EXT. MOSCOW - EVENING

The Red Square and symbols of Russian authorities: the Kremlin walls, Kremlin stars, the Lenin's Mausoleum.

The camera moves from the center to periphery of the city, a residential region appears, a street and an apartment building.

INT. GREGORY APARTMENT - EVENING

A room lined with all kinds of electronic equipment. Numerous cables all around, electrical connectors, extension cords and the screens of three computers are lighted up.

On the wall hangs a large poster with a detailed diagram of the human brain, with internal sections marked in different colors. On a small blackboard are drawn with chalk some electrical circuit, formulas and graphics.

Ashtrays overflowing with cigarette butts are scattered everywhere.

On a table, on a special plastic stand, there is a massive glowing hoop attached to the wires of the oscilloscope.

Unshaven GREGORY, an electronics engineer of twenty-three, in worn jeans and a wrinkled shirt, observes the galloping signal on the oscilloscope screen without taking the cigarette from his mouth, and then moves to the computer screen to quickly change a few lines of the program. Ones again he checks the screen.

The bell rings at the door but Gregory makes a discontented face and does not respond to it. The bell continues ringing with a long enduring sound.

Gregory frowns, cautiously puts out the cigarette, and switches off the oscilloscope and one of the computers, covering with a newspaper the extinguished hoop, meticulously looks around the room and goes to the door.

He peeps through the peephole and opens the door of the apartment.
ARTHUR enters. He is an imposing, ironic, elegantly dressed man of about twenty-five years old.

They shake hands and hug friendly.

ARTHUR
How are you, old chap?
Well, you absolutely disappeared: you don’t come to work and don’t answer calls.

GREGORY
Come in, come in. My parents are on vacation, and I have lost myself in some project. I haven’t left the house for a week, nourishing on old supplies, like a hamster. Coffee?

ARTHUR
Of course! I never refuse coffee, cigarettes and casual relationships with women.

They go to the kitchen.

Gregory is searching through different drawers, and finds a new "Marlboro" pack of cigarettes opens it and offers some to Arthur.

Arthur takes a cigarette, takes out a unique, probably a very expensive lighter and they light up.

Gregory pushes the chair over to the table and motions Arthur to sit down.

ARTHUR
So what's going on with you?
GREGORY
Nothing! What are everybody so worried about? What happened, what happened? Can’t a man relax?

Gregory switches on the kettle, takes out coffee cups and biscuits.

ARTHUR
(smiles)
Yesterday, all our coworkers relaxed and... asked about you.

GREGORY
Is it so difficult to perceive it as a fact, without having to supply explanations?

Gregory pours coffee into the cups, and then takes out a bottle of whiskey from the cupboard and points to it significantly.

Arthur frowns and gestures that he can’t drink today.

ARTHUR
It seems that you have gone underground. Tell me honestly, is it a woman, or business, or maybe you are secretly planning a government overthrow? If so, I don’t recommend it: at the present, victims are justified only... on a chess board.

GREGORY
And if it is a revolution in science, a discovery of such magnitude that it will change our whole life,
well... as once the internet did? What would you say then?

ARTHUR
I personally need money most of all now and not spectacular discoveries, but it sounds interesting! Come on tell me what you have created here.

GREGORY
Okay. I can show you how it works. The device is not quite ready there is left a bit to finish, but I'm interested in your opinion.

Arthur gently takes the biscuit and the unfinished cup of coffee and follows Gregory.

ARTHUR
(ironically)
I understand that I have the good fortune to be the first. I am honored greatly!

They enter the room.

Gregory takes off the newspaper from the hoop and switches on the equipment. The hoop begins to glow.

ARTHUR
What is this?

GREGORY
I call it the truth generator. The hoop is attached to a man's head, after which he begins to tell the truth and nothing beside truth!
ARTHUR
A funny thing, like a
truth detector...

Arthur occasionally bites off pieces of the cookie and happily takes small sips of coffee.

GREGORY
No, absolutely not. It's a completely different device!

ARTHUR
And what more can there be? Always the same: a question, a response and analysis of the answer. If a man is lying, there is a jump in biorhythms, which is immediately evident on the chart recorder. Isn't it true?

GREGORY
No! In my truth generator everything is arranged differently: analysis takes place in a man's head. False thoughts are overwhelmed and a man says all that is stored in his memory.

Arthur looks at the picture of the human brain on the wall and then turns to the luminous hoop and carefully examines it closely.

Gregory looks at the computer screen then changes something in the program.

ARTHUR
Are you saying that you can drive a man crazy instantly?
GREGORY
What are you talking about? A man just can’t control his information.

ARTHUR
How did you think of such a thing? I just don’t know where this device can be applied. Think for yourself, who is interested in the truth now?

GREGORY
Everyone! I can create a fundamentally new world, a society based on trust.

ARTHUR
If I understand correctly, if you put that thing on my head, I'll tell Anna where I was yesterday, with whom and what we were doing there. Really a remarkable invention but dangerous, many dead bodies will be scattered!

GREGORY
Don’t turn everything into a joke. Tell me honestly, is truth needed in life or not?

ARTHUR
In the personal everyday sense - no, a man must have the right to a lie.
GREGORY
And things you were taught by your mother in childhood - all nonsense?

ARTHUR
You could have thought of school teachers, things they taught us. Seriously, it seems to me that you're just playing a fool.

GREGORY
Listen, Arthur, let us talk seriously. Truth is really needs in life and everyone wants to know it. This is a fact.

ARTHUR
But on the other hand, a lie is an instrument of everyday life, how can you survive without it?

GREGORY
And what about Anna? Would you like to get from her a really honest, truthful answer?

ARTHUR
Objection, this is a low blow! You know, in fact, I'm absolutely afraid of her answer. She can say something suddenly that will make me think about it the rest of my life. The truth is, in fact, a terrible thing, cruel, without sentiments and
good manners. I don’t know what to tell you. Do I need it? It would be desirable, of course, to understand to the end, seductive, but only if it is nice, but if not, what would you like me to do? How then can I go on to live with them, I mean both - the truth and Anna? So, I prefer to remain in blissful ignorance. That's my final opinion.

GREGORY
Then you are bred from ostriches! Head into the sand - see nothing, hear nothing and don’t want to know.

ARTHUR
Let's continue without abuses! I really think that you have created an amazing thing, but I can't imagine where it can be possible to use.

GREGORY
Where to use the truth?

ARTHUR
It seems to me, that you need to find a sponsor willing to promote it.

GREGORY
Why do I need him?
ARTHUR
Without give and take
in our world you can’t
take a single step.

GREGORY
Should truth be
promoted as toothpaste
or a laundry detergent?
That’s an absurd!

ARTHUR
I agree, but it’s our
reality. So bye, I must
go.

Gregory accompanies Arthur to the door, hugs and friendly
pats him on the back.

ARTHUR
For starters, it is
really worth applying
to any private
detective bureau. I'll
call... Don’t disappear.

INT. FIRM OFFICE - DAY

Gregory appears in the receiving room of a small firm
manager. There, sitting in front of a computer, is quite a
cute, lively and self-confident young secretary NINA.

GREGORY
Hi, Nina. You are
irresistible, as
always! How are you?

NINA
Life goes on without
interruption. All
systems function in
normally. Is your
holiday over, are you
back to work? Where
were you?
GREGORY
Nowhere, at home alone.
I wanted to invite you
for a visit.

NINA
What prevented it?

GREGORY
I lost track of time
working, but
constructed a very
interesting device. I
will soon become a
millionaire.

Nina smiles skeptically.

NINA
Everyone here thinks
so, you are not alone
in this!

GREGORY
Is Nick there? I have a
serious proposal.

Nina nods her head.

GREGORY
Is he alone?

NINA
Go in, he is waiting
for you.

Gregory sends to Nina a kiss and goes into the manager's
office.

INT. MANAGER’S OFFICE - DAY

Manager of the firm, NICK, is sitting at the table. He is
twenty-five years old. It is evident that they are friends
with Gregory.

Nick gets up and hugs Gregory. They pat each other on the
back friendly.
NICK
Welcome back. Sit down. I have missed you. A new project and you are absent and don’t answer calls. Been out of the country or what? By the way, we had a party a couple days ago. You won’t believe the girls that were there...

GREGORY
Sorry, Nick, but I’m about business. I worked on my own project. I’m sure that if promoted correctly, it can bring millions.

NICK
Are you kidding?

GREGORY
No, I’m not. I constructed a new device at home. An entirely new device this world ever had.

NICK
I know you are a computer genius. Remember, we founded this firm for the sole purpose, that each one of us will be able easily to buy a "Porsche".

GREGORY
I prefer an English "Bentley". Have you seen the latest model?
NICK
And this device, for what porpoise?

GREGORY
For the truth! You, for example, want to know the true intentions of your business partner. Put on his head my sensor and the man tells you the entire truth about his plans.

Nick gets up from the table, approaches Gregory and cautiously looks back at the office door.

NICK
Have you made a device for... torture?

GREGORY
Are you crazy? Why torture?

NICK
But if doesn’t torture, who will tell you the truth? Did you really come up with something criminal, aren’t you afraid?

GREGORY
Take it easy, Nick. This is quite a different area! The truth generator I'm going to use is only for humanitarian purposes. Think about it.

NICK
Think about what?
GREGORY
Where to use it! Who may want to use it and pay good money!

NICK
The FSB! For them this device would be very handy. Should we try them? A secret organization and, sure, they have big money.

GREGORY
I'm sorry but I don’t want to have any business with them, for any kind of money.

NICK
Money has no smell! What do you care who buys the construction? In addition, it doesn’t bother to be in good relations with them.

GREGORY
The FSB is modern KGB! Didn’t you hear anything about the dissidents, the things the KGB did with them? I won’t work with the FSB, for no amount of money.

NICK
Okay, calm down. The invention owner is the boss. But frankly speaking, I don’t see another customer.

GREGORY
What can I do? You don’t need truth,
Arthur doesn’t need it. Nobody needs it. Let’s put my invention under the press, push a button and all my problems go away.

NICK
Gregory, don’t take offence. What can I offer you? Understand, I want to help, we’re friends, but...

Gregory angrily stands up and goes to the door of the office. Before leaving he is looks back.

GREGORY
I can’t get support in my own company. So I’ll look for a buyer myself!

NICK
I have always supported all your ideas but this... is over our heads. Sorry.

GREGORY
It is easy for you say. You have invested nothing in it. But I created it, designed it, combined schemes and programs. This is my device and I'm not going to forfeit it so easily.

NICK
Believe me I'm sorry for the waste of your time too, and, by the way, does it function, have you tried it out on somebody already?
GREGORY
I don’t want to discuss it any more. I will leave the resignation letter with Nina.

NICK
No need for any letter. Let it be a paid holiday. We're partners and friends. I'll wait for your return.

Gregory is stalling tentatively, he is clearly unhappy with the result of the conversation.

Nick with a smile come to him and holds out his hand, which Gregory after some hesitation shakes and leaves the office.

INT. FIRM RECEPTION - DAY

GREGORY
(to Nina, angrily)
I wanted to resign but Nick sent me onto an indefinite vacation.

NINA
Listen, Gregory, it's certainly not for me to say, but you are doing something wrong.

GREGORY
(sarcastically)
And you, of course, know how to do it right?!

NINA
I do not know but Nick treats you extremely well, all of us here love you, work is interesting and creative. The pay check
is not bad. Why would you want to resign?

Gregory approaches Nina’s desk, sits on the edge, leaning close to her face, deliberately inhaling the fragrance of her perfume.

GREGORY
Everybody loves meaning you do too?

NINA
(playfully)
Why ask a modest girl indiscreet questions? She may answer "yes" then what shall we do?

GREGORY
What we’ll do we'll think together. I need to finish something urgent now. I’ll call you later, bye.

NINA
Bye!

INT. OFFICE FSB - DAY

There is the FSB building. A CAPTAIN (30) opens a heavy oak cabinet door. He is a strong man, in civilian clothes, wearing a severe gray suit, a white shirt and a dark tie.

The Captain is holding a dark folder with gold lettering: “Для доклада” (Report).

CAPTAIN
Can I come in, comrade general?

The cabinet is decorated in a dark brown color, without any frills.

At the table is sitting the GENERAL, fifty years old in civilian clothes.
There is a photo of the Russian president on the wall over him.

The General looks through the papers.

GENERAL
Sit down, captain.
Report the situation.
What's new in town?

The Captain sits down, opens a folder, pulls out a few sheets of printed papers, then takes a big picture of Gregory, who sits on a chair during his conversation with Nick.

CAPTAIN
We received a report from our informant that an inventor has created at home an electronic device that compels any man to tell the truth.

GENERAL
What? How does it work, and if a man doesn’t want to cooperate?

CAPTAIN
According to the author, a man tells any secret voluntarily, without being forced. This is how the device works.

GENERAL
I can’t imagine this possible. What is so special about this device?

CAPTAIN
The author calls it the truth generator.
GENERAL
The truth generator?
Good name. Truth, truth! We always need the truth! The truth generator... and does it really work?

CAPTAIN
Nobody can reliably confirm it, but the author is sure that it does.

GENERAL
Establish direct contact with the inventor. Offer him help, support, money.

CAPTAIN
Excuse me, comrade general, but the author has an extremely negative attitude to our organization and is guaranteed to refuse cooperation with us.

GENERAL
Do I need to teach you how to deal with dissidents?

CAPTAIN
Sorry, comrade general.

GENERAL
But... I think for now, just watch him, find out what he is about, his occupations, interests, in general, all the details of his life. Without generating a direct contact. Clear?
CAPTAIN
Yes, comrade general.

Captain stands up.

CAPTAIN
Can I leave?

GENERAL
I will personally make sure that the truth generator works for us and only for us. This is very important.

CAPTAIN
Will be done.

GENERAL
Stop immediately possible contacts of our inventor with foreigners, the Americans may sniff out something... On your personal responsibility! Report to me daily. In case of some urgency, call me on my mobile.

CAPTAIN
Yes, comrade general.

Captain leaves the cabinet.

General takes from the table a picture of Gregory and studies it.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Gregory is on the sidewalk near his house. He is in the same jeans, but in a clean, ironed shirt.

Arthur arrives in a new expensive car. He is shaven, groomed, dressed in a light suit with a bright tie.
Gregory goes down, and they drive around the city.

INT. CAR – DAY

ARTHUR
We are going to a private detective agency. It was recommended to me that it is the coolest in town. I have talked with them and they want to meet you and discuss details.

GREGORY
And what did you tell them?

ARTHUR
The first thing that came to my mind; that it can present a true evidence of adultery without any surveillance. They are very interested.

GREGORY
You know, Arthur. I have great doubts, because such use of the device is not what I planned. It’s not ethical.

ARTHUR
You have to choose one of the two things: either ethics or money. Everlasting problem of humanity! By the way, what do you mean? What has ethics to do with anything?
GREGORY
Breaking the security system of the brain - is not a game, it can in a short period of "a truthful conversation" really break people's lives.

ARTHUR
Calm down, you have nothing to do with it, the responsibility lies on their shoulders. No one dragged them by force into the detective agency.

GREGORY
But who can foresee the reaction of jealous husband when he discovers the surprising truth about his beloved wife?

ARTHUR
That's his problem. He wanted to find out the truth and even paid money. Why should you suffer over it?

GREGORY
There is a kind of deception, dishonesty.

ARTHUR
Absolutely not!! It is absolutely fair business: a customer looks for truth, and the detectives sell it! The kind of truth it unravels, regretfully, is the problem of the client. That is it. We
have arrived. Here's their office.

GREGORY
I am very excited, like before the first exam.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Arthur and Gregory parked the car near the entrance to the private agency.

They get out of the car. Arthur straightens his tie and looks anxiously at Gregory.

ARTHUR
Behave calmly, firm and, most importantly, do not sign anything. This is the first introductory conversation. Talk and leave. Then we'll discuss everything thoroughly.

INT. AGENCY OFFICE - DAY

The principal's detective agency is lined with numerous diplomas.

On the table lies a bunch of colorful brochures, folders with papers, business cards.

DIRECTOR - a man of thirty-five years old, with a carrot colored dyed hair, dressed extravagantly and multicolored, with a massive gold chain on the neck and a ring on his finger.

DIRECTOR
Please sit down. Coffee, tea? Maybe whiskey?

ARTHUR
No, thanks.
DIRECTOR
Then let's get down to business. I don't know how much you are informed, but our company is engaged in the business of evidence, collection of compromising, so to speak, eavesdropping and spying.

ARTHUR
It is a dangerous business to follow anyone. I would not do such things, even for big money.

DIRECTOR
We have the most modern equipment. We are closely following the emerging innovations, so we're very interested in your device.

ARTHUR
Glad to hear it.

DIRECTOR
How can we get acquainted with it? Can you show us? Do you have a brochure?

ARTHUR
We have no brochures. The device is now in the finishing stage, it has passed successfully its last test.

DIRECTOR
Can you tell us more? How does it work?
ARTHUR
I think it will be easier for the inventor himself to explain.

GREGORY
Let's start from the beginning. What can a customer get from a private inquisition? Photos in the least, videos of clandestine meetings. In general, a fait accompli of unfaithfulness. And if none exist?

DIRECTOR
Treasons? Treason is always there! This is our livelihood.

GREGORY
But the spirit, the mind, the inner motivations are more important and interesting. There can be only intent of motivations and passions, but can it realize or not - depends on many reasons, on stupid cases.

DIRECTOR
We deal just with these, as you said, stupid cases.

GREGORY
My device lets you know the real true ideas of somebody, discovers betrayal even before
the fact of its physical execution.

DIRECTOR
Our clients are not interested in the intentions but, so to speak, in their realization! I do not understand something; it turns out that you can determine the intent of betrayal, even before it occurs? Very, very original!

The director tries to restrain himself but begins to laugh uncontrollably. He wants but can’t stop.

Arthur and Gregory stand up together and without a word, quickly exchange glances and leave the office.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Gregory and Arthur go out into the street and near the parked car.

Their faces are sad. It is evident that they had just been let down.

ARTHUR
Don’t worry, Gregory. Now we know that your truth generator is not need in the detective business!

GREGORY
I realized it as soon as we entered the office and saw his stupid outfit.

ARTHUR
Leave him be, let's go to sit at a restaurant. We need a drink...
GREGORY
I am still hurting. We
travelled in vain.

INT. CAR - DAY

They get into Arthur's car and light up cigarettes together.

ARTHUR
The world did not end
on this mistakable
visit.

GREGORY
And what are your plans
now?

ARTHUR
A very wise philosopher
said once: "There are
still a lot of fish in
the sea". We’ll find
something.

Gregory nodded silently. Arthur smiled, and they got out of
the parking lot slowly.

INT. FSB BUS - DAY

Inside a special FSB bus, designed for surveillance and
monitoring, sit three people.

A man with headphones turns a knob of the eavesdropping
equipment. A woman looks at the camera, on which Gregory
and Arthur can be seen getting into the car.

Captain dials the number on the red phone.

CAPTAIN
Comrade general, let me
report. The object with
his friend just left
the detective bureau.
(pause)
The result of the conversation was apparently completely negative. They left dejected and the object said: "We shouldn’t have come".

(pause)
Yes, comrade general, we’ll continue our surveillance.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A nice sunny day. Gregory in jeans and a crumpled shirt leaves his driveway and walks down the street, enters a store, buys a pack of cigarettes "Marlboro", bread, sausages and milk.

He returns and sees on the other side of the street a school. He throws a long look at the sign, then quickly goes home.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Gregory, with a new shirt and pants, runs out of the driveway and quickly approaches the school.

He stops beside it looking at the sign for a long time and sighs heavily. It is seen that he debates with the decision, but finally goes inside.

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

Gregory looks around, trying to orientate, then stops a schoolboy.

   GREGORY
   Where is your director?

   STUDENT
   The director always sits in her study.

   GREGORY
   Where is the study?
STUDENT
On the third floor.

Gregory goes up to the third floor, goes to the door marked "Head teacher", knocks politely and enters.

INT. STUDY - DAY

A regular school staff room, with portraits of writers and scholars on the walls.

Over the desk of the head teacher is a portrait of the Russian president.

The school DIRECTOR forty-something years old with dyed blonde hair, is strictly dressed, self-assured, stupid and accustomed to command.

Director and Gregory sit at the table.

DIRECTOR
...we have already sat for half an hour and I can’t figure out what is going on, what you are offering. Can you manage to express your thoughts briefly and clearly?

GREGORY
I'll try. Do you need truthful children? If there is a conflict or a quarrel at school, and it is desirable to find out the truth, my device is simply irreplaceable.

DIRECTOR
I understand, but how does it work? Specifically, what must I do for a child to tell me the truth?
GREGORY
It's easy! I have
developed a special
set. It is only
necessary to put my
hoop on the head of a
student and he will
tell, without any
compulsion, what
actually happened.

DIRECTOR
You propose to
experiment on children?
How can you pronounce
such a nasty thing?

GREGORY
This is a completely
painless procedure and
will not damage the
health of the child.

DIRECTOR
Are you crazy? What
will I tell the parent
society? It's just
outrageous! It is
immoral!

Director said in a raised voice, almost choking on her
overwhelming anger.

GREGORY
This means that in your
school the truth is not
really needed? You are
accustomed to the
deceit and do not want
to change anything.

Director jumps up from her seat.

DIRECTOR
(shouting)
You're just a mad
scientist. Crazy
maniac! Get out of here! If I'll see you again I will call the police.

GREGORY
I propose to deliver you the truth. Why are you shouting?

DIRECTOR
Aaaa! So! I will call the police immediately, you have a need to be isolated and arrested! You are dangerous for our society.

Gregory gets out of the office quickly, runs along the empty corridor, slides down the stairs and runs through the gates of the school.

INT. APARTMENT – EVENING

There is a party at the apartment. There are Arthur, Gregory, Nick, a few guests and girls.

Loud music is playing. Two girls are dancing an erotic dance in the center of the room.

Guests look at the girls. The dance ends, all applaud and laugh.

Gregory sits alone in the corner and smokes. Nick approaches him stone drunk.

NICK
Look, at the beautiful girls, have fun, dance. Enough with your sadness.

GREGORY
No mood.

Nick comes to the recorder, turns off the music, then pours a glass of brandy.
NICK
(loudly)
Let's drink to my friend the computer genius, to the success of his new invention.

Nick with wobbly gait approaches Gregory and clinks glasses with him.

The girls look at Gregory with interest.

GUEST-1
And what did he invent?

NICK
I declare to all my friends. Gregory has made a device that makes any deceiver say the truth only.

GIRL-1
How interesting! I have to try it on someone...

They all laugh.

GIRL-2
I have to try it on my husband... Once in a lifetime he would have to tell me the truth.

NICK
No need to experience on anyone, people have to have faith.

Arthur applauds.

ARTHUR
That's right! Good boy. Famously said! We're not in the police...
GUEST-2
I wonder where this device can be used.

GIRL-1
In court, of course! There it is most needed.

GUEST-1
Right! Its place is in court, under interrogation! There its usefulness is evident.

GREGORY
However, I don’t want to use my truth generator in the judicial system.

GUEST-1
Why not?

GREGORY
Penalizing truth - looks ugly. I do not want to deprive a man of a chance to get out.

ARTHUR
No man but an offender. Besides, think how many innocent people will be able to prove their innocence.

GREGORY
I haven’t thought of that. For the innocent my truth generator - is such a gift.

GUEST-1
Furthermore, the use of the device must
radically change the whole meaning of the court.

GREGORY
Well, okay, don’t get carried away. It is always the same in court. What do you mean?

GUEST-1
It's easy! The truth generator overrides the basic principles of law. It's a real revolution: the presumption of innocence is not needed, no need for an investigator, questioning, no lawyer, no prosecutor, no witnesses, in principle, even a judge is not required.

GREGORY
(laughs)
But someone has to stay there after all?

GUEST-1
Only a judicial officer! A suspect explains all the circumstances, an officer finds in the Criminal Code a relevant article and announces a prescribed punishment.

GREGORY
Yes, it could not be easier than that.
GIRL 1
(to GUEST-1)
You are a dreamer. I
love dreamers!

ARTHUR
That's right! Dreamers
don't allow the rest to
march in step.

Someone turns on the music, everyone starts to dance.

Gregory is coming to Nick and takes him aside.

GREGORY
I have a personal
question for you. May I
ask?

NICK
I have no secrets from
friends. What do you
want to know?

GREGORY
Do you sleep with your
secretary Nina?

NICK
Do you like her?

GREGORY
Do you object?

NICK
First of all, Nina is
not my taste, and,
secondly, I'm not
looking for intrigues
on the job.

GREGORY
Okay.

INT. JUDGE ROOM - DAY
Gregory is sitting at the table in a small room for receiving visitors in front of a JUDGE, a woman of about fifty years old, with an ugly and tired face.

The small room has a simple table, two chairs and paper cabinet.

She pretends to be listening but it is clear that she hears nothing. Her thoughts are far away.

GREGORY
... so the proposed generator can greatly simplify and improve the quality of proceedings, as well as to reduce staff.

JUDGE
Using any device that is not specified in the law is prohibited on a trial.

GREGORY
In this case, it can be used by the police, during interrogation.

JUDGE
The police and the court are subject to the Act too. Any non law tests and inspections are strictly forbidden.

GREGORY
But my device identifies the real truth and innocent men won’t go to jail by the trick of the circumstances!
JUDGE
The court needs not truth but credible evidence and reliable testimony.

GREGORY
How can it be that the court doesn’t need the truth!? Why do we need such a court then?

JUDGE
Don’t play with words, young man. Do you think that the Bar Association will give its consent to such a procedure? Whom will they protect? Think for yourself, what you are offering. Goodbye.

Gregory gets up and goes out of the cabinet with his head down and a sad expression on his face.

INT. FSB OFFICE - DAY

General with Captain are sitting at the table. Before the Captain are spread Gregory's photos in various parts of the city.

GENERAL
So, you think he is depressed.

CAPTAIN
Yes, comrade general, after the visit to the courts, I really thought so. He doesn't leave the house, doesn't respond to phone calls.

General rises from the table, gestures to stop the captain, who is also trying to get up.
General walks slowly around the study.

GENERAL
This is good. So, soon he will be mentally prepared to cooperate, then it is important not to overdo it, so he doesn’t think of suicide. Follow him around? I need him alive.

CAPTAIN
We survey, comrade general, watching his every move.

GENERAL
Look, captain, you answer with your head. I need this generator desperately now, I can think only about it.

CAPTAIN
Don’t worry, comrade general, everything will be fine.

GENERAL
I rely on you. I casually hinted of that upstairs, that such a device exists, so they are already hot for it. Don't let me down! This case now is of national importance, under special control.

CAPTAIN
I won't let you down, comrade general.

INT. GREGORY APARTMENT - EVENING
Gregory looks at himself in the mirror, then at his watch, and dials a number on the phone.

GREGORY
Hi, Nina. How are you?
What are you doing?
(pause)
Want to visit a bored bachelor?
(pause)
Then come here.
(pause)
Of course, right now.
(pause)
Okay, I’ll wait.

Gregory cleans the apartment in a hurry, not looking, stuffs things lying around into the closet, enters the bathroom, brushes his teeth, shaves, splashes cologne on himself, glances at his reflection in the mirror.

Gregory puts on a new light suit, nice shirt and shoes.

The doorbell rings and a smartly dressed Nina come in. She takes off her coat in the entrance and meticulously inspects Gregory.

NINA
So, this way I like you a lot more. A real Playboy! Why don’t you dress this way every day? The girls would go for you.

GREGORY
I am satisfied to have you today as it is.

Gregory comes to Nina, hugs and kisses her. She does not resist. He takes her hand and leads her into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

He removes her blouse, she takes off his jacket. He unbuttons and removes her bra, she takes off his shirt.
They lie on the bed. GREGORY gently kisses Nina's lips, she passionately embraces him, he kisses her neck, chest...

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Scantily clad and weary Gregory and Nina are sitting in the kitchen, drinking wine and smoking.

      GREGORY
      Do you deceive often?

      NINA
      It happens.

      GREGORY
      Do you want to try to be truthful? I have an electronic game.

      NINA
      The last time I played in "Tell the truth" at school, I was thirteen, but without any electronics, just talking all sorts of nonsense, like who is interested in whom. Girls, boys, first love, in a word, a happy childhood. So I don't know whether I would play it now... and indeed, let's try.

Gregory takes Nina by the hand and leads her into his workroom.

On the way, they stop, start kissing passionately.

INT. ROOM - EVENING

Gregory puts Nina on a chair in the center of the room and puts on her head the hoop.
Gregory switches on the system. Generator starts working and the hoop begins to glow.

First of all, Gregory sees a dramatically changing expression on her face: it is silly, aloof, with sharp, exaggerated facial expressions and some childish affectation, flourishes with the tongue, which she often starts licking her full lips, and then a loud giggle, trying to reach the nose.

Nina with corresponding gestures, helping herself with her hands and extremely candid facial expressions, begins to demand sex, pointing her finger to what he must do.

It looks disgusting. Gregory is ashamed and disgusted.

He quickly runs up and snatches off the glowing hoop from her head.

NINA
What was that? What have you done to me?

Her face becomes frightened, confused and miserable.

NINA
Was I drugged? You have got me hypnotized? What have you done to me? Why did you make me do it?

Nina starts crying and screaming the words through the tears pouring down.

NINA
I hate you! And this is after we had sex! How could you? Ugly bastard! I hate you!

Nina cries insults in a dramatic whisper and rises to the full voice at the end.
Gregory is embarrassed; he does not know how to justify himself.

Nina with a burning-crimson, tear-stained face suddenly takes off, grabs her coat and jumps out through the front door.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Nina, sobbing, holding her coat in her hands, runs from the entrance Gregory's house.

She stops, crying bitterly into the coat. One can see her quivering shoulders, hears loud sobs.

Captain jumps out from the special FSB's bus and runs to Nina.

    CAPTAIN
    Girl, has somebody hurt you? Was it rape? Do you need help?

    NINA
    No! No, please leave me alone.

    CAPTAIN
    But I want to help you. I see that something happened to you.

    NINA
    Leave me be! It's not your business.

Sobbing Nina turns from the Captain and runs away quickly.

The Captain returns to the bus.

INT. FSB BUS - EVENING

An employee shows Captain a close-up picture of crying Nina in the monitor.
CAPTAIN
Comrade general, I
would like to report
that the truth
generator is tested. I
believe that
successfully.
(pause)
On the secretary of his
company, named Nina,
she stayed with him...
(looks at the watch)
fourty-seven minutes,
they had sex then she
ran out in tears,
hysterical. She could
not explain anything.
(pause)
If we push her, I
think, she'll agree,
she is obviously hurt
by him.
(pause)
Of course, it looks
like rape and there
will be a witnesses.
(pause)
Thank you, comrade
general.

INT. GREGORY KITCHEN - EVENING

Gregory is sitting still for a long time, leaning his
elbows on the kitchen table and covering his face with his
hands.

The phone rings. Gregory looks at the phone, the ringing
continues. He picks it up.

ARTHUR
(on phone)
Hey. I caught you in
time, old man.
GREGORY
Hi, Arthur.

ARTHUR
(on phone)
Listen, Gregory, a good company is gathering unplanned; come, join us.

GREGORY
No, Arthur, I can't.

ARTHUR
(on phone)
Why not? Have a drink, dance a little. Come on!

GREGORY
You see, I am now in a state that I want to hang myself. I'm not up to parties.

ARTHUR
(on phone)
What happened?

GREGORY
It's a long story.

ARTHUR
(on phone)
Tell me.

GREGORY
I tested the truth generator!

ARTHUR
(on phone)
Can you really do that? On whom?
GREGORY
On Nina, our secretary.
I don’t know why, but I feel myself as the last bastard now.

ARTHUR
(on phone)
I see. I’ll come at once.

GREGORY
Well, Arthur, thank you. I'm completely out of sorts...

ARTHUR
(on phone)
Do nothing without me. I'll be in five minutes.

Sad Gregory sits in the kitchen.

He pours himself a quarter glass of whiskey and gulps it up wincing, then puts out the unfinished cigarette and immediately takes out from the pack another one.

Arthur enters. He sees Gregory, sighs in relief, takes a clean glass from the kitchen cabinet, pours himself from the bottle of whiskey, drinks it and sits at a table in front of Gregory.

ARTHUR
Come on, tell me what happened.

GREGORY
What's to tell? This is impossible to correct.

ARTHUR
Never mind, life is given to us to make terrible mistakes and then to correct them
with difficulty. So what happened to Nina?

GREGORY
You see, I invited for visit a pretty girl but the truth generator turned her into a lustful terrible monster and when I stopped device, a crushed, hysterical, morale woman sat in front of me.

ARTHUR
Did she say anything to you before she left?

GREGORY
She was crying terribly, cursing and I could say nothing to my defense. She was right.

ARTHUR
Yes, not everyone can digest the truth.

GREGORY
God knows I did not expect such an effect.

ARTHUR
Do you feel sorry for her?

GREGORY
Yes, but it is pity mixed with disgust. I cannot see her anymore. The things she got up to there!

ARTHUR
Forget it. As Plutarch said, "There is no
offense against women that can't be justified! This is exactly the same case.

GREGORY
But I need to explain to her all this, apologize. I do not want her to suffer.

ARTHUR
You don't need to explain. She'll cry and calm down. Women are only thin-skinned and sensitive by sight, but in fact they are extremely practical and can easily carry all kinds of overload.

GREGORY
I feel that I offended her very badly, abused in a special way, humiliated in her own eyes.

ARTHUR
Forget it, Nina will be okay after a couple days, but what are you going to do with the truth generator now?

GREGORY
Put it under the press! Crush the louse! Unequivocally and without any regrets! Destroy it as a monster! I created it, and I'll destroy it!
ARTHUR
I remember that
recently you stated
something quite the
opposite, something
about an improved
truthful man...

GREGORY
But now I realize that
reality consists of
decception and
illusions!

ARTHUR
Really? An original
thought!

GREGORY
Of course, take away
illusion and the
reality of relations
will disappear forever,
people won’t be able
look at each other
even.

ARTHUR
Well, you know best.
Somehow I sensed
immediately that this
device is dangerous.

GREGORY
Now all is clear for me
with the truth
generator. Thank you
for coming. Let us
finish the bottle of
whiskey.

Gregory pours the remainder of whiskey into glasses.

GREGORY
Now I start a normal
life!
ARTHUR
Right. Bye, Gregory.
I'll call maybe on a weekend, go out
somewhere to nature, swim, sunbathe and so
on.

GREGORY
Okay.

They hug and Arthur leaves.

Gregory begins to collect the dishes from the table.

The phone rings sharply.

Gregory is startled by surprise and looks anxiously at the
phone. Ringing continues.

Gregory picks up the phone.

BOSS
(on phone)
Hello Gregory, I'm
sorry for the late
call. My name is...
however, to be honest,
I'm used that all call
me Boss.

GREGORY
Excuse me, but what do
you want?

BOSS
(on phone)
I found out by accident
about your invention
and am very interested.
My company engages in
marketing and sales
development of high
technology. If your
truth generator really
works, I can predict
great commercial
potential. Can we meet and discuss details?

Gregory is in a stupor.

GREGORY
You see, Boss, I want to warn you that I proposed the truth generator to various organizations, but found out that it is not needed, so I have serious doubts...

BOSS
(on phone)
And that, my dear, is not for you to say. Let us deal with our work, you, as the inventor, have done your work already. So do we have a deal?

GREGORY
I don’t know what to say to you...

BOSS
(on phone)
If it suits you, I'll wait for you at my office tomorrow, I want to see the device in action and hear from you details. Is that possible?

GREGORY
In principle, yes. It is quite compact.

BOSS
(on phone)
Where can I collect you, where do you live?
GREGORY
The Forest street,
twenty-seven.

BOSS
(on phone)
I'll send a car for
you. At ten o'clock
precisely it will wait
at the entrance of your
house.

GREGORY
How do I know it?

BOSS
(on phone)
You’ll know it, it's
not a common car, and
just in case, it will
have a pack of
"Marlboro" on top.
Approach and get
inside. Goodbye. I'm
looking forward to our
meeting.

Gregory slowly hangs up the phone. He looks at Nina's
hairpin, which lies on the floor, picks it up and throws it
into the garbage.

Comes to the kitchen cabinet, pulls out a fresh bottle of
whiskey, pours a glass and drinks it in a gulp.

He lights a cigarette, it can be seen that his hands are
trembling nervously, then he goes to the window and looks
at the night sky for a long time...

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Gregory with a portable computer and a briefcase is
standing patiently in the street, looking at his watch, it
shows five minutes to ten.

He is dressed in a suit but no tie, clean shaven and
combed.
He sees a luxury red sports car, which drives up to his porch, dramatically slows down and stops.

The driver's window opens and a woman's hand with red polished nails leans out with a special race car driver's glove, puts on the roof of the car a pack of "Marlboro".

Gregory approaches and opens the door. A full volume heavy rock is rumbling in the car.

The DRIVER, a young, cheerful girl (20) in a denim jacket, turns off the tape recorder.

GREGORY
Hello, my name is
Gregory. Yesterday I
talked to the Boss. I
am scheduled to meet...

DRIVER
Hey. Sit down.

Gregory gets into the car.

INT. SPORTS CAR - MORNING

Gregory admiringly looks at the control panel, the different colored lights, speedometer and tape recorder.

DRIVER
Fasten your sit belt.

GREGORY
You have a cool car.
Frankly, I have never ridden in a car like this.

DRIVER
So let's ride. Let's go!

EXT. STREET - MORNING

The car abruptly enters the roadway and goes down the street.
At this moment, standing near is a black "Volga" which leaves the parking lot and follows the sports car.

The sports car is going at a normal speed down the street and behind it at a distance, so it is invisible, is driving the black "Volga".

INT. SPORTS CAR - MORNING

During the ride, the driver stares in the mirror several times.

    DRIVER
    How do you feel about fast driving? Aren't you afraid?

    GREGORY
    No, I don't think so.

Pronounces Gregory and presses into the seat.

The sports car dramatically increases speed. Everything flashes before his eyes.

Gregory is afraid. He is sitting, hands convulsively clutching the chair.

    GREGORY
    Not so fast, please. We'll crash.

    DRIVER
    Don't worry. I'm a master of rallying. Everything is under control.

    GREGORY
    But you're driving as if someone is chasing us.

    DRIVER
    Of course, someone is chasing. Look, there's a black "Volga"
following us starting at your house. Don’t you know who it could be? Although it's clear: the forced engine and number belongs to the stable of FSB.

GREGORY
But I have no business with the FSB.

DRIVER
Maybe you don't, but they do. Right now, we will drive on the highway and see how they survive this race. Watch carefully as I'll drive off. That will be something to remember.

GREGORY
Aren't you afraid to tangle with the FSB? They will catch you anyway.

DRIVER
We aren't afraid of anyone! Well, hold on. Now we will show them a master-class high-speed driving.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING

The sports car leaves to the freeway, dramatically increases speed and rushes forward, easy overtaking all cars.

INT. "VOLGA" - MORNING

The black "Volga", driven by the Captain, follows them, trying to keep a distance, but going at such a speed, it cannot.
The Captain furiously pushes down on the gas, doing everything he can to catch up, but is left more and more behind.

The control panel of the "Volga" shows that an indicator needle temperature is close to the red sector, but the Captain obstinately continues to put pressure on gas.

The Captain lost them. The engine of the "Volga" suddenly releases a jet of smoke.

The Captain drives off to the side.

EXT. HIGHWAY – MORNING

The Captain turns out, opens the hood.

The engine smokes heavily and suddenly ignites.

The Captain hits his foot on the wheel several times in a rage.

He pulls out a cell phone and dials a number.

INT. SPORTS CAR - MORNING

    DRIVER
    That's it. Lost them.
    Of course, had to make a little detour but, I think, you like my riding.

    GREGORY
    I'm not used to it.
    This is a real rally!
    You have overtaken them all, as if they were standing.

    DRIVER
    Certainly, I go twice as fast as they do. In a quarter of an hour we will be get to the place.
EXT. STREET - MORNING

The sports car stops right in front of beautifully designed entrance of a small firm.

Gregory gets out of the car, takes out his laptop and briefcase, waving his hand to the driver.

Near the entrance he encounters a burly guard in a dark suits, white shirt and thin black tie.

INT. COMPANY - MORNING

GUARD
Sorry, but we have to conduct a full inspection in our company, this is an order. Please empty your pockets and put all on the table.

Gregory is carefully searched, after which the security guard escorts him to the Boss’s office.

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

BOSS, a stocky man of fifty, dressed impeccably, with a diamond clasp on a bright tie and a large gold fleshy ring on his finger, seats behind a massive desk in the depth of the cabinet.

In addition, there are a few men standing in the room. Boss rises from the table with a smile and stretches out his hand to Gregory.

BOSS
I am glad, very glad to meet you personally, Gregory.

GREGORY
I'm glad to meet you too.
BOSS
We are not official in our firm. How was your journey?

GREGORY
Thank you, all right.

BOSS
Sit down, we are listening.

Boss sits in his chair and kindly indicates to Gregory the opposite chair, then pulls out a fat cigar out of the box, cut and lights it with an inquiring looks at Gregory.

Gregory sits on a chair opposite the desk, facing Boss, so all the company employees are behind him.

Involuntarily he turns around, but realizes that he has to tell to Boss only.

GREGORY
The truth generator consists of a sensor element, which also has a function of monitoring and control...

Boss stops him with a gesture of protest.

BOSS
Talk plainly, Gregory, in human language, without any scientific detail. Just tell us how this thing works. Here no one understands your physics, we specialize in other subjects.

Gregory puzzles shrugs.

GREGORY
Actually, I prepared a presentation with
information about biorhythms of the brain and the technical embodiment of the device, but possible in a simple way.

BOSS
In our firm we follow the principle: "More simple - more clear!"

GREGORY
In short, the device works so: set the hoop on the head of a tested, turn on the system and the truth generator begins to work, a man speaks only truth.

BOSS
What if he has secrets that he doesn’t want to share with anyone?

GREGORY
For the truth generator there are no secrets. A man has no control over himself; he cannot separate in his mind a secret and not.

BOSS
And then, after the band is taken off, does he remember what he said?

GREGORY
Of course, this is not hypnosis.

Boss ponders over something and then stares at Gregory.
BOSS
Is it possible to make
it so that he doesn’t
remember?

Gregory thinks hard for a while, looks at the truth
generator.

GREGORY
It's hard to do, even
not clear how in the
meanwhile. And what is
it to you?

BOSS
Just in case. The more
features, the higher
the price of an
instrument. Speaking of
the price, how much do
you want?

Gregory face expresses extreme dismay; he didn’t expect
such a question.

GREGORY
I do not know what to
say. In addition to a
principal amount,
fifteen percent of
profits.

BOSS
Okay.

Boss gets a folder with a prepared text of the contract out
of the box, enters by hand "fifteen percent", signs, puts a
stamp of the company and sends two copies of the contract
to Gregory.

Gregory looks at the text of the agreement.

GREGORY
But the last paragraph,
which should state the
amount of compensation
was left blank.
BOSS
Of course, I leave you
to write that amount
yourself. How much do
you want?

Gregory slowly with hesitation turns the handle in his
hand. It is evident that he does not know how much to
write.

GREGORY
What kind of range are
we talking about?

BOSS
(smiles)
You know, Gregory, if a
man is interested in a
price range on a yacht
that means that he
can’t buy it. If I
really need something I
will not discuss the
price.

GREGORY
One hundred thousand
dollars!

Unexpectedly for himself, Gregory says, before entering the
amount into the contract, with a question and an uncertain
glance studies the reaction of his partner.

The face of Boss reflects nothing.

BOSS
Do you prefer cash or a
check?

GREGORY
Cash!

Gregory is in shock.
BOSS
Bring money and champagne.

One man leaves the cabinet and after a minute a mountain of dollars bundles in bank packages lay on the table, and a little table on wheels, with all sorts of drinks and snacks, enters the room.

Boss and Gregory drink a glass of champagne.

Gregory touches bundles of money and checks the contents in one of them, then rakes the money from the table into his briefcase.

BOSS
Now I want to invite you to my country residence, where we will experience your truth generator.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Boss, Gregory, who holds a laptop and a briefcase with the money, and staff come from the firm outside.

Boss and Gregory sit in a long black limousine with a middle-aged driver in a uniform jacket and staff in a big black jeep behind the limousine.

The two cars are traveling slowly down the street.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING

Limousine and jeep quickly go on suburban highways.

INT. CAR - MORNING

Gregory sits with a briefcase of money on his lap. Outside the window flash by fields and woods.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - MORNING

The cars leave the highway to a side road and enter the country residence, surrounded with a high stone fence.
Surveillance cameras and signs: "Private ownership" is installed all around the place.

Inside the fence there is a large, imposing house, with an extensive and well-cared garden.

Boss, Gregory and the staff get out of their cars.

INT. ROOM - MORNING

All men rise to the second floor and locate in a large, bright room.

   BOSS
   Now let's see how your truth generator works.
   I can’t wait to see everything with my own eyes. It's probably like a miracle.

Boss sits on a separated chair.

Gregory sits at the table, switches on his portable computer, and pulls the hoop from his briefcase.

In the center of the room an employee puts an empty chair.

   GREGORY
   I want to warn you: a man cannot control himself and can start talking all kinds of indecent things about sex, for example.

   BOSS
   Well, we’ll survive it, we are not angels too.

   BOSS
   (to employee)
   Call Marina.
BOSS
(to Gregory)
She is my personal secretary.

Boss winks to Gregory.

MARINA (30) enters the room. She is a pretty blonde of medium height, with beautiful gray eyes and large horn-rimmed glasses that give her a serious, businesslike look.

Marina holds a notepad and pen. She behaves formally.

BOSS
(to Marina)
Sit down, Marina, here, on this chair.

BOSS
(to Gregory)
Please, Gregory. You can begin.

Marina sits on the empty chair in the center of the room and looks at her boss.

Gregory sets the hoop on her head. She does not resist, just glances curiously from Boss to Gregory.

The experiment begins, the hoop begins to glow.

On Marina’s face appears a childish, silly expression.

She looks around with astonished eyes at all present, takes off her glasses, gives a silly grin and then suddenly begins to laugh loudly.

She in turn points her finger at the silent employees. They avert their eyes shyly to the side. She fills with laughter.

Boss watches Marina in amazement.

BOSS
(to Gregory)
What is it with her?
GREGORY
Ask your questions quickly.

Boss looks suspiciously at the employees, and then switches the look to his laughing assistant.

BOSS
Tell me, dear Marina, what do you feel about me?

GREGORY
(quietly)
Look, Boss, you of course immediately understood how to check the device, but it is better to start with not a personal question, you may cause a scandal...

Boss gestures to Gregory, not to interfere.

Marina abruptly stops her hysterical laughter and, calmly looking at Boss, says in a metallic dispassionate voice, like a broken robot.

MARINA
You are a dirty, smelly and lustful pig. I hate your arms, your ugly, sticky tongue, every part of your body makes me nauseous. You are a disgusting, ugly old man and cause me pain. Although I am afraid of you, I dream of killing you...

A heavy, intense atmosphere of fear filters into the room. All employees blush and cover in a sudden sweat.
Boss's eyes bulge and his face turns purple, hands grip the chair forcefully. It is evident that he has difficulty in restraining himself not to pounce Marina with his fists.

Boss pulls his gaze from Marina and slowly turns it to Gregory. He has a bad look, evil.

GREGORY
(quietly)
I have tried to stop it.

BOSS
Your generator is working, now I am totally convinced in this. The success surpassed all expectations, my dream has come true. You are a genius! I am happy that I found you.

GREGORY
Can I stop the test?

BOSS
Of course, just let me one more question.

Boss looks quite easy already.

Employees are occasionally exchanging glances, wiping sweaty faces with handkerchiefs.

BOSS
Marina, my dear, tell me, please, if not me, whom do you like?

MARINA
I like Mike, your gardener, he is so cute, affectionate.

On her face appears a satisfied, dreamy smile.
BOSS
Wow, that's a surprise!
This I did not expect.
However, I have a
serious contender.

BOSS
(to Gregory)
That's all, I have
finished my questions.
Thank you, Gregory.
Your generator works
like a Swiss watch.
Please accept my
congratulations.

Gregory approaches Marina and takes the hoop off her head.
He looks at her with regret.

Marina sits motionless for a few seconds, as in a stupor,
then wakes up and tears begin to roll down her cheeks.

MARINA
What have you done to
me? Why? How could you?
What was it? My God,
what is going on here?

She begins hysterically crying and screaming, wringing her hands.

MARINA
Excuse me, Boss, for
God's sake, forgive me.
If you want, I'll get
on my knees? I am not
to blame, it made me,
it was not me, I was
cheated. Oh, what shall
I do? I was gone, gone.
Sorry, Boss, I redeem...
I'll work for free...

Boss frowns with distaste.
BOSS
(to employees)
Take her away, she is
no longer needed.

One employee escorts Marina sobbing out of the room. She can hardly move her legs. It is evident that she is not herself.

Gregory looks after her sadly.

Boss is unusually excited, he is excitedly rubbing his hands and can not hide his joy.

BOSS
Thank you for a fantastic invention. I was not mistaken in you. Today I made the best deal of my life. I hope this device will remain here? I want to try it myself.

GREGORY
Here is the disk with the system. In addition, there are full instructions. I think you will have no problems with the operation.

BOSS
You see, Gregory, this apparatus is only for me but I do not really know much about computers.

GREGORY
Don’t worry, everything is very simple. Put a disk, all questions you answer "yes", then set the hoop on the head
and ask what you are looking for. That's it.

Boss looks closely, silently moving his lips sometimes, as if trying to remember.

BOSS
Okay, okay, but I'll call you if I forget something.

GREGORY
Of course, no problem.

BOSS
Thank you! Now you will be taken home.

Boss goes close to Gregory.

BOSS
I have an urgent request from you. Think how to make a man to forget everything after the test. You can see by yourself how truthful answers bring unnecessary stress. Why expose people to nervous stress? We need to be more humane.

GREGORY
I’ll try but am not sure in the success.

Boss shakes Gregory's hand with feeling.

BOSS
Try, may be you can. Good bye, I was very glad to meet you. Hopefully, we will closely interact in the future.
Gregory picks up his briefcase full of money, nods to the silent employees and, accompanied by one of them, goes out.

EXT. LAWN - DAY

They come out of the house and go to the red sports car which is already waiting for him.

The employee returns to the house.

Gregory stops in front of the car.

DRIVER
We’ll drive back safely, no one will follow you here.

GREGORY
Do you know how much this car cost?

DRIVER
(laughs)
I only know that you can’t afford it.

GREGORY
I wouldn’t be so sure? Maybe tomorrow I'll buy the same!

DRIVER
Whoever deals with Boss can’t lose! He attracts money like a magnet. He’s a great man! Let’s go?

Gregory nods, walks around the car, opens the door and suddenly hears the voice of Boss.
Boss stands at the open window on the second floor.

BOSS
Wait a minute, Gregory. Sorry, but I suddenly begin to fear that I don’t understand your manual. Let us, test your generator once again. I want to do everything myself, without help. Agreed?

GREGORY
Okay.

Gregory returns to the house.

INT. ROOM - MORNING

He sits next to Boss, who sits at the table in front of the computer in the same place Gregory sat.

Boss encircles the eyes of employees, choosing a suitable sacrifice for the test.

Those surveyed are pale, avert their eyes, trying to be inconspicuous. It is clear that no one wants participate in the procedure.

Suddenly Boss slams the hand on his forehead.

BOSS
How could I forget? Mike, our gardener, my lucky rival. Let him explain honestly why he sleeps with my secretary...
(smiles)
without my permission.

Employees smile prettily, nod, it is clear that they were extremely afraid of his choice, but now all breathed a sigh of relief.
BOSS
Call the gardener. I want to look at our smelling manure Don Juan.

MIKE, a strong man of thirty, with clay-stained trousers, awkwardly enters the room, twisting his cap in his hands and looks around warily.

BOSS
Sit down, Mike, here.

Boss points to the chair where Marina sat before.

Mike dutifully sits on the chair.

Boss carefully with both hands picks up the hoop and gently puts it on the head of Mike.

MIKE
(very excited)
What is it?

Mike clearly does not understand what is happening.

BOSS
(to Mike)
It does not hurt.

Boss returns to the computer and switches on the system. The hoop on the head of Mike starts glowing.

The Boss looks questioningly at Gregory.

BOSS
Is it all right?

Gregory nods.

BOSS
(to himself)
Now, ask questions.

Boss turns to Mike.
BOSS
Why do you, Mike, sleep
with my secretary?

All that the gardener could have said him on this subject,
was not very interesting to Boss, he wants to make sure
that everything is done correctly and the system works.

MIKE
I am ordered to sleep
with her.

Boss is surprised and stares at him.

GREGORY
(to Boss, whispers)
I need to get out.

BOSS
(to Gregory, firmly)
Stay in your place.

BOSS
(to Mike)
On whose order?

MIKE
By instructions from my
supervisor.

Gregory looks at the open window, front door.

GREGORY
(to Boss, whispers)
But I need to go to the
toilet urgently.

BOSS
(to Gregory, firmly)
Don’t disturb me.

BOSS
(to Mike)
Why has your supervisor
ordered you to do this?
MIKE
To receive information.

BOSS
What kind of information?

Boss is standing right in front of Mike now and increasingly darkens.

MIKE
About your transactions, foreign and local partners.

BOSS
Where does your supervisor work? His position?

MIKE
There is a regional office of the Interpol. He is in a Head department of the international crime.

Boss's face looks like a steel mask.

The employees-bodyguards pull out guns with a questioning look at Boss.

Boss looks at his watch several times, moving his lips.

Seconds stretch slowly.

Gregory stills, only moves a startled look from Boss to the armed employees.

BOSS
(to employees)
Finish him off!

The employees are shooting at Mike from the several guns.

Mike, unnaturally bent, with a short groan, falls sideways off the chair onto the floor.
After that, each employee releases by a jerky move a few bullets.

Mike shows no sign of life, around him on the floor there is a pool of blood.

The employees, headed by Boss, are slowly turning to the "stranger".

Gregory is sitting in his chair motionless, staring with unseeing eyes at one point and tries not breathe.

Barrels of the gun look straight at him.

GREGORY
I will tell nobody, I promise. I’m a technical worker. I have nothing to do with it here.

BOSS
Yes, this is so, but... now you are not just Gregory but the only witness.

GREGORY
Please don’t kill me. I beg of you. I'm only twenty-three. I'll be silent like a fish.

BOSS
I am very sorry, Gregory, that all this happened. You are a very able man, just out of luck.

GREGORY
I swear that I will remain silent, it's not my business. I'm here by accident. I am an outsider and have no
relation to your business...

BOSS
Understand, Gregory, I like you as a person, but the cards of your destiny lay down badly and I don’t argue with fate. There is nothing you can do, accept it with dignity.

GREGORY
It turns out that you want to kill me for the truth, I have brought you. Is it your gratitude?

BOSS
As says: "The road to Hell is paved by good intentions"! You like money, you got it! Your dream has come true, what else does a man need?

GREGORY
Life! A man needs life!

BOSS
(smiles)
However to die for the truth is easy. This is the death of a hero! What could be better and nobler than to die for truth?

Boss comes close to Gregory.

BOSS
Give me your bag. You will not need money there.
Gregory is sitting in his chair motionless as a statue, pale and frightened.

Boss takes his briefcase with the money, returns and stops near his employees.

BOSS
(to Gregory)
Goodbye, Gregory.

GREGORY
(weeping)
But I don’t want to
die! I have seen
nothing in my life... I
beg you, don’t kill...

BOSS
(to employees)
Fire!

FADE OUT:

The sound of guns fire, the sound of a body falling to the
floor and then a few more shots.

BOSS (v.o.)
Bury the bodies and
prepare everything that
is needed. We are going
on a short expedition
aboard...

FADE IN:

EXT. MOSCOW - DAY

Overview of the nicest places of Moscow: squares, streets, the Moscow-river, bridges, the Bolshoi Theater, galleries, the Pushkin monument and so on.

THE END