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Menstrual Police

By

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INT. OLD MILITARY HOSPITAL WING (1988) - NOON

Dressed in the stern uniform of the communist romanian police force, JÓZSA/MILOS is a beautiful androgynous young man. Sitting in a PANEL OF EIGHT OFFICERS, he is conspicuously smaller and younger than his colleagues.

Józsa/Milos looks across the room to the ANXIOUS CROWD OF WOMEN without seats. Fatigued, the women lean against each other for support. The younger women alternate standing on one leg. The older ones have given up, head down and elbows on their knees, squatting on the floor before the Menstrual Police.

COMMANDER OLARU
(in a fatherly tone)
Milos my lad, who is next on our
list?

JÓZSA/MILOS
(bored)
Mihaela Brătianu, 22, unmarried,
waitress. Last exam was in October.

OFFICIAL 2
Mihaela Brătianu, come forward.

MIHAELA, a very petite redhead, nervously makes her way forward. She sits on a low stool across from the panel. She bends her legs together at a painful angle to keep her skirt down.

The panel ignores her for a few minutes as they consult their files.

OFFICIAL 3
(rustling some papers)
Mihaela... so...

COMMANDER OLARU
(making notes)
Ah, yes...

JÓZSA/MILOS
Are you with child, yet?

All the panel members lean forward on their elbows and look at Mihaela.

Overwhelmed, Mihaela's eyes dart from one official to the next.

(CONTINUED)

JÓZSA/MILOS

Are you with child yet? Are you pregnant?

Mihaela fixes her eyes on Józsa/Milos and tucks her chin.

MIHAELA

No sir. I am single.

JÓZSA/MILOS

(short tempered)

You were single and not pregnant on July 13th and on August 25th and on November 5th and here we are again single and not pregnant on December 21st, again!

The panel members begin to furiously SCRATCH on their respective papers.

The panel members look up again. Mihaela trembles, smooths down her skirt.

JÓZSA/MILOS

(viciously)

What seems to be the problem?
You've not had one child yet.

Mihaela opens and closes her mouth, but nothing comes out. She is breathing too fast.

JÓZSA/MILOS

How often do you engage in sexual congress?

MIHAELA

I... I...

JÓZSA/MILOS

How many sexual partners have you had in the last six months? I trust you are aware that birth control is not only unnatural and dangerous, it is also illegal? ...Well?

MIHAELA

I--I am single--

JÓZSA/MILOS

You are aware that certain sex acts that impede conception are also unnatural, dangerous and illegal?

Mihaela's eyes turn teary. She is otherwise still and silent; her face rigid under humiliation.

JÓZSA/MILOS

Right! Let's not waste the panel's time any further with this. I see a Celibacy tax rate of 10% monthly has been in effect since July. We will just have to raise it to 15%.

MIHAELA

Please! Officers--Sirs--my brother, he was in an accident, he can't work. I am providing for him and his family.

JÓZSA/MILOS

Where is the children's mother?

MIHAELA

She's at home, caring for the boys and my brother. He needs a lot of help--

JÓZSA/MILOS

Well then, you should know that the money for the celibacy tax is going to the mothers, our mothers, your nephews' mother, the real women who are performing their highest duty towards a prosperous, independent and Socialist Romania.

MIHAELA

But--

JÓZSA/MILOS

You can't be so selfish as to refuse to have children and refuse to help the women that do? Or are you implying that the tax is for the personal gain of this panel?

Mihaela's mouth clamps down, eyes very wide, she shakes her head no. Recognizing the danger Mihaela's now in, the women behind her simmer in alarm, their WHISPERING VOICES COMING TOGETHER LIKE CICADAS.

Józsa/Milos stands up, unholsters his police club and HAMMERS the table with it.

He continues POUNDING the table even after the women quiet down; their eyes, large and wet with fear, are fixed on Józsa/Milos.

(CONTINUED)

Józsa/Milos stops. Still standing, he stares down the room. More women give in to fatigue and sink to the floor.

Józsa/Milos re-holsters the bludgeon with slow deliberation.

COMMANDER OLARU

(affected congenial tone)

Right... where were we? Ah, yes!
Mihaela proceed left so the doctor
can examine you.

MIHAELA

Bu-but... but... I...I'm not
pregnant.

OFFICIAL GRUL

It's a free medical exam...
courtesy of the state. Just because
you're not using your body the way
nature intended, doesn't mean we
should neglect it.

An ELDERLY DOCTOR in a stained grey lab coat moves behind Mihaela. He places tobacco-stained hands on her shoulders.

Mihaela flinches and tries to shrug him off.

MIHAELA

No! No, I don't want to!

Mihaela attempts to get off the stool. The doctor digs his yellow nails into Mihaela's shoulders and forces her back down.

OFFICIAL GRUL

Are we going to have a problem?

MIHAELA

I don't want to! I don't want to!

Mihaela stomps the doctor's feet. She attempts to twist and thrash her way out of his grip.

Józsa/Milos leaps over the panel's table. He and the doctor drag Mihaela to a steel gynecological bed to the side of the panel.

MIHAELA

(screaming)

No! no no no no no!

Mihaela claws at Józsa/Milos' face and draws blood. He brutally twists Mihaela's arms and pins her down on the bed.

(CONTINUED)

Without drawing the curtains to cover her, the doctor pulls down Mihaela's skirt. Mihaela kicks him away. He scowls and turns towards a rolling medical tray.

CLOSE ON- Ignoring the pack of gloves, the doctor grabs a MURKY STEEL SPECULUM from a row of TERRIFYING GYNECOLOGICAL INSTRUMENTS.

All the women look to Mihaela, their only way to reach her. Mihaela SCREAMS O.S. the entire time. Their faces harden when she screams louder, but they do not flinch away.

Mihaela suddenly stops screaming.

CLOSE ON- The speculum, slightly bloodied, CLATTERING loudly on the medical tray.

Mihaela SOBS softly, crumpled to the floor.

OFFICIAL GRUL

(to the room at large)

Let me remind you, our beloved great leader Nicolae Ceausescu has said in his last address that anyone either avoiding or neglecting to have children -in other words- avoiding or neglecting to ensure the continuity of this great republic, is a deserter.

By now, all the women sit on the floor. Many hold hands.

Grimacing, Józsa/Milos squirts rubbing alcohol on his hands. He rubs it in, first in large furious circles, then again in minute circles buffed into the grooves of his hands. He makes sure to clean between the fingers and under each nail.

Józsa/Milos straightens his disheveled hair and resumes his seat with the panel. He looks down at his papers.

JÓZSA/MILOS

(still catching his breath)

Elena Brezeanu. Please step forward.

INT. JÓZSA/MILOS STUDIO APARTMENT/SHOWER - MORNING

Under steaming spray of hot water, a YOUNG WOMAN (early 20's) impassively slits diagonal cuts across her small breasts with a straight razor. A very fine collection of silvery-white lines map and connect across the bony ridges of her body.

(CONTINUED)

Blood swirls and collects in the drain.

The woman steps out of the shower, shutting off the water. She begins ministrations to her cuts with routine indifference. She applies rubbing alcohol, then tightly wraps her chest in gauze.

As she discards the bloody cotton buds, several, old blood-crusting ribbons are visible in the trash.

She steps in front of the steamed mirror to wipe away the condensation, revealing the face of Józsa/Milos.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

DISSOLVE INTO:

EXT. WOODS SOMEWHERE IN COVASNA (1967) - WINTER MORNING

The inscrutable face of the adult Józsa/Milos is replaced with his YOUNGER SELF; A mud-caked dark little boy, he grins widely, revealing missing front teeth. Unconsciously, the pink pointed tip of his tongue massages the teething gums, as he surveys the scene before him...

A GROUP OF LITTLE BOYS (ages 6-8) raucously play war. They dart and roll, taking cover behind trees and bushes. They shoot off their thumbs and forefingers with a steady staccato of high pitched PEW-PEW-PEWS!

One boy rips the stem off a green apple, and sends the fruit hurtling towards the enemy troop.

The kids leap away from the live apple, belly-flopping unto the hard earth. Their palms press against their ears, shielding themselves from the explosion voiced by a GIGGLY 'KABOOM!' from somewhere within their ranks. Their eyes screw shut, and their smiles split open with mad glee.

Little Józsa/Milos gets snatched by the scruff. A gnarly, POT-BELLIED MIDDLE-AGED MAN drags the little boy across the frozen ground towards a modest cabin. Józsa/Milos kicks and SCREAMS every step of the way.

His playmates stop, immediately silent. Fidgeting but rooted to their spot, they stare after him.

Wearing a bright yellow tin can of ghee for a makeshift helmet, a young blond boy, ISTVAN, takes a single, unsteady step after the man. But, he remains silent.

INT. MODEST CABIN/FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Wordlessly, the pot-bellied middle-aged man shoves young Józsa/Milos inside the cabin, kicking the door shut behind him. The man SLAPS Józsa/Milos, sending the little boy's body SLAMMING unto the floor. The man crouches over the boy, fist raised.

CLOSE ON - The snarling man's face and upper body as he is throwing punches. A RINGING is heard while all other sounds are muffled/indistinct.

Slowly the RINGING dies down, and we hear young Józsa/Milos SCREAMING at the man...

BOY

I am a boy! I am a boy!

O.S. THE BACK DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES. A WOMAN CARRYING LAUNDRY runs into the room...

WOMAN CARRYING LAUNDRY

No! Géza, no!

The woman drops the laundry to rush at the man. He easily knocks her down to the floor. Her eyes going in and out of focus, he drags her to the corner, dropping her like a bag of potatoes.

GÉZA (POT-BELLIED MIDDLE-AGED MAN)

This is your fault!

WOMAN CARRYING LAUNDRY

Please...

Young Józsa/Milos limps towards the front door, towards freedom. But the man stalks him, HEAVY FOOTSTEPS BOOMING, easily overtaking the hurt little boy.

CLOSE ON- The man's callused knuckles about to strike.

BOY

Father, no!

BLACK OUT.

MOTHER KATALIN (WOMAN CARRYING LAUNDRY)

(crying out)

Józsa!

END FLASHBACK.

INT. PRECINCT/HALLWAY-DAY

Józsa/Milos is waiting on a bench outside an office. He is hunched over, resolutely staring at his feet as a group of YOUNG OFFICERS further down the hall jeer at him.

OFFICER CUZA
(sarcastically)
Milos, the youngest officer to be promoted to inspector - How impressive!

YOUNG OFFICER 2
He must give great head!

A burst of MASCULINE LAUGHTER erupts. Józsa/Milos continues to pretend to ignore them.

OFFICER RIPNU
Hey Milos! What do old balls taste like?

YOUNG OFFICER 1
(mockingly)
Why yes, Comisar-şef Gheorghe sir! It is my distinct privilege to eat your nuts, Sir. Mmmmm! Just like meatballs mama used to make!

One of the officers makes CHOKING NOISES, while others GRUNT and thrust their pelvises in Józsa/Milos' direction.

OFFICER CUZA
(pretending to be scandalized)
Gentleman, gentleman! Boss would never sully such a pretty cherub face as Milos'.

YOUNG OFFICER 2
You're right! He would stuff his other set of rosy cheeks!

Józsa/Milos' nails and knuckles whiten on his knees. The door to the office in front of him opens. The laughter immediately cuts off.

COMISAR-ŞEF GHEORGHE
Oh Milos! Always ready and raring to go! Come in, come in!

Józsa/Milos composes himself and shakes hands with the Comisar-şef (chief superintendent). As he walks into the door, the young officers SNICKER. One falls over, stuffing his fist into his mouth to muffle laughter.

INT. PRECINCT/COMISAR-ŞEF OFFICE - DAY

The plump Comisar-şef eases himself into a CREAKY leather seat behind a standard issue metal desk. He signals for Józsa/Milos to take a seat.

COMISAR-ŞEF GHEORGHE
(concerned)
What's this then?

Frowning, Comisar-şef points a finger at Józsa/Milos' face.

JÓZSA/MILOS
(embarrassed)
Oh, Nothing. I worked on the
women's health task force today.

The Comisar-şef is not listening. He tears open a few drawers that SHRIEK with dry rust.

COMISAR-ŞEF GHEORGHE
Ah, there we are! Milos Szendrey.

Ruddy-faced and sweating a little bit, the Comisar-şef pulls up a file. He bends his face very close to the documents to read.

COMISAR-ŞEF GHEORGHE
Another six months, another
excellent performance review son!

JÓZSA/MILOS
(awkwardly)
Thank you Sir.

COMISAR-ŞEF GHEORGHE
(reading file)
Volunteering on the women's health
panel eight times a month I see.
You made 48 arrests, completed
public safety supervision training
with flying colors, and assisted on
23 interrogations...

The Comisar-şef looks up from his desk, beaming. Józsa/Milos fidgets in his seat, fusses with his hair.

(CONTINUED)

COMISAR-ŞEF GHEORGHE
Yes. At this rate, in two years'
time you'll be the youngest
Inspector Principal too. And in no
time at all, I see you sitting in
my chair--

JÓZSA/MILOS
Long life and good health to you
sir!

COMISAR-ŞEF GHEORGHE
Nobody lives forever... Thank God!

Józsa/Milos turns away, blushing.

COMISAR-ŞEF GHEORGHE
You belong here, Milos.

Smiling, the Comisar-şef removes two cigars from his shrieky desk, and offers one to Józsa/Milos.

COMISAR-ŞEF GHEORGHE
Here's to you! I'm proud of you
son. Keep up the good work.

Józsa/Milos reaches for the cigar.

FADE IN:

INT. PRECINCT/HALLWAY - EVENING

Officers Cuza and Ripnu sit on the floor of the hallway. Each holds a smoldering cigarette to their forearm; each staring hard at the other to catch who flinches first.

Cuza HISSES, flicks the cigarette away and sucks on his burn. Ripnu GUFFAWS and follows suit.

OFFICER CUZA
You numb, dumb drunk son of a
bitch!

Ripnu LAUGHS.

A mess of cigarette butts and struck matches surround them; they've been waiting a long time.

Józsa/Milos steps out of the Comisar-şef's office.

OFFICER CUZA
Milos! Hey!

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER RIPNU
So! How did it go?

Józsa/Milos ignores them; he steps over their legs stretched out across the hallway.

OFFICER CUZA
Come on! Don't tell me you are
angry about our joke earlier?

OFFICER RIPNU
See! I told you! You guys take it
too far sometimes!

The officers spring up. Towering over Józsa/Milos, they gain on him.

Cuza places an arm over Józsa/Milos' shoulders, still marching. Józsa/Milos tries to shrug Cuza off, but the larger man only hugs him tighter.

Józsa/Milos stares straight ahead, never slowing down.

OFFICER CUZA
You know we didn't mean anything by
it. Stop being such a little girl!

OFFICER RIPNU
(to Officer Cuza)
God! you never learn do you?
(to józsa/milos)
Just ignore him Milos..

OFFICER CUZA
What? Okay, okay! We're making it
up to you anyway. We're having a
night out in your honor?

JÓZSA/MILOS
(suspicious)
Why?

Józsa/Milos looks to the officers, but the strange trio continue their awkward speed-walking down the hall.

OFFICER RIPNU
For your promotion of course!

JÓZSA/MILOS
It happened six months ago.

OFFICER CUZA

Yeah, we've been planning it for a while. You know Alexandru had a baby. Both Costache and Radu got wives--

JÓZSA/MILOS

(decisively)

No, I don't know.

Józsa/Milos looks straight ahead and picks up speed. Ripnu and Cuza easily match his pace, almost knocking him over.

OFFICER RIPNU

Well, it's been one thing after the other...

OFFICER CUZA

But tonight everybody is free! and all the guys want to drink to your success!

OFFICER RIPNU

Yeah! You made us all look good when you got that promotion.

OFFICER CUZA

(to Officer Ripnu)

You know, the boss was telling me today at my review, how we're the best batch he's had.

Józsa/Milos slows down. He frowns, unsure. Looming behind him, Cuza and Ripnu's exchange glances.

OFFICER RIPNU

Come on Milos. Everybody is waiting down at Serghei's.

JÓZSA/MILOS

I have a--

OFFICER CUZA

(speaking to Officer Ripnu)

By the way the boss said he's going to try and make it too. Just for one drink.

Józsa/Milos is swept out of the precinct doors, Ripnu and Cuza at each side of him.

INT. SERGHEI'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Józsa/Milos is in a grim basement apartment with a raucous group of DRUNK OFFICERS. Empty liquor bottles litter the floor of this otherwise sparsely furnished shithole.

Józsa/Milos sits on an empty crate in the corner, beer in hand. Nervous, he tilts the bottle to his mouth without swallowing.

Józsa/Milos rises, tries to sidle out. Ripnu and Cuza barrel in, block his way.

OFFICER RIPNU

What are you doing?

JÓZSA/MILOS

I'm tired. I am going home.

OFFICER CUZA

Now I can't in good conscience let you do that! You're drunk. You won't be able to find your way home.

SERGHEI

(smashed)

Yeah!

OFFICER RIPNU

You're staying here tonight.

SERGHEI

Yeah!

JÓZSA/MILOS

I'm fine. I can make it home.

Just as Józsa/Milos reaches out for the door handle, Cuza slams into the door and pushes Józsa/Milos back.

OFFICER CUZA

You're drunk Milos... You had a fresh beer bottle every time I looked at you.

OFFICER RIPNU

It's not safe out there, even for the darling sterling inspector...

JÓZSA/MILOS

(losing his temper)

I'm fine! Look! See!

(CONTINUED)

Józsa/Milos makes an elaborate show of hopping on one foot in a straight line while SINGING THE NATIONAL ANTHEM...

JÓZSA/MILOS

... Trei culori cunosc pe lume Ce
le țin de-un sânt odor, Sunt culori
de-un vechi renume Suveniri de-un
brav popor...

Serghei CLAPS and HOOTS at Józsa/Milos' performance.

Ripnu and Cuza scowl.

Józsa/Milos makes an another attempt for the door but again, Cuza shoves him back.

OFFICER CUZA

(angry)

Impressive. You can really hold
your liquor.

JÓZSA/MILOS

Yes, so, I'll be leaving now...

OFFICER RIPNU

Wait! We have a surprise for you!

Ripnu and Cuza back Józsa/Milos into the empty crate. He trips and falls. Ripnu and Cuza smile down on Józsa/Milos, with more teeth than is friendly.

Józsa/Milos pushes himself off the ground, but Ripnu plants his muddy boot on Józsa/Milos' shoulder. Ripnu bears down, slowly.

Józsa/Milos' grabs the heavy boot, but does not yet struggle. He watches, unblinking and hardly breathing, waiting for the next move.

OFFICER CUZA

Our gracious host over here had a
fortuitous day at work.

SERGHEI

(belligerent)

Yeahhhh!...hmmhnm...ghrrr

Cuza pats Serghei on the shoulder. Serghei slumps over to the floor, face first, finally unconscious.

Laughing, Cuza pulls a bag from Serghei's pocket. Cuza tips the bag into his palm. A few stray pills roll off his fingers and hit the floor.

(CONTINUED)

The drunks let out a jovial HOLLER; Two reach for the pills on the ground, and drop them into their mouths.

OFFICER RIPNU

(laughing)

Yeah... just another day in the life of inspector Serghei cleaning up the streets of Romania.

Cuza moves closer to Józsa/Milos, and crouches down. He extends his palm with the drugs towards Józsa/Milos.

JÓZSA/MILOS

I'm tired. I want to go home.

OFFICER CUZA

Don't be rude.

OFFICER RIPNU

It's a gift. We had this night in your honor.

Ripnu twists his boot heel in. Grunting, Józsa/Milos slaps Cuza's hand away.

The pills fly from Cuza's hand, bouncing across the dirty floor. Drunks lean in, reaching for the drugs.

Livid, Cuza climbs on top of Józsa/Milos, pushing Ripnu out of the way. Cuza pins Józsa/Milos to the floor between his thighs. He pummels Józsa/Milos.

OFFICER CUZA

Little shit! You think you're smarter than us? Better than us?! Huh?!

OFFICER RIPNU

(sneering)

How's Comisar-şef Gheorghe going to like it that his superstar protégé is arrested for public lewdness and intoxication?

Cuza rips off Józsa/Milos' shirt.

JÓZSA/MILOS

No! No no no!

OFFICER CUZA

What the fuck? What's this freak?

Cuza finds Józsa/Milos' breast binding.

(CONTINUED)

Ripnu hands Cuza a pocket knife. Józsa/Milos SCREAMS and thrashes. Cuza slashes through the bindings, getting skin too.

OFFICER RIPNU
(excited)
Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck!...

Sitting up on his knees, Cuza grabs Józsa/Milos' head, bringing Józsa/Milos' face within inches of his own.

OFFICER CUZA
Fucking Pervert! Fucking fucking
pervert!

Cuza slams Józsa/Milos' head back down, twice. Józsa/Milos' skull bounces against the hard floor, he blinks in and out of consciousness.

Cuza and Ripnu cut away the rest of Józsa/Milos' clothing.

BELLOWING to get the room's attention, Cuza and Ripnu hold up Józsa/Milos, dazed and naked, to the rest of the room. The drunks CHEER.

OFFICER CUZA
This is even better! You should
have stayed home little girl!
Thought you could do man's work??
But you'll learn... you'll learn--
I'll teach you!

The stumbling drunks mill around Józsa/Milos.

OFFICER RIPNU
To Milos!

DRUNKS
(off key)
To Milos!

Józsa/Milos SCREAMS.

INT. SERGHEI'S BASEMENT - DAWN

Daylight creeps across the dirty floor, exposing men passed out in varying degrees of undress; The faint light points to the huddled, bloody and bruised figure of Józsa/Milos.

Two heavy, SNORING drunks flank each side of Józsa/Milos. Naked and shivering, he pushes off one of the men, and attempts to stand on unsteady legs. His knees buckle underneath him.

(CONTINUED)

Using hands and knees, like a newborn foal, Józsa/Milos rises slowly. He limps towards a discarded shirt.

As he reaches a hand towards the shirt, a half-asleep DRUNK grabs his arm.

DRUNK
(grinning)
To Milossss!

Józsa/Milos grabs an empty liquor bottle nearby, and SMASHES it over the drunk's head. He follows through by stabbing the jagged remains of the bottle into the drunk's eye. A spurt of blood shoots back at Józsa/Milos' bruised mouth.

Silently and before he knew what hit him, the drunk's grasp goes limp.

Józsa/Milos lets go of the bottle neck, one reluctant finger at a time; mesmerized, he stares at the broken glass jutting out of the dead man's skull.

Józsa/Milos looks around him. When nobody stirs, he searches the room, still naked, forgetting the shirt.

Józsa/Milos' gaze moves between a police club and another broken bottle. His eyes finally settle on a churchkey bottle opener, lying by the side of an upturned chair. He grabs the churchkey, turning its sharp, hooked side outwards.

Józsa/Milos prowls towards an unconscious Cuza. Silently, efficiently, Józsa/Milos gores Cuza's eye through. A blood spray rises to meet Józsa/Milos' arm.

Quietly, Józsa/Milos steals across the room, stabbing the drunk rapists' skulls along the way; the sound like a farmer working a pickaxe, except wet.

CLOSE ON- Blood sprays again and again across Józsa/Milos' entranced mute face.

Serghei SCREAMS.

Gore-streaked, Józsa/Milos stalks towards a cowering Serghei.

They struggle against each other. Serghei tries to hold Józsa/Milos off, but he trips on a dead man and falls backwards. Flying above him, Józsa/Milos lunges with the churchkey.

Serghei knocks the churchkey out of Józsa/Milos' hand. Serghei seizes Józsa/Milos by the neck, his broad nails breaking skin, drawing bloody crescents.

Turning blue, Józsa/Milos blindly grabs an empty crate nearby, and slams it over Serghei's head; Serghei's hold slackens. Stunned, Serghei raises an arm to shield himself, but Józsa/Milos is faster, he brings the crate down a second time, knocking Serghei out.

Józsa/Milos raises the crate again, this time high above his head, sitting up on his knees. CRASHING down on Serghei, the wood splinters around his face, the nose completely smashed.

Naked and panting, Józsa/Milos stands in the middle of the room, covered in gore. Serghei lies motionless at his heels.

Józsa/Milos lifts his hand to smooth back his hair when he notices the blood and stops. He holds up both hands and looks down at himself for the first time, bewildered, reeling.

Józsa/Milos steps over Serghei's body and heads to the bathroom. The sound of RUNNING WATER from the shower is heard O.S.

CLOSE ON- Broken Serghei; blood bubbles and pours from his flat nostrils into his open mouth. Suddenly, Serghei sputters out the blood, saving himself from drowning, and takes a deep RAGGED BREATH.

Serghei slips back unconscious.

INT. SERGHEI'S BASEMENT/SHOWER - DAWN

Under steaming spray of hot water, Józsa/Milos lathers the blood off his face and torso.

Blood swirls and collects in the drain.

Józsa/Milos steps out of the shower, shutting off the water. He begins ministrations to his bruises.

He dresses in Serghei's civilian clothes that are too large for him. He puts on Serghei's coat and looks in the mirror.

As he drops the wet towels, dainty bloody footprints are seen trailing the bathroom floor.

INT. OLD MILITARY HOSPITAL WING - DAY

Józsa/Milos is working the Menstrual Police panel again. Distracted, he stares across a room full of NERVOUS WOMEN2. Everything is in ABSOLUTE SILENCE.

(CONTINUED)

COMMANDER OLARU
Milos...Milos!

Suddenly his surroundings become audible. He looks to his side.

JÓZSA/MILOS
Hmm? Oh. Apologies, Sir.

COMMANDER OLARU
What's the matter my boy? You look like hell.

Józsa/Milos smiles wanly. He rubs his bruised face self-consciously.

COMMANDER OLARU
Who would have thought that redhead had it in her... Mirela, was it?

JÓZSA/MILOS
Mihaela...

OFFICIAL GRUL
(wincing)
Yeah, those bruises look worse today. I thought that flea-ridden bitch just scratched you up... but--

Two STERN OFFICERS burst into the hospital wing. One of them walks behind Commander Olaru and says something in the Commander's ear. Commander Olaru's face turns into a bloodless mask.

Commander Olaru rises from his seat, the panel members look confused at him.

COMMANDER OLARU
(announcing to the room)
The health panel has been canceled today.

The women erupt in EXCITED CHATTER, smiling, relieved.

OFFICIAL GRUL
(disappointed)
Why?

COMMANDER OLARU
(shooting a suspicious look towards the women)
Not here.

(CONTINUED)

Commander Olaru stalks out with the others trailing behind him.

Józsa/Milos stands up, swaying in his spot. He reaches out to the table for balance, momentarily, before catching up.

TIME CUT:

INT. PRECINCT/MEETING ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON- Józsa/Milos' pale face. He GAGS into a yellow, daisy-spotted handkerchief, before smoothing his hair back.

COMMANDER OLARU
(slams table)
It's been six weeks!

Serghei BABBLES in the corner. He is dressed in a fancy police uniform with a large medal of honor hanging on his chest. He is in a complicated metal contraption screwed to his forehead. It keeps his teeth from closing together. Drool trickles from the corner of his wired mouth while a half-chewed tongue idly sticks out.

A BORED NURSE sits by Serghei and wipes his chin.

Commander Olaru shoots an impatient look at Serghei and then the nurse. Serghei BURPS loudly.

COMMANDER OLARU
(sighing)
It's been six weeks, and still no progress?

The POLICEMEN gathered in the room shuffle uncomfortably in their chairs. A queasy Józsa/Milos holds his handkerchief up to his face again.

COMISAR-ŞEF GHEORGHE
(agitated)
Well, Sir. To recap. After examining the bodies--

COMMANDER OLARU
(viciously)
Your men.

COMISAR-ŞEF GHEORGHE
...we have ascertained that--

COMMANDER OLARU
Your men were caught with their pants down.

(CONTINUED)

COMISAR-ŞEF GHEORGHE
 Er--ahem...also from questioning
 the sole survivor, and hero of the
 department--

COMMANDER OLARU
 The talking vegetable.

Serghei mewls.

COMISAR-ŞEF GHEORGHE
 ...despite extensive brain injury,
 Officer Serghei was able to tell
 us--

COMMANDER OLARU
 Was that before or after he
 swallowed his own tongue?

COMISAR-ŞEF GHEORGHE
 B-before, Sir. He wouldn't stop
 screaming 'Red Woman'--

COMMANDER OLARU
 The Red Whore!

Agitated, Serghei thrashes in his seat. He struggles with
 the nurse.

SERGHEI
 (almost unintelligibly)
 Ed oman! Ed oman!

Commander Olaru looks disgusted at Serghei.

COMISAR-ŞEF GHEORGH
 (yelling over Serghei's
 tantrum)
 Yes. It's consistent with the
 single track of small bloody
 footprints we found at the scene,
 most likely a prostitute. We have
 been rounding up all redheaded
 prostitutes for questioning. So
 far, we have arrested 16 whores--

COMMANDER OLARU
 (sarcastically)
 Oh? Anyone for mass murder?

COMISAR-ŞEF GHEORGHE
 (paled)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

COMISAR-ŞEF GHEORGHE (cont'd)
 N-no... for prostitution. But! but,
 that's 16 less redheads we have to
 question.

COMMANDER OLARU
 (weary)
 Tell me, Gheorge, exactly how is
 what you're telling different from
 last week?

COMISAR-ŞEF GHEORGHE
 Four more whores from last week,
 Sir.

TIME CUT:

INT. PRECINCT/BATHROOM - DAY

O.S. VOMITING, then FLUSHING.

The stall door swings open; A sweaty and pale Józsa/Milos exits. He stumbles to the sink and shoves his head under the water.

He raises his face to the cracked mirror. Miserable, he gingerly clutches his gut.

JÓZSA/MILOS
 (softly)
 No, no, no, no...

Through the cracked mirror, Inspector Principal RAZVAN VULPES (mid 30's) exits the adjacent stall. Intelligent eyes gleam behind a full dark beard.

Razvan makes eye contact with Józsa/Milos through the mirror, and he smiles.

Józsa/Milos shuffles out of the bathroom in a hurry.

INT. PRECINCT/COMISAR-ŞEF OFFICE - DAY

Józsa/Milos steps into the office. Missing the door handle on the first try, he eases the door behind him, softly, fearful of setting off the charged atmosphere of the room.

Commander Olaru has commandeered the Comisar's desk. A petulant Comisar stands at the opposite side of the office, scowling, arms crossed, leaning impertinently against the wall. In turn, the Commander's eyes are spitting sparks at the displaced Comisar.

(CONTINUED)

Józsa/Milos recognizes Razvan. Razvan is seated on the only guest chair in the office. He smiles up at Józsa/Milos.

Diplomatically, glancing down at his folded hands, Józsa/Milos breaks the strained silence of the room...

JÓZSA/MILOS
(nervously)
You called me in, Sir?

COMMANDER OLARU/COMISAR-ŞEF GHEORGHE
(at the same time)
Yes.

Both men look daggers at one another. But, Comisar Gheorghe looks away first.

COMMANDER OLARU
Yes, Milos. This is Inspector Principal Razvan Vulpes. He'll be taking over the case from now on, and you will be assisting him.

RAZVAN
(smiling through gritted teeth)
I'm going to need all the help I can get for a case that's been cold for more than a month.

Comisar Gheorge SCOFFS at Razvan's comment, but at a dangerous look from Commander Olaru, he turns it into a fit of COUGHS.

Gracefully efficient in the way he moves, Razvan stands up and extends his hand to Józsa/Milos, still smiling, only white teeth visible through the beard.

RAZVAN
I believe we have already met. Are you feeling better?

JÓZSA/MILOS
(blanches)
Yes, Sir.

COMISAR-ŞEF GHEORGHE
(eager to assert himself)
What's this? Sick again, Milos?

JÓZSA/MILOS
No, no, no Sir--

The Comisar pushes himself from the wall, his chest swelling, building momentum...

COMISAR-ŞEF GHEORGH
What's wrong with you this time?
Hmm?! Speak up!

JÓZSA/MILOS
Not at all! I mean, nothing, Sir,
I--

COMISAR-ŞEF GHEORGH
I will not have you slacking off!
Not when we--

COMMANDER OLARU
Alright Gheorghe, that's enough.

The Comisar is stunned dumb by the insult. Numbly stumbling back to his corner by the wall, the Comisar grows livid, grinding his teeth. The Commander disregards the Comisar.

COMMANDER OLARU
(rising out of his seat)
Well, then. Milos show Officer
Vulpes what you've got so far. You
report to him now, understand?

JÓZSA/MILOS
Yes, Sir.

As soon as Commander Olaru moves from behind the desk, Comisar Gheorge strides quickly across the room and takes his seat back.

Commander Olaru is annoyed, but continues walking to the doorway with Razvan trailing behind him.

COMISAR-ŞEF GHEORGHE
Milos... a word.

Commander Olaru throws a dark look at Comisar Gheorge behind his shoulder. The Comisar pretends not to notice.

Finally, Razvan shuts the door.

JÓZSA/MILOS
Yes, Sir?

COMISAR-ŞEF GHEORGHE
Milos, I don't have to tell you the
kind of situation we're all in.

JÓZSA/MILOS

Yes, sir.

Still red with mortification, the Comisar flamboyantly raises his voice and slaps the desk repeatedly.

COMISAR-ŞEF GHEORGHE

These were my men, Milos! Your brothers!

JÓZSA/MILOS

Yes, Sir.

COMISAR-ŞEF GHEORGHE

Can't have a bloody outsider tell me what to do in my own home! With my own boys!

The Comisar crosses his arms.

COMISAR-ŞEF GHEORGHE

You still report to me! Everything Razvan does, you let me know. understand?

JÓZSA/MILOS

Yes, Sir.

TIME CUT:

INT. JÓZSA/MILOS STUDIO APARTMENT/SHOWER - MORNING

Józsa/Milos steps out of the shower. He wipes the condensation on the large mirror, revealing a tiny belly burgeoning between his prominent hipbones.

CLOSE ON- Józsa/Milos winces as he struggles to bind his now tender breasts.

Standing in his strange underwear and makeshift wrapping, Józsa/Milos reaches for his pants hanging on the door. He removes a hastily-crumpled lime-green brochure from his pocket.

CLOSE ON- Józsa/Milos smooths out the paper to reveal the title "Signs Your Woman Is Trying To Have An Abortion". A few illustrations are visible on the pamphlet. One is of pill bottles, another is of a woman falling down stairs.

Józsa/Milos opens his medicine cabinet. He takes out a few bottles and shakes them to his ear. He studies each bottle before returning all of them to the cabinet, except for one.

He empties all the pills into his palm.

(CONTINUED)

He returns half of the pills into the bottle. And then shakes out a few more. He deliberates back and forth a few more times, before deciding on the dosage.

Fearfully, he stares at his stomach in the mirror. He swallows the pills with cupped water from the faucet.

INT. PRECINCT/INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

A beaten and bloody REDHEAD PROSTITUTE sits handcuffed to her chair. She sobs softly, her head hangs low. Vapor rises from her hitched breathing. She is barefoot and dressed in a thin muslin nightgown. The table is overturned. Several chairs are knocked over and strewn about the floor.

Razvan sits in the corner of the room, silently observing.

A sweaty and pallid Józsa/Milos sits across from the prostitute, balancing a notebook on his knee. The upturned table is between them.

Officer BOGDAN stands next to Józsa/Milos and glowers over the prostitute with his fists curled. Officer GRIGORE stands, very close, behind the prostitute with his arms crossed over his chest.

All the men have their uniform winter coats on.

GRIGORE

Let's try this again.

Grigore uprights the table. The woman flinches.

Grigore picks up some photographs off the floor. They are all gruesome shots of the dead officers. He spreads the photos across the table.

CLOSE ON- Józsa/Milos wipes his mouth with his handkerchief. His hand trembles slightly. His pupils are dilated.

GRIGORE

The neighbors saw you--

REDHEAD PROSTITUTE

It wasn't me!

Bogdan smacks the prostitute's head from behind.

CLOSE ON- Józsa/Milos flinches.

(CONTINUED)

BOGDAN
Shut up bitch!

GRIGORE
As I was saying, the neighbors saw
you walk out of the apartment. Just
admit it.

REDHEAD PROSTITUTE
I didn't do it! I didn't do it!

BOGDAN
Lying cunt!

Bogdan slaps the prostitute's head a few times.

CLOSE ON- Józsa/Milos' sweat beading on his forehead.

GRIGORE
You drugged them! And then you
killed them! One by one, stabbed
them while they slept.

REDHEAD PROSTITUTE
(screaming)
No! no, no, no!

Bogdan pulls the prostitute's hair, twisting her head far
back.

CLOSE ON- Józsa/Milos' mouth clamping tightly.

BOGDAN
We can do this all night, bitch!
I'm not even tired.

REDHEAD PROSTITUTE
Help! Someone please help me!

Bogdan slams the prostitute's head into the pictures on the
table. Blood trickles from her nose. The prostitute SCREAMS.

Józsa/Milos VOMITS on the table. Grigor and Bogdan jump back
in disgust.

The prostitute locks eyes with Józsa/Milos. The whole room
goes into shocked silence for a moment.

JÓZSA/MILOS
S-sorry..

RAZVAN

I think that's enough for today gentleman.

GRIGORE

But...

RAZVAN

This is a waste of time. Is this all you've been doing for the investigation?

BOGDAN

We've been working--

RAZVAN

Gentleman, I'll thank you to pursue your hobbies in your own time.

Bogdan and Grigore look outraged.

RAZVAN

(smiling at the prostitute)

We're done here, Miss.

INT. PRECINCT/BATHROOM - DAY

Józsa/Milos CRIES HYSTERICALLY. Vomit is stiffening on the front of his coat and shirt.

He is huddled on the floor of the men's bathroom with his back against the door. POUNDING and KICKING thunders against the door. O.S. Men YELL to be let in to piss.

TIME CUT:

INT. PRECINCT/COMISAR-ŞEF OFFICE - DAY

Comisar Gheorge stands behind his desk and leans in on his knuckles. Józsa/Milos sits on the edge of his seat with his sight fixed to the floor.

COMISAR-ŞEF GHEORGHE

What did I say? Little shit, what did I say?

Józsa/Milos stays silent and unmoved. This further enrages the Comisar.

COMISAR-ŞEF GHEORGHE

(louder)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

COMISAR-ŞEF GHEORGHE (cont'd)

I said you report to me!
Everything, all things Razvan says
and does!

JÓZSA/MILOS

I did, Sir.

COMISAR-ŞEF GHEORGHE

You did shit! I got one hell of a
report handed down to me from the
old fart! Razvan made that report!

Józsa/Milos looks up curious.

JÓZSA/MILOS

A report? I don't understand, Sir.

COMISAR-ŞEF GHEORGHE

Of course not, imbecile! Because
you've been sleeping on the job!
Actually, according to Razvan,
we've all been sleeping on the job!

The Comisar roughly throws open a folder on his desk, and
begins to read a section out loud.

COMISAR-ŞEF GHEORGHE

"The torn shreds found at the scene
have been determined to be part of
a police uniform. Potentially a
fake one. The clothes of the dead
officers are all accounted for,
except for this one. Considering
that no other officers have gone
missing, it is suspected that the
murderer wore this uniform to gain
entry to the party. However,
evidence of sexual activity on the
men's bodies and the one set of
footprints at the scene prove that
at least one woman was indeed
present that night, and walked out
after the murders..."

The Comisar finishes this by picking up the folder, and
slapping Józsa/Milos' stunned head with it.

COMISAR-ŞEF GHEORGHE

Right! Maybe now you understand
what's at stake, yes? keep an eye
on Razvan! He's a snake in the
grass, and he'll bring us down!

(CONTINUED)

Józsa/Milos smooths his hair back, not looking at the Comisar.

JÓZSA/MILOS
(softly)
Yes, Sir.

INT. PRECINCT/STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Józsa/Milos stares silently down a dark flight of stairs. He puts his hand on his stomach.

Józsa/Milos grunts angrily and punches his gut. He looks down the staircase again.

He takes a deep breath and throws himself down the steps with his arms awkwardly covering his head.

He painfully topples down and eventually lands at someone's feet...

He opens his eyes to find Razvan looking down at him with an amused, puzzled expression.

CLOSE ON- Razvan getting closer, leaning down to presumably help Józsa/Milos up.

RAZVAN
Are you alright? Easy now, watch yourself...

INT. JÓZSA/MILOS STUDIO APARTMENT/SHOWER - MORNING

Panting and sweating, Józsa/Milos struggles with a gothic, black leather man-girdle. It is held together through several sinister-looking hooks on the front and sides, as well as large buckles crossing over the shoulder and around the thighs. It has adjustable straps interlacing all through the midriff.

Józsa/Milos has the straps of the girdle hooked around the door jamb, and is forcing the ends of the straps over his head in the opposite direction from the door.

CLOSE ON- Józsa/Milos holding his breath and gritting his teeth as he cinches the waist dangerously narrow.

Having achieved maximum binding, he ties the straps together, and looks at himself in the mirror. His shallow breath WHISTLES in his throat.

INT. PRECINCT/HALLWAY - DAY

Sweaty and breathless, Józsa/Milos walks stiffly. He is balancing a column of cardboard boxes.

RAZVAN

Ahh Milos! Just the man I wanted to see!

Józsa/Milos is startled. He drops the boxes, sending papers flying all over the hallway. He turns around to face Razvan.

RAZVAN

(sympathetic)
I'm sorry, excuse me.

JÓZSA/MILOS

How can I help you, Sir?

RAZVAN

(pointing towards the files)
What's all this?

JÓZSA/MILOS

Oh, well. Since we reached a dead end with the prostitutes, I gathered all the unsolved murders and burgleries from the past ten years. I thought maybe we could look for patterns?

Pale, Józsa/Milos sways in his spot, his breathing laboured.

RAZVAN

(smiling)
Did you? That's clever. Only I think this was the murderer's first time. A crime of passion.

JÓZSA/MILOS

Sir?

RAZVAN

It's too messy to be the work of a serial killer or a seasoned thief.
(pauses to look at strewn paper)
Do you need help with these?

JÓZSA/MILOS

Oh, no, no Sir. I...

Razvan pauses, looking at Józsa/Milos' small shoe.

(CONTINUED)

Józsa/Milos painfully bends down to collect one of the boxes, keeping his feet out of view.

Just arrived from their morning commute, OFFICERS file into the now busy hallway.

Józsa/Milos snatches back his hand to keep from getting stomped on as the officers march through; they step over the strewn papers, scattering them further down the hallway. Józsa/Milos' breathing becomes more labored.

Razvan settles his hand on Józsa/Milos' shoulders.

RAZVAN

(raises his voice above the clamor)

You know, I don't blame you for being sick all the time.

JÓZSA/MILOS

I-I'm not--

RAZVAN

If it were my friends, my colleagues... Hell, I'd be devastated too.

Józsa/Milos straightens, panting.

JÓZSA/MILOS

Thank you. For your understanding, Sir. They were like my brothers. It's been very hard on me.

Razvan gives him a big smile.

RAZVAN

Just think what a close call it was! I mean, you could have been there with them that night if it weren't for... say, why weren't you there?

Józsa/Milos bends down again to collect more papers. His SHALLOW BREATHING is coming out faster.

JÓZSA/MILOS

I was busy. I had paperwork.

RAZVAN

Huh, well just think how lucky that was... Are you alright, Milos?

Józsa/Milos' face has turned a bright shade of purple. He is hyperventilating.

The girdle TEARS open simultaneously as Józsa/Milos lets out a MASSIVE FART. He swoons and falls on his face across the floor, finally able to take big gulps of air.

RAZVAN
(laughing)
What do you eat??!

INT. JÓZSA/MILOS STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

In the dark, Józsa/Milos sits cross-legged in front of a fireplace. He is dressed in the uniform shirt, with a blanket over his head and shoulders, but nothing else. Looking like a little boy at bedtime, his scrawny knees stick up in the air, his eyes wide and staring into the fire.

The studio apartment has a single iron cot in the corner. A calendar hangs on the wall above it. A night lamp and an alarm clock lie on the floor by the cot, next to the closet. The closet is cherry with varnish flaking off. Its hinge broken, the door hangs open revealing a sparse wardrobe, almost entirely uniforms. An unplugged hot plate is capsized on the floor.

A chair and small tray table are pushed up against the naked window. An old radio, glowing at the sill, plays a grainy HORA BOREASCA (Romanian folk song).

FLASH CUT TO: INT. JÓZSA/MILOS STUDIO APARTMENT - A FEW HOURS EARLIER

Józsa/Milos paces the small room, fists opening and closing, coat FLAPPING loudly behind him with each sharp turn.

He rips off his coat and shoes. He grabs a fireplace bellow with one hand, and undoes his belt with the other, rolling and kicking the trousers under his feet.

Józsa/Milos sucks hot smoke from the fireplace into the bellow. He squats above the bronze nozzle.

He pauses, unsure.

He brings up the bellow for closer inspection. He pumps out the air into his face and falls back yelping.

Cupping his crotch, he throws the bellow at the wall.

BACK TO:

Grimacing, Józsa/Milos' crosses his legs.

FLASH CUT TO: INT. JÓZSA/MILOS STUDIO APARTMENT - A FEW HOURS EARLIER

A big pot of water comes to a boil on top of a hotplate set on the floor. Onions bob on the surface of the foaming water.

Józsa/Milos approaches, afraid. He throws one leg over each side of the pot and lowers himself a little. Steam ruffles the flap of his shirt. He winces.

Boiling water shoots up and out the side of the pot, splashing Józsa/Milos' leg.

HOWLING, Józsa/Milos jerks back, overturning the pot and hot plate. Steaming water cascades across the floor. The hot plate spits out electrical sparks. Józsa/Milos jumps unto his cot, lifting his feet away from the water. The lights in the room flicker, and go out.

O.S. An angry DOWNSTAIRS NEIGHBOR BANGS loudly on the floor.

BACK TO:

CLOSE ON- The bandage on Józsa/Milos' leg.

KNOCKING O.S.

Józsa/Milos looks bewildered at the door. More KNOCKING O.S.

Józsa/Milos rises. His shirt flares around narrow hips, revealing stick thin legs. He walks to the door while hugging the blanket closer to him. He peers into the peephole.

INTERCUT BETWEEN INSIDE APARTMENT AND OUTSIDE HALLWAY THROUGH THE DISTORTED LENSE OF THE PEEPHOLE

Razvan KNOCKS on the door. Hugging a case of beer, he smiles into the peephole.

RAZVAN

Milos?

Józsa/Milos flinches back. Soundlessly, he creeps back to the peephole.

(CONTINUED)

Razvan KNOCKS on the door harder and longer, his smile fraying.

RAZVAN

Milos? You in there? I brought beer!

Razvan holds up the case to the peephole. He flashes teeth that flash against the black of his beard.

CLOSE ON- Józsa/Milos' open mouth and splayed fingers as he continues to peer into the peephole. His SHALLOW BREATHING whistles in his throat.

Razvan KNOCKS LOUDER, no longer smiling.

RAZVAN

Milos! Milos!

An ELDERLY WOMAN shambles into the hallway, dragging a garbage bag with her. Razvan turns his attention to her, flashing his signature smile once more.

RAZVAN

Good evening Mother! I'm looking for my friend. He lives in that apartment, have you seen him today?

ELDERLY WOMAN

The mousey man? Nobody sees or hears the mouse.

CLOSE ON- Józsa/Milos HOLDS HIS BREATH.

RAZVAN

Mouse, eh? Does he live alone? Does he have visitors?

The elderly woman narrows her eyes at Razvan. She turns away, continuing the laborious trek down the hall.

Razvan leaves the beers at the door. He swoops in on the elderly woman, whisking the garbage from her with one hand, resting the other on her narrow shoulders.

RAZVAN

Mother, I am worried about my friend. If you wouldn't mind answering a few questions...

The two huddled figures blurry down the hallway, and disappear from the peephole's field of vision.

Józsa/Milos leaps back from the door. He runs to the closet and takes out a clothes hanger.

kneeling on the floor by the fire, he twists the wire of the hanger into a spear. The pad of his thumb catches on the sharp point of the rusty wire. A fat drop of blood rolls into his palm.

BEGIN MONTAGE - VARIOUS LOCATIONS

1) INT. BATHROOM - DAY - A dying TEEN GIRL lies in a pool of blood on the floor. Her head rests on her WEEPING MOTHER'S lap.

2) INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY - A YOUNG FEMALE SCREAMS in agony while a big red stain blossoms on the front of her skirt.

3) INT. HOSPITAL WARD - NIGHT - A NURSE pulls a sheet over a DEAD MOTHER's face, while her THREE CHILDREN (ages 14, 10 & 4) stand around the hospital bed CRYING.

4) EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT - A fly crawls out of dead TEEN GIRL2's mouth. She is sprawled, half-concealed under garbage bags.

END MONTAGE

Józsa/Milos lets the hanger fall. His head sinks into his hands.

TIME CUT:

INT. JÓZSA/MILOS STUDIO APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

Curled on the floor, Józsa/Milos rises. He moves to the cot and pulls out an old suitcase from under his bed.

Opening the suitcase, he shakes out a flowery peasant dress and lays it on top.

EXT. CONSTANTA TRAIN STATION - EARLY MORNING

Typical of Hungarian country girl clothing, Józsa/Milos is wearing a flowery peasant dress, a thick butter-yellow wool sweater, pink rainboots and a paisley scarf folded over his short hair.

(CONTINUED)

with Razvan's case of beer stuffed under his arm, Józsa/Milos pushes his way through the CROWDED PLATFORM. An OLD STATIONMASTER is scandalized at the boldness. Barefaced, but still young and beautiful, Józsa/Milos attracts some lewd male attention.

Just as the train begins to move, Józsa/Milos jumps on board. The skirts of his dress swing up around his legs.

INT. TRAIN- EARLY MORNING TILL AFTERNOON

Józsa/Milos sits next to a fat, SWEATY OLD MAN cramping him against the window. Józsa/Milos spreads his thighs in an aggressive bid for space.

SWEATY OLD MAN
Excuse me! Excuse me!

Józsa/Milos ignores him. Józsa/Milos rests his right foot on his left knee to secure the new position, revealing an unshaven leg in the process. The sweaty old man ogles the hairy leg.

SWEATY OLD MAN
Oh, excuse me...

Józsa/Milos CRACKS opens one of the beers cradled in his lap, and takes a long pull. He stares out the window at the wintry landscape as it flies by.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. WOODS SOMEWHERE IN COVASNA - MORNING

A crying, six year old Józsa/Milos in a frilly dress, white stockings and bright red Mary-Janes, hides behind a tree. He saws at his pigtails using a small file attached to nail clippers.

Seven year old Istvan walks somberly around the tree to face Józsa/Milos. Józsa/Milos does not look up.

CLOSE ON- Józsa/Milos working furiously with the nail file against his dark brown pigtails without much success.

ISTVAN
Here!

Istvan throws his shorts and shirt at Józsa/Milos' feet. He stands there in his underwear and shoes.

(CONTINUED)

Istvan moves closer to Józsa/Milos with his Swiss army knife. Istvan cuts off the offending pigtails.

The two boys stand together, their arms hooked over each other's shoulder. Barefoot, Józsa/Milos is dressed in Istvan's clothes. Istvan is still in his underwear and shoes.

Sunlight breaks through the trees behind the boys, making halos around their ruffled short hair. They watch the dress and Mary-Jane shoes sail down the creek.

END FLASHBACK

The sweaty old man glances sideways at Józsa/Milos. Thinking he's asleep, the old man paws at Józsa/Milos' lap.

Józsa/Milos' eyes fly open.

SWEATY OLD MAN

Excuse me, I was just--

Józsa/Milos slams his fist down like a hammer at the old man's crotch. The old man folds over in agony, wheezing.

Józsa/Milos leans his forehead against the cool, misty window. He CRACKS opens the last beer and watches the day trip into dusk.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INTERCUT BETWEEN ISTVAN'S CHILDHOOD CABIN AND OUTSIDE WOODS

A SHRIEKING CRONE chases a panic-stricken, eight year old Istvan around a kitchen table. She takes a swipe at his head with a large wooden spoon, barely missing.

The oven door is open, revealing a half eaten tray of papanăși (traditional Romanian pastry dusted with sugar and filled with cheese and jam).

Across the table from the crone, Istvan holds out sticky palms, completely white to the wrist with powdered sugar, and INCOHERENTLY PLEADS FOR MERCY. A thick layer of the sugar covers half his face, up to the tip of his nose. Strawberry jam stains the corners of his mouth in a happy crescent.

She grabs a heavy pot from the hook behind her and hurls it at his face. He ducks and runs to the door, slightly ajar.

(CONTINUED)

He almost makes it outside, but the crone cracks the spoon at his knuckles, and he yelps back. She draws the bolt across the door, tucks the key in her apron, and resumes pursuit.

She stretches a flapping arm over the table to smack Istvan with the spoon, but comes up short. The spoon bounces off the table with a loud BANG. Istvan dances in his spot, growing more agitated by the second.

Again, the crone gives chase around the table.

Abruptly, she slides across it on her belly, with her spoon once more. Istvan jumps back, crashing into the cabinets behind him. His eyes dart between her and the rest of the kitchen, looking for escape.

Two bricks, one after the other, come CRASHING through the window and land on the table near the crone. The crone SCREAMS and scrambles back. Istvan takes this opportunity to climb over the table, and jump out of the broken kitchen window.

Istvan runs outside to catch up with Józsa/Milos as he flees the scene.

Istvan looks nervously behind him while Józsa/Milos GIGGLES HYSTERICALLY. Their faces wear matching patterns of powdered sugar and red jam. Both boys are identically dressed.

The crone SHRIEKS after them, brandishing her spoon behind the broken window.

END FLASHBACK

The train whistles, winding to a stop.

Józsa/Milos stands up, stretching his arms wide. The sweaty old man flinches back.

INT. EXPOSED BACK OF TRUCK - EVENING

Józsa/Milos huddles with a few other PASSENGERS in the back of a truck. Their breath plumes white in the cold night. Passing a few bottles of liquor around, they share blankets and stories...

PASSENGER 1

I am telling you, it's not there anymore.

(CONTINUED)

PASSENGER 2
Bullshit! How can a whole village
disappear?

PASSENGER 1
Not disappear, "Systemized".

PASSENGER 2
What?

PASSENGER 1
"Systemized," government tore it
all down.

A YOUNG MAN openly stares at Józsa/Milos, but Józsa/Milos is too drunk to notice.

Passing the bottle along, Józsa/Milos gazes up at the night sky.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. MODEST CABIN/WINDOW SILL - NIGHT

Handsome, adolescent ISTVAN HOOTS softly outside Józsa/Milos' house.

O.S. SLOW DRAGGING.

The window swings open. Istvan cringes.

Józsa/Milos grins behind an expansive collage of bruises. As he steps forward into the blue moonlight, his arm is revealed to be in a sling.

Istvan passes a wine bottle from under his vest. Józsa/Milos smiles brilliantly, exacerbating the savaged state of his face.

JÓZSA/MILOS
(whispering)
Cheers!

ISTVAN
Who was it this time?

Józsa/Milos indicates behind him with his head.

JÓZSA/MILOS
(sarcastic)
The big man.

(CONTINUED)

Józsa/Milos takes a drink and returns the bottle.

JÓZSA/MILOS
(grinning)
You should see what he looks like
now! He's drinking it off...

Istvan looks away. He takes a sip.

ISTVAN
JÓ... your father-- Wouldn't it be
easier if you just...

Józsa/Milos stops reaching for the wine mid way. Letting his good arm fall back to his side, he stares Istvan down.

Istvan pushes the bottle into Józsa/Milos' hand. He says nothing.

Józsa/Milos takes a slow drink, still watching Istvan. He holds out the bottle for Istvan.

END FLASHBACK

The truck grinds to a sudden stop, making the sleeping passengers slam into one another.

Clumsily, Józsa/Milos gets off the truck. He cradles a bottle to his chest.

EXT. ROAD HOME - EARLY MORNING

Józsa/Milos walks a snow-dusted winding road. A glowing village is seen in the distance.

As he staggers along the crooked path, the little remaining liquor in the bottle SLOSHES.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. MODEST CABIN/FOYER - DAY

Young man Istvan sits with Józsa/Milos' parents. A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS and a BOTTLE OF WINE rest on the coffee table.

Istvan fidgets with a plain yellow wedding band, rolling the small ring between his large fingers. Mother Katalin smiles and leans in from her seat to hold his hand. Father Géza smokes his cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

Józsa/Milos blows through the door, heavy with groceries. He is dressed strangely in a woman's floral blouse paired with very baggy, ratty men's trousers cinched at the waist with a double-looped belt. He is also wearing the pink rainboots, now muddy. His short hair comes to his ears.

Istvan and Katalin rise to greet him, formal and eager. Géza rudely winks and grins.

Józsa/Milos pauses, confused. He looks down at the wedding band in Istvan's hand.

SNARLING, Józsa/Milos hurls the bags at Istvan, getting him in the gut and face. Katalin jumps back. Józsa/Milos storms out.

Géza COUGHS and shakes with LAUGHTER.

Istvan stares down at the bags. Mother Katalin turns him into her arms.

END FLASHBACK

Józsa/Milos arrives in front of his family's cabin. He hesitates, swaying in his spot. He takes a deep breath in.

He HAMMERS the door. A single light goes on behind a curtained window.

MOTHER KATALIN

Who- who is at the door?

Józsa/Milos says nothing. He HAMMERS the door louder.

MOTHER KATALIN

Stop that! Who are you? What's your business?

Józsa/Milos HAMMERS the door louder and faster.

MOTHER KATALIN

I have a rifle! Go away! Go away!

Józsa/Milos stops. He BANGS his head against the door.

MOTHER KATALIN

I see you! I still see you out there! get away from here or I shoot!

Józsa/Milos does not stir.

(CONTINUED)

MOTHER KATALIN
I'm warning you, I--

JÓZSA/MILOS
It's Józsa, open the door!

SOMETHING FALLS OVER, LIMPING FOOTSTEPS O.S.

THE BOLTS AND LOCKS DRAW BACK. THE DOOR CREAKS OPEN. Mother Katalin, older now, stands shivering in the doorway.

MOTHER KATALIN
Józsa?

CUT TO:

INT. JÓZSA/MILOS APARTMENT/OUTSIDE HALLWAY - DAY

Flanked by Bogdan and Grigore, Razvan KNOCKS on the door.

RAZVAN
Milos, Milos... open up. We just
want to talk.

Razvan KNOCKS again.

BOGDAN
(to Grigore)
I always knew there was something
shifty about that creepy boy--

RAZVAN
Shut the fuck up.
(to door)
Milos, come on brother. Open up.

Razvan KNOCKS one more time.

Razvan SIGHS.

RAZVAN
Break it down.

Razvan steps out of the way. Smirking, the two big men flex their powerful legs.

Seconds before their heels connect with the door...

RAZVAN
Wait! Wait!

Bogdan loses balance and slams into Grigore.

Razvan reaches for the doorknob. The door opens.

CLOSE ON- The inscrutable Razvan.

INT. JÓZSA/MILOS STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

Bogdan and Grigore stampede into the studio. For no reason, Grigore grabs a chair and slams it into the wall.

RAZVAN
Stop! Stop you idiots! You stupid
animals!

Bogdan sets the table back down. Grigore drops the broken chair legs. Both sick with malice, glower at Razvan's back.

CLOSE ON- Razvan contemplates the room, hands held behind his back.

Razvan picks up one of Józsa/Milos' work shoes. He turns it over to read the size.

CUT TO:

INT. MODEST CABIN/JÓZSA/MILOS' OLD BEDROOM - MORNING

Józsa/Milos is sprawling naked, sleeping off his hangover. A tiny pregnant bump buds beneath taut skin stretched between high ribs and jutting hipbones.

The door SLAMS open, spilling light over Józsa/Milos. Wincing, he tries to blink up into the large, DARK SILHOUETTE.

JÓZSA/MILOS
Mama? Mama, the light. Close the
door.

The dark silhouette does not respond. Józsa/Milos sobers up a little, just enough to cover himself.

JÓZSA/MILOS
Who is this? What do you want?

Józsa/Milos clumsily reaches down for his shoe to throw at the silhouette. Still drunk, he misses, KNOCKING down a wall ornament instead.

The dark silhouette closes the door between them, slowly, the dwindling light lingering on Józsa/Milos.

INT. MODEST CABIN/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Józsa/Milos careens out of the bedroom, wrapped only in several yards of ridiculously-floral bed sheet. He is after the Dark Silhouette.

Józsa/Milos trips on the sheet, jerking it under his knees as he slams into the floor face-first, and naked again.

Crawling on the ground, he gathers the sheet close to him. He ties all loose ends in several, hasty knots, over one shoulder, under one armpit, between the legs, etc. He gets to his feet by creeping on the wall.

He lurches into his mother's room.

INT. MODEST CABIN/MOTHER KATALIN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ridiculous, bloodshot and spoiling for a fight, Józsa/Milos is at the doorway of an overwhelmingly frilly and flowery room. Bright colors and incompatible patterns battle for attention.

The cheerfulness of the colorful motif highlight the neglected state of the peeling walls and run-down furniture. Mother Katalin is swallowed up by her bed. She looks tiny and vulnerable, another lump in the mattress.

Wearing all black, Istvan is sitting next to Mother Katalin. After putting the sphygmomanometer back into his medical bag, he pulls out a stethoscope. He does not look at Józsa/Milos.

MOTHER KATALIN
Józsa! Cover yourself!

JÓZSA/MILOS
(angry)
You!!

MOTHER KATALIN
Don't be rude!

ISTVAN
(to Katalin)
That's okay. Never mind her.

JÓZSA/MILOS
That was you at my door!

(CONTINUED)

MOTHER KATALIN
Józsa! I'm so sorry Doctor.

ISTVAN
(curt, to Józsa/Milos)
Do you mind? I can't hear.

Istvan warms the chestpiece (stethoscope) with his breath before pressing it to Mother's chest.

All fuzzy layers of drunkenness dissolve against the flood of adrenaline, Józsa/Milos advances. He stands close behind Istvan, pitching both Mother and Doctor in his shadow.

ISTVAN
(to Katalin)
Breathe in... now out... again...

Mother looks up, confused at Józsa/Milos.

Despite Istvan's gentle bedside manners, his neck and cheeks flare scarlet with effort to ignore Józsa/Milos. Józsa/Milos takes another step closer, baiting.

ISTVAN
Your cold is gone, but you have to keep your room warm and dry. Do you need more firewood?

MOTHER KATALIN
No, Doctor thank you.

ISTVAN
Okay, What do you need from town?

Sheepish, Mother pulls a grocery list from her robe pocket.

MOTHER KATALIN
You're so good to me Istvan, I've been such a burden, I--

ISTVAN
Of course not. None sense!

Istvan reaches for Mother's hand.

Józsa/Milos lunges for the list. He stretches over Istvan, knocking him forward. Mother starts.

Józsa/Milos has the list.

JÓZSA/MILOS

I'll take care of it. You're not wanted.

Istvan's strained composure collapses...

ISTVAN

(open hostility)

And you Madame? Can I do anything for you? You must be-- what, two, three months along if I had to guess? When was your last check up?

Mother CHEERS, clapping her hands to her mouth. She reaches for Józsa/Milos.

MOTHER KATALIN

Oh Józsa... Oh Józsa!

Without breaking eye contact with Istvan, Józsa/Milos flinches back from Mother. Mother is hurt.

ISTVAN

May I ask who the lucky father is?

Pale and rigid, Józsa/Milos' face is a wall of fury.

MOTHER KATALIN

(sadly)

Oh Józsa, oh my love... It's okay, it's okay...

ISTVAN

I see, left him too?

Józsa/Milos shoots forward, arm cocked back. He punches Istvan in the face, follows through with a knee jab to the chest. Istvan blocks the knee jab, causing both men to fall to the floor.

MOTHER KATALIN

Stop it! Stop!

Istvan throws Józsa/Milos off him. Bruise-to-be puckers around a wet eye. Józsa/Milos' features turn alien with spiritual violence.

MOTHER KATALIN

I'm so sorry! Oh, Istvan--

Hurt inside and out, Istvan backs out the door. His face to the hallway, Istvan says to Mother...

(CONTINUED)

ISTVAN

I'll check in on you later. Good day.

MOTHER KATALIN

Wait! Istvan, wait!

O.S. FOOTSTEPS, then THE FRONT DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING.

MOTHER KATALIN

(to Józsa/Milos)

Why?? Why did you do that?!

Józsa/Milos rises and turns away from the room.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT/COMISAR-ŞEF OFFICE - EVENING

CLOSE ON- FLYER of Józsa/Milos' face. The caption below reads "Have you seen this man?"

BOGDAN

I don't understand. Why aren't we saying he's wanted for killing cops?

Again, Commander Olaru has commandeered the Comisar's desk. The usurped Comisar sits on a stool in the corner. Razvan has the seat across from the desk. Bogdan and Grigore slump against the wall with their heavy arms crossed.

COMMANDER OLARU

Of course you don't.

COMISAR-ŞEF GHEORGH

We must keep this from the public, simpleton. Unless you want a riot on our hands.

SECRETARY hands out copies of the flyers to Razvan, Commander Olaru, and Comisar-Şef Gheorghe.

RAZVAN

No, no, no. This won't do. We have to crop out the uniform.

COMISAR-ŞEF GHEORGHE

(irritated)

What difference does it make?

(CONTINUED)

COMMANDER OLARU
(threatening)
Do as he says Gheorghe.

CLOSE ON- Razvan Concentrates on the flyer.

RAZVAN
Also... also, change the caption.

The Comisar throws up his arms.

COMISAR-ŞEF GHEORGHE
Oh for fuck's sake!

COMMANDER OLARU
Gheorghe...

The Comisar crosses his arms and glares at Razvan. Razvan still studies the flyer.

RAZVAN
Yes. The caption should read 'Have you seen this person?'

The Comisar bites down a retort. Puzzled, Commander Olaru frowns.

COMMANDER OLARU
Are you sure you know what you're doing, Razvan?

RAZVAN
I have a hunch.

GRIGORE
So, what? We completely abandon the prostitute lead?

COMMANDER OLARU
Some lead! Good job! You cleared the city's streets of whores! Not a wet pussy to be found anywhere except for your dirty mothers' you stupid sons of bitches!

GRIGORE
But--

COMMANDER OLARU
You're the butt! A woman, really? One woman taking on a whole room of men? You ass.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. MODEST CABIN/JÓZSA/MILOS' OLD BEDROOM - MORNING

CLOSE ON- Fully awake in the dark, Józsa/Milos curls naked in bed. Three untouched food trays lie on the floor beside him.

KNOCKING O.S. The door CREAKS open. Józsa/Milos shuts his eyes.

Silent and graceful, Mother Katalin pads into the room. She draws the curtains back; the light glares down on Józsa/Milos.

Józsa/Milos SUCKS HIS BREATH. He burrows further into the bedding.

MOTHER KATALIN

Józsa... it's been three days. You need to get out of bed.

Mother sits next to Józsa/Milos, his back turned to her. She faces the blind knots of his spine, trained on her like a row of eyes, his jagged shoulder blades pointed towards her. There is nothing soft about him, except for the pile of straight hair spilling over his face. She finally puts her hand on his head.

MOTHER KATALIN

After you ran away, he left too. Eventually going to university in the city.

Józsa/Milos SNARLS, twisting his head away from Mother's hand.

Palm still on the pillow where it fell, Mother presses on...

MOTHER KATALIN

I think he was hoping to run into you.

JÓZSA/MILOS

(loud)

I don't--

MOTHER KATALIN

--But after he got his medical license, he came back. For us. He's a Godsend, Józsa. You remember old Claudiu? Claudiu caught the grippe and died on his way to see a doctor in the city. That's what used to happen before Istvan came home.

(CONTINUED)

Silence. Mother gauges Józsa/Milos' temper. Finding no reaction, she reaches for him again, smooths his hair back. He lets her.

JÓZSA/MILOS

How long has he been taking care of you?

MOTHER KATALIN

A couple of years now. Around the time your father died. He helped me with the funeral.

With his back still turned...

JÓZSA/MILOS

I'm sorry.

MOTHER KATALIN

Why? I don't miss him.

Józsa/Milos rolls on his back, stretching. He looks up at the ceiling.

MOTHER KATALIN

Józsa... Where, I mean, what were you--What... Where have you been all these years?

Józsa/Milos looks at Mother.

JÓZSA/MILOS

I'll go get you the groceries. Can you write them down again?

Mother SIGHS.

MOTHER KATALIN

Józsa... you're not going out naked again, are you?

JÓZSA/MILOS

No, Mother.

Józsa/Milos gets out of bed. He brushes past Mother, out into the hallway.

JÓZSA/MILOS (O.S.)

Do you still have any of Father's old clothes?

Mother leans her head back in patient resignation.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF MODEST CABIN - NOON

Józsa/Milos steps out of the cabin. He is dressed in his late father's old clothes; He is dwarfed by the stained, oversized workman overalls and black wool jacket. His feet clunk clumsily in forest-green rainboots that are several sizes too large.

Mother Katalin eases the door shut behind him.

Six year old twin brother and sister, TAZ and TIZANE, are playing in the woods by the cabin. At the sound of the cabin door closing, they stare back at Józsa/Milos. Józsa/Milos attempts smiling...

JÓZSA/MILOS

Good mo-- Good day, hello there.

Giggling, the twins take off, running towards town.

Józsa/Milos' face sours into a grimace. He plods on after them, dragging his shoes on the ground so as to not fall off.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONSTANTA TRAIN STATION - DAY

POLICE OFFICERS post and hand out the Józsa/Milos flyers. The old stationmaster inspects one of the flyers.

INT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Razvan moves down the train, peering into each row of seats he passes. He smiles and nods his head, greeting WARY TRAVELERS along the way.

Bogdan and Grigore follow behind. Bogdan kicks a BUSINESSMAN's foot crossed over the border of the aisle.

HUSBAND and WIFE fuss over CRYING BABY. Lumbering behind them, Grigore slaps the back of HUSBAND'S skull.

GRIGORE

Shut that thing up!

Baby CRIES LOUDER.

O.S. An ANGRY WOMAN SHRIEKS INSULTS. The officers look up.

Angry Woman squeezes out of her row, almost falling over, clutching her skirts close. She moves to another seat, still CURSING behind her.

(CONTINUED)

ANGRY WOMAN
Pervert asshole!

Razvan walks up to the row she exited. He sees the Sweaty Old Man.

Sweaty Old Man takes one look at Razvan in his uniform, and pretends to be asleep.

Razvan smiles. He jostles the old man down the bench, into the angry woman's vacated seat, and sits beside him.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE - NOON

Józsa/Milos' awkward shuffle is transformed into a heavy limp; He throws his arms and shoulders into it. GRUNTING, he drags the weight of the too-big boots along, SCRAPING them against the loose gravel. The folds of his jacket whip around him. The wind blows his hair on end.

With wide unblinking eyes and a full set of barred teeth, he is searching the faces of the VILLAGERS around him, daring them to do or say anything to him.

But, Józsa/Milos might as well be invisible; nobody acknowledges his presence. however, BROKEN, HUSHED MURMERS are heard O.S. Józsa/Milos tosses his head from side to side, trying to catch one in the act of whispering.

Józsa/Milos shambles up the short steps into the provincial butcher shop.

Taz and Tizane are goofing off near the butcher's. Curious, they stop in to spy at Józsa/Milos.

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Shop bell RINGS.

Cold fluorescent light washes out the CROWD OF SHOPPERS; it paints a greenish hue on their upturned faces. It bounces off the walls' white tiles, and crashes into the many meat hooks and LOUD conveyor belts swinging overhead like a madman's chandelier.

Józsa/Milos tries to make his way through the crowd towards the high counter. But, with passive faces and their backs turned to him, the shoppers muscle him away from the counter; they hip-check him and back him towards the door.

(CONTINUED)

THE BUTCHER, ROBI, wears a white lab coat. He is taking orders and handing out neat little wax-paper parcels.

Józsa/Milos is still struggling against the passively-resistant shoppers; he tries to shout his order out...

JÓZSA/MILOS

A pound of... A pound of...

But, Robi pretends to not hear or see Józsa/Milos. Stretching across the high counter, Robi passes down a parcel to a PRETEEN GIRL.

Unintelligible with rage, Józsa/Milos leaps up and crashes unto the crowd, unsuccessfully attempting to body surf. He elbows several people in the eyes and mouths, some of whom are elderly.

He seizes upon the preteen girl and wrestles the parcel from her. The preteen girl SHRIEKS.

The crowd finally acknowledges Józsa/Milos, converging on him as he tries to make a run for it. He is in a tug of war with the butcher over the meat parcel, now unwrapped to reveal rabbit.

CLOSE ON- Józsa/Milos and Robi's hands sliding over the skinned, pink rabbit.

The preteen girl WAILS from the corner. A stout grandmother, VANDA, wallops Józsa/Milos with her leg of lamb. Blood from the lamb smears across his face.

VILLAGER1

Wait! Wait! The doctor said we can't touch her. She's pregnant.

GRANDMOTHER VANDA

(still walloping)

But, she's a thief!

CROWD

Thief! Thief!

With one hand still on the rabbit, a snarling Józsa/Milos reaches into his jacket and throws money into Robi's eyes.

ROBI

(panting)

We are... ehh.. trying to... ehh... bloody help... you, you fu--

(CONTINUED)

GRANDMOTHER VANDA
Come back dressed like a lady!

With a terrible GROWL, Józsa/Milos kicks Robi in the centre of his chest. Gasping for air, Robi sprawls across the floor. Grandmother Vanda jumps back to safety.

Józsa/Milos clutches the rabbit closer to him. He glares at the crowd multiplying between him and the door.

Shop bell RINGS again and again as more villagers pour in.

VILLAGER1
What do we do now?

TAZ
Doctor Istvan said just to ignore her--

PRETEEN GIRL
I want my rabbit! It's mine!

The crowd takes a collective step towards Józsa/Milos.

Józsa/Milos SNARLS. The crowd steps back.

VILLAGER2
Now what?

GRANDMOTHER VANDA
Let me at her! I'll straighten her out! I always said her mother was too soft--

TIZANE
Doc said you can't hurt her or you'll hurt the baby!

Frustrated, crowd ARGUES LOUDLY.

HIGH WHISTLE O.S.

The crowd quiets down to look back at the source of the whistle...

A wraith of a peasant woman, Zizi, balances a newborn on her bony, cocked hip, as a toddler hides behind her skirt.

Zizi takes her fingers out of her mouth. She peels back her lips and points towards several missing teeth.

(CONTINUED)

ZIZI

I lost these just by carrying my
babies; Pregnant women don't need
teeth.

CROWD

(echoing back and forth)
Pregnant women don't need teeth!
Pregnant women don't need teeth!

The crowd pushes past the disapproving twins, towards
Józsa/Milos.

Józsa/Milos bellows out a BATTLE CRY. He braces his feet
against the crowd, floppy rabbit bouncing in iron fist.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - EVENING

Police officers flag down trucks with passengers cramped in
the back.

CLOSE ON- Razvan holds up a flashlight. He has a Józsa/Milos
flyer clutched to his side.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIRT ROAD - SUNDOWN

Barefoot, Józsa/Milos makes his way back up the dirt road.
Aside from his father's rainboots, he has also lost the
rabbit.

Lamb blood sticks to his hair and face. He has a black eye,
but is otherwise fine. All teeth remain in tact. Animal fury
animates his little body.

Taz and Tizane tail him at a safe distance.

Józsa/Milos stops and whips around. He grabs for rocks and
hurtles them at the twins. They SHRIEK in childish
excitement.

JÓZSA/MILOS

This is the last fucking time I
tell you! Stop following me or I'll
break your fucking legs you little
shits!

The twins GIGGLE and scamper a little away, just out of
throwing range.

Józsa/Milos returns to his path. The children cheerfully follow.

INT. MODEST CABIN/FOYER - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON- Worried and waiting, Mother Katalin sits by the front door. Her head is resting on its side, held up by the palm of her hand. She is very weary.

Józsa/Milos storms through the front door. The wind tunnels in behind him, whipping the fire in the grate. His warped shadow stretches across Mother.

JÓZSA/MILOS

I said go home you sons of bitches!

Taz and Tizane SHRIEK and GIGGLE O.S.

MOTHER KATALIN

(meekly)

Józsa... dear...?

JÓZSA/MILOS

I'll get the groceries tomorrow.

MOTHER KATALIN

Okay dear, is everything--

JÓZSA/MILOS

I'm going to bed.

Józsa/Milos marches across the creaky floors and out of sight.

Mother SIGHS unhappily.

DISSOLVE INTO:

INT. MODEST CABIN/FOYER - NIGHT

KNOCKING on front door O.S.

Softly, Mother Katalin shuffles forward on slippered-feet to answer. Istvan steps in with bags of groceries.

ISTVAN

Good evening Mother, I hope I didn't disturb you, I--

O.S. rapid FOOTSTEPS thunder down, startling both Istvan and Mother.

Istvan quickly drops the bags by the door.

(CONTINUED)

ISTVAN

Erm, I don't want to take more of
your time, go--

Józsa/Milos charges across the floor. Mother YELPS. Istvan
takes off running.

SNARLING, Józsa/Milos descends upon the bags; he uses their
contents as ammunition to pitch at Istvan's retreating
figure. He kicks the rest of the bags outside and SLAMS the
door.

JÓZSA/MILOS

I will get the groceries. I will
get the groceries tomorrow.

MOTHER KATALIN

Yes, dear. Of course, dear. Get
some rest now. Good night.

Józsa/Milos stalks away again.

Mother glances after Józsa/Milos; assured that he has left,
she lowers herself to her knees and eases open the CREAKY
door, slightly. She blindly sticks her arm through the small
crack.

Mother comes up with an empty bag.

CUT

TO: INT. MODEST CABIN/KITCHEN - DAWN

CLOSE ON- Rubbing the sleep from her eyes, Mother Katalin
inches her way towards the kitchen. She turns on the light,
and jumps in surprise.

CLOSE ON- Józsa/Milos, dressed in his father's black wool
jacket, is sitting at the table. He stares up at Mother. His
black eyes glitter with unspoken violence, a strange
contradiction to his otherwise babyfaced features.

Mother tries to control her breathing. She slumps against
the wall.

MOTHER KATALIN

Józsa! I'm an old woman! What if I
fell?! What are you--

JÓZSA/MILOS

When do the shops open?

(CONTINUED)

MOTHER KATALIN

Huh? What are--

JÓZSA/MILOS

For the groceries. When do the shops open?

MOTHER KATALIN

At... at six, usually. The bakery opens at five though. Listen Józsa, I was thinking, how about we--

JÓZSA/MILOS

What?

MOTHER KATALIN

Nothing, nothing dear. I forgot. Do you want some eggs?

Józsa/Milos checks his watch.

JÓZSA/MILOS

No. I'll head out now. The bakery will be open soon.

Józsa/Milos stands up, he is wearing his old, pink rainboots this time. He reveals a rolling pin he had lying across his lap.

MOTHER KATALIN

Józsa! What are you doing with that? Give it to me!

Józsa/Milos looks down at the rolling pin, examining it. He frowns.

Józsa/Milos hands Mother the pin. He moves towards the corner of the kitchen, near some firewood. He bends down OUT OF FRAME.

Józsa/Milos re-emerges with an AXE. He holds it up to his face, a large grin breaks across his plasticine features.

MOTHER KATALIN

Józsa! Józsa! What are you doing?!

Józsa/Milos stalks out the door. Mother tries to catch up to him.

MOTHER KATALIN

Józsa!! Come back here! Józsa!

EXT. VILLAGE/OUTSIDE BAKERY - EARLY MORNING

Józsa/Milos holds the baker's truck hostage with the axe.

GABOR THE BAKER, the BAKER BOYS and a few CUSTOMERS gather outside the shop. Taz and Tizane laugh from the sidelines.

Gabor, the biggest and burliest man of the bunch, is wordlessly pacing the pavement across the street from Józsa/Milos. His bare, muscular arms roll and bunch with his fists. Before each turn in his patrol, he PUNCHES his palm. His sights fixed on Józsa/Milos.

Behind Gabor, the baker boys are armed with paddles and rolling pins. Restless, the boys SLAP the instruments against their knees and palms.

ADONY (DELIVERY BOY)

Get away from the truck you--

JÓZSA/MILOS

Two loave--two loaves of--

OGUZ (CASHIER)

If you break anything Józsa, I will break every bone in--

JÓZSA/MILOS

Throw the bread over here and--

SOMA (KITCHEN PREP BOY)

Why did you come back? We're sick of--

JÓZSA/MILOS

--or I will destroy--

ADONY

You better not bitch! you better not--

JÓZSA/MILOS

Do as I say you motherfucking sons of--

The boys continue to exchange insults and demands with Józsa/Milos. It's a CACOPHONY WITH EVERYBODY YELLING OVER ONE ANOTHER.

But, every time anybody takes a step closer to Józsa/Milos, he swings the axe down at the hood of the truck. When they immediately retreat, Józsa/Milos pulls the axe back at the last possible minute. This goes back and forth, the group getting louder and more anxious each time.

(CONTINUED)

Józsa/Milos and Gabor stare each other down.

Somebody O.S. throws the loaf of bread into a mud puddle.

Enraged, Józsa/Milos begins trashing the truck. Everyone charges at him. Józsa/Milos swings the axe around.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

A PEACEFUL ASSEMBLY of ladies (eight women) are milling around the cash register. They are patiently waiting to be served by the elderly shopkeeper, ZOMBOR, behind the counter.

Polite SMALLTALK is burbling in the room. This is as much an errand as it is a social visit for these ladies.

DORI

Did you hear? Poor Miruna is moving to the city.

ANETT

What?! At her age??

DORI

The whole village was condemned! Government said it was 'irrational' to keep.

ANETT

What's--

Józsa/Milos CRASHES through the store window.

Dori SCREAMS in short, even bursts of hysteria, more out of indignation than fear. Anett holds her hand to soothe her.

Outside, the baker boys quickly scatter. Zombor YELLS after them...

ZOMBOR

Who did this? Who is paying for this? Adony? Soma, I will tell your grandmother!

The twins race to the broken window and look in.

Bruised and bloody, Józsa/Milos picks himself up and looks around.

(CONTINUED)

Relentless like a heat-mad fly charging at a window pane, Józsa/Milos springs up over the counter and CRASHES into the shelves of products.

Józsa/Milos stuffs his overlarge coat with rice and cans while the ladies below YELL at him...

ZOMBOR

You! Get down from there!

DORI

--Always was a little asshole--

ANETT

You're too old for this shit Józsa!

DORI

--Poor Katalin--

Józsa/Milos leaps from the counter, but is foiled when Dori grabs the tail of his coat. He slams face-first into the floor.

The ladies descend upon him. He punches and kicks at them, but he's outnumbered. They grab his arms and legs.

Jumping up and down, the twins CHEER and WHOOP for Józsa/Milos.

TAZ/TIZANE

Go Józsa go Józsa go!!

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT/COMISAR-ŞEF OFFICE - MORNING

Commander Olaru leans in on the Comisar's desk. The Comisar is nowhere to be found.

Tight-eyed, Razvan is seated across from Olaru. He is framed between Bogdan and Grigore standing very close behind him.

COMMANDER OLARU

...and if he's not?

RAZVAN

He is.

COMMANDER OLARU

But, if he's not?

(CONTINUED)

RAZVAN

He is.

Olaru sits back.

COMMANDER OLARU

If you don't get him...

RAZVAN

I will.

COMMANDER OLARU

But, if you don't...

RAZVAN

I will. He's somewhere in Covasna.
I just need a little more time.

Olaru scrutinizes Razvan. Razvan does not blink.

COMMANDER OLARU

You'll need this...

Commander Olaru pulls out three government-issued guns in holsters. He places each in a neat row on the desk.

Bogdan and Grigore WHOOP. They punch their fists into the air before grabbing a pistol. Razvan frowns. He does not reach for his gun.

RAZVAN

Why? Milos is not armed.

COMMANDER OLARU

Times are changing. Every cop needs this in the countryside. It's from higher-up.

BOGDAN

What?? If I knew yokels get guns, I would have transferred--

RAZVAN

It's better if I just get a gun.

GRIGORE

We know how to shoot!

Scandalized, Bogdan and Grigore glare at Razvan. Razvan ignores them. Olaru shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

COMMANDER OLARU
It's not up to you. Stick to your
job, Razvan.

Bogdan and Grigore SNICKER.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIRT ROAD - AFTERNOON

Józsa/Milos runs, the twins not far behind him.

His torn, black coat flaps around him like a cape. He looks like Batman, if Batman were a bruised, pregnant young woman, barely out of girlhood, wearing her late father's too-big clothes. His face is fearless, strangely peaceful.

Józsa/Milos is chased by a MOB.

A long line of SHOUTING angry villagers follows him, made up of the very young and the very old, men and women alike. It's a scene from a warped Mother Goose story; but instead of a Golden Goose, Józsa/Milos is holding a leaking bag of flour with white downy dust clouds trailing behind him.

Józsa/Milos rushes home and SLAMS the front door. Taz and Tizane bang on the door.

TAZ/TIZANE
Let us in! let us in!

INTERCUT BETWEEN INSIDE AND OUTSIDE OF MODEST CABIN -
CONTINUOUS

At the sudden appearance of Józsa/Milos, Istvan and Mother Katalin stop talking immediately. They look nervous.

Istvan and Mother are in the same chairs they sat in the day Istvan proposed. But, Géza's chair is empty. The room is darker. And, instead of flowers and a bottle of wine, there are groceries on the coffee table.

Józsa/Milos throws Istvan out of the back door. He SLAMS and locks up behind him.

Józsa/Milos watches Istvan through the window.

Dusting himself off, Istvan goes out to meet the mob. They soon disperse. Glum, the twins drag their feet.

(CONTINUED)

Józsa/Milos turns back towards Mother. He unburdens scraps of food from his pockets unto the coffee table, next to Istvan's neat bags. A couple of eggs and tomatoes were smashed in his coat.

JÓZSA/MILOS
I'll get more tomorrow.

Silently, Mother runs her eyes all over Józsa/Milos.

Józsa/Milos turns around to go up to his room. Mother stares after him.

MOTHER KATALIN
Józsa... leave your clothes
outside. I'll clean and mend them
for you.

INT. MODEST CABIN/JÓZSA/MILOS' OLD BEDROOM - MORNING

Józsa/Milos rolls out of bed naked. The bruises have soured green over night.

Stretching his swollen joints, he stands up and wraps himself in a white blanket.

He limps out into the hall.

INT. MODEST CABIN/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Propped against a chair across from his bedroom door, is the colorful rural dress he arrived in.

CLOSE ON- Józsa/Milos stares at dress.

JÓZSA/MILOS
(calling out)
Mama...

INT. MODEST CABIN/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Józsa/Milos passes through the kitchen, looking around him.

JÓZSA/MILOS
Mama...

INT. MODEST CABIN/FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Józsa/Milos walks through the foyer, peering out the windows.

JÓZSA/MILOS

Mother...

He opens the door and peers outside. The clothesline is bare.

INT. MODEST CABIN/MOTHER KATALIN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The bedroom door SLAMS open.

Józsa/Milos storms in, making a beeline for the closet. He throws open one door; it's full of his mother's clothes. He hurries to the second closet door, only to find it empty except for a few bare hangers.

CUT TO:

INT. VILLAGE CHURCH - MORNING

OFFICER VOLKOV (O.S.)

...you have three days.

The pews are packed. All the villagers ARGUE in a panic.

An ancient pastor, FATHER ELEK, sits on the stone steps leading to the chancel. His head rests in his palms, his eyes are closed.

Looming above Father Elek, a young provincial policeman, Officer Volkov, stands on the topmost step. His arms are raised to stay the villager's CLAMOR. Four LOCAL COPS stand at his back.

OFFICER VOLKOV

You all have to leave in three days.

ROBI

And, if we don't??

OFFICER VOLKOV

The bulldozers will bury you under your homes.

Everybody erupts in PROTEST. Pale and afraid, Taz and Tizane hold hands.

(CONTINUED)

GABOR

You can't do this!

OFFICER VOLKOV

We can, and we will. It's irrational to keep a village of only 100 something people; you're a burden to government resources.

GRANDMOTHER VANDA

What government resources? Our families have owned these lands for generations!

OFFICER VOLKOV

You own nothing! Shut up or I'll take you in for agitation against the state!

The church echoes with the sounds of people CRYING.

Istvan strides towards Volkov.

The local cops fan around Volkov in a semi-circle. Their palms hover over their weapons.

Istvan only stops inches from Volkov. He looks down at the smaller man.

The church goes completely silent, lending an air of authority to Istvan.

ISTVAN

This is unacceptable!

Volkov brushes fingers against his pistol and leans in.

OFFICER VOLKOV

Is that a threat?

A few of the villagers rise from the pews. More follow suit. They all look expectantly towards Istvan.

Local cops unholster their guns.

CLOSE ON- Uneasy, Istvan glances at his people.

ISTVAN

We are going to appeal!

Volkov SNORTS. The villagers slump back down, eyes wet, jaws slack.

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER VOLKOV

Do what you like. The bulldozers
are coming on Wednesday.

ISTVAN

Who authori--

Józsa/Milos crashes the congregation. He is still swaddled
in his white blanket and nothing else except for pink
rainboots.

MOTHER KATALIN

Oh no...

JÓZSA/MILOS

(pointing at Istvan)

You stole my clothes!

The cops burst out LAUGHING. Istvan colors with
mortification.

Villagers look daggers at Józsa/Milos. Katalin dithers
towards him, hopelessly trying to pull him back. The twins
GIGGLE.

Józsa/Milos freezes at the sight of the cops.

Istvan marches towards Józsa/Milos. Józsa/Milos is trying to
look at the cops and simultaneously avert his face.

Istvan grabs Józsa/Milos by the arm and shoves him towards a
side room. Józsa/Milos allows himself to be pulled away from
the cops' attention.

OFFICER VOLKOV

(still laughing)

Remember! Three days!

Istvan SLAMS the door before Katalin can sidle in.

INT. VILLAGE CHURCH/SIDE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Józsa/Milos tears his arm out of Istvan's grip.

JÓZSA/MILOS

What do the police want?

ISTVAN

They're condemning the village,
Józsa! We're going to lose our
homes! Do you get it now? Can you
stop being selfish?

(CONTINUED)

Józsa/Milos is relieved.

JÓZSA/MILOS
Good. I hope it kills you all.

Istvan staggers back a step.

ISTVAN
You evil... you, you, psychopath! I
can't believe I ever-- I was ever
friends with you!

JÓZSA/MILOS
(screaming)
Good Istvan! Sweet Istvan! Doctor
Istvan! So above it all! You forget
I know you! I see through you!

Hurt bewilderment deflates Istvan. No room for anger, he
takes a pleading step closer to Józsa/Milos...

ISTVAN
...Crazy! What d--

JÓZSA/MILOS
You are no different!

ISTVAN
(desperate)
No different than who??

JÓZSA/MILOS
You are no different than the men--
You are no different than everybody
else!

ISTVAN
What men--

Józsa/Milos turns around.

JÓZSA/MILOS
(over his shoulder)
I better get my clothes back you
bastard!

Józsa/Milos climbs out the window.

Dumbfounded, Istvan stares after him.

INT. PROVINCIAL PRECINCT - DAY

Officer Volkov and the local cops are SHOOTING THE SHIT and playing poker. Their stained shirt sleeves are rolled. Their shirts are yellowed and wrinkled. Their jackets, ties and hats are strewn across chairs and kitchen-table-makeshift-desks.

The concrete, algae-green precinct is little more than a large hall with a few, rusted holding cells on the fringe. It's in a state of creeping decay.

Haggard but with beard and uniform impeccable as ever, Razvan sweeps into the provincial precinct. He is flanked by Grigore and Bogdan looking like steroid-powered minotaurs.

The local cops pause their shenanigans.

Annoyed at the interruption and bitter at Razvan's undeniable authority, Volkov sneers in their direction.

OFFICER VOLKOV

We're on break. Come back in thirty minutes.

SHENANIGANS go back up to full volume.

Without any warning or fanfare, Razvan strides across the room and sweeps the chair under the reclining Volkov.

CLOSE ON- Volkov CRASHES to the floor.

The precinct goes utterly silent.

CLOSE ON- Bogdan and Grigore appear behind Razvan's shoulders.

Bogdan shoves the Józsa/Milos flyer in Volkov's face, now properly chastened.

GRIGORE

Have you seen this man?

RAZVAN

(yelling)

Have you seen this person!! This person!

GRIGORE

(sheepish)

That's what I said.

A pregnant pause as Volkov studies the flyer.

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE ON- Volkov squints at the flyer in fierce concentration.

OFFICER VOLKOV
(disappointed)
I don't think I've ever seen him.

Bogdan passes the flyer around the room. All the local cops respond in the negative.

Razvan pinches his nose in barely-contained frustration.

Razvan pulls out a MAP and spreads it across the table.

RAZVAN
We've been travelling through the county, but this map is outdated. We couldn't find a few of the villages on here.

Eager to atone, Volkov scrambles up to stand next to Razvan.

OFFICER VOLKOV
Some of them have been systemized.

RAZVAN
Do you have a better map?

OFFICER VOLKOV
N-no.

Razvan's blinks back violence. He takes a DEEP BREATH.

OFFICER VOLKOV
But-but, you can ride along with us? We're going to be evacuating two more villages this week.

Razvan reopens his eyes.

RAZVAN
(over his shoulder)
Bogdan, Grigore. We're staying here tonight.

EXT. MODEST CABIN/WINDOW SILL - NIGHT

Drunk and wet faced, Istvan HOOTS hoarsely outside Józsa/Milos' house.

More out of shock than anything, Józsa/Milos opens the window.

(CONTINUED)

Istvan's face breaks into a pathetic smile. He sways in his spot.

ISTVAN
You remembered!

Józsa/Milos is silent, unmoved.

Istvan's face crumples. He looks to the ground.

ISTVAN
Józs... Józs... What do I do? What
do I tell everybody?

Józsa/Milos remains silent.

Istvan looks up towards Józsa/Milos.

ISTVAN
The appeal... Nobody would
listen... There's nothing...
Nothing--

JÓZSA/MILOS
Of course not.

Istvan's blinks away tears. He turns his face in shame.

Józsa/Milos rolls his eyes and sighs despite himself. He leans in on his elbows.

JÓZSA/MILOS
This isn't the first village and
it's not going to be the last,
Istvan.

ISTVAN
... Counting on me. What... What
was I supposed to do?

Earnest and pleading, Istvan looks up to Józsa/Milos.

Józsa/Milos studies Istvan's face.

Józsa/Milos leans in on the window sill.

JÓZSA/MILOS
(quietly)
You should have fought.

ISTVAN
I did! I was kicked out of every
government building in the city!
Józs--

JÓZSA/MILOS

At church. All of you should have fought the first time they came into your home. You shouldn't have let them walk away.

ISTVAN

Let them?? Józsa they had guns! They would have killed us!--

JÓZSA/MILOS

Not all of you, they couldn't.

Józsa/Milos straightens up from the window sill, his face imperious, his composure indestructible.

JÓZSA/MILOS

They were just five men.

Istvan stares open-mouthed at Józsa/Milos.

Istvan HICCUPS, then CHUCKLES.

ISTVAN

You haven't changed. Not a bit. Not one bit.

Istvan goes still for a moment.

ISTVAN

You can tell me, you know, who the father is?

Józsa/Milos turns to close the window.

ISTVAN

Wait! Wait! I have something...

Józsa/Milos pauses. He looks wary.

Istvan digs out a pair of BLACK PANTS and a few WHITE SHIRTS from his bag.

ISTVAN

My old school clothes...

Istvan holds the clothes up. Józsa/Milos doesn't move.

ISTVAN

I mean... They'll fit you better than your father's dirty old rags. Right?

(CONTINUED)

Istvan continues to hold the clothes up. Józsa/Milos makes no move towards them.

Looking away from Istvan, Józsa/Milos reaches for the bundle.

ISTVAN

Wait! Wait...

Józsa/Milos freezes; both of them are connected by the bundle held between their hands.

They lock eyes. Józsa/Milos is careful. Istvan is open.

ISTVAN

Józs... Back--back then, when I--I was young, I didn't mean, I mean I didn't think...

At a loss for words, Istvan breaks eye contact.

CLOSE ON- Józsa/Milos' hand grabbing the clothes; physical contact is broken.

CLOSE ON- Istvan looking down, feeling rejected.

JÓZSA/MILOS

Go home Istvan... while you still can, anyway.

Surprised, Istvan looks up. Eye contact is reestablished.

JÓZSA/MILOS

You're an idiot. Goodnight.

ISTVAN

Goodnight... brother.

Józsa/Milos closes the window without turning away from Istvan.

Istvan smiles up at Józsa/Milos through the clear glass.

FADE IN:

EXT. VILLAGE/OUTSIDE A BUS - AFTERNOON

CLOSE ON- Józsa/Milos in his colorful dress, scarf and inexpertly-applied make-up.

Ahead of him, Katalin SOBS into a handkerchief.

(CONTINUED)

With their palms laid flat and their trembling mouths steaming up the window, Taz and Tizane look out the bus at the long line of tearful villagers waiting to board. Everybody's meagre belongings, whatever they could carry with them, are bundled together at their feet.

Supervising, the local cops continually BARK out commands to keep the line moving, to keep quiet, to keep to a minimum of two bags, etc.

Young local cop, BECSE, dwaddles near Józsa/Milos. He smiles flirtatiously at Józsa/Milos.

Józsa/Milos immediately drops his gaze to his feet. He tries to conceal his face, but inadvertently appears demure.

Becse smiles bigger. Heartened, he takes a step towards Józsa/Milos.

Tight-lipped and still a little drunk, Istvan cuts into the line in front of Józsa/Milos. He glowers at Becse.

Becse stops in his tracks, looking from Istvan to Józsa/Milos. He scowls back at Istvan.

BECSE
(yells at Istvan)
Keep the line moving!

Józsa/Milos ducks his head further. Istvan stares Becse down. Finally, Becse moves away.

Istvan turns his attention to Józsa/Milos. He is baffled.

ISTVAN
What are you wearing??

JÓZSA/MILOS
Shh!

Another local cop, GERZSON, passes by them. Again, Józsa/Milos meekly lowers his head. Istvan stares at Józsa/Milos, bewildered.

Istvan opens his mouth, about to say something, when...

RAZVAN (O.S.)
Milos? Milos Szendrey?

All noise, every sound is muted, except for RAZVAN'S VOICE and Józsa/Milos' FAST BREATHING.

CLOSE ON- With a furrowed brow, Istvan looks up towards the speaker. Józsa/Milos is frozen, unblinking.

(CONTINUED)

RAZVAN

Milos?

Razvan stands with his head cocked to the side, taking in Józsa/Milos' alien appearance. A brilliant smile shines behind his signature beard.

Bogdan and Grigore look up from their posts. They start moving towards Razvan's voice.

Razvan takes a few steps forward.

Józsa/Milos, braces for a fight; he won't be taken alive. He steps out of the queue, sweeps off his shawl and raises the axe he's been hiding in the folds of his dress. He reveals a small pregnant belly in the process.

Razvan takes pause at axe and belly.

RAZVAN

I see.

Razvan's face darkens.

The volume on the world explodes back up. It starts with Grigore and Bogdan arriving at the scene with their guns trained on Józsa/Milos. They BARK out unintelligible, overlapping commands to drop the axe, to get on your knees, you're under arrest, etc.

The sight of the drawn guns creates chaos with the villagers running and SCREAMING that it's all been a trap. Despite her struggling, Katalin is pulled away to safety by Zombor.

Istvan steps forward with open palms raised. He's trying to reason with them, but human language is lost under OVERWHELMING NOISE. Grigore and Bogdan continue to SHOUT Józsa/Milos and Istvan down.

Józsa/Milos sucks in a deep breath and raises his axe higher. He's poised to commit his final act against his aggressors.

Hopeful that this is a misunderstanding, Istvan steps between the guns and the axe.

Razvan glides between Bogdan and Grigor. His mouth moving furiously, but still indistinct in the PANDEMONIUM.

Bogdan and Grigor finally shut up, their guns still raised.

The villagers, half their bodies still poised for flight, twitch at the edges of the scene. They watch and wait in PRECARIOUS SILENCE.

(CONTINUED)

GRIGORE

Milos Szendrey, you are under
arrest for the murder of five
police officers. Put the fucking
axe down!

The words "MURDER POLICE" travels between the circling wall
of villagers. Razvan looks around, uneasy.

JÓZSA/MILOS

Come and take it from me!

Istvan finally understands the situation. MURMERS ripple
across the villagers. Razvan attempts to reason with
Józsa/Milos...

RAZVAN

Don't be stupid Milos, we have
guns...

JÓZSA/MILOS

Go fuck--

ISTVAN

Wait! Wait!

Istvan waves his hands around, palms still facing out.

ISTVAN

I don't know who this Milos--

GRIGORE

Don't play dumb!

With eyes locked on Bogdan, Józsa/Milos tries to sidestep
Istvan. Again, Istvan steps in front of Józsa/Milos. They
continue this awkward dance; neither standing still.

ISTVAN

But that's my childhood sweetheart,
my wife, Józsa--

BOGDAN

Liar!

Józsa/Milos SNARLS as Istvan blocks him again and again.

ISTVAN

Look! Look! She's never left the
village! We're expecting our
first--

(CONTINUED)

BOGDAN
--Aiding and abetting--!

ISTVAN
She's been here with me the whole
time! It doesn't make sense! You
can't arrest a pregnant woman--

GRIGORE
He or she is coming with us! Now
get out of the way or I'll shoot!

Anxious, Razvan keeps looking around him; many of the
villagers are inching closer, mesmerized. And, even more
people are pouring out of the government bus.

Becse and Gerszon back away, slowly.

RAZVAN
Don't shoot!

Grigore and Bogdan SNORT in reply; their patience with
Razvan has expired. They take a decisive step closer to
Istvan and Józsa/Milos.

BOGDAN
(at Józsa/Milos)
You are going to pay, pervert!
You'll wish you were dead!

ISTVAN
Please! Please! Stop this!

Grigore pistol-whips Istvan and drags him back by the hair,
away from Józsa/Milos. The villagers CRY OUT, some SHOUTING
ISTVAN'S NAME.

Józsa/Milos takes advantage of the distraction and the now
open shot, to hurl the axe at Bogdan.

The axe hits Bogdan in the neck. Bogdan flinches and
SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER. Villagers SCREAM LIKE EXCITED ANIMALS.

The bullet goes wide. It hits the bus instead. Bogdan
crumples to the ground.

Razvan reaches for his gun, but is tackled by Gabor and Robi
from behind.

Grigore shoves Istvan to the ground in order to raise his
gun with both hands. Once Istvan is at Grigore's feet,
Grigore CRACKS Istvan's skull with his boot, twice. O.S. a
woman SCREAMS.

(CONTINUED)

ADONY

They killed Istvan!

RAZVAN

Stop!

DORI

Istvan! Istvan! They killed Istvan!

Józsa/Milos and the villagers ROAR as they descend on Grigore. Istvan's name sounds high and multiplying above them.

Józsa/Milos is quick, crouched low to the ground like a predator. His rouged mouth makes his teeth shine brighter and appear larger.

RAZVAN

Stop! Everyone, stop!

Grigore starts SHOOTING.

RAZVAN

Hold your fire, you idiot! Stop!

One bullet hits Józsa/Milos in the shoulder, just above the breast. It knocks him back.

Józsa/Milos falls to the ground. He is swallowed up by the tide of angry bodies rushing in to get at Grigore. Other SHOTS stray or hit other people; Soma is down. But, Grigore is soon overcome.

Grigore SCREAMS from under the angry mob. It's a scrimmage gone horribly wrong.

Dropping the wrung and limp mass that was Grigore, the mob turns its attention to the bus.

Alone, the BUS DRIVER shuts the door. Frantic, he attempts to start the ignition. But the mob overturns the vehicle. Using matches and smashing alcohol bottles, they set the bus on fire.

Józsa/Milos looks towards Istvan's limp body.

Nearby, Robi prods Razvan in the back with his gun. Robi and Gabor force Razvan down on his knees.

RAZVAN

Gentleman, this has gotten out of hand--

(CONTINUED)

GABOR

Shut up!

ROBI

(to Gabor)

What do we do now?

Clutching his bleeding shoulder, Józsa/Milos rises slowly. He walks towards Grigore's body, and picks up the gun from a sticky pool of blood.

Józsa/Milos faces Razvan, taking aim. Light and shadow from the burning bus play across Józsa/Milos' indecipherable face.

Uncertain, Robi and Gabor exchange glances. But, Razvan knows what's coming.

RAZVAN

I was just doing my job.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

O.S. a single SHOT echoes through the woods.

Becse and Gerzson run for their lives, tripping, crawling and scrambling the whole way through. Their labored BREATHING and HEARTBEATING race against each other.

No one in the village notices their escape.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE/OUTSIDE BURNING BUS - CONTINUOUS

O.S. single, slow, steady HEARTBEAT.

CLOSE ON- Smoking gun barrel.

CLOSE ON- Józsa/Milos' steady aim and impassive face. The remains of his makeup have melted into war paint.

Suddenly, Józsa/Milos winces. He clutches at his injured, bloody shoulder. His knees fold to the ground. Istvan's ruined head and twisted neck are visible in the background.

Running legs and grasping arms crowd both fallen figures. Istvan's body and Józsa/Milos are lifted off the ground, and spirited away.

INT. VILLAGE CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

O.S. DISTORTED BREATHING and ARRHYTHMIC HEARTBEAT.

Bleeding, sweating and furiously blinking back unconsciousness, Józsa/Milos is carried into church.

Józsa/Milos rolls his head to the side and finds Istvan lying on the floor close by. Somebody covers Istvan with a sheet. A couple more bodies are carried in. Mother Katalin grasps Józsa/Milos' face with both hands. She forces his gaze away from Istvan's shroud, and unto her. She is coaxing him, but Józsa/Milos cannot hear a word.

Józsa/Milos looks down at his blood-soaked dress as Dori cuts it away with scissors. She pulls it back to reveal the bullet wound.

Józsa/Milos bites down on a belt. Several strong arms hold him down. Father Elek is digging the bullet out with a knife. Katalin brushes Józsa/Milos' hair back. She pleads with Father Elek, but Józsa/Milos still cannot hear a thing. He passes out.

SILENCE

FADE IN:

INT. VILLAGE CHURCH/LIVING QUARTERS - EARLY MORNING

Asleep, Józsa/Milos turns his head. His face lands in a brilliant pool of sunlight. He blinks himself awake.

In those brief forgetful moments between sleep and wakefulness, Józsa/Milos pulls himself out of bed, only to CRY OUT against his shoulder wound and crash back down.

Cautiously, Józsa/Milos sets his bare feet on the stone floor. He looks to his suitcase.

INT. VILLAGE CHURCH/PRIEST BATHROOM - EARLY MORNING

Stepping out of the shower, Józsa/Milos carefully cleans and dresses his new wound.

He pulls on Istvan's old WHITE SHIRT and BLACK PANTS. They are a perfect fit, even with the small pregnant belly poking through the middle.

Józsa/Milos stares at his reflection in the mirror. His hair has grown out of the service regulation haircut. He slicks the wet hair back, and rolls his sleeves up. He is the picture perfect, and pregnant, angry young man.

INT. VILLAGE CHURCH - MORNING

FATHER ELEK

Holy Lord, almighty and eternal
God,
hear our prayers for your servants
whom you have summoned out of this
world.

With rolled sleeves, blood stained hands and purple hollows under ancient eyes, Father Elek is giving a funeral service for the villagers they've lost in battle. He is barely able to stand at the raised chancel.

FATHER ELEK

Forgive their sins and failings
and grant them a place of
refreshment, light and peace.

A few shrouded bodies lie below him on tables of different heights and sizes. One of which is clearly a bright pink linoleum kitchen table. There wasn't enough time to prepare coffins.

The surviving villagers, in various states of dishevelment and injury, pack close together in the hard pews. Rows of vacant eyes and slack mouths gape at the fading Father Elek. Taz and Tizane sleep leaning into each other.

FATHER ELEK

Accept them into your safe-keeping
and on the great day of judgment--

Józsa/Milos strides through the door at the side of the chancel. Father Elek STUTTERS. The villagers rouse a little. MURMURS break through the ranks of the mourners.

Józsa/Milos spares a glance at the dead.

FATHER ELEK

--R-raise them up with all the
saints to inherit your eternal
kingdom.

JÓZSA/MILOS

Is this all?

STUNNED SILENCE.

JÓZSA/MILOS

(louder)

Is this it? Are there more?

(CONTINUED)

Grandmother Vanda BURSTS OUT CRYING. Zombor holds her against him. He glares at Józsa/Milos.

FATHER ELEK
Son--err, d--daughter...

Józsa/Milos narrows his eyes.

FATHER ELEK
A little sensitivity is in order.
We have lost many...

Father Elek returns his attention towards the congregation.

FATHER ELEK
But, we have also survived much.
The sacrifices of our kin, our
friends and neighbors, are not in
vain; We defended our home and--

Józsa/Milos SNORTS. The mourners are horrified, SHOUTING. Adony collapses into TEARFUL HICCUPS. Robi bolts up from his seat.

Mother Katalin scurries over to sweep Józsa/Milos back through the door. Józsa/Milos resists, ignoring her all together.

JÓZSA/MILOS
I counted at least six officers
yesterday. How many bodies are
there?

Katalin stops her attempts, her hands freeze on Józsa/Milos' good shoulder. Her eyes wide...

MOTHER KATALIN
There are only four of them. The
rest are ours.

Katalin backs down.

ROBI
What difference does it make?? Stop
being a shit for once! For once,
just shut up and sit down!

Józsa/Milos' hooded eyes belie the grin pulling at the side of his face.

JÓZSA/MILOS
What is it exactly that you think
is going to happen next?

Józsa/Milos moves his burning gaze across the congregation; some flinch.

JÓZSA/MILOS

Huh? All of you, what is it that you are expecting now?

ROBI

What's done is done! We'll be left alone!

Józsa/Milos bursts out LAUGHING. It unsettles the mourners; A YOUNG MOTHER frets with her NEWBORN's blanket, irritating the SQUALLING infant in the process; An OLD FARMER wrings his weathered, brown hands. Robi is pale with rage.

ROBI

That is it! That is fucking it!

Robi whips through the mourners, knocking a few down, to exit the pew. He barrels towards the chancel.

ROBI

I'm not--We're not going to sit here and listen to some confused, hormonal girl! You shouldn't have ever come back! Nobody wants you here!

Eyes narrowed into black, tightly-lidded smiles, Józsa/Milos silently holds his ground.

ROBI

Did you hear me?? Get out! Out!

Robi takes a hesitant step towards the unblinking, unmoving Józsa/Milos.

GRANDMOTHER VANDA

Is it true...?

Robi falters.

GRANDMOTHER VANDA

What they said... Did you really... kill all those policemen?

WHISPERS rustle through the congregation.

Józsa/Milos doesn't take his cold smiling eyes off Robi. He answers the question at his leisure.

JÓZSA/MILOS

Yes.

GABOR

How?

JÓZSA/MILOS

Bottle-opener.

The congregation grows more excited.

GABOR

H-how??

Despite the standoff with Robi, Józsa/Milos can't help but look aside and frown at Gabor, finding the question stupid.

JÓZSA/MILOS

Stabbing.

The church ceiling rumbles with FEARFUL NOISE. Startled birds shoot up from the rafters.

VILLAGER1

Where should we go?

VILLAGER2

Can you get help?

VILLAGER3

Do you have guns?

ROBI

(softly)

What do we do?

Solemnly, Józsa/Milos returns his attention towards Robi.

CUT TO:

INT. PROVINCIAL PRECINCT - NIGHT

Becse and Gerzson fall over each other, both trying to get through the precinct door first. Their uniforms and faces are utterly bedraggled.

Volkov shoots up from his chair at their sudden appearance.

OFFICER VOLKOV

Where were you you bastards?! It's been two days!

First to come through, Gerzson rushes towards the sink and sticks his head under the faucet, desperate for water.

(CONTINUED)

Becse slams and locks the door behind him. He barrels towards a file cabinet to pull out a homemade liquor bottle (tuica). He takes a deep pull, only stopping to come up for air.

Livid, Volkov pulls up Gerzson's soaking head from under the faucet.

OFFICER VOLKOV
What happened??

GERZSON
We got lost.

OFFICER VOLKOV
What?! Where is your vehicle??

BECSE
The villagers, they--they ran us out; killed the city cops, and ran us out.

The blood drains out of Volkov. He runs to check the locked doors and peers through the windows. He shuts the lights and shutters.

All the local cops in the precinct rise from their seats; they look nervously towards Volkov.

OFFICER VOLKOV
I knew they were trouble! Those dumbfucks from the city ruin everything! They don't know how things are done around here!

BECSE
The man they were after, Milos...
Milos Selmys? Milos Stanescu?

Volkov pulls out the Józsa/Milos flyer from his breast pocket.

OFFICER VOLKOV
Milos Szendrey.

GERZSON
Yes! Him!

BECSE
He's wanted for murder boss! Murder of five city cops!

GERZSON

We were ambushed! He's the leader!

Volkov's eyes bug out.

OFFICER VOLKOV

(softly)

Dear God... I knew this day would
come, but...

Everyone closes in around Volkov to hear the rest...

OFFICER VOLKOV

Brothers... We have a rebellion on
our hands.

SHARP INHALE OF BREATH. Terrified, the cops look towards one
another for confidence or answers, but find neither.

GERZSON

What do we do?

Volkov lowers his head as if in prayer, his eyes unreadable.

Volkov moves towards the phone. He picks up the receiver and
dials a short number.

Seeing this, the cops become even more nervous. Gerzson
snatches the tuica liquor bottle from Becse, and upends it
down his throat.

OFFICER VOLKOV

(small voice)

This is Officer Eliade Volkov,
Covasna provincial district 3. I
need to report a rebellion.

FEMALE PHONE OPERATOR (O.S.)

(smoothly)

Please hold.

REEDY VOICE (O.S.)

What is the situation?

OFFICER VOLKOV

Who is this?

REEDY VOICE (O.S.)

I ask the questions here, Officer
Volkov, age 29, address Primaverii
nr. 12, sector 1, Sfantu Gheorghe,
unmarried. For instance, I can ask
how is your cripple father, Ionel

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

REEDY VOICE (O.S.) (cont'd)
Volkov, age 50? Or how is your
younger brother, Timotei Volkov,
age 25? I hear he recently had a
baby girl, Cosmina Volkov, age 65
days, born 3.4 pounds--

OFFICER VOLKOV
Okay! Okay!

Volkov wipes the sweat from his upper lip.

OFFICER VOLKOV
We have a rebellion in the village
of Zalánpatak. Four Officers
killed. Rebel leader is Milos
Szendrey. We were informed that
he--

REEDY VOICE (O.S.)
Has killed five of our men before.

SILENCE. Volkov is about to speak but remembers to hold
back.

REEDY VOICE (O.S.)
We'll be at your precinct tomorrow
afternoon. You'll lead us to the
village.

Terrified, Volkov rubs his mouth and chin.

REEDY VOICE (O.S.)
Don't you want to ask what are we
going to do?

OFFICER VOLKOV
Ye--No. No, Sir.

REEDY VOICE (O.S.)
Good. Leave the thinking up to
those with creativity and
imagination.

Volkov shivers at the last words. Reedy Voice HANGS UP.
Volkov sets the phone down.

EXT. VILLAGE - MORNING - MONTAGE

Villagers stuff empty grain bags with soil.

In a human chain, they pass the full bags down the line, and onto a barricade surrounding the church and small town center.

Tires and bits of barb wire also make up a part of the blockade.

INT. VILLAGE CHURCH - MORNING - MONTAGE

Carrying boxes of liquor bottles, a long file of villagers amble down the isle to deposit their cargo with Father Elek.

Over at the corner, squatting beside a mountain of laundry and furiously working, Mother Katalin, Zizi and Oguz TEAR clothes into thin strips.

EXT. DEMOLISHED NEIGHBORING VILLAGE - MORNING - MONTAGE

Józsa/Milos and the baker boys walk across a leveled field.

Recent tire tracks from the bulldozers stitch across the buried remains of the village. Odds and ends litter the bleak landscape, such as a bathtub, a door frame, a chimney, clothes, etc.

Shabby STRAGGLERS, the few people whose homes were destroyed but still stayed, watch from their tents.

Adony picks up a crooked pitch fork; Gabor hauls a tire.

Józsa/Milos surveys the scene one last time before he makes his way back to the baker's truck. The baker boys follow.

The stragglers leader, EGYED, trots towards the truck. He engages Józsa/Milos in conversation (indistinct).

Egyed WHISTLES back to his followers; The stragglers load up into the back of the truck.

EXT. VILLAGE/ ROAD - AFTERNOON - MONTAGE

A large number of LIVESTOCK (cows, pigs, bulls, horses, asses and sheep) are herded into the town centre, past the barricades.

(CONTINUED)

Hobbling after the cattle, OLD FARM WOMAN is CRYING out for the SHEPHERDS to stop. Shepherd DOGS BARK at her.

Her SON catches up with her, and holds her against him to calm down.

OLD FARM WOMAN
(tearfully)
What will we do?

INT. VILLAGE CHURCH/SIDE ROOM - EVENING - MONTAGE

Józsa/Milos, Gabor, Robi, Father Elek and Katalin convene around a map.

JÓZSA/MILOS
We'll need a scout here and here--

A couple of villagers burst through the door, YELLING.

VILLAGER1
You can't do this!

ZOMBOR
It's not fair!

Still in intense conversation (indistinct), Józsa/Milos, Robi and Gabor don't look up from the map.

Father Elek and Katalin hurry over, gently sweeping the outraged villagers back out the door.

FATHER ELEK
--Our only chance.

MOTHER KATALIN
We'll rebuild after, I promise.

END MONTAGE

INT. PROVINCIAL PRECINCT - AFTERNOON

LOUD KNOCK at the door.

Drunk and barely breathing, the local cops GROAN. Becse has a wet stain spreading across his crotch.

Another LOUD KNOCK.

(CONTINUED)

The furniture is pushed up against the windows and doors. The lights are out. The local cops are sprawled against the floor with several empty liquor bottles rolling between them.

Final LOUD KNOCK.

REEDY VOICE (O.S.)
Officer Volkov, open the door!

INDISTINCT SPEECH O.S. behind door.

SECRET POLICE KICK the door down. The file cabinet reinforcing it, topples over and CRASHES to the floor.

Local Cops wince and cradle their heads or shield their eyes against the weak sunlight.

A blur of dark figures, the secret police, sweep into the room and pull Volkov up by the hair.

The secret police disperse as quickly as they materialized, Volkov in tow.

Remaining local cops shiver against the wind blowing through the broken door.

EXT. WOODS - SUNDOWN

Four secret police cars and a large, armored military bus CRASH through the woods. The cars have the SIREN on.

High up, perched on a tree branch, Tizane scouts the intruders from far away.

Tizane WHISTLES to Taz, who is a very distant shape in the woods. Taz WHISTLES back. They each climb down from their posts and scurry towards the village.

INTERCUT BETWEEN GIRL SIBLING AND BOY SIBLING RUNNING

Barricades straight up ahead, Tizane takes a sharp left towards an open door and goes through the kitchen, brushes past the stove. Never stopping, she leaps out of the open living room window, heading back towards the wide open barricade entrance.

Taz shoots through the front of the Convenience Store, and leaps out the back.

(CONTINUED)

Side by side, the twins hurry inside the barricades. Baker's truck acts as a gate, and reverses back to close the entrance behind them.

CHURCH BELLS peal.

EXT. VILLAGE/ INTERCUT BETWEEN OUTSIDE AND INSIDE BARRICADE
- NIGHT

REEDY VOICE

Stop here.

The police cars and military bus grind to a halt at the village border. The barricades are a few yards up ahead.

Reedy Voice steps out of the car. He's a small, mean looking man with an overlarge mouth. Holding a bullhorn and looking ahead, he smiles ugly.

Grabbing Volkov by the scruff, Reedy Voice forces him out of the car and shoves the bullhorn into his hand. Next, Commander Olaru gets out of the car Looking like a withered skin bag of bones and ancient evil.

Scared sober, Volkov nods his head at Reedy Voice and Commander Olaru. Volkov takes two steps in the direction of the barricades...

OFFICER VOLKOV

(through bullhorn, shaking)

Good people of Zalánpatak, I am Police Officer Volkov. You have a murderer and state traitor in your midst. Hand over Milos Szendrey, and all will be forgiven. We understand that you were unknowing victims in his schemes.

Inside the barricades, Józsa/Milos tenses. He grips his axe a little tighter.

GABOR

It's a trap!

ROBI

Look! That's a small army! They're not letting us get away with anything!

Grandmother Vanda precariously clammers atop the barricade walls.

(CONTINUED)

GRANDMOTHER VANDA
(yelling to the secret police)
You little piggys can run all the
way to the market, nobody's for
sale here!

Volkov is dismayed. Commander Olaru is enraged. But, Reedy Voice is excited, smiling bigger than ever.

REEDY VOICE
(to his troop)
Move in.

Secret Police troops beat a war tattoo against their shields. They advance as a block towards the barricades. They move past the convenience store. Reedy Voice, Olaru and Volkov stay back by the vehicles.

A single flare is shot through the night sky. It crashes through the convenience store window.

REEDY VOICE
(through bullhorn, laughing)
That won't help you. Hand him over,
and we'll pretend the past few days
never happened.

BOOM! The convenience store explodes, taking a good chunk of the secret police with it, and sending more flying ahead towards the barricades.

Caught off guard, Reedy Voice falls back on his ass from the explosion.

The remaining troops hustle towards the barricades. They pass by a house.

Two more flares shoot out and hit the house. The house explodes, thinning more of the troops.

Scrambling from the ground, Reedy Voice SCREAMS OUT.

REEDY VOICE
Is that it?! You run out of
buildings to blow up you dumb
hicks?!

Remaining troops huddle closer together in the middle of the road, trying to stay away from anymore exploding buildings.

The barricade gate opens (the baker's truck moves aside). Reedy Voice narrows his eyes.

MOOOOOOOOOO O.S.

(CONTINUED)

Livestock, strapped with baggage, stampedes through.

SECRET POLICE OPERATIONS LEADER
Take cover! Take cover!

Józsa/Milos stands on top of barricade walls. Reedy Voice scowls. Józsa/Milos smiles, and shoots another flare.

The flare hits one of the animals' load and it catches fire. Soon, the whole stampede is on fire.

Mad with fear, the blazing stampede tramples many of the Secret Police. A few animals crash into the police vehicles. Reedy Voice and Volkov barely jump out of the way in time.

Volkov takes off running between the animals.

REEDY VOICE
Coward! Deserter! Deserter!

Reedy Voice levels a small pistol at Volkov's back. He shoots him dead.

Commander Olaru takes cover inside the car. Rusty with arthritis, he crawls into the floor of the backseat. ANIMAL FOOTSTEPS and BREAKING GLASS thunder above him.

Before the remaining Secret Police troops can regroup or get their bearings, the villagers and their DOGS pour through the barricade gate with makeshift armor and weapons such as cabinet-doors, pitchforks and Molotov cocktails.

BEGIN MONTAGE

- Anette skewers SECRET POLICEMAN1's spine with a pitchfork.
- SECRET POLICEMAN2 shoots Egyed in the face.
- Józsa/Milos hurtles a Molotov cocktail at SECRET POLICEMAN3. Secret Policeman3's front and belt catch fire. The bullets in his guns go off, blowing a hole in his middle and hitting fellow officers around him.
- Two dogs tag team SECRET POLICEMAN4; One bites into his neck, the other attacks from behind.
- SECRET POLICEMAN5 shoots down a SHEPHERD and his dog. But he is then bludgeoned from behind with a spade by ADONY.
- CLOSE ON- Józsa/Milos' snarling face as he hurtles another Molotov cocktail into the night.

END MONTAGE

EXT. VILLAGE ROAD/OUTSIDE BARRICADE - EARLY MORNING

Weaving between smoking rubble and little fires, Józsa/Milos picks his way towards the CASUALTIES.

Using the butt of his axe, Józsa/Milos turns over WOUNDED VILLAGER's body to look at his face. Wounded Villager MOANS.

JÓZSA/MILOS

Here! Quickly!

Katalin and Father Elek hurry over to Józsa/Milos, lugging Istvan's medical bag with them.

SOFT WHIMPERING O.S.

Józsa/Milos' eyes flick up towards the sound. Katalin and Father Elek bend towards Wounded Villager's injuries.

Józsa/Milos walks over to a charred and smoking body of a horse.

SOFT WHIMPERING continues.

Józsa/Milos looks behind the smoking carcass to find Reedy Voice pinned underneath, his little body completely burnt and broken, but still alive for the moment.

Józsa/Milos makes eye contact with Reedy Voice. He moves on, leaving Reedy Voice still SPUTTERING behind him.

COMMANDER OLARU (O.S.)

Milos... Milos, Son...

Józsa/Milos freezes in his tracks.

COMMANDER OLARU

Son, Milos, h--help me...

Józsa/Milos turns around towards a flattened, gore-streaked car. Olaru has managed to squeeze his head, one arm and shoulder through the open door, but the ceiling and front car seat have caved in, trapping him underneath.

Józsa/Milos raises the axe half-way.

COMMANDER OLARU

No, you can, you can help me...

Józsa/Milos raises the axe above his head, about to swing.

(CONTINUED)

COMMANDER OLARU
No! Not yet! Not yet!

Without looking up from their post, Father Elek and Katalin flinch when they hear a LOUD, WET THUMP O.S.

BEGIN MONTAGE - VARIOUS LOCATIONS

Actual news reels reporting the fall of the Romanian communist regime (overlapping, and in different languages):

- a) Video of demonstrations in the city of Timișoara.
- b) Video of Ceausescu's last speech.
- c) Video of Ceausescu's capture and trial.
- d) Video of Ceausescus' executions, and the subsequent celebration on the streets.

END MONTAGE

EXT. WOODS SOMEWHERE IN COVASNA - SUMMER

SIX YEAR OLD BOY scampers through the woods. The boy hides behind a tree to snoop at a STAG feeding.

A grimey hand grabs the boy's shoulder from behind. Boy is startled, scared. Stag takes off running.

The boy turns around to face the MAN grabbing him. Yipping, the boy buries his face in the man's torso.

ISTVAN II (BOY)
Daddy!

Older, surlier and dressed like a farmer, Józsa/Milos pats his son's blonde head awkwardly.

JÓZSA/MILOS
Come along Istvan, time to go home.

THE END.