

FROM EAST
TO WEST
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OVER BLACK:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

From East to West...

TITLE CARD:FROM EAST TO WEST

FADE IN:

EXT. SYRIAN DESERT - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

A desolate wasteland. Golden sands stretch to the horizon under a merciless, cobalt sky. A hot wind whips dust across the dunes.

In the distance, framed by the blinding sun, a slow procession emerges. Four MEN in expensive, dust-covered robes of royal physicians carry a massive, ornate GOLDEN COFFIN. It is so heavy they can barely move it.

A few soldiers break away from the main group. They look exhausted but march in strict formation, pushing through the shifting sands.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Thousands of years ago, a man who conquered the world faced his only impossible enemy: death. He was Alexander the Great. And in his final moments, he gave three commands...

Through two small openings in the side of the golden coffin, two PALE, LIMP HANDS hang out. They sway lifelessly with every heavy step of the bearers.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

First, he ordered the greatest physicians of his time to carry his coffin. To show that even the wisest and most capable are powerless against the inevitable.

Gold coins, precious gems, and tiaras spill from the casket, scattering into the sand like common pebbles. The soldiers march over them without a second glance.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Second, he commanded that all his treasures be scattered on the road to his grave. To prove that the riches of this world stay in this world. Nothing you gather can be taken with you.

The hot wind catches the hanging hands. The fingers are thin, frozen in a final, empty gesture toward the sky. They hold nothing.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And third, he ordered his hands to remain hanging and empty. So that every soul could see—we come into this world with nothing, and we leave it exactly the same way. Time is the only thing we truly possess. And it is the only thing we can never recover. You can acquire immeasurable wealth... but you can never buy back a single second.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. STALINGRAD - DAY (1942 - WINTER)

A thick, frozen fog smothers the world. From the distance, the muffled, low-frequency thud of heavy artillery vibrates through the earth.

The silhouette of a broken city slowly emerges from the mist.

Buildings, like hollowed-out skeletons, reach toward a leaden sky. Snow blankets the ruins, but beneath the white, jagged patches of soot and frozen blood bleed through.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The winter of 1942. The Leader's city is nearly dead. Stalingrad is no longer a place for men. It is a tomb, frozen in terror and hunger.

Ghostly figures drift through the snow-clogged streets, moving between the rubble. They don't walk; they drag their weight. No one stops to help those who collapse.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

German, Finnish, Romanian troops... they surrounded the stones, but the cold surrounded their souls. Here, the laws of war ceased to exist.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Only one law remained—the will to
 survive one more day.

INT. RUINED SCHOOL - DAY

A cavernous classroom. Splintered desks are scattered; textbooks rot on the floor. On the chalkboard, an unfinished arithmetic problem remains from a forgotten life.

Shadows of WOMEN AND CHILDREN huddle in a corner, seeking warmth in the absolute stillness.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 The schools, the hospitals, the
 squares... the places that once
 pulsed with life are now empty
 shells. The civilians have been
 left to fate. Here, survival isn't
 a right. It's a miracle.

The skeletal hand of a CHILD (6), clutches a small, frozen lump of snow. The child brings it to their lips. The horrific sound

of teeth grinding against ice echoes in the hollow room.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 An unseen force was testing the
 limits of the human spirit. How far
 can you go before the light goes
 out?

INT. SMALL BASEMENT - NIGHT

Total darkness. Only the sound of ragged, wheezing breaths. Suddenly, a sharp, piercing SCREAM cuts through the distance and vanishes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 In this darkness, the only goal is
 a crust of bread. And the only
 fear... is being eaten. By the
 enemy, by your neighbor... or by
 your own blood.

EXT. STALINGRAD - TRACTOR FACTORY DISTRICT - DAY

The world is stripped of color—charcoal, ash, and the bruised white of frozen snow. A constant, low-frequency rumble of artillery vibrates through the ground.

INT. RUINED BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

NIKOLAY (18) lies flat against the ash-covered floor. Bloodshot eyes. Beside him, his brother, ALEXEY (19). They share a single, thin cigarette hand-rolled from newsprint. Their hands tremble from the bone-biting cold.

Around them, corpses lie frozen in grotesque poses, covered in grey dust. It is impossible to tell friend from foe.

ALEXEY

(a raspy whisper)
Do you hear that? The firing
stopped in the Volga sector.

NIKOLAY

Means they're out of bullets. Or
out of men.

Through a jagged hole in the wall, a GERMAN PATROL emerges. Three exhausted soldiers scavenge for scraps. Ghosts in tattered uniforms.

Nikolay slowly raises his rifle. His finger tightens on the trigger. Alexey places a firm hand on the rifle barrel.

ALEXEY

Don't.

NIKOLAY

They're the enemy, Alexey.

ALEXEY

They're dead men who haven't
stopped walking yet. Look at them.
No boots, just rags. If you fire,
the mortars will find us. Let the
frost have them. Death is free here
-don't waste the ammunition.

A heavy shadow falls over them. GENERAL IGNATIEV enters. A jagged scar carves through his right cheek. Three fingernails are missing from his right hand - memories from the undurworks ot Lubqnska and Stalin`s purge. His eyes are cold, grey, and analytical. The eyes of a man who has looked death in the face - and death blinked first. He holds a piece of bread wrapped in cloth.

GENERAL IGNATIEV

Still alive. Good news for the
family. Bad news for the Reich.

He hands them the bread. They tear into it like starving animals.

GENERAL IGNATIEV (CONT'D)
 Look closely at this city, boys.
 Memorize the smell. This is what
 the world looks like when reason
 leaves it. There is no politics
 here. No cause. Only meat and iron.

He watches them for a heartbeat.

GENERAL IGNATIEV (CONT'D)
 If you ever make it out of here...
 promise me one thing. Never start a
 fight you cannot win with your
 mind.

NIKOLAY
 The mind doesn't help here, Uncle.
 Only bullets.

Ignatiev taps Nikolay's forehead.

GENERAL IGNATIEV
 Here? Yes. But this city is the end
 of one world. Your job is to
 survive so you can see the
 beginning of the next. In America,
 where I will send you, people don't
 die for ruins. They die for dreams.

EXT. STALINGRAD RUINS - CONTINUOUS

A DEAFENING EXPLOSION rocks the building. The foundation
 shudders. Concrete and plaster rain down.

Ignatiev grabs the boys by their collars, shoving them toward
 a dark, narrow tunnel.

GENERAL IGNATIEV
 Run! To the headquarters! It's the
 Katyushas! Our own are opening
 fire!

The brothers scramble out, coughing through blinding dust.

Behind them, the horizon ERUPTS in a wall of orange flame.
 The scream of Soviet rockets tears through the sky.

It is their final image of the Motherland: a wall of flame
 incinerating everything human.

EXT. RUINED DISTRICT - STALINGRAD - DAY (DECEMBER 1942)

The cold is a physical weight. The snow is stained black with soot. The wind howls through the skeletal remains of buildings like a wounded animal.

VLADIMIR, the brothers' father, is a shadow of a man. His eyes are sunken, his skin a sallow grey. He clutches an old rifle—empty. In his other hand, he grips a rusted knife.

He isn't hunting enemies; he's hunting calories.

Vladimir sifts through the wreckage of a pharmacy. Only shattered glass and dust. He stumbles into a back courtyard where something moves between two collapsed walls.

Under a fallen beam, huddled in a corner, is a shape.

Vladimir freezes. His heart thuds. A DOG. A large, gaunt German Shepherd. To Vladimir, this is not a pet. It is three days of life for his family. It is soup. It is survival.

He raises the knife and begins to crawl. The dog sees him. It doesn't growl. It only watches him with wide, wet eyes.

VLADIMIR

(a broken whisper)

Forgive me... I don't want to...
but my family is dying...

As Vladimir lunges to strike, the dog shifts. From beneath her matted fur, a PUPPY emerges—no bigger than a fist. Alive. Blind. The mother whimpers softly and begins to lick her young.

Vladimir stops. The knife hangs in mid-air.

He sees himself in this starving animal. The same instinct: to give the last drop of life to your offspring while everything

around you is death.

Slowly, Vladimir lowers his hand. Kindness proves stronger than hunger.

He reaches into his heavy coat and pulls out a single, rock-hard piece of HARDTACK—a ration he had been saving for himself.

With trembling fingers, he places the cracker on the snow in front of the dog.

VLADIMIR

(with a bitter smile)

Eat... at least you can feed him.

Vladimir stands, turns his back on his only source of food, and walks back into the blizzard. Empty-handed, but his soul intact.

The lone figure of Vladimir vanishes into the white veil.

ALEXEY (V.O.)

(years later)

My father returned that night with nothing. He died two days later. My uncle said it was the hunger. But I think he was simply too good for that world.

INT. OFFICE - NEW YORK - NIGHT (PRESENT)

ALEXEY , now a man of immense power, stares out at the Manhattan skyline. The reflection of the city lights dances in the glass, but his eyes are elsewhere.

ALEXEY (V.O.)

In New York, when I watch people claw at each other for power, I remember him. Strength isn't about killing to live. True strength is remaining human when the whole world has turned into a beast.

CHARACTER PROFILES: THE STALINGRAD YEARS

THE LOOK OF THE VOID: Both brothers share the "Stalingrad Stare"—a vacant, hollow look common in those who have seen too much death. They don't flinch at explosions. Despite their youth, they carry the weight of centuries.

They smell of fuel oil, cheap tobacco, gunpowder, and frozen snow. The scent of survival.

1. ALEXEY IGNATIEV (19) - "The Watcher"

In the ruins, Alexey is tense and analytical. He is the one who carries the map of the graveyard in his head.

APPEARANCE: His face is permanently masked by a thin

LAYER

of brick dust and soot, making his eyes appear

UNNATURALLY

bright and feverish. His cheeks are hollowed by

famine;

his skin is a translucent grey from the permafrost.

ATTIRE: A ragged, multi-patched greatcoat. Around his neck, a tattered wool scarf—once red, now a muddy brown.

Fingerless gloves, ensuring he can always feel the

COLD

bite of the trigger.

PRESENCE: Alexey moves only when necessary. He

LINGERS IN

the shadows, calculating the movements of enemy

patrols.

He radiates a quiet, heavy authority.

WEAPONRY: A weathered Mosin-Nagant rifle with a worn wooden stock. It is a natural extension of his body.

2. NIKOLAY IGNATIEV (18) - "The Predator"

Nikolay is the embodiment of raw, feral energy. Faster, louder, and lethal in close-quarters combat.

APPEARANCE: Rough and unrefined. Greasy hair under a crumpled ushanka with torn earflaps. His face is a

MAP OF

fresh scratches and dried blood.

ATTIRE: A short, padded telogreika jacket for freedom

OF

movement. Trousers tucked into heavy combat boots

LOOTED

from a dead German officer. A wide leather belt holds multiple knife sheaths.

PRESENCE: Nikolay is incapable of stillness. There is

A

dangerous fire in his eyes; he has accepted violence

AS

the natural state of the world.

WEAPONRY: A PPSH submachine gun
with a drum magazine

AND
a massive, makeshift trench knife
forged from a

RAILROAD
track. He prefers the knife. It's
quieter.

THE BOND: They are rarely physically apart. They stand
shoulder-to-shoulder or with a hand on the other's shoulder—a
constant, silent confirmation that the other is still
breathing.

NOTE FOR THE FUTURE: In America, Alexey will learn to wear
the "sheep's clothing" of bespoke Italian suits. But Nikolay
will always keep the look of the Stalingrad wolf behind his
eyes.

INT. STEEL FOUNDRY RUINS - DAY

A cavernous hall of twisted metal and jagged concrete. An
armored German half-track (Sd.Kfz. 251) rumbles at the
entrance, followed by THIRTY WEHRMACHT SOLDIERS.

ALEXEY watches from a high catwalk through a rusted pipe. He
isn't looking at the soldiers. He's staring at the
architecture. NIKOLAY crouches beside him, clutching a
rocket launcher.

ALEXEY
(a low whisper)
See that support column? It's
holding up the entire western roof.
The fire cracked the concrete core.

NIKOLAY
You want to bring the roof down?
We'll bury ourselves.

ALEXEY
Not if we direct the fall. We need
acoustics, Nikolay. Start the
music.

TACTICAL ACTION:

Nikolay signals two men below. They begin striking metal
pipes in a rhythmic, haunting beat. The sound echoes through
the hollow factory, multiplying, creating a sonic illusion of
a hundred hidden ghosts.

The Germans freeze. Their OFFICER, unnerved by the phantom noise, signals the half-track to push deeper into the hall.

The massive vehicle grinds over the fractured floor. Exactly where Alexey wants it.

ALEXEY

Now! The base of the second pillar!

Nikolay fires. The rocket hits the base of the pillar. The structure groans. A domino effect begins—heavy steel plates from the upper floor slide diagonally, like a closing jaw.

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

(calmly)

See, Nikolay? They run exactly where we want them because they think it's their choice. We just saved two hundred rounds.

The Germans scramble toward the only "clear" exit—a narrow path leading directly into a kill zone where Nikolay's machine gun is waiting.

FINAL ACTION:

The half-track is crushed under tons of concrete. The surviving platoon is trapped in the open, coughing through dust.

Alexey descends the stairs as the debris settles. He doesn't look like a soldier; he looks like a mathematician who just solved an equation.

NIKOLAY

How did you know the floor would hold the machine just long enough?

ALEXEY

I didn't. But I studied the factory blueprints in the basement archives last night. Knowledge, brother, weighs more than lead.

INT. UNIVERMAG DEPARTMENT STORE RUINS - NIGHT

The skeletal remains of the building resemble a cathedral of steel and concrete. Snow drifts through jagged holes in the roof. Below, in the basement, a meager fire flickers.

ALEXEY sits near the stairs, a rifle across his lap.

NIKOLAY sharpens a blade in the shadows, his movements rhythmic and mechanical.

ACTION: THE ENCOUNTER

Figures emerge from the darkness. "The Rats"—a gang of convicts who escaped during the bombings. Their leader, GRISHA THE VOICELESS, steps into the light.

GRISHA

Alexey. This basement was ours before the war. We heard you found a stash of German hardtack. Give us half, and we'll let you see the sunrise.

ALEXEY

The rations are for the children on the next block. If you want to eat, Grisha, go to the Germans. They have kitchens. We only have lead.

Grisha signals. His men draw hatchets and crude pistols. A brutal, silent struggle erupts in the mud and ash.

Nikolay moves like a demon—vaulting over a fallen beam, taking down two men before they can fire. Alexey doesn't shoot; he uses his rifle butt to crush jaws, keeping the noise down.

Grisha falls, his jaw shattered by a heavy blow.

ACTION: THE UNINVITED GUEST

Flares hiss through the shattered windows, flooding the basement with a harsh, artificial white light.

NIKOLAY

Cease fire! The Wehrmacht is here!

A wall collapses as a grenade detonates. A German STOSSTRUPP (Assault Squad) storms in with flamethrowers and MP40s. The common enemy turns rivals into allies.

ALEXEY

Grisha, take the left! Nikolay, to

the second floor!

ACTION: URBAN PARTISANS

The brothers use the ruins as a weapon. While the Germans rely on frontal assault, Alexey's crew attacks from above and below.

Nikolay drops from a cracked ceiling on a rope, landing on a German officer's back. His blade finds the throat.

Alexey hurls a Molotov cocktail into a corridor, trapping reinforcements in a wall of fire.

The bandits and the "Wolf Pack" fight side-by-side. Animal cunning—luring soldiers into dead ends and firing through floorboards.

ACTION: THE AFTERMATH

The Germans retreat, leaving five dead. The basement is thick with smoke and the stench of scorched meat.

Grisha looks at Alexey, clutching a wounded shoulder.

GRISHA

We're even today, Alexey. But tomorrow... tomorrow we'll be hungry again.

ALEXEY

We won't be here tomorrow, Grisha. This city is becoming a tomb.

Alexey tosses a single hardtack cracker to Grisha. Nikolay watches in disbelief but remains silent.

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

(to Nikolay, low)

We don't do it for him. We do it so we don't forget who we are. In this city, you're either a wolf or a rat. And us, Nikolay... we are men pretending to be wolves just to survive.

FADE OUT.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - KREMLIN SUBLEVELS - NIGHT
(1946)

Cold, damp, and claustrophobic. The only light comes from a single, low-hanging bulb swaying over a map of Europe and USA. The air is thick with the smell of cheap tobacco and stagnation.

From the corridor above, the rhythmic, metallic echo of MGB patrols pacing the stone floors.

GENERAL IGNATIEV (50s) looks haggard. His chest is covered in medals, but his eyes carry the weight of a man who knows too much. ALEXEY and NIKOLAY stand before him in sharp intelligence uniforms.

ACTION: OPERATION CUCKOO

Ignatiev unrolls a set of secret documents stamped with the MGB seal (Ministry for State Security).

GENERAL IGNATIEV

Officially, you are leaving for New York as "sleeper cells." The MGB expects you to seize the docks, bribe senators, and report back to Moscow every Wednesday. They think they own you because they gave you passports and new identities.

NIKOLAY

So, we're spies?

GENERAL IGNATIEV

(slams the table, his voice a fierce whisper)

No! You are Ignatievs! Listen to me carefully: the moment you set foot on American soil, feed the MGB nothing but scraps. Irrelevant information. Moscow is a snake that eats its own children.

Ignatiev leans in closer, his face inches from theirs.

GENERAL IGNATIEV (CONT'D)

Stalin trusts no one, and Beria is already suspicious of me. If you work for them, they will eventually put a bullet in the back of your heads when you become "inconvenient." When you become strong enough in America... you sever all contact. You disappear from their map.

ACTION: THE REASONS FOR EXILE

Alexey holds his uncle's gaze, unblinking.

ALEXEY

Why send us so far, Uncle? We can fight for you here.

GENERAL IGNATIEV

Because there is no future here. Only graves and ideologies. I am sending you for three reasons:

He holds up a scarred hand, counting off fingers.

GENERAL IGNATIEV (CONT'D)

First: Survival. Here, you will be shot in the next purge. Second: Resources. America is an empty vault waiting for someone to pick the lock. There, you will be masters of yourselves.

NIKOLAY

And the third?

GENERAL IGNATIEV

The Bridge. A man named Frank Moreno is waiting for you. I saved him from the Germans. He owes me his life, and he will be your fortress.

Ignatiev looks at the door, then back at them. The urgency in his eyes is terrifying.

GENERAL IGNATIEV (CONT'D)

Go. Before the iron curtain drops and traps us all in the dark.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - KREMLIN SUBLEVELS - CONTINUOUS

Cold, damp, and claustrophobic. General Ignatiev reaches into his pocket and produces a small, weathered box. He opens it to reveal a GOLD SIGNET RING, engraved with the head of a wolf.

The candlelight dances off the gold, making the wolf's eyes flicker as if alive in the gloom.

ACTION: THE LEGACY OF THE RING

Ignatiev slides the ring across the map toward Alexey.

GENERAL IGNATIEV

Early in the war, during a covert Allied mission, an American intelligence officer named Frank was captured behind German lines. I found him. Instead of handing him over to the MGB—where he would have vanished into a gulag—I hid him. I let him go.

The General looks at the ring, then back at his nephews.

GENERAL IGNATIEV (CONT'D)

Frank promised me he would return the favor.

(MORE)

GENERAL IGNATIEV (CONT'D)
 Today, Frank is a Consigliere to one of the four Families in New York. The MGB will dump you in some rotting boarding house in Brooklyn and tell you to wait for orders. Do not wait.

Ignatiev taps a point on the map of Manhattan.

GENERAL IGNATIEV (CONT'D)
 Find Frank. He controls the docks and the unions.

ALEXEY
 (picking up the ring)
 And he will help us?

GENERAL IGNATIEV
 When I saved him, Frank gave me this ring—his family crest. He told me: "General, send me a man with this sign, and I will give him everything I possess."

He leans in, his voice dropping to a gravelly whisper.

GENERAL IGNATIEV (CONT'D)
 This is your key. Frank doesn't know about the MGB; he only knows me. Be independent. Be wolves. Do not listen to the commands from Moscow. Listen only to your blood.

ACTION: THE GENERAL'S FATE

Nikolay reaches out, grasping his uncle's scarred hand.

NIKOLAY
 Come with us. We have forged papers for three.

GENERAL IGNATIEV
 (a sad, tired smile)
 An old oak cannot be replanted in new soil, Nikolay. I must stay here to sign your clearances, to distract the MGB, and to ensure your path is "clean."

He stands up, straightening his uniform for what feels like the last time.

GENERAL IGNATIEV (CONT'D)
 When you hear that I have been arrested... know that the plan was

A SUCCESS.

EXT. TRAINING GROUND "NORTH" - SECRET MGB BASE - WINTER
(1946 - 1950)

A haunting grey sky. The base is a fortress of concrete and jagged barbed wire. The wind howls between the barracks like a restless ghost.

Inside the training hall, the air is so cold that the men's breath hangs in thick, white clouds.

ALEXEY and NIKOLAY are at opposite ends of the hall. A commission of high-ranking MGB OFFICERS watches from a steel balcony above, scratching notes into leather-bound ledgers.

ACTION: THE INFILTRATION EXAM

Alexey sits at a bolted metal table inside a glass-walled room. A COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE OFFICER has been interrogating him in English for twelve hours straight.

OFFICER

(screaming, slamming the
table)

Your papers say you were born in Brooklyn, Alex! Why can't you remember the name of your primary school teacher?

ALEXEY

(perfect, unhurried
Brooklyn accent)

Because I didn't care about teachers, sir. I was too busy selling papers on the corner of 4th and Main to help my mother pay the rent. Mrs. Higgins was her name, by the way. She smelled like old cats and cheap gin. Happy now?

On the balcony, an official nods. Alexey no longer recites a lie; he inhabits it.

ACTION: THE ELIMINATION EXAM

In the adjacent hall, Nikolay stands before FIVE GULAG PRISONERS armed with shivs and jagged glass. Nikolay has only his bare hands.

Nikolay moves like a shadow. Elbows, knees, and momentum. The sound of snapping bone and ragged gasps. Within three minutes, all five men are on the floor.

GENERAL (FROM BALCONY)

Cadet Nikolay, why didn't you finish the last one? He's still breathing.

NIKOLAY

(staring straight at the officers)

Ammunition and time are resources, Comrade General. He won't stand up for at least two hours. My objective is to pass through, not to clear graveyards.

ACTION: THE IDEOLOGICAL OATH

The brothers stand before a massive Soviet flag and a portrait of STALIN. A POLITICAL OFFICER approaches with two black leather folders.

POLITICAL OFFICER

From this moment, you cease to exist for the Soviet Union. If you are caught, we do not know you. If you die, you will have no graves. You are weapons fired into the heart of the enemy. Your only

purpose is to wait for the signal.

ALEXEY

Understood, Comrade Colonel.

POLITICAL OFFICER

In America, you will have everything—women, money, cars. The system will try to corrupt you. You will begin to like their steaks and their jazz. But remember... you are only there to set them on fire from within when the time comes.

ACTION: THE STARE-DOWN

The officers depart. Alexey and Nikolay are left alone. Nikolay touches a scar on his forearm where his Stalingrad tattoo was burned away.

NIKOLAY

(quietly)

Did you hear him? He said we'd have everything.

ALEXEY

He said we'd have everything just
so we could destroy it, Nikolay.
But he forgot to tell us one thing.

NIKOLAY

What?

ALEXEY

That once you taste real meat, you
never want to go back to hardtack.

EXT. TRAINING GROUND "NORTH" - CONTINUOUS

A transport truck pulls away into the blizzard. The small,
brutal base vanishes into the white void.

The brothers sit opposite each other in the back of the
truck,

strangers in their new American clothes, ready to conquer a
world they have only seen in nightmares and dossiers.

FADE OUT.

INT. "LITTLE ITALY" BAR - NIGHT (1951)

The bar is small, dim, and smells of espresso and stale cigar
smoke. A few LOCAL TOUGHS linger in the shadows. They look up
as the door opens, framing two strangers.

ALEXEY and NIKOLAY step inside. They are dressed in cheap,
ill-fitting suits, but they carry a cold, predator-like
energy that makes the regulars instinctively step back.

At the far end of the bar sits FRANK MORENO. He wears
expensive glasses and an air of quiet, dangerous authority.
He doesn't look up from his drink.

FRANK

You have three minutes to tell me
why you're interrupting my evening
before my boys teach you the
manners you clearly lack.

Alexey doesn't speak. He reaches into his pocket, pulls out
the GOLD SIGNET RING, and slides it across the polished
wooden bar.

The ring spins, catching the dim light, and comes to a dead
stop right in front of Frank's hand.

Frank freezes. He picks it up, squinting at the engraving
inside. His face goes pale. He slowly raises his eyes.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 (his voice barely a
 whisper)

I thought this man was a myth. Or
 that he had long since rotted away
 in some Gulag. How is he?

ALEXEY

He is alive. But he sent us here
 because there is no longer room for
 men like us in the Soviet Union. He
 said you carry his life in your
 pocket. We've come to collect.

Frank's gaze lingers on them. He remembers 1941—the frozen
 forest, the German patrol, and the Russian officer who chose
 mercy over duty.

Frank slips the ring into his vest pocket and signals the
 bartender.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 Close the doors. Lock them.

The heavy bolt clicks into place. Frank turns back to the
 brothers.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 The debt was contracted in silver,
 but it will be repaid in gold and
 blood. Tell me... what is it you
 want? A house? Money? Women?

Nikolay steps forward, his eyes burning with the same fire
 that lit the ruins of Stalingrad.

NIKOLAY
 We want New York.

INT. "LITTLE ITALY" BAR - BACK ROOM - DAY (1951)

Frank Moreno leans over a map of the Brooklyn waterfront.
 Smoke from his cigar curls around a desk lamp.

ALEXEY and NIKOLAY stand opposite him, shadows clinging to
 their hollow cheeks.

FRANK
 My Don has a problem at the docks.
 The unions are getting greedy, and
 the feds are sniffing around. We
 have a warehouse full of
 "confiscated" luxury goods that no
 one can move without ending up in
 Sing Sing. You two... you're
 ghosts. No files, no names.

He looks them dead in the eye.

FRANK

If you can clear that warehouse without a single shot fired or a single siren triggered... then we talk business.

EXT. BROOKLYN WATERFRONT - NIGHT

The warehouse is a fortress of corrugated steel, guarded by corrupt COPS and a rival crew.

ACTION: THE STALKING

Nikolay is a blur in the darkness. He spends two nights in the shadows, unmoving. He isn't watching the gates; he's watching the men.

He notices the HEAD OF SECURITY leaving for illegal dog fights, his shoulders slumped with the weight of gambling debts.

ACTION: THE ILLUSION

Alexey stands in a dimly lit office, looming over a PETRIFIED HEALTH INSPECTOR. He doesn't offer a bribe. He offers a choice.

The inspector's hand trembles as he signs a forged emergency evacuation order: TOXIC GAS LEAK.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - MIDNIGHT

Sirens begin to wail. Not the sharp strobe of the NYPD, but the amber flash of AMBULANCES and EMERGENCY UTILITY VANS.

Men in HAZMAT SUITS and gas masks—NIKOLAY and a small crew—swarm the perimeter, cordoning off the street.

The guards panic. No one wants to die for a paycheck from an invisible poison. They abandon their posts, coughing into their sleeves.

In the chaos, Frank's trucks—disguised as "Decontamination Units"—back into the loading docks. They load crates marked with biohazard tape: DANGEROUS BIOLOGICAL WASTE.

INT. "LITTLE ITALY" BAR - MORNING

The sun bleeds through the dusty windows. The bar is empty, except for Frank.

Alexey places a small, GOLD POCKET WATCH on the table—a personal item taken from the security chief's private safe. Evidence of total penetration.

FRANK

(perplexed)

I heard there was a gas leak. The whole district was locked down. Where are the bodies? How many did you have to kill to get inside?

ALEXEY

None. Dead bodies only attract newspapers. We prefer people alive and confused. A confused man makes a poor witness in court.

Frank looks at the watch, then at the brothers. He smiles for the first time—a thin, dangerous line.

FRANK

Then you aren't gangsters. You're something much worse. You're politicians who don't know it yet.

ALEXEY (V.O.)

(present day)

That was the day we realized that information and illusion are more lethal than gunpowder. In the ruins of the Old World, we learned to destroy. In the streets of the New World, we learned to manipulate.

INT. SMALL APARTMENT - BROOKLYN - NIGHT (1951)

The room is drowned in shadows. The only light spills from a single bulb over the kitchen table. The air is thick with cigarette smoke.

NIKOLAY sits by the window, his eyes tracking the flickering lights of the New York skyline. ALEXEY is hunched over a typewriter. A sealed envelope lies next to him.

ALEXEY

(tossing a scrap of paper
toward Nikolay)

Read that.

Nikolay catches it, scans it quickly, and lets out a bitter laugh.

NIKOLAY "Sugar delivery schedules for the Port of New Jersey"? This is the "high-level intelligence" for Moscow?

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

Our uncle was clear. The KGB wants results. But if we give them the meat today, they'll demand our blood tomorrow.

Alexey slides the paper into the envelope.

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

So, we feed them crumbs. We give

them information that looks vital but changes nothing. Statistics, newspaper rumors, civilian shipping schedules.

NIKOLAY

(turning to face his brother)

And if they realize we're playing with them?

ALEXEY

As long as they receive envelopes with the Ignatiev seal, they'll believe they own us. That is the price of our freedom here. They think we are their eyes in America...

Alexey drips hot wax onto the seal. He looks Nikolay dead in the eye.

ALEXEY ...but they don't know we're already looking in a completely different direction.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

ALEXEY'S HAND DROPS THE ENVELOPE INTO A WEATHERED MAILBOX ADDRESSED TO A "MR. PETROV."

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK, REVEALING THE BUSTLING, CHAOTIC STREETS OF BROOKLYN. THE BROTHERS STEP AWAY FROM THE MAILBOX, THEIR FIGURES VANISHING INTO THE SURGING CROWD OF THE NEW WORLD.

INT. MEATPACKING PLANT - QUEENS - NIGHT

THE VAST, HOLLOW SPACE IS FILLED WITH HANGING BEEF CARCASSES ON COLD STEEL HOOKS. A SINGLE BARE BULB SWAYS OVER A TABLE IN THE CENTER.

ALEXEY sits at the table, perfectly still. NIKOLAY is a statue in the shadows behind him. MARCO (Frank's right-hand man) stands to the side, looking nervous.

ACTION: THE TRAP CLOSES

From behind the industrial freezers, TEN MAFIOSI emerge, clutching Thompson submachine guns. RICO, a cocky young captain, steps forward, leveling his .45 at Alexey's head.

RICO

It's over, Russian. You thought you were smarter than us? This isn't Stalingrad. This is Queens. The only way out of here is in a body bag.

Alexey doesn't even look up. He calmly lights a cigarette. Behind him, Nikolay's head tilts—he has already counted every shooter by the rhythm of their breath.

ALEXEY

(exhaling smoke)

Rico, do you know why Germany lost the war? They thought if they surrounded a wolf, it would turn into a dog. But a wolf in a trap is at his most dangerous.

ACTION: THE SECOND OF CHAOS

Alexey KICKS the heavy wooden table forward. It flips, creating a shield. At the same instant, Nikolay hurls a military-grade smoke grenade.

NIKOLAY

Down!

Thick, acrid smoke chokes the room. The Mafiosi panic, spraying bullets blindly. The sound is deafening—the roar of Thompsons and the "ping" of lead ricocheting off meat hooks.

ACTION: TACTICAL SWEEP

Nikolay moves through the haze like a phantom. He uses a suppressed pistol. Muzzle flashes illuminate the smoke. Nikolay appears behind a shooter, fires a single shot, and vanishes.

Alexey, tucked behind the table, draws twin pistols and fires low, taking out legs.

ACTION: THE PSYCHOLOGICAL END

The smoke begins to drift toward the ceiling. All ten Mafiosi are on the floor—some moaning, some in shock. Not one is dead.

Alexey steps out, his suit slightly dusted. Nikolay stands by the exit, reloading with mechanical precision.

ALEXEY

(looming over Rico)

Rico. Go back to your boss. Tell him we were merciful today because bullets are expensive. Tell him next time he sends his boys, he should give them white flags instead of Thompsons.

EXT. MEATPACKING PLANT - CONTINUOUS

The brothers and Marco exit. A black limousine idles. They climb in as if they'd just finished a business dinner.

NIKOLAY

You're getting slow, Alexey. The table took you half a second too long.

ALEXEY

We're getting old, brother. That's why we need power that doesn't require us to hide behind tables.

MARCO

(wincing, tying a bandage)
I don't care what you say... from now on, I'm your man. I've got your backs.

EXT. D'AMICO ESTATE - NEW JERSEY - NIGHT

The estate is a fortress. Four armed guards flank the main gate. Sweeping searchlights cut through the manicured lawn.

Two hundred yards back in the tree line, FRANK MORENO sits in his car, watching through binoculars. Beside him, ALEXEY and NIKOLAY are shadows. Frank's fingers drum nervously.

FRANK

The General told me he made you ghosts. But this is New Jersey, not Stalingrad. D'Amico has thirty shooters in there. You sure you don't want backup?

Nikolay tests the edge of a blade without looking at it.

NIKOLAY

Backup only makes noise, Frank. My Uncle used to say that if two wolves can't handle a flock of sheep, then the wolves are meant for the slaughterhouse.

(beat)

Do you know why the Bulgarians say the wolf has a thick neck? Because he does his own work.

ALEXEY

Watch your watch, Frank. In ten minutes, the lights in the south wing go dark. That's when we go in.

ACTION: SOVIET PRECISION

The lights vanish exactly on the second. Alexey has severed the main power line with a micro-explosive. The sound is no louder than a dry twig snapping.

Nikolay moves across the lawn in perfect sync with the patrols. He moves within their "blind spots." When a guard peels off to light a cigarette, Nikolay neutralizes him—bloodless and swift.

INT. D'AMICO'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Inside the study, Alexey and Nikolay emerge from the shadows. GIUSEPPE D'AMICO doesn't even have time to reach for his desk.

ACTION: THE MESSAGE

Alexey pins D'Amico to his chair. Nikolay cracks the safe in seconds, using fine tools hidden in his sleeve.

D'AMICO

(gasping)

Who are you? Moreno doesn't have people like you...

ALEXEY

(whispering, voice like a razor blade)

We are a greeting from the Old World, Giuseppe. Frank sends his regards. And he told us to remind you: debts are paid with gold... or with silence.

Nikolay grabs a briefcase and signals. They vanish through the window just as guards begin pounding on the office door.

EXT. TREE LINE - CONTINUOUS

The brothers return to Frank's car. Nikolay slides the briefcase through the window. Frank opens it. His eyes widen at the LEDGERS—the "black books" of the underworld.

FRANK

(laughing quietly)

God damn that old fox... the General didn't lie to me. You don't work like mobsters. You work like surgeons.

NIKOLAY

The Mafia relies on the fear of noise, Frank. We rely on the fear of what you don't see.

FRANK

(dead serious)

Now I see why he sent you to me. With his mind and your hands, we won't just run the streets. We'll own the state. Tonight, we drink to your Uncle.

ACTION: THE FIRST TWIST

Alexey and Nikolay exchange a brief, sharp look.

ALEXEY

(in Russian; low)

He thinks he owns us because he knows the Uncle.

NIKOLAY

(in Russian)

Let him believe it. Uncle taught us something else—the most dangerous weapon is the one the owner thinks he controls.

Frank looks at them, smiling, not understanding a word.

EXT. DON CARLO'S ESTATE - TERRACE - NIGHT

A luxurious terrace overlooking the dark expanse of the Atlantic. DON CARLO (70s), a stern patriarch with a heavy gold ring, sits alone at a table, dining.

FRANK MORENO stands nearby, his posture rigid, radiating tension.

ACTION: THE UNINVITED GUESTS

ALEXEY and NIKOLAY step onto the terrace. No guards, no visible weapons—only an air of absolute, terrifying confidence.

Two of Carlo's soldiers move to intercept them. Frank makes a subtle, almost invisible gesture. The guards hesitate, then step back into the shadows.

Don Carlo sets down his silver fork.

DON CARLO

Frank. I don't recall inviting your Russian pets to dinner.

ALEXEY

We aren't here for the food, Don Carlo. We're here to offer you a rest. You've ruled this city for thirty years. That's a long time to carry such a weight.

ACTION: THE EMPTY MAGAZINE

Don Carlo lets out a dry, raspy laugh. Beneath his linen napkin, his hand moves toward a concealed pistol.

DON CARLO

My men are everywhere. One word, and I'll feed you to the crabs.

NIKOLAY

(ice-cold)

Check the magazine, Don Carlo.

Carlo's eyes narrow. He pulls the pistol, ejects the clip, and stares. It is empty. He looks at Frank, his face twisting with betrayal.

ALEXEY

Don't blame Frank. He's just a practical man. He realized what you refuse to accept: the world has changed. Your captains don't want to hide in basements anymore. They want to buy stocks, build hotels, and be invited to balls at the White House.

ACTION: THE GOLDEN RETIREMENT CONTRACT

Alexey places an envelope on the table. Inside is a one-way flight ticket to Sicily and a deed to an estate in Palermo.

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

Two million dollars in Swiss accounts in your name. In exchange, you simply announce your retirement for health reasons and leave the Family in Frank's hands... under our "mentorship."

DON CARLO

You think you can buy my honor?

NIKOLAY

(leaning over him)

The alternative is to stay here and watch your empire vanish. Your accountants already work for us. Your lawyers swear by Alexey. You aren't Don Carlo anymore. You're just an old man with an empty gun.

FRANK MORENO

It's time, Carlo. The world doesn't belong to the wolves anymore. It belongs to the architects.

Don Carlo stands slowly. He picks up the ticket and walks toward the exit, his shadow long and diminished against the marble floor.

ALEXEY

(to Frank)

The Family is yours now, Frank. But the city... the city is ours.

INT. OLD RAILWAY DEPOT - NIGHT

A cavernous, rotting space. Water drips from rusted girders. The air is thick with the smell of grease and oxidation.

CARLO'S MEN—fifty seasoned street soldiers—huddle around flaming oil drums. They are restless, angry, and armed.

ALEXEY and NIKOLAY walk into the center of the depot alone. Nikolay carries a heavy metal chest. Alexey lights a cigarette, unfazed by the wall of hostility.

ACTION: THE CHALLENGE

BRUNO (40s), Carlo's long-time enforcer, draws a switchblade.

BRUNO

Carlo was one of us. He spoke our language.

You're just two boys who crawled out of Siberia thinking you can buy us with a few bucks and promises of "peace." We live on violence. If there's no war, there's no money.

ACTION: NIKOLAY'S LESSON

Nikolay drops the chest with a heavy, metallic THUD. He sheds his overcoat.

ALEXEY

Bruno wants to know how you'll make money without violence? I'll tell you. Violence is like salt— use too much, and you ruin the meal. You're amateurs. You beat a man to get a hundred dollars today. We're going to protect him so he gives us ten dollars every day for the rest of his life.

Bruno lunges. Nikolay moves in a blur. He disarms Bruno and slams him face-first into the concrete.

The depot explodes with the sound of FIFTY GUNS being cocked. Nikolay doesn't even look up.

ACTION: THE CHEST OF MEMORIES

Alexey kicks the chest open. No cash. Instead, it's filled with MILITARY DOSSIERS and SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS.

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

(holding up a photo)

This is your cousin, isn't it? Luigi? Vanished in Mexico last year. And this is your uncle, rotting in Sing Sing.

Alexey scatters the photos across the dirt like fallen leaves.

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

Don Carlo kept you in the dark. He used you like dogs. We won't give you uniforms. We'll give you information. Instead of fighting each other for crumbs, we're going to strike where it hurts— the pockets of the politicians.

ACTION: THE NEW VOW

Nikolay releases Bruno. Bruno stands, gasping.

NIKOLAY

(low, gravelly)

In Stalingrad, we had no choice.

(MORE)

NIKOLAY (CONT'D)

Here, you do. Those who walk with us will have a table where no one dares sit without an invitation. Those who stand against us... will find the ground beneath them is very thin.

Bruno looks at the photo of his cousin. He pockets his knife.

BRUNO

What's the first move?

ALEXEY

The first move is to stop looking like criminals. Tomorrow, we buy our first newspaper. We stop building monuments to our egos, and start building them for your children.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - MONTAGE

As the camera sweeps from the grime of the docks to the gold-leaf ceilings of Wall Street, we hear the calm, resonant voice of ALEXEY.

ALEXEY (V.O.)

In Stalingrad, there were only two sides: those who died today and those who died tomorrow. But New York? New York was a cathedral built on four different sins. To own the city, we first had to understand the architects of its ruin.

EXT. WALL STREET / BROOKLYN BANK - DAY

A sleek black car stops in front of a bank. Men in tailored wool suits step out, carrying leather briefcases.

ALEXEY (V.O.)

First, the Castello Family. We called them the "Bankers." They traded in massive usury and money laundering. They didn't use lead; they killed through bankruptcies and foreclosures. Don Vito Castello believed a debt was heavier than a bullet.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREETS / BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Young men in flashy jewelry stand over a shivering shopkeeper. They laugh loudly, showing off chrome-plated revolvers.

ALEXEY (V.O.)

Then came the Salvatores. The "Street Army." Brute force, protection rackets, and bone-deep fear. Don Salvatore hated "outsiders" like us. He thought we were soft because we preferred a blueprint to a drive-by. He was the loudest... which made him the easiest to track.

INT. LUXURY JAZZ CLUB - NIGHT

Men in tuxedos swirl cognac. Beautiful women dance to a slow saxophone. It looks like high society.

ALEXEY (V.O.)

The Lucianos. The aristocrats of the gutter. They owned the casinos and the jazz clubs. They were the "clean" face of filth. They respected me because I spoke their language—the language of influence. But respect in this town is just another word for "waiting for an opening."

EXT. EXCLUSIVE GOLF CLUB / CAPITOL HILL HALLWAY - DAY

A JUDGE and a WELL-DRESSED MAN whisper in a wood-paneled office. A manila envelope is slid across a desk.

ALEXEY (V.O.)

And finally, the Morettis. Small in numbers, infinite in reach. They owned the judges, the senators, and the prosecutors. They didn't collect cash; they collected secrets. They were the architects of immunity.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

ALEXEY stands by a window, looking at the city lights. Beside him, NIKOLAY is cleaning a rifle.

ALEXEY (V.O.)

The Morettis saw me as a threat
because they knew my secret: I
didn't want a seat at their table.
I wanted to own the wood the table

was built from.

SCENE: THE RUSSIAN WINTER IN NEW YORK - SIMULTANEOUS STRIKES

ALEXEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

In war, if you defend, you have
already lost. You don't wait for
the wolf at your door; you burn the
forest while he's still sleeping.

1. THE BANK RUN (Against the Castello Family)

EXT. CASTELLO SAVINGS & TRUST - DAY

NIKOLAY and ten men in heavy leather trench coats stand like
statues in front of the main entrance. They don't draw
weapons. They simply block the path of every customer.

NIKOLAY

(to the Bank Manager)

Uncle Vito owes us for "docking
fees." Until he pays, no one
touches their savings. Today, the
bank is closed due to a "Russian
Winter."

ALEXEY (V.O.)

Fear is faster than a bullet.
Within an hour, the rumor hit the
streets: Castello was bankrupt. By
sunset, Vito had lost millions in a
panic he couldn't stop with a gun.

2. SHATTERED LUXURY (Against the Luciano Family)

INT. EL DORADO CLUB - NIGHT

The lights cut out mid-song. The champagne-sipping elite
freeze in the dark. Alexey's voice booms through the house
speakers.

ALEXEY (V.O.)

Vincent, gambling is a dangerous
game. Especially when you bet on
the wrong horse.

ACTION: The glass skylights SHATTER. Nikolay and his crew rappel down. With heavy sledgehammers, they systematically demolish the roulette wheels. Sixty seconds of rhythmic destruction. They vanish into pre-scouted service tunnels.

3. THE STEEL TRAP (Against the Salvatore Family)

INT. WAREHOUSE NO. 9 - NIGHT

Salvatore's thugs storm in with gasoline. Industrial floodlights blind them. Nikolay stands on a high catwalk behind a mounted heavy machine gun.

NIKOLAY

Boys, you brought matches to an artillery fight.

ACTION: He shreds the concrete at their feet and bursts the overhead water mains. A wall of high-pressure water and lead splinters pins them down.

NIKOLAY (CONT'D)

Tell Salvatore next time I won't be shooting at the floor.

4. THE PHANTOM LEAD (Against the Moretti Family)

INT. REMOTE INN - NIGHT

The Moretti "fixers" burst into a cabin. They find only a gramophone playing a scratchy recording of "Kalinka."

ALEXEY (V.O.)

The Morettis loved to listen. So, I gave them a song to remember.

ACTION: While the Moretti elite are lured away, Nikolay's team breaches their HQ. They take the "black boxes"—the files on every senator and judge in the state.

THE AFTERMATH

INT. IGNATIEV OFFICE - DAWN

Alexey and Nikolay sit in the quiet. On the desk lies a stack of Moretti's dossiers and a newspaper: PANIC ON WALL STREET.

ALEXEY

The four families wanted a war. We gave them a lesson.

NIKOLAY

(lighting a cigarette)
What's next, brother?

ALEXEY

Now, we don't ask for a seat at the table. We tell them who is allowed to sit.

INT. ALEXEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

NIKOLAY

The city is burning, Alexey. Castello is broke, Luciano is clubless, Salvatore is out of men, and the Morettis... they have no secrets left.

ALEXEY

This wasn't a war, Nikolay. It was a site clearance. Tomorrow, they will crawl here to beg for peace. And then... then we will tell them who the next President will be.

INT. GRAND DINING HALL - IGNATIEV ESTATE - NIGHT

A massive crystal chandelier casts a cold glow over a long oak table. Five chairs. On four of them sit the Dons: CASTELLO,

LUCIANO, SALVATORE, and MORETTI. They look exhausted, defeated.

ALEXEY sits at the head of the table, unarmed, holding a porcelain cup of tea. NIKOLAY stands directly behind him, a silent, looming statue in the shadows.

ACTION: THE WRATH OF THE OLD GUARD

Don Salvatore slams his fist onto the table.

SALVATORE

You destroyed everything, Alexey! This city had rules. We don't hit partners' banks. You're acting like you're still at war with the Nazis instead of in a business negotiation!

ALEXEY

(calmly sipping tea)
Your problem is that you call this "business." For me, this is survival.

(MORE)

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

You tried to starve me out, just like the Germans tried at Stalingrad. I simply showed you that my hunger is greater than yours.

ACTION: THE TERMS OF PEACE

Alexey rolls out a massive map of the United States. It's marked with logistics routes, ports, and political districts.

ALEXEY

This is how it works from now on. You keep your streets, your casinos, and your loan sharks. But thirty percent of your profit goes into the "Northern Family" fund.

CASTELLO

Thirty percent?! That's a robbery!

NIKOLAY

(leaning forward, voice like grinding metal) Robbery is when we take everything and leave you in a ditch. Thirty percent is the price you pay so I don't return to your banks tomorrow with something heavier than empty trucks.

ACTION: THE POLITICAL STAKE

Alexey points to Washington D.C. on the map.

ALEXEY

This money won't go into our pockets. It will fund Senator Walker's campaign. He will be the next President. When he sits in the Oval Office, your cases will be closed. Your businesses will become legal.

MORETTI

(intrigued)

You want to buy the whole country?

ALEXEY

I don't want to buy it. I want to own it.

(MORE)

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

We will be the ones holding the keys to the back door of the White House. But for that to happen, you must stop acting like neighborhood thugs.

ACTION: SIGNING THE NEW ORDER

Alexey places four GOLD PENS on the table. In the center lies a single contract: THE AGREEMENT FOR COOPERATION.

ALEXEY

Sign, and you become part of the most powerful organization in the history of this country. Refuse... and Nikolay will have full freedom to finish what he started.

One by one, the Dons reach for the pens.

ACTION: THE TRIUMPH

As the last Don signs, Alexey stands up.

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, congratulations. Today, the New York Mafia died. Today, "The Corporation" is born. Nikolay, see them to their cars.

The Dons exit. Alexey walks to the window, looking out at the distant Manhattan skyline.

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

(quietly, to himself)

Do you see, Father? Here, the wolves don't die of hunger. They just learn to wear suits.

INT. THE "BLACK CUBE" COMMAND CENTER - MANHATTAN - NIGHT

A high-tech nerve center. Rows of radio operators and switchboard clerks. A massive map of the U.S. covers the back wall, bristling with red and blue pins.

It doesn't look like a mob hideout; it looks like the Pentagon.

ALEXEY and NIKOLAY stand before the map, their shadows stretching across the Midwest.

ACTION: THE LOGISTICS NOOSE

Alexey points to Chicago, Detroit, New Orleans, and Miami.

ALEXEY

The Italians in New York were just the beginning. In Chicago, they're killing each other for streets. In Miami, for shipments. They are wasting resources. We will offer them "Peace through Dependency."

NIKOLAY

And how do you stop them from shooting? These men don't understand diplomacy.

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

We take their blood, Nikolay. The blood of the underworld is transport. We already own the docks. Now, we seize the rails and the interstate haulage.

ACTION: OPERATION "CORPORATION"

MONTAGE: Instead of hitmen, the brothers dispatch accountants and logistics experts.

* IN CHICAGO: Nikolay blows up the main liquor warehouse. The next day, Alexey arrives with a contract for federal transport charters.

* IN NEW ORLEANS: They buy the riverboat companies on the Mississippi. Every family in the South now pays the "Ignatiev Toll."

INT. ATLANTIC CITY HOTEL - GRAND BALLROOM - NIGHT

Alexey stands at a podium before a sea of the most dangerous men in America.

ALEXEY

Gentlemen, the era of the gangster is over. Today, you are businessmen. We control the politicians; we control the roads. If anyone starts a war without authorization, we cut his supply lines overnight.

DETROIT BOSS

And who made you the judge, Ignatiev?

NIKOLAY

(stepping into the light)
Information made us the judges. I know where your children sleep. We aren't here to ask. As of today, you are our regional managers.

ACTION: THE UNITED UNDERWORLD

ALEXEY (V.O.)

Within a year, the American underworld became an invisible machine. No more street shootouts. Every truck in America paid a share to us.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - LATER

NIKOLAY

The whole country is working for us. Even the police don't realize there is no more crime... there is only one massive business.

ALEXEY

That was always the goal. When crime becomes so large that the state cannot function without it, then we become the state.

FADE OUT.

INT. PRIVATE HUNTING LODGE - UPSTATE NEW YORK - RAINY NIGHT

A secluded cabin. A fire roars in the hearth. Outside, NIKOLAY and his men patrol the perimeter.

SENATOR HENRY WALKER (45), a classic American hero with desperate eyes, sits opposite ALEXEY. Alexey is calm, sipping whiskey.

ACTION: THE POLITICIAN'S FEAR

Senator Walker glances nervously at Nikolay's silhouette through the rain-streaked window.

SENATOR WALKER

Mr. Ignatiev, do you realize the risk? If the press finds out I'm meeting with the man who controls organized crime, my career ends before sunrise.

ALEXEY

Your career ended last month,
Henry, when your oil investments
went up in smoke. Without me, you
aren't a Senator. You're just a
bankrupt man in an expensive suit.

ACTION: THE WHITE HOUSE PROPOSAL

Alexey leans forward. The firelight casts deep shadows across
his face.

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

I don't want to buy your debts. I
want to buy your election. I have
the backing of the four Families,
the dock workers, the truckers. And
I have the cash—laundered through
foundations.

SENATOR WALKER

And what do you want in return? An
Attorney General who looks the
other way?

ALEXEY

(a low, dry laugh)
Too small. I want "quiet
influence." When you become
President, federal contracts for
infrastructure will go to our
companies. One of my men will be
your Chief of Staff.

ACTION: THE NOOSE TIGHTENS

SENATOR WALKER

You want to run the country through
me. That's treason.

The door opens. NIKOLAY enters and drops a THIN BLACK FOLDER
on the table.

NIKOLAY

Inside are photos from Havana,
Senator. That girl wasn't eighteen.
And the money from the sugar
lobbyists... we have the
recordings.

Nikolay exits. The silence is suffocating.

ALEXEY

I am offering you two paths. The
first leads to prison.

(MORE)

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

The second leads to the Oval Office and the history books. We do the dirty work so you can talk about the "American Dream."

ACTION: THE COMPACT WITH THE DEVIL

Walker looks at the folder. He realizes these Russians play for the world.

SENATOR WALKER

(voice raspy)

When do we start the campaign?

ALEXEY

It has already started. Welcome to the team, Mr. President.

EXT. HUNTING LODGE - MOMENTS LATER

Alexey steps out into the cold rain. Nikolay is waiting.

NIKOLAY

Did he take the bait?

ALEXEY

He isn't bait, Nikolay. He is our new shinel—our overcoat. Beneath him, no one will see the blood. The KGB will wait for reports, and we will send them laws written by us.

NIKOLAY

The General would be proud. In Stalingrad, we took a factory. Here, we took a whole nation.

INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL - GRAND BALLROOM / PRIVATE BALCONY

- NIGHT

Election Night. Below, pure euphoria. Thousands in black ties scream Walker's name. Red, white, and blue balloons rain down. The music is triumphant, brassy, and deafening.

ACTION: THE GODS' VANTAGE POINT

The camera rises toward a dark, secluded balcony. No spotlights reach this far. In the shadows stand ALEXEY and NIKOLAY in tuxedos that fit like armor.

Nikolay holds a glass of vodka. Alexey holds an unlit cigar.

NIKOLAY

Look at them. Celebrating their freedom. They have no idea that every inch of that podium, every word in his speech... belongs to us.

ALEXEY

People need illusions, Nikolay. Our job is to maintain the dream while we manage the reality.

ACTION: THE SPEECH

On the stage below, HENRY WALKER steps to the microphone. He looks radiant, appearing as if he truly believes his own myth.

WALKER (THROUGH P.A.)

Tonight, we are giving America back to its people! I promise that no one will stand above the law!

Nikolay lets out a low, dry laugh in the dark.

NIKOLAY "Above the law." I like his sense of humor. You should have told him that the law is just ink, and we are the hand that holds the pen.

ALEXEY

The KGB contacted me an hour ago. They want a list of the new cabinet ministers. They think their triumph begins now.

NIKOLAY

(voice turning cold)
And what will you send them?

ALEXEY

I'll send them a coffin if they get too close. Tomorrow, Walker will sign an executive order to strengthen counter-intelligence. The first ones to be "purged" will be their agents. We aren't spies, Nikolay. We are owners.

ACTION: THE PRICE OF VICTORY

For a second, Alexey closes his eyes. The roar below transforms into the thundering artillery of STALINGRAD. He sees the snow, the dog, the ruins. He opens his eyes.

ALEXEY

Do you know why we succeeded?
Because in Stalingrad, we learned
that the world is built on lies.
The only truth is the blood between
us. Everything else...

He gestures to the cheering hall below.

ALEXEY ...is just scenery.

ACTION: THE FINAL SHOT

Walker finishes his speech. Confetti buries the stage. He glances up toward the balcony. For one fleeting second, his eyes meet Alexey's. Walker gives a slight, submissive nod.

Alexey nods back, turns, and walks toward the exit. Nikolay drains his vodka and follows.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK: The two brothers walk down a long, empty, gilded hallway, while behind them, the euphoria of a nation continues to echo.

FADE OUT.

INT. LUBYANKA PRISON - CELL - NIGHT (ONE WEEK LATER)

The cell is cold and lit by a single flickering bulb. GENERAL IGNATIEV sits on his cot, back straight, hands resting on his knees. He looks remarkably at peace.

The heavy iron door grinds open. COLONEL VOLKOV (KGB) enters, his face tight with fury. He drops a stack of silent transcripts on the small wooden table.

VOLKOV

General, your "assets" in New York
have gone dark. They've ceased all
transmissions. Where are they?

Ignatiev doesn't look up. He merely closes his eyes.

VOLKOV (CONT'D)

And somehow, the Americans have
suddenly intensified their counter-
intelligence. Is this a
coincidence, Ignatiev?

GENERAL IGNATIEV

(softly)

They were never your "assets,"
Volkov. They are my nephews.

(MORE)

GENERAL IGNATIEV (CONT'D)

And right now, they are likely
drinking whiskey in Manhattan while
you sit here drinking blood. They
are free.

Volkov draws his service pistol and presses the cold barrel
against the General's forehead.

VOLKOV

You know the end for traitors,
Ignatiev.

GENERAL IGNATIEV

A traitor is one who betrays his
family for the sake of the State. I
did the opposite. I betrayed the
State for the sake of my blood.

He looks Volkov directly in the eyes, his gaze unbreakable.

GENERAL IGNATIEV (CONT'D)

Shoot, Colonel. I have already won.

ACTION: A close-up on the General's eyes—full of a strange,
triumphant light.

SOUND: A single, muffled SHOT echoes through the stone
corridor.

BLACKOUT.

FINAL TITLES CRAWL:

* Henry Walker signed the most aggressive counter-espionage
act in U.S. history.

* The "Northern Family" remains the only criminal
organization never to be fully indicted by the FBI.

INT. THE BLACK CUBE - COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

The room is a hum of electronic static and focused energy.
ALEXEY sits at his desk. MORETTI (the Syndicate's
intelligence

chief) enters, tossing a sealed, wax-stamped envelope.

MORETTI

Alexey, we have movement. Your old
friends in Moscow have activated
"Group G." They crossed the
Canadian border six hours ago. The
target is Walker. Tonight.

ALEXEY

(without looking up)

They still think this is their chessboard. Nikolay... it's time to show them that we own the pieces.

ACTION: MOBILIZING THE UNDERWORLD

Alexey lifts a red telephone—a direct line to every Syndicate boss in the country.

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

This is "North." I'm declaring a total lockdown. No trucks move. No docks open. I want Salvatore's "eyes" on every street corner. If you see a man who doesn't belong to the street, eliminate him. Today, the police are blind. You are the law.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

A team of KGB sleepers prepares their ambush. They check suppressed rifles with mechanical precision.

Suddenly, dozens of men in heavy coats emerge from the shadows. Nikolay's veterans and Salvatore's street soldiers.

NIKOLAY

(stepping into the light)

Moscow sends children to do a man's job. This isn't Berlin. Here, every stone reports to us.

ACTION: The skirmish is short and savage. The Syndicate sweeps the professional spies away through sheer numbers and total territorial dominance.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - LATER

PRESIDENT WALKER is pale, pacing. Alexey enters, calm as a mid-winter morning.

PRESIDENT WALKER

Alexey, the wires are going to explode! What is happening out there?

ALEXEY

Nothing is happening, Henry. Just a little cleaning. The men who tried to kill you no longer exist.

(MORE)

ALEXEY (CONT'D)
 It will look like a mob turf war.
 You are safe. But remember—your
 State didn't save you. The
 Syndicate saved you.

ACTION: THE MESSAGE TO MOSCOW

Alexey walks over to the President's secure radio console and dials a frequency known only to the KGB residency.

ALEXEY (INTO RADIO) (CONT'D)
 To "Center": Your dogs have been
 fed and put to sleep. Do not send
 more. The Wolves of the North no
 longer guard your borders. They
 guard their own world. If you try
 again, I will publish the name of
 every Soviet agent in NATO.
 Goodnight.

SCENE: SENATOR WHITMORE'S OFFICE - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

Classical American prestige. Flags, mahogany, portraits of Lincoln. SENATOR WHITMORE (60s), arrogant and untouchable.

ACTION: Whitmore finishes a phone call as the door swings open.

ALEXEY and NIKOLAY walk in. The secretary outside is frozen.

1. THE SENATOR'S THREAT

WHITMORE
 The Ignatievs. You have a lot of
 nerve. All of America is about to
 find out that our President is on a
 leash held by two Russian
 immigrants. I will destroy you.

ALEXEY
 (sitting calmly)
 Senator Whitmore, you are confusing
 personal interest with patriotism.
 You are looking for the President's
 connections, but you've failed to
 look at your own.

2. OPERATION "MIRROR"

Nikolay pulls a grey envelope and slides it toward the Senator.

NIKOLAY

My Uncle used to say every man has two faces. One for the cameras, and the other... for 3:00 AM in Maryland motels.

Whitmore opens it. Photos: the Senator with a younger woman. Bank transfers. Industrial espionage.

ALEXEY

On page three: the transcript from last Thursday. You promising the steel lobby to block the environmental bill for half a million in cash. Nikolay has very good hearing, Senator.

3. CHECKMATE

The Senator slumps back. His face is grey.

WHITMORE

(whispering)

This is illegal surveillance... the FBI will bury you...

NIKOLAY

The FBI won't get this. But your wife will. The Washington Post will. Your voters will see exactly what kind of "saint" represents them.

ALEXEY

Option three: Tomorrow morning, you resign for "health reasons." All inquiries against the President are withdrawn as an "intelligence error."

4. THE POWER OF SILENCE

WHITMORE

Who are you people, really? No one gathers this much, this fast...

NIKOLAY

We are the ones you underestimated. We don't play by Washington rules. We play by the rules of survival.

5. THE EXIT

The brothers stand up. Nikolay pauses by the American flag.

NIKOLAY

Nice flag, Senator. Shame that men
like you only use it as scenery.

FINAL SCENE: THE NEW WORLD ORDER

ACTION: The camera pans across a map of the USA. The lights of major cities pulse in a single rhythm. The underworld and legal

authority have merged—The Ignatiev Empire.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE BALCONY - NIGHT

ALEXEY and NIKOLAY stand on the balcony, looking out over the silent, illuminated monuments of the capital.

The wind is cold, but they stand still, looking like part of the architecture itself.

NIKOLAY

We are completely alone now,
brother. No country. No party.

ALEXEY

We have something better, Nikolay.
We have loyalty bought with blood
and sealed with gold. The General
used to say that in Stalingrad, we
were defending the past.

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

Here... here, we have created the
future.

INT. THE OVAL OFFICE - WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Bright, solemn, and prestigious. WALKER sits behind the Resolute Desk. ALEXEY stands by the window, silhouetted against the light, dictating the national agenda.

1. THE PROJECT FOR THE PEOPLE

Alexey places a thick dossier in front of President Walker.

ALEXEY

Henry, the American people are
hungry for hope. If you give them
security, they will never ask where
your money comes from.

WALKER

What are you proposing?

ALEXEY

A mass housing program. Free healthcare for veterans. My Syndicate handles the logistics. Our companies build, and our unions ensure no strikes.

2. NIKOLAY'S "HELPING HAND"

EXT. THE BRONX - POOR NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Heavy trucks with the IGNATIEV TRANSPORT logo roll into the slums. Nikolay's "soldiers" unload fresh food and medicine.

NIKOLAY

(to the crowd)

President Walker hasn't forgotten you. These shipments are straight from the government. If any local loan shark tries to take your food... tell him Nikolay Ignatiev is guarding this block.

RESULT: The people idolize Walker. Crime plummets because the Syndicate enforces an "IRON PEACE."

3. BUILDING THE CITIES

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - BROOKLYN - DAY

ALEXEY and WALKER stand before cameras, breaking ground on a new housing complex.

ALEXEY

(smiling for the press)

Do you see them, Henry? These people are your army now. They won't vote for you because of ideology. They'll vote because their children no longer sleep in the cold.

4. MEMORY OF THE FATHER

EXT. WHITE HOUSE GARDEN - NIGHT

Alexey and Nikolay sit in the quiet garden. Nikolay holds a small puppy—a callback to the ruins of Stalingrad.

NIKOLAY

Our father would have loved this.
He couldn't feed us, but today we
fed thousands.

ALEXEY

He taught us that power without
mercy is just tyranny. We hold the
country in our fist, but with a
velvet glove.

5. THE TRIUMPH OF THE "GOOD DICTATOR"

MONTAGE: Television news clips show Walker's approval rating at 90%. Crowds carry signs: "WALKER - THE PEOPLE'S PRESIDENT." The brothers are always visible in the shadows behind him.

ALEXEY (V.O.)

In Stalingrad, we learned how to
survive in the ashes. In America,
we learned how to turn ashes into
gold.

SCENE: WATERFRONT WAREHOUSE - BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Rain hammers against the corrugated tin roof. Inside, it is dark, lit by a single swinging bulb. The air smells of machine oil and rotting timber.

DON SALVATORE and DON LUCIANO stand on opposite sides of a poker table. Between them stands MORETTI—elegant, with eyes that never stop moving.

1. MORETTI'S INTRIGUE

MORETTI

Gentlemen, why fight for crumbs?
The Ignatievs have you by the
throat because they own the "Black
Archive." Not just yours— the
President's too.

DON SALVATORE

What are you proposing? Those brothers are machines.

MORETTI

(lowering his voice)

Start a small war in Queens. While Nikolay is busy, I'll slip into their vault and take the Archive. Once we have it, the President is our debtor.

2. THE TRAP SNAPS SHUT

The massive metal door grinds upward. Blinding high-beams cut through the gloom. ALEXEY and NIKOLAY step out.

Nikolay holds a small radio receiver—white noise.

ALEXEY

(voice like ice)

Moretti... I've always wondered when your ambition would finally outrun your survival instinct. Today is that day.

3. THE BROTHERS' JUSTICE

Nikolay approaches Moretti. He stands so close that Moretti can feel the cold.

NIKOLAY

The "Black Archive"... My Uncle used to say that a secret is a weapon only in the hands of one who knows when not to use it.

Nikolay reaches into Moretti's pocket and crushes a small hidden microphone between two fingers.

ALEXEY

(to the Dons)

Salvatore, Luciano... did you really let this rat lead you astray? He wanted you to slaughter each other for his masters in Washington.

4. THE DECISION

Nikolay lifts Moretti off the floor by the lapels.

NIKOLAY

In Stalingrad, we don't kill
traitors quickly. We leave them in
the wind.

ALEXEY

Salvatore, Luciano... if you want
to prove your loyalty, Moretti is
yours. Do it slowly.

5. THE MERCILESS END

The two Dons exchange a look. Their rage is cold.

DON LUCIANO

We understand, Alexey. Moretti will
wish he'd never been born.

Nikolay drops Moretti to his knees. The brothers turn.

ALEXEY

(as they walk away)
And gentlemen... the Archive isn't
in a vault. It's in our heads. And
those, you cannot steal.

Nikolay slams the warehouse door shut. Only Moretti's first
scream is heard.

SCENE: FRANK'S DOCKSIDE OFFICE - RAINY EVENING

The room is swallowed by shadows. FRANK sits in a heavy
leather chair, breathing labored, assisted by an oxygen tank.
On the desk lies a yellowed copy of PRAVDA.

ALEXEY and NIKOLAY enter, sensing the weight in the room.
Frank points to the newspaper with a trembling finger.

1. THE HEAVY TRUTH

FRANK

Boys... it's time to stop
pretending. You think the KGB just
forgot about you?

ALEXEY

We know they're looking for us,
Frank. But we are too big for them
now

FRANK

(a bitter cough)

You're big because your Uncle became small... as small as a single bullet. He sent me one last message. He said: "Don't tell them until they are kings. I don't want them looking back."

2. THE LEGACY OF THE RING

Frank removes a ring from a chain around his neck. Tears well in his eyes.

FRANK (CONT'D)

The General died in Lubyanka so that you wouldn't have to follow anyone's orders. He paid for your

independence with his blood.

He grabs Alexey's hand and presses the ring into his palm.

FRANK (CONT'D)

This ring... this is his grave. Wear it. He didn't save you from the Nazis just so you could be spies. He saved you so you could be Ignatievs. There are no pockets in a shroud, boys... you only take your honor with you.

3. THE FINAL MOMENT

Nikolay stands beside Frank, knuckles white as he grips the back of the chair.

NIKOLAY

Why tell us only now, Frank?

FRANK

Because now you're untouchable. Now, even the KGB can't pull you back. Your Uncle won the war... through you. Goodbye, boys.

ACTION: Frank exhales one last time. His gaze remains fixed on the window, where the lights of Manhattan glitter like diamonds—an empire built upon sacrifice and silence.

INT. THE OVAL OFFICE - WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

President WALKER sits behind the desk, drained and aged. ALEXEY stands by the window. NIKOLAY sits on a sofa, cleaning a knife with a calm, rhythmic, yet menacing focus.

1. LEGALIZING THE MONOPOLY

Alexey places a folder with the official GOVERNMENT SEAL in front of Walker.

ALEXEY

Henry, the government is announcing a new "National Port Security" program. Sign this. It transfers control of all major ports to a private firm.

WALKER

Alexey, this is absurd. This is the direct privatization of the national border!

ALEXEY

(turning slowly)

Congress will vote as we tell them. The firm that wins the contract is Ignatiev Logistics. From tomorrow, nothing enters this country without us taking a cut. And they'll pay us with federal funds to do it.

2. NIKOLAY'S "FEDERAL" THUGS

Nikolay looks up from his knife with a cold, thin smile.

NIKOLAY

Henry, I want five hundred of my men to be granted "Special Federal Marshal" status. They will be the new "Task Force for Organized Crime."

WALKER

You want me to turn your killers into policemen?

NIKOLAY

I want to give them badges, Henry. Every boss who refuses to pay us will be arrested under a law you signed.

3. THE "CLEAN HANDS" STRATEGY

ALEXEY

We are building a "Syndicate Under State Protection." You go on television and declare a war on crime. The people love you. We are the fist that enforces it.

4. THE PRICE OF POWER

Walker looks at the ring on Alexey's hand—the General's ring.

WALKER

You haven't just managed crime... you've turned it into national policy.

ALEXEY

It's called "efficiency." In Stalingrad, we learned that chaos kills. Order gives life. You give us the laws; we give you peace on the streets.

5. CLOSING THE DEAL

Alexey hands Walker the pen. Walker catches Nikolay's predatory gaze. Walker SIGNS.

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

Good work, Mr. President. Now go and tell America that as of today, the country is a safer place.

ACTION: The brothers exit. The camera follows them through the corridors. The SECRET SERVICE guards—now replaced by Ignatiev's own men—snap to attention and SALUTE as they pass.

SCENE: RESTAURANT "LA STELLA" - LITTLE ITALY - LUNCH

The restaurant is empty, reserved for DON GAETANO LUCCHESI. GAETANO represents the "old school"—proud and rooted in tradition.

The door swings open. NIKOLAY IGNATIEV enters in a sharp navy suit. On his lapel, a FEDERAL MARSHAL'S BADGE gleams. Behind him, four men in tactical gear labeled "U.S. MARSHAL."

1. THE OLD LION'S LUNCH

GAETANO LUCCHESI
 (ironically)
 Nikolay... What is this? Have you
 decided to play cowboy?

NIKOLAY
 (sitting uninvited)
 Not exactly, GAETANO. It's called
 an "Executive Order." I have an
 arrest warrant signed personally by
 the White House.

2. THE LAW VS. THE CODE

GAETANO LUCCHESI
 Look at you... playing policeman.
 We have rules. We have Omertà.
 You've just sold yourself to the
 government.

NIKOLAY
 (leaning forward)
 Omertà? GAETANO, Omertà is for
 those who hide in basements. I own
 the government. I didn't sell
 myself; I bought them. My rules are
 Federal Law.

3. THE STAGED ARREST

Nikolay tosses a document onto GAETANO's plate, staining it
 with steak sauce.

NIKOLAY
 This says your business is a front
 for financing terrorism. The papers
 will believe it. The FBI will
 freeze your accounts. Your family
 will be on the street by nightfall.

GAETANO LUCCHESI
 (turning pale)
 You can't do this...

NIKOLAY
 Watch me.

Nikolay signals to a NEWS CREW outside.

NIKOLAY (CONT'D)

It's all for television, GAETANO.
People want to see the bad guys go
to jail. And today, the bad guy is
you.

4. THE SYMBOLIC SURRENDER

Nikolay taps the GENERAL'S RING against the table.

NIKOLAY (CONT'D)

Frank Moreno told you to join us.
You refused. Now this ring is
sending you to Sing Sing for thirty
years.

5. THE PERP WALK

Nikolay cuffs GAETANO and leads him out. Flashbulbs blind the
Don.

NIKOLAY (CONT'D)

(to the microphones)

Today is a great day for American
justice! We will purge this city of
criminals!

The crowd APPLAUDS. They see a hero, not a mobster. Nikolay
shoves GAETANO into the transport and SMILES for the cameras.

SCENE: PRIVATE HUNTING LODGE - UPSTATE NEW YORK - NIGHT

A storm rages. Inside, a fire crackles. Whiskey and maps are
spread on the table. ALEXEY, NIKOLAY, and MARKO celebrate.

1. THE ILLUSION OF CALM

Marko pours whiskey. He is sweating despite the chill.

MARKO

Do you remember? Frank gave us
impossible tasks. Now we own the
country. We are gods, boys.

NIKOLAY

(clapping his shoulder)

You're family, Marko. We'll never
forget that shootout with Salvatore
-when you took that bullet for us.

Nikolay's eyes are sharp. Alexey stares at Marko.

ALEXEY

Why are your hands shaking, Marko?
Is the bottle that heavy?

2. THE REVELATION

Vehicles approach outside. Alexey doesn't flinch.

MARKO

(voice breaking)

They promised they wouldn't kill
you. They just want the dossiers.
The KGB gave me a choice—you, or my
family.

Nikolay draws his pistol. Alexey stops him.

ALEXEY

Marko... the KGB doesn't give
choices. They give illusions.

3. THE TRAP WITHIN THE TRAP

The door bursts open. Four KGB ASSASSINS enter with
submachine guns. Alexey raises a hand.

Suddenly, Nikolay's MARSHALS appear from the balcony. Red
laser sights dance on the Russians' foreheads.

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

I knew about your meetings, Marko.
I wanted to see if you had the
courage to look us in the eye
before you betrayed us.

4. THE END OF BROTHERHOOD

Marko falls to his knees, sobbing. The agents are disarmed.

NIKOLAY

You ate at our table. In
Stalingrad, we cut out tongues for
this.

ALEXEY

We have no brother but the one with
whom we shared bread in the ruins.
You are just an error in the
ledger, Marko.

5. SYMBOLIC RETRIBUTION

Alexey tosses a dossier in front of Marko.

ALEXEY

Inside is evidence that you
betrayed the KGB to us. Choose:
this gun, or Moscow, who will skin
you alive.

Alexey and Nikolay exit. Nikolay pauses at the threshold.

NIKOLAY

In this life, if a man loses his
honor, he has no place left in this
world.

The brothers enter their limousine. A single SHOT echoes from
the lodge.

ALEXEY

(to the driver)

Bruno. Take care of Marko's family.
His child in the best college.
House paid off. Tell his wife he
died protecting me. Every man
carries his own cross.

SCENE: ABANDONED WATERFRONT WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Cold rain drums against the tin roof. Inside, the air is
thick with salt and rust. ALEXEY and NIKOLAY have been
ambushed. Nikolay is wounded in the shoulder, hiding beneath
a truck.

ACTION: Four men emerge. GRISHA THE VOICELESS—massive and
scarred—leads them. He draws a heavy army knife.

1. THE GHOST OF HUNGER

Grisha stops, eyes burning with a decade of fermented hatred.

GRISHA

Do you remember me, little wolves?
The cellar beneath the ruins? You
broke my jaw over a single crust of
bread. You were hungry then. Now,
you are fat and rich.

ALEXEY

(stepping from cover)

Grisha... In Stalingrad, we let you
live because you weren't worth the
bullet. I see Moscow has fed you
well since then.

GRISHA

Moscow gave me a purpose! Today,
I'm getting paid back for that
crust... with your heads.

2. THE BRUTAL CLASH

Grisha lunges. The fight is ugly—no choreography, just primal strength. They roll through puddles of oil and rainwater.

Nikolay tries to stand, but two KGB agents keep rifles leveled at him.

NIKOLAY

Alexey! Break his neck this time!

3. THE END OF THE OLD FEUD

Grisha pins Alexey against a metal pillar, striking his face.

GRISHA

Where is your President now? Your money? Here, it's just you and me. Exactly like in that cellar!

Alexey, mouth filling with blood, gives a grim smile. He twists Grisha's arm and drives a hidden sleeve-blade into the attacker's throat.

ALEXEY

(whispering in his ear)
The difference between us, Grisha, is that you are still fighting for crumbs. I own the bakery.

4. THE EXECUTION

Grisha collapses, gurgling. The KGB men prepare to fire, but the doors are BLOWN OPEN. Nikolay's "Marshals" storm in with tactical lights. The agents are cut down in seconds.

5. THE FINAL GAZE

Alexey stands over the dying Grisha. Nikolay limps over.

NIKOLAY

At least you won't be hungry anymore, you piece of filth.

Alexey wipes his blade. His hands are shaking with adrenaline.

ALEXEY

Nikolay... it's over. The last one who knew who we were is dead. No one is left to remind us of the hunger.

(MORE)

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

From this day on, we are the ones
who decide who eats and who
starves.

INT. THE OVAL OFFICE - WHITE HOUSE - BEFORE DAWN

The room is silent. Rain drums against bulletproof windows. President HENRY WALKER sits behind his desk, diminished and hollowed out. The door bursts open.

ACTION: ALEXEY enters. His face is slashed—a souvenir from Grisha. His shirt is stained with mud and dried blood. He thuds GRISHA'S OLD KNIFE onto the polished wood of the desk.

1. THE SCAR OF TRUTH

WALKER

(horrified)

My God, Alexey... You're hurt. I
should call a doctor.

ALEXEY

(voice raspy)

Sit down, Henry. This scar was
given to me by a man I fought over
a crust of bread years ago. Your
agencies are leaking like a rotted
boat.

WALKER

We're doing everything possible,
but the KGB—

ALEXEY

(slapping the desk)

The KGB is finished! I've killed my
past. And you... you are going to
kill their present.

2. THE ULTIMATUM FOR VOLKOV

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

Volkov is in the embassy. I want
him, Henry. Within two hours.

WALKER

I can't just storm an embassy!
That's international law!

ALEXEY

Tomorrow, you will announce that
Volkov planned an assassination.

(MORE)

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

If I have to do your job for you,
the next person sitting in this
chair won't be so indecisive.

3. THE BREAKING POINT

WALKER

(voice trembling)

What will you do with him?

ALEXEY

I'm going to squeeze him until he
gives me every asset in the States.
And then... he'll vanish. To the
world, he'll have "defected."

4. THE NEW ORDER

Alexey retrieves the knife. He ignores his pain.

ALEXEY

You're just the face of this
country, Henry. I am its muscle.
And today, the muscle is hungry.
Pick up the phone.

5. THE EXIT

Alexey turns to the door, glancing at the American flag.

ALEXEY

In Stalingrad, we fought for
scraps. Here, we fight for power.
Fix your tie. You have Presidential
work to do.

ACTION: The door slams shut. Walker reaches for the phone
with trembling hands.

SCENE: THE SOVIET EMBASSY - WASHINGTON D.C. - 05:00 AM

ATMOSPHERE: A thick fog swallows the street. The embassy is a
ghostly fortress. Five black SUVs pull up in a semi-circle.

ACTION: NIKOLAY steps out. He wears a dark overcoat, his
FEDERAL MARSHAL badge gleaming.

1. THE STRIKE OF THE LAW Nikolay approaches. Every phone
inside the embassy rings simultaneously. The doors swing
open. VOLKOV rushes out, clutching a briefcase.

VOLKOV
 (arrogant)
 Get out of my way! I have immunity.
 I am going home.

NIKOLAY
 Your country just traded you,
 Volkov. You are persona non grata
 implicated in an assassination
 plot.

2. THE TRAP CLOSSES The Soviet guards lower their weapons
 and step back.

NIKOLAY (CONT'D)
 No one is going to die for you,
 Volkov. You are just "expendable
 material."

VOLKOV
 (pale)
 This is illegal... a scandal...

NIKOLAY
 (whispering)
 The scandal will be how a spy tried
 to defect but "vanished." My
 brother is waiting. He has a debt
 to settle for the General.

3. THE HANDOVER Nikolay throws open the SUV door. In the
 darkness: the red cherry of ALEXEY'S cigar and the scar on
 his face.

ALEXEY (V.O.)
 Get in, Volkov. Let's see if your
 loyalty is stronger than your fear
 of pain.

SCENE: UNDERGROUND BUNKER - IGNATIEV ESTATE - NIGHT

ATMOSPHERE: Sterile, cold lighting. Volkov is tied to a
 chair. Alexey sits opposite him. Nikolay is in the corner,
 cleaning his sidearm—*click-clack*.

1. THE POWER OF SILENCE

ALEXEY
 The General always said the KGB's
 weakness was the belief that fear
 is eternal. We are the only thing
 left of his world.

2. THE EXCHANGE Alexey places a dossier on Volkov's lap.

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

The Swiss accounts of your
superiors. The mistresses in Paris.
I want the codes for the Sleeper
Cells.

VOLKOV

Never... they'll kill me.

NIKOLAY

(dropping a heavy chain)
They'll kill you if they find you.
We are here now.

3. THE BREAKING POINT

ALEXEY

Give me the names—Argentina and
money. Refuse—and Nikolay leaves
you in the chair.

VOLKOV

(whispering)
The first one is in Boston. His
name is...

4. THE END OF AN ENEMY

NIKOLAY

You're letting him go? After the
General?

ALEXEY

Living in fear is worse than death.
Let him live as a ghost. We won.

5. TRIUMPH The brothers watch the sun rise over the Atlantic.

NIKOLAY

Do you think the General would be
proud?

ALEXEY

He didn't want us to be proud. He
wanted us to be free.

SCENE: COMMAND CENTER "ARGUS" - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - NIGHT

Dozens of monitors glow in electric blue, displaying live feeds from across the U.S. ALEXEY stands before a massive digital map. Eight red dots pulse—Volkov's surrendered sleepers.

ACTION: NIKOLAY enters in black tactical gear, checking his weapon. Behind him stand the elite Marshal commanders.

1. THE FINAL BRIEFING

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

Boston: "The Smith." Logistics and weaponry. Miami: "The Siren." Blackmail files. Everyone is in position.

NIKOLAY

The boys are ready. Walker signed the warrants. No trials. No prisons. Only silence.

2. THE STRIKE (MONTAGE)

Alexey glances at his watch. 03:00 AM.

ALEXEY

Turn out the lights on Moscow. Begin.

ACTION: SYNCHRONIZED ATTACK MONTAGE:

* BOSTON: Explosive breach. Nikolay enters. "The Smith" is cut down before he can reach his weapon. * CHICAGO: A professor is dragged from bed into a black SUV. * MIAMI: A luxury yacht erupts in flames. Snipers eliminate "The Siren" as she dives for the water.

3. THE MESSAGE TO MOSCOW

Alexey watches the red dots wink out one by one.

NIKOLAY (OVER COMMS)

Alexey, final nest breached. Archive secured. What about the comms equipment?

ALEXEY

Leave their radio keyed open. I want Moscow to hear the silence. I want them to know no one is left to answer their call.

4. THE FINAL CALL

Alexey picks up the direct line to the Oval Office.

ALEXEY

Henry, the purge is complete. Explain the disappearances. A plane crash, a gas leak. Make it beautiful.

5. TRIUMPH OF THE WOLVES

Nikolay returns, face blackened by gunpowder. They stare at the empty map.

NIKOLAY (CONT'D)

Do you think they'll send more?

ALEXEY

If they do, we will welcome them.
Today, this country became ours.
There are only the Ignatievs.

Alexey produces two plain glass tumblers and a bottle.

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

To the crusts of bread, brother.
Which today, bought a nation.

They down the vodka. The sun rises over New York, illuminating an empire without enemies.

SCENE: A SMALL PARK IN BROOKLYN - MORNING - 1960

Morning mist. The distant blare of ship horns. A black CADILLAC rolls slowly. ALEXEY (37) watches from the back.

He sees HER. ANNA (30s), simple coat, quiet intelligence. She is feeding three stray dogs.

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

(to the driver)

Pull over here.

1. THE ENCOUNTER

Alexey steps out. His tuxedo gleams against the grey street. The dogs bark.

ANNA

(to the dogs)

Easy, boys. He doesn't look like someone bringing bad news.

She looks at Alexey. Her eyes are sincere, touched by sadness.

ALEXEY

I see you here every morning. You have a big heart for a city that has none.

ANNA

These dogs don't judge me. I'm Anna.

ALEXEY

Alex. Just Alex.

2. THE LIE

Anna glances at the armored car and the guards.

ANNA

What do you do that requires an armored car? A banker?

ALEXEY

Logistics. I move things from one place to another. And you?

ANNA

A piano teacher. I try to teach children that there is music other than the subway tracks.

3. THE CONNECTION

A dog sniffs Alexey's shoes. He leans down and pets it— the first spontaneous act in years.

ANNA

(smiling)

He likes you. They have a sense. If he had walked away, I would have asked you to leave.

ALEXEY

Can I bring something for them tomorrow?

ANNA

If you come at the same time, Alex, they will be waiting. And so will I.

4. THE CONTRAST

Alexey returns to the car. The "Boss" mask snaps back.

DRIVER

Who is she, sir? Should I run a background check?

ALEXEY

(sharply)

No. Don't touch this. She is the only thing in this city that isn't in your reports. Drive. We have a senator to unseat.

ACTION: The car pulls away. Anna waves in the mist, unaware that the man she just met holds the fate of the nation in his hands.

INT. THE BROTHERS' PENTHOUSE - MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Minimalist luxury. Cold glass and steel. Beyond the windows, New York glitters. ALEXEY sits in an armchair, staring into the void. NIKOLAY stands in the shadows.

ACTION: Nikolay tosses surveillance photos onto the table. They show Alexey in the park with Anna.

1. THE COLLISION

NIKOLAY

(vibrating with fury)

Anna. Piano teacher. She's a ghost, Alexey. A beautiful illusion.

ALEXEY

(without looking)

I told you not to touch this, Nikolay.

NIKOLAY

I gave my word to Uncle! To protect you! You are a target, brother.

2. LESSONS FROM STALINGRAD

ALEXEY

With her, I'm just a man. Don't you understand? I need that... so I don't go insane.

NIKOLAY (CONT'D)

Remember the winter of '43? The dog we found in the ruins? What did Uncle do, Alexey?

Alexey clenches his jaw. A raw nerve.

ALEXEY

He killed it.

NIKOLAY

A wolf cannot have a pet. This woman is your "dog." She is where our enemies will drive the knife.

3. THE ULTIMATUM

Alexey stands slowly, squaring off against his brother.

ALEXEY

If you touch her, Nikolay... if you do what Uncle did... I will forget that we share blood.

Nikolay freezes. The first direct threat in their lives.

NIKOLAY

You've already forgotten it. Our blood is gunpowder and ice. No room for piano teachers.

4. THE WARNING

Nikolay pauses at the threshold.

NIKOLAY

End this yourself. Push her away. If she becomes a danger to the Family... I will not hesitate. Don't make me do the dirty work against you.

ACTION: Nikolay exits. Alexey is alone. He traces Anna's face in the photo, but his hand curls into a trembling fist.

SCENE 1: ANNA'S APARTMENT - BROOKLYN HEIGHTS - AFTERNOON

Golden sunlight pours through dust-moted windows. A sanctuary of books and sheet music. Wildflowers sit atop an upright piano.

ACTION: ANNA plays a delicate Chopin nocturne. ALEXEY is on the sofa, eyes closed. For the first time, he is breathing. His mask of vigilance is gone.

ANNA

Did you fall asleep, Alex?

ALEXEY

(opening his eyes)
No. I was just trying to memorize the sound. In my world... it's usually far too loud.

ACTION: She sits on the floor by his feet, resting her head on his knees. He strokes her hair. His hands, which know how to kill, are now infinitely gentle.

SCENE 2: THE BOTANICAL GARDEN - DAY

Full spring. Alexey has left his security detail at the main entrance—a decision that would infuriate Nikolay.

ACTION: They share an ice cream, laughing. Anna stops before a blossoming cherry tree.

ANNA

Do you know what scares me about you? Sometimes you look as if you're waiting for the sky to fall. Just let go. It's only us here.

ACTION: Alexey pulls her close, inhaling her scent.

ALEXEY

I'm here, Anna. I promise. It's as if my life only truly began the day I spoke to you in that park.

SCENE: RESTAURANT "MARIO'S" - GREENWICH VILLAGE - EVENING

Cozy candlelight, soft Italian music. ALEXEY and ANNA sit in a corner. Suddenly, a black van screeches to a halt. The side door slides open. Three men in TACTICAL GEAR step out.

1. THE ASSAULT

ALEXEY

(screaming)

Anna, hit the floor! Now!

He tackles her as glass shatters. Alexey draws his MAKAROV—a relic from Moscow—and fires. One attacker drops. Smoke grenades erupt. Panic.

2. NIKOLAY'S INTERVENTION

NIKOLAY bursts through the back—a shadow. He neutralizes the second shooter with a knife to the throat. He puts three rounds into the chest of the third. Silence.

3. WHO ARE THEY?

Nikolay rips off a mask. It's not an Italian. A specific tattoo on the wrist: ELITE SPETSNAZ.

NIKOLAY

(raspy with rage)

These are our people, Alexey.
Moscow realized you've gone soft.
They sent "cleaners."

ALEXEY

They didn't come for me. They came
for her. They wanted to show me I'm
not allowed to have anything of my
own.

4. THE RIFT

ANNA

(shaking)

Who are "your people"? You're a
monster. These people died because
of you!

NIKOLAY

There's no time! Moscow never
stops. We have to move her now.

5. THE AIRPORT - FINAL GOODBYE

A private airfield. Cold wind. A GULFSTREAM waits. Nikolay
scans the perimeter with a submachine gun.

ALEXEY

There's a new passport and money in
the briefcase. Go to Switzerland.
Never come back. Never look for
"Alex." He died in that restaurant.

ANNA

(tears in her eyes)

Why did you drag me into your hell?

ALEXEY

Because for a moment I believed I
could be someone else. Get on the
plane.

ACTION: Anna boards. At the top of the stairs, she looks
back. She sees the monster... and the man. She understands.

ANNA

(whispering to the wind)

I love you, my monster. And I will
never forget you.

The plane takes off. Alexey watches until the lights vanish.

NIKOLAY

(standing beside him)

Now it's just us again, brother. No
weights. No weaknesses.

ALEXEY

It's time to erase an empire.

INT. THE OVAL OFFICE - WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

(A few hours after Anna's
departure)

A storm rages outside. The office is lit by a single lamp. President WALKER stands by the window, pale. In the shadows, ALEXEY and NIKOLAY loom like specters.

ACTION: Alexey places a thin RED FOLDER on the desk.

1. THE ORDER

PRESIDENT WALKER

Alexey, this is madness. Trade sanctions of this magnitude? This is an economic declaration of war.

ALEXEY

(voice like a razor)

Moscow already declared war, Henry. They tried to take the only thing that mattered to me. Now, I take their stability.

NIKOLAY

Don't give us speeches. Your secrets are our property now.

2. THE SQUEEZE

PRESIDENT WALKER

What exactly do you want?

ALEXEY

A total embargo on technology and energy. Pressure the allies. Crash the ruble. I want them in the Kremlin eating paper instead of bread.

PRESIDENT WALKER

People will starve.

ALEXEY

Then they'll be too busy finding food to send assassins to Switzerland. Do it, Henry. Be useful for once.

3. THE RED LINE

Walker picks up the RED PHONE. Alexey and Nikolay stand directly behind him—his shadows.

PRESIDENT WALKER
(into receiver)
Connect me to the General
Secretary... Yes, it's urgent. Tell
him the rules have changed.

ALEXEY
(whispering in his ear)
Tell him this is a greeting from
the "boys from Stalingrad."

4. THE COLLAPSE (MONTAGE)

* SHOT: Teletype machines in MOSCOW clatter frantically. Ministers stare at reports of the market crash. * SHOT: In BERLIN, KGB agents stop operations—their budget is slashed in half overnight. * SHOT: Alexey and Nikolay enter their limousine. Alexey looks at Anna's photo and puts it away.

ALEXEY (CONT'D)
She is safe now. While they're
saving their country, they won't
think about her.

NIKOLAY
That dinner cost them dearly. The
most expensive dinner in the
history of the Soviet Union.

ALEXEY
(smiling)
The Bulgarians have a saying: "He
who seeks evil, finds evil."

SCENE: PRIVATE TERMINAL - TETERBORO AIRPORT - NIGHT

A bitter wind whips across the tarmac. A USSR diplomatic plane lands quietly. No fanfare.

ALEXEY and NIKOLAY stand by their limousine. VICTOR KUZNETSOV (60), a Kremlin strategist, descends. He looks aged, broken.

1. THE PLEA OF AN EMPIRE

KUZNETSOV
(in Russian)
Alexey... Nikolay... No one
imagined you held Washington on
such a short leash. Moscow is in
chaos.

ALEXEY

Moscow touched Anna. I warned you,
Victor. America is mine.

KUZNETSOV

The Politburo wants peace. Lift the
sanctions. Our grain is running
out. The state is crumbling. It is
worse than the Nazi invasion.

2. THE WOLF'S TERMS

ALEXEY

Sanctions lift in stages. Give us
the European network today.
Tomorrow, you execute the KGB
"Hunters" yourself.

KUZNETSOV

Those are our best people...

NIKOLAY

(exhaling smoke)

They are expenses. Either a few
agents die, or your empire goes

bankrupt by Christmas.

3. THE NEW STATUS QUO

Alexey hands Kuznetsov a slip of paper with an address in
Switzerland.

ALEXEY

A five-mile perimeter around this
villa. If even a Russian bird flies
over it, the sanctions return
twofold.

KUZNETSOV

I understand. You are no longer our
enemies... you are our masters.

ALEXEY

We are the Ignatievs. We have no
masters. Tell Moscow the Cold War
continues for them, but for us, it
is over. We won.

4. THE END OF THE GREAT GAME

Kuznetsov boards. The plane disappears into the night.

NIKOLAY

Do you think they'll keep their word?

ALEXEY

Hunger is the best guarantor of loyalty, Nikolay. Let's go. We need to make sure Henry doesn't forget who wrote his speech.

SCENE: THE APARTMENT IN BROOKLYN HEIGHTS - NIGHT

The room is in semi-darkness. Everything remains as Anna left it—the books, the teacup, her cardigan. Outside, Manhattan pulses like a conquered heart.

ACTION: ALEXEY enters, exhausted. He tosses his overcoat. In the corner, a TV flickers with the sound turned down.

1. THE VOICE OF VICTORY

PRESIDENT WALKER is on screen, looking heroic.

PRESIDENT (ON TV) "...following intensive negotiations, the Soviet Union has accepted our terms. This is a triumph of diplomacy..."

Alexey doesn't look. He edited those words. To the world, a miracle. To him, an insurance policy.

2. THE SILENCE

Alexey walks to the piano. He runs his fingers over the keys but does not play. He sits and closes his eyes, hearing the ghost of her laughter.

He pulls out the slip of paper with the Swiss address. He knows his presence is a threat. His love is now his absence.

3. THE FINAL CHORD

Alexey strikes a single, deep note. It fades into nothing.

He clicks off the television. Total darkness. He stands by the window, gazing toward the horizon where her plane vanished. His face is stone.

ALEXEY

(whispering)
Sleep peacefully now, Anna. The world is yours. And I... I will guard the shadows.

FINAL SHOT:

The camera pulls back from the window, rising over Brooklyn,

over the bridge, until all of New York is a sea of lights. Those lights belong to him. But in one dark room, the most powerful man in America is completely alone.

FADE OUT.

SCENE: "MONT PÈLERIN" CLINIC - SWITZERLAND - NIGHT (9 MONTHS LATER)

Soft, bluish moonlight. Snow-capped peaks visible through the window. Inside, it is warm and quiet. The faint cry of a NEWBORN settles into a soft whimper.

ACTION: ANNA lies in bed, exhausted but at peace. She cradles an infant in a white blanket. The child has the same resolute expression as the man she loved.

1. THE MESSENGER

The door opens. THE LAWYER enters—cold, professional, Swiss.

LAWYER
 Congratulations, Madame. The birth certificate is drafted.

ANNA
 (without looking up)
 Does he know?

LAWYER
 We sent a secure message. We received confirmation five minutes ago.

ANNA
 What did he say? Does he want to come?

LAWYER
 (lowering his eyes)
 His message was brief, Madame. Only two words: "Protect him."

2. THE NAME

Anna takes a deep breath. A tear falls onto the blanket. She looks at the baby's eyes—piercing, icy blue.

ANNA
 He thought he left me with nothing.
 But he gave me everything worth living for.

She takes a pen and fills out the form. She leaves "Father" blank, but writes the child's name boldly:

ALEXANDER IGNATIEV

3. FINAL SHOT

The camera pulls back, through the window, rising high above the Swiss Alps. Snow falls silently, covering the world in a shroud of pure white.

EXT. ALPINE CHURCH - DAY (1 YEAR LATER)

Snow, silence, and the scent of incense. **ANNA** holds little **ALEXANDER**.

The ceremony is modest. Anna believes she is entirely alone. But on the back pew, in the darkest corner of the church, sits a stranger with his coat collar turned up. It is **NIKOLAY**.

ACTION: THE SILENT GUARDIAN

After the ceremony, Anna finds a small wooden box on the bench. Inside there is no letter, only a single dried Forget-Me-Not-the flower from their park in New York.

ALEXEY (V.O.)
I never truly left you. You simply
cannot see me.

EXT. THE VILLA - SWITZERLAND - NIGHT (5 YEARS LATER)

A blizzard rages outside. The roads are completely blocked. Inside, Alexander is ill, burning with a high fever. Anna is desperate.

ACTION: ALEXANDER'S DREAM

A sudden knock at the door. Two of the finest pediatricians in Europe appear. A private helicopter idles on the lawn, its rotors cutting through the snow.

DOCTOR
We were sent by the insurance
company, Madame. May we?

INT. ALEXEY'S OFFICE - NEW YORK - NIGHT

ALEXEY sits before monitors transmitting a satellite signal. He is haggard, having not slept for three nights. A radio dispatches.

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)
The fever has broken. The boy is
fine.

Alexey simply nods. For the first time, he closes his eyes to sleep.

EXT. PRESTIGIOUS SCHOOL - GENEVA - DAY (7 YEARS LATER)

A morning in Geneva. Anna is seeing Alexander off. She watches him with a mix of pride and a lingering mystery regarding her limitless "inheritance."

ACTION: THE GLASS BARRIER

Across the street, a black sedan is parked. Inside sits **ALEXEY**. His hair is grey at the temples. He watches through binoculars.

Alexander pauses and looks directly at the car. Alexey freezes. For a split second, their eyes meet through the tinted glass.

Alexander smiles, as if sensing a familiar soul, and waves his hand. Alexey presses his palm against the window. He does not step out.

ALEXEY
(to the driver)
Drive.

The car pulls away the moment the boy enters the building.

INT. THE ALPINE VILLA - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

A blizzard howls outside, turning the house into an isolated fortress. Inside, the fireplace crackles, casting long shadows across the walls.

ANNA sits in a winged chair, knitting. **ALEXANDER (10)** sits on the rug before her, surrounded by old maps and atlases.

ACTION: THE INHERITANCE

Alexander looks up from an atlas. His eyes burn with the same piercing intelligence that Alexey once wielded in the halls of power.

ALEXANDER
Mama, why is there no father's name
on my birth certificate? At school,
Mark's father is a banker, and
Luke's father is a doctor. They
tell stories. But I have no story.

Anna freezes. Her hands tremble slightly. She sets aside her work and looks at him tenderly, regaining her composure.

ANNA

Your father was a special man, Alex. He wasn't like other fathers. His job was to make sure the world stayed in order, even when no one was watching.

ALEXANDER

So he was a spy? Like in the books? Is that why he can't come here? Are the bad people holding him?

ANNA

(smiling sadly)

Not a spy, darling. He was... a lighthouse keeper. Imagine a vast, stormy ocean where ships lose their way. Your father stood at the top of the highest tower and kept the light burning so others could find their way home.

ALEXANDER

But what about us? Aren't we his home? Why didn't he come home to us?

ANNA

(voice trembling)

Because the storm around his tower never stopped. He knew that if he came here, he would bring the storm with him. He chose to be alone so that we could have the silence.

ACTION: THE SYMBOL

Alexander pulls an old, worn coin from his pocket—a **RUSSIAN RUBLE** from the war era. He runs his thumb over the metal.

ALEXANDER

Sometimes I feel like he's watching us. When I walk in the woods... or when a stranger helps me. Is that him, Mama?

Anna takes a deep breath. She knows that at this very moment, Alexey is likely watching through a lens from a nearby ridge.

ANNA

He is in every good thing that happens to you. He is the invisible wind at your back. But promise me—look forward. He did all of this so you could be free from his lighthouse.

Alexander nods and returns to his atlas. Anna stands and walks to the window. She gazes at the dark mountainside.

For a second, a brief flash of **HEADLIGHTS** flickers in the distance as a vehicle pulls away down the mountain road.

ANNA (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Thank you, Alexey. He is growing up just like you... but with a heart that knows no fear.

EXT. THE PEOPLE'S KITCHEN - HELL'S KITCHEN - DAY (1975)

The height of the fiscal crisis. Municipal breadlines stretch for blocks. The people look hollow, clutching meager rations in the biting cold.

ALEXEY (55) watches from the back of his limousine. He sees a young mother wrapping her threadbare coat around a shivering child. He gives a brief, sharp nod to **NIKOLAY**.

ACTION: THE HEAVENLY GIFT

An hour later, three heavy trucks with the "**IGNATIEV LOGISTICS**" logo screech to a halt before a church courtyard. Nikolay's men begin unloading crates of premium supplies straight from the docks.

NIKOLAY

(to the PRIEST)

From this day on, this church receives a delivery every morning at 5:00 AM. If a bureaucrat asks questions, tell him they are a gift from heaven.

Nikolay leans in closer, his voice dropping to a gravelly threat.

NIKOLAY (CONT'D)

If someone tries to confiscate them...

(MORE)

NIKOLAY (CONT'D)

tell him to pray for his soul. I
will find him before God does.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - BROOKLYN - DAY (1976)

The school is a ruin. Rain drips from a leaking roof into a plastic bucket. Gang symbols are keyed into the walls.

Alexey enters. He places a check on the scarred wooden desk. The **PRINCIPAL** stares at the amount—it is staggering.

ALEXEY

I want this roof fixed by Monday. I want new computers. I want the teachers' salaries doubled, but I want them to be the best in the country.

PRINCIPAL

Mr. Ignatiev, this is a criminally large amount of money... City Hall will ask questions...

ALEXEY

City Hall forgot about these children. I haven't. These kids are the future of my city. This isn't a donation; it's an investment in the peace of New York.

INT. SECRET CLINIC - DAY (1977)

A state-of-the-art facility hidden behind a modest brick facade. Immigrants and the poor fill the waiting room.

Nikolay walks through the ward. He stops by a bed where a **LITTLE GIRL** recovers from surgery. Her **MOTHER** weeps, reaching for Nikolay's hand in desperate gratitude.

NIKOLAY

(placing a hand on her
shoulder)

Don't thank me. Thank a man who also has a son somewhere far away and wants every child to have a chance. Just teach her to be a good person. That is all we ask.

EXT. COURTHOUSE PARKING LOT - DAY (1978)

A **CORRUPT DEVELOPER** exits the court, flashing a shark-like smile for the cameras. He has just won a case that evicted fifty families.

He reaches his car, but Alexey is already there, leaning against the door. No weapons. Just a thin **RED FOLDER**.

ALEXEY

Those families go back to their homes tomorrow. You will renovate the building at your own expense.

DEVELOPER

Who do you think you are? The court cleared me!

ALEXEY

The court works with laws. I work with justice.

Alexey taps the folder against the man's chest.

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

If I don't see those deeds back in the people's names by tomorrow, you'll realize it's much cheaper to be poor than to be my enemy.

EXT. VILLA COURTYARD - SWITZERLAND - SUNSET

The air is thin and crystalline. The sky is a bruised purple.

ALEXANDER (18) is splitting wood. He is broad-shouldered, powerful, moving with a rhythmic, lethal precision. Each swing of his axe is a statement of strength.

He stops abruptly. He doesn't hear a sound, but his instinct prickles. He turns slowly, the axe hanging loose in his grip.

Two black limousines glide into the courtyard. Silent as ghosts. No lights. No sirens.

1. THE STRANGERS

NIKOLAY (53) steps out. He scans the treeline with a soldier's eyes before locking onto Alexander. A glint of approval flickers in his gaze—he sees a warrior.

ALEXEY (54) steps out of the rear car. He stands motionless, his overcoat catching the wind. He radiates a crushing authority.

ALEXANDER

(voice steady)

My mother isn't expecting guests.
Who are you?

2. BLOOD RECOGNIZES BLOOD

Alexey walks forward, stopping just within striking distance of the axe. He shows no fear.

ALEXEY

You have your mother's eyes... but in the way you hold that weapon, I see another man. A man who survived the snow long before you were even a thought.

Alexander narrows his eyes. He sees the scars on Alexey's face. He remembers the "Lighthouse Keeper."

ALEXANDER

She told me my father was away guarding our world.

Alexander buries the axe into the chopping block and lets go.

ALEXANDER

But she never said he was a wolf.

ALEXEY

(a thin, bitter smile)
I had to be a wolf so the others wouldn't eat you. Ho today, the wolves are dead, Alexander. I have come to claim my son.

3. ANNA'S APPEARANCE

The villa door swings open. **ANNA (43)** stands on the threshold. A basket of apples slips from her hands, the fruit scattering down the wooden steps.

She looks at Alexey. She sees the war is finally over.

ANNA

Alexey...

She runs down the stairs and flings herself into his arms.

Alexey pulls her close, burying his face in her hair.

Nikolay approaches Alexander and gives his shoulder a heavy, resounding clap.

NIKOLAY

Look at them well, boy. This is the only time you'll ever see your father show weakness. I am Nikolay. Your uncle.

4. THE UNION

Alexey pulls back from Anna and stands face-to-face with his son. He places his heavy hands on Alexander's shoulders—hands that have moved empires.

ALEXEY

Your life in silence is over. From tomorrow, the whole world will know your name. We don't have to hide anymore.

Alexey looks toward the horizon, his eyes cold and triumphant.

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

We are the Ignatievs. And New York is waiting.

Alexander nods. He feels the weight of his legacy. He is finally complete.

EXT. THE VILLA TERRACE - NIGHT

The night is silent, draped in a canopy of stars. **ALEXEY** and **ALEXANDER** sit on a wooden bench, overlooking the vast abyss of the valley.

Between them sits Nikolay's old canteen and two plain glass tumblers. **NIKOLAY** stands by the railing, smoking a cigar, a silent sentry in the dark.

1. THE LESSON ON WEALTH

Alexey pours water into a glass, swirling it slowly.

ALEXEY

You saw the cars, the suits, the figures in the accounts. It's easy to be misled, Alexander. Money is only paper used to buy time and silence. It is not the goal.

ALEXANDER

But without it, we wouldn't have survived.

ALEXEY

Survival is the beginning, son. But remember this: A coffin has no pockets. When my day comes, I take only the weight of what I've done, and the lightness of what I've given.

2. THE ARCHITECT OR THE DESTROYER

Alexey looks his son directly in the eyes. His gaze is heavy.

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

The world has two kinds of power: Destroyers and Architects. The Destroyer hoards so he can rule through fear. When he is gone, people spit on his grave.

He points toward the distant lights of the village below.

ALEXEY (CONT'D)

The Architect builds. He gives bread to the hungry because he knows a fed man is a free man. Gratitude is the only currency that never devalues.

3. THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

Nikolay exhales a cloud of smoke and turns toward them.

NIKOLAY

Your father speaks of souls. I'll speak of your skin. A man who only takes creates enemies. A man who helps creates an army. True wealth is the number of people who will cry at your funeral because they lost a protector.

4. THE LEGACY

Alexey places his hand on Alexander's shoulder.

ALEXEY

We dirtied our hands so yours could stay clean. Use that purity to build. Be the man whose name brings hope, not a threat.

ALEXANDER

(after a long silence)
So... you want me to be an Architect?

ALEXEY

(with a faint smile)

I want you to know you left the world a little more orderly than you found it. Everything else is just wind.

NIKOLAY PASSES THE CANTEEN TO ALEXANDER. THE YOUNG MAN

takes a drink—harsh and strong. He looks at his hands. He sees a tool for building.

EXT. VILLA COURTYARD - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

THE LIMOUSINES STAND IDLING, EXHAUST PLUMES DRIFTING INTO THE COLD ALPINE AIR. THE MEN WAIT FOR THE SIGNAL TO DEPART.

ALEXEY RAISES A HAND—A SIGNAL TO WAIT.

HE TAKES **ANNA'S** HAND. TOGETHER WITH NIKOLAY AND ALEXANDER, THEY STEP BACK TOWARD THE HOUSE.

INT. VILLA - CONTINUOUS

THE HEAVY OAK DOOR CLOSES WITH A SOLID, DEFINITIVE THUD.

THE FAMILY SITS AT A SINGLE TABLE. NO MAPS. NO ENEMIES. NO SHADOWS.

JUST THE SOUND OF THE HEARTH, THE CLINK OF SILVERWARE, AND THE QUIET BREATH OF A HOME FINALLY RESTORED.

FADE OUT.

EXT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL - NEW YORK - DAY

New York is hushed. Police cordons block the streets—not for security, but as a sign of respect. Thousands stand on the sidewalks with bowed heads. They are the people from the schools, the hospitals, and the breadlines.

INT. CATHEDRAL - CONTINUOUS

Before the altar stand two closed mahogany caskets. **ALEXEY** and **NIKOLAY** passed away within a week of each other. Alexey from a tired heart; Nikolay three days later, as if his final duty was complete.

1. THE PRESIDENT'S EULOGY

The **PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES** stands at the lectern. He disregards political protocol, speaking from the heart.

THE PRESIDENT

Today, we do not merely bid farewell to two successful men. We say goodbye to two Architects of our peace. When the State failed, they were there. They were orphans of war who turned their pain into a shield for millions.

2. THE FINAL TRIBUTE

The caskets are carried out. The Honor Guard stands at attention, saluting. **ALEXANDER (25)** walks directly behind, his expression stone-cold but radiating absolute authority. Beside him, **ANNA** is veiled, her posture regal.

At the exit, the crowd begins to clap—a rhythmic, heavy pulse. The final "Thank you" from the people of the "Black Archive."

3. THE LAST GOODBYE**EXT. CEMETERY - LATER**

A small private circle. The President hands Alexander two folded flags.

THE PRESIDENT

They were the parallel heart of America, Alexander. Now, you are that heart.

Alexander looks at the graves. He remembers his father's voice: "*A coffin has no pockets.*"

ALEXANDER

(softly)

Do you see? You took nothing with you. But you left everything to us.

4. THE LEGACY

Alexander remains alone before the fresh earth. He takes **NIKOLAY'S CANTEEN** and places it on his grave. He takes **ALEXEY'S FOUNTAIN PEN** and places it on his.

He turns toward the New York skyline as twilight falls.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

They didn't die as criminals. They died as fathers of this city. And I will make sure no one tears down what they built.

ACTION: The camera rises high above Manhattan. Every building funded by their foundations lights up simultaneously in brilliant white—an eternal flame across the skyline.

FINAL TEXT OVERLAY:

"In memory of Alexey and Nikolay Ignatiev. They came as wolves, lived as kings, and left as men."

INT. THE KREMLIN - MOSCOW - DAY (SIMULTANEOUS)

4,600 miles away from the "Big Apple." A cavernous, cold room. The frozen, stern gaze of LENIN watches from a massive portrait.

The air is thick with cigarette smoke and the heavy stench of defeat.

GENERAL TIMOCHUK

I still cannot comprehend it. How could two boys from Stalingrad nearly erase us from the map? Even Hitler failed to wound us

as deeply as they did.

FOREIGN MINISTER

If they had ordered their President to impose the fuel embargo, we would have fallen. Completely.

ACTION: THE ERASURE

The oldest man at the table, sitting in the shadows, raises a hand. Deathly silence.

THE OLD MAN

Alexey and Nikolay Ignatiev no longer exist in our archives.

(MORE)

THE OLD MAN (CONT'D)

If history asks—the answer is "no one." We do not acknowledge men who are larger than the System.

The General pulls a faded, black-and-white photograph from a folder: two young, grimy boys standing in the ruins of Stalingrad.

He tosses it into a crystal ashtray and strikes a match.

THE GENERAL

(whispering)

Goodbye, Alexey. Goodbye, Nikolay.
Moscow has finally let you go.

The photograph curls and blackens. The faces disappear into ash.

INT. THE VILLA MUSEUM - GENEVA - DAY (YEARS LATER)

The Alpine villa is now a family archive. Silent. Sacred.

Inside a reinforced glass display case lies **ALEXEY'S RING**. Beside it sits a handwritten note from **ANNA**.

ANNA (V.O.)

This is not gold. This is the weight of every decision we made so that you could be free. Wear it in your heart, not on your hand.

ALEXANDER stands before the case. He looks at the ring but does not reach for it. He understands. Power is temporary; honor is eternal.

FADE OUT.

EXT. IGNATIEV ACADEMY - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY (20 YEARS LATER)

A modern, sunlit building made of glass and white stone. In the central courtyard stands an imposing **BRONZE STATUE** of two men on a bench. One is a thinker (**ALEXEY**); the other guards his back (**NIKOLAY**).

A **YOUNG BOY (12)**, Mark, stands before the base, reading the etched words: "**THE ARCHITECTS OF THE NEW PEACE.**"

An **ELDERLY TEACHER** approaches.

TEACHER

Do you know who they are, Mark?

BOY

It says they built the school. And the hospital. But the internet says... they were dangerous men.

TEACHER

The world was very dark when they appeared. They were not saints. But they did something saints rarely manage.

BOY

What?

TEACHER

They decided no other child would grow up the way they did—in mud and war. These buildings aren't just bricks. They are a promise that an Ignatiev will always guard the light.

BOY

So, were they heroes?

TEACHER

(smiling faintly)

They were Architects. Heroes are forgotten. Architects leave traces that we walk upon today.

INT. PENTHOUSE OFFICE - NEW YORK - SAME DAY

The camera transitions to the familiar top-floor office. **ALEXANDER (45)** sits at the desk. He is a mirror image of his father—silver at the temples, his gaze impenetrable.

On the desk: blueprints for a new library and a small, ancient key. The door opens. His **SON** walks in.

ALEXANDER

Are you ready? It is time I told you about the two brothers who came from nothing to give us everything.

FINAL SHOT:

The camera pulls away from the window, soaring over a New York that is radiant and clean. The skyline glows.

The echo of Alexey's voice lingers in the wind:

ALEXEY (V.O.)
A coffin has no pockets... but the
world has a memory.

FADE OUT.

THE END.