

This is a work of fiction. Any similarity to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events, is purely coincidental.

The SARGENT gives a hand signal to the drivers. They relay the order and the forty soldiers in the two trucks quickly array themselves for entry into the central building. YAGAINY and two soldiers walk toward the building's entrance. The two soldiers hold open the large wooden doors.

YAGAINY silently motions to the troops and they silently rush into the building. Some soldiers remain behind to guard the trucks and keep any foolish people away.

CUT TO:

INT. TENTH FLOOR HALLWAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER  
The soldiers quickly and silently take their positions at ALL of the 20 doors along the long barren hallway. At least three soldiers wait silently at each thin wooden door.

YAGAINY walks up to door 1014 and looks at it with hate. He looks over to the SARGENT standing in the middle of the hallway and nods once. The SARGENT quickly drops his raised right arm. All at once the soldiers kick in each door and rush the dark rooms armed with their rifles and large powerful flashlights.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT NO. 1014 - A FEW MINUTES LATER  
YAGAINY enters the lit room. VADIM, a 50 year old terrified man, his wife TANYA and their three young children are all kneeling in the shabby living room with their hands above their heads. One of the three soldiers is standing behind them with his rifle at the ready. The other two soldiers are making a shambles of the apartment looking for something.

YAGAINY looks around the room and turns an upturned chair over and places it directly in front of VADIM. He calmly sits down and looks at the man for several long seconds. The family avoids his eyes. Read My Script

YAGAINY

I am CAPTAIN YAGAINY of the Ministry for State Security. VADIM MIKALAYOVICH you, your family and neighbors are black marketeers. You have been profiteering from the purchase and re-sale of meat.

VADIM

No COMRADE CAPTAIN! We have not bought or sold any meat!

YAGAINY

You have sold more meat in the last weeks than any three State stores in Moscow combined. You will tell me who has been supplying you with stolen state property.

VADIM

I swear to you COMRADE CAPTAIN I sold nothing. I gave it to people. They were hungry so I feed them. I wanted to help them, that's all!

YAGAINY

Feeding the people is the responsibility of the State VADIM MIKALAYOVICH. You and your family and neighbors will now *help* in the salt mines for the rest of your lives. But before you leave for that hell you will tell me what I want to know. Or I assure you that I will personally guide you through a worse hell than a deep, cold, dark mine.

The THREE SOLDIERS walk into the tiny living room each holding a 20 pound cut of fresh beef. They

have four yards of sausage links draped around their necks.

SOLDIER ONE

There's several hundred  
kilos in the bedrooms  
COMRADE CAPTAIN.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOSCOW HOUSING BLOCK - SEVERAL MINUTES LATER  
The sixty or so men, women and children are being roughly loaded into the backs of the transport trucks. They are still in their bed clothes. Many don't have their shoes. Few have their winter coats. Men are put into one transport, women into another and children into the third.

**Excerpt from:**

**"TO EACH HIS NEED"**

by

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**July 17, 2017©**

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