

THE S A I N T
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The only difference between the
saint and the sinner is that every
saint has a past and every sinner
has a future.

- O. Wilde -

FADE IN:

The majestic city and bay, as seen from the
elevation of the surrounding Shan Ho hills as
we SUPER -

HONG KONG - 1965

PANNING away from the city, we come before the
bleak facade of the SAINT IGNATIUS ORPHANAGE.

BOY'S VOICE (O.S.)

Simon Magus was a magician
and sorcerer in uhhm...

Sumatra.

INT. HONG KONG - SAINT IGNATIUS ORPHANAGE - DAY

Twenty boys, aged 7 to 12, sit at spartan
desks, bibles raised. FATHER O'NEAL walks
amongst them. A career Jesuit with razor eyes
and thin lips. An awful man.

FATHER O'NEAL

(sternly)

Sumeria. And what happened
to him Francis?

FRANCIS, 12, is the eldest and largest boy.

FRANCIS

Jesus' disciples came and
performed miracles. When
Simon Magus saw the
miracles he offered
disciple Peter gold for the
powers of God.

FATHER O'NEAL

What did disciple Peter say
to that? Michael Quinn?

Father O'Neal stands before the youngest,
littlest boy, who, unlike the others, exhibits
no fear in his huge, intelligent eyes. Father
O'Neal hates this boy.

The boy, MICHAEL QUINN, doesn't respond.

Father O'Neal snatches his bible, revealing a
SECOND BOOK hidden behind it.

It's a dime store pulp adventure with a gaudy
cover entitled "THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR."

FATHER O'NEAL

Answer the question
Michael.

The little boy stares up at him.

MICHAEL QUINN

That's not my name.

Father O'Neal yanks the boy from the chair.
Drags him by the arm across the room and out
into the corridor.

THE OTHER BOYS wait two seconds, then they
spring up and run, en masse, to the door.
Grouped in the threshold, straining for a good
view, they watch as --

FATHER O'NEIL pulls Michael Quinn into an
office down the corridor. The door has a
stained-glass window.

It begins. We see it in SILHOUETTE: Father
O'Neal with a CANE SWITCH in his hand, the boy
beneath him. Down the switch comes. Again. And
again. The boy YELPS. And again and again and
again... and now he SCREAMS...

THE BOYS HUDDLED IN THE DOORWAY begin to
wince. With every repeated, merciless descent
of the switch...

INT. SAINT IGNATIUS ORPHANAGE - EATING HALL - NIGHT

THE BOYS sit at benches. Michael Quinn stares
stoically ahead. The back of his shirt is
striped with blood.

FATHER YIN, 50's, a Chinese Jesuit, grim in
black frock and white collar, paces amongst
the benches. Father O'Neal watches from the
side.

FATHER YIN

Why one child is born into
a good home and another
into poverty - that is but
part of God's design. All
of you are unwanted, put
here because of the sins of
your unwedded mothers. The
church has fed you and
educated you. Given you a
home. A name. An identity.

Stopping before Michael Quinn, he points to a
PORTRAIT ON THE WALL of a stern-faced Jesuit.

FATHER YIN

Who is that, boy?

MICHAEL QUINN

Father Michael Quinn.

FATHER YIN

Yes. A great man. You
ungrateful little cur, you
will sit here without food
until you appreciate your
namesake.

(to the other boys)

All of you will sit with
him. Put lunch away, Mr.
Fong.

MR. FONG, the orphanage cook, wheels a FOOD
CART into the kitchen and locks the door.

Father Yin exits, followed by Father O'Neal
and Mr. Fong, leaving --

A HUNDRED BOYS staring at Michael Quinn.

DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

Again, Father Yin stands before Michael Quinn.
The boys are seated for their evening meal.

FATHER YIN

What is your name, boy?

Silence. Michael Quinn stares straight ahead.

FATHER YIN

Put supper away, Mr. Fong.

MR. FONG wheels the FOOD CART into the kitchen
and locks the door. Again, a hundred boys
stare at Michael Quinn.

INT . ORPHANAGE BUNKROOM - NIGHT

A long, narrow room with bunkbeds. The boys
aren't sleeping. They're grouped around
Michael Quinn's bunk. One boy has his hand
clamped to Michael's, mouth, the others are
wailing on him... and outside --

INT. ORPHANAGE - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE BUNKROOM - NIGHT

Fathers O'Neal and Yin watch through the door.

FATHER YIN

Spareth the rod, spoileth
the child.

INT. ORPHANAGE - MORNING

Father Yin grits his teeth, staring down at
Michael Quinn, whose face is welted. Nothing
has changed.

FATHER YIN

Put breakfast away, Mr.
Fong.

Again, the FOOD CART goes into the kitchen.
The Fathers and Mr. Fong exit. The boys rise,
moving toward Michael Quinn. They're going to
kick the living shit out of him.

MICHAEL QUINN

Stop. You'll have your
breakfast.

Michael Quinn walks to the locked kitchen
door. The other boys, curious, follow.
Michael Quinn kneels before the door,
examining the lock. He looks around. On a
counter next to the door are EATING UTENSILS.
Michael Quinn picks up A FORK. He bends the
fork's tines. Inserts it in the lock. He
fishes around for a second. Nothing happens.
He pulls the fork out, rebends it, and inserts
it in the lock again. And CLICK.. ..the lock
pops.

Michael Quinn turns and smiles. The boys flood
inside. The hungry boys go for the food cart,
scooping up eggs and sausage. They're
ravenous. Francis, mouth full of sausage,
beams at Michael Quinn.

FRANCIS

They should've named you
Simon, like Simon Magus the
sorcerer.

MICHAEL QUINN

No. Simon. . . .
(pulls the "KNIGHTS
TEMPLAR" paperback
from his back
pocket)

...Templar.

Suddenly a SHARP WHISTLE. The boys, startled,
whip their necks around. MR. FONG stands in
the doorway. Father O'Neal and Father Yin
enter quickly. The boys back away from the
food cart.

FATHER YIN

Who. . . who did this...?
The boys look at Michael Quinn. Then Francis
speaks:

FRANCIS

I did father.
And another boy, James:

JAMES

I did father. .
And another and another: "I did father." They
all say it. And the littlest youngest boy,
surrounded by his new confederates, smiles
slightly. His eyes glint.

CUT TO:

Begin MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE

EXT. ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA - NIGHT

A chilly September night. A rally is underway
in the Dvortsovaya Ploshchad, the vast square
at the foot of Nevsky Prospect Boulevard. The
Winter Palace and Hermitage loom in the b.g.
500,000 ST. PETERS BURGERS' stand shoulder-to-
shoulder, listening to a SPEECH. INTERNATIONAL
T.V. CREWS (the BBC, CNN, etc.) are
transmitting the event.

SPEAKER (O.S.)

In 1917 Lenin stood here
and promised a new age. The
result? Tyranny. Poverty.
The darkest years in our
history.

THE SPEAKER stands on a platform behind a
cluster of microphones, his image projected on
a huge screen (like the Sony screen in Times
Square) above and behind him.
He is MICHAEL ROMANOV, coal-haired, fierce,
ardent, eyes glinting like onyx, voice cutting
the night air.

ROMANOV

In 1987 Gorbachev stood
here and promised a new
age. The result? An end to
communism. Democracy. A

free economy. And what
else? Chaos.

(crowd CHEERS)

The economy run by
criminals, the government
run by charlatans. And they
are in league together!
Thieves! Traitors!

(louder CHEERS)

Men and women of St.
Petersburg, citizens of
Russia, the salt of this
country, this must end!

(deafening CHEERS)

Join me then in the song of
our forefathers.

Romanov begins to sing, ably, the first verse
of "Mother Russia" (the Russian anthem before
the Bolsheviks).

THE CROWD joins him. The Ploshchad rings with
the voices of half a million Russians...

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. PETERSBURG - NIKKO HOTEL - CONTINUOUS
We're 12 stories up, outside the city's Nikko
hotel. The rally across town is a distant
glow. We hear the singing crowd.

TWO HANDS appear, gripping the nooks of the
exterior architecture. A MAN IN BLACK climbs
up, securing a sling to the window frame in
which to sit. A bulky BACKPACK hangs from
shoulder straps. He produces a diamond cutter;
begins carving a man-sized aperture in the
window. Below, in the foyer -

INT. NIKKO HOTEL - GRAND FOYER BALLROOM
-- A JAPANESE SECURITY MAN sits at his guard
station, watching C.N.N. NEWS on a small
television. Wolf Blitzer is reporting live
from the rally.

WOLF BLITZER

(on t.v.)

An extraordinary
allegation, Bernard, that
Russia's present
leadership, including
President Victor Karpov, is
connected with the
country's underworld.

Inside the foyer ballroom, Japanese
businessmen are hosting a reception. The Nikko
Hotel's core is hollow, like the Hilton in New
York; thus, the ballroom's "ceiling" is 12
stories up.

CHAMPAGNE SERVERS are passing out glasses. A
grey-haired Japanese businessman, HIRO MYAKI,
clinks his glass. The guests pay attention.
During this we focus on a CHAMPAGNE SERVER

moving toward the lobby elevators with a full tray.

HIRO MYAKI

Ladies. Gentlemen. The Myaki Corporation looks forward to many profitable days ahead. To our new manufacturing facility in St. Petersburg. To the new Russia!

As the crowd CLAPS...

EXT. NIKKO HOTEL - EXTERIOR WALL

...the Man In Black kicks at the cut section of window, pushing it into the hotel and plunging inside after it.

INT. NIKKO HOTEL - CEILING SUPERSTRUCTURE

The Man In Black catches hold of a steel girder and dangles, and, miraculously -- THE PIECE OF WINDOW doesn't fall.

It's stuck to his feet with suction cups.

The Man In Black moves, hand over hand, toward the mezzanine balcony, the window stuck to his feet.

IN THE LOBBY BELOW Everybody's beaming, toasting, congratulating, etc., totally oblivious to THE MAN IN BLACK, 12 stories up, inching hand-over-hand across the roof superstructure.

INT. NIKKO HOTEL - CEILING SUPERSTRUCTURE OVER MEZZANINE

The Man In Black has reached the mezzanine.

TWO JAPANESE SECURITY GUARDS, armed with automatic rifles, walk their shift directly below him. They pass a wall mounted television, also carrying the NEWS:

WOLF BLITZER

(on t.v.)

One thing's certain,
Bernard: Michael Romanov,
age 32, French born and
Oxford educated, descendent
of the last czar, is a
political force to be
reckoned with.

The guards move down the mezzanine; one jokes, the other laughs. They disappear around a corner. The Man in Black hangs from the girder with one hand; with the other he yanks the piece of window off his foot-mounted suction cups. He drops to the mezzanine. He rests the glass against the wall. He peers over the balustrade at the party below. Satisfied, he removes his hood, ENDING TITLES.

This is SIMON TEMPLAR. A hard, self-reliant, crafty man. You should treat him as such or be very sorry you ever met him. It is unfortunate

that a man of Templar's various talents can be so lacking. How?

His journey has been through a tough world and he has come fast. This one gives no quarter. Ever. Though his outward self glows with life, he is dead inside.

Templar, focused utterly, steals inside a corridor.

INT. NIKKO HOTEL - INTERIOR CORRIDOR

A long corridor with a door at the end, on which is engraved: MYAKI CORPORATION. At the entrance, secured in a niche, is a BRONZE BUST OF HIRO MYAKI.

Templar stops cold. A RUG (an oriental runner) extends the length of the corridor.

Templar kneels, lifting an edge of the rug. Revealing ANTI -THEFT PRESSURE SENSORS.

Templar produces a DARTGUN (the size of a flare gun, silenced, with a spool of steel cable attached to the top). He aims down the corridor and fires.

A STEEL DART explodes from the barrel, spooling out the cable, and imbeds above the door at corridor's end.

Templar yanks the other end of cable from the spool. He looks around for something to secure it.

TEMPLAR

Sorry about this.

He ties the cable around Myaki's bronze neck. He hangs from the cable, testing it. It will hold. He pulls out an aluminum contraption with small wheels and two handle grips. It's A GLIDER for the cable. He attaches the glider to the cable, grips the handles, and glides the length of the corridor.

THE OTHER END OF THE CORRIDOR - OVER THE DOOR

Templar bumps up against the door. He pulls his knees up and over the handles of the glider, then flops over backwards, hanging upside down. HIS FACE is now right next to the door handle, over which is an ELECTRONIC LOCK (opened by punching a code).

Templar pulls out a BLACK BOX. It's a really small, really powerful computer and its job is to run through every possible number combination in about a minute and a half.

Templar wires the computer to the lock with two needlelike ELECTRODE PROBES.

He activates the system. The little computer starts running through combinations of numbers. He waits, hanging upside down.

Meanwhile--

INT. NIKKO HOTEL - MEZZANINE - ELEVATOR LOBBY

The Japanese guards are smoking by the elevator, joking, laughing. One of these guys

is a riot... The elevator opens. The CHAMPAGNE SERVER comes out, tray in hand.

CHAMPAGNE SERVER

Compliments of Mr. Myaki.

JAPANESE GUARDS

(delighted)

Ahh!

Beaming, they each take a glass. They clink and drink.

INT. NIKKO HOTEL - INTERIOR CORRIDOR

The computer BEEPS. It's finished. Templar turns the door handle; pushes open the door. He pulls himself up. Hangs from his hands again. He swings his legs back and forth, getting momentum up. He releases from the glider and lunges inside.

INT. NIKKO HOTEL - MYAKI CORPORATION OFFICES

A grand boardroom with Japanese furniture and art. At the end of a fifty-foot mahogany table is a PAINTING OF HIRO MYAKI. Templar walks over to it.

TEMPLAR

Sorry again.

He RIPS the painting off the wall and heaves it aside. And here, where the painting was, is A SAFE. Templar unshoulders his backpack. He pulls out a 40-pound CARLSBAD & RINKER industrial diamond-tipped drill, as big as a jackhammer. No finesse here, people. No, there's no time for high-tech. He's going to drill right through the bitch, right through four inches of tungsten steel. He starts setting up the drill.

INT. NIKKO HOTEL - MEZZANINE LOBBY

Two CHAMPAGNE GLASSES lie shattered on the floor, and next to that mess lie the JAPANESE GUARDS, now unconscious. The champagne server's gone...

INT. NIKKO HOTEL - MEZZANINE

...because he's here, moving quickly toward the Myaki Corporation's office, and he's not a champagne server, but a thief and a killer, a blonde Russian named ILYA. Ilya stops just outside the interior corridor. With the GUARD'S KEYPING, he shuts off the anti-theft mats and moves around the corner into the corridor.

INT. NIKKO HOTEL - INTERIOR CORRIDOR

Ilya stops short. His eyes spark. He sees Templar's cable and glider.

INT. NIKKO HOTEL - MYAKI CORPORATION OFFICES

Templar, wearing goggles, leans into the drill as THE BIT CHEWS into the tungsten lock. This is a violent exercise. SINEWS OF METAL spit out like shrapnel.

He's through the lock in seconds. Templar heaves the drill aside; it lands with a THUD

on the beautiful mahogany table. He opens the safe. INSIDE THE SAFE is one object: A SMALL BOX, the size of a cufflink keeper. Templar grabs it and opens it.

INSIDE THE LITTLE BOX is a tiny MICRO-CHIP. Templar closes the box and pockets it.

ILYA (V.O.)

Don't move.

Templar freezes. His eyes twitch. This wasn't in the plan...

ILYA (V.O.)

Turn around. Slowly.

Templar faces Ilya. Ilya has a silenced handgun.

ILYA

On your knees.

(Templar sinks to his knees)

Give me the box. Slowly.

Templar pulls out the box. Tosses it to Ilya. Ilya raises the handgun at Templar's head. Smiles. Try something: throw an extension cord on the ground. I guarantee it will land coiled in several places.

Ilya happens to be standing inside one of the coils of the drill's extension cord. And this is not lost on Templar. Templar, on his knees, grabs the cord and yanks it; the coil tightens around Ilya's ankles. His legs fly from under him and he goes down, the gun clattering across the floor. Ilya tries to get to his feet. Templar floors him with a right cross. Templar grabs the box and his backpack and sprints across the room. Ilya gains his feet and grabs his gun; sprints after Templar.

INT. NIKKO HOTEL - MEZZANINE

Templar runs to the balustrade and climbs atop it.

He jumps, clutching the ceiling girder above. He's going out the way he came in. Suddenly ILYA'S HANDS are around his ankles. Templar falls. He's going 12 stories to his death. No. His fingers clutch the outside of the balustrade. Templar dangles there, looking up at the sadistic face of Ilya. And suddenly below --

INT. NIKKO HOTEL - GRAND FOYER BALLROOM

-- A JAPANESE WOMAN, looking up, pointing at the man dangling from the balustrade above, SCREAMS. And now everybody looks up.

HIRO MYAKI

Sound the alarm! Call the police!

INT. NIKKO HOTEL - MEZZANINE

Ilya and Templar. Ilya calmly compresses his foot against Templar's left knuckles.

ILYA

The box please.

Templar, grimacing, reaches with his right hand and pulls the box from his pocket. Hands it slowly to Ilya, who reaches over the balustrade for it...

TEMPLAR stuffs the box in his teeth and grabs Ilya's hand, jerking him over the balustrade. Ilya falls 12 stories to his death. No he doesn't. He falls one story and miraculously catches the balustrade *there*. Templar clammers up again, atop the balustrade. He jumps to the ceiling girder. Hand over hand, swinging like an acrobat, Templar's across the girder in seconds.

He releases from the girder to the window frame. There's one further problem. BULLETS. Ricocheting all around him. Fired by -- ILYA, one floor down. Templar reaches over his shoulder. Pulls a GUN from his backpack. To return fire? No, it's the DART GUN. Templar aims the dart gun out the aperture he cut in the window and fires.

EXT. NIKKO HOTEL - 12TH FLOOR

A STEEL DART launches from the window, flies fifty yards, and imbeds in the STAIRCASE BULKHEAD OF THE BUILDING ADJACENT TO THE NIKKO.

INT. NIKKO HOTEL - CEILING SUPERSTRUCTURE

Templar ties the cable to the ceiling girder. He pulls out his black hood and drapes it over the taut cable. He grabs both ends of the hood. And he jumps.

EXT. NIKKO HOTEL/ADJACENT BUILDING

Templar flies through space, across the cable, the hood acting as a makeshift glider. He lands on the roof of the adjacent building. Templar looks around. SIRENS ARE WAILING. He runs across rooftops, disappearing into the St. Petersburg night.

INT . NIKKO HOTEL - GRAND FOYER BALLROOM

Total chaos. Women screaming, everybody running around. Ilya comes through the panicked crowd. Ten ST. PETERSBURG POLICEMEN enter.

ILYA

I tried to stop him! He
went out the window!

Five policemen go for the elevators. Five more exit quickly. Ilya follows.

EXT. NIKKO HOTEL - ENTRANCE

The befuddled police race off, looking skyward at the top floors of the building. Ilya curses silently. And peels away from the cops and commotion, off into the night.

CUT TO:

INT. A BRITISH-AIR 747 - MORNING

The First Class section. The plane is in flight. A STEWARDESS, young, perky, comes down the aisle pushing a magazine/newspaper cart.

STEWARDESS

Newspaper sir?

SIMON TEMPLAR sits there, dressed as usual without much heed to fashion. Note this, reader: Templar is not a super-spy, super-hero, or super-rake. He is a thief. He's examining several antique Russian BRACELETS and LOCKETS. He looks up at the stewardess.

STEWARDESS

(Cockney)

Wow, are those gorgeous or what...

TEMPLAR

You have an eye for beauty. Of course - you see it every time you look in the mirror.

She blushes, fidgets, as his eyes bore in on her.

STEWARDESS

Why thank-you, Mr...

(reads seat assignment)

Templar.

She continues down the aisle, smiling to herself. Templar resumes with his lockets.

INT. BRITISH AIR 747 - FIVE HOURS LATER

The plane has landed. PASSENGERS are filing out past the Stewardess.

STEWARDESS

Goodbye, goodbye, enjoy your stay in London, etc.

Templar moves past the Stewardess, carrying TWO CARRY-ON BAGS. He winks at her. She winks back, and fingers one of the RUSSIAN LOCKETS, now around her neck.

STEWARDESS

Good-bye, Mr. Templar.

As Templar moves off, she smiles to herself and CUT TO:

INT. LONDON - HEATHROW AIRPORT

Templar walks briskly away from customs. A MAN IN TRENCHCOAT falls in behind Templar. TWO MEN appear in front of Templar, blocking his path; the man behind Templar comes to his side. They are Scotland Yard men BAKER, TEAL, and INSPECTOR MACDUFF.

INSPECTOR MACDUFF

How's the weather in St. Petersburg?

TEMPLAR

Cold.

INSPECTOR MACDUFF

Let's warm things up for
you.

Baker and Teal gruffly take Templar by the
shoulder and walk him forward and CUT TO:
INT. HEATHROW CUSTOMS - INTERROGATION ROOM
A spartan room, a table and two chairs.
MacDuff ransacks TEMPLAR'S BAGS while, across
the room --
Templar kisses the wall, hands outstretched,
as Baker finishes frisking him. Templar turns.

BAKER

He's clean.

TEMPLAR

(to MacDuff)

Careful with that. It's
delicate equip...

MacDuff lifts Templar's 9MM PISTOL from the
bag.

TEMPLAR

. . . ment.

MACDUFF

Yes. Very.

TEMPLAR

It's for protection. I deal
in antique....

MACDUFF

(snaps)

I know what you deal in.
And these? Your pajamas?
He holds up Templar's black bodysuit.

TEMPLAR

For jogging. My doctor's
recommended five miles a...

MACDUFF

Sit down and shut it.

Templar sits down.

Baker has Templar's papers. He holds up a
certificate.

BAKER

He's licensed to carry,
Inspector.

MACDUFF

Let's see the passport.

(Baker hands

MacDuff

Templar's passport) What's
your nationality this week,
Templar?

TEMPLAR

I forget.

MACDUFF

(looks at passport)

Issued by the Principality
of.. . Yemen? You're bloody
joking.

TEMPLAR

(shrugs)

Call the embassy
MacDuff whips the passport at Templar. Templar
calmly moves his head; the passport flies by.
Hits the wall.

MACDUFF

Shut it.
MacDuff leans down, coming in close. Templar
doesn't blink. His expression never changes.

MACDUFF

You pass through Russia for
a day with that gear and,
what a surprise, a
prototype computer chip
worth quarter of a billion
quid is nicked from the
Myaki Corporation the night
you arrive. We know you
didn't fence it in Russia.
Where is it?

The door opens. Teal enters, tossing several
X-RAY PHOTOGRAPHS on the table before MacDuff.
Two are of Templar's bags, two are of his
body.

TEAL

(Cockney)

All negative. He didn't
swallow it.

An embarrassing pause.

TEMPLAR

You've got three options:
charge me, or release me.

MACDUFF

What's the third.

TEMPLAR

You can kiss my ass.

A dreadful pause. MacDuff smiles. He turns
away, then turns back and viciously backhands
Templar across the face; Templar's head jerks.
The blow would knock most men out. Now Templar
smiles. Like a serpent. And says calmly:

TEMPLAR

I'm a busy man. Make up
your mind.

MacDuff stares at Templar, gritting his teeth.
Templar rises. Begins collecting his things.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON RESTAURANT - EVENING

A quaint place off Piccadilly. The STEWARDESS
(from Templar's flight) gulps a martini. She
is tipsy. She shows it.

STEWARDESS

.. . then me mum says, call
uncle Charlie, he's in the
airline business, there's
jobs there, good benefits
too, and.. ..where was I?

TEMPLAR, enduring this, sits opposite with a scotch.

TEMPLAR

How you got your job.

STEWARDESS

Right!

(hiccup, giggles)

'Scuze me.

Templar motions to a passing WAITRESS.

TEMPLAR

Another round please.

STEWARDESS

Ye're tryin' ta get me drunk, aren't you? Are you cute or what? I gotta freshen up.

(she rises)

Where's the loo in 'ere?

TEMPLAR

Back there. Leave your locket. I'll polish it for you.

She smiles crookedly; hands over the locket.

STEWARDESS

Are you a dearheart or what...

She blows Templar a kiss and lurches off to the bathroom. Templar watches her a moment. When she's gone he puts the locket on the table. He pries open the back of it with a pen-knife.

INSERT - THE LOCKET - there is a compartment in which sits THE STOLEN MICRO-CHIP. Templar plucks out the chip and drops it into an envelope.

BACK TO SCENE - FOLLOWING THE STEWARDESS as she returns to the table. She sits down. Looks around. Templar's gone. The locket's gone. The waitress appears.

STEWARDESS

Maam, where's the gent who was sitting 'ere?

WAITRESS

He left, luv. Said you'd take care of the bill.

She hands the Stewardess the bill. She stares at it.

STEWARDESS

What?

She sinks down, confused, blinking, near tears. CUT TO:

INT. LONDON - MUSGRAVE HOTEL

A small, plush, discrete residential hotel in the heart of Mayfair (Regent Street, Grovesnor Sq. or equivalent). TEMPLAR approaches the front desk with his carry-on bags. CONCIERGE

HARRY WINSTON and the HOTEL MANAGER are behind the desk.

CONCIERGE HARRY WINSTON

Mr. Templar! Good to see you sir. Your room key - south penthouse as usual. Your suits are up from storage, pressed of course, and there's a bottle of Oban on the dresser.

TEMPLAR

Thanks Harry. Oh, and Harry...

(pulls out the envelope with the computer chip)

... ship this by overnight courier to that address.

CONCIERGE HARRY WINSTON

Very good sir.

JIMMY, a young Bellman, takes Ternplar's bags. Templar doesn't let go. An uncomfortable pause.

CONCIERGE HARRY WINSTON

Jimmy, Mr. Templar carries his own bags.

Templar steps past Jimmy into the elevator.

JIMMY THE BELLMAN

What's with the bags, gov'nuh?

HOTEL MANAGER

They're all he ever brings. The man's bills are paid by a bank in Switzerland and his mailing address is a corporation in Lisbon. Bloody strange...

CONCIERGE HARRY WINSTON

Mr. Templar, strange? No sir, he's just shy.

CUT TO:

INT . MUSGRAVE HOTEL - SOUTH PENTHOUSE

Ternplar sits at a desk with a bottle of Oban scotch and glass, staring at the screen of a modemed MINI-COMPUTER.

-- Templar types: LION CONTACTING ZEBRA: IS ZEBRA HOME?

-- And this comes back: AFFIRMATIVE, LION.

-- Templar types: PIGEON IS FLYING; WILL ARRIVE A.M.

-- And this back: EXCELLENT. LION GETS LION'S SHARE. -- Templar types a new command. A new screen appears:

***** NATIONAL BANK OF GENEVA *****

PRIVATE UNMARKED ACCOUNTS

PLEASE ENTER SECURITY PASSWORD

Templar types in: 77N8LS473Z. This appears:

***** NATIONAL BANK OF GENEVA *****
ACCOUNT OF: TEMPLAR, SIMON
BALANCE (AS OF 8/1S/95): U.S. \$47,895,12S.12
(Not a typo, reader. It's forty-seven million
bucks.)

Templar picks up his scotch and drinks,
staring at the screen. He's waiting for
something... The first digit, "4," vanishes. A
"5" appears in it's place. Now fifty-seven
million.

Templar permits a slight smile, having just
made 10 million dollars, and drinks his
scotch.

The phone RINGS. Templar eyes it skeptically.
He picks it up.

TEMPLAR

Yes.

A voice with an Eastern European accent:

VOICE

Is this Simon Templar?

TEMPLAR

It depends.

VOICE

A meeting. Midnight,
Blackfriars Bridge.

TEMPLAR

Involving what?

VOICE

A lot of money. If you want
it.

Click. Templar recradles the receiver; He
stares at it a moment and CUT TO:

INT. MUSGRAVE HOTEL LOBBY - LATER - NIGHT

Templar enters the lobby wearing a fresh suit
under a black leather trench coat. He goes to
the desk, where concierge Harry Winston looks
up.

TEMPLAR

Harry, I'm going for a walk
over Blackfriars Bridge.
Midnight.

Pause. And Harry, just perceptibly, nods. And
returns to his obsequious self.

HARRY WINSTON

Very good, sir.

Templar walks off through the lobby.

HARRY WINSTON

Jimmy

(Jimmy walks over)

It's about time I taught
you how to run the front
desk.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON - BLACKFRIAR' S BRIDGE - MIDNIGHT
Fog. The bridge lights cast everything in a
sickly yellow glow. Below, A TUGBOAT plows the

river, horn BELLOWING. The lights of Southwark twinkle beyond.

Templar enters from Victoria Embankment. TWO FIGURES emerge from the fog. Templar approaches. One is a huge dim-wit with greasy hair, as tall and wide as a bookcase. His name, aptly, is ZERO. The other is middle-aged and strongly built. A high forehead; clipped, iron-grey hair; square jaw and aquiline nose; deep-set, ruthless, unblinking eyes. This is GREGOR TRETIAK. To characterize him as the John Gotti of Russia is to demean him. He is vastly more powerful.

TRETIAK

Interesting.

(sizes up Templar)

You are not a big man. But men like you never are. It is my pleasure, Simon Templar. My name is...

TEMPLAR

I know who you are. Tell me what you want, or I keep walking.

TRETIAK

Suppose I don't want anything. Suppose I want to kill you.

TEMPLAR

Suppose there's a high-powered rifle trained at your head.

As Tretiak's eyes dart about, Templar raises his hand, waving, signaling to someone below the bridge --

BELOW THE BRIDGE - ON THE VICTORIA EMBANKMENT -- that someone is CONCIERGE HARRY WINSTON, in a cloth cap and rain mack now, and yes, he has a 30.6 scoped rifle trained at Tretiak's head. BACK TO THE BRIDGE Tretiak's jaw muscles twitch. He smiles thinly.

TRETIAK

Rumour has not lied about you, Mr. Templar. Last night something was stolen in St. Petersburg. My city.

TEMPLAR

You talk about the place as if you own it.

TRETIAK

(sinisterly)

I do, Mr. Templar. May I ask who hired you?

TEMPLAR

You can ask. I won't answer.

TRETIAK

What you stole I wanted
very badly.

(beat)

Ilya.

Ilya emerges from the shadows. Locks eyes with
Templar. The thief from the Nikko!

TRETIAK

What is the saying - if you
can't beat them, why not
join them? An American
phrase, no? Or are you
British? Australian?

TEMPLAR

I'm nothing. Except bored.
Get to the point.

TRETIAK

(smiles)

Of course. An American
scientist has worked ten
years to develop a certain
technology. I am informed
that the technology will be
made public at the annual
nuclear science symposium
in Washington D.C. I would
like the plans and
specifications for this
technology. *Before* the
symposium.

TEMPLAR

What are we talking about?

TRETIAK

A nuclear fusion generator.
We have a man on the
inside.

TEMPLAR

Why can't he steal it?

TRETIAK

He's tried. The scientist
trusts no one and keeps no
hard records of the
technology in the lab.

TEMPLAR

Nuclear fusion. They say
it's mankind's only hope
after all the oil's gone.
This guy's actually done
it?

TRETIAK

She.

TEMPLAR

Come again?

TRETIAK

She, Mr. Templar. The
scientist is a woman.

(hands over a
dossier)

Her dossier. All the
information you will need.

TEMPLAR

My fee is fifteen million
U.S. dollars, half up
front, half when I deliver.
You'll hear from me.

Templar turns and walks off.

TRETIAK

Templar, one question.
Templar stops. Turns.

TRETIAK

I ask you to steal a
person's entire life's
work. You have no reaction.
Are you that cold?

Templar stares back, expressionless. He turns
and disappears into the fog.

TRETIAK

No, rumor *hasn't* lied about
you, Templar.

CUT TO:

EXT. WESTCHESTER COUNTY - ESTABLISHING SHOTS
Various establishing shots of this suburban
community just north of Manhattan. Pretty,
charming, affluent.

INT. WESTCHESTER COUNTY - SUPERMARKET

A large suburban supermarket. The aisles are
full of Westchester women: affluent, country
clubby, housewifey types. A HAND reaches for a
BOTTLE OF LEMONADE (100% Natural) , bringing
it down to the eye level of --
JILLIAN ST. THOMAS. She is lean, a swimmer's
body perhaps, with terrific acuteness and
authority in her thought, speech, and action.
Debate this woman? Fine, but you'd better know
what the hell you're talking about. Her stare
can stop a train. She's casually dressed. Only
her JACKET stands out. It's waist-cut, with a
colorful diagram of protons and electrons
circling a nucleus embroidered on the back.

JILLIAN

(reads ingredients)

Filtered water, high
fructose corn syrup. Lemon
juice concentrate. Citric
acid. Gum acacia...?

(grumbles)

Totally natural, yeah
right.

She returns the bottle and turns, coming face-
to-face with SIMON TEMPLAR, wearing a
moustache and glasses now. He has a bottle of
LEMON JUICE in his hand.

TEMPLAR

Try this.
(smiles)

Sorry, I overheard.
(hands her the
bottle)

The real thing. No
chemicals, no
preservatives.

She reads the label. Satisfied, she looks at
Templar.

JILLIAN

Thanks.

She puts it in her cart and wheels off and CUT
TO:

INT. SUPERMARKET - PRODUCE SECTION - MINUTES LATER
Jillian is examining apples. There is a
THUMPING NOISE. It persists. Finally she looks
over at --
TEMPLAR. He's standing in front of the
watermelons. He's thumping one with his thumb.
He notices Jillian.

TEMPLAR

Hello again. These aren't
ripe. How are the apples?

JILLIAN

Excellent. They're in
season.

Templar walks over to the apples. Picks one
up. Studies it for a moment.

TEMPLAR

I wonder why He didn't want
us to eat these.

A pause. She looks at him, puzzled.

JILLIAN

Who?

TEMPLAR

God. In the Garden of Eden.

JILLIAN

Oh right. Sorry, little
slow today. Bad headache.

(looks at the
apple)

Uhm, actually, I don't
know.

TEMPLAR

Why wasn't it: "No
bananas." Or: "Avoid, at
all cost, kumquats." Wonder
what God had against
apples. She gives him a
funny look and turns away.

JILLIAN

Sorry. Can't help you.

TEMPLAR

How about William Tell? You
really think he shot one of
these off his brother's
head with an arrow?

Jillian turns around again. A pause.

JILLIAN

Do I know you?

TEMPLAR

Unlikely. I just moved to
New York.

She stares at him. This is a very strange man.
Intriguing yes, but also possibly a lunatic.
She decides to take the dismissive route:

JILLIAN

Well uhhm, sir, to answer
your apple questions, one,
I don't know what God's
problem was. Two, William
Tell, like Paul Bunyon,
never existed. And in case
you're wondering, Isaac
Newton discovered gravity
through planetary
observation not because one
of those fell on his head,
and I seriously doubt that
eating one a day will keep
the doctor away.

(beat)

Okay?

She wheels her cart off. Says over her
shoulder:

JILLIAN

By the way - welcome to the
Big Apple.

Templar watches her wheel off. His eyes glint.
This is going to be interesting...

CUT TO:

EXT. WESTCHESTER SUPERMARKET - PARKING LOT - DAY
Jillian slams down the hatch of her station
wagon, now filled with groceries. She gets in.
The car pulls out of the parking lot.

INT. JILLIAN'S STATION WAGON - DRIVING
Jillian, driving, drinking her lemonade,
listens to a cassette tape. An authoritative,
scholarly, Indian voice:

VIJAY SINGH (V.O., CASSETTE)

Nuclear fusion occurs when
pairs of nuclei meet and
their protons and neutrons
fuse together into a single
nucleus. The fused nuclei
move off at high speed,
producing energy. Nuclear
fusion could provide us
with almost unlimited
power.

JILLIAN

No, really? Moron.

VIJAY SINGH (V.O., CASSETTE)

All you need are two
hydrogen gases, deuterium

and lithium, and a machine
to make them fuse under
controlled conditions.

JILLIAN

C'mon, Dr. Singh. Tell me
something I don't know.

Jillian sees something through the windshield.
She turns down the volume and squints --
JILLIAN'S POV - THROUGH WINDSHIELD A ROLLS
ROYCE sits on the road shoulder. As we pass
the Rolls, we see SIMON TEMPLAR standing next
to it wearing a hopeless expression.
BACK TO SCENE - JILLIAN looks at the Rolls in
the rear-view mirror. She frowns.

JILLIAN

Just keep driving.

Jillian frowns again. Against her better
judgment, she pulls over. Throws it in
reverse.

EXT. WESTCHESTER - SUBURBAN ROAD SHOULDER - DAY
Jillian's station wagon backs up to the Rolls
Royce on the road shoulder. Jillian gets out.

TEMPLAR

Hello! She walks up to him.
Together they look down at
THE REAR TIRE. It's flat, a
pancake.

JILLIAN

Where's the spare?

TEMPLAR

I.. .well.. .I'm not really
certain.

JILLIAN

You do know how to change a
tire.

TEMPLAR

Sorry.

(beat)

I'm not very... mechanical.

Jillian rolls her eyes.

JILLIAN

Give me your keys.

Templar hands them over. They walk to the
rear. Jillian opens the trunk. They both look
down at -- .

THE TRUNK'S INTERIOR - THE SPARE TIRE is also
flat.

TEMPLAR

(sheepish)

Sorry.

Jillian rolls her eyes again.

JILLIAN

All right, where do you
live?

TEMPLAR

Close.

JILLIAN

It's your lucky day.
(begins to walk
off)

Come on.

Templar watches her walk off. He smiles
grimly.

CUT TO:

INT. JILLIAN'S CAR - DRIVING

The car winds through Westchester roads.

VIJAY SINGH (V.O., CASSETTE)

Research has centered on a
machine called a tokamak,
developed in Russia,
essentially a doughnut
shaped tube that contains
the gases to be fused.

At this, Templar stares at the tape cassette.

VIJAY SINGH (V.O., CASSETTE)

The tokamak hasn't worked
because the two gases must
be heated to a temperature
of hundreds of millions of
degrees, and kept together
for several seconds.

JILLIAN

Try room temperature,
idiot. The Tokamak's got it
all backwards.

TEMPLAR

Uhhm. Excuse me. Who is
that?

JILLIAN

Him? A powerful, well-
respected man who doesn't
know a goddarnn thing what
he's talking about. If I
got one tenth of his
funding...

Jillian reaches down and yanks off the
cassette player. She looks out the window,
grumbling. They drive on.

TEMPLAR

It's the next left. First
driveway on the right.

EXT. WESTCHESTER COUNTY - TEMPLAR 'S HOME

Jillian's station wagon pulls into the circle
of the largest mansion in Westchester County.
Just stupendous.

INT. JILLIAN'S STATION WAGON

Jillian stares, open-mouthed, at the mansion.

JILLIAN

You live here?

(turns to him)

Are you for real?

He picks up Jillian's lemonade bottle.

TEMPLAR

Like the label says. No chemicals, no preservatives.

JILLIAN

(points at the house)

You work for this or inherit it?

TEMPLAR

My father made shoes. I inherited the company. Now I make shoes.

JILLIAN

(looks at the house)

That's a helluva lot of shoes.

TEMPLAR

Uhm listen, I'm not very good at this and I realize we just met, but I'm even-tempered, politically moderate, belong to no religious cults, have no children I know of, am free of communicable diseases, I happen to find you attractive...

JILLIAN

Wait a minute, hold on. Are you asking me out on a date?

TEMPLAR

Yes.

JILLIAN

How do you know I'm not married?

TEMPLAR

I believe the fourth finger on your left hand is...

JILLIAN

(quickly)

Okay so I'm not married. I could have a boyfriend.

TEMPLAR

I'd be surprised if you didn't have several.

JILLIAN

Be surprised. Lemme give you a hand.

Jillian pops the wagon's back hatch and gets out. Templar follows. They walk to the wagon's rear.

JILLIAN

What about you? There's no wife stashed on some island someplace?

TEMPLAR

No wife stashed on some island.

They pick up Templar's groceries; each takes two bags.

JILLIAN

No mistress? C'mon. No bimbo on the side?

TEMPLAR

Not a one.

They walk toward the mansion.

JILLIAN

Well, that's a start. Here's the deal with me: I am not particularly even-tempered, I'm staunchly liberal, belong to no religious cults but I do believe in God as a basic force of good, have no children because one has to have sex to do that and, well, let's not pursue that, am free of communicable diseases, see above, and you're an attractive man, if a little weird, and well.. .hell, why not.

(smiles)

You've got a date, shoemaker. What's your name?

TEMPLAR

Michael. Michael Quinn.

They reach the mansion's front veranda. They set the groceries on a wicker couch.

JILLIAN

I'm Jillian St. Thomas.

They shake hands. Jillian fishes for a pen.

JILLIAN

I'll give you my number.

TEMPLAR

Just say it. I have a good memory.

JILLIAN

(looks at him)

Eight seven seven, five two nine eight.

TEMPLAR

Good. Great. I'll call you.

JILLIAN

I've heard that before.

TEMPLAR

I will call you. You saved me today. Thanks again.

She walks off to her car. Templar turns toward the front door. Jillian suddenly stops. Turns.

JILLIAN

Hey.

(Templar turns)

What's my number?

TEMPLAR

(without
hesitation)

Eight seven seven, five two
nine eight.

JILLIAN smiles and continues toward the car, mumbling:

JILLIAN

And he has a brain. What do
you know.

AT THE MANSION'S FRONT DOOR - TEMPLAR watches Jillian get in her wagon and drive off. Then Templar keys open the door and enters.

INT. WESTCHESTER MANSION - DAY

The place is empty. Totally. No furniture. Nothing. Just Templar's two CARRY-ON BAGS on the floor in front of Templar.

DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. WESTCHESTER MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
It's late now. About 10 p.m. Templar sits on a packing crate in the vacant living room with a glass of scotch, studying Jillian's life. There are pages of personal data and many photographs: Jillian in cap and gown; Jillian in a lab coat; Jillian at the beach, etc.

DISSOLVE
TIME CUT
TO:

A LEGAL PAD, with Templar's handwritten note:
NO HARD COPIES - COMPUTER SOFTWARE

TEMPLAR stares into the screen of his mini-computer. It is two hours later.

INSERT - THE MINI-COMPUTER SCREEN - Templar has entered every detail of Jillian's life.

Looks like this:

Home state: Massachusetts

Hometown: Milton

Highschool: Milton Academy

Highschool mascot: Bulldogs

University: Harvard

University mascot: Crimson

It just goes on and on: names of parents,
family members, teachers, pets, boyfriends;
favorite movies, colors, sports teams,
hobbies, etc.

DISSOLVE
TIME CUT
TO:

TEMPLAR finishes entering the details of Jillian's life. He copies it onto a 3 1/4

disk, pulls out the disk and shuts off the minicomputer. He leans down and picks up a SHOE BOX. Opens it. He lifts out a WOMAN'S SHOE and jerks the heel, which lifts away from the sole on hinges. revealing a hidden compartment, in which Templar places a small transistor. He clicks the heel shut. THE SHOE --

MATCH
DISSOLVE
S TO:

THE SAME SHOE, now on Jillian's foot and WIDEN TO --

INT. MANHATTAN - LE CIRQUE

-- Jillian and Templar at a corner table in Le Cirque. The meal is over. They're drinking coffee, laughing, at ease. The "date" is going well.

TEMPLAR

I am not eccentric.

JILLIAN

No? You live in the biggest house in America but do your own shopping, you talk to strange women about the history of apples, and you give a first-time date... shoes? Isn't the tradition flowers?

TEMPLAR

You said you liked them.

JILLIAN

I do. I'm joking. They're beautiful. Thank-you.

They smile at each other. A WAITER brings more coffee. There's a sudden commotion. Jillian and Templar look --

ACROSS THE ROOM - a group of WAITERS are clapping their hands for a YOUNG COUPLE seated at a table.

JILLIAN

(to the waiter)

What happened?

WAITER

(smiles)

He just asked her to marry him. Anything else?

JILLIAN looks at the radiant young couple. Smiles.

TEMPLAR

Just the check please.

(the waiter exits;

Jillian looks at

him)

You didn't answer my question. Maybe it made you

uncomfortable. Maybe I
should just shut up...

JILLIAN

No, it's all right. Okay:
"Why Jillian never got
married, chapter One:" I
don't know where you're
from. . .

TEMPLAR

Canada.

JILLIAN

I don't know what it's like
there, but here, if a
teenage girl doesn't want
to be a cheerleader, or
drink 'till she pukes every
weekend, or talk endlessly
on the phone every night
about absolutely nothing,
then she doesn't win many
popularity contests, know
what I mean? That pretty
much took care of
highschool.

TEMPLAR

College?

JILLIAN

Try earning double p.h.d.'s
from Harvard before you
turn twenty-three and
having a social life.

TEMPLAR

Can I ask a personal
question?

(she nods)

What's your I.Q.?

JILLIAN

(laughs)

That's personal? My I.Q.?
Let's just say it's high.

TEMPLAR

Very high.

JILLIAN

Yes, very high. As high as
yours.

TEMPLAR

You don't honestly mean
that.

JILLIAN

Oh, you're a smart one,
shoemaker. It's in the
eyes. I can always tell.

They stare at each other. Neither averts eyes.

JILLIAN

I just don't often get the
opportunity. It feels nice.

TEMPLAR

For me, too.
(and he means
this:)

You're very pretty.

JILLIAN

Stop it. Flattery will get
you... someplace. I don't
know where yet.

She smiles. The waiter arrives with the check;
gives it to Templar. Jillian picks up her
purse and takes her wallet out. Templar sees
her doing this...

TEMPLAR

No no no, absolutely not.
Put that away.

JILLIAN

It's not for us. It's for
the couple over there.

(points at the
couple across the
room)

Waiter, put their bill on
my card please.

WAITER

Maam? Are you sure?

Jillian nods. The waiter takes Jillian's card,
exits. Jillian smiles at Templar. [Due to his
mean origins and evolution, Templar has
witnessed approximately three charitable acts
in his whole life, and this was the third.]
Thus does Simon Templar smile uneasily back.

CUT TO:

INT. WESTCHESTER COUNTY - JILLIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Neat, modest, non-descript. Jillian and
Templar enter. Jillian walks across the living
room into a bar alcove off the living room.

JILLIAN

I'll make the booze. Turn
on the news. I want to
catch up on that Russia
thing.

Templar turns on the T.V. His eyes rove
around, casing the place.

JILLIAN (O.S.)

What do you want, Michael?
I've got everything.

TEMPLAR

Scotch please. No ice.

CNN EVENING NEWS with anchor BERNARD SHAW
comes on.

BERNARD SHAW (ON T.V.)

.. ..of the steadily
growing NeoCzarist Party,
leveled more allegations
against President Victor
Karpov. According to

Romanov, two men, Gregor
Tretiak...

Templar looks at the T.V. and double takes. A
PHOTO OF GREGOR TRETIAK has appeared on the
screen.

BERNARD SHAW (O.S.)

... and Ivan Gracha...

A PHOTO OF IVAN GRACHA, 50's, short, beady-
eyed, sinister, appears on the screen.
JILLIAN pokes her head out of the bar.

JILLIAN

What brand?

BERNARD SHAW (O.S.)

...allegedly the most
powerful of Russia's
underworld bosses, are
linked to President Karpov
in illegal enterprises...

JILLIAN walks over to Templar. They watch
together.

JILLIAN

That country's going to
explode.

TEMPLAR

It very well might. Oban.

JILLIAN

What? .

TEMPLAR

My brand of scotch. Oban.
Have any?

JILLIAN

No, but there's a liquor
store five minutes away.

She grabs her coat, heads for the door.

TEMPLAR

Wait. Don't be ridiculous.

She stops. Looks at him.

JILLIAN

I want to be ridiculous.

(pause)

Michael, I haven't had
anybody over in...a long
time. And I happen to like
you. I want to do this
right. Okay?

(he smiles; nods)

I'll be back in ten
minutes.

(points at
fireplace)

Build a fire.

She winks at him and exits. Templar walks to
the window and stands there, waiting. We hear
Jillian's car start, see the headlights.

TEMPLAR

You're making this too
easy, dear.

He pulls from his pocket a BLACK CASE, flips it open, turns it on. On a miniature computer screen is a detailed map of WESTCHESTER COUNTY. Two locations are pulsing: 1) Jillian's house and 2) a moving object, transmitted from a homing device, which we now see -

INT. JILLIAN' S CAR - DRIVING

-- it's in JILLIAN'S SHOE as she stamps on the brake at a stoplight and waits and we CUT BACK to the house...

INT. JILLIAN' SHOUSE - BACK HALLWAY

TEMPLAR moves down the hall opening doors, looking for Jillian's lab. He moves quickly, ruthlessly.

He comes to a heavily locked FIRE DOOR. He unpockets a set of burglar's tools. For Templar, these locks are a joke. He opens them with alarming speed. He pushes open the door, revealing a DESCENDING STAIRCASE. He descends.

INT. JILLIAN'S HOUSE - BASMENT

Templar finds a lightswitch and flips it on.

His eyes widen. Here we find --

JILLIAN'S LABORATORY. A POOL OF WATER (the size of a small swimming pool) is surrounded by HUNDREDS OF TEST TUBES of various shapes and sizes containing chemicals. Templar moves through, eyes scanning everything. He sees JILLIAN'S COMPUTER. Walks over to it.

He unpockets the HOMING SYSTEM and sets it on the desk. The PULSING LIGHT is still moving; Jillian hasn't yet reached the liquor store. He turns on Jillian's monitor and hard drive. The COMPUTER SCREEN blinks on. We see a MENU:

- A.) Personal finances
- B.) Income tax
- C.) Things to do
- D.) Addresses
- E.) Research

Templar positions the cursor on "E.) Research" and hits "enter." The modem engages; this appears:

***** WELCOME TO THE INTERNET *****

PLEASE WAIT

Then this appears: RETRIEVAL CODE:

TEMPLAR

Smart girl. Send your data
into cyberspace and only
you can retrieve it.
Because only you have the
code.

He unpockets the 3 1/4 disk containing the data from Jillian's life and pushes it into the disk drive. He types a command; a new screen appears:

DATA ENTRY SYSTEM

Press any key to begin

Templar hits a key and the old screen
reappears:

***** WELCOME TO THE INTERNET *****

PLEASE WAIT

RETRIEVAL CODE: _____

But now, in the space next to "Retrieval
Code," Templar's data appears. word after
word, like this:

-- "Massachusetts"

-- Computer: ACCESS DENIED

-- "Boston" --

-- Computer: ACCESS DENIED.

-- "Milton" --

-- Computer: ACCESS DENIED

-- "Milton Academy"

-- Computer: ACCESS DENIED

-- "Bulldogs"

-- Computer: ACCESS DENIED

It's incredibly fast, a new word appearing
every second, as the system tries to crack
Jillian's code. But the computer denies access
to each word. The HOMING DEVICE suddenly
BEEPS. The pulsing light has stopped,
indicating Jillian is at the liquor store.
Templar grimly turns back to the computer.

CUT TO:

INT. WESTCHESTER LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

The clerk, WALTER, hands Jillian her change.
She exits with a SCOTCH BOTTLE in a brown
wrapper.

CLERK

Goodnight Jillian.

JILLIAN

'Night, Walter.

INT. JILLIAN'S LABORATORY - NIGHT

Templar paces; he looks at the homing device.
The PULSING LIGHT is moving back toward
Jillian's house. Templar looks at the
computer; his system continues entering words:
"Hendrix." ACCESS DENIED. "Purple Haze."
ACCESS DENIED. "Red Sox." ACCESS DENIED.
"Celtics." ACCESS DENIED. On and on...each is
met with
ACCESS DENIED.

INT. JILLIAN'S STATION WAGON - DRIVING - NIGHT
Jillian, driving, turns on the radio. She hums
along.

INT. JILLIAN'S LABORATORY

Templar stares at the HOMING DEVICE; the pulse
is getting closer; it's do or die now...
Templar's system suddenly stops. It has run
through every word. Each has met with failure.
TEMPLAR frowns. He yanks the system disk from
the disk drive. He begins pacing...

TEMPLAR

Okay, think. Think.
Templar suddenly gets an idea. He sits and types: "Tokamak." ACCESS DENIED Templar stares at the screen in frustration.
He looks at the HOMING DEVICE; the pulsing light is getting really close. Templar concentrates with every brain cell. We can feel him think. He's remembering something.
MEMORY FLASHBACK
We're in Jillian's car again, when they first met.

JILLIAN

Try room temperature,
idiot. The Tokamak's got it
all backwards.

BACK TO THE LABORATORY

Templar grabs a pencil and notepad and spells out: TOKAMAK. Under this he spells it backwards: KAMAKOT. He turns to the computer and types: "KAMAKOT" And instantly this flashes:
ACCESS GRANTED.

TEMPLAR

Open sesame.

The retrieval begins: A DOCUMENT appears on the screen: THE GENERATION OF ENERGY FROM COLD NUCLEAR FUSION Submitted by: DR. JILLIAN ST. THOMAS

Templar scrolls through the document; we see a dizzying display of graphs, tables, plans, specifications, etc. Templar pulls out the disk containing Jillian's data and shoves a fresh disk into the disk drive. He begins copying Jillian's research from harddrive to disk. He looks at the HOMING DEVICE. Christ, she's almost back.. .and indeed --

EXT. JILLIAN'S HOUSE

-- Jillian's car comes wheeling into the driveway.

INT. JILLIAN'S LABORATORY - NIGHT

The document is copied. Templar grabs the copied disk from the disk drive and rips the slip of paper from the notepad. He flicks off the computer and sprints across the lab, then up the stairs.

EXT. JILLIAN'S HOUSE

Jillian reaches for the doorknob and enters --

INT. JILLIAN'S HOUSE

She comes in. TEMPLAR, relaxed, lounges on the couch, flipping through some magazines. He smiles:

TEMPLAR

That was quick.
She walks past him to the bar alcove.

JILLIAN

Now Mr. Michael Quinn,
let's have that scotch.

Hey, what happened to the
fire?

TEMPLAR

I thought we'd create our
own.

JILLIAN

(smiles)

Down boy.

He gets up; goes to the fireplace; grabs some
logs and lays them across the andirons and we
--

DISSOLVE
TO:

THE LOGS, now gently burning. Cole Porter is
playing. CAMERA PANS past Jillian's shoes on
the carpet, past the Oban Scotch on the coffee
table, now half empty, to --
-- the couch, where Jillian and Templar are
locked in a heavy kiss. Jillian stops.

JILLIAN

Whoah whoah whoah, time to
put on the brakes. Those
lips oughtta be licensed
buddy...

TEMPLAR

Sorry. I wasn't trying
to...

JILLIAN

I know you weren't but if
we keep going I'm gonna be
the one who gets us both in
trouble. Whew!

(fans herself)

Haven't felt like that for
awhile.

(she brushes a lock
of hair from his
eyes)

Am I going to see you
again?

A pause. Perhaps, just perhaps, for the first
time in his black life Templar's having a hard
time lying...

JILLIAN

Michael?

TEMPLAR

(smiles at her)

How about breakfast?

JILLIAN

It's a date. I'll walk you
out, shoemaker.

EXT. JILLIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

In the threshold they kiss again.

TEMPLAR

Good-night.

JILLIAN

'Bye. Drive safe.

Templar walks off to his Rolls Royce parked in the driveway. He smiles at her and waves. He turns toward his car; his face goes hard and cold.

DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. ST. PETERSBURG - NEVSKY PROSPECT - CONTINUOUS
LATE AFTERNOON

On the Nevsky Prospect, St. Petersburg's equivalent of the Champs-Elysees - MICHAEL ROMANOV stands on a raised platform outside the gates of a PALATIAL MANSION taking up a whole city block. TEN THOUSAND SUPPORTERS surround him. Many carry large, slogan-filled banners. Four THUGGISH-LOOKING MEN stand guard inside the mansion's compound, giving Romanov the eye. One is ZERO (Tretiak's bodyguard on Blackfriars Bridge).

MICHAEL ROMANOV

Where is Russia's capital?
Moscow? The Kremlin? No,
Russia's capital is...

(points at mansion)

THROUGH THOSE GATES!

(crowd CHEERS)

A den of thieves!

A LIMOUSINE pulls through the crowd, which reluctantly parts. The guards within the compound open the gates.

MICHAEL ROMANOV

And here - the Prince of
Thieves!

GREGOR TRETIAK sits in the back of the limousine, silently glaring at Romanov. The limousine rolls inside the compound, the gates CLANGING shut.

MICHAEL ROMANOV

Every citizen in St.
Petersburg knows what that
man does, yet the police
don't arrest him. They
protect him! How can this
be? Maybe we should ask our
elected whores in Moscow!

The CROWD CHEERS WILDLY and starts hurling rocks, bottles, etc, through the gate at -- -- TRETIAK, emerging from the limousine. Tretiak's guards surround him; they move quickly up the mansion's marble steps, dodging the thrown debris.

SIRENS WAIL. Four large police vans roar up, the back doors flinging open. ST. PETERSBURG POLICE, in riot gear, deploy from the vans. The police push into the crowd, wielding riot shields and batons. A melee breaks out, Romanov supporters versus the police.

INT. TRETIAK' S HEADQUARTERS - EVENING

Tretiak and his men move past A GUARD STATION manned by TWO GUARDS watching six SURVEILLANCE MONITORS (showing, at all times, certain areas of. the compound).

This is a former nobleman's residence; a 20 foot diameter CRYSTAL CHANDELIER hangs from the domed roof fifty feet above. A spectacular staircase ascends to a mezzanine, with offices (formerly bed chambers) off it.

Tretiak approaches a man in a lab coat, ZUBOV, wearing a grim, anxious expression. Zubov chainsmokes constantly.

ZUBOV

There's a problem.

Tretiak follows Zubov down stairs into --
INT. TRETIAK' S HEADQUARTERS - BASEMENT LABORATORY
-- a large room with TECHNICIANS hunched over computers. Tretiak follows Zubov to a large bank of computers.

ZUBOV

(indicates
computer)

This is the data your thief
sent us.

Tretiak looks at Zubov's COMPUTER SCREEN.
INSERT - THE COMPUTER SCREEN. Again we see:
THE GENERATION OF ENERGY FROM COLD NUCLEAR
FUSION

Submitted by:

DR. JILLIAN ST. THOMAS

BACK TO SCENE

TRETIAK

(confused)

Cold fusion?

ZUBOV

Yes. Fusion at room
temperature. Regarded as an
impossibility by the
scientific community. A
myth.

(smiles)

Then I read this.

Zubov begins scrolling through the document;
again we see the display of graphs. tables.
plans. Specs.. etc.

ZUBOV

She first proves why hot
fusion - the tokamak - is
impractical. You must heat
the hydrogen gases so high,
more energy is wasted than
created. Here she goes into
the benefits of cold
fusion.

(scrolls more
pages)

The hydrogen isotopes
needed.

(scrolls more
pages)

The physical plant. She
even estimates its cost.
Extraordinary.

(scrolls more
pages)

The next pages are the
critical part, what no one
in fifty years has
discovered.

(looks up at
Tretiak)

The combination of
chemicals in which atoms
will fuse at room
temperature.

Tretiak leans toward the screen, waiting.

TRETIAK

Well? Let's see.

ZUBOV

Tretiak - I think from
reading this that the
woman's done it. She may
have found a source of
unlimited energy.

TRETIAK

What do you mean may have.
Show me.

ZUBOV

I said there was a problem.
Zubov hits the "scroll"
key. The next page appears;
we see the heading at the
top of the page: THE
CHEMICAL ENVIRONMENT FOR
COLD FUSION

But there's something wrong with the rest of
the page. Terribly wrong. We know this because
of -

TRETIAK'S EXPRESSION, and it's not too happy.

TRETIAK

Where's the rest of it?

ZUBOV

It's in her head.

and CUT TO:

INT. JILLIAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING
JILLIAN, humming the Cole Porter song from the
previous evening, fills a basket with
breakfast for two: eggs, bagels, etc. Sunlight
streams in. Birds chirping.
She wears jeans and her jacket with the atomic
diagram embroidered on the back. She grabs
flowers from a vase; tosses them in the
basket. Smiles.

INT. JILLIAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM
She enters with the basket. Looks at the disheveled couch and the bottle of Oban. She hums the Cole Porter song, stabs her feet in THE SHOES TEMPLAR GAVE HER and goes to the front door.

EXT. JILLIAN'S HOUSE - FRONT
Jillian comes out, running into --
YURI, her lab assistant, who comes up the front stoop. Mid-20's, heavy Russian accent, white lab coat.

YURI

Good morning, boss. Where are you going?

JILLIAN

To see a friend. Be back in a couple hours.

She gets in her car. Yuri gives her a look, goes inside.

INT. JILLIAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM
Yuri enters. The foyer phone RINGS. Yuri answers.

YURI

Doctor St. Thomas' residence.

ILYA (O.S., IN RUSSIAN)

There's been a change of plans. Yuri stares at the phone and --

CUT TO:

EXT. WESTCHESTER - TEMPLAR'S MANSION - MORNING
The huge estate, as before. Jillian's station wagon pulls into the circular driveway. Jillian gets out with the breakfast basket. Moves up the flagstoned walk. Suddenly the front door opens. A WOMAN, mid-30's, pretty and well-dressed, comes out and locks the door. JILLIAN watches her. The woman comes down the walk.

WOMAN

May I help you?

(beat)

Do you have an appointment?

JILLIAN

A what?

WOMAN

To see the house.

JILLIAN

The man who lives here... who owns the house...

WOMAN

What man. The estate is rented for weddings and corporate events. Are you...interested...?

JILLIAN

No. No.

The rental agent gives Jillian a funny look and gets in her car. Drives off. Jillian stares at the house, thunderstruck. Then she sharply inhales:

JILLIAN

Oh my god. ...
Jillian gets in her car.

CUT TO:

TEMPLAR'S COMPUTER screen, which reads:

***** NATIONAL BANK OF GENEVA *****

PRIVATE UNMARKED ACCOUNTS

PLEASE ENTER SECURITY PASSWORD

INT. J.F.K. INT. - FIRST CLASS LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

TEMPLAR sits in the British Air lounge. He has shaved and his eyeglasses are gone; he looks like himself again. In the b.g., businessmen are relaxing, reading newspapers, drinking coffee. Over the intercom:

INTERCOM VOICE

Varig Air flight 157 to Rio de Janeiro, departing at 8 a.m, boarding now from gate seventeen.

Templar checks his wristwatch: It's 7:40 a.m. Templar types in his password and waits. On the screen, this:

***** NATIONAL BANK OF GENEVA *****

ACCOUNT OF: TEMPLAR, SIMON

BALANCE (AS OF 8/15/95): U.S. \$57,895,125.12 (the same balance since London).

Templar frowns. Something's not right. He hasn't been paid.

CUT TO:

INT. JILLIAN'S HOUSE - BACK HALLWAY - MORNING

Jillian runs down the hall, breath escaping her lungs.

JILLIAN

The supermarket, the flat tire, all a set-up. You fool. You fool.

(calls down the hall)

Yuri!

She unpockets her keyring, her hands trembling uncontrollably.

INT. JILLIAN'S HOUSE - LABORATORY - MORNING

Jillian races down the stairs and across the lab to her computer. She moves in a panic, as if in a living nightmare. She turns the computer on. She types in the code word, "kamakot," and her research paper appears on the screen. In the lower right corner it reads: LAST ENTERED: 10:23 p.m.

JILLIAN

No.. . .

She sees something on the desk. The NOTEPAD on which Templar wrote his notes. The page is indented with Templar's pen marks; the words "tokamak" and "kamakot" are clearly visible.

JILLIAN

No, this can't be
happening. Yuri!
(turns, calling)

YURI!

She jumps, startled, because YURI is right behind her. He moves toward her and --

CUT TO:

INT. J.F.K. INT. - FIRST CLASS LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

WOMAN (O.S.)

Is that a good system?

A WOMAN, 40's, dowdy and serious in an accountant-like way, has sat down across from Templar. Points at Templar's computer.

TEMPLAR

Yes.

WOMAN ACCOUNTANT (O.S.)

Going to Europe?
(Templar ignores
her)

Uhhh, I'm going for coffee.
Like some? It's really no
trouble. ...

Okay lady, anything to get rid of you:

TEMPLAR

Sure. Black please.

She smiles and walks off to the coffee counter, passing A BUSINESSMAN, who sits down with a steaming cup of coffee and starts reading the WALL STREET JOURNAL. Templar eyes the man, then looks back at his computer. He begins typing. The phone modem engages. -

Templar types: LION CONTACTING BEAR. IS BEAR HOME?

-- This comes back: AFFIRMATIVE.

-- Templar types: LION HAS NOT BEEN PAID.

EXPLAIN.

-- This comes back: LION'S DATA IS DEFECTIVE.

-- Templar types: DEFINE "DEFECTIVE."

-- This comes back: LIONS EMPLOYMENT

TERMINATED.

Templar stares at the screen, his mind racing... THE ACCOUNTANT WOMAN comes back to the table with Templar's coffee. Sets it before him. Smiles.

TEMPLAR

Thanks.

INTERCOM (V.O.)

British Air flight 74 to
London now boarding from
gate fifteen. I repeat,
British Air Flight 74...

The Woman Accountant rises, picks up her bag.

WOMAN ACCOUNTANT

Well, that's me. So long.

She smiles. Templar sort of smiles back. She walks off to catch her flight. THE BUSINESSMAN next to Templar, hidden behind his newspaper, sets his coffee cup down next to Templar's. The Businessman flips a page, engrossed in an article. He reaches back for his coffee, but takes Templar's cup. He drinks from the cup.

TEMPLAR

Excuse me, that's my. . . .

The Businessman's newspaper is shaking. Violently. It falls to the table. The Businessman's face is flushed. He twitches. He pitches over. His head THUDS on the table. Templar feels the Businessman's carotid artery. He's dead. Templar picks up his coffee and smells it. Templar's eyes dart to the lounge. The Lady Accountant is gone. Nobody in the lounge has noticed what's happened. Templar hurriedly collects his things.

CUT TO:

EXT. WESTCHESTER - JILLIAN'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY
AN AIRPORT TAXI stops at the curb. Templar gets out, paying the cabbie. The taxi pulls away. Templar approaches the house, eyes darting. He moves toward the door, unpocketing his 9mm pistol. He checks the doorknob, turning it. It's open. . . .

INT. JILLIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Templar enters. No one is here. He moves through the living room into the back corridor, glancing into the kitchen, where we see that --

INT. JILLIAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

-- SOMEONE is behind the refrigerator, holding a SILENCED GUN in a blackgloved hand.

INT. JILLIAN'S HOUSE - BACK CORRIDOR - DAY

Templar moves through the hall, looking in each door. He comes to the lab staircase. The door is open. Templar heads down the stairs.

INT. JILLIAN'S HOUSE - LABORATORY - DAY

Templar comes down; he walks to the computer. He looks at the document on the screen. He begins scrolling, going to the end this time. We see the graphs, tables, plans, specs., etc. Then the critical page appears:

THE CHEMICAL ENVIRONMENT FOR COLD FUSION And under that. . . . A NINTENDO GAME. Little spaceships are flying around chasing other little spaceships! TEMPLAR stares at it, stunned: what he sent the Russians is essentially worthless. Templar shuts off the monitor. The screen blackens. The black screen

reflects light. It reflects A PERSON coming down the stairs. A person with a gun... Templar dives away as THREE BULLETS blow the computer monitor to shards. THE WOMAN FROM THE J.F.K. LOUNGE, not an accountant but an assassin, draws a bead on --

TEMPLAR, who scrambles across the room ducking under lab tables as BULLETS shatter bottles, beakers, test tubes; glass fills the air. TEMPLAR stands up, his 9mm leveled at the woman. The woman's gun is leveled at Templar.

-

TEMPLAR

That's a Reuger nine shot.

I counted nine.

FEMALE ASSASSIN

What if you're wrong.

The tension boils. Templar was right: her hand flashes to the gun, ejecting the spent clip. She tries to ram in a fresh clip but she's not fast enough...

TEMPLAR'S across the room in half a second. He presses his gun to her forehead.

TEMPLAR

When were you hired and for what?

I'm not in a very good mood...

Templar cocks the hammer. This gets her attention.

FEMALE ASSASSIN

Okay. Take it easy. I was hired a week ago to take you and the woman out, and detonate the house. It was empty when I got here.

TEMPLAR

Who's your employer?

FEMALE ASSASSIN

I don't ask names.

TEMPLAR

Did they have accents?

Russian?

(she nods; he lowers his gun)

I'm paying you out of your contract. Don't ask questions. What's your price?

FEMALE ASSASSIN

Fifty thousand for you, fifty for her, fifty for the house.

Templar pulls out his wallet, from which he unfolds three pieces of negotiable paper.

Hands them to her. She examines them.

TEMPLAR

U.S. bearer bonds. Good as cash.

FEMALE ASSASSIN

About the airport - no offense you understand.

TEMPLAR

None taken. Go and don't come back.

And she turns and walks off.

INT. JILLIAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Templar enters, looking around, thinking. He looks in the bathroom. He looks in the closet. On the floor are Jillian's footwear: sneakers, pumps, cowboy boots, etc.

Right, Templar, the shoes...

TEMPLAR pulls out his HOMING DEVICE and clicks it on.

INSERT - HOMING DEVICE SCREEN

Like before, an electronic rendering of WESTCHESTER COUNTY. But no pulsing light. Templar enters commands, adjusting the screen, widening it to GREATER NEW YORK. Somewhere in Queens, fairly close to the Atlantic Ocean, we see a PULSING LIGHT. But it's fixed, inert. The pulsing light begins to move east, quickly.

Templar watches it. The pulse is moving too quickly for an automobile. And it's heading for the ocean. And it goes in the ocean!

TEMPLAR

(dawning on him)

A . . . plane. Indeed, Simon Templar, a plane.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE JET - IN FLIGHT OVER ATLANTIC

A mid-sized gulfstream. JILLIAN sits in a wheelchair, covered with a blanket. She stirs. Mumbles something. Slowly opens her eyes. Yuri approaches. Yuri lifts away the blanket. Jillian's wrists are tied to the wheelchair armrests, her ankles to the footrests. Yuri produces a SYRINGE. He grabs Jillian's forearm and pushes in the needle. Jillian's head bobs forward.

CUT TO:

INT. J. F. K. INTERNATIONAL - CONCOURSE

Templar hurries through the concourse with his carry-on bags, taking a left, moving past sign:

AIR FRANCE CONCORDE - - - - >

INT. J.F.K. - "AIR FRANCE" - CONCORDE TERMINAL

The passengers are in a line, going through security. Templar walks up next to A GUY IN A BROOKS BROTHERS SUIT. Stares at him. After a few seconds of this...

BROOKS BROTHERS MAN

Can I help you with something?

TEMPLAR

Your ticket. What'd you pay for it?

BROOKS BROTHERS MAN

What?

TEMPLAR

I'll give you twenty grand for it. Cash. Right now.

(they stop)

I need to get on that plane.

BROOKS BROTHERS MAN

Very badly obviously.

(studies Templar)

Fifty thousand and it's yours.

Templar rolls his eyes but the guy is unmoved. Templar scowls and pulls out his bearer bonds...

CUT TO:

INT. MARSEILLES - AIRPLANE HANGAR - CONTINUOUS
A hangar at Marseilles' Marignane Airport. A MAN is sprawled inside the engine cowling of a WWI classic BIWING FIGHTER. We only see his legs.

VOICE

Remy! Telephone.

REMY

(IN ENGINE COWLING)

Oui. Un moment.

REMY SAMARKAND, 40's, Algerian, pulls himself up and sits on the engine cowling. Bandanna around neck. Cigar. A tattoo here, a scar there... COCO, a young mechanic, hands Remy a CELLULAR PHONE.

REMY SAMARKAND

Merci, Coco.

(Coco walks off)

Remy Samarkand
Aeronautique, Remy
Samarkand.

TEMPLAR (V.O.)

I need a favour, Remy.

REMY SAMARKAND

(smiles)

Anything for Simon
Templar...

CUT TO:

EXT. PARIS, FRANCE - CHARLES DE GAULLE AIRPORT -
THREE HOURS LATER

The Concorde touches down as we SUPER:
CHARLES DE GAULLE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT,
PARIS, FRANCE

EXT. DE GAULLE AIRPORT - TARMAC

Templar, with his carry-on bags, and Remy Samarkand run across the tarmac toward a LEAR JET being fueled. In the b.g. sits the huge Concorde jet. They yell over the howling jet engines.

TEMPLAR

IT'S A LITTLE JET, MAYBE A
TURBO PROP. ENTERED
SCOTLAND FIVE MINUTES AGO,
GO ING TO ST. PETERSBURG.
CAN WE GET TO IT BEFORE
THEN?

REMY SAMARKAND

OUI . OVER FINLAND.

INT. REMY' S LEAR JET - MINUTES LATER
THE HOMING DEVICE - The screen shows a MAP OF EUROPE. Two locations are pulsing: 1) Remy's jet, moving north from Paris; and 2) The jet carrying Jillian, moving across Scotland heading due east. The plane is in flight. Templar's homing device and mini-computer sit on the cockpit console.

TEMPLAR

What are you smuggling
these days?

REMY SAMARKAND

Oh, things. How long has it
been - two year? Three? Now
tell me: what's so
important about this plane?

TEMPLAR

Fifteen million dollars of
my money.

(picks up cellular
phone)

And a score to settle.

Templar punches numbers and CUT TO:

EXT. EAST BERLIN - DAY

The city's decrepid industrial section.

PANNING PAST buildings we come to the facade
of "APEX ELECTRONICS," the only well-
maintained building on the block.

A throbbing drum-beat is heard within...

INT. EAST BERLIN - APEX ELECTRONI CS - DAY

Organized. Spotless. You could eat off the
floor. A STEREO plays GERMAN TECHNO-ROCK at a
zillion decibals.

A COMMUNICATIONS SATELLITE hangs from a hoist.

BERTA FRANK (hereafter "FRANKIE"), late 20's,
blonde spiky hair, pretty in a sort of
dangerous way, is soldering a panel of
transistors to the satellite. A wall-mounted
T.V. plays a news program.

GERMAN NEWS ANCHOR

(German)

In Russia, Michael Romanov
has been accused of

inciting riots and violence
in St. Petersburg...
The phone RINGS. Frankie grabs it.

FRANKIE

Ja.

TEMPLAR (V.O.)

How's the weather in
Berlin, Frankie?

FRANKIE

Simon? Where are you?

INTERCUT - SIMON IN REMY'S PLANE / FRANKIE IN
BERLIN

TEMPLAR

Unimportant. How soon can
you be in St. Petersburg?
Frankie looks at her wristwatch.

FRANKIE

Five hours. What type of
job?

TEMPLAR

Eyes and ears. Two hundred
thousand cash for two days
work.

FRANKIE

Who's the mark?

TEMPLAR

Gregor Tretiak. His
headquarters. His office in
particular.

Frankie lights a cigarette. Thinks.

FRANKIE

Gregor Tretiak is not a
very nice man, Simon. Four
hundred thousand.

TEMPLAR

Deal. Now listen,
Frankie...

DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. THE RUSSIAN GULFSTREAM - DAY
Four hours later. Jillian sits, head bowed,
unconscious. Yuri sits opposite. He is nodding
off. If only Jillian could wake up... The
PILOT shouts back.

PILOT

We're over Helsinki. Yuri
wakes, sits upright. Yawns.

INT. REMY'S LEAR JET - DAY
Remy's peering out the window. Sees something.

REMY SAMARKAND

Simon, there!

Two miles ahead, THE RUSSIAN JET roars past,
heading east toward St. Petersburg. Remy jerks
the stick, banking into a right turn behind
the Russian jet. Remy looks at his ALTITUDE
GAUGE.

REMY SAMARKAND

They're descending.
Remy looks at Templar; Templar nods back. Remy pushes the stick; the Lear jet begins descending.

INT. THE RUSSIAN GULFSTREAM - DAY

Jillian sits, still unconscious. Or is she?

JILLIAN'S POV - THROUGH SLITTED EYES

Through the tiniest slit of eye, so as not to appear conscious, Jillian looks at Yuri, then at TWO PARACHUTES shelved above the emergency exit. BACK TO SCENE - YURI stands up and stretches. He goes to the window and looks out. [Wheelchair trivia: wheelchair armrests are removable, enabling a patient to transfer himself from the chair to a regular chair, or car seat, etc...]

JILLIAN'S RIGHT HAND (photographed in extreme close-up under the blanket) pulls out the PIN securing the armrest to the wheelchair. She lifts the armrest, separating the aluminum tubing, freeing her right wrist.

INT. REMY'S LEAR JET - DAY

Through the windshield is the RUSSIAN GULF STREAM. Remy, his headset on, turns to Templar.

REMY

The St. Petersburg tower
wants us to circle.

TEMPLAR

No. Follow them down.

REMY

What do we do when we land?

TEMPLAR

Haven't figured that out
yet.

INT. THE RUSSIAN GULFSTREAM - DAY

The aircraft is tilted forward in descent. The PILOT shouts back to Yuri:

PILOT

(Russian,
subtitled)

Prepare for landing.

The Pilot shuts the cockpit door. Suddenly JILLIAN'S EYES are open; her hands are free and she's throwing off the blanket and gripping the wheels. She pushes; the wheelchair bursts forward. YURI gets to his feet; the wheelchair slams against his shins. Jillian WHIPS the detached armrest across Yuri's head. Yuri falls backward, dazed. Jillian rolls to the emergency door, one hand yanking open the door, the other grabbing a PARACHUTE from the shelf. Wind howls through the cabin. Jillian gets the parachute on. Her ankles are still bound to the footrests. To hell with it, she'll lose the wheelchair in mid-air. She pushes forward as --

-- YURI lunges across the floor, grabbing the wheels. JILLIAN AND THE CHAIR teeter on the edge of emergency door exit, half in, half out. Yuri clings to the chair wheels. His body jerks forward. He's sliding on his stomach. Jillian and the chair are pulling him out. Terror in Yuri's eyes. He grabs for the door frame. His fingers slip. Jillian, the wheelchair, and Yuri hanging from the wheelchair, plunge from the aircraft.

INT. REMY' S LEAR JET - DAY

Templar's bagging his computer and homing device. REMY suddenly clutches his arm.

REMY

Simon.

Templar looks up.

TEMPLAR' S /REMY' S POV - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

JILLIAN AND YURI fall from the aircraft.

INT . THE RUSS IAN GULFSTREAM

The pilot, looking down at Jillian and Yuri, clicks on his short-wave radio:

PILOT

We have a problem.

EXT. SKIES OVER ST. PETERSBURG - DAY

JILLIAN freefalls in the wheelchair, her ankles still bound to the chair's footrests. YURI is beneath her, clutching the wheels. He tries to pull himself up.

JILLIAN yanks the rip-cord; a plume of silk spills out and Jillian and the chair SLINGSHOT UP, decelerating from 120 m.p.h. to 20 m.p.h. in two seconds. Yuri can't take the "G" force; his hands rip away from the chair. He plummets, SCREAMING, and 3000 feet later he will hit concrete in St. Petersburg.

Jillian pulls out the footrest pins (the footrests separate from the chair in the same manner), freeing her ankles. The chair releases, falling away.

INT. REMY' S JET - CONTINUOUS

Templar turns to the cockpit storage hatches behind him. He yanks open one designated:

PARACHUTES.

REMY SAMARKAND

Don't!

TWO HUGE TOUCANS fly out of the hatch. They flap around the cockpit. Templar looks askance at Remy...

TEMPLAR

Remy...

REMY SAMARKAND

I get ten grand for them in
Paris. Maybe a Russian
would pay more?

Templar grabs a PARACHUTE PACK and races to the back of the plane. He YANKS OPEN the EMERGENCY EXIT DOOR. Cold air blasts his face.

TEMPLAR

Put down in Helsinki and
wait for my call!

And Templar jumps and --

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. PETERSBURG - STREETS

An autumn day in Peter the Great's city.
Peaceful. Normal. Pedestrians walk the
streets. [note: St. Petersburg is called
"Venice of the North" because it's built atop
marshy islands connected by canals. There are
over 400 bridges; on the canals, boat traffic
is often as dense as automobile traffic.] A
WOMAN, glancing up, notices something.

WOMAN (RUSSIAN)

Look.

(points skyward)

Look!

Other pedestrians stop. They, too, look up at
--

A PARACHUTIST (Jillian of course) descending
into the heart of the city! And down she
comes, landing hard in the middle of an
intersection. TAXIS and AUTOMOBILES swerve
aside, nearly killing her. Others SCREECH to a
stop.

JILLIAN gets to her feet, wild-eyed and
frantic, tangled in cord and parachute silk.
She looks around at --

CROWDS OF PEDESTRIANS staring at her.

JILLIAN

Help me. I'm American.

Police!

A ST. PETERSBURG POLICE CRUISER comes through
the intersection to a stop. A YOUNG COP, just
20, hangs up his c.b. radio and gets out. He
approaches Jillian.

EXT. ST. PETERSBURG - PETER AND PAUL FORTRESS CITY
PARK

Across the Neva River from Jillian is a city
park with a HUGE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF PETER
THE GREAT. Under the statue, two OLD RUSSIAN
GEEZERS are playing chess, smoking pipes,
arguing, etc.

Down TEMPLAR comes. The parachute snags on the
BRONZE HORSE'S HEAD. Templar dangles 15 feet
off the ground. He looks at the GEEZERS
directly below. Hello there.

TEMPLAR

Sorry about this.

He shrugs off the parachute pack and falls,
landing on the chess board, scuttling the
pieces. The Geezers fall backward on their
behinds. Templar gets to his feet, gaining his
bearings, looking for Jillian. He takes off
running.

INT. POLICE SEDAN, DRIVING - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Jillian sits in the back seat, catching her breath. The Young Cop looks at her in the rear-view mirror.

JILLIAN

Do you speak English?

YOUNG RUSSIAN COP Yes. Some.

JILLIAN

Thank God.

(takes a deep
breath, composes
herself)

I'm an American scientist.
Last night, in New York, a
man stole something from
me, then this morning I was
kidnapped by my lab
assistant, god this sounds
like a bad novel

Suddenly a ROCK bounces off the windshield.

JILLIAN

What was that?

EXT. ST. PETERSBURG STREETS - DAY

The police cruiser moves past A THRONG OF
MICHAEL ROMANOV SUPPORTERS carrying placards
and banners. They begin pelting the cruiser
with rocks and bottles.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

The cruiser clears the Romanov supporters.
Rocks and bottles smash on the back
windshield.

YOUNG RUSSIAN COP There could be revolution
maybe. City very dangerous.

IN THE INTERSECTION AHEAD - TWO OTHER POLICE
CRUISERS pull into the street, blocking it.

The Young Russian Cop brakes; the cruiser
comes to a stop in front of the other
cruisers.

An OLDER RUSSIAN COP, followed by a
PLAINCLOTHESMAN, approach the young cop's
cruiser.

EXT. TROITSKY BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

TEMPLAR sprints across the Neva River Bridge
connecting the Peter and Paul Park with
downtown St. Petersburg. He suddenly stops
short, seeing --

TEMPLAR' S POV - TWO BLOCKS AWAY

-- JILLIAN in the cruiser, the Older Cop and
the plainclothesman approaching.

EXT. ST. PETERSBURG - INTERSECTION - DAY

The Older Cop leans in the window.

OLDER COP

(Russian)

Is this her?

YOUNG COP

(Russian)

Yes sir Sergeant Ravik.

The plainclothesman emerges from behind the Older Cop. In one shocking, effortless motion, he places a silenced handgun to the Young Cop's head and squeezes the trigger. Blood spatters the windshield. JILLIAN gasps in horror at the plainclothesman. It is...ILYA. The Older Cop opens the door, shoving the Young Cop's corpse to the passenger side. Ilya gets in back next to Jillian, pressing the HANDGUN into her ribs. The cruiser ROARS off into St. Petersburg traffic.

EXT. AT THE FOOT OF TROITSKY BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS
TEMPLAR looks around. He sees A MOTORCYCLE STAND filled with MOTORCYCLES. Runs to it. Chooses a big, powerful, Honda street machine. He pulls out his burglar's tools; jams one in the ignition. He has it running in seconds. He throws it in gear and ROARS off.

EXT. ST. PETERSBURG STREETS - CONTINUOUS - DAY
Templar blasts through traffic on the Honda. He's on a street parallel to Jillian's. AT AN INTERSECTION Templar looks to his right, where he can see, one block over on the parallel street --

THE POLICE CRUISER moving through traffic. Templar guns the motorcycle. The engine WHINES. He races ahead, accelerating through the gears. AT THE NEXT INTERSECTION - TEMPLAR throws the cycle into a skidding, hair-raising turn. He's going 'round the block to cut off the sedan.

EXT. ST. PETERSBURG INTERSECTION - DAY
The police cruiser moves through the intersection. Suddenly TEMPLAR'S MOTORCYCLE, Templar-less, veers into the path of the cruiser. The cruiser hits it head on. The motorcycle rides up the cruiser's hood and smashes through the front windshield. The cruiser careens out of control. It fishtails twice and crashes into A STREETLIGHT POLE.

INT. THE POLICE CRUISER - DAY
UP FRONT, the Older Cop is unconscious; he's taken the full brunt of the motorcycle through the windshield.

IN THE BACK, Ilya is groggy, semi-conscious. JILLIAN is reeling also; there's a gash on her forehead. The BACK PASSENGER DOOR jerks open. TEMPLAR lunges inside. Ilya raises his gun but he's weak, disoriented. Templar yanks it from his hand and pistol whips him. This has all happened so fast. Jillian looks at Ilya then at Templar...

JILLIAN

What...? WHO...?

And Templar yanks Jillian out.

EXT. ST. PETERSBURG INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The intersection is chaos: PEDESTRIANS running up, surrounding the police cruiser, vehicles stopping, etc. Templar, virtually dragging Jillian, plows through the crowd, passing a Russian Army Corporal who's just gotten out of his ARMY SUPPLY TRUCK.

RUSSIAN ARMY CORPORAL

(Russian)

Let me help!

TEMPLAR

(Russian)

(pointing back at
the police sedan)

Help them!

The Corporal runs to the smashed cruiser, and

--

TEMPLAR and JILLIAN run to the Corporal's SUPPLY TRUCK.

INT. RUSSIAN ARMY SUPPLY TRUCK - DAY

The driver's side door opens. In comes Jillian, then Templar. Templar shoves Jillian across the front seat and gets in, behind the wheel. He floors it. They accelerate into traffic. Templar looks at Jillian. She's trembling, staring catatonically straight ahead.

JILLIAN

Who are you. Tell me who
you are and what the hell
is going on.

TEMPLAR

I was hired to steal your
research, but you know that
by now. You left the
critical data off the disk.
Where is it? memorized,
right?

(she doesn't
answer)

That's a bad cut. Here.

He hands her his HANDKERCHIEF. She swats it away.

TEMPLAR

Look, you're in big
trouble. The guy who hired
me will do anything to get
your research. Once he has
it, you're a corpse. Give
me the missing data and
I'll get you out of here.
You can trust me.

She stares at him in disbelief.

JILLIAN

Trust you?

(chews the word)

Trust you...?

She grabs the door handle and yanks it open. Templar grabs her arm, pulling her back. They wrestle back and forth...

TEMPLAR

Damn it, don't be stupid...!

She picks up the CORPORAL'S STEAMING CUP OF COFFEE, sitting in a holder on the console between them, and throws it in Templar's face.

TEMPLAR

ARGGH!

Templar recoils, blinded, releasing Jillian. He jerks the steering wheel to the side and stomps on the brakes. JILLIAN lunges out before the supply truck fully stops. She hits the pavement running. She hurries off, blending into the crowded sidewalk.

EXT. ST. PETERSBURG - STREETS

Templar gets out, cursing, wiping the hot liquid from his eyes. He looks around. Runs off in Jillian's direction, abandoning the supply truck.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. PETERSBURG - LOMONOSOVA AVENUE

Templar, running, out of breath, rounds a corner onto Lomonosova Avenue, in the city's shopping district. It's jammed with PEDESTRIANS, SHOPPERS, MERCHANTS, etc. Templar moves through the crowd, eyes scanning left and right. There's no sign of Jillian. Then he sees her. Just a glimpse. 50 yards ahead. Moving through the crowded sidewalk toward the FONTANKA (the largest and most beautiful of the city's grand canals).

EXT. LOMONOSOVA AVENUE - FONTANKA CANAL BRIDGE - SUNSET

Templar runs over the Fontanka Canal Bridge. Nothing. He comes back the other way. Nothing. He stops in the middle of the bridge, exhausted, out of breath. Below him, passing under the bridge, all types of WATER CONVEYANCES (skiffs, barges, dinghies, etc) are navigating the canal.

And emerging from underneath the bridge, seated in the back of a WATER TAXI,...is Jillian. Templar races off the bridge.

EXT. FONTANKA CANAL - EMBANKMENT PROMENADE - SUNSET

Templar sprints down the sidewalk promenade next to the canal. The water taxi is 50 yards past the bridge. JILLIAN sees him coming. TEMPLAR closes the gap. 30 yards. 20 yards. Now 10. Now he's running alongside the taxi, staring at Jillian. And she stares back at him, stony, expressionless. The canal is wider now, and the water taxi accelerates, pulling away from the slower skiffs. Templar slows to a jog. He stops, lungs heaving. The sun is

setting to the west. The water taxi speeds off into the setting sun, leaving Templar with this image of Jillian: eyes unblinking, staring at him with pure, unadulterated hatred.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. PETERSBURG - NEVSKY PROSPECT - NIGHT
Night is falling. Down the street from Tretiak's headquarters, A FEDERAL EXPRESS VAN rolls up to a traffic light.

INT. FEDERAL EXPRESS VAN - NIGHT
FRANKIE has arrived in St. Petersburg. She sits at the wheel in a Federal Express uniform. She pulls out a charge of C-4 plastique with a timer. She opens the van door; tosses it into a sidewalk TRASH RECEPTACLE. She accelerates through the light, now green, and takes a left into TRETIAK'S HEADQUARTERS, parking behind a LIMOUSINE which has just entered. The limousine's doors open. Several dark-suited men get out. One of them is IVAN GRACHA (the Russian mafia figure shown on the C.N.N. broadcast).

INT. TRETIAK'S OFFICE - NIGHT
A MAP OF ST. PETERSBURG AND OUTLYING REGIONS is spread out on Tretiak's desk. Tretiak, Ilya, Zubov, and ten men are present.

ILYA

There could be another solution. The woman is not the only scientist working in this field. Is she?

Tretiak turns to Zubov, who nods.

ZUBOV

No. There are others.

TRETIAK

Get on a plane. Leave tonight.

The door opens. Zero, the huge bodyguard, enters.

ZERO

Gracha is here.

Tretiak goes immediately to his desk, pressing the "RECORD" BUTTON on a v.c.r. within. The surveillance camera in Tretiak's office begins taping the meeting.

IVAN GRACHA and six bodyguards enter.

GRACHA

This had better be important. It's my wife's birthday.

TRETIAK

My apologies to your wife.

GRACHA

An apology from Tretiak? An historic moment.

TRETIAK

(placating)

Come now, Ivan, why must we feud.

GRACHA

We feud because we hate each other.

TRETIAK

It is true there have been harsh words between us. We are rivals. But rivalry is bad for business. Upon what conditions would you accept a partnership? Be reasonable.

GRACHA

Fifty percent of the drug trade in St. Petersburg and Moscow. A third of prostitution and gambling.

TRETIAK

Agreed.

(they shake hands)

I need the men in your areas, Ivan, for two days. Particularly Moscow and points South.

GRACHA

Why?

Tretiak hands TWO PHOTOGRAPHS to Gracha. One is of JILLIAN, taken somewhere in Westchester, wearing her "atomic" jacket. The second is an Interpol photo taken of TEMPLAR in a cafe in Amsterdam.

TRETIAK

To find this woman... and kill this man.

GRACHA

(smiles)

This is a private matter, I take it.

(Tretiak smiles)

Then you'll have them.

TRETIAK

Ilya - some wine for Ivan Gracha.

INT. TRETIAK'S HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT
TWO GUARDS man the guard station, eyeing the bank of six video monitors. Frankie enters with a big DELIVERY BOX.

FRANKIE (RUSSIAN)

Delivery.

Frankie hands Guard 1 the box and hands Guard 2 a clipboard for his signature. Frankie looks at the surveillance monitors and raises an eyebrow.

ON TRETIAK'S OFFICE MONITOR - we see Tretiak with Ivan Gracha raising a toast. In the

screen's lower corner are the letters "REC."
The meeting is being taped.

EXT. NEVSKY PROSPECT - NIGHT.

THE C-4 in the trash receptacle blows. It blows up TWO CARS and A TREE. A monstrously concussive explosion.

INT. TRETIAK'S OFFICE

Gracha drops his wine glass; it shatters on the floor. Gracha and his men unholster their weapons. Tretiak's men go for theirs. A tense stand-off.

GRACHA

What is this, Tretiak?

TRETIAK

Put your guns down.

Tretiak goes to his desk; stabs an intercom button --

INT. TRETIAK'S HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The guards, save one, barge out the front door. The remaining guard answers the intercom, leaving FRANKIE unattended by the surveillance monitors. Her hand moves to THE CO-AXIAL CABLE behind the video monitors, yanking it. She plugs a TRANSMITTER into the monitor, then replugs the co-axial cable into the transmitter. The guard turns to Frankie.

FRANKIE

What was that?

DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. ST. PETERSBURG - STREET - NIGHT

TEMPLAR stands in a shop doorway. He pulls out his homing device. Adjusts the screen.

INSERT - THE HOMING DEVICE

The computerized screen now shows the ST. PETERSBURG CITY GRID. Two pulses: 1) a fixed pulse (Templar) and 2) a moving pulse (Jillian) on the other side of town. Templar turns his collar up; walks off into the night.

EXT. ST. PETERSBURG - STREETS - NIGHT

TEMPLAR comes down a street in a scummy part of town. A GUY in a doorway swigs a vodka bottle, looking dangerously at Templar. A few PROSTITUTES pass. Templar pulls out the homing device.

INSERT - THE HOMING DEVICE - The MOVING PULSE is one block from Templar, emanating from inside a huge building, the NEVSKY RAIL STATION.

BACK TO SCENE - Templar pockets the homing device and walks across the street to the train station.

INT. NEVSKY STATION - MAIN CONCOURSE - NIGHT

An enormous facility, 100 yards long with a vaulted ceiling and entrances at the north and south ends.

Templar-enters from the north, looking around. He walks quickly to the center of the station concourse.

STATION LOUDSPEAKER (V.O.)

Next train to Moscow
boarding on platform 8.

Templar approaches Platform 8. Passengers are boarding the next train to Moscow. Against the wall, a gang of ten PROSTITUTES are smoking, drinking vodka, laughing. Templar freezes. JILLIAN is with the prostitutes. Her back's to Templar, but it's her. Same "atomic" jacket, the shoes Templar gave her, same height, same weight. ...

Templar isn't the only one who's spotted her... TWO MEN IN BLACK TRENCHCOATS, obviously Tretiak's men, are converging upon Jillian from the other direction. They haven't yet seen Templar...

Templar moves off quickly, drawing his gun. As Tretiak's men move in for the kill. TEMPLAR falls in behind them, WHIPPING the barrel of his gun over one, then the other. They fall, unconscious. The PROSTITUTES, alarmed, whirl around and...

...It's not Jillian. Templar, thunderstruck, looks at THE PROSTITUTE'S feet. She's wearing JILLIAN'S SHOES and JACKET. On her wrist is JILLIAN'S WRISTWATCH. Templar turns. The TRAIN TO MOSCOW is pulling out of the station. ... Templar sprints away, back toward the station concourse. It's all clear now; Jillian sold her clothes and watch and bought a ticket to Moscow.

EXT. NEVSKY STATION - NIGHT

AUTOMOBILES are parked in front of the station. Templar picks a B.M.W. out come the burglar's tools. Templar's through the door lock in two seconds. He gets in and shoves a tool in the ignition lock.

CUT TO:

INT. TEMPLAR'S STOLEN B.M.W. - NIGHT

Templar speeds down the highway, moving in and out of traffic. His cellular phone chirps. He unpockets it, clicks it on.

FRANKIE

Simon. Good news.

INT. ST. PETERSBURG - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

In the b.g. through a window, we see Tretiak's headquarters looming down the street. Frankie sits in front of six VIDEO MONITORS like those in Tretiak's headquarters; they are receiving the video transmissions from Tretiak's surveillance cameras. We see exteriors, Zubov's lab, corridors, etc. Frankie is looking at A MONITOR OF TRETIAK'S OFFICE; Tretiak is pacing, talking on the phone.

FRANKIE

They haven't found her and
they don't know where she
is.

INTERCUT - FRANKIE IN HOTEL/TEMPLAR DRIVING

TEMPLAR

She's on a train to Moscow.

FRANKIE

That's bad news. They're
'stopping every train
leaving the city.

TEMPLAR

Call you later, Frankie.

Templar tosses the phone and jerks the wheel.
The B.M.W. veers wildly across three lanes of
traffic, swerving off the highway down an exit
ramp.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD SOUTH OF ST. PETERSBURG - NIGHT

The St. Petersburg city outskirts. Templar's
B.M.W. rounds a corner onto a two-lane road
running next to the Moscow line train tracks.

INT. TEMPLAR'S B.M.W - NIGHT

Templar stares ahead through the windshield.
TEMPLAR'S POV - THE TRAIN TRACKS - A half mile
ahead is a street crossing. We see the
blinking caboose lights of the TRAIN TO
MOSCOW. It's stopped at an intersection in
front of TWO BLACK SEDANS parked across the
tracks.

INT. TRAIN TO MOSCOW - NIGHT

JILLIAN sits alone, looking around nervously,
wondering why the hell the train's stopped.
Her hair is brushed over the gash on her
forehead. She wears the prostitute's ratty
jacket and shoes.

INT. TRAIN TO MOSCOW - FRONT CARS

Two of Tretiak's men enter the first passenger
car, heads swiveling back and forth, checking
every passenger's face.

EXT. TRAIN TO MOSCOW - REAR CAR - NIGHT

Templar runs up to the rear passenger car.

INT. TRAIN TO MOSCOW - FRONT CARS - NIGHT

Tretiak's men come through the third car.

INT. TRAIN TO MOSCOW - REAR CARS - NIGHT

Templar comes the other way looking for
Jillian. Through one car and into the next. He
sees JILLIAN. This time it is her.

INT. TRAIN TO MOSCOW - FRONT CARS - NIGHT

On come Tretiak's men, into another car.

They're one car away now...

INT. TRAIN TO MOSCOW - JILLIAN'S CAR

JILLIAN sits up in her seat; she looks through
the connecting door into the next car, which
TRETIK'S MEN are entering. She rises to flee,
running into --

-- TEMPLAR. Jillian's eyes bulge. She's going to scream. Templar clamps her mouth and shoves her forward to the exit door which opens to the parallel tracks. Templar wrenches open the door and sticks his head outside, looking down the tracks. We hear a TRAIN WHISTLE and RUMBLING WHEELS. Templar comes back inside. TRETIAK'S MEN are half-way through the next car and approaching fast.

TEMPLAR

We're going to jump. Okay?
Jillian, terrified, wide-eyed, nods. And they jump.

EXT. TRAIN TO MOSCOW - PARALLEL TRACKS

Templar and Jillian lunge from the train onto the parallel tracks. A train whistle BLARES. Jillian looks up; her face contorts with shock at -- A TRAIN bearing down on them at 60 m.p.h. 100 feet. Now 70. 50. Jesus, it's right on top of them...

TEMPLAR grabs her hand and yanks her across the tracks with 10 feet to go. The TRAIN SCREAMS past them.

INT. TRAIN TO MOSCOW - DAY

TRETIAK'S MEN enter the car where Jillian was. Outside, the St. Petersburg train flashes by, blocking any view of Templar and Jillian on the other side of the tracks. They continue down the aisle, into the next car.

EXT. TRAIN TO MOSCOW - PARALLEL TRACKS

The train to St. Petersburg is gone. Jillian stares at Templar with hateful eyes. He gets up and yanks her to her feet. Pulls her back toward the train to Moscow.

INT. TRAIN TO MOSCOW - REAR CAR - NIGHT

A GERMAN BUSINESSMAN is having a heated conversation on a cellular phone. Outside, we see TRETIAK'S MEN walking toward their vehicles. Templar and Jillian enter the private berth across from the businessman. It has reclining chairs and a curtain for privacy. The train BEGINS MOVING again. Templar and Jillian sit, regarding each other.

TEMPLAR

You can't get rid of me.

JILLIAN

Like a bad flu.

TEMPLAR

Pretty smart, selling the clothes and watch. You were going for the U.S. embassy, weren't you?

JILLIAN

Present tense please -
I *am* going. Before we discuss the present, let's discuss the past.

She stares hard, malevolently at him.

JILLIAN

Who the hell are you. I want full name, address, profession, and don't - don't - say Michael Quinn of 112 Mason Street, shoemaker.

TEMPLAR

My name is Simon Templar. I don't have an address because I live in hotels. I'm a professional thief.

JILLIAN

Good. We're getting somewhere. I'd like to respond to that.

The German Businessman is looking at them. Jillian pulls the curtain shut. Then she SLAPS Templar, hard, across the face.

JILLIAN

You wicked man.
(slaps him again.)
You liar.
(slaps him again)

Thief.

She draws back to slap him again. He catches her arm. They freeze this way, faces inches apart. She's trembling, her face a mask of hatred.

JILLIAN

I hope you rot in hell.
He lets go of her. She stands up.

TEMPLAR

Where are you going?

JILLIAN

As far away from you as I can.

Templar pulls out his 9mm pistol.

TEMPLAR

Sit down.

Jillian stares at the gun.

JILLIAN

You're joking.

TEMPLAR

Michael Quinn jokes. I don't.

She glares at him. Slowly sits. Templar pulls out his cellular phone. Punches numbers.

TEMPLAR

Remy. Be at Moscow Airport at eight a.m., fueled and ready to go.

Templar clicks off the phone and pockets it. Then he pockets the gun, its barrel pointing at Jillian through his jacket. With his free

hand he grabs her arm and puts it under his arm, clamping it to his body.

TEMPLAR

We're going to sit here and not make a scene. I'd get some rest. Templar leans back, shutting his eyes.

TEMPLAR

I sleep light.

Jillian, out of the corner of her eye, notices something through the curtain... ACROSS THE AISLE - THE GERMAN BUSINESSMAN is folding up his cellular phone and stuffing it in his satchel briefcase on the floor. He leans back and closes his eyes. The satchel briefcase sticks into the aisle. Close enough for Jillian to touch...

DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. BENARES, INDIA - ESTABLISHING - MORNING
The exquisite, astonishing city on the Ganges River.

EXT. BENARES - UNIVERSITY OF BENARES
A courtyard in the traditional Indian style. Zubov and two of Tretiak's men approach a building. Zubov rings the doorbell. Seconds pass. The door opens. An Indian gentleman peers out. He's about 50, in a madras shirt and nehru jacket. This is DR. VIJAY SINGH, whose taped lecture we heard in Jillian's station wagon.

ZUBOV

Dr. Singh? Dr. Vijay Singh?

VIJAY SINGH

Who are you and what do you want?

ZUBOV

My name is Vapin Zubov. I would like to discuss something with...

VIJAY SINGH

(scowls)

Come back at a decent hour...

Dr. Singh begins to shut the door. Zubov puts his hand in the door, jamming it.

ZUBOV

I would like to discuss cold fusion, Doctor. Dr. Singh's demeanor changes. Pushes open the door.

VIJAY SINGH

Come in.

CUT TO:

INT. THE TRAIN TO MOSCOW - MORNING

PASSENGERS are yawning, pulling up their window blinds. Sunlight streams in. A PORTER passes by. .

PORTER

Thirty minutes to Moscow,
thirty minutes...

The Porter moves past the German Businessman; he's asleep and snoring. Across the aisle -- JILLIAN'S EYES are darting from the German Businessman, to TEMPLAR, who's looking out the window.

JILLIAN

I need to use the ladies'
room. I think you can trust
me to...

TEMPLAR

I don't trust anybody.
Jillian gives Templar a disgusted look. She rises and moves into the aisle. Ternplar follows.

JILLIAN

Tell me something. How much
were you paid?

TEMPLAR

It's not your business.
Move.

JILLIAN

I think it is. C'mon. Tell
me.

TEMPLAR

Fifteen million dollars,
but it didn't work out. Did
it.

They pass a PORTER serving snacks (fruits and cheeses) from a cart. Jillian looks' at the cart.

JILLIAN

Does it bother you? What
you do?

TEMPLAR

No.

JILLIAN

You have no conscience? No
sense of morality?

TEMPLAR

Define morality.

JILLIAN

It's a commonly used and
generally understood word.

TEMPLAR

Not by me. .

They've arrived outside the LADIES ROOM. Jillian opens the door, begins to enter.

TEMPLAR

Wait.

JILLIAN

You are not going in there
with me.
Templar brushes past her, leaving the door
open. He steps up on the toilet, examining the
WINDOW above.

JILLIAN

Okay, how about: Do unto
others as they would do
unto you.

TEMPLAR

How about: Do unto others
before they do unto you.
Templar pulls up the window. It opens only
five inches; it's prevented from rising
further by TWO SAFETY SCREWS drilled through
the frame.

JILLIAN

How about: love thy
neighbor.

TEMPLAR

The man who said that was
crucified by his.
Satisfied, Templar steps down and walks back
to Jillian. She shakes her head, laughs
mirthlessly.

JILLIAN

Were you raised by wolves?
Who were your parents,
Lucretia Borgia and the
Marquis de Sader

TEMPLAR

The two people in question
weren't as nice as that. I
wouldn't know. I never met
them. Are you through? It's
all yours.

She gives him a look and shoves past him into
--

THE LADIES ROOM Jillian enters, closes the
door and locks it. She stands on the toilet
and examines the window. Sees the safety
screws. She steps down. She turns on the sink,
then kneels and pulls up her pantleg,
revealing THE GERMAN BUSINESSMAN'S CELLULAR
PHONE stuffed in her sock. She pulls it out.
She turns the sink on full blast, creating as
much noise as she can, and punches numbers.

JILLIAN

International operator
please.

(pause)

The American Embassy in
Moscow, please.

Jillian waits for the call to connect and CUT
TO:

INT. TRAIN TO MOSCOW - FRONT CAR - AISLES
Jillian exits the ladies' room.

JILLIAN

You really will rot in
hell, know that?

TEMPLAR

Good, all my friends will
be waiting for me. They
move down the aisle,
passing the SERVING PORTER,
Jillian's hand dangles over
the fruit and cheese cart.
She plucks up a SERVING
KNIFE with two fingers and
slides it up her sleeve.

JILLIAN

Friends? I thought you
trusted no one.

TEMPLAR

I don't. Give it to me.

JILLIAN

(innocently)

What.

TEMPLAR

The knife you just took.

Jillian sighs. Pulls the serving knife out of
her sleeve and hands it over. When she turns
back toward her berth, she doesn't like what
she sees --

THE GERMAN BUSINESSMAN has woken up. He's
yawning, opening up a stack of business
correspondence sitting on the armrest of his
chair with a LETTER OPENER. JILLIAN continues
down the aisle, sweating it out. If the guy
discovers that his phone is missing...
Each step is a mile. Finally Jillian and
Templar come to their berth. The German
Businessman is reading a letter. The letter
opener is sitting on the stack of unopened
letters. Jillian "accidentally" knocks the
stack of letters and letter opener off the
armrest. They fall to the floor next to the
German Businessman's satchel briefcase.
Jillian quickly drops to a kneeling position
and begins gathering up all the letters.

JILLIAN

I'm so sorry!

As Jillian rises and hands the German
Businessman his letters, we see that -
THE CELLULAR PHONE is back in the German
Businessman's satchel briefcase. Templar and
Jillian sit down.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOSCOW - GORKY STATION, TRAIN PLATFORM - MORNING

The train pulls into the station.

INT. TRAIN TO MOSCOW - MORNING

The Porter comes down the aisle, calling out:

PORTER

Moscow Station, Moscow
Station!

Templar and Jillian move with the other passengers toward the exits. As they pass the ladies' room:

JILLIAN

Give me a second, will you?
I don't feel well.

TEMPLAR

Make it quick.

Jillian goes in the bathroom.

INT. TRAIN TO MOSCOW - LADIES' ROOM

Jillian enters and stands on the toilet. Out comes the German Businessman's LETTER OPENER. She centers the opener in one of the screw heads, leans into it, and twists. She begins unscrewing it.

INT. TRAIN TO MOSCOW - AISLE OUTSIDE LADIES' ROOM

Templar is impatiently looking at the ladies' room door. The passengers are filing past him. He knocks on the door.

INT. TRAIN TO MOSCOW - LADIES' ROOM

Jillian's got one screw out. The other is coming. Templar KNOCKS again.

JILLIAN

Just a second.

INT. TRAIN TO MOSCOW - AISLE OUTSIDE LADIES' ROOM

Templar knocks again, LOUDER. No response inside. The German Businessman passes by him...

GERMAN BUSINESSMAN

Porter, I seem to have lost
my letter opener...

Templar stares at the guy.

INT. TRAIN TO MOSCOW - LADIES ROOM

The door SMASHES open, splintering the lock. Templar bursts in. Something instantly gets his attention. The fully opened window. And no Jillian... Templar bolts out.

CUT TO:

INT. MOSCOW - GORKY STATION, MAIN CONCOURSE - MORNING

Jillian hurries up the escalator to the main concourse. A stupendous, vaulted interior. As impressive as Grand Central in New York or Victoria in London. She moves through the crowd. Eyes scanning everything and nothing. She bumps into A COMMUTER, who scowls. Jillian takes cover by one of the immense marble pillars. She pulls her collar up. Waits it out.

ACROSS THE CONCOURSE - A MAN studies her. He's tall, blonde, looks like he played linebacker for Ohio State. He approaches. She eyes him. Everyone is a potential enemy. But this guy is obviously American.

BLONDE MAN

Ms. St. Thomas? Jillian?

JILLIAN

Yes.

The Blonde Man opens his wallet, flipping out his EMBASSY BADGE and C. I. A. CREDENTIALS.

WHITEHEAD

John Whitehead, Special Agent, Central Intelligence Agency. Was your trip all right?

JILLIAN

Yes it was fine, oh who cares, I'm finally safe...
(squeezes his hand)
Do you have a car?

WHITEHEAD

Yes, outside. First I'd like to ask you some questions. That was an interesting story you told the embassy.

JILLIAN

Interesting? It's true.

WHITEHEAD

Please understand: the United States Embassy receives fifty calls a day. My husband's been murdered, my daughter's been sold into white slavery, you get the idea. So before we waste a lot of people's time, Ms. St. Thomas, you say you have p.h.d.s in chemistry and nuclear physics. What's the atomic symbol for, say. ..gold?

Pause. Jillian stares at Whitehead.

JILLIAN

You've gotta be kidding me...

CUT TO:

INT. MOSCOW - GORKY STATION - TRAIN PLATFORM - MORNING

Templar dashes across the platform, looking everywhere. Jillian has vanished. Suddenly his cellular phone chirps. He unpockets it and clicks it on.

TEMPLAR

Talk to me, Frankie.

INT. ST. PETERSBURG - FRANKIE'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

FRANKIE, red-eyed and drinking coffee, is staring at the video transmission from Tretiak's office. Tretiak and Ilya are talking. .

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE TWO (as deemed necessary)

FRANKIE

She called the U.S. Embassy
a half hour ago.

TEMPLAR

What?

(considers this)

Does Tretiak know?

FRANKIE

Simon, the U.S. Embassy has
more leaks than a Polish
submarine. Who do you think
intercepted the call?

As FRANKIE says that, she doubletakes at the
monitor showing Tretiak's office. Frankie's
eyes widen.

ON THE VIDEO MONITOR - A THIRD MAN has entered
the room. It is the crusading reformer,
MICHAEL ROMANOV. Frankie stabs a button on a
tape recorder next to her monitors. It begins
taping the transmission from Tretiak's office.

TEMPLAR

Thanks, Frankie.

FRANKIE

Simon, wait. . . . CLICK.

Frankie turns some dials, bringing into ZOOM
FOCUS Tretiak and Romanov. She ups the volume.
We hear this:

TRETIAK

Hail Michael Romanov, Czar
of the Fatherland. How will
that sound to the average
Russian?

FRANKIE

(a whisper)

I don't believe it...

CUT TO:

INT. MOSCOW - GORKY STATION - ESCALATOR - DAY
TEMPLAR runs up the escalator, plowing through
the disembarking passengers, taking two stairs
at a time.

INT. MOSCOW - GORKY STATION, MAIN CONCOURSE - MORNING
Templar comes off the escalator. The place is
packed with COMMUTERS. He moves off, eyes
darting in all directions for Jillian, while
meanwhile -

ACROSS THE CONCOURSE, BY THE PILLAR -
CONTINUOUS

JILLIAN

. . .Cd, that's big "C"
little "d," cadmium's
valence is 2, its atomic
number is 48 and its atomic
weight is 112.411 or would
you like that carried out
five more decimal places?
Good enough?

WHITEHEAD

(smiles)

Good enough. Come this way,
Ms. St. Thomas. He ushers
her off.

As they move from behind the pillar, 50 yards
away --

ACROSS THE CONCOURSE - TEMPLAR sees Jillian
and Whitehead. He looks around, thinking. He
sprints for the side exit.

EXT. MOSCOW - GORKY STATION - MAIN ENTRANCE/EXIT -
DAY

The circular drive where travelers are picked
up and deposited by taxis, buses, automobiles.
Jillian and Whitehead exit the station. AHEAD
- TWO MERCEDES SEDANS are waiting. Several
darksuited MEN stand next to an open back
door.

JILLIAN

(shakes her head)

What a nightmare.. To think
my work could just be taken
from me...

WHITEHEAD

You're safe now, Doctor St.
Thomas. We'll have you back
in New York in no time.
They continue toward the
parked Mercedes.

Suddenly Jillian blinks. She sees something.
It's TEMPLAR, driving a Russian sedan. He
rolls to a stop across the circular drive,
staring a hole right through Jillian, grimly
shaking his head at her, trying to warn her...

JILLIAN

Agent Whitehead...

Whitehead looks at Jillian.

Pause. Jillian eyes Templar across the drive.

AGENT WHITEHEAD

Yes?

Jillian looks at the men waiting by the
Mercedes. She looks at two Moscow police
officers standing to the side. Something's
wrong. Something doesn't feel right.

AGENT WHITEHEAD

Ms. St. Thomas? You had a
question?

They're drawing closer to the waiting
Mercedes...

JILLIAN

Nothing, I was just
thinking that when my
research was stolen I felt
like the Buffalo Bills
after they lost four World
Series.

WHITEHEAD

Hah hah, I bet you did. I'm
a baseball fan too hah
hah...

Jillian looks at him differently.
The Buffalo Bills lost four Super Bowls,
Whitehead. They continue toward the waiting
sedans.

JILLIAN'S EYES dart around. Her forehead is
sweaty. And she bolts from him, taking
Whitehead by surprise. JILLIAN sprints across
the circular drive for Templar's car,
Whitehead after her. The men by the waiting
Mercedes converge on Jillian from the side.
TEMPLAR throws open the passenger side door
for Jillian. The men coming from the Mercedes
open fire on Templar, blowing in the sedan's
side window. Templar ducks. JILLIAN'S almost
there... She reaches the open sedan and dives
inside. She tries to shut the door; WHITEHEAD
gets hold of it. JILLIAN SCREAMS at Templar.

JILLIAN

Go!

Templar floors it. The car SQUEALS away from
the curb. Whitehead runs alongside, trying to
get the door open. The car accelerates.
Whitehead sprints but can't keep up. His feet
leave the ground; he clings to the doorframe
through the blown-out window. Whitehead pulls
his gun from his shoulder holster and aims
across Jillian's body at Templar. His finger
squeezes the trigger as Jillian shoves his
hand up. BULLETS blow holes in the roof of the
car.

JILLIAN hits Whitehead, hard, in the head.
Whitehead's head snaps back. She hits him
again. Whitehead falls away from the car. He
rolls twenty feet and stops, dazed but alive.
INT. TEMPLAR' S STOLEN SEDAN - DAY
Templar guns the sedan through a RED LIGHT.
Cars to the left and right SCREECH to a stop.
The sedan flies on...

JILLIAN

TAKE ME TO THE EMBASSY.

TEMPLAR

We're going to the airport.

Templar guns the accelerator.
EXT. MOSCOW - GORKY STATION - CIRCULAR DRIVE - DAY
The TWO MERCEDES pull up to Whitehead, who
staggers to his feet. He gets in the lead
Mercedes; the two cars race off after Templar
and Jillian.

INT. TEMPLAR'S STOLEN SEDAN - DAY
Templar floors it through another
intersection. he looks in his rear view
mirror. There's no sign of the two Mercedes.
They've escaped.

TEMPLAR

Good.

JILLIAN

Is it? Who's worse - them
or you?

Templar looks down and registers shock --
- - IN THE INTERSECTION AHEAD, A BLIND MAN
with a walking stick is tap tapping across the
intersection. Jillian cringes, expecting the
worst. Templar throws the steering wheel and -
-

EXT. MOSCOW - INTERSECTION - DAY

-- The sedan swerves, clearing the BLIND MAN
by two inches, skidding wildly through the
intersection.

INT. TEMPLAR'S STOLEN SEDAN - DAY

Templar fights the wheel but he's losing...
The skid can't be corrected. Jillian SCREAMS.

EXT. MOSCOW - INTERSECTION - DAY

The sedan slides sideways, hits the curb and
flips over, spinning like a top across the
sidewalk.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITEHEAD'S MERCEDES - DAY

The Mercedes moves through traffic. Whitehead
and the other men look around. The Mercedes
rounds a corner. Across the intersection is
the OVERTURNED SEDAN on the sidewalk,
surrounded by gawking PEDESTRIANS.

EXT. MOSCOW - INTERSECTION

The Mercedes pulls up. Whitehead and his men
get out. They warily approach the sedan,
drawing guns. The pedestrians back off,
getting the hell out of the way.
Whitehead and his men surround the car. They
kneel, guns trained inside...Templar and
Jillian are gone. Whitehead barks at his men.

WHITEHEAD

Fifteen block radius. Go
house to house.

Whitehead looks around at the surrounding
buildings. We FOCUS on one of them, a RUSSIAN
ORTHODOX CHURCH several blocks away, under
scaffolding and mesh wire, in the process of
renovation. CAMERA pushes in on the church's
HUGE ONION SHAPED TURRET.

INT. MOSCOW - RUSSIAN ORTHODOX CHURCH

... and we're in the turret's interior: round,
with stained glass windows, a desk and chair.
A trap door leading to the vestibule below
BANGS OPEN.

JILLIAN comes up, followed by Templar, his gun
in hand. They're cut and bruised, exhausted.
Jillian slumps against the wall, shivering.
Templar puts his equipment on the desk and
goes to each of the windows. From this
elevation he can see the entire city.

TEMPLAR'S FIRST POV - RED SQUARE, a mile across town, where a thousand Muscovites are listening to a pro Michael Romanov speech. Shifting from Red Square to the city outskirts, we see MOSCOW INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, where Remy waits.

TEMPLAR'S SECOND POV - THE UNITED STATES EMBASSY is just a few blocks away - we see the American flag flying from the roof stanchion. In the intersections around the embassy, Tretiak's men stand by their vehicles, watching. Every point of access to the embassy is sealed. We see WHITEHEAD. A Mercedes pulls up to him. ILYA gets out.

TEMPLAR

The embassy's surrounded.

BACK TO SCENE - JILLIAN is staring at Templar's computer. The modem is engaging. JILLIAN sits up, staring at the screen. Jillian reads an ELECTRONIC MESSAGE which appears:

BEAR CONTACTING LION.
GIVE HER TO ME.
IN RETURN, 20 MILLION AND SAFE PASSAGE.
IF YOU REFUSE YOU WILL DIE.

Jillian's eyes grow wide with terror. Templar looks out a third window.

TEMPLAR'S THIRD POV - Tretiak's men are going building to building in a fifteen block radius sweep, closing in on the church.

TEMPLAR

The airport's out. They're drawing a noose around us.
We don't have much time.

TEMPLAR turns away from the window. He sees Jillian looking at his computer. He walks over to it and reads the message. Jillian gets slowly to her feet, watching Templar. JILLIAN's mouth quivers as Templar types: LION CONSIDERING OFFER. Templar looks at Jillian. She stares back. A long moment. Neither moves.

JILLIAN

What are you going to do?
Tell me. I deserve at least that.

(desperate now)

I'll die. If you take their offer, they'll kill me.

TEMPLAR

And if I don't, they'll kill me. Interesting situation I'd say.

Jillian sinks to the chair, her voice shaking.

JILLIAN

Oh god. It's over, it's all over... You're not human.
You're an animal.

TEMPLAR

I'm a businessman. I perform services for profit. And spare me the lecture. You didn't spend ten years in that mildewed basement for the good of humanity, you did it to get rich. Richer than anyone on earth. Richer than God.

(beat)

I'll make you an offer - pay me my fifteen million out of your royalties - should come to about one month's. . .

Pause. She slowly looks up at him.

JILLIAN

I don't hold the patent rights to cold fusion.

TEMPLAR

What?

JILLIAN

You fool. Don't you understand?

(her voice cracks; she begins to softly cry)

It wasn't about money, it wasn't about becoming rich...

TEMPLAR

If you don't own the patent rights, who does?

JILLIAN

A foundation in my name. The royalties were going to go to scientific research, curing cancer, ..christ how can you understand this...

She lowers her head, weeping openly. CAMERA PUSHES in on Templar, staring at her.

Even the darkest of men have a seed of goodness. Here, for the first time, does it flower in Simon Templar.

But we don't know this. Templar betrays nothing. He picks up his homing device and clicks it on. He types in this command: MOSCOW. The device beeps; THE MOSCOW STREET GRID appears. He types a new command: SUBTERRANEAN DATA. Moscow's SUBTERRANEAN GRID appears superimposed over the street grid; we see the guts of the city; the Moscow subway, water and gas mains, etc. In a corner of the screen is a TABLE OF SCHEDULES. Templar analyzes the information on the screen.

He quickly rises; goes to Jillian, pulling off his belt. He pulls her up. She stands limply, still weeping, no longer resisting. He's bigger and stronger, there's no use. Templar gathers Jillian's wrists together and ties them with the belt. He pulls her to the trapdoor and CUT TO:

EXT. MOSCOW - SIDEWALK

Several pedestrians walk by. Templar walks Jillian quickly to a MANHOLE COVER. He kneels and hoists the cover off. He points into the hole. Jillian, her wrists bound, steps down uneasily, her feet finding the top rung of a STEEL LADDER. She descends into the manhole. Templar follows.

INT. MOSCOW - SUBTERRANEAN SEWER SYSTEM - DAY
Jillian and Templar come down the ladder, dropping to the steel-gridded walkway over the Moscow sewer. Templar pulls Jillian twenty feet down the walkway. At this point in the wall there is a HATCH with a compression HATCHWHEEL, the turning of which opens the hatch, like on a submarine. Within the hatch we hear RUSHING WATER.

TEMPLAR

That's a municipal water main. In one hour you're going in there.

Templar pulls out a SWITCHBLADE. Clicks it on. Jillian, shivering with terror, stares at the blade...

TEMPLAR

Listen. They shut it down twice a day for five minutes to clean the filters. Once at noon, once at midnight. Noon is in one hour.

JILLIAN

How do you know all this?

TEMPLAR

Part of my job. Now ask the logical question...

JILLIAN

... where does it go?

TEMPLAR

Very good. Under the United States Embassy. There's an exit hatch into the embassy courtyard. That's where we're going.

JILLIAN

We...?

Templar lowers his gun. He lowers the blade to her wrists and cuts the belt.

TEMPLAR

You heard me.

A long pause. They stare at each other.

JILLIAN

Then what happens?

TEMPLAR

Let's get to the embassy,
then we'll talk about it.

JILLIAN

Templar - about that night
at my house...

TEMPLAR

Don't talk about it, okay?

He turns away from her. She watches him.

JILLIAN

Okay.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOSCOW - RED SQUARE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The Michael Romanov supporters are marching
past the Kremlin with PLACARDS BEARING
ROMANOV'S FACE, chanting: KARPOV MUST GO!
Ahead, awaiting them, are --

Two units of MOSCOW POLICE in riot gear. A
POLICE SERGEANT clicks on a megaphone.

MOSCOW POLICE SERGEANT

Disperse. Disperse!

On come the Romanov supporters. Rocks start
flying. The Romanov supporters push into the
line of police. The police push back with
shields and truncheons. A melee breaks out.
The Romanov supporters surge past the police.
It is a wild, uncontrolled, chaotic scene.

EXT. MOSCOW - THE UNITED STATES EMBASSY - DAY
ROMANOV SUPPORTERS flood past the embassy
gates, chased by Moscow Policemen. Fights rage
all over the street. A full-fledged riot is
breaking out. OVERTURNED CARS are burning.
LOOTERS run through the streets with stolen
goods. We hear the sporadic CRACKLE of small
arms fire.

IN THE U. S. EMBASSY COURTYARD A U. S. MARINE
and ARMY GREEN BERET detachment, grimfaced and
heavily armed, stand silent vigil inside the
embassy's wrought-iron gates. COLONEL WILLIAM
CROSBY, embassy c.o., exits the embassy and
approaches the front gates. A FULL BEER BOTTLE
smashes at his feet, showering him.

COLONEL CROSBY

Jesus H. Christ.

ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE U. S. EMBASSY Ilya
and his men stand next to their vehicles,
silently watching the embassy.

CUT TO:

INT. MOSCOW SEWER SYSTEM - DAY

The WHOOSHING water in the municipal water
main begins to subside. Templar looks at this
watch.

INSERT - TEMPLAR'S WRISTWATCH - it is exactly
12 noon.

TEMPLAR

Right on time.

The water subsides to a trickle. Templar grips the hatchwheel and turns it. Opens the hatch. Residual water spills out onto the walkway. Templar pulls himself into the water main. He extends his hand to Jillian. Jillian looks uncertainly inside.

TEMPLAR

Four blocks. Right under Tretyak's men and up into the embassy compound. You can do this. She grabs Templar's hand. He pulls her up and inside --

INT. MOSCOW - MUNICIPAL WATER MAIN - DAY
-- a four foot diameter pipe. Templar pulls out a PENLIGHT, switches it on and sticks it between his teeth. On hands and knees Templar and Jillian move off through the water main.

INT. MUNICIPAL WATER MAIN - EXIT HATCH UNDER STREET
Templar and Jillian crawl up. Templar shines his penlight at the ceiling; AN EXIT HATCH WITH HATCHWHEEL is above them.

JILLIAN

It doesn't seem like we've gone far enough.

TEMPLAR

We haven't, up there's the street in front of the embassy.

(looks at his wristwatch)

Come on. We've got two minutes.

They crawl off through the water main.

INT. MUNICIPAL WATER MAIN UNDER EMBASSY
Templar and Jillian crawl toward A SECOND EXIT HATCH.

TEMPLAR

There it is.

They reach the exit hatch. They look at it. Jillian trembles.

JILLIAN

Oh my god...

The EXIT HATCH has no hatchwheel. It's sealed. Jillian, panicked, looks down the water main.

JILLIAN

We. ...we've got to go back.

TEMPLAR

(checks his watch)

Not enough time.

(thinks)

The hatch under the street.

JILLIAN

What about Tretyak's men ...

TEMPLAR

Better than drowning.
They scramble off. We hear WHOOSHING WATER
coming down the pipe.

JILLIAN

The water's back on!
Back they go, crawling as fast as they can.
INT. MUNICIPAL WATER MAIN - EXIT HATCH UNDER STREET
Templar and Jillian reach the exit hatch under
the street. Templar grips the hatchwheel as --
THE WATER ROARS through the pipe, hitting
Jillian flush, blowing her backward; she
desperately clings to Templar's shoulders as
he spins the hatchwheel. The water rises
mercilessly. There's a foot of air, then six
inches, then just three, then none at all, and
they're under water... TEMPLAR desperately
turns the hatchwheel, spinning it one last
time and WHOOSH, the hatch door blows open -
INT. MOSCOW - MANHOLE BELOW THE STREET
- - and SMASHES against A ONE FOOT DIAMETER
PIPE running along the wall of the service
manhole, CRACKING a fissure in it. PRESSURIZED
GAS blows out of the pipe. TEMPLAR pulls
himself up. He reaches down and pulls Jillian
up. Templar kicks the exit hatchdoor closed
and spins the hatchwheel shut. JILLIAN looks
at the GAS spewing from the cracked pipe. She
sniffs the air. Templar looks at the pipe. A
warning is printed in five languages: GAS -
DANGEROUS.

TEMPLAR

City gas line.

JILLIAN

We can't stay here, we'll
asphyxiate.

Templar and Jillian clamber up the steel
runged ladder to the manhole cover. Templar
pushes up the manhole cover, popping his head
out, looking around. HIS EYES widen with alarm

A POLICE VAN is rolling straight for his head.
He ducks and closes the manhole cover as the
VAN RUMBLES over it. Templar listens. Above,
the van has stopped. Templar pushes up the
manhole cover. The VAN has stopped directly
over the manhole.

EXT. MOSCOW - STREET IN FRONT OF THE U. S. EMBASSY
Templar slithers out. Pulls up Jillian.
They're under the van now. The van's rear door
opens; TEN MEN jump down to the pavement. We
see their BLACK BOOTS; they are MOSCOW POLICE,
arriving to arrest the looters. Templar and
Jillian crawl toward the van's rear. Templar
looks toward THE U.S. EMBASSY. It's 100 yards
away, but looks like 100 miles.

TEMPLAR

Both of us will never make
it. But one of us can.

(draws his gun)

Give me ten seconds, then
break for the embassy and
don't stop running until
you're at the gates. It's a
hundred yards, so move it.

JILLIAN

What are you going to...

TEMPLAR

That's my business.

JILLIAN

Wait...

(he stops)

.. .Simon. Don't do this.
They'll kill you.

A long, tense pause.

TEMPLAR

The world can do without
Simon Templar. It can't do
without you.

(smiles grimly)

See you around sometime.

He takes a deep breath and logrolls out. ABOVE
THE VAN - TEMPLAR gets to his feet in the
street, gun drawn. He races from the van,
heading in a direction away from the embassy.
ACROSS THE STREET - ILYA double takes, seeing
Templar sprinting from the van.

ILYA

Kill him!

Ilya, Whitehead and Tretiak's men sprint down
the street after Templar, firing as they run,
leaving --

JILLIAN UNDER THE VAN with a clear path to the
embassy. She counts it off: three. . . . four.
. . . . five

TEMPLAR dives behind an OVERTURNED CAR and
comes up firing on Tretiak's men.

IN THE U. S. EMBASSY'S FRONT COURTYARD Colonel
Crosby watches the situation unfold.

COLONEL CROSBY

What the hell is going on.

IN THE STREET - ILYA, WHITEHEAD and the other
men close in on Templar, laying down a
withering fusillade of fire. Templar returns
fire from behind the car.

UNDER THE VAN - JILLIAN

JILLIAN

. . . nine. . . . TEN. . .

.

Jillian logrolls out from under the van. She
sprints for the embassy gates. BEHIND THE
OVERTURNED CAR - TEMPLAR sees Jillian running
for the embassy. As he returns fire, he
exhorts her under his breath.

TEMPLAR

Go. Faster.. . .

ILYA, firing on Templar, sees Jillian. He spins, running in a new direction. He's going to get Jillian before she can reach the embassy. JILLIAN, sprinting, screams to the embassy marines.

JILLIAN

Open the gate!

IN THE EMBASSY COURTYARD - COLONEL CROSBY turns to his second in command, a Lieutenant JONES.

COLONEL CROSBY

Do it.

Lieutenant Jones and a MARINE PRIVATE push open the embassy gates. COLONEL CROSBY watches Jillian helplessly. There's nothing he can do. Not until she reaches the embassy. On Jillian comes, legs pumping, feet pounding the pavement. ILYA is right behind her. She can feel his breath he's so close. Twenty yards. Fifteen yards. Ten...

BEHIND THE OVERTURNED CAR - TEMPLAR dodges bullets, corning thick and heavy now, and watches in terror as ---

ILYA, with a desperate reach, collars Jillian. She shrugs off her jacket, leaving Ilya with the jacket but no Jillian. Jillian lunges through the embassy gates...

... and is instantly surrounded by U.S. Marines. Jillian looks up at Colonel Crosby, panting.

JILLIAN

I'm an American citizen.

COLONEL CROSBY

You have our full protection ma'am.

(looks at Ilya)

Back away from the gate.

Ilya's black eyes stare at Colonel Crosby. He backs away from the gate. He turns and sees - AT THE OVERTURNED CAR - TEMPLAR, out of bullets with his hands raised, surrounded by Tretiak's men behind the overturned automobile. Ilya, fuming, walks across the street to Templar. AT THE OVERTURNED CAR - ILYA walks up to Templar. With the calm efficiency of a hangman, Ilya puts his hand on Templar's shoulder and forces him down, down to his knees. He sticks his gun to Templar's head.

He's going to execute Templar right there, behind the overturned car in the street. IN THE EMBASSY COURTYARD - JILLIAN, watching, frantically turns to Colonel Crosby.

JILLIAN

Do something!

COLONEL CROSBY

That's Russian soil out
there, ma'am.

Jillian turns away, horrified, shielding her
eyes.

BY THE OVERTURNED CAR - TEMPLAR AND ILYA
TEMPLAR (RUSSIAN)

Wait. A cigarette. It's
customary.

Ilya looks at Templar. Looks at his men. And
Ilya laughs. Chuckling at first, then open-
mouthed. All of TRETIAK'S MEN laugh in
Templar's face. Ilya takes out a cigarette.
Hands it to Templar. Lights it for him.

TEMPLAR (RUSSIAN)

Thank-you.

And Ilya and Tretiak's men continue to laugh.
They won't be for long... Because Templar is
looking at A GRATE above the municipal lines
below. And TRETIAK'S MEN are sniffing the air,
wondering why it smells like rotten eggs...
Templar flicks the cigarette into the grate
and dives away as --

THE ENTIRE STREET IN FRONT OF THE U. S.
EMBASSY blows sky high as THE GAS MAIN ignites
. Ilya, Whitehead, and the other men are blown
off their feet. Some are killed. Asphalt and
dirt rain down, followed by --

WATER, as the municipal water main goes up.
Ilya and Whitehead get to their feet, looking
around, water falling like a monsoon. Templar
is gone. And the police van is SPEEDING away.

INT. POLICE VAN - DAY

Templar guns the van through Moscow streets.
He pulls out his cellular phone. Punches
numbers.

EXT. MOSCOW INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Remy stands by his jet, smoking a cigar,
looking impatiently at his watch. His cellular
phone beeps.

REMY

Simon, where the hell are
you... You want me to do
what?

Remy clicks off the phone and scrambles up
into the cockpit of the Lear.

INT. POLICE VAN - DAY

Templar guns the van straight for --
A group of TRETIAK'S MEN conducting the
building-to building search. They pull two
sedans into the intersection, blocking it.

INT. MOSCOW INTERSECTION - DAY

Templar doesn't slow - he accelerates, and
hits the two cars where their bumpers meet,
BLASTING through them --

-- and races on past the intersection.

INT. REMY' S LEAR JET - DAY

Remy's Lear jet skirts Moscow rooftops, just 200 feet off the ground. As the jet clears the KREMLIN roof, we see majestic Red Square spreading before us...

EXT. RED SQUARE - DAY

TEMPLAR'S POLICE VAN roars into Red Square as --

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SQUARE - REMY'S LEAR JET touches down. In Red Square. It taxis to a stop next to Lenin's tomb. The police van SCREECHS up next to the Lear. Templar races from the van to the jet, dodging BULLETS fired from --

TRETIAK'S MEN, firing from sedans entering the square. The Lear jet accelerates straight for the oncoming sedans, lifting off, almost scraping the landing gear against their windshields. It wings into the air, clearing the top of the Ivan Memorial by a foot. And heads west. To freedom.

DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. ST. PETERSBURG - NIGHT - REESTABLISHING
A shot of the city as we SUPER: St. Petersburg - two days later

EXT. ST. PETERSBURG - TRETIAK'S HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT
The gates open. A BLACK SEDAN pulls into the drive and stops. Zubov gets out, then Dr. Singh, dressed in a conservative Indian suit, carrying a briefcase. Tretiak emerges from the mansion, greeting Doctor Singh.

INT. TRETIAK'S HEADQUARTERS - ZUBOV'S LAB - NIGHT
Dr. Singh enters behind Tretiak and Zubov. They move to Zubov's lab table. Dr. Singh dons reading glasses. Zubov places Jillian's research before him. Singh flips a page, then another. He is awed. It's like Salieri looking at Mozart's sheet music. He's searched all his life for something and... another person has found it.

DR. SINGH

Yes.

(beat)

Yes.

(beat)

Yes, yes.

(looks up)

I will give you a list of the things I will need. I request solitude. Remove those men.

(turns back to
Jillian's document)

Leave me now. Please.

Tretiak and Zubov exchange a look. They exit. Dr. Singh rubs his brow, bearing down on the

material, flipping through the pages which
DISSOLVE INTO:
PAGES being flipped, but these contain
photographs...

JILLIAN

No.
(beat)

No.
(beat)

No.

WIDEN TO --

INT. F. B. I. - MANHATTAN BUREAU - DAY
JILLIAN sits with F.B.I. agents RABINEAU and
LONNER.

AGENT RABINEAU

One more.
Rabineau flips the page. SIMON TEMPLAR'S PHOTO
stares at Jillian. She studies it a moment.
Shakes her head.

AGENT LONNER

Be certain, Ms. St. Thomas.
Look again.
She looks again. Studies Templar's photograph.

JILLIAN

I'm certain. It's not him.
Agents Rabineau and Lonner exchange a look.
EXT. MANHATTAN - CENTRAL PARK - DAY
Jillian walks down the tree-lined mall.
Templar is standing there. She walks up to
him. A moment.

JILLIAN

They showed me photographs
of criminals.

(beat)

And a photograph of you.

TEMPLAR

And...?

JILLIAN

I said that the man in the
photograph doesn't have the
eyes of a criminal.

(pause; they stare
at each other)

The Washington symposium is
tomorrow afternoon. I'm
going. I'm presenting my
research to the scientific
community.

TEMPLAR

What about your data...

JILLIAN

It's in my head. I'll wing
it.

TEMPLAR

(draws closer to
her)

You need to conduct further research anyway. I'll help you.

JILLIAN

What are we researching...?
..?

Jillian draws closer. Their lips are almost touching...

TEMPLAR

The benefits of warm fusion.

Templar pulls her lips to his and CUT TO...

INT. JILLIAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

There follows a love scene. Afterward, in each other's arms:

JILLIAN

It is in the eyes. You're not bad.

TEMPLAR

Being bad is the only thing I've ever been good at.

JILLIAN

You can be good at being good.

(she strokes his hair)

If you're afraid of the dark, remember the night rainbow. If tomorrow morning the sky falls, have clouds for breakfast. If the birds forget their songs, listen to the wind. And if between right and wrong, do what is right.

TEMPLAR

Who said that?

JILLIAN

(smiles privately)

My grandmother.

Templar gently takes her face in his hands. Whispers to her.

TEMPLAR

How did I meet you. This saint.

(smiles)

Saint Thomas.

They kiss.

DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. TRETIAK'S HEADQUARTERS - ZUBOV'S LAB - NIGHT

Late at night. Dr. Singh is working feverishly. The desk is stacked with papers and books. He is surrounded by three chalk boards with chemical isotope diagrams. He is adding chemicals to a bath of hydrogen in a COMPRESSION CHAMBER.

DR. SINGH

Zinc oxide. Iridium
mercurate. Sodium bicarbon
nitrate. A cobalt magnesium
isotope. Liquify the cobalt
at 665 degrees fahrenheit,
add the magnesium. ...

The chemicals begin to mix. He picks up an
ELECTRODE NEEDLE attached to a LIGHTBULB. Dr.
Singh takes a deep breath. He introduces the
electrode needle into the compression chamber
through a rubber valve. And like a miracle,
the LIGHTBULB ILLUMINATES. Dr. Singh looks up
as if he's just seen Shiva.

DR. SINGH

My god. It actually works.

DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - ESTABLISHING SHOTS - DAY
The Capital on a cold, drizzly autumn day. A
ROW OF FLASHBULBS EXPLODE POP POP POP...

EXT. CAPITAL MALL - THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE - DAY
PHOTOGRAPHERS are taking Jillian's picture as
she moves through a crowd outside the
Smithsonian. She is formally dressed. TWO
F.B.I. AGENTS walk with her. It is raining.
The place is a sea of umbrellas. Several
REPORTERS trail after her.

REPORTER 1

Doctor St. Thomas! Ben
Rothstein, Omni Magazine.
Is it true? Have you done
it?

JILLIAN

That question will be
answered in ten minutes,
Mr. Rothstein.

REPORTER 2

Marilyn Jones, Doctor St.
Thomas. Dr. Vijay Singh has
said that your theories are
insupportable...

JILLIAN

(smiles)

Sorry, but I'm not
interested in Doctor
Singh's opinions on this or
anything else.

JILLIAN moves up the steps, radiant and
beautiful; it is the pinnacle of her life. She
looks across the Mall. TEMPLAR stands there.
Alone, smiling at her. Jillian winks at him,
mouthing the words: "open it." TEMPLAR
understands. He pulls a GIFTWRAPPED BOX from
his pocket and opens it. Inside is a TIE-PIN;
a stick figure man with a halo over his head.

Templar sticks it through his tie. Picks up the accompanying card.
INSERT - THE CARD reads: Anyone can be a saint, Simon Templar. Templar looks back at Jillian. He sees something. Behind Jillian, moving toward her through the crowd, is a BLONDE MAN UNDER AN UMBRELLA. It looks like... Ilya. Templar squints for clearer vision. He begins walking toward the Smithsonian. He quickens to a jog, now he's running...
ON THE SMITHSONIAN STEPS - THE REPORTERS crush into Jillian.

REPORTERS

Ms. St. Thomas, Ms. St. Thomas...

JILLIAN

Please, no more questions.

...

Across the sea of people, TEMPLAR reaches the Blonde Man. Templar grabs his arm; whips him around.

BLONDE REPORTER

Hey! What's the idea?

It's not Ilya, just a reporter with blonde hair. Meanwhile JILLIAN, backing up the stairs from the reporters, draws closer to - - A DARK-HAIRED MAN, seen from behind, who lowers an umbrella, pushing a button on the handle, revealing a GLISTENING NEEDLE POINT. CAMERA moves over his shoulder, revealing...ILYA. With dyed black hair. JILLIAN keeps backing up the stairs...
...Behind her, Ilya's needled umbrella strikes her. JILLIAN feels something. Like a bee sting. Her hand moves to her hip...
.. .as ILYA moves off through the crowd...
...TEMPLAR comes through the crowd to Jillian. The F.B.I. AGENTS grab him.

JILLIAN

Stop it! I know him!

The Agents release Templar. Jillian looks at him. Templar's panting, out of breath.

JILLIAN

Simon? What is it?

TEMPLAR

Are you all right?

JILLIAN

Yes.

(smiles)

Go get a seat.

Jillian moves up the stairs into the Smithsonian. ACROSS THE MALL.. .ILYA is gone, melting into the sea of umbrellas.
INT. SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE - MAIN HALL - DAY
The room is packed with scientists and reporters. Jillian mounts a podium in front of the room.

JILLIAN
Good afternoon. In 1989,
two physicists claimed to
have perfected...

(her eyelids
flutter)

.. .cold nuclear fusion.
Their results couldn't be
duplicated. ...

Jillian is perspiring. She has cotton mouth.
She picks up her ice water. Her hand shakes.
TEMPLAR, seated in the back, watches her.

JILLIAN
It is my pleasure to
announce that I

(her eyes roll
back)

...have...

She opens her eyes. They're glassy. And the
world is swirling... Jillian falls, her ice
water SMASHING on the floor. TEMPLAR runs to
her, shoving people aside.

TEMPLAR

JILLIAN!! !
(kneels to her)

No. No. No... AMBULANCE,
GET AN AMBULANCE!

One of the F.B.I. agents races off.

JILLIAN

Simon...
(she's fading fast)

I love you...
(gasps for breath)

My Saint.

TEMPLAR

No. . . No. . . God please
no... But God won't help
you, Simon Templar...
...God will take her
anyway.

FADE TO
BLACK.

FADE IN:
The next images collide and merge upon one
another:

A REPORTER

REPORTER

Nuclear physicist Jillian
St. Thomas suffered a
cerebral aneurism...

A CORONER

CORONER

Death occurred at two-fifty
one p.m. ...

THE INQUEST JUDGE

JUDGE It is the ruling of this court that
death was due to natural...

A REPORTER

REPORTER

.. ..and foul play was ruled out. In international news, the situation in St. Petersburg worsened...

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. PETERSBURG - DVORTSOVAYA PLOSHCHAD - DAY
The square is filled with thousands of MICHAEL ROMANOV SUPPORTERS. They're camped out now. A C.N.N. NEWS TEAM transmits from the square.

WOLF BLITZER

The scene is reminiscent of the Tiananmen Square crisis, Bernard. The death toll stands at forty-eight civilians and at least twenty-one armed forces personnel. Rumors escalated today that...

EXT. ST. PETERSBURG - ADMIRALTY - ESTABLISHING
A LIMOUSINE pulls through a 'crowd of ROMANOV SUPPORTERS outside the heavily guarded gates of the Admiralty, Russia's Naval headquarters, akin to Annapolis.

WOLF BLITZER

.. . General Nicolai Radischev...
(we see a photo of Radischev)
...has promised Michael Romanov his support, pending the outcome of today's meeting between Romanov and President Karpov.

ROMANOV, in the back of the limousine, waves to his supporters. They go wild, clapping and cheering. The limo continues into the Admiralty compound.

EXT. ADMIRALTY - DAY

The limousine rolls through a guarded checkpoint, stopping before --
THE ADMIRALTY'S NUCLEAR SITUATION FACILITY: in a more dangerous time, this is the place from which Russian military leaders would conduct nuclear war. It's an acre-sized field of concrete, recessed 30 feet into the earth. It looks like a very large, very deep swimming pool emptied of water. In the middle is a concave-shaped entrance hatch (visualize an enormous bowl turned upside down). The two halves of the concave hatch open down the middle, each side retracting into the facility. On the concrete floor next to the hatch is a SMALL DETECTION UNIT. We'll find about the unit shortly...

Romanov and four bodyguards exit the limousine. Two RUSSIAN SECRET SERVICEMEN escort Romanov to the entrance hatch. They descend down stairs to --

INT. ADMIRALTY - NUCLEAR OPERATIONS - DAY
-- a large room dominated by an ELECTRONIC MAP OF THE WORLD. Rows of computer stations run the length of the room. It looks like a N.A.S.A. control room. The Secret Servicemen lead Romanov across the room to --

INT. ADMIRALTY - NUCLEAR OPERATIONS OFFICE - DAY
An office, relatively comfortable, with a computer, a television and v.c.r., and a small satellite link. VICTOR KARPOV, the popularly elected President of Russia, rises. Karpov is 55, intelligent, with a calm, professional demeanor.

ROMANOV

A nuclear bunker, Mr. President? You must worry for your safety.

KARPOV

I have reason to.

ROMANOV

Yes. You do.

They glare at each other.

KARPOV

You understand my policy on taping meetings.

Romanov consents with a wave of his hand. Karpov motions to his ATTACHE, who flips the switch on a VIDEO CAMERA mounted in the wall.

KARPOV

I'll get to the point. Your remarks are irresponsible; they've caused civil unrest. Unless you appeal to your supporters to stop rioting, I will institute martial law.

(beat)

Tell me what you want.

ROMANOV

A public debate, then new elections. We'll let the people decide.

KARPOV

(considers this)

Agreed.

They shake hands. Romanov rises and exits.

CUT TO:

A HAND reaching for a SHOTGLASS. The hand shakes so badly.. .it has to set the glass down. WIDEN TO --

INT. MANHATTAN - LOWER EAST SIDE BAR - DAY
-- TEMPLAR, drunk at noon in a wretched little dive on Avenue A. His face is drawn and pale.

Haunted. Hasn't slept or shaved for days. His fingernails are dirty.
TWO DARK-SUITED MEN enter. One pauses by the entrance, the other goes to the bar. He sets a FOLDER on the bartop and slides it to Templar. The two men exit. Templar opens the folder. Inside is a plane ticket. A plane ticket to St. Petersburg...

DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. TRETIAK'S OFFICE - DAY
Tretiak sits behind his desk. The room is dark.

TRETIAK

The woman's death was
unfortunate. You lost. I
lost. To think what we
could have done with her
formula. But life goes on,
no?

TEMPLAR sits opposite Tretiak, staring at him. He is shaved and rested, his eyes utterly alert.

TRETIAK

When Romanov gains the
presidency Russia will be
ours. The possibilities
are, you would agree,
endless.

(beat)

You have talent. Unique
talent. I need that talent
to break into an
impregnable facility. Be
part of this, Templar.

TEMPLAR

(considers this)

Fifteen million, plus the
fifteen you owe me.

TRETIAK

I owe you nothing. You were
hired to steal something
and you failed.

TEMPLAR

Thirty million, and I use
my own men.

TRETIAK

Twenty million, and one of
my men goes with you.

Templar nods in agreement. Rises. Goes to the door.

TRETIAK

Templar. A question.

(Templar turns)

You had feelings for the
woman, didn't you?

TEMPLAR

I don't have feelings,
Tretiak.
Templar, his face hard, cold, expressionless,
exits.
Tretiak watches him.

CUT TO:

INT. ST. PETERSBURG - HOTEL SUITE - OFFICE - DAY
A hotel in the heart of the city. We hear
sounds of demonstrations and rioting in the
street below. Templar sits at a table with
Harry Winston, Remy Samarkand, and Frankie.
ARCHITECTURAL PLANS and PHOTOGRAPHS of the
Admiralty's Nuclear Situation Facility are
spread amongst room service trays. ILYA, and
the massive ZERO sit on the couch, listening.
Ilya eyes Templar. Templar periodically meets
Ilya's eyes. These exchanged glances are rife
with hostility. They've been at this a while
and everyone's frustrated.

FRANKIE

No, no, no, Karpov's office
is in the nuclear
operations room. The entry
hatch can't be activated
from above - only below.

REMY

It's lead-lined and
reinforced with eight feet
of concrete. Explosives and
drills are out.

TEMPLAR

Electronic by-pass?

FRANKIE

Negative. Understand
something, Simon, please:
this is not a bank. This is
the former Soviet Union's
missile command. Forced
entry is impossible.

A long pause. Everyone looks at each other.
Templar examines A PHOTOGRAPH of the facility.
He fixates on it. He sees something.

TEMPLAR

What's that?

Templar points at the SMALL DETECTION UNIT
next to the Nuclear Operations entrance hatch.
Frankie looks at the photograph, then picks up
a set of blueprints. Starts flipping
through...

FRANKIE

Uhhm.. .that is the
facility's...
(comes to the
relevant page and
reads:)
... radiation detector. In
the event of nuclear fall-

out it automatically closes
the hatch.

Everyone turns to Templar.

TEMPLAR

You're saying the system
can think.

FRANKIE

Yes.

TEMPLAR

Then it can be lied to.

CUT TO:

INT. TRETIAK'S HEADQUARTERS - ZUBOV'S LAB - DAY
Romanov and Tretiak stand on one side of the
lab. ACROSS THE LAB, ZUBOV and DR. SINGH are
huddled over a hydrogen tank, just like the
one we saw in Jillian's lab. The tank is
surrounded by hundreds of testtubes and
beakers containing chemicals.

TRETIAK

The world will continue to
spend half its gross
national product on oil.

ROMANOV

And Russia will spend none.
Within five years we will
be the wealthiest nation on
earth.

TRETIAK

And it's leaders, Romanov,
the most powerful people.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. PETERSBURG - ADMIRALTY - NIGHT
The situation in the city has worsened. The
ROMANOV SUPPORTERS outside the admiralty now
number several thousand. They carry pro-
Romanov banners and shout: DOWN WITH KARPOV!
In the b.g., we see more rioting. Gunfire
crackling. An overturned truck.
A MILITARY AMBULANCE careens around the corner
and rolls past the Romanov supporters up to
the Admiralty gates. TWO RUSSIAN NAVY M.P.'s
open the gates. The ambulance pulls inside.
The driver's window rolls down. It's Harry
Winston dressed as a RUSSIAN ARMY PARAMEDIC.

HARRY WINSTON (RUSSIAN)

Two soldiers shot by
looters!

The M.P. waves the ambulance through. Harry
waves back. The ambulance pulls into the
Admiralty compound, going past to the rear, to
the NAVAL HOSPITAL EMERGENCY WARD.

EXT. ADMIRALTY - NAVAL HOSPITAL

The ambulance pulls up next to the emergency
ward. The back door opens. Remy, dressed as a
PARAMEDIC, gets out. Remy and Harry haul out
two heavily bandaged RUSSIAN SOLDIERS on
stretchers. The stretchers expand into rolling

gurneys. Harry and Remy roll the wounded soldiers inside.

INT. ADMIRALTY - NAVAL HOSPITAL

Harry and Remy roll the gurneys through the emergency ward. NAVAL DOCTORS and NURSES are scrambling around, attending to WOUNDED SOLDIERS. The scene is frenetic. The gurneys roll past the operating rooms, through double doors, into a room. No one notices.

INT. ADMIRALTY - HOSPITAL STORAGE ROOM

A room stocked with hospital supplies. The wounded "soldiers" spring off the gurneys. They are TEMPLAR and ILYA. Ilya wears the uniform of a NAVAL M.P. Templar wears a bulky, lead-lined anti-radiation suit. Templar shoulders his backpack. Harry Winston stands on a counter, pushing up the CEILING TILE. Templar and Ilya climb atop the counter. Harry forms a stirrup with his hands and hoists Templar, then Ilya, through the hole in the ceiling.

INT. ADMIRALTY - VENTILATION DUCTS - NIGHT

Templar and Ilya crawl through the ventilation duct to a WIRE MESH OPENING. Templar rips off the wire mesh screen. Thirty feet below, in the recessed entrance to the nuclear situation facility, TWO NAVAL GUARDS are walking their shift. They walk around the corner. . .

TEMPLAR

We've got sixty seconds.

Move.

EXT. ADMIRALTY - SIDE OF BUILDING

Templar crawls out of the ventilation duct, his feet finding a windowsill. Just three inches to stand on. Ilya crawls out, his feet finding the same windowsill. The two men are side-by-side. They begin inching across the sill to a STEEL-RUNGED ladder leading to the concrete floor below. Ilya's FOOT suddenly slips. His arms flail. He tries to keep his balance, but fails. Templar catches Ilya's wrist. A terrifying tableau: Ilya, hanging over the concrete floor below, held up only by Templar. If Templar let's go, Ilya's dead. They stare at each other...

And Templar pulls Ilya back. Ilya gets his footing. Catches his breath. Nods to Templar. They continue to the ladder and descend.

EXT. ADMIRALTY - PERIMETER WALLS

The naval guards walk their shift.

EXT. ADMIRALTY - NUCLEAR SITUATION FACILITY - NIGHT

Templar and Ilya hurry across the concrete floor to the entrance hatch. Templar kneels next to the RADIATION DETECTOR, unshouldering his backpack. Templar's anti-radiation suit has a goggled hood, which he dons. He then carefully lifts from his backpack a PLEXIGLASS

RECTANGULAR BOX the size and shape of a shoe box, and a high-powered cordless BOLTDRIVER. The plexiglass box has two' compartments, one empty, the other filled with SMOKY GAS. Templar positions the plexiglass box over the radiation detector. He unpockets FOUR CONCRETE BOLTS CREWS and bolts the box tightly to the concrete floor with the cordless boltdriver. (The plexiglass box has a steel mount with holes for this purpose.)

EXT. ADMIRALTY - PERIMETER WALLS

The naval guards reach the end of the perimeter wall, then turn back toward the nuclear situation facility...

EXT. ADMIRALTY - NUCLEAR SITUATION FACILITY - NIGHT

Templar turns a knob on the plexiglass box; THE DOOR separating the two compartments within the box OPENS. Inside, THE SMOKY GAS releases. It wafts into the radiation detector's sensors.. ..Templar watches anxiously, talking to it...

TEMPLAR

Radon isn't plutonium but
you don't know that...

The detector's EMERGENCY LIGHT begins
BLINKING.

TEMPLAR

Boom, you just got nuked.
(unbolts the box)
Now it's two months later
and the radiation's gone...

Templar rips the plexiglass box away from the detector, releasing the RADON GAS into the air. A moment passes. The EMERGENCY LIGHT turns off and, open sesame, THE CONCRETE HATCHDOORS separate, revealing STAIRS. Templar rips off his hood. He and Ilya descend.

EXT. ADMIRALTY - PERIMETER WALLS

The naval guards are nearing the rear of the Admiralty. Around the corner is the nuclear situation facility...

INT. ADMIRALTY - NUCLEAR SITUATION ROOM - DAY

Templar and Ilya race down. At the base of the stairs is the HATCHDOOR open/close switch. Templar throws the "close" switch. Above, the hatch doors start to close..

EXT. ADMIRALTY - PERIMETER WALLS

The naval guards come around the corner just
as...

... THE CONCRETE HATCH DOORS pull shut.

INT. ADMIRALTY - NUCLEAR SITUATION ROOM - DAY

Templar and Ilya move through the nuclear situation room to President Karpov's office.

INT. ADMIRALTY - NUCLEAR OPERATIONS OFFICE - DAY

Ilya and Templar enter. Ilya opens the credenza behind Karpov's desk, revealing ROWS OF VIDEOTAPE CASSETTES. Ilya rifles through

the tapes. Templar kneels behind the T.V. and V.C.R. He switches the T.V.'s satellite link from "RECEIVE" to "TRANSMIT," and adjusts the satellite frequency. Ilya hands Templar a VIDEO CASSETTE TAPE. Templar throws it in the V.C.R. and hits a button. The V.C.R. transmits the tape over the satellite link to the - -
EXT. ADMIRALTY ROOF

-- Satellite DISH on the Admiralty's roof, which sends the transmission into outer space, where it bounces off a satellite and returns to --

INT. ST. PETERSBURG - HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT
-- a V.C.R. in the hotel suite, where Frankie hovers over an array of sophisticated editing equipment. Tretiak, Romanov, and several of Tretiak's men stand to the side. Templar's transmission plays on a T.V. It's a tape of the Karpov/Romanov meeting:

KARPOV

Tell me what you want.

ROMANOV

A public debate, then new elections. We'll let the people decide.

KARPOV

(considers this)

Agreed.

Frankie hits "play" on A SECOND V.C.R.: Here, we see the Tretiak/Ivan Grachameeting, taped earlier:

TRETIAK

Upon what conditions would you accept a partnership? Be reasonable.

GRACHA

Fifty percent of the drug trade in St. Petersburg and Moscow. A third of prostitution and gambling.

Both V.C.R.'s are connected to a VIDEO MORPHING SYSTEM not unlike those used by filmmakers. Frankie hits some buttons on the morphing machine. On the first V.C.R. MONITOR - ROMANOV'S IMAGE is lifted from the videotape. It simply disappears.

CUT TO:

INT. ADMIRALTY - NUCLEAR SITUATIONS FACILITY - NIGHT
Templar and Ilya, waiting. Templar looks at his watch.

TEMPLAR

Come on, Frankie...

INT. ST. PETERSBURG - HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT
Frankie, finished, hits "play." We see an altered version of the Karpov/Romanov meeting. Romanov has been morphed out and Ivan Gracha

has been morphed in. ON THE SCREEN, it now looks like this:

PRESIDENT KARPOV

Tell me what you want.

GRACHA

Fifty percent of the drug trade in St. Petersburg and Moscow. A third of prostitution and gambling.

PRESIDENT KARPOV

Agreed.

President Karpov shakes Gracha's hand.

BACK TO SCENE

Frankie turns to Tretiak and Romanov.

FRANKIE

Should I send it?

TRETIAK

Not yet.

Romanov clicks on his cellular phone.

ROMANOV

General Radischev please.

Yes, an emergency.

Frankie, alarmed, turns to Tretiak.

FRANKIE

What's he doing? Templar won't have time to get out of there...

Tretiak nods to ZERO who opens the door into the hall. TWO MOSCOW POLICEMEN enter. They stride over to Frankie, yank her up and handcuff her, dragging her off.

CUT TO:

EXT. ADMIRALTY - GARRISON - NIGHT

The Naval Guard in the garrison looks up with wide, startled eyes at --

THREE RUSSIAN TANKS rumble up to the Admiralty, followed by a detachment of RUSSIAN ARMY SPECIAL FORCES.

NAVAL GUARD

(under his breath)

Mother of God...

The tanks smash through the gate, rolling into the Admiralty compound. The Special Forces Men walk silently past the startled Naval Guard, who rushes inside and hits a KLAXON HORN.

INT. ADMIRALTY - NAVAL HOSPITAL STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Harry and Remy, startled by the klaxon, look out the storage room window at...the tanks.

HARRY

Come on, Simon, move it...

EXT. ADMIRALTY - COMPOUND - NIGHT

THE TANKS roll into the Admiralty compound: a message blares from one of the tank's loudspeaker:

TANK LOUDSPEAKER (V. O .)

This is a matter of national security. I

repeat, this is matter of
national...

The tanks roll up to the nuclear situation
facility. The Special Forces Men walk up to
the open hatch.

INT. ADMIRALTY - NUCLEAR OPERATIONS OFFICE
Templar looks at his watch. He's waiting for
Frankie to send back the morphed tape...

TEMPLAR

Come on, Frankie.

Suddenly the transmission starts coming across
the satellite link, recording over the old
tape. It's almost finished...

INT. ADMIRALTY - OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

The Special Forces Men come down the stairs
and across the room toward Karpov's office...

INT. ADMIRALTY - NUCLEAR BUNKER - KARPOV'S OFFICE

Templar yanks the MORPHED TAPE from the v.c.r
and goes back to Karpov's credenza. He kneels
by the drawer. Something fast and unexpected
happens, like slight-of hand. Templar pulls A
SECOND TAPE from inside his suit and puts it
back in the drawer, sliding the morphed tape
under the credenza. He stands, turns, and
freezes...

ILYA (remember, he is dressed as a NAVAL M.P.)
has his gun leveled on Templar. Ilya steps
past Templar. Lifts the tape from the drawer -
the tape from Templar's waistband. The door
bursts open. The Special Forces men pile
inside. The Special Forces MAJOR regards the
situation.

ILYA

I found him over there.
(holds up the tape)

With this.

SPECIAL FORCES MAJOR

Give it to me.

(turns to his men)

Arrest President Karpov.

Four Special Forces Men race out.

INT. ADMIRALTY - NIGHT

President Karpov and his wife are sleeping.
The door blasts open, throwing a beam of light
on Karpov, who sits up, staring with a
confused expression at --
The SPECIAL FORCES MEN, glaring back at him.

CUT TO:

EXT. DVORTSOVAYA PLOSHAD - EARLY MORNING

It's 4 a.m., but revolution is in the air.
Thousands of St. Petersburgers are pouring
into the square. It is an anxious, surreal
scene. RUSSIAN TANKS and ARMOURED VEHICLES
surround the square. THE CROWD explodes with
thunderous cheers as --

MICHAEL ROMANOV, escorted by soldiers, comes
through the crowd. GENERAL NICOLAI RADISCHEV,

tall, stern, career Army man, follows with a contingent of junior officers. Behind Radischev are TEMPLAR, FRANKIE and PRESIDENT KARPOV, under arrest, escorted by SPECIAL FORCES MEN. Romanov climbs atop a TANK TURRET. He looks out over the crowd. THE CROWD comes to a hush. Like Lenin's arrival at Finland Station. A history-in-the-making atmosphere.

ROMANOV

Friends, countrymen, I give
you Major Antonin
Scarpinin.

Major Scarpinin (the Special Forces Major),
climbs atop the tank turret.

MAJOR SCARPININ

Twenty minutes ago a team
of Russian Special Forces,
acting on confidential
information, raided
President Karpov's
office...

ACROSS THE SQUARE - TRETIAK and his men emerge
from several limousines. As Tretiak moves
through the crowd, IVAN GRACHA and twenty of
his men approach.

TRETIAK

Thank you for coming, Ivan,
it is a great night for
Russia.

IVAN GRACHA

I don't give a damn who's
president. I'll make my
money either way.

TRETIAK

Maybe you should take
greater interest in
politics, Ivan Gracha.
Tretiak and Gracha turn to
Major Scarpinin,
listening...

ON THE TANK TURRET - TEMPLAR and FRANKIE are
shoved by soldiers up next to Scarpinin.
Templar and Frankie exchange a steely glance.
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SQUARE - REMY and
HARRY come through the crowd. Seeing Templar
and Frankie atop the tank, they stop in their
tracks and watch...

MAJOR SCARPININ

This man, a known
international thief, aided
by this woman, a German
operative, were arrested
stealing a surveillance
videotape from President
Karpov's office. Scarpinin
shows THE SEIZED TAPE to

the crowd, then hands it to Romanov, who climbs atop the tank. TEMPLAR AND FRANKIE are pulled down from the turret and led away to TWO ARMY TRUCKS in the background.

ROMANOV

One month ago I said I would prove that those who call themselves our leaders...

(points at KARPOV)

.. .are in league with those who we know to be thieves, traitors, rapists of our once-great country. Do you want to see this proof?

THE CROWD

(out for blood)

YES!

Romanov hands the tape to Major Scarpinnin, who walks it over to an army communications TECHNICIAN standing by a portable V.C.R. linked to the HUGE SCREEN (seen in Romanov's earlier speech) above Romanov. ON THE TANK TURRET - ROMANOV points at the HUGE SCREEN. The crowd waits breathlessly. ... ON THE SCREEN - the tape begins playing, but we don't see Karpov's office. Shockingly, we see...Tretiak's. Simon Templar stashed the tape Frankie recorded of the Tretiak/Romanov meeting in Karpov's office. We see:

TRETIAK

Hail Michael Romanov, Czar of the Fatherland. How will that sound to the average Russian?

ROMANOV

The average Russian is a fool.

IN THE CROWD there is confusion, incredulity. ROMANOV'S eyes widen. TRETIAK and MEN stare in disbelief at the screen. IVAN GRACHA and his men slowly back away from Tretiak.

ROMANOV

He exists to be dominated. To partnership in government.

TRETIAK

No Romanov - to partnership in crime.

MICHAEL ROMANOV looks down at the crowd and... . . .500,000 RUSSIANS stare back at him in silence.

ROMANOV

That... that it is a
fraud...

(turns to General
Radischev)

I can explain.

RADISCHEV
(motions to MAJOR
SCARPININ)

Arrest him.

Scarpinin and his Special Forces Men close in on Michael Romanov, the crusading reformer. ACROSS THE SQUARE - TRETIAK AND HIS MEN, huddled in a protective circle, stare into the angry faces of half a million Russian citizens. Total silence. A pin could drop. Tretiak and his men brandish their weapons. The intimidated crowd backs off. They move quickly toward their vehicles, the CROWD parting for them.

A DETACHMENT OF RUSSIAN MARINES comes through the crowd. They are heavily armed and ready for business. Tretiak aims and fires. A MARINE goes down. CIVILIANS SCREAM and dive away. pandemonium breaks out. TRETIAK'S MEN open fire. The MARINES return fire. A harrowing amount of ammunition is expended in seconds. Ten of Tretiak's men and many marines take hits. ZERO dies instantly. A brutal, close-quarters firefight. The outnumbered marines take the worst of it. Tretiak, Ilya, and Tretiak's surviving men run past the fallen marines to their vehicles. They pile into the first two cars and SQUEAL away, heading down the Nevsky Prospect.

ACROSS THE SQUARE - AT THE ARMY TRUCKS Panic and pandemonium. Soldiers running here and there amidst panicked civilians. A SPECIAL FORCES SERGEANT stands guard outside one of the trucks. A NAVAL PARAMEDIC, supporting a WOUNDED PARAMEDIC, staggers up. Harry Winston and Remy, of course.

HARRY WINSTON (RUSSIAN)

Sergeant, give me a hand.

The Sergeant gives Harry a hand. REMY stands up; whips the barrel of his gun across the Sergeant's head, who collapses onto Harry. Harry drags him off and -
REMY pulls the pin on the truck's doorlock. The door swings open. Templar hops down ...

TEMPLAR

Get Frankie.

Remy and Harry hurry off to the other army truck. TEMPLAR gets in the truck, sliding behind the wheel. He starts the ignition and throws it in drive. The truck rumbles forward, hopping the curb. THE ARMY TRUCK ROARS out of

the square, pursuing Tretiak's vehicles down the Nevsky Prospect as, behind him --
-- the TANKS and ARMOURED VEHICLES also roar out of the square, followed by Russian Marines, Special Forces, and the enraged crowd. They too head down the Nevsky Prospect for the mafia headquarters...

CUT TO:

EXT. TRETIAK' S HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT
Tretiak's vehicles wheel into the circular drive. No guards are present. Tretiak and men exit the vehicles and race inside --
INT. TRETIAK'S HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT
Tretiak and his men hurry in. No guards here, either. Tretiak's on his cellular phone.

TRETIAK

Get the plane running,
we'll be there in five
minutes.

(to his men)

Clean out the safe. Burn
the records in my office.

Tretiak and Ilya go quickly to the basement stairs. Tretiak's men go for the upstairs staircase.

INT. TRETIAK' S HEADQUARTERS - ZUBOV' S LAB
A T.V. shows a newscast from the Ploschad. Dr. Singh and Zubov, having seen everything that just transpired, are frantically destroying their data and records. Zubov is burning the cold fusion hardcopies in a waste basket. Dr. Singh is deleting the computer files. Tretiak and Ilya come down the stairs. Zubov pops a 3 1/4 disk from the computer.

ZUBOV

We reduced the fusion
formula to one disk and
destroyed everything else.

TRETIAK

Good.

And Tretiak draws his gun. As does Ilya. Zubov and Dr. Singh stare at the guns.

DR. SINGH

What.. . what are you...?

Tretiak shoots Zubov. Ilya shoots Dr. Singh. The two scientists fall, dead. So much for honor among thieves. Then Tretiak wheels on Ilya, his gun coming up. Yes, so much for honor among thieves... Tretiak freezes, startled. Because Ilya has his gun leveled on Tretiak. Tretiak tries to speak. Words won't form. Ilya FIRES. Tretiak pitches over backward. Ilya walks past Tretiak's corpse, yanks the computer disk from Zubov's lifeless hand and turns --

TEMPLAR stands across the lab, gun in hand. Ilya's eyes dart around the room.

ILYA

We can share this, Templar.

TEMPLAR

We don't own it.

ILYA

Who does?

TEMPLAR

(eyes glinting)

The Jillian St. Thomas
Foundation.

There is a sudden shrill WHISTLING SOUND.
Templar and Ilya look around.

ILYA

Don't be a fool.

TEMPLAR

I'm a fool? You thought you
could get away with murder.
Used curare didn't you?
Induces blood-clotting.

Templar clicks back the hammer...

ILYA

What do you want?

The WHISTLING is louder. Anyone with military
service knows the sound of incoming
ordnance...

TEMPLAR

What do I want? I want...
revenge. Now give me the
disk.

There's a massive EXPLOSION above. The
laboratory is ROCKED. A SHELF OF CHEMICALS
teeters over, falling on TEMPLAR, knocking the
gun from his hand. The beakers of chemicals
SMASH all around Templar Ilya sprints for the
stairs. Templar grabs for his gun, lying in a
puddle of CARBOLIC ACID. He grabs the gun; the
acid burns his flesh. He drops it and races
for the stairs.

INT. TRETIAK' S HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Ilya emerges from the basement stairwell and
races for the front door. Templar comes up;
sprints after Ilya.

Ilya, with Templar hotly behind, gets to the
front door, flings it open, and... freezes.
And Ilya and Templar are suddenly staring down
the barrel of --

A RUSSIAN TANK. Just sitting there in the
mansion courtyard. Russian soldiers behind it.
Ilya and Templar duck. The tank FIRES. The
MISSILE PROJECTILE explodes from the tank's
barrel, flies through the mansion's front door
over Ilya and Templar's heads...

... wings across the interior of the
mansion...

... and SLAMS into the rear wall of the
mansion, exploding, blowing the wall down,
revealing ANOTHER TANK at the mansion's rear,

lumbering toward it. Ilya slams the door shut and whirls on Templar. They trade blows. Ilya has the better of this. He shoves Templar aside and races back through the foyer.

Templar recovers and races after Ilya, tackling him in the middle of the floor. They roll on the floor, trading vicious blow after vicious blow, when ---

-- A TANK SHELL RIPS into the mansion's domed cupola. Templar and Ilya look up in horror as --

THE 20 FOOT DIAMETER CRYSTAL CHANDELIER descends. Templar and Ilya dive away. The chandelier CRASHES spectacularly in the middle of the foyer, exploding like a glass grenade. A HUGE PIECE OF CRYSTAL hits Templar in the side of the head, opening a gash, dazing him. There's no place to go. Except up. Ilya races for the staircase. Templar recovers and takes up the chase again. Up the staircase they go. A SECOND TANK MISSILE slams into the dome, imploding it. CHUNKS OF STONE and MASONRY fall on Ilya and Templar, knocking them both backward.

INT. TRETIAK'S MANSION - ZUBOV'S LAB - NIGHT
The lab is rocked by the explosions. RACKS OF CHEMICALS in beakers fall to the floor, SMASHING. The chemicals begin to ooze together. A chemical reaction is occurring. The mixing chemicals begin emitting smoke.

INT. TRETIAK'S MANSION - CORRIDOR/TRETIAK'S OFFICE
Tretiak's men are at the windows with automatic weapons, firing on the army below. Two men drag a crate into the office. They open it, revealing an -
ANTI-TANK GRENADE LAUNCHER. They pull it from the crate and set up the tri-pod...

ON THE STAIRCASE - TEMPLAR AND ILYA continue up the staircase. Ilya reaches the mezzanine. He climbs atop the balustrade and jumps to the lip of the crater in the dome. He pulls himself up. Templar repeats Ilya's actions: climbs atop the balustrade and jumps to the lip of the crater. As he pulls himself up... ILYA appears. He compresses his foot against Templar's knuckles. Templar grimaces. There's no way out this time. There's a burst of ORANGE LIGHT as A TANK SHELL explodes on the roof, knocking Ilya off his feet, allowing --
-- Templar to pull himself up to the roof.

EXT. TRETIAK'S HEADQUARTERS / NEVSKY PROSPECT - NIGHT

The tanks continue firing. Russian Marines fire round after round into the mansion. Tretiak's men inside return the fire. Harry, Remy and Frankie run up, looking with alarm at

the vicious firefight. Realizing Templar is within...

INT. TRETIAK'S OFFICE

The anti-tank grenade launcher is operational. One of Tretiak's men loads, the other fires, and --

EXT. TRETIAK'S MANSION - NIGHT

-- an ANTI-TANK SHELL launches from the window and hits the tank in the courtyard, blowing its turret off. Tretiak's men fire assault rifles from the windows. No one's surrendering. It's a fight to the death...

EXT. TRETIAK'S MANSION - ROOF - NIGHT

Templar and Ilya, on the mansion's roof. The view is mind-boggling: the nighttime St. Petersburg skyline looming in the background and, below, three Russian tanks firing shell after shell into the mansion. Across the exploding, crumbling rooftop, Ilya and Templar go. A TANK SHELL explodes in front of Ilya. Ilya falls, concussed by the shell. Templar dives upon him, wrenching the COMPUTER DISK from Ilya's pocket. Ilya slams his forearm into Templar's head. The disk flies from Templar's hand, scuttles across the roof shingles, falling through a crater...

... it flutters to the mansion floor, 50 feet down. They get to their feet, circling each other. Their footing is not trustworthy, like ice in Spring. Tank shells SLAM into the mansion's upper architecture and roof. A shell hits the mansion's east wall, detaching the DRAIN PIPE running up it. Ilya draws a SWITCHBLADE. Backing Templar up. Templar's at the very edge of the building. There's no place to go. Templar's feet are unsteady. Because the cornice of the building is crumbling beneath him. ...

And Templar falls. He looks over his shoulder, his wrists turning, hands opening, and...

... Templar catches the detached DRAINPIPE.

The drainpipe sags under Templar's weight, bending... And it stops. Templar hangs there, bobbing up and down above the alley between the mansion and the adjacent building, fifty feet below. Ilya turns back. He's going after the disk. Ilya jumps through the crater to the mezzanine and races down the staircase...while in the basement...

INT. TRETIAK'S MANSION - ZUBOV'S LAB - NIGHT

Another whole shelf of chemicals falls, smashing. The chemicals continue to mix...

EXT. TRETIAK'S HEADQUARTERS - ROOF

Templar dangles from the drainpipe. KA-CHUNG. It gives. It gives again. The drainpipe is about to break. Templar looks down into the flames and demolition below...

INT. TRETIAK'S MANSION - STAIRCASE/FOYER - NIGHT
Ilya races reaches the foyer. The building is imploding, chunks of stone falling all around him. Ilya's eyes are wild. He wants that disk...

Ilya gets to it. Clutches it. It's finally in his hands. He goes for the staircase. ...

INT. TRETIAK'S MANSION - ZUBOV'S LAB - NIGHT
The chemicals are steaming now, in a froth, becoming more and more and more volatile...

EXT. TRETIAK'S MANSION - NIGHT
Templar, dangling from the drainpipe, looks wildly around for an escape. If he could just get to that adjacent building...
It's too far. And his hands are slipping...
Then, from the mansion's basement, the very guts of the building, the chemicals in the lab detonate and --

THE MANSION EXPLODES FROM WITHIN.

INT. TRETIAK'S MANSION - STAIRCASE - NIGHT
Ilya's eyes bulge in terror as the staircase collapses under him. Ilya falls, engulfed in flame, still clutching the cold fusion disk.

EXT. TRETIAK'S MANSION - NIGHT
The drainpipe fully detaches from the collapsing mansion wall. It falls away from the mansion, with Templar still holding on...
Templar releases from the drainpipe and catches the lip of the roof cornice of the adjacent building. Templar pulls himself up and looks back at...

TRETIAK'S MANSION. The entire building comes apart at the seams. It crashes into a heap of rubble.

FADE
OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. MANHATTAN - REESTABLISHING - DAY
The skyline of the great city as we SUPER: NEW YORK CITY - ONE MONTH LATER

EXT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER - ESTABLISHING
It's mid-day. People coming and going.

INT. ROCKEFELLER - AN OFFICE
CAMERA PANS past the office door, stenciled --
ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION - CHARITABLE DONATIONS -- to a huge desk. Two middle-aged LADIES are going through a four-foot stack of MAILED DONATIONS. They are LUCY and DELORES.

LUCY

Here's one from that guy
who owns most of Brooklyn.
Ten bucks again.

LUCY

I'll alert the media. Guy's
richer than god...

DELORES

(reads a check)

Hey, Mr. Anderson at the
Met gave a thousand this
year. Lucy?
But LUCY'S not listening. She's staring at a
check. Her eyes are like hubcaps.

LUCY

Oh my goodness gracious...
(looks at Delores)
Get Mr. Thomas, Delores.

DELORES

What is it?

LUCY

A check for fifty...
(gulps)
...million dollars.

Delores gets up, goes to Lucy, who's
hyperventilating. Lucy hands her the check.
Delores starts hyperventilating. Lucy reads
the letter:

LUCY

It's from a "Jillian St.
Thomas Foundation," for the
benefit of scientific
research.

DELORES

Never heard of it. Lemme
see.

Lucy hands Delores the letter. INSERT - THE
LETTER is printed under a letterhead with a
logo design: the stick figure man with halo,
the same design as the tiepin Jillian gave
Templar.

BACK TO SCENE

Delores looks at Lucy. Lucy looks back. And
over this we hear a voice. We've heard it
before...

JILLIAN ST. THOMAS

If you're afraid of the
dark, remember the night
rainbow...

EXT. MANHATTAN - BROOKLYN BRIDGE - SUNSET

A lone man stands on the bridge. The spires of
Manhattan rise above him. The sun is
setting...

JILLIAN ST. THOMAS

If tomorrow morning the sky
falls, have clouds for
breakfast. If the birds
forget their songs, listen
to the wind...

CAMERA closes in on the hard, defiant face of
a man who has changed a great deal in these
months.

JILLIAN ST. THOMAS

And if between right and
wrong... And Simon Templar

joins Jillian here,
speaking with her soul...

SIMON AND JILLIAN

...do what is right.

And Simon whispers to himself...

SIMON

I will do what is right.

PULLING BACK, we see that the sunset has cast rays through the bridgework. And we can't be certain, it is vague, but the rays filtering through the bridgework seem to cast a halo over Templar's head. He is, now, The Saint.

THE END

to be continued...