

ROMAN: Hello, Marla Grayson. I don't like you.

MARLA: You only just met me.

ROMAN: You know, you remind me of someone I knew when I was younger. She was fiery, like you. Amusing, confident. Uncooperative. I cut all her fingers off with a bread knife. She's buried underneath a Jimmy John's now. Don't underestimate me.

MARLA: Who are you?

ROMAN: A dangerous man.

MARLA: It says that on your business card?

ROMAN: You should be scared right now.

MARLA: Why? Are you gonna make another big fucking speech? ... Ow! ...  
Ow. Jesus fucking Christ.

ROMAN: You stole something from me. Something more than an old lady. You know what I'm talking about. Right now I have men searching for what you stole. They are tearing apart your office, your home. And if they do...

ROMAN (CONT'D): ...not find what they're looking for, I will tear you apart until you tell me where they are. ...

*ROMAN shows her video on his phone.*

ROMAN (CONT'D): Do you recognize that woman Marla? That's your mother, isn't it? After I destroy you, I will destroy her.

MARLA: Go ahead. I don't give a shit about that fucking sociopath.

ROMAN: You know, I... I don't like being angry. I much prefer to be calm. But you... have compromised a life I spent years carefully building. Do you know who I am?

MARLA: No, but I think I can guess. You're either Nicholas Ignatyev or Roman Lunyov. My bet is you're Roman, 'cause you seem more like a boss than a soldier. So, you faked your own death and then were afraid your Cleveland friends would use your mother to flush you out, so you turned her into Jennifer Peterson.

ROMAN: I'm going to kill you now.

MARLA: Okay.

ROMAN: You're not afraid of death?

MARLA: Do you remember how scary it was in 1807? No, me neither because I wasn't alive yet. It'll feel the same way when I'm dead. Not even nothing. Why be scared of that? Anyway, you don't need to kill me. When you sent that lawyer with a case full of money, your instinct was right, I'm willing to be bought off. Your man just came in too low.

ROMAN: Do you have a figure in mind?

MARLA: Yeah. I want \$10 million.

ROMAN: Of course you do. You are... brave, Miss Grayson. Stupid, but brave.

MARLA: Well, to make it in this country, you need to be brave. And stupid and ruthless and focused. Because playing fair, being scared, that gets you nowhere. That gets you beat. You know that. And I wanna be rich, Mr. Lunyov. I wanna be very... fucking rich. And my bet is that \$10 million, that's not such a big deal for you. But for me, that's a start. That's enough to be able to use money as a weapon, like a bludgeon, the way real rich people do. That's what I want.

ROMAN: You hold no cards.

MARLA: I have your mother and your diamonds. I've made sure that if I die, you'll never see those diamonds and it'll be so... complicated to extricate your mother from her situation... that it'll take years before she sees freedom. If she even lives that long. Just pay me off. It's the easiest way.

ROMAN: Get rid of her. Make sure it looks organic.