas wakes the hell up, POCKETS THE BALL, and rushes over -- but not before Albert TOSSES the Caller into Caregiver #2.

LUCAS

Albert! What the fuck?!

-- Which fixes Albert's gaze on Lucas. They face each other. But this is no standoff:

Lucas turns and makes for the main entrance. Albert doesn't run. Doesn't need to. This is Sarah Connor and the T-800.

ALBERT  
Ser, vy dolzhny ostanovit'sya.

Suddenly, a SECURITY TEAM OF THREE walks in.

CHIEF SECURITY GUARD  
Hey, we heard screaming. What's going on in here?

LUCAS  
A resident! He started attacking--

POW! -- A FLYING BINGO CARD nails the Chief right in the EYE!

Albert walks past Lucas toward the GUARDS -- who charge him.

Albert dodges GUARD #1'S tackle and follows up with a SHOVE.

GUARD #2 chokeholds Albert -- who DROPS to his back. He delivers a HEAVY elbow to the guard's ribcage -- rocks his jaw -- and snags the WALKIE-TALKIE from his belt.

Guard #1 gets up -- only to be knocked right back down as Albert CHUCKS the walkie at him with a sniper's precision.

Albert kneels down beside the Chief, who still grieves his eye. Digs through the man's pockets. Takes his CAR KEYS.

While he's stunned, Lucas is grabbed by Albert --

LUCAS (CONT'D)  
No, let go of me! Albert! ALBERT!

-- And pulled toward the exit.

The Residents haven't moved an inch.

ROSALINE  
(standing up)  
Fuck it. I'll call the damn game.

#### **EXT. BACKROAD - DAY**

A DEER FAMILY walks along a forest road -- as a car comes FLYING BY like a rocket.

#### **INT. STOLEN CAR - CONT.**

Lucas sits passenger -- God knows how long he's been yelling.

LUCAS  
Albert! Albert, will you just  
listen to me?

ALBERT  
YA slushayu, ser.

LUCAS  
What the fuck are you saying?! What  
is that? Just-- Just PULL OVER!

ALBERT  
Da ser.

**EXT. FOREST PATH - CONT.**

Albert JERKS to the left -- leading to a flat in the woods.  
Snug between a few trees. The car is parked and turned off.

**INT. STOLEN CAR - CONT.**

Lucas gathers himself. Hands pressed into the dash.

LUCAS  
Albert, what's going on? Why'd you  
attack all those people-- In  
English! Can't you speak English?

ALBERT  
Da, ya govoryu po-angliyski.

LUCAS  
English!

ALBERT  
(in English, Russian-  
accented)  
Yes.

LUCAS  
Why do you sound-- Yes, what?

ALBERT  
Yes, I speak English.

Lucas SLAMS his hands down on the dash. Then, he thinks --

LUCAS  
"Sir"?



ALBERT

Da. Would you like a mission report, sir?

LUCAS

"Mission report"? What-- You know what? Fine, if it tells me literally anything about what's happening, yes! Mission report?

ALBERT

Nothing to report.

Lucas breathes in what would've been a scream. Then:

LUCAS

Okay. Mission ... Objective?

ALBERT

Infiltrate US, assassinate political and military leaders, destroy critical infrastructure, topple nation from within.

Lucas reads Albert -- not a dent in his demeanor.

LUCAS

Is your name really Albert?

ALBERT

(plainly confused)

No, sir. I am Soviet Operative Ruslan Kozlov.

Lucas' face is stuck in time -- like the man beside him.

Lucas pulls out his phone and opens an app without taking his eyes off RUSLAN -- a different man entirely. He shows him --

A GOOGLE PAGE: "COLD WAR. MAR 12, 1947 - DEC 26, 1991".

Ruslan takes the phone. Scrolls. Lucas is less than clueless.

RUSLAN

What? "...the formal dissolution of the Soviet Union..."

(beat, then)

What year is it, sir?

LUCAS

(small)

2024.

RUSLAN

Bozhe moy.

Ruslan hands the phone back.

RUSLAN (CONT'D)

Net, net, net-- You are my handler!

LUCAS

"Handler"? I was calling bingo!

Ruslan takes a moment, then:

RUSLAN

The sequence. The suffering I endured to keep that code locked deep within my mind--

LUCAS

And I found it by accident.

RUSLAN (CONT'D)

And you found it by accident.

A horrible realization lands on Ruslan:

RUSLAN (CONT'D)

They abandoned me. They left me.

Lucas just listens. No good way to say a thousand things.

Ruslan halts. He sinks into himself as he recalls:

RUSLAN (CONT'D)

I-- I had a family. A wife and son.

Lucas has nothing. Ruslan thinks deeply. Then steels himself.

RUSLAN (CONT'D)

I have a family. I must find them.

LUCAS

What? Albert-- Ruslan-- I have to  
bring you back!

RUSLAN

Nonsense. You are not my handler,  
and your authorities will take me.

LUCAS

No, you don't understand, I need--

RUSLAN

Where is your wife, boy? Your child? You do not understand. I am going to do this, Lucas.

Lucas taps his phone screen -- revealing a lock screen photo of himself beside a MAN. Arms around each other. He stares ... Then turns to Ruslan.

LUCAS

I'll go. But after this, you come back with me. You have to. I just ... don't want to lose my job.

RUSLAN

Hmm. We will cross that bridge when we are there. On my word. Fair?

Ruslan extends a hand. Lucas reluctantly shakes it. Deal.

RUSLAN (CONT'D)

Now, there is a computer terminal in a bunker nearby. It contains a USSR citizens database. Our chance.

LUCAS

Sure. Got it.

Ruslan snags Lucas' phone, rolls down his window --

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Hey, whoa! Whoa! Wait--

RUSLAN

If technology is anything like it was, this will be used to track us.  
(offers the phone)  
Are there any final messages you would like to send?

Lucas considers something. But, ultimately:

LUCAS

No ... It's fine.

Ruslan nods and LAUNCHES the phone into a tree.

As the car backs up, Lucas's cracked phone receives a CALL -- "MOM".

#### **EXT. JENKINTOWN STREET - DAY**

Tall brick buildings. DOZENS OF PEOPLE down every sidewalk. Plenty of CARS on the road. An old place, but alive.

**I/E. STOLEN CAR - CONT.**

Lucas looks out on his town as they pass through it. He turns to Ruslan after a thought --

LUCAS  
Shouldn't we be, like, laying low?

RUSLAN  
Da, but the quickest route to the bunker is straight through town.  
(then)  
On our way, we must abandon this vehicle. Find a new one.

LUCAS  
Whatever you say, I guess.  
(beat, then)  
So, about Albert. He was, like, Russian all this time? Or -- ?

RUSLAN  
There is no Albert. A mind we molded. A man we made. And he was not meant to maintain control.

Beat.

LUCAS  
So where in Russia are you from?

RUSLAN  
One of its largest cities, close to the nation of Kazakhstan, where my mother was from. I am half Kazakh.

LUCAS  
Kazakhstan? Like that one movie? Is that really the national anthem?

RUSLAN  
I do not know what you refer to.

LUCAS  
(remembering)  
Yeah. Yeah, that makes-- yeah.

Ruslan makes a turn and spots a PARKING LOT between a few buildings up ahead.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - CONT.**

The stolen car pulls into the mostly-filled lot. In the back, an open spot sits just in front of a wall. Perfect.

Ruslan parks the car. Gets out. Goes to the back seat. Rifles through a pile of the Security Chief's shirts.

LUCAS

What are you--

Ruslan answers his question as he finds a COAT HANGER. He starts bending it out of shape as he turns to find --

AN OLD FORD PICKUP. Parked in the back of the middle row.

**INT. PICKUP - CONT.**

The tip of the coat hanger lowers in on the door lock.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME**

Ruslan manipulates the hanger as best he can. Lucas keeps watch -- but peaks back at Ruslan and what he's doing.

Lucas stares down at the asphalt. Messes with his hair. Taps his foot a few times. Gives up, turns to Ruslan fully --

LUCAS

You won't hurt anyone else, right?

RUSLAN

(focused)

What was that?

LUCAS

You hurt a lot of people. I don't want anyone else to get hurt.

RUSLAN

Hmm. If they do not get in our way.

Beat.

LUCAS

How do you-- how can you know they're still alive, Ruslan?

Ruslan drops all focus -- and the HANGER. Falling into the truck. He doesn't even notice, ready to let fly at Lucas --

When suddenly, a MAN comes around the corner from behind --

MAN  
The hell?!

AND WHIPS OUT A PISTOL!

MAN (CONT'D)  
Get the fuck away from my truck!

The PICKUP OWNER AIMS his pistol at Ruslan and Lucas!

LUCAS  
(hands up)  
WHOA! Hey, hey, hey, easy, man!

OWNER  
(to Ruslan)  
You, get your old ass over here!  
(suddenly)  
Wait, stop. STOP!

The Owner keeps them where they stand. Waving the pistol between them both. He eyes them top to bottom, REALIZING:

OWNER (CONT'D)  
(to Ruslan)  
You're the old fuck from the news!  
(to Lucas)  
You're the kid! Come here, son.

He pulls Lucas over by his shirt. Guards him.

OWNER (CONT'D)  
On your knees, you old prick! NOW.

Which Ruslan does -- he's a seasoned agent, yes. Not stupid.

The Owner takes out his phone, hands it to Lucas.

OWNER (CONT'D)  
Son, I need you to call the police.

Lucas considers the phone. Then the sight of the sad old man on his knees lands on him like an anvil. So --

LUCAS  
Sir, I don't know your password!

OWNER  
What? Just do an emergency call!

LUCAS  
But I don't know how to!

Ruslan reads the situation. Subtly grips his glasses.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Sir, please, I don't know how to  
make an emergency call!

OWNER

(turns to Lucas)

Oh, just give me the damn phone!

Ruslan SENDS his glasses at the Owner -- SMACKING him in the  
eye. He RUSHES IN -- taking the pistol, THWACKING the man  
across the jaw with it, TRIPPING him.

Ruslan reaches down, pulls the KEYS out from the Owner's  
pocket. Looks back at the pickup --

RUSLAN

Lucas. I saw a pillow in the  
passenger seat. Grab it.

The Owner, barely conscious, understands immediately.

OWNER

No-- Wait, no, please! You-- You  
don't have to! You don't--

Now, Lucas understands.

LUCAS

Oh my god-- Ruslan, no, you don't--

RUSLAN

I do! He's seen us. It is too late.

LUCAS

NO IT'S NOT. Don't do it. Would  
your wife want you to? Your son?

Beat.

RUSLAN

I thought my family was dead, boy?

LUCAS

Wherever they are, what if they  
were watching you do this?

RUSLAN

But they aren't--

LUCAS

But what if they were?

Beat. Ruslan looks down at the Owner. Then to Lucas. He sighs  
deeply ... and STRIKES the Owner out like a light.

RUSLAN  
(points)  
Get in the truck.

Lucas takes a final look at the man on the ground. Concussed, but better than dead. He walks over to the passenger side.

Ruslan picks up the pistol. Thinks. Puts it in his waistband.

**INT. PICKUP - DAY**

Tense silence. Light bumping on the road as they drive on. Lucas keeps his eyes and mouth closed ... Until he can't:

LUCAS  
You were gonna kill that man.

RUSLAN  
Had you not been there, I would have.  
(then)  
Do you believe I was chosen back then to undergo their programming for no reason? Hmm? I had already been an asset for years. Killed many, many men. I was perfect for their mission. But now my only mission is my family.

LUCAS  
And for all you know, you already failed them.

Ruslan SLAMS down on the breaks. Puts it in park.

RUSLAN  
Why are you still here, boy? You've done nothing wrong. You could go.

LUCAS  
I already told you, you ancient asshole, I need the job--

RUSLAN  
Why? I am unlikely to return there. If I failed my family, you've failed your mission, too!  
(then)  
You could open that door now, get out, and I would not stop you.

LUCAS  
Would you shoot me instead?



Ruslan is caught by this, but swiftly recovers --

RUSLAN  
I would not.  
(beat, then)  
But it is time for you to tell me  
why, truly why, you insist on  
keeping this job of yours. Hmm?

Lucas thinks on it, briefly, and admits:

LUCAS  
It's the only way I can make money.

RUSLAN  
(confused)  
Do you Americans no longer have the  
McDonald's, or--

LUCAS  
Decent enough money. Actual money.  
I ... I need it to support my mom.

RUSLAN  
Is she ill?

Lucas winces at those words. Then:

LUCAS  
No. But recently, someone was.  
Someone I could've--  
(beat)  
Anyway, we haven't talked since it  
happened. Or, well, I haven't  
wanted to. I--

He struggles to move on, so he spits it out:

LUCAS (CONT'D)  
Without this job, I can't help if  
anything happens to her, and if  
anything does, I need to help.

Ruslan absorbs this. If nothing else, he gets the idea.

He gives a nod. Lucas returns one. A small form of  
understanding, but for now, enough.

Ruslan puts the pickup back in drive, and they take off.

**EXT. FIELD - DAY**

Ruslan and Lucas stand before a DEEP TREE LINE.

LUCAS  
Hate to break it to you, Ruslan,  
but I didn't bring my shovel.

RUSLAN  
We did the digging long ago. Come.

**EXT. CLEARING - DAY**

Lucas walks out from a labyrinth of trees -- and finds himself in an open meadow. Bit smaller than a soccer field.

LUCAS  
I don't get out in the woods much.

RUSLAN  
(chuckles)  
It shows.

Lucas turns to him. If he's meant to laugh at that, he does.

LUCAS  
So where's this bunker?

RUSLAN  
(points up)  
There.

*What?* Lucas looks up a tree behind him.

RUSLAN (CONT'D)  
Halfway up this tree. Metal branch.  
Pull it.

LUCAS  
The hell do I look like, a bear?

RUSLAN  
If you were a cub, perhaps. Climb.

Lucas sighs -- but agrees. He grabs hold of the first branch.

LUCAS  
(under breath)  
Fights like John Wick. Won't climb  
a tree.

THE HALFWAY POINT -- Lucas pulls on the branch in front of him -- nope. The one beside it -- wrong. Left of that -- no.

He maneuvers himself to the other side of the tree. He sees --

A SHORT BRANCH. Darker than the rest. A bit gray. *Found it.*

He pulls it down, hard. Then, from within the tree --  
*SQUEAAAK! HISSSSS!* The banging and clanging of moving parts.

Suddenly, from the grass in the clearing -- *POP! CREAAAK!*

Both Lucas and Ruslan look to see --

A LARGE METAL DOOR. FALSE GRASS TOP. OPENING -- until it  
 lowers just beneath ground level. Slides itself into a  
 perfect space. Revealing a long, pitch-black STAIRCASE.

Ruslan stands before the entrance. Lucas joins him, brushing  
 tree bark off his clothes. They both stare into the void.

# **INT. BUNKER - DAY**

Darkness. With closed eyes, it'd look no different down here.

LUCAS  
 I feel like I'm blind. We almost  
 there?

Ruslan feels along the wall. Suddenly hits something --

-- And pulls a LEVER. BRINGING BACK POWER!

FLUORESCENT LIGHTS flicker to life and take the world back to  
 the 80s -- revealing MASSIVE PANELS up against every wall.  
 DESKS with buttons of every color and huge radars. At the  
 head of the room, a TERMINAL.

Ruslan sits down in front of it. Lucas stands beside him.

He holds, then presses two keys -- turning the terminal on.

TERMINAL  
 (in Russian, subtitled)  
 Welcome to the Soviet People's  
 Covert Operations Archive.

LUCAS  
 Whoa. It talks.

A POP-UP: A BLANK TEXT BAR. A passkey. Ruslan enters a number  
 of CYRILLIC characters, then:

A PAGE OF OPTIONS drops down. All text in Cyrillic.

He wastes no time and selects the FOURTH OPTION. Then:

TERMINAL  
 (in Russian)  
 USSR Citizens Database.

RUSLAN

The citizens database is intact!

He enters two sets of characters. Lucas can't read a thing, but seems to know exactly what he's writing out. He waits.

Ruslan submits them. Then, after a splash of Cyrillic on the screen ... He reads ... and falls back into his seat.

RUSLAN (CONT'D)

As of 1991, they were not citizens.  
They could be anywhere in the  
world.

Lucas isn't sure how to react. Then, suddenly, he feels something else -- *anger*? He's not sure. But he offers:

LUCAS

Think. You came this far. It wasn't  
just to give up.

(off Ruslan's look)

Yeah, you know it, too. You did all  
this for just one last chance at  
being with them again? Prove it.

(then)

For everyone in this world who  
can't have that ... Prove it.

Ruslan breathes. He digs deep. And RECALLS SOMETHING.

He enters another section on the terminal --

TERMINAL

(in Russian)

US Citizens Database.

He submits something, then waits. Anxious -- Until a NEW PAGE and a LOCATION PINPOINT show up!

Lucas gets in close --

LUCAS

Holy SHIT. And that's them?

RUSLAN

We procured data on half your  
country's population--

LUCAS

Oh. Well, little creepy, but okay.

RUSLAN

And this system goes up to when the  
Union died. 1991.

(MORE)

RUSLAN (CONT'D)

And in 1991, my wife and son were  
American citizens.

LUCAS

(reading)

"77 Rodger Avenue, Doylestown".  
That's in Buck's County. That's  
half an hour away! Wow, that's  
super convenient. Man. Okay then.

(beat)

You really did it, Ruslan.

Ruslan rises. An encouraged man again.

RUSLAN

We did it. And now, we should go.

Then, suddenly, just barely traveling from up the stairs --

VOICE (O.S.)

*Alright, spread out! Surround it!*

Ruslan and Lucas give each other the same knowing look.

RUSLAN

They tracked the man's truck.

LUCAS

Is there another way out down here?

RUSLAN

No.

Ruslan pulls out the PISTOL from his waistband. He turns to  
Lucas -- whose eyes beg for another way. *Damn it.*

He puts the pistol down -- approaches a LOCKER beside the  
terminal. He opens it, takes out a SMALL WEAPONS CASE. Opens  
it up, showing Lucas -- A TRANQUILIZER. FIVE DARTS for ammo.

**EXT. CLEARING - DAY**

FIVE COPS close in on the bunker entrance. WEAPONS READY.

COP #1 slowly pokes his head down the staircase. Looking.

-- AS A DART LANDS RIGHT BETWEEN HIS EYES.

The other four Cops jump in, OPENING FIRE down the stairs!

COP #2

(into radio)

Shots fired! Shots--

*CLINK! CLINK! CLUNK!* -- TWO SMOKE BOMBS fly up from the darkness, landing near the top stair. *POOF! POOF!*

The Cops become engulfed in SMOKE. Can't see two feet out.

COP #2 (CONT'D)  
Suspect has deployed smoke!  
Requesting--

-- *Nothing.* As Cop #2 takes a dart to the NECK.

Out of the cloud runs RUSLAN -- grabbing the officer's gun, SHOOTING COP #3'S SHOULDER. He slides out the magazine, LOBBING it at COP #4 -- FLINGING the weapon at COP #5'S EYE.

Cop #4 lands a punch on Ruslan -- who TANKS it, returning a blow TWICE AS HARD. Shoots a dart into the cop. Reloads.

#### **INT. BUNKER - CONT.**

Down below, Lucas sits against the wall beside the entrance. Can just barely make out the distant SHOTS and SCREAMS. He pokes his head out, looking up the stairs. Thinking.

#### **EXT. CLEARING - CONT.**

Ruslan advances on Cop #5, who reaches for his TASER -- and SHOOTs -- hitting him. Ruslan falls back --

-- But just as quickly RIPS the barbs out of his chest! He TOSSES THE TRANQUILIZER -- LANDING near the bunker entrance.

Ruslan grabs the Cop's hands, squeezing them HARD -- Breaking them.

Ruslan collects himself. Then suddenly, from behind -- *CLICK.*

COP #3 -- very unhappy about his shoulder. His weapon ready.

COP #3  
Don't. Move. On your knees!

Ruslan does no such thing. Not this time. He STEPS FORWARD.

COP #3 (CONT'D)  
Stop! Get back! Get back-- FUCK!

The cop takes aim. FINGER ON THE TRIGGER. When -- *TAP!*

He GULPS. Stumbles as he turns around. He and Ruslan see --

LUCAS. Holding the TRANQUILIZER!

The officer collapses face-first -- as Lucas spots the BODY CAM on his vest.

Ruslan approaches Lucas -- hard to tell if it's with disappointment, gratitude, or what. He starts to talk, but --

Lucas motions: No. Points to the BODY CAM.

Ruslan looks around -- notices the cams on the others. He understands. Gestures for Lucas to follow him.

#### **EXT. MAIN ROAD - DAY**

THE PICKUP -- Blending in with plenty of other cars on the open road. Cruising toward its final destination.

#### **EXT. FAMILY HOME - DAY**

Ruslan and Lucas stand just outside a HOUSE -- Tall. White with blue accents. Big porch. Freshly cut grass. A fifty-starred flag hung up that Ruslan can't look away from.

RUSLAN

They might have moved.

Lucas turns to Ruslan.

RUSLAN (CONT'D)

They might have changed their identities. They might have died. They might have ... forgotten me.

Suddenly, from afar -- POLICE SIRENS. Catches both of their attention. Knowing what comes next. Nothing to be done.

Ruslan looks to the front door from here.

RUSLAN (CONT'D)

And I will search for them still.

He walks up to the porch. Lucas stays where he is. Watches.

ON THE PORCH -- KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. Ruslan waits. This is it.

After a moment -- A MAN opens the door. Tall, like Ruslan. 42, give or take. Decent beard. Ruslan stares ...

MAN

Afternoon, sir. Uh. Can I help you?

Ruslan tries for something to say -- right now, anything -- but nothing comes. Not any kind of utterance whatsoever.

The Man tries to speak again, but -- Wait. He closes the door behind him. Scans this stranger up and down. Then --

RUSLAN'S EYES.

MAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, sir, just-- you seem so--

RUSLAN

(in Russian)

It is me, Timur. It is your father.  
Ruslan.

Long, long beat. The Man SHAKES -- and all he can manage is:

MAN

(in Russian)

Papa?

Lucas doesn't need any Russian to understand that one. He's in AWE -- and deep thought ...

Ruslan moves in for an embrace --

RUSLAN

(in Russian)

Yes! It's me, Timur. It's really--

-- Which turns into a SHOVE. The Man takes his space.

RUSLAN (CONT'D)

(in Russian)

Son? Son, it is me. Timur, it's really me, it's your father--

MAN

(in English)

My father died. You died. We buried you. God damn it, we put a box in the ground and said you were in it!

RUSLAN

(in Russian)

You do not understand, my son! Timur, you don't understand. I was not in control!

MAN (CONT'D)

(in Russian)

You have been dead to us for thirty years, you bastard! How dare you?!

Ruslan falls to his knees.

RUSLAN (CONT'D)

(in Russian)

Timur, I beg of you--



MAN  
 (in English)  
 Do NOT call me that. My name is  
 Thomas. My name has been Thomas for  
 thirty years! I--

The front door suddenly opens -- TWO CHILDREN walk out. 10,  
 the both of them. Boy and girl.

THOMAS  
 Oh my god-- Allen, Mary, back  
 inside, right now.

ALLEN	MARY
Dad, are you okay?	Who is that man?

Ruslan weakly reaches a hand out toward the kids -- stops the  
 moment he catches THOMAS' potent glare as he shields them.

RUSLAN  
 (in English)  
 Are they your-- are they my--

THOMAS  
 (to the kids)  
 Back inside, you two! Now!

Thomas shuffles ALLEN and MARY back behind the door. He gets  
 Ruslan to his feet, firmly --

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
 You listen to me. When you left,  
when you died, so did we. Timur  
 died. Alina died. The Union died.  
 That is it. End of story.

RUSLAN  
 Alina. Your mother. Is she -- ?

Beat.

THOMAS  
Alison passed away ten years ago.  
 You should have been there for her.  
 You should have joined her.  
 (beat, then)  
 Get the fuck off of my porch.

Thomas stomps back inside -- *SLAM!*

BY THE PICKUP -- Lucas waits for Ruslan, who approaches. What  
 words he could understand, he still processes them.

LUCAS

Ruslan. I'm so sorry.

Ruslan smacks against the side of the truck. Slides down it until he's on the ground. Lucas joins him.

IN THE DISTANCE -- THE SIRENS. Even louder. Even closer.

RUSLAN

I am sorry for abducting you.

Well, that's blunt. But fair. Lucas gives a forgiving nod.

RUSLAN (CONT'D)

But you will keep your job. You've done nothing that cannot be forgiven.

Lucas straightens himself up.

LUCAS

I shot that officer.

RUSLAN

Did you look scared when you did?  
(off Lucas' look)  
He saw you. Were you frightened?

LUCAS

Terrified.

RUSLAN

Good. This will fit our story.  
(beat)  
I kidnapped you. I would kill you if you did not help me find my family. I would only release you once we did. Now we have.

Lucas is speechless.

RUSLAN (CONT'D)

My friend, if they take me now, what would I have to worry about? I know the truth about my land, my blood. I am not satisfied, but I am free. Now, so are you.

Beat.

LUCAS

I haven't been free since-- My dad. He got ... sick. And sicker.  
(MORE)

LUCAS (CONT'D)

When he got too sick, we just  
couldn't afford his care anymore.

Ruslan slowly puts a hand on Lucas' shoulder -- he allows it.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

But we were close. So, so close. If  
I had done more, if I had a job  
earlier on, maybe I could've--  
maybe he'd still be--

RUSLAN

Lucas. It is not your fault.

LUCAS

It's all my fault.

RUSLAN

No. It is my fault for abandoning  
my family as our nation collapsed.  
I left the ones I loved to protect  
my home, but I wanted to protect it  
for them. I am the one who failed.  
(then)  
But you did not fail your father.  
You did not cause his death.

Lucas gives in -- and turns on the waterworks. Ruslan holds  
to him, still. Freeing tears of his own.

A son who lost his father. A father who lost his son.

Lucas pulls it together -- enough to think, then tell Ruslan:

LUCAS

Go. Ruslan, get out of here. Leave.

RUSLAN

I do not understand. What do you--

LUCAS

You shouldn't spend the rest of  
your life in a cell. Get out of  
here. Start over.

RUSLAN

My boy, I spent thirty years  
imprisoned. For you, I'd spend what  
time I have left the same way.

LUCAS

This isn't about me. You said  
you're free now. So get your dying  
ass out there and act like it.

Ruslan hardly knows what to say. But he knows this:

RUSLAN  
I am a very old man, Lucas.

LUCAS  
Then go to Florida or something!

THE SIRENS -- Streets away at most. They turn to the sound.

RUSLAN  
I cannot abandon you.

LUCAS  
You wouldn't be. I shot that  
officer for you, right? I got you  
here. Now you're running away.  
(sincerely)  
And no one will ever see you again.

Ruslan catches his drift. Stands up. He takes out the keys to the pickup. He thinks something over.

He walks to the driver's side. Gets in, starts it up -- it ROARS, ready to go. He talks through the passenger window --

RUSLAN  
What will you do now, my friend?

LUCAS  
Well, once I get a hold of another  
phone ... I think I'll call my mom.  
(awful Russian accent)  
My friend.

They share an honest laugh -- their last one, what few they had together. It'll have to do.

Ruslan takes off. Lucas watches him go before the pickup disappears after a turn just down the way.

THE SIRENS -- just around the corner by now.

Lucas waits for them. He sits at the curb. Rests his hands in his pockets -- *and suddenly feels something.*

**CUT TO BLACK.**

**THE END.**