

INT. NIGHT.

The kitchen of some bland and squalid row house in an unnamed suburb of the east bay. Bars are visible on the window, the fixtures are battered and dirty and the garbage is overflowing with take-out boxes.

GRIGORY and two Repin family mooks are playing cards around a Formica-topped folding table in the dining 'area' of the kitchen. The stakes of game don't seem to be particularly high and the mood is relaxed. They seem to be killing time, which is further helped by the passing around of a bottle of cheap vodka.

Some unpleasant noises are coming from off screen. It sounds like someone's getting a beating and isn't enjoying it. The noise doesn't perturb GRIGORY et al in the least.

At one point, GRIGORY grins slightly at his buddies and can't resist cracking a joke.

GRIGORY
My sister hits like a girl.

This counts as sophisticated humor among GRIGORY's friends. They laugh.

The noise stops and, a few seconds later, EMMA emerges from the same direction, looking slightly disheveled in a long-sleeved tee-shirt and blue jeans. She shakes her right hand like she's been smacking something unyielding and is pulling a face like she just tasted something unpleasant.

Without comment or excuse, EMMA grabs the vodka bottle from GRIGORY'S hand and takes a swig. She swishes the vodka around like mouthwash and spits it into the sink.

GRIGORY
You okay?

EMMA
(coughing slightly)
I'm fine. Just got a bad taste in
my mouth.

EMMA rinses her mouth out again. Behind EMMA's back, GRIGORY and the boys exchange a knowing look.

GRIGORY
Yeah, it can be like that the first
time.

EMMA replies without turning around.

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EMMA

Don't fucking patronize me.

GRIGORY looks surprised for a second, then rolls his eyes at his buddies, who grin and nod back at him.

GRIGORY

Did he talk? Should I go work on him for a bit?

Still staring into the filthy sink, EMMA shakes her head.

EMMA

No. I got what I wanted from him.

GRIGORY

You sure?

EMMA freezes for a moment and scowls. When she speaks, she does so with exaggerated care.

EMMA

Yes, Grigory. I'm sure.

GRIGORY

And you're... okay?

She returns the vodka bottle to the group with a graceless thud on to the table.

EMMA

I'm. Fine. You guys can do... whatever it is you do, now. I'm done.

Without waiting for a response, EMMA walks out.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT.

An auto junkyard in west Oakland. Piles of crushed cars and other junk abounds. A modular unit serves as an office space, and a single light can be seen burning in a window by the door. A couple of dogs are barking nearby.

EMMA leans against a black BMW, clearly waiting for something or someone. While she waits, she cleans her hands with a familiar-looking bloody handkerchief.

ALEXI strolls out of modular office. His demeanor is somewhere between amused and stunned.

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ALEXI

What did you cut his throat with? A screwdriver?

EMMA

(insincere)

And this is why I told you to step outside. Everyone's gotta criticize the newbie.

(sour)

I guess my box-cutter isn't as sharp as yours.

ALEXI looks nonplussed at that and frowns slightly. A buried memory is itching.

ALEXI

Huh. Okay.

(beat)

Well, the mess isn't too bad, I guess, but we better torch the place after we chop him up for pig food.

EMMA

(distastefully)

We?

ALEXI grins at that. As has been mentioned before, he likes his work a little too much.

ALEXI

Yeah, *us*. You wanted to learn about the dirty work, so you're going to learn about *all* of the dirty work.

EMMA pulls a face.

EMMA

I thought we had people for that?

ALEXI

(more serious)

You said you wanted to be more hands-on. This is a part of that.

EMMA thinks about it for a moment and then shrugs.

EMMA

Fair enough. How much worse can it be?

ALEXI raises his eyebrows a tad.

(CONTINUED)

ALEXI

Are you sure you're okay?

EMMA

Why does everyone keep asking me that?

ALEXI

People don't normally shrug off the idea of dismemberment.

EMMA gives her brother a long look.

EMMA

(pointedly)

We're not normal people.

ALEXI concedes the matter. He doesn't really give a damn anyway.

ALEXI

Alright, alright. Get the bag from the trunk.

Oddly enough, EMMA tries to lighten the mood as she follows Alexi's directions.

EMMA

Does this mean I'm 'made', now?

ALEXI

(smiling)

What are we? Fucking Italian? You're *vor vuh zakonye*. No-one's going to argue that...

FADE OUT

INT. NIGHT

The inside of MISHA REPIN's sedan. The car is quite roomy, which is fortunate, given what's going on inside of it.

MISHA drives, while EMMA and ALEXI are in the back seat.

MISHA's face is spattered with some blood, but most of it is all over ALEXI, EMMA and the upholstery.

EMMA is apparently the worst off. Two large blotches of blood are seeping through her shirt - one on her left bicep, the other high on her chest. The ragged and soaked fabric hides the exact nature of the wounds, but they clearly

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aren't good. Meanwhile, ALEXI is trying not to go fetal around his gut wound which is copiously bleeding out.

MISHA

Hang on!

EMMA shakes her head slightly. She's far too composed for someone who's just been shot a couple of times. She looks around the car as if noticing it - and her brothers - for the first time.

EMMA

Jesus Christ.

MISHA

What were you two thinking, getting in the middle like that?

EMMA

Trying to save your life, you jerk.

She stretches tentatively and winces. Then she frowns, trying to figure out what to do next. Almost imperceptibly, the slow bleeding stops.

Despite that she still pulls a face as she twists around to look more closely at ALEXI, but her discomfort is nothing like in scale to her apparent wounds.

EMMA stares at ALEXI for a moment. Even to the layman, it's clear that he's in bad shape. He's barely conscious and blood has saturated his clothes and the upholstery.

EMMA

Oh, *fuck*.

She speaks to MISHA.

EMMA

I don't think...

Her voice trails off.

MISHA

Son of a bitch!

MISHA hits the gas. He's already speeding, but now he's an absolute menace on the road.

EMMA looks at the back of MISHA's head. His attention is clearly focused on not getting all three of them killed while he's driving. She glances back and forth between MISHA and ALEXI, scowling all the while. She's simultaneously sad and very, very angry.

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EMMA
(to herself)
Shit.

She looks at MISHA again, making sure his attention is still on the road. Then, she bites into her wrist and shoves it into ALEXI's mouth. He tries to twist out of her way, but he's too weak to avoid her.

EMMA leans over and says in ALEXI's ear, as loudly as she dares:

EMMA
Swallow it, 'Lexi. You'll feel better. I swear to god, I'll explain later but drink it!

ALEXI's eyes widen in alarm as, compelled by EMMA, he convulsively swallows the blood filling his mouth. She keeps feeding him blood as she talks.

EMMA
Now... think about getting better. Think hard. You don't want to bleed out in Misha's brand-new Lincoln, do you? You'll heal.

EMMA
(to herself)
I hope.

ALEXI keeps sucking at EMMA's wrist and, within seconds, he regains some vitality. His eyes open fully and his body relaxes somewhat as the pain recedes.

EMMA tries to pull her wrist free and fails. She growls a bit at this and yanks her arm away so that she can pull at ALEXI's shirt and examine the extent of his injury. An unpleasant open wound is still visible, but the blood-pouring-from-a-pitcher effect has ceased.

Distracted by her examination, she's surprised when ALEXI grabs her wrist and helps himself to more blood.

EMMA
(slightly hysterical)
I should have seen that coming.

The car lurches as MISHA swerves around some too-slow driver. Simultaneously, something occurs to EMMA and her eyes widen even as she curses angrily in Russian.

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EMMA

Pull over!

MISHA

What?

EMMA

Pull the fuck over!

MISHA

(incredulous)

Why?

EMMA

Because he's not going to die, but
I need something from you first.

EMMA catches MISHA's eye in the rear view mirror.

EMMA

Trust me! And stop the damn car!

Abruptly, MISHA does as he's told, and then turns to stare at EMMA, ready to demand an explanation.

EMMA

I'm sorry.

EMMA reaches forward, grabs MISHA by the hair and bites into his neck. She feeds from him for a few seconds and then emits a muffled yelp as ALEXI grabs her wrist and takes more blood from her.

Despite that, she holds still, feeding from one brother and letting the other drink her blood for almost a minute. MISHA moans quietly.

EMMA clumsily lets MISHA go and he thumps back into his seat, confused and quite groggy. She yanks her wrist free from the now-sated ALEXI's grasp.

EMMA

Jesus wept. I feel like a straw in
a milkshake.

ALEXI

(high on vitae)

Yeah, a blood milkshake.

She glares at ALEXI.

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EMMA

I should have figured you'd take to this.

ALEXI, as groggy as his brother, smiles a little foolishly.

ALEXI

If it keeps me alive...

(beat)

But you're not any more, are you?

EMMA sighs.

EMMA

I don't know why I even tried to hide it from you guys.

She runs a hand through her hair, ignoring the bloody smudges streaking on her face as a result.

EMMA

I'm going to have to drive. Help me move Misha.

ALEXI

Where are we going?

EMMA

I know a doctor who owes me some favors. He can finish patching you up.

(beat)

And give Misha a transfusion, I hope.

FADE OUT