

Pyramiden, Polar night.

SASHA is resting against a wall. SLAVA is sitting at the opposite wall and has her rifle pointed at him, alert and waiting. SASHA's rifle is placed to the side, far out of his reach.

SLAVA: You're going to stay right there. If you move then I'll shoot you.

SASHA: What's this about?

SLAVA: You tell me, "Sasha".

SASHA: Did you hit me? You can't do that. Did you actually hit me?

SASHA staggers to his feet, clutching his head.

SLAVA: Stop talking! You've done nothing but lie to me this whole time. You don't work for the company, do you?

SASHA: Slava...

SLAVA: You're a freeloader, a parasite, living here on company property, pretending to be one of us but you're not.

SASHA: I was here long before you were. This is my home. I don't need permission to live in my home.

Beat.

SLAVA: So that's it then.

SASHA: That's it.

SASHA: So, what happens next?

SLAVA: The company is sending someone to collect you.

SASHA: And then?

SLAVA: They'll probably want a word. Trespassing, property damage, illegal settlement.

SASHA: I live here, I've always lived here.

SLAVA: Not legally. The law is the law.