

Egend

By

Gerasimos Rozis

@2018, Rozis Gerasimos

mrozis@gmail.com

**FADE IN:**

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

WASHINGTON DC.

PAUL, early 40s, impeccably dressed, a fistful of daisies, kneels in front of a grave. Eyes a playful photo of them, over a daisy field under the tombstone inscription '*Beloved Angela and Adam*'.

Not far behind him, stands NICK (40s), Paul's stoic bodyguard. Tall, muscular, always alert.

After a brief moment of silence, Nick gets next to Paul.

NICK

We have to leave sir. It's time.

Paul places the daisies onto the grave. Kisses the photo.

They leave towards the car.

EXT. CRYPTOHQ - FRONT GATE - DAY

Paul and Nick arrive at the front gate of an impressive skyscraper, which dwarfs the adjacent buildings. A large sign next to the entrance reads CRYPTOHQ.

The car slows down. Nick pokes his head out a window. The gate opens as they cruise past dozens of heavily armed men in Kevlar and blue shirts marked Constel Security.

Parking spot in front of the main entrance reads 'Vice President'. Paul and Nick storm of the car.

INT. CRYPTOHQ - LOBBY - DAY

Lots of people going in and out the main entrance. Security is even tighter inside. Cameras, heat signature and thumbnail control systems are everywhere.

In the presence of Paul's secretary HELEN, mid thirties, a beautiful and elegant woman, dressed in a stunning woman suit, Paul and Nick go around all those checking procedures, bypassing the security checks.

HELEN

Good morning Mr Vice President.  
Good morning Nick.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

Good morning Helen. Are we on schedule?

HELEN

Yes sir. The General is here already. Mr Rogers is at the conference room too.

They get inside the executives' elevator. Helen reaches for the top floor button.

INT. CRYPTOHQ - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Paul and Helen enter. Through the glass, Nick is seen standing guard outside. MR ROGERS (60s), CryptoHQ CEO, distinguished, gray, stands, hugs Paul, whispers in his ear. Paul shakes his head.

Rogers turns to the others at the table. This includes a five star general in full uniform with all the ribbons and a bald CIA type in glasses in a streamlined suit.

MR ROGERS

Gentlemen, you all know Paul Roosz. He is our vice president and truly the man behind every great project of this company.

Deep breath.

MR ROGERS (CONT'D)

And in fact, the man with the ideas.

GENERAL STEIN

Yes indeed, we all know who's getting our millions!

MR ROGERS

Paul, this is General Stein from the Cyber Command, Mr Atkinson from the CIA, and Dr Dawkins from the NSA.

Paul handshakes them, sits next to Mr Rogers. Receives some papers.

MR ROGERS (CONT'D)

Paul, we have an agreement. Our proposal has been approved. They have agreed to our terms.

(CONTINUED)

Paul has a glance through them. Turns to the last page, signatures everywhere.

PAUL

That's perfect. We will start immediately.

GENERAL STEIN

(serious)

Needless to say how vital is the deadline on this. I'm dead serious. Don't fuck up. The upgrade on our systems has to be completed until the end of the following month. It's the lives of my men that depend on your job.

MR ATKINSON

(relaxed)

I need to know who's aware of the project during all the stages. I don't like leaks. You have a report ready, I want to know immediately.

MR ROGERS

16 years now, no leaks so far for CryptoHQ Mr Atkinson.

PAUL

I will assign the project to Derek's team. You already know everyone there. If any further addition to the team is required, I'll send you the information, to give us the go.

MR ATKINSON

Same procedure?

PAUL

As always.

GENERAL STEIN

So we are done! 3 months for you gentlemen, 190 millions. That's not bad!

MR ROGERS

Not bad at all! Now, let's move to my office for a drink gentlemen. Let us Paul handle the paperwork..

Everyone stands up and retires, besides Paul. Remains deep inside his chair, looks upwards, thinks. Shortly after, he retires too.

INT. CRYPTOHQ - PAUL'S OFFICE - DAY

Paul enters his office in a rush. Passes by Helen's office, placed just outside his. Not a word. Sits behind his desk. Stares the photo of his wife and kid with looks the same with the one onto their grave.

He picks up the telephone and calls Helen.

PAUL  
Helen, call Derek, I want to see him.

HELEN (V.O)  
Right away sir.

Paul hangs up. Reads the documents. Shortly after, Helen knocks, enters. Daisies in hand.

HELEN  
Can I just leave them here?

PAUL  
You haven't forgotten, none of those years.

HELEN  
No Paul, I have not.

PAUL  
Thank you Helen, thank you.

HELEN  
You know, it was an accident. It wasn't your fault.

Paul stares the picture in front of him.

PAUL  
I know.. I know..

HELEN  
I....

A knock on the door. It's DEREK, the young project manager. He is just 30 years old, dressed cozy, wearing white sneakers. The only one dressed like that in CryptoHQ. Rushes inside.

(CONTINUED)

DEREK

Hello sir. Did I interrupt anything?

PAUL

No, have a sit Derek.

Helen leaves.

DEREK

I'm sorry for your loss sir. I know it's been five years now... but... I'm sorry..

PAUL

Thank you.

A brief moment of silence.

PAUL (CONT'D)

So you already have 2 projects for the time being... Now you have a third one.

Paul's face looks like almost smiling.

DEREK

That's fine sir, I'll handle it.

Paul hands Derek the documents.

PAUL

The military upgrades its RAND system. They asked for a new communication protocol encryption.

DEREK

(reading the file)

I can see a five layer cipher. That's gonna take some time.

PAUL

Do you need any new guys there? We have a 3 month deadline on this.

Derek has a thorough look over the documents.

DEREK

Maybe two more guys for the decoding? My team will handle the encryption and the cipher.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL  
Done, I'll make the arrangements  
then.

Derek stands up and leaves. Paul picks up the phone.

PAUL  
Helen, get Richards on recruitment.  
We need two new guys for Derek's  
team. He'll notify you with the  
details.

HELEN (V.O)  
Standard procedure sir?

PAUL  
Yes.

Paul hangs up. Opens the first desk drawer and gets a  
cigarette. Lights it up, smokes. Watches closely the exhaled  
smoke. Looks like daydreaming.

INT./EXT. HOUSE OF ANGELS - LUNCH ROOM - DAY

A nineteenth century old building, with a marquee reading  
'House of Angels', is an Institution that houses kids with  
mental disabilities and various behavioral problems. A ghost  
sign next to the entrance indicates the building's untreated  
condition.

Inside the House of Angels lunch room, more than 100  
children, from age 8 to 15, eat. Complete silence, no matter  
their huge number for such a small area.

Around them, the institution's employees stand, watch  
closely. Ring of a bell. BARRY a HoA employee, fat and ugly  
around 50s, shouts aloud.

BARRY  
OK, time is up children. Leave your  
spoons down and go back to your  
rooms. NOW!

The kids get up, leave the room. However, a table with 5  
kids around it, aged around 15, do not follow.

Among them there is MARK, whose large and athletic body  
frame make him look like a 20 years old. Swears more than  
anything and enjoys being the leader of the pack.

(CONTINUED)

BARRY

Do you need a personal invitation  
Mark?

MARK

Fuck you!

The kids near Mark move up their pace. They avoid getting too close. Among them, there is STEVEN, a thin and short 14 years old autistic.

Mark gets up, grabs his plate and throws it upon Steven's head. No reaction at all. Another HoA employee, TRAVIS, late 40s, heads slowly towards Mark.

Until he gets there..

MARK

(to Steven)

Hey retard! Pick it up!

Mark knocks Steven out of the way.

MARK

Pick it up I say or I'll punch you  
in the face! Retard!

Steven picks up the plate. Places it on the table.

MARK (CONT'D)

Don't touch my plate retard!

With a swift move, Mark slaps Steven. At the same time Travis gets next to Mark and grabs him from the neck.

TRAVIS

Are you looking for trouble boy?  
You want another day in Bella?

MARK

Fuck you too!

TRAVIS

That's it. Bella time for you  
asshole!

Travis drags Mark all the way towards another room. He opens the door.



INT. HOUSE OF ANGELS - BELLA - DAY

Bella is a dark square room, empty, windowless, looks like a cage. A sponge-like protective material cover the walls.

TRAVIS

Get in there you piece of shit.

Mark bursts into tears. His earlier cockiness is now gone.

MARK

Come on! Not again! Please, not again!!

Travis shuts the door. Mark punches it from the inside.

TRAVIS

Let's see how tough you are now.

Travis presses a computer button outside Bella. A continuous deafening hissing noise sounds. Raises the volume.

Mark jumps here and there hitting the walls with rage and despair at the same time.

INT. HOUSE OF ANGELS - PLAYROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Gray painted walls, clean, very few toys around. The autistics play a strange looking card game. The cards have a picture and a word written on top of them. The kids place the cards randomly at the center of the table, while the others respond by raising their arms holding the same type of cards.

Some other kids fight over their toys, others play on their own around the room.

The HoA employees do not seem to care. They just walk around.

Mark is next to the corner with his two best friends, DAN and STAN, chatting. Both of them look chubby, mean, spoiled.

MARK

Hey guys, look at those retards. Do you want to play tonight or not?

DAN

Yeah bitch, I wanna play!

(CONTINUED)

STAN  
I want to play too!

MARK  
OK, it's your turn to choose.

STAN  
Well...

Stan looks around the room.

STAN (CONT'D)  
You see that retard with the red  
shirt over there?

MARK  
Who? That fat bitch?

STAN  
No! not that jerk, he is too fat! I  
don't like him! I'm talking about  
that kid who touched your plate  
during lunch.

MARK  
Yeah, right, he cost me 4 hours in  
Bella. We'll get him after  
midnight.

Mark gets up, rushes towards Steven who sits next to his  
autistic friends.

Mark snatches Steven's cards and throws them up onto the  
air. Couple autistics scream. Steven does not even blink.

ALAN a 16 years old chubby dyslectic kid gets up and gets in  
between. Hugs Steven with his right arm, while raising his  
other arm protecting him.

ALAN  
Go aaay!

The HoA employees watch, but don't interfere.

MARK  
(to Steven)  
We'll talk again, when your  
bodyguard is absent retard.

Mark retires to his corner.

MARK (CONT'D)

We'll handle Alan tonight. I'll  
take care of that Steven tomorrow.

Alan caress Steven's head. With a trembled voice..

ALAN

Doon't be afraaaaid.

Steven sits down, brings his knees close to his chest, hugs  
them tight.

INT. CRYPTOHQ - PAUL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Paul sits behind his desk. Helen knocks, enters.

HELEN

It's almost midnight. Won't you go  
home?

PAUL

I think I'll stay here tonight.  
Have few more things to check. You  
can go though, get some rest.

HELEN

You know, if you want to talk, you  
know I'm always here for you. I can  
stay.

PAUL

Better not tonight Helen, it's late  
already.

HELEN

Of course. Have a good night sir.

PAUL

Paul. Always been, and always will  
be Paul for you my Helen. I just  
want to.... stay alone for tonight.

HELEN

Have a good night Paul. And thank  
you.

PAUL

(smiles)

Thanks for the flowers..

INT. HOUSE OF ANGELS - BEDROOM - MIDNIGHT

Around 15 kids sleep. Alan's and Steven's beds are close by.

The door opens and Mark along with Dan and Stan get inside.

They walk by Steven's bed, lean over Alan. Dan forces a towel into Alan's mouth, as the other two drag him to the ground. Alan resists, but his bodyweight cannot match the others' power.

Half awake, floundering, Alan gets near the room's exit. He tries to scream, but the towel is being forced against his mouth even harder. Dan and Stan punch him in the stomach several times.

Another child wakes up, eyes Mark. Mark notices. Gets over him.

MARK

If you say a word, you will take  
his place. Got that?

The kid shuts his eyes instantly. Steven awakes, watches everything. That draws Mark's attention.

MARK (CONT'D)

Your turn is coming tomorrow  
retard. Now go back to your fucking  
sleep.

Steven keeps his eyes on. The others leave the room.

INT. HOUSE OF ANGELS - CORRIDOR - SAME NIGHT

The boys drag the exhausted Alan all the way to the end of the corridor, next to a huge closet. Remove his trousers. Alan resists even more, until Mark chokes him unconscious. Gets his pants down. They push Alan inside the closet.

Shortly after, Barry notices them. He gets close and slaps Mark.

BARRY

What the fuck are you doing here?  
Get back to your beds now!

The boys leave in a hurry, run away.

Barry gets his trousers down, as Alan slowly comes to his senses. Tries to get out of the closet. He is free of the towel, cries.

(CONTINUED)

Barry hesitates, stops.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
Listen to me you fucking fat bitch.  
You know what will happen if you  
say anything about this.

Alan continues to cry, but makes less and less noise.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
Say yes. You won't say anything.  
Say yes.

With a trembled voice, Alan responds.

ALAN  
Yee..sss.

BARRY  
Get back to your bed. And make no  
noise, or I will come back.

Alan gets his trousers up, leaves the closet, returns to his bedroom. He looks in pain, shaking. Every other kid inside the room looks like sleeping, besides Steven.

INT. HOUSE OF ANGELS - MEETING ROOM - NEXT DAY

All the kids are there.

PARKER, late 50s, a HoA employee, yells.

PARKER  
OK children, it's Saturday today.  
Some of you may have a visitor, so  
be polite and always behave. Please  
have your cards ready and do as we  
have told you. If anyone does not  
act accordingly, there will be  
consequences.

The doors open. Few people enter. Looks like parents or just various relatives. Hugs, kisses, a warm welcome.

Steven has a visitor. It's his 20 years old brother MIKE. Mike approaches Steven and hugs him. He gets no response, but he knows better. He sits close by.

MIKE  
How are you my brother? Are you OK?

Steven picks a card from his deck and places it on top. It's a figure of clown, with the word 'happy' on it.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Happy! I'm happy for you too  
Steven! How was your week?

Steven does not respond, while Travis stands alert next to them, constantly watching over.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
That's fine, I'll talk, and you  
will listen.

Mike takes a deep breath.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Aunt Mary is fine, she got a job  
into a very nice house and she will  
visit you as soon as possible. Her  
boss will not let her out on  
Saturdays, that's why she is not  
here today.

Steven plays with his deck of cards, keeps on mixing them.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
I got my first straight As at  
school. Perhaps I'm getting as  
smart as you!

No response whatsoever.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Here! I got you another present!

He unwraps the present, reveals a magazine.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
It's your favorite! Look, look  
here!

Mike reveals a page with 3 puzzles in it. Weird random numbers and letters everywhere.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
You know, if you solve this, we'll  
get the 10k once again. It's money  
we need Steven. And aunty will be  
very happy if you do it.

Steven does not react.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Steven, mom and dad died. There is  
no one left to take care of us.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MIKE (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Who's gonna pay your bills?  
Our house? You have to help me out  
brother!

Steven lets his cards down, extends his arms, gets the magazine into his hands.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
There you are, use my pen!

Steven takes the pen, removes its cap. Circles some random letters and numbers.

Takes him less than a minute for the first puzzle.  
A-C-L-C-E.

Another minute for the second puzzle. D-9-X-Z4-Y-U-W-QV.

Another 3 minutes for the last one. D-8-U-8-4-F-6-H-1-N-8.

He pauses and stares Alan, who is curled up alone, against the wall. Focuses back into the puzzle. At the bottom of the puzzle, he writes something.  
LKDFALKHF09FDUS8F979JH897F23H4GL14.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Are you sure it's the correct  
answer brother? That looks pretty  
long!

Steven slowly places the pen cap back on, hands it back to Mike. Returns to his card play.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
OK then, you are the boss. I'll  
send this as soon I get back home.

Mike gives Steven a kiss. Gets up and leaves.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Get well brother. I will see you  
again soon with the results! I  
think they will announce the  
winners next week.

INT. CRYPTOHQ - PAUL'S OFFICE - 3 DAYS LATER, MORNING

Helen knocks. JOHN the recruit manager stands next to her, holding a pile of papers.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

John is here with the recruitment results. Want to see him now?

PAUL

Have a sit John.

JOHN

Thank you sir.

PAUL

So, what do you have for me?

JOHN

Here it is sir, we had 4 candidates.

PAUL

Did you send them to Mr Atkinson?

JOHN

Yes I did and he gave us the go on two of them.

PAUL

That's perfect then. Call them up for their contract details and send the others their checks too.

John hands a paper to Paul.

JOHN

Sign here please... for the checks.

Paul signs the paper.

PAUL

We're done. Thank you John.

John stands up, hesitates leaving. Sits back down.

JOHN

Well sir, I would like to talk to you about something regarding the results.

PAUL

What's up?

JOHN

Well sir, I do not completely agree with Mr Atkinson.

(CONTINUED)



PAUL

Agree or not, we have a contract we cannot mess with. I'm sure that CIA has its reasons, whatever they are.

JOHN

Yes but sir, just give me a minute please to explain.

PAUL

OK, you have your minute.

John hands four documents over to Paul.

JOHN

Our 4 winners are an 84 years old professor from Idaho, crazy about puzzles and cryptography, two double phd external partners who work currently on math ciphers and they have worked for us on earlier projects and last but not least a 20 years old unemployed kid with nothing into his bio.

PAUL

What's your point?

JOHN

Look sir, for the last 9 years our company has recruited the best and we keep on looking for the next best thing available every time. Right?

PAUL

Go on.

JOHN

When we go public with these puzzle competitions using just a tiny part of our ciphers, we're basically looking for monkeys who can read. Right?

PAUL

What do you mean?

JOHN

It's really simple. We currently have 1,2 million subscribers for our magazine who just buy it for its puzzles. The last three days

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOHN (cont'd)  
alone, we had another 7 million registered users who joined in the competition through our website. So we are talking about 8 million people in the States alone, that tried to read our cipher. 8 million brilliant minds. Out of those 8 million, 72 went through the first puzzle, the coding, 13 broke the second cipher, the key, and 4 of them solve the third, the language. Out of those 4, the three of them had not just the skills to do it, but also access to books, computers and God knows what else. But one of them, had... pretty much nothing.

PAUL  
Could have been a puzzle maniac, a genius kid or something, but that won't change the result. They all got it right.

JOHN  
Yes, true that. All 4 of them read it right. But that kid, also wrote something using the same cipher. So what I'm talking about here, is while we were searching for a monkey that can read, we got us a monkey who can read and write. And I bet that it took him less than a minute to do it.

Paul looks stunned.

PAUL  
What? It's not possible to encrypt anything without our keys.

JOHN  
I thought so too, but have a look into his puzzle.

John points the extra numbers on Steven's paper.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
At first I thought it was some kind of a joke, but then I had it checked through the mainframe. Although he didn't really decrypt our keys, he just used them to write that word.

(CONTINUED)

John reads it. At the bottom of the page, the words "heLP uS" are written next to Steven's. Paul is skeptical.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You can also see that he mixed lower case letters and capitals.

PAUL

We don't use six bit segments in our puzzles.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Exactly!

John looks excited.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Well if it's not the Russians, then he is the one to recruit and not the others.

PAUL

I don't think the Russian Government do care about 10k per year.

JOHN

And.. you know.. There is something else too.

PAUL

What else?

JOHN

I went through our last seven puzzle competitions. That guy, Mike Mands, has solved every single puzzle in our magazine, during the last 3 years. It's the same handwriting. He never shows up for an interview, just collects his check through the post office. Who the hell is in need of 10k, is unemployed, but still denies a 200k job?

Paul looks skeptical. He turns around his chair, stares outside the building.

PAUL

Do as I told you. We'll get the two guys that have already worked with us.

(CONTINUED)

Paul turns.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
But don't send that kid his money.  
I'll give him the check myself.  
Tell Helen to call him and set up a  
meeting with me tomorrow.

JOHN  
Are you sure he will show up?

PAUL  
I think he needs the money. He'll  
show up. And if he still needs a  
job, I'll find one for him. He  
deserves one.

John gets up, looks justified. He walks away.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Nice job John.

JOHN  
Thank you sir.

INT./EXT. CRYPTOHQ - LOBBY - NEXT DAY

Mike Mands arrives at the CryptoHQ front entrance.

Stands still, amazed by the view. Sticks out like a sore  
thumb, dressed in a pair of jeans and a football jersey.

Nick awaits there, somewhere behind the lobby control  
systems.

Mike takes a step forward, as a security guard approaches  
him.

SECURITY GUARD  
Can I help you sir?

MIKE  
I think so.. I had a call for an  
interview..

SECURITY GUARD  
Your name sir?

MIKE  
Mike Mands.

(CONTINUED)

## SECURITY GUARD

Please empty your pockets, cell phone and any other metal objects on you sir. Leave them here.

The security guard points Mike the way through the metal detector. Mike empties his pockets. An old cellphone and some coins is all he's got on him. Gets through.

Nick notices his name on the computer system and rushes towards him.

## NICK

I'll take it from here. Follow me sir.

Nick places a visitor label on him. They enter the elevator. Mike is speechless, as they reach the top floor.

The door opens. Helen awaits there.

## HELEN

Welcome Mr Mands. The vice president will see you now. Please follow me.

They head towards Paul's office. The door is wide open.

## HELEN (CONT'D)

Mr Mands is here sir.

## PAUL

Welcome Mr Mands, please have a sit. Thank you Helen.

Helen leaves, closes the door behind. Mike sits while Nick stands somewhere at the back, alert.

## PAUL (CONT'D)

Well Mr Mands, I have your check here, you did it, you know.

Mike mumbles.

## MIKE

Eh, thank you?

Paul gets up, heads towards Mike, cheque in hand.

## PAUL

I have a question for you though. Which word describes our puzzle better? Fistel or Skipjack?

(CONTINUED)

Mike looks confused. Turns his head, stares Nick. Remains speechless.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(smirks)

You really don't know. Do you?

MIKE

Listen.... sir, I'm just here for the money.

PAUL

You didn't answer my question. Fistel or Skipjack? Just pick one, 50% chance for you to get this right and the cheque is yours.

MIKE

Hmm, Fistel?

Paul 's face gets all over Mike's.

PAUL

None.

Paul takes couple steps back.

PAUL (CONT'D)

So you didn't solve the puzzle, neither you wrote the message. Do you even know that CIA, NSA and some other spooky agencies are checking on you as we speak?

MIKE

But I didn't do anything. I just sent you the answer, because my family needed the money.

PAUL

Fair enough, but who wrote it?

MIKE

My brother Steven, sir.

PAUL

And why didn't Steven send it himself? Why did you use your personal details instead of his?

MIKE

Well, Steven cannot write English like us, normal people. He just likes solving puzzles.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

What do you mean by normal people?

MIKE

Steven is autistic sir. He cannot communicate like us, he just can't.

Both Paul and Nick look stunned.

Paul slowly heads towards his desk, sits behind it.

Nick closes up on Mike and stares at him. Killer look.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Why are you looking at me like that? It's the truth!

PAUL

Where is your brother now?

MIKE

At the House of Angels institution.

Nick speaks for the first time. Looks at Paul.

NICK

Sir I..

Paul raises his hand, signals Nick to stop. Extends his arm, cheque still in there.

PAUL

Give him the cheque. We're done here.

Nick passes the cheque to Mike.

NICK

Follow me Mr Mands.

MIKE

Thank you sir.

Nick escorts Mike outside.

NICK

I'm sorry sir, I should have checked that guy myself. I should..

PAUL

That's fine. But it's not him I worry about.

NICK  
It's Steven, I know.

PAUL  
Check this out.

Paul shows Nick Steven's paper.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
This is what troubles me.

NICK  
Do you want me to have a look at it  
sir?

PAUL  
No. Just go. I need a minute alone.

NICK  
Yes sir.

Nick leaves.

Paul opens the bottom desk drawer. Stares a pack of cards  
and a childish pen. Gets the cards and looks at them.

FLASH INSERT

Angela and Adam play on the beach, Paul holds the camera.  
Shoots a video. They look happy.

Adam tries to free himself from his mother hug. Reaches for  
his pack of cards. Angela does not resist.

They start to play with the cards. Angela calls Paul to play  
along. Adam turns to his father and calls him to join in,  
shouting.

ADAM  
Coom! daaaa! dd!

He is autistic too.

BACK TO SCENE

Paul places the cards back inside the drawer. Leaves the  
office.

Helen and Nick chat. They stop in Paul's presence.

PAUL  
Helen, I'll take the day off  
tomorrow. Cancel all my meetings.

(CONTINUED)



HELEN

Of course. Will you take a rest sir?

PAUL

No, I have to go somewhere. Nick, you'll come with me.

HELEN

Do you want me to make any kind of arrangements sir?

PAUL

No thank you.

Paul and Nick enter the elevator.

NICK

Are we going to the House of Angels sir?

PAUL

Yes.

NICK

I'll handle the security then sir.

PAUL

No need to.

NICK

It's standard procedure sir, please.

PAUL

OK, but no more than couple of normal guys this time. Please let them know, I do not want them to look like war heroes or something this time.

NICK

Yes sir.

PAUL

Give me 5 minutes with Rogers and we'll meet back at the lobby.

NICK

Of course.

Paul gets off the elevator to the next floor, while Nick continues his way down.

INT. CRYPTOHQ - LOBBY - DAY

Nick makes a call.

SARAH (V.O.)  
This is Constel Group Security. How  
can we help you?

NICK  
Hello Sarah, this is Nick from  
CryptoHQ.

INT. CONSTEL GROUP - TELEPHONE CENTER - DAY

SARAH, mid30s, redhead, sexy, friendly voice, answers the  
call.

SARAH  
Hello Nick, how's my favorite  
agent?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

NICK  
I'm fine Sarah. Thanks for asking.

SARAH (V.O.)  
(almost singing)  
Is it me you're looking for, or  
just a another job?

Nick smiles.

NICK  
Well, I just need two guys for  
tomorrow.

Sarah types into the computer.

SARAH  
Purpose?

NICK (V.O.)  
Social.

SARAH  
Time and place?

NICK (V.O.)  
9.00 am, House of Angels  
Institution.

(CONTINUED)

SARAH

It's done. And don't forget! Always  
a pleasure Nick.

NICK

Thank you Sarah.

Nick hangs up.

EXT. HOUSE OF ANGELS - YARD - LATE AFTERNOON

The autistics play their usual card game, while the others  
play soccer.

Mark kicks the ball with rage. Hits a kid at the back, slows  
down and rolls away from them. It slows down, touches  
Steven, who jumps away like being struck by a thunderstorm.

Mark gets next to him, catches the ball.

MARK

How dare you touching my ball you  
retard?

Steven does not respond. He avoids Mark. Mark stays on him.

MARK (CONT'D)

I'm talking to you. Why did you  
touch my ball?

Mark pushes Steven against the wall and punches him twice  
onto his chest and his right arm. Unanswered attacks. None  
of the HoA employees interfere.

MARK (CONT'D)

(whispers)

You'll pay for this retard. I will  
come for you tonight.

Alan gets up, but he doesn't engage. Mark notices.

MARK (CONT'D)

Your fat ass boyfriend won't save  
you again retard. See you later.

Mark gets back, continues his play. Alan sits down. Steven  
follows reluctantly, this time a few feet away from his  
friends.

INT. HOUSE OF ANGELS - BEDROOM - SAME NIGHT

The boys are inside their beds, but just a few of them sleep.

Mark and Stan enter the room. Approach Steven. Couple kids scream. Mark and Stan look surprised by the kids reaction, but they attack Steven nevertheless. Some kind of police rubber button blasts Steven's body relentlessly. The blanket is his only defense.

Almost every single kid in the room screams. Marks stop and alongside Stan, run away.

Everyone stops. Complete silence. Steven pops his head out of the blanket. He cries silently. Curls up in pain. Shuts his eyes.

EXT. HOUSE OF ANGELS - ENTRANCE - NEXT MORNING

Paul and Nick arrive at the House of Angels. Nick stops the car and gets out.

Two guys dressed in black suits await close by. Nick approaches, chats with them. Points his finger around the building. The guys move, as Nick has a detailed look around the building.

He gets back to the car and opens Paul's door.

NICK

Everything is in order sir.

Paul looks the two guys.

PAUL

They're both huge you know.

Nick smirks.

NICK

I insisted on social visit sir.

Paul moves towards the entrance. Nick follows. There is a doorman standing there.

DOORMAN

Can I help you?

Paul reaches for his business card and hands it to the doorman.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

Goodmorning, I'm Paul Rooz and I would like to make a donation to your institute. Is anyone from the administration available?

The doorman stares his card.

DOORMAN

Yes of course, follow me.

INT. HOUSE OF ANGELS - ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - DAY

MR OLSON the HoA's administrator, a colorless man in a brown suit, awaits. The doorman enters his office.

DOORMAN

Mr Olson there is someone outside, who wants to make a donation. Should I invite them inside?

The doorman passes Paul's card to Mr Olson.

MR OLSON

A donation? Yes of course let him in!

The doorman nods Paul and Nick to enter. The doorman makes the introduction.

DOORMAN

Mr Olson the administrator of House of Angels, this is Mr Paul Rooz from CryptoHQ, and Mr...

NICK

Nick.

MR OLSON (CONT'D)

Welcome gentlemen, sit down please.

Paul and Nick sit down.

MR OLSON (CONT'D)

So, how can I help you?

PAUL

I'll get straight to the point Mr Olson. What I have here is a cheque for 50 grand which I would like to donate to your institution.

(CONTINUED)

MR OLSON

50 grand? really? Do you have any kids here? Relatives?

PAUL

No, I just admire your work and what you have achieved so far with these kids. I also think that more people should really make such kind of donations.

Paul gets the cheque out of his inner suit pocket.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You know, my business deals with puzzles for various magazines and I know there are many kids, like the ones you have here, that do enjoy playing with those.

Mr Olson slowly gets up. Extends his arm towards the cheque.

MR OLSON

Yes, of course. They do enjoy puzzles indeed.

Paul passes him the cheque. Mr Olson grabs it. Paul however, doesn't let it go.

PAUL

As a matter of fact I have here with me a new puzzle for them and I would really love to see them play with. Perhaps, they even tell me if they like them.

Paul lets the cheque go. Mr Olson reads it. Process it. 50 grand.

MR OLSON

It's not really a guest day, but I guess I can make an exception for you.

Mr Olson places the cheque onto his desk.

MR OLSON (CONT'D)

Please, follow me.

INT. HOUSE OF ANGELS - PLAYROOM - DAY

The three of them enter the playroom.

MR OLSON  
I don't know if they will respond,  
but you're welcome to try.

Paul and Nick look around.

MR OLSON (CONT'D)  
(aloud)  
Kids, these two gentlemen have  
brought some new puzzles for you.  
Who wants to play with them?

No one responds or even moves. Nick goes around, shares couple papers with a puzzle within, to every single kid.

Some kids take the paper and rip it apart. Others move away from it. Two kids only, see the paper and focus on it.

Nick approaches them and gives them a pen, as Mr Olson watches closely.

The first kid makes some drawings on the paper, while the other kid, Steven, writes down some letters and numbers.

Paul's attention is instantly drawn. He leans over Steven. He notices his bruised palm and the difficulty Steven has while writing.

Steven stops and gets his cards back. Paul gets the paper, and looks towards Nick.

MR OLSON (CONT'D)  
Everything is OK gentlemen?

PAUL  
Well, I don't think they like our  
puzzle too much.

MR OLSON  
I'm sorry for that, maybe another  
day perhaps?

PAUL  
Yes sure, another day perhaps. I'll  
hold this however, as a souvenir.

MR OLSON  
Yes sure, no problem.

Paul looks back at Steven.

(CONTINUED)

MR OLSON (CONT'D)

This is Steven, unfortunately he was injured a bit yesterday. His hand was caught in the door.

PAUL

Kids huh.. Well, I guess that's it Mr Olson, thank you for your time.

MR OLSON

No, no, we thank you mr Rooz for your donation. And I will be happy to see you again anytime!

Paul and Nick leave, follow the doorman towards the exit.

EXT. HOUSE OF ANGELS - ENTRANCE - DAY

Paul enters the car in a rush, while Nick nods at the two Constel Group guys. They leave too.

Nick enters the car.

PAUL

Let's go.

INT./EXT. HIGHWAY DRIVING - LATER

Paul glances through Steven's paper. Gets his mobile and takes a picture of it. Turns on his laptop. Transfers the image to the computer.

COMPUTER SCREEN

Connecting... CryptoHQ.

After a couple of seconds

Decoding...

BACK TO SCENE

Paul looks stunned. His eyes get big, looks worried, angry.

PAUL

Stop the car.

NICK

Right away sir.

Nick finds a parking spot and stops the car.

(CONTINUED)



NICK (CONT'D)  
Is there a problem sir?

PAUL  
Tell me. What did you see in there?

NICK  
What do you mean sir?

PAUL  
You know very well what I mean.  
Someone with your skills.. Did you  
notice anything.. Out of the  
ordinary?

NICK  
Well sir, I did notice 4 kids with  
bruises. Neck, shoulder, hands.

PAUL  
Did you see the kid who wrote this  
down?

NICK  
Yes sir, his right palm was messed  
up. And his hand, definitely,  
wasn't caught in the door.

PAUL  
(angry)  
Damn it!

Paul turns around the laptop and shows Nick the decoded  
message.

NICK (CONT'D)  
What the hell? Is this...

PAUL  
Yes.

A long beat.

Paul looks angry, enraged. Hits the car's windows with his  
palm.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
(angry)  
Fuck! Fuck!!

NICK  
Sir!

(CONTINUED)

Paul's palms cover his head. Rubs it softly. Nick watches, speechless.

PAUL  
(calm)  
I need a favor.

NICK  
Anything sir. Anything.

PAUL  
Can you arrange a meeting with your boss?

NICK  
Of course sir. When for?

PAUL  
Now.

Nick picks up his cellphone. Sends a message. Starts the car and drives away.

INT./EXT. CONSTEL GROUP - LOBBY - SAME DAY

The Constel Group headquarters building. Newly built, modern, lots of glass surfaces. Tens of armored trucks outside the front entrance give away the company's main object.

Nick leads the way inside the building. Paul follows, briefcase in hand. Sarah awaits them there. Nods the security guys to back off.

SARAH  
Welcome to Constel Group. Please follow me. The director will see you in a moment.

Nick whispers a "thank you" at Sarah. Sarah winks.

INT. CONSTEL GROUP - DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The door to the Director's office is wide open.

SARAH  
(prompts to sit down)  
Please. Mr Anderson will be here in a minute.

Paul and Nick sit down. MR ANDERSON, a mid 50's muscular guy, joins in. He barely fits into his suit.

(CONTINUED)

MR ANDERSON  
Nick! always a pleasure!

Nick shakes hands with Mr Anderson.

NICK  
This is Paul Rooz, CryptoHQ Vice  
President.

MR ANDERSON  
We have never met, but I know a lot  
about you Mr Rooz. And it's all  
good, I assure you.

PAUL  
Glad to know.

MR ANDERSON  
I also know that you're no ordinary  
businessman and you're never  
present in such kind of meetings.

Mr Anderson looks curious.

MR ANDERSON (CONT'D)  
So my question is... What brings  
you here?

Paul gets an envelope out of his briefcase and hands it to  
Mr Anderson. He unwraps it. There are 2 handwritten pages.  
He reads them through. He looks skeptical.

MR ANDERSON (CONT'D)  
Can I ask what's your interest on  
this?

PAUL  
It's personal.

MR ANDERSON  
Well, this operation won't go  
through our legal department. Plus  
I see no financial report here.

Paul gets a cheque out of his suit's inner pocket. Hands it  
to Mr Anderson. He looks at it. Lifts eyebrows. The cheque  
is a blank one.

MR ANDERSON (CONT'D)  
So.. I will ask you one more time.  
What's your involvement on this?

Paul takes a deep breath. He looks towards Nick for a  
second.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

Adam, my son, passed away five years ago. He was also there a long time ago.

Mr Anderson shakes his head. He passes the cheque back.

MR ANDERSON

Mr Rooz, I'm not a soldier anymore, but a businessman. And CryptoHQ accounts for about 10% of our annual income. This is why I will make an exception and do a personal favor for your loyalty to our services.. for the following.. 2 years at least?

PAUL

Done.

MR ANDERSON

It's settled then. I'll contact you when the report is ready. However, I'm sure Nick will know the details first.

NICK

Only if you allow me sir.

MR ANDERSON

(smiles)

OK.

Paul and Nick get up, head to the exit.

MR ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Nick, please stay for a minute.

Paul nods affirmatively and exits.

MR ANDERSON

I'll use Husky on this.

NICK

Spotter?

MR ANDERSON

Hulka. He's aboard, but I'll get him back right away. They have already worked together in the past.

(CONTINUED)

NICK

Perfect. I'll get in touch with him.

MR ANDERSON

Nick, whatever happens, it's my operation. This is unofficial. Am I clear on this?

NICK

Of course sir.

INT. HOUSE OF ANGELS - ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - 3 DAYS LATER

A young couple along with their child sit inside Mr Olson's office. The husband is a well built 35 years old handsome, well dressed guy, while his wife is around late 40s dressed like royalty. Hat, gloves, jewels, looks like someone really rich.

Their kid JOSH 'HUSKY', is a stocky 15 years old boy, with a characteristic eye heterochromia; one eye is blue and one is green.

MR OLSON

Well, I hope Josh will have a great time here with us.

WIFE

Be sure to behave Josh. We'll be back in couple of weeks. We don't want to hear anything from Mr Olson when we come back.

JOSH

Yes mother.

Josh's father reveals a scar onto Josh's shoulder. It's a big scar, a bit bruised and bloodied around it.

HUSBAND

Just take care of his shoulder please. He fall off the stairs again.

WIFE

Josh is pretty careless.

MR OLSON

Don't worry, we will handle Josh with care.

The couple leaves. Mr Olson escorts Josh to the playroom.

INT. HOUSE OF ANGELS - PLAYROOM - LATER

Travis shows Josh around. Josh draws Mark's attention almost instantly.

TRAVIS

Sit down wherever you want Josh. Be polite and quiet and you'll do just fine. Is that understood?

Josh looks very cocky.

JOSH

Yeah, whatever dude.

Mark notices his attitude, invites him to sit along. Josh agrees.

Mark fist bumps Josh. The others around Mark follow. Looks like Josh, blends in pretty fast.

MARK

I'm Mark. What's your name?

JOSH

Josh.

MARK

How long will you be staying with us Josh?

JOSH

I don't know. Couple of weeks maybe.

MARK

Your parents are on holiday or something?

JOSH

I don't know and I don't really care dude. They're not my real parents anyways.

MARK

Oh, you're adopted?

JOSH

Yeah.

MARK

As most of us. Don't worry, we'll have a great time. Just follow my lead.

(CONTINUED)

JOSH

Lead?

MARK

Yeah, don't worry, you'll figure it out. You look smart enough.

INT. HOUSE OF ANGELS - MARK'S BEDROOM - SAME NIGHT

Mark does not sleep. Wakes up his friends, Josh too.

MARK

So, want some fun?

JOSH

Sure! why not?

MARK

Follow me.

They head to the kitchen.

INT. HOUSE OF ANGELS - KITCHEN - MIDNIGHT

Mark, Stan, Dan and Josh sneak into the kitchen. They open the fridge and couple cupboards. They fill their pockets with various stuff, sweets and candies.

Josh stands there, reluctant. He follows shortly after. Fills up his pockets.

Parker passes by, notices the kids.

PARKER

What the fuck are you doing here?  
Let me see your pockets fast. Empty them now!

The boys empty their pockets. Josh does not.

PARKER (CONT'D)

You're the new kid right? Do as I say, or else...

JOSH

Or else what?

Parker violently drives his hands into Josh's pockets and takes out everything. Slaps him hard. Josh falls down onto the floor.

(CONTINUED)

PARKER  
Who arranged this?

Mark does not hesitate, points at Josh.

JOSH  
(surprised)  
What? fuck you!

PARKER  
So it's you...

Parker orders Mark and the others to go back to their beds. The 3 of them leave the room.

He grabs Josh from his hair, drags him around.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
Do you think this is funny? Wait  
and see what else is really funny!

Josh is in pain, but he is a tough kid. He doesn't cry, neither screams, although tries to free himself up.

Parker drags Josh into a huge meat freezer. Pushes him inside. Locks him up.

PARKER (CONT'D)  
Let's see how tough you are now  
boy. See you in an hour.

Josh punches the door from the inside, but he achieves nothing.

It gets colder and colder as time goes by. Josh sits down on the floor, around the center of the freezer. Rubs his body with his hands, tries to warm himself up.

After a couple of minutes, he removes his shirt on the shoulder area, where his scar is. Opens the wound with his fingernails. Blood drips. Extracts several weird transparent contact lenses-alike devices; they're actually some kind of high tech spy cameras.

He places it onto the freezer side wall. Rests the others into his pocket. Sits back down.

After an hour so, the freezer door opens. Josh is speechless, almost frozen. Parker, helps him up, drags him out.

He leads him to his bed. The other kids sleep. Josh falls asleep too.



INT. HOUSE OF ANGELS - LUNCH ROOM - NEXT MORNING

The kids have their breakfast. Josh sits alone, away from the others. Mark gets up and approaches Josh.

MARK

Come sit with us. We're cool.

JOSH

Get the fuck off.

Mark is stunned. He knocks his dish off the table. Josh's food is all over the floor. Josh does not react.

Alan gets up, approaches Mark and Josh. He kneels to the ground and picks up Josh's plate. Places it back onto his table. He nods Josh to join him.

ALAN

Cooo.. mee... Coo.. me!

MARK

Yeah, go sit with the retards!

Josh does not hesitate. Follows Alan and sits to his table. Mark looks furious.

He closes on them, but Barry moves aggressively towards him. Marks backs off, returns to his table.

With a slow movement of his hand, Josh grabs a card from the table, out of Alan's card pack. The card has a figure on it, with the word '*friend*' on top.

JOSH

Hi, I'm Josh.

Alan responds instantly.

ALAN

Aaaala... n..

Josh gets another '*friend*' card from the boy next to Alan. He points himself.

JOSH

Josh.

The boy raises his head.

STEVEN

Steeeev.... en...

Josh smirks. Travis raises his arms.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS  
(shouts)  
OK boys, finish up your breakfast!  
Time to go out and play!

The children get up and follow Travis outside.

JOSH  
(to Travis)  
I need to take a piss.

TRAVIS  
Go and hurry up.

INT. HOUSE OF ANGELS - MOMENTS LATER

Josh leaves the lunch room and heads to the bathroom. No one follows him.

He places some of those devices on the walls.

Sneaks into few other rooms and places some of those there too. Gets to Bella. Looks reluctant at first, enters nevertheless. He knows what this room is about. Looks disgusted. Hides one more of those things in there.

He exits the room and heads to the bathroom. Hides the last one there.

Suddenly Parker enters the bathroom too.

PARKER  
Finished? Or you need some help?

JOSH  
No I just finished.

PARKER  
Then move on. Next time I'll come  
along, to help you piss faster.

Josh looks more worried than scared, runs away.

EXT. HOUSE OF ANGELS - YARD - DAY

Josh joins Steven, Alan and the others autistics.

Moments later, Mark's friends who play with their paper planes, target them intentionally.

One of those hits Steven, who does not react. Couple seconds later, he gets hit again.

(CONTINUED)

Josh picks up a card from the floor, with a warrior figure on it and the word 'courage' written on top. Slides it in front of Steven.

Steven locks his sight on that card. He reacts! He picks up another card, extends his arm above his head, shouts aloud, with a clear voice.

STEVEN

Eeenemy!

Couple more kids, get the same 'enemy' card into their hands and raise them over their heads.

MARK

Oh look, those retards can talk.

Mark walks towards Steven, Alan gets ready to interfere. Josh touches Alan on the shoulder, stands up and gets in between Steven and Mark. Mark stops.

MARK (CONT'D)

So you chose the retards' side huh?

Josh has a killer, devilish look.

JOSH

You get anywhere near them again, I swear to God, I will fucking kill you.

Mark looks really scared. Turns towards Barry.

MARK

(shouts)

Did you hear this? He threatened me. He said he will kill me. Did you hear it?

BARRY

Yes, I heard it. Now go back to your friends and play.

INT. CRYPTOHQ - PAUL'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Paul relaxes behind his desk. Picks up the phone.

PAUL

Helen, do you have any documents for me?

(CONTINUED)

HELEN (V.O)  
No sir, everything is in order.

PAUL  
Call Nick please.

HELEN (V.O)  
Right away sir.

Paul hangs up. Opens the bottom desk drawer, gets his son's pen out. Feels it.

He grabs a piece of paper and draws a simplified version of a building. On the building's arch, writes a combination of numbers and letters. '8UGB6SS7'. Stares the drawing, daydreams.

The door opens. It's Nick.

NICK  
Good evening sir, ready to go?

PAUL  
No, not just yet.

Nick approaches, looks over the drawing. Eyes the pen.

NICK  
Can I help you with anything sir?

Next to the strange numbers and letters Nick writes "HoA". Underlines it.

PAUL  
Can I have an update on this?

NICK  
I'll see what I can do sir.

PAUL  
Thank you.

Nick leaves. Helen takes his place. Closes the door behind.

HELEN  
Do you mind if I ask.. Everything is OK with the project? You look lost all week long.

PAUL  
Nothing is wrong with the project. It's just that...

Helen closes up on Paul. Compassionate.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
I'm worried about a kid.

HELEN  
Mike Mands?

PAUL  
You don't miss a thing, do you?

HELEN  
Well, we have a whole recruit  
division, but you still wanted to  
see for yourself a single  
applicant.

PAUL  
Sort of. But it's not about him.  
It's about his brother, Steven.

HELEN  
What's about so special about  
Steven then?

PAUL  
Besides solving all of our puzzles?

HELEN  
Yes, besides that. I saw John's  
report you know. I know..

PAUL  
He's autistic. And he is an inmate  
in House of Angels. Adam's, House  
of Angels.

Helen looks sad. Approaches Paul even more. Stands besides  
him, extends her arm, feels his shoulder.

Paul responds, gets up and hugs her tight.

INT. HOUSE OF ANGELS - BELLA - NIGHT

Parker stands outside Bella. Sets the time. Duration 3  
hours, volume 100%. He looks inside.

Josh and Steven, naked, hands tied behind their backs with a  
piece of rope, lay on the ground, unconscious. Parker  
presses the button. That awful hissing sound. Deafening.

Josh comes to his senses, slowly. Tied palms, looks  
desperate. He is in pain. Stomachache. Huddles up, but he  
achieves nothing. Forces his shoulders upwards, protecting  
his ears. Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

Turns towards the door. Stares Parker who smiles at him.

Parker whispers Josh something. Shows the number 3 with his fingers.

PARKER  
(whispers)  
Three hours.

Parker goes away.

Steven wakes up. In pain too. Cries and screams. Flails around.

Josh dislocates his thumb, frees himself from the ropes.

He gets to the corner, sticks two fingers into his mouth, throws up. Breathes heavily. His stomachache feels like going away.

Josh gets next to Steven, gets rid of his ropes too. Hugs his head. No more crying.

INT. CONSTEL GROUP - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Inside the glass walled conference room, Sarah sits on the table's far corner with her legs crossed. Next to her, sits Nick. They chat, flirt.

Mr Anderson watches them from the outside. Enters.

MR ANDERSON  
(smirks)  
Get a room you two. For old time's shake...

Sarah blushes, Nick smiles.

MR ANDERSON(CONT'D)  
I know you have a history, but do it after work!

Sarah leaves in a hurry.

Mr Olson reveals a pile of papers, throws them on the table.

MR ANDERSON(CONT'D)  
I did some research. Had to call for a favor or two. You now what everyone told me? 'Let it go!'

(CONTINUED)

NICK

Why?

MR ANDERSON

Steven Mands is no ordinary kid. No, no, one of my source's exact words were '*Steven Mands is no ordinary autistic kid*'.

NICK

What do you mean by '*no ordinary autistic*'?

MR ANDERSON

I asked the same thing!

Mr Olson pauses. Grabs a document out of the pile.

MR ANDERSON(CONT'D)

Eighty percent of the kids in House of Angels have no parents or other kind of relatives. They are abandoned. Social Service pays for them \$800 per month. However, Steven Mands is not among those kids. His parents left both him and his brother seven years ago, they just disappeared. I traced them down in Mexico. They're staying in a villa and they have 1.2 million dollars into their bank accounts.

NICK

So they are rich, but they dumped them both?

MR ANDERSON

Yes.

NICK

Do they still pay for the institution fees?

MR ANDERSON

Nope.

NICK

So, who's paying for those?

MR ANDERSON

This is where the '*Let it go*' came in play. Are you sure Mr Rooz wants to know? Are you sure about this Nick?

(CONTINUED)

NICK

Go on.

MR ANDERSON

CIA.

NICK

(stunned)

What the hell?

MR ANDERSON

Steven solves puzzles. I'm talking about encrypted messages. Just like yours. Every week they get him two or three messages and he decrypts them. He probably does not understand what the messages are about, but I'm sure that the CIA needs him badly. They're not just paying for his institution fees, but also five grand per month go directly to Olson's bank account.

Nick looks shocked. Mr Anderson slides the papers over to Nick.

MR ANDERSON

Study them. Let Paul know. I will personally interfere no more.

Mr Anderson leaves. Nick stays. Studies the documents. Looks frustrated.

INT. CRYPTOHQ - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Mr Rogers and Mr Atkinson chat.

MR ATKINSON

I was crystal clear when I told you that I am the one to approve any potential candidates for this project.

MR ROGERS

Indeed. We recruited the two guys you agreed on.

MR ATKINSON

I rejected the other two, but still... Paul Roosz went on to see one of them.

(CONTINUED)



MR ROGERS

I'm not aware of this. But we didn't get him, did we?

MR ATKINSON

This is not the point. I wish no connection to the ones I rejected.

MR ROGERS

And why is that exactly?

MR ATKINSON

It's a national security issue. I cannot go into further details. I just want Paul Rooz out of it.

MR ROGERS

That's not gonna happen. It's his project, he can do whatever he wishes, as long he delivers.

MR ATKINSON

Mr Rogers, one of the guys that solved the puzzle is working for us. Do you understand? I want Paul Rooz to stay away from him.

MR ROGERS

(troubled)

I see. Nevertheless, Paul is the project leader and he stays as such.

MR ATKINSON

Fine. But if he goes anywhere near the other guy again, or even if he tries to contact him through someone else, I'm shutting you down. Am I clear on this?

MR ROGERS

Crystal.

Mr Atkinson leaves. Mr Rogers follow shortly after.

INT. CRYPTOHQ - PAUL'S OFFICE - LATER

Mr Rogers heads towards Paul's office. Helen stands up.

HELEN

Good morning Mr President.

(CONTINUED)

Mr Rogers nods her to sit down. Looks in a hurry. Storms into Paul's office. The door stays open.

MR ROGERS  
Have a minute Paul?

PAUL  
Of course. What's up?

MR ROGERS  
I had a visit from the CIA.  
Atkinson was here.

PAUL  
What did he want?

MR ROGERS  
Basically, he wanted you to stay  
away from that guy you're after.

PAUL  
(shocked)  
Sorry, what?

MR ROGERS  
He told me that he rejected one of  
your candidates for the RAND  
project, but you went on to meet  
him nevertheless.

PAUL  
(mumbles)  
Steven Mands.

MR ROGERS  
He didn't tell me his name and I  
really don't care. He told me he  
works for them and that he needs  
you to stay away from him.

PAUL  
Steven is an autistic kid that  
works for the Agency? What are you  
talking about?

MR ROGERS  
Paul, listen to me. I don't want  
you to contact him again, or try  
anything else. He'll throw us out  
of the project. You know how  
important you are to the firm, but  
if you do anything that will break  
this contract, I will take this to  
the board.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

I see.

MR ROGERS

Just... Move on. This is not your kid. Move on.

Mr Rogers leaves. Paul looks troubled.

EXT. HOUSE OF ANGELS - A BLOCK AWAY - NIGHT

Nick parks a block away from HoA. Looks around. A red parked Ferrari draws his attention.

He moves on. Stands just a few feet away from the front entrance of House of Angels. He looks around again. Examines everything. Locks his sight onto a five store building across the street.

He notices a dim light, in one of the top floor flats. The light goes off, instantly. Nick smirks.

He crosses the road, heads towards the building.

INT. BUILDING ACROSS THE ROAD - NIGHT

He gets up the stairs, slowly. Top floor. He is cautious. Has a closer look on the top floor's flat doors. One by one. Focuses on one of them.

He takes out of his pocket a lock opener. Uses it. The door opens.

Computers, cameras and various high tech equipment fill the room. A cup of hot tea next to a hand pistol draws his attention.

HULKA, late 30s, dressed like a commando ready for battle, sits in front of a computer with his back turned to the door.

Nick draws his gun, puts it on the back of Hulka's head. Hulka remains motionless.

HULKA

(calm voice)

I saw you getting out of your bed this morning. I saw you shaving. I saw you having your fucking English breakfast. I saw you getting to your car, start your engine. And here you are now.

(CONTINUED)

NICK

(smirks)

I saw your red ass Ferrari parked  
couple blocks away. *SAS MOFO*  
license plates. Are you serious?

Nick places his gun back into his inner gun belt. Hulka  
turns. They hug.

HULKA

How are you brother? Your tea is  
ready!

NICK

I'm good, really good.

HULKA

If they only knew! World's greatest  
SAS secret agent's unique weakness.  
A cup of fucking tea!

Nick gets the cup of tea and drinks.

HULKA

I still cannot understand how the  
fuck a ruthless son of a bitch like  
you, drinks that shit.

Nick smiles.

NICK

I'm British bitch. British!

They laugh.

NICK (CONT'D)

How are you bro? And what the fuck  
are you doing here? No more field  
missions?

HULKA

Ah, you know me. Got sick of all  
that. I'm a changed man you know.  
No more bar fights, new wife..  
new..

NICK

New wife? Missa left you? Damn you,  
I told you she was a lesbian!

HULKA

Well, I'm still seeing her you  
know. I got married to Nancy.

(CONTINUED)

Hulka is stunned. Eye rolls.

NICK  
(troubled)  
Wait, what? Nancy? Missa's Nancy?

HULKA  
Yeap.

NICK  
OK, I won't judge you, but this is scary bro. This is really some fucked up shit you're into!

HULKA  
Fucked up? Really? I got this mission to relax a week or so, because during the debrief boss told me just four words '*Husky inside a kindergarten*', and I assumed that I'm gonna sleep for a week. But this is FUBAR bro.

NICK  
What do you mean?

Hulka passes Nick some papers. Nick goes through them.

NICK (CONT'D)  
What the fuck is this?

HULKA  
This is just a third of my report. Haven't finished it yet. I find it hard to even keep on filling it. There are some serious fuckers in there, that need a bullet to their brains A S A P.

Hulka approaches one of the computers.

HULKA (CONT'D)  
Come, have a look.

Nick follows.

HULKA (CONT'D)  
Raping, beating, bullying, torture, food and sleep deprivation... Fuck, not even us do those things anymore.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

(CONTINUED)

Several cameras record the interior room of HoA.

Hulka targets the shower camera. Full screen.

Steven, Alan and Josh have their shower. They look irritated, frustrated. They're shaking. They struggle under the cold water.

HULKA (V.O.)

Some fat ass bitch woke them up and forced them into the showers. Look at the water. Freezing cold.

BACK TO SCENE:

NICK

How long?

HULKA

20 minutes at least. Those kids over there, they're autistic. How the fuck can they handle this?

NICK

And Husky? Holding up?

HULKA

I guess so, he is well trained alright. He's been through some fucked up shit before, but I think they even drug them. I don't know how will he react to that.

Nick steps away. Thinks.

NICK

I need a copy of your report.

HULKA

(hands him the report)  
Take it.

NICK

Finish it up and wait for my call.

HULKA

You know how this goes brother. I need the green light from the boss.

NICK

Send me your full report when done. I'll handle it.

(CONTINUED)

Hulka hands Nick another pack of papers. Photos included.

HULKA

(points at the photos)

Take these too. I don't have a clue  
what those things are.

NICK

Who is that?

HULKA

I don't know. That guy visits that  
autistic kid, Steven, every couple  
of days. He hands him some papers  
with weird numbers and letters on  
them and Steven just draws some  
circles over them. I don't know who  
he is, or what these things are  
about.

NICK

I'll have a look on those.

They hug again. Nick leaves.

INT./EXT. HIGHWAY DRIVING - SAME NIGHT

Nick gets back into his car. Drives away.

He looks for Paul's number into his cellphone. Hesitates  
calling.

He watches left and right looking for something. Stops the  
car. Lights up a cigarette and waits.

He gets out, heads towards a public payphone. Calls Helen.

HELEN (V.O)

Nick?

NICK

It's late I know, but can we meet?  
I need your help.

HELEN (V.O)

Sure. Just give me... 30 minutes  
and we can meet at the office.

NICK

Is Paul with you?

(CONTINUED)

HELEN (V.O)  
No.

NICK  
I'll pick you up. I will be there  
in 20.

HELEN (V.O)  
I'll be waiting.

They hang up.

INT. CRYPTOHQ - PAUL'S OFFICE - LATER

Nick and Helen enter Paul's office. Turn on the computer.

HELEN  
Are you sure about this?

NICK  
You know his password right?

HELEN  
Yes.

COMPUTER SCREEN

Connecting... CryptoHQ.

Access to mainframe. Insert password:

BACK TO SCENE

Helen types in the password.

HELEN  
He'll know about this, the moment  
he enters the building. His access  
to the mainframe will be reported.

NICK  
Doesn't matter. I'll handle this.

Nick gets couple papers out of his pocket. Steven's papers.  
He copies one of his writings into the computer.

COMPUTER SCREEN

Decoding...

BACK TO SCENE

(CONTINUED)



NICK (CONT'D)  
The CIA needs Steven. Let's see  
what for.

COMPUTER SCREEN

55.752121, 37.617664

BACK TO SCENE

NICK (CONT'D)  
(stunned)  
What the fuck?

Nick types another.

COMPUTER SCREEN

59.93863, 30.31413

BACK TO SCENE

Nick looks troubled, amazed. Sits back, deep into Paul's  
chair.

HELEN  
What are those numbers?

Killer look. Nick is speechless.

INT. CRYPTOHQ - LOBBY - FOLLOWING MORNING

Paul arrives. Goes around the security checks. MARTHA, late  
40s, catches up with him.

MARTHA  
Mr Rooz, sign here please.

PAUL  
What is this?

MARTHA  
Your last night's access to the  
mainframe.

PAUL  
(shocked)  
My what?

MARTHA  
(whispers)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARTHA (cont'd)  
Helen told me you should sign it  
please. She's already upstairs  
waiting for you.

Paul signs the paper. Does not hesitate.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
Mr Rogers also awaits you into his  
office. Mr Atkinson is there.

PAUL  
I see. I'll be there in a minute.

Paul enters the elevator.

INT. CRYPTOHQ - PAUL'S OFFICE - LATER

Paul storms into his office. Nick and Helen await him.

PAUL  
Anyone wanna tell me who used my  
account to access the mainframe?

HELEN  
It was me.

Nick jumps in.

NICK  
I made her do it.

PAUL  
May I hear the reason for this? And  
why is the CIA in Rogers' office  
waiting for me?

NICK  
I think I know why. Just give me a  
second to explain boss.

PAUL  
Go on. I have a meeting to attend.

NICK  
Our initial thoughts on House of  
Angels were true. They're abusing  
the children. They torture them in  
every possible way. I have all the  
proof we need to shut them down.

Paul looks troubled, angry.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL  
So, I was right.

Nick nods in affirmation. Looks at Helen. Hesitates.

HELEN  
However, Steven...

PAUL  
What about Steven? Speak!

NICK  
You're not the only one going after  
Steven.

PAUL  
What do you mean?

NICK  
Someone else knows about Steven's  
skills. The CIA.

PAUL  
What?

NICK  
The Agency is using Steven to break  
some encrypted messages. This is  
why I used your account. I needed  
access to the mainframe to break  
that code. It's basically..  
Co-ordinates.

PAUL  
Co-ordinates? from where?

NICK  
Kremlin, St Petersburg, Munich  
among others. I'm talking about  
exact locations.

PAUL  
So, that's why the CIA is here.

NICK  
Yes, they're the ones handling  
Olson, pay him, so he allows them  
meeting with Steven.

Paul doesn't seem surprised.

PAUL  
(whispers)  
What kind of tortures?

NICK  
Sorry what?

PAUL  
You said they torture the kids.  
What kind of tortures?

NICK  
Doesn't matter boss.

PAUL  
(furious)  
It matters to me.

Helen gets next to Nick. Rests her hand onto his shoulder.  
Nods him to give Paul the report.

Nick passes the report to Paul who glances through them. He  
looks furious, enraged. Looks ready to explode.

HELEN  
We know that the CIA will put some  
pressure on the boss to kick you  
out of the project. And I'm sure  
you want those guys suffer. But we  
cannot do it alone. We won't be  
able to get Steven this way. We  
need help. Nick has a plan.

NICK  
I'll handle those bastards boss.  
But we'll do it my way. I promise  
you, I'll make them pay. But you  
have to trust me on this.

Paul shakes his head. Anxiety, despair.

PAUL  
Make it happen. I'll be back.

Paul throws down the report. He leaves. Before he exits,  
pauses.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Does the CIA know they're abusing  
those kids?

(CONTINUED)

NICK  
I don't think they know. They just  
don't seem to care.

Paul disappears.

NICK  
Make the call.

INT. CRYPTOHQ - ROGERS OFFICE - LATER

Paul gets to Rogers' office. Mr Atkinson is there.

MR ROGERS  
Please, sit down Paul.

PAUL  
(abrupt)  
I prefer to stand. You asked for  
me?

Mr Rogers looks surprised with Paul's attitude.

MR ROGERS  
Paul, the Agency informed me that  
there is a problem with Steven  
Mands. I'm sure I told you to stay  
away. But you didn't.

MR ATKINSON  
It's a matter of national security  
Mr Rooz. You disobeyed our orders.

PAUL  
Fuck you!

Mr Rogers is stunned.

MR ATKINSON  
How dare you? Who you think you  
are?

PAUL  
You son of a bitch, you just don't  
care. He is just a child.

MR ATKINSON  
Careful Paul or I will make sure  
you're lose your job.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

I will bring you down. I will destroy your tiny spy business. You think just because you work for the CIA you're above the law? You're just another pen-pusher with a badge.

MR ROGERS

That's enough. I'm the president of this firm and Paul, you're out of the project. I made terms with the Agency and I tend to keep them.

PAUL

Do whatever you have to do.

Turns to Mr Atkinson.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Watch your back. I'm coming after you.

Paul leaves in a hurry.

MR ATKINSON

Is he for real?

MR ROGERS

First time I see him like this. If I was you, I would be very careful Mr Atkinson. His connections with the Government are above your pay grade. Even with your agency to tell you the truth.

MR ATKINSON

We'll see about that.

MR ATKINSON (CONT'D)

So I guess we're done. He's out of the project, so we're still good.

Handshake. Mr Atkinson leaves.

INT. HOUSE OF ANGELS - PLAYROOM - LATER

The kids play their usual games.

A tall guy in a black suit enters the room. Gets close to Steven. Hands him a puzzle. Steven lets his cards down and grabs the puzzle. Josh watches closely.

(CONTINUED)

Mr Olson approaches. Receives a check from that guy.

MR OLSON  
Everything is in order?

TALL GUY  
Everything is fine. Leave us.

Mr Olson walks away. Focuses on his check. Smiles.

Steven circles some random letters on the puzzle.

Josh grabs his cards slowly and selects two cards from his deck. One with the word '*friend*' written on top of it, and another with the word '*stranger*'.

He slowly places the cards on top of the puzzle.

The tall guy swiftly removes the cards. Steven does not look distracted. He keeps on circling the letters.

Josh repeats. Places the cards on top of his puzzle. The tall guy stares. Looks like studying him. Josh imitates another autistic kid. Moves his head to the side, perpendicular to the floor. He looks disoriented, just like the other autistics.

The tall guy reaches for the cards again. He moves them to the side. Steven pauses. He slides the '*stranger*' card towards Josh. Stops. Looks like he has finished.

He lets the pen down. He collects all of his cards, as the tall guy gets the puzzle and slowly walks away. He whispers something to Mr Olson who stands by the exit.

TALL GUY  
(points to Josh)  
I don't want him anywhere near  
Steven again.

Mr Olson nods.

INT./EXT. HIGHWAY DRIVING - SAME TIME

A black jeep. Black nontransparent windows. Nick drives. There are two people at the back, a male and a female. It's not clear who they are.

Another jeep approaches them from behind. Gets really close. Flashes lights.

(CONTINUED)

Nick speeds up. The following car does the same. A high speed chase. Nick's driving skills are awesome. Manages to escape.

Three other cars appear out of nowhere, shutting the highway in front of him. Nick hits the brakes.

Armed men come out of the other cars. FBI. Handguns target Nick.

FBI GUY 1  
(screaming)  
FBI! Get out of the car!

FBI GUY 2  
(screaming)  
Show me your hands! Let me  
see your hands!

Nick opens the door, shows his arms. He looks pretty calm.

One of the FBI guys approaches. Nick is forced outside. Pushed against the car's hood.

FBI GUY 2  
(targets the people at the  
back seat)  
Everyone out now! Get out!

The other two passengers get out. It's not Paul and Helen. Nick smirks.

NICK  
Everything is OK officers?

The FBI guys look troubled.

FBI GUY 2  
(to the FBI Guy 1)  
Let him go! Let's move!

The FBI retires in a hurry.

Nick smiles, gets back to the car. The other two passengers follow. He drives away.

WHITE HOUSE CHIEF OF STAFF OFFICE - LATER

Paul and Helen enter the White House Chief of Staff office. A Secret Service agent escorts them inside. JENNIFER PERKINS mid 30s, awaits them.

JENNIFER PERKINS  
(exited)  
H!

(CONTINUED)



HELEN  
(smiles)  
Mrs Perkins!

JENNIFER PERKINS  
Fuck the Perkins, I'm still a Miss  
you know!

Helen and Jennifer hug. A strong passionate hug.

HELEN  
How are you J?

JENNIFER PERKINS  
That's my girl! J and H back  
together!

Jennifer Perkins locks his sight upon the agent.

JENNIFER PERKINS (CONT'D)  
Leave us.

The agent retires.

JENNIFER PERKINS (CONT'D)  
(to Paul)  
You know... Paul... We were the  
most famous girls during our Delta  
time back in high school. J and H.

The door shuts.

JENNIFER PERKINS (CONT'D)  
We used to share everything back  
then... Even Jack...

HELEN  
(blushes)  
Oh, come on! Don't say that!

Paul remains serious. Jennifer Perkins notices Helen's  
blush.

JENNIFER PERKINS  
Oh, OK I see!

Her smile goes away.

HELEN  
Jennifer, this is Paul Rooz, Vice  
Presid...

JENNIFER PERKINS

President of CryptoHQ, yes I know. I checked on him the moment you called me dear! Millionaire, genius, philanthropist... I didn't see anywhere the word sexy on that report!

Nick's serious look fades away. He smiles.

PAUL

Hello Mrs Perkins, thank you for meeting with us, in such a short notice.

JENNIFER PERKINS

Pleasure is all mine. Would do anything for Helen you know!

Jennifer Perkins sits, Paul and Helen follow.

JENNIFER PERKINS (CONT'D)

So, what can I do for you?

PAUL

Mrs Perkins, a month ago my company signed a deal with the military regarding their RAND Communications system.

JENNIFER PERKINS

I'm fully aware. I signed the deal myself.

PAUL

We went public for some new recruits, to help us on the decryption process. We used the standard puzzle procedure and there were four people who passed the test. One of them, was Steven Mands, a 14 years old autistic kid currently an inmate in House of Angels Institution.

Jennifer Perkins looks intrigued.

JENNIFER PERKINS

I know that Institution. I have couple friends within the National Autistic Society. But I guess, you already know that.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

True that, this is why we are here.

JENNIFER PERKINS

So you want to adopt that kid or something? I think I can help you if there are any legal issues.

PAUL

Well, this is not why we are here to be honest. We're here because the House of Angels abuses the children and the CIA does nothing about it.

Paul hands Jennifer Perkins Hulka's report. Papers, pictures. Jennifer Perkins looks stunned, irritated.

JENNIFER PERKINS

(mumbles)

This cannot be.. This is impossible.. Outrageous!

HELEN

Jennifer, there is more..

JENNIFER PERKINS

More than this?

PAUL

Steven Mands, the boy I told you about, works for the CIA, without even knowing it. It breaks some encoded messages for them... It's all in the papers..

JENNIFER PERKINS

It's getting better and better!

Jennifer Perkins looks skeptical.

JENNIFER PERKINS (CONT'D)

Let me get this straight. The CIA knows about this... And the HoA administration knows about this... But we don't?

PAUL

I'm not sure who knows, but I'm positive that no one does anything about this.

(CONTINUED)

JENNIFER PERKINS

So, what exactly are you asking of me?

PAUL

The CIA is spying on us. They know every move we make regarding Steven. I can make those guys pay for their crimes and I'll do it my way, but I want the Agency off my back.

JENNIFER PERKINS

I can only imagine your way Mr Rooz. I'm sure you're talking about the Constel way.

PAUL

What do you mean?

JENNIFER PERKINS

Spare me. I know that you have a contract with Constel Group. And that's the first place I would go and ask for help.

PAUL

True.

Jennifer Perkins falls silent. Rubs her face. Gets up, calls for an agent.

Almost instantly, the agent enters.

JENNIFER PERKINS

(to the agent)

We're leaving. Get some friends.  
Gonna make some noise.

INT./EXT. OLD CIA HQ WASHINGTON - NOON

CIA HQ, Washington. Three black jeeps arrive. Two agents, black suits, along with Paul and Jennifer Perkins move inside. Another four agents guard the cars. Helen stays inside.

They storm inside the building. Security check. Badges flash. They keep their pace.

INT. OLD CIA HQ WASHINGTON - ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - LATER

Dr Andrew Hellman, an old guy around 70s, is the Agency's administrator.

DR HELLMAN  
Mrs Perkins, please have a seat.

JENNIFER PERKINS  
Thank you Dr Hellman.

Jennifer Perkins and Paul sit. The two NSA agents stand at the back.

JENNIFER PERKINS (CONT'D)  
I need a favor.

DR HELLMAN  
Always straight to the point...

JENNIFER PERKINS  
One of your covert operations includes an autistic kid, who breaks some codes for you. That kid is being abused. I want that kid out. Find someone else. Today. Period.

DR HELLMAN  
(shocked)  
Do you have any evidence to back this up?

JENNIFER PERKINS  
Andrew, if you don't want to see my evidence on the first page of the Washington Post, you will call Mr Atkinson, right now, ask him and then call it off.

Dr Hellman hesitates. Examines her. Gets to the phone and calls Mr Atkinson.

DR HELLMAN  
(to Jennifer Perkins)  
Is the President aware?

JENNIFER PERKINS  
You want him to be?

Dr Hellman moves his head right and left. That's a 'no'.

(CONTINUED)

DR HELLMAN

If I agree on this, who's gonna  
take care of the child?

PAUL

(positive)

I will.

DR HELLMAN

And you are...?

JENNIFER PERKINS

He is none of your business.

DR HELLMAN

(shocked by her behavior)

This is the CIA darling, not the  
White House. Careful your tone.

JENNIFER PERKINS

Don't let this young face standing  
in front of you, fool you Dr  
Hellman. Unless you wanna be a  
janitor in a sperm bank, you'll  
take me seriously.

Bewilderment. Dr Hellman's face looks ready to explode.

Mr Atkinson enters. Stares at Paul, shocked.

MR ATKINSON

What is he doing here?

DR HELLMAN

Let me introduce you. Bran Atkinson  
this is Mrs Perkins, the White  
House Chief of Staff.

MR ATKINSON

Pleasure.

JENNIFER PERKINS

Not for me.

MR ATKINSON

Excuse me? Do I know you?

JENNIFER PERKINS

(towards Paul)

Give me a minute honey.

PAUL

Of course.

Paul retires. Shuts the door behind.

JENNIFER PERKINS

(to Mr Atkinson)

Steven Mands. I want him out of your project. Or whatever you call this. He's autistic. You should be ashamed.

Mr Atkinson looks towards Dr Hellman.

MR ATKINSON

Steven is a valuable part of our R66 program. I need the boss' authorization to get him out of it.

JENNIFER PERKINS

(devilish look towards Dr Hellman)

I'm here. Is that not enough for you?

DR HELLMAN

Bran, Steven is out. I'm shutting him down. Am I clear on this?

MR ATKINSON

Of course, sir.

JENNIFER PERKINS

(smiling, relaxed)

Everything is settled then. And I'm sure this conversation never took place.

DR HELLMAN

I already forgot it... Jennifer.

JENNIFER PERKINS

Thank you, Andrew!

Jennifer Perkins leaves in a rush.

DR HELLMAN

(whispers)

I want Steven disappeared as soon as possible.

MR ATKINSON  
What about the White House?

DR HELLMAN  
Fuck the White House. No one speaks  
to me like that.

MR ATKINSON  
I'll set it up for the weekend.

DR HELLMAN  
Perfect.

INT./EXT. HIGHWAY DRIVING - LATER

Paul and Helen sit at the back of the jeep, Jennifer Perkins  
at the front.

JENNIFER PERKINS  
(to the driver)  
What's the chance for the CIA to  
let this go?

NSA AGENT  
Zero.

JENNIFER PERKINS  
(to Paul)  
R66 is a multinational secret agent  
project. I cannot officially get  
involved, unless I inform the  
President. Even so, I won't get his  
approval. So it's up to you now.

PAUL  
Completely understood.

The car stops.

JENNIFER PERKINS  
Just like the old times! Always a  
pleasure H.

HELEN  
Thank you.

Paul and Helen get out. The car disappears.



INT. CRYPTOHQ - GYM - AFTERNOON

A huge gym room. Covers the whole floor. Staggering view. State of the art machinery. Looks almost new, unused. Next to the windows, a flat bench.

Mr Rogers, workout uniform, adds couple weight plates onto the barbell. 10lbs, each side. Lays onto the bench. 5 Reps. Effortless. No one else trains there.

MARTIN (40s), his bodyguard, stands next to the door. Motionless, speechless, unimpressed.

Mr Anderson enters. Sporty outfit. Touches Martin onto the shoulder. Whispers something. Winks. Martin retires.

MR ROGERS

Well, come in, don't be shy!

Mr Anderson smiles. Gets closer.

MR ROGERS (CONT'D)

Are you here on business or pleasure?

MR ANDERSON

Both.

MR ROGERS

(points to the weight plates)  
Perfect. Grab those 5s.

Mr Anderson adds the weight. Mr Rogers continues. 5 reps.

MR ROGERS (CONT'D)

I'm listening.

MR ANDERSON

Mr Rogers, I served my country for over 20 years. Field missions, all kind of operations, planning, executing. You can call me a full time soldier.

Mr Rogers gets up.

MR ROGERS

Your turn.

Mr Anderson removes his sports jacket. Takes Rogers' spot. Bench presses. Nothing too heavy to worry about. 10 reps, talking at the same time.

(CONTINUED)

MR ANDERSON

But now, I'm a businessman. Changed my perspective upon everything, adapted into this world. And business is thriving.

Mr Anderson gets up removes the 5s, adds couple of 10s. Mr Rogers' turn. Struggles a bit.

MR ANDERSON (CONT'D)

I now have more than 150 clients, executed successfully more than 1000 private missions. I'm the best in the business.

Mr Anderson's turn. Another 10 reps. Easy.

MR ANDERSON (CONT'D)

I treat all of my clients professionally, but as I already said I'm now a businessman. I don't do favors, if there is no contract.

MR ROGERS

We still have a contract, right?

MR ANDERSON

Yes of course, for the last 12 years. You were my first client, my most profitable one and the most loyal.

Mr Rogers adds weight. Couple reps. Struggles under the wight. Gives everything.

MR ROGERS

(heavy breathing)

Loyalty. This is why you requested this meeting?

MR ANDERSON

This is exactly why I'm here.

Mr Anderson sits on the bench. 10 reps. Effortless.

MR ANDERSON (CONT'D)

I'm here to pay you back for your loyalty.

MR ROGERS

I'm listening.

(CONTINUED)

MR ANDERSON

You already know that there is a situation among the CIA and Paul. Under any other circumstances, I wouldn't have come to you, but the CIA's war against him, will have consequences upon your firm, and as a soldier, I'm here offer you my help.

MR ROGERS

Are you a loyal soldier Mr Anderson?

MR ANDERSON

You say jump, I say how high.

MR ROGERS

Prove it.

Adds some big ones onto the bar. 250lbs in total. Mr Anderson does not hesitate. 3 reps. Emotionless face, uses all of his power. Manages.

MR ROGERS (CONT'D)

As long as I'm the president, our contract will remain exclusive. For life. So go on, I'm all ears.

MR ANDERSON

Paul and Nick will also come, any moment now. They should hear this.

Mr Anderson gets down for another 3 reps.

Paul and Nick arrive. Look surprised.

PAUL

Mr President, Mr Anderson!

MR ROGERS

Relax, he is here to help.

MR ANDERSON

A few years back, the NSA launched the Mercury project, high level encryption and stuff, communicating with the agents abroad.

MR ROGERS

Yes, we know.

(CONTINUED)

MR ANDERSON

They planted encoded messages to various magazines, just like the ones used during your puzzle competitions, in order to see if by any chance there is someone out there, able to solve it.

PAUL

Yes, we know that too. We came up with the idea. And no one managed to break it.

Mr Anderson adds more weight. 2 more reps. Struggles really hard.

MR ANDERSON

(breathes heavily)

Wrong. A kid solved it. And he was an autistic one.

Mr Anderson and Paul look stunned.

MR ANDERSON (CONT'D)

An agent inside the NSA gave the order to track him down and kill him. Fortunately, they failed. And the Mercury project was officially abandoned. However, another genius pen-pusher from the CIA had this idea. *'Wherever there is one, there is more'* he said. And the R66 program was launched shortly after.

PAUL

That makes some sense.

MR ANDERSON

There is a CIA list somewhere with 64 names. All of them kids. Most of them autistic. Scattered around the States. Steven Mands is among those names. They decided to keep them separated, without any kind of federal protection, so if someone finds out about any of them, they won't lose them all.

MR ROGERS

How do you know all of these?

(CONTINUED)

MR ANDERSON

I have a friend within the CIA and another withing the NSA... And couple others within several other agencies.

Nick, standing at the back, smiles. Lowers his head. Paul notices.

PAUL

By friends, you mean spies?

MR ANDERSON

You can call them like that if you want. We're spying on them, they're spying on us, everyone is happy.

PAUL

So the CIA doesn't know about the abusing in HoA?

MR ANDERSON

No. But this is the least of your problems right now.

PAUL

What do you mean?

MR ANDERSON

(turns to Nick, points the bench)

Come on, let's see if you still got it.

NICK

(looks at Paul)

I'm fine, thank you.

Mr Anderson adds another two weight plates on the bar. Nods Paul to give Nick the order.

Paul grimaces. Stares Nick, points the bench machine.

PAUL

Why not!

Nick takes his suit off. Removes his shoulder holster. Rests his survival military knife. Mr Rogers' face expression, priceless, shocked. Gets ready. 5 reps.

Mr Anderson places his palm upon his gun. Feels the holster, side to side. The gun. Gets to the knife. Pets its blade.

(CONTINUED)

MR ANDERSON

Do you know how many people felt their skin burning during that moment this shiny little blade pierced through their flesh?

Nick looks serious, gets up.

MR ANDERSON (CONT'D)

A hundred, at least!

A beat.

MR ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Do you know how many among those, lived up to tell the story? None!

PAUL

Thank you for the history lesson, but what this has to do with Steven Mands?

MR ANDERSON

You are a very persistent person Mr Rooz. This is why Atkinson decided to give you a lesson. He gave the order to track you down the other day, take you in, perhaps scare you a bit. However, he knew Nick would respond, protect you no matter what. He just didn't know how to explain the body bags he had to collect afterwards, especially around any civilians.

MR ROGERS

What say you?

MR ANDERSON

The CIA hired someone outside the agency to kidnap Paul. Dressed like FBI agents, they failed, because Paul was at the White House, while Nick had another couple at the back of his car.

PAUL

How do you know this?

MR ANDERSON

It was my men who did it.

(CONTINUED)

NICK  
(towards Paul)  
He informed me alright.

MR ROGERS  
I really wish to hear no more. Just  
tell me, how we get that Steven out  
of there?

Paul smiles.

MR ANDERSON  
The CIA will make him disappear the  
day after tomorrow. Boss gave the  
order. You have to move now.

PAUL  
Why are you doing all this?

MR ANDERSON  
Hulka sent me his report. I've seen  
a lot of nasty shit in my life, but  
that... It's not fair. It's not  
God's will.

Nick stands. Adds another 10lbs on each side. Before he  
starts...

NICK  
Let's move.

10 reps. Full strength. Breaths heavily. Manages.

MR ROGERS  
He can shut the project. We can't  
move until we deliver the RAND.

Mr Rogers orders Martin to get Derek asap.

MR ANDERSON  
Here comes the really ugly part.  
Atkinson ordered to stall you until  
they get to Steven. That means, if  
you try to deliver the program or  
the papers to Stein tomorrow, they  
will attack you. Take you into  
custody. If you give me the order,  
I will protect you alright, but  
trust me, you don't want me there  
on the street, with any civilians  
around. Your company will be the  
one to blame. Are you ready to take  
that hit?

(CONTINUED)

NICK  
I say, fuck them.

Derek arrives. Storms inside.

MR ROGERS  
Derek, what's the progress on the RAND?

DEREK  
We're done with the cipher sir, we're on to the paperwork at the moment.

MR ROGERS  
When will it be ready?

DEREK  
(looks at Paul, hesitant)  
48 hours?

MR ROGERS  
You have 6 hours.

DEREK  
Sorry, what?

MR ROGERS  
You have 52 employees under your supervision. There are 225 under Paul's. I don't care what they work on at the moment, all of them, are yours. No one leaves until you finish. You have 6 hours. Go.

Paul nods in affirmation. Derek storms outside.

MR ROGERS  
Problem solved. What about the transfer? I wanna be inside Fort Meade before you do any move on Steven. Am I clear on this?

PAUL  
Yes sir.

MR ROGERS  
I'm glad. Make it happen.

Mr Rogers retires. Mr Anderson gets his jacket back on. He leaves too. Gets to the door. Stops. Grabs a paper out of his jacket.

(CONTINUED)



MR ANDERSON  
(extends his arm)  
Nick.

Nick gets the paper. Unwraps it. Reads it. 'ROZIS'.

NICK  
What does it mean?

MR ANDERSON  
Whatever you want it to. You have  
the green light.

Mr Anderson disappears.

PAUL  
(to Nick)  
I have an idea. Come.

INT. CRYPTOHQ - PAUL'S OFFICE - LATER

Paul and Nick rush inside. Paul picks up the phone.

PAUL  
Helen, get me General Stein on the  
phone, now.

Hangs up.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Let's see how patriotic I sound.

A beat.

The phone rings.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

PAUL  
General, this is Paul Rooz.

GENERAL STEIN (V.O.)  
Glad to here. Working late?

PAUL  
Always sir. I know how important  
this project is for your men and my  
country too.

GENERAL STEIN  
Excellent. So everything is in  
order? 2 weeks to go!

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

My General, you told me the lives of your men depend on this project.

GENERAL STEIN

Correct.

PAUL

This is why we finished it sir. The deadlines mean nothing for us here in CRYPTOHQ considering American lives depend on it. We are ready to go.

GENERAL STEIN

That's great news. When can you deliver?

PAUL

If it was up to me, I would come to Fort Meade right away sir, but you know the procedure. Security escort and such, paperwork, signatures. 3 days tops I guess.

Nick grimaces. Mumbles.

NICK

(whispers)

What???

GENERAL STEIN

Damn paperwork. It's my men risking their lives out there for God's shake!

PAUL

Well sir, I understand. Perhaps we can skip all of our paperwork and just send couple of your men to escort us there. You know, we do need the protection, it's just the procedure.

GENERAL STEIN

Why didn't you say so? What time you want my guys to be there?

PAUL

8am, tomorrow morning sounds great. Just make sure you send us no blue-heads sir, there are some strange cars driving around us these days.

(CONTINUED)

GENERAL STEIN

Well, have you ever seen a real Ranger son?

PAUL

No sir, I have not.

GENERAL STEIN

Have you ever seen a Ranger unit deploy inside a city son?

PAUL

No sir, but wish I had.

GENERAL STEIN

Then your wish is about to come true. 0800. How many guys we're picking up?

PAUL

Two sir, Derek will do the installation.

GENERAL STEIN

Perfect. See you then.

PAUL

Have a good night General.

They hang up. Paul rests deep into his chair. Smiles. Nick grins from ear to ear.

NICK

Rangers? Seriously?

PAUL

Have some rest. Big day tomorrow. Get Helen home. She will need some sleep too.

NICK

Yes sir.

INT. BUILDING ACROSS THE ROAD - MIDNIGHT

Once filled with various equipment, the room is now empty. Cleaned up. The only thing still there, is a stereo set. Huge speakers. Hulka stands, motionless. Stares the HoA building. The windows are wide open.

He presses the play button, leaves in a hurry.

Opera music. Loud.

INT. HOUSE OF ANGELS - BEDROOM - SAME NIGHT

Everyone sleeps. The music draws the attention of Josh who wakes up, opens his eyes. Smirks.

He gets back to sleep.

EXT. CRYPTOHQ - FRONT GATE - EARLY MORNING

A Military jeep followed by an armored truck reach the front gate. The driver flashes some papers. The gate opens. Head towards the entrance. They stop.

The truck's side door opens. High tech equipment inside. Monitors, radio, radar systems. Colonel JAMES HENDRIX (50s). Military uniform, looks tough. Pops his head out of the vehicle. Stares at the entrance.

Nick is there.

JAMES HENDRIX  
Sergeant Rock!

NICK  
James!

JAMES HENDRIX  
You look hot in that suit! Wanna  
come inside and have some fun?

Nick smiles. Mr Rogers and Derek get out of the building. Holding black briefcases. Both.

NICK  
Can you please escort these  
gentlemen to safety Colonel?

JAMES HENDRIX  
Yes sir!

Mr Rogers and Derek enter the armored truck.

NICK  
(points to the jeep)  
So is that all you got?

JAMES HENDRIX  
(winks)  
Watch for the crash hawks over your  
head junior.

(CONTINUED)

NICK

Can you do me a favor Colonel? For old times' shake?

JAMES HENDRIX

Sure love!

NICK

A CIA car is watching over us for the past 4 days. Down there.

JAMES HENDRIX

(points to one of the monitors)

Yeah, I see. Primitive systems those idiots still have.

NICK

Well, can your boys show off a bit?

JAMES HENDRIX

You got it love!

James Hendrix turns towards one of his radio men.

JAMES HENDRIX (CONT'D)

Stay frosty. We move.

Shuts the door. The convoy moves away.

INT./EXT. ARMORED TRUCK - DAY

INTERCUT Radio com.

JAMES HENDRIX

Hello Kitty this is team leader. Do you receive? Over.

PILOT (V.O.)

Hello Kitty receiving, loud and clear Over.

JAMES HENDRIX

Tracking a black SUV at your six, half a click. Spooks inside, scramblers equipped. Have any business cards on you? Over.

PILOT (V.O.)

Affirmative sir. Over.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES HENDRIX  
 Civilians on site. Over and out.

PILOT (V.O.)  
 Got it sir, deploying rangers. Est  
 10 secs. Over and out.

The convoy moves.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE CRYPTOHQ BUILDING - SAME TIME

The black SUV across the street. Peaceful, alone. Two CIA agents inside. Black suits. One of them on the radio. The other one, devours a hot dog.

Chopping sound. Draws the attention of the CIA. They look outside the SUV, right and left. Nothing.

A Blackhawk. 60 feet above the SUV. Hovers. Rappelling ropes. Three. Rangers prepare. Legs swing, knees flexing. They jump.

The two of them land to the SUV's opposite sides. The third one onto the hood. A huge dent.

M4s deploy. Target the CIA agents. Shout repeatedly.

RANGER 1	RANGER 2
Get out of the car. Now!	Get out, hands up!

The CIA agents are shocked. Doors open, they get out. Hot dog still in mouth.

CIA AGENT 1	RANGER 1
CIA! What the fuck is this?	Get to the ground now! Face down onto the ground!

CIA AGENT 2  
 You have no jurisdiction here, what the..

The Ranger knees the CIA agent onto his hamstring. He bends the knee. Pushed further onto the ground. Belly down. The second CIA agent follows.

CIA AGENT 1  
 You're breaking hundred laws at least. You have no jurisdiction here!

(CONTINUED)

RANGER 3

There is military operation nearby,  
and I see your fucking scramblers  
spooks.

M4's butt smashes the SUV's computers.

CIA AGENT 1

Someone will pay for this. I'll  
report you asap asshole.

RANGER 1

Serg! He said he'll report us.

RANGER 2

Business card Serg!

RANGER 3

Business card!

Ranger 3 gets a business card out of his back pocket. Sticks  
it into the agent's pocket.

RANGER 3 (CONT'D)

Move out!

M4s onto the back, signs to the pilot. The chopper moves.  
Clinging to the ropes, the Rangers winch up into the  
helicopter. Fly away.

The CIA agents get up. Slowly. Still in shock. Watch the  
rangers disappear, in amazement.

The agent gets the card out of his pocket. Reads it.  
"Sergeant BITE ME". Looks furious.

INT. HOUSE OF ANGELS - LUNCH ROOM - DAY

Breakfast. Steven and Josh are silent. Barry chats with  
Mark, points towards the other kids, laughs at them.

A strange smell comes out of nowhere. Josh is the first to  
notice. Looks like he knows what is about to follow.

With a swift move he grabs all the cards on the table. The  
kids around it raise their heads, look at him. Josh searches  
through the pile, picks a card.

JOSH

Time for our game.

He places a card in the middle of the table. A sleeping  
prince figure, with the word 'sleep' on it.

(CONTINUED)

Josh rests his head onto the table, shuts his eyes. The other kids follow, one by one.

BOOM! BOOM!

Smoke comes out from everywhere. Fills the room. Confusion! The HoA Employees run right and left in despair. They don't know what to do. They look terrified. The kids scream, cry.

BOOM! BOOM!

More smoke. Completely covers the whole room. Screams fade away. Moments later, complete silence.

EXT. HOUSE OF ANGELS - ENTRANCE - DAY

Sirens. Police, ambulances, unmarked black jeeps arrive at the HoA entrance. Coming from all directions. Reporter vans too.

The medics storm the building first, police officers block the entrance for the rest.

Mr Atkinson arrives. Looks furious. Jump out of the car, rushes inside.

INT. HOUSE OF ANGELS - LUNCH ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The kids come to their senses. Screams, crying, total chaos.

Five women enter, shout '*social service*'. They're the first ones to help the kids calm down.

The HoA employees are being arrested.

Most of the kids are there, but Steven, Josh, Mark, Dan and Stan are not. Barry, Parker and Travis are missing too. Mr Olson is also absent. No one notices that.

Agony and despair fades away. It's like everything is back to normal. The kids look calm, start to play.

The police has left the room. At the door stands Mr Atkinson, looks irritated.

A CIA agent approaches him, whispers something.

MR ATKINSON

I underestimated him. We were too late. We lost him.

Deep breath.

(CONTINUED)



MR ATKINSON (CONT'D)  
Shut it down.

They leave.

**FEW DAYS LATER**

INT. ALBERT INSTITUTION - DAY

A playroom. Colorful, full of toys. Kids play. Many of the HoA kids are there. They look happy.

The door opens. Josh and Steven appear, look around. Remain silent. Alan is the first to notice them.

He stands up ignoring his game, retrieves a card from his deck with a warrior figure on it and the word 'legend' on the top. Holds it up, shouts.

ALAN  
(sharp)  
EEEEEEEEEND! EGEND!

The other kids follow. They raise their legend cards too and shout the same word. '**LEGEN**', '**EGEN**', '**EGEND**'.

Josh pets Steven on the shoulder, smiles and leaves.

Paul takes his place. Steven turns. Extends his arms, like asking for a hug. Paul kneels, hugs Steven. Gets him up into his arms.

Helen approaches, hugs them both.

They leave, disappear.

The legend cards are still up.

**FEW DAYS LATER**

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN A DESERT - AFTERNOON

Desert. Sand dunes. Endless.

A car arrives from a long distance.

The car stops. Engine still on.

Two people come out, white desert clothing. One looks huge, one is small. No way to identify them by the first look.

The small guy. A kid. His eyes, hard to miss. Josh.

(CONTINUED)

Another guy, a soldier, military uniform, army boots, awaits them.

JOSH'S DRIVER

All set and ready to go?

SOLDIER

Affirmative sir. Chickens already frying.

JOSH'S DRIVER

Pack up, we're moving out in 1500 zulu.

The soldier retires in a hurry.

A cargo container. Camouflaged. 50 feet away.

Josh and his driver move towards the container. Josh gets there first. Stands next to the door, looks upon a digital device. Presses some buttons. Sets the clock. 10 hours. Volume, 100%. Presses the enter key. Not!

His driver grasps his palm. Forces it away. Resets the clock to 1000 hours. Stares Josh.

Josh's eyes look like laughing. He presses the enter key.

They both leave, enter the car and disappear.

INT. CARGO CONTAINER - SAME TIME

Seven people into the container. Mr Olson, Barry, Parker, Travis, Mark, Dan and Stan. Unconscious. Onto the floor.

The hissing noise wakes them up, slowly. Sweating like pigs, they cover their ears.

Fear, agony, pain.

They punch and kick the container's walls.

Mark's ear, blood. He leaps onto the wall, crashes his head.

**FADE OUT.**