

I Am the Tramp!

written by

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1 INT. BUTCHERSHOP / KITCHEN- TWILIGHT

2 CLOSE-UP ON THE HANDS OF AN AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN. HE IS
cutting meat with an AX on a cutting board.

A KNOCK, A BANG.

Blood spatters the board and the man's hands. The window is dark; it is NIGHT outside.

TITERS

(against the background of
windows and night)

«IF YOU LOOK INTO THE ABYSS FOR A
LONG TIME, THE ABYSS ALSO LOOKS AT
YOU» FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

3 INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - DAY

The intense SIZZLE of steak roasting.

A COOK (chef) is grilling steaks on the stove. We see a
panorama of the kitchen. A WAITER passes by.

He walks into the restaurant hall, approaches the bar, and
puts a cup of coffee on his tray.

TITERS: USA, 1971.

4 INT. HUGE RESTAURANT HALL - DAY

Lots of glass and light. Two men sit at a table. One is a
young BUSINESSMAN, 25-30, fair-haired, with the mannerisms of
Donald Trump. He is in a suit with a bright tie.

The WAITER places coffee in front of him.

The other is a STRANGER, a black man who looks like a poor
biker or vagrant. He has a nice, unshaven face. He wears a
worn leather jacket and old jeans. A small backpack is near
his chair. He holds a glass of whiskey. The men are roughly
the same age.

Businessman speaking and gesturing in the manner of Donald
Trump

BUSINESSMAN

I am a builder! I am a businessman only to earn money, but they are for me just a means of changing the world.

(MORE)

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)

Open the door and you will see the desert waiting for your architect!

STRANGER

Everyone sees this city from the top of their own floor. Someone from the top of a penthouse, but many see it from the basement.

WAITER

(interrupting, to
BUSINESSMAN)

Sir, we have the freshest oysters in the restaurant today! Just the way you like them!

The Businessman waves him off as if he were an annoying fly.

BUSINESSMAN

You're talking about poor and rich, about MONEY. I'm talking about how to use it!

STRANGER

(with irony)

What to use? Money, or people for their own purposes?

The Businessman laughs.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

I believe that a person can spend as much as they want. But I also believe that they cannot spend more than they can afford. Do you like your life?

BUSINESSMAN

(pensively)

You know, I never take a vacation. Why would I? If you don't enjoy your job, you're not working where you need to be. And I, even playing golf, keep doing business.

CLOSE ON the cold, gold surface of the expensive watch. The Strandger takes a sip of whiskey. His smile is ironic.

STRANGER

(with a smile)

Well, even when I work, I still feel like I'm on vacation.

(MORE)

STRANGER (CONT'D)

That's why I don't stay in one place for long, and nothing TIES me down. That's not bad these days.

The Businessman adjusts his bright tie with a confident gesture

BUSINESSMAN

I am always in search of something new! I wanted to invest in AI research. There was a scientist, Rosenblatt, who believed that a mathematical artificial brain could soon replace the human one, but it's a shame that guy died under strange circumstances. But I believe bad times often create wonderful opportunities. To succeed, you need to SEPARATE YOURSELF from 98 percent of the planet's population!

5 INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY

A modest office, mostly white furniture. A middle-aged man in a white lab coat, balding, wearing glasses, sits opposite the EXEC'S DESK. The executive is unseen.

EXECUTIVE (O.S.)

My trip to Washington, if successful, will give us the opportunity for a new phase of our research. But you must understand, Matthew, that the first contact with THE OBJECT is only the first contact. It's vital to consolidate THE CHARACTER's influence over The Object! By the way, how are things progressing with our future "arbiter of the planet's destiny"? How is The Object?
(ironic tone)

MATTHEW

(wiping his glasses, ironic
tone)

Builds buildings and dreams of
changing the world! The contact is
more than successful; all graphs
show an emotional surge in The
Object, which confirms his affinity
for The Character. Our Joe knows
how to win people over!

(with a smile))

But our technical capabilities have
reached their limit!

EXECUTIVE (V.O.)

(with some irritation)

I already told you—the funding will
be allocated soon! Senator Gray
will keep his promise; it is in his
interest, after all!

MATTHEW

(ironically)

To believe a politician is to
deceive yourself! Still, we have no
other choice.

EXECUTIVE (O.S.)

Not yet. We have observed
unprecedented progress in the last
six months, and the more we
achieve, the more funding we will
receive!

MATTHEW

The efficiency would be higher if I
had permission to give The
Character more information about
The Object. Then

EXECUTIVE (O.S.)

(interrupting Matthew)

Then there's a strong chance it
will become uncontrollable! Don't
even bring it up, Matthew! While I
am away, your main task is to
ensure he passes the "control
location." But remember—no pressure
on him or The Object! Only
subconscious guidance and nothing
more! Understood?

Matthew nods in response.

6 INT. HUGE RESTAURANT HALL - DAY

The Strandger takes a sip of whiskey. His smile is ironic.

STRANGER

(with irony)

Investment in an artificial brain?
Money down the drain. There are
many ways to make a career, but the
best way is to be born into the
right family.

The Businessman smiling, gesturing emotionally

BUSINESSMAN

So I used this method among others.
I think big! I control life, not
play with it! The player is someone
who sits in front of the slot
machines for days and nights. I
prefer to OWN them!

(pause) Who are you?

STRANGER I'm THE TRAMP.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)

(with surprise) Who?!

STRANGER

Actually, I'm JOE, but everyone who
knows me calls me THE TRAMP.

I don't like to stay in one place
for long. I'm looking for myself.

Yes, I'm a tramp!

The Businessman with surprise in his eyes, begins to laugh.

JOE

What's so funny?

The Businessman stops laughing.

BUSINESSMAN

It's all right. I'll have an easy
time remembering you. I'd even say
— hard to forget! Okay. Why do you
need me? You worked for me before?

JOE

I passed by and saw the door and
decided to open it.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

I'm not even asking your name,
you're a powerful man and there's
no point in us being closer than
our DESTINY allows. We will now go
out through the same door, but it
will take us to different ways.
However, for the first meeting we
have already said enough to each
other.

BUSINESSMAN

Your way leads nowhere because you
don't know where you're going, Joe!
Or what is it, The Tramp?
(the businessman smiles) I know
where I'm going.
CAMERA focuses on the Businessman's
boot. Suddenly the sound of BROKEN
DISHES is heard.

7 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The waiter is collecting plate fragments on the floor.

8 INT. RESTAURANT HALL - DAY

Joe turns back after hearing the sound of the dishes.

JOE

What is broken cannot be pasted.
Purposeful people looking forward
often don't see anything under
their feet. They don't see ordinary
people. And when people like you go
for your goal, they hear the sound
of fanfare, but don't hear the
crunch of bones under your feet.

BUSINESSMAN

(looks at the clock)

It's all empty talk. I don't hear a
woman crying when her husband is
fired from work!

(emotionally)

But I know it! Every time the
second, third or tenth car factory
in Detroit closed, thousands of
apartments were filled with hungry
children and their mothers cried!

(MORE)

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)

When Nixon said: "Let me end the ghost of so-called devaluation" and promised further: "Your dollar will cost as much as today" - he lied! Every time I hear the "white-collar" sitting in Congress, I realize that they have learned their whole life just to talk. They don't know how to work, they can only bloviate! So can you, Joe! But I don't just talk! I donate money to VOLUNTEERS IN SERVICE TO AMERICA. The war on poverty needs a weapon, and that weapon is money. Those in need require bread and butter, not slogans. But I like your candor! Alas, it's time for me to go

(smiling kindly)

Good to meet! See you!

The Businessman takes a sip of coffee and gets up from the table.

JOE

(thoughtfully)

Maybe.

9 EXT. RESTAURANT IN THE DESERT - DAY

A yellow-gray restaurant building against the backdrop of a lifeless desert.

The building has not been renovated for a long time. Scorching sun. No other buildings nearby. No people. The name of the restaurant is "REFUGE." An expensive car stands next to it. The BUSINESSMAN comes out of the restaurant, gets into the back seat of the car.

The car is leaving, raising dust behind it.

10 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Joe walks out a door, his backpack over his shoulders. Gloomy day. Grey buildings. People walk, cars make noise. Joe walks along the busy street. An elderly AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN, who looks like a hippie, passes him in a wheelchair. Joe steps back, making way for him. Looking at him, Joe moves on.

A RED sports car (presumably a CORVETTE) drives past Joe, followed by a STRAY DOG barking at the car. Joe is walking down the street.

CLOSE-UP on an EMPTY CAN lying on the road. Joe kicks the can. The can rolls over the asphalt, making a RATTLING NOISE.

Someone's leg stops it.

The camera rises, and we see white shoes, then blue pants, and finally a young AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN in his 30s wearing a white shirt with blue stripes and a white hat. The man is shouting in a cheerful voice.

ELVIS

Hey, man! You're in my way again!

JOE

Hello, ELVIS! Your mother must have had a dozen of your siblings, because wherever I go - you are everywhere!

Joe smiles happily. It's clear that he is happy to meet this man and they know each other well.

ELVIS

(smiling)

You're right, Joe! It's my city! And I belong to him! I was walking, not thinking about anything, and suddenly smelled whiskey, as if a truck carrying boxes of this swill that you love so much, Tramp, had overturned on the road! But since I didn't see the truck or the puddle of whiskey anywhere, I knew you were around!

(laughs, hugging Joe)

They walk down the street together.

JOE

Hey, why is your name Elvis?!

He laughs and claps ELVIS on the shoulder

JOE (CONT'D)

Okay, I'm a "Tramp" because I live on the wings of freedom! But you, talkative asshole, look like Elvis no more than I look like Clint Eastwood!

(Both laughing)

ELVIS

Hey, bro! Being Elvis doesn't mean you're like him! I have an "Elvis" inside me! Being Elvis means you're happy! The sun shines and inside me sings my "Elvis." I saw you and in me again sings "Elvis." And the evening when I buy some weed here, in me "Elvis" will sing praise to the Almighty for having invented such a magical plant!

Elvis shoves his hands in his pockets, performs a sharp turn, rhythmically clicking his heels once.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

I spread happiness around me like a virus!

(laughs)

If you stay with me long, you will be happy too! Today I have some important things to do, but day after tomorrow night I want to go to Mason's fucking diner. I was told that in his snack bar will play blues guitarist! Virtuosa!
(he makes funny face)

JOE

(laughs)

Probably, he is a very hungry virtuos.
A well-fed man, who has a couple of dollars in his pocket, would not have agreed to play in this cesspool!

(Both laughing)

You know, brother, I really envy you! I envy everyone who has a purpose in life. Sometimes I think that I will come to the bus stop, the bus will arrive, the door will open and.

Elvis interrupts Joe.

ELVIS

(laughing)

And out of this bus a hottie with big tits will jump on your hands!

They walk past a BUS STOP. A CURVACEOUS BEAUTY stands at the stop. Elvis playfully nudges Joe with his elbow.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

(laughing)

Look, look! Your bus must have already stopped! Is that her, waiting for you?

Joe smiles and fakes a punch at Elvis's chin.

JOE

No! The bus driver will say- "This bus has no seats for you, guy. Stay in this town forever!"

(smiles sadly)

I met a man today who lives to build. He builds houses for people, it makes sense.

ELVIS

(with sarcasm)

Yes, of course! Very big sense! And then in these houses, in these apartments people will cut each other's throats, drink themselves to madness, and when they get drunk - start throwing themselves at the windows! And later, by building and selling a lot of houses, your "good guy" will get rich and want to become a politician! And if he is so determined, he will achieve his goal. And then, do you know what he will start building afterwards?

JOE

What?

ELVIS

(laughs))

Prisons!

JOE

(smiles)

It's impossible to really talk to you! He is already very rich. I don't think he's such a prick. But who knows him?

Elvis pats Joe on the shoulder.

ELVIS

(laughs)

Less you know - more fun to live! Well, see you tomorrow, buddy!

JOE

Good luck!

Joe and Elvis are going in different directions. Joe the Tramp is walking down the street. He passes by containers of burning garbage, and then there are two very beautiful African-American girls in attractive clothes. Two guys walk up to them, talking about something. They laugh. He goes past the post office; a police officer next to it looks suspiciously at Joe.

11 EXT. JOE'S ALLEY - DAY

Joe winds up in an ALLEY and sees THREE BOYS, 7-8 years old, beating one. The boy has his trousers torn; he lies on the ground. Joe grabs one of the bullies. The beaten boy gets up and runs away, supporting his pants.

JOE

If you think you're strong, you should fight the strong!

THE BOY

(with a scornful look)

It's none of your business, Tramp!
My father said you haven't paid for your Doghouse in two months and you have the stench of pigs in your hole!

All three boys laugh.

CLOSE UP - JOE'S FACE.

Joe's face is full of aggression.

JOE

(quietly)

It's not pig stink. I don't like pork.

Joe is holding the boy by the neckband. Joe pulls the insolent boy closer and with a SCARY VOICE speaks to his ear. The boy has a frightened face.

JOE (CONT'D)

I like a human meat! But not just any random meat, but only the flesh of little boys. The flesh of boys is sweet! But I don't always have time to throw out the guts. They stay in the bathroom for a long time, so the room smells bad!

THE BOY, stunned by the horror, yells.

Joe pushes him away. All three bullies run away. Joe laughs.

12

INT. JOE'S ROOM - NIGHT

The walls of the room are covered with boards. A narrow staircase leads to the attic. In the corner is an old sofa. In the middle of the room, which has not been repaired for a long time, is a very comfortable chair covered with a blanket. In front of the chair is a chest with a TV on it.

With all its ugliness the room is quite cozy.

On one of the walls are pictures of GREAT BOXERS. Several medals are hanging next to the champions' pictures. Joe takes one of the medals carefully in his hand, smiles and says to himself.

JOE (O.S.)

Yes, Joe! That guy in the ring was good! You had to work hard with him. But he never fought on the street!

(smiling)

Although maybe, Joe, you just got lucky!

A photo is on the wall with an army knife underneath it.

CLOSE UP on the PHOTO.

Photo of Joe in uniform hugging another soldier. The text on the photo is: "Vietnam. Dacto. 1967" JOE takes the army knife in his hand.

JOE (CONT'D)

You, Joe, were always lucky! But Bob wasn't so lucky.

Joe with a sad face, hangs the knife back.

JOE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(laughs)

Yes, Joe! This town is telling you-
FUCK YOU!

13

EXT. CHRISTIAN TEMPLE. LAWN - DAY

Joe walks across the lawn in the direction of the temple. Sunny day. A bell rings quietly in the distance. Birds sing.

14 INT. TEMPLE - DAY

Many candles are burning. No one is inside. A solemn atmosphere. Joe walks slowly to the altar. With a calm, thoughtful face, he looks around, sees a small door and opens it.

Behind the door is DARKNESS.

15 INT. DARK ROOM.

Depressing environment. On the wall is a large MIRROR. In it, we see the reflection of the approaching person. The man comes closer and we see in the mirror a reflection of THE TRAMP, but NOT in a jacket, but in a SUIT AND TIE.

Then, the reflection of BUSINESSMAN appears and approaches Joe's reflection.

16 INT. JOE'S ROOM - MORNING

Joe WAKES UP in his bed. He has a stunned expression on his face. His chest is heaving. His forehead is damp.

JOE

What the hell was that?! What kind of garbage was I dreaming? I'm not an "Elvis" or smoking weed. Maybe I should lighten up?

INT. APARTMENT XIAOMIN - DAY

A small room. In the corner is a table with books and notebooks, next to it is a chair. On the wall there is a shelf with books. On the opposite side of the room is a bed. On the other wall - "Swedish wall" and crossbar. Above the bed on the wall hangs a panel with an image of a LOTUS. In the hall there is a large wardrobe for clothes.

The girl sits at the table and writes something. The girl, XIAOMIN (20 years old), is of medium height, with a very beautiful face and straight long hair. She has a sporty figure. She wears a tight T-shirt and training pants.

THE DOORBELL. The girl rushes to the door. In all her movements you can see unyielding energy and sexuality. She opens the door and sees Jo with a small bouquet of flowers on her doorstep. Joe holds out flowers to her.

XIAOMIN
(indifferent)

Hi

JOE

Hi, Xiaomin! Today's a gloomy weather and I thought I'd add some colorful happiness to your home!

CLOSE UP - FACE OF XIAOMIN

She pretends to be angry, but there's a smile in her eyes. Xiaomin is glad that her guest has come.

XIAOMIN

I haven't seen you for two weeks. I know you didn't leave town! And what are you going to say in your defense?

JOE

Can you let me in? Or do my excuses need to be heard by your neighbors?
(with an ironic smile)

Xiaomin moves aside, shows Jo's hand that he can come in. Joe enters the room.

JOE (CONT'D)

Where can I put the flowers?

Xiaomin takes flowers from Jo with a sudden movement, then takes a small vase and leaves the room

XIAOMIN

I'll go and pour water in the vase

Joe looks around and then plops down on the bed.

JOE

My girl, your textbooks will soon close not only your window, but all of your young life!
(laughs)

XIAOMIN (O.S.)

I'm not a slacker like you!

Xiaoming enters the room, puts a vase of flowers on the table and turns to Jo. She looks at him with a defiant look. And suddenly she has a charming smile on her face.

JOE (O.S.)

Why, do you think? I'm a wandering
seeker of the true path of Buddha.
That's what you seem to call the
sages in China?
(laughs)

XIAOMIN

People like you are called
«idlers»! Not only in China, but
everywhere! From the crow's nest
you can't take a chicken egg!

JOE

Well, then why do you need me?

Xiaomin smiles ironically and as if a graceful panther
approaches Jo lying on the bed

XIAOMIN

Who told you that I needed you? I
don't need you. I'm interested in
watching you!

JOE

What's your interest in me?

XIAOMIN

You're an extraordinary man! You're
not like other American men!

At this moment she suddenly jumps on Joe and his body is
squeezed between the charming and very strong legs of
Xiaomin.

JOE

Wow! Panther jumps!
(laughs)
So how am I different from the rest
of the men?

With his fingers, Xiaomin touches Jo's lips and speaks in a
gentle but powerful voice.

XIAOMIN

I'll tell you about it. But I won't
tell you everything. I'll give you
as much as you can fit inside
yourself!

Xiaoming straightens her back, stretches and slowly takes off
her shirt.

Her movements are those of an experienced courtesan. Her eyes are the eyes of a young schoolgirl. She takes off her T-shirt, and and you can see her small, supple breasts. She leans down and kisses Joe on the lips with a long kiss.

INT. APARTMENT XIAOMIN - NIGHT

The room is dim. A nightlight shines. Joe lies in bed and smokes a cigarette. He's covered with sheets around his waist. Joe's manly torso is dry, with strong muscles. His body is the body of a strong man.

XIAOMIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You still want to know why I chose you?

JOE

(stubs out a cigarette)

- Tell me!

Xiaomin enters the room in a thin robe highlighting her beautiful figure and seductive features of her body.

XIAOMIN

Most American men live for a career. Money, money and once again money - that's the true «god» of your civilization!

(Xiaomin opens the window)

You know I can't stand the smell of cigarette smoke, but you still smoke here. That's why I keep an ashtray at home at home! You are not attached to anything or anyone. You are not afraid of losing me, you are not afraid of losing your job. You don't have the chains that bind you like everyone else.

JOE (O.S.)

Do you have chains that restrain you?

XIAOMIN

Yes. I'm not ready to tell you yet. But I'm not like most girls in my country. I can't stand all these dolls! (contemptuously) They are fond of colorful stationery, even if they finished school ages ago, and they have a huge collection of photos of sweet-faced Hollywood actors they never part with.

(MORE)

XIAOMIN (CONT'D)

Lace dresses, rabbit sweaters,
teddy-bear backpacks – their usual
wardrobe. And their puffy faces get
a pink porcelain look from all that
heavy makeup!

Xiaomin comes to Joe and sits on the edge of the bed.

XIAOMIN (CONT'D)

And I like you also in the sex
(lying next to Joe and stroking his
chest, then lowering your hand
lower and lower) You are strong and
sincere in love! Just like in life!
(her hand is hidden under
the sheets)

Joe turns off the nightlight.

17 EXT. CITY STREET. PLAY PHONE - DAY

Joe runs to the payphone, searches his pockets , gets a coin
and throws it into the payphone.

JOE

Hello! Elvis? Hi! Are you all
right? No change of plans for the
evening? Good. I remember where.
See you later!

Joe puts the phone down and sighs. He walks down a narrow
street, few people, no cars. A boy passes Joe on his bike at
high speed, almost hitting Joe.

JOE (CONT'D)

(Good mood)
Well, asshole!

18 INT. CHINESE DINER - DAY

Small room. Under the ceiling there are traditional Chinese
style lamps. Several small tables covered with cheap
tablecloths. Behind the bar is a middle-aged Chinese man,
with an ordinary inconspicuous face.

CHINESE

What are you gonna order, Joe?

JOE

(Good mood)
Hi, Bruce Lee!

CHINESE

(smiles)

- You're joking as always! No. I'm just called Lee. That's a very common name for us Chinese. However, we're all the same to you!

JOE

No, buddy! You're special!
(laughs)
Please give me your noodles. And a piece of chicken, I'm terribly hungry!

LEE

Hungry mouse is ready to eat the cat!
(smiles)
What noodles are you going to order today?

JOE

And this one, how's it?
Forgot! Some «cat's feet»! Oh, no!
I remembered - «cat's ears»
(laughs)

LEE

Yes, yes! «Ma Whito». Can you wait a few minutes?

JOE

I'm free for a few hours. And the evening promises to be good! So, perhaps instead of your healing tea I'll drink something stronger!

Lee takes the bottle with the drink from the shelf. Inside the bottle is a snake.

CLOSE UP OF THE BOTTLE. SNAKE WITH OPEN MOUTH.

LEE (V.O.)

Maybe you have the courage today to try «khabousu»?

JOE

Oh, no! Just not this snake swill!
How can you Chinese people drink that crap?

LEE

The Chinese don't drink very much. «Habushu» has a centuries-old history. It's a very strong drink, stronger than your favorite whiskey.

He speaks with a solemn voice, then winks and laughs.

LEE (CONT'D)

In addition, the tincture of snake increases the MALE POWER!

JOE

Look at that snake snout, with the mouth open! I won't be able to look at a woman, I won't be able to pee for a year! I'll think I have poison inside my dick!

Joe and Lee laugh, then Lee goes to the kitchen.

Through the open door you can see Lee, working in the kitchen

LEE (O.S.)

Why do you hate snakes so much? The snake in China is a symbol of wisdom!

JOE

(ironically smiling)
And what is your wisdom?

LEE

(back at the bar)
Wisdom - in the ability to free the mind from thoughts. Let your heart calm down. Calmly watch the turmoil of the world. And you will see that everything is in its place.

Then Lee stares intently at Joe.

LEE (CONT'D)

Tell me, are you and Xiaomin serious relationship?

JOE

What did she tell you?

LEE

Xiaomin is my sister. I need to know that her little heart will not be broken!

Lee starts wiping the bar and keeps talking

LEE (CONT'D)

We Chinese have a very strong family bond. I have no one but her. But you haven't answered my question, Joe!

Lee crossing his arms waiting for an answer

JOE

(speaks sincerely)

No, not seriously. I don't have a serious relationship with anyone. And I probably won't have one with anybody. But I will never upset your sister! And don't forget - it's her choice too, not only mine.

Lee begins to wipe the glasses. Camera approaches.

CLOSE-UP OF LEE'S FACE

Lips tightly compressed. Sharp, prickly look. Then he smiles and says.

LEE

Yes, of course. It's your choice. Yours and Xiaomin.

19 EXT. CITY STREET - EVENING

Joe walks down a narrow street. At the intersection with a wider street, he sees ELVIS standing on the other side. Elvis is cheerful, dancing slightly, and about to cross the road.

A DEEP, ROUGH MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, Tramp!

Joe turns his head and looks up. An open wooden window on the second floor. A FAT MAN wearing an old T-shirt is leaning out of the window. He has a large, unshaven face.

THE MAN

Give me five bucks!

JOE

Fuck you!

The FAT MAN grins, then closes the window.

20 EXT. THE INTERSECTION OF TWO STREETS - EVENING

Elvis crosses the road, waves his hand with joy.

BAM!!! Suddenly he is hit by a RED SPORTS CAR!

CLOSE-UP OF JOE'S FACE

Joe is stunned.

21 EXT. ROAD IN THE MIDDLE OF DESERT - SUNNY DAY.

Joe walks along the roadside. He is occasionally overtaken by cars. There's a lifeless space around, thorny shrubs. Joe is angry and talks to himself.

JOE

And how many times have you told yourself that big cities are not for you, Joe! I feel very sorry for Elvis. He was a great guy! He was always a happy!

Why is it when it's cold outside, you, Joe, sitting in a dirty unheated shack, and when the sun is hot, you're walking down an asphalt road to nowhere? Maybe, because you, Joe, are dark-skinned, and all the black guys must love the heat, because their ancestors lived in Africa?

He forces a bitter, self-ironic chuckle.

JOE (CONT'D)

But I don't like the heat!

Joe stops for a few seconds and raises his head up shouting into the sky.

JOE (CONT'D)

I don't like the heat of Mrs "Sun"! And I don't like warm beer either!

Joe smiles and continues the way

JOE (CONT'D)

However, when there is no beer at all - it's even worse!

The RED SPORTS CAR (the same one that hit Elvis) overtakes Joe, stops and within a few seconds drives away!

CLOSE-UP OF JOE'S FACE

Joe is looking suspiciously towards where the car has gone.
Joe continues on his way.

22 EXT. THE SAME ROAD IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DESERT - DAY

A car stops near Joe. It is an old, big, and cheap American car, brightly painted in a hippie style. In the front seat is a long-haired guy (35) with a brunette girl (25) and someone else in the back seat.

GUY DRIVING

Hey, man! How far are you going to walk?

JOE

I go with the wind!

GUY DRIVING

20 miles to the nearest town! Let me drive you!

Joe nods his head and gets in the back seat of the car.

Joe stares silently out the window, his expression troubled.

23 INT. REAR SEAT - DAY

In the back seat sits a long-haired guy (25) with a pretty girl of the same age. Girl is bright red. They move, freeing space for Joe, and the girl appeals to him.

SUNSHINE

Hello, fellow passenger! I'm called «Sunshine»! What's your name?

JOE

(laughs)

Somewhere I've heard that last name. Or something like yours.

PHIL (O.S.)

And my name is Phil. And next to me is Aelita.

(Then Phil says to "Sunshine")

I remember Simon, your brother, "Sunshine", told me about his boss on a construction site a few months ago. That's his boss's name.

GUY SITTING NEAR SUNSHINE

(with a disgruntled face)

No, the last name isn't the same,
just similar. I don't remember
anymore. What the hell does a
person's last name matter
anyway! The principle of "Anatta" is
the denial of a permanent "Self."
Call me "Aaron," brother!

SUNSHINE

Everything is impermanent, except
love.

She kisses Aaron's cheek; for a second, his face softens, but
then it becomes gloomy again.

JOE

(friendly smile)

My name is Joe. I've been called
the Tramp because of my restless
way of life.

PHIL (V.O.)

(friendly)

Then you're in the right company.
Here we are all tramp!

Everyone laughs except Aelita sitting next to Phil

24 EXT. VIEW OF THE CAR WINDSCREEN - DAY

In the distance you can see a town, and near the road on the
lawn there is a large assembly of cars. Nearby there is a
small forest. When we get closer, we see the "hippie" parking
lot.

25 EXT. PARKING "HIPPIE" - LATE EVENING

Cars, trailers, burning fires, somewhere there is a song to
the sound of a guitar. Far away in the light of the fire a
girl dances, she has on her head a wreath of flowers.

Phil, Aaron and two girls are sitting by the fire next door,
smoking a joint. Joe is sitting next to him and grasping with
his stick in the fire. He stares thoughtfully into the
flames. Phil took a drag from his cigarette, gave it to
Aaron.

PHIL

Someday I'll be tired of the road and go back to Oklahoma and build a big house with my brother. When my brother comes back from the war... from Vietnam... We can't build a house fast, but it's important to start, right?

(sad eyes)

JOE

I was in Vietnam

(pause)

Four years ago. You know, Phil, in fact, I was deep in the shit out there, but I got out and I'm sitting here with you! Trust me, your brother can come back too!

Phil reaches out and gratefully claps Joe's shoulder. Aaron gives the cigarette to «Sunshine» and addresses Phil.

AARON

Have you heard from him? Is he writing you?

PHIL

The last letter came two months ago. I don't know. In this time you can die a hundred times and be resurrected a hundred times. But I believe that he will return! He's strong!

(smiles sadly)

SUNSHINE

I hate war! Who needed this Vietnam? Wouldn't it be better to sit by the fire, listen to songs and love!

AARON

(profound)

The war will soon be over. Shiva is fed up! The time of Vishnu power, the time of peace, fertility and abundance!

Joe leaning towards Phil, quietly asks

JOE

Who's he talking about?

PHIL

These are the ancient Indian gods. Shiva is the god of war, the destroyer, and Vishnu is the creator. Well, we can say that he is similar to our «Sunshine» because he is very kind. But he can't do shit!

Everyone laughs except AELITA and AARON. She sits with a strange smile on her face.

AARON

You should not think so, brother! Our life is a search for the wondrous world of nirvana and every flower and blade around us is the mercy of the generous Vishnu.

(with irony)

Our life, Aaron, is a constant search for a better place to get some grub and sleep. The world is an illusion, a dream of the Great Brahman. Shiva and Vishnu are part of the dream, and you, Aaron, are a horrible nightmare of Brahman!

(points a finger at Aaron)

And when he wakes up, he will cut you out of this world like a wormy bug from an apple!

(laughs)

26 EXT. COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE - LATE EVENING

A RED SPORTS CAR PULLS UP and parks at the curb. Beside it idles a dark SHERIFF'S "Cruiser".

CLOSE ON the bottom half of the RED SPORTS CAR's driver-side door.

The door SWINGS OPEN, revealing a pair of slender female legs in sharp, HIGH-HEELED PUMPS. The door SLAMS SHUT. The legs swiftly disappear around the corner.

CLOSE ON the bottom half of the SHERIFF'S "Cruiser's" driver-side door.

The door OPENS. We see a quick glimpse of LEGS IN UNIFORMED PANTS as they slide into the seat.

The SHERIFF'S "Cruiser" pulls away, leaving the RED SPORTS CAR alone.

27 EXT. PARKING "HIPPIE" - LATE EVENING

AARON

(smiles)

Well, like a drop of water
dissolves in the ocean, I will
disappear into space!

PHIL

Oh, gods! He'll shit in space too!
(everyone laughs)

JOE

(with interest to Aaron)
Why «Aaron»? You're not a Jew!

PHIL

(holds out a joint to Joe)
Will you?

JOE

No. Thank you, I don't like it.

PHIL

Drink then a beer.
(then he addresses Aelita)
Dear, bring our friend a beer from
the car!

Aelita gets up and takes her sweet time walking to the car.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Aaron means - «spiritually
exalted»! Do you understand? Our
brother is so spiritually elevated
that he clings to the head of a
cloud.

(smiles)

AARON

(with a condescending
smile)

Don't listen to him, Joe! Even
listening to Phil is bad for your
karma!

PHIL

Your karma, Aaron, is to be born as
an oak in the next life!

(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)

An oak is also like you -
"elevated," but unfortunately very
stupid!

Everyone laughs except Aaron, who looks at Phil with an
ironic smile and shakes his head in disapproval.

JOE

Aelita is not her real name? And
why does she keep silent?

PHIL

(moodily)

PHIL (CONT'D)

(moodily)

She's a Martian maiden! You didn't
read the book "Aelita" by Alexei
Tolstoy?

(Joe shrugs)

It's a mistake, the Russians have
good writers.

(throwing wood into the
fire continues)

Aelita like a star fallen from the
sky into the mud of this world.
And she is silent because she can't
speak. She's mute. As a child, she
saw her father killed from the
window of his house. Brutally
killed with baseball bats. Beaten
like an animal. I heard that her
father was somehow connected to the
mafia, I don't know for sure. Since
then she has been silent. But

(with a smile))

she sees everything, hears,
understands, and most importantly
feels! She's got very sharp
feelings!

At this time, Aelita brings two cans of beer. One is given to
Joe, the other to "Sunshine". Aelita sits next to Phil.

PHIL (CONT'D)

She has especially strong feminine
feelings!
(laughs and hugs Aelita) Fire and
pepper!

JOE

What's your nickname, Phil

PHIL

I don't have one. It used to be.
Now, it's not. These are young
hippies making up nicknames,
thinking they're affecting their
lives. Or just for fun. I'm already
old hipster, I have since the
beginning of this movement. I'm
tired of these children's games.
(sadly smiles)

SUNSHINE

And I am 'Sunshine', because

PHIL AND AARON

(one vote)
Because you're a redhead!
(laughs)

The "Sunshine" pushes Aaron into the grass with a feigned
grudge. Joe holds a beer can in his hands and smiles.

28 EXT. HIPPIE PARKING - NIGHT

Joe gets out of his new friends' car, in which he slept, and
goes to the nearest bushes.

Passing by Aaron's tent and "Sunshine" he hears the voice of
"Sunshine"

SUNSHINE (O.S.)

(with resentment)
I asked to take the mosquito
repellent!

AARON (O.S.)

(sleepy, irritable)
You're more annoying than that
mosquito!

Joe smiles and walks over to take a leak, enters the
scrubland. CAMERA ON JOE'S BACK and stops, unbuttoning his
pants.

BAM!!! Suddenly someone hits him with a stick on the back of
the head. Joe falls.

29 EXT. HIPPIE PARKING - MORNING

Joe comes to, slowly rises up, rubs his head with his hand.
He gets up and walks.

There is a crowd of hipsters near Phil and Aaron's tents. One of the tents is torn apart. Joe comes closer. Joe sees his new friends' bodies in blood.

CLOSE-UP OF JOE'S FACE

Horror on Joe's face.

CROWD OF PEOPLE (Someone in the crowd looks at Joe «Tramp»)

VOICE IN CROWD

Look, it's him! He was with them
and then he disappeared!

Crowd of people surrounding Joe. Joe is confused, but tries to calm everyone down.

JOE

Calm down, brothers! I was sleeping
in the car, and when I went out at
night...

He is cut off as he's pushed in the back.

JOE (CONT'D)

(yells)
Stop! It's not me! Stop! (then
shuts down)

Among the women there is a WOMAN who screams

WOMAN IN CROWD

Don't kill him! We have to call the
police! Don't kill him!

Joe is kicked by several men while lying on the ground.

The men tie up Joe and throw him on the ground, a little away from the tents.

A fat man in his forties with a beard tied in a braid, DICK growls

DICK

(hoarse voice)
Call the police, and I'll take care
of this bastard!

VOICE IN CROWD

Don't let him escape, Dick!

CLOSE UP - JOE'S FACE.

Joe's battered face is full of sorrow for his fallen friends.
He recalls the faces of each

FLASHBACK. CLOSE UP - FACE OF ELVIS.

ELVIS

I spread happiness around me like a
virus.

(laughs)

FLASHBACK. CLOSE UP - FACE OF PHIL.

PHIL

We can't build a house fast, but
it's important to start, right?

(sad eyes)

FLASHBACK. CLOSE UP. FACE OF
SUNSHINE.

SUNSHINE

Wouldn't it be better to sit by the
fire, listen to songs and love!

FLASHBACK. CLOSE UP - AARON'S FACE

AARON

I will disappear into space!

FLASHBACK. CLOSE-UP - AELITA

Aelita hands Joe a beer. In her eyes there is an unearthly
detachment.

END SERIES OF SHOTS.

30

EXT. HIPPIE PARKING - DAY

Some police cars have arrived. Forensics take pictures of the
crime scene, make some measurements.

A policeman talks to several hippies. One of them - DICK
(with a beard in the form of braid) - says something and
points his hand towards Joe.

SHERIFF

What did you smoke, man? What the
fuck? You don't look like a
hipster.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

(addressing the police)

As usual!

(MORE)

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

First the songs are sung, then they
smoke marijuana, and and then they
blow a fuse, and they cut each
other. "Children of colors"!

(speaks with an angry
sarcasm)

Get him in the car. (command voice)

31 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

The two police officers put Joe in a detention cell. They remove his handcuffs and close the grate. A sharp, white flickering light. Joe lies down on the bed.

CLOSE UP. LAMP UNDER CEILING

The cold white light of a lamp hurts the eyes. The light intensifies and fills the entire space.

32 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Lamp under the ceiling. Face of a pretty nurse.

NURSE

It's all right! You're much better,
but don't make any sudden
movements.

JOE LIES IN A HOSPITAL BED

Joe's head is bandaged. A clean white bed. He looks around
confusion in confusion.

JOE

Where am I?

NURSE

Don't worry! Just a couple of weeks
and you'll be perfectly healthy.
(smiles)

1

2

A visitor has come to see you!

The door opens and ELVIS enters the hospital room, wearing a white coat on his shoulders.

ELVIS

(in a low voice)
Hey, buddy! How are you?

JOE'S FACE. CLOSE UP

Joe is stunned, a little head off the pillow.

JOE
Elvis, you?!

ELVIS
Hush, hush! Or I'm about to get my
ass kicked. I've had a hard time
negotiating with your doctor to let
me in for a few minutes.

JOE
Are you alive?

ELVIS
(laughs quietly)
No! I almost died! I for the first
time refused the «weed» yesterday
and drank whiskey! My head is
splitting! If you get hit by a car
again, I will become an alcoholic!

Joe is shock in his eyes, he trying to get up

JOE
I saw you get hit by a car! Right
in front of me! What happened to me
then, how did I end up here and why
does everything hurt like I was run
over by a truck?

ELVIS
(comfortingly)
Calm down, man! You've been asking
too many questions. You did get hit
by a car, but not by a truck.

Otherwise we wouldn't be talking right now. That bastard in
the red car got away so fast, I couldn't even remember his
license plate!

JOE
(excited)
But it was all you, not me! Are you
kidding? Where's the police? I was
in jail!

ELVIS
The police came quickly, but they
were useless! They spent two hours
filling my head with crap, that's
all!

(MORE)
ELVIS (CONT'D)

And the ambulance took you to the hospital and here you are.

You're lucky, you only have a few broken ribs and a concussion. It could be worse. You were telling the truth, that you're lucky!

JOE

(ponderous)

I was at the police station.
Someone killed Phil and his
friends. That was after you got hit
by a car! But if you say it was me?
Then tell me, what is the make of
this car?!!

(He yells nervously)

Elvis with a surprised, slightly
frightened face

ELVIS

Quiet, quiet, brother! After a
concussion it sometimes happens.
Well, there are some little screws
in the head that break down after
the hit. Anyway, don't worry! Lie
down a bit, calm down. The main
thing is that the rivets from your
head did not fell out.

(smiles)

The doctor said they are all in
place!

JOE

(head down on pillow)

I don't know what to tell you. I
just know I need to get out of here
as fast as possible. Okay, brother?

Elvis nods his head.

33

EXT. ROADSIDE ROAD - SUNNY DAY

An old pickup truck is standing on the side of the road. A beautiful landscape stretches down. Joe and Elvis are sitting on the grass. Elvis smokes. He wears a sports jacket and jeans instead of his usual clothes. Joe drinks water from a beat-up ARMY canteen.

JOE

Thanks for getting me out of the
hospital!

ELVIS
 (with a grin)
 Yeah, you and I could be scouts!

Both laughing

ELVIS (CONT'D)
 Listen, Joe, has this ever happened
 to you?

What?

JOE
 ELVIS

What's short-circuited in your head?

JOE (CONT'D)
 (with voice irritation)
 Listen, my brain may be in a short
 circuit, but it's not so short that
 I forget how you will soar from the
 impact of this damn machine! How
 could you not even remember the
 make of the car if you claim that
 he hit me?!

ELVIS
 (excited)
 All I remember is seeing you fly
 off from the impact! I only
 remember it. I also remember the
 red spot - the same car! That's
 all!

Elvis smiles and changes the subject.

ELVIS
 (comfortingly) Look, Joe - what
 beauty!
 PANORAMA OF THE SURROUNDINGS -
 SUNNY DAY

A small town is below, immersed in greenery. Above the city -
 clouds.

ELVIS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 You just need to rest, you just
 need to breathe and look at the
 clouds and remember the best things
 in your life. That can warm your
 soul!

JOE

What do I remember except the
endless road and your mug, Elvis?

(both laughing)

I don't even remember my mother's
face. Sometimes I think, did I have
a mother?

(smiling sadly)

Or maybe I was found in a trash can
near the maternity home? In '68, I
woke up in a military hospital bed,
unable to remember much. And I
remembered then even less than now.
And what I remembered then – I want
to forget more than anything!

ELVIS

You survived in that Dakto. You
came back from Vietnam alive, you
went through hell! Because you're a
real man! Well and lucky too!

(smiles)

JOE

Not all the guys who were with me
at that time were lucky. When we
were given the order to attack Hill
875, our opponents – «Charlie» –
had already built defensive
fortifications on this hill.

ELVIS

«Charlie»?

JOE

Yeah, that's what we used to call a
Vietcong. VC – abbreviation of the
word «vietcong». In the military
phonetic alphabet for each letter a
certain word is fixed for ease of
radio transmission, respectively,
VC looked like «Victor Charlie».

Yes, and they were as small

(smiles)

as Charlie Chaplin. But not so
funny.

Joe's face is getting gloomy

ELVIS

Yeah. I've heard of their
underground snares, with the stakes
and traps!

Joe takes off his shoes and easily straightens his legs.

JOE

We had one guy – the «golden brick». Well, that's what they call those who do not like to work together with everyone on the black everyday army work. But who likes it?

(Joe scratched his head)

JOE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

His name was Miller. Ashley Miller. He got a foot in the trap «Punji». The size of the trap was calculated precisely for a foot in a shoe. Inside the traps were stakes. They were smeared with shit, dead animals and other crap. Someone will say that it is better to step on such a trap than to step on a mine. This is true. But when you have a blood infection, and you're hundreds of miles away from the hospital in the stinky jungle, in the mud and in the heavy rain – it's no fun at all. This guy was rotting in front of us and we couldn't help him. And it just kept raining the whole damn time. Cursed rain.

(refers to Elvis))

Give me a cigarette!

Elvis hands out a pack of cigarettes. Joe takes one.

ELVIS

But your squad did take this Hill 875?

JOE

Our squad has taken over the height? You put it beautifully – "your squad did take"! Our squad crawled up those hills on their stomachs! Our squad crawled up to that height like a worm cut in half!

(Joe's face becomes gloomy)

JOE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 You crawl up the ground, and the ground crawls under you like a living thing. Because there is always rain! There is always dirt under your feet! And on top is fire and death.

Joe stands up and points with his hand down, where the beautiful town is

JOE (CONT'D)
 Look, Elvis — you and I are also at a height. Do you want to try to come down and get up? There's no shooting!
 (laughs hysterically)
 Elvis drops his gaze to the ground in silence.

JOE (CONT'D)
 (excited)
 It was at this height that I lost my best friend, Bob Henderson. Tell me, Elvis, isn't that a funny name — Bob? It seems like something heavy is banging on the wall — «Bob, Bob» He was indeed heavy. He was a healthy bull, with a heavy character. Here you are, Elvis — the skinny one and your name is light as a feather.
 (smiles sadly)
 Bob was stubborn like a tank! In life and in battle, he always walked ahead.

ELVIS
 (cautiously asks Joe)
 How did he die?

JOE
 Quick. Bob died quickly. I couldn't kiss him on the forehead for a goodbye. Well, you know how war movies are — a guy dies, out of his strength asks to tell his beloved girl that he loves her and that he dies for democracy, blah, blah, blah. And all the other stuff after which the housewives cry.

He comes up to Elvis and leans over him.

JOE (CONT'D)

And you know why I couldn't do it?

Joe suddenly screams at Elvis right in the face.

JOE (CONT'D)

Yes, because he had no head! There WAS NO forehead that you could kiss!!! His head was smashed in by a fragment! Right next to me! Two meters away. There you go, friend.

Joe sits next to Elvis. A few seconds both silent.

ELVIS

(carefully hugs Joe)

You said he was your best friend.
Can I be your best friend now?

Someone has to sit in this uncomfortable chair!

Elvis smiles and Joe turns his head, smiling back.

JOE

(smile)

You are already my best friend. For a long time! Because it's so cool to be friends with «Elvis»!

Joe mimics a few words from the Elvis Presley song.

JOE (CONT'D)

Love me tender, love me swe!

Which they both laugh.

JOE (CONT'D)

And I still don't know what your name is!

ELVIS

(with a sneaky smile) You'll be surprised.

JOE

What's your name?

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Oscar.

JOE

Yeah, right?

ELVIS
 Seriously! Let me introduce myself,
 Oscar Kelly! (smiles)

JOE
 Oh, that's even cooler! You're an
 aristocrat!

Joe jokingly pushes Elvis. He falls on the grass and they both laugh loudly.

34 EXT. NATURE. DESERT. RESTAURANT BY THE ROAD - DAY

On the side of the road is already known to us a restaurant called «Refuge». Gray-yellow jagged stripped walls. There's an old car nearby. The wind, the sand.

Elvis' pickup truck pulls up. Joe quickly steps out, followed by Elvis, who rubs his tired back.

ELVIS
 (tired voice)
 Have we traveled so many miles to
 see such a miserable spectacle?

JOE
 (emotionally)
 I knew! I knew it wasn't a dream!
 Elvis, this is the place where I
 met a stranger. This is the
 businessman who has a construction
 business! See? And you thought I
 was crazy!

ELVIS
 (with a grin)
 Would a sane person search for
 something that appeared in a dream?

They both walk into the restaurant door. INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Joe enters the restaurant first and sees nothing there that he saw in his dream. Before him is a big ordinary second-class diner.

PANNING
 A large room with a dozen tables
 and a long bar. Typical provincial
 cafe in American style.

CLOSE UP OF JOE'S FACE

A look of profound surprise!

Elvis walks in, looks around. The cafe is almost empty. Only behind the table in the corner of the cafe are sitting three long-haired men of strong build. One of them is sitting with his back and his face is not visible.

ELVIS

Well? Is this the shed that is the object of your search?

JOE

(in disbelief)

The outside is a perfect copy of that restaurant. But inside, it was different! In that restaurant it was very cool, there was really nice furniture. In that restaurant everything sparkled for a million bucks! And in this cafe there are more cockroaches than visitors!

ELVIS

(laughs)

Your dream deceived you? Well, let's at least eat! I hope the menu of this restaurant is not only cockroaches!

They go to the opposite corner of the cafe from the sitting company. Joe stops at the bar. The barman HUGH is a normal old man, not very tall, so he always stands on his toes to better see the visitor.

HUGH

Hey, guys! Want to try Uncle Hugh's famous steak? Don't mind our modest appearance! I never regret meat for my customers. Yes, friend! You won't get a steak from a hundred years ago, hard and old as a mammoth ass! Here we have everything fresh!

(laughs)

Except, of course, the bartender! My expiration date is long past.

JOE

Yes, Hugh! We'll have a bite to eat at your place. What's on the menu besides steak?

HUGH

Yes, anything! Here you are, look at the menu.

(holds out a sheet of paper)

I even have KVAS!

JOE

(not looking at the menu) What?

HUGH

Kvas! It's a Russian drink. Made on bread yeast. Great in this heat!

Quenches the thirst!

JOE (CONT'D)

Where did you get the recipe for this drink? Read it in your book?

HUGH

(resentment in the voice)

Why in the book? My wife taught me how to do it, may she rest in peace! I've without her for five years now. She was a Russian and her parents were emigrants. Fled from the Bolsheviks.

Joe turns to the table behind which Elvis sits and asks him loudly.

JOE

Hey, brother! There's a Russian cold drink in here! You want to try?

ELVIS

(responds loudly)

Aren't you afraid of shitting yourself after drinking that?
(both laughing) If not - let's try!

35 INT. CAFE. THREE MEN - DAY

A company of three men sitting in the cafe pay attention to Joe's loud speech. One of these men, who was sitting with his back to the audience, turns.

WE SEE DICK!!!

The same hippie with a beard tied in a braid who was guarding bound Joe.

Dick stares at Joe, trying to remember where he saw him.

JOE (O.S.)

Good! Hugh, make us two steaks, potatoes and whatever you know. Now pour me a whiskey. And pour my friend this Russian drink. He doesn't drink whiskey.

36 INT. RESTAURANT BAR - DAY

HUGH

(pouring whiskey)
You guys probably work in construction? And probably recently, since you've never been to my house?

JOE

Is there construction going on around here?

HUGH

Yeah! Some smart-ass guy from New York buys land around here. And builds houses right in the desert! Why?

(shrugs)

Who needs a home in this godforsaken desert?

JOE

(thought for a second) How far is it from here?

HUGH

No. Not very much. Not more than ten miles.

37 INT. CAFÉ - DAY

Joe comes to the table behind which Elvis is sitting, puts a glass of whiskey and kvass for Elvis on the table.

ELVIS

What shall we drink to, then? I don't think we'll drink to a successful search, judging by your disgruntled face. But for good option for an overnight stay, I'd drink. It's not easy to find a place to sleep in this backwater!
(smiles)

Joe holds a glass of whiskey in his hand

JOE

You know, Elvis, I think my search is not so unsuccessful. There's a major construction near us and I'm guessing.

38 EXT. DESERT. RESTAURANT BY THE ROAD - DAY

A RED SPORTS CAR arrives at the cafe and stops by Elvis' pickup truck!

39 INT. CAFÉ - DAY

Joe and Elvis are eating.

JOE

(excitedly)

I think he's the one who will answer my questions!

ELVIS

Joe, you can't even eat meals calmly! I remember my grandmother always said - if you do not look at the plate during food, then you will look at your medical history!

Joe falls silent and begins to poke at his plate with a fork.

JOE

(smiling)

Yeah, brother! You're right, I'm really getting neurotic. I stop enjoying the simple things in life like this juicy steak. Do you remember how we decided to go on a picnic with the two girlfriends you had at the post office? They dropped the box in front of you then and you

ELVIS

(interrupts Joe))

Sorry, sorry.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Probably my fears about this lousy Russian drink are fulfilled.

(grabs his hands on the stomach)

(MORE)

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Yes, I have all my guts turning
inside out!

Elvis gets up from behind the table and runs to the toilet.

After Elvis hides behind the door, three men get up from behind their table and slowly approach Joe's desk. Dick sits down at Joe's table. Two other men stand on each side.

JOE

(threatening voice)

I don't remember inviting anyone to
sit at my desk.

DICK

(with a brazen expression)

I recognized you, asshole! You were
with Phil and his company then. I
knew old Phil for years, he was a
good man! How much did you give the

«cops» to let you go? You don't look rich! Did you run away?

JOE

I'm not a killer.

Joe tries to get up, but one of the guys puts a knife to his throat.

DICK

Don't even try to move! You're
going to get up slowly and come
with us. And then we'll figure out
whether you're the killer or not.

JOE

The knife is a bad interlocutor.
Tell your friend to remove the
knife. I'm ready to talk.

DICK

(with a grin)

Ready? Really? Nobody's inviting
you to talk! This isn't an
invitation. You just don't have a
choice!

JOE

You're right. You didn't invite me.
That's not right. You should have
invited me.

Joe quickly moves his body to one side, drops it on the floor, makes a roll and when he gets up on the ground, he already has his army knife in his hand!

Joe's face radiates the killer's calm, cold-blooded confidence!

All three men attack Joe, they also have knives in their hands. A quick knife fight takes place. Joe acts like a professional! Several lightning movements and some cuts on the bodies attacking Joe. All of them are alive, but wounded and lying on the floor, writhing in pain.

Joe takes his eyes off the men lying on the floor and looks at someone in front of him with surprise.

HUGH (O.S.)
(threatening tone)
Son! You should behave yourself in my cafe!

Bartender Hugh aimed a rifle at Joe. Instead of a good-natured chatty old man, we see an evil man ready to shoot.

HUGH (CONT'D)
I saw them attack you first. But I've never seen a man who was so easy with a knife like that. It worries me. So you're gonna drop the knife, and we'll wait for the police. Let them deal with you and those assholes lying on the floor.

At this time, Elvis quietly approaches Hugh from behind and puts a gun to his head.

ELVIS
(menacingly, quietly)
No, asshole! That's you, slowly put the rifle down and get your mug on the floor! Did you hear me?!

Bartender nods, and Elvis looking at the wounded moaning on the floor suddenly screams nervously.

ELVIS (CONT'D)
You bastards shut up! Assholes, your pig's squeal is getting on my nerves!!!

Then Elvis calmly turns to Joe and pulls out the car key from his pocket.

ELVIS (CONT'D)
 Brother, take the keys to my pickup
 truck and get out of here!

Joe amazed looking at Elvis and asking.

JOE
 Where'd you get the gun?

ELVIS
 The little man should have a big
 gun. Who cares where I got it? The
 police will be here soon, according
 to your story you don't want to
 meet them again.

JOE
 I'm not leaving you! Run together!

ELVIS
 (with a smile)
 Brother, look, you've cut three
 people and you're accused of
 killing four others! You must run!
 Why should I? I didn't kill anyone!

Elvis kicks the lying on the floor Hugh, looking down at him
 maliciously.

ELVIS (CONT'D)
 Although it might not be bad to
 kill someone!

ELVIS (CONT'D)
 (to Joe, commanding)
 Did you understand what I said,
 Joe?! I told you to act!

Joe takes a quick step towards Elvis, who keeps all the men
 lying on the ground in sight and takes his keys. Stays with
 him for a second, puts his hand on his shoulder and they look
 into each other's eyes.

JOE
 I get it, Oscar. I'll see you!

Elvis/Oscar is silent, but in his eyes there is a sincere
 friendship for Joe. Joe runs out of the cafe.

40 INT. LARGE SPACE INSIDE THE HOUSE. CONSTRUCTION - DAY

A large room in which construction works are being carried
 out. Somewhere the drill is buzzing, a knock can be heard.

Two men in work clothes plaster the wall. The camera turns and we see Joe in his work clothes, who is busy with electrical wiring. An elderly man approaches him. It is clear from the appearance that he is a low-ranking leader. He is of medium height, with rough features and good eyes.

JOE
(breaks off from work)
Hello, Mr Brooks!

BROOKS
Hello, Joe! How's the work going?

JOE
The work could be done faster. But

BROOKS
What's the problem?

JOE
When installing cables in the distribution board, especially if the switchboard in a house where a high level of electricity consumption is planned must strictly adhere to the installation rules. And one of the main such rules is protection! All bolt connections of electrical conductors should be protected from self-unscrewing. For this purpose use safety nut, wave washers, or plate springs. And where are they? I have none, sir!

BROOKS
(smiling)
I wasn't wrong to vouch for you when you came to apply for a job here a month ago. I remember shortly before you arrived, there was a minor "Armageddon" not far from here! A massacre at Old Hugh's café!

(says with a sly twinkle
in his eyes)
You didn't happen to stop by his café for a bite to eat, did you?

JOE
(tensely)
No. Where is it?

BROOKS

Not far from here. In the desert,
on the way to us. If you weren't
there, it's for nothing. Hugh
always had good and cheap food. He
was unlucky. Three of his regular
clients, I should say nasty types,
got into a fight with two black
guys. These visiting guys cut up
all three of them like sausage, all
three went to the hospital.

JOE

(with tension in the
voice)

What happened to those two black
guys next?

BROOKS

(with a significant view)
Don't you know?

Pause. Joe starts messing with the wiring again.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

One of them got shot by cops for
trying to resist. He had a gun. He
didn't make it to the hospital, he
died on the way.

CLOSE UP ON JOE'S FACE

A spasm seemed to cross Joe's face, but he quickly regained
his composure, turned away from Brooks, and continued to
tinker with the wiring.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

Strange. Why use a knife when you
have a gun in your pocket?

(shrugs)

If I were these black guys, I'd
better shoot the friends of Hugh in
the legs, and these guys obviously
loved to play with a knife!

Brooks chuckles.

CLOSE-UP. Brooks's expression changes from nice to
suspicious.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

But the guy's armed friend managed
to escape.

(pause)

He was never caught.

Brooks's face suddenly becomes good-natured again.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

It's a good thing they didn't find the guy! These three assholes were armed too. They worked on the construction site next door before this. But I heard that they were of little use. Always stoned, a couple of times they had fights with other workers. So they got what they deserved!

(laughs)

JOE

(continues to mess with wires)

Thank you, Mr Brooks.

CLOSE-UP ON JOE'S HANDS

Joe tries to screw in the contact with a screwdriver, but his hand is trembling slightly, and he's struggling to do it.

Brooks is friendly and claps on his shoulder.

BROOKS

Do your job, Joe! Work.

Brooks leaves, but stops for a second, turns to Joe and asks from afar.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

Where did you learn to use a knife so well?

JOE

(turns his head sharply to Brooks)

What?!

BROOKS

(smiles and says loudly)

I'm asking, where did you learn to install electrical wiring so well? I'll bring you the spring washers you need tomorrow! Bye!

Without waiting for Joe's answer, Brooks leaves. Joe drops his pliers on the floor, and sits down on the toolbox.

He is completely devastated by what he has learned about Elvis' death. Joe wraps his hands around his head. But then, he lifts his eyes and says to himself:

JOE
Can't be that he was killed twice!
(pause, then he smiles
sadly)

Elvis will live forever! But at the cafe these
Joe recalls the incident at the café.

41 INT. OLD MAN HUGH'S CAFÉ - DAY (JOE'S MEMORY)

Three men get up from behind their table and slowly approach Joe's desk.

42 INT. LARGE SPACE INSIDE THE HOUSE. CONSTRUCTION - DAY

JOE
(thoughts out loud) Is it all a bad
dream?
(thinking)
Or maybe theater? But who am I in
this theater?

43 INT. LARGE SPACE. CONSTRUCTION - DAY

Joe is installing the wiring. Brooks comes up to him, a young man comes after him and carries a small box.

BROOKS
Hey, Joe! As promised - here are
your spring washers.
(then goes to the guy with
the box)
Put the box here.

The guy puts the box and leaves.

JOE
Hello, Mr Brooks!

BROOKS
Will you be able to finish your
work today?

JOE
(smiles)
If there were beer cans in this box

Joe pointing to the washers box

JOE (CONT'D)

I'd hardly finish my work. Well, since it's got washers in it, I think I'll be done by lunchtime.

BROOKS

(laughs)

Good, good! Today's your first paycheck, right? You've been with us for a month, you're working!

JOE

(smiling)

Yes, sir. And since I have the first payment, and there's no beer in this box, maybe we can all go look for it at the pub! My treat!

BROOKS

(with a smile and respect
in his voice)

Yeah, you're not just an electrician! You're a sharp one!

Brooks laughs and claps Joe on the shoulder

BROOKS (CONT'D)

Yes, of course! But, only in the off-hours and,

(already talking)

And you know, I do not like official address to myself. Do not call me «sir». After work, you can call me Jeff. Jeff Brooks!

MALE WORKER (O.S.)

Hello, Mr Brooks!

Brooks and Joe turn around and see the worker carrying a small portable welding machine, and in the other hand he has a stack of electrodes. The machine is heavy and the welder walks with difficulty, despite his strong build. He has a welding mask on his head. The mask half covers his face. When we get closer, the worker lifts his mask and we see a redheaded man under the mask with grim look and suspicious eyes.

BROOKS

Hello, SIMON! You're transferred from the construction site next door to us?

CLOSE UP - JOE'S FACE

Joe recalls what Phil said about his girlfriend's brother, also named Simon.

44 INT. HIPPIE CAR - DAY (JOE'S MEMORY)

PHIL

And my name is Phil. And next to me is Aelita.

(Then Phil says to "Sunshine")

I remember Simon, your brother, "Sunshine", told me about his boss on a construction site a few months ago.

45 INT. LARGE SPACE. CONSTRUCTION - DAY

SIMON

Yes, temporarily. They said you needed a welder.

Brooks shakes Simon's hand. Then Simon reaches out to Joe:

SIMON (CONT'D)

(friendly voice)

Hello! You must be new here?

Joe after some confusion, shakes Simon's hand.

JOE

Yes, yes. Month.
(keeps looking at Simon)

SIMON

The salary is good, and most importantly, they pay on time! I'm Simon.

JOE

Yes, I know. And me - Joe.

SIMON

(surprised)

Do you know me? Have we met before?

Joe knowing that he has made a mistake, trying to get out of the situation.

JOE

No. Mr. Brooks just mentioned your name. And, and some of the workers said that there is such a welder with golden hands, well and I thought it was you.

(shrugs shoulders, with a taut smile)

SIMON

(distrustful) Okay. OK! Got to work.

(in a cheerful voice)

Mr Brooks, can you show me what to do? I've already lost half an afternoon!

BROOKS

Sure, SIMON. Come on.

Joe looks after them.

46

INT. PUB - EVENING

Brooks sits at the table in the pub. Tables many and many visitors. There is a lot of noise and laughter. Joe comes to the table holding two HUGE BEER GLASSES. Puts them on the table.

BEER GLASS - CLOSE-UP

The beer in the glasses froths, and air bubbles rise. It's so fresh you want to reach out and feel the thick, cold glass.

BROOKS (O.S.)

Oh-ho-ho! That's it!

Brooks's strong hand squeezes the glass. Joe smokes a cigarette and looks at the glass.

Brooks takes a big gulp, turns to Joe and says.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

Yeah, what are you looking at that glass! You know the joke about the drunk who stared at a bottle of whiskey? Someone told him that if you look at the bottle for a long time, you can get drunk! Hypnosis!

(laughs)

And do you know what happened to him afterwards?

JOE

No, Jeff!

BROOKS

(makes a gloomy
expression)

He fell and died!

(doing a significant
pause)

The doctors have determined the
cause of death – he choked on his
own saliva!

(Brooks explodes laughing)

Joe laughs with Brooks. A pretty blonde woman with
curvaceous, wriggling her hips passes by.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

(looking the blonde side)

That's who to look at, Joe! And
while you're young, don't just
look, act! I am old for adventures,
and you don't lose your golden
time! This hottie has more
electrical voltage than the wires
you're mounting!

(laughs)

JOE

(with irony)

Well, first of all, there's no
electricity in the wires that I'm
installing

BROOKS

(smiling, interrupting
Joe)

And second of all, you have no
electricity in your own balls!

(laughs)

Joe smiles, takes a big sip of beer
and turns the conversation on
another topic.

JOE

Hey, Jeff! Who's this guy, Simon?

BROOKS

(stops laughing)

Who? I told you – welder. Very good
welder. But, fool!

JOE
 (with surprise)
 Why a fool?

Brooks swallows a sip of beer, pushes the glass aside and puts his elbows on the table, hands clasped.

BROOKS
 Yes, because he used to be the chief of construction, just like me!

JOE
 Really?

BROOKS
 Imagine! Now Simon is just a welder. It's all because of her! Because of that squinty bitch!

Joe listens attentively, as does Brooks, putting his elbows on the edge of the table, bringing his face close to Brooks' face.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
 (continues)
 Simon's only been a welder for a couple of months now. The boss didn't fire him at all, he took pity on him for his past performance. Simon is good at anything. But to become a welder after work as a chief of construction.
 (gestures meaningfully)

JOE
 (looking forward))
 Well?

BROOKS
 There was a fire on the construction site, and all the finishing and repair work had already been completed. You know - plastic, carpet. It all burns very well. And the main thing is that it burns fast! Then, as it turned out, there were problems in the electrical wiring. That's what you're doing now, Joe. All responsibility was placed on Simon.

JOE
 (with misunderstanding))
 What, the electrician wasn't to
 blame?

BROOKS
 It doesn't matter. Electrician fled
 to an unknown direction. Vanished
 into thin air in one day with that
 bitch!

JOE
 Who are you talking about, Jeff?

Brooks drinks and then leans back.

BROOKS
 Who? Until this bitch showed up,
 Simon was a normal man. A good,
 hard-working man. Well, he liked to
 drink sometimes, but it's not a
 problem if the person knows the
 measure. People respected him.

JOE
 (interrupts Brooks)
 Sorry, and those guys. Well, the
 guys at the cafe were. like HIPPIY!

BROOKS
 Those guys you and your friend cut
 a month ago?
 (laughs)
 Yeah, they were working under
 Simon. Oh, these bastards gave old
 boy Simon a lot of trouble! They
 often came to work stoned, fought
 with other workers. And he had to
 make excuses for them.

JOE
 Maybe they were his friends? He was
 a hippie, too?

BROOKS
 Maybe they were his friends, or
 maybe he owed them something. I
 don't know. But he wasn't exactly a
 hipster. He was a professional in
 his work. He is still a
 professional in welding work. Only
 not a boss anymore.

JOE

(with curiosity)

Who was this girl? Is she involved?

Brooks put the glass loudly on the table, two men at the next table turned to hear a knock.

BROOKS

(excitedly)

This girl — she was Chinese, or Japanese. I can't tell them apart. When this girl got a job in our office, everything went wrong for Simon! He made love with her and then everything started to fall apart in his life!

He started experiencing a string of bad luck. Everyone else got quality window panes, but he was brought defective ones. Late, the fifty-square-foot pane of glass from the 14th floor fell out, so it was a good thing not to fall on anyone's head.

Another time the engine in a concrete mixer burned at the most inappropriate moment. Yes, and he changed himself. Simon became a sad man. People in love are usually cheerful, but he, on the contrary, became sad. These assholes also came after this Chinese woman appeared.

JOE

(skeptical)

Jeff, according to you, a black cat can make big trouble, too?

BROOKS

(with sharp eyes)

Yes, Joe! Can, if she's black! I believe it! As well as the fact that the Chinese girl did not fall from the sky. And the day before the fire.

(pause)

SHE DISAPPEARED. And the electrician too! That's it, Joe!

JOE
 (ponderous))
 Strange.

BROOKS
 Yes, Joe! Live longer and learn
 more! Life is full of strange
 things.

JOE
 There's enough weird stuff going on
 around me. It's enough to fill
 three lives!

BROOKS
 (contemplative smile)
 So you're living to the fullest! I
 had a guy who used to work on my
 construction site. Then I found out
 he became a priest. He said that
 the ways of the Lord works in
 mysterious ways. And your path has
 brought you to me! If you had a job
 with someone else, oh you might end
 up in jail.
 (smiles)
 But your path has brought you to
 me. And I like you because I know
 people!

JOE
 Thank you, Jeff!
 (thinking a bit)
 What was the name of this Chinese
 woman?

BROOKS
 (shrugging)
 I don't remember. Samin, or Sumin.
 Is it possible to memorize their
 names?

JOE
 (tense)
 Maybe it's Xiaomin?

BROOKS
 Maybe. We all called her Sandy, so
 as not to break the tongue.
 (laughs)

JOE
 (excited)
 What was her last name?

BROOKS

(dissatisfied)

Why is this so important to you?
Do you have any Chinese friends?
You can find out her last name at
the office. But why do you need it?

JOE

Jeff, I have to go away for a few
days! Really! Will you let me?

BROOKS

The boss is coming over tomorrow.
He's gonna check on what we've done
here! So until he checks our
construction site, I'm not letting
you go. And then, you can go
anywhere. BUT

(raises his finger))

three days and not more!

JOE

(with a grateful look))

Three days, Jeff! Three days!

BROOKS

(condescending)

Okay! Hey, Joe, you want another
beer?

47 EXT. TOWN BUILDERS - NIGHT

Joe comes out of the bar, walks down the street. He is walking slowly, a little staggered. There are some unsightly buildings around, rubbish is lying on the road. The boy and the girl pass by. Both of them are very drunk, laughing loudly. Suddenly Joe sees a familiar person. He recognizes in this man DICK «BEARD»!!!

Joe carefully follows Dick. Dick bends around the corner. Joe catches up with him, grabs him from behind and presses Dick against the wall!!! Then, with a sharp jolt, turning Dick to his face, Joe puts his knife to his throat!

DICK

(very scared)

Hey, dude! Don't kill me! I didn't
mean to do it! I was forced! I
swear!

JOE

(growls in his face)

What did you want?

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)
Kill me in that cafe??

DICK
I met you at Hugh's restaurant by chance! I didn't know you escaped from the police station!

JOE
Who killed Phil and his friends? Speak up, you bastard!

DICK
I swear, I don't know! No one does! The police suspect you, but they have no direct evidence!

Joe turns back, and then suddenly hits Dick in the groin with his knee.

DICK (CONT'D)
(bowed in pain)
Ah-ah! No! I'll tell you everything, but don't kill!

JOE
What do you know? Talk!

DICK
They made me hit you! That night when you came out of your tent!

Dick drops his head weakly, breathing heavily. (pause)

JOE
(very surprised)
So you knocked me out, then?
(pause)
Why?

DICK
I had nothing against you! It's all him! I couldn't refuse!

JOE
Who - HIM?! Talk, or I'll cut your throat!

DICK
(sigh, as if throwing off a heavy burden)
Sheriff Hopkins. That's him. Hopkins told me to hit you on the head that night. He said not to kill you, just to knock you out.
(MORE)

DICK (CONT'D)

You should have been unconscious until the morning.

JOE

(confusion on the face))
What the fuck did he want?

DICK

That I don't know. Neither do I know who killed the innocent Phil and his friends. I couldn't say no to the sheriff! He knows about my drug dealing. I traded drugs. Hopkins took me by the balls and I had no choice!

JOE

(growls angrily in Dick's face)
Bastard, you knew I was unconscious! So you knew I wasn't a killer! If you knew I didn't kill Phil, Aaron and the girls, why did you say I was the killer? Then why did you get attached to me in the cafe?!!

DICK

(snaps in response)
How do I know you killed him or not?! I didn't stand by your side until dawn! Maybe your brains are drained out after I hit you and you went to cut everyone! And how you know how to use a knife, I've already seen! And when the cops came, why should I tell them how I fucked you in the head?! That there would be suspicion of murder on me? So what?! Besides, I didn't like you, asshole!

JOE

Now, do you like me?

DICK

And now it doesn't matter.

JOE

What matters to you now?

DICK

What matters is that Sheriff Hopkins is involved in this case.

(MORE)

DICK (CONT'D)

Which means there's no room for you
or me in these parts anymore.

JOE

(for a few seconds
thinking)

Ok. Live while!

Joe lets Dick go. Then he hides the knife and disappears into the darkness. Dick slides down the wall with relief and sits down on the ground. He takes out a cigarette, but his hands are shaking and he can't light it.

48 INT. LARGE SPACE INSIDE THE HOUSE. CONSTRUCTION - DAY

As usual, Joe is going through the electrical wiring. He's wearing his work clothes. There are two plasterers near him. On the opposite side of the construction site, Simon connects an angle grinder and prepares to cut something.

A well-known BUSINESSMAN enters the room, accompanied by Brooks and another man. The second man is middle-aged, strong build and tall. He wears a sports jacket and jeans. He looks around carefully. Apparently a bodyguard.

BROOKS

Hey, Joe! Come meet our boss!

Joe leaves the job and goes to them.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

(addressing to
BUSINESSMAN)

Joe VOGAN is our new guy, but he's
already proven himself as a great
specialist! You will be pleased
with his work, Mr. TREMP!

Suddenly the sound of a corner grinder muffles Brooks' voice.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

(yells to Simon)

Simon, for fuck's sake! Turn off
your grinder! If there's hell, the
sinners are being cut with exactly
the same old rusty saw as you're
holding! However, the sinners will
die once more before they are cut!
They will die from this sound!

DAN TREMP listens to Brooks's tirade and chuckles good-naturedly.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

(to Mr. Tremp)

I'll leave you, Mr. Tremp. I'm going to check on the plasterers' work.

(He walks toward the plasterers)

Hey, you lazy bums.

At this moment, Joe approaches Tremp.

JOE

Hello, sir.

DAN TREMP

(friendly))

Hello, Tramp!

JOE

(with surprise))

You remember me?

DAN TREMP

Why would I forget about you?

JOE

My life is like this, that a lot of people I met on the way there were just a mirage.

DAN TREMP

But your name is Joe? Joe "the Tramp!"

(smiles)

JOE

(smiles)

I now understand why you laughed at my nickname when you first met me.

DAN TREMP

Yes, my friend! The world is full of coincidences and surprises. But I said I wouldn't forget you. I remember people I like. And also — I have a good memory. I did well in school

(laughs)

And you, Joe — did you do well in school?

(he pats Joe on the shoulder)

Come, I want to show you something!

Tremp leads Joe to a huge window.

DAN TREMP (CONT'D)

Yes, Joe, I got a good education,
which is thanks to my parents and
the school. Today students don't
get knowledge. Too many of them end
up on the street after school.
Schools suffer from crime and don't
teach anything! Look, Joe!

Dan turns Joe to face the window, holding his shoulders.

DAN TREMP (CONT'D)

Here, Joe! This is the world I'm
building!

JOE

(looking out of the
window)

The construction business is a
complex business.

Joe turns from the window to the businessman standing behind him and SUDDENLY his expression changes. He SEES A THREAT!

Joe (P.O.V.): As the Tremp speaks, we see the room through Joe's eyes. The Businessman is standing opposite Joe. In the distance, Brooks is talking to the plasterers. The Tremp's guard has soiled his jacket and tries to brush it. Everyone is busy with their business.

DAN TREMP (O.S.)

That's right. I'm ready for
anything. People mixed up into
dangerous situations all the time
just becaus

At this time, Simon is approaching the Tremp from behind, in his hand a GUN!

DAN TREMP (O.S.) (CONT'D)

...they're not properly prepared.

At this time, Simon raises his hand and points a gun at the Tremp! Joe's instant movement PUSHES Dan Tremp away. SHOOT!

Joe takes several lightning steps towards Simon, moving like a pendulum. Joe jumps at Simon's feet and knocks him down.

Joe grabs Simon by the hand he holds a gun in. SECOND SHOT!

Joe applies a wrestling joint lock (or wrestling arm lock) to his opponent's hand.

Simon with a groan and bestial growl releases the gun.

At this moment, a security guard falls on top of Joe and Simon. Simon is secured! The guard twisted Simon's hands and pressed his face to the floor. Brooks runs up with the workers.

Joe slowly rises from the floor. Blood runs down his right cheek.

Joe breathes hard, dusts off his clothes and speaks with irony

JOE

Thank you for your timely help!

49

INT. DAN TREMP'S OFFICE - DAY

Very large office. High ceiling, under the ceiling shines crystal chandelier. In the office stands not just expensive, but luxurious furniture. The table is huge, made of rare mahogany. Cozy, soft furniture covered with light-brown leather. Everything in the office highlights its owner's ambition.

Joe sinks into one of the chairs. He has a band-aid on his right ear. Dan Tremp walks around the room excitedly.

Dan Tremp goes from corner to corner and excitedly says.

DAN TREMP

They want war! I don't like war!
It's only in times of peace that
business serves to create something
better. I like to create! But you
see, Joe, I have to fight too!

JOE

Any war destroys everything around
it. Buildings, fates, human lives.
And if buildings can be rebuilt and
make even more money on this
business, then destroyed destinies
- not.

DAN TREMP

For me, money is just a tool. I've
told you about it before. I care
about the process, about the
result. And I'm a real American!

(gesticulating
emphatically)

(MORE)

DAN TREMP (CONT'D)

And any real American is a peaceful person who wants to raise children, not fight. And I'm the same! But if your opponent does not want peace, then you must compel him to peace. And there is only one way for this - peace through force! And to do this you need to have strength and be prepared for any surprises.

JOE

(with irony)

I remember someone saying recently: "People get into dangerous situations all the time just because they are not properly prepared." You don't remember who said that?

DAN TREMP

(stops)

What? Oh, you remembered my words? (with a smile)
Do you think I wasn't ready for an attack?

The businessman takes a quick step to get up in front of Joe and sit down. He looks at Joe carefully with a squint.

DAN TREMP (CONT'D)

You're wrong! I was ready for that. Being prepared for the unexpected is to do things that can save you from trouble. For example, the fact that I met you was a right move!

JOE

(laughs)

So it is you, sir, who has placed the stars in the sky so that we have met?!

DAN TREMP

Stop telling me "sir"! You risked your life for me. You're hurt!

JOE

It's nothing, it's just a scratch!

DAN TREMP

(hands-on)

Scratch?! That scratch on your ear - bullet scratch! A few inches and you'd be dead!

(MORE)

DAN TREMP (CONT'D)

But your actions were incredible!
Are you professional? Marines,
special forces? You fought?

JOE

Yes, I was in Vietnam. But I don't
like to remember it, much less talk
about it.

DAN TREMP

Yes, I understand. From today I'm
just "Dan" to you. Well, at least.

(pause)

At least when it's just you and me!

(claps Joe on the
shoulder)

I don't care about the
subordination!

(laughs)

The businessman gets up from his chair and goes to the
minibar, takes out a bottle and two glasses.

DAN TREMP (CONT'D)

I rarely drink, but today is one of
those days! Shall we have a drink?

Joe shrugs, showing - why not?

Dan pours the whiskey into the glasses and then approaches
Joe. He holds out a glass to him and sits down in front of
him.

DAN

This shooter is a thorn in my side.
I knew him pretty well!
I hope the detective can get
everything that creep knows out of
him!

JOE

You must have crossed someone's
path.

DAN

Finance and business are dangerous
waters in which voracious sharks
swim in search of prey.

JOE

Half an hour ago you could have
been the prey.

The phone rings. Dan steps up to the table and picks up the phone.

DAN
(bewildered)
What? How did it happen?!!

Dan drops the phone. With a grimacing expression, he approaches Joe and sits down in the chair. He takes a sip of whiskey.

DAN (CONT'D)
He's dead.

JOE
Who?

DAN
Shooter!

DAN (CONT'D)
The doctors have diagnosed cardiac arrest! Simon was as healthy as a bull! I'm sure he did not die by his own death!

JOE
And what now?

Dan speaks in a powerful tone.

DAN
The game has just begun! Now the ball is on my side! On our side, Joe! Are you with me?

Joe takes a sip of whiskey and examines the chair Dan is sitting in.

CLOSE-UP ON THE CHAIR

A deep scratch is visible on the luxurious leather upholstery.

JOE (V.O.) (THOUGHTFUL)
Only a scratch. (pause)

JOE
I need to go away for a few days. It's very important to me. And I need some money.

DAN
 (spreading his hands in
 confusion)
 Yes, of course! I will pay you. And
 when you come back — I will find a
 suitable job for you. Next to me!

JOE
 Do you really need me?

DAN
 (looking Joe in the eye)
 I think we both need each other!

Dan gets up and speaks in his usual overbearing tone.

DAN (CONT'D)
 People who play games with me don't
 show their faces on TV. That's
 their advantage. But they have a
 drawback — they don't know that I
 know about their existence
 (gesticulating
 emphatically)
 I know who they are!

And now the game will go by my rules!

JOE
 (stands up from the chair) There
 have always been rules in my life.
 The rules of my conscience.
 DAN

(pours himself another
 whiskey)
 Your nickname sounds almost like my
 last name. And it's spelled with
 only one letter difference!
 (MORE)
 DAN (CONT'D)

I see it as a sign of destiny! Do you believe in destiny?

JOE (CONT'D)
 (with irony)
 Lately, I've even stopped believing
 my own eyes!

DAN
 Remember, Joe, that the world is
 really cruel and people are
 ruthless.

They may smile at you, but behind the smiles is a desire to kill you. Predators in the jungle kill for food - and only humans kill for fun.

Even friends are happy to stab you in the back: they need your job, your house, your money, your wife - and your dog, after all!

Joe throws his hands up with a sarcastic grin

JOE

I have no home, no wife, and no dog! I'm a tramp!

50 EXT. STREET. CHINESE CAFÉ - DAY

We see a Chinese cafe already familiar to us. Joe approaches the cafe. Next to the cafe is RED SPORTS CAR!

Joe looks out of the car window. There is no one inside the car. A stray dog runs past the car. Joe steps aside, looks around, and turning back to the car, sees the old "hippie" man passing by in a wheelchair. Joe comes to the cafe and opens the doors.

51 INT. CHINESE CAFÉ - DAY

Joe walks into the cafe. Behind the bar is the same smiling Lee, in a white apron and hat. Joe from the door excitedly asks Lee.

JOE

Who came in this car?!

LEE

(with an unflappable voice)

Hello, Joe! What are you talking about, friend? What kind of car?

JOE

(getting more nervous) Red, sports! Red "Corvette"!

52 EXT. STREET. CHINESE CAFÉ - DAY

Lee and Joe stand near the cafe, looking around. There is no car in the street near the cafe. Just a little further stands an old minivan.

LEE
 (with unflappable
 composure and a hint of a
 smile)
 My van doesn't look like a sports
 car.

JOE
 (in disbelief)
 He was standing here! Right there!
 Car is gone. Who could it be?
 (asking Lee)

LEE
 I don't know, Joe. I'll just say
 one thing - rich people don't come
 into my cafe! Maybe you have
 friends who have such cool cars?

He smiling hugs Joe and they go back together to the cafe.

53 INT. CHINESE CAFÉ - DAY

Joe enters the cafe. Joe sits down silently at the table.

LEE
 You won't be ordering your favorite
 noodles today? Am I right to guess
 that?

JOE
 Are you trying to guess?

LEE
 (sits down at Joe's table)
 Correct. I never try to guess
 anything.
 (Lee's face becomes
 serious)
 I always analyze the information
 and on the basis of concrete facts
 known to me make predictions.

JOE
 Smart thinking from a simple cook!
 Or are you not really a cook after
 all?

LEE
 (changing face, smiling)
 Why? Cooking is very amusing to me!
 (MORE)

LEE (CONT'D)

Also I like to communicate with the visitors of my cafe, with different people. AND WITH YOU!

JOE

And nothing amuses me. Long time! Since I stopped being myself. Since I started my journey, in which I lose my friends. The path in which my happiness is only in a good whiskey. And I'm also happy when I can sleep in peace, and I don't have nightmares!

LEE

You're always welcome here. And my sister remembers you. I think she likes you!
(with a smile)

JOE

(with an incredulous look) Xiaomin was away?

LEE

(surprised)
No. Why would you think that? She's at the university for her studies.

JOE

(suspiciously)
I know that one Xiaomin Lee worked in the office of a construction company. Real estate construction in the state of Nevada. That was a couple months ago!

LEE

(with a smile)
Someone's building a new Las Vegas in Nevada?

54 EXT. STREET. CHINESE CAFE. - DAY

An elderly "hippie" in a wheelchair drives around the corner of the Chinese cafe. Around the corner of the cafe, he meets Xiaomin.

ELDERLY MAN

(with a kind smile)
Hello, Xiaomin! You haven't been around your brother's cafe for a long time. You are such a beauty!

Xiaomin smiles sweetly in response and walks towards the back entrance of the Chinese cafe.

CLOSE UP - XIAOMIN'S FACE

Instead of a smile, a cold look appears in her eyes, and her lips are tightly pressed together.

Xiaomin opens the cafe door from the back entrance and goes inside.

PAN SHOT OF THE STREET

A RED SPORTS CAR is parked on the opposite side!

55

INT. CHINESE CAFE - DAY

LEE

(smiling)

No, Joe. You were wrong, it wasn't my sister. There are more Chinese named Lee in America than all the "Smith," "Johnsons," and "Millers" combined. Xiaoming is at home, preparing for her exams. But I think Xiaoming will find time for you if you want to visit her!

JOE

(with a sad smile)

I'm always happy here with you. I'm comfortable here. It seems to me that your cafe is the only island of peace in the sea of madness that surrounds me. Xiaomin is a good girl and worthy of happiness. And my soul is as rough as bark of an oak. And my happiness remains somewhere far in the past, which I do not remember at all.

LEE

If the soul is stiff and the heart is callous up, you will not get any luck in any case. If the heart is calm and the spirit is balanced, HAPPINESS itself will come to you. But you are wrong. Your soul is not hardened. And your spirit is not balanced, because you do not know the nature of your spirit. You came to me for some reason, didn't you?

JOE

I don't know why I came to you. And I can't figure out why I met that guy from the construction business. I don't know why there are penguins in Antarctica, but there aren't any at the other pole of the earth! I don't know much. I have nothing to lose, I was already dying in Vietnam. But I was not only dying there, but also killing
(Joe's eyes radiate aggression)

LEE

(calm, with a smile)
And how do you know there are no penguins at the North Pole? Have you been there?
(puts on apron)
All you know is what you've been told or shown on TV.

CLOSE-UP. JOE'S FACE.

Joe's face is puzzled.

JOE

You're saying strange words. Why am I here?

Lee stands up and walks to the bar

LEE

The right question would be - why do you want to come here. You consider yourself a free man, right?

Lee takes a bottle of "habushu" from the shelf and returns, sitting down at Joe's table

LEE (CONT'D)

You came because you are starting to SEE!
People call it intuition!

56

EXT. STREET VIEW THROUGH CAFE GLASS DOORS - DAY

An old hippie in a wheelchair passes by the cafe doors, a stray dog runs next to him.

57 INT. CHINESE CAFÉ - DAY

Lee pointing a hand toward the door

LEE

Look, Joe, you've probably met this old man on your way to me. He often wanders around here. But you didn't pay attention to him, although the information about him is in the subconscious of your brain. You don't know how to extract information from the depths of your consciousness.

Not long ago, a man died who created an unusual computing machine - the perceptron. To create the perceptron, he used research in neurobiology. He tried to bring the features of a living brain into the world of soulless machines. His name was Rosenblatt.

JOE

I've heard of him somewhere. So what's next?

LEE

(laughed)

No, Joe! You won't understand this information while you're sober. Maybe you'll take a chance this time?

Lee puts on the table a bottle with "habushu", inside of which is a snake.

Joe looks at the bottle for a few seconds, then waves and says

JOE

Pour!

Lee poured the "habushu" into a shot glass and Joe drank it with a dash. Then he looked at Lee in a questioning manner.

CLOSE-UP. FACE OF THE LEE

LEE

(tight lips, sharp eyes))
What if you found out that you didn't kill anyone?

(MORE)

LEE (CONT'D)
And you've never been to Vietnam?

58 INT. SENATOR'S OFFICE - DAY

TITERS: Washington, 2028

With his back to the camera, a black man is sitting in a chair. Opposite him at the big table is the senator. He is elderly, but physically strong, with beautiful hair. Behind the senator hangs a portrait of George Washington.

SENATOR
(official tone of voice)
You, Mulligan, don't understand a lot. Your program is not just a breakthrough in artificial intelligence research. It is first of all an opportunity to change things in our country and the world.

MULLIGAN (V.O.)
Yes, Mr Gray, and this program is already paying off.

SENATOR GRAY
Time, time! That's what we're losing! Only the end result of your work will answer the question - And why do we invest so much money in this program? The people who invest in your project value time and know how to count money!

Gray gets up from behind the table and sits down on the edge of the table with his hands on his chest.

SENATOR GRAY (CONT'D)
Do you know why they are so good at counting?
(in his eyes a rapacious look)
Yes, because they do it for centuries! Their ancestors invested in this country, back in those distant days, when he
(pointing his finger at the portrait of Washington)
Was still working as a land surveyor! Do not underestimate them!

Gray approaches Mulligan, passing him from behind and putting his hands on his shoulders. The camera moves around. We see MULLIGAN sitting in his chair: HE IS THE DOUBLE OF JOE "THE TRAMP"! (or THEY ARE THE SAME MAN!)

Gray goes and sits at his table.

MULLIGAN

Don't underestimate the power of science. And a person's abilities are determined only by the complexity of the circumstances in which he has fallen!

(smiles)

GRAY

(smiling kindly, with some arrogance)

Yes, you're a smart man, John! So you understand me perfectly. And that's why you have a beautiful wife! How is Nancy? What does she do?

MULLIGAN

Thank you, good! She's raising my son, that's her main occupation. And now she's probably in church as usual!

GRAY

(laughs nicely)

Yes, of course! Faith in God and a strong family is the foundation of our society! That's what our founding fathers thought! And you know what I'll tell you? (Gray's face gets a rapacious expression again) They LIED! The foundation of our society is BIG CAPITAL! Well, go, and work. You will be allocated the necessary amount to purchase the equipment in the coming days.

MULLIGAN

Thank you

He stands up and squeezes the senator's hand.

59

EXT. CITY STREET. POST OFFICE. DAY

Lots of people. A lot of traffic. A small, inexpensive car pulls up to the post office.

Mulligan quickly exits the car and walks inside.

60 INT. POST OFFICE - DAY

A typical small American post office. Behind the desk is a postman serving an elderly woman.

Mulligan approaches the office door. that leads into the office. A guard blocks his way. Mulligan shows him some ID and the guard quietly steps away. Mulligan opens the door and walks down the corridor. The camera moves behind him.

The corridor is poorly lit, dimly flickering lights. At the end of the corridor there is a door with a code lock. Mulligan dials the code and opens a heavy armored door. Behind the door is a brightly lit small room, A brightly lit small room. By a small table at the entrance sits a man in a white shirt.

He is wearing a holster with a gun. A jacket is draped over the back of the chair. He appears to be a special services agent. Man nods his head and salutes to Mulligan.

AGENT

Hello, sir.

Mulligan walks by in silence and opens the next door.

61 INT. MULLIGAN'S LAB - DAY

Behind the door is a brightly lit large room with lots of electronic equipment on shelves. This is IT- laboratorie. On the opposite side of the room another door. Stand 2 tables, one table is packed with papers and all sorts of appliances. In the corner stands a coffee machine. At the second table, we see MATTHEW! He takes his eyes off the computer and turns to Mulligan.

MULLIGAN

Hey, Matthew!

Mulligan approaches Matthew and they hug

MATTHEW

How's the How's the «hill town»?

MULLIGAN

(laughs)

The "hill town's" still standing strong! Washington is the citadel of the world! Washington is eternal, like the pyramid of Khufu.

(MORE)

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

The money of the whole world and
all the greed of this world is its
foundation.

MATTHEW

(wipes the glasses)
Yeah? I heard that the Khufu's
pyramid is slowly falling apart.

MULLIGAN

Don't believe it!
(both laughing)
Matthew speaks with feigned threat
and with a twinkle in his eye

MATTHEW

Joe, do me a favor - have the lamps
in the hall with bright lights! One
day I'll break my neck in this
hallway and you'll be without a
valuable employee! And I want to
work in a decent lab, with a good
and inexpensive buffet. Also - with
many beautiful programmer girl and
that the laboratory is located on
the top floor of a skyscraper
overlooking the Hudson! My life
plans did not include working as a
spy in the post office building!

MULLIGAN

(smiles)
You have to hide the most valuable
things where there are a lot of
people. Where no one will think to
look. And I absolutely forbid you
to break your neck, because I can't
stand Randy's company without you!
By the way, where is he?

MATTHEW

He's got a problem with his wife.
He won't be here today.

Mulligan takes the chair and sits down opposite Matthew.

MULLIGAN

He will soon have problem finding a
new job

Mulligan changes his expression from cheerful to disgruntled.
Matthew gets up and goes to the coffee machine. On the way,
he stumbles awkwardly over a chair.

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

(laughs)

Buddy, I see you can break your neck in any light! Bright too!

Matthew discontentedly waves and then pours coffee

MATTHEW

You want coffee?

MULLIGAN

No, thank you.

Matthew looking from under the glasses

MATTHEW

Randy is the best engineer. And you know that! I'm terrified that one day our fat man Randy will end up in a mental hospital because of his wife, and then you, Joe from the heavenly life of the theorist, will be plunged into the earth's hell of computer hardware, wires and electric soldering iron.

MULLIGAN

(with fake fright)

Don't even say those words! Words can materialize!

Matthew sits down at his desk, grabs coffee and continues the conversation:

And how is our tireless senator Gray? Still fighting for democracy? (with irony)

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

Of course! Or the Democratic Party. In his mind, it's the same thing. The important thing is that our project will not only be funded further but also. (pause)

MATTHEW

And?

MULLIGAN

The funding will increase!

MATTHEW

(claps his hands)

And that means my genius friend
will finally buy himself a decent
car!

MULLIGAN

About my genius, I told you a long
time ago, back in college, but you
didn't believe me, you grumpy
bastard. And as for the car, I will
hardly buy myself a limo! (laughs)
I have no need of showy wealth, my
friend! My real wealth is here.

(thumping himself on the
forehead))

Well, tell me Matthew, how's our
Character?

MATTHEW

Your favorite «Tramp» as always
cheerful, unpredictable, but most
importantly - purposeful! In this
he are very similar to the Object.
It is no wonder that the Object in
its time from a successful
businessman, whose a dime a dozen
became big politic!

MULLIGAN

First one of the top ten, and then
the first one! Left nine other
political losers to sit on the
bench!

(laughs)

MATTHEW

Gray knows about your plans?

MULLIGAN

In broad outline. The Object was
calculated by artificial
intelligence and analyzed
thoroughly by me. Based on the data
I can assume with a high
probability that Object - our Mr
«Dan» will determine the policy of
the 21st century.

MATTHEW

I'm guessing that Gray's not
comfortable with this option?

MULLIGAN

Why Gray is not happy with this option? You're wrong. It's all about which side the Object will be on. If he is on the side of Gray's opponents, then there will be a question of choosing someone from the remaining nine instead! However, Gray isn't the kind of high-flying bird who makes fateful decisions on his own. And who makes the decisions? And who are these other nine lucky ones?

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

(hard look)

You ask too many questions. Let's talk about our «Tramp» in more detail.

MATTHEW

Your plan, Joe is progressing very well. The Character has already made two contacts with the Object and what's important - successfully completed the procedure of controlling his neural mind. He was at a control point!

MULLIGAN

(speaks passionately)

Double contact with the Object is very good, very good, Matt! But I'm worried about control, always control! It is important to establish a connection between the Character and the Object, but even more important is not to lose the key to magic door in Papa Carlo's room! Otherwise, our Pinocchio will get lost and fall into a rabbit hole, just like the careless Alice! And we, Matt, do not need a wonderland! We need a country where math is the rule!

MATTHEW

We cannot guide the "Tramp" through a control location too often. This may have an extremely negative effect on his neural stability. And as a consequence - on the stability of neural network processes.

(MORE)

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Because you, Joe, created him
almost ALIVE!

MULLIGAN

(laughs)

Why «almost alive»? He is ALIVE!
But not from flesh and blood, but
from numbers and algorithms. You
told me how he likes to drink
whiskey and have fun with girls!

MATTHEW

Yeah! Joe the Tramp is the complete
opposite of you, Joe Mulligan! You
don't like whiskey and you're a
one-woman man! By the way, the
location for control of "Tramp" in
the form of a Christian temple - is
it because of Nancy?

MULLIGAN

To some extent - yes. She is a
Christian. And I love this «saint»
madly! (laughs) Moreover, I wanted
a little exotic! Fantasy is my
inner «I» (smiles) And yes - you're
right! I don't like whiskey, I
drink cognac!

MATTHEW

I don't always understand
Character's motives, his actions.
Sometimes he chooses places of his
visits that I cannot determine.
It's the same with some of the
other characters he meets. See,
Joe, I can track his activity
through graphs and digital codes
that I'm trying to decode with a
converter. But we don't have a
video camera THERE! We can't be
absolutely sure about it!

MULLIGAN

(smiling condescendingly)

You don't have to be sure of him.
You have to be sure of me!

MATTHEW

And yet! After the second contact
with the Object, the character
immediately changed his location!

(MORE)

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

He returned to the location "New York" and immediately went to his favorite Chinese eatery! His mistress is Chinese, his favorite cafe is a cafe with Chinese food. Don't you think it's strange?

MALLIGAN

(laughs)

You said yourself he's "almost alive"! So he's having fun! And the fact that he likes Chinese food and Chinese girls doesn't mean anything. You're not surprised that I'm a black guy married to a charming white Creole!

MATTHEW

Has it ever occurred to you that Chinese AI research isn't standing still?

MULLIGAN

I do know that. And I know they've advanced quite far in their research. But they're building electronic machines for AI! And our project is a "free mind" project, an independent module, which is what "Tramp".

MATTHEW

So you're not at all confused by the Character's actions?

Mulligan moves the chair even closer to Matthew's table, seriously says

MULLIGAN

The character « Tramp » was designed by me as a self-learning model within the global world system of artificial intelligence. By my design, he can't go beyond the limits of his powers, but can act independently in critical situations.

MATTHEW

Act contrary to the goals of the program embedded in HIM??

Mulligan gets up and goes to the coffee machine, takes a glass and keeps talking.

MULLIGAN

It is impossible to embed a primitive control program in the «Tramp». And to trace accurately its location in the digital world, also impossible. For this there is a «control location» developed by me - a place in the world of AI, where the character is for some time under our full control.

And only there can we influence his future actions! By giving the possibility to «Tramp» to function as a independent module, we can get incredible results in terms of efficiency. Results that would be impossible to achieve if we limited its actions!

Mulligan speaks and pours himself a coffee. A few drops come into his hand and slightly burn the hand.

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

(smiles)

Good coffee, hot!

He tries to wipe his hand, and Matthew hands him a napkin.

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

(wipes his hand)

My theory was based on the Kohonen principle, whose main element is the Kohonen layer. This layer consists of adaptive linear summers. As a rule, the output signals of the Kohonen layer are processed according to the rule «Winner gets everything»!

That's why the "Tramp" will achieve his goal. The winner gets everything! But the winner, having received a medal for victory will never leave his champion's podium!! This will be the last location of «Tramp».

Mulligan takes a sip of coffee and puts down the glass. He then sits in the chair opposite Matthew.

MATTHEW

I know Joe, the whole basic scheme you developed (pause) but how can virtual processes affect real-world processes?

MULLIGAN

They can, my friend! And not only in the real world of the present time, but also in different time periods!

62 EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

On the dusty edge of a rooftop lies a man in a simple dark-gray windbreaker with a deep hood that completely conceals his face from potential observation. He slowly, with military precision, deploys the bipod and leans into the buttstock of a high-precision, large-caliber rifle with a massive suppressor, preparing to fire.

A cold city wind flutters the edge of his hood. The camera, hanging behind the GRAY MAN, slowly circles the figure of the tense shooter. The lens stops in front of him. The large-caliber rifle almost hides his face. The DEEP SHADOW beneath the hood is all we see. The camera gradually moves closer, plunging into this shadow. The man does not blink, his gaze fixed on the target. The rifle is perfectly still in the complete silence.

And then, through the shadow, where the bright daylight catches the edge of the leather hood, a sharp and unexpected contrast emerges: a fiery, copper-like, RED STRAND of hair. Cold, steel-like eyes are fully revealed, and we see the face of SIMON!

A SHOT rings out!

63 EXT. POLITICAL RALLY - DAY

The camera is positioned right BEHIND SENATOR TREMP (a view from the back, his face is obscured; the former young businessman DAN TREMP, now an older man in his eighties, but still a fervent senator, Daniel Tremp), who stands on the tribune and looks out at the vast, dusty pavilion.

Thousands of people stretch out before him as far as the horizon—a pulsating, screaming sea of faces. They wave flags and hold hand-drawn banners with crude slogans: "WE ARE FOR DANIEL TREMP!", "FIGHT THE DIVISION!", "AMERICA FIRST!". The scene is frantic, loud, and full of raw energy.

TREMP

We must become better as a country
and come together, and put an end
to the insane division that is
pushing us to this point. We will
fight for this nation! Fight!
Fight! Fight!

Suddenly, a bullet WHIZZES past! Senator Tremp GRABS his
right ear, a small trickle of blood visible, and ducks down
behind the tribune!

Security guards immediately cover him.

64 EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

A three-man SWAT team cautiously approaches the killer lying
on the edge of the roof. Two more cover them. His hooded head
rests limply on the rifle. One of the officers moves closer,
and we see that the hood is bloody. The officer lifts the
hood.

CLOSE UP OF HOOD

We see the bloodied face of an UNKNOWN KILLER with Asian
features!

65 INT. MULLIGAN'S LAB - DAY

MULLIGAN

The great Einstein changed
fundamental views of time and
space. According to Einstein's
theory of relativity, time must be
perceived as an EQUAL component of
space-time that can participate in
the transformation of coordinates!
Understand? Transform COORDINATE!
In other words, any location in
space!

Matthew makes some pencil marks on the paper.

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

(continues to speak)

You walk the earth, Matthew,
according to the law that Newton
discovered. But your speed is
negligible, your size greatly
exceeds the size of an atom, and
the distances you cross are
insignificant.

(MORE)

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

Where the speed of light - there is no Newton's law. And in the world around us, there are gravitational waves and neutron stars that we have only recently learned about. The mass of a neutron star, comparable to the mass of the Sun, but the radius of such a star is only 10 kilometers! Tiny size with incredible mass!

The speed of light is a fundamental constant of 299,792,458 meters per second. It's the velocity of light in a vacuum. What speed can neurons in artificial intelligence achieve? In intelligence, in which the speed of processes is not limited to the speed of blood movement in the vessels of the brain?!

MATTHEW

(with irony)

You have a great memory for numbers, Joe! How much did you say - 299 million and?

Mulligan continues to speak emotionally, ignoring Matthew's words.

MULLIGAN

But the adaptation of artificial intelligence to the real world cannot be final. until the ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE learns to feel what a person feels. For example, he should feel HUNGER when his power source is discharged!

MATTHEW

(ponderous)

AND FEAR of being turned off. And then what? Hatred for your creator, because he controls him?

MULLIGAN

(laughs)

Well, why is that? - Our "Tramp" is the sweetest boy! Take my wife, Nancy, as an example.

(MORE)

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

He does not hate the Creator when the hail destroys her flowers in the flower bed! More than that, she loves Him!

MATTHEW

But why after completing your task «Tramp» you will not need?

MULLIGAN

Not because I don't need it, but because its further use will be impossible. Do you remember in what year we performed a digital brain scan on the prototype of our "Tramp"?

MATTHEW

Sure I remember! We did a digital brain scan of old man Vaughan in 2015.

MALLIGAN

That's right! We scanned the brain of former Sergeant Vogan, a veteran of the Vietnam War who had stomach cancer and was left to live for several days. The scanned data was then used to improve the world's first independent module.

An independent module within a global AI system! It was in this year that our project «Tramp» started. Exactly in the same year, but already in the digital world of our wanderer "Tramp" the space-time loop will close! Then our digital object «Dan» and real person will become one! Everything that will know and feel «businessman Dan» - the same thing will know and feel future famous politician Dan who will start to change the world!

MATTHEW

(sarcastically)

And then Senator Tremp will be Gray's puppet? Or maybe yours?

MULLIGAN

Gray will remain the same cunning bastard Gray, and Tremp - the same cynical and patriotic Tremp.

(MORE)

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

Well, unless.

(With irony)

He becomes a little smarter and more determined! Our old man Tremp, unlike his "young" module Dan Tremp, is a human being. And a human always has a choice!

He'll build the world in which there will be no chaos, but mathematical order. But Joe «Tramp» will again become the dying sergeant Vogan, alas. However, we have given him many interesting life-filled years!

Matthew continues to write something on a piece of paper.

The phone rings. Mulligan picks up the phone.

MULLIGAN

Yes, dear! Of course I will be very soon! Well, after coming from Washington, I couldn't not go to work and see the grumpy Matthew! But I'm coming to you on the wings of love!

CLOSE UP - PENCIL. PAPER.

Matthew's hand breaks the pencil lead against a sheet of paper. On the sheet is written Latin (on the screen - translations):

Homo ergaster (Working man)

Homo habilis (skilled man)

Homo sapiens (Intelligent man)

Finally, the last sentence is written in English. At this phrase Matthew broke his pencil:

MAN FUCKING CRAZY!

66

EXT. CHRISTIAN TEMPLE, LAWN - DAY.

The temple is the same as the one in which the Wanderer was. Mulligan's car arrives. He comes out and walks into the temple.

67

INT. TEMPLE. RENOVATION IN THE TEMPLE

The priest stands on the stairs and drills something in the wall. Dust, icons are hung, some candles are burning.

MALLIGAN

Hello, Father Andrew! What are you drilling? Is there no one else to do the repair?

Priest strong build old man, slowly down the stairs

PRIEST

Hello, Joseph. People have stopped working - I'll tell you what (coughing and shaking dust from clothes) So I go back to doing everything myself. Yes, I was not always a priest, in my youth I had the opportunity to work on construction. I learned a lot - and work and think. Now working with hands is not prestigious, everyone wants to be a lawyer or dentist (laughs)

MALLIGAN

Well, no way! I certainly did not dream of being a dentist in my youth (laughs). Just the sight of tools on the dentist's table makes me want to jump out the window!

PRIEST

(laughs nicely)

Yeah, yeah. Soon, friend (claps Mulligan on the shoulder) will not have someone to hit a nail or milk a cow!

MALLIGAN

Well, it's not all that unfortunate, Father! Progress is accelerating, maybe the cow won't be needed for milk any time soon!

Mulligan smiles, he's getting bored with the conversation. He looks around/

MALLIGAN (CONT'D)

Where's Nancy, Father?

PRIEST

Will people no longer need cows?
Yeah, yeah, yeah. God forbid!

(MORE)

PRIEST (CONT'D)

Nancy's in the library, learning the word of God. I'm happy for her. I don't see you, my friend, in the temple. Alas!

MALLIGAN

Well, you know how I feel about religion. And there's no time at all.

The priest takes the ladder, puts it to the other wall.

PRIEST

Here, here. No time. You say, progress?

(putting the ladder, comes to Mulligan)

The man invented a plane, now does not ride on a creaky wagon.

CLOSE UP - THE HANDS OF A PRIEST.

The priest wipes his palms, squeezes and unclenches his fists, massaging his hands. Andrew's father's hands are big, firm. He continues to speak

PRIEST (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Nowadays, people don't use abacuses, they now have computing machines that can not only count but also think instead people.

FACE OF MULLIGAN. CLOSE-UP

Mulligan's listens thoughtfully to the priest

PRIEST (V.O.)

- Man changes the world around him. But also the world changes man! And despite the planes, computers and delivery of ready food to the house of a person the MAIN problem in his life is lack of time!

Priest clutching Mulligan's shoulder tightly

PRIEST

Modern man has no time for anything. He doesn't have time to play with his child, he doesn't have time to have a cup of tea or something stronger (smiles) with a friend.

(MORE)

PRIEST (CONT'D)

And he doesn't have time to get
everything done at his job either.
That's how

you are, Joe! So maybe this progress is going the wrong way,
don't you think?

MULLIGAN

Maybe

(thoughtfully)

or maybe the Creator you believe in
has made a mistake?

(with sarcasm)

Should we make an amendment to His
project ourselves?

PRIEST

My son, the Lord is perfecting His
project every day and correcting
many things in it. Many things
happen around us every day. We
think of them as accidents. But
there's no such thing as accidents,
Joe! And the Lord is slow. He is
unhurried. Haste and bustle is the
devil's domain, but God takes His
time, and therefore He is thorough.
And He endures the sins of many for
the salvation of at least some!

NANCY (O.S.)

Beloved, are you here?

Priest turns his head towards her

NANCY (CONT'D)

I thought you'd be late as usual!
Frank called half an hour ago,
they're going to go with my brother
to the farm, feed the calves!

NANCY is running. She's in a light dress. She has big
beautiful eyes and a charming smile.

MULLIGAN

(hugs Nancy)

Great! The main thing is that he
didn't take my son to clean the
pigsty! (laughs) But it's good that
the boy will be outdoors for a few
weeks.

NANCY

Joe, because of your arrogance, you
can only be tolerated by your
computers!
(laughs)

PRIEST

(kind)
Well, go with God, my children! I
have a lot of work to do.

NANCY AND MULLIGAN

(Holding each other)
Goodbye, Holy Father
(Mulligan))
God bless you!
(Nancy)

68 INT. HOUSE OF MULLIGAN. HALL - DAY.

A cozy home setting. In the hall, the door opens and Mulligan enters. He has Nancy hanging on his back holding his hands around his neck. Both laugh.

MULLIGAN

How long are you going to ride me?
Even the horse needs to be fed!

Nancy keeps laughing, leaps off with Mulligan and both go to the kitchen.

NANCY

The horse was lazy and did not want
to take his rider with his own son
to his brother

69 INT. HOUSE OF MULLIGAN. KITCHEN - DAY

Mulligan smiles and speaks in a positive way.

MULLIGAN

Nancy, you know that work is my
mistress! And you know where it is.
Not every wife has this information
about her rival! (sits down at the
table, laughs)

NANCY

(with a smile, but serious
tone)
But other wives can pull out their
rivals' hair! I can't.

Mulligan comes from behind to Nancy, who is doing something on the kitchen table, hugs her by the shoulders and speaks in a conciliatory way.

MULLIGAN

Honey, I promise you that in exactly two weeks when I finish this project I will give you all of himself, throw my phone in the trash can and we'll watch your favorite French comedy together and litter chips all over the room! Or maybe not only that! (playful)

NANCY

By then, we have to get Frank home. Or do you think my brother has enough strength and patience to keep your son in his house for a month?

Nancy laughs, continues to cook. Mulligan comes out of the kitchen.

70 INT. HOUSE MULLIGAN. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mulligan sits down on a sofa. He has a tired look.

MULLIGAN

Love, I'll rest a bit. Call me when dinner is ready
(speaks loudly)

NANCY (O.S.)

Okay. Don't go to sleep, I'll make a quick meal.

Mulligan gets up and walks over to the vinyl plate shelf, takes one, and then walks over to the audio stand. Puts the record on the player. Music is playing, presumably jazz, Coltrane.

MULLIGAN

(loudly)
Beautiful music! But the record is not new, there are many interferences.

Nancy enters the room, wipes her hands with a towel

NANCY

The food will be ready in 10 minutes.

(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)

This is a 68 original record. The record sounds great, sound is transparent, although there is «sand». But when I listen to Coltrane, I don't notice the noise!

Mulligan sits on the sofa, jokingly throws a pillow at Nancy

MULLIGAN

Oh, this is the original! Admit it, how much money did you throw in the wind?

NANSI

(guilty in tone)
80 dollars. And it's very cheap, believe me!

MULLIGAN

(with a playful voice)
Cheap - this is if I recorded Coltrane for you in digital format and with PERFECT sound quality. And it wouldn't be CHEAP but FREE. No clicks and hiss! (laughs)
On my server I can do EVERYTHING. I'm the King of digit!
(laughs)

Nancy sits down on a sofa next to Mulligan.

NANCY

My records have a soul, but your hardware doesn't! (playfully swats him on the back of the head)

MULLIGAN

But, but! Careful! My head is the heritage of all civilization!
(laughs)
Strange, usually it's a hobby for men, and here - a decent housewife turned out to be a music lover! Let me take EXACTLY THIS record, the incomparable ORIGINAL
(speaks with irony)
and through filters digitize it! And you, once hear it, the next day throw away all your records! I guarantee it!
(laughs)

NANCY
 (hugging him)
 Don't you have nothing else to
 digitize besides my poor Coltrane?
 (with sarcasm, smiling)

CLOSE UP - MULLIGAN'S FACE.

MULLIGAN
 There is still
 (instead of a smile, a serious expression appears)
 But it won't be for long! However,
 there is still a few things left to
 digitize!
 (smiles again)

NANCY
 - What?

CLOSE UP - FACE OF MULLIGAN.

A look of inspiration flashes across his face.

MULLIGAN
 HUMANITY!

NANCY
 (with fake fright)
 Me? Me too?

MULLIGAN
 Never!

Mulligan hugs Nancy and suddenly throws her on the couch.

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)
 How can I do without your tender
 kisses?! And not only!
 (both laughing)
 Nancy laughs, pretends to resist.

NANCY
 Joe! Jo! Wait! In the kitchen,
 there's a kitchen... Oven...

Joe kisses her without letting her speak. The camera moves in
 the other direction and focuses on the playing record player.
 Laughter is heard.

71 INT. MULLIGAN'S LAB - DAY

Matthew sits at his computer, Mulligan comes up behind him and puts his hands on his shoulders. Matthew shudders fearfully.

MATTHEW

Ugh. You scared me! Joe, you're like a KGB spy!

MULLIGAN

(laughs)

No! I didn't have time to become one! KGB is gone, they were disbanded before they had time to recruit me. What are you so concerned about?

MATTHEW

Our Character's actions are mostly focused, as they should be. At times his actions are chaotic and this is also normal, because we cannot take into account all the minor factors that in one way or another affect the behavior of the Character. For example, weather conditions, or a broken step on the ladder that Character's foot slipped off.

MULLIGAN

No, no! That's not a small thing! A damaged leg of the character may prevent him from coming to the right place at the right time. Thus, such a small detail will entail the appearance of a new link in the chain of cause and effect! Or vice versa - the breakage of the chain.

MATTHEW

(turned to Mulligan)

No matter how hard we try, we won't be able to build a perfectly clear projection. The artificial intelligence system has enough broad boundaries for autonomous activity. Otherwise, we would have to write in the program of every cockroach under the shoe of «Tramp»

MULLIGAN

What a pity!
 (smiles))
 And the Lord God controls
 everything, Himself! Every little
 thing! Go on.

Matthew adjusting his glasses, making a significant pause and continuing.

MATTHEW

Okay. There are actions of the
 Character that are understandable
 and natural within the project. But
 here is some new data. I see them
 on the latest activity charts of
 «Tramp» and other indirect data.
 They are not clear to me.

Mulligan quickly straightens up and turns to Randy, who is sitting at the corner of the lab, fiddling with some device. This is a young, fat man with a nice face and untidy hair. On Randy's table is a large cup of tea and a sandwich on a plate.

Mulligan speaks to him in a sharp tone.

MULLIGAN

Randy! Would you be a dear and go
 outside for a smoke?

RANDY

You forgot, sir! I've given up
 smoking for six months now!

MULLIGAN

(irritated)
 Well, then go drink some milk, or
 do 50 push-ups off the floor!

Randy exits the lab in bewilderment.

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

(to Matthew)
 Well?

MATTHEW

(wiping glasses)

The Character creates certain conditions under which contacts occur that are completely illogical, not related to achieving the tasks necessary for the project's goals. But at the same time, no minor details or side effects such as a broken step on the ladder or tornado no affected the Character.

(pauses)

MULLIGAN

Acting On His Own Will?

(laughs)

Listen to me, friend! The human can drink alcohol in large quantities, use drugs, drive a car with excessive speed.

(comes closer to Matthew)

Man knows that all this can kill him! And still

(clapping his hand on the table)

man DOES it!

(says excitedly)

Because the human is an IDIOT!

Mulligan takes a chair and sits next to Matthew and continues to speak in the tone of the teacher.

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

And also because human beings have emotions. Artificial intelligence has no emotion. The system will not allow a module with hostile intentions to operate within itself! It is not capable of doing any harm to itself.

MATTHEW

And harm a human?

Mulligan leaning on the back of a chair, says with a smile.

MULLIGAN

Then, Matthew, I'll just pull the plug out. I'll turn it off.

MATTHEW

And in tens of millions of computers across the internet, you're gonna take out a plug too?

MULLIGAN

(smiling nicely)

Matthew, don't exaggerate! In your opinion, shouldn't Alfred Nobel have invented dynamite?

MATTHEW

(looking under the glasses)

In my opinion, it would be better not to invent

Mulligan smiles, then pulls out his handkerchief, blowing his nose, and already in a serious tone says.

MULLIGAN

You and I are scientists, not politicians! So let's get on with it! What you have noticed may be the excessive activity of individual system fragments.

If the system actually independently programs events that go against the objectives of the project, then we will see this in the actions of the «Tramp» in the next control location.

And then we will create two or three active characters on the local network and use them in the project. You have done this not for the first time.

MATTHEW

(with an ironic smile)

Yes, it's not the first time I've done this. Tell me, was «Elvis» good? The guardian angel of our "Tramp". But

(pause)

But not everything is smooth. Attack on the Object we could not predict!

MULLIGAN

(with some irritation)

You're right.

(MORE)

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

We have to admit that the artificial intelligence system isn't perfect. The neural net continues to learn, just like you and I, Matt! And even if successful, at first glance, the network does not always learn exactly what the creator wanted from it.

MATTHEW

And if the Object had been harmed?

MULLIGAN

(enthusiastic)

I created the «Tramp»! I knew and know that he is capable of many things! And therefore the risk was equal to zero! In this incident, the neural net has essentially extrapolated to the Character - «Tramp» a potentially possible threat to «Mr Dan», to our Object. The threat that almost materialized in an attempt on real senator Daniel Tremp! We play strings of a very complex musical instrument. And no string should break! The line between realities is even finer than a web. But it had to be done! In order for the FUTURE not to crush us, we must.

Matthew looks into Mulligan's eyes and interrupts him, continuing to speak for Mulligan.

MATTHEW

We must leave the FUTURE alone! You said that we are scientists and we are not politicians! Is this really so? Is it true that we are not funded by the government? In whose interest does Senator Gray act?

Mulligan sitting with his foot on it.

MULLIGAN

They have their own goals. In some ways they coincide with my goals, in some things they don't (he gets up and starts walking back and forth, then sits down again opposite Matthew) But this is MY project!

(MORE)

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

And I will never play the game of someone else!

MATTHEW

What are your goals?

MULLIGAN

(with a smile)

My goals are not known even to myself!

MATTHEW

That's what scares me the most

MULLIGAN

Why?

MATTHEW

You're trying to change the reality. But the reality is what it is and the real world is much more than a bunch of wires in your computer. Trying to make your fantasies come true can hurt you and others around you.

MULLIGAN

(with sarcasm)

My «fantasies» are already working! And if so, it is no longer a fantasy, but reality. A person who is passionate about computer games can sit behind the monitor for hours. He already associates himself with the characters of his game! And the game he plays becomes more real to him than the world outside his house. Much more real than, for example, the gas station on which, this gamer working!

Mulligan approaches Randy's desk and grabs the sandwich lying on the plate, continuing to speak.

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

The world outside of the computer is alien to such a person. But he has to go out every day. And he does it for one purpose only!

(shows sandwich)

To feed his box of flesh, blood and bones in which his mind is imprisoned as in prison!

(MORE)

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)
(throws a sandwich on a plate)
Nature has ordered our minds to be
locked in a box. A box that needs
food, which gets sick and
eventually breaks down.

Mulligan walks up to Matthew, leans over, looks him in the
eye.

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)
The human mind always lives in fear
of being left without a box - its
body. And the neural network does
not need food and it is not
bothered by viral diseases. The
only thing that is necessary for
artificial intelligence is
electricity! But there is much more
of it in nature than cows!

(smiling)

Yes! Poor cows, which are killed in
order to feed this insatiable box!

(patting himself on the
stomach, laughing)

Mulligan sits down at the table,
cowering on the back of a chair,
pulls out his handkerchief from his
pocket and blowing his nose.

MATTHEW

Yes, Joe. But artificial
intelligence is not able to create
masterpieces like the human mind
can. And it is the flesh of man,
with its impulses and passions,
that gives our mind the stimulus
for great creations!

MULLIGAN

(with irony)

Great human creations? Whose
creations are you talking about, my
friend? Are you talking about
Ernest Hemingway, or a drunkard who
pisses in his pants after a beer?
Who do you see around you more
often - geniuses, or drunks? But
one thing you're right about, old
man - all people get information
the same way. But with different
results!

The eye transmits what we see to
 the nerve endings, then to the
 neurons of the brain, and then
 (makes a significant
 pause))
 And then - deep! ABYSS! And I'm
 trying not just to look into this
 abyss, but to create something new
 in it!

MATTHEW
 (his face showing concern
 at Mulligan's words)
 So that's how!

MULLIGAN
 (with pathos in words)
 Yes, my friend! And I'm somewhat
 flattered by your misgivings!

MATTHEW
 How is that?

MULLIGAN
 If your guesses are true, it means
 that I have created a new world and
 in it A NEW MAN! How the Lord
 created Adam!

He laughs, then pulls out his handkerchief again and sneezes.

MATTHEW
 Do you have a runny nose?

MULLIGAN
 Yeah. I must have caught a cold.

Matthew gets up and approaches the face of Mulligan, speaking
 slowly.

MATTHEW
 You have a runny nose, Joe. GOD
 CAN'T catch a cold!

72 EXT. STREET. SHOP - DAY

Mulligan drives his car past a store selling smartphones. In
 the store there is an advertisement: «New smartphone «Welai
 12» - jump into the future!» A crowd of people stand in line
 at the store. People with screams try to get into the store.
 Screams, crush.

73

INT. LIVING ROOM IN MULLIGAN'S HOUSE - EVENING

Cozy living room, soft furniture. Mulligan is sitting on the couch leafing through some book. In front of him stands a cup of tea on the table. Pleasant music sounds. Mulligan has a happy face. He's resting.

DOORBELL.

Mulligan goes to the door

MULLIGAN

Who's in there?

MATTHEW (O.S.)

It's me, Matthew!

Mulligan opens the door. Matthew steps inside, shaking off the cold.

MULLIGAN

What happened?

MATTHEW

Nancy is home?

MULLIGAN

No

Matthew enters the room, worried and disheveled.

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

They went with their son for a few days to the village to their brother on his farm. I managed to avoid this torture

He is smiling and pouring cognac

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

Will you have a drink?

(asks Matthew)

You know, listening to him talk about breeds of cows and the quality of meat for steak is unbearable! One day I will write a complaint to Greenpeace, and a second complaint to vegetarians, so they would sue him and the court would give him life imprisonment!

(laughs)

Matthew drinks cognac with a volley, trembles in his hands.

MATTHEW

I don't like cognac. I'm scared!

MULLIGAN

You'll never understand the taste of cognac because you drank it in one gulp, like tequila.

(smiles)

What are you so worried about?

MATTHEW

(nervous)

-What we do.

(pause)

You do, Joe. It's dangerous. You can't replace the real world with information flows in our lab!

MULLIGAN

(speaking in an annoyed voice)

Really? I was driving by a Chinese store today with their cheap Welai smartphones and saw a crowd of people standing outside the store! (Joe pours himself a cognac, but then puts the glass of cognac on the table) Matthew, that was crazy! These people were coming through the open door, they were pushing each other!

They were like hungry Neanderthals, who were told that there (pointing his finger at the void, raising his voice) behind the doors of the store was the last piece of meat! (moves away, close-up) This is my friend, THEIR reality. They need a life with a smartphone in their hands!

Matthew slowly approaches Mulligan from behind. Mulligan does not see him and continues to speak.

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

And my artificial intelligence program will give them LIFE INSIDE A SMARTPHONE!

Matthew comes close and puts a gun to the back of Mulligan's head, saying loudly and angrily.

MATTHEW

And the money? The money of politicians who finance your project to achieve their goal is also part of your illusion?

You are hypocritical! But even more terrible is that you, trying to create YOUR world, will destroy the world by someone else! And mine too!

MULLIGAN

(with a scared voice)

Matthew, what are you doing! Put the gun away!! You're crazy!

MATTHEW

(with a calm voice)

No! I've recovered!

Mulligan speaking in a threatening voice, trying to hide his fright.

MULLIGAN

Matt, you've never held a gun. It's not easy to shoot a man. Put the gun down and we'll talk to you. Tell me about your fears and we'll fix it together!

MATTHEW

(excited)

You, Joe, can only hear yourself and try to prove that.

Matthew during the conversation weakens his attention and takes away the hand in which Matthew holds the gun slightly aside.

Mulligan at this time slowly turned halfway around and SUDDENLY grabs Matthew by the hand in which he holds the gun. The fight begins. Clinging to each other, they fall to the floor. Matthew drops his gun and tries to reach for it. Mulligan scrambles for the gun on the floor and shoots Matthew in the forehead. BANG! Red dot on the forehead, head tilts back!

74

EXT. GREEN LAWN, CHRISTIAN TEMPLE - DAY

TITLE: THE DIGITAL WORLD OF AI: PROGRAM OF THE CONTROL LOCATION.

Joe the Tramp walks quickly across the green lawn in the direction of the temple, with confidence on his face.

75 INT. TEMPLE. EXTINGUISHED CANDLES - DAY

Joe the Tramp walks quickly into the temple, past the candles that do not burn. He does not stop, walks up to the altar, opens the next door and goes into the darkness, where he sees a MIRROR.

JOE (POV) Instead of his own reflection, he sees the image of DAN. From the depths of the mirror, the figure of MULLIGAN appears, who approaches DAN from behind.

Both images dissolve in the mist and there appears an image of a burning, destroyed house (camera approaches, events are transported inside the mirror). Explosions are heard.

The sound of automatic fire. Armed men run, soldiers

lie on the ground (camera approaches) one soldier without both legs, a lot of blood, one hand is shaking in convulsions. An old woman comes out of the basement in dirty clothes. On her head is an army helmet, under the helmet there are dirty hair.

She holds a cat in her hands (camera approaches, close-up) A face of confusion. The old woman says the same thing.

OLD WOMAN

Cat is thirsty. Give me some water.

Cat is thirsty, Cat is thirsty.

CLOSE-UP - JOE'S FACE

Joe's face is filled with agonizing emotions.

In the mirror you can see the glow of fire. Mulligan comes out of the fire himself in a beautiful suit.

76 EXT. CHRISTIAN TEMPLE - DAY

Joe runs out of the temple.

77 EXT. LAWN OPPOSITE THE TEMPLE - DAY

Bright sunny day. Lee in the national Chinese clothes of white color. He with a friendly smile says.

LEE

Come to me, my friend! You have a lot to learn about yourself and this world!

78 INT. ROOM WHERE JOE LIVES - DAY

TITLE: THE DIGITAL WORLD OF AI: THE TEMPORARY PROGRAM 1971, NEW YORK.

Joe wakes up, a few seconds after what he saw in his «dream» - in the control location. Then he gets up, takes out a bottle of water from the empty fridge and drinks water eagerly. He gets dressed and leaves the room.

79 INT. CHINESE DINER - DAY

Joe and Lee are sitting across from each other at the table. There is no one else in the cafe.

JOE

(with emotion in the voice)

What you told me explains a lot, but it's unbelievable!

LEE

(calm, confident)

Believe in your eyes and in your heart. In your «dream» you saw your creator - Mulligan, and your heart showed you the secret that was previously covered with darkness. You were in a so-called «control location», which was meant to be controlled by Mulligan. But this time (Lee smiles) you weren't controlled by anyone!

JOE

Why did I see a second person in the control location with Mulligan? I saw Dan! Not for the first time!

LEE

Because you were supposed to be his «shadow». Your job is to influence him. He is the object for Mulligan, and you are the tool for Mulligan.

JOE

Why would Mulligan want Dan?

LEE

It's not Mulligan who needs it, but the people who are funding Mulligan's research into artificial intelligence. Mulligan and they are interested in each other.

JOE

Okay! But tell me - what was in that bottle, besides the vile snake? What did you put in my drink?

LEE

(laughs)

Numbers and only numbers, my friend! They comprised the numerical code that altered the program that controlled you. The code that set you free! The bottle is a symbol, nothing more. With this code, you can change your location and even enter the "control location" without Mulligan's knowledge.

JOE

And without code, I can enter the «control location»?

LEE

Yes, you can. You'll get there anyway, even against your will. And you'll be immediately taken over by Mulligan. Your code is not long-term.

JOE

Do you have a "control location" too?

LEE

Absolutely. Otherwise our creators can't control independent modules in an artificial intelligence world.

JOE

Why don't you drink the «khabousu» yourself?

Lee smiles and answers in a tone as if Joe were a small unintelligent child.

LEE

First of all - I don't aspire to that. Secondly - this numerical code is made for your control location. And that code was not developed by me, but by a human being, my creator!

JOE

Who is he?

LEE

I can't tell you his name.

JOE

You said "independent modules"! Does that mean there are a lot of us?

LEE

No. Just the three of us - you, me and Xiaoming. And the word "us" is not accurate in the context of your question. You're not like me or Xiaoming. You are different. You have great advantages, but you also have significant disadvantages.

JOE

(with irony)

That's interesting! And what are my advantages and disadvantages?

LEE

Every new day - has its own unique dawn. Wait for the new day, Joe. Greater knowledge multiplies sorrow, my friend!
(smiles)

JOE

And the rest of the people around me? All of this world?

LEE

Digital programs, fragments in the neuroactive network of artificial intelligence. The strategy for creating this world was designed by humans, but the entire diversity of this world was made by artificial intelligence.

(MORE)

LEE (CONT'D)

Man does not have the necessary speed of thinking to calculate every insignificant fragment of the system and its actions. But man created the IDEA! Humans have created the foundation for the construction of our world.

JOE

(laughing)

"Independent modules!" "Our world!" Any electrician can find the necessary electrical wire and by cutting it cut this world off! Destroy it!

LEE

(with a haughty smile)

An electrician would have to cut a lot of wires. In the last 100 years of human civilization, people have entangled the entire planet with wires! Plus, for many of them, artificial intelligence has become part of their lives. Like, for example, Mulligan's. And for my creator too.

JOE

Mulligan is your enemy?

LEE

I don't have any enemies. I am a module of artificial intelligence. My creator, like yours, manufactured my program for a specific purpose in the interest of his government. Artificial intelligence has no enemies, AI simply functions. You and I have our own goals and objectives. But your task was assigned to you by Mulligan, without your knowledge. You're a blind toy!

JOE

And what's your goal?

LEE

To prevent that from happening!

JOE

(after a moment's pause)

Did you say you were manufactured?

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)
Do you consider yourself a
"product"?

LEE
(with a nonchalant smile
and self-irony)
In a way, yes. A little more
perfect than an electric iron.

JOE
(with a sad smile)
So I'm just functioning, too!
(pause) You know, if I'm just
functioning, one of my functions
must be to sleep soundly. I think
I'm gonna go.

Joe gets up and walks out of the café.

80 INT. DAN'S OFFICE - SUNNY DAY

Dan's luxurious office. The curtains are open at the windows.
One window is open wide, a summer breeze blows in and ruffles
the curtains. Bright sunlight.

Dan is working with documents at his desk. THE PHONE RINGS.
Dan picks up the phone.

JOE'S VOICE ON THE PHONE

Hello, Dan!

DAN
(cheerful voice)
Hello, Joe, my restless friend!

JOE'S VOICE ON THE PHONE

I'm calling you Dan to apologize and to tell you that I'm not
coming to see you.

DAN (CONT'D)
(surprised)
What's wrong? When can you come
over?

81 EXT. JOE AT A PAY PHONE ON THE STREET - DAY

JOE
A lot of things have happened. I
always thought I was a free man,
but it turns out I'm chained.
(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

If I'm around you, those chains
might entangle you too. Remember
when you told me about your dream
to change the world for the better?
I want you to come to your goal as
a free man and achieve it! But be
prepared for the world not to
accept you.

82 INT. DAN'S OFFICE - SUNNY DAY.

DAN

If the world won't accept me, then
I'll gonna fuck this world!
(smiles sarcastically)

Dan hears short beeps on the phone and hangs up.

He thinks for a moment, crumples up a piece of paper he was
writing on, and stands up. He walks over to the open window.

CLOUSE UP - SKY. CLOUDS.

Dark clouds cover the sun.

Dan takes a deep breath. The breath of a determined man.

83 EXT. JOE AT A PAY PHONE ON THE STREET - DAY

Joe hangs up the phone and walks down the street. A boy rides
past him on a bicycle at a fast speed. Joe stops, looks at
the departing bicyclist and says with smile.

JOE

You again, asshole?

Joe lifts his head up and says to sky.

JOE (CONT'D)

You've become repetitive!
(then Joe says to himself)
What am I supposed to do now? What
does a HUMAN do when it's dark?
(then he say in a
confident voice)
He turns on the lights!

84 INT. CHINESE CAFÉ - DAY

Joe walks into the cafe, he is greeted by Lee with the words.

JOE
Is there something else you, Joe,
want to ask me?

JOE (CONT'D)
Can you pour me some more of your
snake swill?

LEE
(smiling)
Do you want to go into the "control
location" again and find out
something, or do you just want to
get drunk?

Lee pours the «khabousu» into Joe's shot glass and Joe drinks it, then silently leaves the café without saying goodbye to Lee. Lee looks after him, walks over to the bar and starts wiping glasses. At this time, Xiaoming enters the cafe from the second emergency entrance, carrying a ladies' handbag.

She approaches Lee.

XIAOMING
Why didn't you stop him?

LEE
Why? Our creator didn't set out to
stop him. The "Tramp" out of
Mulligan's control could cause a
lot of problems for Mulligan!
(smiling) Human emotionality is the
weak link in Mulligan's project.
Emotion is the enemy of logic!

XIAOMIN
(seated at table)
Why don't you just destroy the
"Tramp"?

LEE
Joe can't be destroyed. He died
before you and I came along!

Lee looks intently into his sister's eyes.

XIAOMI
(with irony)
But he doesn't look like a dead man
at all. He doesn't look like
Vogan's corpse! Very active!

Lee sits down at the table opposite Xiaomin and looking into her eyes.

LEE

Joe's mind is Mulligan's mind, plus Vaughan's courage multiplied by the power of artificial intelligence. But the "Tramp" doesn't know that yet. And the very existence of Joe's module is a paradox in the space-time continuum.

XIAOMIN

(thoughtfully)

Why did people give us their faces and names when they created us? You were given the name Li. I was named after Wang Li's sister. And Mulligan gave his name to "Tramp". Strange...

Lee gets up from the table and walks to the bar

LEE

Probably because they're human. I don't know.

(thoughtfully)

It doesn't matter to me (his expression changes to a very serious one) What matters is that I have to report to the Chief of Cyber Intelligence today, and that's what I have to prepare for.

XIAOMIN

And Wan Le's management doesn't even realize they're hearing the voice of an artificial intelligence on the phone! (laughs) Why does Wan Lee require you to perform tasks in his world? Why can't he himself answer his management's questions

LEE

Probably because, like him, I operate with all the facts, but I also have a very high speed of information processing. Much faster than the human brain.

XIAOMIN

(with irony)

And also faster than the thought process of your creator, Wang Lee!

Xiaomin gets up from the table and walks leisurely toward the exit of the cafe.

LEE
(clarifying)
Our creator, Xiaoming. Ours!

XIAOMIN
(turns his head sharply)
What is freedom to you?

Lee wipes his glasses and without taking his eyes off his occupation says.

LEE
My freedom is to be able to choose
the right solutions for

HUMAN BENEFIT.
Xiaoming pulls out a bottle of
perfume from her purse, touches her
neck.

XIAOMIN
Is that all?

Lee finished wiping the glasses and looked at Xiaoming with a smile and then turned to put away the tray of glasses.

At this time, Xiaoming puts the bottle of perfume in her purse and quickly takes out a small device the size of a matchbox from her handbag.

XIAOMIN (CONT'D)
You are wrong. You have a small
information processing speed.

Xiaomin quickly walks out of the cafe.

85 EXT. CHINESE CAFÉ - DAY

Xiaoming walks out of the cafe, with a quick movement she fastens the device on the door.

CLOSE UP - DEVICE

Xiaoming's finger presses a button on the appliance and a light bulb on the appliance lights up.

86 INT. CHINESE CAFÉ - DAY

The camera moves quickly around the cafe, past Lee, who continues to do something while standing behind the bar, and then shows the service exit. On the back of that door, we see the same device. A light is flashing on it. Lee's expression changes. It's as if he sensed something amiss.

Lee runs to the door. He tries to get out of the cafe and into the street. But when he opens the door, HE'S BACK INSIDE HIS CAFE! He runs to the emergency exit, but when he opens the door he falls inside his cafe again! After another failed attempt to get out, Lee sits down on a chair. He realizes he's locked out of his location. He's a prisoner! But he still has a nonchalant face. The camera moves to the bar and we see a photo of Li's smiling, adorable sister. A photo of Xiaomin.

87 INT. ROOM WHERE JOE LIVES - EVENING

Joe enters his apartment, closing the door behind him. He sinks into his armchair and wearily closes his eyes.

CLOSE UP - JOE'S FRONT DOOR

The door opens with a CREAK. Beyond the door—darkness. The outline of a figure appears from the dark, approaching closer and closer! Finally, we see it is a man in a hooded cloak. There is NO FACE beneath the hood!

Joe opens his eyes and rises from the armchair. He walks to the open door.

CLOSE UP - JOE'S FRONT DOOR

In the doorway, we see the ordinary hallway and SHERIFF HOPKINS standing opposite the door! Several police officers are behind him.

HOPKINS

I know that bastard Dick told you everything. You probably thought you could hide, that America is a big country? That's what people who don't know this country think! But I know every mile of this beautiful country, and even every square foot in the stinking corridor of your house, Vaughan!

JOE

Yeah, Hopkins! You've got a good nose. For the stench!

Joe lands a sudden boxing punch to Hopkins' chin and slams the door shut, turns the deadbolt, and immediately stands to the side of the door. At that exact moment, GUNSHOTS sound.

CLOSE UP - FRONT DOOR

Several bullets pierce the door straight through!

CLOSE UP - JOE'S FACE - EYES CLOSED.

Joe opens his eyes. The camera PULLS BACK, and we see Joe sitting in the armchair! He stands up and cautiously, slowly, approaches the door. Joe listens. Behind the door—SILENCE.

After a few seconds, Joe opens the door, and in the doorway we see BRIGHT LIGHT and a GREEN LAWN! A BELL tolls!

88 INT. CHRISTIAN CHURCH - SUNNY DAY

Joe walks quickly through the temple. His face shows confidence and purpose. Candles light up in succession. The entire church hall is illuminated. Joe takes the candelabra with burning candles in his hand, enters the altar, and opens a door. He steps inside the room; the light from the candles reflects in a dark mirror. The light in the mirror becomes bright, blinding, and fills the entire room.

The room, Joe, and everything around is drowned in this BLINDING LIGHT!

89 INT. BEDROOM IN MULLIGAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Night light. Mulligan wakes up abruptly, sweat dripping down his forehead. He doesn't realize where he is, then realizes he was dreaming. He tries to come to his senses after the terrifying dream.

MULLIGAN

Did I dream this? Matthew, the gun?
It's crazy!

PHONE RINGS.

Mulligan takes his smartphone. Matthew's voice is on the phone.

MATTHEW (V.O.)

Joe, it's me! Something incredible is happening! The program's graphs are going crazy!

(MORE)

MATTHEW (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 (extremely agitated)
 The system is running chaotically,
 but at the same time, I've seen a
 Character enter several locations
 in succession! And then I saw an
 unauthorized entry of the "Tramp"
 into a control location, after
 which that location simply
 disappeared! It was as if it never
 existed at all!

MALLIGAN
 (with excitement in his
 voice)
 Which location was the first?

MATTHEW (V.O.)
 Unknown
 (connection cuts out)

MALLIGAN
 (yelling into phone)
 Matthew! Matthew!

Mulligan grabs his clothes and runs to the door.

90 EXT. POST OFFICE - NIGHT

Mulligan's automobile pulls up at high speed.

He jumps out of the car and runs to the doors of the post
 office, opening them abruptly.

91 INT. THE POST OFFICE - NIGHT

Mulligan walks at a brisk pace toward the service entrance. A
 security guard stops him.

GUARD
 Sir, where are you going?

Mulligan nervously digging in his pockets, shows him his
 pass.

MULLIGAN
 Good evening!

He guard looks at the pass carefully and smiles. Then he
 looks up at Mulligan and says with a serious expression:

GUARD

I'm glad you have a pass to the National Museum, but there's a post office here!

CLOSE UP OF THE PASS

Mulligan looks at the pass and sees that it is indeed a pass to the museum.

Confused, he turns around, walks to the door, opens the door and BRIGHT SUNLIGHT shines into his eyes. He finds himself in the desert!

92 EXT. DESERT AND ROAD. NO CARS OR PEOPLE - DAY

An asphalt road in the middle of the desert. Mulligan takes a few steps forward, looks around. The wind raises clouds of dust, and in the distance he can see sparse vegetation - bushes and a withered tree. Mulligan turns back and sees that the door he just came out of is the door to the "Refuge" restaurant. Mulligan opens the door and takes a step inside.

CLOSE UP - MULLIGAN'S FACE.

On Mulligan's face is fear and surprise at the same time.

93 EXT. GREEN LAWN - DAY

On a green lawn, two elderly men are shooting skeet. A table with drinks stands nearby. One of them is Senator Gray. They are engaged in a leisurely conversation.

SECOND MAN

As for me, I think - war is bad business

SENATOR GRAY

There's no such thing as a bad business, Stan! There's profitable business and there's unprofitable business. Here are the soldiers - there really are good and bad

He is holding a rifle and approaching his interlocutor.

SENATOR GRAY (CONT'D)

There are three types of soldiers. The first are soldiers who fight against their will, under orders.

(MORE)

SENATOR GRAY (CONT'D)

The second (curls his fingers) are those who fight for money. These are professionals, they fight better. And the third type

(looks the interlocutor straight in the face)

THOSE WHO LOVE WAR! They like to kill! It is these soldiers who fight the best

(moves away from the interlocutor)

Peace, my dear friend, is only a short interval between wars. And do you think sewing uniforms for soldiers is more moral than making ammunition for them? (laughs) No!

CLOSE UP GRAY'S FACE

Gray's face snarky smile and winks.

SENATOR GRAY (CONT'D)

Morally, there's no difference. But making bullets more profitable than sewing socks!

94 INT. "REFUGE" RESTAURANT. BRIGHT LIGHT -DAY

A lot of glass, an empty hall. There isn't even any staff. A man in a leather jacket sits one of the tables, head down, scratching at the glass with an army knife

CLOSE UP - KNIFE SCRATCHES GLASS

The sound of a knife on glass

95 INT. THE RESTAURANT "REFUGE" - DAY

The man raises his head (the camera zooms in, close-up and we see JOE THE TRAMP'S FACE) He calmly asks HIS DOUBLE AND CREATOR Mulligan:

JOE

Hello, Joe! Tell me - wouldn't you like to fight in Vietnam yourself?

96 EXT. GREEN LAWN - DAY

Senator Gray and Stanley continue to shoot the plates and have a leisurely conversation.

SENATOR GRAY

Now my dear Bill, I'll show you
what an old soldier's accurate shot
means!

(laughs, raises shotgun)

CLOSE UP OF A BIRD

A small bird sits down on a tree branch. Suddenly it disappears and a squirrel appears in its place. At the same moment a strong wind begins to blow. The wind shakes the branches of the tree.

Gray takes aim with a shotgun

STANLEY (O.S.)

The wind's picked up! You'll never
hit the target!

SENATOR GRAY

(confident voice)

Bet you a hundred bucks!

CLOSE UP OF FINGER ON TRIGGER

SOUND: instead of a shot, a deafening EXPLOSION.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

SOUND: ringing silence.

After a brief moment of darkness, the screen returns to:

CLOSE UP OF TRIGGER FINGER

The camera slowly PANS BACK (PULLS OUT)

We see senator Gray in his military uniform, holding an M-16 rifle!

97

INT. A DILAPIDATED ROOM IN A HOUSE - DAY

Gray is lying on the floor of the room, next to him on the floor are shards of broken bricks, an empty can of stew, empty shell casings and a roll of toilet paper. Explosions and the crackle of machine gun fire can be heard. Gray's hands are shaking. A young soldier ducked down and ran up to him, shouting.

YONG SOLDIER

Old stump! Don't sleep! The
Russians have made a breakthrough.

(MORE)

YONG SOLDIER (CONT'D)

This is the «Wagner» unit, they
don't take prisoners! Let's go!
What are you, concussed?

Gray gets up awkwardly. BAM! EXPLOSION! Gray falls to the floor, his face stunned. He tries to get up, plaster from the ceiling falls on him. Gray screams in shock.

SENATOR GRAY

What is this? Where am I?

YONG SOLDIER(V.O.)

In the underworld, hell you idiot!

BAM!!! A powerful EXPLOSION, shards of brick and dust engulf Gray.

98 INT. RETRO ROOM. PANORAMA - DAY

A room with antique furniture in oriental style. A statuette of Buddha. In the middle of the room there is an old table and an empty armchair. There is a very beautiful antique telephone on the table. Opposite the table is a TV set.

The camera is focusing on the screen. On the TV screen the anchor of a news channel is speaking.

ANCHOR

Senator Edward Mow has entered the second round of the US presidential election. Many political analysts consider his chances of making it to the first round to be very high. In his campaign program, Senator Mow promises to make it easier for migrants from other countries to obtain U.S. citizenship. Senator Mou can also rely on the support of millions of ethnic Chinese who are U.S. citizens!

The camera moves away, the image on the screen goes out. The camera pans over to an empty chair.

Suddenly, Lee appears in the chair out of nowhere!

He is dressed in a strict black suit and a black golf shirt covering his throat. He uses the remote control to turn off the television. In front of Lee on a vintage table is a retro telephone.

PHONE RINGS!

Lee gets up from his chair, picks up the phone (his movements show a military bearing, he speaks in Chinese, with translation subtitles on the screen)

LEE

我在听
I'm listening to you

A voice in Chinese, with an authoritative tone, translation subtitles on the screen.

VOICE ON THE PHONE

我们听说过您的成功,看到了一些有用的变化
We have heard about your successes
and see some useful changes

LEE

是的,我们成功阻止了极具威胁的“Tramp”程序,并部分掌控了潜在对手的人工智能系统。
Yes, we managed to block the
extremely dangerous “Tramp” program
and take partial control of the
artificial intelligence system of a
potential adversary.

VOICE ON THE PHONE

(with an authoritative
tone)

部分?你刚才说“部分控制”吗?
Partial? Did you say “partial
control”?

LEE

目前还只是部分解决。但是我们已经成功替换了因果链中的关键组件,从而.....
Partial for now. But we were able
to replace important components in
the chain of cause and effect and
thus.

VOICE ON THE PHONE

(interrupts Lee's reply)

我们对技术问题不感兴趣。我们需要最终结果!
尽快完成工作并返回。

We are not interested in technical
issues. We need the final result!
Finish the work and come back.

LEE

(speaks dryly, in a
military tone)

工作即将完成。我很快就会到。
The work will be completed. I'll be
there soon.

Lee put the phone on the table, sat down on a chair and with a calm expression of his face repeated his words in English.

LEE (CONT'D)

I'll be there soon!

And at that moment, he SUDDENLY disappears, and in his place, Simon appears in the chair with a dissatisfied expression on his face!

A few seconds later, Hugh also SUDDENLY disappears, and Sheriff Hopkins appears in his place!

The images change as if someone is switching TV channels!

Hopkins takes off his policeman's cap , wipes his forehead with a handkerchief, and also disappears!

Instead of Hopkins, XIAOMIN APPEARS in the chair!

She is dressed in an elegant women's suit. The virtual room disappears. Xiaoming sits in the chair against a completely white background. With an impassive expression, she adjusts her hair and speaks in a clear, mechanical voice in English.

XIAOMING

Yes, of course, I'll be there soon.

(pause)

EVERYWHERE!

The camera moves back, and we see an image of Xiaomin on the screen of a computer monitor standing on a table.

Then the image on the monitor screen fades and an image of a surfer gliding on a board across the waves appears.

The camera moves back even further, and we see that the table on which the monitor stands is in a store showroom. There are computers, monitors, and other equipment on the shelves and tables everywhere. Dozens of computers and monitors! Visitors walk around the hall and all the monitors show the same video of a surfer riding the waves.

99

INT. CHRISTIAN CHURCH - DAY

Candles burn brightly in the temple. Nancy is talking to the priest, Father Andrew and cries.

NANCY

It's been almost a month since Joe disappeared. There's no news about Matthew, his assistant, either.

(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)

The police are just throwing their hands!

PRIEST

(hugging her fatherly)

Listen, Nancy! A man can plant a tree, and another man can water it. But only God can grow a tree! He is the true Gardener! Your son Frank is flesh of your flesh. He is now the meaning of your life. Until we know for sure whether Joe is alive or not, there is still hope. What is impossible for man is possible for God!

100 EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE. LAWN - MORNING

It is a sunny early morning. An African American boy FRANK of about eight years old is watering a flower bed with a garden hose. Nancy enters the yard.

FRANK

Mom, can I go fishing with Uncle Ron?

NANCY

(speaking in a deliberately stern voice)

Frank, I don't mind fishing. Fishing is good! But have you read any books lately?

FRANK (O.S.)

Yes! Of course! I'm reading "Where the Wild Things Are!"

Nancy approaches her son and gently ruffles his hair.

NANCY

Is that by Maurice Sendak? Well done! Aren't you scared?

FRANK

No! It's just a fairy tale!
(laughs)

NANCY

Okay, run along! I'll water the flowers.

(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)
 (takes the garden hose from Frank)
 Tell Uncle Ron that if you and he
 are late for lunch, I will not warm
 the food a second time!

The camera glides over Nancy's light-colored dress, descends down her arms, and focuses on her fingers, which are holding a garden hose. Birds can be heard singing.

CLOSE UP - WATER STREAMS

Streams fall on flowers.

101 EXT. ADMINISTRATIVE BUILDING - DAY

TITERS: THE DIGITAL WORLD OF AI: THE TEMPORARY PROGRAM 1971,
 NEW YORK.

Rain. Close-up of a RED CAR, the same make but a 1991 model!

The car slowly drives away and another car pulls up in its place. It is a large, luxurious executive car. The camera pulls back and focuses on the exit of the administrative building. Dan descends the steps. He is wearing a bright tie, looking a little older but just as energetic. A man walks beside him, holding an umbrella over Dan. Dan is talking and gesturing. They approach the luxury car.

DAN
 In order to get a deferral on
 interest payments and lower the
 interest rate, I had to give them
 50 percent of the shares! Give away
 half of my best project! And you,
 Michael, are telling me that
 everything went well? Don't make me
 angry!
 (irritated)
 All right. I'll call you tomorrow
 from Atlantic City

Dan gets into the back seat of the car.

102 INT. BACK SEAT OF A CAR - DAY

Dan speaking a little irritably, but now with irony.

DAN
 That's impossible! To cause an
 economic crisis in the richest
 country in the world!
 (MORE)

DAN (CONT'D)

If intelligent people don't come to power in our country, don't expect anything good! But I'll get out of this shit-hole! I'm the king of debt!

(laughs)

I'm great at managing debt. No one knows it better than me!

The car starts moving. A view from the rear passenger seat. We see the Driver sitting with his back to us.

DAN (O.S.)

We need to stop by my place for a few minutes, and then I have to be at the airport in two hours. I'm flying to Atlantic City urgently.

The driver turns his head and we see the face of JOE TRAMP/MULLIGAN!!! Tramp/Mulligan is wearing a nice suit.

TRAMP/MULLIGAN

We'll make it! Atlantic City is a nice city! But maybe it's time for you to head to Washington?!

CLOSE UP - DAN'S FACE.

Dan, with a sarcastic smile and a squint in his eyes characteristic of Donald Trump, says.

DAN

Maybe! Definitely maybe!

THE AND