

RASKOLNIKOV

By

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Story by

Scott Brooks and Kevin Baker

Based on the novel
Crime and Punishment

By

Fyodor Dostoevsky

First Draft

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EXT. A LAKE - DAY.

A misty, forboding lake ringed with dark trees. A young man with his back to us stares out over the water. Ever so slowly we push in behind him as...

Man's Voice (V.O.)

In the town where I grew up, the summer after freshman year, my best friend went missing. They found his hat near the edge of the lake. Everyone in town looked for him for weeks. People came from miles away. The whole thing became a big event. But he was already dead. They found his remains a year later, in the marsh on the other side of town. I often wondered, when he saw the man who had come to kill him, did he know? Did he say to himself, "This is it. This is the face of my death?" They never caught the guy. Will you know when you see him? That stranger who will write the last lines of your life story in ash...

EXT. CONEY ISLAND - DAY.

Gale force winds whip the beach. Surf pummels the boardwalk.

EXT. BRIGHTON BEACH - DAY.

Water cascades down streets as high as the tops of cars.

INT. A GROCERY STORE - DAY.

Pillagers wade through waist deep water holding what groceries they can steal over their heads.

A female newscaster's voice:

Newscaster (V.O.)

The new normal for New York City as Super Storm Lydia - the third in a year - ravages the coast.

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN - DAY.

The familiar downtown skyline, ringed with a towering wall.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

It's been more than ten years since the ocean's rising prompted Mayor Mitchell to build a giant levy outside the Verrazano Narrows, in an effort to protect some of the most valuable real estate in the world.

EXT. THE HARBOR - DAY.

On a giant barge, the Statue of Liberty lies sideways as she is towed to safety.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

The mayor was criticized for favoring Manhattan over the other, rapidly disappearing boroughs, and the mass protests known as 'The Rising' rocked the city.

Cut to:

INT. NEWS FOOTAGE - DAY.

A press conference. Flashes and cameras on the mayor.

MAYOR MITCHELL

Sometimes in a crisis, unfortunately, you have to prioritize. We can't let the financial center of the world go underwater. We will complete the levies for Brooklyn and Queens as soon as the resources become available.

With that the mayor disappears into a gaggle of personnel.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Ten years and fifteen storms later and the water is here to stay - while The Rising has gained the reputation of a disorganized fringe group. Once the waters of Super Storm Lydia recede, New Yorkers will once again asses, rebuild and adapt. In Brighton Beach, I'm Yolanda Chang.

EXT. CONEY ISLAND - DAY.

In the grey water, off the shore, stuffed animals - the kind you win at a carnival - float past. One, then two, then many more, quietly lolling in the surf.

The sound of wind begins to recede - then suddenly takes on a frantic, rhythmic quality.

The Cyclone, the towering Parachute Jump, and the Ferris Wheel look like strange ghost ships stranded out in the water, where the beach used to be.

That rhythmic sound increases, grows more intense - is someone playing the drums?

Amongst the floating bears and dolls, a MAN - RASKOLNIKOV, (30s) floats, bare-chested, his eyes closed, looking almost peaceful.

His eyes snap open.

CUT TO:

INT. RASKOLNIKOV'S APARTMENT - DAY.

On a small bed amongst yellowing sheets and dirty clothes, RASKOLNIKOV sits up from a dream. The drumming is definitely in this time and place, as his exasperated look at the window shows.

RASKOLNIKOV rises, holds his head and coughs. He is clearly unhealthy. This is a small, single-room-occupancy apartment, and is not much larger than some people's closets. He appears to own little more than a few stacks of books, a pile of dirty clothes and a lamp.

RASKOLNIKOV

One day. Just one day without
this...*this*...

(His words seem to carry
him to the window.)

I swear to fucking-fucking fuck!!

He gets to the window and opens it, thereby letting in even more noise.

At that moment there is a knock at the door.

A man's voice:

NATASHA (O.S.)

Hey girl...

(He stops.)

He's at it again. Don't get your
panties in a twist.

The door opens to reveal a man rather matter-of-factly dressed as a woman. She's in her 30s. Throughout she may be found in various stages of full drag or a man's tee-shirt but in full make-up .

RASKOLNIKOV

Why...should everyone have to
listen to this shit - first thing
in the morning!

NATASHA

It's the middle of the day, girl.

RASKOLNIKOV

Does he work? Does he have a job?
Tell me that.

NATASHA

Could be a she...

RASKOLNIKOV gives her a look, starts to cough.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

You been sick again?

RASKOLNIKOV

I haven't slept at all. It's a
hundred degrees in here. He's not
even a real drummer - he's just -

NATASHA

Super says the power will be on in
a few days.

RASKOLNIKOV

A few days!? I'll be dead in a few
days. Or he will!

NATASHA

I hate it when you talk like that.
I'm-a take care a you. I got some
nice melon on ice downstairs would
you like that?

(She touches his face
tenderly.)

You're burning up!

(MORE)

NATASHA (cont'd)
You need to see a doctor. You could
have some kinda infection or
somethin'.

RASKOLNIKOV
Educated people should not have to
live like this -

NATASHA
And yet here we are.

RASKOLNIKOV
Subjugated by some lunatic junkie
banging on a drum all day.

NATASHA
Junkies don't have that much
energy. Write another anonymous
letter.

RASKOLNIKOV
They don't work. I'm going over
there.

NATASHA
I forbid you to do that.

RASKOLNIKOV
People have lost their homes. Did
you know they found a little girl
drowned -

NATASHA
I just seen that on the news.

RASKOLNIKOV
And some people have nothing better
to do than -
(to window -)
Ruin everyone else's day!

NATASHA
You should come down to my place
and let me give you a nice cool
sponge bath.

RASKOLNIKOV
Nice try.

NATASHA
Afraid you might like it?

RASKOLNIKOV
I already know I will. I have to go
out.

NATASHA
All right, stop in and see me
later, hon.

EXT. A BRIGHTON BEACH NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY.

RASKOLNIKOV walks down a swampy, beat-up street.

A bar is selling off its beers because they can't be kept
cold; a bodega gives away melting ice cream to kids.

RASK is inconvenienced by everyone around him. An OBESE WOMAN
on a scooter almost runs him over.

RASKOLNIKOV (V.O.)
Look at these people, fucking
disgusting. Even before the flood,
they were lost.

He walks down a largely ruined block of half-built condos,
people sitting wretchedly inside.

RASKOLNIKOV (V.O.)
People don't even know who they are
without their cable and their
internet.

A group of super-ripped black guys are using some scaffolding
to do pull ups - the whole sidewalk has become their gym.
They wear their pants below their asses, in that style that
never fails to infuriate so many white people.

RASK shakes his head in amused disgust at them. One of them
notices.

BLACK KID
Is there a problem, officer?

RASKOLNIKOV
What?

BLACK KID
I said you got a problem?

RASKOLNIKOV
No, I get it, you're saggin'. It's
cool.
(Weird pause.)
You lookin' for a Daddy?

BLACK KID
What'd you say?

RASKOLNIKOV
You wear your pants like that cause
you're scared. You wanna be
someone's bitch in exchange for
protection.

BLACK KID
Yo, this nigga's crazy over here!

RASKOLNIKOV
Or do you have a Daddy already? Is
it one of these guys?
(to the other kids still
working out:)
Which one of you fucks him in the
ass?
(to one of them:)
Is it you?
(to another:)
God, I hope it's not you.

SECOND BLACK KID
Yo, you wanna die, son?

THIRD BLACK KID
Oh, HELL NO...

BLACK KID
No wait, just leave him alone....

A police cruiser drives slowly by. They call out to him.

THIRD BLACK KID
Yo mister police man, this man here
is assaulting us.

SECOND BLACK KID
He talkin' about ass fuckin' and
all kinds of mad shit.

COP IN CAR
Break it up, you guys. Leave him
alone.

RASKOLNIKOV
Well, I'm sure you guys have to go
get ready for work so I guess I'll
just be on my way.

BLACK KID
Fuck you, man.

THIRD BLACK KID
He sayin' we don't got jobs?

RASKOLNIKOV ducks around the corner. He continues down
another, sordid street.

The water pushes trash around everywhere. Some of the people he passes are carrying their possessions in plastic garbage bags.

RASK passes a row of garish prostitutes standing by a corner. They call and gesture lewdly at the passing cars.

His eyes light on a stunningly BEAUTIFUL WOMAN standing amongst the prostitutes. She seems out of place, looking vulnerable and naive.

He keeps staring at the BEAUTIFUL WOMAN as he passes. She doesn't notice him. She's talking to a friend, a SMALLER WOMAN, heavily made up, who looks out of place here, too.

RASK can't keep his eyes off of her.

EXT. A STREET IN BRIGHTON BEACH - DAY.

The skies starting to clear, National Guardsmen and FEMA workers are plodding through the streets past Brooklynites, most of whom seem not to notice.

A dolled up NATASHA struts past them all with great indifference.

She goes into a laundromat.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - CONTINUOUS.

NATASHA goes right to the back office, to a Latino man who is some kind of manager.

NATASHA
I need to see Tony.

LAUNDROMAT MANAGER
No Tony today.

NATASHA
When's he comin' back?

LAUNDROMAT MANAGER
I dunno.

NATASHA
What the fuck, man, where's Tony?

He turns and goes into his little back room.

A frustrated NATASHA turns and is face-to-face with ANYA, a dolled-up Russian girl.

Anya
He's either arrested or dead.

NATASHA
Who are you?

ANYA
Anya. I know a guy.

NATASHA
You know a guy.

ANYA
Yeah. I seen you in here. You got nice legs.

NATASHA
I know. So can this guy hook me up or what?

ANYA
Let's go.

EXT. A STREET IN BRIGHTON BEACH - LATER.

They walk past NATASHA and RASKOLNIKOV'S building, around the corner and into another building.

NATASHA looks uneasy.

INT. DRUMMER'S BUILDING - CONTINUOUS.

NATASHA
You live here?

They climb the stairs.

ANYA
No. But I come here. This guy is crazy but don't let him scare you. He has lots of extra energy, I think. But he has good shit and it's cheap. It must be the end of the world when a girl can't get fucked up, right?

She opens the fire door to the next floor and the sound of the drums greets them. They walk right up to the door where the noise is coming from and ANYA rings the bell.

Nothing.

They glance self-consciously at each other.

ANYA

So why do you dress up like girl
anyway?

NATASHA

Why do you?

She has to ring the bell a bunch of times before the drumming stops...

INT. RASKOLNIKOV'S APARTMENT - NIGHT.

Candles supply all the light in the small room.

He drinks the last sip of water out of a water bottle that looks like it has been refilled a thousand times. He drops it on the floor.

His head is covered in sweat. He lets out a vicious cough.

RASKOLNIKOV switches on holographic keyboard that emanates from a tiny light on a hand held device and types.

RASKOLNIKOV (V.O.)

We were told if we worked hard we
would get our piece of the pie.
Well, these days, you must take it -
or go hungry.

RASKOLNIKOV stalking about his apartment, peers out the window at:

EXT. THE STREETS BELOW. NIGHT - SAME.

The KIDS who RASKOLNIKOV encountered earlier are surfing up and down the flooded streets on skateboards, and loose pieces of wood.

RASKOLNIKOV lights himself a cigarette, still watching.

INT. RASKOLNIKOV'S APARTMENT. NIGHT - SAME.

RASKOLNIKOV again bangs away at his blog.

RASKOLNIKOV (V.O.)

It's only a matter of time before
they come for us. Go out into the
night and take what you need.

(MORE)

RASKOLNIKOV (V.O.) (cont'd)
 Because no one's going to give it
 to you.

There is a knock on the door and ...

NATASHA (O.S.)
 Hey gurrlllll!
 (he groans)
 Come on now, I brought you
 something for that cold and do we
 have to talk!

He rises with a grunt and goes to the door, opens it.

NATASHA
 C'mere, honey. Sit down. Look at
 you. When was the last time you had
 a nice shower? Now drink some of
 this tea.

RASKOLNIKOV
 How did you make tea?

NATASHA
 I bought one of them little camping
 stoves before the last storm hit.
 Mama knows how to live, baby.

RASKOLNIKOV sips the tea gratefully. Throughout, NATASHA
 produces from a bag a few more candles, which she lights.

She pulls out a nice bottle of vodka and two small glasses,
 pours herself a strong belt and drinks it neat.

RASKOLNIKOV
 You are resourceful.

She also hands him a packet of baby food.

NATASHA
 Okay, so get ready to die!

RASKOLNIKOV
 What?

NATASHA
 Well, Natasha was feeling a little
 blue today, and she needed a little
 pick me up. Girl's gotta live,
 shit. But my usual guy wasn't there
 and this girl from the laundry -
 you've seen her around - says she
 knew a guy - and I'm like whatever
 and we go and shit...

RASKOLNIKOV
And?

NATASHA
And we go around the corner, next
door...

RASKOLNIKOV
Okay.

NATASHA
It was him!

RASKOLNIKOV
Who?

NATASHA
The drummer guy!

RASKOLNIKOV
He's a drug dealer...?

CUT TO:

INT. DRUMMER'S BUILDING - DAY.

NATASHA narrates.

... As we left them before, ANYA and NATASHA waiting in the
hall after the drumming has stopped.

Finally, a skinny white boy opens the door. Covered in sweat,
shirtless, greasy, no more than twenty-one years old.

DRUMMER BOY
...the fuck?

ANYA
Hey. Um...We met at...You know,
with Ivan and them guys...

DRUMMER BOY
Yeah, yeah, yeah. Who's this?

ANYA
This is -

NATASHA
Nikki.

DRUMMER BOY
You're a dude.

NATASHA

Yep.

ANYA

He's cool - she's cool - Whatever.

DRUMMER BOY

Fuck you want?

NATASHA

You're the guy plays the drums all the time?

DRUMMER BOY

You got a problem with that?

ANYA looking at NATASHA like, "What the fuck?"

NATASHA

I just hear you sometimes.

He silently considers them both for some time,

ANYA

Can we come in?

DRUMMER BOY

What for?

ANYA

You want me to say in the fucking hall or what?

He steps aside and lets them in.

INT. DRUMMER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS.

NATASHA (V.O.)

I was thinking of you the whole time...

They look around at the complete shit hole that is DRUMMER BOY'S apartment. Fluorescent lit kitchen, bare walls, food scraps, dilapidated couch, and of course... the second hand drum kit in the middle of it all.

NATASHA (V.O.)

The place was mad filthy. Smelled like wet clothes in a gym bag. Hand to God, you would get AIDS from even sittin' on that couch.

While she narrates they discuss their business, a few words and a few nods.

They make their way into -

INT. DRUMMER'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN.

He opens the freezer and gets out a plastic bag with various pills and vials.

NATASHA is fixated on the pile of filthy dishes in the sink.

DRUMMER BOY

Hey -

He is holding out her pills in a little baggie. She takes the money out of her garter and hands it to him in exchange for the pills.

DRUMMER BOY takes a huge coffee can-type cylinder out of the freezer to put their money in.

It is PACKED with bills. Hundreds mostly.

ANYA

Wow. You need to start accepting American Express.

He doesn't respond.

NATASHA

Aren't you afraid of being robbed?

DRUMMER BOY

(He sizes her up.)

No.

NATASHA (V.O.)

Holy shit, when he looked at me, I knew it. I knew it.

RASKOLNIKOV (V.O.)

What?

NATASHA (V.O.)

I knew he would fucking kill me. I could see it in his eyes. Like he was deciding if he should just kill me anyway.

ANYA
Well, thanks man.
(to NATASHA)
Let's get out of here.

NATASHA
Yeah, thanks.

INT. RASKOLNIKOV'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS.

RASKOLNIKOV sucks some puree through the nozzle on the pouch she brought him. He is thoughtful.

NATASHA
SO MUCH MONEY! And he lived like a
fucking animal.

RASKOLNIKOV
How much money was there?

NATASHA
I couldn't tell, a lot. Thousands.

RASKOLNIKOV
Was he high?

NATASHA
Oh, hell, yeah. But it was the kind
of high like when people are high
all the time, and have to get that
high just to function.

RASKOLNIKOV
Was he sluggish, did he seem
stoned?

NATASHA
He was strung out. Tight like a
mousetrap.

RASKOLNIKOV
Yeah?

NATASHA
Why?

He looks out the window for a long time - a scary distance in his eyes.

RASKOLNIKOV
(changes tact)
You should have stole his drum
sticks.

She laughs.

INT. RASKOLNIKOV'S APARTMENT - DAY.

It is the next morning.

RASKOLNIKOV - pillow over his head to block out the sound of the guy playing the drums again already!!

He gives up trying to sleep and with a shout of frustration takes out some paper and an envelope.

He also has a pair of rubber gloves which he slips on.

He begins to write.

WE HAVE ASKED YOU NICELY IN THE PAST.

YOU THOUGHTLESSLY DISRUPT THE LIVES OF MANY.

A MAN IN YOUR LINE OF WORK SHOULD BE MORE DISCREET.

WE VERY MUCH WISH NOT TO TAKE THIS TO THE NEXT LEVEL.

He rereads it, folds it carefully and starts to address the envelope.

DRUMMER BOY

He considers the address for a moment.

EXT. RASKOLNIKOV'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY.

Hat pulled down over his eyes, RASKOLNIKOV walks around the corner.

EXT. DRUMMER'S BUILDING - CONTINUOUS.

RASKOLNIKOV boldly pushes the buzzer of the apartment in question.

Some PEOPLE exit the building and he slips in.

INT. DRUMMER'S BUILDING. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS.

He runs up the stairs.

INT. DRUMMER'S BUILDING. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT -
CONTINUOUS.

RASKOLNIKOV stands there listening to the deafening flailing
from within, the noise consuming him, feeding his rage.

He slips the letter under the door.

The drumming stops.

RASKOLNIKOV, startled by the sudden silence, looks nervously
around.

He backs away from the door.

The drumming starts again.

He turns and quickly heads down the hall.

Two OLDER BLACK WOMEN enter the hall carrying a few bottles
of water.

Older BLACK WOMAN# 1
He at it again?

OLDER BLACK WOMAN # 2
Everyday.

OLDER BLACK WOMAN# 1
(shaking her head
resignedly)
Somebody should kill that
motherfucker.

He stops and turns and thinks about what they just said.

INT. RASKOLNIKOV'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

He stands in front of a mirror wearing a jacket and cap with
a labeled, taped up bundle under his arm.

RASKOLNIKOV
Delivery...

INT. RASKOLNIKOV'S APARTMENT - DAY.

A feverish RASKOLNIKOV tosses and turns ...

BEGIN DREAM:

INT. DRUMMER'S APARTMENT - DAY.

RASKOLNIKOV is on top of the DRUMMER, beating him furiously.

He sees a drum stick, breaks it in half over the guys head.

He uses the two broken halves of the stick to stab DRUMMER BOY in the neck over and over again, the gushing blood shooting up into his own, contorted face...

END DREAM:

INT. RASKOLNIKOV'S APARTMENT - DAY.

A sweat-soaked RASKOLNIKOV wakes up.

He checks the time on a watch next to the bed.

RASKOLNIKOV

Shit.

He jumps out of bed and dresses.

He gets the jacket, hat and box he laid out and puts it on.

He grabs a baseball bat from the corner and leaves.

EXT. RASKOLNIKOV'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS.

He steps out into a rainstorm, and stares up at the sky.

He makes a run through the rain, and ducks down an alley to take the short cut to the DRUMMER'S building.

EXT. ALLEY OUTSIDE OF CHINESE RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS.

He passes the back kitchen door of a Chinese restaurant.

It's open and he sees a COOK standing at a prep table cutting up chickens with a huge MEAT CLEAVER.

Whack.

Whack.

Whack.

Someone calls for the cook in Mandarin from somewhere in the kitchen.

We hear the sound of the baseball bat falling on the ground as RASKOLNIKOV gets an idea.

EXT. DRUMMER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS.

RASKOLNIKOV adjusts his new weapon inside a large tear in the lining of his jacket.

He slowly makes his way up the front steps.

He pushes all the buttons. Voices begin to squawk out from the intercom.

VOICES

Who is it?...Whattaya want?...Who's that?...

RASKOLNIKOV

(lowering voice)

Yo it's me.

Somebody buzzes the door open. He slips in.

INT. DRUMMER'S BUILDING. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS.

Nervous, but ever more determined, RASKOLNIKOV puts on a pair of rubber gloves and knocks on the door.

There is no drumming now. RASKOLNIKOV double-checks the apartment number.

The door flies open.

DRUMMER BOY stands there, looking the same as NATASHA and ANYA found him.

DRUMMER BOY

Yeah?

RASKOLNIKOV

Sign for delivery.

DRUMMER BOY

I didn't order anything.

RASKOLNIKOV

That's funny.

DRUMMER BOY

Bye.

RASKOLNIKOV
Maybe it's new drumsticks.

Beat. DRUMMER BOY tries to slam the door in his face.

RASKOLNIKOV shoves his way in. He tries to pull the cleaver out of the coat.

It gets caught on the lining for a second, they both are grabbing at the handle.

RASKOLNIKOV gets it free and swings it wildly, hacking at DRUMMER BOY'S wrist.

DRUMMER BOY screams and holds the wound, backing away.

RASK is on him, burying the cleaver in his victim's head.

DRUMMER BOY is moaning and swaying and bleeding everywhere.

RASKOLNIKOV keeps thinking he is just going to drop dead already. But he doesn't. This isn't as easy as he imagined.

RASKOLNIKOV swings the cleaver at DRUMMER BOY'S throat slicing open his wind pipe and severing both arteries.

DRUMMER BOY falls into a rapidly widening puddle of blood on the floor.

Not wasting a moment, RASKOLNIKOV runs into the kitchen.

INT. DRUMMER'S APARTMENT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS.

He goes right for the freezer, digs out the canister with the money in it, stuffs the whole thing in his coat.

Thinking about it, he finds the pills and other stash, and grabs those too.

He leaves the kitchen.

INT. DRUMMER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS.

RASKOLNIKOV is walking out of the living room.

He didn't notice the sound of the shower running until it stopped.

He freezes.

VOICE (O.S.)
Baby, who was that?

RASKOLNIKOV looks around, sees that the front door to the apartment is still open!

He rushes to close it.

VOICE

Baby?

RASKOLNIKOV turns and is suddenly face to face with ANNA, the woman he saw before with the BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

Wearing nothing but a towel wrapped around her, she doesn't seem too surprised to see a stranger standing in her living room.

ANNA

Oh, hi...

Startled out of his wits, RASKOLNIKOV swings the cleaver viciously before he even knows what he is doing.

ANYA falls in a heap next to DRUMMER BOY, clearly dead.

Out of breath and half out of his mind, RASKOLNIKOV stands disbelieving over what he has done.

There is a knock at the door.

Wide-eyed, he stares.

They knock again.

He hides next to the door trying not to make a sound. He can hear people outside.

EXT. HALL OUTSIDE DRUMMER BOY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS.

Standing outside the apartment is a big burly man, PYTOR the SUPER. With him is a small, FEMALE COP.

PYTOR THE SUPER

Alexie.

(knock, knock, knock)

You are in there, I know. I have police with me. They want to serve you a summons about the noise. Okay, I warned you. You have to take it.

FEMALE COP

Alexie Standrowicz, I am here to serve you with a warrant to appear before a judge and answer for the repeated noise complaints...

PYTOR THE SUPER

Alexie, now be a good boychik and let the nice lady in.

INT. DRUMMER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS.

Silence. RASKOLNIKOV having a heart attack on the other side of the door, listening to their voices.

FEMALE COP (O.S.)

Open up, please...

PYTOR THE SUPER (O.S.)

I have key. But I have to go get it.

FEMALE COP (O.S.)

We can't just let ourselves in.

PYTOR THE SUPER (O.S.)

You going to call a judge or what?

Silence as they go away.

RASKOLNIKOV slowly opens the door and slips out, closing the door behind him.

That's when he notices his gloves are bloody. He takes them off and shoves them in his back pocket.

He runs for the staircase.

He makes it down two flights of stairs when he hears them coming back up.

He looks for a place to hide, hears salsa music - and sees an apartment door ajar.

RASKOLNIKOV opens it. It's being renovated -

They're coming! He slips inside the gutted apartment and hides, pressed up against a ragged, half-demolished wall.

INT. APARTMENT UNDER RENOVATION - CONTINUOUS.

Whoever is working in the apartment must be in a distant room.

PYTOR and the FEMALE COP walk by in the hall.

A PAINTER in overalls carries a ladder into the next room, his back to RASKOLNIKOV-

RASK freezes - but the PAINTER goes around the corner again and is out of sight.

RASKOLNIKOV slips off the half-demolished wall, and out the apartment door. But as he does so, one of his bloody gloves catches on a nail and hangs on the wall.

INT. DRUMMER'S BUILDING. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS.

PYTOR and the FEMALE COP are a little confused to see the door ajar upon their return.

They exchange a glance, and PYTOR taps the door open with his foot.

They stare in shock at the carnage on the floor.

The FEMALE COP fumbles for her gun and her radio at the same time, as they back away from the door.

FEMALE COP
(calling on radio)
We have a situation...

EXT. DRUMMER'S BUILDING - CONTINUOUS.

RASKOLNIKOV rushes out into a torrential downpour. At first he runs for it. But then, as if washing away his sins - and any evidence - he slows, takes off his cap and lets the water soak him to the skin.

INT. RASKOLNIKOV'S APARTMENT - DAY.

He stumbles in, completely drenched, locking the door behind him. He takes the cleaver out of his pocket and slides it under the bed.

Shaking with cold and fever, RASK peels off his wet coat. He digs the huge roll of cash out, and hides it under his mattress - then does the same with the zip-lock bag of pills.

Sick, shivering and coughing, he strips off the rest of his clothes and wraps a blanket around himself.

He sees the bottle of vodka that NATASHA left, grabs it and takes a huge swig.

RASKOLNIKOV gasps, coughs, recovers and a moment later, falls asleep just like that.

INT. RASKOLNIKOV'S APARTMENT - DAY.

RASKOLNIKOV still passed out on the bed.

There is a knock on the door. He stirs.

Then, a voice.

ZUMA (O.S.)

Yo, Skol... You in there? Open up...

RASKOLNIKOV sits up. More knocks.

RASKOLNIKOV

Zuma?

ZUMA

Yeah, man.

RASKOLNIKOV

Oh, hold on a second.

He wraps the blanket around himself.

He opens the door.

ZUMA is a handsome black guy about the same age as RASKOLNIKOV. He is dressed a little nicer than most of the people we have met so far, but there is definitely an air of the street about him.

Zuma

Yo man, can I come in? What the hell's wrong with you?

RASKOLNIKOV

I been sick.

Zuma

Looks like it..

He lets him in.

ZUMA heads for the bed. RASKOLNIKOV suddenly remembers the day before.

ZUMA
What's this?

Jumping in front of him...

RASKOLNIKOV
What!?

ZUMA
You're wasting good vodka over here.

RASKOLNIKOV
I got it. I'll get it... Just leave it.
(He gets more nervous by the second.)
What - what's up?

ZUMA
Nothing. Just stopping by, wanted to see if you had dinner yet.

RASKOLNIKOV
Dinner?

ZUMA
Yeah. I thought you was gonna be at the Rising thing today.

RASKOLNIKOV
That's today?

ZUMA
It was.

RASKOLNIKOV
What time is it?

ZUMA
It's five.

RASKOLNIKOV realizes he has slept for almost twenty-four hours.

RASKOLNIKOV
In the afternoon?

ZUMA
 Yo man, you missed it.
 (goes to the window, looks
 out)
 Shit got ugly.

CUT TO:

EXT. A POWER PLANT - DAY.

ZUMA (V.O.)
 As usual everybody was being real
 peaceful, and as usual the cops
 turned up to protect the money.

Zuma and a crowd of protesters are around the gated entrance
 of the power plant.

COPS have already started breaking up the demonstration.
 Fights break out.

A young GIRL is being manhandled by a COP. Zuma tries to help
 her up. The cop pushes Zuma and jabs him hard in the ribs
 with his night stick.

ZUMA
 Then I got a little carried away,
 and stood up for my rights.

ZUMA hauls off and punches the cop.

Shocked at what he's done, he runs for it. The COPS take off
 after him.

INT. RASKOLNIKOV'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS.

ZUMA
 But anyway, it's nothing.

RASKOLNIKOV
 What do you mean?

ZUMA
 It's nothin'. I mean it's nothin'.
 So you want to eat or what?

A sudden pounding at the door.

POLICE (O.S.)
 Police.

RASKOLNIKOV looks like he might faint.

NATASHA can be heard.

NATASHA (O.S.)
Skol - I'm sorry.

POLICE (O.S.)
Just open the door, please.

RASKOLNIKOV and ZUMA look at each other.

ZUMA
I thought I lost them.

RASKOLNIKOV
Open it.

NATASHA pours in with two cops - one of them the cop ZUMA punched at the protest.

NATASHA
I told them you were alone in here
but they said they followed a guy
who looked like...
(seeing ZUMA)
That cute friend of yours.

The PUNCHED COP heads right for ZUMA who pretty much submits, and starts to cuff him. He twists his arms around behind him, until ZUMA squeals in pain.

PUNCHED COP
Mothafucker.

POLICE OFFICER
You have the right to remain
silent...

PUNCHED COP
You fuckin' go an' punch a cop?

POLICE OFFICER
Anything you say can and will be
used against you in a court of law.
You have the right to an
attorney...

PUNCHED COP
(to RASK)
Who are you?

ZUMA
Yo man, he didn't do nothing. I
just came here to visit him. He's
sick.

RASKOLNIKOV
I've been here all day.

POLICE OFFICER
Do you understand these rights?

ZUMA
Yes. Skolly, I got to post bail,
man.

NATASHA
He doesn't have any money.

ZUMA
Shit, man - Skol.. !

The cops leave, taking one more look around while RASKOLNIKOV stands frozen, the knife he used to murder two people just by his feet...

NATASHA
He is cute.

His phone vibrating distracts him. He reads a text. Looks worried.

NATASHA
Who's that?

RASKOLNIKOV
My sister...

NATASHA
You have a sister?

RASKOLNIKOV
Fuck off dude, I have to go.

NATASHA
Don't you have to bail out Cute
Boy?

Silence.

NATASHA leaves and closes the door.

RASKOLNIKOV scurries under the bed for the bag of money. He pulls out some of the bills.

Has a few hundreds in his hand - thinks about it, and fishes for some twenties.

He runs out the door with them.

EXT. THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DAY.

The roadway is a lot closer to the water than it used to be.

RASKOLNIKOV is about halfway across amongst the many other walkers.

A pretty young woman is walking toward him. There is something fragile about her, though it looks like she's had a long night.

This is RASKOLNIKOV'S sister JULIA. She is about 25.

As they approach each other, it is easy to sense immediately that they have a close bond.

JULIA

One more storm and this is gonna be
the new Brooklyn Tunnel.

RASKOLNIKOV

What happened to you?

She gives in to the tears she was holding back.

JULIA

I've been walking around all
morning. I don't know what to tell
Mom...

RASKOLNIKOV

What happened?

JULIA

I got fired from my job last night.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT.

Outside an unassuming building, the usual limos, velvet ropes and lines of Beautiful People.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - SAME.

JULIA narrates.

Music pulses.

JULIA, in a too-small dress, pushes skillfully through a hoard of super-rich douche-bags.

Julia (V.O.)
 We were crazy as usual, and I had
 the biggest section as always,
 because Susie sucks...

SUSIE - all six feet of her - has to hold the bottle and glasses with one hand and the tray with the other as she carefully navigates the crowd.

Find: VIDAL. He is one of the managers. Handsome Latino in his late 20s. He hangs back and watches everything.

JULIA (V.O.)
 I had this super VIP table that
 Vidal was up my ass about all
 night.

JULIA has made it to a small table with three Middle Eastern men. Too young to be as rich as they are with the drunken swagger of the entitled.

Throughout, Julia drops off the bottle and pours them drinks.

JULIA (V.O.)
 This guy Tarek and his friend,
 Faruk. They rented the whole place
 out for his birthday last year.
 They spent a hundred grand. They
 hired strippers - It was
 disgusting. I think they were on
 drugs - then they got mad grabby
 and abusive.

As she is serving them, they peer down her dress, and try to touch her. A third guy, older and fatter - HAMID - tries to pull her on his lap. She good naturedly tries to elude them.

She looks pleadingly at VIDAL, who she knows is watching all of this.

FINALLY, she stomps over to VIDAL.

JULIA
 Dude, what the hell?

Vidal
 Don't worry about it.

JULIA
 They're not supposed to touch us.

VIDAL
 You know they're PPX. What do you
 want to do?

JULIA

I thought we were friends. You don't have my back at all.

VIDAL

They booked a hostess room and they want you, you know.

Pissed, she storms off.

RASKOLNIKOV (V.O.)

Hostess room?

JULIA (V.O.)

They're a thing in Tokyo. These guys pay huge for a private room and we have to sit in there with them and act like we're their dates. There's not supposed to be any sex but a lot of the girls...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS.

RASKOLNIKOV

They make you do that?

JULIA

It's kind of unspoken that we have to. We're just supposed to talk and make them feel like big men. There's guys right outside.

RASKOLNIKOV

They can see you on the cameras?

JULIA

There's no cameras in the hostess rooms.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. NIGHTCLUB. HOSTESS ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

Small, dark and a little tacky. There are couches, low tables and a TV silently showing a soccer match. One side has a wet bar, where bottles of champagne are jammed into buckets of ice.

Shit has gotten ugly.

JULIA is pushing TAREK away from her. FARUK is laughing and reacting. HAMID seems to hardly notice as he clicks around on the TV.

Hamid
Come on honey, I'll buy you an
apartment. Suck the guy's dick
already.

FARUK has snuck up behind her. He wraps an arm around her breasts, and grabs her crotch with his other hand.

She pushes off a coffee table and they both go flying back into the bar. Glasses fall over and break.

The stem of a broken martini glass ends up in her hand. She flails – and gives FARUK a good cut on the face.

He lets go of her as he grabs at his wound.

FARUK
Shit.

JULIA
Leave me alone!

INT. NIGHTCLUB. OUTSIDE THE HOSTESS ROOM – CONTINUOUS.

A BOUNCER looks at the door uncertainly.

INT. NIGHTCLUB. HOSTESS ROOM – CONTINUOUS.

Full of blood lust, JULIA charges TAREK with her sharp little glass weapon.

JULIA
Don't you touch me!

She lunges at him, she cuts his hand, he grabs her.

JULIA
Security!

Finally security rushes in.

TAREK releases her.

TAREK
This fucking bitch attacked us. I
want to see a manager. NOW!

INT. NIGHTCLUB. MANAGERS OFFICE - LATER.

Vidal sits in a desk chair looking sincerely sad. A tear streaked JULIA sits near him.

JULIA (V.O.)

Tarek had called the owner before Vidal even got there. There was nothing anyone could do. Those guys spend half a million dollars a year in the place. None of us knew it, but he's a son of some oil tycoon. Totally fuckin' untouchable.

Julia rises and pulls the string of a small purse over her shoulder.

They hug in silence for a second.

JULIA (V.O.)

I was fired right there.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS.

Her story over, she looks up at her big brother.

JULIA

I'm sorry.

RASKOLNIKOV

Do you want me to go talk to this Vidal guy?

JULIA

No, there's nothing anyone can do. Mama's gonna be so worried. I know you were counting on my help, too -

RASKOLNIKOV

My baby sister doesn't support me.

JULIA

I make a lot of money. You didn't get that teaching job and you've been sick.

RASKOLNIKOV

You worry about Mama, I'll worry about myself. Go home. Go find another job, don't tell Mama.

JULIA

Okay.

RASKOLNIKOV

Do you need some money?

JULIA

You don't have any. They let me keep my tips from last night. I should go.

RASKOLNIKOV

Okay.

JULIA

Thanks...

She starts to wander away.

RASKOLNIKOV

(He grabs her by the arms almost desperately.)

You did the right thing. They're not even from here. Someone ever attacks you like that I'll fucken kill him.

He lets her go.

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY.

The precinct is on a flooded street. A makeshift dock/walkway leads from the far side of the block to the front door.

Pontoon boats ferry cops and others too and fro.

RASKOLNIKOV crosses the bridge to the precinct.

As he does, he passes the BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS.

RASKOLNIKOV approaches the front desk. The DESK COP doesn't look up.

RASKOLNIKOV

I'm here to post bail for -

Desk cop

Protester? Down the hall.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS.

Making his way down the hallway crowded with cops, lawyers and so on, RASK passes two patrolmen.

PATROLMAN

By the time the super gets back,
the guy is hacked to pieces...

RASKOLNIKOV slows, tries to look lost and listens. He takes out a cell phone, and pretends to check it.

SECOND PATROLMAN

The girl too?

PATROLMAN

They say he used an ax or some
shit.

SECOND PATROLMAN

That guy had it coming.

PATROLMAN

He was moving pills for somebody
big.

SECOND PATROLMAN

Who?

PATROLMAN

We never found out. We were
watching him. How somebody slipped
in there and whacked him I don't
know...

(notices RASKOLNIKOV)

Can I help you?

RASKOLNIKOV

What? No. I'm here to bail somebody
out.

PATROLMAN

Down there. You have to have cash
or money order.

RASKOLNIKOV

Cash.

PATROLMAN

Well go then.

RASK scurries off.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - BAIL POSTING ROOM.

RASKOLNIKOV walks up to the make shift table, behind which an older woman with clipboards and stacks of papers, and all other manner of bureaucracy sits.

RASKOLNIKOV
I'm here to bail out Zuma Little.

He starts to cough.

While he coughs, she checks her papers.

His coughing catches the attention of a plain clothes detective - a middle-aged black woman, DETECTIVE GORDON.

GORDON
Hey man, you alright, there?

RASKOLNIKOV
Yeah. Yeah, I'm fine.

GORDON
Well, you don't sound fine.

RASKOLNIKOV
I'm just fighting something.

GORDON
Step over here for a minute.

RASKOLNIKOV
I really just want to bail out my friend and get out of here.

GORDON
You weren't all caught up in that business at the power plant, were you?

RASKOLNIKOV
No, sir. Ma'am.

GORDON
Listen up. Have that looked at. With all this standing water and dankness - there's some kind of mold-spore shit going around that's evolving by the hour.

RASKOLNIKOV
I'm fine, really.

GORDON
Here, take my card anyway.
(reaches in pocket.)
You don't mind if I don't shake
your hand.

RASKOLNIKOV
Not at all.
(looks card)
Detective Gordon. *Homicide?*

GORDON
That's right.

LADY AT TABLE
Sir... Excuse me...

GORDON
Better go.

RASKOLNIKOV turns and leaves.

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - LATER.

ZUMA rushes to keep up with RASKOLNIKOV, who is walking very fast.

ZUMA
That was some third-world shit in
there, let me tell you. Weren't for
that sister who rode herd on them,
I don't know what they woulda done
to me. Where'd you get the money
that fast?

RASKOLNIKOV stops, grabs the railing of the dock and throws
up into the water.

Zuma
You all right?

RASKOLNIKOV practically passes out into his friend's arms.

INT. RASKOLNIKOV'S APARTMENT - NIGHT.

RASKOLNIKOV is asleep on his bed.

He wakes with a start.

He hears JULIA'S voice.

JULIA
He's awake!

More confused than ever, RASKOLNIKOV sits up and looks around.

JULIA, ZUMA, and VIDAL (who he doesn't know,) are seated and standing around his room.

ZUMA
He's alive!

RASKOLNIKOV
Hmm?

JULIA
Thank God!

RASKOLNIKOV
What?

JULIA
It must be what the doctor gave him.

RASKOLNIKOV
Doctor?

JULIA
You've been practically unconscious for two days. We were worried, big brother.

RASKOLNIKOV
Days!?

ZUMA
Remember? I lost you right outside the police station.

RASKOLNIKOV
(Considers VIDAL)
Who's he?

JULIA
This is Vidal - my friend from the night club.

VIDAL
How you doing? Glad to see you're feeling better.

RASKOLNIKOV
What time is it?

ZUMA

You've been talking all kinds of
mad shit -

RASKOLNIKOV

What do you mean? What did I say?
(He remembers the weapon
under his bed, the money
and pills under his
mattress.)

ZUMA

Cracker gibberish.

JULIA

Don't listen to him.

RASKOLNIKOV

Why are you all here?

ZUMA

We been worried about you, bro.

RASKOLNIKOV

Well, I'm fine. You can go.
Everybody can go.
(He holds the crook of his
arm - it is sore.)

JULIA

The doctor gave you a shot. He
thinks you had this mold sickness
that's been going around.

RASKOLNIKOV

(his eyes stop on VIDAL)
I'm sorry, but why are you here?

JULIA

Skol, be nice...

ZUMA

Yo, man. I'm glad you're better.
But if you guys got this. I gotta
run.

(to RASKOLNIKOV)

Get your strength back. There's
gonna be a sit-in in a few days and
we need lots of bodies. You comin'?

RASKOLNIKOV

I don't know.

ZUMA

You comin'!

(turns to others.)

Bye, team...! We got him back. What did I tell you?

He steals an extra glance at JULIA.

Awkward silence as RASKOLNIKOV gets up and stretches.

JULIA

I know you just woke up, but something's come up and I need to talk to you about it and you've been-

RASKOLNIKOV

What is it?

JULIA

You know he's one of the managers of the club... and, well -

VIDAL

My work visa expired and I can't get it renewed because I was getting paid off the books. But the company - everything has to be above board now...

RASKOLNIKOV

This the guy who made you go in that room? And get almost raped?

VIDAL

Hold on.

RASKOLNIKOV

And then fired you so some billionaires -

JULIA

He doesn't make the rules anymore than I do! Vidal has made a very generous offer and I'm thinking of accepting it.

RASKOLNIKOV

(sees where this is going)

No...

JULIA

Just hear me out.

RASKOLNIKOV

Vidal. Would you leave us alone for a minute?

(VIDAL starts to leave)

Don't stand in the hall. Go outside. She'll meet up with you later.

After a look around, VIDAL does as he is told. RASKOLNIKOV looks out the door and watches him go down the hall.

He turns.

JULIA

Seventy-five thousand dollars.

RASKOLNIKOV

Where'd he get it?

JULIA

He does well and he saves his money.

RASKOLNIKOV

You would marry this guy..?

JULIA

People do it all the time. We wouldn't really be -

RASKOLNIKOV

I know how it works! The answer is no!

JULIA

What about Mom? Who's going to take care of her?

RASKOLNIKOV

I got some money. I got a job. I got paid for a writing thing.

JULIA

How much is that?

RASKOLNIKOV

Well, it isn't seventy-five thousand, I'm sorry. No one wants to marry me!

JULIA

Why do you have to be so angry?

RASKOLNIKOV

Cause it's a stupid idea! Guys like him use people like us! And you know what happens? He knows a guy who knows a guy, and you go to jail and he ends up just fine!

JULIA

What are you talking about!?

RASKOLNIKOV

I can take care of my family!

JULIA

Yeah, you look like you're doing great!

She starts to storm off.

RASKOLNIKOV

JULIA! I will never speak to you again.

She turns defiantly and storms out.

Once he is sure she is gone, he springs into action.

EXT. RASKOLNIKOV'S APARTMENT - NIGHT.

Dressed in a long coat, RASKOLNIKOV walks with great purpose around the block.

EXT. ALLEY OUTSIDE OF CHINESE RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS.

RASK loiters outside the back kitchen door.

He slowly pulls out the cleaver.

He looks into the kitchen. There is one guy far away with his back to him.

RASK quietly leans the cleaver against the doorway and slips away.

EXT. BRIGHTON BEACH STREET - NIGHT.

The bag he is carrying has his jacket from the day of the murder.

He passes over a small bridge and, without breaking stride, he drops the bundle into the water.

EXT. CONEY ISLAND. NEAR THE BOARDWALK - NIGHT.

He slips along the boarded-up, storm-ravaged neighborhood.

A metal ladder on the side of a building catches his attention.

He glances around and tests its strength.

He starts to climb.

EXT. TRICK'S FUN HOUSE. ROOF - CONTINUOUS.

On top of the closed attraction, RASKOLNIKOV has plenty of hiding places to choose from.

The top of a vent comes off easily enough. With one last look around, he stashes a bag that contains the pills and most of the cash.

INT. OCEAN VIEW TAVERN - NIGHT.

It is dark and warm and decidedly Russian.

RASKOLNIKOV sits alone at the bar, looking through the menu. The bartender - a chubby older guy with a big white apron shuffles over to him.

Bartender
Something to drink?

RASKOLNIKOV
Vodka.

BARTENDER
Ice?

RASKOLNIKOV
No.

BARTENDER
(regarding the menu)
Try the pelmeni.

RASKOLNIKOV
Sounds good.

Closes the menu, hands it to him.

From out of nowhere:

MARMELADOV

Put it on my tab!

RASKOLNIKOV turns to see a red-faced, drunk man with sad eyes saunter over to him.

BARTENDER

You don't have tab. You got no money.

MARMELADOV

And we'll all be dead when the next one hits. Isn't that right, buddy?

RASKOLNIKOV

That's what they said about the last one.

MARMELADOV

And here we all are.

BARTENDER

Food will be right out.
(to MARMELADOV)
Leave this guy alone.

RASKOLNIKOV

(RASK looks over his companion.)
Get him one on me.

CUT TO:

Later -

The dumplings are gone, as are a couple more rounds.

MARMELADOV and RASKOLNIKOV hunker over their drinks.

RASKOLNIKOV

It was down to just three of us, and I had the best resume, my thesis "exhibited the most promising scholarship," they said. But the university decided to "go another way."

MARMELADOV

It's 'cause you're white. These places all have quotas to fill.
(RASK shakes his head.)
Was it a woman?

RASKOLNIKOV
 (Takes out phone. Shows him
 a blog.)
 It was because of this...

MARMELADOV
 (reads)
 'Notes from the Underground?'

RASKOLNIKOV
 It's my blog.

MARMELADOV
 What do you write about?

RASKOLNIKOV
 How the university raises tuition
 to gamble in real estate, and build
 sports stadiums.

RASK hesitates seems to be confessing -

RASKOLNIKOV
 How it fires scholars, who are
 forced to live in squalor,
 Surrounded by whores and junkies.

MARMELADOV is drunker than most people can get and still be
 awake.

MARMELADOV
 You think you got fucked? I got
fucked! I got a wife and four kids.
 Three with Katrina and then my baby
 - my little Sonia. She was born
 just as the sun came up. She's
 twenty-three now. Or twenty-four.
 My wife is an evil, venomous bitch.

RASKOLNIKOV
 What happened?

MARMELADOV
 Fucking assholes fucked me over.
 Who fires a man after all of this?
 With four kids and a blood-sucking
 wife skull dragon...

RASKOLNIKOV
 Skull dragon?

MARMELADOV
 What am I gonna tell her?

RASKOLNIKOV
Your wife doesn't know?

MARMELADOV
(suddenly emotional)
We got nothing saved up. Sonia has
been lending us money. I can't tell
her. I don't know what I'm gonna
do...

RASKOLNIKOV signals the bartender for the bill.

INT. MARMELADOV'S BUILDING - NIGHT.

RASKOLNIKOV helps the drunk MARMELADOV up the stairs.

INT. MARMELADOV'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS.

The strange pair stumble in the front door and into a hallway
next to a kitchen.

KATRINA (O.S.)
Is that you?

RASKOLNIKOV
Hello?

KATRINA, younger than one might expect, fragile looking in a
dirty bathrobe, comes out of the kitchen with a cigarette in
her mouth.

She doesn't seem to even notice RASKOLNIKOV.

KATRINA
Kelly already called me and told me
the whole story.

RASKOLNIKOV
He's very upset, he's -

KATRINA
Who the fuck are you? Did he tell
you he didn't come home last night?
After getting fired from the post
office? How do you get fired from
the post office!?
(he is about to respond)
Where were you? Afraid to tell your
wife you're a fuck-up? Go off and
get drunk for two days while the
rest of us are here with nothing to
eat?!

MARMELADOV

There's not supposed to be cameras
in that room.

KATRINA slaps him so hard even she can't believe it.

She decides to tell RASKOLNIKOV the whole story.

KATRINA

He shows up drunk to work all the
time but the union protects him.
But not this time. Tell him what
you did.

MARMELADOV

The union fucked me.

KATRINA

He lost a whole bag of priority
mail. It was in the wrong pile for
days and then when he finds it, he
shreds it to cover his own ass.

MARMELADOV

There's not supposed to be cameras
in there.

KATRINA

He shredded the FUCKING MAIL!
He'll be lucky he doesn't go to
prison.

MARMELADOV stumbles into the kitchen.

MARMELADOV

I'm hungry.

KATRINA

Don't you eat my food, mister!
Don't you even think about it!

He sits, defeated.

KATRINA

Ask your whore daughter for some
money for food...

(lighting a new cigarette)

You know some smart ass put the
video online.

(off RASK'S look)

Oh, he didn't tell you? His little
angel daughter is a call-girl.

(MARMELEDOV breaks down and
cries.)

(MORE)

KATRINA (cont'd)
A high-price one, I'll give you
that.

MARMELADOV
You're evil.

KATRINA
You're a loser.

RASKOLNIKOV can watch no longer. He digs in his pocket.

RASKOLNIKOV
I should go.

He offers some bills to KATRINA who turns a haughty cheek.

He puts the money on the table next to MARMELADOV'S elbow. He
doesn't even look up.

As he leaves, RASKOLNIKOV looks down the hall and sees the
three little children - the oldest just over ten - peering
around the corner.

There on a shelf is a small, framed picture of the BEAUTIFUL
WOMAN he keeps seeing on the streets. RASK doesn't notice it.

He let's himself out.

EXT. A RUSSIAN COFFEE SHOP - DAY.

It is a sunny morning. A cheerful looking shop on a dry
street, with signs promising pastry and coffee, and samovars
of tea.

INT. A RUSSIAN COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS.

It is bustling and cozy.

A bell on the door jingles and RASKOLNIKOV enters.

He looks refreshed and is wearing all new clothes. Right down
to a new pair of sneakers. He might have even gotten a hair
cut.

He looks around and sits at the counter and a WAITRESS
appears in front of him.

RASKOLNIKOV
Coffee, please ... and rye toast.

The WAITRESS leaves.

He looks down the counter and there is a uniformed COP eating a pastry and slurping his coffee.

RASK considers him for a minute. His coffee arrives.

He takes his coffee and slides down the counter until he is next to the cop. OFFICER PARKS is young, chiseled and buff. He wears the sleeves of his uniform a little short and tight, to show off his arms and the tattoos on them.

RASKOLNIKOV

You mind?

PARKS

No.

RASKOLNIKOV

I got to ask - don't you feel - I mean cop in a donut shop. I mean, am I right?

PARKS

Got to eat.

RASKOLNIKOV

I'll bet not a lot of people just talk to cops.

PARKS

What?

RASKOLNIKOV

I mean - and maybe you can set me straight on this - I would guess that most people don't talk to a cop in uniform. Like they avoid you.

PARKS

Why would you think that?

RASKOLNIKOV

Because they got a guilty conscience.

PARKS smiles, wipes his mouth. He's one of those friendly, born-'n'-raised-in-New York cops. Probably has a sister named Angie.

PARKS

Probably they do. Probably they do. Nah, most people just treat you like whatever, ya know what I mean?

(MORE)

PARKS (cont'd)
Other people go out of their way to
not-give-a-fuck. But some people
get a little kiss-assey.

Pause. RASK'S food arrives. He takes a huge bite. Savors it.

PARKS
Good?

RASKOLNIKOV
I was hungry.
(pause.)
A guy got killed in the building
right next door to mine.

PARKS
Oh?

RASKOLNIKOV
It was two people. It was a - it
was the guy - and his - a girl. I
guess his girlfriend. You probably
heard about it.

PARKS
Oh, the double homicide over on
Surf Avenue!

RASKOLNIKOV
Yeah, that's the one.

PARKS
Got to be careful these days. All
the power outages and looting. It's
dangerous for the average citizen.

RASKOLNIKOV
I heard this guy was no average
citizen.

PARKS
Mmm?

RASKOLNIKOV
I mean he was in - he was a - he
had it coming.

PARKS
I heard they got a guy in custody.

RASKOLNIKOV
What?

PARKS

Some day laborers in the building.

RASKOLNIKOV

The guy was a drug dealer. Everyone in the neighborhood knew that. Did they steal his money?

PARKS

I don't really know that much -

RASKOLNIKOV

Some guy painting an apartment downstairs is not going to just kill and rob a drug dealer and his girlfriend.

PARKS

(finishes his coffee)

Were they painters? I don't know.

RASKOLNIKOV

Oh, I don't know either. Whoever it was I hope they took all his money. I hope they went out and bought some nice new clothes and hid all the rest. I hope they sneak up on top of one of those closed-up funhouses over on Coney and hide it under a vent, where no one will ever think to look.

(Pause. They stare at each other for a long time.)

And only take as much as he needs, so no one will ever know. Anyway, that's what I'd do.

(He pulls out a lot of cash.)

Let me get your breakfast.

PARKS

No, really.

RASKOLNIKOV

I insist.

He plunks down the money on the counter.

RASKOLNIKOV

See you around, officer.

He turns and starts to walk away. PARKS sees something sticking out of his collar.

PARKS

Wait...

PARKS stands and rips out of his collar - a PRICE TAG.

RASK turns and sees PARKS holding it up for him to see.

PARKS

Tag.

RASKOLNIKOV

I hate that.

PARKS

Fuggedaboutit.

EXT. A WAREHOUSE IN BRIGHTON BEACH - DAY.

The building has probably been out of use for years.

A town car with blacked out windows is parked outside.

A graffiti covered, windowless metal door creaks open, and out pours TAREK, FARUK and HAMID and behind them, looking a little uncomfortable, VIDAL.

They all they nod, and look up and down the street.

FARUK

It's good.

TAREK

It's fucking great.

FARUK

New York is still New York, you're not hiding in the middle of the desert here.

HAMID

It's fine. Nobody gonna fuck with you out here.

TAREK

Vidal, thank you for showing us around out here.

TAREK

How about we get you something to eat, ha?

VIDAL

No, thanks.

HAMID

Something to drink at least. We
need a fucking drink at least.

VIDAL

As long as you're dropping me off -

TAREK

That's more like it.

FARUK

All right, let's get out of here.

EXT. DRUMMER'S BUILDING - DAY.

RASKOLNIKOV loiters across the street.

Parked outside is a van marked "NY-BIO Crime Scene Clean-up."

A few workers enter and exit, carrying carpets and doors out,
and carrying wet-vacs and other cleaning equipment in.

INT. DRUMMER'S BUILDING. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT -
CONTINUOUS.

RASKOLNIKOV hangs around uncertainly, peering into the
apartment.

He watches with interest as the huge pool of dried blood is
mopped up into a pink, soapy foam.

One of the cleaning crew passes by him on the way in.

CLEANER

Excuse me...

RASKOLNIKOV

Sorry.

The CLEANER stops and turns. You can tell he's the boss.

CLEANER

You know you probably shouldn't be
here.

RASKOLNIKOV

That's not the first time I've
stood here and said that to myself!

CLEANER

What?

RASKOLNIKOV
I used to live in the building.
What happened here?

CLEANER
This is a crime scene.

RASKOLNIKOV
Is that blood?

CLEANER
You're going to have to excuse me.

RASKOLNIKOV
Was it drugs?

CLEANER
I don't know.

RASKOLNIKOV
Do you think they're gonna catch
'em?

CLEANER
There's a cop inside if you have
any questions.

RASKOLNIKOV
Oh, no, no, no. I'm just an average
citizen. Hey - you ever wonder ...

CLEANER
What?

RASKOLNIKOV
Do you wonder how they died?

CLEANER
We know how they died.

RASKOLNIKOV
No, I mean the last thoughts, ya
know. Were they confused -
wondering why it was happening? Or
if they fought it out to the bitter
end, like they'd been waiting for
this their whole lives?

CLEANER
Wait right here.

He ducks into the apartment.

CLEANER (O.S.)
 Yo, Frank - Frankie... Come out
 here for a second...

The CLEANER and a UNIFORMED COP appear in the hallway but RASKOLNIKOV is gone.

EXT. DRUMMER'S BUILDING - CONTINUOUS.

RASKOLNIKOV walks briskly down the street pushing people out of the way, mumbling to himself.

RASKOLNIKOV
 They don't know. They don't know.
 They're all so stupid. I walk right
 up to them and they still don't see
 me. They all deserve each other all
 these fuckin' sheep...

A MAN is standing at the crosswalk next to him. He lights a cigarette. RASKOLNIKOV watches him.

RASKOLNIKOV
 Hey, could I get one of those?

The MAN scowls, sighs but holds out a cigarette. RASK takes it, looks at the man for a few seconds.

RASKOLNIKOV
 Light?

The MAN lights it as well and walks off.

RASKOLNIKOV
 Hey, thanks!

RASK puffs thoughtfully on his cigarette, deciding if this is a good new look for himself. Across the street he sees MARMELADOV.

...Who does not see RASK, and is waiting to cross the street.

The light changes and he begins to cross.

From out of nowhere, an SUV runs the light and slams into MARMELADOV who flies into the air, a cartwheeling rag doll that returns to Earth in a meaty, twisted heap.

Horrified, RASKOLNIKOV rushes to him as people react.

There is one piercing scream above the others. It's that BEAUTIFUL WOMAN he sees -

SONIA

PAPA!

She runs toward her father...

RASKOLNIKOV'S concern for MARMELADOV is diluted by his confusion at her presence.

SONIA

SOMEBODY HELP US!

RASKOLNIKOV

(to man nearby)

Call 9-1-1.

People in the background encourage each other to call an ambulance.

RASKOLNIKOV

Don't move.

MARMELADOV is somewhat conscious for now.

SONIA

Papa... I'm here.

MARMELADOV

My beautiful Sonia. What is happening to me?

SONIA

You were hit, Papa, you were in an accident.

MARMELADOV

Get Katrina.

SONIA

In a minute.

Sees RASKOLNIKOV.

MARMELADOV

It's you.

RASKOLNIKOV

Yes.

MARMELADOV

You always seem to find me at the worst times.

(looks back at his daughter)

Make peace with Katrina.

RASKOLNIKOV
Save your strength.

MARMELADOV
(grasps his hand)
Please, look after my family.

Sounds of sirens. . .

RASKOLNIKOV
Boris . . . stay with us, now.

SONIA
Daddy, hang on!!

MARMELADOV
No! Promise me!

He closes his eyes.

SONIA
Papa! PAPA!

The sound of sirens grows louder. There is nothing anyone else can do.

INT. MARMELADOV'S APARTMENT - LATER.

KATRINA, SONIA, RASKOLNIKOV the KIDS and a COP are in the kitchen.

POLICE OFFICER # 2
Who will come down and identify the body?

SONIA
We both saw him with our own two eyes, I have to go down and do what? Look upon my father's body again?

POLICE OFFICER # 2
There are official ways things have to be done at the morgue.
(to RASKOLNIKOV)
What about you?

RASKOLNIKOV
I'm - I'm not family.

KATRINA
I can go identify my own husband.

SONIA

There is no reason for you to see him like that. I -

KATRINA

Thank you anyway, Sonia. But I can see this mess of a marriage through to the end.

SONIA

He has just died in the street like a dog! And you still disrespect -

KATRINA

Fuck you, whore! I have nothing! His goddamned life insurance wasn't even paid up!

RASKOLNIKOV

Maybe I can -

KATRINA

WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO NOW?

POLICE OFFICER # 2

Ma'am, I can arrange for a social worker to stop by. There are lots of programs, children's aid and so forth -

KATRINA

Oh, go to hell. Come on let's get this over with.

She grabs a coat and the cops begins to follow her to the door.

POLICE OFFICER # 2

(to SONIA)

Sorry for your loss.

They leave.

The three children look at the two of them.

RASKOLNIKOV

I have money.

SONIA

I don't even know you. Who are you?

RASKOLNIKOV

All he talked about was you. His eyes would light up.

(MORE)

RASKOLNIKOV (cont'd)
We talked for a long time and the
only time he smiled was when he
spoke of his beautiful Sonia.

SONIA
Stop it.

RASKOLNIKOV
I wouldn't lie to you right now.
Let me help. For the kids.

He pulls out a roll of cash. He leaves five one hundred
dollar bills on the kitchen table.

SONIA
I will make sure the children get
what they need with that.

RASKOLNIKOV
I know you will.

She holds his hand. They look at each other for a moment. He
is tempted to say something more, but doesn't.

RASKOLNIKOV
I am so sorry.

He kisses her gently on the cheek.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY.

A chaotic squad room, with lots of messy desks and activity.

Detective GORDON at her desk looking over files and evidence.
She has been assigned the case of the drumming drug dealer.

Sitting on his desk is a pile of letters and the envelopes
they came in.

All similar looking, all in the same hand.

GORDON has been reading through them. She opens the last
letter Raskolnikov sent and reads it, finally aloud.

GORDON
"We very much wish not to take this
to the next level."

GORDON looks up, and waves over a passing cop. She starts
putting everything back into a folder.

GORDON
Yo Michaels - why haven't these
been checked for prints?

Michaels
I don't know, detective -

GORDON
Fix it.

MICHAELS scoops up the papers and heads off.

EXT. BROOKLYN BOROUGH HALL - DAY.

A huge mob of angry protesters is gathered outside the
borough hall. They wave their signs, and chant from behind a
barricade.

Bored looking cops pace back and forth.

RASKOLNIKOV and ZUMA are packed in amongst the crowd.

The person leading the protest stands atop an overturned
garbage can, and shouts into a megaphone.

PROTEST LEADER
Do we live in New York City?
(the crowd responds)
Do we pay taxes?
(bigger response)
So why has the city left us out
here to drown? With no power and no
fresh water? Where is the Gowanus
Levy?

SOMEONE IN CROWD
Fuckin' tourism!

OTHERS IN CROWD
Rise up! RISE UP!

PROTEST LEADER
You mean if the tourists had to
come here to Brighton Beach to see
the Christmas tree or a Broadway
show, then maybe we wouldn't have
flooded streets and mold in our
schools!?

Huge reaction.

WHOLE CROWD
RISE UP!

JULIA joins ZUMA and RASK.

RASKOLNIKOV
Lets' go. This place is gonna blow
up.

JULIA
Hey!

RASKOLNIKOV
What are you doing here?

JULIA
I told you I was coming.

ZUMA
I invited her.

RASKOLNIKOV
You what?

ZUMA
Yeah. She wants to check it out.

There is something between ZUMA and JULIA.

RASKOLNIKOV
Let's get out of here.

ZUMA
Why are you so edgy man?

JULIA
I just got here.

RASKOLNIKOV
Cause these people are full of
shit. We come here and wave our
signs and shout, and wait for
someone else to put it on line and
get pepper sprayed.

JULIA
What do you want to do?

RASKOLNIKOV
If I have an itch, I scratch it.

VIDAL appears next to them.

VIDAL
Cop back there tried to search me.

VIDAL and ZUMA shake, and VIDAL greets JULIA. He nods at an unresponsive RASKOLNIKOV.

RASKOLNIKOV gives JULIA a meaningful look, and wanders off into the crowd.

VIDAL
(to JULIA)
I have to tell you some crazy shit.

JULIA
What?

VIDAL
Your Libyan friends from that night...

JULIA
What?

VIDAL
They're really from out of Saudi Arabia. This guy got kicked out of the royal family, or some shit. He's some kind of major trafficker in poppies. Got dealers out on the street here, all over the city, running small-time shit to the junkies -

JULIA
Great. Can I have my job back now?

VIDAL
Yo, girl, you know I want that! Imma have to leave there soon anyways myself.

They all watch the protest.

JULIA waits for a chance to say something to just VIDAL.

JULIA
(tries to keep it aside.)
I need more time to think about it.

VIDAL
That's cool. I didn't say nothin'.

VIDAL sees someone in the crowd.

VIDAL
 Yo Anthony!
 (to JULIA and ZUMA.)
 I want to catch up with this guy.

JULIA
 Okay bye.

ZUMA
 Later.

VIDAL
 Don't get tazed!

He leaves them. After a moment -

ZUMA
 What was that about you needing
 more time?

JULIA
 It's - it's on the super down low.

ZUMA
 Okay...

JULIA
 He needs a green card.

ZUMA thinks.

ZUMA
 You gonna do it?

JULIA
 My brother will kill me. You think
 I should?

ZUMA
 No.

JULIA
 Why?

ZUMA
 What if you meet someone and you
 want to get serious?
 (She looks at him...)
 I'm just sayin' you never know.

JULIA
 Is that right?

EXT. A FLOODED BLOCK IN BRIGHTON BEACH - DAY.

An opportunistic Slavic looking man captains a rubber pontoon boat with an outboard motor. The flag of his country flies on a small stick.

His passengers are RASKOLNIKOV, JULIA and ZUMA.

They pull up at a makeshift dock near their block.

They climb out, ZUMA tenderly helping JULIA off the boat - RASK taking notice.

RASK pays the pilot of the boat.

RASKOLNIKOV

Keep it.

He drives off.

ZUMA

Thanks again for springing for the taxi, man.

RASKOLNIKOV

Gotta support the American entrepreneurial spirit.

JULIA

Subway's a lot cheaper.

RASKOLNIKOV

You guys practically saved my life. The least I can do.

ZUMA

I still owe you for the bail you posted. What'd you do, rob a bank?

RASKOLNIKOV

What if I did?

ZUMA

I'd say next time take me with you! Listen, I go this way. Catch you later.

(They shake. He hugs JULIA and gives her a tender but chaste peck on the cheek.)

See you soon I hope.

They watch him leave.

They turn and walk in silence.

JULIA
Mama is worried about you.

RASKOLNIKOV
I have money for you to give to her.

JULIA
Seriously, did you rob a bank or what?

RASKOLNIKOV
I got an advance on something that's going into a blog.

JULIA
That's great! Why didn't you tell me?

RASKOLNIKOV
Why don't you come over and I'll get it for you?

JULIA
You should come out to dinner and see her and give it to her then.

Pause.

RASKOLNIKOV
Don't marry that guy for money.

JULIA
I'm too much of a chicken to go through with it anyway.

RASKOLNIKOV
Besides, Zuma would be heartbroken.

Suddenly, the blushing school girl -

JULIA
Did he say anything to you?

RASKOLNIKOV
"Did he say anything to you?"

She whacks his arm, relieved to be back in her brothers good graces.

SONIA (O.S.)
Raskolnikov!

They turn to see SONIA rushing toward them.

JULIA
Who's that?

SONIA
I am so glad I found you!
(off JULIA)
Oh, excuse me...

RASKOLNIKOV
Sonia, this is my sister, Julia.

SONIA
Your sister! Nice to meet you.
(to JULIA)
Your brother is an angel!

JULIA
He's an angel?

RASKOLNIKOV
Sonia just lost her father.

JULIA
I am so sorry -

RASKOLNIKOV
- I was there when it happened.

JULIA
That is terrible! What happened?

SONIA
He was hit by a car.

JULIA
I am so sorry, I shouldn't have
asked.

SONIA
We're having a small memorial -
some people at the apartment - I
would like you to come. How did you
know Papa, anyway?

RASKOLNIKOV
Just from the neighborhood.

SONIA
(to JULIA.)
He married an evil woman who
destroyed him.
(MORE)

SONIA (cont'd)
They have three children together
and no money. Now - who knows?

JULIA
Oh -

SONIA
Without your brother's generosity -
I don't know what would come of
them.

JULIA
Really?

RASKOLNIKOV
I just helped out a little -

SONIA
So you'll come then?

RASKOLNIKOV
I'd really like to see you, too.

SONIA
Goodbye then.

And she walks away.

JULIA looks at her brother.

RASKOLNIKOV
What?

JULIA
A week ago you don't have two
pennies to rub together...

His mood darkens.

RASKOLNIKOV
Don't worry about it.

JULIA
What did you do?

RASKOLNIKOV
I told you.

JULIA
No, I don't think you did.

RASKOLNIKOV
Don't ask questions you don't want
to hear the answers to.

JULIA

Okay...

They continue in silence.

EXT. DRUMMER'S BUILDING - DAY.

FARUK'S car idles across the street from the building.

TAREK is behind the wheel.

FARUK

What happened in there?

TAREK

Nobody knows or nobody's talking.

FARUK

He was smarter than that.

TAREK

He was also out of his mind.

EXT. DRUMMER'S BUILDING - SAME.

RASK and JULIA have come around the corner and are walking right toward the car.

RASKOLNIKOV is too busy "not" looking at the DRUMMER'S apartment to notice JULIA tensing up.

JULIA

Oh my God.

RASKOLNIKOV

What?

She stops in her tracks.

JULIA

What the fuck?

RASKOLNIKOV

WHAT?

JULIA

Are they looking for me?

RASKOLNIKOV

Who, those guys in the car?

JULIA
Shut up. Walk away.

She turns and walks the other direction.

He shouts after her.

RASKOLNIKOV
Who are they?

JULIA
They're the guys from the night
club - the Saudis.

He stomps toward their car.

INT. THE CAR - SAME.

FARUK
The fuck's this now?

EXT. THE STREET - SAME.

JULIA trying to drag him away - in hushed tones -

JULIA	RASKOLNIKOV
Come back here! They're drug dealers!	I thought they were oil barons.

JULIA	RASKOLNIKOV
Vidal was just telling me...	Even better!

RASK shakes her off.

He stalks over to the car and leans in the window.

RASKOLNIKOV
You following my sister?

TAREK
I think you've made a mistake.

RASKOLNIKOV
I was just gonna say that to you.

He punches him in the face.

FARUK starts to get out of the back seat, but RASK slams the door shut on him hard causing him to lose his balance.

RASK starts slamming the door on him again and again.

TAREK is out of the car and on RASK, arms around his neck.

RASK gets out of it and spins on him fast, and starts punching him again and again. Bending him backwards over the hood of the car.

RASKOLNIKOV

Stay
 (punch)
 Away
 (punch)
 From
 (punch)
 My sister.

He lets him fall to the ground. He walks around the car to FARUK who is beginning to get up.

JULIA (O.S.)

Skol!

RASKOLNIKOV

Stay down. You piece of shit. I
 ever see you around here -

JULIA

The police!

He turns too late to see two UNIFORMS running toward him.

One quickly grabs him and cuffs him, while the other tends to his victims.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY.

RASKOLNIKOV is being processed through booking.

Mug shots: front - side.

Then:

He is being fingerprinted.

An OFFICER has him hold his hands over a pane of what looks like glass. Only his fingertips touch the "screen." A beam of light quickly passes back and forth like an old fashioned copy machine.

Flashback:

The puddle of blood forming around DRUMMER BOY'S head.

The cleaver being placed back in the back door of the chinese restaurant.

POV: the OFFICER'S computer. All ten of RASK'S fingerprints appear next to his new mug shots.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT. BOOKING ROOM - LATER.

He is sitting across from OFFICER PARKS - from the lunch counter. PARKS doesn't seem to recognize him.

PARKS

So, Mister Raskolnikov. You want to tell me why you attacked these two men?

RASKOLNIKOV

They were there to harass my sister. They were stalking her. They had attacked her once before.

PARKS

Did anyone call the police?

RASKOLNIKOV

Of course not.

PARKS

Why do you say that?

RASKOLNIKOV

Why were they driving around my neighborhood, huh?

PARKS

That's not a crime. You've never been arrested?

RASKOLNIKOV

No, sir.

PARKS

I've seen you around.

RASKOLNIKOV

So I'm not being charged with anything?

PARKS

Look - you don't seem like some crazy guy here or nothin'.

(MORE)

PARKS (cont'd)
But just so you know - those guys
who were bothering your sister were
a couple of bad dudes.

RASKOLNIKOV
Bad dudes?

PARKS
I shouldn't be telling you this,
but they run a lot of drugs through
that neighborhood. That's probably
why they turned up on your block.

RASKOLNIKOV
Then why aren't they in jail? Do
they pay off the cops?

OFFICER PARKS looks at him, dismayed, but unable to say
anything.

RASKOLNIKOV (CONT'D)
So? Can I go?

He nods and RASKOLNIKOV stands.

PARKS
I got two sisters myself.

RASKOLNIKOV
Tell them to watch out for "bad
dudes."

He leaves.

EXT. A WAREHOUSE IN RED HOOK - DAY.

A small construction team is loading a few work lights into
what will be the night club.

FARUK'S car is parked outside.

INT. A WAREHOUSE IN RED HOOK - CONTINUOUS.

A bruised TAREK and FARUK pass through the workers.

FARUK
She was the girl from the club that
night I keep telling you.

INT. WAREHOUSE KITCHEN - SAME.

HAMID sits on a table smoking, a gun next to him. Tied to a boiler is a frightened RUSSIAN KID. He is tough looking though - hardened by life.

FARUK

What the fuck is this now?

HAMID

What happened to you?

TAREK

We got problems.

HAMID

We got problems all right.

TAREK

Who's he?

HAMID

Some kid I stupidly hired to do that gun thing I told you about.

TAREK

That was a lot of guns...

Russian kid

I'm sorry! Please! I didn't know who you guys were! I have the money I can give it back to you!

TAREK

Untie him.

RUSSIAN KID

I work for you for free! Huh? How about that? You need bodyguard. You look fucked up. I know kung fu.

TAREK

STAND UP!

He does.

RUSSIAN KID

Mister! Don't kill me!

TAREK

You caught me on a bad day.

TAREK punches him hard in the face - and again.

TAREK

Take him out on the Island
someplace. Get rid of him.

FARUK unties him.

Like lightning, the KID somehow has the rope, gets behind FARUK and twists it around his neck.

HAMID points the gun at him.

The KID drags FARUK away using him as a shield.

TAREK

Shoot him!

TAREK charges at the KID/FARUK, but apparently he wasn't lying about the kung fu. He manages to kick him in his already battered head - and he drops to the floor in pain.

RUSSIAN KID

Get back!

FARUK

Don't shoot!

RUSSIAN KID

Just leave me alone! Don't follow
me!

He shoves FARUK at HAMID and they fall over each other as the RUSSIAN KID ducks out the door and runs like hell.

TAREK

GET HIM!

INT. A WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS.

Back upstairs, the KID flies through the empty room.

FARUK appears in the doorway, too late to give chase.

FARUK

YOU ARE A DEAD MAN! YOU HEAR ME!?
WE WILL FIND YOU!

INT. A BAR - NIGHT.

This is an upscale bar in one of the nicer hotels still operating. SONIA sits alone.

RASKOLNIKOV approaches her.

SONIA

How did you find me here?

RASKOLNIKOV

Come away with me.

SONIA

What?

RASKOLNIKOV

Quit - quit doing this and come away with me.

SONIA

I am here to say good-bye to some friends. I am changing my life and asking God's forgiveness.

RASKOLNIKOV

It was God who put you in that situation in the first place. You ever think of that?

SONIA

Where would we go?

RASKOLNIKOV

I don't know - anywhere. Jersey.

SONIA

People depend on me. Please, leave me.

After another moment, RASK starts to leave.

SONIA

... Wait.
(he stops, rejoins her.)
I'm sorry. I found out today my friend was killed, too.

RASKOLNIKOV

I'm sorry.

SONIA

So we're both sorry. God is punishing me.

RASKOLNIKOV

What happened to your friend?

SONIA

My friend Anna. She was murdered
alongside her boyfriend. He was a
drug dealer, I warned her.

RASKOLNIKOV registers all of this.

RASKOLNIKOV

Would you ask God to forgive him?
The man who killed your friend?

SONIA

Yes I would.

RASKOLNIKOV walks away.

INT. RASKOLNIKOV'S APARTMENT - NIGHT.

The key in the door - but it's already open.

RASKOLNIKOV enters to find NATASHA and OFFICER GORDON in his
home.

He freezes.

NATASHA

I didn't mean to say anything Boo.
Just tell them the truth we got
nothing to hide.

RASKOLNIKOV

You here to give me my flu shot?

GORDON

Oh, that's right. Hello again.

RASKOLNIKOV

Gordon. Homicide, right? I have
your card.

GORDON

I need to ask you a couple of
questions.

Pause.

RASKOLNIKOV

I'm much better by the way.

NATASHA

They killed the drummer guy!

Pause.

RASKOLNIKOV
The drummer guy?

NATASHA
I told her everything. I'm sorry.
You know the cops freak me out and
when she said the word homicide I
lost it ...

Pause.

RASKOLNIKOV
Well, maybe he shouldn't have
played those drums so fuckin' loud.

NATASHA
Skol...

GORDON
Did you file a noise complaint with
the city?

RASKOLNIKOV
HA!

GORDON
Did you ever try to speak to or
threaten your neighbor about the
noise?

RASKOLNIKOV
I swore out the window a lot. Then
the neighbors would yell at me to
shut-up.

GORDON
You never threatened the deceased?

RASKOLNIKOV
I didn't even know his name. But
you know what? I'm glad he's dead.
He's a fucking nuisance

NATASHA
(suddenly)
They know about the letters!

RASK's head drops, defeated.

GORDON pulls an envelope from her binder.

GORDON
Did you write this?

RASKOLNIKOV

Is it a crime?

GORDON

Did you kill him?

RASKOLNIKOV

No. I was sick.

GORDON

When were you sick?

RASKOLNIKOV

... Last week. They were all here.

GORDON

How do you know when he was murdered?

RASKOLNIKOV

Everyone knows when he was murdered. We thought we'd scare him. We found out what apartment he was in and sent some anonymous letters.

GORDON

Have you heard anything?

RASKOLNIKOV

I've heard a lot of nobody playing the drums.

GORDON

Ha!

(she laughs)

I hear you, man. You know my sister had these nasty cats lived downstairs from her. Playin' their music real loud, partyin' all night long. She asked them - she had a little baby at the time, my nephew, Jackson, was one - and she asked them real nice to turn it down. They did not give a fuck. They told her, "Fuck you bitch," got intimidating about it. They didn't even care about the baby ya know? One night, she had enough. She let the water in her tub overflow. For HOURS! Their whole place was trashed, ceiling fell in. They had to move. So did she - but that's not the point.

NATASHA
What's the point?

GORDON
Point is, sometimes, it's the
little things can finally set a
person off. Even if it means
screwin' yourself.
(to RASK)
You're not screwing yourself are
you?

RASKOLNIKOV
No.

GORDON
Thanks for your time.

GORDON leaves.

NATASHA
Man, you crazy. I hate the police.

She sits down in a huff.

INT. ZUMA'S APARTMENT - DAY.

ZUMA works out with some hand weights in his modest living
room.

There is a knock on the door.

He opens it to find JULIA holding a bag of treats and some
paper cups of tea.

JULIA
Is this a bad time?

INT. ZUMAS APARTMENT. KITCHEN - LATER.

They sit at a table in a sunny kitchen, eating the cookies
she brought and drinking the tea.

JULIA
They're Pastillas. They're cookies.

ZUMA
They're really good.

JULIA

I hope it's okay, my just barging in.

ZUMA

Yeah, I hate it when beautiful girls show up at my door with cookies.

JULIA

You mean it happens a lot?

ZUMA

Besides today? Never.

Pause.

JULIA

I'm worried about my brother.

ZUMA

Me, too.

JULIA

I think he did something stupid.

ZUMA

You mean the money?

JULIA

Yeah. Did you know he's giving money to this poor family or something -

ZUMA

What do you think? He stole it?

JULIA

From where?

ZUMA

He'll tell me. I'll talk to him.

JULIA

Good. He doesn't tell me anything. I just want him to be happy.

ZUMA

I don't know if that'll ever happen.

ZUMA gets up to put his plate in the sink. JULIA rises also bringing her cup over, and refill it with tea.

JULIA

More?

ZUMA

Yeah, thanks. You're good to him.

JULIA

Yeah?

ZUMA

I mean, coming all the way out here
'cause you're worried about him.

JULIA

It's what any sister would do, no?

He sidles up to her playfully.

ZUMA

You really come all the way out
here just for that?

JULIA

Yes...

ZUMA

You sure?

JULIA

Maybe...

ZUMA

'Cause I got a phone you know. Got
the e-mail, got all kinds of social
media...

JULIA

Some things I like to handle in
person.

She kisses him. They start to undress each other, and get
busy in the sunny kitchen.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DETECTIVE PARKS' DESK. DAY.

PARKS is hunched over a huge sandwich, taking big bites.

Somehow, he is also managing to talk on the phone.

On his computer, the mug shot of RASKOLNIKOV is displayed.

PARKS

Candace - nobody said you have a big ass. Nobody said nothing about asses. At all...

GORDON is walking briskly through the station house.

She is stopped by the mugshot of Raskolnikov on PARKS' screen.

PARKS

Jennifer? Jennifer who?

GORDON slowly sits opposite PARKS until he puts it together that she wants his attention.

PARKS

I'm - I'm not - I'll drive all the fuckin' way to Queens if you want me to -

(Off GORDON)

Um... I got to go. I got work. I'll call you later.

(hangs up, wipes mouth)

Detective?

GORDON

Tell me about the young man who's mug shot is on your screen right now.

EXT. A STREET IN BRIGHTON BEACH - DAY.

JULIA walks along talking on the phone.

ALTERNATE WITH:

EXT. A PARKED CAR - DAY.

VIDAL sits behind the wheel, talking to JULIA on the phone.

VIDAL

Just tell me why.

JULIA

Because Vidal, it's a huge thing. And I've thought about it and I don't feel comfortable.

VIDAL

But Julia - also, I mean, I'll take good care of you.

JULIA
I'm seeing someone.

VIDAL
It's your brother -

JULIA
Yes! Yes, it's also my brother.
He's really against it and he says
he'll tell my mother and - he's
crazy. All right. I'm sorry.

VIDAL
I can't work anymore - what am I
supposed to -

JULIA
I have to go, I'm sorry.

She hangs up hoping that slight exaggeration worked.

In his car, VIDAL throws the phone against the dash and pounds the steering wheel in frustration.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT. DETECTIVE GORDON'S OFFICE - DAY.

RASKOLNIKOV is looking scared for once.

GORDON is busy on her computer.

GORDON
... I am sorry to keep you
waiting... I will be right with
you...
(RASK fidgets.)

A look over GORDON's shoulder would show that she is playing a computer game - Candy Crush or Snood or the like.

GORDON
... Annnddd . . . Okay.
(Game over. She looks up at
him.)
What a day. Am I right? How is your
day going?

RASKOLNIKOV
Pretty good.

GORDON
Well, you have the Lord to thank
for that. That's all I can say.

She rises and walks behind him to the door and windows.

RASK notices all of his threatening letters on her desk.

She closes the blinds on the window that looks out into the rest of the station house. As she does, PARKS turns and makes eye contact with her.

RASK notices what she is doing.

He is quickly losing his usual composure.

GORDON
Wanna break the law?
(She crosses to the outside
window and opens it.)

RASKOLNIKOV
Why would I want to do that?

She opens a desk drawer and pulls out a pack of cigarettes and a lighter.

GORDON
You smoke, right? I can always
tell.

RASKOLNIKOV
Sometimes.

GORDON
Is this one of those times?

He holds out a hand.

GORDON
Would you mind coming over here?

He goes over, takes a cigarette.

They are facing each other on the sun dappled window sill. Street noise wafts in.

GORDON
What's the point of making
detective if you can't have a few
perks, am I right? I can smoke in
my office and I can get out of
parking tickets.
(lights hers, then his.)
You know the city's losing millions
in lost parking ticket revenue with
all these flooded streets.

RASKOLNIKOV
They'll find a way to make it up.

GORDON
You didn't have to smoke just
because I am.

RASKOLNIKOV
It's fine.

GORDON
You must think that this is one of
those cop tricks to catch you out.
Like on TV or something.

RASKOLNIKOV
I don't watch TV.

GORDON
Well, listen, just chill. Really.

RASKOLNIKOV
Um, okay.

GORDON
Are you chillin'?

RASKOLNIKOV
Yeah, I think so.

GORDON
'Cause I think you might be able to
help me out with this case. I think
you might hold the key.

RASKOLNIKOV
The, um...

GORDON
Your neighbor.

RASKOLNIKOV
You, know, I remembered, after you
left - haven't they - have they
arrested -

GORDON
Well...

RASKOLNIKOV
'Cause I thought I heard that.

GORDON

They arrested a couple of Mexicans doing renovations in the building.

RASKOLNIKOV

Couple Mexicans.

GORDON

They were released.

RASKOLNIKOV

Oh.

GORDON

Because they had an alibi - each other. And they had no motive. AND one of them was sixty and has bad hips, and the other one is five-four, and whoever whacked this dude and his girlfriend was mad strong.

RASKOLNIKOV

Right.

GORDON

I need you to tell me one thing first.

RASKOLNIKOV

What is that?

GORDON

(points at letters.)

Had those dusted for prints. And there aren't any. What there is on the paper, is powder residue like you get from rubber gloves.

(pause.)

Did you wear rubber gloves when you handled those letters?

RASKOLNIKOV

Yeah, I did actually. My neighbor Natasha said I was crazy and being paranoid.

GORDON

Paranoid about what?

RASKOLNIKOV

I was thinking, what if this guy sends them to the cops? Would they - I guess I could get in trouble. Could I? Have?

GORDON

You are one paranoid guy.

RASKOLNIKOV

Well, look around. Look at this world we live in.

GORDON

When I was at your place yesterday, why didn't you tell me you'd just been arrested?

RASKOLNIKOV

... I was going to.

(She stubs out her cigarette.)

And you wonder why I'm paranoid.

(She goes back to her desk.)

So what are you trying to say?

GORDON

Imagine: I had just come from your house. I'm passing by Officer Parks' desk - and there's your mug, right there on his screen.

RASKOLNIKOV

I wasn't even charged or anything.

GORDON

You had just whooped the tar out of some drug lords who -

RASKOLNIKOV

They practically raped my kid sister!

GORDON

- who supplied heroine and pills to the man on your block I have you sending threatening letters to.

RASKOLNIKOV

That's all a coincidence!

GORDON

It's bad luck!

RASKOLNIKOV

Thank you! Exactly! That is bad luck!

GORDON

Remember Officer Parks? Outside there? Did you go up to him in a coffee shop?

RASKOLNIKOV

What? When?

GORDON

Did you ask him all kinds of questions about the murder?

RASKOLNIKOV

Is that him? I didn't recognize him. I might have been making small talk at one time. I'm always -

GORDON

He remembered you after you left. Said you had all kinds of neighborhood gossip and things to say about what you would do with the drug money.

RASKOLNIKOV

What do you want from me?

GORDON

And I'm asking myself, who is this Raskolnikov? And what is he thinking?

RASKOLNIKOV

Look. Look. Just slow down -

GORDON

Well, thank the Lord we're back on line because I found -

RASKOLNIKOV

My blog. Yes, I blog.

GORDON

"Notes from the Underground."

(she reads)

"It is our duty now to be selfish... all of us who are superior must take control." Are you superior, Mr. Raskolnikov?

RASKOLNIKOV

I didn't mean - I meant -

GORDON

"For the rest - there can be no mercy. People will ask: what about the innocent? But there are no innocent."

RASKOLNIKOV

No! That's not -

GORDON

No innocents, Mr. Raskolnikov? Not even your sister? Not even that nice girl Officer Parks says he sees you hanging around with?

RASKOLNIKOV

I was talking out of my ass! That's how I get writing work! Being outspoken.

GORDON

You think all cops are racist? Like you wrote here?

RASKOLNIKOV

No. Yes. I don't know.

GORDON

You know the real reason why they arrested those Mexicans? They found a bloody glove in the apartment. A rubber glove. Like the kind you use, to send your superior little notes. The murderer must have been sneaking out of the building, heard someone coming and ducked into that apartment. That's when he dropped his glove - O.J. style.

GORDON opens a desk drawer, and begins to pull up a rubber glove.

GORDON

You want to try it on?

RASKOLNIKOV

Now? Right here?

GORDON flips the rubber glove on the desk. RASKOLNIKOV jumps. But the glove is pristine.

GORDON
I'm just playin' with you.
(RASK tries to swallow)
What we'll do instead is try to get
some prints off the inside.

RASKOLNIKOV
Oh?

GORDON
Don't always work. That's the
trouble with rubber gloves, they
get smeared a lot. Still...

RASKOLNIKOV
'Still' what?

GORDON
Do you want to confess?

RASKOLNIKOV
CONFESS?

GORDON
Where's the murder weapon?

RASKOLNIKOV
What?

GORDON
Where did you stash the money? Oh,
right! You already told Officer
Parks that. Only he can't quite
remember - just yet.

RASKOLNIKOV
This is bullshit!
(He starts to rise.)
You get me in here with no lawyer
and accuse me of - of ...

GORDON
I can make it real easy on you if
you confess to me now. Like real
easy.
(almost a whisper)
'Tween you and me? A dead fuckin'
drug dealer? Chances are you won't
get more than hard labor on the sea
wall out on Staten Island.

RASK looks like he might confess. He smiles -

RASKOLNIKOV

It's still murder. That's still
against the law isn't it?

GORDON

Send a message to these scumbags.
Your life ain't worth protecting.
Somebody murders a piece of shit
like that, and they get a slap on
the wrist. You want to help me send
that message?

RASKOLNIKOV

Really? You think-

GORDON

Course, then there's his
girlfriend. That might not go over
so good. But I'm thinkin' that was
just an accident. You didn't even
know she was there when you went
in. Did you? And you know, she was
just some whore junkie-

RASKOLNIKOV bolts up from his chair.

RASKOLNIKOV

She was still a person!

GORDON rises to meet his gaze.

GORDON

A superior person?

A knock on the door. They both look around.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM.

The RUSSIAN KID from the warehouse sits alone at a table.

POV - GORDON and another DETECTIVE look at him through the
one-way glass.

GORDON

You believe him?

DETECTIVE

Didn't even know the address. I
think he needed to get off the
streets for a few days.

GORDON
I want to talk to him.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT. DETECTIVE GORDON'S OFFICE - DAY.

RASKOLNIKOV is startled by GORDON'S sudden entrance.

GORDON
Guy just walked in off the street
and confessed to the whole thing.

RASKOLNIKOV
What? Who?

GORDON
And here we were, about to get all
confused.

RASKOLNIKOV
Someone confessed?

GORDON
He's lying. He didn't even know
about the girlfriend. I mean Jesus
Christ, read a newspaper.

RASKOLNIKOV
What? Then how could he - Why would
he confess?

GORDON levels her stare on him.

GORDON
I'll find out. Didn't remember
killing that poor young girl with
an axe. What was her name?
(ruffles through some
paperwork)
Anna! Anna, the innocent bystander.
But there aren't any innocents, are
there? I read that someplace -

RASKOLNIKOV bolts up from his chair.

GORDON watches him hurry out of the precinct house.

GORDON
(calling after him)
Don't leave town!

EXT. TRICK'S FUN HOUSE. ROOF - NIGHT.

RASKOLNIKOV, looking ever more paranoid in a long dark coat and a hat pulled down over his head, scurries across the roof to his hiding place.

He sticks his arm in and feels around for his stash. Finally he finds it and pulls it out.

He opens the bag and looks at the money in the moonlight, shoves it into his deep coat pockets and scampers away again.

EXT. STREETS OF BRIGHTON BEACH - NIGHT.

FARUK'S car crawls slowly through the water logged streets.

INT. THE CAR - SAME.

Loud music and a drunk, vengeful FARUK and TAREK in the back seat pass a bottle back and forth.

TAREK does a bump of coke off the back of his hand..

Behind the wheel is a worried, reluctant, VIDAL.

FARUK howls out the window.

FARUK
Come out, come out, little piggy!

INT. JULIA'S MOTHER'S APARTMENT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT.

This is the home of a self-respecting poor person. Well-worn things kept clean and tidy.

At the table, JULIA, RASKOLNIKOV, ZUMA, and the MOTHER. They are eating dinner.

ZUMA
This is great brisket.

Mother
Thank you.

JULIA
Mama, did Skol tell you his news?

MOTHER
I wish you wouldn't call your brother that.

ZUMA

I'm afraid that's my fault - I call him that.

MOTHER

You, it's okay, I don't mind.

ZUMA and JULIA share a look.

MOTHER

So what is this news? Did you hear from the college about the teaching job?

RASKOLNIKOV looks rather like he hasn't slept in a while.

RASKOLNIKOV

No, Mama, afraid not.

MOTHER

What is the good news then?

RASKOLNIKOV

I'm afraid I don't know what she is talking about.

JULIA

Oh, yes, you do. He's got some sponsorship for some blog he's writing!

RASKOLNIKOV

It's not your kind of thing, anyway.

MOTHER regards ZUMA.

RASKOLNIKOV fumes throughout -

MOTHER

Are you a teacher also?

ZUMA

No. I was in the military.

MOTHER

Oh, no that's terrible! Were you - did you have to kill anybody?

JULIA

Mama!

ZUMA

No, I was just a cook.

MOTHER

Cook. This is good. No wonder he likes my brisket. You should marry this one.

JULIA

Mother! How much wine have you had?

MOTHER

What? You brought him here because you are friends? Get to the chase.

RASKOLNIKOV

Cut.

MOTHER

What?

RASKOLNIKOV

Cut to the chase. That's the expression.

MOTHER

My English is better than your Russian, hmm?

JULIA

Maybe we will all move away from here together and start a restaurant, hmm?

MOTHER

If I am still around.

JULIA

Oh, of course you will be, Mama!

RASK suddenly rises.

RASKOLNIKOV

I have to go.

MOTHER

What?

RASKOLNIKOV

I don't feel well. I have to go. Please forgive me, Mama.

RASK can't look any of them in the eye and rushes out.

As he heads to the door, RASKOLNIKOV leaves the bag of money from his coat pocket on the table.

INT. MOTHER'S APARTMENT BUILDING. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS.

Half way down the stairs, RASK stops as if he is having trouble breathing.

ZUMA has come to look after him, and makes his way down the stairs.

RASKOLNIKOV
I'm in trouble.

ZUMA
What do you mean?

RASK looks at his friend with pity then sadness, then a confession crosses his face.

He takes off down the stairs. ZUMA, realizing his friend is a murderer, sits heavily on the stairs, his head in his hands.

INT. MARMELADOV'S APARTMENT - DAY.

This is the memorial for the fallen ex-postal worker.

The kids sit sadly on the couch.

A small crowd loiters in the living room.

KATRINA is a drunk mess, weeping openly. Her dress and make-up are almost garish. She make the "rounds."

KATRINA
I got the very best caterer I could find - it's just a few little things. So nice to see you. Have you tried the canapes?

RASKOLNIKOV enters. He looks around and finally sees SONIA.

SONIA
Thank you for coming.

RASKOLNIKOV
Of course.

RASKOLNIKOV notices an impressive spread of food on a table.

SONIA
It is not going well. She spent the last of her money on catering. All that matters to that woman is appearances.

ACROSS THE ROOM:

KATRINA

I got into Harvard. Waiting list.
But my father needed me around
after Mama got sick.

The woman she is talking to nods uncomfortably.

SONIA

I need to do something.

Katrina

That was the first of MANY times I
have SACRIFICED EVERYTHING for a
MAN!

She laughs a bitter laugh and gestures with a wine glass. Her
laugh becomes a terrible cough. People begin to look for the
door.

SONIA rushes to the couch where the children are.

SONIA

Hey guys... You wanna go play in
your room?

Child

Is Mama okay?

SONIA

Oh yes.
(She looks pleadingly at
RASK.)
She's sad about Papa like we all
are.

RASKOLNIKOV is at her side.

In the background, people help KATRINA into a chair and ply
her with glasses of water.

CUT TO:

INT. MARMELADOV'S APARTMENT - LATER.

RASKOLNIKOV meanders around the thinning crowd.

KATRINA is holding court in the kitchen, smoking out the
window, showing off some piece of jewelry.

INT. MARMELADOV'S APARTMENT - KIDS BEDROOM - LATER.

RASKOLNIKOV opens the door to find SONIA and the kids huddled around a laptop watching a cartoon. The youngest is asleep on her lap.

For a moment he sees the family he and SONIA will never have.

He quietly enters and sits on the floor next to her. They smile at each other.

He takes out a roll of money and slips it in the sleeping child's pocket.

LATER:

RASKOLNIKOV loiters in the hall outside a bedroom.

SONIA tip-toes out, a shushing finger at her lips.

INT. MARMELADOV'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

They enter the darkened living room. Everyone is gone and asleep.

They kiss. They sink onto the couch.

She lifts off his shirt, he tugs at her clothes as they kiss some more.

Something stops for RASKOLNIKOV. He shakes his head.

She understands, kisses his head runs her fingers through his hair.

SONIA
You hungry?

EXT. STREETS OF BRIGHTON BEACH - NIGHT.

The car driven by VIDAL cruises along.

TAREK
Stop, stop, stop...

EXT. A STREET IN BRIGHTON BEACH - SAME.

SONIA and RASKOLNIKOV walk slowly, his arm around her shoulder.

INT. THE CAR - SAME.

They are stopped on a dark side of the street.

VIDAL

That guy. You want me to follow
that guy!?

TAREK

Just find out who he is.

VIDAL

I know exactly who he is...

INT. PEROGI RESTAURANT - LATER.

In a booth, holding hands over their coffees, RASK and SONIA
sit gazing at each other.

A pane of frosted glass between them and the next booth.

He is searching for words.

SONIA

What? What is it?

RASKOLNIKOV

I am so sorry. About your friend.
Was she... a good person?

SONIA

She was so kind. She had a very
hard life, you know. Her father
raped her when she was just 13, she
told me. Then he kicked her out of
the house...

RASKOLNIKOV

God!

SONIA

I got pneumonia, and she paid for
the clinic with her own money, let
me stay with her until I recovered.
Without her, I wouldn't be here
with you right now. I wouldn't be
alive—

RASKOLNIKOV

SONIA! You shouldn't be around me.

SONIA

What are you talking about?

RASKOLNIKOV

No one else was supposed to be in there.

Terror passes over her face.

SONIA

Oh, my God!

RASKOLNIKOV

I can't fucking listen to you talk about her ...

SONIA

You must work to save your soul! Confess, and ask God's forgiveness—

RASKOLNIKOV

There's this cop, she knows it was me -

SONIA

Shh! Who cares about the cops? You could die at any moment with this stain upon your soul! Pray with me. Right now.

RASKOLNIKOV lays his head on the table, weeping openly.

RASKOLNIKOV

Sonia, how can you forgive me?

SONIA

Even you can be forgiven! I know, I know!

She grabs his hands and bows her head. He just watches her.

POV:

In the booth next to them, on the other side of the frosted glass, FARUK, TAREK and VIDAL have heard every word.

EXT. RASKOLNIKOV'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

DETECTIVE GORDON is walking around RASKOLNIKOV'S building.

She passes around the corner and can see the building where the murder was committed.

She walks past the Chinese restaurant, and around to the back kitchen entrance.

She too, sees a cook using the huge cleaver.

INT. RASKOLNIKOV'S APARTMENT - NIGHT.

RASKOLNIKOV sits on the bed staring at the opposite wall - the closest he gets to sleep these days.

There is a knock on he door.

As he rises, the person knocks again. He looks through the peephole and sees VIDAL standing there.

VIDAL

You know me. Let me in.

He thinks abut it - steels himself, and opens the door.

RASKOLNIKOV

What do you want?

VIDAL

Your sister's gonna marry me and I'm not even gonna pay her.

RASKOLNIKOV

What?

Leaning in -

VIDAL

The walls have ears, motherfucker. I know what you did. And I'm gonna tell the cops.

RASK seems to have diminished physically. He barely whispers.

RASKOLNIKOV

Get out of my house.

VIDAL

You hearin' what I'm saying to you? I know who you are.

A sudden screech -

RASKOLNIKOV

GET OUT! GET OUT! GET OUT!

VIDAL

Murderer.

He leaves.

NATASHA rushes in -

NATASHA
What's happening ? Was that you?

RASKOLNIKOV
I'm fine.

NATASHA
The fuck you yellin' like that for?

RASKOLNIKOV
Some asshole.

NATASHA
Guess who I saw in the Chinese
place downstairs just now? That
lady cop from the other day -

RASK begins to fall over, tries to grab onto something, grabs the lamp and brings it down on top of himself.

NATASHA screams and runs to his side.

EXT. BRIGHTON BEACH. SUNRISE - DAY.

The sun rises and the ocean laps up against the streets and homes that are now ocean side.

INT. SONIA'S HOME - DAY.

SONIA peacefully packs her few belongings into an old suitcase as the sun streams into her window.

EXT. A STREET IN BRIGHTON BEACH - DAY.

JULIA rushes down the street.

A LIMO pulls up alongside her. The window rolls down and there's TAREK.

FARUK
Hey, Mami...

She starts to walk so fast she's almost running.

FARUK
Hey, wait up now! Slow down.

JULIA
Leave me alone.

FARUK
I got some news about your brother.

JULIA
What do you want?

FARUK
I wanna talk.

JULIA
No.

FARUK
Your brother owes me a lot of
money.

She stops.

JULIA
How?

FARUK
He stole it.

JULIA
When?

FARUK
When he killed one of my employees.
Now get in the fucking car.

He opens the door.

INT. THE LIMO - CONTINUOUS.

She tries to make herself into a ball.

FARUK
Relax.

JULIA
Who did my brother kill?

FARUK
You believe me, eh?

JULIA
I don't know yet.

FARUK
He has my money and my drugs.

He slides across the seat to her.

JULIA
Don't touch me!

He runs a hand up her leg.

TAREK
You don't want me to go talk to the
police now, do you?
(hand up her leg)
You still owe me that dance from
that night at the club...

He pries her legs open.

Shaking, holding back sobs, she looks around for ... What?

FARUK
Can't we be friends?
(more groping.)
Unbutton your top.

JULIA
No!

He slaps her hard.

She slaps him back. He hits her again. She starts to scream.

JULIA
Leave me the fuck alone!

FARUK pounces on her, overpowers her and is starting to force off her clothes when the limo screeches to a halt.

They tumble over each other as they slam into the dividing wall.

The door opens and VIDAL is standing there with a gun.

VIDAL
Get out.

JULIA leaps away from both of them.

VIDAL
You said you were just gonna scare
her.

FARUK
Nobody is paying you to think.

VIDAL
You think I'mma let you hurt my
friend?

(MORE)

VIDAL (cont'd)

You motherfuckers aren't even good at this shit. Look at you. People stealin' from you. You had your ass beat twice. You in Brooklyn, rich boy -

BANG.

FARUK pulled a gun out of nowhere and shot him.

VIDAL's torso turns bright red with blood. He drops to his knees.

JULIA screams and rushes to VIDAL.

FARUK rushes into the driver's seat and speeds away.

JULIA

HELP!

People begin to rush over as...

RASKOLNIKOV (V.O.)

I already knew I was lost.

EXT. THE CHINESE RESTAURANT ON THE CORNER - NIGHT.

RASKOLNIKOV stands outside as police carry out meat cleavers in plastic bags while others questions cooks with the help of interpreters.

A teary eyed NATASHA smokes and watches - he's told her too.

INT. RASKOLNIKOV'S APARTMENT - DAY.

RASK is packing his few belongings.

This is a continuation of the V.O. from the top.

RASKOLNIKOV (V.O.)

Sonia was right - confession was the only way.

JULIA rushes into his apartment, VIDAL'S blood still all over this clothes - starts yelling and beating him. He calmly tries to stop her.

RASKOLNIKOV (V.O.)

You can't kill only one person. You destroy everyone around them, in one way or another. You destroy us all.

EXT. RASKOLNIKOV'S APARTMENT - DAY.

RASK, with a small bag over his shoulder, heads out to his fate.

NATASHA is by his side. They are saying good-bye.

She takes a chain from around her neck and, eyes welling up, fastens it around Raskolnikov's neck.

She kisses him on the cheek and her lets her.

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY.

RASKOLNIKOV walks over the bridge to the police precinct.

JULIA and ZUMA watch him.

SONIA is waiting for him.

They somberly embrace, a flicker of love in their sad smiles.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT. DETECTIVE GORDON'S OFFICE - DAY.

GORDON looks up, sees RASK standing in the doorway, OFFICER PARKS at his side.

EXT. WETLANDS OF STATEN ISLAND - DAY.

An apocalyptic scene. RASKOLNIKOV and several other prisoners are being led in manacles past the ruins of what was once a nice, oceanside town. They walk past smashed houses, boot-deep in water.

RASKOLNIKOV (V.O.)

I got ten years hard labor, on the
Sea Wall on Staten Island. Here
it's just us prisoners and the true
believers - the volunteers who
think we can still change a world
most us don't feel is worth saving.

EXT. THE SEA WALL - DAY.

Ahead of the prisoners is a huge, makeshift wall, constructed of wood, and metal sheets, and sandbags.

RASKOLNIKOV and the other prisoners, unchained now, work hauling up more sandbags, under the eyes of armed guards.

Above them, an angry Atlantic crashes over the top of the wall, soaking them all. The water knocks over a young, black man next to RASK who quickly helps him up.

From a wooden structure, SONIA steps out and pulls a hood over her head. She and another volunteer rush up and help the YOUNG BLACK MAN limp off, back to their field hospital.

RASKOLNIKOV (V.O.)

Sonia volunteered to come with me,
a penance for her own sins. She
says we have destroyed so much, and
now we must build.

RASKOLNIKOV watches her go. He glances off to the distance, where he can see the towers of Manhattan looming darkly on the horizon.

INT. A CABIN - NIGHT.

RASK sits in cell-like conditions with the other prisoners - and the volunteers. All eat together.

SONIA brings the prisoners soup. She gives RASKOLNIKOV a shy smile.

EXT. A LAKE - DAY.

Continuation from the beginning.

The KID looks out at the water, slowly, finally, he turns toward us.

RASKOLNIKOV (V.O.)

One day the water will come for us
all. Maybe I will have her with me,
which is more than I deserve.

FADE OUT.