

A V R I E L

by

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EXT. THE HERMON MOUNTAIN, PALESTINE - EARLY MORNING

SUBTITLE: "The Hermon Mountain. Somewhere between Palestine, Israel and Syria. Hundreds years ago."

The camera speed-runs over poor landscape. It goes up to the hill of the Hermon Mountain between stones, ledges and boulders.

The mountain top is snow-covered with low clouds on it. The first beams of rising sun leak through clouds. Long shadows fall down on the valley. Unwillingly and powerlessly shadows crawl away and delay the beginning of new day.

Unexpectedly small skinny hand comes up from an abrupt slope. It grasps a sharp stone ledge. Then the curly dark-haired child's head with big dark-brown eyes appears above stone ledge. Child's eyes search for something over the mountain plateau.

JACOB (10, small, skinny, deadly tired, dressed in old flax shirt and sandals) gets on the edge of flat stone and stands up. He shivers of the cold. The ruthless wind pulls out boy's dense black curls, tors his old poor shirt, whips the face, naked hands and legs.

LAMB (O.S.)

M-blea...

JACOB

Here you are! I gotcha ya!

Jacob comes closer to the dark cleft and flops on his knees. He looks inside, bends and puts both hands into the stone gaping hole.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Why did you climb over here? What for?

(pause)

There is no any grass around, you know...

Jacob tries to catch the lamb few times. His knees and fingers cut in blood by sharpen stone edges.

Bloody drops fall down on the snow. The lamb bleats out of the hole.

The wind lifts snow flakes and throws it to the boy's eyes. It whips child's bended back. Finally Jacob's hands catch his lamb and pull it out. Lamb's legs stir in the air.

LAMB

M-blea!

JACOB

Hold on, Lambo... We almost done  
with it.

Jacob hugs his lamb strong. He breaths wearily, but smiles.

The boy leans against the cold stone boulder to relax for a moment. Jacob's eyelids go up and down, driving the boy to sleep.

Jacob stirs up his head. He looks at his lamb as at only one to whom he can talk.

JACOB (CONT'D)

No, no, no. We cannot sleep here.  
The Hermon doesn't forgive such  
mistakes. Sweet dream, sweet  
death...

Suddenly the sharp impulse of the wind begins to whirl the snow in strong wild dance. The snow columns amplify in its spontaneous power quickly.

LAMB

M-blea...

JACOB

Alright, Lambo. As you're asking  
for... We will wait for a while,  
and then go down.

The next moment wind increases so much so it pulls frozen stone out of ground. Jacob hugs his lamb stronger and crawls away to hide in the stone ledge.

The wind increases each minute. It raises the snow, pulls out stones, and mixes it in one continuously flying mass.

Jacob lifts his eyes to the cloudy sky in the hope of miracle rescue.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Dear God... Please, help us get  
home...

The tears appear on his eyes, but instantly turn into iced crystals on Jacob's cheeks.

Uncertainly some rusting noise is heard. It sounds like many birds fly, but without screaming. The wings clap in the air above the Hermon mountain. Each second noise comes closer.

The bright flash of light rips up the cloud ruthlessly. The divine light rushes out from the cloud's wound. The majestic radiant power easily melts the snow out of the mountain plateau.

ANGELS (tall, handsome, strong, dressed in white tunics with white wings behind their backs, with identical short-bearded faces) fly down on the ground from heavenly shine wound of the cloud. Reaching the mountain plateau, angels sharply slow down their prompt falling and step aside smoothly.

JACOB (CONT'D)

One, two, three, four...

Jacob's eyes open wide. Its full of fear and confusion, but the boy cannot take his eyes off beautiful people. He watches them to come down one after another.

Angels slowly walk over the mountain plateau and drop down graceful wings as something useless. They talk to each other happily.

ANGEL #1

Hey, you are with us as well. I'm glad to see you.

ANGEL #2

I'm glad to see you too. But what does surprise you so much? I'm jealous with Father as well, as you are... and all others.

ANGEL #3

Yeh, you're right, Angels. I'm jealous too. Father should not give all His love to people instead of us. We've been with Him since Great Beginning.

ANGEL #4

But Father love people as His Greatest Creation--

ANGEL #1

What are talking about? We are His Greatest creation! People don't know as much as we do. People haven't any power we have.

ANGEL #2

Exactly! And I'll teach people what I know... And then we'll see how much Father loves them after.

ANGEL #4

We cannot be so cruel to people. We are Angels...

ANGEL #1

Of course, we're Angels. That's why we're here, on the Earth. With all our knowledge to share.

ANGEL #2

You're right. We all will do it. I'll teach people to make knives, swords, and armor!

ANGEL #3

And I'll teach them how to use a magic of nature. In fact people step on the ground and don't really know what treasures are under their feet. Flowers, mushrooms, poison weed...

ANGEL #1

You named the poison as the treasure? It's nonsense! What other value can be in the grass?..

(pause)

I'll show people how to dig mines and get metals and jewels. That's the power!

ANGEL #4

Wait! You cannot do it to people in such way. Azazel said we'll just live with people on the Earth and share Father's love with them...

(pause)

Otherwise, Father will become angry with us. We come down here in peace, don't we?

ANGEL #2

Of course, in peace! As Azazel said. But... We come with our power of knowledge.

ANGEL #5

Hello, everyone. I heard your discussion a little... And I think the most powerful knowledge for people will be a skill to observe stars. Also I'll give people an understanding about phases of the Moon.

ANGEL #1

That's good!--

ANGEL #5

That's great!.. But also I heard someone isn't deeply sure about the truth of our mission. I believe Azazel. He is the good Angel...

ANGEL #4

I believe Azazel too. But I still have a feeling it might be a problem if we'll share our knowledge with those who Father loves... You all think He won't be angry with us, will He?

ANGEL #3

Of course not! Don't worry... People must learn they can use all that most valuable knowledge to themselves in harm. So, it's necessary to watch after them. Very close...

The top of the Hermon mountain continues to cover with flying feather, that comes off fallen angels' wings. Some of those reach Jacob.

The boy looks drowsy. His eyelids move up and down uncontrolled. Still hiding behind the cleft Jacob is warmed with magic feathers, that covers him from head to legs.

ALL ANGELS TOGETHER

Azazel! Azazel is coming down...

The last fallen angel AZAZEL (wider in shoulders and taller than other angels for few inches, with short sharp beard and eagle-looked nose, dressed in baby-blue tunic) comes down quickly. His wings are in light gray color.

The cloud's wound shuts up after him. Majestic light disappears.

JACOB

Two hundred...

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. THE SKY/PUFFY CLOUDS - SUNNY DAY

GOD (tall, strong with wide shoulders, long curly beard and dense eyebrows, dressed in a long snow-white tunic) stays on the edge of cloud and looks down. Green fields, mountains and rivers are shown far away.

The four ARCHANGELS MICHAEL, GABRIEL, RAFAEL, and URIEL (identical, tall, strong, with short rounded beards, dressed in baby-blue tunics, with huge white wings behind their backs) stay quietly around God and look down as he does.

GOD  
(yelling aggressively)  
Get them!

The four archangels look at each other sharply and silently. Their wings clap in the air at same time. Archangels disappear momentarily.

EXT. THE NEGEV DESERT, SOUTHERN ISRAEL - DUSK

SUBTITLE: "The Negev desert, southern Israel. Hundreds years ago."

The group of two hundred unwinged fallen angels stays in naked desert. All of them dressed in different clothes, explaining their social positions in human's world.

There are warriors, traders, astronomers, rich men, miners, agriculturists, blacksmiths, priests, actors, scientists, thieves and agronomists. Everyone carries some kind of weapons in hands such as swords, knives, daggers, axes, maces and spears.

Azazel stands separately of others in few steps up front. He dressed in rich man's clothes with golden warrior's attributes. He carries the long-bladed sword in his right hand.

The ruthless wind pulls out Azazel's dense long black hair and sharp beard, tears his clothes, whips the face with desert's sand.

In hundred feet away four archangels stay against fallen angels. They dressed in baby-blue tunics as before. Feathers of huge white wings shake by wind.

GOD (O.S.)  
(yelling aggressively)  
Get them ...now!

Wings clap in the air at same time. Archangels disappear from their position momentarily.

In next moment they appear behind Azazel, but in front of first row of fallen angels. Fired swords in archangels' hands wave up and fall down on angels' heads and shoulders, cutting them.

At each moment as archangels' swords touch fallen angels, those fire up and become to an ash on the ground. Black ash mixes with desert's sand and disappears into it.

Fallen angels start to attack archangels with their weapons aggressively, but without any results. Archangels move through fallen angels so fast so nobody can even reach them.

In rush fallen angels cut each other mistakenly. The army of fallen angels becomes less every moment, disappearing as ash in sand.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. THE NEGEV DESERT - NIGHT

Unlimited desert is shown all around. Naked hills shakes of sand waves by strong wind. Deep dark-blue sky is full of bright stars, sparkling over desert. Flashes of fire are shown far away as storm's lightnings.

In few moments it stops at all. Deeply calm night covers the Negev desert.

EXT. THE NEGEV DESERT - NIGHT

The last fallen angel stays on his knees alone. His long-bladed sword lies in few steps out of him, slowly covering by sand waves. He moves his face up and smiles hopelessly.

The four archangels look down at him, staying in circle around Azazel.

ARCHANGEL MICHAEL

The Father is angry with you,  
Azazel.

ARCHANGEL GABRIEL

You better ask Him to forgive you.

ARCHANGEL RAFAEL

You was the good Angel, Azazel. He likes you a lot... More then others.

ARCHANGEL URIEL

Why did you revolt against Him?.. You know, Azazel, you should become Archangel any soon.

AZAZEL

I don't need a power of Archangel... I want to be the One as He is!

ARCHANGELS TOGETHER

It will never happen!

Azazel smiles insolently. Archangels glance to each other.

AZAZEL

I don't need His forgiveness as well as people don't really need His love. People have got everything they need from us, from my Angels... They want a power and immortality! They are full of sins. And I can manage it on my own!

Heavy powerful chains with cuffs fall down out of archangels' sleeves with surround sound.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. THE NEGEV DESERT - DAY

Little tornadoes run over the Negev desert. An earth-crack grows dark down a sand hill.

INT. THE DEEP DARK CLEFT - DAY

Naked stone walls go down deeply inside the cleft. There are no cracks or stones on smooth walls.

The unwinged fallen angel Azazel is cuffed on the bottom of deep dark cleft.

Azazel rushes about wall to wall as much as heavy chains permit him to do so. He falls down on the floor, stands up and rushes again. His strong dirty body is bleeding and covered with bruises. Azazel howls as the beast. His long nails scratch stone walls.

Suddenly Azazel's toe kicks a little stone on the floor.

He becomes quiet and lifts the stone carefully with both hands. Azazel steps aside and sits against the wall. He puts the stone in front of him and looks at its' sharpen edges.

Sparks run over the stone. Azazel smiles happily, showing long tusks. The stone moves a little bit by itself as something alive.

Running sparks become shiner and flash more often. A little crack appears on the stone. Azazel lifts the stone up and takes it closer to his mouth. His breath in green-violet color comes out and fills up into the stone's crack.

AZAZEL

Avriel... My creation! With power  
of mine! The demon of human's  
sin!..

Azazel stands up. He throws the stone out of cave, looking up to cloudless blue sky. The stone flies away.

EXT. THE NEGEV DESERT/DUSTY STONE ROAD - EARLY MORNING

A road goes through the Negev desert. The high yellow-gray walls of a small town is shown in the end of road. The young man walks to the town's gate alone.

AVRIEL (30's, athletic, handsome, tall, well-shaved, dense wavy hair, sharp aquiline nose, dressed in a light tunic with a wide leather belt over hips, and sandals) walks slowly, but does not look tired. He looks like being assured of each his step.

His strong legs easily step over sharp stones of road, but keep clean. Avriel's hair ringlets fall down on his wide shoulders and shudder with each step. Athletic hands are free. Avriel has no bags or armor.

EXT. TIGHT STREET OF A SMALL TOWN, ISRAEL - EARLY MORNING

When Avriel enters through the town's arch-gate, a pretty woman appears on his way.

ESTHER (30's, good-looking, with long dark hair and big brown eyes) is dressed in long light-gray flax robe with ornaments and scarf over her head, heavy necklace of hundreds coins on her breast. The woman carries a big jug, bearing it on her shoulder.

She looks at a stranger and cannot take her eyes off. His big ice-whitish eyes bewitch and captivate her.

Avriel smiles to her with the shine sparkle of white teeth.

AVRIEL  
Good day, Esther!

ESTHER  
Same to you, stranger. How do you know my name?

AVRIEL  
I know everyone. Let me drink, please..

ESTHER  
Help yourself.

Esther puts the heavy jug down on the ground. But Avriel does not move to the jug, continuously looking into her eyes.

Esther becomes blush and tries to take her eyes off him, but she cannot do so.

AVRIEL  
I didn't mean a water.

ESTHER  
Not a water?.. Then what?

Esther's lips whispers, turning pale. The recent color of her charming cheeks brights up as the moisture evaporates from any stone is under sun shine. Avriel quietly smiles again.

Avriel's lips slightly opens, but he stays quiet. His ice-whitish eyes flash with frightening cruelty and callousness spark.

ESTER (CONT'D)  
I've never seen you in town, but you said you know everyone... What's your name?

AVRIEL  
My name is Avriel. And I came after you, Esther.

Esther faintly falls down on the ground, but Avriel's strong hands catch her in a last moment. Her magnificent eyelashes shake. Eyelids become heavy instantly.

Dry cracked lips open a little bit, but she cannot say a word. A light-blue breath comes out her mouth as a smoke. It flies directly into Avriiel's mouth.

ESTHER

After me?... Why?

AVRIEL

You tell me why... You have a sin, haven't you, Esther?

The woman answers quietly, being not able to keep her secret or lie to the stranger.

ESTHER

No, but... Yes, I have, Avriiel... I was cheating on my spouse... And when I've got pregnant, ...I killed the child... To avoid a punishment.

Esther's breath becomes more visual and strong. Avriiel continues to hold her on his hands and socks her breath. Light-blue breath becomes deeper in its color.

AVRIEL

It's pity, but tasty, Esther. In fact, you could live happy... But you choose wrong way. Sinful way.

Avriiel smiles with a cold in his eyes, sparkling with chilling shine.

AZAZEL (O.S.)

Avriiel... Avriiel...

Avriiel puts Esther on the ground carefully. He stands up over her pale dead body and licks his lips with doubled snake-looking tongue. Cruel smile appears on his sharp-nosed face.

AZAZEL (O.S.)

Avriiel... Avriiel...

Avriiel turns back to the town's gate. His eyes direct to the desert with sand tornadoes are dancing over. Avriiel bows obediently, pressing his right palm to his left chest.

AVRIEL

Yes, Your Majestic Cruelty...

Avriiel bursts out laughing loudly, throwing up his sharp-nosed face to the cloudless blue sky. Shine sparkle blinks in his left ice-whitish eye.

FADE TO WHITE:

EXT. A SMALL TOWN TO THE EAST OF MOSCOW, RUSSIA - SUNRISE

SUBTITLE: "Balashikha borough, Moscow's region, Russia.  
Present days."

The sun shines gently.

Luxurious private two-stores house is decorated in marble, graceful tiles and peaked turrets. Light fresh breeze slides over an azure smooth surface of an open-air pool.

Japanese-stylish apple garden rustles, decorating with rare exotic flowers. Behind the house there is a beautiful lake, that is surrounded with a forest of pines and birches.

KESHA (30's, handsome, tall enough, well-build, dark-haired, a little unshaved, dressed in white gown over naked body) comes out on the balcony and stretches his hands up.

Kesha smiles self-satisfied. His barefooted legs stand up on pattern porcelain tiled floor.

Kesha has no drop of constraint to a fact that someone can see him. He doesn't care to plug his gown, unscrupulously exposing his own intimacy.

Kesha's left hand is decorated with a pair of man-style huge diamond rings on two fingers and a thick gold bracelet on strong wrist.

In Kesha's right hand the man holds a wide classic tube's glass with a thick bottom. With a real pleasure on his face Kesha drinks whiskey with little sips.

KESHA

Good morning, Russia!

He glances over the picturesque view of a nature bosom and spits down from the balcony. Kesha turns back and steps inside the house.

INT. KESHA'S MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

The master bedroom is widely huge with high ceiling. It is furnished with expensive antiques made of wood, leather, crystal, and marble. High grandfathered clocks is in opposite corner, showing eight o'clock. Black silk bed-clothes are in mass on huge king-size bed. One pillow lies on the floor.

The noise of running water is heard behind closed door to master's bathroom.

Kesha puts the glass on the coffee table and screams aggressively.

KESHA

Hey, baby! Let get dressed and...  
get out!

He dexterously lifts up the weighty solid gold-base watches from the coffee table and looks at the dial.

Kesha's eyes catch the photo-picture in the wooden frame, standing on the coffee table next to the table's glass. There is the picture of young woman.

ELVIRA (28, red-haired, charming, with attractive smile and big blue eyes, dressed in navy-blue turtle-neck sweater) cares a little baby-boy on her hands.

NIKITA (5, short dark-haired, happy smile, pink fatty cheeks, dressed in military khaki pajama) hugs his mother over her neck tightly. Kesha smiles gently and screams again.

KESHA (CONT'D)

What the hell, baby?! Is it really  
a big problem to get dressed fast?

GIRL #1 (O.S.)

I'm coming, Kesha... In a minute.

The noise of flowing water calms down immediately.

Absolutely naked young GIRL (18, beautiful, white skin, curly black-haired, long-legged, tiny perky breasts) comes out of bathroom.

The girl passes-by Kesha with lovely smile on her face. He gives her a sugary lewd look and sonorously slams her tight butt with his palm.

GIRL #1

Kesha, will we have a breakfast? I  
want a sparkling wine and some  
strawberry with--

KESHA

No! Not today... Some other day.

The girl becomes quiet and starts to pull a black stocking on one of her magnificent legs with a pointed manner slowly and seductively. Kesha drops his gown on the floor and walks to bathroom naked.

On his way Kesha collides with another GIRL (18, beautiful, sunburned, straight blond-haired, long legs, big rounded breasts).

Kesha grabs her thin waist, jerkily presses the girl to himself and painfully bites her naked shoulder.

GIRL #2  
Ouch!.. Kesha!

She pulls herself out of Kesha's tenacious embraces and walks away. Kesha stops in the threshold of the bathroom, turns back and winks to both girls.

KESHA  
When I'll come out, I want you both disappear. Understand?

GIRL #2  
Yes, Kesha, but...

KESHA  
Did I pay you not enough? Is anything wrong? Any complains?

GIRL #1  
No, Kesha. Everything was fine.

KESHA  
Then, ...thanks for coming.

He slaps bathroom's door behind him. The girls exchange glances to each other and shrug their shoulders silently.

Next moment girls pick their clothes, shoes and purses, and hasty jump out of the bedroom, running away downstairs.

The noise of girls' heels is going quiet as well as they are going down.

INT. KESHA'S MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kesha comes out the bathroom and walks to adjoined walk-in closet's doors. He opens it, but does not step inside.

The phone rings.

Kesha turns back and looks around the room. Golden cellular vibrates on the coffee table. The man comes closer and lifts the phone up.

He accepts a call and puts the phone to his ear, but does not say a word. He waits for a calling person starts to talk first.

ELVIRA (O.S.)  
Kesha, honey! Hello, hello!

KESHA  
Hi, Elvira! How are you?

ELVIRA (O.S.)  
We are fine. How are you, my dear?  
We miss you a lot.

KESHA  
I miss you too, Elvira...

#### MONTAGE

- A) An airport's departure screen-table.
- B) Close up at changing lines, 16:30 Puerto Rico - On Gate
- C) Elvira (dressed in cute short pink dress, wide-fielded summer hat and big sun-glasses) carries the pink luggage in one hand and the baby-boy in another.
- D) She turns back and waves her hand.
- E) Nikita (dressed in jeans, military khaki t-shirt and diving mask over his head) smiles widely and waves his hand.
- F) Kesha presses his palm to the heart, then to his lips and sends a kiss.
- G) Moving car changes road-lines in traffic extremely fast.
- H) Nightclub's dancing floor is full of people, mostly girls.
- I) Kesha dances sharply as techno music becomes louder.
- J) Kesha drinks up a shot of alcohol at a bar.
- K) Girl's deep décolleté with shaking breasts.
- L) Girl's lips moving in forward as going to kiss.
- M) Nice white bra falls down on the floor near by man's black leather shoe.

Kesha presses the cellular phone to his ear and smiles self-satisfied, standing near coffee table in his bedroom.

ELVIRA (O.S.)

What news? What do you do?

KESHA

Everything is fine. I'm dressing up and planning to leave soon. Don't really have a time to talk, Elvira... Just tell me how is my banditto?

ELVIRA (O.S.)

Nikita is fine. He likes being here very much. It's really nice place, but we better enjoy it if you'll be here, with us... Oh, the Caribbean Islands are like a paradise on the Earth.

KESHA

I'm glad for you, Elvira. Enjoy!.. Well, I have to go--

ELVIRA (O.S.)

Yesterday, Nikita found a beautiful sea-shell! He decided to present it for you on Christmas... but it's going to be a surprise for you! Please, Kesha, don't tell him I told you about it before we come back.

KESHA

Sure, Elvira! Of course I'll keep your secret. Well, now I really have to go. Some people wait for--

ELVIRA (O.S.)

(with jealous tone)

People? Who? Kesha! You're not alone there, aren't you?

KESHA

Me? C'mon, Elvira! Of course I'm alone here...

He smiles and winks to his wife's picture on the coffee table and takes deep breath.

KESHA (CONT'D)

Not people, I would say. But a business. In Moscow, you know... I really have to go, Elvira. Kiss my Nikito-banditto for me... I'll call you later.

ELVIRA (O.S.)

Well... I love you, Kesha. Kisses!

KESHA

Love you too! Bye now...

Kesha disconnects the phone-call and puts the cellular back on the coffee table. He walks back to walk-in closet and steps inside.

INT. KESHA'S WALK-IN CLOSET - MORNING

All infinite shelves of wall-racks and hangers of long crossbeams are filled with design clothes.

Against one wall, there is the open-case, that is full of pairs of various shoes. It exposes on shelves similarly to a show-room of an elite shoes boutique.

Kesha picks a dark-blue jeans, white shirt and blazer. He puts it on and turns to a huge mirror.

Huge golden orthodox cross is shown behind Kesha's shirt on unzipped chest.

INT. KESHA'S DOWNSTAIRS AND HALL - MORNING

The leather sharp-toed shoes runs down marble wide stairs. Clicking heels make a noise.

In the hall Kesha turns to his right. He opens the massive door to the home-office.

Before Kesha walks in, he approaches his right hand and gently touches the Jewish mezuzah, that hangs on the right side of the doorpost. Then he steps inside the home-office.

INT. KESHA'S HOME-OFFICE - MORNING

Kesha passes-by the huge globe-bar with opened up northern hemisphere. Southern hemisphere is full of extensive assortment of alcoholic drinks.

He comes closer to the office table with the various accessories and electronic devices on it.

Kesha flops on the cozy leather armchair. It's decorated with the gobelyn of the tapestry of the Russian Federation symbol.

The seventy two inches monitor hangs on the opposite wall. It blinks and turns on. The surround sound system fills Kesha's home-office with the noise of loading Microsoft Windows operation system. The password box appears on the screen.

Kesha's fingers type on the keyboard. The line of eight star-symbols appear one after another, running forward inside the password box on the screen.

Kesha sharply looks through few website of World's news.

In a moment Kesha stands up, turns off the computer and pulls out the desk's drawer. The little pack of thin incense sticks lies near by the black gun. Kesha takes a couple of incense sticks and closes the drawer.

Kesha walks to the small statue of the Buddha and puts incense sticks in the front of it. He lights it up one after another with Zippo lighter. Sticks smoke up.

Kesha turns away from Buddha-statue. The crucifixion hangs on the opposite corner of the room. Kesha smiles to himself and devoutly crosses himself three times in orthodox manner.

INT. KESHA'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Kesha walks in the kitchen, that is greatly furnished with designed cabinets, hi-tech appliances and accessories. He looks into the fridge. Kesha takes out a loaf of wheat bread, butter and ham.

He walks to the island-table and puts everything on it. Then Kesha dexterously snatches out the big kitchen knife. He prepares two sandwiches with ham, coriander and tomatoes.

Kesha inhales the appetizing aroma of his sandwiches, covers it with a foil and picks two red apples from the basket.

A knife flies down to the sink with sonorous sound of metal.

EXT. KESHA'S HOUSE/DRIVE WAY - MORNING

The entrance door opens silently. Kesha walks to black Hummer-H3, that is parked on red-bricked drive way. He pulls the cellular out of his pocket and dials a phone number.

MR.GOOSE (O.S.)  
(with sleepy voice tone)  
Hello?

KESHA  
Hey, Duck Man! Did you wake up already?

MR.GOOSE (O.S.)  
Good morning, mister Leifortov...  
But I told you, I'm not Duckman. My name is Goose.

KESHA  
You're too little for being the Goose. That's why I call you duck-something... And even, all birds are feathered, you know. What's the big different?

MR.GOOSE (O.S.)  
Whatever...

KESHA  
Well! I left home already, and I want you being in the office in forty minutes.

MR.GOOSE (O.S.)  
But today is Saturday, mister Leifortov.

KESHA  
I know. Thanks for the note.

Kesha gets into his Hummer and closes the door behind him.

EXT./INT. KESHA'S DRIVEWAY/MOVING HUMMER - MORNING

Kesha puts the plastic bag with food on the passenger's seat, while pressing the cellular to his ear by shoulder. He puts the key into ignition and turns it on.

Hummer's dashboard lights up and powerful engine makes the strong noise. The speedometer arrow shudders and spreads up.

Hummer's wheels rustle over the bricked driveway in the direction to the high metallic gate. The gate's door starts opening smoothly.

MR.GOOSE (O.S.)  
Mister Leifortov... I mean I'm off  
today. And I planned--

KESHA  
Wait a second!

Hummer drives through the gate. The vehicle turns right, moving to the road.

Next moment Hummer sharply stops near an ordinary-looking car.

Grandfathered Russian dusty sedan VAZ-2106 in white color with nevertheless tightly tinted windows nests on a roadside.

EXT. THE ROADSIDE IN THE FRONT OF KESHA'S HOUSE - MORNING

Kesha jumps out of his Hummer, passes-by his vehicle and glances through VAZ's windshield.

THE DRIVER (30's, skinny, bristled face, foggy red eyes, dressed in white-and-black chequered shirt and old fake-leather jacket) gnaws black sunflower seeds monotonously. His eyes keep a look at nowhere thoughtfully.

THE PASSENGER (40's, unshaved, fat cheeks and big nose, lightly bald, dressed in gray turtle-neck sweater) sleeps peacefully on the left seat.

Kesha maliciously grins and knocks in the glass. The driver stares at an unexpected visitor.

Kesha makes some rotary movements with his fist in the air, silently explaining that the driver should pull the window down. The driver lop-sides his eyes at his sleeping colleague and opens the window.

KESHA  
Good morning, detectives! I'm sorry  
for an interruption of your  
morning, but here some breakfast  
for you, guys. And hurry up if you  
want to escort me. I'm in rush!

He cares the plastic bag through opened window. Next moment Kesha covers his nose with the hand.

KESHA (CONT'D)

Oh, shit! You have to smoke less!..  
I'm not a doctor, but the smoking  
is harmful to your health.

Kesha does not wait for any words from undercover  
detectives. He returns into his Hummer and sharply jerks  
aside highway.

Undercover police car's starter becomes to creak and hastens  
after Hummer on a polite distance.

EXT./INT. SCHELKOV HIGHWAY/MOVING HUMMER - MORNING

Kesha looks to rear mirror on the reflection of poor and  
powerless detective's escort-car and smiles. He switches his  
look to cellular on the dashboard and lifts it up.

KESHA

Hey, Duckman! Are you still here?

MR.GOOSE (O.S.)

Mister Leifortov, I mentioned  
before I plan something for today.

KESHA

That's great, man! It means you are  
not a lazy boy... But I need you in  
the office.

MR.GOOSE (O.S.)

But today is a Saturday, and  
everyone is off... I gathered to go  
to the movie-theater with my wife--

KESHA

What's the hell are you talking  
about?! Business is always first. I  
said, I need you in the office,  
today... You're my accountant,  
slash my personal assistant, slash  
my fucking right hand, aren't you?  
Who does know all this  
paper-garbage better then you? Give  
me a name and I won't bother you...  
even on Monday.

MR.GOOSE (O.S.)

Alright, I will be there--

KESHA

See you later, Duckman!

Kesha disconnects the phone-call. He throws the cellular on the dashboard's accessory panel.

The speedometer arrow jerks up, jumps over the mark of the hundred twenty kilometers per hour and spreads further carefree.

Hummer starts to roar and rushes forward to the center of Moscow city over the straight highway. Hummer moves over speed limit and scares away any slow-moving road participants with horn's howl.

The road is nicely decorated on its roadsides with poplars and elms. Over trees gray clouds slowly float on the blue sky.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. THE SMALL TOWN TO THE NORTH OF MADRID, SPAIN - DUSK

SUBTITLE: "Segovia, Spain. September, 1498."

Gray clouds slowly float above hilly landscape of Segovia. The red sun reluctantly slips from a pearl-gray twilight sky to the horizon. The scarlet beams of the sun slide of tiled roofs of houses, diligently caressing the town.

A monastery towers above Segovia. One after another lights flash up in Segovia citizens' houses. The silhouettes move in the preparation for family dinner.

The black shadow goes down from one of peaked spikes of the monastery. It promptly outlines a circle above the town's main square and carries nearby a long rectangular window of one of monastic rooms.

The window is lighted with flickering candles. The black raven screams angry and disappears in the night.

INT. MONASTERY/THE INQUISITOR THOMAS'S ROOM - LATE EVENING

The inquisitor THOMAS DE TORQUEMADA (80's, elderly man, short, fat, bald with monastic tonthura circled his head, yellowish skin, cruel little eyes, bad teeth, dressed in the long black cassock) sits behind a long table.

The room is small with dark stone walls. It is poorly furnished. The wide low bed stays against the wall. The huge crucifixion hangs over the bed. The old wardrobe is in the opposite corner, nearby the fire-place. There is no fire in it.

Thomas puts a goose feather aside and takes another pergament roll.

The huge black shadow interrupts his attention. It promptly carries nearby the opened window. The bird's screaming is heard loudly in the viscous silence of the night.

THOMAS

Stupid raven...

He brakes the seal and rolls off the pergament. Thomas's fat grease cheeks shake without control. He screws up his eyes and quietly moves his dry wrinkled lips while getting the grasp in the text.

Dense gray-haired eyebrows move up and down. Eyebrows strictly narrow above nose bridge.

Thomas stops to read and stands up. He leans the hand on the table and slowly bypasses it. Thomas's flabby old legs move hardly and slowly.

Thomas stops at another edge of the table, where the jug and the dish with cut meat and vegetables are served. He fills up the cup of wine and puts the piece of cold veal in his mouth. Then Thomas slowly returns to his paperwork and sits on the chair.

He touches his face with short thick fingers and wipes tired eyes. Thomas looks at the thick candle.

He turns his look at the next document, puts the goose feather into the inkwell and signs up the stated text with his own signature widely.

Someone knocks to the door cautiously. Thomas lifts his eyes and loudly mutters.

THOMAS

Come in!

The monk JULIO (40's, skinny, very tall, with monastic tonthura circled his bald head, dressed in black cassock) opens the door, squeezes inside and mumbles.

JULIO, THE MONK  
 Your Saint Majesty... I do  
 apologize for disturbing your late  
 evening, but... I have the urgent  
 report for you, Your Saint Majesty.

THOMAS  
 Give it to me, Julio.

Thomas nods and waves his hand to resolve the monk to come closer. Julio devoutly crosses himself while taking a short look on the huge cross.

Jesus Christ on crucifixion is made of ebony. He freezes in the eternal agony of intolerable suffering.

The monk comes through Thomas's room, kisses Grand Inquisitor's hand and presses his head deeper into skinny shoulders. He gives the curtailed parchment to Thomas and gets back to the door. Thomas waits till Julio comes out and closes the door behind him. Then he brakes the seal, unrolls the paper and starts to read.

The gloomy and severe Thomas's face shines with the fleeting good-nature smile, what is absolutely inappropriate to spiteful small eyes.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
 That's good letter... just because  
 of it's non-official. I'm tired of  
 this work... So again, when do you  
 invite me for the dinner, my dear  
 friend Alvaro?... Aha... Tomorrow,  
 at... What? At two o'clock?

Thomas grabs the candle and moves it closer. He turns the letter to the candle's spark and rereads the invitation again.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
 Aha, here it is... I see now...  
 Venerable duke of Segovia is  
 apologize for early hour of the  
 meal, because of... What? What the  
 terrible handwriting is!.. Any  
 chicken could write much clearly to  
 understand then Don Alvaro does.  
 (pause)  
 Oh, alright. Now I get it...  
 Because of Alvaro de Ravel's  
 necessity to leave to Seville  
 tomorrow... Well, that's doubled  
 good news!

Thomas's small spiteful eyes flash with the fervent spark of the delightful sin's anticipation. He closes his eyes and takes the deep breath.

INT. THE INQUISITOR THOMAS'S ROOM - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

By Thomas's imagination, the black shadow comes out of the stone wall of his room. It embodies into mystery ghost and steps forward to Thomas with some refined courtesy.

A woman-ghost of duchess MARIA DE RAVEL (middle 40's, beautiful, tall, harmonious, seductive, with high hair-dressed long black hair, snow-white skin, dressed in the light translucent dress) bows respectably.

Thomas glances on her, sickly-sweet grins, and licks his wrinkled lips. He points her on the bed with waving hand.

THOMAS

Please, my dear Maria. Please, Your Harmonious.

DONNA MARIA

With my pleasure, Your Saint Majesty... Would you join me, Thomas?

She smiles and lows her dress with little movement of thin long hands.

Maria sits down on the edge of the bed. Then she lays down on the pillow. Her majestic breast drops out the dress. Maria turns her eyes out of Thomas and looks at the door. Thomas glances there too.

In Moorish arcade of entrance door the young girl ROSA DE RAVEL (20, beautiful, curly chestnut-haired, fat lips, long eyelashes, whitish skin, dressed in the light dress as her mother does) shifts from one foot to another in shyness.

THOMAS

Rosa? Is it you, my dear child?

Rosa gracefully bows to the Grand Inquisitor. She slowly walks to the bed where her mother arranges more conveniently.

The gray and cold poor monastic room fills up with poured luminescent light. Rosa comes closer to the bed and touches falling ringlets of her hair.

At same moment the dress slips from her thin shoulders to the floor, showing the harmonious back with the narrow aspen of girl's waist and tight buttocks.

Rosa turns back and looks at choked Thomas. She burns him with the sharp look of her brown eyes.

DONNA ROSA

Your Saint Majesty... Why do you look at me so?

THOMAS

Oh, my dear! You are... the virtue for me.

Thomas takes the short look at Maria and gets back to Rosa.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I don't know, whether... If I may explain how it's difficult for me, Rosa. Virtue is that meal, what my soul craves, but might not find it in Segovia often. That's why I look at you so... with great pleasure, my dear Rosa.

Rosa smiles and stretches her hand to Thomas. She beacons him with her finger.

DONNA ROSA

Don't spend time to look... Come to us.

At this moment someone knocks to the door sharply.

Thomas's imagination of both women, mother and daughter, scatters with billions bright sparks.

The night breeze rushes through the opened window, takes up magic pollen and begins to whirl it in coiling columns. Next minute it flies away from monastic room.

INT. THE INQUISITOR THOMAS'S ROOM - NIGHT (REALITY)

Remained alone in the gloomy room, Thomas hasty pulls his hand out of his monastic cassock. He looks at the door angry. Thomas clears the throat and returns himself to the former majestic, mournful and innocent look.

THOMAS

Come in!

Loops squeak and door opens. The light from the hallway flows inside, but immediately blocks with someone's tall figure.

The late-night visitor's face is hiding with the shadow of hat with wide fields. His high road-boots' heels thunder. The man steps through the threshold in the company with Julio.

The flame dances on the top of smoking torch brightly. It shines man's clothes.

The rich Spaniard DON LUIS ALVADAN (40's, very tall, strong, lanky and round-shouldered figure) is armored with light polished steel and gilt ornament, sword and dagger.

Don Luis steps forward and greets Thomas, dropping on one knee and kissing the Grand inquisitor's hand.

THOMAS

Good night. What has brought you to me, my dear son don Luis?

DON LUIS

Good night, Your Saint Majesty Thomas de Torquemada. The instruction of Her Majesty the queen Isabella brought me to Segovia.

Don Luis pulls the parchment roll out of his pocket. The rolled paper is sealed with the state symbol.

Thomas takes the document out of don Luis's hand and turns away to the table, where the spark of the thick candle shivers in the cooper candlestick.

Thomas brakes the seal and looks closer inside the document. Calligraphic handwriting text is signed with the queen Isabella.

THOMAS

Her Majesty orders me to arrive to Seville in three days, doesn't she?

DON LUIS

Be exact, in three days since yesterday, Your Saint Majesty. It took me a time to arrive here, as you understand.

Thomas nodes twice, continuing to slide over the parchment with his eyes.

THOMAS

Well, of course I cannot dare to neglect the greatest command of the queen... Would you, my dear don Luis, give me the company to Seville in your honest courtesy? Woods and roads from Segovia to Seville are full of road-robbers.

DON LUIS

With my greatest regrets, Your Saint Majesty. I cannot not. I must return to the palace by tomorrow's afternoon... But I thought there is an army of guards, who should be capable to protect you against robbers and demons, isn't it?

THOMAS

Yes, it is... Against demons my people really can do, as we all here serve to the word of God. But what monks can do against cruelty of road-robbers?

DON LUIS

I'm sorry, Your Saint Majesty. But I really--

THOMAS

Don't be sorry, my dear son don Luis.

The small blinked eyes of Thomas flash with joyful spark. He smiles and takes another pergament from the table in his hand, showing it to don Luis unrolled.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Everything is alright! I'll join duke Alvaro de Ravel in that trip... My greatest friend is going to Seville tomorrow afternoon as well as I have to.

Thomas looks at don Luis with the long pause.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Instead of whether don't you know, my dear son, what is such urgent to get to the palace for? I believe there are a lot of messengers in the whole palace rather than sending the personal secretary of

(MORE)

THOMAS (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
the queen Isabella, as you are, don  
Luis.

DON LUIS  
You're absolutely right, Your Saint  
Majesty. Numerous amount of such  
people serve in the palace... But  
I've considered it as an honor to  
deliver the instruction of Their  
Majesties, the queen Isabella and  
the king Ferdinand, directly to you  
in person.

Don Luis smiles modestly.

DON LUIS (CONT'D)  
Besides that, I admit I was caused  
to deliver this letter to you, Your  
Saint Majesty, because it's  
pleasure to run away for few days  
out of palace life's vanity.

Don Luis fleetingly looks through opened window of monastic  
room at the sad face of moon, that just glances out of  
languid black clouds.

DON LUIS (CONT'D)  
And my time is over. Allow me to  
leave, Your Saint Majesty.

THOMAS  
In peace! God bless you, my dear  
son.

Thomas stretches his hand to don Luis for the kiss. Don Luis  
drops on his knee and touches the rough wrinkled skin of  
Thomas's hand with his lips. Then he stands up and quickly  
walks out.

The heavy door's loops squeaks and it tightly closes behind  
don Luis's wide back.

INT. THE INQUISITOR THOMAS'S ROOM - NIGHT

Thomas returns to his chair and looks at the spread out  
paperwork with obvious discontent in his eyes. He fills up  
the cup of wine and drinks in few sips.

At moment when he just sits back on the chair to continue  
his work and takes the goose feather, someone knocks to the  
door again, but quietly.

THOMAS

(muttering angry)

What the devilish night... Come in!

The door opens slowly. A tiny child's figure comes in. Thomas lifts his small artful eyes out of documents and slips on lean little girl's body with the sugary trite look.

Thomas leads the tip of the goose feather over his thick cheek. He majestically points the girl to his bed and returns his eyes back to unread parchment.

THE LITTLE GIRL (14, tiny, skinny, black short hair, huge emerald eyes, dressed in the poor cotton shirt-robe) climbs on the bed and draws her sharp knees to the chin. She clasps it with thin hands. The girl sits silently and looks at Thomas, being afraid of him.

Thomas stands up, sharply look at the parchment, then at the girl, then back at the paper. He dips the tip of feather into the inkwell and hasty sums up the parchment with sprawling sign as "Debita animadversione puniendum!"

SUBTITLE: "Let it be punished upon merits! (in Latin)"

The goose feather falls down over the parchment. Thomas's thick face with wide cheekbones shines with the mischievous smile.

EXT./INT. SCHELKOV HIGHWAY/MOVING HUMMER, MOSCOW, RUSSIA - MORNING

SUBTITLE: "Schelkov highway. Moscow, Russia. Present days."

As closer Kesha's Hummer moves forward to the city, as the moving reduces the speed. The road traffic becomes stronger every other meter.

KESHA

(muttering angry)

Oh, my Gosh!.. What the hell is going on here? People, where are you all going on Saturday morning? Don't you have anything interesting at home?

Kesha tries to make his way further, impudently changing lines. His road-neighbors indignantly signal him. Kesha answers them silently with waving his hands and middle fingers on both. He makes angry mimics and shows his teeth as an animal.

Eventually impudent Hummer stops, being stocked on the roadside with huge cargo-truck from his right side. Two other vehicles block him from the front and rear in hopeless position.

Kesha opens the gloves compartment and picks green lollipop out of the huge pack, that is full of candies. He sharply takes the cover off and puts the lollipop in his mouth.

Kesha opens the window and puts his hand's elbow through the window. The man makes movements as pretending to smoke the lollipop and takes invisible ash off it.

The sound of automobiles' horns are heard from somewhere behind. Kesha turns his head from the side to side, but cannot find anything visible neither in lateral, nor in the rear mirror. Other vehicles slowly creep in fusible traffic.

While Kesha's attention is taken by unexpected noise, the distance between his Hummer and a car in the front of him increases.

Silver Lexus RX moves in between suddenly and without the warning of dimensional lights. Kesha sharply presses the brake-pedal to the floor. Hummer stops in few inches behind Lexus's rear bumper.

KESHA

(yelling angry)

Fuck that! I swear it's a Blondy  
behind a wheel! Shoot me now if I'm  
wrong... Stay home, bee-yach!

Kesha crunches his lollipop nervously and picks another one out of pack.

He stares on the indistinct silhouette of Lexus's driver through the rear window of RX. But next moment Kesha's attention is taken by the government escort, that bypasses him with hysteric sounds of horns and signals.

The ministerial Audi A8 and the heavy-weight Ford Excursion, both in black with deeply tuning windows, have bright devilish sparks of pulse-flashing beacons on roofs. Some stroboscopes of built-in headlights flashes spitefully.

Kesha watches the escort with eyes filled up of envy. He finishes his lollipop and drops the stick under wheels of a car left to him like it's cigarette's stub.

Then Kesha stretches his hand and seizes the phone. He dials a number and puts the phone to his ear. Few long hooters finally changes to someone's heavy puffing.

KESHA

Hello, Daddy! How are you doing?

Father's voice snuffs strong.

FATHER

A-ah. Is it you, Kesha? Hi there, son...

KESHA

Guess why I'm calling... Daddy, I'm worn out in fuses to stock in traffic every day. Could you ask your buddies... to supply me with a flashlight?

FATHER

(melancholy, but gloomy)  
Kesha. You know, it's for municipal use only--

KESHA

C'mon! Don't make me laugh, Daddy. All senators, as you are, who was chosen by people to serve them, have stupidly decided to refuse a using of special car-lights and other equipment as well... But! Later on they returned it for their own use quietly. Everyone knows that!

FATHER

I'm driving without anything like that. And what you are talking about, son, it's hypocrisy and deceit!

KESHA

I'm surprised of your honesty. But truly... it's nothing for you to get me one, if you don't use it yourself, isn't it?

FATHER

Kesha, I won't do it even for you. And, please... Never ever ask me about it again!

KESHA

Alright. As you said. Then... That's it for now. Say hi to Mom. Bye!

The phone conversation is ended without any answer of Kesha's father. Kesha looks at extinct screen of his cellular and shows his tongue to the phone as little boy does.

The road-sign declares approaching to M.K.A.D. highway. Kesha nervously moves on the seat and beats the wheel with his palms.

Successfully passing massed fork of highways' intersection, Hummer moves forward. The road-sign declares the direction to the Cherkizov Market.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX NEARBY CHERKIZOV MARKET - MORNING

Hummer moves out of the highway, turns sharply and drives into the yard, surrounded with similar five-stored apartment buildings. Kesha parks his vehicle and gets out. He walks fast to a first entrance and steps inside.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING'S DOORWAY - MORNING

Kesha runs upstairs on second floor and sit down nearby dirty window covered with thick layers of a dust. He looks over the parking lot and playground in study to find someone remarkable. Kesha smiles.

KESHA

That's good. Nobody new on my tail.  
Stupid detectives! Cat's away, mice  
play...

Kesha comes down and walks out the entrance of apartment building.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING/ARCH - MORNING

Kesha comes out the entrance of apartment building and sharply turns to the left, running under windows of first floor. He steps into the deserted arch and walks faster.

His steps with booming echo ricochet out of old walls till his athletic figure disappears behind the corner of the building.

EXT. MOSCOW CITY/IZMAYLOVO BOROUGH - MORNING

SUBTITLE: "Izmaylovo Borough, Moscow, Russia."

Kesha comes out from the underground transition on the opposite side of the Schelkov highway. Kesha fast walks in direction to the six-stores building with gray-yellow colored walls.

The name of Academy is written in blue Russian letters on the top of building, just between sixth floor's windows and roof.

SUBTITLE: "The Russian State Academy of Physical Culture, Sport and Tourism, Moscow, Russia."

INT. THE ACADEMY OF SPORT/HALL - MORNING

Kesha comes through plastic slide-doors and waves to a security guard with his ID-card.

THE SERGEANT (19, skinny, shaved with bloody scratches, red foggy eyes, looking boring, dressed in uniform of internal forces) silently shrugs his shoulders and absorbs back into the newspaper's crossword, nervously biting the tip of pencil.

INT. THE ACADEMY OF SPORT/STAIRWAY - MORNING

Kesha comes downstairs on the underground floor of the Academy. He bypasses the locker rooms and stops near the stainless door.

Kesha knocks and comes inside without accepting answer.

INT. ROMA'S UNDERGROUND OFFICE - MORNING

Kesha steps inside the room. It is the small room with the little window under ceiling, poorly furnished with two chairs, standard school-desk and the long rock for clothes - typical locker room.

Two huge identical ATHLETES (30's, huge, well-build, bald, dressed in similar short leather jackets, sport trousers and snickers) stand up on Kesha's way.

Well-shaved skulls sparkle with steel shine and stare on visitor with two pairs of cruel empty eyes. Kesha smiles to them.

KESHA

Hey, guys! Are you cousins to each other?.. Why are you dressed up like just come out of the time-machine?.. Wait, let me think... You're stocked in the past! So, how is it back in ninetieth?

Athletes glance on each other silently and shrug wide shoulders.

KESHA (CONT'D)

Well. I guess my jokes have no power to get inside... Being ricocheted off... Let's get back to business. Is Roma here?

Both athletes node twice, in silent.

KESHA (CONT'D)

That's good. And I'm Kesha, by the way.

One of athletes steps to another door in the room and opens it for Kesha.

KESHA (CONT'D)

Thanks.

INT. ROMA'S PRIVATE ROOM - MORNING

The small dark room with the little naked lamp under ceiling, poorly furnished with the school-desk, couple of chairs, but including flat-screen TV with DVD-player, that stands in the corner on same boxes in which it was brought in.

ROMA (early 50's, overweight, but athletic, strong, wide shoulders, bald skull, well-shaved face, well-dressed up in design black suit and turtle-neck shirt) sits on leather armchair behind the school-desk.

He unwillingly turns his eyes out of the book in his hands. Roma blurs in the good-nature smile, showing two golden teeth.

ROMA

Kesha! You're a little lucky bastard. Hi there!

KESHA

Hi, Roma! How are you, Big Man?

Kesha comes closer to the table and stretches the right hand in greeting, while his left hand pulls the book out of Roma's hands.

KESHA (CONT'D)

Wow, buddy. What is it? You know how to read?

Kesha looks at the book title and smiles widely.

KESHA (CONT'D)

Karyshev? My respect! The history of Russian mafia... Interesting. Did you find something about yourself in this book?

Roma grins and points Kesha on the chair with waving hand. He collapses in his own old office armchair, watching his visitor.

KESHA (CONT'D)

Cool. I was almost afraid someone kills me today for my jokes. But you've got this one, not like yours buddy-guards.

Kesha leans forward and continues quietly.

KESHA (CONT'D)

You should send them back to a high-school. They look like dumb and dumber, don't you think so?

ROMA

No, I don't. They are masters in their own. You know what I mean... I don't need them to talk a lot, or even think.

KESHA

Well, you might be right. It's up to you... Oh, do you have any little shot for me to drink over here?

Roma indignantly makes the helpless gesture and lifts his thick finger up in multiple-valued meaning.

ROMA

Kesha, are you out of your mind?  
That's an inner of sanctum... The  
Academy of Sport! Alcohol is not  
allowed here.

KESHA

Even beer?

ROMA

Kesha!

KESHA

Well, never mind... So, back to  
business. Did you find my man?

ROMA

You mean, your debtor? Indeed! We  
had a long conversation with him...  
almost till sunrise. He is strong  
son of a bitch!

KESHA

Well, and?

ROMA

As I said, in a morning we  
threatened him with extensive  
trimming. You know, what and where  
I mean... And he gave up. He  
answered all questions. Where money  
is. Where goods are.

Roma laughs. Kesha moves his eyebrow up and looks at his  
opponent with questions in his eyes.

KESHA

That's good news, Roma. But what  
are you laughing on?

ROMA

I'm not new-comer in that business,  
you know. But up till today I just  
cannot understand, what such people  
use when they are going to lead all  
around a finger?

KESHA

Obviously, not a head.

The death silent hangs in small room, depriving any comfort. Kesha's eyes run over walls with amusing floret wall-papers that decorate the walls most likely since the Soviet Union's period. The dampness-stained plaster falls off the ceiling in pieces.

KESHA (CONT'D)

Roma, don't you feel like if you are going to use this walk-in closet as your visiting office, you better be face-lifting it?

ROMA

What for?

KESHA

It really doesn't look nice... You are serious businessman, but siting here as a rat. Don't you feel like you better have something more comfortable?

ROMA

I do have, Kesha. The luxury two-floor office on the Tverskaya street...

KESHA

Nice! But why do I never have been there? We always meet here, in the Academy's underground.

ROMA

Different business is in different place.

KESHA

Oh, okay, Roma. And what kind of business you have there, on the Tverskaya street?

ROMA

The security firm.

KESHA

Wait a second! And you want to say that there is some kind of different in what you do there, and what I'm asking you for, Roma?

ROMA

Sort of, my little Kesha... My firm provides a confident care service

(MORE)

ROMA (cont'd)  
to serious clients, such as banks,  
jewelery stores and designer's  
boutiques. And what I do for you--

KESHA  
Yeh, yeh, yeh... I've got you.

ROMA  
So, what do you want me to do with  
him?

KESHA  
Who?

ROMA  
Kesha! Your debtor, of course.

KESHA  
Oh, this one. I guess if the person  
is a fool it's forever.

Roma crookedly grins and nods.

KESHA (CONT'D)  
So, conclusion is... If he lies to  
me, I don't need him anymore. But  
just to fire him is not enough...  
Take him away, Roma.

Roma looks at Kesha steadfastly.

ROMA  
In this case, Kesha, as I  
understand... Take him away has  
only one meaning and it's fatal  
...decision.

KESHA  
(smiling in cruelty)  
You are talking as real  
businessman. What do you think?  
Maybe we should put him in any car  
and... Boom? Accident, you know...  
Or in the market, at his warehouse?  
So it can be a note as a lesson for  
others.

ROMA  
Are you kidding me? Only little  
kids do such nonsense business...  
in their gangsta-games. Like those  
two, in August. Remember?

KESHA

Yeh, Roma, I know what you are talking about, but don't remember their names... Stupid kids played in war.

ROMA

So, Kesha, I'm telling you my people will make it all in a bunch. Purely... Yes, perhaps, accident is good idea. With diagnosis of a stroke.

KESHA

The stroke?.. The stroke is good diagnosis. I hope you spoke with him without any visual effects on his body, didn't you?

Roma nods silently.

KESHA (CONT'D)

I'm not a doctor, but I understand the broken face doesn't combine with a stroke well in any way.

ROMA

You offend me, Kesha. My people know how to talk with our clients. Years of good training. No one will find any bruise.

KESHA

Alright, I trust you, Roma.

Kesha looks at his watches and take the deep breath.

KESHA (CONT'D)

Oh, my God. Time is over... It's really a pleasure to talk to you, but I have to go.

Kesha sharply stands up and stretches his hand to Roma. The athlete answers with strong handshake, slightly moving forward on his armchair. Kesha comes to the door, but turns back for the moment.

KESHA

And what about money and goods... You know, everything is as usual.

Roma silently nods and lifts the book again. The door closes behind Kesha loudly.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. MONASTERY/THE INQUISITOR THOMAS'S ROOM - NIGHT

SUBTITLE: "Segovia, Spain. September, 1498."

Thomas casts on the pillow and brushes away large drops of sweat from his forehead with his hand. He slightly closes his eyes. Thomas's speed-up breath gradually restores.

He monotonously and quiet mutters something. Tumors moves under tense yellowish skin of him. Tears of dying away pleasure slide down on the deep wrinkles, that's bordering small spiteful eyes.

Thomas slips his tired look over the stone arches of the room. Then he stares at tiny child's figure.

The girl sits silently on the edge of Thomas's bed. She clasps her small sharp knees with thin hands and looks at Thomas. Tears cease to slide out her huge emerald eyes, drying off on girl's cheeks.

THOMAS

You can go, my dear child. God  
bless you!

He waves his hand in the direction to the door. The girl catches his hand into her palms and nests her lips to the dry wrinkled skin. The sickly-sweet smile appears on Thomas's face, showing curve bad teeth.

The girl stands up, lifts her robe from the floor and leaves the room. Thomas turns away and stares at the heavy gray ceiling.

The bright moonlight shines Thomas's bed and him, who's laying on the bed. The smooth bald head reflects the cold moonlight as the mirror. Fast shadow flashes in the high rectangular window.

Thomas opens his eyes and turns his head. He looks at the moon.

The shadow carries nearby the window again. Thomas frowns, focuses his eyes and sits on the bed, talking to himself.

THOMAS

It's probably a bat... Or not. No,  
it's too big for a bat. It might be  
a raven or an owl.

His grown fat body nervously shudders. Shivering hand pulls Thomas's clothes, that's hanging on the chair nearby the bed.

Thomas puts it on and stands up. He looks over all corners of his room, that's hiding in the darkness of the night. There is no any sounds, except ringing crickets.

Thomas walks to the table, fires up the candle and takes the clay jug in his hands. He fills up the cup of wine. Thomas takes the cup in one hand, and the candle in another, and walks to the window.

Somewhere in the long distance confused bark of dogs is heard. The iced yellow moon hides behind the cloud again. Billions of stars are in the dark-blue sky.

Thomas drinks his wine and spits down through the window. His curve fingers scratch thick butt and then Thomas's shiny bald head. Someone laughs quietly behind Thomas.

Thomas turns back sharply. His eyes quickly run over the room.

THOMAS

Who's here?

AVRIEL

Good night, Your Saint Majesty.

THOMAS

Who are you? What are you doing here?

The tall and strong shadow comes out from the opposite wall. Late night visitor walks through Thomas's room and sits down on the chair behind the table.

Thomas's eyes blink, peering to the top of stranger's shadow, where it should be the face.

AVRIEL

I came to talk to you, don't you mind?

THOMAS

A name! Say your name, impious! And how did you get in my room? In fact, the entrance door... didn't even creak.

AVRIEL

My name is Avriel, Your Saint Majesty. And who I am, you just named yourself.

THOMAS

Did I say? But what?.. I asked who's here, then who are you, then... what are you doing here...

AVRIEL

A name! Say your name...

THOMAS

(quietly and thoughtful)  
Say your name... Impious...  
Impious? A demon?

The shadow mischievously grins, showing white teeth. The black cloud that covers the moon crawls away. The cold yellowish light spills into Thomas's room and pulls the visitor out of the darkness. Dense gray-haired Thomas's eyebrows spreads up.

The handsome man sits on the chair. Magnificent ringlets of his black hair fall down on wide shoulders, being poured in moonlight. The naked torso of well-build body puffs up with strong muscles, pulling sunburned lilac-steel skin.

The wide smile shines with pearl teeth under sharp eagle-looked nose. Whitish eyes with iced smoked fire stare at Thomas silently. Two huge black-feathered wings quietly shudder behind Avriel's back.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(yelling in panic horror)  
A demon! Demon's in the monastery!

AVRIEL

Silent, Thomas! Calm down...

Thomas runs to his bed and grabs the massive Latin Bible in one hand, and wooden cross in another. He starts to wave it in front of him.

AVRIEL (CONT'D)

I said, calm down, Your Saint Majesty... In fact, neither the Bible, nor the cross helps you. It just things, but not armor. I read Bible and I can touch the cross.

Thomas looks at the Bible and the cross with confusion in his eyes.

AVRIEL (CONT'D)

Just assume, what if your hands  
will lose it unintentionally? It  
may harm you, not me.

(pause)

Sit down, Thomas! We have to talk.

Thomas sits on the edge of his bed momentarily.

AVRIEL (CONT'D)

(quietly, smiling)

That's good, Thomas.

The death silent establishes in Thomas's room. Avriel, as the guest, who's never been in that room before, looks around with good-nature interest.

He takes the long look at huge crucifixion, that's hanging on the wall above Thomas's bed. Avriel smiles to himself and nodes quietly few times. Then his eyes run over stone walls and arches of ceiling.

Finally he stops on documents, that being left on the table by Thomas. Avriel smiles again and takes one of those papers. Without any permission, he looks through the stated text and postpones it aside.

THOMAS

Don't touch it! It's confidential!  
It's...

Thomas becomes quiet for a moment, thoughtfully looking at Avriel and pergament on the table.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(mumbling)

Oh, my God. I don't remember what  
it's about... Like I never read it,  
but I did... In fact!

AVRIEL

(smiling)

Never leave any readings opened...

THOMAS

What? What did you say?

Avriel maliciously grins, but doesn't repeat a word. He lows his eyes on another document.

The wide signature of the Grand Inquisitor slowly evaporates from the pergament like the moisture on the stone, that's was left under sun shine.

Avriel takes the empty cup in his hand and brings it to his lips, making some sonorous drinks of nothing. Little bloody drops of red wine slip over Avriel's chin, falling down on his strong wide chest.

Having satisfied his thirst, Avriel closes his eyes a little bit. He smiles, enjoying the taste of good wine.

Someone's steps are heard behind the door in monastery's hallway. Thomas turns his head to the door and opens his mouth ready to scream.

AVRIEL

Don't even try, Thomas. No one will hear you.

THOMAS

Why?

(pause)

Help! Help! Demon's in the monastery!

Steps cease and door opens, squeaking cautiously. Thomas starts to giggle self-satisfied.

PHILLIP (40's, sharp face with bald skull, smoothed thin beard, tall, fat) looks into Thomas's room.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Phillip! Oh, my Glory God! Come in, Philip. Come to me now! Save me...

Phillip does not make a step inside. His eyes run over stone gray walls of Thomas's room. His look stops on Thomas's bed for a moment, but like Phillip does not see anyone.

Phillip hems and shakes his shoulder. He pulls up thrown hood on his bald skull. Phillip's sword tinkles on stone floor with its tip. The door closes, hiding Phillip away.

AVRIEL

I told you, Your Saint Majesty. Your guard Phillip or whatever who else... no one will hear you, before I'll permit it... Anyone who might suddenly glance into your room tonight will see that you are sleeping in your bed... in peace.

Thomas makes uncertain step to the exit, but stops and looks back at Avriel.

AVRIEL (CONT'D)

So, sit down, Thomas. We have a lot of to talk about.

Thomas lows his head obediently and returns to the bed.

THOMAS

Strange speeches you say, impious. Well... So, why did you come to me?

AVRIEL

Are you asking me why? To talk... To answer your questions. You know you have some questions for me.

THOMAS

Yes, I have some questions I cannot find answers for.

AVRIEL

So, ask me, Thomas... Here I am.

THOMAS

Fairly to tell, I was waiting for you for a long time.

AVRIEL

For me? Do you know me? Really?

THOMAS

No, I don't. I don't know you, impious. And I don't know I was waiting whether for you personally or someone else of yours from up there.

Thomas lifts his finger up to the stone arch of monastery significantly. Avriel laughs and arranges on the chair as more comfortable as possible.

AVRIEL

Be on your way!.. However, don't forget, Your Saint Majesty. You speak with the fallen one!

Avriel lifts his finder up.

AVRIEL (CONT'D)

And I'm not from up there...

His fist turns down and finger directs to the floor.

AVRIEL (CONT'D)  
I'm from down here.

THOMAS  
From underground? From Hell?

Avriel smiles and hides his eyes. He looks like shy for a moment.

AVRIEL  
No. I live on the Earth, as well as people do.

Thomas becomes thoughtful and moves his dense eyebrows together.

THOMAS  
Anyway, you're the demon and that's it... But I still wish to ask you about...

Avriel waves his hand, permitting to continue. Thomas clears his throat and puts on his face a mask of sacred non-sinning.

THOMAS  
Tell me, impious--

AVRIEL  
My name is Avriel, Your Saint Majesty.

THOMAS  
Tell me, the impious Avriel. Why did people so easily believe in a story about a revolt against God... about His anger... about overthrow of Satan down from heaven?

AVRIEL  
We name Him Azazel... not Satan.

THOMAS  
Does it matter?

AVRIEL  
Not really.

THOMAS  
Well. So, why? Why did people believe in it without even questioning themselves if it's truth or not?

Avriel listens quietly and respectfully. He playfully drives his index finger on the edge of cup.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Neither before, nor now, and probably not in the future, anybody will ask himself a question how the Founder of the World, the sky and the earth, lights and all alive essences... The One who knows the present, past and future... How could He create His future-rebel and admit a revolt?

(pause)

I'm thinking even about how such thoughts appeared in Angel's mind. In fact, it's the absurdity!

AVRIEL

What's the absurdity for you in it, Thomas?

THOMAS

But how, Avriel? I asked those questions myself...

Thomas suddenly stops, having bitten his tongue. He glances back on the door quickly. Avriel reproachfully grins, but keeps a silent.

Neither behind the door, nor behind the window, it isn't any sound of someone's presence. Thomas moves forward to Avriel.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I'm telling about it only to you, Avriel... Asking myself such questions and not having found the answers, I have been simply obliged to recognize one of two truths.

(pause)

First, God didn't know anything about it till the moment... But that's impossible basically.

(pause)

Second, as otherwise, He conceived all from the very beginning.

Avriel quietly drinks his wine. Suddenly he clicks with his fingers.

The click turns out sonorously. Thomas shudders and becomes quiet. He scary stares on Avriel.

The flame in the fireplace flashes immediately. Horrible shadows run over walls of Thomas's room.

AVRIEL

Don't you mind I fire it up,  
Thomas? The night becomes colder,  
doesn't it? Please, continue, Your  
Saint Majesty.

Thomas frightens by sudden miracle presentation and cannot say a word. He loudly swallows sticky saliva and licks his lips with dumped tongue.

Woods in the fireplace make cracking noise. Dancing shadows become more accurate and not such awful as it seems to Thomas at the first moment of their occurrence.

Avriel smiles again and continues to drink his wine. He slightly turns to the fireplace, moving his shuddering black wings closer to it.

AVRIEL

Well, Your Saint Majesty. Your reasons and facts are pretty interesting, but... Believe me, any of those truths you mentioned before doesn't reach any points. And, especially, as you understand, it doesn't get on the counter with human's understanding of God as He is.

THOMAS

Let it's be so... but then...

(pause)

Absolutely unexpectedly it comes as an idea that no revolt of angels existed. And it's only the invention of exhausted soul and imagination. And...

(pause)

The despair comes after it. And next, the idea about Satan's intrigues comes necessarily... But if it's so, then who is Satan? And what for God needs him?

Avriel laughs loudly and applauds. Thomas looks at him angry.

AVRIEL

Your Saint Majesty! There are very free thoughts in your mind.

THOMAS

Then... Who did make the whole story about revolting against God?

AVRIEL

Azazel did.

THOMAS

Azazel? You mean, Satan? Really?

AVRIEL

Yes, Satan made it up.

THOMAS

Artfully! He's sly angel... I think God might like him only for it. I would say God respects Satan more than other Angels, doesn't He?

AVRIEL

You ask dangerous questions. After similar thoughts in mind you drag freethinkers on a fire!

In addition to aforesaid Avriiel nodes through his shoulder to the flame, that's dancing in the fireplace.

At same moment the flame reaches the magic power of Avriiel's words and flashes brighter and hotter.

Thomas shudders and stares on the fire with scared and unseeing eyes.

People's faces and bodies coil in pain of severe tortures, visually appearing in fireplace. They approach their skinny hands to Thomas, burning in the fireplace.

THOMAS

Yes... It is so, Avriiel. But it's my job. And I don't feel fault. I serve to affairs of Church and God--

Avriiel stops laughing suddenly. His face becomes angry. He looks at Thomas with unblinking and severe eyes. Iced crystals sparkle in Avriiel's eyes.

AVRIEL

Church and God? And how did such people as you are, Thomas, come to the decision that you dare to make a destiny of other people? Of those who you always name as your brothers and sisters.

THOMAS

As I said, Avriel. I serve to affairs of Church. I serve and bring sincere clarification to the strays.

AVRIEL

To heretics?

THOMAS

Heretics, orthodox, Jews, and Muslims... To everyone who tended to Satan's temptations.

AVRIEL

Well. It's explain a lot. Let it's be so, as you said, Your Saint Majesty. But also you said you clarify souls. Is it true?

Thomas nods affirmatively, keeping a silence. Avriel smiles.

AVRIEL (CONT'D)

Don't even try to keep your thoughts out of me. I read you, Thomas.

THOMAS

Really?

Avriel moves his face closer and looks into Thomas's eyes. Thomas starts to continue speaking without controlling his own tongue. Avriel repeats all Thomas's words at same time.

THOMAS AND AVRIEL TOGETHER

No, no, no... I won't say a word... I can control myself... You, demon, never get that I'm trying to hide my believes in true affairs of the Inquisition... Oh, my God, what I just say. Shut up, Thomas. No more words!

AVRIEL

You can control your words, Your Saint Majesty. But no your thoughts.

THOMAS AND AVRIEL TOGETHER

I'll think about nothing... And you won't read a word!.. Oh, my God!

AVRIEL

So, what do you think about true affairs of the Saint Inquisition?

THOMAS AND AVRIEL TOGETHER

I won't tell you, Avriel, that it's just an increasing of the state and church treasury by a confiscation of property of condemned people... Not again! Stop it! Please...

AVRIEL

Well, that's understandable. But we are talking... I mean, thinking about people, as bodies. And you said you clarify souls... Out of what, Thomas? Out of alive bodies, right?

THOMAS

A-ah?

Avriel starts laughing loudly.

AVRIEL

Fascinatingly!

THOMAS

What are you laughing at, the impious? Fragile flesh burns down. Fire make a soul stronger... And then the illness, that we call a life, has gone...

AVRIEL

Really? Interesting--

THOMAS

What is our flesh, Avriel? Nasty thing. The dirt and sin. The fragile flesh passes the ceremony of clarification. By the service of mine to Church I clarify... I clean up souls of other, but also I clarify my own constantly!

Thomas stands up and turns his back to Avriel, hitching up his hem. The naked senile back of Grand Inquisitor shows brown traces of castigation. Thomas pulls his hem down.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Fertile and pure fire releases us from all sins. And soul is

(MORE)

THOMAS (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
 clarifying with an execution of  
 good fortunes... We're the Saint  
 Inquisition. We're the mercy and  
 compassion--

AVRIEL  
 Mercy and compassion! Yeh, you're  
 right--

THOMAS  
 What do you accuse me for? I'm the  
 Prior. I'm the Grand Inquisitor.  
 What do you, Avriel, accuse me for,  
 if you make a destiny of people  
 yourself?

Avriel waves his hand away.

AVRIEL  
 I don't make a destiny of people,  
 Thomas. I only tempt them and  
 further I manage human's sins...  
 Sins are what people generate in  
 themselves. I would tell you, Your  
 Saint Majesty, that the truth is in  
 temptations. And people do the  
 choice of what exact temptation  
 fits them better...

(pause)

When Satan offered to Jesus Christ  
 all empires of the World and its  
 glory... Why did Jesus Christ  
 choose freedom instead? You know,  
 Thomas, he did it on behalf of all  
 people in the World. Why does Jesus  
 Christ reject this offer?

Thomas exclaims indignantly.

THOMAS  
 Because freedom is not necessary to  
 people. They require someone  
 conducts them. As sheep need their  
 shepherd...

(pause)

But don't give me riddles. I don't  
 need new questions from you,  
 Avriel. I need answers on my own  
 questions... Can you give me these  
 answers?

AVRIEL

Bravo, Your Saint Majesty. You are on a right way!

THOMAS

You know better than me... People don't really know what to do with a freedom right after they get it in their hands. And at same time they start to search to whom they can sell it imperceptible... Including their bodies and souls. And in fact, they truly enjoy a freedom, not having it.

AVRIEL

Your Saint Majesty. You're such a sophist!

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT./INT. RUSAKOV STREET/MOVING HUMMER - LATE MORNING

SUBTITLE: "Sokolniki borough, Moscow, Russia. Present days."

Hummer rushes across a bridge over the Yauza River, moving on wide eight-lined Rusakov street.

Kesha takes his cellular and dials his office's number, pressing the phone to his ear with his shoulder.

MR.GOOSE (O.S.)

Hello?

KESHA

What's the fucking hello for?

MR.GOOSE (O.S.)

Oh, I'm sorry, mister Leifortov... I really meant to say good morning... and that... it's The Leifort's Trading Group... and then that my name is Goose... mister Goose... and then... how can I help you?

KESHA

Much better! Don't forget to say it next time... We're the serious company, not bullshiting.

(pause)

(MORE)

KESHA (cont'd)  
 So, I understand you're in the  
 office already. That's good,  
 Duckman. I'll be there soon too...

MR.GOOSE  
 Yes, mister Leifortov. I'm waiting  
 for you as you asked for--

KESHA  
 You know what, Goosy Goose? Pull  
 out and recheck last month's  
 waybills for those idiots.

MR.GOOSE (O.S.)  
 For whom exactly, mister Leifortov?  
 For A-to-Z Pills Lab?

KESHA  
 Exactly! Who else can register a  
 company with such stupid name?  
 Idiots!..  
 (pause)  
 Check it really carefully, Duckman!  
 Recently, something says me those  
 chemists are getting too high with  
 their prices.

MR.GOOSE (O.S.)  
 Okay, mister Leifortov. I will.

KESHA  
 So, see you there!

The communication disconnects. Hummer sharply turns on the  
 Gastello street and dissolves into sleeping court-yards.

The vehicle stops under a sprawling willow nearby  
 green-painted fence.

Kesha jumps out and runs into an entrance of gray-bricked  
 apartment building.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING'S DOORWAY/4TH FLOOR - LATE MORNING

Kesha runs up on the fourth floor and carefully looks around  
 as proffy spy. He listens to any sounds, that's coming from  
 other side of all doors on that floor.

Some TV-announcer shouts news. Somewhere else a child  
 complains about his breakfast. A washing machine rumbles  
 together with vacuuming.

Kesha rings a bell. Fast shuffling steps and cautious female voice are heard behind a door.

LORA (O.S.)  
Who's there?

KESHA  
Knock-knock!

LORA (O.S.)  
Who? Who is it?

KESHA  
Santa Claus! Lora, open up!

The door's lock clicks and chain tinkles. Next second the door opens with squeaking. Kesha doesn't keep him waiting and steps forward, entering into a darkness of narrow corridor.

INT. LORA'S APARTMENT - LATE MORNING

The young woman LORA (early 30's, good-looking, dressed in light Chinese synthetic bath-gown and pink slippers, that decorated with fluffy white balls) looks out behind Kesha's shoulder and closes the door sharply fast.

Kesha grins and seizes woman's thin harmonious waist in his hands. He pulls Lora to him. She doesn't resist and lewdly sighs. Lora smiles and twists her hands around Kesha's neck.

KESHA  
Um, hot and wet.

Kesha's hands grab Lora sharper. He lifts Lora and she clasps his waist with her legs gracefully.

One of her pink slippers comes off Lora's foot and falls down on the floor.

Without a word their lips merge in the passionate kiss. They hasten in the bedroom, while hands of both people tore and pull their clothes off. Kesha and Lora tumble down on the bed.

There is neither tender, nor caress and love in that impetuous wild dance. Both capture with severe animal instinct. Faltering shouts, groans and heavy breath of two mad-gone bodies fill up the small room.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. LORA'S APARTMENT - LATE MORNING

Lora casts away on the pillow and closes her eyes, silently smiling. Her breast moves up and down with speed-up breath. Her body shivers, enjoying last seconds of ceasing volcano of passion.

Kesha stands up and leaves the bedroom. The noise of running water starts to be heard.

In few minutes, Kesha walks back in Lora's bedroom. He sits on the edge of bed and starts to put his clothes on.

LORA

Kesha, stay with me for a while...  
My husband won't return any soon--

KESHA

Don't play a fool with me, Lora. It was pretty good enough for today. And I still need to get in the office. Business is business, you know.

Lora sighs sadly and drives her long thin finger over the contour of her naked breast seductively.

LORA

Ke-e-sha... I'm tired of such short visits--

KESHA

Are you tired, Lora? Well, that's fine. It's absolutely possible to stop everything easily and quickly. There's a lot of candidates on your place so far--

Kesha glances on Lora and his eyebrows frown severely. Lora hastens to be justified. She comes off the pillow and clasps Kesha's shoulder with her hands. Lora presses her face to his shoulder.

LORA

No, no! I didn't mean that. I don't want to share you with anyone else. I want to be with you, Kesha. Only with you! Always! I want to fall asleep and wake up with you. I want--

Kesha sharply pulls his shoulder off her and dumps Lora back on the bed. Then he stands up and picks his jeans from the floor. Kesha jumps into jeans and tightens his leather belt, carefully leveling the buckle in center.

Lora sits on the bed and looks at Kesha with enamoring eyes quietly. She looks like she expresses a guiltiness for what she said before. Kesha smiles and kisses Lora.

KESHA

You know, Lora. For now, I cannot change anything. And I don't see any sense in such changes. We're happy together like it is.

LORA

Yes, but--

KESHA

There is no place for any but.  
Let's it be as it is for a while...  
and later on we'll see what to do.

LORA

But still... You promised we'll go to Italy together. Kesha, I've never been in Italy yet. I would love to see the World and people of other nations. I want to be with you for even few days successively...

(pause)

You know, I want to be with you and don't turn back in scare of someone can see us and recognize... I want to make love non-stop... And don't constrain our feelings--

KESHA

If I promised so, we'll go. Just let me finish some business. And also, let me send your dear one to some long-term business trip first... So he won't stir us.

LORA

Kesha! How can you say so?

KESHA

What about?

LORA

How can you say so about my husband?

KESHA

Nice! At first by the way, he's still the husband to you. The lawful husband I would say. Second, take a note, it wasn't me who married him right after getting a bachelor degree in the college.

LORA

Well, I was the silly girl at that time. Yes, I hastened a little bit... But in fact, if it wasn't happen you and I never meet each other, didn't we?

KESHA

In fact!

Lora smiles as she rocks her opponent. Kesha picks his jacket and pulls his cellular out of pocket. His index-finger runs over buttons quickly.

Kesha puts his phone to his ear. Lora looks at him with silent question in her eyes.

KESHA (CONT'D)

Well, give me just a minute. I'll call him and thank--

LORA

Are you crazy? What are doing?

Lora jumps out of the bed and rushes to Kesha. She approaches her hands to him, trying to take the phone out of Kesha's hand. Lora's face becomes white. The angry and scariness are in woman's eyes.

LORA (CONT'D)

Give it to me, Kesha! Please! Don't do it... Stop it!

KESHA

C'mon, Lora... Are you really thinking I'm such a monster... stupid monster? Relax, baby. I'm joking!

Kesha laughs and turns his cellular's face to scared young woman. The neon screen of Kesha's phone stays off.

Kesha hides his phone back in his pocket. Then he squeezes Lora's cheek with his fingers and bites her naked shoulder.

KESHA (CONT'D)

Don't say anything nonsense, Lora.  
And everything will be alright.

Kesha kisses her lips sonorously and gently touches Lora's cheek, that becomes red.

KESHA (CONT'D)

Well, that's it for now. I'm  
gone... See you on Monday!

Kesha stops for a moment and glances on the picture frame.

There is a picture of some freckled man smiles out widely. He hugs Lora, standing in a shadow of green boulevard nearby the Pure Ponds of Moscow's park.

Kesha smiles and winks to the man on photo artfully.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. MONASTERY/THE INQUISITOR THOMAS'S ROOM - NIGHT

SUBTITLE: "Segovia, Spain. September, 1498."

Avriel sets the cup aside on the edge of table and stands up. As thinking about something, he measures Thomas's room with wide steps from one wall to another, from the door to the window.

Thomas sits on the window's sill. Avriel stops in the middle of the room, between Thomas and the fireplace. The tall lanky shadow of Avriel's body covers Thomas.

AVRIEL

As for me, Thomas, it's pretty  
funny to hear such words from you.  
You know, the human cannot  
physically exist without rules. He  
is simply obliged to separate  
everything on groups and  
categories.

THOMAS

What do you mean?

AVRIEL

I mean, to white and black... to  
dry and wet... to good and bad...  
eventually!

(pause)

If God exists as the great and fair one, so that means Satan exists as hardly less, but simply obliged to be as the great as well!

THOMAS

But the villain!

AVRIEL

The great villain... We both know the human is mortal. By the way, God made him as it is, and I consider it as His great decision.

Avriel grins severely. Thomas shivers unexpectedly.

AVRIEL (CONT'D)

And also the human is weak. Weakness gives rise to hope... Fears give rise to defects. And defects give rise to hope... The hope for being rescued.

Avriel grins again and look over Thomas's head at the sky behind the window. Thomas tracks Avriel's look and turns back mechanically.

Nothing, but silent night is there. Thomas turns back to Avriel, but the demon disappears.

THOMAS

Delirium! The night delirium... And I almost believed in--

AVRIEL

And then... The human already makes himself immortal.

Avriel lies on Thomas's bed. His weighty fist crops up Avriel's head under his cheek. The ominous smile is on sharp-nosed face. It shines with snow-white teeth.

AVRIEL (CONT'D)

The human creates something for himself and give a name for it... The soul! And as for the soul, the human creates the fantastic place where it should go to after its physical death. And he names that place with the magic word...

THOMAS

Paradise...

Avriel nods and smiles, confirming the correct answer.

AVRIEL

In fact, that's true. It sounds magically, doesn't it?

(pause)

Over there, in paradise... There is no weakness, no fears, no even death anymore. There is the happiness of life!

Thomas shrugs his shoulders and frequently nods. Avriel casts away on the pillow and stares at the ceiling. He lifts both hands and supports his words with expressive gesticulation.

AVRIEL (CONT'D)

Let's pay attention, Your Saint Majesty. No one knows what's actually in paradise... No one knows what to do over there. But everyone dreams to get in.

THOMAS

So, what's the problem of such dream? Paradise is paradise, Avriel. People really aspire to get there after the terrestrial death.

AVRIEL

During this moment...

Avriel looks like he doesn't hear what Thomas says. His hands draw figures in the air. Tips of his fingers shine and sparkle, leaving fiery strokes above the bed. Strokes are dying away slowly.

AVRIEL (CONT'D)

During the marvelous moment when the human invents paradise for himself... The eternally restless, boundless and always fair imagination, however, gets used to separate everything to opposite poles. That imagination suddenly does the greatest meanness to the weak human. Namely it creates hell.

Dying in the air, strokes suddenly flash brightly. Strokes incorporate in the ominous word "hell".

As coiling fiery snakes, strokes crept away out of letters.  
The show bewitches Thomas and chains him to itself.

AVRIEL (CONT'D)

Yes, yes! It does! Human's  
imagination reminds about Satan,  
about the harm. It punishes human  
even after his death. And soul,  
that human just created to  
immortalize his life and send it to  
paradise, goes directly to hell.

THOMAS

But why?

Thomas watches the show and cannot tear his eyes from  
coiling fiery snakes and letters, that are decaying in the  
air above his bed.

Avriel turns over aside and slaps in palms together. In a  
moment, mystical letters instantly disappear. Avriel puts  
his head on fists and smile widely.

AVRIEL

Because, Your Saint Majesty,  
human's imagination doesn't stop,  
simply invented hell... It makes up  
another terrible thing. The sin!

(pause)

As well as it gets used to separate  
everything in contrast... At once  
the sin appears and fills up with  
awful sense of everything that fits  
under the label the bad.

Thomas frowns eyebrows and powerlessly shrugs his shoulders.

AVRIEL (CONT'D)

As for now, the poor soul is  
punished. It was sinful during  
lifetime and then it should go to  
hell... Well, here is something  
about hell! It's not happiness.  
Hell is the suffering and eternal  
torment.

THOMAS

But what can people do?

AVRIEL

Nothing.

Thomas looks at Avriel silently. Suddenly, his face shines  
up with the hope for rescue. He smiles happily.

THOMAS

But what if everybody will resist  
the sin and begin to live under  
laws of God?

(pause)

That means we'll need neither you,  
nor Evil and hell. What if so,  
Avriel?

AVRIEL

Don't make me laugh, Your Saint  
Majesty.

Some sparks flash in Avriel's ice-smoked eyes.

AVRIEL (CONT'D)

In fact, even you're guilty,  
Thomas... And people will remember  
about dark forces always. And while  
they will remember about it, they  
will be tempted with the sin... And  
while there will be the sin, I will  
exist.

Avriel politely puts his head down to his wide breast and  
throw the crafty predatory look to Thomas.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT./INT. GASTELLO STREET/MOVING HUMMER - AFTERNOON

SUBTITLE: "Gastello street, Sokolniki borough, Moscow,  
Russia. Present days."

Hummer brakes sharply on the intersection before one-way  
Gastello street. At same moment, a sudden gnash of brakes  
and angry squeak of automobile's horn are heard.

Kesha looks in the rear mirror. Blue roof of some lowed  
sedan reflects in it. Kesha turns his eyes and stares into  
side mirror. Antiqued Russian goggle-eyed Moskvich reflects  
in it.

KESHA

Wow! Is that ghost of Soviet motor  
industry still running around?

Sedan hoots again.

KESHA (CONT'D)

Yeh, yeh... Just kiss my hummerish  
ass and you'll never pay off a  
scratch.

Sedan hoots again.

KESHA (CONT'D)

That's it, freaking impudent! Wait  
a minute...

Kesha distorts the shift-stick to the parking position. He  
snatches out the baseball bat from under the passenger seat.

EXT. GASTELLO STREET INTERSECTION - AFTERNOON

Kesha jumps out Hummer and runs back to Moskvich.

A DRIVER (60's, unshaved yellowish face, red eyes, dressed  
in casual cheap jacket and a leather cap) waves his hands up  
and angry cries out something unheard.

KESHA

Hell, yeh!

Kesha bellows and throws the stock symbol of the American  
sport from the left hand to the right one, immediately  
swinging off his shoulder.

The driver of Moskvich realizes his mistake in the flash and  
presses deeper into his seat. He covers his head with hands.

With the first beat the baseball bat leaves the impressive  
dent on the cowl and flies away. Next moment, it lows on the  
windshield. The web of cracks spreads plentiful in the  
beams.

Kesha shouts into the hole, that forms after several beats  
in the windshield.

KESHA

Now, don't you hurry up anywhere?  
Sit here and think about to whom  
you may beep in the ass, and to  
whom... you may not.

Kesha discontentedly spits through teeth and walks back to  
his Hummer. The vehicle jerks out in a moment.

EXT./INT. STREETS OF MOSCOW/MOVING HUMMER - AFTERNOON

Kesha throws the baseball bat on back seat and opens the gloves compartment. He takes blue lollipop out of the huge pack full of candies. Kesha sharply takes off the cover and puts the candy in his mouth.

The complex of prison is shown in front, through the windshield. Kesha spits out of the window and turns Hummer to the right on intersection of Gastello street and Sailor's Silence street.

In few minutes, he turns on the Rusakov street. Hummer drives under the bridge, that hangs above the highway in care of railroad path. An electric passenger train thunders over with its steel wheels.

EXT./INT. THE KOMSOMOL SQUARE/MOVING HUMMER - AFTERNOON

The brisk highway joins into the Komsomol square. Kesha smiles and clasps the wheel with his palms.

KESHA

Good afternoon, The Capital Main  
Lobby! Let me squeeze through...  
I'm in rush.

Because of the super-raised vivacity of the most fussing place in Moscow, Hummer moves slowly as all other road participants do.

The Komsomol square rages by its habitual life. It is surrounded with the architectural ensemble of three different train-stations, the mighty in size department store "Moscow" and the hotel "Leningrad". The 26-stored hotel's building majestically raises above the square.

Thousands passers-by walk from station to station, fills up the central point of the square, admiring nearby fountains.

Trams, trolleys and buses cross the square, that's overloaded in thousand of other motor vehicles.

EXT./INT. THE MYASNITSKAYA STREET/MOVING HUMMER - AFTERNOON

Hummer passes-by the Komsomol square and moves to the street, that looks like an infinite narrow corridor. Buildings compress the street, setting to each other from both sides of it.

KESHA

Marvelous! This street is unloaded  
at all, against to the square!

Hummer increases its speed, moving forward. The sea-wave colored sedan Peugeot moves in front of Kesha's Hummer.

KESHA (CONT'D)

C'mon, Frenchman! Press the gas!

Unexpectedly Peugeot flashes its brake-lights. Sedan's tires squeak over asphalt road. The car stops suddenly.

Kesha sharply presses brakes to the floor. Hummer moans and gauges in few inches behind French sedan.

KESHA (CONT'D)

Idiot!

Kesha looks at Peugeot. But sedan doesn't move. Kesha stares at rear and back mirrors to watch a traffic, that's passing-by. He distorts the shift-stick to rear-position.

Next moment, the door of Peugeot's passenger side opens sharply.

Hysterically, KSENIA (20's, dark long hair, pretty, dressed in short black dress and leather jacket, on high heels) jumps out of the car.

She shifts from one foot to another and swings her purse. The girl shouts loudly and angry. Then she slaps the door and runs away.

ARTHUR (20's, brightly-orange hedgehog-hair, dressed in black-and-white sport Adidas suit) jumps out of his car from driver's side.

He slams the roof of his sedan with his fist and screams out something to Ksenia.

The girl doesn't stops and looks back, running away. Arthur slams his car's roof again and runs after her. In few steps the boy overtakes the girl on the sidewalk. Arthur seizes her sleeve and jerks her to him. Then Arthur presses Ksenia to the wall.

EXT. THE MYSNITSKAYA STREET/SIDEWALK - AFTERNOON

Kesha gets out from his Hummer and walks to scandalous couple.

KESHA  
Hey, buddy! Hold on!

ARTHUR  
Get out, man! It's not your fucking business!

KSENIA  
Arthur, stop it... Let me go, idiot--

ARTHUR  
Shut up, bitch! I don't finish our conversation yet... Get into the car!

Ksenia negatively shakes her head as much as she can, being strongly kept with Arthur's hand at her neck. Arthur waves his hand, intending to continue his punishment.

Kesha steps closer enough and seizes the boy's shoulder. He sharply pulls Arthur out of Ksenia. The boy's fingers leave Ksenia's neck. He turns back and looks at Kesha.

Kesha's eyes flash with furious devilish spark. Next moment, his fist hits Arthur's cheekbone.

Arthur steps back. Kesha's knee kicks boy's stomach. Arthur bents in half, moaning of pain.

ARTHUR  
Are you crazy? What are you doing, man?

KESHA  
Teach you to be a gentleman!

Continuing to seize the boy, Kesha pulls him to stand up and strongly kicks boy again with his knee. Right after it, Kesha's fist hits Arthur under his eye. The boy cannot resist on his legs and tumbles down on the ground.

Ksenia stands nearby the wall and watches the fight, being shocked.

KSENIA  
Stop it! Enough...

Like a football player, Kesha kicks his unfortunated victim, showering Arthur with strong kicks with his shoes. Bented body powerlessly covers itself with hands, bleeding with blood.

KSENIA (CONT'D)

Stop it, please...

Ksenia rushes to Kesha. She hangs on his shoulder. Kesha stops his punishment for a moment and glance to the girl angry.

His eyes are iced-smoked. Kesha flings the girl away and bents over the boy. He seizes Arthur's short hedgehog-hair and sharply turns boy's broken face to him.

KESHA

I told you hold on, buddy. And you didn't understand...

The boy's broken bleeding lips move slowly. He continuously covers his face with hands.

ARTHUR

I understand... I understood...

KESHA

Really? Can I trust you? That's much better.

ARTHUR

Yes, yes... Please... I understood. I really did.

KESHA

That's much better. You're free to go now.

The boy's head falls down on the ground, being released off Kesha's hand. Kesha looks at sobbing girl and smiles.

KESHA (CONT'D)

Everything will be alright now.

KSENIA

You're the monster...

The girl rushes to her boyfriend and sits down nearby him on the ground. Kesha waves his hand and walks back to his Hummer.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. THE LUBYANKA BOROUGH, MOSCOW, RUSSIA - AFTERNOON

Hummer moves in a court-yard. It stops and Kesha gets out of his vehicle. A group of police cadets passes-by. Kesha smiles and walks after them.

He stares to tight uniform skirts of female policemen, who walks few steps in front of him.

Then Kesha turns to the left and comes into dark entrance of an apartment building.

Next moment a piece of brick flies out. A heavy metal door shuts after it.

KESHA (O.S.)  
What's the hell?

INT. KESHA'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Kesha walks in his office, that's redesigned of typical one-bedroom apartment on a first floor of apartment building. It's equipped with elegant European furniture in it.

KESHA  
Duckman! What's the hell? Why the entrance door is opened again... Are you waiting for some visitors?

Mr.Goose (early 30's, blond, with huge glasses and millions of freckles on his face, dressed in casual gray suit and white turtle-neck sweater) walks out of the kitchen with the cup of tea in hands.

MR.GOOSE  
Mister Leifortov, I closed it up... I swear God--

KESHA  
Gosh, Duckman! Gosh! You cannot say that word you use!

MR.GOOSE  
I'm sorry, mister Leifortov... And I swear... Gosh, I closed entrance door. Probably someone leave it open after I came.

KESHA  
Aha, probably! Cops from Lubyanka came and left it opened. So, next

(MORE)

KESHA (cont'd)  
time they won't be bothered to  
visit us.

MR.GOOSE  
I told you, sir... We used to have  
pretty nice office before. Why did  
you decide to move here?

Kesha flops on small leather sofa and stretches his legs.  
Mr.Goose jumps over its and walks to the office's desk with  
computer on it.

KESHA  
What for? I tell you what for...  
Therefore, my young friend, that  
proud birds don't hunt near its  
nest.

Mr.Goose smiles quietly, being confused.

KESHA (CONT'D)  
Relax, Duckman! It's a joke!

MR.GOOSE  
Sorry, mister Leifortov... I still  
cannot figure out when you're  
joking or not.

KESHA  
Maybe you're right, Goosy Goose.  
It's really difficult to name cops  
as proud birds... They're vultures!

Kesha laughs loudly. Mr.Goose smiles wider, but silently.

KESHA (CONT'D)  
Alright, forget about it. Have you  
prepare what I asked for?

MR.GOOSE  
Yes, sir. Certainly.

He fusses and looks around. Finally, Mr.Goose puts his cup  
on the desk and grabs few huge manila-folders.

MR.GOOSE (CONT'D)  
Here it is.

KESHA  
Thanks a lot. Drop it there. I'll  
check it out later on.

Mr.Goose stands in the middle of the room, holding folders on his hands. He looks confused.

KESHA (CONT'D)

I said drop it. What do you wait for? I'm not in rush... Everything is done pretty much for today... Your boss, my young friend, is hardly working since early morning, as you have to know.

MR.GOOSE

Yes, mister Leifortov. I proud to work for you--

KESHA

And you can go. I'm not that heartless one as you think so. Today is Saturday... You mentioned you planned to go to a movie with your beautiful wife. Go for it!

MR.GOOSE

Really?

KESHA

Yeh! Go, my man. She is probably ready and waiting for you.

MR.GOOSE

Thank you, mister Leifortov... So, I'll run...

KESHA

Run, Goosy. Run!

Mr.Goose smiles, nods and walks out of the room.

MR.GOOSE (O.S.)

Have a nice day, mister Leifortov.

KESHA

You too, buddy! Say hi to Lora.

The door closes loudly. Kesha smiles to himself and lies down on the sofa. His eyes stupidly stare at the ceiling. Eyebrows become heavy, moving slowly up and down. Kesha falls asleep.

A wind's whiffs come through the opened window. Metal Chinese tubules-handbells ring melodiously.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. A ROAD NEARBY SEGOVIA, SPAIN - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Andalusse chestnut-skinned horse walks over a dusty road slowly. Kesha rides the horse and looks around with interest in his eyes. He claps the horse's neck with his palm.

The road goes uphill, leaving some town behind. Kesha breaths up the air in full and smiles.

KESHA

It doesn't look like Russia... Too warm for September! And even the air is so-o fresh.

Trees' foliage rustle along the road. Few dark-skinned small pigs grunt and champ under trees cheerfully.

KESHA (CONT'D)

What do you eat there, guys? Acorns? But those trees don't look like oaks... Here some olives, I recognized it... But those doesn't look like oaks, I've seen in Russia.

Huge vineyards stretch on boundless open fields.

KESHA (CONT'D)

Definitely, it's not Russia... but how did I get here?

People, who works in gardens, are dressed poorly, unfashionable, and antiquish even for a countryside of any countries. They look at Kesha with surprised eyes.

The horse gets on the hill. The town is seen not far away down. Tiled roofs are above white walled houses. Its flow down to the monastery and look like red streams. The monastery stands in the center of the town with high peaked towers.

THOMAS (O.S.)

Welcome to Segovia!

Kesha turns off his sight from the town and looks at elderly man, who sits on the horse.

Thomas is dressed in monastic attire. He looks like a gloomy shadow on a background of pearl-gray sky.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I was waiting for you, Kesha.

Thomas smiles widely. Kesha opens his mouth, going to ask the monk some questions he has. Thomas lifts his hand up and put his index-finger to his lips, asking for a silence. Then he approaches his hand forward, pointing to the town.

Something fires up nearby the monastery, as lonely candle. Thomas glances to Kesha and smiles.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Look there, Kesha. Isn't it beautiful?

Kesha turns his head away from Thomas and stares down the hill.

KESHA

What is it? A fire?

THOMAS

Auto de fe!

KESHA

Auto-what?

THOMAS

Act of faith... The ritual of public penance of condemned heretics and apostates that took place when the Inquisition had decided their punishment after the trial.

KESHA

What's the hell are you talking about, monk? Inquisition?

THOMAS

The woman burns on fire... What the beautiful ritual, isn't it?

(pause)

I just thought about it when I walked today morning in Segovia. People looked at me and spoke to each other... There is Thomas de Torquemada, who burns people on fire... Yes, it's so. By a word of God, I fire people on. But it's not just burning. I revive in cleanliness their souls. I'm Thomas de Torquemada, the Grand Inquisitor, the righteous and fear person of whole Spain!

KESHA

Am I in Spain? But what kind of Spain?.. The inquisition was long time ago. What are you talking about, monk?.. Or it's a game of words? Do I understand you correctly? What language do you speak? I don't speak Spanish--

Thomas laughs loudly.

THOMAS

Debita animadversione puniendum!

KESHA

What? Sounds like Latin--

THOMAS

Let it be punished upon merits...

Thomas laughs loudly again. He opens his eyes widely and stares at the sky. Then he sharply glances to Kesha.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

The midday dream gives rise to monsters!

KESHA

What?

THOMAS

(stretching a sound of words)  
The-e mi-idda-ay dre-eams-s  
gi-ives-s ri-ise to mo-ons-ste-ers!

INT. KESHA'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON (REALITY)

The cellular rings suddenly. Kesha shudders and wakes up. He lies on the sofa in his office. Kesha pulls his phone out of pocket and accepts a call.

MOTHER (O.S.)

Kesha? Hi, my dear child. It's mom... How are you, sonny?

KESHA

Hi, mom. I'm fine... And you?

MOTHER (O.S.)

Have you eat already?

KESHA

Yeh, mo-om...

MOTHER (O.S.)

Kesha, I've conceived a jam to be weld.

KESHA

Well, that's good. Your jam is always super tasty.

MOTHER (O.S.)

But sugar is ended. Will you be able to bring me some sugar?

KESHA

Sure, mom.

MOTHER (O.S.)

Will you? Really? So, then we could have a dinner all together. Stella, you, me and dad, as before--

KESHA

I don't know, mom. I'm not sure about a dinner... all together.

MOTHER (O.S.)

Do you plan something else, Kesha?

KESHA

Yeh, you know... Business is business. Have many things aren't done yet.

MOTHER (O.S.)

Well, it's pity. So, maybe you'll stop-by when Elvira and Nikita come back.

KESHA

Yeh, mom. Absolutely.

MOTHER (O.S.)

When do they arrive?

KESHA

In a week or so. I don't remember, have to check.

Kesha looks at a wall-calendar.

The magnificent blond girl with plentiful make-up eyes is pictured on it. With both hands she holds a huge breast, that's strapped with translucent lacy bra. The written text says as following: "look at my eyes", and "I said... at my eyes!"

KESHA

Yeh, mom. We'll stop-by. Today is sixteenth... so, in the end of next week, I guess.

MOTHER (O.S.)

That will be great, Kesha.

KESHA

I have to go, mom. Business is business...

MOTHER (O.S.)

On Saturday? You don't regret yourself, my dear.

KESHA

Money need to be earned.

MOTHER (O.S.)

Alright. Don't forget about sugar, please... I really need it.

KESHA

Sure. I'll take care of it and someone delivers it to you. Kiss ya, mom!

MOTHER (O.S.)

Kiss you too, sonny. Bye-bye.

Kesha disconnects the phone-call. He casts away to the back of sofa and closes his eyes for a moment. Then he opens eyes and stands up. Kesha looks at his cellular and dials a number.

FIMA (O.S.)

Mister Leifortov? How can I help you?

KESHA

Hi, Fima. Listen, I need some sugar.

FIMA (O.S.)

A sugar? Yes, of course. How much?

KESHA  
Some, you know.

FIMA (O.S.)  
Would you like me to deliver it  
with a courier or you'll pick it up  
yourself?

KESHA  
Yeh, deliver it. But it's not for  
me, it's for my mother...

FIMA (O.S.)  
For your mother? Are you sure?

KESHA  
Yes, Fima. A sugar for my mother...  
What's wrong with it? Don't you  
have some sugar at my store you  
manage?

FIMA (O.S.)  
Oh, that's sugar, mister Leifortov.  
Of course I have that sugar... for  
your mother. Sweet sugar. Does your  
mother prefer white sugar or brown?

KESHA  
Fima! Idiot! Do you think I'll call  
you for another sugar from this  
phone? Are you fucking crazy?

FIMA (O.S.)  
I'm sorry, mister Leifortov.  
Misunderstanding... Won't ever  
happen again. So, let me write it  
down... A su-ugar... for misses  
Lei-for-tov... Got it!

KESHA  
Bring her white and brown. I'm not  
sure what she needs.

FIMA (O.S.)  
Of course, mister Leifortov. As  
you're asking for--

KESHA  
You know the address, don't you?

FIMA (O.S.)  
Absolutely! Are bags of twenty  
kilos each would be enough?

KESHA  
 (laughing loudly)  
 Exact!

FIMA (O.S.)  
 Alright though. Don't worry, mister  
 Leifortov... Would you like  
 something else?

KESHA  
 No, thanks. Best regards, Fima!

FIMA (O.S.)  
 Have a good one--

Kesha disconnects the phone-call and drops the cellular in his pocket. He passes-by the desk and looks out the window.

The pack of Parliament is on the window sill, nearby the ashtray with few stubs in it.

KESHA  
 Oh, fucking Duckman!

He pulls one cigarette out of the pack of Parliament. Then he sniffs it with closed eyes. Finally, Kesha puts the cigarettes back in the pack and throws it into the garbich basket.

KESHA (CONT'D)  
 Oh, Goosy Goose! I'll kill you some  
 other day... How manu times I have  
 to tell you do not leave your  
 cigarettes in front of me?

Kesha sits down in the armchair in front of the computer monitor and pulls out the desk's drawer. The drawer is full of lollipops in many different kinds.

Kesha smiles and takes a deep breath. He takes yellow lollipop with lemon flavor and sharply takes off the cover. Kesha puts the candy in his mouth and stratches his hands to keyboard.

KESHA (CONT'D)  
 So, who was this nightmare in my  
 dream?.. Thomas, Thomas from Spain,  
 Thomas a-la something... Thomas  
 a-la... No, de-something... de  
 torque--

Kesha types on the keyboard. The internet window of Yahoo opens up. Kesha types the name in the search box.

The web-page says the following: "Thomas de Torquemada, O.P. (1420 - September 16, 1498) was a fifteenth century Spanish Dominican friar, first Inquisitor General of Spain...", "There is only one crime I am guilty of... Being too merciful! Make no mistake, Thomas de Torquemada is not simply the most evil man who ever lived, he is all of the most evil men who ever lived..."

KESHA

Wow! Why did you come to my dream,  
evilish monk?

Kesha looks at the calendar, that's hanging on the wall. He shudders involuntarily.

Calendar's month says "September". The plastic squared frame stands over the date of sixteenth.

KESHA (CONT'D)

Hell no!.. Happy anniversary,  
Thomas!

Kesha turns his computer off and stands up. He closes the web-page and glances into the garbage basket. The pack of cigarettes is on the bottom.

KESHA (CONT'D)

Fuck you, Thomas! You didn't scare  
me. And I won't smoke even now...

Kesha takes another lollipop out of the desk's drawer. Then he activates the alarm system and leaves his office.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING/DOORWAY - AFTERNOON

Kesha walks out of the doorway. The entrance door is opened, being kept with same stone brick. Kesha kicks the brick out and sharply closes the door behind him. Then he rushes to his Hummer. Kesha opens the driver side door and gets in.

Next moment Hummer moves out of the yard sedately.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. MONASTERY/THE INQUISITOR THOMAS'S ROOM - NIGHT

SUBTITLE: "Segovia, Spain. September, 1498."

Thomas sits on the window sill. Avriel lies on Thomas's bed and smiles quietly.

THOMAS

So, Avriel, what if people won't ever remind themselves about dark forces? What if they'll forget about it?

AVRIEL

Won't remind, will forget... What are you talking about, Your Saint Majesty? It's nonsense! People will always remember about the dark forces. They'll do when a war knocks in a door. When death will come after them. People are afraid of death! That's just why people will go for anything. They'll ask the dark forces to live longer. But pay for it with their sins--

THOMAS

Live longer sinful?

AVRIEL

Exactly! Sinful!.. In fact, I can give you, Thomas, or someone else everything you need. Just lets assume, you want to be powerful.

Avriel's smile shines up brightly. Thomas looks down on his hands.

AVRIEL (CONT'D)

Do you feel it, Your Saint Majesty?

Thomas lifts his eyes to Avriel, and then looks down again. His hands' veins become bigger, burning with hot blood. Thomas starts sweating.

Deep wrinkles on Thomas's hands and legs smooth out. Muscles strain and considerably increase, colorfully sticking out under skin.

Thomas touches his face. It becomes younger. The wrinkles disappear. His chest blows up. His shoulders become wider. His whole body appears as it's well-built.

AVRIEL (CONT'D)

I'm still waiting for your answer. Isn't a pleasure to be younger, powerful? Would you like to have it forever?

THOMAS

No, thanks, Avriel... I have enough power. Another power, you know. I have a power of people who serves me.

AVRIEL

You mean your knights, Thomas? Like this one, who just looked into your room in the beginning of our conversation? Does he really help you? I've not seen it well... But it's up to you, Your Saint Majesty.

Next moment the harmonious bearing, wide chest and well built shoulders blow off. Thomas's eyebrows hang above his eyes as heavy bags. Cheeks become greasy and grown with yellowish fat.

Thomas touches himself with regret. He sighs hardly. The cool night's breeze slips on the back of the Inquisitor. The sharp pain reminds Thomas about senile diseases he has. Avriel smirks.

THOMAS

What do you grin to, Avriel? I'm absolutely fine with a power what I really have. I trust my people. And it's not only Phillip, who you've seen before.

Avriel raises his eyebrow, listening to Thomas. His malicious smile shines continuously.

Thomas stands up and walks closer to the fireplace, holding his waist in pain of radiculitis. He moves his hands to the fire and pounds his palms together.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I've got an army of strong people, who comes after me no matter what... Let just pick the friend of mine. Duke Alvaro de Ravel. He is the Spanish nobleman to his bones... Not further as a couple of weeks ago we were coming back from Seville, and--

EXT. A ROAD NEAR BY SEGOVIA, SPAIN - EVENING (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Thomas and his knight Phillip rides black horses, moving close to each other.

Third horse-rider ALVARO DE RAVEL (50's, short salt-and-pepper hair, small sharpen beard, tips-up mustache, dressed in rich duke's clothes) moves on his white horse in few steps upfront.

A stony column appears on the roadside. The sign reads Segovia.

Suddenly someone screams for help. Alvaro rushes forward immediately. He pulls out his sword on the run.

Phillip silently glances to Thomas. The Inquisitor nods in sanction to follow the duke. The knight rushes after Alvaro. Thomas slows his horse's moving. He ignores to interfere with unexpected fight.

Nevertheless Thomas comes out on the wide and open area of the road. Four walking people stay in front of Alvaro and Phillip. There are knives and bats in their hands.

One more man lies on the ground, on the roadside. He is dressed in long black attire, but deeply covered of dust.

THOMAS

(screaming aggressively)

How you dare to attack a priest?  
How you dare to break calmness of  
our beautiful town of Segovia?..  
Phillip! Get them!

Phillip waves his sword above his head. The robbers run away, disappearing in the forest's grove. Alvaro comes down from his horse and walks to the priest. He bends over rescued person and helps him to stand up. Thomas's face becomes sad and then angry.

ALVARO

How do you feel, Padre? What's your name?

The rabbi BENJAMIN (late 60's, small, fatty, fairly suffered by robbers) stands up, kindly supported under his elbow by the Spanish duke. Blood comes down from eyebrow cut, on his wrinkled face.

RABBI BENJAMIN

Thank you, don Alvaro. But I'm not a padre... I'm Jew. My name is Benjamin--

THOMAS

We aren't ask you who you are, rabbi. Just tell us if you're able to go.

RABBI BENJAMIN

I'm fine, Your Saint Majesty... Just my head... a little--

THOMAS

That's fine. Phillip, lets go... Night is coming.

ALVARO

We should give him a ride.

RABBI BENJAMIN

Don't worry, don Alvaro de Ravel. Synagogue is not far away... I really can walk on my own. Thank you very much. I'm obliged to your honesty with my life--

THOMAS

Alvaro!

RABBI BENJAMIN

And I thank you too, Your Saint Majesty Thomas de Torquemada.

THOMAS

Do you know me, rabbi?

RABBI BENJAMIN

Rabbi Benjamin knows everyone in Segovia... as well as what they do.

Rabbi bows to his saviors and walks away. Alvaro takes him following look for a moment and gets on his horse.

ALVARO

He knows my name, Thomas. But I never met him before.

THOMAS

Those Jews know everyone and everything... He said he's a rabbi, so Satan's slave. Don't ever trust

(MORE)

THOMAS (cont'd)  
 Jews... They killed Jesus  
 Christ. And you better give this  
 rabbi a chance to die.

Alvaro silently shrugs shoulders and looks at Phillip.  
 Knight silently waits on the roadside, sitting on his horse.

All three travelers ride for a while in silent. On road  
 intersection, Alvaro nods to Thomas and his knight and turns  
 his horse to the right. Thomas and Phillip move towards the  
 monastery, that showing upfront.

INT. MONASTERY/THE INQUISITOR THOMAS'S ROOM - NIGHT  
 (REALITY)

Thomas turns over, moving closer to the fireplace. He looks  
 at Avriel and smiles.

THOMAS  
 Duke Alvaro de Ravel is my old  
 friend... I think every man better  
 be as Alvaro is... Kindness and  
 honest... as real Spanish nobleman  
 should be--

Avriel's lips tremble. He grins and nods.

At the same moment, horse's footfall and neigh become heard.  
 Thomas throws a short look to the window, but sounds process  
 out of the wall with crucifixion on it. Thomas looks at  
 Avriel.

Some dark shadow appears on the floor under the window. It  
 starts to move like someone tries to stand up.

THOMAS  
 Rabbi? Benjamin?

A shadow converts into rabbi Benjamin's figure. He cannot  
 stand up and continues to move slowly to the window on his  
 knees. He looks back scarcely and silently.

Immediately the horse pulls out of the stone wall and jumps  
 to rabbi Benjamin. The horse-rider pulls up his sword above  
 his head. He glances to Thomas.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
 Phillip? Is it you?

Phillip's face shines with cruel smile. He nods to Thomas and stops his horse nearer-by frightened rabbi. The horse rattles and drops the saliva out of its' jaws. Rabbi Benjamin covers his head with hands.

RABBI BENJAMIN

No, please! No!

Phillip wave his sword up and suddenly lowers it at rabbi. The gray-bearded head comes off Benjamin's shoulders and rolls away.

Phillip's horse rumbles the stone floor with its' hoofs and jumps out to opened window of Thomas's room. Thomas closes his eyes, covering it with his hands.

AVRIEL

Is this the true ending of your story, Your Saint Majesty?

Thomas take his hands away of his face and silently nods. He looks around and surprisingly doesn't see the body or head of killed rabbi. Thomas's room stays clean as before.

THOMAS

Yes, it is... I sent Phillip after rabbi.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. INTERSECTION OF STREETS, MOSCOW, RUSSIA - AFTERNOON

SUBTITLE: "The Lubyanka borough, Moscow, Russia. Present days."

Hummer winks with yellow dimensional headlight, showing the right turn.

At same time, a BICYCLIST (12, boy, red curly hair, tiny, skinny, dressed in jeans and jacket) rides out on his bicycle from the corner.

Hummer's tires slid, being cuffed with breaks. The vehicle's front dives forward-down. The bicycle thrusts in Hummer's door and the boy falls down on the ground, rolling under wheels.

Kesha jumps out of his Hummer and rushes to the boy. He seizes the boy by his jeans jacket and lifts him up.

KESHA

Are you fucking out of your mind?  
Does your life bother you too  
much... I can easily kill you right  
now!

BICYCLIST

I'm... I'm sorry, sir.

The boy starts crying. Kesha drops him down and pulls the bicycle out of under the Hummer.

KESHA

Who's gonna pay me for this fucking  
damage you did? Where are your  
parents, freak?

BICYCLIST

I'm sorry...

Kesha rumbles the bicycle on the ground and jumps over it. Forward wheel squeaks and crumples even more in rough oval. Kesha sharply pulls out the rudder and rejects it to one side and the bicycle to another.

The boy blinks his eyelashes scarily. He sobs and smears the soiled cams of tear on his snub-nosed face.

KESHA

That will be a good lesson for you!  
Don't ever ride on streets.

Kesha spits on the ground hopelessly. He sharply look at the boy and his damaged bicycle. Kesha walks back to Hummer. The boy presses his shaggy head in shoulders and gauges.

Hummer turns on the street and moves away.

EXT./INT. THE LUBYANKA BOROUGH/MOVING HUMMER - AFTERNOON

The orange lamp of the oil indicator brightly flashes up. Kesha's palm slams the dashboard hardly.

KESHA

Fuck! Right on time!.. What else?

He sharply switches lanes, then makes the u-turn over double-yellow lines.

Next moment, a traffic police OFFICER (30's, tall, skinny, sick-white face, tired eyes, dressed in a crumpled uniform) waves the striped stick, specifying the pull-over.

Hummer turns to the roadside and stops. The officer walks closer, efficiently wagging his command stick. Kesha pulls the window down and screams.

KESHA

Come closer, asshole! What did you stop me for?

OFFICER

(surprisingly)

Eck-s-cuse me?

KESHA

Are you fucking drunk or what? Or maybe, you've just decided to lose your job, including with badge and head? So, I'm able to set it up for you!

Kesha grabs his cellular and puts it to his ear, not being bothered to dial any number. Officer blinks his eyes faster. He looks at hysteric driver and pulls his head down into shoulders.

MONTAGE

- A) A traffic police chief's office.
- B) A chief screams angry, splashing a saliva.
- C) Chief's hands approach to officer's shoulders.
- D) Fingers grab officer's badge.
- E) Chief pulls it out sharply.
- F) Officer's wife cries, shaking head.
- G) Other police officers laugh loudly, approaching their fingers to his face.

OFFICER

Excuse me, sir... It might be a mistake... I didn't recognize your license plate. It looks like regular. Might be you aren't our list yet... I didn't mention to pull you over...

Kesha smiles. He drops his phone over dashboard and approaches his hand through opened window. Kesha slams officer's shoulder and winks.

KESHA

That's your lucky day! Old Man doesn't pick a phone, and I also don't have a plenty of time to give him another call... Or should I?

OFFICER

No, thanks... I mean... It's not necessary. Have a good day, sir. Drive safely.

KESHA

Have a good one too, cop! Serve to your country well.

Kesha pulls the window up and returns Hummer back in traffic. He looks at himself through the rear view mirror and laughs.

KESHA (CONT'D)

What's the hell? Such an old joke... And everyone still hooks on it... Who's this fucking Old Man for real?

EXT. "ALL WE CAN FIX" BODYSHOP'S YARD - AFTERNOON

Hummer moves through the metal gate of body-shop and stops next to the office building. Kesha gets out of his vehicle and walks into the servicing department.

INT. SERVICING DEPARTMENT - AFTERNOON

While Kesha walks, he doesn't pay any attention to the secretary and other employees, who comes his way.

Kesha walks to the door with the sign saying Director, and knocks simultaneously. Not waiting for the answer, Kesha pushes the door to open and steps inside.

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

UNCLE SENYA (60's, round face with claret unshaved cheeks, totally bald, dressed in blue combo-uniform and black office-jacket over it) sits behind the table with tons of paperwork, that spreads out everywhere.

The office is furnished with file-cabinets, few chairs against the wall, and decorates with auto magazine's photo-pictures of different sport cars.

Uncle Senya lifts his eyes and smiles to Kesha. He waves his hand, pointing on the line of chairs. Kesha winks him back and walks closer to the table. He pushes some paperwork on the side, cleans the spot and sits over the table.

UNCLE SENYA

Kesha-kid, how are you? How's dad and mom?

KESHA

Hi, uncle Senya. Everyone is fine... What I really cannot say about myself.

UNCLE SENYA

What happened?

KESHA

Little accident... Could you fix up my Hummer?

UNCLE SENYA

Are you okay?

KESHA

Just sad, don't worry. Uncle Senya, I need the oil change and front passenger door to make-up.

UNCLE SENYA

Sure, kid! Leave it for few days--

KESHA

What? I need it in an hour as max.

Uncle Senya stands up and passes-by Kesha to the little refrigerator. He opens it and picks the bottle of mineral sparkling water. Then uncle Senya returns to his chair and fills up the glass with water.

UNCLE SENYA

It's impossible, Kesha. I don't have enough people to work on what we have here, not even your car... I can ask someone to change an oil--

KESHA

Are you kidding me? Of course you will ask someone to change the oil, but the door too. I cannot drive with scratches on the door. What will people say about me?

UNCLE SENYA

Um, I don't know... Well, you may pick your car on Tuesday--

KESHA

What car do you drive now?

Uncle Senya waves his hand with the glass of water, but doesn't drink. He looks at Kesha confusedly.

UNCLE SENYA

Me? Mercedes, but why--

KESHA

That's great! I'll take it. Keys?

Kesha approaches his hand to uncle Senya, takes out the glass of water and drinks it. Then he puts the glass back on table and grabs the key-set, that lies on the table. Kesha stands up and walks to the door. He turns back, winks and smiles.

KESHA

See you on Tuesday! Bye now.

EXT. "ALL WE CAN FIX" BODYSHOP'S YARD - CONTINUOUS

Kesha walks out of the office building. On his way, Kesha grabs some young GUY (20's, short and round-shaped, dressed in blue combo-uniform) over his hand.

KESHA

Listen, boy. That's my car. That's the key of it. Uncle Senya will give you all instruction about what I need to be done... by tomorrow, not Tuesday. Okay?

The guy nods and takes the key.

KESHA (CONT'D)

I have very good memory, you know. I've got an image of your face, so do your best. Otherwise...

(pause)

You don't want to know what can happen if I'll be unsatisfied. So, work hard, it'll pay you back!

Kesha lets the boy walks away.

Kesha presses the button on uncle Senya's key-set few times. The goggle-eyed E-class Mercedes affably responds with sonorous beep. It winks with dimension lights.

KESHA (CONT'D)  
Hell, yes! E-car! Good choice,  
uncle Senya! My respect.

Kesha gets in the Mercedes and drives out of body-shop's yard. The Mercedes speeds up.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. MONASTERY/THE INQUISITOR THOMAS'S ROOM - NIGHT

SUBTITLE: "Segovia, Spain. September, 1498."

Avriel rises on his elbow, continuously laying on Thomas's bed. Thomas walks to the table and sits down silently. He looks at the dish with food, but not even touch a piece.

AVRIEL  
God's the judge for you, Thomas.  
But lets get back to our previous  
discussion.

Avriel sits on the bed and smiles, while looking at miserable Thomas with his demonic whitish eyes.

AVRIEL (CONT'D)  
Well... As I understand, you  
ignored to get the power I  
respectively offer to you. But  
maybe you wish the royalty?

Thomas shudders involuntarily and prepares for the next mystic presentation. Noticing it, Avriel grins mischievously.

Ascetic dark room fills up with iridescent light. The gray floor shines with blue tiles.

Dark stone walls are decorated with bright carved plaster. The wall with narrow rectangular window moves apart. It changes to spacious arcade with twisted columns.

Behind it, the light gallery appears and fills up with the charming garden of pink-flowered bushes. Light translucent curtains rock by gentle breeze smoothly. The African ivy thriftily twists around columns.

Sitting on the chair, Thomas looks into the gallery. Next moment, curtains stir up and the Spanish knights step inside.

They stand between columns silently. Knights are dressed in bright armor with different colored cloaks. They rumble with long swords over the marble floor all together.

ROYAL KNIGHTS  
(all together)  
Viva Spain! Viva Thomas de  
Torquemada!

Thomas puts his eyes down in shyness and from-under his forehead takes a short look to Avriel.

At same moment, the Moroccan golden carpet appears on the floor over blue marble tiles. It shines with the light of bright-burned candles of luster, that hangs under stone arches.

Thomas's bed disappears. Avriel stays at same place, where he lays on the bed few seconds ago. He leans over the high back of royal throne.

The KING FERDINAND (46, goggle eyes, fat cheeks and lips, white skinned round face, long dirty blond hair, nervous, sick, dressed in black dress) stands up and politely bows to Thomas.

King's spouse, the QUEEN ISABELLA (47, white round face, mad face, despotic, not womanly looking, dressed in golden dress with heavy necklace) continues to sit on arm-chair next to the throne. She smiles affably.

KING FERDINAND  
Your Saint Majesty. Please, take  
your lawful place... As the king  
Ferdinand, I'm asking you for it.

Thomas gauges. He doesn't dare to be stirred and silently look at Avriel. Avriel doesn't move, but smiles.

The king Ferdinand waves his hand and points to the throne.

KING FERDINAND (CONT'D)  
Your Saint Majesty... Please!

He bows deeply, showing his fidelity to Thomas. The queen Isabella stands up and slowly walks closer to Thomas. She takes him under his elbow.

The queen Isabella walks back to the throne in the company of Thomas. He sits down and looks at the king Ferdinand. The king gallantly bows again and steps aside. He stands nearby Avriel silently.

The king Ferdinand covers his mouth with his scarf, that is clamped in king's fist. He painfully clears his throat, but lifts his eyes and looks at Avriel.

Avriel shifts his dense eyebrows to guilt the king. Ferdinand presses his head deeper to shoulders and devoutly crosses himself.

Thomas watches them. He moves closer to Avriel and asks him quietly.

THOMAS

I don't recognize His Royal Majesty... As usual, the king Ferdinand is very cruel person for any occasions... Especially, Ferdinand is madly jealous to his spouse of everyone, who comes closer then few feet to Isabella... But I'm sitting in his throne, and--

Thomas takes a short look to the queen Isabella and pulls his hand out of her palm.

AVRIEL

So, what? You're the new Lord of Spain. Ferdinand will neither say you a word, nor do something against you. From now on, please enjoy your royalties, Thomas!

Thomas wipes his sweated scalp with his palm. At same time his room continues to change. Walls are decorated with banners and carpets of the Castillian dynasty.

Noble venerable Spaniards dressed in rich camisoles and beautiful dresses walk in and bow to Thomas. Women shines of uncountable rich jewelry with magic sparks.

PEOPLE

Viva, Your Saint Majesty! Viva, Your Royalty! Viva Thomas de Torquemada!

Thomas looks at people and the delightful presentation. He smiles quietly. Avriel touches his shoulder tender.

AVRIEL  
Do you like it, Your Saint Majesty?

THOMAS  
Yes... I do, Avriel.

AVRIEL  
Do you believe in what you see?

THOMAS  
Yes! I truly do... but...

AVRIEL  
What's wrong, Thomas?

Thomas wipes his monastic clothes in shyness.

THOMAS  
I'm not properly dressed up for  
such beautiful ceremony.

Avriel steps behind the throne and touches the queen's shoulder. She turns her head back and looks at Avriel questionably.

AVRIEL  
Your Royalty... Isabella, did you  
hear that?

QUEEN ISABELLA  
Indeed, my dear Avriel. In fact,  
it's not proper dress for our new  
Lord of Spain.

She turns her face to the king Ferdinand and calls him loudly.

QUEEN ISABELLA (CONT'D)  
Ferdinand! Ferdinand!

In shame, Thomas's face becomes red. The queen Isabella strokes his hand soothingly and looks at her spouse strictly.

The king Ferdinand bows to her and walks closer. He pulls off his royal cloak of his shoulders, and approaches it to Thomas.

Thomas becomes more red and doesn't move. Then the queen Isabella stands up, takes Ferdinand's cloak and covers Thomas's shoulders with it.

QUEEN ISABELLA (CONT'D)

Much better! Don't you think so,  
Your Saint Majesty?

Thomas muffles in the royal cloak and pulls his barefoot legs under it. Avriel smiles silently. Thomas turns his head back to the queen. She looks at him and smiles.

QUEEN ISABELLA (CONT'D)

Tell me, please, Your Saint  
Majesty. Can these hands hold such  
great country of Spain alone?

The queen Isabella approaches her hands to Thomas with opened up palms.

THOMAS

Alone? But why alone? How about the  
king Ferdinand?

QUEEN ISABELLA

Oh, please, Your Saint Majesty!  
Ferdinand is old, sick, jealous and  
bored... But your voice, my dear  
Thomas, keeps me up even in my  
dreams.

THOMAS

Um--

QUEEN ISABELLA

Let's rule it together... You and  
me. Thomas and Isabella, does it  
sound beautiful?

(pause)

I need your power and mind. In  
fact, huge part of our sacred  
country is in hands of these vile  
moors up today. You know that, Your  
Saint Majesty.

THOMAS

I do repent, Your Royal Majesty...  
I hate myself that I cannot  
disagree with you. My thoughts of  
full clarification of sacred Spain  
are in my dreams... in my  
nightmares. But what can I do? I'm  
just a cleric. And I bow to you,  
Your Royal Majesty... You're the  
queen of Spain, but I'm nobody--

The dazzling bright light flashes. Thomas closes his eyes immediately. The strong whistle beats Thomas's ears with sharp pain. He clamps his ears and writhes.

Some kind of invisible power takes him up to the ceiling and throws down on the floor. At same time, whistle disappears and bright light turns off. Thomas lays on the floor for moment longer and then opens his eyes carefully.

Thomas's room changes as it was before: poor furnished, dark and cold. Thomas rises up on his knees and approaches to his bed with doggy-walking. He climbs on the bed and pulls the coverlet over him.

AVRIEL

I guess, that means you don't wish  
the royal authority ether.

THOMAS

I don't need greater authority than  
I possess... Someone can always  
take it out.

AVRIEL

That's true.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. "CHILDREN'S WORLD" TOYSTORE, MOSCOW, RUSSIA - DAY

SUBTITLE: "Lubyanka borough, Moscow, Russia. Present days."

Mercedes squeezes between two other cars on empty space at parking lot. The engine turns off.

Kesha gets out of the car and closes the door. He looks at his own reflection in door's window, talking to himself.

KESHA

Thanks Gosh... I didn't kill a boy  
with this hummerish tank. Scratches  
are really nothing against  
imprisoning.

(pause)

Gosh, why do I feel like a shit? I  
don't know this boy, so I don't  
care about him... He is not my son.  
Nikita won't ever ride a bicycle on  
streets.

A MAN (30's, tall, athletic, blond curly hair, dressed in business suit) with a huge doll in his hand walks to his car. Left hand presses a cellular phone to man's ear.

MAN WITH A DOLL

Yes, my dear... I said I'm sorry, but I really cannot get on this stupid performance... Yes, I was busy. Yes, at work... I'm making money for all of us, don't you understand it?.. Oh, you do, but she doesn't... Alright, alright... Yes, I bought a doll for her. Hopefully, she'll forget her loved daddy... Yes, next time I'll be there... Okay. Bye now!.. Kiss you too.

Kesha and the man look at each other.

KESHA

I see you're in trouble, buddy?

MAN WITH A DOLL

Yeh, kind of... I missed my daughter's performance at school theater. And now I'm like "persona non grata".

KESHA

Women, I know.

MAN WITH A DOLL

I have two: wife and daughter... plus a monster-in-law.

Kesha points on the doll with his finger and winks.

KESHA

Do you think it should help you?

MAN WITH A DOLL

Not really. She has hundreds of these already.

KESHA

You're sinful, buddy!

MAN WITH A DOLL

As all of us... And you're up to toystore too. What's your drama?

KESHA

None! I just stop-by to get something for my little son.

MAN WITH A DOLL  
Lucky you. Have fun!

The man shrugs his shoulders, winks and gets into his car.  
Kesha walks to the doorway of the toystore.

INT. "CHILDREN'S WORLD" TOYSTORE - DAY

Kesha wanders among infinite numbers of soft toys, dolls,  
die-cast cars and children's sport stock.

VITALIY (O.S.)  
(crying)  
Gra-anny, plea-ase... I want thi-is  
one... Plea-se!

Kesha steps forward and looks out of huge teddy bear  
stealthily.

The GRANDMOTHER (70's, small, skinny, poorly dressed up)  
stands-by a shelf with radio-control cars.

The little boy VITALIY (6, snub-nosed, pink chubby cheeks,  
short blond hair, dressed up clearly, but cheap) rolls on  
the floor. He coils, not wishing to stand up.

VITALIY'S GRANDMOTHER  
Vitaliy, darling. Please, stand  
up... It won't help you. I cannot  
buy this toy for you. It's too  
expensive for us... Let's find  
something else--

VITALIY  
No-o! I want thi-is one! Plea-se,  
gra-anny! Plea-ase!

Kesha looks up to the shelf, on which Vitaliy points up. He  
whistle unexpectedly. The huge die-cast Ferrari in red color  
stands on the shelf.

KESHA  
Two hundred dollars! Good choice,  
little man... even I don't have a  
Ferrari yet.

VITALIY  
Gra-anny, plea-ase!

Kesha walks closer and approaches his hand to the child. He  
winks and smiles.

KESHA

Hey, you want a Ferrari? Let's discuss it, but you have to stand up first.

Vitaliy stops crying and looks up at Kesha. Then he approaches his hand to the man and grabs it. Kesha lifts him up and winks to Vitaliy's grandmother.

KESHA

Your name is Vitaliy, right? And you like Ferrari... Good choice, I'd say. I like it too, but haven't a chance to buy one yet. Fucki-- I mean, too expensive cars.

VITALIY

How do you know my name, mister? Are you a wizard?

KESHA

Not really, but yes, I can do some magic things.

VITALIY

Can you? Really?

KESHA

Indeed! But... You better be a good boy and obey your grandmother.

VITALIY

I do, mister wizard. I really do.

KESHA

Um, but I saw something here about a minute ago. How do you explain that?

VITALIY

I won't do it anymore. I promise.

KESHA

Promise what exactly?.. Will you promise me since now on, you'll hug and kiss your grandmother, then ask her to forgive you and--

VITALIY

I do, mister wizard. I really do.

Vitaliy rushes to his grandmother and hugs her, kissing her hands.

KESHA

And when you both are back home,  
you'll wash dishes!

VITALIY'S GRANDMOTHER

Hell no! Over my dead body! Kisses  
and hugs are good enough... In  
general, he's good and obedient  
boy, but... those prices. You know,  
mister. I cannot afford everything  
he wants. I wish, but I cannot--

Kesha steps closer to the shelf and takes down the box with  
Ferrari die-cast car. He puts it into Vitaliy's hands and  
smiles.

KESHA

But I can. And I will... Let's go  
to a cashier, Vitaliy.

VITALIY'S GRANDMOTHER

Please, it's unnecessary. We  
neither know each other, nor are  
relatives to you. What for--

KESHA

For my own, mam. For all wishes  
come true... Let's go, Vitaliy!

VITALIY'S GRANDMOTHER

You're such a good person. God  
bless you.

VITALIY

He's the wizard, granny. The wizard  
of Oz, I guess.

Vitaliy runs to a cashier, grandmother walks slowly after  
him. Kesha picks a small die-cast police car from shelf and  
approaches after them.

EXT./INT. PARKING LOT/KESHA'S MERCEDES - DAY

Kesha drops the die-cast car on passenger's seat and looks  
at his reflection in the rear mirror. He smiles widely.

KESHA

Feel much better now... Well, it's  
time to eat something. Let go to  
visit mom.

The Mercedes moves out of the parking lot fast.

While driving, Kesha opens the glove-compartment. There is uncle Senya's things in it, such as two screwdrivers, baseball's cap, pack of napkins, few papers of Mercedes servicing.

Kesha closes the glove-compartment and slaps the dashboard with his hand.

KESHA (CONT'D)

Fuck, I totally forgot this is not my car... But I need my lolly-pop!

Kesha looks down at cup-holder, which is under his right hand. The pack of Marlboro is in it. Kesha takes up the pack of cigarettes and opens it. He sniffs the smell of tobacco and smiles to himself at the rear-view mirror.

KESHA (CONT'D)

Um...

He closes the pack of cigarettes and puts it into his pocket, not in cup-holder.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. MONASTERY/THE INQUISITOR THOMAS'S ROOM - NIGHT

SUBTITLE: "Segovia, Spain. September, 1498."

Avriel stands nearby the fireplace. Thomas lies on his bed.

AVRIEL

Well, but maybe you wish the infinite treasures? World's riches? Eternal prosperity?

Avriel lifts his hands up and claps with them together loudly. Thomas lifts his eyes automatically, but the blackening ceiling remains deserted. Thomas grins maliciously.

THOMAS

Ha! And even you, Avriel, cannot do everything you want and say--

Thomas's smile disappears and he starts to move in his bed, like something rigid and painful rests on his back. Thomas jumps of the bed and draws the coverlet aside. Golden coins fell down on the floor with surround ringing.

Thomas looks at Avriel for a moment and returns his eyes to the bed. Golden hill of coins and jewels shine brightly. Ingots of golden bricks rise up against walls.

The bed's legs knock down with loud scratching sound. Golden river of coins and jewels rushes to Thomas's legs. Thomas recoils aside and climbs to the window's sill like a dexterous cat, not elder man.

THOMAS

Enough!

Avriel lows his hands and laughs loudly and mischievously. He looks at Thomas. Thomas gets off the window's sill and walks to the door, stepping over golden coins carefully.

AVRIEL

Where do you go to, Thomas?

THOMAS

You bother me a lot, Avriel... As you said, if nobody can hear or come into my room, I'll leave... And I won't come back until you disappear.

AVRIEL

Please, wait. I didn't finish yet...

Instantly the door opens wide. Thomas steps back and falls down on hills of golden coins and jewels. He tries to stand up, but stacks on and gauges.

Half-naked dark-skinned girls walk into the room through the arcade of doorway one by another. Some of them bow to Thomas and stack curtailed rolls of cleanest silk to his legs. Others put down brocade, velvet, and porcelain vases.

Black-skinned athletes walk into Thomas's room after girls. Athletes are dressed in silk wide trousers and light Arabic shoes, with crescent knives on their belts.

Some of them stack elephants' tusks, that's decorated with incrustation with art groove of jasper and malachite. Others put down polished and gilded knight's armor, Moorish boards and Arabic swords. Others brings hookahs with fancifully coiling pipes.

After all that, girls begin to dance. Melodious sound of numerous ornaments are heard.

Dancing girls wag their abrupt hips. Waves of skin bewitch Thomas's eyes on girls' bronze-skinned tummies.

Thomas gets out of the golden heap and approaches to the table on his knees. He presses his face to table's leg, grabs table's edge with both hands and climbs up. Thomas lifts his eyes to Avriel.

THOMAS

Please, stop it... Enough!

Avriel pulls the chair and helps Thomas to sit down. Thomas's eyes open wide.

The table is decorated in full with silver plates, golden table-wares and jeweled cups over white table-cloth. Silver candlesticks shine with numerous candles brightly.

Thomas takes the spoon and bites it carefully. He looks at Avriel.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

It's golden!

AVRIEL

Of course.

THOMAS

But there is no golden tableware in whole Spain... Rich people use tinned, but this one is in pure gold.

AVRIEL

Sorry, I didn't know that. But I thought golden one will be much better than tinned. Isn't beautiful to you, Your Saint Majesty?

Avriel takes the jug and fills the cup with red wine. He holds it to Thomas and smiles.

AVRIEL (CONT'D)

Drink some wine, Thomas... Relax!

Thomas shakes his head negatively. Avriel sets the cup on a side and slaps in his palms. Dancing girls and black-skinned athletes bow and leave through the door.

AVRIEL (CONT'D)

Don't you like my gifts, Your Saint Majesty? Those infinite treasures?

THOMAS

I have enough, Avriel. Good enough for my age to suffice.

Avriel shrugs his shoulders and turns away. Thomas takes a deep breath and closes his eyes for a moment. When he opens it, Thomas finds his room like it was before. Gold, jewels and other treasures disappear. Neither golden and silver table-wares, nor fantastic dishes are on the table.

Thomas breathes sadly and looks at Avriel. Avriel turns back and looks at Thomas from-under fallen ringlet over his forehead.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT./INT. TALLINN'S STREET/MOVING MERCEDES, MOSCOW, RUSSIA - DAY

SUBTITLE: "Strogino borough, Moscow, Russia. Present days."

Mercedes turns on T-shaped intersection and moves forward to the elite condo complex "The Amber City".

Harmonious landscape of the Moscow River's bend and pine forest is around the complex of five yellow-blue high-rise building.

KESHA

Isn't beautiful to live in such place?.. Just for one and half of million US-greens for cozy two-bedroom apartment... And dad still tells I don't care about my family.

Mercedes moves into the domestic zone of the elite complex and stops at the parking lot. Kesha gets out of the car and walks to the entrance of 30-storied building.

Some children rush nearby Kesha with joyful shouts, playing outside. Kesha looks back and takes a deep breath. He smiles.

KESHA

Um, so fresh air... Breath-taking!

He puts his hand into the pocket and takes off the pack of Marlboro. Kesha looks down on it, but doesn't pick a cigarette. He puts the pack back in his pocket and takes a deep breath.

Kesha looks to green line of forest behind the complex, that just touched a little by golden paints of autumn. The amber river's coast in contrast with forest, deep blue sky and emerald river's surface bewitches anyone's eyes.

Suddenly, the church's bells are heard. Kesha turns his head to another side and smiles. Surprisingly beautiful monument of architecture, the temple is shown with delightful brilliant domes.

Kesha's right hand involuntarily lifts up. He crosses himself devoutly three times.

INT. "THE AMBER CITY" COMPLEX/ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

Ringling bell is heard. The DOORMAN (64, gray-haired, short, college-professor-looking man, huge glasses, dressed in emerald uniform) sits behind the counter.

He lifts his eyes and looks to the monitor. Kesha waves his hand, being seen on the screen. The doorman presses the button and stands up.

Kesha walks fast and winks to the doorman. The doorman approaches his hand, but Kesha doesn't give him the hand-shake.

DOORMAN

Good afternoon, mister Leifortov.

KESHA

Same to you, Yemeliyan.

DOORMAN

Have a good day.

KESHA

A-ha! You too.

Kesha rushes to the elevator and presses the button few times.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. "THE AMBER CITY" COMPLEX/ELEVATOR'S CABIN - DAY

Kesha presses the button with the number "24" on it.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. "THE AMBER CITY" COMPLEX/24TH FLOOR - DAY

Kesha presses the button. Ringing bell is heard like bird's singing.

In a minute after, locks tinkle and door opens a little. Kesha's MOTHER (50's, skinny sharpen face with huge glasses, pepper-and-salt haired, dressed in light dress with big camomiles on it) looks out.

She smiles joyfully and opens the door wide.

MOTHER

Kesha, sonny! I'm so happy to see you. Come in, my dear child.

KESHA

Hi, mom... Why don't you ask who is there?

MOTHER

What for? I knew it's you.

KESHA

No, you don't.

MOTHER

C'mon, Kesha. I'm your mother, believe me I feel my child even when you just parked your car--

KESHA

What car?

MOTHER

Your horrible tank, of course.

KESHA

A-ha! Catch you, mom! I'm not on my tank today... I rent a little Mercedes for a while... So, can I come in or we'll tell to all yours neighbors what I drive and how you lie to me about your own security?

MOTHER

Sure, come in, Kesha. Come in...

Kesha steps inside and closes the door behind him.

INT. KESHA'S PARENTS APARTMENT/KITCHEN - DAY

Kesha walks into the kitchen after his mother and sits on the chair behind the dinning table.

MOTHER  
Are you hungry?

KESHA  
As an animal!

MOTHER  
Poor child. Give me another minute and we'll have a dinner... Did you bring me sugar, Kesha?

KESHA  
Sugar? Is it not here yet? Fuck!

MOTHER  
Watch your language, young man!

KESHA  
Sorry, mom...

Kesha takes his cellular out of pocket and dial a number quickly.

FIMA (O.S.)  
Hello? Mister Leifortov. I glad to hear you again. How can I--

KESHA  
Fima! Where is the fu-- Where is sugar I asked you before?

FIMA (O.S.)  
Sugar? It's not at your mother's house yet?

KESHA  
No, not yet. I am here, but not sugar.

FIMA (O.S.)  
I'm sorry, mister Leifortov. It's probably on a way... You know, there is such tough traffic in Moscow--

KESHA  
No, I don't. I don't see any traffic in Moscow today. As well as  
(MORE)

KESHA (cont'd)  
I don't see sugar at my mother's  
kitchen.

FIMA (O.S.)  
I'm sorry, mister--

KESHA  
Fima! Five minutes! Time is on.

Kesha disconnects his conversation and looks at his mother.  
She shrugs her shoulders, continuing dinner preparation.

KESHA (CONT'D)  
Sorry, mom... You know, there is  
such tough traffic in Moscow. Sugar  
is on a way. Don't worry.

STELLA (O.S.)  
But why didn't you bring it  
yourself? Is it too heavy for you,  
big boy?

Kesha turns his face to the left and smiles.

KESHA  
Look who's here! Hey, my little  
miracle of the nature!

STELLA (15, skinny, pretty, black-and-pink hair with  
extra-long bang, dressed in sweater in horizontal  
black-and-pink strips) walks into the kitchen, approaches  
behind her brother and nests on the kitchen corner-seat.

STELLA  
Hi.

MOTHER  
Stella, would you change your  
clothes? Even your brother hardly  
recognizes you.

STELLA  
Mom!

KESHA  
Mom, don't touch her... Less  
problems will appear.

STELLA  
Idiot.

MOTHER

Children!

Stella hems and lifts up her legs, that dressed in ridiculous pink socks. Then she pulls up a long sleeve and liberates thin pale fingers with black manicure.

Kesha stands up from his chair and sits nearby his sister. He playfully punches Stella's shoulder with his shoulder. Stella sniffs on him as wild cat and rustles a foil of chocolate.

MOTHER

Dinner first!

She turns back and take a chocolate's bar away from Stella. Girl looks at mother with offended eyes, that are densely made-up with black ink.

STELLA

I don't want to eat... Kesha, tell her. What does she--

Kesha slaps Stella's head lightly.

STELLA (CONT'D)

What for?

KESHA

What for? You're little bitchy, asking what for? I tell you... For two words... For "her" and "she".

Stella frowns and inflates black lips, but in next moment she smiles and nests her cheek on her brother's strong shoulder.

STELLA

Sorry...

KESHA

What do you need?

STELLA

Nothing... I just said I'm sorry.

KESHA

I heard that. And I know you, Stella. What do you need?

STELLA

Kesha... Could you give me some-m m-money?

KESHA

Go and earn!

STELLA

But I'm still at school. No one will give me any job... Or! Or you want me do some specific job for richy richmen, like friends of yours? Vacuuming, you know...

Stella moves her tongue behind her cheek and winks to her brother. Kesha slaps her again.

MOTHER

What are you both talking about?  
What's vacuuming?

KESHA

Nothing, mom. Don't worry.

MOTHER

So, give her some money.

KESHA

I won't give you some money, Stella... Just tell me what you need it for, and I'll buy anything you want... Another doll?

STELLA

Idiot!

Like a little child, Stella shows him her tongue, that's decorated with metal piercing ball. Then she stands up quickly and jumps out of the kitchen.

The door slaps loudly somewhere in the dark corridor.

The cellular rings out of Kesha's pocket. He takes it out and accepts a call.

ROMA'S ASSISTANT (O.S.)

Mister Leifortov?

KESHA

Speaking.

ROMA'S ASSISTANT (O.S.)

I'm calling on behalf of mister Kruger. To my regrets, with sad news for you, sir.

KESHA

Continue, please.

ROMA'S ASSISTANT (O.S.)

Mister Kruger asked to inform you that the uncle has died. Diagnosed as getting the stroke. We do apologize, mister Leifortov.

KESHA

It's a pity. Thank you for your kindness to notify me... And please, inform mister Kruger that I'll bring my personal condolences later on. A thousand of condolences.

ROMA'S ASSISTANT (O.S.)

Thank you, mister Leifortov. Have a good rest of this day.

KESHA

Same to you.

Kesha turns his cellular off and drops it back in his pocket.

MOTHER

Kesha? Who does call? What happened? Is Roma okay?

Kesha stands up, walks closer to his mother and kisses her on her cheek.

KESHA

Don't worry, mom... Roma is fine. But his uncle just passed away.

MOTHER

Oh, it's so pity. Poor boy. We all are under the Lord... Kesha, brings my condolences to Roma too.

KESHA

Sure, mom. Don't worry. You should not take it deep to your heart... This uncle was really bad.

(pause)

I mean he was in really bad condition for a long time. It's good that he finally died... Poor man. Gosh bless him.

Kesha shrugs his shoulders and turns away, holding happy smile on his face.

KESHA (CONT'D)  
I'll go for this hysteric little girl. Need to talk to her...

MOTHER  
Sure, sonny. Go ahead.

Kesha walks away of the kitchen.

INT. KESHA'S PARENTS APARTMENT/CORRIDOR - DAY

Kesha knocks to the closed door with the road-sign "stop", that hanging on it. No one answers. Kesha puts his ear to the door and listens. Young man's voice reads poetry.

POETRY READER (O.S.)  
I choose my hour of death... I lied to myself as well... It's pity, of course. It is fact!.. There is no way back, I guess...  
(pause)  
I'm for neither people, nor World... What for should I keep my life?.. What for, who can answer to me?.. I'm dead, and I run, and I rolled...

Without invitation, Kesha pushes the door with his shoulder. Unlocked door opens easily and wide.

KESHA  
Oh, my Gosh!

INT. KESHA'S PARENTS APARTMENT/STELLA'S ROOM - DAY

Kesha steps inside the room and freezes at doorway.

Stella's room is decorated in black, pink and violet colors of furniture. There are a lot of picture print-outs of singers, who looks like Dracula, on walls. Windows cover with dark curtains tightly. Millions of small flickering candles are all around.

Stella sits on her bed. CD-player stands in front of her on small coffee table. Girl's eyes are full of tears. She listens the record silently.

Kesha steps forward. Stella presses the button "stop", turns her face to Kesha and looks at him with shrill iced sight.

STELLA

What are you doing here? Haven't you seen a stop-sign?

KESHA

I stopped for a minute, but there is no traffic... So, I decided to go forward... Poetry?

STELLA

Yeh...

KESHA

Who's that crazy guy?

STELLA

Um... A friend of mine. And he is not crazy--

KESHA

Is he still alive? Sounds like life bothers him too much.

STELLA

As all of us... And yes, he's still alive. But we all will gone any soon--

KESHA

Hey, sis. Don't think too much about death! Life is beautiful.

STELLA

I'm the goth, you know... All goths don't want to live. Life is stupid waist of time--

KESHA

Did you tell our mom about it? I'm pretty sure she'll easily kill you just for such words!

STELLA

Get the fuck out!

KESHA

May I listen one more poem? It's really unique.

STELLA

Do you think so?

KESHA

Aha.

STELLA

Well... Close the door first.

Kesha closes the door behind him and approaches his hand to Stella. There is the chocolate bar in it.

Kesha throws down huge teddy bear out of leather arm-chair on the floor and sits down. He puts one leg over another and crosses his hands on his chest.

Stella smiles, bites the chocolate and presses the button "play".

POETRY READER (O.S.)

This World sets me up as serial  
killer... I killed all my feelings  
so far... There is no one to whom I  
can open a door... I killed all my  
feelings and hid them deep in my  
soul...

(pause)

I don't believe in destiny... I  
never fairly fell in love... Each  
time when I come to you... My heart  
is like killed dove...

Kesha smiles. Stella gives him a short aggressive look. Her eyes are full tears. Kesha covers his lips with his palm and shrugs his shoulder, like being sorry for his reaction.

STELLA

That's it! Get out now!

KESHA

I'll stay quiet, promise... Please,  
continue it.

POETRY READER (O.S.)

When you're out of mind, you lose  
your power at all... She'll be  
tired of you anyway, no matter who  
you are and what your goal...

(pause)

Yes, I often do some mistakes, but  
continue to solve and get... I  
don't do anything by my own. I use  
others... There is no concept of  
the bad...

Kesha's eyebrows move thoughtfully. He mumbles to himself.

KESHA

Nevertheless, nice words he said...  
Sounds like he knows me  
personally--

POETRY READER (O.S.)

The problems of others don't strain  
me at all... I'm lucky, I always  
survive... To wait for a help isn't  
for me... I use human bins, I use  
their lives...

(pause)

I wake up with grin on my face. At  
first I must deal with myself. Then  
maybe I'll change fucking World...  
But I'm tired of that stupid  
race... Let's leave it as well as  
it is...

The CD-player makes the rustle noise. The button "play"  
jumps off. Deadly silence covers Stella's room.

Kesha puts his hand into the pocket and takes off the pack  
of Marlboro. He looks at it and takes a deep breath.

KESHA

I have to smoke...

STELLA

I thought you're quit.

KESHA

Yeh, I did. But after your  
poetry... I need to smoke up my  
brain. Will join me?

STELLA

No, thanks--

KESHA

Afraid of mom? Chicken!

Kesha walks out to the balcony.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING/24TH FLOOR/BALCONY - DAY

Bright sun shine beats Kesha's eyes. He blinks and wipes  
eyes with massive fist. Treacherous tear slips down on  
Kesha's cheek. Stella walks out after him.

Kesha takes one cigarette for himself and approaches the  
pack to his sister. Stella takes two and hides one cigarette  
in the wall-crack under metal sill.

KESHA  
It will damp there.

STELLA  
Won't have a time to.

Both, Kesha and Stella, smoke in silence.

MOTHER (O.S.)  
Children! Dinner is ready!.. Where  
are you, kids?

KESHA  
We're coming, mom!

Kesha clicks with his fingers. The stub flies down from 24th floor. Stella sends her stub down too. The plastic container of menthol candies appears in her hand.

KESHA (CONT'D)  
Are you out of your mind? Menthol  
will just increase a smell of  
tobacco... Let's go, don't worry...  
I'll tell mom I smoked. There is  
nothing to lose for me in her eyes  
at my age.

They step inside Stella's room.

INT. KESHA'S PARENTS APARTMENT/STELLA'S ROOM - DAY

Kesha walks to the door, but stops suddenly and turns back. He pulls the purse out of his pocket and gives two bills of hundred dollars each to Stella.

KESHA  
Need some money? Take it... But  
never ask me for money in front of  
mom, got it?

STELLA  
Thanks--

KESHA  
And here something else.

Kesha takes out a small bag with marijuana from another pocket.

STELLA  
What is it?

KESHA

Don't play a fool with me... It's a weed--

STELLA

It's a narcotic.

KESHA

No, it's not! It's a herb... Like alternative medicine. Almost legal ones... C'mon, just take it and have some fun. Maybe it will help you to revise your thoughts about life and death.

Stella takes bills and the bag. Kesha comes out her room. Stella hides everything in her snickers, that are under her bed. Then she comes out her room and closes the door behind her.

INT. KESHA'S PARENTS APARTMENT/CORRIDOR - DAY

Kesha walks through the corridor to the kitchen. A noise of closing door is heard behind Kesha from the dark corridor. A running water is heard next. Kesha smiles and mumbles to himself.

KESHA

Stupid girl... Brushing teeth is helpless too. I'll cover your little ass.

INT. KESHA'S PARENTS APARTMENT/KITCHEN - DAY

Kesha walks into the kitchen and hugs his mother from behind. He kisses her in cheek, winks and then sits down on the kitchen corner-seat.

MOTHER

Kesha, did you just smoke? I thought you're quit long time ago, aren't you?

KESHA

Yeh, mom. But sometime I smoke a little. Too much stress, you know.

MOTHER

Poor child... Of course I'm not happy you still smoke, but please don't show up in front of your

(MORE)

MOTHER (cont'd)  
 father with a cigarette... You know  
 him. He won't be happy to find it  
 out.

KESHA  
 Sure, mom... Don't worry.

Kesha stands up and kisses her again. Mother moves away.

MOTHER  
 Go brush your teeth or eat  
 something... Nasty smell.

She puts the bowl of soup in front of him. Kesha takes a  
 deep breath and smiles to her.

KESHA  
 Um, yammi.

Stella walks into the kitchen, squeezes behind her brother  
 and sits down. Mother puts the bowl of soup in front of her  
 daughter.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. MONASTERY/THE INQUISITOR THOMAS'S ROOM - NIGHT

SUBTITLE: "Segovia, Spain. September, 1498."

Thomas sits on his bed. He wipes his knees with palms, like  
 taking a pain away. Avriel walks slowly with thoughtful  
 mimic of his face.

AVRIEL  
 Oh, Thomas! Maybe you wish a good  
 health? I'm watching you all night  
 and I see you have some problems  
 with it.

THOMAS  
 Health problems are normal for all  
 mortal ones...  
 (pause)  
 But yes, Avriel. I wish to have a  
 good health for another few years  
 then God signs me up for... But  
 what's the price for it?

AVRIEL  
 My price is standard for everyone,  
 Your Saint Majesty. Would you see a  
 contract?

THOMAS

A contract?

AVRIEL

You've heard what I say.

THOMAS

Well... Ye-es, I guess...

Avriel laughs loudly and demonically.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

What are you laughing at, impious?  
Yes, yes, yes... I'm the prior of  
monastery, but for an opportunity  
to live longer than I should I  
easily would give my soul to the  
Devil... You buy souls, don't you?

AVRIEL

Nonsense! Who did tell you that?..  
I never buy anything, especially  
souls!

THOMAS

But you need human's souls, don't  
you?

AVRIEL

Do I? What for?

THOMAS

Well, maybe not you do, but Satan  
does... You serves to Him, right?

AVRIEL

Indeed... But look, Your Saint  
Majesty. Why does Satan or me, it  
doesn't really matter, need to buy  
what we own, what belongs to us?

THOMAS

Delirium! My soul does not belong  
to Satan or you, Avriel. I'm free  
to dispose my soul on my own  
discretion.

AVRIEL

Yes, you are, Thomas. But you just  
did. You disposed... Your soul can  
belongs to God or Satan... Only  
those two.

THOMAS

So, why did you say you already own my soul? How can it be happened?

AVRIEL

Here it is, Your Saint Majesty... No one in whole World sell his soul to Satan yet. Never ever! But--

THOMAS

But what?

AVRIEL

As soon as anyone just comes up with an idea about sale of his soul, it becomes a belonging of Satan... And I just transfer it to Him.

Thomas lows his shoulders hopelessly. He gives Avriel reproachful sight as the child who's deceived by adults.

THOMAS

And what about a contract?

AVRIEL

Tricky trick, Your Saint Majesty... Cheat! Cruel ones, but useful.

THOMAS

It's unfair, Avriel!.. It sounds like neither from you, nor from Satan people doesn't get anything in exchange for own soul... As you said it's just enough to think about this sale and soul flies away... It's unfair!

AVRIEL

Not really, Thomas... I forget to mention about sins, but we spoke about it so much so I assumed it's understandable.

THOMAS

What about sins?

AVRIEL

Once again, Your Saint Majesty... I am, as the manager of sin, come to sinful human to pick his soul when a pan of scales is over limit.

THOMAS

So... I'm guessing... You are here  
because...

Avriel walks to the chair, sits down and crosses his hands on his chest. He quietly nods to Thomas.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. "THE AMBER CITY" COMPLEX/PARKING LOT - EVENING

SUBTITLE: "The Amber City Complex, Moscow, Russia. Present days."

Kesha leaves the apartment building and walks to parked Mercedes. A fat black cat lies on car's hood. Kesha comes closer, but the cat doesn't move.

KESHA

Feeling good up there? Is it still  
warm?... I like warm and cozy  
places too.

The cat lifts his eyes and look at Kesha, like he understands what the man says. Kesha smiles wide.

KESHA (CONT'D)

Oh, you're the good sign to me!  
Thanks, fellow! Now I know where  
I'll spend a rest of this Saturday.  
At the hungry cat's club!

Kesha claps the hands. The cat jumps out of Mercedes's hood and disappears in the darkness.

Kesha gets into the car. The engine starts up. Lights are on. Mercedes moves to the gate.

EXT. IZMAILOVSKY VAL STREET/NIGHT CLUB - EVENING

Mercedes stops at valet parking's point. A young man dressed in black suit rushes to the car. He opens the driver door and smiles to Kesha.

Kesha gets out and walks to glass matte door. A bright red-lightening sign hanging above the door says: "The Hungry Cat - Gentleman's Club".

OLGA the CASHIER (20's, curly dark hair, Asian brown eye, round pretty face, dressed in short black dress) comes to Kesha.

OLGA, THE CASHIER

Good evening, sir. Will you be alone tonight or--

KESHA

Yes, I am. But I hope you'll find me a good company over here.

OLGA, THE CASHIER

But of course!.. Unfortunately, our club hours start at 9 p.m. But you may spend your waiting time at a cigar bar.

KESHA

Sounds good... I try to quit smoking, but never miss a good cigar... with a drink.

Kesha walks through the glass door.

INT. NIGHT CLUB/CIGAR BAR - EVENING

Kesha sits down at the bar. JULIA the BARTENDER (20's, bright make-up, tight dark pony-tail, dressed t-shirt uniform) looks at him, smiles and comes closer.

JULIA, THE BARTENDER

Good evening, sir. What would you like to drink?

KESHA

Hi, Sweetie. What have you got?

JULIA, THE BARTENDER

We have an extensive choice of cocktails, drinks of the Premium class and a wine list of the best wine houses of Italy and California.

KESHA

Um, actually... I started this day with Chivas. And I don't really want to mix it with something else.

JULIA, THE BARTENDER

Good taste. So, Chivas on rocks?

KESHA

No, please. Don't waste your rocks for me. Just straight... And

(MORE)

KESHA (cont'd)  
 double! So, I won't bother you for  
 another few minutes.

JULIA, THE BARTENDER  
 Sure. How old Chivas you prefer?

KESHA  
 Eighteen years.

JULIA, THE BARTENDER  
 I can offer you better one. Twenty  
 one years old. "Royal Salute".

KESHA  
 Salute? Okay! Salute me.

Kesha winks and smile. The bartender waves her hand up to her head and salutes to Kesha. Then she starts to prepare the drink.

KESHA (CONT'D)  
 And what about a cigar? What kinds  
 you've got here?

JULIA, THE BARTENDER  
 Cuban, of course. The best in the  
 World. My favorite one is Cohiba!

NATASHA the MANAGER (30's, attractive, heavy red hair, dressed in short black dress with deep-cut decollete) comes to Kesha and sits down next to him at the bar. Kesha turns his face to Natasha and winks to her with smile on his face.

NATASHA, THE MANAGER  
 How are you tonight?

KESHA  
 I'm great. And you?

NATASHA, THE MANAGER  
 Fine, thanks. So, what do you plan  
 to do later on? We can offer you a  
 list of--

KESHA  
 A list? Wow! It sounds exciting.

Kesha drinks his whiskey to the bottom.

NATASHA, THE MANAGER  
 We have a bar, as you're in  
 already. You can stay here and  
 (MORE)

NATASHA, THE MANAGER (cont'd)  
 watch a strip-show, that will start  
 later soon... or you can move to a  
 private room and have a dinner  
 there, including with private  
 show... Also, we have Finnish steam  
 room, jacuzzi, and--

KESHA  
 Wow, wow, wow... Wait a minute. Let  
 me see... I'm not really hungry.  
 But how can I get this private room  
 without a dinner?

NATASHA, THE MANAGER  
 Easily! But... I suggest you to  
 take a look at our assortment of  
 the menu. It's focused on the most  
 exacting taste. You won't regret!

KESHA  
 Well, it's tempting. So, where is  
 this private room you mentioned  
 before?

NATASHA, THE MANAGER  
 Follow me.

Natasha turns away and slowly walks to an exit door. Kesha  
 leaves his glass at the bar, decorated with rolled twenty  
 dollar bill. Then he stands up and walks after Natasha.

INT. NIGHT CLUB/PRIVATE ROOM - EVENING

Kesha walks in a private room. The room is lightened with  
 intimate-muffled candle lights. A wide bed settles in a  
 corner behind a pink translucent curtain.

Kesha glances behind the curtain and touches light-brown  
 leather coverlet. The floor is covered with different wild  
 animals nature skins in the chaotic order.

On the opposite wall, a flat-panel TV hangs on. It flicks  
 with frankly erotic musical video-clips.

Kesha sits down on a wide leather arm-chair and puts his leg  
 over a small coffee table.

KESHA  
 I like it!

He looks at Natasha, who stands in a doorway, having lean to  
 a jamb.

KESHA (CONT'D)

Even it makes me hungry. So, how about this exacting taste menu?

She smiles him back and continues.

NATASHA, THE MANAGER

As appetizers, I can offer you the whim toast with a grapefruit, the Tango of two hearts, Norwegian salmon tartar with a red caviar, carpaccio, the Italian delicacies, sausages, brezaolla, the Augustin salad with roast beef and fragrant grasses--

KESHA

What did you say about a tango?

NATASHA, THE MANAGER

The tango of two hearts. It comes with a cream cheese, the tobiko caviar and salmon on crackers--

KESHA

No, thanks! But the name of a dish is nice.

Natasha shrugs her shoulders and continues to offer hot dishes.

NATASHA, THE MANAGER

How about the Bavarian plate? Hot assort of sausages and curpate with stewed cabbage and soured vegetables. The lamb with sweet pepper and asparagus. Or the veal la Provence--

KESHA

Stop right there! Otherwise I'll choke with a saliva more likely, than I'll have a time to order something. Well, bring me some plane cuts of the Bavarian sausages, blue cheese with olives and marinated mushrooms... With a little bit of brezaolla, mozzarella, cherry-tomatoes and sweet peppers. That's it.

Natasha nods and leaves him alone.

Kesha unbuttons his jacket and throws it on the back of arm-chair. He jumps out of shoes and walks to a bed. Kesha falls down on it and closes his eyes.

MASHA, THE STRIP-GIRL (O.S.)

Murrrr.

Kesha opens his eyes and rises up on his elbows.

Right between his knees a new girl MASHA (20's, dressed in leopard's lingerie) sits on the floor. Two small cat-ears are over her head with tight blond pony-tail. Her bright red lips approach to him with sexy kiss.

KESHA

Hi, kitty!

MASHA, THE STRIP-GIRL

Hi, poopy. How are you tonight?

KESHA

So far so... good.

MASHA, THE STRIP-GIRL

Would you treat me with some wine?

KESHA

Wine? No, sorry. I don't have any wine here--

MASHA, THE STRIP-GIRL

But I do have!

Masha pulls out behind her back a bottle of red wine.

MASHA, THE STRIP-GIRL (CONT'D)

It's Brunello di Montalccino, if you don't mind. The one of most seductivered wines... with distinct smack... Combining softness and vivacity...

KESHA

Is it some sort of advertising? You're good in it... And, well. What ever you want. But I'll wait for my whiskey anyway.

MASHA, THE STRIP-GIRL

Would you pour it for me, while I'll get your whiskey?

KESHA

Sure! Go, get it.

The strip-girl gracefully rises on her legs and leaves the private-room. She stops at the doorway for a second and sends him a kiss. Kesha catches her kiss with his hand and clamps it in his fist, then he hides it behind unbuttoned shirt on his chest.

MASHA, THE STRIP-GIRL

Would you like some cigar?

She takes a cigar-tubule out of her decollete between magnificent breasts.

KESHA

No, thanks. I don't smoke... I quit some time ago.

MASHA, THE STRIP-GIRL

It's up to you... But it's Diamond Crown Robusto. The rare and sated taste. Hand made!

KESHA

Really? I'll take it if you hand-made it yourself.

Masha smiles and shrugs her shoulders, then leaves room.

Kesha jerky throws off his jeans and shirt, then his underwear. Absolutely naked, he takes a snow-white gown and puts it on. Kesha sits down back on the leather arm-chair, waiting for his drink, snack and show.

HOCKEY PLAYER (O.S.)

Ta-ti-ta ti-ta ta-ta! I am coming, coming, coming... Let's party, party, party...

Kesha surprisingly lifts his eyes and angry frowns eyebrows. A HOCKEY PLAYER (40's, huge, with red fat face, dressed in gown and hockey's helmet) appears at the doorway. His hand holds a glass with whiskey.

HOCKEY PLAYER

Oops, I missed it again... Excuse me, bro! But don't you know where is my room and my fellas?

KESHA

Get the fuck out.

HOCKEY PLAYER

I said sorry, man... Are you alone here tonight? Join us! I've got the bachelor party... You know, tomorrow is a different story, but tonight... God bless us to do so. You understand me, don't you? Married?

He looks over Kesha's hands and doesn't find a wedding ring on. He smiles and winks.

HOCKEY PLAYER (CONT'D)

Single?

KESHA

Married. With a kid.

HOCKEY PLAYER

Oh, I see... When you're in Rome, lets do as the Romans do.

NATASHA, THE MANAGER (O.S.)

Excuse me, sir. You've got a wrong room. Let me show you where your friends are.

The hockey player turns back and smiles to Natasha, who stands behind him. He shrugs his shoulders and winks back to Kesha. Kesha waves his hand, like mentioning good-bye.

HOCKEY PLAYER

Thanks, baby. Lets go... And you, bro! Join us if you'll change your mind... We've got the Crazy menu!

Natasha pushes him away. Just after her, the strip-girl comes back and walks closer to Kesha slowly. She sits down on the edge of the coffee table and smiles.

MASHA, THE STRIP-GIRL

Aren't you boring here?

KESHA

Oh, not at all!

MASHA, THE STRIP-GIRL

Sorry for that man. Hockey players have a party...

KESHA

What is the crazy menu this guys told me about?

MASHA, THE STRIP-GIRL  
It's our club's special. For group  
party... Drinks, girls, sauna,  
specific massages.

KESHA  
Oh, really? I've been here many  
times, but never have it.

MASHA, THE STRIP-GIRL  
Forget about it. I'll make you  
happy myself, don't worry. I'm here  
for you! Only for you!

She winks and approaches to Kesha with the kiss.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. MONASTERY/THE INQUISITOR THOMAS'S ROOM - NIGHT

SUBTITLE: "Segovia, Spain. September, 1498."

Thomas peers at Avriel's eyes. Burning flame storms in it,  
being ready to get out.

AVRIEL  
Look into my eyes, Thomas... Look  
in it, Your Saint Majesty!

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. TOWN'S MAIN SQUARE, SEGOVIA - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The town's square is in the front of monastery. Hundreds of  
Segovia's citizens, including monks and monastery's knights  
are at the square.

Few priests costs around the scaffold, incessantly reading  
prays.

VERONICA (25, magnificent red hair, beautiful face, but  
beaten in blood, dressed in poor dirty dress) stays on the  
scaffold. Her arms are cuffed against to the wooden column  
behind girl's back. She looks at priest and monastery's  
knight with no scare in her eyes.

Thomas sits in the arm-chair, secured by monk-knights with  
crossbows in their hands. He looks at Veronica.

AVRIEL (O.S.)

Could you believe in how strong she is? Your men break her beautiful body... She came through all your cruel punishments.

(pause)

Any weak person won't sustain all those tortures, you've done to her... Any one, who's stronger than she, would be at a threshold to death... But, look. She smiles!

Thomas glances at Veronica severely. He waves his hand up, interrupting priests' prays. Then Thomas stands up and walks closer to the victim of Inquisition.

He takes her chin with his two fingers and moves Veronica's face up. Her face is swelled of blue-yellow bruises and numerous bloody scars.

Veronica pulls her head out of Thomas. She rejects her long blood-dirty bang. It falls down over her eyes. Veronica looks at Thomas and smiles silently.

Her smile is curved of pain, but not compassionate.

AVRIEL (O.S.)

You can't rock her, Your Saint Majesty. She is more powerful than you are... By her heart! By her believes!

THOMAS

Knights!

The one of security knights, who stands closer than others, punches Veronica in her jaw immediately. Her face moves out and down. Long bang covers her eyes again.

Thomas turns back to public and waves both his hands up to the sky.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

People! Sisters and brothers of all us! Children of mine!

(pause)

I let you know she is not a woman, who just falls into a sin... But the Demon! The Satan's creation, who came after you! She is the one who was sent down the Earth by Satan to spoil you and bring you to Hell.

Thomas puts his hands down and glances at a group of monks. They nod to him and rush to Veronica with wooden branches.

Next moment, flames of fire quickly spread out of monks' torches on rustling branches. Fire tongues reach Veronica's legs and bottom of her dress. But Veronica stays in calm and silent.

Thomas looks at the girl on fire with spiteful eyes.

AVRIEL (O.S.)

You're not satisfied with what you see, Your Saint Majesty, are you?

THOMAS

No, I'm not.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. MONASTERY/THE INQUISITOR THOMAS'S ROOM - NIGHT  
(REALITY)

Thomas takes a deep breath and sits down on his bed. Avriel stays nearby the window, looking outside. His huge black wings shakes magnificently.

THOMAS

Veronica was guilty... too guilty for her age--

AVRIEL

Guilty? In what?

THOMAS

In sin--

AVRIEL

In sin? In sin of love and being loved? Or in sin of being beautiful?

THOMAS

Devilishly beautiful. You know, Avriel, it's a sin to be too beautiful! Contemplation of female's beauty causes guilty thoughts in male's mind--

AVRIEL

Nonsense!

Avriel sharply turns back and glances on Thomas. Avriel's eyes sparkle with fire.

AVRIEL (CONT'D)

All men are afraid of such sin, but they create and join it deep in their minds and hearts.

(pause)

Just tell me the truth, Your Saint Majesty. Is it a sin to possess what God gifts you with?.. And if people have no power to remind themselves about God, while joining His gifts, so... It's just because of people's weakness, what they create into their minds, having closed their hearts out of their nature feelings.

THOMAS

But, she was a woman!

AVRIEL

In fact! So, what? You mean, woman cannot be equal to man, doesn't she?.. God creates both of them, man and woman. He gives them the Earth to live on, what was also created by Him.

THOMAS

The first woman was created from an man's rib, as it says in Bible--

AVRIEL

Nonsense! Why does God need to take a rib from one human to create another one? And besides, concern with your own hands your ribs.

(pause)

C'mon, try it! Do you have less ribs from one side of your body then from another?

Thomas shrugs his shoulders, but nevertheless concerns his body with fingers involuntarily.

AVRIEL (CONT'D)

It names the symmetry!

The night storm terminates suddenly. There are neither peals of thunder, nor noise of torrential rain or cruel howls of wind behind the window.

Black clouds move away. Full moon comes back. Moon's light divides monastic room with lunar path.

The fire continuously burns in the fireplace, warming up and shining Thomas's room with flickering light.

AVRIEL (CONT'D)

So, you left my question without the answer, Your Saint Majesty... Whether only for her beauty, you betray Veronica to tortures and fire?

THOMAS

Of course not. The biggest sin, in what she was tempted by Satan, was the love--

AVRIEL

What, Thomas? Love? You just said the love is a sin, don't you?

THOMAS

Oh, Avriel! Not that love, but... Veronica falls in love and dared to love the one, who approached to the Boundary of the Law. It means exactly that Veronica took up all his sins as well... I suggested to her to elicit a sacred excuse, to pray... but she refused.

AVRIEL

Who does excuse for the love?

Avriel rushes forward and stops in the middle of Thomas's room. Thomas looks at him from down to up, sitting on his bed and hiding his bald head deeper into his shoulders. Thomas's eyes blink continuously.

Avriel's figure is lightened of the moon from one side, and of blinking fireplace from another side. It looks like twice bigger, more powerful and terrible than it is.

Black feathers of huge wings slowly move up and down behind mighty shoulders. Avriel's eyes burn with poisonous-golden light.

AVRIEL (CONT'D)

The love is the basis of the Nature and the Father of the all. It's the basis of each creation, no matter it's the darkness or the light!

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. NIGHT CLUB/PRIVATE ROOM - LATE EVENING

SUBTITLE: "The Hungry Cat - Gentleman's club, Moscow, Russia. Present days."

Kesha sits on the leather arm-chair and sips whiskey. He watches Masha, who strip-dances for him.

Kesha puts his glass on the coffee table and beacons Masha to him. She smiles him back and gets off the small stage smoothly. Masha lows on the floor and approaches to Kesha as a cat, wagging her hips and shaking her sharp thin shoulders.

Suddenly Kesha's cellular rings. Masha takes the phone from the table and glances to the neon-screen.

MASHA, THE STRIP-GIRL  
It's Stella... Wife?

KESHA  
Give it to me! It's not your  
fucking business.

Kesha moves forward and grabs his cellular out of Masha's hand. He mumbles to himself.

KESHA (CONT'D)  
Stella never calls me...

He accepts the call and presses the cellular to his ear.

KESHA (CONT'D)  
A miracle of the nature! Is it  
really you? Why do you--

STELLA (O.S.)  
Kesha! Help! Help me, please!

KESHA  
Stella! Hello! Where are you? What  
happened?.. It's stupid joke, if  
it's so--

STELLA (O.S.)  
Please, Kesha! Help me! They'll  
kill us.

KESHA  
Where are you, I asked? How can I--

STELLA (O.S.)  
 I'm at the Arena square. Please,  
 come here. Oh, mommy... Hurry up,  
 Kesha! Please!

The phone-call is interrupted. Kesha freezes for a second, looking to Masha with cold iced eyes. Masha stops smiling and sits on the floor nearby Kesha's feet silently.

KESHA  
 Sorry, this game is over... I have  
 to go.

MASHA, THE STRIP-GIRL  
 Something bad happened?

Kesha glances to her severely, but doesn't answer.

EXT. IZMAILOVSKY VAL STREET/NIGHT CLUB - LATE EVENING

Kesha runs out of the night club and searches over the small parking lot for his car. The valet-parking guy steps forward to Kesha, but Kesha waves his hand up and screams angry.

KESHA  
 Mercedes! This one!.. Give me my  
 keys! I'm in rush!

Kesha rushes to the valet-parking guy, grabs the key and runs to the Mercedes.

Next moment, the sedan moves out of the night club's parking lot, like Mercedes's wheels get burned.

EXT. THE ARENA SQUARE, MOSCOW - LATE EVENING

Kesha jumps out of parked Mercedes and dials Stella's number. She answers immediately. Stella cry.

KESHA  
 Stella! I'm here... But where are  
 you exactly?

STELLA (O.S.)  
 I'm in the center... nearby a  
 fountain and glass dome, you  
 know... Thanks for coming.

Hardly holding himself of running, Kesha walks fast. Stella waves him with her hand.

KESHA

What happened here? What does mean your "kill us"? Who was going to kill you?

STELLA

Skinhead mongrels... They already broke Maksim's nose.

KESHA

Are you okay, sis? Who's this fucking Max?

STELLA

Friend of mine... Good friend.

Kesha calms down and winks to Stella with a little smile on his face.

KESHA

How's good? Like a boy-friend?

STELLA

Yeh, kind of, but it doesn't matter... They promised to come back and shave us all. Fucking cleanliness of the nation.

KESHA

Don't worry, Stella. I'll take care of it.

Kesha takes his sister's hand and they both walk back to fountain, where a small group of teenagers sits. Kesha grins, but doesn't say anything.

All Stella's friend are dressed like goths. Mainly black clothes are with pink additives. Long bangs fall down to goths' chins. Sparkling piercing is in lips, noses and eyebrows.

KESHA (CONT'D)

Hi, kids! Did anyone dead tonight?

Goths glance at him silently. Their eyes are full of the mistrust. Stella gives Kesha short angry look. Kesha shrugs his shoulders and sits down on the fountain's board.

Nearby Kesha, young guy cleans his blood-dirty face with water of fountain. Stella comes closer to him and tries to help, but the guy pushes her away.

KESHA (CONT'D)  
You're Max, right?

MAKSIM (17, tall, skinny, dressed as the goth) lifts up the long black bang and looks at Kesha. Maksim turns and sits down on the fountain's board.

KESHA (CONT'D)  
Nice to meet you, buddy... I've heard your poetry few hours ago. Not as Pushkin, but pretty cool.

Maksim takes a short angry look at Stella. She shrugs her shoulders and smiles to him. She is shy.

STELLA  
Sorry... I thought--

MAKSIM  
I told you, those poems aren't for everyone. You should ask me--

KESHA  
Wow, hold your horses! You better thank my sis, not scream to her.

STELLA  
They're coming... Kesha...

Kesha turns back and looks in direction where Stella points with her finger.

A group of well-built young men walks over the Arena Square to fountain. Their skulls are well-shaved. Men are dressed in military-styled clothes. High army boots clink over tiled paths. The Nazi tattoos decorate men arms, necks and skulls.

Kesha stands up and steps towards to the Skinheads confidently.

SCHULTZ (20's, huge, fatty, dressed in military trousers and black jacket) steps forward from the crowd. He smiles angry and comes closer to Kesha. Schultz turns back and glances to his friends. Then he spits on the ground.

SCHULTZ  
Get the fuck out, man. We come after those clowns... I can see you're normal Russian, not--

Kesha grabs and seizes Schultz's wrist. Then he turns it out and Schultz easily bents.

KESHA

Now you listen me, egghead. I'll let you go in a moment, but in next few seconds I better don't see any of your shiny heads at the Arena Square... Did you understand me?

Kesha curves Schultz's wrist stronger.

SCHULTZ

Yeh, I got it!.. Let me go, mo-fucker--

KESHA

Watch your language, ballhead! I'll let you go as I promised, but don't even think to revenge. Did you understand me?

SCHULTZ

Yeh, yeh!

KESHA

Alright tho--

STELLA

Kesha! Behind you!

Kesha moves aside, while huge fist flies over his head from behind. Kesha kicks Schultz's knee, continuously holding skinhead's wrist. Schultz screams of pain.

SCHULTZ

Ouch, my arm! Get him, Ustas! What do you wait for?

Ustas (20's, tall, well-built, wide shoulders, heavy fists) tries to beat Kesha again.

Holding Schultz's wrist, Kesha moves to another way. He pulls Schultz and hides behind him.

Ustas's heavy fist punches Schultz's face. Schultz falls down on the ground.

KESHA

Aha! Fight without rules! Is that what you wanted? Not a problem!

Kesha sharply turns to Schultz and beats him to his jaw with professional boxing hook. Then Kesha returns to Ustas and sends him down with the straight punch to his chin.

KESHA (CONT'D)  
Who's else, fucking bastards?

Kesha stands in front of crowd of well-built men and looks at them. Skinheads glance at each other, being confused for a moment. Kesha mumbles to himself.

KESHA (CONT'D)  
One man no man... But who has  
stronger balls?

Skinheads moves forward. Chains and knives appear in their hands. Some other men wave baseball bats.

INT. KESHA'S HOUSE/HOME OFFICE - MORNING (FLASHBACK)

Kesha stands up from his arm-chair. He turns off the computer and pulls out the desk's drawer.

The little pack of thin incense sticks lies nearby the black gun.

Kesha takes a couple of incense sticks and closes the drawer.

KESHA <PRE-LAP>  
I guess I should take a gun with me  
this morning...

EXT. THE ARENA SQUARE, MOSCOW - LATE EVENING

Kesha cracks with his fingers together.

KESHA  
...Should take, but who knew it  
might be useful for such beautiful  
day.

Kesha looks at skinheads, but they suddenly stop. They whisper with each other and secretly nod to Kesha.

Kesha slowly turns his head back and glances behind him. He smiles wide.

In few steps behind him, two huge athletes stand quietly. Both are dressed in elegant stylish suits. Few more steps behind them, two black BMW X5 park in a company of sedan BMW 7th series and four well-built athletes with short versions of AK-47 in their hands.

KESHA

Hey, Roma! How are you, my Big Man?

ROMA

I'm fine, Kesha. We passed-by and my partner pointed to the square...

(pause)

Greek said me, look, Kesha spends a good time with skinheads, but without us.

KESHA

Well, you're more then welcome! And right on time.

ROMA

Do you need some help?

Bodyguards turns their guns to the group of skinheads. Kesha turns back to skinheads and grins maliciously. Those young men slowly walks away.

KESHA

Unfortunately, this party is over. But, anyway, thank you for coming, Roma! My respect to Greek!

Roma's partner silently nods back to Kesha and walks back to parked cars.

ROMA

Have a good night, Little Lucky Bastard. I'll see you on Monday.

KESHA

You too, Big Man! See you!

Kesha smiles to Roma and waves him with his hand. Then he returns to Stella, grabs her arm and pulls her to his Mercedes.

STELLA

Thank you, Kesha.

KESHA

You better thank Gosh, Stella... I guess, you understand if Roma won't be here, I'll be like a piece of fresh meat.

(pause)

I don't give a shit about your Gothic thoughts, but I don't plan to die any soon.

STELLA

Me either, Kesha... Thanks for coming.

Kesha opens the passenger-side door for Stella. She turns back to her Goth-friends and shrugs her shoulders. Then Stella gets into the car.

KESHA

That's good for you, sis. Let's go, I'll drop you home... But please, no word for mom or dad, promise?

STELLA

Indeed!

Kesha closes the door behind her, walks around Mercedes and gets into it from driver side.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. MONASTERY/THE INQUISITOR THOMAS'S ROOM - NIGHT

SUBTITLE: "Segovia, Spain. September, 1498."

Avriel sits on the chair behind the table. He puts one leg over another and winks to Thomas. Thomas sits on his bed and looks at Avriel.

THOMAS

Delirium, night delirium! The demon is in the monastery, and speaks with me... with cleric... with the Grand Inquisitor!.. The demon tells me about Good and Bad... Delirium!

AVRIEL

Don't you trust in what you see and hear, Your Saint Majesty? Well, it's up to you. I'm not pushing you, Thomas.

THOMAS

You tell me that so easily after all... That's nice... So, disappear! Leave me alone... Disappear as a bad dream, Avriel...

Avriel throws his head up and loudly burst out laughing.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

AVRIEL

The funny part is the fact, in which anyone plainly doesn't know what occurs with a soul, when it moves away from a body... Just assume, Your Saint Majesty... What if usual or even unusual dreams fill it up?

THOMAS

I don't understand what you're talking about!

AVRIEL

It's absolutely possible, that nothing you've seen and heard tonight wasn't present in actual reality.

THOMAS

What exactly?

AVRIEL

That's my point, Thomas... Nothing at all... No night, no moon, no crickets in the garden, no storming... No even me!

Thomas shudders. He looks at Avriel with eyes full of questions. Thomas rubs his neck with fingers, like something doesn't give him to breath.

Thomas pulls the coverlet out of his shoulders, stands up and walks to the window. He sharply opens it up and take a deep breath of fresh air.

AVRIEL (CONT'D)

Tell me, Your Saint Majesty... Did something happen with you in the past, so you were close to death?

THOMAS

No!

AVRIEL

Are you sure?

Avriel laughs again. Thomas stands nearby the opened window and looks out.

The night darkness is slowly gone away. The dark sky becomes gray, foretelling the beginning of new day.

Thomas turns his head back and glance to Avriel. Avriel smiles to him and winks.

AVRIEL (CONT'D)  
Wonderful morning, Your Saint  
Majesty. Don't you think so?

Thomas walks back to his bed, gets on it and pulls the coverlet over his shoulders. Avriel moves his eyes out of window and looks at Thomas.

THOMAS  
Tell me the last thing, Avriel.  
What for do you live on the Earth,  
spoilng people to a sin?

AVRIEL  
I live here, while a sin lives in  
people's souls, Thomas... As soon  
as people will feel themselves  
worthy to God, but not His  
slaves... as soon as people will  
find their perfection... It won't  
be a place for a sin in people's  
souls. No sin, no demon of a sin...  
And that's all.

THOMAS  
That's it? That's all?

Avriel stands up from the chair, but next moment he appears right nearby Thomas's bed. He bends over Thomas and looks in his eyes.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
What all?

AVRIEL  
That's all...

Thomas's body shrugs. He starts sweating. Thomas's face becomes red, then yellowish white.

Avriel bends over Thomas, winks him and smiles.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT./INT. SCHELKOV HIGHWAY/MOVING MERCEDES - EARLY MORNING

SUBTITLE: "Schelkov highway, Moscow, Russia. Present days."

Kesha passes-by slowly dragged tractor at the left. Huge truck starts signal to him, moving toward on another side of highway.

Tires begin to squeal over wet asphalt. Kesha sharply turns Mercedes out of road. His sedan comes off on the roadside, but doesn't stop. Kesha tries to presses the brake deeply to the floor, but Mercedes flatly refuses to obey it.

The right forward tire hits a stone, that sticks out of roadside's grass. Mercedes jumps upward and cuts off small young birch, moving forward. Next moment it thrusts in an old oak.

As professional boxing punch, airbag jumps out and beats Kesha's face.

KESHA

Fuck!

Kesha kicks the door and falls out of the Mercedes. Neither tractor, nor truck are on the highway.

Kesha gets back on driver seat and turns the key of ignition. Surprisingly Mercedes coughs. The engine starts on. Kesha slowly drives back to highway.

Kesha stops the car, takes out the pack of Marlboro from his pocket. He pulls out a cigarette and starts smoking. His nose is bleeding. Blood drops on Kesha's clothes.

Kesha drops the cigarette on the ground and closes the door behind him. Kesha drives his Mercedes with the speed less than speed-limit.

EXT./INT. DRIVEWAY AT KESHA'S HOUSE/MOVING MERCEDES - EARLY MORNING

The automated gate reveals smoothly. Mercedes with smashed front bumper and hood moves to Kesha's driveway and stops nearby the garage.

Kesha gets out of the car and walks to the entrance of his house.

Suddenly Kesha stops and turns to his right. He looks at man's figure, who sits on the edge of the high steel fence.

KESHA

Hey, you! Get the fuck of my fence!

The man smiles wide. His huge whitish eyes sparkle with iced flash. His eagle-looked nose moves from a side to side, like person sniffs around.

KESHA (CONT'D)

I'll pull out your legs and put them in your ass! Get the fuck--

AVRIEL

Good morning, Kesha... My name is Avriel.

KESHA

Are you Jew? What the fucking name is it?

AVRIEL

Actually, it came out of the word Avera in Hebrew... which means, the sin... But... Does it really matter for you?..

KESHA

Not at all, Avera! Get the fuck of my fence!

Avriel waves his black-feathered wings and easily jumps down.

KESHA (CONT'D)

Wings? What's the hell? Who are you?

AVRIEL

My name is Avriel, as I introduced myself before, Kesha. And I came after you...

Avriel laughs loudly. His voice sounds sharp. Kesha covers his ears with palms and shudders involuntarily. Avriel's laugh is heard all around, like an echo. Large drops of sweat appear on Kesha's forehead.

Suddenly, Avriel becomes quiet. He stands in front of Kesha and smiles.

Kesha slowly take his hands down and shakes his head. He glances at Avriel severely.

KESHA (CONT'D)

What's so funny? What do you mean you came after me? I wasn't expect any visitors...

AVRIEL

Do you believe in God, Kesha?

KESHA

Do I what?

AVRIEL

I just asked, do you believe in God?

KESHA

Yes, Avriel, I do believe in Gosh. People need someone powerful to believe in... People need someone to ask for their wishes... I can get anything I want, but nevertheless I believe in Gosh.

(pause)

As Walter noticed, if Gosh doesn't exist, we better create one to believe in Him... Do you believe in Gosh?

AVRIEL

Me? Yes, I've... seen Him.

KESHA

Don't play a fool with me... How could you see Him?

AVRIEL

Would you like to see Him, Kesha?

KESHA

Are we talking about Gosh? Like a Lord, the Creator, the Father?

Avriel smiles silently and nods to Kesha.

KESHA (CONT'D)

Um... Certainly, I want, if it's not some kind of stupid joke!

Avriel laughs loudly. Kesha grins, spits on the ground and turns away.

KESHA

Well, Avera or whatever your name is... Bye now... I've got in the accident tonight, so I want take the shower and get in the bed. Hope, you'll find the exit yourself, I don't have a time to--

AVRIEL

Please, wait, Kesha. He is here for you!

Kesha stops suddenly, like something invisible appears in front of him.

He turns back and look at Avriel. Avriel smiles and waves his hand up, pointing to Japanese-styled garden.

Apple-garden is covered with impenetrable darkness of the night. Harmonious small trees' foliage silently shakes under light night breeze.

Glowworms flicker between trunks of trees in beautiful pirouettes of mysterious dance.

Their dance becomes wild with every other second. Glowworms puts together and fly away. Suddenly they merge in light column, which looks like conjoined human's figure.

Kesha glances to Avriel. Avriel watches a show in respectable silence. His body moves forward. Mischievous smile disappears. Kesha turns back to the figure.

KESHA

I didn't order any illuminating show... And my birthday is not coming yet, so my friends shouldn't do any surprise party for me as well...

AVRIEL

It's not a show, Kesha. He is--

KESHA

Whatever it or he is. I'm really tired, so get out--

Suddenly the Mercedes's front lights turn on, being broken. The engine makes strange sounds, most likely as animal, not a machine. The Mercedes moves forward a little bit. Kesha steps back and looks at Avriel.

Avriel slaps his hands and the Mercedes moves back. It stops nearby the garage and becomes quiet.

AVRIEL

Don't make Him angry, Kesha.

KESHA

Who? My mercedes? Ha!

AVRIEL

Tsh-sh, Kesha. Look there!

Avriel points to the garden with flashing figure in it.

The figure moves forward from the garden. It passes between two trees. At this moment, trees burn up with mysterious blue fire.

KESHA

Hey, you fires up my property! Stop it already!

The wind shakes dense curls of both men, tors their clothes, whips their face. Nevertheless, two trees in the garden burn as candles quietly.

AVRIEL

Do you believe in what you see, Kesha?

Kesha falls down on the ground, staying on his knees. He cannot take his eyes out of the figure in the garden.

KESHA

Oh, my Gosh!.. Is it really you? I can't believe in...

AVRIEL

Don't you?

KESHA

No, no... I believe, but... Oh, my Gosh... Please! Please, forgive me for everything.

Shiny figure steps forward and waves his hands up. Kesha starts crying.

KESHA (CONT'D)

Oh, my Gosh... Please, forgive me... I knew it... I understand now, this accident wasn't unexpected. I'll never do anything sinful any more... As you bequeathed. Please, forgive me...

Kesha cries silently, pounding tears out of his cheeks with fists, dirty in ground and dried blood.

Shiny figure steps back.

KESHA (CONT'D)

Wait! Please, don't leave so soon.  
I really need to talk to you... Oh,  
my Gosh, please! Speak to me...

The figure flashes brightly and disappears in the gloom.  
Kesha sits down on the ground hopelessly. He lifts his eyes  
and looks at Avriel.

KESHA

Hey, Angel... You're angel, right?

AVRIEL

Sort of--

KESHA

Tell me, angel. Tell me, Avriel,  
why did He left so soon? I really  
need to talk to Him--

AVRIEL

(smiling severely)

Are you sure, Kesha, you've seen  
what you expected to see? Did you  
ask the right one for forgiveness?

KESHA

You said I can see Him... and I  
did.

AVRIEL

It might be a little  
misunderstanding... as well, as I'm  
not that angel you're thinking  
about.

KESHA

So, then who was this miracle? Not  
the Lord? Then who is He?

Avriel silently nods him and smiles severely, showing  
blueish sharpen teeth.

KESHA (CONT'D)

It wasn't the Lord... And you're  
not just an angel... You're fallen  
angel... The demon.

Avriel becomes black, merging with the darkness. He throws his face up and laughs loudly. Then Avriel waves both his hands and jumps up. Two huge black wings clap in the air, and Avriel disappears in the gloom of the night.

Kesha's eyes close and he falls down on the ground, losing consciousness.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. MONASTERY/THE INQUISITOR THOMAS'S ROOM - NIGHT

SUBTITLE: "Segovia, Spain. September, 1498."

Thomas casts on the pillow and brushes away large drops of sweating from his forehead. He slightly closes his eyes. Thomas's speed-up breath gradually restores.

He monotonously and quiet mutters about something. Tumors moves under tense yellowish skin of him. Tears of pleasure slide down on the deep wrinkles bordering small spiteful eyes.

Thomas slips his tired look over the stone arches of his room. He stares at tiny child's figure.

Joanna sits silently on the edge of Thomas's bed. She clasps her small sharpen knees with thin hands and looks at Thomas. Tears cease to slide out her huge emerald eyes, drying up on girl's cheeks.

THOMAS

You can go, my dear child. God  
bless you, Joanna!

Joanna nods him obediently, but doesn't rush to leave. She glances around, listening the silent of the night. Then Joanna pulls a thin knitting spoke from under the pillow.

The cold steel sting sparkles, catching moon's light. Next moment it gets in fatty man's neck. Bloody fountain splashes up.

Thomas seizes the thin child's wrist and stares at Joanna with surprising and frightening eyes.

Joanna easily pulls her wrist out of Thomas, including with knitting spoke, stocked in Thomas's neck. Blood splashes away more. Then Joanna jumps out of the bed, picks her shirt and hasty leaves Thomas's room.

The bright moonlight shines the wide bed, coming through missed clouds. Thomas lays on it, sinking in his blood.

Smooth bald head reflects the cold moonlight. Like in a mirror, fast black shadow rushes behind the high rectangular window.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT./INT. SCHELKOV HIGHWAY/MOVING MERCEDES - EARLY MORNING

SUBTITLE: "Schelkov highway, Moscow, Russia. Present days."

Tires begin to squeal over wet asphalt. Kesha sharply turns Mercedes out of the road. His sedan moves on the roadside, but doesn't stop. Kesha tries to presses the brake deeply to the floor, but Mercedes flatly refuses to obey it.

The right forward tire punches a stone, that sticks out of roadside's grass. Mercedes jumps upward and cuts off small young birch, moving forward. Next moment it thrusts in an old oak.

As professional boxing punch, the airbag jumps out and beats Kesha's face.

Sickeningly spine crunches in Kesha's neck. His head freely falls on the pillow of airbag. The bottom jaw moves, showing white teeth. It soils in blood.

Left eye's lashes shake, but the eye freezes. It stares on some motionless point.

The small black feather flies over and easily lowers on Kesha's face. It concerns his unshaved cheek gently. Next moment it's being taken by morning breeze and flies up.

The feather makes a farewell circle above crushed Mercedes, that buried into the oak. Dancing like a little ship, the black feather sparkles in sunrise's light, being taken away.

FADE TO BLACK:

Avriel's voice is heard, while written text scrolls up.

AVRIEL (O.S.)

Undoubtedly, the demons must exist!  
 If there are beliefs of any human  
 or the whole societies, who has  
 having dialogues with demons  
 through the imaginations in night  
 dreams, oracles and prophetic  
 voices, what might caught both sick  
 and healthy people, or through  
 openings at the end of life, so

(MORE)

AVRIEL (O.S.) (cont'd)  
demons were and will be as sources  
of many widespread cults  
subsequently...

(pause)

Plato.

THE END