

THIN ICE

by

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FADE IN:

EXT L.A. STREETS DAY CONTINUOUS

DANNY RIGGS, a handsome, thirty six year old detective, rides his Harley Davidson through the streets of L.A. on his way to the police headquarters. The Harley is a street legal version of an XR 750 flat track racer. His journey culminates outside of police headquarters.

He parks in an area reserved for police motorcycles, showing little regard for authority.

INT POLICE STATION, DETECTIVE'S ROOM

Danny walks in to the large office full of detectives going about their duties, hangs up his crash helmet, drapes his leather jacket on the back of his chair and starts tapping the keyboard of the computer on his desk.

SEVVY, another detective, comes over and inserts a disc into his computer.

DANNY
Hey, I'm working here.

Sevvy takes the mouse and opens the file on the disc.

SEVVY
You gotta watch this, I downloaded it from the net last night. Me and all the guys been watching her. Damn, she's hot.

Sevvy slaps Danny cheerfully on the back and walks off. As Danny watches the screen a PORN VIDEO comes up. We glimpse the incredibly beautiful face of a porn queen known world wide simply as ANNA. Danny watches.

Danny's partner, BEN MURRAY, enters. He is an older, black, family man. He walks over toward Danny.

DANNY
Shit.

Danny kills the video and slips the disc into the pocket of his jacket on the chair. Ben sits on the corner of the desk and throws a sheet of paper onto the desk. Danny takes it and starts to read it, crumples it in his fist and throws it into the trash bin.

BEN
This is serious Danny.

Danny leans back in his chair.

DANNY
Another piece of shit drug dealer
reckons I was too hard on him.
What's new?

BEN
You should have read all of it.

DANNY
Well save me fishing it out of the
trash and cut to the chase.

BEN
Manuel Barros is dead.

DANNY
(resigned)
Shit.

DAN
Dropped stone dead.

DANNY
When?

BEN
Four hours after you dragged his
sorry ass in here and two hours after
he filed that complaint. Brain
hemorrhage.

DANNY
Well what's it got to do with me?

BEN
Shit Danny, he had bruises all over
him. Fresh ones.

DANNY
So?

BEN
What the hell do you think?

DANNY
I think someone beat the crap out
of him.

BEN
And who do you think that someone
might be?

DANNY
How the hell would I know? It's a
jungle out there.

BEN

You'd best get serious on this.
Scully wants to see you and he's got
some psychiatrist with him.

DANNY

Not again. I've had it up to here
with balding little men asking me
about my sex life.

BEN

I didn't know you had one.

Danny glares at his partner, rises and moves through the desks
toward the Captain's office. Ben watches him. He knows he hit
a sore point with his partner.

BEN

Why don't I keep my big
mouth shut.

INT CAPTAIN'S OFFICE

Captain SCULLY sits at his desk. Standing next to him and looking
at Danny's file with him is a psychiatrist, Doctor ELAINE PROST.
A good looking, twenty eight year old woman.

A brief knock on the door and Danny enters.

DANNY

You want to see me?

SCULLY

Yes. You know what it's about.

DANNY

Yeah.

SCULLY

This is doctor Prost.

PROST

How do you do, detective.

DANNY

You're the psychiatrist, you tell
me.

SCULLY

Cut it out Riggs. You're in shit up
to here.

DANNY

And what's she going to do, push
my head under?

PROST
Interesting reply.

DANNY
Don't read anything into it. I ain't
going down without a struggle.

SCULLY
(Sarcastic/derisive)
Well there's a surprise.

DANNY
I been through psychiatric
evaluations before.

SCULLY
This is different. A suspect is dead.
Internal affairs want...

DANNY
They ain't got nothing and you know
it. If they thought they had a case
they'd be all over me like a cheap
suit. I didn't beat up on the creep.
I didn't have to, he was shitting
his pants anyway.

SCULLY
I've had enough and so has the
commissioner. Twenty one
accusations of excessive force in
two years.

DANNY
I do a dirty job, sometimes...

SCULLY
Sometimes you go too far.

DANNY
I got the best bust record in the
department. Hell, in L.A.

SCULLY
And the worst disciplinary record
in the U.S. Hell, the world

DANNY
Woo hoo. Two records.

SCULLY
Doctor Prost is going to exam...

DANNY
How old are you Doc?

PROST
Twenty eight.

DANNY

Come and see me in ten years, then you might know something.

SCULLY

Shut the fuck up, Riggs. Doctor Prost is going to evaluate you, end of story.

DANNY

Whatever. I got work to do.

SCULLY

No you don't, you're suspended.

DANNY

What!

SCULLY

You heard me. And you're not back on duty until Doctor Prost gives you the all clear.

DANNY

I got cases...

SCULLY

Give me your badge.

Danny throws his badge on the table.

DANNY

Want my gun as well?

SCULLY

Yes, and your ankle piece. You probably have a spare hidden someplace at home.

Danny hands over his handgun and then strips off the ankle holster.

DANNY

Three actually. Not including the rocket launcher. When do we start Doc?

Prost hands Danny her card.

PROST

Tomorrow morning, nine o'clock.

SCULLY

Be there Riggs. And pray the good doctor decides you're sane, because a lot of people around here believe you're not.

DANNY
And don't tell me, you're one of
them.

Danny exits.

SCULLY
He used to race motorcycles.
Sometimes I think he crashed once
too often.

PROST
That's not out of the question. He
could have received some kind of
brain damage.

SCULLY
That would explain a lot.

INT POLICE STATION, DETECTIVE'S ROOM

Danny walks in and over to his desk. Ben is sitting at a desk
opposite and looks up when Danny walks over.

BEN
Well?

DANNY
Guess.

BEN
Psychiatric evaluation?

DANNY
I'm suspended.

Danny picks up a pile of files from his desk and walks around
the desks of the other detectives and drops one or two on each.
Some groan, some barely acknowledge the act, and some shake
their heads.

Danny walks back to his desk and takes his leather jacket up
from the back of the chair.

BEN
What you going to do?

DANNY
Damned if I know. It's funny, I don't
even care if they throw me out. I
reckon this could be the end.

BEN
Bullshit. You been here before.

DANNY

It'd different this time. I'm not sure I want back in. Anyway, I got some wet-behind-the-ears shrink who'll probably say, I'm fucked in the head, so that'll be it anyway.

BEN

You don't know anything else. Apart from going around in circles on a motorcycle, very, very quickly.

DANNY

Perhaps it's time I learned.

BEN

You could try computers, there's plenty of courses.

DANNY

I'll think about it.

BEN

Keep in touch.

DANNY

Sure.

Danny walks toward the door and takes his crash helmet from a hat stand. As he walks out the other detectives watch him. Ben calls after him.

BEN

And watch out for Barros' brother, Ramon. Word is he reckons you killed his little brother.

DANNY

Him and his team of shitheads are that fucked up on that crap they peddle they don't know what day it is.

BEN

I mean it Danny, he's dangerous.

Without turning Danny calls out.

DANNY

Fuck him.

Danny exits and Ben shakes his head sadly.

EXT POLICE STATION

Danny walks out putting his helmet on, yhrows his leg over the parked Harley Davidson, fires it up and pulls away FAST.

EXT RIGGS' HOUSE

Danny comes along the street on his Harley and stops outside his small house. In the drive is a 4x4 pickup truck.

INT RIGGS' HOUSE

CONTINUOUS

The hallway of the house has motorcycle racing pictures on the wall. Danny walks in and through to lounge room. Flat track motorcycle racing pictures adorn the walls and numerous trophies line the shelves.

He walks into his bedroom and over to his computer and turns it on. He walks to the kitchen and grabs a beer whilst the computer boots up. He sits down at the computer and inserts the disc with the porn video on it. Danny stares at the images of Anna's face in the throes of a gang-bang. More naked men obscure her.

DANNY

Why would someone so beautiful be doing this shit?

The phone rings and Danny turns mutes the movie.

DANNY

(Into phone)

Riggs... Hi Dave... suspended... yeah, again... Does he now... Hell, a new bike built by you, why not, I got nothing else to do... See you in an hour.

Danny walks over to a closet and takes out a set of racing leathers. He puts them in a bag along with a pair of leather motorcycle boots and gloves. He's drawn back to the silent computer screen and watches a close up of Anna's beautiful face. He picks up his helmet and leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT MOTORCYCLE RACETRACK PITS

The ROAR of a powerful motorcycle at full noise as its rider slides it around the OVAL DIRT TRACK and past the pits. Two guys are racing around it when Danny arrives in his pickup truck and parks next to a Ferrari soft top and several other pickups and vans in the pits near where DAVE tinkers with an XR 750 Harley Davidson flat track racer.

As Danny walks over he watches the two racers. He passes several other mechanics and riders as they work on their machines. Several nod or look in Danny's direction, including dirt poor Russian rider MIKHAIL SCARR who watches Danny as he works on his own beat up bike.

Dave looks up and stands when Danny arrives.

DAVE
Hey, good to see you, Danny.

DANNY
Hi Dave. That Corey out there?

DAVE
Sure is.

They watch the two riders. Corey is on a machine identical to the one Dave is tending. Corey eases ahead of the other rider.

DANNY
He's still shit. My mother could do better.

DAVE
He's won some good races lately.

DANNY
No one else turn up? Was it his idea to get me here?

DAVE
Sort of. But I do need someone to test this bike. I want to see how it goes against Corey's number one machine.

DANNY
Still wants to beat me bad. Thought he would of given up when I retired. Couldn't you have got one of these guys to do it.

DAVE
Ain't no one here in you and Corey's league, except perhaps the Russian dude over there.

A shot of Mikhail Scarr as he tinkers with his tatty, beat up machine. POV Danny.

DANNY
Russian?

DAVE
Yeah, he's pretty good. Used to race on ice in Russia.

DANNY
If he can race on ice, this must be a cinch.

DAVE
His bike's shit. You need money these days to do this. Anyway I guess Corey just wants to know. You know, if it hadn't happened...

DANNY
It was racing, things happen.

DAVE
It was your reputation.

DANNY
I'm a hard rider.

DAVE
Well Corey's hardened up plenty.

Out on the track the other rider tries to take Corey on the inside and Corey closes the door on him and he slides off.

DANNY
There's a difference between hard and dirty. He's always been a hothead.

Corey slows his motorcycle and heads for the pits as the other rider clambers to his feet, gives Corey an 'up yours' gesture and dusts himself off.

COREY coasts into the pits and stops by Dave and Danny and removes his helmet.

COREY
Well, well, the great Danny Riggs. Pissed off a lot of people when you chose to ride a desk instead of a motorcycle.

DAVE
Made a lot of people happy as well.

DANNY
(to Corey)
I bet.

COREY
I wasn't one of them. Got your gear?

DANNY
Sure. I had things to do. I couldn't hang around until your daddy got you all fixed up.

COREY
Then let's see if you still got it.

DANNY
Might find out if you'll ever have
it.

Danny walks off to get changed into his riding gear. Corey
watches him with unconcealed hatred. Mikhail watches.

COREY
I'm going to ride him into the dirt.
I got some calls to make.

Corey walks off to the nearby Ferrari and fishes out a cell
phone. Mikhail walks over to Dave and speaks with a RUSSIAN
ACCENT

MIKHAIL
Is that Danny Riggs?

DAVE
Sure is.

MIKHAIL
Is he going to ride with your man?

DAVE
I'm not sure if 'with' is the right
word.

MIKHAIL
May I ride with them?

Dave eyes the Russian for a moment before making up his mind.

DAVE
Hell, why not. But don't get between
Corey and him.

MICHAEL
The new motorcycle looks very good.

DAVE
Yeah, I reckon so. It cost enough.
Lets hope it looks as good after
Danny's finished with it.

FADE TO:

The ROAR of a motorcycle engine firing up.

Danny sits astride the burbling Harley as he guides it over
to where Corey waits for him on the other bike at the edge
of the track. Dave stands next to him.

DAVE
How's she feel?

DANNY
Nice. Real nice.

COREY
Well you ain't fell off yet, I
suppose that's something. You okay
for four laps?

DANNY
I'll try to last out.

Mikhail rolls up next to them on his old machine.

COREY
Hey Ivan, take a hike.

DAVE
It's okay, I said he could ride.

COREY
What the hell for?

DANNY
You'll be so far ahead, he won't get
in your way.

COREY
He better not. Hey Rusky, keep outa
my way on that pile of shit,
understandski?

Mikhail nods his head and says no in Russian

MIKHAIL
Niet.

COREY
What the hell does that mean?

DANNY
Yes.

Danny looks to Mikhail and mischief shows in the eyes behind
the goggles.

COREY
Good. Let's get it on.

EXT THE RACETRACK

The three men ease the bikes out onto the track and stop line
abreast at the beginning of the straightaway. Corey on the
inside then Danny and Mikhail on the outside.

Dave walks to a spot adjacent and as the three men rev the
bike engines to a crescendo he lifts his arm and then drops
it. With a deafening roar the three bikes take off down the
straightaway.

As the men start into the first turn, Corey holds the inside line with Danny on his shoulder. Mikhail is wide out. They come out of turn two and Corey hurtles along the straight with Danny behind and Mikhail falling off the pace a little.

The next turn has similar results with Mikhail catching up a little. Along the straightaway Danny pulls alongside Corey and the two enter the next bend together with Mikhail behind.

Corey and Danny are neck and neck through the bend. Corey tries to take Danny wide but Danny hangs tough and they come out of the bend wide out on the track. Danny is pushed close to the fence but he doesn't relent. Along the straightaway they race neck and neck.

Into the next turn Corey again tries to take Danny wide. Danny eases off and makes a dash for the inside line. Corey maintains momentum and closes in on Danny at the end of the bend before his momentum carries him into the lead. All the time Mikhail hangs on tenaciously,

At the next turn Corey takes the inside line and Danny pulls alongside. Corey glances at Danny before allowing his bike to slide out under Danny until he makes contact.

Mikhail sees his chance, darts through on the inside and takes the lead.

Corey seethes and takes off after the Russian with Danny hot on his heels. Mikhail holds off Corey's charge for a while, all the time Corey becoming more frustrated and riding more and more erratically. Danny sits back and waits.

Unable to control himself at the next bend, Corey powers into a gap on the inside that is not there, knocking Mikhail out wide on the track and leaving him fighting to control his machine.

Danny watches with concern and then takes his opportunity and slides through as Corey goes wide.

Into the final turn and Danny leads. He looks over his shoulder at Corey charging in on him and Mikhail behind him.

Danny takes Corey wide and allows Mikhail to go under him. Danny powers up next to Mikhail and the two riders form a barrier that Corey cannot pass. He slows down.

The two motorcycles flash over the finishing line with Mikhail and Danny dead level in front and Corey eating their dust way behind.

EXT MOTORCYCLE RACETRACK PITS CONTINUOUS

Dave waits for the riders to come in. Danny and Mikhail pull up first. They dismount and take their helmets off.

DAVE

Nice work, Danny. And you, Mikhail.

DANNY

I'd like to see you on one of Dave's bikes.

Corey comes in, stops, takes his helmet off and holds it by the chin guard. He's mad as hell and looking for an excuse. Mikhail is it. He gets in Mikhail's face.

COREY

You fucking commie bastard. I been waiting...

MIKHAIL

You did not protect the racing line.

COREY

I told you to keep out of my way, Rusky.

DANNY

He wasn't in your way, Corey, I was. Thanks for the ride, Dave.

Danny walks away. Suddenly, blazing rage bubbles to the surface and Corey loses it.

COREY

I would have taken him if this fucking commie...

Corey smashes Mikhail across the side of the head with his helmet, sending him sprawling to the dirt. Corey kicks him several times then raises his helmet to bring it smashing down on the dazed Russian's head. Before Corey can deliver the coup de grace, Danny grabs his wrist, spins him around and hits him a good one on the nose. Corey sprawls in the dirt and Danny stands over him.

COREY

You'll be sorry, Riggs.

DANNY

But never as sorry as you, you sorry ass bastard.

Dave helps Mikhail to his feet. Mikhail holds his ribs and blood trickles from his ear.

DANNY

You okay?

MIKHAIL

Yes.

COREY
You won't be for long.

Danny puts his boot into Corey's ribs. Corey glares.

DANNY
You just don't know when to keep your mouth shut, do you rich boy. You lay one...

MIKHAIL
It is okay, mister Riggs, he does not concern me. I return to race in Russia soon.

DANNY
I'll give you a hand with your bike.

Danny and Mikhail walk to Mikhail's bike and Danny pushes the tatty bike toward Mikhail's equally tatty, elderly pickup truck. Dave helps Corey up. He shrugs him off and angrily walks to his Ferrari. Danny and Mikhail watch Corey start the car and roar from the pit area.

MIKHAIL
He is an angry man.

DANNY
Yeah, he sure is. When do you ride next?

MIKHAIL
Here at the weekend. It is my last race meeting in your country.

DANNY
You be okay?

MIKHAIL
Where I come from, believe me, it is much tougher.

DANNY
Dave said you race on ice. I've seen that on TV. Spiked tires. Now that is dangerous shit.

MIKHAIL
Danger comes in many forms, mister Riggs.

DANNY
Tell me about it. And call me Danny. Where you staying here in L.A?

Mikhail slaps the truck.

DANNY
That brings back memories. Why don't you stay at my joint. It ain't big but it's better than the truck.

MIKHAIL
No, it is okay. I would be in...

DANNY
Hey, I want to hear all about this ice speedway shit.

MIKHAIL
Thank you.

DANNY
Let's drop the gear off at my place and grab a cold beer. What do you say?

MIKHAIL
I say God bless America.

INT BAR, SANTA MONICA - NIGHT

Danny and Mikhail sit at the bar. BRUCE, a big Australian behind the bar, brings them a couple of cold beers. There are only a few other patrons in the joint.

DANNY
Thanks Bruce.

MIKHAIL
Thank you for your hospitality.

DANNY
It's nothing. Us bike racers have to stick together.

MIKHAIL
You still have it Danny. Why did you retire?

DANNY
I always had another job and I had to decide between that and racing. You can't race forever.

MIKHAIL
What is your job?

DANNY
I'm a cop. But I don't think I will be for too much longer. I don't think I want to be to tell you the truth.

MIKHAIL
What will you do?

DANNY
I don't know. I only know police work
and racing. Retrain I guess. Perhaps
computers. I might take some time
off and travel a little. Never been
outside of the States.

MIKHAIL
I had never been outside of Moscow
until I came here.

DANNY
Do you miss it?

MIKHAIL
I miss my girl. We did not have
enough money for both of us to come.

DANNY
It's so cold there.

MIKHAIL
You need cold for ice and that is
my other love.

DANNY
Yeah, sliding around on a methanol
burner with steel spikes sticking
out the tires. You must be fucking
mad.

MIKHAIL
It is all I know.

DANNY
Well you wouldn't catch me trying
it.

MIKHAIL
You would be good.

DANNY
No way, I like the quiet life
nowadays.

RAMON BARROS, the older brother of the guy Danny is suspected of killing, walks in and stops near the door. He SWEATS, his eyes are wild and he is DRUGGED out of his mind. He has two of his gang with him, both of whom look similarly spaced out. Ramon looks around. His eyes come to rest on Danny's back.

Bruce, behind the bar, notices and nudges Danny's elbow before moving away along the bar. Danny slowly turns to face Ramon and mutters.

DANNY

Shit.

Danny plays it COOL. Mikhail watches cautiously.

DANNY

Well hi there Ramon. Don't just stand there, come on in.

RAMON

You piece of shit, Riggs. You murdered my little...

DANNY

Woah there. Your bro was all beat up when...

RAMON

Bullshit! You always beating up on people, everybody knows that.

DANNY

Ramon, if I'd have beaten up on Manuel he would have been dead before he reached the station, not after.

RAMON

Nobody else would beat up on him. He's my brother.

DANNY

Was, Ramon, was.

Ramon and his men pull out two pistols apiece and start to let RIP as they move forward. At the same time, Danny pulls a pistol from the waistband of his pants, returns fire as he grabs Mikhail and dives for a nearby marble topped table, overturning it as he pulls Mikhail with him behind it. Danny and Mikhail cower as bullets pepper the table and marble splinters fly.

Bruce pulls out a pump action shotgun from beneath the counter and is hit in the shoulder as he gets one off, causing him to drop it onto the counter before it falls to the floor near the upturned table.

Danny pokes his pistol over the top of the table and returns fire as Ramon and his drugged up buddies move toward the table. Their movements are ROBOTIC. Danny sees the shotgun, grabs it, pulls it behind the table and grasps it to his chest. He gives Mikhail his pistol.

DANNY

You know how to use that?

MIKHAIL

I have seen many Die Hard movies.

DANNY

Shit.

Danny pumps the slide of the shotgun and chambers a round.

Still Ramon and his guys move forward, firing as they go. Ramon empties one pistol and pulls out another, then replaces the second. His men follow suit.

Behind the disintegrating table Danny realizes they must make a move. He looks in a nearby piece of shattered mirror from the bar and sees in the reflection a wagon wheel with lights on it suspended from the ceiling in front of where Ramon and his men are.

Danny waits for Ramon to come into frame on the mirror. He does. Danny pushes himself backward along the floor on his back until he can see the wagon wheel above the table and fires one off at it. The shattered wagon wheel falls from the ceiling, knocking Ramon and one of his men off balance and startling and confusing all of them. Danny and Mikhail stand and fire.

Ramon and his men, off balance, fire back and a fast and furious stand-up, close quarters firefight ensues. The drug affected trio fire indiscriminately, as they have from the start. The drugs coursing through their veins allowing them to be hit several times before going down.

When the dust settles and the smoke clears, Danny and Mikhail are unscathed. Ramon and his men are dead. Danny and Mikhail check themselves for holes. The two men look at each other in disbelief and then shrug when they find they are not hit.

MIKHAIL

Only in America.

DANNY

Damn right.

Bruce hauls himself into view behind the bar counter, dazed and holding his bloody shoulder. This breaks the 'how the hell are we alive' spell between Danny and Mikhail. Danny walks over to the wrecked bar counter, hauls the telephone up by its cable and dials 911. He waits to connect.

DANNY

You okay, Bruce?

BRUCE

Yeah, I reckon so.

DANNY

Better get us a couple of beers then.

EXT BAR SANTA MONICA

Paramedics haul body bags out of the bar. Danny and Mikhail stand talking to a UNIFORMED COP.

Scully arrives with PRESS REPORTERS hot on his heels. He loses them amongst the gathered crowd when he steps inside the tapes isolating the crime scene and presided over by uniformed police. Scully marches up to Danny. Danny watches him with ill concealed contempt.

SCULLY

You better have a damn good reason for this shit.

DANNY

I have. They tried to kill me.

SCULLY

My life would be so much simpler if they did. Who's this?

MIKHAIL

I am Mikhail Scarr. I am from Moscow.

SCULLY

Great. Were you involved?

MIKHAIL

I...

DANNY

No. He was nothing to do with it. One of the dudes in the body bag is the scumbag brother of the scumbag I'm supposed to have beat to death.

SCULLY

Christ. Who's next, their mom?

DANNY

If she marches in with a couple of her pals frombingowithhandcannons and tries to off me, sure.

SCULLY

I can only wish. Get the hell outta my sight, Riggs. Write up a report and have it on my desk tomorrow morning.

DANNY

Before or after I have my head read?

SCULLY

And keep away from the press. They'll have a field day with this.

Danny and Mikhail walk off toward the tape enclosing the area. One particularly obnoxious REPORTER elbows people aside in the crowd to get to Danny as he and Mikhail step outside of the tape.

REPORTER
Detective Riggs, what happened in there?

DANNY
A drug related attempted murder suicide.

REPORTER
Attempted murder suicide?

DANNY
They attempted to murder me, and that's suicide.

REPORTER
Can you...

DANNY
I'm afraid I can't say any more at this point.

Danny moves on. The reporter grabs Mikhail. Others gather around including REPORTER #2

REPORTER
Did you see what happened? Were you involved? Did detective Riggs kill anyone tonight?

Mikhail starts to regale the story in RUSSIAN. The reporter's mouth hangs agape as he tries to understand the foreign language. Danny reaches back and hauls Mikhail after him. The Reporter turns to Reporter #2 next to him.

REPORTER
What did he say?

REPORTER #2
How the hell would I know.

EXT A LIQUOR STORE

Danny and Mikhail walk along the street and come to a liquor store. Danny puts his hand on Mikhail's arm to stop him passing.

DANNY
Hey, I'm not ready to go home.

Mikhail shrugs his agreement and they enter the liquor store.

INT LIQUOR STORE

Danny is about to grab some beers when Mikhail spots a bottle of Russian vodka.

MIKHAIL
Hey Danny, Russian vodka.

DANNY
Getting homesick?

MIKHAIL
It is a real drink.
(Slaps his chest)
A man's drink.

Danny shrugs and digs for his wallet.

CUT TO:

SANTA MONICA PIER

Danny and Mikhail walk together along the pier. They pass the rapidly emptying vodka bottle to each other and have a slug. They lean on the handrail of the jetty and stare out into the night. They are well on their way to being drunk.

MIKHAIL
I think I shot a man tonight.

DANNY
How the hell could you tell. The amount of lead that was flying, they could have offed each other.

MIKHAIL
I suppose. What will you do?

DANNY
Tomorrow I have an appointment with a police shrink...
(Mikhail is puzzled)
A head doctor. She wants to look in here.

Danny taps his forehead.

MIKHAIL
Oh.

DANNY
They think I'm mad. What the hell do they know. If that had been my boss in there tonight he'd be dead. But me, I'm alive. I don't scare easy.

MIKHAIL

Then come to Russia with me and ride
the ice. Then we will see if you scare
easy.

DANNY

That's not as stupid as it sounds.
I got Jack shit here. Perhaps I could
show you Ruskies what us good old
boys are made of.

MIKHAIL

As you Americans say, talk is cheap.

DANNY

No, what you mean is I can talk the
talk but can I walk the walk.

MIKHAIL

Is that what I mean?

DANNY

Damned if I know. Lets walk the
walk home.

They stand back from the handrail a little unsteadily. Danny
finishes the last of the vodka in the bottle and then hurls
it out over the ocean. We follow the bottle in SLO MO until
it disappears into the darkness.

CUT TO:

INT RIGGS' HOUSE

The darkness of the last scene is replaced by brightness as
Danny flicks on the light, illuminating his sitting room. He
and Mikhail are a little less wobbly after the walk home.

MIKHAIL

The walk has cleared my head a
little.

DANNY

Yeah, me too. I'll get us a beer.

Danny goes to fetch the beers from the refrigerator. Mikhail
looks at Danny's computer through the open bedroom door. He
walks in and touches it as Danny walks in with the beers.

INT DANNY'S BEDROOM.

Danny hands Mikhail a beer and both men look at the computer.

DANNY

Beauty heh.

MIKHAIL
Yes it is. You have so many in this
country.

DANNY
Not like this one. I built it myself.
Got more grunt than that motorcycle
of yours.

Danny presses a button and the computer starts to boot up.

MIKHAIL
(proudly)
I know how to use a computer. I send
e-mails to Nat.

DANNY
Who's Nat?

MIKHAIL
Natasha, my girl. No, my woman.

DANNY
Want to send her one now?

MIKHAIL
I have much to tell. So much has
happened.

DANNY
Better not tell her too much.

Mikhail looks around the room at the pictures as Danny sits
in front of the computer.

MIKHAIL
You have no pictures of your woman.

DANNY
No pictures and no woman.

MIKHAIL
Why?

DANNY
I'm a detective. It's difficult.

MIKHAIL
I'm sorry.

DANNY
Don't be.

MIKHAIL
Are you not lonely?

DANNY
Sometimes, I guess.

MIKHAIL
Do you not miss a beautiful
woman's...

The computer boots up.

DANNY
I'll show you a beautiful woman.

Danny presses a few keys and the two men watch as Anna's beautiful face comes up on the screen.

MIKHAIL
You are right, she is beautiful. Even
more beautiful than my Natasha.

DANNY
Now someone like that... What am I
saying, she's a porn star.

MIKHAIL
She is so beautiful. She must be
Russian.

DANNY
Get outta here. She ain't no discus
thrower with legs like a tree trunks
and more facial hair than Castro.

MIKHAIL
We have many beautiful women in
Russia.

DANNY
Yeah, right. We're slammed. I have
to get some sleep if I'm going to
make a good impression on the shrink
tomorrow.

Mikhail walks to the door.

MIKHAIL
Thank you again for helping me,
Danny.

DANNY
It's nothing. Now get to bed and
dream the American dream.

MIKHAIL
And you have dreams of the beautiful
Russian girl in front of you.

Danny looks at Anna's face.

DANNY
Californian as all hell.

Mikhail walks away.

MIKHAIL (O.S.)
Russian.

DANNY
American as cherry pie.

MIKHAIL (V.O.)
Russian.

The door to Mikhail's room closes. Danny again looks at Anna.

DANNY
Why the hell are you doing what
you do?

INT DANNY'S BEDROOM - LATER

The room is lit only by the screen saver of the computer. Danny lies in bed and tosses and turns. Eventually he throws off the covers, sits up and takes a drink of water. He feels like shit. The clock alarm reads 3.14 a.m.

He walks over and sits at the computer. The screen springs to life and he brings up Anna. He stares at her face. The details of where the film was downloaded comes up on the screen and the cost of joining the site.

DANNY
In for a penny, in for twenty four
ninety nine.

Danny reaches for his wallet and withdraws a credit card. The screen on the computer now shows an opening page for the Anna porn site and dialogue box that requires a credit card number. Danny taps in his details. He's in.

As he examines the site he discovers that Anna stars in a long list of porn films. As he reads details of each film he sees that she does everything from BDSM and group sex to lesbian. He clicks on a film and starts it downloading. His computer is very fast. He sits back.

DANNY
Why? Why would she do it?

He starts the film.

CUT TO:

INT ANNA PORN FILM #1 - DAY

ANNA walks into a lavish home. She takes off her fur coat and hands it to a handsome manservant STUD and reveals that she wears nothing more than a g-string, low cut bra and high heels. She gives the Stud's groin a gentle squeeze as she walks away.

ANNA
Bring me champagne... And some sun
tan oil.

The stud bows.

EXT PATIO/DECK OF THE LAVISH HOME

Anna walks out onto the large patio of the elevated home, with sun beds and a view out over pine forests and a lake. She lies on a sun bed. The stud arrives naked with a tray containing a glass of champagne and a bottle of sun tan oil. She takes the champagne and takes a sip. Anna puts down the glass and turns over onto her stomach.

The Stud undoes her bra and starts to rub oil over her back. She lifts her buttocks and he slides down her g-string. The stud rubs oil over her buttocks. Anna starts to moan. She begins to turn over and is obscured by the stud. The camera closes to a CU on her face.

As Danny watches frame by frame he sees the briefest look of HATRED cross her face as she looks at someone out of frame.

As the camera moves around the couple, reflected in the glass of the patio doors, Danny spots a figure standing and sneering. It is Russian Mafia boss VICTOR KAROV. Karov reacts to Anna's look, raises his hand and moves toward Anna before the film cuts. The film is roughly joined and Anna keeps her face from the camera. When she does turn it a little her eye is swelling shut. Her face is obscured by the naked buttocks of several men, one of whom swings at her with a riding crop. She is in for a torrid time.

CUT TO:

INT DOCTOR PROST'S OFFICE - DAY

Elaine Prost sits behind a desk reading a file. The room is large and tastefully furnished. There are two designer chairs facing each other across a coffee table nearby. She looks up as Danny enters.

PROST
Ah, detective Riggs.

DANNY
That's a good start, you remembered
my name.

PROST
I wrote it down. How do you feel?

DANNY
Jaded. I couldn't sleep.

PROST
Bad dreams.

DANNY
No. I don't have them when I'm not
asleep. Is that normal or just me?

PROST
Would you like to take a seat?

Prost indicates the two chairs facing each other. Danny walks over and collapses into one. Prost takes a note pad and pen and sits opposite. An ASSISTANT brings in a tray with coffee and puts it on the coffee table next to a phone.

PROST
Thank you, Janice.

The assistant leaves. Prost starts to pour Danny a cup.

PROST
Coffee, Detective?

DANNY
No thanks.

Prost stops pouring and fixes Danny with an appraising look and pours herself a cup.

DANNY
Don't take things for granted, Doc.
You nearly always end up
disappointed.

PROST
Have you had many disappointments
in your life, detective?

DANNY
Sure. Like today for instance.

PROST
Why are you disappointed?

DANNY
Because I'm here wasting my time
when I could be doing something
I'm good at.

PROST
Such as?

DANNY
Being a detective.

PROST
What makes you think you're a good
detective?

DANNY
Because I catch bad guys.

PROST
A suspect you arrested died as a
result of being beaten.

DANNY
But I didn't do it.

PROST
You have a reputation for excessive
force.

DANNY
I killed his brother and two of his
stupid buddies last night. What do
you make of that, Doc?

PROST
Very funny, detective.

DANNY
They didn't think so. Reckon that
will go against me?

PROST
You're serious. You did kill his
brother.

DANNY
Damn right. He didn't leave me a lot
of choice. What other questions you
got for me? I reckon I'm ready to
open right up.

PROST
Good, good.

DANNY
Must be all this talk about killing.

PROST
This is a serious matter. Your police
career is on the line.

DANNY

No it ain't, it's over. Fuck the bad guys, Fuck the police, and just quietly Doc, I'd like to fuck you.

(Danny rises)

Now if you'd be kind enough to call the Captain and tell him I'm a fruit loop and could he please take my badge and jam it up his ass... Second thoughts, tell him I'll be right over to do it for him because the fuckwit will probably miss.

Doctor Prost stares with her mouth agape as Danny strolls to the door.

DANNY (CONT'D)

You must be really good at this Doc, I feel a whole lot better already.

Danny walks out. Prost, still staring, mouth agape, reaches for the phone.

INT RIGGS' GARAGE/WORKSHOP

Mikhail is working on his motorcycle in a garage crammed with dirt track paraphernalia, with pride of place being given to Danny's motorcycle. Danny walks in with two beers.

MIKHAIL

How did it go, this head reading?

DANNY

Pretty damned good. I surprised myself how well I handled it. I'm not usually too hot at that kind of thing.

MIKHAIL

So you will be going back to work soon?

DANNY

Probably not.

MIKHAIL

Oh.

DANNY

This ice racing in your country. When does the season start?

MIKHAIL

Soon. Under a month.

DANNY

Mmmm.

MIKHAIL

Are you considering...?

DANNY

Just considering, my friend. Just considering. I mean I have the option of retraining as a computer nerd.

MIKHAIL

I am not sure what a nerd is, but is does not sound very exciting.

DANNY

It's not an easy choice. Let's see. As a nerd I get to wear spectacles, a cardigan, hush puppy shoes with gaudy socks and, best of all, I get to move in with my mother. So it is tempting.

MIKHAIL

Of course.

DANNY

On the other hand. Ice speedway means blasting flat-out around an icy track on a motorcycle trying to beat other lunatics...

MIKHAIL

Russian lunatics.

DANNY

Sorry, Russian lunatics, at eighty miles per hour with no brakes and nails poking out the tires.

MIKHAIL

Indeed a hard choice. At your age the nerd option would seem to be the most sensible.

DANNY

Yes, I'll have to give it some thought. But first, we better get this heap of shit ready for Saturday. Corey's going to have you in his sights.

MIKHAIL

Yes, I believe you are right. Are you going to ride?

DANNY
Sure as hell am. But before we start,
I'm going to book you and me on a
plane to Moscow.

MIKHAIL
No it is too much I will wait until
I sell this,
(His bike)
and my truck.

Danny cocks a doubtful eye.

DANNY
You'd be lucky to get a ticket as
far as Anchorage - on a bus.

MIKHAIL
I'm Russian. I will walk the rest
of the way.

Danny puts his arm around Mikhail's shoulders and leads him
out of the garage.

DANNY
Yeah, I reckon you just would.

INT POLICE STATION, DETECTIVE'S ROOM

Ben sits at his desk. Other detectives mill about. Danny casually
walks in, wanders over to his desk opposite Ben's and plonks
himself down. The two partners look at each other for a few
seconds without speaking. AN EASY SILENCE.

BEN
Well, what the hell did you say to
her?

DANNY
Who?

BEN
The fucking shrink.

DANNY
Just enough I reckon.

BEN
Way too much then. What...?

Danny slides his loosely folded letter of resignation across
the desk and Ben opens it with his pen as though it is a piece
of evidence and glances at it.

BEN
So this is it then. The end.

DANNY
Or the beginning.

Danny slides his airline ticket to Moscow across the desk.
Again Ben examines that with his pen.

BEN
Moscow. What the hell? You joining
the force there or something?

DANNY
No. Fuck the police, it's way to
dangerous. Just going to travel
around...
(He rotates his finger)
and around... and around.

Danny takes both pieces of paper from the desk.

BEN
Where you going now?

DANNY
See the Captain and give him the
letter.

BEN
He's got the commissioner with him.

DANNY
Ideal.

INT SCULLY'S OFFICE

Captain Scully sits on the corner of his desk and the
COMMISSIONER stands nearby. Danny walks in unannounced.

SCULLY
Don't you knock?

DANNY
Not anymore.

Danny throws his letter of resignation on the desk. Scully
picks it up, glances at it and hands it to the Commissioner.

SCULLY
And Doctor Prost said you were
insane. It seems she was wrong.

COMMISSIONER
This will save the force some
embarrassment.

DANNY
I don't want to embarrass anyone,
I just want out.

SCULLY

Good. I don't think we have anything more to discuss. Collect your gear and get the hell out of the building.

DANNY

What, no good luck, I hope everything turns out good for the future, etc, etc.

COMMISSIONER

You've caused the department a great deal of problems over the years. To be frank, we'll be happy to see you go. You're a dinosaur, Riggs, there's no place for your kind in today's police force.

DANNY

Fuck you too.

Danny walks to the door and leaves.

COMMISSIONER

That wasn't so bad. I was expecting a scene.

SCULLY

So was I.

EXT POLICE STATION

A crowd has gathered in the street, including TV and other reporters. Mikhail's battered pickup truck comes down the street and makes its way through the crowd. It stops adjacent to the entrance.

Danny, NAKED, walks from the police station, through the crowd and into the rear of the pickup truck. He looks up to Scully and the Commissioner looking out of the window and grins and waves. He addresses the gathering of reporters and others.

DANNY

I've come to know quite a few of you over my years in the police force, and you know I've always had balls. Well today I resigned and I thought it only fair that you had a look at them. Unfortunately, nowadays the force is run by people who don't have any of these.

(points to his balls)

So I reckon it's time for me to take mine and leave.

Danny bangs the roof of the pickup and Mikhail slowly drives through the crowd, whilst Danny smiles and waves like a presidential candidate.

Danny looks up at Scully and the Commissioner and gives them a big cheesy grin.

CUT TO:

EXT MOTORCYCLE RACE TRACK PITS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A posse of riders on the dirt track THUNDER past the pits.

The stands of the track are crowded as Mikhail and Danny stand next to their machines. They look over to Corey and Dave with their immaculate machines. Dave works on a bike and Corey is having his picture taken with two girls. GIRL #1 and GIRL #2. He is enjoying the attention.

DANNY
Look at the asshole.

Corey looks over, sneers and goes back to being all smiles

MIKHAIL
He is in the same race as us.

DANNY
I know.

MIKHAIL
You do not seem concerned.

DANNY
I think I'll just go over and wish
him the best of luck.

Danny grins mischievously and strolls over to Corey. Mikhail watches. Corey's confident, smiling face becomes wary as Danny walks over. Corey moves back slightly bringing the girls between Danny and himself as Danny arrives.

DANNY
How you going Corey? Dave, girls.

COREY
Do you know who this is?

GIRL #1
No.

DANNY
Hell. Didn't you see me on the TV
news. You probably don't recognize
me with my clothes on.

GIRL #2
You're the naked cop.

Danny smiles and does a 'that's me' routine.

COREY
Ex-cop, like he's an ex-racer.

DANNY
Gee, I'm an x-man. And you know how dangerous they are. Anyway Corey, let's let bygones be bygones and the best of luck out there today.

Danny grasps Corey's hand and pumps it before Corey can react. Danny gives him a big grin and a wink, turns and walks away.

GIRL #1
He's cute.

GIRL #2
Nice butt too.

COREY
Well, if you're all finished girls, why don't you get the hell outta my fucking face.

The girls are pissed and one of them gives Corey the finger as they leave. Dave gets up from the bike he is tinkering with.

DAVE
Easy, Corey. He's just playing mind games.

COREY
Fuck him. Is my bike ready?

DAVE
Sure is. It should be good for at least a bike length every straightaway.

COREY
Good. That means he'll have to take a few risks in the turns and you know what happens when you take risks.

DAVE
Just ride smart and he won't get near you.

COREY
I think I'll make sure of that.

Corey walks over to a RIDER standing next to his machine. Corey nods in Danny's direction. The other rider looks and then turns back to Corey. The rider nods his head slightly. Corey has bought himself a stooge.

MIKHAIL

You are messing with his mind,
correct?

DANNY

Dave's the best mechanic in the game,
so Corey has a great bike. But Corey
don't need a mechanic, he needs
someone to fix his head. He's still
daddy's spoilt brat and he still
thinks he can buy a title.

MIKHAIL

Can he?

DANNY

What do you mean?

MIKHAIL

Can he not buy people off if he has
enough money?

DANNY

Who knows. Never really thought
about it. I just ride my pants off.
Does it happen in your country?

MIKHAIL

I cannot be sure. It has never
happened to me but I have heard
stories. There are men that you would
call gangsters or Mafia involved
with the sport. I have seen them at
the tracks.

DANNY

Now you tell me.

EXT THE RACE TRACK

The ROAR of the motorcycles build to a crescendo as the riders await the start. Corey, near the inside, looks across to Danny. Outside of them is Mikhail. More riders line up around them. The dirt flies as the bikes blast away from the start.

Corey has a slight lead going into the first bend. A couple of places back is Danny with Mikhail outside of him.

Coming onto the back straightaway Corey opens his lead slightly. Danny gets checked by the rider that Corey spoke to earlier in front of him and Mikhail passes them both to be second behind Corey, who accelerates away on his more potent machine.

Into the next turn Corey holds a tight line with Mikhail sliding up on the outside. Danny is again balked by Corey's stooge. Down the front straightaway Corey again pulls away. Mikhail hangs on grimly and looks back to Danny as he tries to pass the stooge but he's boxed in.

Mikhail looks to the rear of Corey's bike and seems to manage to coax a little more out of his motor. Into the bend, Mikhail leaves his slide late and flies wide where he finds grip and rockets out of the bend past Corey. Mikhail leads down the straightaway, but Corey uses his superior power and comes alongside. Further back Danny edges out of his boxed in position.

Mikhail holds the inside into the bend with Corey outside. Danny slides clear of the stooge and other riders to be several bike lengths third.

Mikhail holds a slight advantage down the straightaway and Corey cuts to the inside as they enter the turn. Corey deliberately lets his machine slide underneath Mikhail's, knocking him off. Mikhail and his bike slide toward the fence and hit it HARD.

Danny watches Mikhail. Mikhail is unconscious and trapped under his machine by his legs. Gasoline runs from the ruptured fuel tank.

The MARSHALS black flag the race and the riders ease off. Corey keeps going toward the pits. Danny slides his bike onto the infield and hurtles back to Mikhail. Danny is the first there, he drops his bike and lifts Mikhail's machine off his fallen friend. He drags Mikhail clear as the bike explodes into flames. The fire marshals arrive and start to douse the flames and paramedics arrive and start on Mikhail. Danny watches and then looks up in time to see Corey entering the pits. He looks down at Mikhail, who opens his eyes and groans.

DANNY
You okay, buddy?

Mikhail grimaces and nods as Marshals gather around him with first aid gear and start tending to him.

DANNY
Look after him.

Danny runs to his bike and roars off toward the pits.

EXT MOTORCYCLE RACE TRACK PITS

The crowd in the pits try to see what is happening on the track. Among the agitated crowd, Corey gets off his bike next to Dave. He is taking off his helmet.

DAVE

What the hell were you playing at
out there. You could of killed him.
I've had enough of you, you piece
of...

Dave gets no further. Corey smashes him with his helmet. At that moment he sees Danny roar up to the pit entrance. Corey runs for his car which is parked a little away. Corey barges through the crowd as Danny enters the pits on his bike.

The crowd thins out as Corey reaches his Ferrari, jumps in, guns the motor and takes off for the road entrance to the pits. He looks in the mirror and believes he is home free. He smirks.

A few seconds later Danny clears the crowd on his bike and takes off after Corey.

EXT CAR CHASE

CONTINUOUS

Corey's Ferrari comes hurtling out of the racetrack pit entrance onto the street. A second later, Danny appears on his race bike. Corey spots Danny in the mirror and puts the pedal to the metal, overtaking a car and then around a corner. Danny follows.

A car driven by a VERY OLD MAN, his VERY OLD WIFE in the passenger seat, edges up to an intersection further along the street on which the two men are racing along. Both wear spectacles. The old man looks myopically along the street.

INT OLD PEOPLES CAR

VERY OLD WIFE

Careful dear, this street can be a
real racetrack at times.

EXT STREETS - CAR CHASE - CONTINUOUS

The car containing the old couple potters out onto the street in front of Corey and Danny.

Corey pulls a pistol from under his seat, puts it on the passenger seat and looks up just in time to see the old couple's car and hurtle past it on the outside. Danny roars past on the inside.

The old couple DO NOT EVEN NOTICE and continue on at about twenty miles per hour.

The powerful Ferrari roars nimbly along the street overtaking whatever cars it encounters. Danny pursues him. Ahead cars queue at a set of traffic lights.

Corey looks in his mirror and finds it filled with Danny. Corey smiles evilly and stamps on the brakes, fully expecting Danny to smash into the rear of the Ferrari. Danny narrowly misses it and locks the bike up into a long slide. The pistol on the passenger seat of the Ferrari slides onto the floor.

As Danny slides the bike around, the two men face each other. Corey reaches for the pistol on the floor but hasn't reached it when Danny roars toward him. Corey hits reverse and powers backward before he spins the car and heads off in the other direction.

FAT COP #1 and FAT COP #2, one old and one young, are walking to a bench eating a burger from the armful of fast food they carry. They look up as first the Ferrari roars by and then the dirt track bike. They watch, their mouths full of food.

FAT COP #1
Goddamn!

He thinks about pursuit but looks at his food.

FAT COP #1 (CONT'D)
Did you get a plate?

FAT COP #2
Yeah, fourteen.

Fat Cop #2 refers to the number on Danny's race bike.

FAT COP #2 (CONT'D)
Shall I call it in?

Fat Cop #1 looks briefly at his even more dopey partner, shakes his head, sits down and continues his meal.

The houses along the street thin out as the two men thunder along. A road sign signals a highway leading out of town is just ahead. Corey makes the turn and a long straight road leading out onto an open, scrub covered area with the mountains in the distance beckons. The Ferrari engine howls as he floors it.

Danny holds the dirt bike flat but the Ferrari opens the gap. POV Danny. He watches helplessly as, way ahead, Corey approaches the crest of a rise in the road.

In the Ferrari, Corey smiles as he sees Danny grow smaller in his mirror. He raises an arm and gives Danny the finger.

COREY
Eat my dust you shithead.

As he tops the rise at full noise, Corey's attention is rapidly refocused when he finds himself bearing down on a queue of cars waiting for a team of road construction workers to get a truck off the road. A ROAD WORKER holding a stop sign sees the approaching Ferrari and his mouth hangs open.

Corey sees a dirt road leading off into the scrub. He has no alternative but to slam on the brakes and take it. He slithers past a rusty, old, shotgun pellet ravaged sign that reads, THE HERMAN MINING COMPANY. CLOSED. DANGER. WARNING NO TRESPASSING.

Danny smiles at the new situation.

EXT DIRT ROAD

Corey takes the Ferrari along the dirt road at speed. A few seconds later Danny follows. Corey FIGHTS the Ferrari as it scrabbles for grip on the dirt. Behind him, Danny is more at home on the race bike, power sliding it around the bends in the road.

Danny powers the bike up alongside Corey. Corey tries to knock Danny off and to avoid him Danny runs off into the scrub. They run parallel. Danny glances over at Corey and sees the Ferrari start to disappear from view as the road drops away. When he looks back the ground ahead of him disappears.

DANNY
Shiiiiit!

Danny cranks on the throttle and becomes AIRBORNE.

Below Danny's flying motorcycle the road comes around and he flies over Corey. Danny lands in the scrub on the other side of the road as it drops away toward the an abandoned OPEN CAST MINE. The incline is steep and Danny fights for control.

The road has started a series of hairpins leading down to the mine floor. As Corey slides the Ferrari around the next bend, Danny lands briefly on the road in front of him before plunging off down the slope again.

Danny fights his machine, smashing through bushes and narrowly avoiding trees. He gains some control and is roughly parallel to the road when he again becomes airborne and it's with relief that he lands safely on the road. His relief is short lived because Corey is right behind him.

Danny looks over his shoulder and sees the Ferrari bearing down on him. The Ferrari closes and nudges Danny's rear wheel. Danny goes faster. The two race down the twisting road, sliding around the bends. Corey again nudges Danny, sending him off through the scrub.

Corey comes to a place where the road ends and the wide expanse of the mining site floor begins, and with no sign of Danny, he stops. SILENCE. SUDDENLY, Danny's motorcycle lands in front of him and Danny slides the bike in a wide arc until they face each other.

All is quiet except for the rumble of the powerful motors. Both men look around at the expanse of flat open ground, the only features are several fifty feet high mounds of excavated sand some distance away. Beyond that is the sandy cliff face from which they came.

Corey smiles, believing the advantage lies with him. He guns the motor. Danny responds. Corey looks on the floor for the pistol but it is lodged firmly beneath the seat.

COREY

Shit!

Corey launches the car toward Danny and the CHICKEN RUN commences. Corey loses his nerve as Danny lifts the front wheel and they miss each other by inches. Corey spins around one eighty degrees, comes to a halt and looks around in panic for Danny. Danny appears out of the dust and takes Corey's mirror off.

Danny heads for the sand mounds and cliff face. Corey angrily pursues him. In a straight line Corey gains. He smiles. He gets close to Danny's back wheel but has to swerve away as they approach the sand mounds. Danny goes up and gets massive air off the top. Corey goes around and waits.

As Corey waits he manages to extract the pistol from beneath the passenger seat. He smiles. He looks up and finds Danny seated on his bike on the top of a sand mound.

COREY

Fuck you.

Corey fires off several shots at Danny before Danny disappears over the back of the mound. Corey drives slowly around the base of the mounds.

In front of Corey, Danny blasts clear of the bottom of a mound. Corey looses off another couple of rounds before giving chase. Danny heads for a GULLY in the sandy cliff ahead. He enters the gully with Corey hot on his heels.

The gully narrows and ahead is a wall of sand. Danny has ridden into a DEAD END. Corey smiles and guns the motor to bring him up onto Danny's rear wheel. He is going to ram Danny into the cliff.

COREY

Nowhere to hide now you piece of
shit.

Danny moves over to the edge of the gully where the walls are slightly less steep than the end wall.

As they near the curving cliff wall at the end of the gully, using his momentum, Danny hurtles up the wall and performs a WALL OF DEATH manoeuvre on the end cliff face, the centrifugal force pinning him to the cliff face as he slingshots around.

Corey, caught completely by surprise, rams the Ferrari into the sandy cliff beneath Danny. Danny's wall of death ride across the cliff face loosens the sand and an avalanche cascades down burying the Ferrari and Corey up to his chest. Danny comes back down to earth in the gully behind Corey. He stops and watches as the cascading sand continues to slowly rise around Corey.

Danny drops the still running bike and runs up over the buried Ferrari to Corey.

DANNY
Don't struggle.

Corey snarls and brings his arm and the pistol free of the sand and points it at Danny.

COREY
You're dead, Riggs.

Danny kicks Corey's arm away as he fires. The gunshot resonates as the bullet hits the cliff face. Danny looks up as the surrounding cliffs tremble. Corey SCREAMS.

Danny runs for his motorcycle, picks it up, jumps aboard and takes off toward the entrance of the gully. The gully walls, starting from the end where Corey is trapped, start to collapse. Corey is engulfed.

Danny rides for his life as the walls of the gully tumble around him and a swirling dust cloud chases him.

The bike hurtles from the gully the moment before it is filled with sand.

Danny stops and looks back at the cloud of dust and the slight depression where the gully once was. Corey is buried beneath hundreds of tons of sand and rock.

DANNY
No Corey, you're dead. Dead and buried.

Danny takes off across toward the mine access road.

CUT TO:

INT HOSPITAL

Mikhail lies in a bed. He doesn't look too bad considering. Danny casually wanders in with a bag of grapes and plonks himself down in a chair beside the bed. He starts eating the grapes

DANNY

You had me worried there for a while. I thought you were a gonner, and all you got is concussion and a couple of cracked ribs.

MIKHAIL

Four actually, but thank you for your concern.

DANNY

Well you're always telling me how tough you ruskies are.

MIKHAIL

Dave came to see me. He said you took off after Corey.

DANNY

Yeah.

MIKHAIL

Did you catch the, how do you say... shithead?

DANNY

Nah, chased him for a while and then the idiot got himself involved in a pile-up.

MIKHAIL

I hope he has good medical cover, hospitals in this country are very expensive.

DANNY

Oh he's covered all right. Well covered. When are they letting you out?

MIKHAIL

They are keeping me under surveillance...

DANNY

Observation.

MIKHAIL

Observation until tomorrow morning.

Danny puts the grape bag down on the bedside table.

DANNY

Okay, I'll come by and pick you up.

MIKHAIL

Thank you.

A pretty NURSE enters.

DANNY
Keep your Russian hands off our
American nurses.

MIKHAIL
And you keep your eyes off that
beautiful Russian babe, Anna.

Danny grins and exits. As the nurse watches, Mikhail picks up the grape bag and pulls out a stalk devoid of grapes. He rolls his eyes and the nurse smiles.

NURSE
I'll get you some more if you like.

MIKHAIL
Will you? Thank you.

Mikhail is surprised by the gesture. The nurse leaves. Mikhail lies back and puts his hands behind his head.

MIKHAIL (CONT'D)
God bless America

INT SEX SHOP

The interior of the sex shop has walls lined with videos and various sex paraphernalia. LEO, the owner, is behind the counter thumbing through a porn mag when Danny walks in. Leo is wary.

Danny looks around.

DANNY
Hello, Leo, how's business?

LEO
Fine, no thanks to you. You cost me
plenty last time you were here.

DANNY
You were selling kiddy movies, and
that's a no no. I don't give a shit
how many of these
(a studded paddle)
you sell. In fact I quite like this
one.

Danny SLAPS the paddle down hard on the counter. Leo winces.

LEO
You can't do Jack shit, you ain't
a cop no more, I saw it on the news.

DANNY

Yeah, I guess a lot of people saw it. Hey, do you reckon I could be a porn star? Danny da shlong. Got a nice ring to it.

LEO

Get the hell outta my shop, Riggs.

DANNY

I need a favour.

LEO

Well you came to the wrong place.

DANNY

No, you're the right man.

Danny pulls out some pictures and shows them to Leo.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Seen her before?

LEO

Sure. She's big. I got a dozen hot videos of her. Want to buy one? She does some weird shit.

DANNY

Where do you get them from?

LEO

I got my sources.

DANNY

Let me rephrase the question as you don't seem to have understood it. Where do you get them from?

LEO

I buy direct from the importer.

DANNY

Importer? You mean it's not made here?

LEO

No. A lot of stuff comes from the old commie countries.

DANNY

She doesn't have an accent.

LEO

It's dubbed you dummy.

Danny raises an eyebrow at being called a dummy and hefts the paddle threateningly.

LEO (CON'T)

I mean you don't believe everything you see on the screen do you? It might be porn but she's still an actress. She might not even like what she does. But hey, what the hell.

DANNY

Who's the importer?

LEO

No way, Riggs. You fuck with them and they're going to fuck with me.

DANNY

I'm not going to do anything stupid.

LEO

I said, no way. You ain't a cop anymore. You can't go beating up on people no more. It's finitoriggito.

Danny brandishes the paddle.

DANNY

I reckon I got one last beating in me. You want to be it?

LEO

Man, you don't fuck with these guys. They're Russian and connected. Russian mafia, man. They're bad news.

DANNY

Where do I find them?

LEO

Why you so interested in this chick? She's just some good looking Russian bitch out to make a buck.

DANNY

And maybe not. Maybe she's being forced to do this shit.

LEO

What you planning to do? Go to Russia and rescue her like some knight in shining armor on a big white horse?

DANNY

No, on a motorcycle.

LEO
Jesus Riggs, you're fucked in the head.
(writes the address)
Here's the address. With any luck the Ruskies might do what someone in this city should have done a long time ago.

Danny looks at the address.

DANNY
Thanks Leo, you've been a big help.

LEO
Don't mention it. And don't mention me. Please don't mention me, okay?

Danny winks at Leo, tosses him the paddle and walks from the shop. Leo hesitates then picks up the phone.

EXT WAREHOUSE

On the outside of a warehouse a sign reads BLACK BEAR IMPORTS. The large roller door in the front of the building opens and a Mercedes pulls out. Seated in the back is VIKTOR KAROV. As the Mercedes cruises away from the warehouse, it passes Danny coming the other way on his Harley.

Danny sees the sign and the roller door beginning to descend and rides into the warehouse.

INT WAREHOUSE CONTINUOUS

SOO, a huge MONGOL, is operating the roller door as Danny enters on his motorcycle. He watches silently and closes the door. Danny dismounts and removes his helmet.

DANNY
Hi there, big boy. I need a little information.

IVAN GROSKY, Karov's lieutenant, walks out from behind a row of stacking filled with boxes.

GROSKY
He will tell you nothing, mister Riggs. He can't, he's a mute. An unfortunate accident robbed Soo of his tongue.

DANNY
What the hell kind of accident would that be?

GROSKY

I'm sure Soo would be happy to show you. What information do you require?

DANNY

I'm interested in an actress that appears in some of your videos. She's called Anna.

GROSKY

Do you really think we know anything about the girls in the films.

DANNY

That's what I intend to find out.

GROSKY

Get out, Riggs.

DANNY

Hey I'm just a fan trying to find out a little more about my favorite actress.

GROSKY

Soo.

Soo moves toward Danny.

DANNY

Easy tiger. This ain't Russia.

GROSKY

No it's not. But this building is owned by a Russian company and you are trespassing. I suggest you leave and do not return.

DANNY

You're not big on forging international relations are you.

Grosky pulls a gun on Danny.

GROSKY

I was warned about you Riggs, and I have done my best to dissuade you from pursuing your interest in Anna. Soo.

Soo moves toward Danny. Danny launches a ferocious kick at Soo's balls. It lands with little effect. Soo scowls.

GROSKY

He lost those in the same accident. It makes him mad when people do something to remind him.

DANNY

Shit.

Danny knocks the gun from Grosky's hand with his helmet, floors him with a punch and in the same movement smashes the helmet across Soo's head, knocking him backward.

Soo grabs a crow bar from a packing case and swings at Danny, who ducks before giving him another couple of shots with his helmet. Soo is groggy and wobbling but remains standing. Danny watches and waits for him to drop.

DANNY

Jesus.

He brings his helmet down hard on Soo's head, splitting the helmet in two and putting Soo out on the floor. Danny whirls around in time to kick the pistol away from Grosky's outstretched hand as he reaches for it on the floor. Danny picks up the pistol and waves it at Grosky.

DANNY

Get up.

Grosky gets to his feet.

GROSKY

You have made a big mistake. My...

DANNY

Yeah, yeah.

Danny pulls a picture printed from the Anna film of Viktor Karov from his jacket. He thrusts it at Grosky.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Who's that?

Grosky recognizes it as his boss.

GROSKY

Where did you get this?

DANNY

Hey shithead, I'm the one with the gun and the questions. Now you better tell me or you're going to have an accident like the boy named Soo over there.

GROSKY

It is a shame you did not arrive earlier, he was here. Unfortunately, he has left.

DANNY

Well you just tell me his name and where to find him and I'll be out of your hair.

Grosky shrugs.

GROSKY

His name is Viktor Karov. You could have found that out by checking out this company, or even the Russian newspapers, if you could have stretched your primitive yankee imagination.

DANNY

Yeah, but this is more fun. Where is he?

GROSKY

By now, probably at the airport. He is going back to Moscow. He has a substantial business empire run.

DANNY

And make more films I suppose. Anna, or whoever she is, is doing it against her will, and that's rape.

GROSKY

How do you know that?

DANNY

I just do.

GROSKY

Then I suggest you go to Moscow and take the matter up with mister Karov.

DANNY

You know what buddy, I might just...

Reflected in Grosky's eyes, Danny sees Soo looming up behind him, crowbar poised to crack Danny's skull. Danny avoids the crowbar but it glances off his shoulder causing him to drop Grosky's pistol and fall to the floor.

Danny rolls as Soo smashes a chip out of the cement floor where Danny's head was. Danny avoids another blow and smashes his foot into Soo's knee, toppling the giant.

Grosky, realizing Danny is not finished yet, picks up the fallen pistol and takes a shot, just missing. Danny rolls behind a packing case and pulls a pistol from the back of his pants.

Another man, RUSSIAN HOOD #1, appears down an aisle between rows of shelves behind Danny. Danny spins as a bullet from Russian Hood #1 hits the packing case.

Danny is trapped. He dives through the shelving into the next aisle and runs as Grosky moves to get a shot. Danny dives through a gap in the next row of shelving, splitting a box and spilling porn videos everywhere. He runs down the aisle.

Danny crouches behind some packing cases at the end of the aisle of shelves and looks around. At the other end of the row of shelves, Soo is looking through a gap.

The huge Mongol grips the structure of the row of shelves and pushes. The whole row starts to buckle and in a domino effect begins to topple Danny's way.

Danny dives out from the falling shelves and is exposed to Russian Hood #1, who takes a bead on Danny. Danny rolls and fires, hitting Russian Hood #1 several times. Danny scampers away.

Danny comes to a forklift truck with its forks elevated. He jumps aboard and finds no key. He pulls the wires from the ignition switch and is about to hot wire it when Grosky appears in front of him and pokes his gun through the mast at Danny's head.

GROSKY
Enough Riggs. Get off.

DANNY
Shit, I was just going to help out.

GROSKY
We don't need your help.

DANNY
I thought you might now that you're a man down, and all.

GROSKY
Yes, the man you killed was the driver.

DANNY
Then he should know better than to leave it like this. Very dangerous.

Danny smiles and Grosky looks up at the fork tines above him as Danny pushes the lever to make them drop. One hits Grosky on the shoulder, knocking him to the floor as the tines clang onto the concrete next to him. Danny hardly has time to smile as Soo comes along the aisle toward the front of the forklift. Danny works feverishly at the wires as Soo gets closer.

Soo is only a few feet away from the front of the forklift when the motor comes alive. Simultaneously, Soo reaches the mast of the forklift as Danny floors it. The forklift wheels spin but Soo's strength is it's equal. He HOLDS it.

On the floor, Grosky reaches for the pistol as Soo holds the screaming, smoking wheeled forklift truck stationary. Danny sees him

Grosky gets a grip on the pistol and Danny looks back to Soo, who smiles, confident in his own strength. Unfortunately for Soo, to perform a feat of strength such as this, one's feet must be securely anchored to the ground.

Danny grabs the lever to elevate the forks and one of the tines comes up between Soo's legs, lifting him off the ground. With the resultant lessening of resistance, the forklift truck hurtles forward, causing the shot Grosky fires at Danny to miss.

The forklift hurtles along an aisle between shelves toward the front door. Soo is pressed against the front of the machine as Danny keeps the pedal to the metal. Soo twists around and looks at the rapidly approaching roller door.

As the forklift hurtles into the loading dock area where Danny's motorcycle is parked, Danny bails out.

The driverless forklift with Soo on the front crashes into the factory door, the tines penetrating it and squashing Soo against the mast before the door comes crashing down and the forklift stalls in the street.

Danny climbs aboard his motorcycle and starts the motor. Grosky is struggling down the aisle some way back as Danny rides up level to the front of the forklift and the trapped Soo inside the collapsed roller door.

DANNY

Shit, you have a lot of accidents.

Soo, glares at Danny through the tunnel formed by the door.

Grosky STAGGERS along the aisle and takes a shot at Danny and he takes off along the street.

CUT TO:

INT RIGGS' HOUSE

Danny leads Mikhail into the house. Mikhail is sore. Danny is oblivious to his discomfort. They enter the sitting room.

DANNY

Wanna beer?

MIKHAIL
No, not just yet thank you.

Danny gets two from the refrigerator and throws Mikhail one, which Mikhail catches just before it is about to smack into his damaged ribs.

MIKHAIL (CONT'D)
Thank you.

DANNY
Met a couple of your countrymen today.

MIKHAIL
Really.

DANNY
We had a chat about a guy called Viktor Karov. Ever heard of him?

Mikhail recognizes the gangster's name. He is wary.

MIKHAIL
Unfortunately, yes.

DANNY
Bad dude, eh?

MIKHAIL
You have your Mafia, we have ours. You do not interfere with yours do you?

DANNY
I have been known to bust one or two...

MIKHAIL
Minor people.

DANNY
Yeah, I suppose they were. The top dogs are just about untouchable. Too many bent cops and judges.

MIKHAIL
It is the same for us. Worse, even. Viktor Karov is one of those untouchables. You mess with him, you wind up in prison or dead, or both.

DANNY
I suppose you're right. All set for the trip?

MIKHAIL
Yes. A little sore but no big deal.

DANNY
Hey, you got another day, you'll be fine.

MIKHAIL
I must sell my truck and motorcycle.

DANNY
What's left of it. I reckon I know just the guy. C'mon, let's go and pay him a visit.

Mikhail grimaces as Danny sculls his beer, throws the empty can basketball style into the trash can in the kitchen, does a neat spin and pump routine to celebrate the successful shot and walks out.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Follow me. You might as well get used to it cos when Danny hits the ice, all you ruskies will be eating my snow.

Danny exits and Mikhail follows slowly.

MIKHAIL
We will see my friend, we will see.

EXT TONY'S QUALITY USED CARS

Mikhail's battered pickup truck, with his equally battered and burned Harley racer in the back, charges over the kerb onto the lot. Danny is driving and Mikhail wincing and holding his ribs.

Danny jumps out and Mikhail follows more gingerly. TONY, the Hispanic owner, hurries over.

DANNY
Hi Tony.

TONY
Get that heap of scrap off...

DANNY
Hey, Tony this ain't scrap, this is the bargain of a lifetime.

Danny puts his arm around Tony's shoulders and leads him protesting toward the office. Mikhail follows.

They reach the office and Danny bundles Tony inside. The office has security bars on the door and windows. A tough looking Hispanic MECHANIC watches from a workshop on the premises and ducks back inside. Mikhail sees him and then follows Danny inside.

INT TONY'S OFFICE

Danny sits Tony down at his desk and then moves over to a filing cabinet. Mikhail stands by the door.

DANNY
How much you going to pay my friend here for those fine machines out there?

TONY
You must be outta your mind, Riggs.

DANNY
That's what the shrink said. Gotta be worth ten grand. Any fool can see that. What do you say?

TONY
I say get outta here.

DANNY
Let's face it, Tony, you're a punk.

TONY
You and the rest of your dumb ass cops couldn't pin anything on me.

DANNY
Yeah, we never could find the evidence, but if we had...

Danny opens the filing cabinet and fiddles inside.

TONY
Hey, get outta there.

DANNY
I never did figure out who used to tip you off.

The Mechanic who saw them earlier from the workshop and a bigger, meaner looking MECHANIC #1 turn up outside hefting tire irons Mikhail slides the bolt across on the door, locking them out.

TONY
You won't find nothing incriminating in there, Riggs. I'm way too smart for that.

The Mechanic bangs on the bars with the tire iron.

MECHANIC
You okay, Tony?

TONY

Yeah. They're just leaving and taking that pile of junk with them. Hey, why don't you just go over and put a few more dents in it for them.

The two Mechanics walk over to Mikhail's pickup truck, one slapping his palm with the heavy tire iron. Mikhail watches apprehensively.

TONY

You better get outta here, Riggs while you still have something to drive out in.

Outside, Mechanic #1 smashes a front headlight on the pickup truck.

DANNY

Can't understand why you would want to beat up on a vehicle you're going to buy, but hey.

Danny fiddles in the filing cabinet, seemingly unconcerned about the events taking place outside.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Ah, now what have we here?

Danny holds up a bag of COCAINE.

TONY

You planted that, Riggs.

DANNY

You really should be more careful, Tony. I have no option but to make a citizen's arrest and call it in.

Danny throws the coke down on the desk and reaches for the phone. Mikhail looks out the window and winces as he watches the two mechanics beating the crap out of his pickup truck. Mechanic #1 has climbed into the truck and is starting on the motorcycle.

Tony loses it and slams his hand down on Danny's as he picks up the phone. He pulls a gun from under the desk but Danny is quicker, putting his to Tony's head. Danny takes Tony's gun.

DANNY

I know you want those desirable machines out there that your guys are modifying, and you can have them, just give my friend here ten grand... Cash.

TONY

No way.

DANNY

Cough up you greasy piece of shit.

Tony unlocks the bottom draw of the desk. In the drawer is a stack of cash and several large bags of coke. Tony counts off the bundles of notes and Danny takes them and hands them to Mikhail.

DANNY

Say thank you to the nice man, Micky.

MIKHAIL

Thank you, nice man.

TONY

Fuck you too.

Danny picks up the bag of coke and drops it in the bottom drawer.

DANNY

Have some icing sugar to mix with your other shit. C'mon Micky. It's been a pleasure doing business with you, Tony.

Mikhail unlocks the door and they walk out.

TONY

You prick, Riggs.

EXT TONY'S QUALITY USED CARS

Mikhail and Danny walk out of Tony's office. The Mechanic and Mechanic #1 are still industriously trashing the pickup and motorcycle. The two mechanics stop an look at Danny and then at Tony standing in the doorway behind them.

TONY

Hey, Riggs. Get that crap off my Lot, you'll give me a bad name.

Danny stops, looks at Mikhail, shrugs and walks to the semi demolished pickup. The Mechanics move away. Danny gets behind the wheel and Mikhail, after briefly looking at his smashed and burned motorcycle and sadly shaking his head, climbs into the passenger seat.

Danny gives Tony a grin and a wave. Tony reciprocates with a `fuck you' gesture. The battered pickup truck trundles from the lot, bits and pieces falling off as it heads off along the street.

INT MIKHAIL'S PICKUP TRUCK

The pickup truck is rattling along the street. Mikhail has the money in his hand and staring at it. Danny is watching him and grinning.

DANNY
Good deal, huh.

MIKHAIL
I have ten thousand American dollars
and we are still driving my truck.

DANNY
I have a feeling we're going to have
trouble getting rid of these babies.

MIKHAIL
What shall we do?

DANNY
Hey. I know another guy just like
Tony. Perhaps he'd like to buy them.
I'll have to get some more sugar,
though.

MIKHAIL
I am happy with this,
(the money.)
Very happy. It is double what I paid.

DANNY
It's free enterprise, Micky. The
American way.

MIKHAIL
God bless America.

TITLE OVER: MOSCOW AIRPORT

INT MOSCOW AIRPORT ARRIVALS

NATASHA, Mikhail's girl, dressed in a fur coat, stands at the front of a small crowd awaiting the new arrivals. Everyone is dressed in thick, winter clothing. Danny and Mikhail appear from the customs hall.

DANNY
I thought she was going to give me
a cavity search.

MIKHAIL
You will have to be more careful with
your mouth here. It is not L.A.

Danny looks at all the heavy coats and clothing.

DANNY
You can say that again.

Natasha waves and calls out.

NATASHA
Mikhail.

Mikhail sees her. Natasha runs over and they kiss and hug.
Danny watches. Mikhail manages to break away.

MIKHAIL
Natasha, this is Danny.

NATASHA
Welcome to Moscow Danny.

DANNY
Thanks.

NATASHA
Micky has told me much about you.
I find some of it a little hard to
believe.

MIKHAIL
It is true, Natasha. All of it.

DANNY
If it's good it's true. If it's not
he made it up.

MIKHAIL
Have you a car? I will get it.

NATASHA
I have borrowed Illya's.

Natasha hurries away as the thry head for the door. Grosky
watches from the back of the crowd. He follows them.

EXT MOSCOW AIRPORT

Police with machine pistols watch the crowds as Danny and Mikhail
stand near the kerb with their baggage. Parked a little way
along the road is a Mercedes with the Mongol Soo at the wheel.
Grosky climbs into the rear of the Mercedes.

Natasha pulls up in front of Danny and Mikhail in a small,
battered and rusty MOSKVICH sedan. She jumps out and opens
the trunk.

The two men stand in the smoke and steam from the exhaust,
throw in their suitcases and climb into the cramped interior
with their hand baggage. Natasha is at the wheel with Danny
next to her and Mikhail crammed in the back with the hand baggage.

The small car takes off, an enormous cloud of white SMOKE coming from the exhaust.

INT THE MERCEDES

As the small Moskvich pulls away, Grosky leans forward and taps Soo on the shoulder.

GROSKY
Follow them.

Grosky picks up a phone and punches in a number.

GROSKY
(Into phone)
It's him... Yes.

Grosky hangs up the phone, leans back and allows himself a small smile.

GROSKY
So, Soo, I believe you may yet have the pleasure of getting even with mister Riggs.

Soo's dark, expressionless eyes stare at Grosky from the mirror.

INT A SMALL APARTMENT

The front door opens and Natasha leads in Danny and Mikhail. Danny takes in the TINY, sparsely furnished apartment. Natasha is proud of securing such an apartment for Danny.

MIKHAIL
You are very lucky to get such an apartment, Danny. Housing in Moscow is very scarce. It belongs to a friend of Natasha's. She has a good job.

DANNY
Obviously.

Natasha points to an outdated computer on a small desk.

NATASHA
She works in computers. I told her that you had American dollars to pay rent with so she has moved in with her parents for a while.

MIKHAIL
And brother and sister and her brother's wife.

NATASHA
Who's pregnant.

DANNY
I hope it's bigger than this.

NATASHA
About the same.

MIKHAIL
We will come around and pick you
up for dinner around eight.

NATASHA
Perhaps I should bring Irena.

MIKHAIL
I believe Danny has another Russian
girl in mind.

NATASHA
Oh. And who is the mystery woman?

MIKHAIL
Her name is Anna.

Danny scowls at Mikhail.

MIKHAIL (CONT'D)
Come Natasha. These Yankees are very
sensitive.

Mikhail and Natasha leave Danny to examine his new home. He
looks around at the drab apartment with its cheap, and tacky
décor. He sighs.

DANNY
God bless Russia.

EXT HUGO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The Moskvich sedan, white SMOKE belching from its exhaust in
the freezing night air, lurches to a halt across the street
from Hugo's Restaurant. Natasha, Mikhail and Danny walk across
the street to the restaurant.

MIKHAIL
This is a great Russian restaurant.

NATASHA
It is very expensive, Micky.

MIKHAIL
I have American dollars, Natasha.
Danny helped me sell my truck and
motorcycle in America....

Mikhail leads them into the restaurant.

MIKHAIL (O.S.)
Three times.

Along the street, Grosky's unlit Mercedes is parked.

INT HUGO'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

The restaurant is busy and a WAITRESS shows them to a table at the rear of the dining room. Many large, older Russian Mafia types are dining in groups with young beautiful women. The vodka flows and the air is thick with smoke.

DANNY
Do you come here much?

MIKHAIL
It is not for the likes of Natasha and me. This is where the rich come. The new rich if you know what I mean.

DANNY
I know what you mean. It's written all over them. The sort of place Viktor Karov might visit.

NATASHA
Karov. How do you know of him?

Danny picks up the menu as the Waiter comes over with vodka.

DANNY
It's a long story. You'll have to order, I can't read this shit.

Mikhail orders in Russian and pours vodka for the three of them.

MIKHAIL
We have a busy day tomorrow. We must find you a motorcycle to race.

NATASHA
Surely a day sightseeing won't hurt.

MIKHAIL
There will be plenty of time for that later. If he survives the first race that is.

DANNY
When is the first race of the season?

MIKHAIL
The end of this week there are team trials.

DANNY

We have to pick up our gear from the freight company.

MIKHAIL

We will collect my truck in the morning.

DANNY

I can't wait to see...

Danny's stops mid sentence as Viktor Karov walks in with Grosky. ANNA is with them. Grosky looks across and smiles at Danny. Mikhail follows Danny's stare.

MIKHAIL

Karov. This is no coincidence Danny, is it. What did you do back in L.A.?

DANNY

Just had a chat to the guy with him. Helped him out in the warehouse when he was a man down.

NATASHA

What is wrong with that?

MIKHAIL

You do not yet know Danny.

DANNY

That's Anna with them.

The whole scene is very American Mafia style as Karov's party is fawned over by the maitre de and seated at the best table. Karov is well known and acknowledges many other gangsters already dining.

DANNY

But a porn star. Most mob guys in the states go for legit girls. It gives them credibility and status.

MIKHAIL

Perhaps he enjoys showing off one of his best looking business assets. He would probably sell her to the highest bidder.

NATASHA

That's horrible, Mikhail.

MIKHAIL

But true. These girls are just pieces of meat to people like Karov.

Grosky nods in Danny's direction and Karov looks over, followed by Anna. Danny acknowledges Grosky by touching a finger to his forehead and giving him a cheesy grin. Grosky is not amused. Karov's face is devoid of emotion and he turns away. Anna and Danny LOCK EYES, before she also turns away.

MIKHAIL

This is dangerous, Danny. Very dangerous. You do not mess with people like Karov.

DANNY

Hey, I'm not here to mess with him. I'm here to mess with you. On the racetrack, or ice rink, or whatever the hell it's called.

MIKHAIL

We will see my friend. Let us drink to good racing and may the best man win.

The three clink glasses and down their vodka. The first course arrives and it is borsch soup. Danny stares at it.

DANNY

What the hell is this?

NATASHA

Borsch. They are suppose to make the best in all Russia here.

MIKHAIL

You would call it beet soup.

Danny takes a sip.

DANNY

Hey, not bad. I might get to like it here.

MIKHAIL

Forget about Anna and Karov and you might just live long enough to find out if you do.

Danny looks over to Karov's table and finds Anna surreptitiously looking over. He winks and Anna smiles softly.

Grosky notices and is about to stop Anna when Karov slowly shakes his head to stop him. Grosky realizes a TRAP is being set and smiles slyly at his master. Mikhail is worried when he sees Danny looking at Anna.

The waiter arrives with more vodka, breaking the spell between Danny and Anna.

Karov leaves his seat and wanders smiling from table to table saying the odd word, laughing and slapping the occasional back. Again it is reminiscent of American Mafia bosses. Danny watches as Karov makes his way nearer. Karov eventually saunters over.

KAROV

Are you enjoying your meal, mister Riggs? This is the finest restaurant in all Moscow.

RIGGS

Yes, Viktor. The beet soup's delicious.

KAROV

Excellent. To what do we owe the pleasure of your visit to Moscow?

RIGGS

Thought I might try my hand at ice racing. What do you reckon?

KAROV

It is very dangerous. But I get the impression you embrace that. I like that in a man.

RIGGS

Good for you.

KAROV

What team will you ride for?

MIKHAIL

We do not know yet.

KAROV

Amongst other things, I have an interest in one of the best. The Black Bears. Would you both like to try out for the team? I'm sure I could arrange it.

DANNY

Hey, why the hell not.

KAROV

Excellent. I believe the trials are set for Saturday night.

MIKHAIL

We must first purchase a machine for...

DANNY

We'll be there.

KAROV

So will I. I look forward to it.
Have a good evening.

Karov strolls casually back to his table where Grosky stands waiting with Anna, already dressed to leave. The maitre de holds Karov's coat ready for him. Karov bids adieu to his cronies and walks out. Anna manages one last, lingering look at Danny before Grosky roughly takes her by the elbow and leads her out.

MIKHAIL

This is a dangerous game you play.
He...

DANNY

Are the Black Bears the best team?

MIKHAIL

Yes, but...

DANNY

Only the best for us. Now we have
to find me a motorcycle.

NATASHA

I do not like this, Micky.

MIKHAIL

I am not sure I like it either.

DANNY

You don't have to try out, but I'm
sure as hell going to. Hell, they're
the best team in town.

MIKHAIL

Karov did not have an interest in
the team last season, I'm sure of
it.

DANNY

Perhaps he bought in over the off
season.

MIKHAIL

I heard it had mafia connections,
that is why they get the best riders

NATASHA

Viktor Karov is a powerful man. I'm
sure he could pull a few strings.

MIKHAIL

No doubt. Perhaps he is doing this
especially for you Danny. It could
be a trap.

DANNY

I've no doubt it is. He's got all the aces so I'll just play along. It might get me closer to the girl. I wonder what hold he has over her?

NATASHA

It must be a powerful one if she does the things Micky said.

DANNY

I suppose I'll just have to ask her.

Mikhail calls the waitress. She speaks in Russian to Mikhail and Natasha.

NATASHA

Mister Karov has paid the bill.

DANNY

Well, that was nice of him. He must really want me on the team.

MIKHAIL

Or want you dead.

EXT WORKSHOP - DAY

It is snowing in the narrow cobbled street in the old industrial area when Natasha's battered, smoking, spluttering Moskvich sedan pulls up outside a large wooden door in a rundown industrial unit.

Mikhail and Danny climb out. Mikhail retrieves a truck battery from the trunk, hands it to Danny and then goes to the driver's window where Natasha sits at the wheel.

NATASHA

I hope the truck starts.

MIKHAIL

Of course it will, it's Russian.

Mikhail leans in and kisses her on the lips. She smiles and putters away in the Moskvich, leaving Danny, at the rear, in a cloud of white smoke.

DANNY

Damn fine piece of engineering.

MIKHAIL

It works.

DANNY

Just.

Mikhail unlocks the heavy padlock on the door and heaves it open.

INT WORKSHOP

The interior of the workshop is dark. In the milky light from outside, Mikhail opens a power box on the wall and pushes up a lever, causing a flashing arc, and the lights come on. A truck, even more battered and decrepit than the one in the states, stands covered in dust. In the back, covered by a sheet is the ice racer motorcycle.

Danny puts down the heavy battery on a work bench and stares in disbelief at the truck. Mikhail lifts the hood of the truck and picks up the battery and a wrench. Danny walks around the vehicle.

DANNY
You got style, Micky, I'll give you that.

Mikhail puts the battery in the front of the truck and connects it. Danny comes to the rear of the truck, looks at the covered motorcycle and pulls off the sheet.

There, in front of his face, is a tire with glinting, razor sharp, steel SPIKES jutting from it. He touches one. Mikhail joins him.

MIKHAIL
So, what do you think?

DANNY
I think you're mad.

MIKHAIL
You are going to cross swords with one of the most powerful gangsters in all of Moscow. Do not call me mad.

DANNY
See if this heap of shit will start.

MIKHAIL
No problem.

Mikhail reaches in and turns the key. The motor bursts into life. Smoke from the exhaust fills the room.

DANNY
Let's get out of here before we choke to death.

INT CUSTOMS WAREHOUSE

In the large, cold warehouse, a FORMIDABLE, stern faced, female CUSTOMS OFFICER is standing behind a packing case on a bench. Danny and Mikhail stand the other side of the bench.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
Open it.

DANNY
It's just motorcycle gear.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
Open it.

DANNY
Look, it's just...

MIKHAIL
Just open it, Danny, we have nothing
to hide.

Danny rolls his eyes, takes a crowbar from the table and levers the lid of the packing case open. He reaches in and pulls out two crash helmets and thrusts them at the Customs Officer.

DANNY
Look, motorcycle helmets.

Danny raps them together. The Customs Officer's expression does not change.

DANNY
Is hard... Is good.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
What else?

Danny reluctantly hauls out two sets of racing leathers.

DANNY
Like them?

The Customs Officer feels the leather leg of one up to the crotch and gives it a squeeze.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
What else?

Danny hauls out a pair of motorcycle boots. He puts his hands in them and starts to DANCE them Russian style on the table, kicking out one and then the other as he sings. The Customs officer remains STONY faced.

DANNY
Da da da da, hoy, da da da da, hoy,
da da da da, hoy.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
What else?

Danny peers in

DANNY
Let's see. More boots, gloves, two
kilos of cocaine, several guns and
some C4 plastic explosive. That's
about it.

The Customs Officer peers in and then stands back, apparently
satisfied.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
You are cleared.

She turns on the solid heel of her sensible shoe and walks
away. Danny and Mikhail repack the packing case.

MIKHAIL
You should not make a joke about
what is in the packing case. She
could have made trouble.

DANNY
I was only joking about the cocaine.
Come on, let's get out of here.

The two men pick up the packing case and carry it away.

INT WORKSHOP

Light floods the workshop as Danny pulls the door open. Mikhail
reverses the truck in whilst Danny hits the lights. Danny closes
the door. There is a second ice racer in the truck as well
as the packing case. They look at the second motorcycle.

MIKHAIL
Well, what do you think of your
new machine?

DANNY
It'll do. I got to make a few
adjustments, but it'll do.

MIKHAIL
You got it for a good price.

DANNY
Good old US dollars. Better than
your rupees any day.

MIKHAIL
Rubles. Rupees are in India.

DANNY
Whatever. Let's get the crate
unloaded.

Mikhail and Danny take the packing case from the truck and
put it on the floor.

MIKHAIL
What is in here, Danny?

DANNY
Like I said, I only joked about
the coke.

Danny pulls out the helmets. He takes the lining from his and
pulls out some C4 plastic explosive moulded to the inside.

DANNY
Good old C4 plastic explosive, You
never know when this shit might come
in handy.

Mikhail looks at his helmet and then eyes Danny inquiringly.

DANNY
Yep. I don't like to waste space.

Mikhail gingerly pulls the lining from his helmet and peels
the C4 from inside. Danny pulls out the racing leathers, then
the boots. He takes a pistol from each boot. He slides them
in the back of his pants.

DANNY
That's better, I feel dressed now.

MIKHAIL
You are truly insane. What if she
had searched more thoroughly? What
then?

DANNY
What are the prisons like here?

MIKHAIL
Worse than the hospitals.

DANNY
Then it's just as well she didn't,
isn't it.

Danny takes spare clips from the other boots and puts them
in his pockets. Mikhail watches and shakes his head. From a
glove, Danny takes a small derringer type pistol and slips
it in his sock.

DANNY
It ain't much of a gun, but it might
just save your life.

Danny takes another glove and removes chemical detonators for
the C4 plastic explosive from the fingers.

MIKHAIL
What are those?

DANNY
Detonators. The plastic ain't much
good without them.

MIKHAIL
Of course. How stupid of me. Is that
all of it?

DANNY
Yeah, I just couldn't fit the rocket
launcher in.

MIKHAIL
I expect you tried.

DANNY
Let's stash the plastic and see what
we can do with that heap of shit I
just bought.

MIKHAIL
It is a good, reliable machine.

DANNY
I don't want reliable, I want fast.
And I want it fast by tomorrow night.
I want to be in the team. Do you know
anyone who could paint it for me?

EXT BLACK BEAR ICE RACING TRACK PITS - NIGHT

It's cold. Four motorcycles ROAR past on the ice track. Danny
and Mikhail, dressed in leathers with thick jackets over them,
watch.

MIKHAIL
What do you think?

DANNY
Piece of cake. Staying warm is the
hard part. It must be five below.

MIKHAIL
Ten. And it will get colder. Much
colder.

Viktor Karov walks up behind them.

DANNY

Nice.

KAROV

If you want to race on ice, mister Riggs, it needs to be cold. It can reach minus sixty centigrade. Many people die in the winter in Russia. People have been murdered for a warm coat like the one you're wearing.

DANNY

I better keep on my toes then.

KAROV

You need not worry about that.
(Points to the track)
That is what should concern you.

The motorcycles roar past them, spraying ice and snow into the air.

MIKHAIL

It is time, Danny. We are due out on the track for our heat soon.

KAROV

Good luck, mister Riggs.

DANNY

Thanks comrade.

Mikhail and Danny walk over to their motorcycles. Karov smiles and walks away. Danny's machine is painted in STARS AND STRIPES livery.

INT GRANDSTAND ROOM

Grosky and Soo stand together at the large window looking out onto the track and the pit area. Karov joins them.

GROSKY

Why do you play with him? Let Soo dispose of him. Both of them.

KAROV

Riggs is American. It is not like killing a Russian. His murder will be investigated.

GROSKY

We have police in high places, they...

KAROV

It would involve the US embassy. They will send one of their police to liaise with ours. It would attract much attention. Unwanted attention.

GROSKY

But an accident...

KAROV

Exactly. An accident witnessed by a stadium full of people. There will be no murder investigation.

GROSKY

I see. Poor Soo will miss out.

KAROV

If you two had killed him in America, none of this would be necessary.

GROSKY

I am sorry, Viktor.

KAROV

I have other work for Soo. I quite like being one of the owners of the Black Bears. But now I would like to be the only owner. Do you understand me?

GROSKY

Absolutely. Soo will take care of it.

Grosky and Soo walk off.

KAROV

And Ivan, make a sure he makes a better job than he did of Riggs.

As Grosky and Soo leave, ALEX TREVARICH enters. He is dressed in leathers and is the captain of the Black Bears. He walks over to Karov.

TREVARICH

You wanted to see me, mister Karov.

KAROV

What do you think of an American trying out for your team?

TREVARICH

Some of the riders don't like it. Tor Dragan is a hot head, he could do something stupid to the Yankee. The American has no experience on ice. He will not make the team. It is impossible.

KAROV

Oh, but he will Alex. He will.

TREVARICH

He will have to be an exceptional rider.

KAROV

I understand that he is.

TREVARICH

On dirt, on a mile oval. This is different.

KAROV

As I say, he will make the team. Do you understand?

TREVARICH

I understand. I will tell the other riders. What about Mikhail Scarr? He's a good rider.

KAROV

The American will make the team.

Trevarich nods and walks toward the door. Karov stares out the window at the pits.

KAROV (CONT'D)

Send Tor Dragan up to see me. You say he is a hot head.

TREVARICH

He is. He needs discipline.

KAROV

I'm sure I can point him in the right direction.

Karov looks out the window and, after looking at his back for a moment, Trevarich leaves. Karov watches Danny in the pits.

EXT ICE TRACK PITS

Danny mounts his machine as does Mikhail. They fasten the safety leashes around their wrist and insert the end into the emergency motor cut-out switch on the handlebars.

Two Russian riders, DIMMY and STEPHAN come up on either side of them. POV Karov. At the entrance to the track, Dimmy pats Mikhail on the back.

DIMMY
I hope your time in America has not
made you soft, Micky.

MIKHAIL
I am still hard and fast enough to
beat you, Dimmy.

FOUR MEN come to the rear of the motorcycles to push them to start the motor.

DIMMY
What about your American friend? Is
he a fast man? A hard man?

The men begin to push the machines. Dimmy goes a little ahead.

MIKHAIL
Yes Dimmy, but I'm not sure in
which order.

EXT THE ICE TRACK

Stephan and Danny get pushed out together onto the track and Stephan shoulders Danny as the bikes burst into life. Danny re-balances himself as Stephan guns the motor and sprays ice over Danny from the rear wheel.

Danny follows the other riders around the track to the start gate. He is forced to the outside starting position. Mikhail is between the other two Russians.

The four riders await the start. Stephan, inside of Danny, looks over and gives Danny a hard stare and shakes his head. Danny smiles in return.

DANNY
Up yours Ivan.

They open the throttles, the engines ROAR, the tapes go up and the spiked tires glint and throw up a spume of ice and snow as the motorcycles hurtle away from the start line.

Danny is last into the first turn, fighting with the unfamiliar machine. Dimmy is first, Mikhail second and Stephan third.

Mikhail and Dimmy race closely and the snow and ice flies. Stephan watches Danny slyly and deliberately runs wide, allowing Danny to come up the inside.

On the exit from the turn two, Stephan comes in on Danny from out wide and narrowly misses Danny's front wheel. Danny's front wheel is only inches from Stephan's rear as they hurtle down the straightaway.

Mikhail and Dimmy still battle closely for the lead going into turn three. Again Stephan deliberately goes wide, allowing Danny up the inside.

Exiting turn four Mikhail and Dimmy are side by side. Danny holds a tight line. Again Stephan cuts in on Danny and the spikes of Danny's front wheel and those of Stephan's rear SPARK as they make contact. Down the straightaway they go and Mikhail edges into the lead as they enter turn one. Dimmy hangs on tenaciously.

Stephan deliberately goes wide again and looks down the inside for his victim. He is not there. He looks further back along the inside line thinking Danny may have fallen. There is no sign of him.

Stephan loses concentration for a split second before he realizes Danny is right next to him on his outside. Danny comes in on Stephan, narrowly missing his front wheel and takes third position.

They roar down the straightaway tightly packed, Mikhail first, Dimmy second, Danny third and Stephan last.

INT GRANDSTAND ROOM

Viktor Karov watches the riders through the window. TOR DRAGAN, the hot head with a scarred face watches with him.

KAROV

Well, what do you think, Tor?

DRAGAN

Stephan will be pissed that the American is past him.

KAROV

What about the American, is he any good?

DRAGAN

He is still in one piece.

KAROV

You race against him later.

DRAGAN

If he survives this race he will not be so lucky then.

KAROV

Do not kill him. I want him to race in Saturday's opening race of the season.

DRAGAN

It is a dangerous sport, accidents happen.

Dragan strokes his scar.

KAROV

I know they do. But it's when they happen that's important. It would be a shame if it happened here at a trial with no crowd to witness it. Do you understand?

DRAGAN

I understand. Of course if he were to receive a minor injury... A painful minor injury....

Dragan rubs his scarred face again. Karov smiles sadistically.

In the background, through the window the four motorcycles again roar along the start/finish straightaway into their last lap.

EXT THE ICE TRACK

Mikhail and Dimmy race neck and neck. As the group enters turn one for the last time, Stephan pushes up the inside of Danny, making contact and pushing him wide. Danny regains control and comes back in on top of Stephan. The two race inches apart.

Exiting turn two the four riders are tightly bunched, Mikhail and Dimmy side by side at the front and Stephan and Danny side by side behind them. Entering turn three, Mikhail on the inside holds his line, as does Dimmy outside of him.

Close behind them, as they slide, Stephan, on the inside line, tries to take Danny out. They slide out toward the fence. Stephan smiles as they close on the fence. The back wheel of Danny's bike is inches from the fence. Snow and ice swirls around them. Their handlebars are touching as they fight the machines.

Danny takes his left hand off the grip and yanks the safety leash attached to Stephan's wrist and the emergency cut-out switch on the handlebars. His engine dies. Danny hurtles on as Stephan loses control of his dying machine and slides slowly off into a pile of snow and ice at the bottom of the fence, half burying himself in snow.

Mikhail and Dimmy touch, slowing both riders and presenting Danny with a narrow chance of catching them. He seizes his opportunity and holds his machine at full throttle.

Danny catches Mikhail and Dimmy on the exit of turn four and all three race for the finish line neck and neck with Danny out wide.

The three are impossible to separate as they cross the finish line. The three riders slow for the pits.

EXT ICE TRACK PITS

Dimmy, Mikhail and Danny enter the pits from the track. They stop and take off their helmets. Mikhail grins from the exhilaration.

MIKHAIL
Well, what do you think?

DANNY
I think I'm getting the hang of it.

MIKHAIL
What happened to Stephan?

DANNY
His engine quit. Shame, he was going okay.

Tor Dragan wanders over.

DRAGAN
Good ride, Yankee.

DANNY
Why, thank you, comrade.

DRAGAN
I have you in the next heat.

DANNY
Well, lucky you.

Dragan walks away.

MIKHAIL
Do you always make friends so easily?

DANNY
Yeah, I'm just a likeable guy.

Stephan, covered in snow and ice particles, rides slowly into the pits and glares at Danny as he passes.

MIKHAIL
He does not seem so friendly.

DANNY
Icy, even.

INT GRANDSTAND ROOM

Karov watches through the window. He looks at his watch, pulls out a mobile phone and taps in a number.

KAROV
(Into phone)
I trust everything is satisfactory... Is she... That is not good. Put her on... Anna, darling, what is wrong?... No, Anna, you listen... I said listen! You do as you are told. Just do it you bitch or you know what will happen to Katrina. Now shut up, and get fucked. Do I make myself clear. Good.

Karov SLAMS the phone down on the table and picks up a glass of vodka. He is angry and his eyes blaze. The volatility and mental instability of Viktor Karov is revealed. He sculls the vodka, smashes the glass down and walks out.

EXT ICE TRACK PITS - CONTINUOUS

Danny and Mikhail fiddle with their motorcycles. Karov walks through the pits to Tor Dragan.

KAROV
Ride him into the ice.

DRAGAN
But you said to wait until Sat...

KAROV
You heard me.

Dragan shrugs.

DRAGAN
You're the boss.

KAROV
Yes, yes I am.

Karov turns on his heel and walks away. Dragan walks over to Stephan and whispers to him. Stephan glances at Danny and smiles slyly. They call over an OFFICIAL with a clipboard. He consults his clipboard and shakes his head. Dragan nods in the direction of Karov. The Official changes something on a sheet of paper. Mikhail, crouched with Danny as they work on their motorcycles, watches.

MIKHAIL
Something is going on.

DANNY

Yeah.

MIKHAIL

Dragan could do something stupid.

DANNY

He is, he's racing against me.

MIKHAIL

This is not a joke, Danny. This is very much not a joke.

The Official comes over to Danny and Mikhail.

OFFICIAL

There has been a change in the order. You (Danny) ride in the next heat against Tor, Stephan and...

MIKHAIL

Me.

OFFICIAL

Ivan. I told you, there has been a change in the order. You are not in it.

The Official turns and walks away.

MIKHAIL

It is a set up. They are the three most aggressive riders on the team.

DANNY

I have to get into the team to get close to Karov.

MIKHAIL

There must be another way.

DANNY

Well, you got about a minute to think of it.

Danny prepares to ride.

MIKHAIL

You must get out in front from the start. If you lead, they can do nothing. You need gate number one on the inside.

The Official comes over.

OFFICIAL

You are in gate number four.

The Official walks away.

DANNY
Any other ideas?

Danny puts on his helmet.

MIKHAIL
Leave for America... now.

DANNY
I ain't the running kind. Anyway,
I kind of like it here, what with
the weather and everyone so friendly
and all.

Mikhail touches a glinting steel spike on Danny's front tire.

MIKHAIL
Then buy some band-aids. Lots of
them.

Danny gets astride his machine and Mikhail pushes him toward the track entrance. Tor, Stephan and Gregor are pushed up beside him. They glare but say nothing.

The three Russians are push started and the motors roar. Mikhail pushes Danny and watches as he roars away.

MIKHAIL
Good luck my friend.

EXT THE ICE TRACK

The four racers pull up at the start gate. Gregor on the inside, Stephan next, then Dragan and Danny on the outside. All three Russians look at Danny. Danny grins back and touches his helmet in mock salute. The engines roar as they build for the start.

The tape goes up and they're off in a hail of snow and ice. As they hurtle along the straightaway toward turn one, Danny stays wide. They enter turn one and Danny is last to turn in, keeping on the gas a fraction longer than the others and remaining on the outside.

The four motorcycles race line abreast around the turn and Dragan starts to drift out onto Danny. The two riders come together, their machines touching.

Danny leans onto Dragan and the bikes banging against each other. Danny's inside leg, which he uses for balance, is trapped between the two motorcycles, his foot inches from the spinning spikes of Dragan's rear tire.

As they exit turn two, Danny pushes Dragan away and hurtles down the straightaway. Danny gets in front of Dragan and moves across, inches in front of Dragan's front wheel.

Danny comes to turn three alongside Stephan, with Gregor still on the inside. Danny leans in on Stephan, who is forced in on top of Gregor. Gregor tries to fight off Stephan, but the combined weight is too much and he has to ease off the gas and drop back.

As Danny and Stephan tussle for the lead, their bikes and bodies hitting each other, Dragan comes up on the outside. He starts to close in on Danny and Danny becomes the meat in the sandwich.

The three roar along the straightaway in a tight group and into turn one again. The bikes buck as they jostle for the lead. Again Danny becomes sandwiched. Dragan leans hard on Danny, their faces only inches apart and their arms touching. Danny elbows Dragan hard in the face, causing him to drop back.

Stephan drifts out and under Danny. Danny stomps on Stephan's ankle and gives himself some room. Danny now has a narrow lead. Dragan angrily goes out wide, finds some grip and comes up on Danny's rear wheel.

Down the straightaway Stephan creeps up on the inside. Dragan goes wide and as they slide into turn three and Dragan lines Danny up. Danny is on the outside of Stephan when Dragan comes hurtling in toward Danny in a wild manoeuvre to try and crush Danny onto Stephan.

Danny senses what is about to happen and closes the throttle, the enormous compression ratio of the engine acting like a brake and slowing his machine quickly.

Tor Dragan smashes into Stephan and the two are knocked from their machines and go down in a jumble of bodies and spinning, spiked tires.

BLOOD flies from the crash and sprays Danny's face. He just manages to miss the mayhem and regains control as Gregor comes up level. Track marshals flag the two riders and they return sedately to the pits. More marshals and medics run to the two fallen riders on the blood spattered ice.

EXT ICE TRACK PITS

Mikhail waits for Danny. Danny cruises in and stops next to Mikhail. He takes off his helmet.

MIKHAIL
Are you all right?

DANNY
Better than those two.

MIKHAIL
It was a nasty accident.

Danny looks up and sees Karov looking down darkly at him from the grandstand room.

DANNY
Shit happens. I reckon we're a
certainty for a place in the team
now, what with them being short a
couple of riders.

MIKHAIL
You are pushing your luck Danny.

DANNY
Sure am. And I think I'll pop up
there,
(The grandstand room)
and push it some more.

Danny hands the bike to Mikhail and heads toward the grandstand.

MIKHAIL
Danny... Shit.

INT GRANDSTAND ROOM

Karov stands by the window with a glass of vodka in his hand.
He looks dark. Danny walks in without knocking. Karov becomes
calculatingly light hearted.

KAROV
Ah, Riggs. So what do you think of
our ice speedway?

DANNY
Pretty good. I like friendly
rivalry. How about you?

KAROV
Friendly rivalry? I have never heard
the term. You are either a rival or
not. I don't have many rivals
nowadays, they seem to meet with
accidents.

Danny cocks his thumb in the direction of the track, where
an ambulance is at the accident scene and Tor Dragan is being
put aboard on a stretcher.

DANNY
Seems to happen to friendly rivals
here too. It must be a Russian thing.

KAROV
Indeed it is. Rivalry here is
ferocious. We are not like America.
Here one must guard one's assets from
one's rivals... At any cost.

DANNY

I figured that. We in the team? Seems you need to replace a couple of assets that haven't performed like they should.

KAROV

Yes, there does appear to be two vacancies. Why not. I will inform the team manager. I must go, I have a reluctant asset that needs refocusing.

DANNY

That must be annoying.

KAROV

It is. But I hold, how do you say?... yes, I know, the ace in the hole.

DANNY

Never was a card player.

Karov moves to the door.

KAROV

I must attend to business.

DANNY

I hope you won't regret having us on the team.

KAROV

I never regret anything. Regret is for the weak.

Karov smiles walks out. BODYGUARD #1 and a huge bodyguard called HUGO appear from either side outside of the door and leave with Karov.

EXT ICE TRACK PITS

Natasha walks through the pits and sees Mikhail standing next to the open door of his pickup truck. She walks up behind him and grabs his butt. He jumps and spins around.

MIKHAIL

Natasha!

NATASHA

Who did you think it was?

MIKHAIL

Sorry, my nerves are...

Natasha kisses him as Danny comes up to the other side of the truck and opens the other door.

DANNY
Like steel.

Danny grabs his kit bag from the floor of the truck, puts it on the seat and opens it.

NATASHA
Hello, Danny. How did your first...

DANNY
Great. Got the batmobile here?

NATASHA
What...

Danny starts to strip off his leathers

MIKHAIL
He means Ilya's car.

NATASHA
Yes.

Danny stands in his underwear, struggling to get into a pair of black jeans.

DANNY
I need to borrow it.

Danny looks across the pits through the truck windshield and sees Karov talking to the MANAGER and the Official in the white coat, the two bodyguards standing watchfully close by.

Karov points over in Mikhail's direction and Danny ducks out of sight as the Manager and Official look over. Danny slips on a pair of black sneakers whilst he hides. Mikhail and Natasha watch Danny curiously.

NATASHA
Are you all right?

Danny pops his head up and sees Karov slap the Manager on the shoulder and walk off. The manager and Official watch him go. The manager shrugs. The two bodyguards do the bodyguard shuffle.

DANNY
Ask my shrink.

Danny throws on a black pullover and black jacket, then to Natasha's amazement, pulls a pistol from the bag and slots it in the back of his pants.

NATASHA
That's a gun.

Danny pulls out the small pistol and slips it in his sock.

DANNY
So is this. It might only be small...

MIKHAIL
But one day it could just save your
life.

DANNY
You're learning. Keys?

Natasha complies as Danny holds out his hand for her car keys.

NATASHA
Take good care of it, he loves his
little car.

DANNY
Of course I will.

Danny pulls a black ski mask from the bag and Natasha looks at it with puzzlement. Danny holds it up.

DANNY (CONT'D)
My buddy Viktor told me how cold it
gets around here.

Danny grins, stuffs it in his pocket and rushes off through the pits in the same direction that Karov went.

MIKHAIL
I think it is about to warm up.

EXT ICE TRACK PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Karov's Mercedes stands alone in a reserved position. Karov and the bodyguards walk to it. Bodyguard #1 gets behind the wheel and after opening the rear door for Karov, Hugo gets in the passenger seat.

EXT STREET OUTSIDE THE TRACK - NIGHT

Danny runs along the street to the Moskvich car.

INT THE MOSKVICH

Danny jumps in in time to see the Mercedes pull out of the parking lot. He twists the key and the starter turns raggedly, as the Mercedes cruises away.

DANNY
Come on, come on.

The starter turns but the motor refuses to fire. Danny is pumping the gas pedal and willing the motor to start. The starter begins to slow as the battery weakens.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Come on you...

On the last turn before the battery dies the motor wheezes into life. Smoke from the exhaust wafts past the windshield as the engines stutters and belches. Danny tries the stick shift for a gear with accompanying grinding sounds.

DANNY
You exquisite piece of engineering.

EXT STREET OUTSIDE THE TRACK - NIGHT

The Moskvich utters a final grind and crunch as Danny manages to engage a gear and then pulls away from the kerb in a cloud of smoke. The Moskvich trundles down the road after the distant Mercedes.

EXT MOSCOW STREET

The Mercedes carrying Karov and his heavies cruises along the quiet street. The Moskvich follows, belching smoke and coughing and spluttering.

EXT A MOSCOW STREET, INDUSTRIAL AREA - NIGHT

The Mercedes cruises along a shadowy street lined with warehouses and factories. The Moskvich hangs back as the Mercedes turns into a warehouse courtyard parking lot.

Lights shine from some of the top floor windows. The Moskvich cruises by, parks in an alley on the other side of the warehouse and the lights go out.

EXT WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Karov, Hugo and Bodyguard #1 walk to a heavy door in the side of the warehouse and disappear inside. POV Danny as he watches from the gate. He looks up at the illuminated top floor windows of the three storey building and runs back to the alley where the Moskvich is parked.

Danny enters the dark alley and sees a fire escape above the Moskvich. He runs up the car onto the roof, jumps, (the car roof buckling) catches the railings of the fire escape landing and pulls himself up and over. He climbs the rusty stairs quietly until he comes to a top floor window. He tries it and finds it jammed shut. He carries on to the roof.

EXT WAREHOUSE ROOF - NIGHT

Danny looks out across the flat roof and sees a small structure with a door. Light shines from a large glass skylight. He goes over and looks in.

INT WAREHOUSE STUDIO - NIGHT

Danny looks down at a large four poster water-bed, complete with ropes, is beneath the skylight. Film shoot paraphernalia is around the bed. Karov's voice is apparent as he angrily berates the gay DIRECTOR as they come into view.

KAROV (V.O.)
What you have filmed is shit.

DIRECTOR
It's not my fault. Anna...

KAROV
Where is she?

DIRECTOR
Cleaning up.

KAROV
Get her. No, I will speak to her in private. I think I will be able to encourage her to perform to the best of her ability.

Karov marches off.

EXT WAREHOUSE ROOF

Danny moves stealthily across the roof to the small structure. The door is locked. Danny pulls out his wallet and extracts his Amex card. He slots into the crack in the door and the lock pops.

DANNY
What do you know, it even opens doors in Russia.

When he opens it he finds stairs leading down. Danny pulls out the ski mask, puts it on, enters and goes down the stairs.

INT WAREHOUSE CORRIDOR.

Danny emerges from the stairs into the shadowy corridor and moves along it. He comes to an open door and looks inside.

INT VIDEO ROOM

Two muscular studs, STUD #2 and STUD #3, naked except for a towel around the waist, watch a porn film on a partially obscured video monitor with Bodyguard #1 and Hugo. The sounds of a girl in the throes of steamy sex come from the monitor. Hugo laughs and points as we hear the girl's sexual cries turn to a scream of pain. The others laugh with him.

INT WAREHOUSE CORRIDOR

Danny darts across the door and moves on. Up ahead he hears Karov's voice coming from a rest room. He moves silently to the door.

KAROV (V.O.)

It is your last chance, Anna. It is also Katrina's last chance. If you do not do as I say, this will be her last birthday party... ever. It is the last chance.. for both of you.

Danny ducks into a shadowed alcove as Karov appears at the rest room door. He stops at the sound of Anna's voice from inside.

ANNA (V.O.)

I will do as you say, Viktor.

KAROV

I will leave Hugo here. He will judge your performance, so you had better do something he likes. And you know what he likes, Anna.

Karov BURSTS into laughter, with the same speed that he bursts into anger, and disappears along the corridor.

Danny reappears, crosses the corridor, quietly opens the rest room door and slips inside.

INT WAREHOUSE GRIMY REST ROOM

Anna, dressed in a bathrobe, stands at a sink, her head bowed as she looks at a photograph. She senses Danny and whirls around. She holds the photograph protectively behind her. She stares in fright at Danny's ski mask. Danny pulls it up onto his head.

DANNY

It's okay. Do you speak English?

Anna is wary.

ANNA

Yes. What do you want?

DANNY
I want to help you.

ANNA
Why?

DANNY
I guess it's a knight in shining armor thing.

ANNA
Have you a big white horse waiting outside?

DANNY
No, I don't.

ANNA
So, a white knight, dressed in black, with no white horse, is here to save me. To save me from one of the most powerful men in Moscow.

DANNY
I guess so.

ANNA
You have wasted your time. I can never escape Viktor's clutches.

Anna hands Danny the photograph. It is of her daughter Katrina. She is dressed in a party frock and stands behind a birthday cake.

DANNY
Who is she?

ANNA
My daughter. It was her birthday last week. She was five.

DANNY
She's very pretty. She must have got it from you.

Danny hands the photograph back and Anna holds it against her heart. Her eyes fill with tears but she does not cry. She is a STRONG woman.

ANNA
Viktor holds Katrina. If I do not do what he wants... he will kill us.

DANNY
Where's he holding her?

ANNA

At his dacha in the country. His mother looks after her. As a punishment, he did not let me see her on her birthday.

Anna starts to weep and Danny takes her in his arms. She resists at first and then relaxes. He holds her for several seconds before she regains some composure and stands back.

ANNA

That is the first time I have been held gently by a man in a long time. What is your name, my knight in shining armor?

DANNY

Danny. What's your name? I assume Anna is not your real name.

ANNA

Oh but it is. Viktor thought it amusing that I should be known world wide by my real name. He says it will give Katrina something to be proud of.

DANNY

He's not a nice guy, is he?

ANNA

No he is not. Lives mean nothing to him. He enjoys killing. He is a sadist. He's on the edge of insanity.

DANNY

So if we can get to the dacha, get Katrina and run like hell, will you do it?

ANNA

The dacha is his stronghold. He would kill us. All of us.

DANNY

Maybe. What's the alternative? You keep doing this until you lose your looks. If he's the cold hearted killer you say, do you think he's going to let you both live to tell the tale?

ANNA

I know what is in store for us, but every day I can win for Katrina is another day of life for her. She is five years old, Danny, and I have won her half of those. I get to see her once a week. Is that not better than the alternative?

DANNY

Is it?

ANNA

I can switch my mind off to what I have to do. I hate it with all my heart, but I will do it.

DANNY

It's your call.

ANNA

Where will you be tomorrow during the day? Viktor does not have me watched, Why should he, he has Katrina, so where can I go?

DANNY

She's your child, can't you...

ANNA

And his.

DANNY

He'd kill his own daughter?

ANNA

Without hesitation. He killed his own brother because he thought he was a threat.

Danny pulls out a crumpled piece of paper. It has Cyrillic writing on it and he looks at it quizzically. He hands it to Anna.

DANNY

That's the address of my friend's workshop, I think.

ANNA

I know the area. Perhaps I will come and see you. I have much to think about.

DANNY

I know I'm not much of a white knight and my armor is a bit rusty but....

ANNA

You are the only one I have. Thank you, even if I decide not to take the risk.

(Gently touches his)
(cheek)

Thank you for caring. Now you must go, they will come for me soon.

Danny breaks the eye contact reluctantly, as if he does not want to leave knowing what she is about to have to do against her will. He pulls down his ski mask over his face.

ANNA

My knight with his woollen helmet.

The Director calls for her from the corridor.

DIRECTOR (V.O.)

Anna, come on darling, we have much to do. You're holding us up. Anna?

The door to the ladies rest room opens without a knock and the Director walks in. Anna adjusts her makeup in the mirror and there is no sign of Danny.

DIRECTOR

Come along. They have the lights ready. You are causing me problems. Viktor is not happy and you know what that means.

ANNA

Yes. Your two sadistic pigs out there really get to enjoy themselves. And then there's Hugo.

DIRECTOR

It's your own fault.

ANNA

Is it? And how is that, Oscar? How is it my fault?

The Director leads her from the rest room.

DIRECTOR (V.O.)

You are the most popular porn star in the world, darling, try and act like it. Give them something to lust over. Give them everything.

ANNA

They've had everything.

DIRECTOR

Then we must find some more.

Danny steps from a cubicle, goes to the door and peeks out into the corridor. He pulls his head back in, leaves the door open an inch and watches.

INT WAREHOUSE CORRIDOR

Stud #2 walks toward Danny, POV Danny, and turns into the men's rest room adjacent to the female rest room. Danny slips out, looks up and down the corridor and enters the male rest room.

INT WAREHOUSE MALE REST ROOM

In the grimy rest room, Stud #2 stands at a urinal pissing. Danny creeps silently up behind him. Stud #2 senses someone is behind him and the moment he starts to turn, Danny smashes Stud #2's face into the cistern in front of him and he drops unconscious into the trough. Danny considers Stud #2 for a moment as he lays on his back. Danny steps heavily on the unconscious Stud #2's dick through the towel he wears around his waist.

DANNY (CONT'D)
See how you go now, big boy.

Danny lifts up the towel that conceals Stud #2's damaged area and winces as he looks at the damage he has caused.

DANNY (CONT'D)
And getting bigger all the time.

INT WAREHOUSE CORRIDOR

Danny comes out of the men's rest room and moves along the corridor back the way he came in. He slips by the entrance to the studio and into a shadowy doorway. The Director's voice is irritated as it comes from the studio.

DIRECTOR (V.O.)
Go and get him, we haven't got all night. My life for a feature film. Somebody get me my stud.

Danny watches as Bodyguard #2 leaves the room and heads for the rest room. The SOUND RECORDIST walks from the studio and walks toward Danny, fiddling with his equipment.

SOUND RECORDIST
I have to change batteries. I don't want to run out when the action hots up.

Danny ducks inside the room and finds he is in the main electrical switch room, which also contains the fire sprinkler main control valve. He sees the battery for the sound equipment charging on top of the electrical switch box and hides behind the door.

The sound recordist walks in and is about to change the battery when Danny strikes, smashing him under the ear with his elbow. He drops like a rock and the recording equipment falls onto the floor and a light on the machine changes from red to green, meaning that it's RECORDING.

Danny contemplates the red pipe and valve, which he notices has a sprinkler pipe coming off it higher up for the room he is in, and then the large on/off switch on the power board.

DANNY

Water and electricity don't mix, so
off with the power.

Danny pushes the large switch to off and the room goes dark, illuminated only by a dim orange emergency light. He starts to turn the sprinkler valve.

DANNY (CONT'D)

And on with the water.

Water starts to spray from the sprinkler head above him. Danny opens the door and peers out. Behind him, on the floor, the recording machine's green light flickers and dies. Danny slips out.

INT WAREHOUSE CORRIDOR

In the gloom of the orange emergency lights, Danny emerges from the sprinkler control room into the corridor as water pours from the sprinklers. Voices come from the studio area.

DIRECTOR (V.O.)

What the hell is going on? Someone
fixit...Please.Viktor is not going
to be happy.

Hugo comes from the studio area and sees Danny. He growls and goes for his gun.

Danny is too quick and delivers a flying kick, knocking him backward. Danny gives him a couple of solid punches and Hugo drops his gun. He swings a roundhouse punch which Danny ducks before landing one into Hugo's solar plexus and a right to the chin which knocks him out and back into the studio.

INT WAREHOUSE STUDIO

In the orange glow and cascading water, Danny looks across the prostrate form of Hugo into the studio. The Director grabs Anna and holds her protectively in front of him. He looks to Stud #1.

DIRECTOR

Don't stand there, do something.

Stud #1 is stung into action and goes for Danny. He takes a big swing which Danny avoids and gives Stud #1 a ferocious head butt, which stuns him and makes him step back. Danny lines him up and delivers an evil kick to his groin. Stud #1's knees buckle and he drop onto his face clutching his groin. At the back of the studio, the CAMERAMAN stands rooted to the spot. The Director turns to him.

DIRECTOR

Well?

The cameraman bolts for a side door and disappears. The Director rolls his eyes. Danny looks at Anna and their eyes lock. A small smile lifts the corners of her lips. Her expression changes as Hugo gets to his feet behind Danny.

Taking his cue from Anna's change of expression, Danny elbows Hugo in the throat and Hugo drops to his knees clutching his throat. On the wet floor, next to Hugo, is his gun. He reaches for it. Danny sprints for the door as Hugo grabs his gun and fires one off at Danny, missing and hitting the wall. Hugo struggles to is feet and gives chase.

INT WAREHOUSE CORRIDOR

Danny runs along the corridor toward door of the stairs leading to the roof. Hugo stumbles painfully from the studio, takes another shaky bead on Danny and lets rip as Danny darts through the stair door.

EXT WAREHOUSE ROOF

Danny comes out of the door at the top of the stairs at speed and to help him turn quickly around the structure he grabs an old rusty length of pipe attached to the side of the building. It comes away in his hand and he considers the four foot length of rusty iron pipe and hefts it thoughtfully.

INT WAREHOUSE STAIRS

Hugo clambers up the stairs toward the open door at the top.

EXT WAREHOUSE ROOF

Hugo lumbers out onto the roof, stops and looks around, his gun out in front of him. The four foot length of rusty pipe smashes down across his wrist, causing him to drop his gun. Hugo turns to Danny and growls.

Danny sets about Hugo with the pipe, beating him backward toward the skylight. He rains blows on Hugo until he stands battered and cowed at the skylight. Danny stops and takes the pipe back baseball style for the coup de grace.

INT WAREHOUSE STUDIO

The Director still holds Anna in front of him.

ANNA
Let go, Oscar.

DIRECTOR
Not until I know Hugo has taken care
of that nasty man.

Hugo comes PLUNGING through the skylight and hits the four poster waterbed, causing a watery eruption. The added water swirls around their feet and Hugo lies amongst the debris of the wrecked bed.

ANNA
We could be here for a while then.
Anna looks up and sees Danny looking
in.

He touches a finger to his temple and disappears.

EXT ALLEY

Danny reaches the fire escape platform above the Moskvich, swings down and lands on the roof of the car. The flimsy metal of the roof buckles and Danny sinks as the roof collapses by six inches. He clambers into the car and peers out from his cramped position beneath the new roof line.

The sick sounding starter motor cranks the engine into life and Danny putters along the alley with the ubiquitous cloud of smoke belching from the exhaust.

DANNY (V.O.)
Some white horse.

The Moskvich enters the street and trundles away.

CUT TO:

INT WORKSHOP - DAY

The buckled roof of the Moskvich pops up. Danny is lying on the front seats pushing the roof up with his feet. Mikhail watches sceptically as he winches his motorcycle up from the back of the pickup with a block and tackle and begins to push the suspended machine toward a bench as the block and tackle slides along a ceiling girder.

Danny clambers out and examines his handiwork. The roof is lumpy and lower.

DANNY

There, good as new. It gives it a kinda sporty look.

MIKHAIL

Ilya will not be impressed. Neither will Natasha.

DANNY

They'll never know the difference as long as it keeps snowing. I'll park it outside.

MIKHAIL

How did you do it?

DANNY

It's a long story.

Anna stands at the open door of the workshop.

ANNA

A story about a knight in shining armor.

Anna walks in and strokes the battered roof of the car.

ANNA (CONT'D)

And his trusty white horse.

Mikhail stares stupidly at the beautiful woman.

DANNY

And his faithful companion. This is Mikhail.

Anna reaches out and shakes Mikhail's hand. He remains silent and awe-struck.

ANNA

Hello, Mikhail, I am Anna.

Mikhail remains silent and staring.

DANNY

His faithful, dumb companion.

MIKHAIL

Pleased to meet you, Anna.

ANNA

You caused considerable damage last night. Viktor is in a rage and promising to kill whoever did it.

DANNY

Just as well he doesn't know who did it then.

ANNA

He is very close to insanity. Even his own men are scared. He will kill soon, I'm sure of it.

MIKHAIL

Let us hope it is not one of us.

DANNY

Like I say, he doesn't know who did it.

INT WAREHOUSE STUDIO

Grosky and Soo stand in the soaked studio near the smashed water bed.

KAROV

Find out who did this.

GROSKY

It could be some of Alexander Vlad's handiwork. I have heard he is looking for a bigger share of the business.

KAROV

You could be right. Kill him.

The Director walks in with a tape player.

KAROV

What is it?

DIRECTOR

I think you should listen to this. He dropped his sound recorder and the jolt must have activated it.

The Director plays the tape and Danny's voice can be heard.

DANNY (V.O.)

Water and electricity don't mix, so, off with the power. (Clunk) And on with the water.

DIRECTOR

An American.

KAROV

Indeed.

GROSKY

Riggs.

KAROV

Find him. Do not kill him. I wish to have that pleasure. He will probably be with Mikhail Scarr. Kill Scarr. Kill him slowly in front of Riggs. I want the American to know what's in store for him.

GROSKY

It will be a pleasure. Come Soo.

Grosky and Soo leave.

KAROV

(To Director)

I will call Anna and tell her to go to the studio at the dacha this afternoon. She will have a busy time to make up for last night. I am tiring of her annoying ways, I think we should look for a new star.

DIRECTOR

Perhaps we should consider a snuff movie as her grand finale. The death of a porn queen. Wonderful drama.

KAROV

Excellent. Organize it for tonight at the dacha.

Karov pulls out a cell phone.

KAROV

I will call up our star for her finest moment.

DIRECTOR

What about Katrina?

KAROV

She does not concern you. Forget you ever heard her name.

INT WORKSHOP - DAY

Mikhail brings steaming mugs of coffee over for Anna, Danny and himself as they stand next to a bench. Danny is taking the plastic explosive and detonators from their hiding places in various pieces of machinery. His pistols lie on the bench next to clips of ammo.

MIKHAIL

Is it not dangerous for you to come here?

Anna picks up the plastic explosive, looks at it quizzically and squeezes it and sniffs it.

ANNA
When you are in the clutches of
Viktor Karov, danger becomes
relative.

MIKHAIL
That's relatively dangerous, it's
C4 plastic explosive.

Danny casually takes it from her and puts it in a shoulder bag.

DANNY
So, have you come to a decision?

ANNA
Yes...

A cell phone buzzes in Anna's pocket and she fishes it out. She frowns knowing it is Karov.

ANNA (CONT'D)
It's Viktor.
(Into phone)
Hello Victor... Special... What do
you mean, special?... The dacha. It
will take me a few hours to get there,
I am on the other side of the city.
Yes, Viktor, I will get there as soon
as I can... I understand. Viktor,
Katrina... Viktor...

Anna is talking to a dead phone. She hangs up.

ANNA (CONT'D)
As the main studio is out of action,
he wants me at the studio at the
dacha. He says he has something
special in store for me.

DANNY
Flowers and a box of chocolates?

ANNA
No, another type of box. I believe
he has tired of me. I fear for
Katrina.

MIKHAIL
Katrina?

ANNA
My daughter. Viktor holds her at the
dacha.

DANNY

You told him it would take you a few hours to get there.

ANNA

I lied. It takes less than an hour from here. It seems I have made my decision.

DANNY

Okay, let's get this show on the road. I need to borrow the truck.

Danny takes the bag of explosive and detonators and throws them in the front of the pickup truck. His ice racing bike is still in the back.

MIKHAIL

Of course. I will drive Illya's new sports car.

DANNY

Drive it where?

MIKHAIL

You will need all the help you can get my friend.

DANNY

No way Mikhail, you've done enough. Stay out of this.

MIKHAIL

You are my friend. In Russia, a friend in need...

DANNY

Is a pain in the butt. Same in America. There's a good chance we won't be getting out of this alive.

Grosky and Soo stand at the open door, Both have silenced machine pistols. All three turn at the sound of Grosky's voice.

GROSKY

In fact, there is no chance of you getting out of this alive. What may are you doing here, Anna?

Grosky and Soo enter the workshop, keeping the others covered.

ANNA

I thought it would be a pleasant change to mix with real people instead of Viktor's entourage of scum. And then you turn up and ruin it all.

GROSKY

Over there. Against the bench.

Grosky and Soo herd Danny, Mikhail and Anna against a bench at the back of the workshop.

MIKHAIL

Seems to be a day for unexpected guests.

GROSKY

This changes things, luckily for you, Scarr.

Grosky pulls out a cell phone. Danny's hand comes into contact with a heavy wrench on the bench behind him.

GROSKY (CONT'D)

I will inform mister Karov where his favorite film star is.

As he starts to press the keys on the phone, Natasha silently enters the workshop. She looks around for a weapon and sees a motorcycle wheel, complete with glinting steel SPIKES protruding from the tire. As Grosky waits for the cell phone to connect, Natasha takes the wheel and lines up Grosky. She throws the wheel with all her might and ducks behind the pickup truck.

Soo turns at the SOUND of the spikes hitting the cement floor, but Grosky has his ear to the phone and remains unaware of the bouncing wheel, until, that is, the spiked tire bounces up and embeds itself in his butt.

Grosky lets out an almighty scream, the spiked wheel embedded in his backside causing him to drop his gun and the phone as he is propelled toward Danny. Danny moves aside as Grosky is thrown against the bench. The sudden stop causing the spikes to embed more deeply and his eyes to bulge in agony.

As Soo begins to react, Danny throws the heavy wrench, hitting Soo in the face and knocking him backward. Soo's finger tightens on the trigger of the machine pistol and he SPRAYS the walls and ceiling as Grosky collapses. Everyone dives for cover, Mikhail covering Anna's body with his own as he drags her behind the island work bench, over which hovers his motorcycle on the end of the block and tackle chain on the ceiling beam.

Danny scrambles toward the bench where his guns are as Soo regains his feet. Soo fires off a burst at Danny, causing Danny to dive behind the pickup, where he finds Natasha. Soo moves slowly toward the pickup truck, Danny his main target. He has his back to Mikhail and Anna as he stands beneath the ceiling beam for the block and tackle.

Mikhail rises behind his suspended motorcycle. Anna comes up next to him. Each grab a side of motorcycle frame near the rear wheel and, on a nod from Mikhail, hurl it along the beam

toward Soo. Soo turns at the sound of sliding block and tackle and finds the spiked front wheel of the motorcycle hurtling toward him.

Unfortunately for all but Soo, the rusty beam causes the rollers on the block and tackle to jam. In SLOW MOTION, the momentum flings the bike up in an arc, the wheel stopping just short of Soo, one spike of the tire touching his forehead and leaving a neat puncture mark in its centre.

Soo realizes that he is not hurt, grins, and takes a bead on the frozen forms of Anna and Mikhail. CLICK. The machine pistol is empty. He releases the clip and pulls another from his coat pocket.

Danny sprints for his pistols on the bench, dives, grabs one and comes to rest on his side on the bench as Soo spins around and fires, the bullets making the tools hanging on the wall above Danny dance. Danny fires and hits Soo in the forehead, smack bang in the puncture mark.

Grosky has slithered to his machine pistol and has a bead on Anna and Mikhail. Natasha grabs a can of motorcycle fuel from the back of the truck and hurls it at Grosky. It travels through the air in SLOW MOTION. Grosky grins as he begins to squeeze the trigger.

The can of fuel sails through the air and reaches the muzzle of Grosky's machine pistol as he fires, holing the can and igniting the fuel. Grosky is engulfed in flames and writhes on the floor

Mikhail grabs a rusty fire extinguisher to put out the flames, but as he aims and pulls the trigger, the extinguisher emits a quiet PHUT and a small puff of carbon dioxide smoke comes from the nozzle. Grosky smoulders and lies still. Mikhail examines the extinguisher as Danny comes over and Natasha comes up beside him.

MIKHAIL
Made in America.

Danny looks at the test tag on the extinguisher.

DANNY
And out of date since nineteen
seventy four.

Both men shrug.

NATASHA
What a horrible way to die.

Anna comes over.

ANNA
He's done far worse to others.

DANNY
And Karov will do much worse to us
if he catches us. Take Natasha and
get the hell outta town.

MIKHAIL
What about you?

Danny picks up Soo's machine pistol and pulls a pistol from
Soo's shoulder holster.

DANNY
We have to get to Karov's dacha and
get Katrina before he finds out what
happened here.

ANNA
He will become suspicious when he
does not hear from Grosky.

NATASHA
Who's Katrina?

ANNA
My daughter.

NATASHA
Then we must help, Mikhail.

MIKHAIL
I know.

Danny rolls his eyes in mock annoyance.

DANNY
Jesus, you Russians.

EXT SNOW COVERED WOODS - DAY

Lying in the snow, Danny and Mikhail look across a frozen lake
at Karov's dacha. Two Armed guards in parkas and carrying AK
47s wander the grounds and several snowmobiles are parked near
the entrance.

MIKHAIL
It is well protected.

DANNY
Sure is. You know what to do.

MIKHAIL
Yes. Illya's poor little car.

DANNY
It's for the greater good.

MIKHAIL
I never realized you were a
communist.

DANNY
Just be ready, comrade.

Mikhail nods. Natasha and Anna come up.

ANNA
Viktor's mother has Katrina in her
apartment on the top floor.

DANNY
Is there a way in at the back?

ANNA
There are always guards, but Viktor
has a secret escape tunnel. Katrina
told me about it. She found it by
accident one day. It is in the
cellar, which is not a nice place.
My poor daughter has been exposed
to so much.

DANNY
Do you know where it comes out?

ANNA
No, I'm sorry.

DANNY
We'll just have to look for it.

NATASHA
Good luck Danny.

Danny smiles and Anna and he jog off through the trees.

MIKHAIL
Come Natasha, we have much to do.

Natasha kisses him passionately.

NATASHA
Just in case things go wrong.

MIKHAIL
What in the world could possibly
go wrong?

EXT SNOW COVERED TREES AT THE REAR OF THE DACHA

Danny and Anna survey the rear of the dacha from the trees.
A small wooden building at the edge of the trees has smoke
coming from a chimney. Danny points it out.

DANNY
What's that?

ANNA
A steam room. You strip naked, sit in the steam for a while and then roll in the snow... After being whipped with a tree branch. It's very invigorating.

DANNY
You sure know how to enjoy yourselves around here. I think we should take a little look see.

INT DACHA STEAM ROOM - DAY

All is dark. Suddenly the door opens and the light briefly floods in before Danny and Anna enter and close it behind them. A dim light fills the wooden panelled room with tiers of benches as Anna switches the light on. It is very hot and steamy and both immediately start to sweat. Danny wipes his brow and looks around. Anna sees a minute crack running across the timber floor, kneels and feels it with her finger.

ANNA
There is a join here.

Danny kneels next to her and feels the crack. He feels over the floor.

DANNY
Seems like its for one way traffic, and this ain't the way.

Danny takes the ladle used for putting water on the hot coals and punches the end of the handle into the crack. He tries to prize it open but the ladle bends and breaks.

ANNA
Now what, the plastic explosive?

DANNY
I think something more subtle is needed.

Danny produces Soo's silenced machine pistol and lets rip. The edge of the trapdoor disintegrates and smoke and splinters fill the air. Danny lifts the trapdoor with the muzzle of the machine pistol and peaks down into the lit tunnel.

ANNA
It should be empty, Viktor's guards do not know of its existence.

Danny descends the stairs into the tunnel.

INT DACHA TUNNEL

Danny comes down the stairs, machine pistol at the ready. Anna follows. Danny pulls a pistol from a pocket and shows it to Anna.

DANNY
That's the trigger and that's the
hole the bullet comes out.

Anna nods and Danny drops the pistol into her coat pocket. They continue along the tunnel. At the end of the tunnel is a door.

INT KAROV'S DACHA - CONTINUOUS

In the cellar of the dacha that doubles as a film studio/torture chamber, the gay Director hums happily to himself as he fiddles with cameras and lights as he prepares to film Anna's demise. He moves to the large wooden cross that is the focus of his equipment, opens the manacles that are attached to it and tries it for size, poking his ass out as he does so. He is surprised by Anna's soft voice as she comes around in front of him and confronts him through the beams of the cross.

ANNA
Is this all for me Oscar? Is this
to be my grand finale?

The Director is momentarily stunned and his mouth hangs open.

DIRECTOR
Anna!... I wasn't expecting you
so...

From behind him, Danny slams the manacles shut, trapping the Director in position.

DANNY
Not the only thing you weren't
expecting.

DIRECTOR
What? who...

DANNY
Open wide.

Danny silences the Director with a roughly fitted ball gag, a la Pulp Fiction. Danny motions to the plethora of torture implements about the place and the open coffin stood against the wall that leads to the tunnel.

DANNY
This must be Viktor's hobby room.

ANNA

This is why he called me here. Viktor was intending to see me go out in agony. As I say, he is not a nice man.

DANNY

I don't reckon this guy is any angel, either.

ANNA

Viktor seems to surround himself with scum.

DANNY

Come on, let's get up to his mother's apartment.

ANNA

We must be careful of his mother.

DANNY

I won't hurt her.

ANNA

No, we must be careful of her. She is a dangerous and evil woman.

DANNY

It must run in the family.

Danny pokes his head out from behind the door that leads down to the cellar and finds himself in the spacious entrance area on the ground floor. Adjacent to the cellar door, a set of stairs lead up.

He ducks back in as Hugo, patched up from being sent through the skylight earlier, walks toward the front door with Guard #1.

HUGO

Mr Karov will arrive shortly. Tell the men to expect him.

They walk out of the front door. Danny and Anna dart across the room and up the stairs. At the top of the stairs Anna takes control.

ANNA

This way.

Anna leads Danny along a corridor to another set of stairs. At the top of the stairs is a closed door.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Up there.

Danny leads up the stairs.

INT. KAROV'S MOTHER'S APARTMENT - DAY

The door opens and Danny slips in, followed by Anna. They make their way along the hall and there, in the living room, KATRINA sits on the floor and watches TV alone.

Anna slips over and puts her hand over Katrina's mouth as she lifts her from the floor and takes her to the door where Danny stands. At that moment KAROV'S MOTHER appears from the kitchen. The small, craggy woman is dressed in traditional Russian clothes with a voluminous skirt. A picture of maternal kindness.

KAROV'S MOTHER
Babushka... Anna! What...

Karov's mother sees Danny standing at the door.

ANNA
I've come for my daughter.

Danny pushes Anna and Katrina behind him and moves backward along the hallway until they are at the door at the top of the stairs.

Karov's mother continues to smile as she moves toward them and then, in an instant, her face changes to an evil snarl and, from within her voluminous dress, produces a HUGE pistol and starts to cut loose.

The plaster flies from the wall as the bullets impact. Danny is HIT in the side and drops.

Karov's mother does not stop firing as she comes forward, not caring who she hits. Anna stands her ground. She stands sideways, holding Katrina on her protected side, and raises the pistol Danny gave her, takes aim and calmly shoots Karov's mother through the heart.

ANNA
Die, you bitch.

Danny struggles to his feet holding his side.

DANNY
Shit. They'll have heard that hand cannon in Moscow.

ANNA
Are you badly hurt?

DANNY
Nailed by a hundred year old granny.
I'll live. Come on.

The three hurry down the stairs and along the corridor. Guard #1 and Hugo pile through the front door as Danny reaches the top of the stairs. He fires a burst from his machine pistol and hits guard #1. Danny keeps Hugo pinned down at the base of the stairs.

Anna takes Katrina into a bedroom. Danny fires a final burst at Hugo and follows Anna. Anna and Katrina wait for him on a balcony as Danny wedges a chair against the door. He takes some plastic explosive from one pocket, sticks it on the wall by the door, a chemical detonator from another pocket, inserts it and cracks it to activate it. He joins Anna and Katrina on the balcony at the rear of the dacha

Below them is a snow drift. They look at the drop.

DANNY
We can't stay here.

Danny picks up Katrina and he and Anna climb onto the handrail as Hugo lets rip at the door handle with a machine pistol.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Go.

They jump.

EXT KAROV'S DACHA - CONTINUOUS

Anna, with Danny clutching Katrina, land up to their waists in the snowdrift below the balcony. As they struggle to clamber from the snowdrift, Hugo appears on the balcony. He GRINS at the struggling, defenceless figures. He takes a bead with the machine pistol.

BOOM! Hugo is sent flying from the balcony in a ball of flame as the plastic explosive detonates. He lands next to them, head first in the deep snow. Only his smoking legs protrude.

DANNY
Ten points for creativity, but a terrible landing.

Danny and Anna free themselves from the snow drift and run for the end of the building.

DANNY
With any luck most of the guards will go inside and check out the explosion.

They make their way to the front of the building. Danny pokes his head around the corner in time to see Karov's Mercedes approaching the front to the house.

INT KAROV'S MERCEDES

Karov cranes his head forward and looks at the smoke rising from the rear of the dacha. Bodyguard #1 is in the front next to the driver. Karov produces a machine pistol from a compartment in the rear.

KAROV

Riggs.

He cocks the machine pistol savagely. He watches as from the far corner of the building, Danny, Anna and Katrina make a bolt down toward the frozen lake. He glares.

EXT THE FRONT OF KAROV'S DACHA

The Mercedes pulls up outside the front of the Dacha as Guard #1 runs out the front door with a posse of GUARDS. Karov and Bodyguard #1 get out of the car and all watch Danny, Anna and Katrina as they reach the edge of the frozen lake. POV Karov.

KAROV

They won't get far on foot.

The sound of a HOWLING motorcycle engine becomes apparent.

Mikhail comes out of the forest on Danny's ice racer, the snow flying from the back wheel as he powers through the deep powder on his way to the lake.

Sixty feet behind him he tows the upturned hood of Illya's car, sliding across the snow like a sled. He hits the ice of the lake and heads for Danny's group.

EXT THE FRONT OF KAROV'S DACHA

Karov watches the motorcycle and his anger explodes as he sees the possible escape of his quarry.

KAROV

They must not escape. Kill them. All of them.

Karov leads the charge to the snowmobiles parked nearby.

EXT THE FROZEN LAKE

Mikhail stops the sled in front of Danny. Danny, Anna and Katrina pile aboard, Katrina in the middle. Danny takes a lump of plastic explosive and inserts a fuse.

ANNA

Hold on tight, Katrina.

Danny breaks the fuse of the plastic explosive to activate it, slaps it on the ice and waves to Mikhail.

DANNY
Just like a ride at the fun park.
(Smiles at Katrina)

Mikhail takes off and the sled flies after him, the acceleration catching them all by surprise. The three sled riders let out a collective SCREAM, just like a fun park ride.

EXT THE FRONT OF KAROV'S DACHA

Karov jumps aboard a snowmobile, puts on the crash helmet that is perched on the handlebars and, followed by the others, tears off toward the frozen lake in pursuit. Another of the snowmobile riders head off to skirt the lake through the trees.

EXT THE FROZEN LAKE

Mikhail holds the motorcycle flat out at eighty miles per hour as he heads for the far side of the lake. The car hood sled skims along the ice behind it. On the sled, Danny looks back at the snowmobiles as they reach the edge of the lake.

EXT EDGE OF THE LAKE

Karov leads the charge of snowmobiles onto the ice. He, Bodyguard #1 and two others are onto the lake. Two others are slightly further back.

CU of the plastic explosive on the ice as Karov and the first three roar past it. As the last two approach we hear the chemical fuse click.

The ice ERUPTS as the plastic explosive detonates and the last two snowmobiles plunge into the resultant hole in the ice.

EXT THE LAKE - CONTINUOUS

Mikhail is flat out when he sees the glint of water ahead. He heels the bike over in an effort to miss the water and thin ice around it. The centrifugal force of the bike turning sends the sled out in an arc toward the water.

The three sled riders hit the water and SKIM along it on the car hood before hitting the edge of the ice, becoming airborne and continuing on along the ice behind Mikhail.

The pursuing snowmobiles also have to take evasive action, one of whom does not make the turn. The snowmobile also skims across the water and, for a moment, its RIDER thinks he will make the other side. He grins. It is short lived as he loses momentum and slowly sinks.

Karov, on the lead snowmobile, lets rip with his machine pistol. The ice kicks up near the sled. Danny rolls onto his back and returns fire. Ahead, the trees on the other side of the lake beckon.

The third of the remaining snowmobiles has cut the corner and closes on Mikhail. RIDER #2 fires and the ice kicks up around the ice racer. Mikhail looks back to Danny

Danny nods and prepares himself. Mikhail leans the bike over into a slide, again causing the makeshift sled to slide out wide toward the snowmobile.

As the sled makes contact, Danny jumps aboard the back of the snowmobile, clubs Rider #2 across the neck and throws him from the machine. Danny takes the controls and takes the snowmobile in a sliding arc.

The turn brings Danny around and to the side of Bodyguard #1 as Karov closes on the makeshift sled. Danny takes a bead on Bodyguard #1 with his machine pistol, but when he squeezes the trigger the chamber is empty.

Bodyguard #1 sneers and points his weapon at Danny. Danny eases off the throttle and darts in behind Bodyguard #1 and weaves so that bodyguard #1 can't bring his weapon to bear. Danny gets up to him and jumps aboard.

As the two men struggle on the racing snowmobile, Karov sees them and Danny's vulnerability. Without even considering the welfare of Bodyguard #1, Karov closes and lets rip with his machine pistol.

Shielded by Bodyguard #1, Danny is not hit as Bodyguard #1 is shredded by Karov. As Bodyguard #1 topples from the machine, Danny slides down the side away from Karov and is dragged along the ice as Karov continues to fire. Danny winces as his wounded side is battered.

Karov's weapon empties and Danny hauls himself up into the saddle, grins at Karov and gives him a small salute. Karov is ENRAGED.

Danny sees that Mikhail has almost made the other side and stops his snowmobile. Karov follows suit. They are facing each other fifty yards apart like knights of old. Karov reaches into his pocket and produces an evil looking knife.

Danny again looks over at Mikhail who is only yards from the far side of the lake. He smiles; he has bought some time. Danny and Karov take off toward each other.

They charge at each other and Danny receives a deep slash to his already wounded ribs that knocks him from his skidoo. Karov stops and grins as he watches Danny inert form.

Lying in the snow, Danny reaches into his pockets and surreptitiously pulls out a lump of plastic explosive and a fuse. He looks at Mikhail's motorcycle pulling the makeshift sled through the snow on the shore toward the trees. He smiles and breaks the fuse of the plastic explosive, activating it. He gets unsteadily to his feet and faces Karov, the plastic explosive concealed in his hand.

Karov sneers, and charges at his apparently defenceless foe. He reaches Danny and slashes at him, but Danny ducks and slams the plastic explosive onto the skidoo.

Karov swings the snowmobile around and faces Danny about fifty yards away. He smiles as he sees Danny struggle to his knees. He shouts to Danny.

VIKTOR

You are going to die, Riggs. I only regret it will not be as slowly as I intended.

DANNY

Maybe, Viktor.

The fuse protruding from the plastic explosive clicks. At the sound, a PUZZLED look comes briefly to Karov's face and he looks around and sees it. And that's the last thing he does see.

Karov's is consumed in a ball of flame and, when the smoke clears, there's only a hole in the ice left to mark the spot.

DANNY

And maybe not.

Danny turns to see Mikhail fast approaching on his ice racer. He reaches Danny.

MIKHAIL

I told you it could be dangerous here.

Danny wearily climbs onto the back.

DANNY

A piece of cake.

They move away across the ice towards the trees.

EXT THE TREES

Anna leans against a tree and holds Katrina. The sound of a snowmobile approaching. Anna looks worried. RIDER #2, who skirted the lake from the front of the dacha comes through the trees, his machine pistol blazing.

Anna takes Katrina behind the tree and cowers down to protect Katrina as the bark flies. The snowmobile stops and Rider #2 dismounts and walks toward the tree.

He finds Anna and Katrina and is about to kill them when a small gun discharges and he drops. Natasha stands behind him with Danny's one shot derringer. She looks at the smoking weapon.

NATASHA

It's only small, but one day it could
just save your life.

Mikhail rides up with Danny on the back. Natasha takes Katrina as Anna helps Danny off the motorcycle.

ANNA

We must get you to a hospital.

DANNY

An American one.

ANNA

Sounds good to me.

MIKHAIL

Ah, god bless....

DANNY

Hey, don't get me wrong, I like it
here. I reckon if we....

The sound of Mikhail opening the throttle drowns out Danny.

EXT THE SNOW COVERED FOREST

Helicopter shot of Mikhail on his motorcycle with Natasha on the back, slowly pulling the makeshift sled with Danny lying on it and Anna and Katrina sitting next to him.

FADE OUT: