

Story and script: Diorgo Jonkers  
diorgo@gmail.com

**PAGE ONE** (five panels)

**Panel 1:** Afternoon. Interior of a large office, in a skyscraper. Marge Styn is walking towards the desk of Lars Richards. He is rising from his chair. He is wearing a suit, but his suit's jacket is hanging over the back of his chair. She is wearing a smart shirt and pants. On his desk are two laptops, one of which is closed. There is an empty chair in front of his desk. Large windows look out at the cityscape.

RICHARDS:

Ms Styn. Thanks for coming through. I'm Lars Richards.

STYN:

You said you might have a job for me?

CAP/TITLE:

Password Ethic

**Panel 2:** He is standing in front of the desk. He gestures to the empty seat.

RICHARDS:

Yes. One that requires your particular skills.

STYN:

My "particular skills"?

**Panel 3:** He sits on the edge of his desk, facing her. She is sitting in the chair. She looks surprised.

RICHARDS:

I know you're the hacker known as YellowBrick.

**Panel 4:** Close-up of her face. She looks annoyed.

STYN:

This some kind of joke?

**Panel 5:** He raises his hand, smiling.

RICHARDS:

Indulge me for a moment. It'll be worth your time.

**PAGE TWO** (five panels)

**Panel 1:** She is silent, thinking. He walks towards the window.

**Panel 2:** Exterior view of the skyscraper. Focus on a window. Richards is standing in the window, looking out of it.

RICHARDS:

Over the past year you've somehow hacked three very secure companies. Those are just the ones I know of.

**Panel 3:** Same as previous panel. But his back is now to the window.

RICHARDS:

You stole sensitive data from each, and blackmailed them.

RICHARDS:

But instead of paying you, they had to donate money to charities.

**Panel 4:** Focus on her sitting in the chair.

STYN:

Then I guess you better hand me over to the authorities.

**Panel 5:** He is facing her. He is still standing by the window.

RICHARDS:

If I do, those companies you hacked will come gunning for you.

**PAGE THREE** (four panels)

**Panel 1:** He is smiling.

RICHARDS:

Right now you're probably thinking of hacking my company and blackmailing me!

**Panel 2:** He is laughing. She looks serious.

RICHARDS:

Ha ha! And you probably can.

STYN:

If I was YellowBrick.

**Panel 3:** Close-up of his face.

RICHARDS:

It was the charities that gave you away. One of them dealt with autistic kids.

**Panel 4:** Focus on her face. She is slightly surprised.

RICHARDS (OP):

You had an autistic brother.

**PAGE FOUR** (five panels)

**Panel 1:** A scene of the past. Like a flashback. Her brother, Deon is writing alphanumeric characters on a piece of paper. Deon has a look of concentration on his face. She is leaning over his shoulder, trying to see what he is doing. He is 10 and she is 12.

CAP/RICHARDS:

He was obsessed with cryptology.

**Panel 2:** Another scene of the past. Bird's-eye view of a car accident. Two cars had a collision. The view is from quite high, the cars are small and a few tiny people are gathered around the cars.

CAP/RICHARDS:

Unfortunately he died in an accident. Happened when you both were still kids.

**Panel 3:** Back to the present day. She gets up from her chair. Richards is looking at her.

STYN:

The charity and my brother, Deon, are just a coincidence.

**Panel 4:** They are facing each other.

RICHARDS:

Your brother probably had something to do with you becoming a hacker.

STYN:

Sounds like you only have theories.

**Panel 5:** He lifts his hands, with palms out to her.

RICHARDS:

OK. Fair enough. So let's just say, I need to hire a great programmer. And I know you're one.

**PAGE FIVE** (six panels)

**Panel 1:** He picks up the closed laptop from his desk. The laptop has the initials "RT" on the top.

RICHARDS:  
I need you to break into this.

STYN (OP):  
I'm not interested in illegal activities.

**Panel 2:** He holds the laptop out to her.

RICHARDS:  
Let's just say, it's company property. An employee forgot their password.

STYN:  
I'm sure your IT department can help you.

**Panel 3:** He is still holding out the laptop. She is confident.

RICHARDS:  
They tried. It has a modified operating system. Impossible to hack.

STYN:  
No system's impossible to hack.

**Panel 4:** He looks hopeful.

RICHARDS:  
Then you'll do it?

STYN:  
Maybe for 10K.

**Panel 5:** She takes the laptop.

RICHARDS:  
20K if you can do it by end of the week.

STYN:  
I'll have it done by tomorrow.

**(See panel 6 on the next page.)**

**Panel 6:** He looks pleased. She has a faint smile.

RICHARDS:

Great. Then maybe you can tell me how you did it.

STYN:

Not part of the deal.

**PAGE SIX** (four panels)

**Panel 1:** Later, in the evening. At her home. In a room she uses as an office. She is sitting on a chair, opening the laptop Richards gave her. The room is poorly lit.

CAP:

Later. Early evening. Marge Styn's home.

**Panel 2:** Close-up of the laptop's screen. It is a login screen. The username is "Ralph". The password is empty.

**Panel 3:** Close-up of her face. She is sitting on the chair in front of the laptop.

STYN:

What's the password?

**Panel 4:** Similar angle to the previous panel, but further away, revealing more of the room. Behind her, standing to her left, is the ghost of her brother, Deon. He is 10 and wearing the same t-shirt from the flashback of them together. He has a bloody cut across his face, and a large, gaping, bleeding wound across his chest. This is the largest panel on the page.

DEON:

Ralph4Shauna2005