

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

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.

CUT TO:

INT. MOSCOW MILITIA (POLICE) STATION NO. FIVE - NEXT MORNING 8AM

Its a busy morning. Drunks are being taken to the drunk tank, prostitutes are being taken to their holding cells. LT. YOSEF ROSKEIM and his friend LT. ILLIA NEROV are standing around the large tea pot making small talk and hoping someone brought in sugar somehow. YOSEF is an attractive man in his mid-thirties, six feet tall with a slim, toned build, short dark hair and brown eyes. ILLIA is in his early thirties, 5' 11" with short black hair, green eyes and a friendly face that doesn't belong on a cop.

ILLIA

They rounded up the twentieth floor.

YOSEF

"Moscow's Butcher"?

ILLIA

He hasn't given up his supplier ... yet. They don't even know how he got all that fresh meat into his apartment. I heard that three MGB surveillance men and their families will be joining them all down in the mines for failing to find how he did it.

YOSEF

Such are the rewards of the
Ministry for State Security.

Excerpt from:

"TO EACH HIS NEED"

by

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