

**VIRTEX**

by

YUVRAAJ

YUVRAJ ASHOK WANKHEDE  
+91 (865) 551 1572  
yuvrajwank@gmail.com

**FADE IN:**

**INT. FOREST OFFICE - NIGHT**

Dark, shadowy forest office. Thundering outside. Forest Officer, JACOB SIMSKINS (50's), exhausted and wrapped in a soaked blanket, staring numbly at two doctors performing surgical operations on a 13 year old kid. The kid - torn frock, blood everywhere with wild claws marks.

**SUPER: JULY, 1962**

**JACOB SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Dear God! Please save her!

**BEGIN FLASHBACK**

**EXT. FOREST - NIGHT**

Four hours ago, tired Jacob Simskins, with wet cardigan, trudging through the wild storm to reach the forest office. We see a hazy patch of his office light shining blurry almost a mile ahead. He unbuckles his shot-gun and shoots a signal in the air.

Minutes later, he has begun traversing the wild forest again, when he sees a small human-like figure fallen in a pool of blood.

Shocked, he unbuckles his shot-gun and walks to the body. The body has wounds over torn frock. Jacob realizes she is breathing. He picks up the body and strides to the office.

**END FLASHBACK.**

**INT. FOREST OFFICE - NIGHT**

Jacob sitting in the forest office. Remembering his son, 7 yr old, Arthur Simskins, who had died 3 years ago.

**JACOB SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

God has given me another chance. I must not lose it.

The doctors turn around.

**DOCTOR #1**

The vitals are stable, Officer. But there is blood loss to the brain. He may lose his memories.

**JACOB SIMSKINS**

He? Isn't the kid, a girl?

**DOCTOR #1**

No. It's a boy. A boy in girl's clothes. But who is the kid?

Jacob stares for a long moment.

**JACOB SIMSKINS**

He is my son. He is Arthur Simskins.

**CUT TO: BLACK**

**TITLE:**

**VIRTEX**

Sacrifices Are Inevitable

**OVER BLACK:**

**SUPER: 13 YEARS LATER**

**HEAR A MAN'S VOICE.**

It is said that Death is an Inevitable truth. But to be dead, what is actually alive?

**INT. US CONFIDENTIAL RESEARCH CENTER, DETECH - MORNING**

A Scientist, ROBERT EDWIN (30's), standing before a glass wall, watching a launch of a rocket named PHOENIX. His face, ill. We see a large rocket mounted far away in the launching grounds before the glass wall of his office.

**BROADCASTER (O.S.)**

Initiating launch in T-Minus Ten Seconds.

Robert Edwin is silent.

**BROADCASTER (CONT'D)**

10-9-8-7-6-5. Main Engine start. 4-3-2-1. Booster ignition And! Lift-Off. We have Lift off.

Everyone in the Research center tosses their hands in the air, cheering. But Robert is sadly silent. Staring silently.

**CUT TO: BLACK**

**OVER BLACK:**

**UNUSUALLY THICK VOICE OF A MAN.**

Finally! Ich bin da...

**CUT TO:**

**INT. ROCKY COMPACT ROOM - NIGHT.**

Tall bald man, PETER KRANTZ, (30's) in a long silk gown, eyes closed, holding a copper vessel with red liquid in it. A priest standing before him, 12 sages standing around them, chanting verses concurrently. Candles everywhere.

**SUPREME PRIEST.**

It is time for your salvation, my child.

Peter inhales deeply.

**PETER KRANTZ (V.O.)**

I am a warrior. And a God soon.

**SUPREME PRIEST.**

You swear with your soul that whatever will confront you, you shall offer the holy fruit to 'HER'.

Peter opens his eyes slowly. We see his pupils are dense red.

**PETER KRANTZ**

I do.

**SUPREME PRIEST.**

You take the oath by the consumption of this divine potion. Drink it.

Peter slowly begins to drink. Suddenly, his eyes go wild.

**PETER KRANTZ (V.O.)**

It is blood!

Somehow Peter finishes drinking the blood completely. The Priest turns around and takes a metallic embroidered box from another sage. Opens it and takes a blue emerald ring out.

The Priest pulls Peter's right hand and slips the ring into his fourth finger. As Peter opens his palm, we see two teeth like projections in the interior of the blue emerald ring.

**SUPREME PRIEST.**

It is time for your first offering.  
Are you ready?

**PETER KRANTZ**

I am. Master!

**SUPREME PRIEST.**

Your first sacrifice to HER is...  
Robert Edwin.

**INT. CHURCHILL HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Detective ARTHUR SIMSKINS wakes up with a start. The telephone in his room is ringing. He wipes his wet face & takes the phone.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Hello?

**MORGAN**

(grieving)  
Arthur!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

What happened, MORGAN? Is  
everything alright?

For a long time, MORGAN doesn't speak, but when Simskins forces him, he tells the bad news - Robert Edwin is dead.

**EXT. AIRPORT, WASHINGTON DC - NIGHT**

We see Simskins jogging through the airport to reach the nearest exit station. A tall African-American man (30's) approaching him.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Morgan! You alright?

**MORGAN**

Yes! C'mon we've got to hurry!

**INT. CAR, OUTSIDE WASHINGTON AIRPORT - NIGHT**

Detective Simskins adjusts himself in the seat of a car, with Morgan sitting beside. He remembers the old days with Robert. We see him closing his eyes. (Two years back in memory)

**BEGIN FLASHBACK****EXT. PORTRAIT MUSEUM, WASHINGTON DC - MORNING**

Robert and Simskins sitting on a table with coffee mugs. Robert is looking ill.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Are you alright, Robert?

**ROBERT EDWIN**

Yes. There is something I've to trust you with.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

What is it?

**ROBERT EDWIN**

Take this.

Robert takes something out from his pocket, his hands trembling in action. The thing is rolled in a cloth.

**ROBERT EDWIN (CONT'D)**

I'm trusting you with this Arthur. Take this and trust nobody. Not even me.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Not even you! What is this Robert?

**ROBERT EDWIN**

You'll know when the time is right. And remember. Even if I am dead, I will still be with you.

**END FLASHBACK.**

The car bounces over a speed-breaker and Simskins returns to present.

**EXT. CAPE MAY, NEW JERSEY - NIGHT**

The car comes to a crisp halt before a Dark building on the verge of the cape. It is an old, abandoned Mill. Closed down for many years. Morgan opens the door for Arthur.

**MORGAN**

Let's go, Arthur.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

I'm going to see his corpse.

Simskins gets out of the car and looks at the behemoth building when a thought crosses his mind.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Why is Robert kept here?

Morgan doesn't attend to his question, he hurries to the huge gate of the mill. Simskins feels suspicious. He asks again.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)**

Why is he kept here, Morgan?

Morgan looks silently for a second and then speaks.

**MORGAN**

You'll know when the time is right.

Suddenly, Morgan pushes the door by his shoulder and the metal screeches over the floor with pesky noise.

**INT. THE MILL - LATER**

Dark, silent and dusty. Simskins and Morgan walking through the corridors. Morgan leading the way. They reach a door. Morgan stares awkwardly at him. And then twists the knob of the door they have reached.

**INT. THE MILL - LATER**

The door opens, Simskins enters the room. We see it is dark, and silent. Only one window is present on the farthest wall. Mild moonlight falling through it. Suddenly the door behind Simskins closes with a bang and he turns around in wild shock. Sees nothing but blackness.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

(Terrorized)

Morgan?

No one responds. His heart thundering, Simskins takes out his handgun and shouts again.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)**

Morgan?!

Abruptly, behind him, he hears a cigarette lighter click and turns around.

We see a small cigarette dot hovering at around six feet over the ground. Quickly, Simskins poses the gun in the direction.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. OLD MILL - CONTINUOUS**

Under the night, inside a car, a lighter blazes and a woman's face flashes for a second. Her name - EMILY BENTZ. Silently, Emily smokes the cigarette, looking continuously at the door of the mill, when her cell phone on the dashboard beeps.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Hello!

**CALLER**

(old shivering voice)  
Did they bring him? Tell me!

**EMILY BENTZ**

Yes. I saw him.

**CALLER**

What do you think then?

**EMILY BENTZ**

I don't know.

Emily hangs up the call, continuing her watch over the mill.

**INT. INSIDE THE MILL - CONTINUOUS**

Simskins watches the cigarette dot, when the dot begins hovering towards him. With the dot, we hear strong footsteps arriving in the direction of Simskins. A rough voice groans.

**ANONYMOUS VOICE#1**

Detective Arthur Simskins! We meet  
at last.

Simskins listens blankly as the man speaks.

**ANONYMOUS VOICE#1 (CONT'D)**

You were his best friend, it seems.  
Arthur... Arthur... Arthur... He  
kept Arthuring all his life.



And the anonymous voice explodes in a monstrous laughter. His laughter is bouncing everywhere when all of a sudden another voice raises. This one is old but cocky.

**ANONYMOUS VOICE#2**

Stop it!

The laughter faded.

**ANONYMOUS VOICE#2 (CONT'D)**

Ask him about it.

Simskins hears receding footsteps. Seconds later, a lighter burns and a lamp is lit.

He sees the face of the man. He is 7 feet tall, well built man. His face, cratered at places. His name is DAVID (40's).

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Who the hell are you?

David tosses an evil smile and marches towards Simskins. Simskins feet reel backwards in fear.

**DAVID**

Where is it?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Where is what?

David smiles like a devil. He spits his cigarette and barges his hulking body into Simskins. Simskins quickly raises his gun, but realizes it was too late. David punches a hard fist in his sternum and Simskins' body slams hard over the wall behind. His weapon falls down. David kicks his gun and clutches Simskins with his collar.

**DAVID**

I knew you were going to say that, you little brat! Now you are going to tell me everything about the treasure Robert told you about, or else, what shall happen, I'm sure you won't like it.

David loosened his grip. Restless, Simskins takes several seconds to catch up.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

What treasure are you talking about? And where is Robert?

For seconds no one speaks. Then the old voice roars.

**ANONYMOUS VOICE#2**

Your friend, Robert, is dead.

Simskins turned towards the voice. We see there is an old man sitting in a chair, legs crossed and his face is shadowed under a hat. His name is CARL SCHMITT.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Why should I believe you?

Carl looks at David. Quickly, David goes outside and soon after, he enters the room with a stretcher.

We see, upon the stretcher, a body is covered in white cloth. Simskins is shocked. David rests the corpse-cart right before Simskins and stands back.

**CARL SCHMITT**

Take off the cloth, Mr. Simskins.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

No!

Seconds later, Simskins slowly pulls the cloth and we see Robert's dead face revealing inch by inch.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. INSIDE THE MILL - CONTINUOUS**

Simskins leans in forward to Robert's dead face. Tears wetting his cheeks. Abruptly Carl Schmitt bellows.

**CARL SCHMITT**

Get up, Simskins!

Next instant, David grabs the back of Simskins' neck and yanks him to stand erect. Simskins' eyes are dripping red.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

How did he die?

**CARL SCHMITT**

(to David)

Show him.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Show what?

Quickly, David walks to the stretcher and pulls the cloth with a jerk, the cloth springs off the corpse.

We see the body is now fully exposed. The Body - naked, flesh ripped apart, pecs of chest flipped over and wild claw marks everywhere over his body.

Simskins sees a small bullet hole near his sternum. A moment later, when he sees the two teeth like holes over the body's neck, he is shocked.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS** (V.O.) (CONT'D)

What in the world!

**INT. INSIDE THE MILL - CONTINUOUS**

Simskins is staring dead at the cadaver. Carl waves at David and David walks towards him, presenting his ear to listen. Carl says something and David hurries to the door.

**DAVID**

Bring the fucking rat!

Moments later, Simskins lifts his head up as he hears some voices of revolting men outside, realizing it's Morgan.

**MORGAN**

(distant)

Leave me alone, you scoundrel!

Two men in black come to the door, neck-holding Morgan. We see Morgan's face is blackened and blood-smudged.

David pulls Morgan inside and kicks hard on his buttocks. Morgan slams down. Quickly Simskins runs to Morgan.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Who are these people, Morgan?

**MORGAN**

I'm terribly sorry, Arthur. I ha-

Morgan was speaking when David collars Simskins neck and throws him to the wall behind. Simskins' lanky skeleton bounces off the wall and falls down. Knelt down in pain, when Simskins raises his head, he sees David pressing a gun to Morgan's head at point blank.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

(Shouting)

What the hell do you want?

**DAVID**

Hell you know it very well  
Simskins.

David pushes the gun harder over Morgan's third eye.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

I don't kn-

Simskins was shouting when a gunshot erupts in the air, and Morgan's body falls over the dusty floor. In horror, David turns around to see Carl, who had shot Morgan from behind. The next second, Carl strides towards Simskins and holds the gun over his forehead.

**CARL SCHMITT**

Where is it?

When the light of the lamp falls clearer over Carl's face, Simskins eyes go wild.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

I've seen him!

Carl's face flashes a spark of fervent anger.

**CARL SCHMITT**

Where is VIRTEX?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

(confused)

What is VIRTEX?

Carl shoots a devilish smile.

**CARL SCHMITT**

I don't like games, Mr. Simskins.  
If I have to find it myself, we no longer need you.

Carl presses the gun over Simskins' forehead.

**CARL SCHMITT (CONT'D)**

Goodbye Detective.

Carl places his finger over the trigger and we hear a click. Simskins eyes stretch in terror.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

I'm going to die!

And a thunderous gunshot erupts in the air.

**INT. INSIDE THE MILL - CONTINUOUS**

Close up to Simskins' face. His eyes closed, blood splashed all over his face. He swabs his palm over his face.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Am I dead?

Simskins opens his eyes and sees Carl. Carl is standing with his right hand clutched in his left, blood dripping from his palm. Suddenly, one more gunshot echoes outside and Carl jumps up with David to hide behind the door.

Simskins is knelt down, still shocked.

Outside, Emily's silhouette appears running with a gun stretched in her hand. She had shot Carl in his palm.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Run Arthur! Get out now!

**INT. INSIDE THE MILL - CONTINUOUS**

Simskins is running through the corridors of the mill to get out. Behind him, 2 or 3 gunshots echo and blacks out.

**INT. INSIDE THE MILL - CONTINUOUS**

Carl is hiding behind David, as David is firing bullets over the woman outside. As Carl is hearing gunshots he lifts his bleeding palm before his face and his mind reels down the memories of his past.

**BEGIN FLASHBACK****EXT. FIRST WORLD WAR GROUND - DAY**

War arena, dusty. Tanks marching. Carl Schmitt - young soldier (20's), terrified, hiding behind a rumble of an army tank in his first military combat. A rifle fallen before him.

A Senior officer hidden behind another rumble in his front.

**SENIOR OFFICER**

Pass the gun to me Carl. Pass it.

Carl is too afraid to get out, but somehow gains the courage to get out. But sees the senior officer jumps over the weapon, reluctantly, when a violent gunshot rips directly through his skull. Carl stares in crude horror.

**END FLASHBACK.**

**INT. INSIDE THE MILL - CONTINUOUS**

Carl is watching silently the dead body of Robert in a disgustful glare. Behind him, David is firing bullets continuously when the firings from the other side stop.

David leans over the door and finds that the 2 guards have fallen down.

**INT. EMILY'S CAR, CITY ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

Dark, empty road. Emily's car skims over the silent road, Simskins is sitting beside Emily as she is driving the car. Face smeared red, tired, Simskins is gazing outside the window when Emily speaks.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Take the bottle from the dashboard.

Simskins obeys and removes the bottle from the rumble of documents in the dashboard and holds it before the woman.

Emily watches silently.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

What? You asked for it, woman!

Emily holds the slant gaze for a few seconds and then takes the bottle, removes the cap, and holds it before tired Simskins. He now understands the point.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

*Woman!*

Simskins drinks the water and places the plastic beside.

**EMILY BENTZ**

It seems you didn't recognize me.

Simskins says nothing. Looking outside.

**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

Well, I am...

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

You are Emily Bentz. Daughter of a postman, retired in 1963, Alfred O' Filth. Your mother died somewhere between 1960-65. Graduated from Princeton University, you are working at the University of Michigan as a history professor.

Spellbound, Emily stares at Simskins. A moment passes.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)**

Eyes on the road please!

**EMILY BENTZ**

Robert has told you a lot about me.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Nothing. Except for your name.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Then how did you know all that?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

You told me.

**EMILY BENTZ**

What? We're meeting for the first time!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Objects speak to me, and I listen!

**EMILY BENTZ**

Stop puzzling me!

Simskins chuckles.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

It's your watch. Your mother's.  
It's a 1945 Edition. She gave it to you when she died, didn't she? Lily Bentz, a slender woman, wife of Alfred O Filth. But Alfred is not your real father though.

Emily's eyes stretch in wild disbelief.

**EMILY BENTZ**

How the hell do you know all this?  
Are you a spy?

Simskins smiles.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

I don't spy people, Emily. I observe them.

Simskins explains that when he opened the dashboard, he had seen her father's name on a document, as Alfred O Filth with notation Ret. Postman-63.

Simskins explains that Emily's last name was Bentz, and her mother didn't change it after her second marriage.

He explains that when he saw her watch, he knew that it was an old watch, and realized that a woman of Emily's age would wear a watch so old only if she had a deep sentimental attachment with it.

When he focused upon the watch's metallic strap, he realized that the strap was added extra length by installing new metal strips. This may be because at the time of her mother's death, Emily must have been healthier than her mother.

He reckoned the time of her mother's death by guessing the oldness of the new metal strips. The watch also had a name inscribed in Italics - *Lily*.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Then how did you know I was a professor?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

You had a lecture today in the evening.

Simskins strokes his hand beneath her hair and opens it before her.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Chalk powder!

Emily smiled in her cheek with a tang of embarrassment.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

See, it was you, professor!

**EMILY BENTZ (V.O.)**

The science of deduction.

Simskins' voice turns dead serious.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Now tell me how did he die?

**EMILY BENTZ**

We don't know that yet. The polic--

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

The police are involved. The old man who held the gun over my head is a German, he had a military trinket which was worn by the soldiers who fought World Wars. And the 7ft man is in the DC police.

(MORE)



ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)  
I had seen his belt with the symbol  
of police.

Emily pushes the pedal and the car accelerates.

ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)  
They wanted something from me!  
Something they called...

EMILY BENTZ  
Called what?

ARTHUR SIMSKINS  
I don't know.

EMILY BENTZ  
Do you know who they are?

ARTHUR SIMSKINS  
No. How did you know I was here?

Emily shifts her eyes towards Simskins. Her stare spilling  
despair. Simskins gets offended by her evil gaze.

ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)  
What?

EMILY BENTZ  
Do you have a phone?

ARTHUR SIMSKINS  
Yes.

Simskins takes his phone out, a notification pops up. He  
opens the notification and the same instant the running blood  
in his veins turns to ice.

EMILY BENTZ  
What happened?

Simskins doesn't speak for more than 5 seconds. Then he  
slowly turns the screen towards Emily.

As her gaze sharpens over the screen, in wild shock, she  
sends her foot against the brakes and the car freezes in the  
middle of the road with an abrupt jerk. The screen read.

**ONE MISSED CALL: ROBERT EDWIN.**

**INT. SOME DARK ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Pitch black. A phone chimes and a hand picks up the phone.  
Carl speaks from the other side.

**CARL SCHMITT**  
 (speaker)  
 Hello?

No one responds.

**CARL SCHMITT (CONT'D)**  
 Vezeto?

**VEZETO**  
 (thick)  
 Speak Carl.

**CARL SCHMITT**  
 We... We have lost him!

No one responds. Carl's voice turns anxious.

**CARL SCHMITT (CONT'D)**  
 It was unexpected. We had no way to  
 know how that woman found us.  
 Morgan was blackmailed for his wife  
 and monitored with every action.  
 The leak was not from his side.

The silence prevails. Carl's voice is shivering now.

**CARL SCHMITT (CONT'D)**  
 Morgan's wife has been executed.  
 And so is he. To death.

Nothing. The silence is still fundamental.

**CARL SCHMITT (CONT'D)**  
 I... I'm Sorr--

**VEZETO**  
 It's fine. Was it with him?

**CARL SCHMITT**  
 No. We did not get enough time to  
 interrogate.

Carl hears a long exhale on the call.

**VEZETO**  
 Find what the message says.

**CARL SCHMITT**  
 Yes. And we will find Simsk--

The call disconnects.

**INT. EMILY'S CAR, CITY ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

Simskins is holding his phone in raw terror.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**  
Someone has Robert's phone.

**EMILY BENTZ**  
What should we do, Arthur?

Simskins closes his eyes to think. Seconds pass.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**  
We don't know what happened to Robert or who these people are. Maybe someone with his phone might try to help us. Or these people may have his phone and they are trying to find us.

Emily speaks nothing. Simskins keeps the phone over the dashboard and looks outside. Minutes pass. Abruptly, his phone begins vibrating and he quickly picks it up.

**EMILY BENTZ**  
Is it him?

Simskins doesn't speak. He punches the answer key.

**VOICE**  
Hello?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**  
It's him!

**VOICE**  
Hello? Arthur?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**  
(stammering)  
He... Hello?

**VOICE**  
How's your father, Arthur?

Simskins could not believe his own ears. All of a sudden the line breaks and the call disconnects.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**  
Hello... Hello?

**INT. INSIDE THE MILL - CONTINUOUS**

Carl sitting in a chair, glaring at Robert's body.

**CARL SCHMITT (V.O.)**

We were this close, Robert!

**EXT. OUTSIDE THE MILL - CONTINUOUS**

A long luxury car comes to a crisp halt before the mill.

**INT. INSIDE THE MILL - CONTINUOUS**

David walks up to Carl sitting over a chair.

**DAVID**

What should be done, Master?

We see Morgan's dead body, blood beginning to freeze now. One of the guards comes to the door and calls David.

**GUARD #1**

They've arrived, David. We finally see him. The first subject.

**DAVID**

Shut up, I don't care who he is!

The guard backs off, cursing David under his tongue.

**INT. MILL'S CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

A priest walks with a stick in his hand. His cassock wavering with the mild winds. Reaches the door of the room where Carl is sitting.

Carl sees the priest and immediately stands up to bow. The priest enters the room, places his palm on Carl's head, chanting. Then, Carl stands erect.

**PRIEST**

(voice trembling)

You've changed a lot, my son! You have lost a lot of weight.

**CARL SCHMITT**

Yes, my lord! We have lost a lot. Weight is the least I care about!

**PRIEST**

These are demanding times, my son!

The priest then looks at the dead body of Morgan.

**PRIEST (V.O.)**  
Sacrifices are Inevitable.

The priest then looks at Robert's body.

**PRIEST**  
Is it him? The one with the claim?

**CARL SCHMITT**  
Yes Master. The Scientist.

Carl waits for a moment then leans in towards the priest.

**CARL SCHMITT (CONT'D)**  
*Ist er hier?*

**PRIEST**  
Yes. He's here! I have done my part. Now he belongs to you.

As the priest finishes talking, we hear a thin sound of anklet bells far away in the corridors. The sound - finely smooth, with periodic gaps in between.

Moments later, the sound of the bells stop and a large shape of a man appears standing under the door frame. Silhouette - wearing a long red gown reaching his feet, with hoodie covering more than half of his face. (Peter Krantz)

**INT. EMILY'S CAR, CITY ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

Emily is looking at Simskins in disbelief.

**EMILY BENTZ**  
Are you sure it was him? Could he be alive?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**  
That is not possible. I've seen his destroyed body.

**EMILY BENTZ**  
Couldn't it be someone else's body?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**  
No. I had confirmed it was him. He had a mole under his arm. There were no masks either.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

There is only one option left.  
Voice Mimicry.

**EXT. CITY ROAD - EARLY DAWN**

Emily's car enters a small profusion of trees away from the city. The car had left the city road and entered into small forest. Simskins leans towards the windshield and his head bumps into the glass.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Ouch!

**EMILY BENTZ**

There's a reason they have built seat-belts, Detective!

Simskins turns to Emily. Infant rays of sun lining her face as she smiles at him. A stark memory rolls in Simskins mind.

**BEGIN FLASHBACK**

**INT. ROOM WITH BENCHES - DAY**

Arms wrapped around each other, legs crossed over. A woman is sitting over Simskins' lap, face to face, eye to eye, Lip to lip. Simskins pulls the woman and then kisses her lips mildly with his. The woman fastens her grip over his body.

**END FLASHBACK.**

**INT. EMILY'S CAR - EARLY DAWN**

Emily knocks over the car window.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Come on!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Where are we?

As Simskins opens the door, a pebbled path falls into his sight. The path curves into a small alley of trees.

**EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

A wooden cottage, with enormous glassy windows and wooden walls. Simskins sees a beautiful garden of flowers.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Beautiful, isn't it?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Beautiful indeed!

**INT. INSIDE THE MILL - CONTINUOUS**

Gloomy, dark. Peter is standing under the door frame and everyone is watching him in pure wonder.

Then, with his gown wavering in the mild air currents, he begins walking slowly towards Robert's corpse.

David watches him coming to the stretcher. As Peter reaches, he lifts his hand to touch Robert's cheek.

**DAVID**

Get your hand off the body.

Carl flinches to stop his underling but the priest holds him.

**PRIEST**

Stop and observe.

Peter carries on as if nothing happened.

David feels weak. He holds the man's wrist attempting to twist for disobeying him.

**DAVID**

I said move back you fool!

And in the same instant, Peter launches his fist against David's chest with a mind boggling strength. David's face contorts in a disastrous pain, and his body is slammed over the wall behind.

He gets up to fight back but sees Peter sprawling upon him like a blood-thirsty demon.

In a split second, the Peter grabs his neck with bare hand, and the velvet sleeve of his gown springs back.

We see his skin is tattooed with the scales of a serpent, with some puncture wounds in between. In the fourth finger of his right hand, is a blue-emerald ring, with silver metallic embroidery bordered around edges.

David holds his wrist trying to free himself, but Peter's strength seems otherworldly to him. The nerves of his throat now bulge out, eyes turn watery red.

**DAVID (V.O.)**

Leave me! Please!

Peter then slowly begins to pull his hoodie back, revealing a tattoo of a serpent starting right from top of his head. David sees his pupils are red.

Peter is about to speak when the priest from the back pounds.

**PRIEST**

He is a man of God. We do not kill  
a man of God.

Instantaneously, the fist around David's neck loses its grip and his chest expands to a furious expansion. Coughing, his voice whistles through his burning throat, when he looks up.

Peter Krantz is now smiling at him like a devil in human-skin.

**INT. OUTSIDE EMILY'S HOUSE - EARLY DAWN**

Emily knocks her fist over the wooden door and seconds later, the door curls internally. We see an old man - freckled skin, large nose, sitting in a wheelchair. Name - ALFRED O' FILTH.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Father!

Emily embraces her father and introduces Simskins.

**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

Detective Simskins. My father is a  
great fan of yours.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

My fan?

**ALFRED O' FILTH**

(old shivering voice)

Yes! I have read all your cases.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

All of them? Interesting.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Come. He won't leave you now.



**INT. EMILY'S HOUSE - DAY**

Brilliantly sunlit room, glassy walls. Simskins is standing naked and wet before a mirror, watching himself. His blonde hair is slicked back with dipping water.

Thinking, he drops his sight and sees the two teeth-marks over his neck, exactly as he had seen on Robert's neck, and a horrific memory of his dream flashes him. He closes his eyes, trying to relax.

**INT. EMILY'S HOUSE - LATER**

Simskins - in a thin white shirt and casual trousers, is walking through the hall and reaches the farthest glass wall.

Placing his hand over the glass, he looks at the rich floral sight outside. Then, his pager beeps.

He takes out his pager and looks at the screen.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Not again!

Over the screen, we see a single number - 32.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Who the hell is sending me these numbers for the past two weeks? I've tried to backtrack, but it reaches nowhere.

Simskins huffs a whiff and puts the pager in his pocket. He stretches his back to relax when his phone rings. Quickly, he answers the phone.

**VOICE**

Hello? Are you there, Arthur?

Simskins is bewildered.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Who the hell are you?

**VOICE**

Hello?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Yes!

**VOICE**

Where are you?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

In England. What about you?

**VOICE**

How's your father?

Simskins feels suspicious as the voice did not answer him.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

He's good... where are you Robert?

The line disconnects.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

What?!

Simskins puts his phone in his pocket and looks outside. Abruptly, Simskins smells a sweet aroma of tea when an old voice from the back calls him.

**ALFRED O' FILTH**

C'mon! Detective.

We see Alfred's wheelchair wheeling towards the table. Simskins almost runs to the sofa in hunger.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

I don't see Emily around, Sir!

**ALFRED O' FILTH**

No 'sir' here, Mr. Simskins. Call me Alfred. Emily will join soon.

Simskins smiles back. Alfred points at the tea vessel.

**ALFRED O' FILTH (CONT'D)**

Now tell me, tea or coffee?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Coffee please.

**ALFRED O' FILTH**

Wrong, it's tea!

Alfred explodes in laughter. Simskins barely smiles at his weary humor.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Your humor is as old as you.

**ALFRED O' FILTH**

Sugar sire?

Simskins is surprised how cherishing this old man is.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Two spoons.

Alfred makes a cup for Simskins and then hands him. Then, he starts making a cup for himself. Simskins watches silently.

Alfred adds one spoon. Then one more and then one more.

Simskins' eyes go wide.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

3 spoons! That must be too much!

Simskins is bewildered when he sees Alfred adding yet another spoon to his cup.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Four!

Alfred looks at the surprised detective gawking at his face. Alfred returns a smile and adds one more spoon to his cup.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Five spoons! This man must be crazy!

Then, Alfred takes a sip of his tea and exhales a relish.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Father!

Simskins turns around, when we see Emily walking towards the table in a thin gown, a moist towel wrapped around her hair.

We see the faint curves of her body through the thin cloth of her semi transparent gown. Suddenly, a seducing scent of Cologne *The Valentino (any)* hits Simskins' face.

Emily walks to Simskins and speaks to him in the softest voice possible. Whispering almost.

**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

Get yourself together, Detective, we've got work to do.

**INT. EMILY'S CAR, CITY ROAD - NIGHT**

Simskins is sitting in the co-driver seat beside Emily as she is driving the car silently. Simskins' mind reels backwards.

**BEGIN FLASHBACK**

**INT. EMILY'S HOUSE - EARLIER AFTERNOON**

Simskins eyes open with a flash and he sees the hazy image of Emily sitting on the sofa. Simskins stands up, tottering over his senses, when Emily hands him some documents.

**EMILY BENTZ**

We'll go in the evening.

Simskins is finding it difficult to focus.

**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

They will be behind us. If we go to De-Tech now, there's a strong chance we'd get caught.

Simskins' rubs his eyes and then focuses over the documents. They are the photograph of the Murder, in the gallery of the great De-Tech.

We see Robert's body is lying naked over his stomach, blood pooled around his abdomen, right hand stretched. Simskins eyes go wide.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

What in the world!

Beside his body, some letters are written in blood. Simskins brings the photograph closer but is not able to understand.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Robert was found dead fourteen hours ago in the grand gallery of De-Tech. His message can lead us to his killer.

Simskins realizes that it had been a long time since he had last met Robert.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Two years.

Emily tells him, that Robert had gone missing since December 1976. Police had been trying to find him, but there was no clue, until last night when they discovered his body, brutally destroyed in the grand gallery of the Great De-Tech.

Then, Emily takes out her pager, clicks some keys and hands it to Simskins.

Simskins looks at the pager and remains speechless.

The Screen: Help me. I am at the abandoned textile mill at the cape of the city. - Arthur Simskins.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

I never sent you this.

**EMILY BENTZ**

I thought so. Look at the address.

Simskins looks at the address.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

How can it be?!

Quickly, he takes out his pager, clicks some buttons and looks at the screen.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Indeed it's the same address.

Simskins hands the two pagers to Emily.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Here. Take a look at the address.

When her gaze settles, her eyes remain opened.

**EMILY BENTZ**

It's the same address. But who sent you this?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

I don't know.

**EMILY BENTZ**

We should trac--

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Untraceable. I had tried it, but it was a no go shot. Someone had sent me these random numbers.

Emily looks at the pager. The screen shows thick bands of grey, each one holding a single number.

The screen: 1-2-3-5-8-10-...-32

**EMILY BENTZ**

What is this?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

No idea. The list is long. First I thought it was the famous Fibonacci sequence. But the numbers further up in the series are completely random. NO sequence, no connection.

**EMILY BENTZ**

They must have some connections.  
Why would anyone send me a message  
to meet someone who he has been  
sending random numbers for two  
weeks.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Now, that is a million dollar  
question, lady!

**END FLASHBACK.**

**INT. EMILY'S CAR - NIGHT**

Abruptly the car radio crackles to life and the news  
broadcast begins. It was static.

**BROADCASTER**

...and the hottest news about the  
Murder of the Research scientist,  
Robert Edwin, is that the Prime  
suspect for the murder is the world  
famous Blonde Detective, Arthur  
Simskins...

Emily looks at Simskins.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Way to go, Detective Simskins. You  
are on their hit list now.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

I had thought of this. They have my  
gun.

Simskins closed his eyes. Robert's words inside his mind.

**ROBERT EDWIN (O.S.)**

Even if I am dead, I will still be  
with you.

**EXT. US CONFIDENTIAL RESEARCH CENTER, DETECH - LATER**

Emily's car comes to a halt, a few hundred feet before the  
center.

The dome of research center levels in their sight, a few  
hundred meters further, in the launching pads of the Center,  
we see a large rocket with a mounted satellite, with name  
inscribed upon it, along its length.

The name on rocket: **UHF-HL-CUTICLE**

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

U-H-F-H-...

**EMILY BENTZ**

The Ultra High Frequency High Latitude Cuticle satellite.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

The... What?

**EMILY BENTZ**

It's a new satellite that De-Tech is planning to put into orbit in the coming weeks.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

The name... it's so...

**EMILY BENTZ**

Long! They are planning to study life forms in the high latitude regions of Antarctica using some form of waves. EM waves, maybe!

Emily killed the engine. And the car came to halt under the shadows of huge trees.

**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

What is the plan, Arthur?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

No plans for now.

**EMILY BENTZ**

So what do we do? You asked me to bring you here. We've got to have plans.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Yes. Let's take the shot.

**EXT. US CONFIDENTIAL RESEARCH CENTER, DETECH - MOMENTS LATER**

Dark, grassy surrounding. A huge metal door, and big walls around a colossal building.

Emily and Simskins are running near the walls to avoid being seen. Emily waves at Simskins and they both run towards the rear end of the building.

At the rear, we see a small portion of the wall broken.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Smart woman!

**EMILY BENTZ**

Go to the entrance.

Simskins runs to the entrance. The door is locked. Turns around and sees Emily coming towards him.

**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

No one's here. The center is closed for two days.

Emily slipped to the door and scanned a card below the scanner. And the door opens.

**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

My visiting guest card.

**INT. US CONFIDENTIAL RESEARCH CENTER, DETECH - CONTINUOUS**

Large circular hall, paintings hanging and different alleys labelled with different names.

Right in front of the gate, we see a painting - The Massacre of the Innocents.

Simskins looks at the painting.

**EMILY BENTZ**

It's the Massacre of the Innocents. A painting from the 17th century by Peter Paul Rubens. But...

Emily walked a little further and examined.

**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

It's a recreation. The original hangs in the art gallery of Ontario, Toronto.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Well, why is it here then? In a research center?

**EMILY BENTZ**

The director, William Walton is a great admirer of art. It's a recreation by himself.

Simskins listened.



**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

People say, in the early years of his career he wanted to be an artist, but an encounter with a scientist changed him completely.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

A scientist? Who?

**EMILY BENTZ**

Albert Einstein.

Simskins expressions stretched in wonder.

**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

Now let us get to the business.

**INT. US CONFIDENTIAL RESEARCH CENTER, DETECH - LATER**

Corridors dimly lit with moonlight. Emily and Simskins have reached the spiral staircase that led to the grand gallery. It is an unlit cylindrical vault, spiraling to the ceiling.

Slowly, Simskins behind Emily begins taking the steps one by one. The woman's scent again charms him.

They finally reach up. A large spacious corridor, with 4 mammoth glass windows. Outside the window - the rocket UHF-HL-CUTICLE is clearly seen under the moonlight.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

They must be seeing the launch from here.

**INT. US CONFIDENTIAL RESEARCH CENTER, DETECH - CONTINUOUS**

Simskins is standing before murder spot of Robert. Before him, we see four police-wired pillars, inside which the white borderline of Robert's dead body, indicate his exact position of his body at the time of his death.

A moment later, Simskins enters the spot and sees the cryptic message with his naked eyes.



W:J

NULLIUS IN VERBA

T O A

X X X X X X X  
 E O S

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Nullius in Verba?!

**EMILY BENTZ**

Yes! It is the famous slogan of the Royal Society of London.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Well professor, what does it mean?

**EMILY BENTZ**

You see, Arthur, the Royal Society of London was one of the first foundations of science. Their motto was simply not to believe but know and understand.

**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

In short, Nullius in Verba, simply means, "See for yourself."

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

See for yourself! Robert slid his final message in cryptic. For me? Perhaps!

**EMILY BENTZ**

The symbol is an extinction symbol. The shape is hourglass inside a circle.

Simskins' face glows as he realizes.

**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

Does this mean he wanted to warn us about something, that we are running out of time?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

I certainly doubt that. The colon you see between the letters W and J is an indication of time. It is a simple code - alphabet number code.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)**

24 hours, 26 alphabets, excluding Y & Z we have a perfect substitution cipher. The minutes on the right side of the colon are represented by the first 12 letters.

(MORE)

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)**  
They are usually shown in multiples  
of 5 minutes.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)**  
Midnight 12 becomes A:A, 1:15  
becomes B:D... and so W:J is 22:45.  
The time of his death!

In the same instant, a loud metallic bang comes from  
downstairs.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**  
Someone's coming!

**EMILY BENTZ**  
Someone's coming, Arthur, Hurry!

Emily escorts Simskins to a nearby darkened corner in the  
place between the two pillar-like projections of the wall.

**INT. US CONFIDENTIAL RESEARCH CENTER, DETECH - CONTINUOUS**

Simskins and Emily are hiding in the dark space. We hear  
faint sounds of approaching footsteps when Simskins looks at  
the message.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**  
See for yourself, at my death! Oh  
GOD!

Abruptly, Simskins spins around and looks at Emily's watch.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**  
What time is it?

**EMILY BENTZ**  
It's half past ten. Why?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**  
In the next 15 mins, exactly 24  
hours would complete for Robert's  
death!

**EMILY BENTZ**  
So?

Simskins turns around.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**  
At my death! See for yourself at my  
death.

We see a white reflection of the large window over the message from Simskins' angle.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Don't worry! They're not here for us.

Then, two men appear coming out from the same stairs as Simskins & Emily had entered.

Simskins sees a diagonal cut over one of the man's face.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

It's him!

Behind Carl, walks Kevin Stevenson (20's) - a Harvard Cryptographer graduate.

Kevin was asked for his expertise by David and threatened for his life if he refused to help.

Carl and Kevin reached the murder spot and Carl holds the barricade strip for Kevin to Enter. The boy takes a step in.

Behind them, 2 men in black followed with guns on their belts.

Simskins looks at the stroke of second hand in Emily's watch.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Six minutes more.

**CARL SCHMITT**

Five minutes more!

The young boy takes out his pen and a diary, and begins taking notes of the message.

All of a sudden, we hear thin sound of anklet bells. Simskins turns his head towards the stairs.

After a full minute of anklet lullaby, he sees a ghostly silhouette standing over the entrance. His whole body covered in a cassock-like gown and a hoodie covering his half face.

**INT. US CONFIDENTIAL RESEARCH CENTER, DETECH - CONTINUOUS**

Carl looks at Kevin and speaks.

**CARL SCHMITT**

Come on! What does it say?

Quickly, Kevin hurries his scribbling over his diary and begins speaking, nervously.

**KEVIN STEVENSON**

Nullius in Verba! It's Latin for..  
take no one's word fo--

**CARL SCHMITT**

We know that. Also the alphabet  
number code that says the  
scientist's time of death. Tell us  
what the rest of the message says.

Kevin gulps down fear and begins scribbling the code over his diary.

Meanwhile, Peter walks towards Carl in slow steps and then stops behind him. Carl feels uneasy, as the large body of the monster is standing behind but he says nothing.

After several seconds, Kevin looks up at Carl.

**KEVIN STEVENSON**

(Shivering in fear)  
I think I will need time.

**CARL SCHMITT**

How much time do you need?

**KEVIN STEVENSON**

I think I should be able to crack  
it by morning.

**CARL SCHMITT**

Look Boy--

**PETER KRANTZ**

(Inhumanly thick)  
You're Lying!

Simskins skin thunders in unearthly terror, as the voice does not feel human at all.

**KEVIN STEVENSON**

No... I can. I just need som--

Kevin was only speaking when Carl feels a sudden rustle of clothing beside him. In a violent flash, Peter's large body barges into the young boy, and he holds his neck in the monstrous clutch of his right hand.

Instantly, the skeletal body of the young boy hangs in the horrendous clutch of the Monster.

For a thin second, nothing happens, but a moment later, the boy begins grappling like a wild animal, thick veins swell out from his neck, kicking Peter's concrete body with all his zeal, but it was in vain.

**CARL SCHMITT**

Peter! You will have to leave him.  
Other than him, we have no other  
choice.

**PETER KRANTZ**

Yes! We do.

Suddenly, his fist intensifies the clutch and the young boy feels something snapping inside his throat. He holds the hands of the monster to free himself, but Peter had grabbed him with a strength, not of this world.

Moments later, Kevin's body falls down over the floor, dead.

**INT. US CONFIDENTIAL RESEARCH CENTER, DETECH - CONTINUOUS**

In the dark corner, Simskins and Emily are shocked at the scene.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Did they kill him? Their own man?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Shh!

Peter's ears flinch under his hoodie.

**PETER KRANTZ**

Now we go.

Then, Peter starts walking out of the gallery. Carl exhales a long sigh of distress.

**CARL SCHMITT (V.O.)**

Where did you hide it, Robert?!

Carl walks out of the gallery, and the 2 guards clean the young boy's blood and take his body out of the gallery.

Simskins and Emily are watching silently. Slowly, as everyone empties the gallery, Simskins slips out of the passage and walking over his toes, he follows them. Emily follows him.

Moments later, both stand at the base of the spiral staircase where they see the other 4 men in the main circular hall. Carl scans a card under the scanner and the door opens.

Carl and the two guards walk out of DeTech and only Peter is left. Peter, standing before a recreation of *The Mona Lisa*, touches the sensation and closes his eyes for a second.

Then, as Peter turns to exit, Emily exhales a sigh of relief and Peter's ears flinch. Quickly he turns and strides long footsteps towards the hiding duo.

Instantly, Simskins places his hand over his belt

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Oh God! I do not have my gun!

Each passing second, the sound of Peter's anklet bells gets stronger and stronger.

Then, in the dark, Simskins feels a metal as Emily slips a tiny revolver in his hand.

Simskins places his finger over the trigger.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

It's locked!

Peter now reaches only a few steps before Simskins. He takes a final step and everything turns black.

**INT. US CONFIDENTIAL RESEARCH CENTER, DETECH - CONTINUOUS**

Simskins takes a deep breath and closes his eyes as he sees the Mystic exiting the DeTech.

Seconds ago, when Peter had taken the final step, he turned to the previously touched *Mona Lisa* and then rubbed a piece of his gown over the glass where he had touched it.

As Peter exited, Emily exhales a relaxed sigh and looks at Simskins. Simskins is standing dead, staring at the light slicing from the door. His eyes were thunderstruck.

**EMILY BENTZ**

What's wrong, Arthur?

Simskins doesn't speak. Emily twitches him with a jerk.

**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

What is wrong?!

Simskins shifts his horrified gaze towards Emily. Silent still. He yanks Emily's left arm and looks at her watch.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

11.17 PM! It should still be there!

The next instant, Simskins fiercely spins around and runs to the grand gallery where Robert's final message still lay.

**INT. US CONFIDENTIAL RESEARCH CENTER, DETECH - CONTINUOUS**

Emily is running hastily through the spiral cylindrical vault. Her forehead sweating with exhaustion.

**EMILY BENTZ (V.O.)**

What did he find!

Then, she reaches the entrance of the grand gallery and suddenly her face turns pale.

We see, Detective Simskins is lying on the floor on the exact same spot where Robert's dead body lay. With her shivering hand covering her mouth, Emily walks to Simskins when she realizes that, lying in this absurd position, Detective Simskins is smiling with one of his eyes closed.

**INT. SOME DARK ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Vezeto, a dark figure, puts his hand on the cold glass pane. Carl had called him earlier.

**VEZETO (V.O.)**

The trap is spread. Everything is taking place exactly as planned.

His figure looks at the enormous moon risen in the sky and his mind reels eleven months back.

**BEGIN FLASHBACK**

**INT. VEZETO'S HOUSE - NIGHT (11 MONTHS AGO)**

Someone knocks on Vezeto's door. It is raining outside. Dark figure of Vezeto opens the door and sees Robert. Robert's clothes are torn and burnt at places. His face is slick and pale, his eyeballs sunk deep.

**ROBERT EDWIN**

Please help. They will kill me!

**VEZETO**

Don't worry! You can stay here as long as you want.

Time passes and Robert catches up with his health. He stays in quarantine in Vezeto's house for more than 7 months.



On one night, Robert asks Vezeto to lay on a platform with enormous machinery attached to it. Several devices, along with large stacks of wires.

**ROBERT EDWIN**

Are you ready?

**VEZETO**

(playing nervous)

You still want to try it on me?

**END FLASHBACK.**

**INT. VEZETO'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Vezeto's eyes are filled with tears. Robert's death had saddened him, because it was not 11 months ago that he had seen Robert for the first time.

**INT. US CONFIDENTIAL RESEARCH CENTER, DETECH - NIGHT**

Lying on the cold floor of the grand gallery, Simskins is smiling with one of his eyes closed. Emily standing beside.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Robert was a genius! Give me a pen and a paper.

Emily takes out a diary from her purse and a pen, giving them to Simskins. maintaining this absurd position, Simskins starts scribbling letters in the diary.

A minute later he finishes and stands up. Emily looks at the diary.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Arthur! It still means nothing!

Simskins smiles and gestures his hand for Emily to lay in the same position he was in.

**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

What?!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Do it. You will know for yourself.

Uncertain, Emily lays on her stomach in the position and looks at the message.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)**

What do you see?

**EMILY BENTZ**

Nothing!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Come on! Focus.

Emily exhales in frustration.

**EMILY BENTZ**

It says, TOA-XX-XXX-EOS!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Exactly, now shift your focus to the other image flashing right in front of your eyes.

**EMILY BENTZ (V.O.)**

The other image?!

In the same instant, Emily's face glows a stark realization.

We see the image of the mounted satellite reflecting right in the middle of the blackened message. The reflection of the title **UHFULCUTICLE** takes place exactly as a mid-line in the message.

The X's in the message are the crosses cancelling some of the letters of the title in the reflection. We see the full message.

```

                W:J
          NULLIUS   IN   VERBA

    T           O           A

U  H  F  H  L  C           U   T   I   C   L   E
    E           O           S
    
```

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Now cross the letters over which you see the X's in the reflection.

Emily cancels out the letters. Simskins looks at the message.

```

                W:J
          NULLIUS   IN   VERBA

    T           O           A

X  H  X  H  L  C           U   T   X   X   X   X
    E           O           S
    
```

Emily stands up, brushing the dust off her clothes. She looks at the text.

**EMILY BENTZ**

It still means nothing!

Simskins doesn't speak.

**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

Arthur! I don't think it has a--

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

It does. It has a meaning!

**EMILY BENTZ**

What?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

The Rail Fence Cipher!

Emily stays silent, looking at the message.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)**

To encrypt the message the letters should be written in a zigzag pattern, going up and down between levels of imaginary rails. Here we just need to focus on the zigzag pattern of the text. Going up and down.

Quickly, Emily lifts the diary before her eyes and when she looks at the message, her breath stops in a revelation.

				W:J									
				NULLIUS		IN		VERBA					
		T		O		A							
X	H	X	H	L	C	U	T	X	X	X	X		
		E		O		S							

**EMILY BENTZ**

THE HOLOCAUST!

**INT. US CONFIDENTIAL RESEARCH CENTER, DETECH - CONTINUOUS**

Simskins repeats the word.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

The Holocaust! Does this mean anything to you?

**EMILY BENTZ**

Yes! It was the WW2 genocide of the European Jews. Between 1939 & 1945, Nazi Germany and its collaborators Systematically murdered some 6 million Jews.

Simskins thinks for several seconds.

**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

This was executed in German occupied camps at Auschwitz, Belzec, Chelmno, Majdanek, Sobibor and Treblinka in the occupied Poland. This was the most barbaric massacre you could possibly see in recent history.

Emily leaps a step forward maintaining a tight glare at Simskins.

**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

They spared no one. Women, children... The Holocaust is the most inhuman extermination in the history of mankind!

Simskins stares back at her longer and then speaks.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Your eyes are just like mine.

**EMILY BENTZ**

What?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

NARA!

**EMILY BENTZ**

What?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

The National Archives and Records Administration of the USA. I think that's the place we will find the information about WW2 genocide.

**EMILY BENTZ**

But how are you planning to do that? Who will let some prime suspect of a murder walk through a federal office just like that?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

We'll figure that out.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Something tells me we're not right,  
Detective! But... your orders.

Simskins looks at the frozen blood message.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

At least that is the place that  
relates to WW2 right now.

**EXT. US CONFIDENTIAL RESEARCH CENTER, DETECH - LATER**

Simskins and Emily are jogging to their vehicle through the lawn of the Center. Abruptly a thought crosses Simskins' mind and he stops. Emily stops beside him.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

The Holocaust! Tell me what is the  
literal meaning of the term. Just  
the meaning and not the history.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Well, the word is always used for  
WW2 genocide. But the literal  
meaning does not deviate much from  
it. To put it simply, Holocaust  
means, slaughter or destruction on  
mass scale. Like a nuclear war or  
huge fires. It's just another word  
for Massacre.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

God!

Instantly, Simskins turns his head towards the door. From the marginal gap of the closing door, the painting of the *Massacre of the Innocents* is seen.

**INT. US CONFIDENTIAL RESEARCH CENTER, DETECH - LATER**

Simskins is analyzing the painting again.

**EMILY BENTZ**

It's a recreation. Do you think  
Robert was talking about this  
painting in his message?

Simskins doesn't reply.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

What the hell is he trying to say?

Simskins walks back to have a wider look at the painting when Emily touches the Plexiglass of the Painting.

For minutes they look here and there for clues but find none. All of a sudden, Emily yells.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Arthur, Come here!

Quickly, Simskins rustles to Emily.

**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

Bring your face to the glass and tell me, do you smell anything?

Simskins does as told.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Yes! It's the smell of Beeswax Candle!

**INT. VEZETO'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Vezeto's dark figure raises his head to the moon visible through his window. He then closes his eyes and remembers the first time he saw Robert.

**BEGIN FLASHBACK**

**EXT. SECOND WORLD WAR BUNKER - DAY**

**SUPER: BERLIN, 1945.**

Vezeto - Middle aged man in khaki fitting watches one of his comrades walking towards him. That comrade is holding his one-year-old son in his hands.

**COMRADE**

Please take care of my Robert.

The comrade hands the kid to Vezeto and marches to the war grounds. Several hours later, Vezeto receives the news about his death.

Vezeto looks at 1-year-old Robert and promises himself to take care of him as his own son.

**END FLASHBACK.**

**INT. VEZETO'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Vezeto's eyes are moist.

**VEZETO**

I have failed you my friend.

He looks down for a moment and then raises his head.

**VEZETO (CONT'D)**

But... Sie braucht blut!

**INT. US CONFIDENTIAL RESEARCH CENTER, DETECH - CONTINUOUS**

Simskins and Emily scan the entire plexiglass of the painting but they find no message in wax.

**EMILY BENTZ**

I don't see any wax marks anywhere.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Neither do I.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Don't you think it's a meaningless squabble to search for messages until we know what we are finding. I mean the search is for what? His murderer... the thing they were talking about... what?

Simskins places his calming hand over her shoulder.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

That is exactly the quest about. Robert was my dearest friend. And at the time of his death, he had something to tell me and that is the reason he tried slipping it through cryptic.

Simskins beams a smile.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)**

And besides, we have a lead!

**EMILY BENTZ**

What?!

Simskins doesn't speak. He shifts his gaze to the painting.

**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

Arthur!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Okay! Look at the topmost layer of the plexiglass. Do you see anything?

As Emily looks at the top of the glass, we see a few 10cm long vertical markings over the top width of the painting.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Yes! The lines! What are they?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

The markings you see are due to the metallic frame rubbing over the glass. When I touched this painting earlier, the glass doddered. I think it has a manufacturing defect, of which Robert made use of to hide something beneath. That's the reason he chose this painting and not any other.

**EMILY BENTZ (V.O.)**

The Holocaust!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

We will have to push the glass upwards with our hands.

**INT. US CONFIDENTIAL RESEARCH CENTER, DETECH - CONTINUOUS**

Simskins places his palm over the glass and pushes it upwards. Quickly, Emily runs her fingers in the gap created when she finds something.

She takes it out. We see a crumbled paper in her hand.

Simskins eases his grip and the glass goes down. With a thud, the glass rests, but it rests a little tilted.

Simskins notices the tilt. He again pushes the glass upwards.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Emily, there must be something else too!

Quickly, Emily dons to see but sees nothing.

**EMILY BENTZ**

There is nothing here, Arthur.



**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

There has to be something. The glass is tilted to the right, take a look at the left.

Quickly, Emily runs to the left side and puts her hand inside.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Yes! There is something.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Good. Now take it out.

**INT. A HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Carl enters the room and switches on the light. We see his right hand is banded medically and his face is silent.

He walks to the sofa and rests. Eyes closed.

**CARL SCHMITT (V.O.)**

Where is VIRTEX?

Then, we see Peter entering through the door. His dark figure, wearing a long gown and the hoodie covering half of his face. Peter stands silently before Carl.

Carl finally opens his eyes and looks at the demon.

**CARL SCHMITT (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

God!

Carl is afraid to exist in the same room as the animal like Peter. But the Priest had assured him.

**CARL SCHMITT**

You know what to do.

Peter stays silent. Then his inhuman voice pounds.

**PETER KRANTZ**

Yes!

And then he lifts his ghostly glare towards the old man and smiles like a Devil of Death. Carl feels his organs shiver.

**PETER KRANTZ (V.O.)**

I know exactly what to do.

**INT. US CONFIDENTIAL RESEARCH CENTER, DETECH - CONTINUOUS**

Simskins is standing with a DVD while Emily holds the crumbled paper.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

A DVD and a paper!

Emily opens the paper and looks at it, excitedly.

**EMILY BENTZ**

What?! There is nothing here.

Arthur takes the paper in his hand and looks at the paper. Then he holds the paper slantingly and smiles.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Exactly as I thought!

The paper shone some lines when held in the silver moonlight.

**EMILY BENTZ**

What are you smiling about?

Simskins shows the paper to Emily.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Look. Something is written over it with white wax.

Emily levels the paper to her eyes.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Yes.

She tries to feel the presence of wax over the paper.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Stop! It might disrupt the message.

Quickly, she pulls her hand back.

**EMILY BENTZ**

So how do we find it?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

It's quite simple.

**INT. US CONFIDENTIAL RESEARCH CENTER, DETECH - LATER**

Simskins is hurrying out of the bathroom, with some water in the cup of his hands. Quickly, Emily breaks the nib of the pen, and dips it inside the water in Simskins' hands.

The water turns blue. Then, when Emily opens the paper before him, he sprinkles the bluish water on the paper.

Little by little, a shape becomes visible as the water seeps through the paper. Emily's expression turns jumbled.

**EMILY BENTZ**

A Pentagon?!

As the water seeps completely into the paper, a date appears below.

**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

5th November, 1976! What is the date about, Arthur?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

(shocked)

It's my Fiancé's birth date.

**INT. US CONFIDENTIAL RESEARCH CENTER, DETECH - CONTINUOUS**

Emily is looking at Simskins.

**EMILY BENTZ**

What? why would Robert write that?

Simskins is jerking off the water from his hands.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

That's her birth date, but the year!

**EMILY BENTZ**

Pentagon with a date! 1976. But that's around 2 years ago.

Simskins stops midway.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

2 years ago! That's when we met at the café and he gave me the thing.

Emily nudges Simskins.

**EMILY BENTZ**

2 years ago. We met on that day at the National Portrait Gallery.

**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

You met him that day! Well what did he tell you?

Simskins stares in the empty air for a moment.

**ROBERT EDWIN (O.S.)**

Take it and trust nobody! Not even me!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Nothing. We just talked about our old days. But he looked restless that day. It was the last time I saw him. After the café, we went to the Museum. We saw many things there. The old mammoth, war tanks, dia--

Simskins stalls mid sentence.

**EMILY BENTZ**

What?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

The Pentagon! It's a painting at the National Portrait Museum. And the artist is, the director of DeTech - William Walton.

Flabbergasted, Emily looks at the message in her hand.

**EMILY BENTZ (V.O.)**

Connections!

**EMILY BENTZ**

But why didn't Robert write this in the first place itself, the place where he was killed.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

It'd have been very straightforward then. Anyone with some experience and basic knowledge about the city would have cracked it.

He looked at the DVD and in his hand.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)**

And besides, we have other things to take care of. There has to be a computer here!

**EMILY BENTZ**

Look there!

Simskins looks in the direction of a corridor Emily is pointing at. The title reads - **STATISTICAL DEPARTMENT**

Quickly, both of them run to the department. As they reach, we see a small computer placed over a table near the door labelled - SEARCH STATISTICS

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

I think this will work.

**INT. US CONFIDENTIAL RESEARCH CENTER, DETECH - CONTINUOUS**

Simskins switches on the computer and opens the drive. Nothing happens. Then, slowly, we see a grainy image. A face appears.

A minute later, Robert's full face is visible over the screen. He is wearing a blue colored patient gown. His eyes are bordered with dark circles, a thin face with cheekbones.

On the left shoulder of his gown were letters sewn in red color. - **D.I.I.** On his right shoulder - **S.128**

Simskins looks at the date flashing in one corner of the video - **1st September, 1977.**

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Video was made exactly a year ago!

Robert starts speaking.

**ROBERT EDWIN**

(shivering with fear)

I hope it's you there. I won't take your name, but I have something important to tell you. In exactly 1 year from today, something terrible is about to happen.

Simskins feels a chill.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

God! 1 year completes today!

**ROBERT EDWIN**

I fear the people would kill me. I'm at different places when I wake up, different places when I sleep.

Simskins face saddens with grief.

**ROBERT EDWIN (CONT'D)**

They are planning something huge. I don't know, but they talk about some fat man.

(MORE)

**ROBERT EDWIN (CONT'D)**  
 Whatever may happen, remember, the  
 Fat Man should never go into the  
 air.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**  
 Fat Man?!

A second later, a long double siren wails in the video  
 footage. Behind Robert we see a rhombic flag. The white  
 colored flag has a red burning eagle, and a crooked symbol  
 over the eagle's head.

Robert looks at the screen in increased urgency.

**ROBERT EDWIN**  
 I don't have much time. Here, take  
 a look.

Robert Picks up a diary from beneath and opens a page,  
 holding it before the screen.

```

V  n  J  V  >  o  o  <
r  e  o  <  >  n  o  v
L  o  l  o  u  <  >  >
r  v  l  o  r  c  f  o
  
```

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**  
 Do you know what this is?

**EMILY BENTZ**  
 No idea!

**ROBERT EDWIN**  
 At the time of utter chaos, this  
 will be your keystone.

Simskins and Emily's face contorts in confusion.

**ROBERT EDWIN (CONT'D)**  
 And remember my friend. Even if I'm  
 dead, I will still be with you.

And slowly, the screen dims out and blackens.

Simskins realizes tears upon his cheeks, Emily's eyes are  
 moist too.

**EMILY BENTZ**  
 Did you see the symbol on the flag?  
 A burning eagle with a bizarre  
 symbol?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Yes. I don't know what that is. I have drawn that in the diary.

Simskins pulls out the diary and looks at the symbol.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)**

Have you seen the burning bird anywhere?

**EMILY BENTZ**

Of course! It looks like a phoenix, except it's an eagle.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

And the crooked symbol?

**EMILY BENTZ**

I have never seen it. But... It shivers my heart!

Simskins places his hand over her shoulder and speaks.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Let's discuss it on our way to the Museum. We are losing time.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Robert said something terrible is about to happen in a year!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

And a year completes today! Let's go. To the real museum now.

**EXT. LAWN OF DETECH CENTER - CONTINUOUS**

Simskins and Emily are hurrying towards their car.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

So professor! You have no idea what that crooked symbol is. Am I correct?

**EMILY BENTZ**

Yes. And thanks for reminding me  
the third time.

Simskins smiles and takes his phone out. He dials a number.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

It's the 1st of September. He must  
still be there.

Simskins holds the phone to his ears and the rings go on.

**INT. HOTEL RITZ, PARIS - CONTINUOUS**

A world famous Harvard Symbologist, R. Langdon, awakes with a start, when the telephone of his flat rings. He looks fuzzy. Slowly, he lunges to the phone and picks it.

**R. LANGDON**

*Oui!*

**HOTEL ATTENDANT**

Eh! I'm sorry to disturb you, Mr.  
Langdon, but a very urgent call is  
on the line for you.

Langdon drops his eyelids, tired.

**R. LANGDON**

If you would be so kind, to take  
the name and number of the caller  
so that I could call him in the  
morning. Thank you.

Langdon is about to hang up but the attendant fumbles.

**HOTEL ATTENDANT**

Eh, Monsieur! Actually the call is  
from the American Embassy of Paris.  
They have a very urgent business  
with you.

Langdon's eyes are wide awake now.

**R. LANGDON (V.O.)**

The Embassy again!

**R. LANGDON**

Ok. I am on the line.

A few seconds later, the call connects.



**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Hello, Professor!

**R. LANGDON**

(confused)

Is it Arthur Simskins?

Langdon recognizes the voice. Simskins has been Langdon's pupil under symbology for two months. Langdon always felt proud about it.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Yes, Professor.

**R. LANGDON**

Are you alright, Simskins? Are you at the embassy?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

No. Actually, I'm in the middle of a case. I am in need of the meaning of a symbol.

**R. LANGDON (V.O.)**

A symbol! He lied about the embassy.

**R. LANGDON**

What symbol?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

I will shortly be sending you the picture of the symbol professor. I believe the hotel you are staying at has the facility of UPI 16-S.

**R. LANGDON**

Yes. But--

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Yes. I will be in touch soon. Thank you, Professor. It is a matter of life and death!

**R. LANGDON**

Life & death! Tell me everything!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

I will, Professor. Just not now. I will be calling shortly.

The call is disconnects.

**EXT. LAWN OF DETECH CENTER - CONTINUOUS**

Emily is looking at Simskins with a slant gaze.

**EMILY BENTZ**

World famous Harvard Symbologist  
huh! I didn't know you knew  
Langdon.

She turns around and begins walking to the car.

**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

Quite famous people you have there,  
Mr. Simskins.

Simskins face contorts in disappointment.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Well, I am a world-famous someone  
too!

**INT. EMILY'S CAR, CITY ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

Emily has started the car to go to the Museum. Simskins is looking at the strange symbols Robert has given them.

Minutes later, Simskins closes the diary and looks outside the window. Giving up.

Three miles behind them, a Harley Davidson roars. We see, he is wearing a black ski mask, a black zipper and a matching lower. He is Peter Krantz.

As his bike accelerates, a blue emerald ring shines for an instant his right hand, under the moonlight.

**INT. HOTEL RITZ, PARIS - CONTINUOUS**

Professor R. Langdon is looking at the electronic machine. As the 10 inch drum is rolling a black & white picture is appearing, layer by layer.

Moments later, Langdon is holding the piece of paper in his hands, stroking his gaze up and down, in acute horror.

**R. LANGDON (V.O.)**

God! What the hell is this?!

**EXT. NATIONAL PORTRAIT MUSEUM, DC - NIGHT**

Emily's car comes to an easy halt around 100m away from the Museum.

Emily and Simskins are looking at the entrance - two guards are standing. Trees around the museum entrance.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Don't you think, they'll recognize you.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

The police station is on the opposite side of the city. The news might not have yet spread here.

The twosome open the door and get outside.

Simskins and Emily reach the entrance. Yellow lights are falling from the inside. As they walk to enter, a guard blocks their way.

**GUARD #1**

Please complete the registration.

Simskins looks at a table beside the Entrance. A man with a big register is taking the names of the people.

Finally, Simskins and Emily enter the Museum.

**EXT. NATIONAL PORTRAIT MUSEUM, DC - CONTINUOUS**

A motorbike comes to a silent halt in the shadows of the trees near the museum. Peter Krantz steals a peek at the entrance and smiles silently.

**PETER KRANTZ (V.O.)**

So they know where it is!

**INT. NATIONAL PORTRAIT MUSEUM, DC - CONTINUOUS**

Brilliantly lit, spacious, with different galleries hosting different sections - Prehistoric, Medieval Art, etc.

Emily looks at the section - Prehistoric. And her childhood memories recoil in her mind.

**BEGIN FLASHBACK**

**INT. EMILY'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

13-year-old Emily, walks to her mother - Lily Bentz, is living her final moments resting over her bed.

**LILY BENTZ**

Come here, my baby!

Emily is crying, without control. She comes a little closer to her mother and embraces her tightly.

Lily holds her face in her fragile hands.

**LILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

Here. This is only for you. Never show this to your father.

Lily hands a small leather diary to Emily. Sniffing, Emily looks at the diary and again hugs her mother. Crying.

**LILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

And Promise me, baby, that you will open each chapter of this diary only on your birthdays. Promise?

Lily looks into her watery eyes.

**EMILY BENTZ**

I promise.

**END FLASHBACK.**

**INT. NATIONAL PORTRAIT MUSEUM, DC - NIGHT**

Simskins pulls Emily to follow him. Quickly, Emily begins to follow.

Simskins looks everywhere but doesn't find the painting.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

It was here!

Inhaling deep breaths, Simskins looks here and there, and then again starts running to another gallery.

Emily exhales a sigh in despair. Following him.

**INT. NATIONAL PORTRAIT MUSEUM, DC - CONTINUOUS**

A short museum attendant sees a Simskins approaching him in a hurry.

**MUSEUM ATTENDANT**

Yes Sir?

Breathless, Simskins wipes his face and speaks.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Actually, I'm looking for a painting.

**MUSEUM ATTENDANT**

Oh! Which one?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

The Pentagon. Where is it?

The attendant places his hand on his chin, thinking.

**MUSEUM ATTENDANT**

Oh! That one. It is in the storage hall. It was brought here only last night.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Last night? But I have seen it before!

**MUSEUM ATTENDANT**

You surely would have. It was purchased seven months ago.

Simskins and Emily exchange startled looks.

**MUSEUM ATTENDANT (CONT'D)**

And finally, 2 days ago it was donated again to the museum. As of now, it is resting in the storage.

Simskins plays a cunning smile. He holds Emily's hand.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Actually, I have said a great deal about that painting to my fiancé. She really wanted to see it.

He looks at Emily. Emily shoots an anxious smile.

**MUSEUM ATTENDANT**

Well if that is the case, we can let you see it.

Simskins and Emily smile at each other.

**INT. NATIONAL PORTRAIT MUSEUM, DC - CONTINUOUS**

Simskins and Emily are following the short attendant, as he walks through the corridors of the museum. Finally they reach a door and the attendant pushes it with all his force.

As the door opens, we see a dark compact passageway with uncemented bricked walls. Tungsten light bulbs mounted at regular intervals over the wall.

The attendant enters and waves the two to follow.

As Simskins follows, the compactness of the passage compels an impending anxiety attack over him. We see his shirt is soaked in sweat and he finds it difficult to breathe.

Uneasy, he begins running as he sees the mildly illuminated end of the compact passage.

As they reach the end, Simskins finally inhales the moist air of the storage hall.

Lit in red lights, the storage hall is spacious and filled with various artifacts covered in plastic, spreading across its entire expanse. The attendant looks at Simskins.

**MUSEUM ATTENDANT**

Are you alright, Sir?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Now I am. To the Pentagon, Sir!

**MUSEUM ATTENDANT**

Yes. Please follow me.

**INT. STORAGE HALL, NATIONAL PORTRAIT MUSEUM, DC - LATER**

Simskins and Emily are standing in front of a huge painting covered in opaque plastic as the attendant unwraps it.

Moments later, the entire painting is hung naked before the two as they marvel at the hyper realistic depiction of the Pentagon.

**MUSEUM ATTENDANT**

Take your time. I will be back shortly.

The attendant smiles and then walks towards the exit.

Simskins quickly drags all his attention to the details of the painting. The painting is a bird-eye view of the US Defense Headquarters, located in Arlington, Virginia.

Emily watches in similar astonishment.

**EMILY BENTZ**

It looks so real!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Such passionate strokes.

Simskins leans in closer to the painting and sniffs.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Oil paint, and a little acrylic,  
but no wax.

Simskins looks up and down at the painting. The painting has a platinum metallic frame but no glass.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Strange!

Over the Canvas the main building is located right in the middle with the apex of the Pentagon towards the ceiling.

**EMILY BENTZ**

It's thick!

Simskins looks at the side of the painting. Slowly, he puts his fingers beneath the frame and lifts it a little. The painting is heavy.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

The painting itself is thick!

Simskins puts his fingers over the canvas and presses it a little. Despite pressing harder, the canvas does not budge.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Strange! There is a hard surface  
behind the canvas.

Simskins takes a few steps back, comprehending.

**INT. NATIONAL PORTRAIT MUSEUM, DC - CONTINUOUS**

The short museum attendant hurries out of the storage room. Quickly, he takes a lock from his pockets and locks the door.

His fingers are trembling in action. Then, he runs towards the curator's office.

**MUSEUM ATTENDANT**

(terrorized)  
I think it's him.

The door of the empty office was open. From the curator's telephone, the attendant dials a number.

**MUSEUM ATTENDANT (CONT'D)**

Hello... Police Department?

**INT. STORAGE HALL, NATIONAL PORTRAIT MUSEUM, DC - CONTINUOUS**

Simskins and Emily are examining the painting.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Have you ever been to the real Pentagon?

Quickly, a childish smile appears on her face.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Yes, when I was a kid. Have you?

Simskins notices her smile.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Yes. Seven years ago. But why are you smiling?

**EMILY BENTZ**

Oh! It's nothing!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Come on! You can tell me. The attendant will feel bad if you hide things from me.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Shut up, Arthur! I remembered 15 years ago, when my father took me to the Pentagon. A devil I was.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Lightening the mind is one of the techniques to progress when chaos crumpled inside.

**EMILY BENTZ**

When we went to the Pentagon, there was an ice-cream seller going by, and I was the biggest ice-cream lover.

Simskins' eyes were still chasing the clues in the painting.



**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

I demanded an ice cream. And even though I had been coughing with a cold, my father purchased it for me. He loves me so much.

Emily was saying with her finger pointed at the six square blocks of garden in the painting.

**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

And I ate it so fast that it was finished just when we crossed the first block.

Emily erupted in laughter.

**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

And guess what I did afterwards?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

You asked for another one!

**EMILY BENTZ**

Exactly! And my father, he still got it for me. He loved me so much.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Well, if you must have asked for one more, the river Potomac would have found its way through your nose.

**EMILY BENTZ**

That's exactly what I did. In fact I did that for all the five blocks of garden until we crossed all the five. And the next morning, as you said, rivers started flowing through my nose.

Emily was laughing out of control. She became a kid again.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

You mean six blocks!

**EMILY BENTZ**

(controlling laughter)

Yes... yes. Six. Six Ice-creams.

Simskins returns to the painting. He tries to focus over the canvas of the painting if there is any message hidden somewhere beneath the frame, but he finds nothing.

**EMILY BENTZ** (CONT'D)

(shouts)

NO!

Emily's shout shocks Simskins.

**EMILY BENTZ** (CONT'D)

Arthur! I am very certain that I ate five ice-creams that day and not six.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Well, that's okay Professor. Did you pay him extra money for the extra ice-cream we added?

But Emily is serious. She places her finger over the blocks.

**EMILY BENTZ**

No Arthur! I ate one ice cream for each grid of garden. I am certain that there are only five blocks in the real Pentagon and not six.

Quickly, Simskins reels his serious attention towards the blocks.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS** (V.O.)

Why are there 6 blocks here then?

**EMILY BENTZ**

Why would Walton draw 6 blocks instead of 5? You think it's a mistake?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

I think we have a clue.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Okay. 6 instead of 5. So what?

Thinking, Simskins closes his eyes and lifts his face to the ceiling. Then, he opens his eyes.

We see the roof is no longer dusky red. Some blue-red smudgy lights are beaming over it through the window. The lights are rotating in circular fashion. Simskins' blood turns to ice.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS** (V.O.)

Oh God! They are here!

Instantly, Simskins jumps up and runs to the door of the storage hall. Surprised, Emily follows him. But Simskins has already reached the door.

He tries to open the door, but it had been locked from outside. He slides the internal latch, and seals the door from inside.

Emily sees him approaching from the passage. Tired, she asks.

**EMILY BENTZ**

What happened?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

They're here! The police are here!

And then, Simskins starts running towards the painting again.

**EMILY BENTZ (V.O.)**

What is this? A Marathon?!

**INT. STORAGE HALL, NATIONAL PORTRAIT MUSEUM, DC - CONTINUOUS**

Simskins is looking at the six square blocks in the painting as Emily comes near him. His face is sweating.

He looks at Emily and then again at the painting. Slowly, he lifts his finger and presses the last square block.

Nothing happens. Then, the final square block begins dipping down into the painting. Simskins smiles.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Knew it!

Inside the painting a carefully crafted mechanism initiates and we hear the fine sound of gears and pulleys churning.

We hear the sound of a wheel spinning with a mild hum. This time, with the hum of the rotating wheel, the Pentagonal shape of the building in the painting begins to elevate inch by inch.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Oh God!

Slowly, with the internally spinning wheel, the Pentagon in the painting comes out, and after a full minute it stops.

Almost five centimeters outside the painting, the pentagon looks like a 3D projection of a monument.

**EMILY BENTZ**

No wonder it looked real because it was real!

Slowly, Simskins holds the steel Pentagon, and pushes it outside. Effortlessly, the Pentagon comes out.

Simskins looks inside the hollow cavity of the painting and sees an intricate arrangement of gears and pulleys.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Robert! An undisputed Genius!

He places the Pentagon in Emily's bag over his shoulder.

Abruptly, a loud bang hollers the air.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

The door has been broken!

**EMILY BENTZ**

(horrified)

They're here, Arthur!

With the bag in his hand, Simskins looks at the woman.

Behind her, he sees another artifact - a 17 Century Toga of King Solomon, sewn in ductile gold and silver. He then looks at the small window at the farthest end of the wall.

A thought comes into his mind and his lips curve to an evil smile. Emily turns around and looks at the Toga.

She turns to Simskins. Her face shocked.

**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

No, Arthur! You cannot do that!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

I surely can.

**INT. STORAGE HALL, NATIONAL PORTRAIT MUSEUM, DC - LATER**

Abruptly, the storage hall fills with the hustle of police officers. The attendant is leading them.

**MUSEUM ATTENDANT**

There! There! I left them there!

As they reach, the attendant shouts out loud seeing the large pentagonal hole in the painting.

**MUSEUM ATTENDANT (CONT'D)**

Oh God!

Then, he looks at the small window, where he sees a million dollar Toga, tied around a nail, hanging outside the window.

**MUSEUM ATTENDANT (CONT'D)**

(Shouting)

Oh no! I am Dead!

One of the policemen runs to the window and sees through it. The Toga had reached all the way to the ground.

**POLICEMAN**

Yes sir. The cloth reaches directly to the ground. He ran away.

The In-charge Inspector, quickly, removes a radio transmitter, and speaks.

**INSPECTOR**

This is inspector HENRY. Simskins has fled. Cease every vehicle going out of the area, Don't let anyone pass without proper identification. Over and out!

With that, all the policemen empty the storage hall and the attendant takes the vandalized Toga with the destroyed painting of the Pentagon to the curator's office.

**INT. STORAGE HALL, NATIONAL PORTRAIT MUSEUM, DC - LATER**

Almost 20 minutes later, behind a large statue in the storage hall, a sudden movement jerks the statue.

**EMILY BENTZ**

(frowning silently)

Not one more , Simskins!

Simskins sticks his head out from behind the statue.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Plan's worked. They are gone.

Abruptly, Emily pushes Simskins from behind. Tottering, Simskins comes out. Emily dusting her clothes in mild annoyance.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)**

What's wrong?

**EMILY BENTZ**

Six million dollars! You destroyed a historic asset just like that.

Simskins steps a little closer to her and speaks silently.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Six million dollars ain't a thing  
in front of millions of lives!

He places his hand on the Pentagon. Emily understands his point.

**EXT. NATIONAL PORTRAIT MUSEUM, DC - MOMENTS LATER**

The Museum is closed and the lights are turned off. Everyone has emptied the museum. The policemen, after searching the nearby places, have left for the search in other areas.

Simskins and Emily climb out of the Museum through a small window of the ground floor hall and hide near the bushes.

After minutes, Simskins and Emily, run to their car. Emily is taking out her keys when Simskins' sight falls on the window pane. for a dark instant, his breath holds a dead halt.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Emily Run!

**EMILY BENTZ**

What?!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

(Shouting)

NOW!

Simskins holds Emily's hand and yanks her to run when, all of a sudden, a thunderous gunshot whizzes through Simskins' collar and shatters the window.

Emily and Simskins sprint at their full strength when, once again, a fierce bullet blares in the air. The dust underneath Simskins leg explodes.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Two shots missed, third won't.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Hurry! Take the right turn. The dark passage behind the wall.

**EXT. DARK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS**

Simskins and Emily are hiding behind the wall from an unknown shooter. Simskins leans a little to look.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

No one! Give me your gun.

**EMILY BENTZ**

(hurries)

Yes.

Emily takes out the gun and hands him.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

How many bullets?

**EMILY BENTZ**

Two.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

What... Two! You could have come with some preparation.

**EMILY BENTZ**

I'm a Professor, Detective, not a sniper.

Simskins stretches the gun in his hand and poses its muzzle.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

There is no one! Where did he go?

Emily pulls at Simskins sleeve.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Look there!

Emily is pointing at the other end of the passage where a yellow cab is waiting under the streetlight.

Simskins holds Emily's hand and sneaks through the passage.

**INT. CAB - CONTINUOUS**

Simskins is sitting in the co-driver seat and Emily is sitting at the back. The half-awake cabbie is driving the car.

**CABBIE**

(smoking cheap cigar)

Now if you'd tell me, where to?

Simskins is looking here and there for the shooter. But no one is following. He heaves a calm sigh.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Yes. Take the right turn.

As the driver rotates the wheel to the right, through the fogged glass Simskins sees a biker, dressed in black with black ski mask around his face, and black goggles, passing by his vehicle in the same direction.

In the next second, the black biker (Peter Krantz) stretches a gun with a dead aim for Simskins' head.

Detective Simskins stops breathing.

**INT. CAB - CONTINUOUS**

In the same instant, Simskins pulls the hand brake of the cab and its rear tyres jam, the car halts with a thunderous jerk.

The biker pulls his break & his bike stops a mere 50m ahead.

He rotates his vehicle and looks at the windshield of the cab. Then, slowly he lifts his gun directly towards the cab.

In the same instant, the fat Cabbie pushes the accelerator and the cab acquires a tearing speed towards the biker.

The biker releases the gunshot, but the cabbie twists the wheel for the cab to make a zigzag pattern and the bullet explodes the rear-view-mirror on Simskins' side.

Simskins looks at the driver.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

The driver is going to hit him.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

No. Don't hit him!

**EMILY BENTZ**

(Shouts)

NO!

Simskins gulps. Right at this moment, everything moves in **SLOW MOTION**. Simskins eyes Peter Krantz. Every part of his body is covered with a black cloth like a ninja.

Only his eyes are visible. Simskins looks at his pupils. They are red, relentless and fierce. Simskins feels a chill.

In the next second, everything speeds up. The driver twists the wheel and the cab skirts the man by a few inches.

Several seconds later, the cab attains a safe distance.

**CABBIE**

Get the fuck out of my car!



**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

No. We can't. We have an Emergency!

**CABBIE**

Emergency my ass! Get out NOW!

Simskins looks at Emily.

**EMILY BENTZ (V.O.)**

We can't stop now, Arthur!

Slowly, Simskins removes a gun from his pocket and holds it over the driver's skull.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

For the people of this Nation, I can't!

**INT. CAB - LATER**

We see Simskins in the driver's seat and Emily in the co-driver's seat. Simskins lodges his foot over the accelerator for a full minute.

**EMILY BENTZ**

You shouldn't have left the driver.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

We had no other choice. He was slowing us down. I hope he finds his way home.

**EXT. CITY ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

The fat cabbie is running off the road when a black biker stops behind him.

The cabbie runs away towards the trees, when the Biker shoots a thunderous gunshot directly into his skull and it explodes.

**INT. CAB - CONTINUOUS**

Emily is maintaining her sight behind the cab.

**EMILY BENTZ**

The biker will come for us!

Out of nowhere, a faint siren tongs for a while.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Did you hear that?

**EMILY BENTZ**

Hear what? Look, he's coming!

Simskins looks at the rear-view-mirror when he sees a tiny speck of light of a remotely roaring motorcycle.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Bastard!

Simskins shifts his gaze to the road. Directly, 100m ahead, some part of the road was totally covered under trees making it pitch black for some 50m. A thought crosses his mind.

Quickly, he puts his hand in the stack of wires beneath the steering wheel and unplugs one wire with a jerk.

Instantly, all the lights of the cab turn off.

**EMILY BENTZ**

What the hell are you doing now?

Simskins looks at the shocked woman.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

I have a plan!

**INT. CAB - MOMENTS LATER**

Emily is sitting in the driver's seat, alone in the cab. The cab has passed the dark shady zone of the road.

**EMILY BENTZ (V.O.)**

(Cursing)

Arthur!

Fifty meters behind the cab, Peter Krantz exits the shady part of the road as he is gaining speed against the cab.

Then, out from the pitch black part of the road, Simskins walks out. He levels his gun to his eyes and holds a perfecting aim towards the biker.

In one frame, he sees the bike chasing the cab.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Two bullets! One shot!

The bike finally reaches just a few feet behind the cab.

The biker elevates the gear, and in one swing, reaches the side of the cab. An enormous thunder shudders the air.

Emily looks at the biker. He raises a gun for her head and her eyes stretch wide in horrific shock. She pushes the pedal of the accelerator, but there is no room for the pedal to descend.

**PETER KRANTZ**

Now you die!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

No. You die!

A hundred feet behind, Simskins pulls the trigger and a bullet is launched directly towards the bike. The gunshot explodes the rear tyre of the bike, and instantaneously, the bike loses its speed and the biker collapses hard.

Emily looks at the bike that has fallen. Quickly, she rotates the wheel to make a full 180 Degree turn. And then, the cab accelerates towards Simskins as they had planned.

The cab reaches Simskins. He hops in and the cab wheels away.

**EXT. CITY ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

Peter Krantz has fallen silent over the road with his bike. Moments later, his trembling hands come to life and then he pushes himself to stand.

Seconds later, he is standing as the cold air flows around his body. Abruptly, he takes out his mask and rips out his zipper.

The metal cap beneath his mask has protected his skull from fracturing. But he needs no armor.

**PETER KRANTZ**

God is my armor!

Standing bare-chested, his skin lusts for more after years of abandonment. He inhales the cool air and then looks at the moon.

The bright moon is shining over his bald head. We see a tattoo of a serpent starting right at the top of his skull, running down his large back.

In the valley of his spine, we see four puncture wounds with swollen circular linings.

**PETER KRANTZ (V.O.)**

The proclamation has showered me with Divinity.

He spreads his arms like a phoenix, thirsty for its redemption.

**PETER KRANTZ**

Soon, everything will be mine. And I will be God.

**EXT. CITY ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

The yellow cab comes to an unexpected halt.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

What happened?

**EMILY BENTZ**

No fuel!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Come on! Let's go!

After running several seconds, Simskins takes cover inside a small passageway between two buildings. Both are exhausted.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Water! I need Water!

Quickly, Simskins runs to the other end and comes out of the alley. Wildly, he looks here and there. Searching.

Tiredly, Emily walks to him and looks at his face.

**EMILY BENTZ (V.O.)**

It's not water he is looking for!

**EMILY BENTZ**

What are you searching for?

Abruptly, Simskins turns around and starts running.

Emily exhales a long tired breath.

**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

GOD! Not again!

**EXT. CITY ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

An old woman in a chemist shop sees Simskins running towards her shop. A fear of burglars flutters in her stomach but she looks at Simskins' clothes. They look decent.

Simskins dashes before the shop. He is weary.

Seeing him exhausted, the old woman brings water for him. Emily arrives too. A water bottle for her too.

Simskins and Emily gulp down the water. A minute passes.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Is there a hospital nearby?

Emily looks at him up and down.

**EMILY BENTZ (V.O.)**

A hospital? Looks pretty fit to me!

**OLD WOMAN**

No dear. The nearest hospital is around a mile away. But is everything alright?

Disappointed, Simskins walks a few feet back and scans the place.

**OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)**

Is everything alright, dear?

She places her wrinkled palm over Emily's hand.

**EMILY BENTZ**

I don't know. But thank you for your help.

Emily drinks the last sip and walks to Simskins.

**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

Arthur. Why are you looking for a hospital?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

(Shouting)

Because it has to be here! The place where Robert was kept.

**EMILY BENTZ**

What? Why do you think it has to be a hospital? And why here?

In the next moment, Simskins sees something far away and asks the old woman from a distance.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Madam! Can you tell me what that place is?

Simskins points at an old building in the darkness.

**OLD WOMAN**

Well that couldn't be the place you are looking dear. That's an old hospital building. Closed for a long time. It was a refugee hospital for the wounded Soldiers in WW2.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

That's it!

Simskins looked in Emily's eyes. Eyes wide in anticipation.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

In the footage, do you remember hearing a long repeated siren?

**EMILY BENTZ**

Now that you say it, Yes!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Yes! It was not an ambulance, but a whistle from that mill.

Simskins points to a distant cloth mill.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)**

Earlier when we were running from the shooter, I had heard the same siren. It was indistinct but I recognized it was the same. That's when I understood that the place must be here.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Well, okay! But how do you know it was a hospital then?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

In the footage, had you observed, you would have noticed a small wrapper on the floor. It had two letters on it. B & D. The Becton, Dickenson company, was a syringe company founded in 1897. It had made huge profits at the time of war, when the needs were skyrocketing. The wrapper was shining like it was recently used. Now tell me where could you find a syringe wrapper recently used?

**EMILY BENTZ**

A Hospital!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Exactly! Now look at your watch.

With that Simskins starts walking towards the hospital.

**EMILY BENTZ (V.O.)**

It's half past four. Time in that footage was 4:03. The time of the company whistle. My God!

**EXT. OLD HOSPITAL - LATER**

Large metal gate, behind it is a huge old hospital building, covered with large trees and green creepers all around

Simskins and Emily standing before the gate.

**EMILY BENTZ**

But Arthur, the woman, said it had been closed for over a decade!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

I know.

Quickly, Simskins places his hand over the gate and the rusted metal opens with the iron hinges.

**EXT. OLD HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS**

Simskins and Emily are standing before the wooden door of the hospital. The door is decayed and the lock is rusted.

For a brief moment, Simskins stops and bangs his leg hard over the door.

The door breaks at the latch and opens.

Inside, we see a large corridor, darkness everywhere and several lobbies. Simskins enters.

**INT. OLD HOSPITAL - LATER**

Almost 20 mins later, Simskins is standing bent upon his knees, tired and exhausted, after having searched the entire building for anything suspicious. But he has found none.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Arthur! We are wastin--

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Shh!

Quickly, Simskins stands erect and walks to a wall nearby.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)**

Come here! And tap on the wall when  
I tell you.

Emily walks to the wall and places her fist on the wall. Simskins then taps his fist over the wall and listens. Then, he tells her to tap from a meter away on the same wall.

As Emily taps, Simskins' eyes stretch in a revelation.

**EMILY BENTZ**

What happened?

Abruptly, Simskins runs into the building and finds a shovel.

**INT. OLD HOSPITAL - LATER**

Twenty minutes later, Simskins is standing erect with a shovel in his hand, breathless, having dug a huge hole in the wall, revealing a compact alley inside.

**INT. OLD HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS**

Simskins puts his foot inside the mysterious passage. Behind him, Emily is looking at the passage, traumatized in horror.

She clutches her head as bizarre pictures appear in her head. And then, wincing, she falls down. Unconscious.

Simskins turns and sees her fallen body. Quickly, he holds her. she is fainted. Simskins sprinkles water from his water bottle over her face and she becomes conscious again.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Are you alright? What happened?

Emily closes her eyes in pain and tries to get up.

**EMILY BENTZ**

(weakly stammer)

I don't know. These... these doors,  
these corridors, they seem so  
familiar... like I was here.

Simskins couldn't understand.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Are you okay? Long way ahead!

Emily closed her eyes. Simskins still holding her.



**EMILY BENTZ**

Yes. Let's go!

**INT. OLD HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS**

Simskins and Emily are walking through the compact passage. The darkness is growing with every footstep. Then it becomes pitch black.

Quickly, Simskins removes a lighter from his pocket and turns it on. The next second, yellow luminescence spreads.

For seconds they keep walking, when the pathway ends and we see a small staircase dug in the ground. Simskins starts descending the stairs.

One by one, they descend the stairs when all of sudden, the lighter flame goes off.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

God!

Simskins tries lighting it again, but it's no use. He keeps the lighter inside and begins descending once again.

Finally, his feet feel the ground. With one hand on the wall, Simskins finally finds a switch. He pulls the lever and a small tungsten light bulb comes to life overhead.

Below the light, we see a small door, closed. They walk to the door. Simskins looks at the door and tries to push it sideways. After the first failed attempt, the door opens up to a full foot. Simskins enters. He sees a broken switch turns it on.

Instantly, the flickering lights clank overhead one by one.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Ten years! Too much for the power supply to be active.

The basement has a long corridor going straight deep, which is then furcated into four corridors in four directions.

Behind him, Emily is standing with hands clasped around her head. The nostalgic memories are pulling her senses down. She enters and stands beside Simskins.

They sniff the air around as the walls are seen covered with black ash. Simskins feels the air around them very hot.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

The place was burnt!

Along the length of the corridor, they see compact rooms with prison-like iron bars.

Simskins skids to an abrupt halt.

**EMILY BENTZ**

What?

Simskins points to a far end of a wall, barely visible in the darkness.

In the darkness, we see a diagonally burnt rhombic flag. It has a white background, a burning eagle and a crooked symbol resting right in the middle of the eagle's widespread wings.

Spellbound, Emily places her palm over her opened mouth.

**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

God! It's the same place!

The flag is the same as they had seen in the footage.

A moment later, Simskins sees a copper railing of a cell. The cell was half covered with iron bars and the other half was totally covered with walls.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

This has to be the place. Look!  
That's the cell where they had kept  
Robert.

Simskins enters Robert's cell. As he puts his feet inside, he feels something strange.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

The air is cooler here! But why?

On the far end of the cell, Simskins sees the walls are blackened and stacks of some burnt and bashed documents are ransacked everywhere.

Simskins walks to the rumble of partially burnt documents and holds a stack in his hand. We see a title on the first page of the burnt documents.

The Title: **DISSOCIATIVE IDENTITY INDUCTION**

For minutes Simskins thinks, when in an instant it flashes to him. Curtly, he turns.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Emily! D.I.I. It's an acronym for  
Dissociative Identity Induction.  
And S.128 means subject 128.

Quickly, Emily walks to him and takes the papers in her hands. Simskins hurries to the darker end of the cell which was covered only with walls and had no bars.

Emily sees him fading in the darkness for a minute and then he comes out. He takes the stack of papers from her hands and flips some before stopping onto one.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)**

Here. See!

Emily reads.

The title: **RESULTS FROM THE BOBO DOLL EXPERIMENT**

**EMILY BENTZ**

The Bobo Doll Experiment!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Yes! It's the experiment from--

**EMILY BENTZ**

From 1961-63. A Stanford University Professor, Albert Bandura performed psychological experiments upon the kids with a doll. A Bobo Doll. The theory demonstrates that humans learn not only by being rewarded or punished, but they also learn from watching somebody else getting rewarded or punished after performing violent events upon the dolls.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Yes! But where does it all lead?

Simskins and Emily come out of the cell and walk to the main corridor, just when they see a label over the last cell in the same row. Title: **D.I.I S.01**

**EMILY BENTZ**

Subject one!

Slowly, they reach the last chamber of subject one. It is a completely closed cell, with only one grilled window.

In that instant, Emily feels an awkward wave of trepidation.

**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

(Shivering)

Arthur!

Simskins places his hand on the door and the rusted iron curls inwards with a screeching metallic sound.

As the door opens, we see a completely dark and empty desolate void. Blackness everywhere, Simskins takes out his lighter and slowly puts his feet inside.

The flame burns and mild luminescence spread everywhere.

On the far end of a wall, we see something scratched.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Something is scratched here.  
Scratched with nails!

He makes a face. But he does not get any reply.

Without looking back, he continues walking towards the wall. Thinly, when he reaches the scratched wall. Behind him, we see Emily is standing with a dead stare at another corner of the black room. Her eyes are stretched wide, her body paralyzed.

Inches away from her face, we see two large round eyes staring back at her.

**EXT. CHEMIST SHOP, CITY ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

Peter Krantz is holding the barrel of his gun over the forehead of the old woman in the chemist shop. The woman is shivering for her life and pleading for mercy.

**OLD WOMAN**

Please! I've told you all about  
them. Please don't kill me!

Peter stares like a monster. His head, naked.

Slowly then, he pulls his gun back and smiles as he looks at the crying woman.

For an instant, the woman feels relieved. She begins to turn around to run, but Peter grabs the back of her skull and plunges the snout of his weapon down to the base of her throat.

Her wild eyes stretch in anguish. The Devil smiles.

And just when the old woman raises her hands to scratch the face of the Demon, Peter pulls the trigger.

A gunshot thunders through the throat of the woman and she collapses over the ground. Agonizing in pain.

Blood all around her body. Peter closes his eyes and brings the muzzle of his gun near his nose and sniffs the vapors.

He then turns his head towards the old hospital building.

**INT. BASEMENT, OLD HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS**

Simskins is trying hard to focus on scratched calligraphy in German. Bringing the lighter closer, he reads.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Fleige... Marienkafer... Fleige...  
Dein vater... ist in... Emily, a  
little help here would be great!

Behind him, Emily could not shift her dead stare off the eyes staring back at her. Her lips are mumbling unclear words.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)**

Den... Krieg gezogen...

**EMILY BENTZ (V.O.)**

NO! STOP!

Simskins continues.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Deine Mutter... is in Pomeria!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Pomeria?! Why the name of a...

**EMILY BENTZ**

(Madly shouting)  
STOP!

In the wild second, Simskins turns around and looks at the figure behind Emily. As his gaze settles, his face turns pale in crude horror.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

A Bobo Doll!

Then, he lifts his frantic gaze to Emily.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Who the hell are you?

**INT. OLD HOSPITAL - LATER**

Fifteen minutes later, Simskins is dragging the dazed professor through the corridor. They have reached the main door of the old hospital.

Emily wakes up, still dizzy. She winces, holding her head.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Ar... Arthur! I think I can walk now.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

How are you feeling?

**EMILY BENTZ**

Wha... What happened?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

(Lying)  
You fainted.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Really?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Yes!

**EMILY BENTZ**

What's the plan?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

We have to hurry. We don't have much time. We have to find what this Pentagon is.

**EMILY BENTZ**

I need rest.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

So do I. Gather up Professor.

As Simskins pulls the decayed door of the hospital, in the lawn before the building, we see a bald silhouette (Peter) standing coldly.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Someone's there!

Simskins knits his brows to focus. Then, the silhouette lifts his hand towards the door.

Simskins realizes he has a gun. Instantly, he throws the door to close, when a loud bang ruptures the air with a thunder. A gunshot shatters the wooden door of the hospital.

Holding Emily, Simskins jumps behind to protect. Then, the shower of bullets begins & both run inside the hospital to protect themselves from the impending gunshots.

Peter Krantz walks towards the hospital like a demon. He then leans in towards the shattered door and peeks through the holes. He sees no one. And his dark lips curve.

**PETER KRANTZ (V.O.)**

Cowards!

He then sends a powerful kick over the door and it bursts.

After hunting for 15 mins, he finds a large hole in one of the walls. And he smiles.

**PETER KRANTZ**

Where will you run, Simskins!

**INT. BASEMENT, OLD HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS**

Simskins and Emily are hurrying in the basement of the hospital towards Robert's cell.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Arthur! What if he finds the basement? We have nowhere to go from here.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Just hurry with me.

Then, Simskins enters Robert's cell. We see him running towards the darkened end and fading away.

Emily fears to enter. She slowly puts her feet in the cell.

**EMILY BENTZ**

(whispering)

Arthur!

Only a couple of feet later, she sees Simskins coming out of the darkness.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Come fast.

Simskins holds her hand and escorts her towards the dark end.

**INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - LATER**

Simskins and Emily are running through an inactive underground channel.

**EMILY BENTZ**

A tunnel? How did you know it was here?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Earlier when we entered Robert's cell, I noticed that the air in Robert's cell was relatively cooler than the rest of the basement. When I searched the ground of the darker end, I found a hole dug below that led to an inactive water channel.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

This must have been how Robert escaped his captivators.

**EXT. CITY ROAD - LATER**

Simskins and Emily are hiding in the passage between two buildings.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

We need a place. Somewhere we can think!

**EMILY BENTZ**

Exactly!

Abruptly, Simskins' phone begins beeping. INCOMING - ROBERT.

He takes it out, punches the answer key and places his phone over his ear.

He awaits for the other man to speak. But no one speaks.

Fifteen seconds later, Simskins is about to speak but the line disconnects.

**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

Who was it?

Simskins says nothing. He then comes to the edge of the wall and looks over.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

There! We must go there.



Emily comes to his side and looks at where he is pointing.  
Sees a Hotel - Mountain Hills.

**EMILY BENTZ**

A Hotel? You think they won't  
recognize you?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Look at the lights of the hotel,  
they are only showing off in the  
hallway and not in any other rooms.  
Also, look at the owner through the  
window.

Emily zooms her vision to the owner visible through the  
window.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)**

His newly tanned skin and his new  
Hawaiian shirt say that he had  
returned today itself. And look,  
the man is having an affair with  
the woman standing in front of him  
and he must have lied to his wife  
about a business trip or something.  
The conclusion is, having returned  
from Hawaii, he must not be aware  
of the news about me, and so, it's  
worth a risk.

Astounded, Emily speaks in shock.

**EMILY BENTZ**

How the hell do you know of his  
affair and his history so much?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

I don't know. I observed it.

**EMILY BENTZ**

The affair?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Look carefully. There is a red  
lipstick mark partially visible  
through his collar. The shade  
perfectly matches the shade of the  
woman's lipstick.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Well, she could be his wife.

Simskins chuckles.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Oh please! The woman is fairly younger than the man, and besides the multiple shades of tan lines on her arms and legs show that she travels on a regular basis.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Dear God! You cannot say that to a woman just by looking at her.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Come on! The accessories she's wearing are the cheap products sold in the red light area of New York. Look at the black strap below her skirt. It has a small pocket to put money in, another cheap product of the red light area. So, the owner having returned from the trip just now with his affair is vulnerable, and won't try to doubt us. And we will simply slip through.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Astounding!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Was it?

And Simskins starts walking out of the space with his hands in his pockets.

**EMILY BENTZ**

But wait! How do you know about the accessories of the red light area!

**INT. ROOM, HOTEL MOUNTAIN HILLS - CONTINUOUS**

Carl Schmitt is standing before a small window watching the rising moon. He is remembering the first time he saw Peter.

He then lowers his eyes to the wrinkled skin of his hands.

**CARL SCHMITT**

Vezeto means nothing to me! VIRTEX belongs to me!

Then, he lowers his cocksure gaze down, over the road before his hotel. Two blonde figures, a man and a woman, sneak out of a small passage between two buildings and enter his hotel.

Afterwards, he hears the squeaking of his door curling to open. He turns around and sees the ghostly silhouette of Peter Krantz standing in the frame of the door.

**INT. HOTEL MOUNTAIN HILLS - CONTINUOUS**

Simskins and Emily are standing before the fat owner of Hotel Mountain Hills.

**HOTEL OWNER**

(German accent)

Willkommen, Sir and Madam.

Simskins walks in and speaks.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Actually, we are in need of a room.

**HOTEL OWNER**

Oh, Sorry Sir! But we are specially reserved for German Guests tonight.

Emily walks in and speaks in sharp German.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Ich bin Deutscher, aber mein Mann ist Amerikaner. Haben Sie kurzfristig ein Zimmer frei?

**HOTEL OWNER**

Oh yes! We have a room. Actually we have returned from a trip so spare us a little time.

A minute later, the attendant hands the key to Simskins. Simskins pays the money and leaves.

**HOTEL OWNER (CONT'D)**

Two-O-Two. Second floor.

**INT. HOTEL MOUNTAIN HILLS - LATER**

Five minutes later, Simskins and Emily come out of the mechanical lift and walk towards their room. But aren't able to find it.

Just then, a long man in casuals crosses them and Simskins asks him.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Hello! Could you tell us where, room 202 is? Thank you!

The long man stops for a second and looks at Simskins. The stare continues for more than 5 seconds.

Then, the man raises his hand to point a finger.

**LONG MAN**

(Thick voice)

There.

Simskins returns a smile and presents his hand to shake.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Thank you!

The man holds Simskins' palm in his broad hand and shakes, returning a humble smile.

Simskins looks at his large palm. Mesmerized, his gaze arrests at a blue emerald ring with silver metallic border shining in the fourth finger of his right hand.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)**

An amazing artifact you have there.

**LONG MAN**

Quite a price I had to pay for it.

Then, Simskins leaves towards his room. The long man looks at them. His humble smile now turns into a vicious one.

**INT. ROOM, HOTEL MOUNTAIN HILLS - CONTINUOUS**

Simskins opens the door and both of them enter inside.

Torpidly, Emily crawls to the bed and her body sinks inside the mellow silk of the furniture.

Minutes pass.

Slowly, Emily wakes up and looks at Simskins sitting beside her, with the Pentagon in his hand. Observing.

**EMILY BENTZ**

What do you think it is?

Simskins doesn't respond. Emily exhales a long sigh and then sits near him. Her presence breaks Simskins' attention.

**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

(Whispering)

What do you think it is, Sherlock?

Simskins turns the Pentagonal steel towards her and shows its edges.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Take a closer look.

She sees that the drive has hundreds of tiny copper projections running along the edges.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)**

These seem to be something called electronic receptors.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Electronic receptors? So is it an electronic device?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

It could be a computer hard drive. But I've never seen such a drive before. Besides, there is one more thing.

Simskins flips the drive upside down and shows its lower edge to Emily. As Emily sees, her gaze locks in wild surprise.

Laser-cut in the steel, a name is inscribed upon the plate. The name - **DIR. WILLIAM WALTON**

**INT. ROOM, HOTEL MOUNTAIN HILLS - CONTINUOUS**

Simskins and Emily are donned in over the Drive, looking at the director's name.

**EMILY BENTZ**

The director!

Simskins says nothing.

**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

What do we do now Arthur?

He remains quiet. A long pain arouses in Emily's head and she winces in pain. Simskins is still thinking.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

We will have to find him.

Emily looks annoyed. She stands up, tottering upon her feet. Simskins tries to hold her but she refuses.

**EMILY BENTZ**

I shall manage.

Then she goes to the bathroom. Simskins is left alone. He puts the drive beside and lets his body rest over the bed.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Ah! Heaven!

He closes his eyes. His mind reels flashes of dreams.

**FADE TO: (DREAM SEQUENCE)**

**INT. GALLERY, DETECH RESEARCH CENTER - NIGHT**

Simskins is standing before the huge window of the grand gallery. Robert's naked body fallen on the floor.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Nullius in Verba! The Holocaust!  
What could this mean?

Abruptly, something from the black sky falls on the floor. A DVD and Robert's voice echoes everywhere in the sky.

**ROBERT EDWIN**

Even if I am dead, I will still be  
with you.

Instantly, the entire floor begins wobbling. Simskins looks above when the sky erupts into thick, red magma.

Simskins covers his head to save but it vanishes even before it touches his head.

A gunshot echoes in the air. Simskins turns behind and sees a completely black silhouette of Peter running towards him.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Who the hell are you?

Then, all of a sudden, everything vanishes. The reality evaporates and Simskins is covered entirely by darkness.

For 30 sec, he runs here and there in darkness when he sees some letters in the sky. - **DISSOCIATIVE IDENTITY INDUCTION**

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)**

Dissociative Identity... another  
identity?! God! A Multiple  
Personality?

The letters vanish and then a black figure covers his sky.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**  
 Dr. Josef Mengele. I have heard of  
 him somewhere.

Simskins closes his eyes. Thinking.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.) (CONT'D)**  
 Robert's death... the holocaust...  
 DVD... Mengele... where does all of  
 this link. Ahh!

Just then, Simskins hears loud pounding somewhere in the sky  
 as if someone was banging metal over wood. The sound grows  
 louder and louder and louder.

**END OF DREAM SEQUENCE.**

**INT. ROOM, HOTEL MOUNTAIN HILLS - NIGHT**

Simskins gets upon the bed with a wild jerk. His face,  
 sweaty. He wakes up from the dream. But the pounding has not  
 stopped. He realizes someone is knocking the door.

Quickly, he walks to the door and speaks in an altered pitch.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**  
 Who is it?

For a few seconds no one speaks. Then we hear a voice.

**VOICE**  
 Room service!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**  
 We did not ask for room service!

**VOICE**  
 It's complimentary Sir!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**  
 We don't need it.

**VOICE**  
 No problem Sir.

The voice goes down, but a second later, it rises again.

**VOICE (CONT'D)**  
 But, please, your sign over the  
 service sheet is required, Sir.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**  
 (Sighs annoyed)  
 Service policies!

And Simskins pulls the door. As the door opens, a large hand vaults out of the darkness, directly for Simskins head. He sees a blue shine of an emerald ring and his face contorts in dire terror as in the same instant, he realizes what a grave mistake he had made.

**INT. ROOM, HOTEL MOUNTAIN HILLS - MOMENTS LATER**

Bare-chested, Peter is holding Simskins' neck in the clutch of his right hand. Simskins is struggling to free himself but his strength is nothing compared to the devil's power.

We see his pupils are red and the tattoo of serpent starting right from top of his skull, reaching down his back.

Unable to speak, Simskins barely pulls a breath. The fingers curled around his throat were scrunching his windpipe.

Peter then lifts Simskins up with the strength of just one hand. Looking directly in his eyes, he pulls him closer.

**PETER KRANTZ**  
 LOOK INTO MY EYES... DO YOU SEE  
 YOUR DEATH?

Then his fingers fist harder and we hear a scrunch. Simskins thinks that it is his windpipe that has been splintered but it is not true.

The two teeth-like projections of the ring have pierced into his throat and snapped, dissolving inside the warm blood. Exposing the two teeth-like projections of the ring.

Then, the blue color of the ring slowly becomes paler and paler.

Finally, after several seconds, the ring fully becomes colorless and we can see a transparent cavity where, previously, the blue liquid was stored.

Simskins is agonizing like a beheaded pig.

Peter releases his grip and Simskins falls down with a thud.

He inhales vulnerable breaths. He is able to breathe but he doesn't understand why the burning inside his blood has not stopped.



From the bathroom of the room, we see Emily's eyes watching them silently in fear.

Peter walks towards the Pentagonal steel drive remembering the time when he was first saved.

**BEGIN FLASHBACK**

**EXT. SECOND WORLD WAR GROUND, GERMANY - NIGHT**

Six-year-old Peter Krantz is hiding behind an army rumble. gunshots and missiles are zapping everywhere in the sky.

Orphan Peter is terrified, and then he sees a middle-aged German man (Carl Schmitt) half injured, and a wet diagonal cut over his face, presenting a hand before him.

**CARL SCHMITT**

Halte meine hand! This is the end.  
If you want to live, hold my hand!

**END FLASHBACK.**

**INT. ROOM, HOTEL MOUNTAIN HILLS - NIGHT**

Peter Krantz picks up the pentagonal drive and then turns to Simskins with a wicked smile.

**PETER KRANTZ (V.O.)**

I have done my work. Now SHE shall offer me her divine strength.

Then, he walks to Simskins. And leans over him.

**PETER KRANTZ**

(tutting)  
Oh poor Detective! Are you in pain?

He takes out his gun from his pocket and places the muzzle silently over Simskins' head.

**PETER KRANTZ (CONT'D)**

Shall I free you from your agony?

**INT. ROOM, HOTEL MOUNTAIN HILLS - CONTINUOUS**

Peter Krantz has pressed the muzzle of his gun on Simskins head. We see a hazy hazy shape of Peter's head through Simskins' eyes.

Then, the shape abruptly twitches as someone hits him from behind. Peter's shape falls down and a woman's shape appears behind.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

(mumbling)

Em... Emil...

Emily kneels down and holds Simskins' head in her hands. We see his face is swollen, cheeks bloated and eyes thickened.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Arthur! Get up. Arthur!

But Simskins is barely able to speak. After a few seconds, Emily sees that Simskins is lifelessly tapping his limp right hand over his pocket.

**EMILY BENTZ (V.O.)**

He's telling me something.

Emily puts her hand in his pocket and takes out something.

**EMILY BENTZ**

A syringe? What do I do Arthur?

But Simskins has stopped every motion. No part of his body is moving except for his pupils.

He is looking at Peter's colorless ring. The empty cavity where the poison was stored. Simskins wants to smile.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Too clever!

And then he closes his eyes.

**INT. ROOM, HOTEL MOUNTAIN HILLS - CONTINUOUS**

Whimpering in loads of sweat, Emily stabs the syringe needle right in the middle of his chest and pushes the plunger. The liquid inside it is emptied. She then takes it out and throws beside, crying, holding Simskins.

For seconds, nothing happens. But then, Simskins body thrusts itself upwards with a jerk. Wildly coughing, he somehow wakes up and looks here and there.

Minutes later, gathering senses, he asks.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

How much time do we have?

**EMILY BENTZ**

It's 7:45! We have to hurry!

Somehow, Simskins gets up and Emily helps him to reach the sofa. She takes the First-aid box from the drawer beside and applies medicine over his neck wound.

**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

What was that? Any kind of poison?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

(Whispering in pain)

It must be TTX. Tetrodotoxin! A paralytic agent found in the blowfish poison. A muscle relaxant. The chemical reaches the heart and it stops pumping. Quite an amazing technique to slip through any amount of security.

**EMILY BENTZ**

The liquid in the syringe?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Atropine. A compound that reduces the effect of the relaxant where it's locally injected.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Yeah, but how did you know that?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Know what?

**EMILY BENTZ**

What the poison in his ring was. And that thing in the syringe? Do you carry it everywhere?

Simskins takes slow breaths. Harder to speak.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

When we were at the DeTech, it was the same man that killed that cryptographer kid. So when I observed him, I saw that he had the same symptoms as what TTX does to a body. So I guessed it was TTX.

Simskins presses his hand over the wound.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)**

When we were at the old lady's shop, I saw an injection with a label as Atropine. I quietly took it.

Simskins shoots a weary wink.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)**

Well the stealth proved useful.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Stealth? It was a theft.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

A theft is hardly a sin for science.

Emily makes a face of uninterest.

**EMILY BENTZ**

The Atro... whatever is working. Your face is coming back to normal.

Emily wipes blood from his chest when he holds her wrist.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

We don't have time for this. The Director!

**EMILY BENTZ**

Yes! Let's go!

**INT. HOTEL MOUNTAIN HILLS - LATER**

The fat hotel owner sees Emily and Simskins coming down. He notices a band-aid on Simskins' neck.

**HOTEL OWNER**

Everything alright, Sir?

**EMILY BENTZ**

Yes. Just a medical emergency.

**HOTEL OWNER**

Oh! We can provide a taxi.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Yes please! That'd be great!

**INT. TAXI - LATER**

Fifteen minutes later, managing his neck pain Simskins adjusts himself in the tiny seat of a taxi.

**TAXI DRIVER**

Where to sir?

**EMILY BENTZ**

To the Governor's palace.

Abruptly, Simskins rotates his head towards Emily. His wound pains but he holds it and manages to speak.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Director Walton is the Governor?

**EMILY BENTZ**

Yes. Of the State.

Emily rests her head over the headrest. Simskins looks outside the window as the taxi starts.

Minutes pass.

Emily has gone to sleep. Simskins neck wound is paining but he is about to fall asleep when his phone rings.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Hello!

**VOICE**

Hey!

The voice is of Robert.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

(Playing cunning)

Hey! How are you?

**VOICE**

I heard that you are in DC today.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

God! He knows?!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Ye...yes!

**VOICE**

Can you meet me? At the National Portrait museum?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

What! But we've met there!

Simskins looks at the screen and then again holds it over ear.

**VOICE**

Thank you Arthur! I have something to give to you.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

But when did I agree?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Hello!

Abruptly, Robert's voice shifts to an excited tone.

**VOICE**

Hey, Arthur! You won't believe what I did today!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

What? What are you talking about?

**VOICE**

How in the goddamn world did you know that?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Is he even talking to me?

**VOICE**

But tell me, do you know what her reply was? Tell me?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Oh God!

Simskins now realizes.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

He is just repeating himself. But why?

Simskins realizes that everything that Robert's voice had ever spoken to him was said by Robert, sometime in the past.

Simskins hears a beep and the line disconnects.

Minutes pass. The taxi descends the road and comes to an easy halt before the Governor's palace. The driver looks back.

**TAXI DRIVER**

Your destination Sir.

Simskins slowly wakes up. He stretches his back and looks at the architectural grandeur of the Governor's palace.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Exquisite!

Emily wakes up and looks at the palace in similar surprise.

**EXT. GOVERNOR'S PALACE, VIRGINIA - MORNING**

Simskins and Emily are walking towards the Governor's palace.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Do you think that the Director would believe us?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

That's the only chance we have. Take it or leave it.

Seconds later, after walking over the gritty path, they reach the gate. Simskins inhales a long breath and is about to knock the door, when the door opens from inside.

Simskins stops. They see Dir William Walton (60's) - thick spectacles, casual shirt, house trousers.

**WILLIAM WALTON**

I have been expecting you. I hope the police did not bother you much. Come inside we do not have time.

Simskins steals an amazed glance at Emily.

**INT. GOVERNOR'S PALACE - LATER**

Simskins and Emily are sitting before Walton after he told them the reason for him to be expecting them.

**EMILY BENTZ**

So you are saying that you got an email last night on the DeTech Secure line. And it was from Robert?

**WILLIAM WALTON**

Yes! I couldn't understand how was this possible. Robert's already dead 36 hours ago.

(MORE)

**WILLIAM WALTON (CONT'D)**

Then I reckoned that he must have used the D-S line's mail timer. Before his murder, he might have accessed his email and saved it beforehand, and then set a timer. When the timer was hit, the system automatically sent the saved message.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

What did it say?

**WILLIAM WALTON**

It said "On the morning of September 1st, 1978, a disaster shall fall from the heavens. Detective Simskins will find you. Help. Robert."

Simskins thinks deeply.

**WILLIAM WALTON (CONT'D)**

At first, I thought it was a prank but then the news about you being his murderer broke. Robert always talked about you, I know you can never be the one to kill him.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

(sighs)

Certainly, I'm not.

**WILLIAM WALTON**

Now tell me everything. EVERYTHING!

Simskins looks at Emily and sighs. He then slowly takes out the pentagonal drive from Emily's purse and puts it over the table.

Walton stops for a second, but when his gaze settles, his eyes turn ferociously wild.

**WILLIAM WALTON (CONT'D)**

Oh God! It is indeed what it looks like. Where did you get it?

Simskins looks at Emily, offended by the tone of his voice.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Sorry?!

**WILLIAM WALTON**

Do you even know what this is?



**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

(Mumbling)

A computer drive probab...

**EMILY BENTZ**

We found it in the painting, Mr. Walton. Your painting.

**WILLIAM WALTON**

What? My painting?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Yes. The one hung in the National Portrait Gallery.

Walton widens his eyes as he does not believe. He exhales a sigh and rests for a quick minute.

**WILLIAM WALTON**

3 years ago, Scientists at DeTech developed a military tech support system called the DeTech-Pentagon Program. A system that would mend with the current software of the Pentagon. It was faster, more secure and within minutes any information around the world would be at hand.

Emily looks at Simskins in surprise.

**WILLIAM WALTON (CONT'D)**

Every information, be it decryption keys for the codes, archives of criminal organizations, foreign reclusions, classified documents, even access to US confidential arsenals. This was the only project that had access to nuclear weapons without the need of the nuclear codes from the President.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

(Shocked)

God!

**WILLIAM WALTON**

The Program even had a cryptanalysis module that could solve hundreds of codes at the same time. The Nazi Enigma code, for which the British took years, could've been solved within minutes.

**WILLIAM WALTON (CONT'D)**

What you are holding in your hand, Detective, is a very secure government property. There are only three such drives.

Walton holds a chilling glare at Simskins.

**WILLIAM WALTON (CONT'D)**

Detective, if you have stolen this, then you've committed a dead serious crime against the federation of the United States.

Simskins turns to Emily. He has a soft smile on his face.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Should I do the honor?

**CUT TO:**

**INT. GOVERNOR'S PALACE - LATER**

Minutes later, in disbelief Walton strokes his hand over his head when Simskins finishes telling him the entire story.

**WILLIAM WALTON**

I always called my recreation of the "Massacre" as "Holocaust". I never thought Robert would make such an intelligent use of that to guide us to such vital information.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Director! If this drive is some kind of storage device, then--

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Then the information... about the disaster is in this Pentagon.

Closing in to the Pentagonal steel drive.

**INT. WALTON'S CAR, GOVERNOR'S PALACE - LATER**

Couple of minutes later, Simskins adjusts himself in a luxury car of Walton. Emily is sitting beside him and Walton, in the co-driver's seat.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Soon!

Simskins closes his eyes and hears Robert's voice.

**ROBERT EDWIN (O.S.)**  
Even If I am dead... I will still  
be with you.

He lets his head rest.

**ROBERT EDWIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)**  
Nullius In Verba. The Holocaust!

He opens the diary and looks at Robert's final message.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**  
Genius!

He then turns the next page and stops over the page where he sees the crooked symbol.

He remembers calling his Professor R. Langdon, when Emily was asleep in the bedroom of Hotel Mountain Hills.

**BEGIN FLASHBACK**

**INT. HOTEL MOUNTAIN HILLS - EARLIER**

Simskins is standing near the telephone of the hotel, phone pressed to his ear. The line connects.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**  
Hello?

**R. LANGDON**  
(Urgent voice)  
Hello! Arthur!

Simskins had expected the French attendant but it was his the professor.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**  
Are you alright, Professor?

**R. LANGDON**  
Yes, I am. But tell me, where did  
you find this symbol?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**  
It was engraved upon a flag.

**R. LANGDON**  
With White background?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Yes!

**R. LANGDON**

And the Burning bird in red, and the crooked symbol in black?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

My job is in danger!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

God! How did you know that?

**R. LANGDON**

(Dead Serious)

Listen carefully. The Heliograph you sent, is not a symbol, but a fusion of three symbols. You'll need a pen and a paper.

Quickly, Simskins removes the pen and Emily's diary.

**R. LANGDON (CONT'D)**

The red bird you're seeing is a burning eagle. Eagles were a symbolic representation of many cultures in ancient, medieval and recent history.

Simskins listens as Langdon explains to him the existence of the eagle as a symbol in various historic cultures.

After finishing the lecture on symbolic eagles, Langdon moves to the next symbol.

**R. LANGDON (CONT'D)**

The flames over the burning eagle represent the flames of a Phoenix, the next symbol in line.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

A Phoenix?!

**R. LANGDON**

Yes. A phoenix is an ancient symbol used to represent rebirth or reincarnation. To grow from the ashes of the burnt. Resurrections of what had been destroyed!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

What would it mean?

**R. LANGDON**

It'd mean that whatever the eagle represents, it had come back.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

What does the eagle represent, Professor?

Langdon doesn't speak. Simskins makes sure the line is still connected.

**R. LANGDON**

Draw the crooked symbol on a paper.

Quickly, Simskins draws the symbol on a plane page.

**R. LANGDON (CONT'D)**

Now tell me, how many 90° angles do you see?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Six, I see six right angles.

**R. LANGDON**

Now assign a number to each one of them from 1 to 6, starting from left to right.

Quickly, Simskins writes a number before each one of them.



**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Done!

There is silence on the line. Simskins is feeling the wild anxiety of revealing a mystery.

**R. LANGDON (O.S.)**

Now join the two figures at angles numbered '2' and '5'.

Quickly, Simskins draws the symbol, joined at the angles. When he finishes, for a brief instant, he stops breathing.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Oh dear, dear God!

The pen from his hand falls down as he gawks at the symbol created surprisingly.

Closing in to the symbol on the diary.



**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)**

A Swastika!

**R. LANGDON (O.S.)**

A Nazi Swastika!

Simskins skin turns icy cold in sheer horror when Langdon speaks.

**R. LANGDON (CONT'D)**

They're back Arthur! The Nazis are back!

**END FLASHBACK.**

**INT. WALTON'S CAR, CITY ROAD TO PENTAGON - CONTINUOUS**

Simskins turns the page and stops on the next page.



He skims his eyes up and down but understands nothing.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

If only Professor Langdon was here!

He rests his head and closes his eyes. A minute later, he feels someone taking the diary from his hand.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)**

It's no use. It could be a whole new language, Emily.

He opens his eyes when he sees Walton, twisted backwards upon his seat, holding the diary.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)**

Does this mean anything to you?

**WILLIAM WALTON**

Not really but I know someone.

**EMILY BENTZ (V.O.)**

Not Langdon again!

Walton turns front and takes out his phone. He dials a number and presses it against his ear. Simskins hears the rings from the back. The line connects and a woman speaks.

**WOMAN**

Hello?

**EMILY BENTZ (V.O.)**

Definitely not Langdon.

**WILLIAM WALTON**

Are you at the Pentagon?

**WOMAN**

Not yet. It's going to take more than I thought.

**WILLIAM WALTON**

Come to the Pentagon. Your help is needed, urgently.

**WOMAN**

I can't. The National Security Ag--

**WILLIAM WALTON**

Listen. It's about Robert!

There was silence on the line for a few seconds.

**WOMAN**

I'm coming.

**INT. WALTON'S CAR, CITY ROAD TO PENTAGON - MOMENTS LATER**

Simskins is watching buildings running past their vehicle. When in an instant Robert's face materializes before him.

**ROBERT EDWIN (O.S.)**

I am trusting you with this. No matter what, trust nobody for this. Not even me!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Not even me!

Simskins places his hand over the object in his pocket.

**ROBERT EDWIN (O.S.)**

You'll know when the time is right.

Walton's car finally comes to an easy halt before Defense Headquarters, Pentagon. Simskins and Emily look outside.

Walton comes out of the car, so do Emily and Simskins.

**WILLIAM WALTON**

Shall we?

**INT. PENTAGON FACILITY - LATER**

Fifteen minutes later, Simskins and Emily are following Walton through the long corridors of the Pentagon.

After crossing several gates, Walton reaches a large hall. We see, a tall lean man approaching with a smile. He is the Secretary of Defense, HARRIS EDWARDS (40's).

**HARRIS EDWARDS**

Welcome Director! We have been informed about your urgent arrival. What's the matter, sir?

**WILLIAM WALTON**

Something important, Edwards. A matter of National security.

**HARRIS EDWARDS**

National Security?!

**WILLIAM WALTON**

To be honest, the actual information is in this.

Walton motions his hand towards the briefcase. Then, Edwards sees Simskins.

**HARRIS EDWARDS**

(Whispers)

Is it him?

The director is annoyed.

**WILLIAM WALTON**

Yes. It is him. We don't have time.

**HARRIS EDWARDS**

But director, the news about him--



**WILLIAM WALTON**

I know. But we have to hurry. This is more important.

Quickly, Walton opens the briefcase and turns it for Edwards. A stainless steel Pentagonal drive shines inside.

**HARRIS EDWARDS**

Oh God! Is it what it looks like?

**WILLIAM WALTON**

Yes it is. Shall we hurry then?

**HARRIS EDWARDS**

Yes! But shouldn't we wait for the President, Sir?

**WILLIAM WALTON**

No, I'll take his heat.

All begin walking, when suddenly, Edwards stops again.

**HARRIS EDWARDS**

But Sir. The DeTech-Pentagon facility is confidential. The outsiders are strictly prohibited.

**WILLIAM WALTON**

(Shouting)

For God's sake, Harris, Stop! It is the National Security here we're dealing with. And as the Future Vice President of the State, nothing concerns me more. And so should to you.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Future Vice President?

Harris stays silent for a few seconds.

**HARRIS EDWARDS**

You're breaking the security protocol, Sir. I hope you understand the implications.

**WILLIAM WALTON**

Yes, I do! Lives have been sacrificed for this, Harris.

**HARRIS EDWARDS**

Very well Sir. Let's go.

**INT. VOLUMINOUS AUDITORIUM, PENTAGON FACILITY - LATER**

The door of the chamber hisses open. Harris, Walton, Simskins and Emily enter inside.

As they enter, we see a huge auditorium filled with different machinery and sublime devices blinking and running commands.

The hall is divided into three sections, separated by glass walls. On the farthest end of the hall, we see a large white screen with a control panel before it.

The foursome reach the control panel and Walton keeps the suitcase over the Disc-Insertion panel.

**HARRIS EDWARDS**

Alright everyone! Insertion begins!

Slowly, Walton takes out the Pentagonal drive and places it over the drive holder with hundreds of copper receptors. Then he releases the grip.

The disc fits with a marvelous accuracy, and then goes inside the machinery. As the disc goes inside, a tiny gurgle begins beneath their feet and Simskins feels ants under his shoes.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Any second now!

**INT. VOLUMINOUS AUDITORIUM, PENTAGON FACILITY - CONTINUOUS**

The disc is inserted and everyone is looking at the large screen before the panel. Abruptly, the gurgle stops and all the lights of the auditorium turn off. Slowly, a few seconds later, the screen begins glowing gradually with few words appearing faintly.

**SCREEN**

A STUBBORN MYSTERY... RUNS...  
THROUGH THE ANCIENT HISTORY.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

A Stubborn Mystery?!

The mummering of the people rises in the hall.

Then, the phrase fades and another sentence replaces it.

**SCREEN**

ALLOW ME TO TAKE YOU ON A JOURNEY!

The screen then flickers and then displays another one.

**SCREEN** (CONT'D)  
 LET US GO BACK IN TIME. HOLD MY  
 HAND OR YOU SHALL FALL, IN THE  
 DARKNESS OF HELL.

Simskins pupils dilate.

**SCREEN** (CONT'D)  
 443 MILLION YEARS AGO!

Emily's face contorts in confusion.

**EMILY BENTZ**  
 Four-forty-three Million year?!

The phrase "443 Million Years Ago!" then elevates to the top edge of the screen. And stops right in the upper mid.

Then, we see a black stain developing in the lowermost edge of the screen. The stain begins rising crookedly in length till it reaches half of the screen and then, it divides and re-divides until it turns into a black tree-like figure with 5 major branches and thousands of appendages.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**  
 What is this?

**EMILY BENTZ**  
 I don't know. Tree of life, maybe!

Then, slowly the tree fades away and only the sentence "443 million..." remain at the top. Another sentence appears.

**SCREEN**  
 ORDOVICIAN-SILURIAN EXTINCTION.

Simskins turns to Emily.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**  
 What is this?

**EMILY BENTZ**  
 The Ordovician Extinction is one of  
 the 5 Major Extinctions of Earth.

Walton and Edwards join to listen as Emily speaks.

From a wide angle, we see Emily explaining to them the prehistoric extinction.

The screen then displays a pie chart of different species that went extinct in the considered extinction.

Seconds later, the chart dissolves into the background and the black tree reappears with its five branches. Slowly, one of the 5 major branches becomes faint and then loses all its opacity. The tree is now left with only four major branches and empty space for the extinct branch. Simskins face glows.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

It's not the Tree Of Life, Emily.  
It's the Tree Of Extinction!

**EMILY BENTZ**

Tree Of Extinction?!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Yes! That seems the only logical explanation. 5 Major Extinctions, 5 Branches. What do you suppose?

Abruptly, the screen turns off with a whip and the entire hall dips into blackness.

For a full minute, nothing happens. Then, Simskins notices a quote appearing over the screen.

**SCREEN**

"DEUS SIVE NATURA"

Simskins turns towards Emily's faintly lightened face.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Deus Sive Natura! Those are the words of a 17th Century Philosopher, Baruch Spinoza.

Simskins listens.

**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

Spinoza was one of the Early thinkers of Enlightenment. In his early years, he developed highly controversial ideas regarding the authenticity of the Hebrew Bible. Because of which he was then exiled from his community.

**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

In his posthumously published book, *Ethics*, he extensively used the phrase, "Deus Sive Natura" almost four times. The phrase literally means, "God or Nature" constituting his belief, that "Nature" and "God" are one and the same thing.

**INT. VOLUMINOUS AUDITORIUM, PENTAGON FACILITY - CONTINUOUS**

The screen has gone black.

**EMILY BENTZ**

What now?

Seconds later, layer by layer, a photograph of a statue begins appearing over the screen.

**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

It's Bruno!

**WILLIAM WALTON**

Giordano Bruno?

**EMILY BENTZ**

Yes! A philosopher again.

A quote then appears above the photograph of the Statue.

**SCREEN**

THE TIME WILL COME, WHEN ALL WILL  
SEE, WHAT I SEE.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Those are exactly his words. There is a very intimate relation between the thoughts of Bruno and Spinoza.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

What is tha--

Abruptly, loud sounds of people shouting and chanting begins emanating from the speakers all around.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)**

What is this?

The screen breaks a graphic animation of hundreds of people circling around a naked man, forcing him to sit on a donkey.

The noises from the speaker are of the people in the animation, escorting the man to the center of the city.

Finally, the hollering masses hang him upside down to a pole and then burn him completely to death.

Walton, Simskins, Emily and Edwards along with all other people are watching the screen in pure horror.

**WILLIAM WALTON**

The Execution of Giordano Bruno!

Slowly, the fire arouses to contain the entire screen, and then Bruno's one more quote appears burning right in the middle.

**SCREEN**

"PERHAPS YOU PRONOUNCE THIS  
SENTENCE AGAINST ME WITH GREATER  
FEAR THAN I RECEIVE IT"

Emily explains the history of the philosopher to Simskins.

**EMILY BENTZ**

In the year 1593, Bruno was tried for heresy by the Roman inquisition on charges of denial of several core Catholic Doctrines. In 1600, the inquisition found him guilty, stripped him naked, bound his tongue and burned him alive.

**HARRIS EDWARDS**

Director! Is this bullshit filled in one of the most secure systems of the State?

Simskins steals a glance at Edwards and asks Emily.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

You said there is an intimate relation between Bruno and Spinoza. What is it?

**EMILY BENTZ**

Yes! Both of the men's ideologies possessed a serious threat to the Catholic belief of God.

**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

In the year 1584, Bruno Published papers, '*La Cena de le Ceneri & De l'infinito universo et mondi*' which supported the Copernican view. He said that there were other suns, and other worlds revolving around them, denying the doctrine that Earth is the center of the Universe.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Then?

**EMILY BENTZ**

When Galileo first raised his telescope to the heavens, we observed different planets, their moons. It was then that the words of Bruno began falling into reality.

**WILLIAM WALTON**

Yes. At that time a burning question had aroused in the hearts and minds of the masses, that **if these worlds existed, and if Bruno was right, then why wasn't any of this found in the sacred books of God?** But no one dared to question the Church's authority. No one but one man, who dared to address it head-on.

Emily looks at him.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Baruch Spinoza.

**INT. VOLUMINOUS AUDITORIUM, PENTAGON FACILITY - CONTINUOUS**

Emily tucks the wisp of hair behind her ear.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Spinoza made extensively devastating statements through his writing at the time.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Devastating to whom?

**WILLIAM WALTON**

To the Church and their God. He even went on to write that the Bible was not dictated by God, but was a mere work of humans. He knew he was testing the limits of free thought at the time.

**EMILY BENTZ**

He believed in the philosophy that there is no external God. Spinoza's God was the physical laws of the Universe that govern the motion of everything. Right from electrons to supermassive galaxies.

**WILLIAM WALTON**

Yes. And in 1677, he died, but the quest did not stop. 250 years later, a man who had the same passion for light made a pilgrimage to his work-room. Another Wizard of light he was. His name?

Walton looks at Simskins.

**WILLIAM WALTON (CONT'D)**

Albert Einstein.

**INT. VOLUMINOUS AUDITORIUM, PENTAGON FACILITY - CONTINUOUS**

A quote of the Spinoza appears over the screen.

**SCREEN**

"WHETHER WE SAY, THAT ALL THINGS HAPPEN ACCORDING TO THE LAWS OF NATURE, OR ARE ORDAINED BY THE DECREE AND DIRECTION OF GOD, WE SAY THE SAME THING."

**WILLIAM WALTON**

In other words... God Or Nature!

The screen then breaks the absurd phrase again. Everyone turn their head at the screen.

**SCREEN**

A STUBBORN MYSTERY, RUNS, THROUGH THE ANCIENT HISTORY.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

The phrase again! What mystery?

Suddenly then, something else appears over the screen.

**SCREEN**

376 MILLION YEARS AGO...  
LATE DEVONIAN EXTINCTION.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Another extinction? What the hell is going on here?

Then, slowly, everything fades from the screen, and the tree of extinction again appears with its 4 major branches. Then, out of the 4, one more branch begins to thin out and then completely vanishes.



**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

One more Extinction in the history  
of Earth.

**INT. VOLUMINOUS AUDITORIUM, PENTAGON FACILITY - LATER**

Thirty minutes later, the auditorium went silent after the portrayal of several quotes by different popular men of history.

All the quotes flash in fast forward.

**Georg Wilhelm Fredrich Hegel** - "You are either a Spinozist or not philosopher at all"

**Daniel Waterland** - "It supposes God & Nature, or God and the Universe, to be one and the same substance-one Universal being; insomuch that men's souls are only modifications of the divine substance."

**Julius Wegscheider** - "God and the work of God are one and the same thing."

**Nikola Tesla** - "What one man calls God, another calls the laws of Physics."

**Albert Einstein** - "I believe in Spinoza's God."

**INT. VOLUMINOUS AUDITORIUM, PENTAGON FACILITY - CONTINUOUS**

The hall is dipped in cold silence. Emily looks at her watch.  
9:50 AM.

**HARRIS EDWARDS**

(Silent anger)

Director! With all due respect sir,  
I have to express to you that if  
this bullshit is filled in one of  
the Government's most powerful  
programs, I will have to abort the  
execution, until the drive fully  
integrates with the system.

Walton walks to Simskins and Emily.

**WILLIAM WALTON**

Do you have any idea what is going  
on? Why did Robert think this is  
important?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

I have no idea. Could this be just  
a useless--

**EMILY BENTZ**

No it's not!

Simskins and Walton look at Emily.

**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

I don't know but, there is an  
intimately common principle among  
all the philosophers that just  
appeared upon the screen.

Emily locked her eyes with Simskins.

**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

Each one of them was a Pantheist.

**INT. VOLUMINOUS AUDITORIUM, PENTAGON FACILITY - CONTINUOUS**

Simskins is looking at Emily as she finished.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

A Pantheist? The one who believes  
that the Universe is the Creator of  
itself!

**EMILY BENTZ**

Yes!

Emily explains to everyone about Pantheism. Flashes of  
various religious scripts passing one by one. We see, pre-  
Christian religious documents, Ancient scriptures supporting  
the philosophies of 'Advaita' & Non Dualism of Hinduism.  
Ancient Egyptian elements that support Pantheism. And lastly,  
the Magnum Opus Of Baruch Spinoza - *Ethics*.

**INT. VOLUMINOUS AUDITORIUM, PENTAGON FACILITY - CONTINUOUS**

Everyone is silent.

**HARRIS EDWARDS**

So is that it? Nature is God! So?

A technician from back yells, pointing at the screen.

**TECHNICIAN**

Sir! Look.

Over the screen, we see a picture of Seven figures of apes that describe Darwin's theory of Evolution of Man.

**EMILY BENTZ**

The Evolution of Man!

Below the figures, a quote appears faintly.

**SCREEN**

"MAN SELECTS ONLY FOR HIS OWN GOOD:  
NATURE ONLY FOR THAT OF THE BEING  
WHICH SHE TENDS." - CHARLES DARWIN.

**HARRIS EDWARDS**

What now? A class on Natural  
Selection?

Walton turns towards Edwards and speaks.

**WILLIAM WALTON**

Listen to me very carefully,  
Harris. One of my men has died  
protecting this information. Robert  
was like a son to me. And if he has  
traded his life for this, I  
definitely think we can at least  
spare some time taking a look.

Edwards feels ashamed. He looks down.

**WILLIAM WALTON (CONT'D)**

Something terrible is on the way,  
Harris. We must unders--

**TECHNICIAN**

Look! It's a video footage.

As Walton turns towards the screen, we see a B&W footage of some beetles fighting. The video is old.

**EMILY BENTZ**

I think it's *Alles Leben ist Kampf!*

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

What?

**EMILY BENTZ**

*Alles Leben ist Kampf!* It's a  
National Socialist propaganda film  
produced in 1937 by Herbert Gerdes  
and W.Huttig. It portrayed the Nazi  
ideology to support the perfect  
race for the next generation.

Simskins feels a chill.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

A Nazi film! Oh dear, dear God!

**EMILY BENTZ**

*Alles Leben ist Kampf* is the  
literal translation of the phrase  
"All life is struggle."

For seconds, the footage continues and when it finishes, several Nazi Documents flash one by one. For minutes this show goes on, before depicting a final portrait of a personality that sent shivers of terror across the skins in the hall.

Before them, a huge portrait appears that covers the entire screen. It was an image of death itself. A portrait of the Chancellor of Nazi Germany... The Murderer of Millions, and the Fuhrer of a fallen Empire - F. Adolf Hitler.

**INT. VOLUMINOUS AUDITORIUM, PENTAGON FACILITY - CONTINUOUS**

Simskins looks at Emily. She is thinking.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Any links?

**EMILY BENTZ**

Indeed! But...

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

But?

**EMILY BENTZ**

Every image. If you'd have focused clear attention, you'd have known that there is one thing in common in all the Nazi Documents that appeared over the screen.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

What is it?

**EMILY BENTZ**

That every document supported one law. The law of Natural Selection.

**CUT TO: BLACK**

**OVER BLACK**

Flashes of Nazi Fuhrer, Adolf Hitler, appear, giving speeches, marching between soldiers, visiting military zones, etc.

The following Nazi documents flash one by one.

1. The 1938 curriculum handbook of the Ministry of Education.
2. The teacher's league document by H. Linder & R. Lotze.
3. Documents by Karl Zimmermann, Jacob Graf, and Erich Meyer that support Darwinian principles and Evolutionary biology.
4. Hans F.K. Gunther's book on racial anthropology.
5. Several chapters of Hitler's Mein Kempf.
6. A picture of a statue named 'The Dei Partei.'
7. Enormous portrait of Adolf Hitler shooting a Nazi Salute.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. VOLUMINOUS AUDITORIUM, PENTAGON FACILITY - CONTINUOUS**

The show over the screen had ended. Everyone is silent. Simskins is thinking. Then finally, the screen breaks the recurring phrase one final time.

**SCREEN**

A STUBBORN MYSTERY RUNS THROUGH THE  
ANCIENT HISTORY.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Again?

And the screen then went black. Everyone is silent. The director is looking disappointed. Edwards comes beside.

**HARRIS EDWARDS**

That's it? The show ended?

They look at Simskins. He is deeply thinking.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

A stubborn mystery... where  
everything started. Murder of  
Bruno, Spinoza's God, Einstein,  
Darwin, Hitler... where the hell  
does this all link?!

**HARRIS EDWARDS**

(Bellows)

The Pentagon had to go through all this preparation just for this bullshit? Was this a joke? A high class prank?

Emily shoots an annoyed glare at him.

**EMILY BENTZ (V.O.)**

You have no idea what we have gone through, bozo!

Emily comes closer to Simskins.

**EMILY BENTZ**

(Whispering)

Was this all, Arthur? Just a prank?

Simskins is still thinking.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Nature is God. Deus Sive Natura.  
Survival of the fittest. It's too much... too much... too much!

Then, the screen flashes a final phrase and then fades off completely.

**SCREEN**

"OPFER SIND UNVERMEIDLICH"

Emily looks at the quote in pure horror.

**EMILY BENTZ**

"Sacrifices Are Inevitable."

**HARRIS EDWARDS**

(Shouts)

Detective Arthur Simskins! Would the intelligent mind be kind enough to shower us with some illumination?

Edwards barks as if he is enjoying standing correct.

Simskins doesn't look at him.

**EMILY BENTZ**

(Frowns whisper)

Jerk!

Simskins is still thinking.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

A stubborn mystery... Deus Sive  
Natura... God is nature... Survival  
of the fittest! Nature demands  
perfection. And We are not perfect.  
Oh Devil!

Simskins looks at Emily. Horrified.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

It's not over yet!

**EMILY BENTZ**

What?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

The stubborn mystery... is the law  
of Natural Selection, that runs  
through the Ancient history. The  
strong shall survive and the weaker  
shall perish! The survival of the  
fittest.

**HARRIS EDWARDS**

(Shouting in triumph)

Is that all your beloved friend  
Robert had to say?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

No.

**HARRIS EDWARDS**

Then what?

In slow motion, Simskins finally raises his head towards  
Edwards. Everyone looks at him. Closing in on Simskins.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

That we need to be Exterminated!

Abruptly a computerized voice breaks from all the speakers.

**COMPUTERIZED VOICE**

Initiating Calibration!

**INT. VOLUMINOUS AUDITORIUM, PENTAGON FACILITY - CONTINUOUS**

A hustle emerges everywhere. Everyone rotates their head  
towards the screen which has just been re-illuminated.

**HARRIS EDWARDS**

What Calibration? DRAKE?

Edwards is demanding answers to his technicians. The director curtly turns his head towards Simskins. Simskins eyes are spilling horror.

**DRAKE**

The entire system has gone offline,  
Sir. I don't know what has  
happened. Power failure probably!

**HARRIS EDWARDS (V.O.)**

No! This cannot be!

Abruptly, Edward's phone rings and he quickly pulls it out from his pocket. A moment later, some technician's phone rings deep in the darkness. Then another one chimes. And then another. Seconds later, the entire hall erupts into different technicians holding their phone over their ears.

**TECHNICIAN #1**

The security system of the Pentagon  
is down, Sir!

**TECHNICIAN #2**

The Biometrics are out!

**TECHNICIAN #3**

Satellite connection lost! Sir we  
have lost all our connection with  
the world.

Edwards is standing like a corpse. Slowly, he turns his terrified face towards Walton.

**HARRIS EDWARDS**

(Shivering)

The Pentagon is hacked!

**WILLIAM WALTON**

What?!

**COMPUTERIZED VOICE**

CALIBRATIONS COMPLETE. FEEDING  
TARGET!

**WILLIAM WALTON**

A target? For what?

As Simskins looks at the screen, some numbers appear faintly below the text.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Coordinates!



**TECHNICIAN**

Coordinates! They're the  
coordinates. Longitudes &  
latitudes.

**HARRIS EDWARDS**

Coordinates for what?

Edwards' face is shocked in a gut-wrenching horror.

**HARRIS EDWARDS (V.O.)**

If this is what it looks like...  
I'm dead!

**TECHNICIAN**

We do not have the computers  
working, Sir! But I can say that  
the place is somewhere in...

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Somewhere in... Russia.

**TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)**

Somewhere in Russia!

**INT. VOLUMINOUS AUDITORIUM, PENTAGON FACILITY - CONTINUOUS**

A terrorized shockwave spans across the crowd in the  
auditorium.

**WILLIAM WALTON**

In Russia? But a target for what?

Slowly, over the screen, a text appears in bold.

**SCREEN**

INITIATING LAUNCH!  
Phoenix: The Fat Man II.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

NO! They are talking about some fat  
man!

As the words finally settle, Walton and Edwards feel the  
blood draining down their faces.

Walton looks at Edwards, who is already looking at him.

**WILLIAM WALTON**

The Fat Man II is the redesigned  
Mark 4.

Simskins couldn't understand.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

What?

Walton turns towards him.

**WILLIAM WALTON**

The Fat man 2 is a Nuclear Bomb based on the earlier Mark 3, which was used in the Bombing of Nagasaki in 1945. When, DeTech launched the Pentagon program, under the amity of Senior advisor, this was a confidential step taken to mount a Nuclear weapon upon a satellite. This was purely a confidential step taken in respect of the defense because of the rising tension of the cold war. But now... Oh God!

**TECHNICIAN**

It's the Drive!

A techie yells from the back. Edwards turns like a bull.

**TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)**

It's the drive that is running the torrent of pre-programmed commands.

Simskins turns curtly.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

My God, I've made a terrible, terrible mistake!

Emily looks at his shocked face.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

(lips trembling)

It was Robert! He plotted the whole game for us to plant the drive in the Pentagon! The drive had it all. It was programmed to do it.

Emily is shell-shocked.

**EMILY BENTZ**

No! Robert can't!

Abruptly, the computerized voice blares.

**COMPUTERIZED VOICE**

INITIATING LAUNCH IN T-MINUS TEN SECONDS!

**COMPUTERIZED VOICE (CONT'D)**

Ten... Nine...

Edwards jumps upon his feet and orders his technicians.

**HARRIS EDWARDS**

Shut it down! Shut the fucking  
Pentagon down!

Quickly, Drake begins clicking his fingers over the keyboard.

**DRAKE**

Nothing. The override is powerful.  
The system would at least take 15  
minutes to buffer itself.

**COMPUTERIZED VOICE**

Eight... Seven...

**HARRIS EDWARDS**

(Blaring madly)  
Run the Emergency override!

**TECHNICIAN**

I already did, Sir! But for the  
next 15 mins there is nothing we  
can do.

**COMPUTERIZED VOICE**

Six... Five...

Harris Edwards clutches his head in anger and helplessness.  
Simskins and Emily are standing staring a dead gaze at the  
screen. Walton is thinking.

**WILLIAM WALTON (V.O.)**

We won't have much time. By the  
time the system buffers itself, the  
missile would be detonated.

Simskins could do nothing.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

(Whispers)  
What have we done!

**COMPUTERIZED VOICE**

Four... Three... Two... One!

And the screen turns black.

**EXT. SATELLITE PHOENIX, IN SPACE - NIGHT**

We see a satellite named Phoenix hovering in the space above  
earth when suddenly, a lever crackles inside it and we see,  
red colored nose of a missile protruding outwards.

With the mechanical churring of the lever, the missile finally comes out and rests on an ejector.

Then, a spark ignites at its tail and the missile is launched into the air with a thunder.

**INT. VOLUMINOUS AUDITORIUM, PENTAGON FACILITY - CONTINUOUS**

As the countdown ended, a shockwave of deadly silence has dispersed in the hall. We see a very faint outline of Emily's figure staggering her hand to find Simskins.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

(Shivering exhale)

It's over!

Emily spins around and feels his presence on the other side.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)**

The disaster that shall fall from the sky. It was him. It was all Robert's plan.

**EMILY BENTZ**

But...

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

The USA and Soviet Russia are on the verge of the Cold War. In 1973, a treaty between USA and USSR Russia was signed, to prevent the use of Nuclear weapons. Think about it. If the United States launches a Nuke on Russian soil, it'd mean the violation of the treaty. And deadly a declaration.

**EMILY BENTZ**

No! God!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

A declaration of a war... of World War Three!

Then, we see, Simskins' face begins to glow with gradually rising illumination as the screen behind Emily brightens again.

And then, some words appear upon them.

**SCREEN**

Nullius In Verba

**T-H-E H-O-L-O-C-A-U-S-T.**

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Oh my God!

He now understands the true meaning of Robert's full message.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Nullius in Verba! See for yourself,  
a disaster, a massacre... A Nuclear  
Holocaust!

Everyone is looking at text blankly, when something else appears at the topmost layer of the screen. As Simskins reads, his face horrifies beyond any recognition.

**SCREEN**

HEIL HITLER!

**INT. VOLUMINOUS AUDITORIUM, PENTAGON FACILITY - CONTINUOUS**

Detective Simskins is standing like a corpse. A technician approaches Edwards with an update.

**TECHNICIAN**

Sir! As per the schedule, Phoenix is about 6000 kilometers over the Russian ground. So, under free fall, per calculations, it'd take around 18 mins for the satellite to reach the ground. 3 Minutes. That's all we have to initiate the self-destruct.

Edwards has given up. Everyone is standing still.

Minutes pass. Director Walton is standing shell shocked. He takes a seat over a nearby chair and lets his old legs rest.

**WILLIAM WALTON**

How could you do this, Robert?!

A second later, over the screen, we see a small rectangle appearing. Above it, some numbers appear, counting backwards.

**TECHNICIAN**

It's video footage from the missile. And the countdown!

**SCREEN**

08:27... 08:26... 08:25...

Simskins is standing motionless. His face is wet in sweat and eyes staring blankly at the screen.

Abruptly, a woman from the back yells.

**TECHNICIAN SOPHIE**

We have a chance!

Walton and Edwards take a run to SOPHIE.

**HARRIS EDWARDS**

What chance?

**TECHNICIAN SOPHIE**

Sir! Yesterday evening, when the satellite was over the Arctic, it had caught ultrasonic frequencies. So we turned it around only to find that it was a group of whales creating that noise.

**HARRIS EDWARDS**

So?

**TECHNICIAN SOPHIE**

So, we have time. The satellite lags behind its schedule by not more than 5 mins. We have five minutes.

**HARRIS EDWARDS**

But Sophie! The missile is already launched. It's in the ai--

All of a sudden it dawned on him. Walton too understood what she had to say.

**WILLIAM WALTON**

(Hopeful)

Yes! It's a DeTech Missile. For the past five years we have been developing missiles that could adapt to moving targets. Smart Missiles. The Re-Mark 4 is one of such missiles that had the ability to change its course by bursting several hundreds of tiny boosters running along the length of it. It has a GPS and a camera mounted in its nose. The boosters are called the deviators.

In the same instant, all the lights of the auditorium clank overhead and the entire hall fills with bright illumination.

Simskins wraps his arms around his eyes.

A hustle emerges all around. Techies talking on phone calls, fingers clicking on keyboards, LED's twinkling. All the technicians begin working.

Then, slowly, as vision adapts, Simskins lowers his arms and looks at the screen. The countdown is still falling.

**DRAKE**

(Yells)

The Pentagon is on! Buffer  
Established! All Systems online!

All the personnel gather at the command section panel. Edwards and Walton reach. Sophie makes her way through the crowd and leans over the desk of the panel.

She clicks some keys and a screen pops up. Then, she enters some keywords and another screen appears.

**TECHNICIAN SOPHIE**

I don't know if Robert knew about  
this. But if he didn't, this is our  
final chance!

Sophie hands the panel to Edwards. Edwards clicks the enter key and a page to enter secure credentials appears.

He enters his credentials. For the people behind, the screen is blocked because of his back.

Edwards, then turns and looks at everyone.

**HARRIS EDWARDS**

Sophie! You said we had a chance,  
if Robert didn't know about the  
deviators.

**TECHNICIAN SOPHIE**

Yes.

**HARRIS EDWARDS**

(staring deadly)  
Looks like he did.

**EXT. MAIN GATE, PENTAGON FACILITY - CONTINUOUS**

A woman (late 20's)- long hair, professional attire, is standing before the main gate of the Pentagon.

**WOMAN**

(Annoyed)  
Are we done now?

Neglecting her anger, a security guard is holding her id.

**SECURITY GUARD**

Indian! Yes Ma'am. You may go now.

**WOMAN**

Thank you!

**SECURITY GUARD**

Authorization complete! Open the gate.

**INT. VOLUMINOUS AUDITORIUM, PENTAGON FACILITY - MOMENTS LATER**

Harris Edwards moves back and Simskins looks at the screen.

**CONTROL PANEL SCREEN**

Self-destruct access.  
Enter password\_

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

A password?

Edwards looks at the countdown.

**SCREEN**

03:02... 03:01...

**HARRIS EDWARDS**

Three minutes!

A second later, in the video footage, we see, a central spot of Russian parliament and neighborhood appearing distinctly.

**HARRIS EDWARDS (CONT'D)**

One chance! We had one chance!  
Robert, you scoundrel!

Edwards kicks the table beside with anger.

Walton exhales a tired sigh. He closes his eyes, giving up.

**WILLIAM WALTON**

It's over.

**EMILY BENTZ**

No, it's not.

Wiping her tears, Emily walks to Walton and speaks with emotions choking her throat.



**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

Robert did not give his life for this.

**HARRIS EDWARDS**

(Shouting)

Your fucking goddamn Robert created this override! If not dead, I'd have killed him myself.

Crying, Emily escorts Simskins to the director.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Tell me, Director. Robert was like a son to you. Do you think it could be him, behind all this? Arthur? He was your beloved friend. Do you think he could do this?

Simskins is silent. He speaks nothing.

Harris Edwards is horrified as he sees the falling countdown. He then takes out his cell phone from his pocket and punches a key. A number pops up.

With trembling limbs, Walton looks at him.

**WILLIAM WALTON**

What are you doing, Edwards?

Edwards says nothing. Walton comes beside him and looks at the screen of his phone.

**HARRIS EDWARDS**

I am informing the president to... to prepare for a war.

Edwards swallows hard.

**HARRIS EDWARDS (CONT'D)**

For World War Three!

**INT. VOLUMINOUS AUDITORIUM, PENTAGON FACILITY - CONTINUOUS**

Everyone is shocked as they hear Edwards' words. Then, Sophie walks out of the crowd.

**TECHNICIAN SOPHIE**

Sir! It needs a password. We could at least try!

**HARRIS EDWARDS**

Try? Like a wild guess? It could be anything... anything. It's like looking for a needle in a haystack, except the stack is the size of planet Earth. If you have anything to type... please be my guest.

Edwards offers her the way to the panel.

**TECHNICIAN SOPHIE**

That doesn't mean we must not even try. In the time of utter chaos, we must not abandon our duties towards our citizens. And--

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (O.S.)**

(loudly)

What did you say?

Instantly, everyone turns towards Simskins. He is standing cold with a dead gaze over the floor.

Sophie looks nervous as she repeats herself.

**TECHNICIAN SOPHIE**

I said, we should not abando--

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

No, before that.

**TECHNICIAN SOPHIE**

I said, in the time of utter chaos--

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Stop!

Simskins closes his eyes and thinks.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

In the time of utter chaos... utter chaos... where have I heard this...

Abruptly, Robert's face materializes before his eyes.

**ROBERT EDWIN (O.S.)**

In the time of utter chaos, this shall be your keystone.

Then, Simskins realizes and opens his eyes. He looks at the people and exhales heavily.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

I have the password!

**INT. VOLUMINOUS AUDITORIUM, PENTAGON FACILITY - CONTINUOUS**

Simskins' words meet with a thundering astonishment.

**HARRIS EDWARDS**

You have the password?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Yes! But it's encrypted.

**HARRIS EDWARDS**

Encrypted?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Yes, until we have the decryption.

**WILLIAM WALTON**

Actually, we do have!

In the same instant, a loud clunk of the auditorium door invites everyone's attention. Every head turns to the door.

Simskins looks at the feminine figure that is arriving. He sees, long hair, a beautiful bold outline of her sexy figure and her red attire. Under the lights, her silhouette is walking directly towards them.

But Simskins is standing spellbound. His mind is reeling Nostalgic memories of his past.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

No! It's her!

Finally, the Indian woman stops before everyone. Simskins is standing mesmerized.

**WILLIAM WALTON**

Ladies & gentlemen. Allow me to introduce you to one of the most brilliant minds on the planet. Mis-

The lady groans her throat. She wants to introduce herself. She presents her hand before Simskins.

**WOMAN**

It's an honor to meet you Detective Simskins. I am BARKHA SINGH. A Senior Cryptographer at the NSA.

Simskins greets her hand shakily. He is not taking his eyes off her face. Barkha feels awkward.

Simskins is staring at her face without a blink. A small memory from 2 years flashes before his eyes.

Flashes of blood-soaked Barkha's face, cradling into his palm, and Simskins sobbing, holding her as she died.

**WILLIAM WALTON**

Detective!

Simskins spins around.

**INT. VOLUMINOUS AUDITORIUM, PENTAGON FACILITY - CONTINUOUS**

Simskins is looking at the director.

**WILLIAM WALTON**

Hand the password to her!

Quickly, Simskins takes out Emily's diary from his pocket and opens the page full of bizarre symbols before her. Taking it from his hands, she realizes it the second she looks at it.

**BARKHA SINGH**

It's the Pigpen Cipher!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

What?

Simskins shoots a glance at the countdown. 02:23!

**BARKHA SINGH**

It's a simple substitution cipher.  
Do you have a pen?

Quickly, Simskins gives her a pen. Barkha flips the diary, and on a blank page, she scribbles the keywords.

As Simskins leans in, a strong fragrance of *Tatiana* perfume gushes into his nostrils and he clenches his fist.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Not now!

A moment later, Barkha finishes. Simskins looks at the key.

**BARKHA SINGH**

This is the decryption. Look at the shapes.

(MORE)

**BARKHA SINGH (CONT'D)**

Each shape corresponds to a particular letter out of 26 alphabets.

The KEY:

A	B	C	J	K	L								
D	E	F	M	N	O								
G	H	I	P	Q	R								
<del> <table style="border-collapse: collapse; text-align: center; margin: auto;"> <tr> <td style="padding: 2px;">S</td> <td style="padding: 2px;">U</td> </tr> <tr> <td style="padding: 2px;">T</td> <td style="padding: 2px;">V</td> </tr> </table> </del>			S	U	T	V	<del> <table style="border-collapse: collapse; text-align: center; margin: auto;"> <tr> <td style="padding: 2px;">W</td> <td style="padding: 2px;">Y</td> </tr> <tr> <td style="padding: 2px;">X</td> <td style="padding: 2px;">Z</td> </tr> </table> </del>			W	Y	X	Z
S	U												
T	V												
W	Y												
X	Z												

Quickly, he aligns the message and begins writing the decrypted message. While writing, he realizes his fingers are trembling and hand shaking abnormally. He finishes.

W H A S T E E Y I O N U  
T H E S C E L E K U T T  
I S L E I F R E

**HARRIS EDWARDS**

But it still means nothing!

Simskins' clothes are soaked in sweat and his face is wet. Emily places a hand on his shoulder in concern.

**EMILY BENTZ**

You're sweating. Are you okay?

Simskins doesn't respond. Walton comes to Barkha.

**WILLIAM WALTON**

Look at the screen. If that countdown hits zero, a nuclear missile will be detonated over Russia.

Barkha reels back in disbelief.

**BARKHA SINGH**

What? A nuke! What the hell was Pentagon up to?

**HARRIS EDWARDS**

Please Madam! This password shall ignite the deviators and the nuke would self-destruct. You are our only hope to stop a nuclear holocaust.

Suddenly Barkha feels the weight of the entire world over her shoulders. She looks keenly at the message. She sees clearly that the first word is 'what'.

**BARKHA SINGH**

Errors!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

(weakly)

What?

Barkha looks at his tired face. But looking at the countdown she hurriedly answers his question.

**BARKHA SINGH**

There are a lot of useless random letters in the plaintext. This technique was used by the Nazis in WWII so that their messages could not be read by others. To get the clear message we need to know what those letters are.

**WILLIAM WALTON**

How can we find them?

**BARKHA SINGH**

The thing... we cannot!

**INT. VOLUMINOUS AUDITORIUM, PENTAGON FACILITY - CONTINUOUS**

Walton's heart skips a beat.

**BARKHA SINGH**

The only person who can have the information about the random letter is either the person who encrypted it or the one who has the decryption.

Walton loses all hopes.

**BARKHA SINGH (CONT'D)**

So to find the random numbers we--

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Random numbers?

Simskins interjects sharply.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)**

I think I have them.

He remembers the odd text messages of random numbers. He feels it strange how everything is falling into place.

But his heartbeat is escalating. His vision becomes blurry and he places his hand on the table beside to support.

Somehow he takes his pager, opening the messages, he turns the screen to Barkha.

She sees the screen. She sees bands of random numbers. The numbers were - 1,2,3,5,8,10,16,18,20,21,25,26,27,29,31,32.

**INT. VOLUMINOUS AUDITORIUM, PENTAGON FACILITY - CONTINUOUS**

As Barkha takes his pager, Simskins falls down.

**BARKHA SINGH**

Detective?!

Emily holds him from behind. She looks at his neck wound. It is bleeding.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Please! Help! He's bleeding!

Edwards punches some keys.

**HARRIS EDWARDS**

Medical team is on the way. We have to take care of this first.

Barkha is already cancelling the clutter of useless letters from the text. Walton looks at the screen.

**WILLIAM WALTON**

One minute!

Barkha finishes. The TEXT: L-O-O-K-F-O-R-I-T-I-N-T-H-E-C-L-U-T-T-E-R

**WILLIAM WALTON (CONT'D)**

Look for it in the clutter!

Barkha slams her hand on her head.

**BARKHA SINGH**

God! It's the other way around.

She realizes that the letters she had cancelled as useless were the actual plaintext. A little later, she finishes.

The TEXT : W-H-A-T-Y-O-U-S-E-E-K-I-S-L-I-F-E

Barkha turns around in slow motion.

**BARKHA SINGH (CONT'D)**

What you seek is... LIFE!

**HARRIS EDWARDS**

Thirty Seconds!

Lying numbly on Emily's lap, Simskins hazily sees people towering above him. He sees the blur figure of Barkha leaned over the panel.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

What you seek is... I have to get up!

Simskins tries to stand but can't even move.

After typing the password, Barkha leans back in surprise.

**BARKHA SINGH**

Nothing! The password is wrong!

**WILLIAM WALTON**

What?

He looks at the panel screen. THE SCREEN: TWO ATTEMPTS FAILED. FINAL ATTEMPT.

**BARKHA SINGH**

I typed it twice. Thought it could be a technical glitch for the first time. But it's wrong!

**WILLIAM WALTON**

He fooled us!

Barkha looks at the screen. 00:15... 00:14...

Edwards has lost, this is the biggest blunder of his career.

**HARRIS EDWARDS (V.O.)**

God help us all!

**EMILY BENTZ (V.O.)**

This is unreal!

**BARKHA SINGH (V.O.)**

Lord Krishna! Please help!

The countdown begins.

**COMPUTERIZED VOICE**

TEN... NINE... EIGHT...



**EMILY BENTZ**

(sobbing)

What have we done, Arthur!

**COMPUTERIZED VOICE**

SEVEN... SIX... FIVE...

**HARRIS EDWARDS**

(Lips trembling)

Ladies and Gentlemen! Brace  
yourself for the impact!**COMPUTERIZED VOICE**

FOUR... THREE... TWO...

The countdown stops. The system beeps twice.

**COMPUTERIZED VOICE (CONT'D)**

PASSWORD ACCEPTED.

**EXT. PARLIAMENT, RUSSIA - CONTINUOUS**The people of Russia are looking at a black speck falling  
from the sky.At around 7000 feet above the ground, the Re-Mark 4 has  
gained a tremendous speed under the free fall when all of a  
sudden, the deviators along its length ignite and the missile  
begins capturing altitude skywards.**INT. VOLUMINOUS AUDITORIUM, PENTAGON FACILITY - CONTINUOUS**Over the large screen, we see the image changing slowly,  
first the Russian horizon appears on the top edge of the  
rectangle. Then, frame by frame, the horizon reaches the  
bottom edge of the rectangle and finally, only clear sky  
appears over the screen as the missile surges skywards.**EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS**The thundering Re-Mark 4 is ferociously tearing the air in  
the upwards direction. And then a tiny fire sparks inside.**NARRATOR**

(Rhyming tone)

HIGH AND HIGH,  
IT WENT IN THE SKY.  
THE PHANTOM OF DEATH,  
SAID GOODBYE.  
PIERCING THE BLUE, RUPTURING AND  
TORMENTING.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)  
 FINALLY THE MONSTER, ERUPTED IN THE  
 SKY.

**INT. VOLUMINOUS AUDITORIUM, PENTAGON FACILITY - CONTINUOUS**

Two lines appear on the screen of the auditorium.

**SCREEN**

Connection lost! Self-Destruct  
 Established.

Everyone erupts cheering. Edwards looks at the Director and embraces him in his arms. Tears in his eyes.

Emily is smiling with tears.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Thank you, Robert!

In shock, Barkha is looking at the control panel where she is seeing Simskins leaning with one hand on the panel for support, having typed the correct password. Sweating and breathing uneasily, Simskins turns around and looks at her. He sees the tears on her cheeks and a smile on her lips. He smiles back vaguely. Edwards claps his hands in the air.

**HARRIS EDWARDS**

Alright everyone! We have things to do.

**EXT. PENTAGON FACILITY - LATER**

Simskins comes out of the building. Emily is following him. He looks at her. She smiles. He returns a feeble smile.

The infant rays of the morning sun, lining their faces.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Everything alright?

**EMILY BENTZ**

Now it is.

Simskins plucks a bud from a small bush of roses.

**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

But we still have no clues about his death.

(MORE)

**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

Don't you feel it is out of logic that Robert guided us to plant that drive in the Pentagon to achieve some Hitler goal and then handed us the password to stop that from happening. Do you think he gave his life just to play a huge prank on the two superpowers of the world?

She huffs a whiff, tossing hands in the air.

**EMILY BENTZ (CONT'D)**

I don't believe this.

Simskins sighs. Too tired to speak. Then, he sees Barkha jogging out of the Pentagon to meet them.

**BARKHA SINGH**

Detective!

As her marvelous figure is approaching, Simskins is seeing her in slow motion. His mind then reels back to his past.

**BEGIN FLASHBACK**

**INT. HOTEL L'ENFANT PLAZA - NIGHT**

Dimly lit room, air flowing mildly through the large gallery. Simskins is embracing a woman with Barkha's face.

**SUPER: TWO YEARS AGO...**

**WOMAN**

(Mild watery eyes)  
Promise me one thing, Arthur. That you will always remain mine.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

From top to bottom, from left to right... And from skin to soul, I am always yours!

He holds her waist and touches her lips with his. He stops a gaze directly in her eyes.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)**

I love you!

**WOMAN**

I love you too!

Fluidly, Simskins slips his hands below her waist and lifts her up.

He then pins her against the wall and spreads her arms, kissing the luscious skin of her neck like an animal. He licks her navel and the woman slurps breaths in wild pleasure. Simskins then comes up and stops.

A second later, he giggles. She laughs in unison.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

The night's still young, Gorgeous!

Simskins takes a step back. She holds his hand and takes him to the gallery. Simskins looks at the woman's face.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

The most beautiful face in the whole, whole world!

Seconds pass. She looks in his eyes and as she is about to kiss him, a loud thunder crackles in the air. A gunshot erupts an ear-splitting noise and the next second, Simskins is holding the woman's bloodied face in his hands.

**END FLASHBACK.**

**EXT. PENTAGON FACILITY - DAY**

Simskins and Emily are standing before the Pentagon building as Barkha approaches.

**BARKHA SINGH**

(breathing heavily)

Director Walton told me everything about last night. Quite impressed that you came out in one piece.

Simskins returns a smile.

**BARKHA SINGH (CONT'D)**

Tell me what was the password?

Simskins smiles as he remembers Robert's words.

**ROBERT EDWIN (O.S.)**

You are my life, Arthur!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Well it worked, didn't it?

**BARKHA SINGH**

(regularizing breaths)

Yes of course! The detective thing!

Simskins gives her the flower bud.

**BARKHA SINGH (CONT'D)**

(blushing)

Well, detective, if you want to impress me, you should at least try it with a flower, not just a bud.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

When *Barkha* shall shower, the bud will turn into a flower!

A spontaneous smile appears upon her face.

**BARKHA SINGH**

(impressed)

Knowledge of Indian languages! Quite impressive!

Simskins smiles vaguely.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

She has forgotten everything.

**EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE - EVENING**

A cab stops before the wooden cottage of Emily. Simskins and Emily come out.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Care to join me for a meal?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Desperately!

**INT. EMILY'S HOUSE - LATER**

Simskins is sitting on the sofa, resting. He remembers the words of the inspector who returned his gun.

**INSPECTOR (O.S.)**

We had found that the ballistics reports were tampered. The bullet in Robert's body was not from your gun. We will soon find the real murderer.

Abruptly, Simskins' eyes fly open and he sees Emily hurrying down with a terrified face.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Arthur! He is not here! I found this in his room.

She brings a letter to him. Simskins takes the letter.

The LETTER: *If you want Alfred alive, then come to the old mill, Detective Simskins, alone & unarmed.*

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**  
Emily's father is kidnapped?!

For seconds he thinks. And then, he looks at Emily.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**  
Let's bring your father back.

**EXT. TERRACE, OLD MILL - NIGHT**

From the terrace of the old mill, David is watching the small pathway in his binoculars. Seconds later, he sees a figure wearing a hat and a sherlock cloak walking towards the mill.

**DAVID**  
He's here!

A few feet behind, in shadows, Carl Schmitt smiles darkly.

**CARL SCHMITT**  
Do you see anyone else with him?

**DAVID**  
No, Master.

**CARL SCHMITT (V.O.)**  
Finally! I will rule and I will be immortal!

All of a sudden, the figure on the pathway stops midway.

**CARL SCHMITT**  
What happened? Why did he stop?

David sees through his binoculars.

**DAVID**  
He is tying his laces.

Carl comes out of the dark and snatches the binoculars. He looks at the figure in the cloak tying his shoelaces.

Then, out of nowhere, a loud gunshot crackles in the air and the figure falls down.

Carl and David are shocked.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

Come on! Take cover!

Both the men hide themselves in the shadowy portion of the terrace.

**CARL SCHMITT**

Someone shot a bullet on him?

**DAVID**

Not any from us!

Carl adjusts binoculars over his eyes.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

Should we send men?

**CARL SCHMITT**

No! Wait.

15 minutes pass, but the fallen figure does not even move.

**CARL SCHMITT (CONT'D)**

Send a man. Only one!

David hurries downstairs to send one of his men.

Carl is looking at the fallen figure, crushing anger beneath his teeth.

**CARL SCHMITT (CONT'D)**

What the fuck are you planning,  
Arthur Simskins?

A minute later, Carl sees one of his men approaching the fallen body. Slowly, he inches forward in fear.

The man is posing a gun in the direction of the fallen figure. As he reaches, he nudges the muzzle of the gun over the figure's head. He doesn't move.

Then, he pushes the fallen figure to lay on his back and when he sees his face, it is none other than Arthur Simskins.

**INT. GROUND FLOOR ROOM, OLD MILL - LATER**

Minutes later, Simskins body is resting over a metal table. Motionless. Carl and David standing beside.

**CARL SCHMITT**

Did you check his pulse?

**DAVID**

Yes! He has no pulse. He is not breathing. Take a look at his legs.

Carl looks at his bare legs, David is holding his shoes. Over his legs, Carl sees a snakebite and the bluish skin.

**CARL SCHMITT**

(Going mad)

No! Tis cannot happen! He cannot die. Who the fuck killed him?

**DAVID**

We have sent men to look, but there is no bullet wound over his body.

**CARL SCHMITT**

(In Horror)

Vezeto would kill me!

Abruptly, the telephone in one corner of the room rings.

**CARL SCHMITT (CONT'D)**

It's him!

**DAVID**

Master! We have a chance. That old man's daughter, the one who was with Simskins the whole time. She might know where it is.

Carl feels hopeful. He picks up the receiver. For a long time he has pressed to his ear. Then, he keeps it.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

What happened?

**CARL SCHMITT**

(Fearfully)

Vezeto is coming!

**DAVID (V.O.)**

Oh God! Vezeto is the supreme person. The one behind EVERYTHING!

**CARL SCHMITT**

You stay with the body. I have to make some arrangements for him. Also I'll have men sent to catch that woman. Vezeto is bringing her father. Once they bring him, I'll rip his flesh apart!



Carl leaves. Looking at Simskins, David makes a face of disgust.

**INT. FIRST FLOOR ROOM, OLD MILL - LATER**

Fifteen minutes later, Carl is standing with four of his men circled around him.

**CARL SCHMITT**

We have to find that woman. Vezeto is coming!

A shockwave disperses between his men.

**CARL SCHMITT (CONT'D)**

We do not have ti--

As Carl is speaking, he sees some thin strokes of Golden hair in the darkness outside the room. His eyes go mad.

**CARL SCHMITT (CONT'D)**

(shouting)

It's him! Arthur Simskins is ali--

As he is shouting, a gunshot erupts from door in slow motion and a vehement fireball surges directly towards Carl.

The bullet scrapes his left hand and he shouts in pain, falling behind a wooden table beside.

In the same instant, each of his men jump upon their feet to find a corner against impending bullets.

Carl's arm is bleeding but he smiles.

**CARL SCHMITT (CONT'D)**

Simskins is alive. Now I shall get what I want.

Just then, one of his men ejects a blind gunshot in the direction of the coming fires.

**CARL SCHMITT (CONT'D)**

(Shouts)

No! I want him alive! Don't shoot!

**INT. GROUND FLOOR ROOM, OLD MILL - CONTINUOUS**

David is standing with eyes over the higher floor. He has heard two gunshot. He looks behind and sees Simskins body lying limp on the table.

One more gunshot echoes upstairs.

**DAVID**

What the fuck is going on up there?

One more gunshot crackles followed by a loud cry of one of his men. David becomes anxious. He shoots a final glance at Simskins and then leaves upstairs.

**INT. FIRST FLOOR ROOM, OLD MILL - CONTINUOUS**

One of Carl's men is shot right in the eye and he has fallen.

Somewhere in the darkness of the mill, a dark figure adjusts itself and holds a perfecting aim upon one of Carl's men.

**FIGURE**

One down... four more to go!

As it is about to pull the trigger, some rustle of clothing waggles behind it.

Then, a tang of carbolic acid wafts out from the back.

**FIGURE (CONT'D)**

What the hell!

The figure spins around wildly when a large hand vaults out of the darkness, grabs its skull and slams it into the wall even before it could close its eyes.

**INT. FIRST FLOOR ROOM, OLD MILL - CONTINUOUS**

Ten minutes later, Carl is standing with four of his men surrounding Emily. Blood is retching from her head.

Torpidly, she raises her hazy gaze. She realizes that she is surrounded by four men. She looks at the old man standing in front of her, his face spilling anger.

Carl lunges a step forward and holds the gun over her head.

**CARL SCHMITT**

Where is VIRTEX?

Emily blinks twice to understand.

**EMILY BENTZ**

Where is... What?

A spark of fervent anger flashes across his face. He raises his gun and plunges its snout in the wound of her head.

The woman shouts in hollering pain.

**CARL SCHMITT**

I am not going to ask you again,  
sweetheart, now tell me where did  
Robert's final message lead you?

Shuddering in extreme pain, Emily tries her best to speak.

**EMILY BENTZ**

His message did not lead us to any  
VIRTEX. It was the Pentagon that he  
told us about.

**CARL SCHMITT (V.O.)**

(confused)

What?! Pentagon? But that project  
was closed two years ago.

**CARL SCHMITT**

Did his last message not say  
anything about VIRTEX?

**EMILY BENTZ**

No!

Disheartened, Carl walks to the window and looks at his  
wrinkly palm.

**CARL SCHMITT (V.O.)**

Let's stop here, Carl. Death is an  
inevitable truth.

Emily has started to gain senses now. She looks at Peter who  
is standing beneath the door frame. His eyes have lust for  
her skin.

Disgusted, she shifts her gaze to Carl, who is now staggering  
like a wild bull towards her.

**CARL SCHMITT**

Well if you don't know where it is,  
then you fucking die!

He pushes the gun in her wound and blood squelches out. In  
mad pain, the woman shouts when all of a sudden, one of  
Carl's guards arrives at the door.

**GUARD #1**

Master! I found this in a van  
outside.

He has a ladies burgundy bag. Emily's eyes stretch wide.

**EMILY BENTZ (V.O.)**

No!

**BEGIN FLASHBACK**

**INT. VAN - EARLIER**

Sitting in the van, Simskins gives Emily a red object.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Take this. This is a very important thing. They shouldn't find it!

**END FLASHBACK.**

**INT. FIRST FLOOR ROOM, OLD MILL - CONTINUOUS**

Carl looks at Emily's shocked face and he smiles.

**CARL SCHMITT**

Open it!

The Guard opens the purse and with a thud an object falls. Carl Schmitt smiles. He takes the red object in his hands.

**CARL SCHMITT (CONT'D)**

Yes!

He turns towards the woman.

**CARL SCHMITT (CONT'D)**

So, Ms. Emily Bentz. It's time for us to say goodbye.

And places the snout of his gun over Emily's eye.

**CARL SCHMITT (CONT'D)**

An eye for an eye!

**INT. GROUND FLOOR ROOM, OLD MILL - CONTINUOUS**

Arthur Simskins awakes with a start. Soaked in sweat, his body is on the metal table. He looks here and there.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

It has worked!

He remembers injecting himself with a chemical compound mixed with mild cardioplegia to significantly reduce his heart beat. He thought he wouldn't make it. But he did.

He takes out a small battery with electrodes from beneath his thigh and throws it on the floor but it clanks loudly.

He looks at the window. Beside it, a large rusty nail is protruding out of the wall. Simskins sighs.

He hears footsteps coming and then quickens down the table.

**INT. GROUND FLOOR ROOM, OLD MILL - MOMENTS LATER**

David puts his head inside and looks at the empty table.

**DAVID (V.O.)**

What the hell! Where did he go?

Stretching his weapon, he enters the room and leans beneath the table to look.

**DAVID**

Where the fuc--

In the same instant, David feels a sharp knuckle on his back and he falls down. As he rolls over, he sees Simskins lunging upon him to punch him in the face but David holds his wrist.

Simskins tries to pull it back but David does not leave.

Simskins then sends a kick in his bowels and frees himself. He has freed him for an instant when he sees David standing up and jumping upon him like a demon.

David knocks his shoulder squarely over Simskins' face and Simskins' body bangs upon the wall behind.

David then holds Simskins' skeletal body from the behind and crushes him against his solid chest.

Simskins shouts in excruciating pain. His bones crack. David feel his ribs snapping from inside.

Simskins cries out loud for seconds, grappling wild to free himself. But all is in vain. His limbs slump down.

Simskins gives up. Then all of a sudden, he pulls his legs up, jabs them against the front wall and springs open his legs with all his strength.

The thrust throws the two men to the behind wall with large force. In the same instant, Simskins hears a bone snapping sound crackling in the air, and his assailant cries out loud.

David loses his clasp and Simskins chest dilates to a furious expansion. Simskins falls down, pulling air wildly, when David falls down beside. Dead.

Simskins looks at him. There is a hole in the back of his neck. Then, he raises his gaze to the wall behind, where we see a large nail dripping David's blood. Simskins exhales.

**INT. GROUND FLOOR ROOM, OLD MILL - MOMENTS LATER**

Simskins is standing before the open window of the room. Winds are thrashing on his face. He leans over the window and sees the opening of the aluminum cuboidal duct hanging.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Let's do it, Detective!

**INT. FIRST FLOOR ROOM, OLD MILL - CONTINUOUS**

The flickering lights of the room are turned off.

**CARL SCHMITT**

(Shouts)

Peter!

Then, all of a sudden, he cries in pain as he feels Emily kicking her feet over his chest and he falls down. Taking advantage of the situation, Emily runs out of the room.

Behind her, Carl's men hold him. Peter quietly sees Emily running in the darkness upstairs.

A guard lights up the cigarette lighter and yellow luminescence spreads everywhere.

**EXT. OUTSIDE THE MILL - CONTINUOUS**

A blue limousine comes to a crisp halt before the mill. Behind it, a Mercedes V class van stops and two bulky guards come out. One opens the door of the limo.

No one comes out. A little later, a wooden stick peeks out and a leg with polished shoe comes out.

**VEZETO**

(From inside)

Go and find him.

The two guards hurry towards the mill.

**INT. FIRST FLOOR ROOM, OLD MILL - CONTINUOUS**

Carl winces holding his wounded hand.

**CARL SCHMITT**

Forget that woman. We have VIRTEX.  
Let's go!

**GUARD #1**

Shouldn't we wait for Vezeto?

**CARL SCHMITT**

No! VIRTEX deserves a greater Lord!

Carl begins walking out of the room when Peter stands before him.

**CARL SCHMITT (CONT'D)**

We have to go Peter! We don't ha--

**PETER KRANTZ**

I want that woman. I want her!

Peter stares a thirsty glare in the empty air. Carl senses a strange blood lust in his eyes.

**CARL SCHMITT**

Fine! If you want her, you can have her. But if Vezeto finds the betrayal, you won't be forgiven. Remember, he is a Monster... Bigger than you!

Peter barely listens. He remembers the strange smell of Emily's flesh when he had slammed her head in the wall.

**PETER KRANTZ**

(madly)  
I want her!

Carl motions other men to walk away with him. And the room is left empty.

**EXT. BACKSIDE OF THE MILL - CONTINUOUS**

Simskins is clinging to the aluminium duct to reach its open end.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Just an inch further! Come on!

**INT. INSIDE ALUMINIUM DUCT - MOMENTS LATER**

Moments later, Simskins is crawling inside the aluminium duct that has a small netted opening over every room of the Mill.

**INT. GROUND FLOOR CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

Carl and his men are exiting the mill. He had kept VIRTEX in his pocket.

As one of Carl's men open the door, we see two largely built guards standing before them. Carl feels nervous.

**CARL SCHMITT (V.O.)**

God! Vezeto is here!

**CARL SCHMITT**

(Lying)

We were coming to you. Has Vezeto come?

Vezeto's guards exchange looks.

**VEZETO'S GUARD #1**

Let's wait inside.

**INT. FIRST FLOOR ROOM, OLD MILL - MOMENTS LATER**

Two of Carl's men and two of Vezeto's guards are standing in a room along with Carl.

One of Vezeto's guards brings a chair and a foldable table. He unfolds it and places it in the middle of the room.

**CARL SCHMITT**

Where is the woman's father?

No one responds.

**CARL SCHMITT (CONT'D)**

We had found that woman but she ran away.

**VEZETO'S GUARD #2**

Do you have what Vezeto wants?

Carl steals a glance at the two men behind him.

**CARL SCHMITT (V.O.)**

I have worked for this. I deserve this more than anyone.



**VEZETO'S GUARD #2**

What are you thinking?

**CARL SCHMITT**

We couldn't. Detective Simskins is dead!

Vezeto's guard exchange startled looks.

**VEZETO'S GUARD #2**

And the woman?

**CARL SCHMITT**

She ran away! She might be hiding in the mill. Peter is finding her.

**CARL SCHMITT (V.O.)**

Or fucking her!

**VEZETO'S GUARD #2**

Vezeto would be disappointed.

Then, everyone hears a thin sound of footsteps approaching.

**CARL SCHMITT (V.O.)**

Vezeto is here! I should have given it to David.

**INT. SECOND FLOOR, OLD MILL - CONTINUOUS**

Emily is hiding in the darkness of the second floor when she hears someone coming upstairs. She silently slips in a totally darkened shabby room nearby.

**INT. FIRST FLOOR ROOM, OLD MILL - CONTINUOUS**

Carl and his men are looking at Vezeto who has arrived. The light from the cigarette lighter barely reaches his face.

Vezeto - Slouched figure, black mask over mouth, wearing Shelby hat, and a wooden stick in hand.

**CARL SCHMITT (V.O.)**

He looks weak!

**CARL SCHMITT**

It had been a long time! Fiftee--

Vezeto groans for him to stop. He then very slowly walks to the open window gushing night winds and stands before it. For seconds, he stares at the fully risen moon and then turns.

Carl looks at his face. Only his eyes are visible. Slowly, Vezeto sits on the chair.

Seconds pass, no one speaks.

**VEZETO**

Carl. Lie no more, Comrade!

Carl's muscles turn stiff.

**VEZETO (CONT'D)**

I am old now. You have a life, my friend.

**CARL SCHMITT**

(Stammering)

Vezeto... I... I am...

**VEZETO**

I want tea.

**CARL SCHMITT**

(confused)

Here?

Quickly, one of Vezeto's guards takes out a cup, a thermos and a sugar vessel from his bag. He pours tea in the cup and places the vessel beside.

**VEZETO**

All of you go now!

Vezeto orders his and Carl's men to go outside. A guard lights a candle and everyone empties the room. Only Carl and Vezeto remain.

Vezeto takes off his mask and removes his Shelby hat. Then, he takes the spoon from the vessel in his hand to add sugar to his cup.

**INT. INSIDE ALUMINIUM DUCT, OLD MILL - CONTINUOUS**

Simskins is watching the new man who has arrived before Carl and sat on the table. The man has taken off his Shelby hat and placed it on the table. Simskins realized he was bald, but it was difficult to see his face from the top angle of the duct opening.

Then, Vezeto starts adding spoons of sugar to his cup.

He adds, one... two... three... four... five!

**INT. SECOND FLOOR ROOM, OLD MILL - CONTINUOUS**

Emily is hiding in the darkened end of a shabby room. She tries to hold her breath.

Then, she sees a ghostly silhouette passing by the door of her room.

**EMILY BENTZ (V.O.)**

Oh god! He's here!

Then, she sees Peter's dark figure entering the shabby room.

Emily is feeling restless when she notices that there is a small compact staircase in a corner behind her that leads to the terrace.

**INT. SECOND FLOOR ROOM, OLD MILL - CONTINUOUS**

Peter Krantz smiles as he smells the tang of the same scent of Emily.

**PETER KRANTZ**

I get what I want.

But even after a full minute of surveillance, he does not find Emily. He then reaches the darkened end of the room where he finds a compact staircase that goes to the terrace. And his smile widens.

**INT. FIRST FLOOR ROOM, OLD MILL - CONTINUOUS**

After a long silence, Vezeto speaks.

**VEZETO**

Let me see it.

**CARL SCHMITT**

I... I don't have it!

**VEZETO**

Lie no more!

Carl doesn't speak. A moment later, he steps forward and places the red rectangular object over the table. Vezeto takes it into his hand and then swabs his palm beneath.

He stands up and closes his eyes, throwing his face towards the ceiling.

**VEZETO (CONT'D)**

*Alles leben ist Kampf...*

The next moment, Carl sees Vezeto walking towards the window with the object in his hand.

Carl watches silently from the back.

Vezeto is watching the waves of the ocean. Slowly, he takes a small semi automatic pistol out from his sleeve and presses its muzzle against the Red Device.

**VEZETO (CONT'D)**

There is only one God.

Vezeto puts his finger on the trigger and Carl twitches as he hears a clink.

**CARL SCHMITT**

(whispers to himself)

What was that?

Abruptly, Vezeto turns around. His face is terrified. The Object in his hand is untouched. He walks to the table and places the object over it and exits the room. While going outside, he whispers something in his guard's ear and leaves.

**CARL SCHMITT (CONT'D)**

(Gawking)

What the hell happened?!

**EXT. TERRACE, OLD MILL - CONTINUOUS**

Terrace - Woods piled upon, making human-high stacks, old wooden cupboards and tables, disassembled and stockpiled at places. Peter opens the rusted door of the terrace and smiles like a Devil as he smells Emily's scent in the air.

**PETER KRANTZ**

Where will you fly baby!

He puts his feet forward and the salty winds of the ocean tinge his head wound but he doesn't care. Kneeling down, he rips out the paper tape from his anklet bells and the next second, a thin ring of bells echo in the air.

Hiding behind a stack, Emily feels goosebumps.

Peter spreads his arms and his gown slithers down from his body. Bare-chested, he slams his hand over the aluminium duct.

**PETER KRANTZ (CONT'D)**

(Singing)

Fliege... Marinkafer... Fliege...  
Dein vater ist in Pomeria...

Emily's pupils dilate wide.

**EMILY BENTZ (V.O.)**

NO! STOP!

Flashes of her Nostalgic past run before her eyes one by one.

**INT. INSIDE ALUMINIUM DUCT, OLD MILL - CONTINUOUS**

Simskins had jolted up wild when the aluminium duct banged a few seconds ago. He poses keen attention to the faint words tunneling through the duct from upstairs.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

It's the same poem!

Then, his pager chimes. Simskins looks at the message that has popped up.

Message: **WE'RE HERE!**

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

(smiling)

Yes!

Then, he lowers his gaze to the room visible from the netted opening below his feet. He sees a guard coming into the room and standing right below him. The guard raises his hand towards the ceiling.

Simskins focusses. He sees a gun in his fist.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Oh God!

Simskins wants to run, but even before he could blink, a gunshot erupts in the air and the netted slit below his feet breaks open. Simskins falls down with a bang.

Knelt down, Simskins winces in pain when he raises his head and Carl walks to him. His eyes, erupting anger. With his right hand bleeding, Carl holds a gun over Simskins forehead. Again.

**EXT. TERRACE, OLD MILL - CONTINUOUS**

Peter is singing the poem as he walks towards the stockpiled rumble of furniture behind which Emily is hidden.

**PETER KRANTZ**

Fleige Marienkafer fleige,  
Dein Vater ist in Pomeria,  
Pomeria ist neidergebrannt.

(MORE)

PETER KRANTZ (CONT'D)  
 Fleige Marienkafer fleige!  
 Fleige Marienkafer fleige!

Suddenly, behind a stockpile, he hears a thin rustle of clothing.

PETER KRANTZ (CONT'D)  
 There you are.

He invokes a massive strength in his limbs for the virgin skin of his prey when his eyes break a nerve rendering image.

Out from the darkness, a furious figure vaults directly towards him and his face contorts in dire anguish.

**INT. FIRST FLOOR ROOM, OLD MILL - CONTINUOUS**

Carl is holding a gun directly to Simskins' forehead. Abruptly, Simskins' pager vibrates. He looks down at the message.

MESSAGE: **WE HAVE VISION!**

As Simskins raises his head, a violent gunshot shoots directly into Carl's skull and whizzing geyser of blood sprinkles out from his temples. And he falls down.

In the same instant, hundreds of bullets begin showering from the windows and one by one Carl's men fall down, wincing and shooting bullets in wild directions.

Simskins finds a safe corner and crawls towards it.

Then, one or two bullets echo and the air goes silent.

**EXT. OUTSIDE THE MILL - MINUTES LATER**

Minutes later, Simskins is exiting the gate of the mill when he sees some soldiers coming. A man leading them. He is Fredrick.

He is tall and young, with padded suits and gun stretched in his hands.

FREDRICK  
 Are you alright sir?

ARTHUR SIMSKINS  
 (smiling)  
 Yes, Sergeant! Took you long from England.

**FREDRICK**

Yes! I was at Central Hall when I received your message. The GPS in your pager made it easier for us to locate you.

Simskins smiles.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Welcome to America, Fredrick.

**FREDRICK**

Everything under control sir?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Yes. Everythi--

Simskins stalls mid sentence.

**FREDRICK**

What happened?

Simskins is standing motionless. His face aghast. Fiercely, he spins around, asking his soldiers.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

(yelling)

Has anyone seen a blonde woman in the building?

**SOLDIER #1**

No Sir!

**SOLDIER #2**

Negative!

**SOLDIER #3**

No woman sir!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

God!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Check everywhere. There has to be a woman somewhere in the mill.

Quickly, a hasty hustle emerges in the mill.

**INT. SECOND FLOOR ROOM, OLD MILL - LATER**

Minutes later, Simskins enters the shabby room of the second floor. He looks tired and breathless.

After scanning the entire room, he discovers a small staircase in one corner.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Terrace!

Slowly, he takes the stairs one by one. A few steps later, he reaches the rusted door. Placing his hand upon the iron door, he pushes it gently.

Effortlessly, the door swings behind with an eerie screeching noise and Simskins finds the desolate terrace.

It's dark everywhere over the ransacked terrace. Slowly, he takes a few steps. He sees the aluminium duct running diagonally over the terrace and falling behind.

A few steps later, his shoe dips in something. Simskins looks down. It is blood flowing from behind a stockpile.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

What the hell! Emily!

Quickly, he stretches his gun and watches keener as he moves forward, taking the course of the blood river.

As he reaches the stack, he curls his way around to go behind it. Then, a fetid odor of Carbohc acid wafts out from behind. Two lifeless legs lying in the middle of the blood swamp comes into sight.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Holy mother of Jesus Christ!

As his gaze follows the length of the legs, a devastated body of the bald man (Peter) comes into his sight.

The body - fleshy pecks overturned, skin flipped, lacerated and torn, exposing parts of the skeleton. Face destroyed.

In darkness, Simskins lifts his gaze to the dark figure that held Peter. It was a creature eating Peter's neck.

The figure raises its demonic eyes to Simskins. Throwing Peter's head, standing slowly.

Then, it begins inching towards Simskins.

**EXT. TERRACE, OLD MILL - CONTINUOUS**

Simskins is moving backwards with shivering feet. And the figure comes out of the darkness into the moonlight.



Simskins sees the face.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Emily! It was you who killed  
Robert! But why?

But Emily's face is spilling savage anger. It was a monster  
inside her.

Simskins' feet reach the edge of the terrace. He takes a look  
backwards down where ocean winds splash over the seashore.  
Simskins looks at Emily again and his eyes dilate.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Run!

But even before he could blink, in one fluent strike, Emily  
takes a sprint and vaults in his direction like a cannonball.

Everything moves in slow motion. Simskins inhales deep. And  
opens his eyes.

**FADE TO: FLASHBACK**

**INT. CLASSROOM - DAY**

20 year old Simskins is sitting over a bench when his  
Psychology professor points his finger towards him.

**PROFESSOR**

Dissociative Identity... is just  
another name for Multiple  
personality. What would you do to  
temporarily refrain the person from  
it?

Simskins is gawking still.

**PROFESSOR**

What would you do, Simskins?

**CUT TO: FLASHBACK**

**EXT. EDGE OF A CLIFF - EVENING**

15 year old Simskins is standing over the edge of a cliff.  
And he hears Robert's voice. He turns around.

Robert is standing still. Emotionless.

**ROBERT EDWIN**

What would you do, Arthur?

**END FLASHBACK.**

**EXT. TERRACE, OLD MILL - NIGHT**

Simskins is standing with a dead stare towards Emily who is zooming onto him in slow motion. Abruptly, his eyes capture a faint hallucination of a woman with Barkha's face. Tears in his eyes.

**BARKHA SINGH**

I love you!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

I love you too!

**BARKHA SINGH**

You have three seconds! Two now!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

One second!

Then, his eyes capture a revulsive face of the Monster over Emily's face and her incisive claws driving towards his bare neck.

Then it happens. In the microscopic fraction of the same second, Simskins slithers just a foot sideways and Emily trips off the edge of the terrace. Her body is thrown into the naked air and her hollering cry echo everywhere.

Emily shatters the glossy surface of the ocean.

Quickly, Simskins looks back. There are no ripples.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Oh God! She'd die if she's torpid!

Simskins climbs the edge of the terrace and jumps towards the ocean. Headfirst.

**EXT. OUTSIDE THE MILL - LATER**

Detective Simskins is standing with his clothes soaked in water. The medical team has taken unconscious Emily to the medical van.

Simskins looks at the cliff to one side of the mill. He sees the shape of Alfred sitting on his wheelchair facing the ocean.

Simskins takes a deep breath and walks towards the old man.

**EXT. EDGE OF A CLIFF, OLD MILL - CONTINUOUS**

Simskins is standing beside Alfred who is sitting on his wheelchair. Seconds pass but no one speaks.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

It was Emily who killed Robert.

Alfred pretends astonishment.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)**

But it was not her. She was not in her senses. She was a victim of the evil experiments of a Nazi cult. The medical expert team has taken her. She'd be okay.

Alfred takes longer to contain.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)**

Emily told me you were a postman.

**ALFRED O' FILTH**

Yes. I was among those who were assigned to manage the letters of the military for their families. I have seen a lot of adversity in my life. It's time for me to rest now.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

It is indeed!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

In 1945, when Hitler's Germany fell, a small group of Nazi survivors found their way to a safe refugee, here in DC.

Simskins walks behind Alfred and places his hand over his shoulders. Alfred twitches a little.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)**

Many years later, they grew in number and developed in strength. They had a dream... a dream to develop a risen species of mankind. A species they called 'The Aryans'.

**ALFRED O' FILTH (V.O.)**

No!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

They imbibed them into an underground organization to sabotage the Nation they dwell in under the leadership of an anonymous person... a person they called... Vezeto!

**ALFRED O' FILTH (V.O.)**

He can't know!

Simskins walks around and stands before Alfred's wheelchair. He leans before him and his face inches away.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

I'm terribly sorry for your loss... Mr. Vezeto!

**EXT. EDGE OF A CLIFF, OLD MILL - CONTINUOUS**

Sitting in his wheelchair, Alfred stammers.

**ALFRED O' FILTH**

What... What are you talkin--

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

There is no point in playing this game anymore. You are caught. One way or the other, the truth comes out. So spill it now.

Alfred says nothing.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)**

You should be ashamed to let your own kid go through this. You talk like a peace-maker, you should die.

**ALFRED O' FILTH**

(Shouts)

She's not my daughter!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Finally the truth!

**ALFRED O' FILTH**

(exhales)

It was the first week of May, 1945. The Nazi troops were falling under the hands of the enemy military. We had to find a refugee...

**BEGIN FLASHBACK SEQUENCE**

**EXT. 1945 WWII WAR GROUNDS, BERLIN - NIGHT**

Bullets whizzing past overhead, Detonating missiles falling from sky, bombs exploding. Amongst such chaos, middle aged Alfred - wounded, tired, is finding a place to hide.

He is hiding behind a devastated German tank when he sees Russian troops marching everywhere under the orders of total execution. A few feet away from him, a dead body of an American soldier is lying.

Alfred looks at his uniform and a thought comes to his mind.

**CUT TO: FLASHBACK**

**EXT. 1945, US MILITARY TRANSPORT VEHICLE, BERLIN - NIGHT**

Hours later, Alfred is sitting wearing an American Soldier's uniform, in a US Military Transport Vehicle.

The vehicle is carrying American men to their country.

**CUT TO: FLASHBACK**

**INT. 1947, A PARTY HALL, WASHINGTON DC - NIGHT**

A brilliant Christmas party hall, well lit with many American Soldiers and widows of American Martyrs attending the party.

Alfred looks at a woman, Lily Bentz (40's) - widow of a martyr. Her Golden hair amaze him as her green eyes notice his stare.

**CUT TO: FLASHBACK**

**INT. ALFRED'S HOUSE - DAY**

Alfred and Lily are living happily after their marriage. She had two kids of her previous husband. The kids were twins.

**CUT TO: BLACK**

**HEAR VOICES OF MEN.**

Flashes of images of Alfred talking with various men. Some shoot Nazi salute at the end. Images of Alfred visiting various places, some with scientific machinery, huge tanks with green liquid bubbling inside, etc. appear one by one.

**END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE.**

**EXT. EDGE OF A CLIFF, OLD MILL - NIGHT**

Alfred and Simskins are standing before the cliff.

**ALFRED O' FILTH**

We were waiting for an opportunity.  
Then we got one. We found out the  
Pentagon-DeTech program and then a  
thought came into my mind.

Simskins makes a face of disgust.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Killing millions of innocent lives!  
And you shall rot in prison.

**ALFRED O' FILTH**

What proof do you have?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

When Robert found out about your  
true identity, he sent concrete  
proof of your involvement in the  
plan to execute the plan at the  
Pentagon.

The threat doesn't terrify Alfred anymore. He has lived his  
life. He shifts his gaze to the ocean.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)**

(Shouts)

Lily was in love with you.

Alfred looks at Simskins.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)**

And you used her, you Monster!

**ALFRED O' FILTH**

You know nothing! You can arrest me  
and throw me into prison.

He shifts his despaired gaze to the ocean.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

(Silently)

It was around a year later of your  
marriage that she found out your  
true identity.

**ALFRED O' FILTH**

How the hell do you know that?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Lily Bentz. Widow of an American Martyr. But when the odds were against you, you forced one of her kids to be sent for the evil experiments of your organization.

**ALFRED O' FILTH**

How in the world can you possibly-

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

You required a male subject. But she was way ahead of you. She had twins, a boy and a girl. In order for your experiment to fail, she handed you the girl kid in disguise of her son.

**ALFRED O' FILTH**

What?!

Alfred remembers he had told his scientist to skip the part of the experiments called 'Immunity check' which would have unveiled the gender of the kid.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

It was her daughter she had handed to you. But one day she fled, didn't she? Lily's daughter slipped through your evil clutches.

**ALFRED O' FILTH**

(Wild disbelief)

How could you know all this?!

Simskins turns around and leans before the wheelchair, facing Alfred inches away from him.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

She had twins, didn't she? Twins with blonde hair and green eyes.

Alfred is staring into Simskins green eyes, then he shifts his gaze to his blonde hair dancing in the winds, when like an ongoing truck it hits him.

**EXT. EDGE OF A CLIFF, OLD MILL - CONTINUOUS**

Alfred is staring thunderstruck.

**ALFRED O' FILTH**

You... You are her son!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Yes! And you doom.

Alfred took minutes to understand.

**ALFRED O' FILTH**

But even if you are Lily's son, how can you remember all this? You were just a kid at the time.

Simskins smiles. Then, slowly, he takes out a small leather covered diary from his pocket. Alfred looks at the name.

**DIARY**

LILY BENTZ - 1945

**BEGIN FLASHBACK SEQUENCE****INT. 1947, A PARTY HALL, WASHINGTON DC - NIGHT**

Lily finds a man (Alfred) looking at her. Seconds later, he comes to her and Lily is impressed by his inborn confidence.

**CUT TO: FLASHBACK****INT. ALFRED'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Lily and her two kids, James (13) and Emily (13) are happily enjoying living with Alfred for over two years now. We see Alfred and Lily sitting on a couch with their kids playing happily.

Later that day, over the news she sees that the child abductions in her area have significantly increased and the police had circulated a photo of a suspect. The suspect has a diagonal cut over his face. Lily is filled with terror.

**CUT TO: FLASHBACK****INT. ALFRED'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Thunderous rainy night. Lily gets up from her sleep, her kids sleeping beside her. She does not find Alfred anywhere. She hears mummering voices coming from the hall.

Slowly, she gets out of her bed and leans over her bedroom door to look. In the darkness of the hall, she sees Alfred talking to a person with a man whose face is diagonally cut.



Lily is thunderstruck.

**CUT TO: FLASHBACK**

**INT. ALFRED'S HOUSE - DAY**

Alfred talks on a phone call over the telephone. Suspiciously, Lily listens to his talks as she has had doubts about him for the past few months.

**CUT TO: FLASHBACK**

**INT. ALFRED'S HOUSE - DAY**

Lily is crying and begging to Alfred, as he had found out that Lily had known his true identity and had tried to escape with her kids.

Forcefully, Alfred takes one of her kids as hostage and sends him to the experimental persecution that they have been performing upon the kidnapped kids to develop super-soldiers.

At that time, a male subject was necessary. Lily had a son and a daughter. Reluctantly, she had to give her daughter to Alfred in order for the experiment to fail.

Alfred takes disguised Emily to the experiment thinking she is Lily's son, James.

Doctors perform several psychological experiments on her. We see Emily is kept in a dark room, then the room is filled with hollering voices of men and women. After that, abruptly, a bobo doll would fall before her and her eyes hypnotize her to mirror the psychic personality of the hollering voices in her mind. A poem in the voice of a little girl used to echo in her room during this torcher. The voice of a dead girl named **Helga Goebbels** whom **Adolf Hitler** once loved very much. The words of the poem were:  
 Fliege Marienkafer Fliege...  
 Dein Vater ist in den Krieg gezogen...  
 Deine Mutter ist in Pomeria...  
 Pomeria ist niedergebrannt...

For months, this went on, but one day Emily found a window to escape from the clutches of her captivators.

Amidst the storm, she ran and ran and then reached a forest where she sees a boy lost in the forest. He is James. She is happy to see him just when the berserk personality in her mind springs up and she chases the boy to devour alive.

Finally, she clutches his legs and James faints on the forest floor. The monster inside Emily is about to eat him alive when a loud gunshot crackles in the air and she runs away.

Fifteen meters behind them, an officer named Jacob Simskins has fired his signal shotgun. He finds James' fallen body and takes him to the forest office.

**CUT TO: FLASHBACK**

**EXT. VILLA OUTSIDE FOREST - HOURS LATER**

15 years old Emily comes running out of the forest and faints meters away from the villa. In the same Villa, Alfred and Lily with James had come to spend the weekend. James had gone playing outside. Lily comes out of the Villa and is surprised to find Emily fainted.

But James had gone missing. She takes Emily to the hotel, without Alfred's knowledge and cleans her up, making her look like she was the kid (James) living with them for the past few months.

After that, Lily had tried searching for James who was dressed in girl's dress to fool Alfred thinking that it was the girl twin and the male twin was sent to experimentation. But the reality was completely opposite.

For Months Lily tries searching for James but never finds him.

**CUT TO: FLASHBACK**

**INT. LILY'S DEATHBED, HOSPITAL - DAY**

Lily gives a diary to Emily and tells her to never ever give it to her father. That diary contained it all.

Closing on to the diary with the name - LILY 1945

**END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE.**

**EXT. EDGE OF A CLIFF, OLD MILL - NIGHT**

Simskins is standing over the cliff with the diary in his hand before Alfred. Alfred is glaring a dead stare at Simskins.

**ALFRED O' FILTH (V.O.)**

This is not the end. Not like this.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Your game is over.

Simskins turns towards the ocean and shouts out loud.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)**

YOUR GAME IS OVER!

Then he hears a miniscule chuckling behind him. Alfred bursts out laughing as he stands upon his feet.

Simskins is staring quietly. A moment later, Alfred stops laughing.

**ALFRED O' FILTH**

Quite clever you were Mr. Simskins to decipher my messages!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Your messages?

Alfred smiles and leans in forward to whisper in his ears.

**ALFRED O' FILTH**

Nullius In Verba! The Holocaust!

Simskins stops breathing.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

What?!

Alfred shares a deep gaze with Simskins.

**ALFRED O' FILTH**

My son, Pentagon was not the real reason we wanted Robert for.

Simskins could understand nothing.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

He had a small part in this. He was going to be forced to plant the drive in the Headquarters. But the night, when the old hospital basement was burnt, he ran away, and can you guess to whom did he run for help? Me.

Alfred laughs loudly and shifts his eyes to the ocean.

**ALFRED O' FILTH**

But then, we had no idea that he had planned to blast the warhead in the air.

(MORE)

ALFRED O' FILTH (CONT'D)  
That was quite clever of him, but  
this is just the beginning.

Alfred locks his gaze with Simskins.

ALFRED O' FILTH (CONT'D)  
You have no idea what the thing in  
your pocket is, do you?

**INT. ROBERT'S APARTMENT, NEW YORK - FOUR HOURS LATER**

Simskins enters Robert's apartment. His face is smudged with mud and his clothes are filled with dirt.

**SUPER: FOUR HOURS LATER**

It's a 3BHK small flat, with things misplaced and ransacked. Simskins starts searching everything for anything suspicious.

**INT. ROBERT'S APARTMENT, NEW YORK - LATER**

Minutes later, Simskins is tired but he doesn't find anything in Robert's house. Exhausted, he lets his body fall over the sofa when his head bumps into a wall behind.

A hollow sound echoes. Suspicious, he quickly stands up and finds a minute projection on the wall. He pushes it and with mechanical churring a doorway appears before him. He exhales as he steps into the hidden passage in Robert's house.

**INT. HIDDEN PASSAGE, ROBERT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Simskins steps into the passage. The place is dark for a few steps and when he goes deeper into the space, he sees a compact crypt with a completely new universe of Hi-Tech Devices, blinking and running various commands. He sees long cables creeping along the ceiling, walls and the floor.

Exactly at the mid spot of the space, Simskins sees a screen fixed over a black platform. Attached to the back of the screen, there is a long 20 feet processor running till the end of the room. It had millions and millions of processors continuously running various commands.

Simskins reaches the screen and sits over a chair before it. There is a command blinking.

**SCREEN**

INSERT\_

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Insert?

Over a plateau before the screen, he sees a small rectangular shape opening with a circumpunct in the middle.

Simskins understands. He quickly takes out the red rectangular object. He waits for a second and then, with the strength of his fingertips, he peels out the outer silk of the object.

As the cloth comes out, we see a steel drive with a name laser cut on it. THE NAME - **V.I.R.T.E.X**

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

Yes!

Simskins places the rectangle over the plateau, and the plate dips inside. Another command appears upon the screen.

**SCREEN**

Analyzing data\_  
Connectogram detected\_

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

A connectogram! Neural biology!

For seconds nothing happens, and then, the screen breaks another command.

**SCREEN**

Synchronizing F.L.  
Tracing Neocortical Columns...  
Emulating Neural Networks...

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Neural Networks? What the hell is going on?

Fifteen minutes later, the command changes.

**SCREEN**

Synchronizing P.L.  
Tracing Neocortical Columns...  
Emulating Neural Networks...

After 15 mins, it changes again. But only the letter 'P' changes to 'O'. And after more 15 mins, the letter 'O' changes to 'T'

**INT. HIDDEN PASSAGE, ROBERT'S HOUSE - LATER**

Simskins is sitting with his face towards the ceiling. He is exhausted as for a full hour the dance of various commands continued.

Then, a high pitch sound shrills the air. Simskins turns his head towards the screen quickly.

**SCREEN**

WBE COMPLETE\_  
RUNNING DIAGNOSTICS\_

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

What is WBE?

**SCREEN**

DIAGNOSTICS COMPLETE\_  
NCC COMPLETE\_

For seconds, the cursor kept blinking and then the screen went blank.

Several minutes pass but nothing happens. Simskins looks at his faint reflection staring back at him.

Abruptly, the screen flickers and a word appears.

**SCREEN (CONT'D)**

Hello\_

Simskins stares without any idea.

**SCREEN (CONT'D)**

Hello Arthur\_

Bewildered, Simskins jolts upon his feet.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

What the hell?!

Simskins looks here and there.

**SCREEN**

Speak!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Who the hell is talking to me?

The screen blinks and then a newspaper article flashes over it. Simskins focuses. It was an unpublished raw article dated three years back.

Title: **BREAKTHROUGH IN CYBERNETICS AT DETECH - Young scientist Robert Edwin Confirms!**

Then the article thinned out and another took its place. It was a research paper by Charles Sherrington and Charles Roy on the blood flow to different parts of the brain.

The following documents flash one by one.

1. 1971 Research article by English Electrical Engineer at Atkinson Morley's Hospital upon X-ray computed tomography creating 3D transaxial tomographic images of the brain.
2. Research paper studying Neuroimaging technology such as fMRI, etc.
3. A quote "Consciousness is a part of the natural world. It depends only on mathematics and logic and on the imperfectly known laws of physics, chemistry and biology; it does not arise from some magical or otherworldly quality."
4. A B&W photograph of Robert shaking hands with Carl Schmitt and a Nazi doctor, who has a name Josef upon his shirt.

**INT. HIDDEN PASSAGE, ROBERT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Simskins is staring blankly.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Carl!

Simskins now understands almost everything.

For seconds, several images of Robert working to create a functional model of the human brain with the help of silicon based memristors, and advanced machinery flash before us.

Then, the screen goes blank.

Simskins still stares. Abruptly, a word flashes.

**SCREEN**

Hello\_

Nothing. Simskins doesn't speak.

**SCREEN (CONT'D)**

Speak Arthur\_

Nervously, he tries to speak.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Can... Can you hear me?

**SCREEN**

Yes\_

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

How?

**SCREEN**

Microphones everywhere\_

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Is this some kind of chat system?

**SCREEN**

No\_

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Who is this that I am talking to?

**SCREEN**

I am Robert\_

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

What? Could he be alive?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Robert who?

**SCREEN**

Robert Edwin, your friend\_

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Oh God! Where are you, Robert?

**SCREEN**

In heaven, hopefully\_

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

What? How the hell can this be?

The screen then flashes a news article that dates just two days back. TITLE: RESEARCH SCIENTIST ROBERT EDWIN FOUND BRUTALLY MURDERED IN THE GRAND GALLERY OF THE DETECH CENTER.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)**

Is this news real?

**SCREEN**

Yes\_

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Then how the hell are you talking to me?

Simskins feels like he is talking to himself.



**ARTHUR SIMSKINS** (CONT'D)

(crying)

Robert! Are you alive?

**SCREEN**

No\_

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS** (V.O.)

What am I doing here?!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Were you able to create such a machine that would imitate a human mind?

A second later, the screen flashes an unpublished research article under the name of Robert Edwin. The title of the paper is - **V.I.R.T.E.X**

Simskins is baffled. The paper contains intricate mathematical formulae, diagrams of nervous tissues with silicon based memristors, other electrical arrangements, etc.

**SCREEN**

Hello, Arthur\_

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

What is VIRTEX?

**SCREEN**

Everything around you\_

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS** (V.O.)

Oh God! This is unreal!

Simskins looks here and there.

**SCREEN**

Arthur\_

Simskins turns his gaze to the screen.

**SCREEN** (CONT'D)

I am an Artificial Intelligence Program\_

Simskins looks at the screen in utter disbelief.

**SCREEN** (CONT'D)

I am a Virtual Cortex, Arthur\_  
I... Am... VIRTEX\_

**INT. HIDDEN PASSAGE, ROBERT'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Simskins wild gaze is conveying his utter disbelief.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

VIRTEX. A Virtual Cortex! It's a Portmanteau. A mixture of words.

**SCREEN**

Yes. You are not standing inside my house, Arthur\_

Simskins limbs freeze with a frigid chill.

**SCREEN (CONT'D)**

You are standing inside my brain\_

He now understands everything. It was this technology that Carl and his men were after. A technology to immortalize the human brain.

We see, Flashes of images. Simskins receiving Robert's calls.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

So it was indeed Robert who was calling me. He could only repeat himself because his memories were recorded in the electrical form in VIRTEX. And so he could not synthesize new words in Robert's voice but only repeat the recorded ones. GOD!

Simskins now understands the true meaning of Robert's words. Simskins remembers the day when Robert handed him the VIRTEX for the first time.

**ROBERT EDWIN (O.S.)**

Even if I am dead... I will still be with you!

He realizes Robert was with him during the entire quest. Tears flood Simskins' eyes. His throat is clogged with emotions.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

(Choking)

Robert... Robert!

**SCREEN**

There is one last thing you have to do for me, Arthur\_

Simskins looks at the next words and his face pales out.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

No! How can I?

Over the screen, two words flash.

**SCREEN**

Delete me\_

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

But why? I have lost you once, I cannot lose you again!

**SCREEN**

In the world of humans, there is no place for VIRTEX\_

Simskins catches a knot in his throat.

**SCREEN (CONT'D)**

I am long gone my friend\_

Simskins feels something snapping inside.

**SCREEN (CONT'D)**

Goodbye, My Friend. And Remember, Even if I am dead...

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

(sobbing)

I will still be with you!

And the screen goes blank. Then a command appears.

**SCREEN**

INITIATING TOTAL NEURAL ERASE.  
SAY 'YES' TO CONFIRM\_

Crying for several seconds, Simskins finally raises his head. And his lips part.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

(Crying)

Yes!

Nothing happens. Then a loud sound crackles behind, somewhere in the huge stack of processors to calibrate the memristors to a Neutral configuration.

The screen is turned black. Then, layer by layer, a photograph appears over the screen.

Photograph - Two 15 years old kids sitting over the cliff. The sun is setting right between them. As the sun is going down, darkness is taking over the screen. Gradually.

**EXT. BELOW ROBERT'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

Simskins is standing below Robert's building, holding the door of a Volvo van.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Thank you, Robert! I understand now. We have lived a great part of our lives together. You may not be with me now, but you are inside me forever. In my memories.

Simskins sits in the Volvo and the vehicle vrooms over the highway. Sitting over the backseat, he is thinking of Alfred.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)**

Alfred! I am ready!

**EXT. EDGE OF A CLIFF, OLD MILL - FOUR HOURS AGO**

Simskins and Alfred are standing over the cliff.

**SUPER: FOUR HOURS AGO****ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

It was you! You're the one who put the bullet in Robert's chest.

**ALFRED O' FILTH**

I freed him from his agony. "Tell Arthur to go to my house!" Those were his last words.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

You are a Monster!!

**ALFRED O' FILTH**

Aren't we all? But I chose to serve HER.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Her?

**ALFRED O' FILTH**

Mother Nature!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

But why? Why did you kill him?

**ALFRED O' FILTH**

He had known my identity.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Your identity? Your name was not found on the documents discovered in the mill and hospital, neither was the name Vezeto.

**ALFRED O' FILTH**

Vezeto is not a name. It's my designation.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

What! The word 'Vezeto' is the literal translation of the word 'KING' in Hungarian.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Well Alfred, this is over now. I bet even this is your real name. Tell me what is your real name?

Alfred leans in and speaks as if whispering death.

**ALFRED O' FILTH**

My Name... is my Identity!

And then he begins walking away. In slow motion, Simskins sees him going and police officers trying to handcuff him. But he pleads to use the washroom of the mill before getting arrested. And one policeman goes with him to the mill.

Simskins is standing spellbound.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Robert was innocent!

Fredrick comes near him and looks at his aghast face.

**FREDRICK**

Is everything alright sir?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

I've to go to New York, Fredrick, to Robert's house!

**EXT. OUTSIDE THE MILL - CONTINUOUS**

After fifteen minutes, Simskins is standing before Fredrick having told the entire story.

**FREDRICK**

So where is the evidence?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

What evidence?

**FREDRICK**

The one that Robert sent you.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Robert sent me nothing. I just shot the arrow in the empty air and it hit right in the place.

Abruptly, Simskins phone vibrates and he picks it up. It's an unknown number. Silence on the line. Simskins says nothing. Then the caller speaks. Simskins recognizes his voice.

**ALFRED O' FILTH**

This is not the end, Detective!  
Look at me.

Simskins turns around to the mammoth building of the mill. He sees the tiny shape of Alfred standing at the top of the terrace.

**ALFRED O' FILTH (CONT'D)**

There is one thing I have to tell you.

Alfred is holding a small device with a button and a red blinking light in his other hand.

**ALFRED O' FILTH (CONT'D)**

I. Will. Be. Back.

Simskins stops breathing. Alfred pushes the button of the device and in the miniscule fraction of the same second, a tearing ripple spans across Simskins' face.

His body is tossed in the air. While sailing in the air in slow motion, Simskins sees a gigantic ball of fire erupting from the bowels of the mansion. And everything goes black.

**EXT. FOREST OUTSIDE MILL - LATER**

Simskins is fallen on the forest floor with his limbs spread wide apart.

Slowly, he tries to get up but fails. His limp eyes open.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

(weakly)  
What is this? A forest fire?

Then he hears sounds of footsteps banging against the forest floor. He sees bright torches coming in his direction.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Torches or guns?

He sees faint shapes of policemen hovering over his head.

**POLICEMAN #1**

Is he dead? Who is he?

**POLICEMAN #2**

No. He is alive!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

Of course I'm not dead.

**POLICEMAN #2**

But he's bleeding!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

What? Am I?

**POLICEMAN #1**

Give him the Ceftriax--

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

No! Wait!

Simskins feels a faint stroke of needle on his neck and everything turns black.

**EXT. OUTSIDE THE MILL - MOMENTS LATER**

Simskins opens his eyes. He is being taken to the medical van by the police officers. He sees tiny sparkles of stars in the night sky with a bit of smoke. He closes his eyes.

**INT. MEDICAL VAN, OUTSIDE MILL - LATER**

Alone in the van, Simskins wakes up with a start. His face is smudged with mud and his clothes are filled with dirt.

Winching, he looks outside the window when he sees the blazing mansion of the mill flaming in a furious dance of fire.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Oh God!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

My name is my identity! What does it mean?

A driver (20's) enters the van. Simskins looks at him.

**DRIVER**

You alright sir? I'm told to take you to the hospital.

He pulls the ignition and guns the engine.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

(Shouting)

NO!

Driver looks back in surprise.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (CONT'D)**

Take me to New York, Now!

**DRIVER**

But I have orders to ta--

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Now!

**DRIVER**

(winks)

You don't employ me sir! But I'm a huge fan of the great detective! It's a three hour journey. You hungry?

**INT. VOLVO VAN, CITY ROAD - LATER**

Two hours later, as the Volvo vrooms, the driver looks back.

**DRIVER**

If you don't mind me asking, what is the reason to go to New York?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Something important.

Looking at the cars outside, Simskins is thinking.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

My name is my identity! My identity? What is there at Robert's house?

**DRIVER**

Any interests in cars, Sir?

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Not really! What about you?



**DRIVER**

I am mad about cars.

Just then, a Petty Olive Silver Shadow passes their vehicle.

**DRIVER (CONT'D)**

Look! That's some piece of shit there!

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

(Surprised)

That's a stunning Rolls Royce Silver Shadow. A horrible taste in cars you have.

**DRIVER**

No! I love that car. You see, when Silver Shadow was first launched, it was called Silver mist, and the word 'mist' in German means shit! You see!

Simskins burst out in laughter.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS**

Well I have three Rolls Royce at my house in London. I'd love if yo--

Simskins tongue recoils as he hits a stark realization.

**DRIVER**

Sir? Are you alright?

Stunned, Simskins is looking at his faint reflection in the window pane.

**ARTHUR SIMSKINS (V.O.)**

My name is my identity! Oh dear, dear God! He's back! 'Alfred O Filth' is not a name, it's an *Anagram!*

**EXT. ICY PLAINS OF ANTARCTICA - DAY**

Stormy, abandoned icy planes. We see a German Commander (50's) woolly clothes trudging against the storm with a heavy bag on his back. Minutes later, he reaches a hillock that has an iron door that opens up a hidden underground bunker.

**INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER, ANTARCTICA - LATER**

Minutes later, the commander with the heavy bag stands before the door of an underground facility. It hisses open and we see an enormous dome shaped hall, with several high tech machinery connected to it.

He steps inside and looks at the enormous hall. It has several glass pods with olive liquid bubbling inside it, but they are empty.

Over the far end of the hall, he sees a tiny door.

**COMMANDER (V.O.)**

There it is!

He strides longer steps towards the door and types a numeric code over the door. 6-4-4-3-1-3

The door opens and he sees a compact cabin with long cupboards of processors with several blinking lights and sublime devices.

Then, an old man in apron hurries towards him. He is Dr. Josef Mengele, the Executive scientist.

**DR. JOSEF MENGELE**

(In German)

No scheduled entry today! What is it, Commander?

**COMMANDER**

(In German)

Is it ready?

**DR. JOSEF MENGELE**

Almost.

The commander gulps hard.

**COMMANDER**

Initiate operation V

The scientist does a double take.

**DR. JOSEF MENGELE**

What? Vezeto is dead?

The commander slowly takes a step forward and speaks.

**COMMANDER**

The cause now rests upon our shoulders, Doctor! Let us begin.

He opens the heavy bag before him and we see a rectangular silver plate with letters carved upon them.

Word - **V.I.R.T.E.X II**

**INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER, ANTARCTICA - LATER**

Minutes later, Dr. Josef slowly puts the drive over a platform before a screen. The VIRTEX goes inside and the screen blinks a command.

**SCREEN**

Analysis complete\_  
Connectogram Detected\_

**INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER, ANTARCTICA - LATER**

Two hours later, the commander and the scientist are watching the commands that come to a termination.

**SCREEN**

WBE COMPLETE\_  
RUNNING DIAGNOSTICS\_

**DR. JOSEF MENGELE**

His name is his identity. Yes!  
Vezeto will be back! Our King will  
be back.

**SCREEN**

DIAGNOSTICS COMPLETE\_  
INSTALLATION SUCCESSFUL\_  
PROCESSING NOMENCLATURE...

The scientist takes a step forward in a victorious glare.

**DR. JOSEF MENGELE**

This is it. The beginning of the  
END begins now!

Both of the men come forward and shoot a Nazi salute in the air. Over the screen, letters of the name '**ALFRED O FILTH**' are arranging and rearranging multiple times before resting on to a final one. The real identity of Alfred O Filth is finally revealing before them, letter by letter.

**SCREEN**

ALFRED O FILTH...  
FRED O FILTHAL...  
...

(MORE)

SCREEN (CONT'D)

...  
F. ADOLF HITLER.

FADE OUT.

THE END.