



THE SAINT

by

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SECOND AMENDMENTS

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THIRD AMENDMENTS

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FADE IN TO:

1 EXT. HONG KONG - MORNING (ESTABLISHING) 1

ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE of the port city. SUPER UP: HONG KONG, 1970. SOUNDS of bustle and commerce give way to a halting:

BOY'S VOICE

Simon Magus was a magician, and a sorcerer, in ... um ...

2 EXT. ST. IGNATIUS HOME FOR FOUNDLINGS - MORNING 2*

A bleak facade in an otherwise exotic city. OVER:

STERN MAN'S VOICE

In Sumeria. And what happened to Simon Magus. Bartolo?

3 INT. CLASSROOM - MORNING 3*

Thirty scared skinny BOYS and GIRLS, on separate sides of the classroom, cringe before FATHER YIN, a pudgy priest with a touch of the sadist. The boy, identified as BARTOLO, hazards a glance at the well-thumbed Bible on his scarred wooden desk.

BARTOLO

Jesus' disciples performed miracles ...
When Simon Magus saw the miracles, he offered Peter gold for God's powers.

FATHER YIN

And how did Peter respond? John Rossi?

The BOY called JOHN ROSSI has a spark of mischief in his eye, as he gazes down, studying his Bible with uncommon interest.

Now Father Yin yanks away the Bible, revealing what the boy is really reading: a paperback with a gaudy cover (muscular Crusaders in white mantles with red crosses on the left shoulder) titled The Knights Templar: Their Crowning Crusade.

Muffled TITTERS. John Rossi throws a glance at:

AGNES, a darling doe-eyed ten-year-old ragamuffin who blushes deeply, stifles a sweet giggle, then jumps in her seat as --

-- Father Yin grabs the paperback, hurls it against the wall.

FATHER YIN

Answer my question, John Rossi.

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED:

3

BOY

That's not my name.

Muted GIGGLES, which Yin stifles with a sharp GROWL. Then he spells it out, one last time, fairly spitting each word:

FATHER YIN

You and every other bastard lucky enough to be here ... children of sin, spawn of the damned, are all named for saints. Saints who were disciplined. Saints who were chaste. You were named for John Baptist Rossi, a Capuchin priest who gave away his possessions ... A man who had nothing. like you.

In fact the Boy has something now: a Cruciform stickpin he's slipped from the Priest's hem and palms under Yin's nose.

FATHER YIN

Answer my question, you ungrateful cur.

But the Boy won't budge.

4

INT. CORRIDOR - A MINUTE LATER

4

The children silently gather to watch, through a stained-glass window, as Father Yin brings a switch down on the Boy.

Agnes empathetically flinches with each blow of the cane.

FATHER YIN'S VOICE

What is your name, boy?

Defiant silence. Agnes wipes a tear.

CUT TO:

5

INT. DINING ROOM - NOON

5

A hundred boys sit stewing, in front of as many empty plates. Father Yin singles out John Rossi, in the center of the room.

FATHER YIN'S VOICE

No meal will be served to any lad until you acknowledge your namesake!

Despite the heat from two hundred eyes, the Boy stays mum.

CUT TO:

6 INT. DINING ROOM - THAT EVENING 6*

While the others sulk, John has stayed busy, fitting the stickpin into a small handcarved knife-handle onto which he'd crudely burnt a bogus "coat of arms." Finally finished, he looks up and tells the ravenous, skeptical boys round him.

JOHN

Sorry lads, I'll make it worth your wait.

CUT TO:

6A CLOSE - PRIMITIVE PENKNIFE 6A*

As an antiquated lock is popped and --

6B INT. PRIEST'S LOUNGE - EVENING 6B*

A score of boys on tiptoe, led by John Rossi, sneak past a slumbering Priest (empty bottle of port beside him) and into:

7 INT. PRIEST'S PANTRY - EVENING 7

The Priest's private stock of goodies. The boys swarm in, stuffing their faces with mincemeat, pies, cheese, fresh fruit ... John must be starving too but he just stands here and watches the others feast, eyes glinting with pleasure.

CUT TO:

8 EXT. BOYS' DORM - NIGHT 8*

All is quiet, dark, peaceful. The boys must be sleeping.

Or not ... Now a window on the highest floor slides open. Something white appears on the sill, a long slithering snake.

Go in TIGHTER: No it's a dozen bedsheets, knotted together. John Rossi feeds the sheet-snake down to the courtyard.

9 OMIT 9*

10 INT. FATHER YIN'S ROOM - NIGHT (A MOMENT LATER) 10

Directly below the boys. As John scampers silently past his window, followed by more boys, the Priest lies snoring surrounded by his pack of slumbering Doberman Pinschers.

11 EXT. GIRL'S DORM - NIGHT (TWO MINUTES LATER) 11*

As John picks the obsolete front door lock with his penknife:

BARTOLO

(excited whisper)

They should name you Simon Magus, for the magician ...

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

John flaunts the white cloak he's fashioned from a sheet, with its magic-markered red cross on the left shoulder.

JOHN
Simon Templar.

The lock pops open.

CUT TO:

12 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

12*

The pack of boys, spurred on by General John Rossi, sweeps up the steep Gothic stairs. But on the landing above, they're foiled by a heavy mesh partition, fit for a high security prison, that extends from wall to bannister, floor to ceiling.

John eyes this impediment with a flash of defiance and vows:

JOHN
Someday I'll get in ... anywhere.

But for now, the best he can do, is call for:

JOHN
Agnes ...!

While the others, scared, try to SHUSH him, John CALLS and CALLS again ... until Agnes, trailed by curious girlfriends, rubs sleep from her eyes as she pads from her room in a faded nightgown. Then lights up: dazed, delighted, disbelieving.

AGNES
John Rossi ...?

She comes straight up to the grim partition. The two beautiful children regard each other through the heavy mesh. John gently draws down a strand of Agnes' golden hair through the mesh and strokes it. Moved, she manages still to admonish:

AGNES
When they catch you they'll cane you!

John shakes his head: won't happen.

JOHN
Because we're leaving tonight! This hearty brotherhood ... on a Crusade.

Agnes believes him! Her eyes mist. He's in his glory, as:

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

JOHN

It's why I risked everything, Agnes my
love, to bid you farewell. I can't leave
you behind without a kiss, can I?

13 INT. GIRL'S ROOM - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

13*

An OBESE NUN waddles in to check on her charges. And sees a
half dozen empty cots. When her GASP subsides she hears ...
a VOICE from the corridor beyond. The voice of ... a BOY --!

14 INT. FATHER YIN'S ROOM - A MOMENT LATER

14

The Obese Nun's SCREAM raise Father Yin with a jolt. He's up
in an instant -- along with his snapping, growling Dobes.

14B INT. NUNS' QUARTERS - NIGHT

14B*

In this emergency, the Priest leads his dogs directly through
the barracks where the startled - awake Nuns are quartered:

15 INT. STAIRWELL (ST. TERESA) - NIGHT

15

Hearing the approaching commotion, John waves farewell with a
flourish, through the mesh. As the boys start to depart:

GIRL'S VOICE

Wait! John Rossi. My kiss ...

John pauses, enchanted by the proposition. Only one way to
do it: the love birds daringly lean over the bannister,
around the partition. Just as their lips are about to meet--

-- Father Yin and his Dobermans charge out. The sadistic
Priest enraged by what he finds here commands his dogs:

FATHER YIN

Sic the boy.

-- and the guard dogs leap, snarling, behind Agnes.

JOHN

-- NO --

And Agnes, angel without wings ... Agnes is knocked off
balance. Agnes tumbles over the bannister.

John gazes down the stairwell. As do Father Yin, boys, a few
Nuns. One Sister crosses herself. All are stunned, silent.

A little girl lies crumpled on the marble floor down below.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 15
As the enormity of what happened hits him, John's mouth flies
open and we FALL INTO IT -- as though tumbling down the black
hole that is his history for the next twenty-five years, then
16 OMIT 16
17 OMIT 17
18 OMIT 18
SMASH TO:
19 INT. HOTEL ROOM - AN HOUR LATER 19
THE ADULT SIMON TEMPLAR

(CONTINUED)

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7.

19 CONTINUED:

19

as he wakes on a lumpy cot, with a terrible gasp. And looks around wildly, eyes hollow, face slick with sweat, before it comes back to him where he is -- and who he is -- today ...

Templar sits at a dull mirror, squinting at a face that is dilligently devoid of expression. On his desk, an assortment of false mustaches, sideburns, cheek pads, mouth prosthetics.

BBC World plays quietly on the TV. We pick up phrases: "biggest gam heist in American history," "work of a lone professional," "FBI and Interpol are pooling information" ...

PAN the ROOM, a shabby rental such as one might find in any city. Photos are taped on the walls, made with long lenses: Blow-ups of FACES, various angles of an office building (with signage identifying it as "Tretiak Industries" headquarters.) Numerous detailed floor-plans as well. Templar's bedside reading is a big hardcover book titled The Third Rome: Blueprint For a Third Millennium, by one Ivan P. Tretiak.

When we FIND Templar again, he has transformed himself into a moon-faced mustachoied ruffian. Now he goes to the window, parts the cheap curtain, gazes onto:

20 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - AFTERNOON

20

The Stalin-era Soviet-realist "Tretiak Industries" building we saw on Templar's wall. SUPER UP: MOSCOW, TOMORROW.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. TRETIKAK INDUSTRIES BUILDING - LATE AFTERNOON

21

BODYGUARDS in quilted overcoats escort a potpourri of Old and New Russians -- BUSINESSMEN, BANDITOS, PRIESTS, CAREER MILITARY, POLITICOS, etc. inside, past a broadcast van with cables snaking through the lobby.

In the lead, accompanied by former Army pals IGOR, VLAD and SASCHA, is a thuggish young dandy with a sullen charisma named ILYA. (Ilya's was one of the faces seen on Templar's hotel wall.) He's consciously set himself apart in a hip suit, no tie, intimidating pair of skinhead-style paraboots.

Ilya glances over his shoulder, as though sensing something amiss. But no, there isn't a problem --

-- unless it's the unfamiliar mustachioed bodyguard entering:

-- unless it's the unfamiliar mustachioed bodyguard entering:

22 INT. LOBBY - LATE AFTERNOON

22

As the formation passes the security desk, our Bodyguard sticks (X) a tiny VIDEOCAMERA the size of a watch-face onto a pillar behind a row of monitors. Then coolly peels off as --

-- the guests excitedly line up at the bank of elevators that will carry them up to the Conference Room.

23 INT. SERVICE STAIRS - A MOMENT LATER

23

Our Bodyguard now starts upstairs, on foot.

(X)

CUT TO:

23A INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR -- LATE AFTERNOON

23A

Ringed by security, IVAN TRETIK strides forth. He's a handsome Rasputin, a young Tolstoy, a sexy Solzhenitsyn. OS we HEAR, in subtitled Russian -- volume RISING as Tretiak approaches the conference room where the conclave was called:

(X)

SKLAROV'S VOICE

In history are three great empires that dominated the world both culturally and militarily: Rome, Constantinople and Russia. All three have fallen. Only one can be restored. Only one man can restore it ... Ivan Petrovich Tretiak!

He sweeps through a KITCHEN, then into:

24 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

24

Grandly scaled, dramatically lit, electric with tension, festooned with the banners of Tretiak's Oktober Party: rising sun, Russian Girl and Boy gazing on a glorious tomorrow.

(X)

Tretiak enters to wild ACCLAIM. GENERAL SKLAROV, the porcine COLD WARRIOR warming the room, cedes the podium. Subtitled:

TRETIK

Friends. Countrymen! Russians!

Raucous CHEERS.

Tretiak plays to the CAMERAS capturing his speech for live telecast. All CUTS and ANGLES closely monitored by YURI VERESHAGIN, Chief Operating Officer of Tretiak Industries.

TRETIK

You people are the cream of Russia, a cross-section of our very best ... So why have you come to listen to me rave?

As we TRACK IN, then DISSOLVE to a CU, Tretiak continues in Russian-accented English (as will all Russian characters in the film henceforth, unless otherwise noted).

TRETIK

Set aside my oil company, forget about my best-selling book ...
(more)

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

TRETIK (Cont'd)
and all I am, is a lunatic! Haunted by
the fantasy of an empire that reclaims
her former might, her former size ...
All I am is a dreamer! Beset by
nightmares of a West that cackles while
castrating us in the name of democracy
... All I am is a poet! Spinning
rhymes of a Russia not cut off at the
knees, but armed to the teeth! Not
ridiculed, but revered!

Then as though dissatisfied, dramatically crumples his notes.

TRETIK
No, more than revered. FEARED!

Pandemonium.

25 INT. UPPER SERVICE STAIRS - SAME TIME

25

Our Man has nearly reached the top -- then hits a wall: for
security purposes a penultimate staircase is cemented closed. (X)

He quickly backtracks to the last landing, to a window there.

Strips off his overcoat -- bulky not from quilting but rather
from all the gear and gadgets it hid. Revealed, now, in a
thermal bodysuit, he removes a foot-long aluminum ladder ...

26 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

26

Tretik speaks over the CLAMOR, voice steadily rising. (X)

TRETIK
For anyone can venerate a sweet old
babushka who's seen better days. But
when that babushka rips off her rags,
rears up and reveals that she is ...
(thunderous)
Mother Russia, roaring bear, then the
world had better cringe from her claws!

A standing ovation.

Bored by the prolonged kudos, Ilya turns to the window -- to
admire his reflection in the glass.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: 26
27
thru OMITTED 27
28 28

29 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - LATE AFTERNOON 29

Just to the side of Ilya's windowpane ... Our Man climbs the aluminum ladder, now telescoped from one foot to twenty-five. And as the salute finally subsides we HEAR, from inside:

TRETIAK

But who am I to dazzle you with this dream? All I've done, as winter surely comes, is open all my spigots -- drain every heating oil refinery of Tretiak Industries dry!

30 EXT. ROOFTOP BALLUSTRADE - TEMPLAR 30

comes up INTO FRAME, the Edmund Hillary of high-tech larceny.

30A INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME TIME 30A

Tretiak turns directly to the CAMERA now, for his CLOSE-UP.

TRETIAK

And still the people freeze to death!
And only President Karpov can say why.

He cups an ear as though straining for an answer. On CUE:

The Video Engineer, working from a detailed script, punches in a SHOT of the Kremlin -- remote, inaccessible. Then back to: *

30B OMITTED 30B

30C INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - TRETIAK 30C

Hearing nothing, of course, he gives a tragicomic shrug.

TRETIAK

Karpov, like God, is silent. I cannot be silent. For, who am I? I AM A MAN!

Fifty Russians ROAR: and what a man! As Tretiak basks ... *

30D EXT. ROOFTOP - LATE AFTERNOON

30D

Having gained the roof, our Man faces a (for him) simple lock. Kneeling, he plucks from a compartment in the bootheel a sleek gorgeous penknife -- the grownup realization of his juvenile creation. Stands and starts to pick the lock, as:

30E INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME TIME

30E

The one guest who looks less than enamoured of Tretiak turns, to slip out. At the door Ilya is intercepted by the fiercely loyal Vereshagin.

VERESHAGIN

How does it look when the leader's son walks out while the leader speaks --?

ILYA

You'd prefer that the leader's son piss his pants on live TV?

And he pushes past Vereshagin -- who quickly recovers his dignity, clears his throat and announces to the congregation:

VERESHAGIN

Mr. Tretiak will now lead us in the new Soviet Anthem that was banned when our Empire fell

31 INT. ROOFTOP CORRIDOR - LATE AFTERNOON

31

Our Man has reached the entrance to an empty undefended corridor. He dons a pair of infra-red goggles. Filtering up are the faint but ardent strains of the outlawed Soviet ANTHEM.

- 32 POV THRU GOGGLES 32
- Just in front of him, there is a wall of horizontal LIGHT BEAMS, spaced a foot apart, from floor to ceiling.
- 33 BACK TO SCENE 33
- Our Man passes a probe under the lowest bar, that's wired to his thermal bodysuit. Then takes a digital reading off his wristwatch, as the probe tracks his rising body temperature, inside the suit. The instant his temperature equals the temperature within the corridor, there is a delicate BEEP to confirm. And Our Man passes, unheralded, through the beams.
- 34 INT. UPPER FLOOR CORRIDOR - LATE AFTERNOON 34
- Ilya strides purposefully down the empty hallway, an important young man late for a big meeting --
- 35 INT. SECURITY OFFICE - SAME TIME 35
- We start TIGHT on a sleek little battery-powered computerized safecracker, its tiny arm working a combination lock. WIDEN:
- Our Man sets a small explosive cap in the corner. Consults a Watchman, which taps the lobby desk. The Security Office must be coming up next in the surveillance cycle, because ...
- ... Our Man disengages the Safecracker, quickly moving it and himself into the corner just below the security camera ...
- 36 INT. LOBBY - SAME TIME 36
- The Security Office appears on a monitor, looking ... secure.
- 37 INT. SECURITY OFFICE 37
- The instant its image is supplanted, Templar reattaches Safecracker to safe. The unit picks up where it left off --
- 38 INT. STAIRWELL (JUST BELOW) - SAME TIME 38
- Ilya skulks in here, shuts the door. His big meeting is with a vial of methamphetamine. In the privacy of the stairwell, he spreads some powder on the back of his hand, sniffs it up.
- His head rocks back as though he's been pleasantly punched. He lays out another line, leans down to snort it ... and a gust of wind blows it away! Growling, Ilya glances over and sees -- very odd -- the window was forced, is open a crack.

39 INT. SECURITY OFFICE - A MINUTE LATER

39

Just as the outlawed ANTHEM reaches its muffled climax below, the Safecracker pops the lock and Our Man kneels, to find:

A black box the size of a cufflink-keeper. Within, sits a gleaming MICROCHIP. As Our Man reaches for it, he HEARS:

ILYA'S VOICE
Stoyat! Ruki za golovu!

As Our Man slips the chip into his breast pocket:

OUR MAN (TEMPLAR)
I'm sorry, I don't speak Russian.

ILYA
In that case: Stand up, put your hands
behind your head and turn around slow.
(re: the hood)
Wrong place for a condom. Peel it off.

As Our Man obeys, Ilya gives out with a cruel barking laugh.

ILYA
That tragic mug of yours won't look any
worse in the morgue.

Templar peers at Ilya. Something telltale in the Russian's movements, facial muscles and -- most of all -- his pupils.

TEMPLAR
Listen. I give this back to you, Daddy
locks it up again, what do you get? Not
even a Christmas bonus ... On the other
hand, you go 50-50 with me, a half
million in hard currency ... You could
buy all the methedrine in Moscow.

If Ilya is surprised at being pinned, he'll never show it.

ILYA
Y'got nothing to bargain with, is your
first problem. Here's your second.

He pulls out a pistol.

ILYA
Microchip, please.

Templar reaches into his breast pocket, pulls out the chip. Takes a cautious step with it toward Ilya -- who spits:

ILYA
FREEZE!

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

Templar flinches, drops the chip.

TEMPLAR

Sorry, you startled me, I'll help y--

ILYA

Suck me sideways.

He stoops, eyes -- and gun -- trained on Templar. But in the millisecond in which Ilya glances down to pick up the chip --

-- Templar kicks his head! Ilya falls, counters with a leg-sweep that brings Templar down. A few more deft moves from Ilya and Templar, thoroughly outclassed in the martial arts department, opts for flight over fight.

Hitting a radio-transmitted switch from his pocket, he shuts his eyes, blows the cap set earlier: a phosphor FLARE fills the room with dazing light. Templar rolls free, races down:

- 40 INT. CORRIDOR 40
Where his picture is taken by a series of security cameras.
- 41 INT. LOBBY 41
Spotting the fleeing Templar, Security sounds the ALARM.
- 42 INT. CORRIDOR 42
Ilya follows, blinking away retinal afterburn, but confident.
- 43 EXT. ROOFTOP - LATE AFTERNOON 43
Fighting blustery winds, Templar sprints to the ballustrade.
As he grips the rail a chunk is blown away, beside a finger.
He freezes: the next shot won't miss. Advancing behind him:
- ILYA
Give it up. You got no place to go.
- TEMPLAR
Except down.
- 44 EXT. ROOFTOP - LATE AFTERNOON 44
And Templar springs over the railing, vaulting into space.
- 45 EXT. ROOFTOP - LATE AFTERNOON 45
Stunned, Ilya looks over the edge. Sees Templar free-falling
... Though he'd love to watch his foe go splat, there isn't
time. So he turns, races back toward the Security Office.

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13.

46 TEMPLAR IN MIDAIR

46

discards the padding from his cheeks, his mustache, and --

47 EXT. STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

47

-- hits the bed of a truck, parked behind the building. As planned: because inside the bed was a giant airbag.

CUT TO:

47A INT. SECURITY OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON (SAME TIME)

47A

Ilya searches the floor. Finds the chip. But no, its --

 ILYA

 -- a goddamned button --

From Templar's bodysuit. Cursing to make a Bolshevik blush, Ilya stomps on the Safecracker with his black paraboots.

CUT TO:

48 EXT. STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

48

Templar climbs down from the airbag. Reaches into a vent in its side, finds a ragged overcoat, peasant headgear. Setting off, he slips on a patch of ice.

 TEMPLAR

 Should shovel that. 'S'dangerous ...

Then encounters LOBBY SECURITY. Rather than run, he lurches toward the guard, palm outstretched as though for a handout. LOBBY SECURITY shoves him aside, keeps hunting.

CUT TO:

49 OMITTED

49

50 EXT. STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

50

Trailed by Igor, Sascha and Vlad, Ilya sprints around to the rear of the Tretiak Industries building, where Templar's corpse should be resting in pieces.

 ILYA

 Where's the body?

 LOBBY SECURITY

 (shakes his head -- no
 body)

 Just some guy in rags.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (2)

50

As Ilya tries to process this impossibility ... he suddenly focuses on the truck, and notes the airbag.

Then starts to run, the others following, after a "bum" down the block, just rounding a corner --

CUT TO:

51 EXT. STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

51

Templar-as-bum hurries through an archway, passing a convoy of Russian troops. Just ahead comes a PROCESSION carrying Tretiak placards ... He joins their ranks, working his way to the front of the parade but alas, he doesn't quite blend in.

Now we CRANE UP to see Ilya et al. right behind the marches.

51A WITH ILYA ET AL 51A
Lobby Security glimpses the "bum" at the front of the marches *

51B WITH TEMPLAR 51B
Sensing he's been spotted, he quickly rounds a corner into. *

51C EXT. RED SQUARE - LATE AFTERNOON 51C
Where he finds a Genuine Bum, whom he pleasantly surprises by linking arms, then proffering a bottle of vodka to share.
As Ilya & Company race past, hunting for a lone "bum" Templar pulls a cap from his pocket fitted with long scraggly "hair." Then begins to peel off his reversible coat, exposing the brightly-colored parka on the inside ...

51D ILYA 51D
as he surveys the Square, barren but for a handful of Sightseers taking snapshots of St. Basil's cathedral. And then he spots ...

52 EXT. RED SQUARE - LATE AFTERNOON 52
...the lone bum, moving quickly toward Ilyinsky Street. *
With lightning-quick strides, Ilya catches up and grabs the BUM -- who tries ineffectually to fight back, as he SHRIEKS:
BUM
It's mine!
Clutching the half-empty vodka bottle as though it were his baby, Ilya spins and scrutinizes the Square again -- including some dopey hirsute Tourist in a loud blue parka.
As Ilya unhappily stomps off, Templar-the-Tourist lifts the camera to his face and, wearing a faint smile, focuses on:

52A THROUGH THE LENS 52A
A CNN CORRESPONDENT with her crew in the classic newscaster-in-front-of-St. Basil's shot, as she files tonight's story.
CNN CORRESPONDENT
Today in Moscow, Russians are warming to the angry rhetoric of former Communist boss Ivan Tretiak.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

52A CONTINUED:

52A

CNN CORRESPONDENT (Cont'd)
Now a billionaire oil magnate and
militant Nationalist. Tretiak is
mounting a broad-based challenge to the
current government via his "Oktober"
Party.

52B ONSCREEN

52B

Soundbites from today's Oktober Party telecast segue into a
MONTAGE of Russian unrest (President Karpov ducking rocks and
bottles, a frozen body removed from a building) as we HEAR:

(X)

CNN CORRESPONDENT
According to Tretiak, the freedom
Reformist President Karpov has given
his countrymen is the freedom -- TO
FREEZE! This accusation comes with
winter just around the corner, and the
heating oil shortage growing worse with
each passing day ...

(X)

PULL BACK to see we were watching a video projection inside:

2000-03-24/14A

CNN SOUNDBITES FOR BRITISH AIRWAYS VIDEO SCENE 53

Tretiak stands on the front steps of his mansion.

TRETIK

How can NATO talk so boldly of expansion to the east? They must have a secret understanding with Mr. Karpov! Whereas it is we Russians who should be expanding -- rebuilding our great Soviet empire, by force if necessary.

President Karpov sits behind a desk, in his office.

KARPOV

If Mr. Tretiak persists in accusing me of collusion with the west, he must produce proof of his scurrilous claim -- documents, correspondence, hard evidence ... If he cannot, then I demand that he stops the demagoguery and call off the dogs!

Pink - 8th March 1996

15.

PAGE 15 DELETED CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

53 INT. BRITISH AIR FIRST CLASS COMPARTMENT - HOURS LATER

53

Almost everyone is asleep in here but Templar -- his long hair (X)
dark, jaw romantically stubbled. He idly swings a gold chain,
with antique locket, in front of his face. Now, OS:

YOUNG WOMAN'S VOICE
(Russian accent)
... What beautiful work.

Directly across the aisle is an exquisite, innocent and proud (X)
YOUNG Russian WOMAN. She reaches out a delicate hand, he gives
her the locket to inspect.

YOUNG WOMAN
Ah, "cloisonne." Is it very old?

TEMPLAR
(Spanish accent)
Older than me ... which makes it
ancient, yes?

The Young Woman laughs.

YOUNG WOMAN
You're not old, not at all.

Then -- earnest, contemplative, she confides:

YOUNG WOMAN
Tonight I feel like the oldest person
on this plane.

Off Templar's look:

YOUNG WOMAN
My husband, he's sending me off to
England to live, until things change --

TEMPLAR
-- because he's making a lot of money
right now and Russia's not safe --

YOUNG WOMAN
-- and I'm "the most precious thing" to
him.

He reads the ambivalence she's trying to hide. And runs with
it:

TEMPLAR
And that is why he's sending you away.
From your home. From him. Because he
loves you so much.

The Young Woman shrugs -- openly doubtful now, openly scared.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

YOUNG WOMAN
It's a sacrifice.

TEMPLAR
No, it's ... excuse me, but "bullshit."
You're married -- what? -- less than
a year, and already he has a
girlfriend? I'm sorry, it's none of my
business ...

He turns away, leaving her stunned. There is a long silence as (X)
she summons the presence of mind to sound matter-of-fact.

YOUNG WOMAN
I'm Irena, by the way.

TEMPLAR
(turns back to her)
Martin de Porres. I was named for a
Panamanian saint who could cure the
sick or injured by laying on of hands.

Irena's pupils widen -- we feel, more than see, this.

IRENA (YOUNG WOMAN)
... Yes?

CUT TO:

54 INT. HEATHROW CUSTOMS CONTROL - THAT EVENING 54

Customs OFFICER 1 ransacks Templar's bag while OFFICER 2 compares a print-out of his distorted face taken off the Iretiak Industries security videotape. Bored, Templar turns to a mirror he knows is one-way. *

55 INT. SUREVEILLANCE ROOM - SAME TIME 55

CHIEF INSPECTOR TEAL of Scotland Yard stares at Templar's mug. Then down at a row of computer-generated, composite sketches. They're all different: long dark hair, short blond hair, clean-shaven, bearded, bespectacled, overweight, sunken-cheeked. Yet, at the same time, all naggingly alike. *

Inspector RABINEAU, Teal's female partner, finds a face that resembles the swarthy Spanish businessman in the "mirror." *

RABINEAU

Van Gogh theft, last year, in the Netherlands ... Same eyes. *

TEAL

Same chin structure, from the Brinks gold bullion heist --

As each finds still more composites that mirror Templar's facial features ... *

55A INT. CUSTOMS CONTROL - EVENING 55A*

... OFFICER 3 arrives with a fresh x-ray he holds up to the light. Templar's insides on display. *

OFFICER 3

He didn't swallow the microchip. *

Templar shrugs: of course not. *

TEMPLAR

On the plane they have ... how you say? "The salmon mousse". *

He smiles very sweetly, then glances through the glass at: *

55B THE DEPARTING PASSENGERS 55B*

Among them IRENA, who walks unmolested toward the exit. The Byzantine locket around her pale swan's neck. *

BACK TO: *

55C INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - SAME TIME 55C*

Rabineau's obsessing about yet one more composite. *

(CONTINUED)

55C CONTINUED:

55C

RABINEAU

... dead ringer for the Sunnyvale
motherboard scam. Except for the hair.

TEAL

"The hair"? It's a bloody wig!

Indignant, he marches out of the surveillance room, into:

56 INT. CUSTOMS CONTROL - EVENING

56

To tear off Templar's wig. Except ... Templar's gone. Teal
glances around, incredulous

TEAL

Where. Is. He.

The Customs Officers are packing up. They shrug and mumble,
e.g., "Bloke didn't swallow it", "No chip" and "Wrong man".

Teal whips out his notepad and whirls from Officer 1 to 2 to
3, demanding:

TEAL

What's your name? Thank you ... What;s
your name? Mm-hmm. What's your name?

CUT TO:

57 OMIT 57*

58 INT. LONDON HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (LATER) 58

We're CLOSE on the sweet, sated face of Irena asleep. *

Now a MAN'S HAND ENTERS FRAME, draws back the sheet from her neck. All the Russian girl is wearing, it would seem, is the necklace Templar gave her. *

Which the hand now unclasps and slips off her neck. Irena stirs, murmurs ... and Templar soothes her by planting a gentle kiss on her lips. *

Then the soft sound of his retreating FOOTSTEPS ... We HEAR the hotel room door click OPEN, see a shaft of light fall across Irena's features. As the door CLOSES and the light FADES, the poor girl is faintly smiling, lost in dreams. *

CUT TO:

59 OMIT 59

60 OMIT 60

61 INT. TAXI (MOVING) - NIGHT

61

CLOSE - LOCKET

As it's pried open with a gorgeous custom penknife -- the grown-up realization of Templar's juvenile contraption ...

Templar pops out the microchip, slips it in an envelope, as:

62 EXT. PRIVATE HOTEL - NIGHT (FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER)

62

The taxi pulls up on some exclusive Belgravia backstreet.

Templar steps out. Enters:

63 INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

63

The NIGHT MANAGER, a lovely Jamaican woman, seems happy and surprised -- always surprised -- to see her mysterious guest.

NIGHT MANAGER

Mr. Orseolo!

Templar hands her the envelope. With a faint Italian lilt:

TEMPLAR

Would you overnight it to "Mr. Miyaki"
at this address in Tokyo ..?

A Bellhop -- he must be new -- bustles up, angling for Templar's bag. The Night Manager subtly restrains him.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

63

NIGHT MANAGER

Mr. Orseolo was named for a Venetian saint who left his family for a life of solitary contemplation.

(in other words)

Leave him alone.

CUT TO:

64 INT. TEMPLAR'S ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

64

An understated Georgian-style suite. In solitude, stripped of wig, accent, costume, makeup, attitude he's free to be Templar again. But who is Templar? He tries to remember ...

65 MONTAGE

65

In JUMP CUTS he puts on a Chopin, then Cream, then Tricky ... Needs a shower; no, a bath ... Pacing his suite, he shuffles playing cards like a virtuoso ... Sits before his turbo-powered laptop (with wireless modem) as he goes on-line to sift through a series of "video E-mail" messages, low-res clips of assorted lovely WOMEN talking at us from the SCREEN.

JAPANESE WOMAN

Hello, Dominic, it's Hiromi from Osaka...I hope to see you at this year's home electronics show in Tokyo but you don't come and my heart hurts. So I --

Templar flashes to the next one:

JAMAICAN WOMAN

Francis, you devil. I heard you were down here and didn't call -- yes, my secretive dear, there was a confirmed sighting in a Kingston disco, for this bit of naughtiness, Rita must punish y--

Onto the last:

ENGLISH WOMAN

Ring me when you get this, Patrick, as I have two tickets to see Degas at the Tate...and should the show be a bore, or just too crowded, there's the most marvellous hotel not ten minutes away --

JUMP CUT TO:

Templar on the phone, mid conversation with some confederate.

65 CONTINUED:

65

TEMPLAR

-- sorry, I dropped off the radar but I
had to get in on the Russian gold rush...
Oh yeah, Moscow is Dodge City for the
moment, they can't print enough hard
currency and as soon as I top fifty mil,
I'm out of the game...You don't believe
me, try to find me --

Templar, back on his laptop, accessing the National Bank of
Geneva, "Private" Accounts.

His bank account information appears. A long column of
deposits, each in the range of a million to three million.
The total: forty-seven million and change.

Templar taps his fingertips, then checks his second hand,
waiting to be paid. Finally "7" disappears, replaced by "9".

TEMPLAR

I will hit fifty ...

Still he's earned a night's sleep, has he not? Surrendering
to fatigue, he closes his account and shuts down his laptop.

66 INT. TEMPLAR'S ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

66

Templar tosses in bed; then, surrendering to insomnia and a
compulsive -- no, insatiable -- nature, turns on his light.

Back at his laptop. With a few keystrokes he logs onto the
Net, finds the website for the "Southeast Asian Horticultural
Society." From here, clicks on "Orchids of Southeast Asia."
From here, to "Timor Island," then to the "Orchids of Timor."
At this point there's a "Decode?" prompt: Templar clicks Yes.

68 CONTINUED:

68

Then the Little's Girl's mother grabs her hand, chatters at Templar in some foreign tongue and drags away her daughter.

Templar's face hardens again; he turns, in time to catch Ilya looking him over, then dismissing him as Our Man from Moscow.

TEMPLAR

You must be Ilya, the hair appparent.

Clacking a walking stick, Ilya backs to where Tretiak sits, keeping a low profile by burying his nose in The European. The headline: Tretiak Calls For Russian Rearmament; "Oktober" Party Leader Vows "Slavs, Not Slaves!"

ILYA

Over there, it's him, I'm pretty sure.

Tretiak's not thrilled with "pretty sure". Nonetheless he rises and (watched by undercover men all over) approaches Templar. As they shake, the two appraise each other's eyes.

TRETIK

Who owns you? CIA, MI6, multinational corporation, or some terrorist state?

TEMPLAR

You're speaking of the thief you hired?

Off Tretiak's irritable confusion, Templar "clarifies":

TEMPLAR

I represent the thief. He's on holiday right now, spending your money. And he's an independent contractor.

TRETIK

(smiles)

Good, then no one will mind if I kill him.

(off Templar's look)

Oh yes, I can have a man killed and stroll away ... Even with the metal detectors, even in this transit lounge ... Coffee?

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

As they cross to the food service, trailed by Ilya:

TEMPLAR

If you want the chip returned, it's
another million to have it stolen b--

He trails off, realizing that Tretiak is holding something:
the very chip that Templar'd delivered just the night before.

TRETIAK

"Mr. Miyaki in Tokyo" you see, was
me...and this "priceless microchip" was
only a prop in a little play I staged.

Ilya reacts -- he's more surprised even than Templar.

With the dazzling speed and dexterity of a great magician,
Templar swipes the chip from Tretiak, then holds up his palm:
empty. It's in his other hand: he drops it on the floor.

TEMPLAR

Good, then no one will mind if I crush
it.

And he does just that, under the heel of his boot.

And both men are smiling now, an inscrutable mutual mindfuck.

TEMPLAR

Rather expensive audition, eh?

Ilya has gone ahead to the counter, to get the coffees.
Templar takes the cup meant for Tretiak -- just in case.

TRETIAK

Be assured I can afford it.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: (2)

68

He takes a file folder from Ilya.

TRETIAK

There is an American electrochemist on a grant at Oxford, Dr. E. J. Russell ... According to a friend in the field, Dr. Russell may have recently made historic breakthrough in cold fusion.

TEMPLAR

Nuclear fusion at room temperature, not the usual 50 million degrees? The holy grail of nearly free energy nearly forever . Forgive me, I'm no physicist -- but isn't cold fusion a joke?

TRETIAK

Then, as it reads on Gogol's tombstone:
"I shall laugh my bitter laugh."

(then)

Dr. Russell is cagey. We've made a few tries, have failed to find the formula on either the University's central computer, departmental or personal --

TEMPLAR

I'll find it. For another three million.

(off Tretiak's look)

If this formula's worth stealing, it'll net you that fee several times a day.

TRETIAK

But I want it for Russia.

TEMPLAR

But you want Russia too.

(CONTINUED)

Revised Cherry 7 May 1996

25.

68 CONTINUED: (3)

68

Tretiak signals reluctant agreement by offering Dr. Russell's file. Templar glances, perfunctorily. Surprised to note:

TEMPLAR

A woman ?

TRETIK

Makes matters easier, eh? Part her legs, she parts with her password?

Disdainfully handing back the dossier:

TEMPLAR

The thief's methods are not your concern. Good day, we'll be in touch.

Then strolls away, vanishing almost instantly into the crowd.

Tretiak watches him go, trying to unravel the riddle -- accountant or thief? -- by sheer, slit eyed concentration.

ILYA

Almost got me killed, your first-born son? Stopping a theft that was a test?

TRETIK

But you didn't stop it, Ilya. Now fetch my newspaper and let's go home.

As Ilya sullenly clacks, with his walking stick, back over to the bench where The European was left we HEAR, OVER:

DR. RUSSELL'S
VOICE

If cavitation could produce hydrogen peroxide, then it might also be thought to generate visible light ... true?

CUT TO:

69 EXT. OXFORD U. (ESTABLISHING) - MORNING (A WEEK LATER)

69

As we admire the 700-year-old University College, OVER:

DR. RUSSELL'S
VOICE

After all, think of it, a bubble in water is a hole in a dielectric medium.

70 INT. LECTURE HALL - MORNING

70

Students trade looks as, OS:

70 CONTINUED:

70

DR. RUSSELL'S VOICE
So let's see if I can produce one up
here right now, without wetting myself.

Fond GIGGLES as we PAN the grad students. And, somewhere in
the back, FIND Templar looking right at home, watching:

DR. JILL RUSSELL, her back to us, as she dithers around a lab
table, sweeping tangled hair out of her face.

At first all we see is a young woman, dressed plainly, with the
fluttery hands and distracted air of a nerd. But then she
turns to survey the effect of an electrode on a beaker of heavy
water. And as it obediently bubbles up she laughs, a joyful
innocent laugh, and her eyes flash with pleasure, and her fair
hair catches the sunlight streaming in. And all of it stirs
memories, carefully put away, of a girl long ago ...

DR. RUSSELL
A pinch of titanium coated in nickel --
(stirring it in)
I feel a tiny bit ... Julia Child-ish.

The students laugh. Templar stares, rapt. Childish she is not
... Childlike, perhaps, but in the most beguiling sense as she
reacts to the CHIMING bell outside with a sweet frown.

DR. RUSSELL
Oh shit, excuse me, but I guess I
should've had all this prepared ...
Look, I'm not a lecturer, as most of
you figured out first day of class ...
But like any electrochemist I'm happy
creating reactions all day and if you
can bear to watch me fuddle through
another one ... though I think our time
is officially up -- then please stay.

Nobody stirs. Except Templar. Who steals a last not wholly
professional look at her, then slips out, into:

71 INT. CORRIDOR - MORNING

71

With a deceptively casual gait he searches the Chemistry
Building, finds Dr. Russell's office. Knocks. No answer.

Glances around, then pulls out his signature penknife. We see,
recessed within it ... tiny little lock-picking devices.

72 INT. DR. RUSSELL'S OFFICE - MORNING

72

Through a glass partition is the first chem lab in the UK.
Templar's focused on her Mac. He hits Power and -- nothing.

GIRL'S VOICE
Won't do any good.

He quickly stands, turns to Dr. Russell's student assistant.

GIRL
The thingie fried. I'm Trish.

TEMPLAR
A short in the motherboard, I'm betting
... Tony, from Technical Support.

He disconnects the tower drive, starts for the door with it.

TEMPLAR
You'll have it back by the weekend.

TRISH (GIRL)
No great hurry. Dr. Russell doesn't
keep anything on computer. I don't
even think she knows how to turn it on.

Oh.

73 INT. HALLWAY - TEMPLAR

73

rounds a corner. He's alone for a moment. Before anyone can
question who he is and where he's bringing a 2-gig tower ...

... he dumps the bulky thing into the garbage can.

CUT TO:

74 EXT. DR. RUSSELL'S FLAT - LATE MORNING

74

Mid-Victorian attached faculty row houses

75 INT. DR. RUSSELL'S FLAT - LATE MORNING

75

, a bit drab, but Dr. Russell's dressed hers up on a budget
with prints of favorite Turner paintings from the Tate gallery
in London, and funny junk found at local "boot sales."

As we PAN through her rented rooms, we realize we're getting
not a God's-eye view, but rather Templar's ...

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

Particularly when we DOLLY down a hall into her small cluttered windowless home office and a man's hand darts INTO FRAME, shuffling through her stacks of technical journals in search of papers ... But the only papers extant are ungraded student exams.

76 INT. DR. RUSSELL'S BEDROOM

76

Templar opens a night-table drawer, pulls out her journal.

INTERCUT INSERTS of journal PAGES as he DICTATES surveillance notes into a lapel-mounted mic, reading key phrases:

TEMPLAR

... "lonely even with Luke" "pass
Shelley monument every day"
"anniversary of Dad's death" "Turner
paintings always about LIGHT!" ...

Templar replaces the journal. Then spies a framed photo by her bed, of a young Jill Russell with a tall professorial type who must be her father. His floppy hair parted down the middle, an inquisitorial squint to his eyes as he holds the camera's gaze while she gazes, longingly, up at him.

77 INT. DR. RUSSELL'S KITCHEN- LATE MORNING

77

Taped to the fridge is her lecture schedule. Templar RECITES it into his mic, then lifts the postcard of the Shelley Monument (murmuring its name) to see where exactly it is ...

78 INT. DR. RUSSELL'S FLAT - LATE MORNING

78

At her desk. A fifth of Courvoisier serves as a paperweight for credit card receipts: lots of lunches at The Trout Inn, in Wolvercote. Numerous traffic tickets. (X)

TEMPLAR

...driving on the wrong side. (X)

Plus rejections from CalTech, MIT and many more: "must reluctantly decline," "no funds available," "doubts about cold fusion" -- (X)

79 INT. INT. DR. RUSSELL'S BATHROOM

79

The violation of Dr. Russell's privacy continues with a canvass of her medicine cabinet. Templar scans the usual tampons and astringents and multivitamins, but what interests him is the prescription vial ... As he reaches for it, HEARS:

The front door opening, Dr. Russell walking in. Quickly calculating how many seconds he has, Templar reads the label. The drug is called Inderal. He replaces it, quietly shuts the mirror-door, slides open the bathroom window ...

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

... then notices a Romantic Poets collection, by the toilet. He lifts its spine, to see where it will fall open: to Shelley, The Flower That Smiled. Templar replaces the book, climbs out the bathroom window, closes the marbled pane as --

-- Dr. Russell enters, laughs at her weary reflection in the medicine cabinet mirror, pops an Inderal, splashes her face. Sublimely unaware that she's just been, existentially, raped.

CUT TO:

80 INT. UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LIBRARY - EARLY EVENING

80

Templar alone in a carol for hours, surrounded by Shelley biographies and medical reference books open to "Inderal" ...

CUT TO:

81 INT. COLLEGE PASSAGEWAY - NEXT AFTERNOON

81

Dr. Russell wanders down the stone passageway, weary after another day of lecturing. Now she revives, at the sight of:

A handsome young man dressed like a latter-day Byronic poet, crosslegged inside the cage that guards the Shelley monument.

He's sketching it. And quite well, he's caught the way the sculpture of the naked drowned poet seems to glow, somehow.

She start, reluctantly, to move away ... stealing a last glance at him --

-- just as he looks up at her, eyes set in an inquisitorial squint: she's caught ... With his hair floppily parted down the middle, the resemblance to her late father is subtle but vivid enough that she squints back, flustered and entranced.

DR. RUSSELL

Hi, I -- do you like the ... monument?

TEMPLAR

I do, yeah ...

DR. RUSSELL

You're -- an artist.

TEMPLAR

God, no, just ... when I remember to carry a camera I forget to load film --

She laughs with self-recognition. Then catches herself, feels instantly awkward then reluctantly continues on. When:

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

TEMPLAR

What I love about it, is the light.

Dr. Russell stops again.

DR. RUSSELL

The light ... Yes, it is, it's lovely.

As he turns back to his pad, she wills herself to walk away.

CUT TO:

82 INT. "THE TROUT INN" - NEXT AFTERNOON

82

A few miles south of Oxford, beside the Thames. Dr. Russell comes in for lunch. They know her well, she's seated at her usual table with a stirring view of the river out the window.

She strips off her coat, then reaches in various parts of her clothes -- pants pockets, sweater, inside her pants, back in her sweater (maybe her bra) -- and pulls out squares of tattered paper like a bag lady would. Arranges them on the table, then rearranges them in different configurations ...

PULL BACK to an OTS of Templar, across the room, watching this odd ritual with real curiosity.

And when Dr. Russell finds a combination of cards that pleases her and lets out an airy laugh ... Templar is captivated, has to turn away, has to look down at his salad.

Which is a good thing because just as he looks down, she happens to turn at the arrival of her food -- and notice him.

She startles, at this whim of fate. Then, before she knows what she's doing ... she's waving at him, across the room.

DR. RUSSELL

From yesterday! Come ... join me?

Templar "takes a moment" to place her. Then warily picks up his plate and crosses to her table. She shuffles her papers into a pile to make room for his lunch. Nods, at the view.

DR. RUSSELL

I thought you might ... nice, by the river don't you think?

TEMPLAR

You're not ... stalking me, are you?

For a moment she's mortified. When it hits her he's joking:

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

DR. RUSSELL

Omigod I thought ... you didn't think
... but then ... Drat, you're onto me!

Templar laughs as she starts to tuck the paper back in her
pockets and personal hiding places. He counts: seven scraps.

TEMPLAR

What are those, reminder notes? Pick
up the laundry, spay the cat?

DR. RUSSELL

No, they're a formula, for ... well,
electrolyzing water molecules into
hydrogen and oxygen atoms. And then
the hydrogen atoms are forced to fuse.
(shrugs)
Sort of a nuclear thing ...

TEMPLAR

... you carry around in your underwear?

DR. RUSSELL

(giggles)

Always. Or I'll lose them, I know me.
I'm Jill, by the way. Jill Russell ...
I'm a visiting lecturer at University
College, in the Chem department.

She sticks out a hand. Templar shakes it.

TEMPLAR

And I'm an itinerant with no visible
means of support. Thomas More.
(off her look)

Right, I was named for the saint who
refused to sign the Act of Succession.

JILL (DR. RUSSELL)

And lost his head for it.

TEMPLAR

(surprised)

You know Thomas More?

JILL

As a kid I was bullied by nuns.

(beat)

Like you. But not as badly.

If Templar was surprised before, he's startled now.

(CONTINUED)

JILL
When I said "nun" the blood drained
from your face.

Templar shifts, unnerved.

TEMPLAR
You're very observant.
(then)
If you'd said "priest," I'd have
fainted dead away.

JILL
(laughs, then)
Here, let's see what other pseudo-
scientific deductions I can make ...

She peers, wide-eyed and penetrating, straight at him. He
finds he can't hold her gaze -- his eyes flick to his Rolex.

TEMPLAR
Oh hell, look at that, I'm late! Nice
meeting you, though, Jill, sorry to
run.

Templar gets up, hurriedly, throws a ten-pound note on the
table, tugs on his jacket and walks out of the restaurant.

Jill watches him go, perplexed. And then she notices ...

... back at his table, he's left his canvass satchel.

She utters a little cry and pops up to grab it. But when she
turns around again, she can see Templar, out the window, jump
into his Saab and drive away.

She sits again. Starts to signal a waiter, to handle this.
Then lowers her arm, has a brief interior moral debate --

-- and looks inside, herself, for clues to tracking him down.

IN THE SATCHEL

Under high-end travel guides to various countries she finds
this month's Forbes, Thomas on the cover under the legend
Thomas More ... and More! How a Cybermogul Turned Megabytes
Into Megabucks! Plus a number of letters from universities
across Europe and America, the gist of them all being "Dear Mr.
More, We deeply appreciate the large donation, the endowment,
the anonymous prize-money, the scholarship grant."

INTERCUT JILL

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (3)

82

Increasingly amazed. And now, at the very bottom of the satchel, she finds a room key from the Old Parsonage Hotel.

CUT TO:

83 EXT. BANBURY RD. - AFTERNOON (LATER)

83

As Templar returns to the ancient, renovated and expensive Old Parsonage Hotel, he passes a talented street ARTIST, drawing St. Giles Church on the sidewalk with colored chalk.

ARTIST

Guv ... Want me to sketch you something else? Lazarus sculpture, the El Greco?

Templar smiles, shakes his head, starts into the lobby, as:

WOMAN'S VOICE

... Mr. More?

He wasn't expecting her quite so quickly. But as Templar turns to Jill, he morphs into Thomas More -- and "startles."

TEMPLAR

Thanks, my god I didn't even miss it --

JILL

Maybe you should carry it in your underwear.

Templar laughs, as they drift into the lobby together.

TEMPLAR

Too early for a drink?

84 INT. LOBBY - AFTERNOON

84

But the bar, they see, hasn't opened yet.

TEMPLAR

For them, I guess ... You like cognac? There's Remy in the minibar upstairs.

He's inviting her to his room. She hesitates. Then shrugs:

JILL

It's after six in ... Istanbul?

CUT TO:

85 INT. TEMPLAR'S HOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON (LATER)

85

Templar pours two cognacs as Jill casually looks around -- it's not lost on her he's taken the best suite in the place.

He hands her a glass. She toasts:

JILL

One drink a day, good for the heart.

Drains half in one gulp, discreetly washing down one of her Inderals. Thus fortified, Jill confesses ...

JILL

... I had to search your bag. Really I didn't have to, I could've given it to the Lost and Found but I was curious ... and well, that was a surprise, the magazine thing, and all those letters, and I mean I had no idea because you seem so ... which is fine, it's great actually and I notice you're ... giving away lots of research, um, money --

Templar shrugs, self-effacing.

TEMPLAR

No big deal, I've just found that -- for me, anyway -- there's more fun in sharing the wealth than in hoarding it.

He watches Jill summon her nerve. And tries not to burst out laughing, having set up the poor girl like a bowling pin.

JILL

Anyway, this may sound presumptuous but ... there's a biochemist here named MacGowan doing brilliant work in the genetic structure of retrovirus, who I happen to know just lost a grant, so --

TEMPLAR

(blurts)

But what about you?

Jill gestures: what about me?

TEMPLAR

Don't you need funds?

JILL

You know for the longest time I assumed I did, since all research scientists need funding, but I never got it and in the meantime I've finished my work.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

JILL (Cont'd)
 Seamus MacGowan, on the other hand,
 "Jimmy," the genetic engineer, still --

Templar doesn't want to talk of Jimmy, he wants to clarify:

TEMPLAR
 You've finished your work on the scraps
 of paper? Electrolyzing water into h--

JILL
 (hushed)
 Thomas, I don't know if you know this
 ... but if it works one gallon of
 heavy water will power a car for fifty
 million miles ... A cubic mile of ocean
 will supply more energy than all the
 known oil reserves ... They called it
 "cold fusion" but the term's been
 debased by imposters and geeks, so --

TEMPLAR
 You call it the "nuclear thing"?

JILL
 I call it Luke.

Good! Not a boyfriend! Templar pours her another whiskey.

TEMPLAR
 An acronym? "Light, Unstable -- "

JILL
 No, the Gospel of Luke. I forget which
 verse, exactly. "To give light to them
 that sit in darkness and in the shadow
 of death." It kept me going, during
 some of the ... darker times, y'know?

TEMPLAR
 It's Chapter 1, Verse 79.
 (a sigh)
 Damn nuns.

Reminded of thieir bond, Jill unburdens herself:

JILL
 Look I feel a connection with you which
 makes it doubly horrible that I invaded
 your privacy, read your mail, hunted
 you down like ... I was stalking and --

Templar springs up, discomfited.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: (2)

85

TEMPLAR

No no, not you, it's I --

He stops himself. Jill blinks at him, bemused.

JILL

It's you ..?

TEMPLAR

(backpedals)

It's I who left my satchel. And you
were so kind to go to all the trouble.
But I'm sure you've got to get back --

Now he's herding her to the door, nearly pushing her out.

TEMPLAR

Tell your friend MacGowan to mail the
proposal care of The Garden House Hotel
in Cambridge, that's where I'm going.

On impulse he kisses her. Just a peck on the cheek, but both
feel a powerful spark. They spring apart, surprised.

JILL

Well. Umm. Wow. I --

TEMPLAR

(backs into his room)

Thanks again. For the bag.

He shuts the door on her. Then, in a state, goes straight to
his laptop. Gets right on the Net and then via the Southeast
Asian Horticultural Society, onto the Criminal Infobahn ...

As he types out a message, murmurs the words:

TEMPLAR

"Spider: must fly. Have better offer."

He sends the message, then quickly starts packing his bags.

CUT TO:

86 EXT. TRETIK MANSION (MOSCOW) - EARLY EVENING (SAME TIME)

86

A Czarist-era compound on the Moskva River is in the midst of
a lavish restoration. Below a Cyrillic "Tretik Industries"
billboard, the butter-yellow mansion stands proudly beside a
massive power station spewing plumes of heavy smoke. OVER:

VERESHAGIN'S VOICE

Greedy Westerner ...

87 INT. TRETIAK'S OFFICE - EARLY EVENING (A MINUTE LATER)

87

One wall is covered with oil portraits of Tretiak's ancestors, Georgian marchants who lost all in the Revolution. The other is decorated with idyllic paintings of the Kremlin.

Off Templar's e-mail message, on Tretiak's computer screen:

VERESHAGIN
... wants more money.

Tretiak, making notes for his next speech, is matter-of-fact.

TRETIAK
Who cares? Can't spend hard currency
in heaven.

CUT TO:

88 INT. TEMPLAR'S HOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON (FIVE MINUTES LATER)

88

Templar is packing when he hears a BEEP, signaling e-mail. He boots up his laptop and READS the response off the screen:

DON'T BUZZ OFF, I'LL DOUBLE YOUR FEE."

Eight million! Templar swears under his breath, blackly resigned to the sum, cursing Ivan Tretiak and Simon Templar.

CUT TO:

89 INT./EXT. VOLVO COUPE - AFTERNOON (NEXT DAY)

89

Templar sits just down the block from the Chemistry Building. Checks his Rolex -- more or less on schedule, Jill drives out of the lot in a yellow VW Bug. Looks the wrong way before pulling out. (X)

Templar eases into traffic ahead of her, turning onto the first side-street, then drives parallel to the VW for several blocks, until he speeds up considerably then cuts back to Jill's street
...

89A EXT./INT. JILL'S VW (MOVING) - SAME TIME

89A

She's approaching her street from the opposite direction, fiddling with the RADIO, searching for news -- an activity that severely strains her already-taxed driving skills. (X)

89B INT./EXT. COUPE - TEMPLAR

89B

takes out his penknife and does something very weird: he slices (X) his forehead just above the eyebrow, with a surgeon's precision, without flinching. Then shifts into gear ...

combine

89C EXT./INT. JILL'S VW (MOVING) - SAME TIME

89C

She rounds the corner in her yellow Beetle and distractedly turns, as is her habit, into the right (i.e., wrong) lane ...

(X)

89D EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

89D

... which is precisely where Templar is driving ... and now, per his plan, they have a little head-on.

(X)

Jill's fine, he's made sure of that. But when he jumps out, it looks bad for Templar indeed -- blood streams down the left side of his face. But Templar is oddly oblivious.

(X)

TEMPLAR

You alright?

And then he "sees" that, of all people, it was Jill hit him.

TEMPLAR

Oh Jesus. Jill. Are you hurt?

She's dazed. Not with pain, rather with fear and remorse.

JILL

Tom! You're bleeding! Oh shit!

She wipes the blood from his cheek with her coat sleeve.

JILL

I've got no business being on the road here, the whole "keep to the left" thing is a complete bafflement to me --

TEMPLAR

I'm on my way to Cambridge, it's like they used to say in the old Westerns:

(John Wayne)

"There's not enough room in this town for the both of us!"

Jill laughs, almost hysterically. Meantime cars stuck behind her Bug wildly HONK.

JILL

I live just down the block, please, I'll patch you up there -- if you dare.

And off Templar's bighearted laugh, we

CUT TO:

90 INT. JILL'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON (LATER)

90

Templar lies on her bed as she gently daubs at his head. He gives a good wince. To take his mind off the iodine's sting:

JILL
Do you read him? Or just draw him?

TEMPLAR
Shelley, you mean?

Jill laughs: he's understood her.

(CONTINUED)

TEMPLAR

No, not as much as Keats, say. Though
there's a few ... Flower That Smiled --

And Jill lights up, as she quotes:

JILL

"What is this world's delight?
Lightning, that mocks the night -- "

TEMPLAR

"-- Brief, even as bright."

JILL

I'd like that to be my epitaph.

Then, wearing a thoughtful look strangely, sexily at odds with
what she's doing, Jill starts unbuttoning his shirt.

TEMPLAR

Oh no we can't Jill, it's ... too
soon.

Jill is brought up short by this. She blushes, deeply.

JILL

Oh, you thought ... No, it's only that
your collar's stained with blood, all
my fault, but I can soak it, in cold --

Then interrupts herself:

JILL

Make love, you mean?

Then answers herself:

JILL

But not because I'm lonely.

And he holds her to him, hard so she won't be lonely. Jill
lets the embrace linger then pulls back, a hand on her chest.

JILL

Oh my god, my heart, it's pounding.

TEMPLAR

Mine too.

Now they're undressing each other, her cards flutter to the
carpet, and everything is deliciously out of control until --

-- she awkwardly disengages, backs to the bathroom naked and
backlit and looking altogether like an angel as she stammers:

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (2)

90

JILL

Be right back, I just have to ... girl
thing, don't go away.

The instant Jill shuts the door he springs on her pile of clothes, collecting her pieces of paper -- all seven, he counts them, then stuffs them into a pocket inside the leg of his discarded pants, then silently rolls back onto the bed --

-- as she comes out again and lies down with him and in an access of self-loathing he decides to take her, to take everything, and she embraces him, he rolls her over but then:

JILL

Wait! Thomas. Not so fast, it's been --
awhile, first I need ... a kiss ...

The phrase awakens something in Templar -- who obliges her, passionately and with the full knowledge, now, that a kiss is all she's going to get. When their lips part, he murmurs:

TEMPLAR

Look, Jill, we're never going to see
each other again so let's ... just have
that ... sweet kiss to remember
always.

Next thing he's turned away from her. Is dressing, mumbling:

TEMPLAR

I'm late for Cambridge, there's some
crazy ... dinner, in my "honor" ...

Jill sits up, stunned, silent, knees protectively pulled up to her chest as Templar backs to her bedroom door.

And awkwardly, ruefully, bids farewell.

CUT TO:

91 INT./EXT. SAAB (MOVING) - EARLY EVENING (5 MINUTES LATER) 91

Templar pulls into the Park & Ride off the M40 motorway.

92 EXT. PARK AND RIDE - EARLY EVENING 92

Hops out of the dented Saab, and into the Volvo 1800 sport coupe he'd stashed here. As he heads west back to London ...

CUT TO:

93 INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

93

She finally rouses herself and starts, distractedly, to dress. And as is her habit, she collects all her cards

... except they're gone. And with a sudden realization as painful as it is clarifying, Emma races into the bathroom, throws two Inderal pills down her throat -- then sinks to her knees on the hard tile, wracked with heaves, then heavy sobs.

CUT TO:

CLOSE - EMMA'S SEVEN CARDS

Arranged in no special order, on a floor. We HEAR CLICKS.

94 INT. TEMPLAR'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

94

Back in London. Templar carefully photographs each card, covered in barely intelligible science-scrrawl, with a digital camera hooked to his laptop. Each comes up ONSCREEN in turn.

With his free hand, Templar has a slug of scotch. Then one more. And then he e-mails Emma's life's work to Moscow.

CUT TO:

95 EXT. TRETIK MANSION - MORNING (SAME TIME)

95

A Russian physicist, LEV BOTVIN, waits out on the front steps with the document, in his excitement oblivious to the cold.

A Zil (Russian-built limousine) glides through the electric gates, past a busy Construction Crew and conspicuously armed Sentries. Tretik jumps out and excitedly hails Dr. Botvin.

TRETIK

Lev Naumovitch! It's here? Good man!

Botvin pulls off his glasses and wipes them with a shirttail -- in his exhilarated state he's fogging the lenses.

BOTVIN

It's revolutionary, sir! She's boldly cast aside a slew of stale ideas ... But it will take months of trials and experimentation before I can confirm --

(X)

TRETIK

But that won't do! Because now that "the people" are nicely beginning to freeze, Tretik must sweep in from the wings with a miracle to save them!

(X)

96 INT. FOYER - MORNING

96

As they cross a dropcloth-covered parquet floor awaiting a fifth coat of varnish, passing between twin towers of wood scaffolding, a FOREMAN overhead CALLS down:

FOREMAN

How high do you want it, Mr. Tretiak?

An extraordinary (in both sheer size and quality of crystal) CHANDELIER hangs overhead from a pulley welded into the underside of the domed cupola, its two massive wedding-cake tiers stabilized by concentric rings of steel.

Tretiak impatiently signals: not now.

The chandelier is thus temporarily secured by a handful of Workmen who expertly knot its tow-rope to a cleat bolted in the wall. Below, Tretiak leads Botvin upstairs.

97 INT. LABORATORY - MORNING (A MINUTE LATER)

97

Odd, to find a fully-stocked physics lab in this luxe setting.

Under Tretiak's demanding glare, Botvin nervously begins to assemble the apparatus he'll need to confirm Emma's formula.

BOTVIN

Perhaps ... the process can go faster if I dispense with certain protocols --

TRETIK

Because when we master the technology, then we dictate terms to the West! Thus, in the tradition of Kolmogorov, and Mendeleyev, you'll make Cold Fusion a Russian innovation! If it kills you!

Vereshagin ENTERS, from his office next door. To Tretiak:

VERESHAGIN

He's on-line.

CUT TO:

98 EXT. TEMPLAR'S LONDON HOTEL - MORNING (AN HOUR LATER)

98

OVER we HEAR -- murmured, impatient:

TEMPLAR'S VOICE
C'mon, Tretiak, it's simple ...

99 INT. TEMPLAR'S ROOM - MORNING

99

Templar's talking to himself, as he fiddles with his laptop.

The National Bank of Geneva lists his account at fifty million U.S. dollars, and change, still. Under his breath:

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

TEMPLAR

You want to pay me, not screw me.

He exits the Bank and begins to type an urgent electronic message: TO BORIS THE SPIDER ...

CUT TO:

100 INT. TRETIKAK TRETIKAK'S OFFICE - LATE MORNING (A MINUTE LATER) 100

Tretiak DICTATES, Vereshagin types:

"RECIPE INCOMPLETE, CAKE WON'T RISE" ...

CUT TO:

101 INT. TEMPLAR'S ROOM -- MORNING 101

As he reads the rest of Tretiak's e-mail response.

"HENCE, NO DOUGH."

Jaw clenched, Templar furiously types:

"I AM NOT THE BAKER" ...

CUT TO:

102 INT. CAR (MOVING) - MORNING 102

INSERT LAPTOP

Templar's message appears appears onscreen:

... "BUT DON'T MAKE ME THE BUTCHER"

C.U. ILYA

As he reads, his eyes crinkle with mirth. WIDEN. We're in:

103 INT. CAR (MOVING) - MORNING 103

Ilya's driving through the streets of London! Now he snaps shut the laptop in the passenger seat, as he pulls up ...

104 EXT. TEMPLAR'S HOTEL - MORNING

104

Having triangulated Templar's modem signal, Ilya, Igor & Vlad stride across the street as they read coordinates off portable Doppler Direction Finders.

105 INT. HOTEL - A MOMENT LATER

105

The Hit Squad bursts into the ornate little lobby, moving in formation toward the stairs. Our Jamaican Night Manager is behind the front desk, taking a telephone reservation.

CONCIERGE

Excuse me, can I help you?

Meantime she reaches under the desk to sound an alarm --

-- and Ilya shoots her in the head with a silenced Sig-Sauer.

The Bellman, just coming downstairs, freezes at the pop.

BELLMAN

-- Dear God no --

And Vlad finishes him with a quick burst to the heart.

Meantime Igor's taken control of the hotel switchboard -- he tries all the phones in service, then finds the one with the distinctive fax/modem WHISTLE.

IGOR

Room 17.

106 INT. TEMPLAR'S ROOM - SAME TIME

106

He's still on his laptop, angrily reading Tretiak's response:

"PLUS I'M CONVINCED YOU KEPT THE COOKBOOK"

And suddenly it dawns on Templar:

TEMPLAR

He's keeping me on-line ...

Pulse racing, he jumps up. It takes two extra seconds he may not have to grab Emma's seven cards off his desk, just as --

107 INT. 4TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

107

-- the Hit Squad reaches Room 17. Igor KICKS open the door, Ilya sprays:

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

107

A second room Templar booked a higher floor, a blinking transmitter relaying Templar's modem signal. Ilya ransacks.

ILYA

-- where's the goddamn cards -- !!

CUT TO:

108 EXT. 3RD FLOOR CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

108

A Porter in a white coat, pushing a luggage cart, is nearly knocked flat by Vlad, bulling past --

And as he boards the lift, we see the "porter" is Templar. The elevator descends to the Street level.

CUT TO:

109 EXT. NEW SCOTLAND YARD - THAT AFTERNOON

109

Over an ESTABLISHING SHOT, we HEAR:

WOMAN'S VOICE

But surely you kept copies in case of theft?

110 INT. TEAL'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

110

The woman is Inspector RABINEAU. Her superior -- Chief Inspector Teal -- intently monitors the meeting with Emma ...

EMMA

Actually, I didn't ... I should've ... My "security idea" was to keep all the cards on my ... body. But ...

*
*
*

Too humiliating to explain how this plan failed.

*

Rabineau shoots a look at Teal. No explanation needed.

*

Teal gestures to the composite photos we'd seen at Heathrow.

TEAL

Was it him? Or him? Or maybe ... him?

Emma painstakingly appraises them, then looks up perplexed.

TEAL

Yes, I think it's all the same rotter -- he eluded a hit squad this morning, then fled the U.K. out of Heathrow ...

110 CONTINUED:

110

RABINEAU

We've got a handful of false identities
used on visas, passports, leases
(off a printout)
"Nicholas Owen," "Louis Guanella,"
"Peter Damian," "Charles Borromeo" --

EMMA

Of course, like "Thomas More". All the
names of Catholic saints.

Teal and Rabineau trade looks. Emma's wheels are whirring.

EMMA

Can you access Heathrow's passenger
lists for the last, what, six hours --

CUT TO:

111 INT. TRETIK'S PRIVATE CLUB - NEXT NIGHT

111

Moscow. Exotic young Africans wait on middle-aged mobsters,
politicians and businessmen with their nubile dates.

A pair of black HANDS carries a tray of lobster past a neon-lit
mini-track on which a dozen rats are racing ... past a stage
where a girl dressed as an American cheerleader slides upside
down on a pole to a Gypsy-style rendition of "My Way" ... and
over to a booth in back. Deposits the meal in front of General
Sklarov, who sits (appropriately) to the right of Tretiak,
tongue in the ear of a giggling Georgian beauty.

The Waiter pauses, seems to peer at Tretiak for a beat, then
returns to the kitchen past the finish line as the best-fed rat
comes in first; a pile of hard currency is duly scooped up by
a Croupier who carries it over to Tretiak. He roars with
mirth, tosses back a chunk to the Croupier as a tip and tells
the Police Chief who's drinking heavily on his left:

TRETIK

See, my friend, it's simple: you back
the biggest rat!

TIME CUT:

111A INT. TRETIK'S PRIVATE CLUB - AN HOUR LATER

111A

Everyone's higher, happier, slower sloppier ... As Tretiak
stumbles across the dance floor towards the Men's Room --

-- he collides with the African Waiter from before-- who
doesn't apologize, but instead grabs Tretiak's lapel, pulls him
close, hisses:

WAITER

Your accountant's on the line. Have
him deposit seven million in Geneva.

(CONTINUED)

111A CONTINUED: (2)

111A

Pushes a cell phone into his face. Tretiak immediately sobers as he sees that, beneath makeup and wig --

-- the "waiter" is that mystery man from Templehopf. Who now flashes his penknife with a magician's flourish. And smiles:

TEMPLAR

Or I cut you all up into messy pieces.
Deal?

Tretiak looks around: his bodyguards are everywhere but so is a score of slutty "hostesses" languidly humping each other -- the bacchanalia far more bewitching than Tretiak's plight.

So Tretiak unhappily SHOUTS instructions to his accountant. When it's done Templar pockets the phone with a polite smile.

TEMPLAR

Thank you too much ... Now I'll be able
to treasure my memories of Moscow.

He glides away, immediately melting into the crowd.

Tretiak instantly starts toward his nearest bodyguard -- but is intercepted by the most exquisite PARTY GIRL we've ever seen, who rubs her heavenly body against him, and purrs:

PARTY GIRL

As I watched you on TV last night I
realized ... I want to have your baby.

Tretiak thrusts her aside with such force, she knocks over a half-dozen dancers on her way down.

TIME CUT:

112 TWO MINUTES LATER.

112

Lights are ON. music is OFF. Security has lined up every African waiter against a wall. A slit-eyed Tretiak inspects each one, like a slave trader of yore.

SMASH CUT TO:

113 INT. TAXI - PREDAWN (LATER)

113

Templar, out of his disguise, sits in back tapping on his laptop with wireless modem: he verifies his fee on deposit. The taxi passes a truckload of Russian soldiers on maneuvers; the odd Tretiak/Oktobor Party poster... A police car streaks past. Siren CRYING.

114 INT. TAXI - PREDAWN (LATER)

114

Templar doesn't notice. He's verifying his fee on deposit as the taxi pulls up to a rundown inner-city hotel. Even at this hour there's a ragtag band of women in front, forlornly offering possessions for sale at any price: toaster, brassiere, blow-dryer, wedding dress ...

CUT TO:

115 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - PREDAWN

115

A remarkable shabby-baroque room. Passing the front desk:

TEMPLAR

Mr. Ferrer, checking out.

As they prepare his bill, Templar crosses to the bar, cutting a swath through the Party hacks turned dealmakers, pimps and miniskirted "models" .

TEMPLAR

One Kremlyovskaya.

WOMAN'S VOICE

I'll have one too.

Templar turns. Startles. Because standing here is --

TEMPLAR

Emma.

EMMA

Vincent.

TEMPLAR

I'm overwhelmed. You found me.

EMMA

Yeah, it wasn't very hard. Two men with Saints' names flew from London to Moscow yesterday - "Isadore Bakanja," is a short, bald African, whereas "Vincent Ferrer" ...

TEMPLAR

Was named after a Saint who betrayed his best friend.

EMMA

How could you do it?

(CONTINUED)

TEMPLAR

I'm a thief. I steal things.

Emma slaps him.

TEMPLAR

I deserve that.

EMMA

I want my cards back.

TEMPLAR

You came all this way to get your cards back.

EMMA

Yeah, I did.

TEMPLAR

No - it's because you're in love.

Emma slaps him again.

TEMPLAR

I rest my case.

EMMA

Who are you anyway?

TEMPLAR

No-body has a clue, least of all me.

EMMA

I have one question to ask you. Why would you steal cold fusion? It's free. Why would you do that?

TEMPLAR

Eight million reasons.

EMMA

Eight million, that's all? I would have given it to you if you'd asked. So, you're cruel and stupid? I saw something good in you. You made me happy.

TEMPLAR

You've got to get away from me.

EMMA

I'm not going anywhere until you tell me why you lied to me.

TEMPLAR

You lied to me.

(CONTINUED)

Revised Tan 14 May 1996

50/50A.

115 CONTINUED: (2)

115

EMMA

I lied to you?

TEMPLAR

You almost got me killed. The guy I
stole the stuff for says it won't work.

EMMA

Fuck him!

TEMPLAR

I don't think you'd enjoy that.

EMMA

You're right, I'd rather it was you.

Emma signals. Three Russian police suddenly materialise.
They arrest Templar. Templar shakes his head at Emma as his
hands are cuffed.

TEMPLAR

You don't know what you're dealing with
Emma.

EMMA

The tables have turned.

In the next second the cops are handcuffing Emma too.
Templar was expecting this, alas. With a warm smile he says:

TEMPLAR

Yes they have.

SMASH CUT TO:

116 INT/EXT. PADDYWAGON - DAWN

116

Templar is already inside, double-cuffed and chained like a wild tiger. As Emma is roughly hustled in with him:

EMMA

At least leave me my pills, please --

Panicked, she pantomimes popping the pills she depends on.

But the Police utterly ignore her, shove her in the van.

117 INT. PADDYWAGON - DAWN

117

The door slams shut. As the van roars off.

EMMA

They didn't give me my pills --

TEMPLAR

(quiet, calming)

They didn't have them. I do.

(off her bemused look)

I palmed them in the bar, pocketed them while they frisked you.

She laughs! But her relief is short-lived, as she realizes:

EMMA

I need two now, I have a bad heart and it's pounding --

So Templar painfully repositions himself, chain clanking.

EMMA

(nervous, babbles)

It killed my dad when I was a kid --

Back to her, contorted, he's just able to pluck the pills from his pocket.

TEMPLAR

I'm opening the vial, getting out two pills.

EMMA

I was a kid when I found out I inherited it ...

TEMPLAR

Just turn around, you'll be fine, Emma, kneel and eat them from my hand.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

As she does, abashed:

EMMA

Tend to act like one when it flares up.

She takes the pills into her mouth from his cuffed hands -- strange and intimate, even a touch of s&m, with the hardware.

Then, swallowing her life-saving Inderal, Emma calms. Has a few deep breaths.

MEMO

What scared me wasn't the idea of no more thinking ... or speaking, or ... What scared me was the light going out.

Templar's response, strangely enough, is to lower his head, bare his teeth, bite his shirt and tear it like a rabid dog.

TEMPLAR

Emma, can you see ... under my arm ...
a tiny pouch of scar tissue ...

Awkward with the cuffs, but he raises his left arm.

TEMPLAR

Inside is a steel rod, about three centimeters long. Can you see it?

Not easy, in the dark -- but yes, she can just make it out.

TEMPLAR

Now pull out the rod with your teeth.

Off her look -- with little time to waste:

TEMPLAR

They're taking us to Ivan Tretyak -- a man whose ambitions fill cemeteries. Really ... you'd rather put your nose in my armpit.

Emma takes a breath. Then buries her face in Templar's pit.

CUT TO:

118 INT. TRETIAK'S TRETIAK'S OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

Botvin, who was up all night in the lab, unhappily reports:

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

118

BOTVIN

The formula makes certain assumptions
that contradict all we know about cold
fusion cathodes ... So testing, at any
level, becomes futile without furth...

He trails off as Tretiak turns to the window to watch --

119 EXT. MANSION - EARLY MORNING

119

The paddywagon enters the compound, descending a ramp.

120 INT. TRETIAK'S OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

120

As Tretiak hurries out:

TRETIAK

Don't despair, Dr. Botvin. help has
arrived.

CUT TO:

121 INT. LOADING DOCK - EARLY MORNING

121

A sealed-off ramp below the mansion. Ilya waits here to take
custody of the prisoners, impatiently taps his walking stick.

The Cops climb out of the cab, circle to the cargo door.

COP 1

The two came very quietly.

He throws open the door ... Both he and Ilya blink, astonished:
all that's inside are several pair of open handcuffs, and a
length of chain.

TRETIAK

And they left even more quietly!

He's just strode down -- he grabs the walking stick from Ilya's
grip and WALLOPS the cop, who crumples.

Turns to Ilya and a sweating Second Cop. Crisply instructs:

TRETIAK

Close the city. Kill him. Bring her.

CUT TO:

122 EXT. TUNNEL - EARLY MORNING

122

Templar and Emma run down the walkway of a tunnel slick with ice, and unsettlingly plastered with posters of Tretiak as a Christ-like messiah. She's giddy with relief, giggling ...

But as a cop car streaks up he drags her into an alcove, pressing into the shadows like lovers in a tight embrace.

TEMPLAR

You're not out of Russia by a longshot
and you're not getting out without
giving me the rest of your formula --

EMMA

(nonplused)

What -- "rest of" ...?

TEMPLAR

No more mind games, remember? You told
me in Oxford you finished your work --

She shakes her head. Then taps her temple.

EMMA

It's in here, the last bit, but like a
dream, when I try to write it down it
starts to fade --

TEMPLAR

Ah, but you've never been motivated
before.

EMMA

Meaning solve it or die?

TEMPLAR

That's negative, Em. So unlike you.

Templar presses harder against her, almost obscenely, as two more police cars pass ... disconcertingly slowing this time.

EMMA

What's positive?

Templar's lip curls, almost cruelly.

TEMPLAR

You do the science, I'll do the math,
and we'll both make out like bandits.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

122

Emma takes a breath.

EMMA

Okay ... But I'll need a basic lab, a decent computer, and several hours.

Templar smiles: that's my girl. Leads her out of the alcove, gripping her hand. As they head farther along the tunnel:

TEMPLAR

I'll get us into the Moscow University chem lab ... after a quick stop at Leningradsky Station

CUT TO:

123 EXT. LENINGRADSKY STATION - EARLY MORNING

123

Surprisingly busy considering the hour.

EMMA

Where's everyone going?

TEMPLAR

To their country cousins, I guess ... where they can cut firewood for warmth.

As they join the crowd hurrying inside, they pass:

Vlad -- assigned to watch this station. He punches a number on his cell phone.

VLAD

Trying to leave from Leningradsky.

Then hurries to the train platform, to head them off.

CUT TO:

124 OMITTED

124

125 INT/EXT. LAND ROVER (MOVING) - MORNING (SAME TIME)

125

Ilya, cruising the city with Igor beside him and Sascha in back, lowers the blaring rap BEAT to take the call. Now he yanks the wheel, nearly creams a Volga, drives over a concrete divider to reverse direction --

CUT TO:

126 INT. LENINGRADSKY STATION - MORNING

126*

One of Moscow's grand old stations, a monument to the failed Soviet dream. Templar leads Emma through the throng. They reach a tall row of storage lockers. Under the stern gaze of V. I. Lenin (his bust precariously set on a pillar in the middle of the room) Templar pops a locker door, begins pulling out passports and money.

TEMPLAR

How much time do you need to finish the formula?

EMMA

I need a kiss.

TEMPLAR

Concentrate. Concentrate. How long?

EMMA

About two hours.

TEMPLAR

Good. Just enough time for me to get the passports together for us to get married.

EMMA

Married?

TEMPLAR

Yes. I want you to be Mrs. Martin de Porres.

He shows her a passport with his photo in disguise as de Porres.

EMMA

Are you Martin?

TEMPLAR

Yes. I was named for a Saint who could cure the sick by the laying on of hands.

He touches her cheek.

EMMA

You're not Martin?

TEMPLAR

No.

EMMA

Who are you?

(CONTINUED)

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126 CONTINUED:

126

TEMPLAR

I don't have a name.

EMMA

That's sad. Will you have a name when we get home?

TEMPLAR

I don't have a home.

He looks back into his locker.

TEMPLAR

You do the science and I'll do the maths.
 We'll sell the formula to the highest
 bidder and get rich. Then we'll
 see...eh?

Templar looks back to Emma - but she's gone.

TEMPLAR

Shit.

He looks around. There she is racing across the ticket office.

CUT TO:

127 EXT. LENINGRADSKY STATION - MORNING

127

Emma runs across the Grand Ticket Office, pushing through the throng. Templar spots her, gives chase. She looks back, sees him following, picking up speed - pushing frantically through the crowd.

128 EXT. STATION SIDE - DAY

128

As frightened citizens dodge the Land Rover, Ilya screams up to the building's entrance. Jumps out with Igor as he SHOUTS to Sacha, who's replaced him at the wheel.

ILYA

Call for back up.

CUT TO:

129 INT. LENINGRADSKY STATION - MORNING

129*

Emma sprints into the large anti-room towards the open door. As she passes a pillar suddenly a hand reaches out and grabs her. It is Vlad. She struggles. Vlad pulls out his flick knife and twirls it towards Emma's face. Suddenly, Templar is on him. A punch to the face, a thrust to the arm. Vlad goes down. The knife slides across the floor. Templar takes Emma, races towards a side entrance.

*
*
*
*
*
*

TEMPLAR

You want to live?

*
*

Emma nods.

*

TEMPLAR

Then never leave my side.

Ilya and Igor enter the anti room from the street - Igor picks up Vlad. Ilya catches sight of Templar and Emma as they race through the side door. They all give chase.

*
*
*

130 OMITTED

130*

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57A.

PAGE 57A DELETED CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

- 131 OMITTED 131
- 132 EXT NEARBY STREET - MORNING (A MINUTE LATER) 132
- ... and emerge out the other side onto a dead-end street that terminates at a canal. The fugitives are nowhere to be seen. While Igor and Vlad prowl the sidewalk peering in alcoves and alleyways ... Ilya looks left, then right -- then continues on..
- 133 ANGLE - IN THE CANAL (SAME TIME) 133
- Down here where arctic water rushes, we see there is a ledge by the wall, about a foot wide, of ice. And this is where Templar and Emma are precariously perched, he leading her along, silent, in tandem with Ilya right above. And then --
- Emma's pills slip from her coat pocket, rolling toward the water. Templar dives for the vial, tosses it to her but inevitably loses his balance. Goes under with a tiny SPLASH.
- 134 ILYA, UP ABOVE 134
- He stops at the sound. Hastens to the ledge, looks over the side. All he sees is water and ice.
- 135 BACK TO CANAL 135
- Emma's jammed herself into a crevice where the stone had sloughed away. A deathly white hand clutches her shoe ...
- 136 UNDERWATER 136
- With Emma as anchor, Templar stays submerged in the frigid canal. Looking up through murky water he makes out the faint distorted face of Ilya peering down...
- 137 BACK TO ILYA 137
- Wondering: Is that a ... human form, submerged below?
- But just now some ducks start to QUACK ... and Ilya, deciding this was the sound he'd heard, turns away to see his footsoldiers in the distance across a bridge, scouring the far side of the canal.
- Now the Range Rover pulls up -- Ilya jumps aboard, and the jeep continues farther down the canal.
- 138 BELOW 138
- Emma bends, helps Templar out. He's breathless, blue. She urges, sotto ...

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: (2)

140

TEENAGE GIRL'S VOICE

You'll wait til Christ comes to Moscow.

The TEENAGE GIRL, home from a long night's illicit work, has quietly let herself in.

TEENAGE GIRL

Elevator was made of mahogany. Tenants used it for firewood last winter.

Body trembling. Templar bows.

TEMPLAR

We need to hide. We're not criminals.

EMMA

Just people who --

TEENAGE GIRL

You're not people. You're Americans.

EMMA

Yes. And we ran afoul of your, how do you say, mafiya?

Teenage Girl glances out at the SQUEAL of brakes ...

141 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

141

The Range Rover is pulling up.

142 BACK TO SCENE

142

TEENAGE GIRL

Must've seen you come inside, the bastards ... Their Daddies traded Party card for Visa Card, otherwise same old shit. I'm Sofiya, by the way.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

142

With great effort Templar pulls out a wet hundred dollar bill. Sofiya just laughs. As she starts back upstairs:

SOFIYA (TEENAGE GIRL)
No, looks like you could use it. Now
if you can walk, Frosty ... follow me.

CUT TO:

143 INT. 9TH FLOOR APARTMENT - MORNING

143

A huge communal apartment, cheaply subdivided with thin plasterboard to house many separate families. Sofiya tiptoes back inside, trying to sneak in her guests. And --

-- her mother is here to BERATE her, no subtitles necessary.

Sofiya contemptuously ignores the older woman, leads Templar and Jill onward -- he, strangely stumbling and mumbling.

SOFIYA
She disapproves of what I do but eats
the bread it buys. Too bad no heat for
sale at any price ...

They've reached a kitchen that's a riot of tattered clothes on lines. The oven is on full-blast, its door wide open for warmth. Hot water is running for the same reason.

A potbellied man (FYODOR) slurping kvas from a jar, jeers:

FYODOR
Look at the polar bear! Took a dunk in
the Moskva River on a bet?

Sofiya shuts him up with a burst of Russian invective.

A tiny ancient lady (MASHA) at a samovar stirs jam into a glass of black tea. She trills at Jill and Templar, a perfectly preserved matrushka doll. In a high trilled voice:

MASHA
Chai?

Sofiya responds, again, in Russian.

SOFIYA
I tell her, Mashenka, to bed! She's
always up, always puttering around.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED: 143

Sofiya plucks clothes off the lines and hands them, plus towels, to Templar and Emma. Then takes a hundred-thousand ruble note from her bra (from the night's earnings) and with a clothespin, hangs it on the line as payment.

CUT TO:

144 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING 144

As Ilya starts inside with several men, he orders Igor:

ILYA
Surround the building, seal every exit --
We'll squeeze them up to the roof.

CUT TO:

145 INT. COMMUNAL APARTMENT - SAME TIME 145

They continue (Emma urging on a shambling Templar) through a maze of rooms, each crowded with three or four sleeping men, women and kids ... finally reaching what looks like a dead-end till Sofiya kicks away an old highboy, then slides open a false wall that hides a cramped though clean cubicle.

SOFIYA
Built during Stalin Terror. They say
five scientists hid for six months --

SQUAWK of walkie-talkies. All three glance out the window:

146 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING 146

The original Land Rover has multiplied to a fleet -- the jeeps are forming an iron fist around the building.

147 BACK TO SCENE 147

As Sofiya hurries them inside the cubicle, she can't resist insisting, to Templar:

SOFIYA
I'm not underage. Just babyface, sir.

He gladly grants her this point of pride, ducking into:

148 INT. CUBICLE - MORNING 148

Sofiya secures the false wall and hurries off.

The following is spottily lit through tiny breathing holes:

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED:

148

Emma starts tugging off Templar's drenched clothing. He slurs a protest; awkwardly -- almost spastically -- resists. Emma is gentle but firm and very clear, like the best nurses.

EMMA

You've got hypothermia. We have to take off your clothes and get you warm before your body shuts down. Do you feel anything - any warmth?

TEMPLAR

Snug as a bug in rug. Angel's song makes heavens be mute.

He's naked now and pale, looking remarkably like the drowned poet in the monument. Emma holds him very tightly.

EMMA

Do you feel anything?

(Silence)

Thomas? Thomas?

Finally he manages:

TEMPLAR

Agnes ... watch this trick.

EMMA

Keep talking - tell me about Agnes.

TEMPLAR

We've got to stop meeting like this.

148A INT. APARTMENT CORRIDOR

148A*

Sasha approaches Ilya.

SASHA

Some kids talking about foreigners

He points towards a nearby apartment.

ILYA (O.S.)

Attention, tenants!

148B INT. CUBICLE - DAY

148B*

Emma silences Templar's murmers.

149 INT. APARTMENT - MORNING (SAME TIME)

149*

Flanked by footsoldiers.

ILYA

Turn the Americans in, you'll be paid in American dollars!

150 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

150*

Ilya enters

ILYA

Five-hundred buck reward, Daddy ... Have
you seen two Americans?

FYODOR

Just one American, one polar bear. Do I
get two-fifty?

Footsoldiers snicker. Ilya smiles, then suddenly draws his
gun, SHOTS Fyodor. He crosses to Masha, takes her hand,
kisses it. Frightened, she watches him leave, perhaps
thinking of the five hundred dollars.

151 INT. CUBICLE

151*

Emma listens as Ilya and Co. leave the apartment. She
whispers:

EMMA

What's your name? Who are you, really?

TEMPLAR

Simon.

EMMA

So you were named for a saint...?

Templar shakes his head, causing his body to quake. Emma
just holds him tighter, soothes him like a baby.

TEMPLAR

No, just a magician. I have tricks in my
pocket...things up my sleeve. Priest
took everything...I got things by
tricks...Priest took Agnes...Dog's too
big...teeth. I escaped...I always escape
but I can't escape from you. I don't
believe in magic anymore.

The confession seems to release some pain, some cold.

EMMA

I do. It's magic when I'm with you.

Templar's body is relaxing, color is returning to his cheeks.

TEMPLAR

I never felt like this before.

EMMA

You...what do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED: 151

TEMPLAR
I'm freezing.

She smiles, relieved - he's back.

CUT TO:

152 ANGLE - THROUGH AIRHOLE 152

Masha creaks down the hall toward them. She stops in front of the false wall. Sniffs.

MASHA
The Americans are here? Help! Help!

For an instant, Templar and Emma are too stupefied to move. Then Templar shoves aside the "wall," and they out.

153 INT. CORRIDOR 153*

Templar and Emma race down the corridor, avoiding Sasha and run towards the stairs. Ilya and his men give chase.

154 INT. STAIRWELL - MORNING 154*

Templar and Emma take the stairs three at a time, up to the tenth floor, followed by Ilya and Co.

155 OMIT 155*

156 OMIT 156

157 EXT. ROOFTOP - MORNING 157

Templar and Emma emerge, make a quick appraisal.

EMMA

Jump to the next building?

Templar is nearly sickened by a sense of deja vu.

TEMPLAR

No. No.

158 INT. STAIRWELL - SAME TIME 158

Ilya, with Igor, Sascha, Vlad et al rush en masse up to:

159 EXT. ROOFTOP - MORNING 159

But find no Templar, no Emma ...

Ilya spots a utility shed, ice broken around the door-frame.
Smiling, he PUMPS a few bullets into either side.

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160 INT. PIPE CONDUIT

160

In a shaft a hundred feet deep but not much wider than a human body, Templar and Emma use their coats, wrapped around utility pipes, to slide down. *

160A EXT. ROOFTOP - MORNING

160A

Having failed to flush out the fugitives, Ilya KICKS open the utility shed door. Peers into the conduit.

Igor, at his side, SPRAYS it with automatic FIRE --

160B INT. CONDUIT

160B

-- and a deafening HAIL of LEAD rains down just as Templar and Emma touch bottom and explode out of the shaft.

161 EXT. ROOFTOP - SAME TIME

161

Ilya swats the automatic off-target. Then swats Igor.

ILYA

We need her alive -- idiot!

162 INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

162

And a BIG MAN with a carbine whirls on Templar and Emma! No, it's just a stick of wood, he's feeding a furnace ...

As they politely edge around him, Templar consults the compass built into his penknife.

TEMPLAR

American Embassy's east of here ...

CUT TO:

163 EXT. ROOFTOP - MORNING (SAME TIME)

163

As his men argue in Russian over where the conduit will take the fugitives and where they'll reappear, Ilya scans the cityscape ... now we FOCUS on WHAT HE SEES: *

164 P.O.V.

164

An American flag waving over the Embassy a few blocks east.

CUT TO:

165 INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

165

Templar and Jill wind through a subterranean labyrinth -- when suddenly a YOUNG WOMAN hurries toward them, gesturing.

YOUNG WOMAN

Hurry, in here! You're the Americans?!

Beat. And now Templar and Jill guardedly follow her inside:

166 INT. SUBTERANNEAN DEPOT

166

Dark, cramped and dismal as an air-raid shelter. But propped against the dirt walls, lit by oil lamps, are gilt-thread embroidery, dyptych paintings on wood panels, silver chalices and various other Russian Orthodox sacramental objects.

Young Woman nods at a nerdy Young Man, polishing a pendant.

YOUNG WOMAN

Don't fret, it's just my curator Toli.
I'm Alexa Frankievitch but being you're
Americans you can call me Frankie okay?

TEMPLAR

"Frankie," listen, all we want is --

FRANKIE (YOUNG WOMAN)

I know, the icon of the Virgin of the
Don. Which isn't here, I know. I need
the thirty-thousand dollars up front --

Jill vehemently shakes her head. But before she can explain:

FRANKIE

Okay, twenty-thousand and not a penny
less. C'mon, it's the very icon Prince
Donskoy carried into battle against the
Tatars, who retreated, was a miracle --

TEMPLAR

I don't believe in miracles.

He grabs Jill's hand, starts to lead her out. Frankie swiftly interposes herself in the doorway, hands on her hips:

FRANKIE

Five-thousand. Not including cost to
smuggle it through tunnels out of town.

She gestures at the maps on the wall behind Templar and Jill on which Moscow's extensive network of tunnels is detailed --

-- and now, from the distance, comes the POUNDING of boots.

FRANKIE

Bastards -- you've brought the police!

TEMPLAR

No, "comrade criminals."

Cursing, Frankie grabs an oil lamp off the wall. Toli blows out the rest as the girl gestures Templar and Jill back into the labyrinth and her "curator" expertly seals up the depot.

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED:

166

EMMA
(whispers, urgent)
We're not in the art market, just
trying to get to the American Embassy.

167 INT. TUNNEL - VLAD & SASCHA

167

Leading two Treiak Security, they stalk through the maze, armed
with torches and guns like a lynch mob ...

168 INT. OUR TUNNEL - SAME TIME

168

Sensing the faint glow of firelight up ahead, Frankie hastily
turns Templar and Emma around.

FRANKIE
Chortle! Better go the long way.

As they start winding through a tangle of tunnels:

TOLI
Sewer is out, all exits are guarded ...

FRANKIE
Electric underpass, under high tension.

TOLI
Leaves municipal water main, during
afternoon conservation hour.

FRANKIE
Not a bad notion: there is exit hatch
just under the Embassy bomb-shelter.

Templar and Emma trade looks: he skeptical, she amazed.

EMMA
You know the underground of Moscow so
well?

FRANKIE
We are the underground of Moscow.

TIME CUT:

169 INT. TUNNEL - HOURS LATER

169

As the tired filthy foursome stumbles around another bend,
Frankie stops. Then -- scarily -- has to get her bearings.

(CONTINUED)

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169 CONTINUED:

169

TEMPLAR

Are we lost?

FRANKIE

You're in Russia, sir. Its tunnels are mysterious and illogical as ... well, Motherland herself ...

TEMPLAR

(getting the idea)

But you know the way ...

FRANKIE

... like the face of a stainless-steel Bulgari Chronograph.

She's staring at Templar's five-thousand dollar wristwatch.

With a faint growl he pulls it off and hands it over. Frankie gazes, infatuated, at her quality timepiece. Smiles:

FRANKIE

Suddenly I remember. This way!

CUT TO:

170 INT. TUNNEL SYSTEM - AFTERNOON (LATER)

170

Hunched low, Templar and Emma follow Frankie and Toli to a walkway that leads down to a compression hatchwheel ...

FRANKIE

At last, water main. Shutting it down each afternoon this winter, to ration.

TEMPLAR

What time do they turn it back on?

Frankie checks the Chronograph.

FRANKIE

You have five minutes, plus or minus.

Templar was already at the hatch, melting the rusted lock mechanism with a tiny-but-mighty blowtorch-attachment to his penknife. Emma is less than gung-ho under the circumstances.

EMMA

"Plus or minus" ...?

TOLI

Means several minutes earlier or later.

FRANKIE

You're in Russia, Ma'am.

(CONTINUED)

170 CONTINUED: (2)

170

Emma swallows, prays for "plus."

FRANKIE

Third hatchwheel is under your Embassy.

She gives poor pale Emma a warm good-luck embrace. Then, seized by conscience, Frankie tears off Templar's Rolex.

FRANKIE

You'll feel more secure wearing it.

Touched, Emma takes the watch back and gives a quick kiss to Frankie who hurries off with Toli, shamed at her own sentiment. Now --

-- Emma startles as the hatchwheel gives, with a GROAN. Templar climbs in, extends a hand. Pulls her inside --

171 INT. WATER MAIN - AFTERNOON

171

-- a large pipe: the tunnels were a walk in the park, compared. Templar pulls out his penknife, sticks it between his teeth: there's a powerful tiny high-intensity bulb at its tip. He and Emma start to crawl quick as they can ...

CUT TO:

171A INT. TUNNEL - AFTERNOON (SAME TIME)

171A

Frankie and Toli round a corner --

-- straight into the hands of Tretiak's men. Off Frankie's STREAM of Russian EXPLETIVE, we

CUT BACK TO:

172 INT. WATER MAIN (FARTHER ON) - A MINUTE LATER

172

Though progress is tedious, Emma seems to have transcended physical effort -- her expression now strangely abstracted.

Templar shines his penknife-light up at an exit hatch above.

TEMPLAR

Hatch Number Two, down Novinsky Street.

As he resumes crawling, faster now:

TEMPLAR

I figure two more minutes, unless it's "minus" day, in which case we're scr--

Ahead, his penlight finds the Embassy exit hatch. Templar freezes: it's sealed. Emma snaps right back to grim reality.

(CONTINUED)

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172

172 CONTINUED:

EMMA

Oh my God ...

TEMPLAR

For security. Christ. No hatchwheel.

EMMA

We've got to go all the way back!
(off the Bulgari)

We've been three minutes ten seconds --

(CONTINUED)

172 CONTINUED: (2)

172

Though it's life or death he gazes at the sight of his watch.

TEMPLAR

You stole it from her? Way to go --

EMMA

She returned it.

Templar, astounded, grabs it from Emma. As he straps it on:

TEMPLAR

No time to get all the way back ...

As they start crawling backward:

TEMPLAR

Hatch under the street. Or we drown.

In the distance, the sound of WHOOSHING WATER.

EMMA

Oh ... shit.

Crawling backward for their lives now, they soon reach the previous exit hatch. Templar frantically spins the wheel.

WHOOSHING gets louder. Emma peers desperately down the pipe. Finally the hatchwheel opens. Templar pulls himself up into:

173 INT. SERVICE VENT

173

Then pulls Emma up, just as the water ROARS through the pipe below, geysering through the hatch, soaking them both.

Templar SLAMS the hatch shut. But the pressure is intense -- the hatch BLOWS OPEN, water rapidly rises, waist-deep ...

TEMPLAR

Help me! Stand on it!

She does, and Templar forces the hatch closed again, then spins the wheel shut. They take a breath, stressed but safe.

Then Templar gestures: wait here. He clambers up the ladder. Raises the manhole lid. Pops his head out. Sees:

174 EXT. AMERICAN EMBASSY SQUARE - EARLY EVENING

174*

Out of the darkness, the headlights of... a Land Rover steaming straight for his head. He ducks back down as the jeep parks directly over the manhole.

174A INT. SERVICE VENT

174A

Templar climbs back down the ladder wearing that little smile he gets when trouble deepens.

EMMA

Now what?

TEMPLAR

Well...They're right above us.

Emma responds with a jittery laugh.

Templar's tapping a pipe that runs through here, with his penknife. He turns to her, as in, what do you think this is?

EMMA

Gas line.

Templar agrees. Startles her by plunging his penknife into the pipe, already weakened by corrosion. When he pulls the blade free, there's a HISS of escaping gas -- lots of it.

EMMA

(blinks at him)

For a suicide pact, you need my permission.

TEMPLAR

Not "suicide". Survival.

He starts up the ladder. Frightened, she balks.

TEMPLAR

Rather suffocate?

In the next second they're both hurrying up the ladder. Templar lifts the manhole again and the pair slithers.

(CONTINUED)

- 175 UNDER THE RANGE ROVER 175*
- where they flatten themselves, gulping fresh air. *
- Now a pair of black paraboots jumps down to the pavement. *
- Next, several more pairs of loafers and Nikes appear. *
- 176 THE AMERICAN EMBASSY 176*
- is 100 yards off. There's a demonstration, 100 Oktober *
- Party BLACKSHIRTS waving "Slavs Not Slaves" placards. Factor *
- in the footsoldiers right above them, and it feels like 100 *
- miles away. *
- 177 UNDER RANGE ROVER 177*
- Templar quickly calculates, then whispers: *
- TEMPLAR
- They'll open the gate when they see you *
- coming. Should take about ten seconds. *
- Emma starts to panic at the thought. She pops a pill, then: *
- EMMA
- I want to live, Simon, I never leave your *
- side and you never leave mine -- *
- TEMPLAR
- Just this once. *
- (quick kiss, then) *
- Dovvidanya, dear ... *
- 178 EXT. AMERICAN EMBASSY SQUARE - EARLY EVENING 178*
- And, before she can protest, Templar rolls out from under the *
- Land Rover, springs to his feet and "nonchalantly" strolls *
- past Ilya -- as though trying to brazen his way to freedom. *
- Stunned by the gambit, Ilya BARKS for his footsoldiers to *
- take down Templar! Which they do, with great relish *
- And Emma, who won't have a better moment to break cover *
- ...takes a breath, then starts sprinting for the Embassy *
- gates. *

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED: 178

Twigg the ruse, Ilya whirls, starts furiously after her.

179 THE AMERICAN EMBASSY (BEHIND THE GATES) 179

The on-duty MARINES, behind the Embassy gate, helplessly watch as Ilya gains on Emma, desperately running for freedom.

EMMA

American --! Open up --!

180 EXT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - EARLY EVENING 180

Four seconds have elapsed: Emma's almost halfway there. Ilya sprints after her as Igor and Vlad start pummeling Templar.

Ilya covers a lot of ground in two seconds. She's almost at the gate ... He's almost on her back.

Stoically taking his body-blows, Templar stays fixed on the death-race, with every fibre willing her to win.

But Ilya's closing the gap. Twenty feet ... fifteen ...

The Marines do all they're permitted to: swing open the gate.

Emma's legs furiously pump, but she's at arm's length. Feels Ilya's breath on her neck as he grabs her. *

He's got Emma's coat now. *

-- but luck is with her. She lunges, bare-shouldered, like Florence Joyner through the Embassy gates where she's ringed by Marines. Panting, Emma reaffirms: *

EMMA

I'm an American citizen.

MARINE

You have our full protection, Ma'am.

(glares at Ilya)

Back off from the gate -- NOW!

Ilya's black eyes bore through the Marine. And he --

-- backs off. To where Igor and Vlad hold Templar, bruised, but exultant.

TEMPLAR

She out-ran you. How humiliating. *

Ilya WHACKS him with the gun butt, knocks him to the street, From this vantage point, Templar confirms the cloud of ...

(CONTINUED)

180 CONTINUED:

180

... gas, visible as ripples in the air, billowing out of the open manhole beneath the Land Rover.

Templar turns his face up to Ilya, who's straddling him.

Concealing his gun with a flap of his open coat. Ilya presses the barrel to Templar's temple.

ILYA

One shot left. Can't come all the way to Russia, not play Russian roulette.

As he spins the cylinder, Templar's hand moves toward his boot-heel, agonisingly slow, so the movement won't be noticed. Meanwhile he stalls, taunting:

TEMPLAR

Before you shoot me don't you want to know where all the money's hidden?

Just as Templar's fingers start to extract the penknife ... Ilya squeezes the trigger. Templar flinches at -- a CLICK.

181 BEHIND THE EMBASSY GATES

181

Pressed against the now-closed gate, Emma vainly importunes:

EMMA

Please... Can't you do something --?

182 BACK TO TEMPLAR AND ILYA

182

Ilya spins the cylinder again: this time no bullet is visible.

ILYA

Whose money?

TEMPLAR

Tretiak's. Your's. Why do you think he's got you running round town like a monkey? You think Prince William's getting karate lessons? No, he's being trained to be a monarch, not a guerilla.

ILYA

What are you saying?

TEMPLAR

I'm saying your father's got billions stashed and I know where it is. Let's make a deal.

(CONTINUED)

Revised Buff 1 May 1996

75.

182 CONTINUED:

182

ILYA

So, where are all these hidden billions?

TEMPLAR

I know but I don't think I'm gonna tell you.

But Ilya starts to squeeze the trigger --

-- as Templar's hand pulls out the tiny blowtorch, which duly ignites and flicks it under the Range Rover.

Which BLOWS

Templar, reflexes ready, rolls out of harm's way as a FIREBALL billows straight at Ilya, the CONCUSSION sending him flying backward.

Meantime Templar jumps to his feet, throws a last look at Emma through the inferno. As he vanishes, OVER:

TEAL (VO)

He voiced no threat to contact you in future?

EMMA (VO)

He never had the chance.

183 EXT. LONDON (ESTABLISHING) - NEXT AFTERNOON (FOUR DAYS LATER) 183

Over an exterior of New Scotland Yard, we HEAR:

RABINEAU (VO)

You'll tell us if he does make contact?

184 INT. TEAL'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON 184

Emma is debriefed by Rabineau and Teal.

TEAL

Which he may well do, he's a right cad y'see, he charms women, this so-called "Saint" -- seems it's one of his m.o.'s ... no offense.

EMMA

(laughs)

Well, I am offended. Because all I got from Mr. Templar in Moscow was a series of near-death experiences.

TEAL

Well, count yourself lucky ... Now we've collated worldwide intelligence, Simon Templar's is our top suspect in the Uffizi bombing in Florence, few years back ...

(CONTINUED)

184 CONTINUED: (2)

184

RABINEAU

An innocent woman was killed, along
with two children --

Emma interrupts, sharply:

EMMA

He's no murderer, Inspector.

Rabineau and Teal trade the quickest look: this was a little
test, and Emma failed it. Belatedly, she senses this.

EMMA

... Or maybe he is, who knows?

Then checks her watch. And stands.

EMMA

Look, there's an important conference
coming up, I've got to prepare my talk.

Teal rises, walks her to the door.

TEAL

(walking her to the
door)

We understand, you have a life.

RABINEAU

We appreciate your taking the time.

Emma smiles and exits. Teal shuts the door. Beat, then:

TEAL

Bloody hell: she's in love with him

Rabineau nods.

CUT TO:

185 EXT. TRETIKOV'S MANSION - NIGHT (THREE DAYS LATER)

185

OVER, we HEAR:

DOCTOR'S VOICE

Burns are healing nicely, no sign of
infection, little chance of scarring --

186 INT. ILYA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

186

Decorated with two intertwined flags, Confederate and Nazi; a
poster of the bombed Federal building in Oklahoma; a full-sized
Sega Daytona video console heisted from some arcade.

A DOCTOR completes his follow up exam while a Nurse salves
Ilya's blisters. Tretyakov listens -- impatient, fed up.

DOCTOR

In all, I'd say, he's a lucky boy.

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED:

186

In the mirror Ilya inspects his scorched cheek, singed brow.

ILYA
"Lucky"? Look at me, I'm a damn devil!

TRETIK
Oh Good Christ --

He stalks from the room, out into:

187 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

187

Where he finds Botvin, nervously waiting for an audience.

TRETIK
Yes --?

Botvin bows, shuffles his feet, clears his throat.

BOTVIN
I have run every test on Russell's cold fusion formula and must conclude that it is not incomplete but, rather, impossible -- you may as well try to create perpetual motion, Mr. Tretik --

TRETIK
(erupts)
I invest millions and you can't make it work? No harm, you and Ilya just keep living it up here like Romanov princes!

BOTVIN
(scared, stammers)
But I've been working without sleep for nearly two weeks, sir, at first blush the theorem appears quite impressive.

TRETIK
It does?
(beat. reflective)
Yes it does, doesn't it ...? Good man!

He goes to the bannister and BELLOWS, down to the foyer:

TRETIK
Vereshagin, you must arrange a meeting!

The Chief Operating Officer ventures out of the office below.

(CONTINUED)

187 CONTINUED:

187

VERESHAGIN
A meeting? With whom, Mr. Tretiak?

CUT TO:

188 EXT. THE KREMLIN - NEXT EVENING

188

Sotto, OVER a stirring view of this imposing seat of power:

TRETIAK'S VOICE
You'll tell President Karpov exactly
what we rehearsed -- understood?

189 INT. KREMLIN CORRIDOR - EVENING

189

Trailed by Vereshagin Ilya and Botvin, Tretiak baldly covets
the ceremonial sabres, Faberge eggs and tapestries on display.

The timid physicist girds himself for a terrible deception.

BOTVIN
But the woman ... what if she should
talk to the Western press? Wouldn't --

TRETIAK
It's being handled, my dear friend.

As Tretiak claps him across the shoulders, for encouragement:

TRETIAK
Remember what the Western capitalists
say: If you get a lemon, make lemonade.

CUT TO:

190 INT. KREMLIN MEETING ROOM - EVENING

190

Tretiak enters from the right, From the left entrance comes a
wary, careworn PRESIDENT KARPOV with KORSHUNOV, his Executive
Assistant. The two sides sit at opposite ends of a long
table. (Ilya who lingers by the door, sulking sentry.) Tretiak
shivers, with theatrical gusto

TRETIAK
Chilly in here, Mr. President.

KARPOV
So long as the heating crisis persists,
we keep our thermostat quite low.

(CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED:

TRETIAK

Honorable. But not enough, you know,
this symbolic solidarity of suffering.

KARPOV

Yes, I've heard: I am a god -- silent,
maybe dead. Whereas you are "a man."
But you've grown your hair since
Brezhnev days, with that beard you look
like a Russian Orthodox saint. Yet you
speak like a Stalin. So tell me,
Tretiak, which man are you today?

TRETIAK

Today I'm one thing only: a patriot.

He leans forward, fixing his gaze on the Russian President.

TRETIAK

As former Minister of Energy and Power,
I hear all manner of schemes to provide
cheaper power ... And as our countrymen
freeze to death I've become aware of a
marvelous new technology about which
I'm hopelessly out of my league from a
scientific viewpoint. That's why I've
brought our eminent physicist here, Lev
Botvin from the University of Moscow.

As he slides all the documents and charts across the table,
Karpov's eyes flick, with weary suspicion, to the physicist.

KARPOV

I've met Lev Naumovitch.

Botvin dries his lenses on his shirt-tail and swallows. But
he's interrupted by the droll, cynical Executive Assistant:

KORSHUNOV

Before we're dazzled by the good news,
let's dispense with the bad. What is
the price of this "marvel"?

Vereshagin leans across, finds the relevant page.

VERESHAGIN

Here are research and development costs --
which is all you're asked to defray.

KARPOV

(aghast)

Ten billion in hard currency?! I can't
even pay my teachers, my miners ...

(CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED: (2)

190

Tretiak starts to rise. Vereshagin too.

KARPOV

Where are you heading? I thought we'd
drink some Kremlyovskaya to get warmer.

Korshunov slides open the shelf of a bookcase -- hidden behind
it is a crystal jar of vodka, and some tumblers.

TRETIK

Mr. Karpov, in all candor I'm tired of
the nightly rallies, power brawls ...
If a great scientific breakthrough were
to give Russia back its balls, then I'd
gladly give back my heart to my family
business. To my family ...

He throws a sentimental look at Ilya, sulking by the door.

KARPOV

Yes? You'd withdraw your opposition?

TRETIK

It's my sweetest dream.

Korshunov pours the vodka; Tretiak and Karpov take tumblers.

KARPOV

Without making any sort of commitment
... we wish to study these documents.
Dr. Botvin, will you kindly explain, in
layman's terms, this... "cold fusion"

Botvin takes a breath, then starts his sell-job.

191 OMITTED

191

192 INT./EXT. JILL'S VW BUG - LATE AFTERNOON 192

She double-checks a hand-drawn map as she drives down a winding English country road, looking nervous and expectant, as though heading to a tryst.

CUT TO:

193 EXT. FARMHOUSE - EARLY EVENING (LATER) 193

Jill finally arrives at this secluded spot somewhere between Oxford and Bath, half-hidden in deep woods.

194 INT. FARMHOUSE - EARLY EVENING 194

The door is unlocked. Jill lets herself in, looks around the rustic rooms, sees a fire blazing in the bedroom ...

195 INT. BEDROOM - EVENING 195

Jill drifts inside, uncertain.

JILL

Simon ...?

Now Templar appears behind her bearing two glasses of cognac.

TEMPLAR

One drink a day ...

JILL

... good for the heart. When I heard the word "safehouse" I pictured some basement room in Brixton, not ...

She turns to survey the lovely room -- and freezes, stunned. For there, on the bed, are her seven cold-fusion cards.

JILL

(hushed)

Luke.

Templar embraces her, she holds him tight in turn, but he wants it understood:

TEMPLAR

You have your cards back, don't need to be nice anymore, you can kiss me off ... I'll go if you want, disappear --

Jill laughs, shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED:

195

JILL

I know you Simon, you'll stick around
till you've gotten the rest of the
formula out of me but here's the catch:
it could be awhile. So, will you wait?

TEMPLAR

Forty years, not a moment longer.

JILL

Alright, but I warn you, but we'll be
too old to blow our billions.

TEMPLAR

We'll buy the best dentures ...

JILL

... finest prunes. I love you, Simon.
You're a sweet scared little boy
disguised as the world's best thief --

TEMPLAR

-- and lover.

He tries to tip her onto the mattress. She resists.

JILL

But not because I'm lonely.

TEMPLAR

Because you're not, anymore. Are you?

JILL

Are you? No, don't tell me, we'll talk
later ...

And as they fall back onto the bed and begin to make love,
CAMERA discreetly RISES on the wall above them.

Their RUSTLES and MOANS FADE as the wall unaccountably darkens
...

... and a SHADOW appears on the plaster, an apparition slowly
taking form ... a young girl's face ... the face of --

196 FLASHBACK

196

-- Agnes, on the roof of the St. Teresa School For Foundling
Girls, her curls and shabby nightdress blowing in the breeze.

AGNES

Wait! John Rossi ...

197 BACK TO SCENE

197

TILT BACK to Templar: buffeted by his nightmare, he tosses, tries to cuddle closer to Jill.

But Jill isn't here: she slipped out of bed awhile ago and has been sitting at the desk, surrounded by her seven cards, hunched over a notepad, intently scribbling ...

Templar tries to call to her, but instead slips back into his nightmare

198 FLASHBACK

198

where now the girl lies broken in the courtyard below. And as Templar looks down, he begins to topple too --

199 INT. SAFEHOUSE BEDROOM - MORNING

199

Templar awakens with a stifled scream, to find himself alone in here. On Jill's pillow lies an envelope marked Simon.

Inside is a stickpin decorated with a human ideogram sporting a halo. And a note. As Templar starts to read we HEAR, VO:

JILL'S VOICE

The pin is something silly I've kept for years, god knows why, a graduation gift from Catholic school. Don't worry -- you don't have to wear it, I just wanted you to have something of mine.

Templar, at the mirror, holds the stickpin to his bare chest where his lapel would be. Wondering if he could wear it.

JILL'S VOICE

Because, last night ... Don't laugh, but I think I let myself feel "heat" for the first time, and I was afraid, but I wasn't afraid of being afraid ...

Templar doesn't laugh at all; he quickly crosses to the desk.

JILL'S VOICE

And it freed me, all that fear, and love, and life ... to write the last verse of the ... cold fusion poem ... And this morning I'm giving it away to the world. If someone can work out how to stabilize it, harness it, use it ...

The notepad's blank, she's torn off the top sheet. And taken all her cards of course.

(CONTINUED)

199 CONTINUED:

199

Cursing under his breath Templar starts, hurriedly, to dress.

CUT TO:

200 EXT. SHELDONIAN THEATRE (OXFORD) - LATER THAT MORNING

200

The site of this year's British Physical Society Conference. Rain is falling; there's a chaos of umbrellas. At the edge of the crowd stand Inspector Rabineau and a slit-eyed Teal.

JILL'S VOICE

Because it belongs to the world. And
because if we don't own it, we'll be
free, you and I ... I know you don't
believe that right now -- but you will.

As Jill comes on foot from the Chemistry Building, bareheaded and blissfully oblivious to the inclement weather, she spies:

A FIGURE lurking outside the quadrangle walls, features obscured by a hat pulled low, "saint" stickpin on his lapel.

JILL

(surprised, hurries
over)

Simon! They're onto you, you could be
arrested ... What're you doing here --

TEMPLAR

I came to stop you. You really think
the world deserves cold fusion, free of
charge? It'll be used to build more
and bigger nukes, power Stealth bombers
and battleships, how can you be so
naive after what you saw in Russia --

JILL

I'll tell you what I saw, that gave me
hope ... On my way in from the airport,
coming to find you, was a statue of
Turgenev, with a quote from one of his
books: "Man is good. Conditions are
bad."

TEMPLAR

Man makes those conditions --

She silences him with a finger lovingly pressed to his lips.

(CONTINUED)

200 CONTINUED:

200

JILL
When I'm done we'll go back to our
safehouse for a spirited debate ... Or
drink some cognac and make love. Your
call, dear.

She gives him the sexiest kiss, turns and hurries to join the
crowd jostling with photographers, etc., to get in the hall.

CUT TO:

201 INT. SHELDONIAN THEATRE - MORNING (HALF-HOUR LATER)

201

As Jill is introduced Templar slips inside and stands at the
back, half-hidden. He watches, proud and apprehensive, as:

Jill moves to the podium. Waves away the applause.

JILL
We know Cold Fusion's had a difficult
childhood, those few of us in the field
are orphans, bastards at best ...

Jill scans the dark hall. She knows Templar's in here
somewhere -- and that he understand she's talking not only
about research science as she adds, with a cryptic smile:

JILL
But difficult childhoods, I believe,
create the most interesting adults.

Templar turns from his scrutiny of the Bobbies positioned
around the hall and the pair of Inspectors here, to regard Jill
with deep pleasure. But his private smile fades, as ...

... her eyelids flutter, perhaps from nerves.

JILL
And this morning, I've come to --

She wipes her brow, slick with sweat. Her free hand trembles
as she pours herself some water; Jill splashes the lectern.
Then covers with a joke.

JILL
Didn't realize ... heavy water.

Subdued LAUGHTER. She collects herself again.

JILL
Come to tell you that Cold Fus...

Then sways: the room is spinning.

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED:

201

JILL

-- that Cold Fusion's come of age ...

(X)

And Templar breaks cover, starts moving down the aisle.

JILL

Bear with me, just need ... my pills --

She fumbles in her purse for her Inderal. But the vial slips from her shaky hands, pills scatter, her eyes roll back ...

... and she collapses.

The house is silent, stunned. Nobody moves. Except --

-- Templar, sprinting for the stage.

TEMPLAR

-- JILL --!

He leaps up to her. Seeing him, she sighs:

JILL

Simon, I ... want to live.

SHOUTS for "a doctor in the house." Reporters push to the front. Photographers jockey. Templar is the center of the storm; he holds Jill in a strong, though desperate, embrace.

TEMPLAR

Then never leave my side.

When suddenly he's yanked upright and roughly spun around by Teal, face flushed with dizzy triumph.

TEAL

Scotland Yard, you're under arrest.
Gotcha, you slippery sonovob--

TEMPLAR

Help her you bastards!

He throws off the Chief Inspector, lunges for Jill --

-- and is set upon by bobbies with batons, cuffed and hauled out of the Theatre.

202 EXT. QUADRANGLE - MORNING

202

The wildly struggling Templar is frisked and relieved of his penknife ... The stickpin gets torn from his lapel and trampled in the confusion as he's violently heaved inside:

203 INT. POLICE CAR - TEMPLAR 203

is literally caged in back of the otherwise unoccupied car. He punches the window, CRIES Jill's name, then stops when --

204 EXT. QUADRANGLE - MORNING 204

-- she's carried out, limp, and laid on a blanket, with various cops huddled around her, and a doctor kneeling at her chest. And when a sheet is solemnly drawn over her face --

205 INT. POLICE CAR - TEMPLAR 205

shakes his head like an autistic. As though trying to make it all disappear. But in fact the shaking finally dislodges a long thin blade from his hair which falls right in his lap.

206 EXT. QUADRANGLE - MORNING 206

Rabineau numbly supervises the loading of Jill's body into the back of the ambulance that's just arrived.

TEAL

Terrible business. I'll ring you after we've booked this bloody "Templar".

He signals for a patrolman, and starts for the police car.

Freezes in mid-step. The far door is ajar, Templar's flown.

CUT TO:

207 INT. FARMHOUSE - LATE THAT NIGHT 207

Templar hasn't eaten, slept or washed ... The safehouse is dark as a tomb, lit only by the screen of his laptop as he fervidly accesses every digital press photo posted online by:

TEMPLAR

(mutters, as he finds them)

A.P. ... U.P.I. ... Reuters ...

The only other sound comes from the RADIO, playing softly: "... collapsed as she began to address a physics conference. Dr. Russell was pronounced dead on arrival at the University College Medical Center. Family members say the electrochemist suffered from a congenital heart condition. In other news, the Tories have demanded a referendum on --"

Templar switches it off without turning from the screen.

(CONTINUED)

207 CONTINUED:

207

Then quickly scrolls through shots of various speakers and visiting scientists entering the hall, coming to a motor-drive series of Emma. He "ZOOMS" in TIGHT on her face ...

208 INTERCUT COMPUTER SCREEN

208

... and morbidly lingers over each digital "portrait," her expression subtly shifting from moment to moment, in each frame the girl glowing with hope, with her great gift soon to be given. *

209 BACK TO SCENE

209

And then abruptly he stops clicking, on one frame ... in which Emma's expectant smile vanishes, replaced by a wince.

Templar "ZOOMS" out. There's Emma at the hall's entrance, surrounded by Photographers, Reporters and Guests.

Templar runs the full-frame sequence in "real" time, a sort of cyber-flipbook. There's herky-jerky jostling beneath a dark canopy of umbrellas as Emma walks into the Theatre.

His face mere inches from the screen, he replays the "wince". Like Templar, we're TIGHTER now. And like his eye this time, our CAMERA is selective, we see a little more. Specifically:

A longhaired, bearded man two paces behind her, who ...

TEMPLAR

... folds up his umbrella before reaching the awning.

No wait, something's off. Templar rewinds, replays, sees:

TEMPLAR

It's not an umbrella.

The man touches his walking stick's sharp tip to her ankle.

SMASH TO:

210 INT. TEMPELHOF TRANSIT LOUNGE - FLASHBACK

210*

As Tretiak boasts:

(CONTINUED)

210 CONTINUED:

210

TRETIAK

Oh yes, I could have a man killed and stroll away ... Even with the metal detectors, even in this transit lounge.

BACK TO:

211 INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

211

ONSCREEN, the killer turns to escape. Templar freezes the FRAME that reveals his face. ZOOMS IN.

TEMPLAR

Too much hair. Needs a shave.

Templar digitally obliterates the long locks, erases the jaw.

TEMPLAR

Pair of thick lips set in a sneer ...

And as he draws in the mouth, it becomes a photograph of:

TEMPLAR

Ilya.

Templar bursts out in a savage, nearly lunatic laugh.

Then violently grabs for the phone. Dials a number.

TEMPLAR

Yes -- your next nonstop to Moscow --

He starts to jot down the flight information ... then stops.

Turns on the light, tears off the top sheet of the hotel notepad and holds it up to the overhead bulb.

The receiver drops from his shoulder, hits the floor. We HEAR the Aeroflot AGENT faintly jabbering.

ON THE SHEET OF PAPER

Very lightly, but very clearly, the indentations left by Jill last night as she scribbled the final cold fusion equation.

We go in TIGHTER, the SCREEN turns brilliant WHITE as, OVER:

(CONTINUED)

Tan - 27th March 1996

90.

211

211 CONTINUED:

CNN CORRESPONDENT (VO)
As the number of deaths from freezing
mounts, the mood here is increasingly
ominous. A bankrupt Russian government --
unable to provide the heating oil its
people so desperately need -- claims to
be working on some mysterious
"solution" to the crisis.

CRANE UP from a blinding SNOWDRIFT onto:

212

212 EXT. STREET NEAR KREMLIN - THAT AFTERNOON

Strewn with broken bottles, charred trashcans, torn clothes,
spent teargas cartridges, and Tretiak placards. It's pissing
frozen rain today and now we FIND under an improvised canopy:

CNN CORRESPONDENT
Meanwhile, what Ivan Tretiak's Oktober
Party bills as "rallies" are turning
into nightly riots. Jan Sharp, CNN,
Moscow.

A BUSINESSMAN in a slicker darts around a motorbike-and-sidecar
parked in front, folding his umbrella as he ducks in:

213

213 INT. SHOP - AFTERNOON

Dark and narrow, the counters crammed with cheap copies of
Russian Orthodox art: cardboard icons, plastic chalices, tin
pendants etc. The owner -- who's kept on her overcoat indoors
and paces the small space to stay warm -- is Frankie.

BUSINESSMAN
Yes ... I'm looking for a genuine
Madonna icon ...

FRANKIE
(brightens, sensing a
score)
With an American dollar deposit, we
could meet elsewhere. I show you rare
objects, Madonna costs a bit extra --

BUSINESSMAN
But she's gotta be wearing the cone-
shaped bra.

Frankie blinks at the "businessman."

(CONTINUED)

Tan - 27th March 1996

91.

213

213 CONTINUED: (2)

FRANKIE

Simon --? Real funny. So, what ...?
Didn't you ... make it out okay?

TEMPLAR

I did, yeah, thanks ... And you?

Frankie gives out with an edgy laugh.

FRANKIE

Your "comrade criminals" were all over
the tunnels like rats. They roughed me
up but I laughed in their face, said I
wouldn't tell them a damn thing.
(a breath)
So they shot Toli.

TEMPLAR

(stunned)

I'm sorry.

(then, softly)

Emma's dead too.

Frankie's stunned, in turn.

FRANKIE

You've come back for revenge --

TEMPLAR

I prefer the word "justice."

FRANKIE

Sorry: Wrong time, wrong town.

TEMPLAR

I need your help, Frankie.

Frankie defensively steps back -- not easy, in the tiny shop.

FRANKIE

Hey, it's a big country, one-sixth of
the earth's dry surface, and you're
saying I'm your best friend here?

TEMPLAR

I'm saying you're my only friend.

FRANKIE

Your friends seem to die on you.

TEMPLAR

Yours too.

(CONTINUED)

213 CONTINUED: (2)

213

Frankie swallows hard, then sighs:

FRANKIE
We're in Russia, sir.
(beat)
Welcome back.

CUT TO:

214 EXT. TRETIK'S MANSION - NEXT MORNING

214

The daily army of construction workers, staff, and cleaning women descend. A Sentry checks the ID's of all who pass inside, paying scant attention to the stooped old maids in rags.

CRANE UP over workmen installing stained glass, into:

215 INT. TRETIK'S OFFICE - MORNING

215

Tretik strategizes over black caviar with Vereshagin and an edgy General Sklarov. The casual dress tells us we're in what may be the only comfortably heated home in all Moscow.

SKLAROV
Of course I can count on my troops...
But I was led to believe you'd soon
unveil some miracle to incite the mob.

TRETIK
Like the Miracle of Socialism, our
Miracle of Cold Fusion failed. But no
matter... This skunk has sprayed the
stink of our failure all over my enemy,
Karpov. And before he scrub it off --

VERESHAGIN
The army must be mobilized by Friday.

A stooped old babushka shuffles in, waving a feather-duster over the paintings of a Kremlin now within Tretik's grasp.

SKLAROV
You're a man in a hurry, Ivan
Petrovich. That's only three days...

TRETIK
Yes, think of it: In three days you
can be proud you're a Russian general
again. With a big nuclear missile
where your prick used to be!

Meantime Ilya shouts at the babushka:

(CONTINUED)

215 CONTINUED:

215

ILYA

Not now, old witch, we're working!

The babushka turns and humbly shuffles out -- but not before dropping an audio bug not much bigger than a dust mote onto the bookshelf behind the conspirators. (It sits in front of Tretiak's copy of The Protocol of the Elders of Zion.)

216 INT. MANSION STAIRWELL - MORNING

216

The babushka -- yes, Templar -- hurries off down the hall.

217 INT. TRETIK'S OFFICE - ILYA

217

With a nagging feeling about the nosy babushka he peers out. Just as...

218 OMITTED

218

219 INT. ROOM (DOWN THE HALL) - TEMPLAR

219

ducks in a doorway, out of sight. And realizes he's taken refuge in what is surely Ilya's room -- scattered across the floor are free weights, American rap CD's, piles of muscle, car and porno magazines. And, propped in the corner, is ...

... the walking stick.

Templar registers the weapon that killed Emma with the merest twitch in the corner of his mouth. And then he darts to:

220 INT. MANSION STAIRWELL - MORNING

220

Peering out, he sees a newly-delivered shipment of chemicals carried upstairs by a liveried servant ...

Templar strips off his rags revealing a painters outfit beneath. Stuffs the babushka disguise in a formerly concealed gallon paint-can.

CUT TO:

221 INT. BOTVIN'S LAB - MORNING

221*

Dr. Botvin dispiritedly hooks a length of palladium wire to an electrolyte cell. Sighs, reaches for a strange-looking lightbulb. Hears a CREAK, turns, shakes his head at Templar.

BOTVIN
(in Russian, subtitles)
I'm sorry, you're not allowed in here ...
All the work is out there.

TEMPLAR
The work could be in here, you know.

As Botvin reacts to Templar's enigmatic remark, in English no less, Templar takes a curious look at Botvin's lab table.

Discomposed, Botvin tries to block the view. Haltingly:

BOTVIN
Better go quick, whoever you are. Mr.
Tretiak, he ... he'll be ... angry.

TEMPLAR
Why bother hiding it, it's useless, no?

Botvin looks close to tears.

BOTVIN
All these lovely ... cathodes, anodes,
Dewar flasks are now mere ... "props."

TEMPLAR
But you wish that they worked --

BOTVIN
-- with all my ... *dusha*, my ... soul.
(sotto)
People are freezing to death you know.

222 INT. FOYER - ILYA

222

pacing the stairwell, scenting the air like some animal.

223 INT. BOTVIN'S LAB - CONTINUOUS

223

Templar brings out the wrinkled sheet, that faintly reveals Emma's last Cold Fusion "key". Botvin squints at the paper.

TEMPLAR
Does this mean anything to you ...?

Botvin squints at the paper. His glasses start to fog.

(CONTINUED)

223 CONTINUED:

223

BOTVIN
(a whisper)
It clarifies the seven cards ... Whose
work is this?

TEMPLAR
The late Dr. Russell's.

Botvin looks deeply shaken -- it's clearly the first he's
heard. So Templar now entrusts Emma's scrap of paper to him.

The physicist quickly turns away, and CLICKS on his computer.

BOTVIN
I need some time alone.

We HEAR the CREAK of someone on the stairs, approaching.

TEMPLAR
So do I.

But first he hands Botvin an item not much larger than the
bug he'd left on Tretiak's bookshelf, with a tiny antenna.

TEMPLAR
Transmitter/receiver. Now that we're
friends, let's not lose touch.

As Botvin nods and places it in a pocket, Templar tips the
bill of his painter's cap over his face and turns just as --

-- Ilya enters. Barely notices the "painter" slipping past,
SHOUTING something in Russian, presumably to the foreman
downstairs. Subtitle translates:

TEMPLAR
"Oleg, up here, we need a second coat!"

Meantime, Ilya intently queries Botvin:

ILYA
Have you seen a filthy old babushka?

Botvin shakes his head.

ILYA
Well, when you take your head out from
your ass and notice something, give me a
shout, eh?

Botvin nods.

CUT TO:

Revised White 15 May 1996

96.

224 OMIT 224
 225 OMIT 225
 226 EXT. APARTMENT BLOC - NEXT AFTERNOON 226*

An anonymous white-cement barracks-like housing development on Moscow's outskirts, that's eerily all but invisible against the snowy background. OVER, disorientingly, we HEAR:

SKLAROV'S VOICE

Have I got till midnight, Friday?

227 INT. FRANKIE'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON 227*

Ear to the speaker of a cheap tape recorder, Frankie strains to hear Vereshagin and Tretiak over the tinkle of ice in their drinks...

VERESHAGIN

...still, no-one's guessed the simple truth of where the heating oil went.

TRETIK

Those "in the know" think I sold it abroad! Liberal press has been hunting for a paper trail that doesn't exist!

The gloating, distorted LAUGHTER is too much to bear. Templar reaches past Frankie and flicks OFF the machine.

TEMPLAR

I need a minute with President Karpov.

Off her hopeful look:

TEMPLAR

Not to save the world, just protect my little piece of it ... KGB must've built tunnels under the President's home -- and you must have the maps?

A BEAT. Now Frankie, unaccountably, emits a harsh laugh.

Then crosses to the window-casing where she's stuffed fresh dry newspaper into a crack, to keep out the bitter wind. Uncrumples Page One of Ekho Moskv. Translates the headline:

(CONTINUED)

227 CONTINUED:

227

FRANKIE
 "Embattled President Retreats Behind
 Kremlin Walls."
 (then)
 "Under seige from critics and freezing
 populace, Karpov moved today from his
 home to sanctuary behind barricades --
 "

TEMPLAR
 Then I'll break into the Kremlin.

Frankie laughs some more: crazy Templar, he must be kidding.
 But now she sees he's not kidding, and stops laughing, and we

CUT TO:

228 EXT. KREMLIN - NEXT AFTERNOON

228

Here comes a minivan with reflective windows, crawling down
 Kremlyovskaya past a series of well-guarded gates. OVER:

FRANKIE'S VOICE
 You see Simon, it's not a savings bank.

229 INT. MINIVAN (MOVING) - AFTERNOON

229

A nervous Frankie drives, as Templar takes photos through the
 silvered window.

FRANKIE
 The word "Kremlin" comes from the
 Russian kreml which more or less means
 "fortified stronghold" ...

TEMPLAR
 Yes and unlike a savings bank this
 "fortified stronghold" has courtyards
 accessible from the air by parachute --

FRANKIE
 But they're gloodlit. A motion sensor
 every square meter. Fifty surveillance
 cameras and as many guards in ev--

TEMPLAR'S VOICE
 What about Stalin's bunker?

CUT TO:

230 INT. SUBTERRANEAN DEPOT - THAT NIGHT

230

Back in Frankie's art-lair below-ground, lit by oil-lamps.
Templar pores over a dozen detailed maps of the complex.

FRANKIE

The door is lead-lined and reinforced
with eight feet of concrete. Nothing
short of a tactical nuke will dent it.

Templar squints at some kind of sensor on the entrance hatch.

FRANKIE

A radiation detector ... Will only open
after dissipation of nuclear fallout.

TEMPLAR

You're saying it can think.

FRANKIE

Yes, it's a sophisticated, intelligent
system updated during Gorbachev regime.
So below ground is hopeless as well,
and thus you must give up this crazy --

Templar smiles. He's found the key.

TEMPLAR

Frankie, don't you see? If it can
think ... it can be lied to.

CUT TO:

231 VIDEO MONTAGE - NEXT NIGHT

231

A series of CLIPS from CNN of Russian Military -- Tanks, Jeeps,
Troops -- mobilizing around Moscow. (Note: we will use
existing news footage from the last coup attempt.) OVER:

CNN CORRESPONDENT (VO)

As freezing temperatures and heating
oil shortages continue to take a lethal
toll -- and rumors sweep Moscow that
many more deaths are unreported --
Troops under the command of right-wing
General Leo Sklarov have begun to ring
the Russian capital city.

232 EXT. RED SQUARE - NIGHT

232

In the middle of the throng, the Correspondent continues:

(CONTINUED)

232 CONTINUED:

232

CORRESPONDENT

Angry, frightened citizens are flocking to Red Square at this hour. But they're not braving the bitter cold for yet another political rally.

She holds up a Russian-language leaflet, that's circulating.

CORRESPONDENT

They've been drawn here by the promise of a "revelation" to be displayed on these colossal videoscreens --

Behind her, two huge projection screens put in place by the Oktober Party show an image of Tretiak Industry building.

CORRESPONDENT

-- in what's become a life-and-death drama played out on a very large stage.

CUT TO:

233 INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

233

Somewhere below, damp and dark. Templar and Frankie are discomfited by the muffled STOMPING of hundreds of pairs of boots above, as they make their way through ...

"UNDERGROUND" MONTAGE

A nightmare of tunnels abandoned by all but the bloated vermin underfoot. Templar consults a three-inch square card onto which he scanned a detailed multi-level Kremlin ground-plan. Then tucks it back in his breast-pocket as Frankie's flashlight finds a massive set of concrete slabs in the wall.

TEMPLAR

The gizmo should be right ... here.

The detection unit is encased in steel mesh, recessed in the concrete; Templar kneels before it, unshoulders his backpack.

Removes a plexiglass box and cordless bolt-driver. The box has two compartments, one empty, one filled with a smoky gas.

As Templar begins to bolt it over the radiation detector.

233A EXT. STAGING AREA - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

233A

In an isolated spot just north of the city where the coup was rehearsed, the last unit prepares to board jeeps and tanks.

(CONTINUED)

233A CONTINUED:

233A

The tense platoon stands at attention as Sklarov exhorts them with Pattonesque warrior passion. We needn't speak Russian to understand he's inspiring them to fight or die -- or both.

Now the last convoy starts rolling south, towards Red Square.

233B INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT (TEN MINUTES LATER)

233B

The box snugly attached to the sensor. Templar turns a knob: the divider between compartments opens, releases gas.

TEMPLAR

Now we'll see if you're a connoisseur,
or just a very smart computer program.

Frankie murmurs a prayer as gas wafts into the sensors.

TEMPLAR

Radon isn't plutonium, but I'll bet you
don't know that.

And the detector's EMERGENCY LIGHT starts to BLINK.

(CONTINUED)

233 CONTINUED:

233

TEMPLAR

Gullible gizmo. Boom, you got nuked.

With the bolt-driver, he works to loosen the box.

TEMPLAR

Now it's several months later ...

FRANKIE

Moscow's rebuilding from the rubble ...

He pulls the box from the detector, dissipating the gas.

TEMPLAR

... and the radiation's gone.

The emergency light goes off and voila ... the concrete slabs slide open, exposing a rather more prosaic padlocked door.

(X)

234 INT. COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

234

Templar lets himself and Frankie inside the compartment, unchanged since WWII, strategic map still tacked on the wall.

FRANKIE

(awed, spooked)

Stalin's bunker.

Templar squints at his square card.

TEMPLAR

The stairs, there ...

FRANKIE

... should lead to the well.

He starts toward it. Stops. Gives Frankie an awkward hug.

TEMPLAR

With any luck I'll never see you again.

FRANKIE

(laughs)

Ah, Simon, such a sentimental fool --

CUT TO:

235
thru
238

OMITTED

235
thru
238

239

INT. KREMLIN MACHINE ROOM - NIGHT (FIVE MINUTES LATER)

239

Humming and throbbing like the bowels of some mechanical behemoth. Amidst a multitude of machines that seemingly date from the industrial revolution we FIND an artesian well ...

... as a sweaty Templar reaches its summit. Climbs out and strips off his now-sooty coat, which protected a starched gleaming Kremlin Guard uniform. He tosses the old overcoat down the well then hurries through the machine-maze.

240

EXT. KREMLIN GATE - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

240

A detachment of of Special Forces led by Sklarov reach the Savior Tower Gate. The General thrusts his credentials at two hopelessly outgunned Sentries who hastily "approve" them, then wave the convoy on.

240A

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL RESIDENCE (KREMLIN) - NIGHT

240A

Two GUARDS march past the window, patrolling the corridor.

BEAT. Now a third guard appears. Pauses at the window ...

240B

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

240B

It's Templar, who peers out in time to see:

240C

EXT. KREMLIN COURTYARD - NIGHT

240C

The Special Forces are now inside the grounds! Sklarov is entering the Presidential Residence ...

241

INT. CORRIDOR (PRESIDENT'S SUITE) - NIGHT

241

Templar checks his Rolex: the coup is going like clockwork.

Then quickly orients himself off his Kremlin ground-plan card, starts marching toward Karpov's apartments.

242

OMITTED

242

243

INT. CORRIDOR (PRESIDENT'S SUITE) - NIGHT

243

A genuine Kremlin Guard rounds the corner, onto the corridor where we last saw Templar. He stops, sensing something --

(CONTINUED)

243 CONTINUED:

243

-- as Templar slips out from behind a baroque pillar, pressing an ether-soaked rag over the Guard's face. He collapses, unconscious, as a SECOND GUARD enters the hall.

TEMPLAR
(subtitled Russian)
He's had a seizure! I'll get help!

Templar starts hurrying farther down the hall. In the confusion, it takes the Second Guard a moment to realize that he's never seen Templar before. Just as he draws his gun --

-- Templar whirls, pointing a pistol of his own.

SECOND GUARD
Sdavaites!

Templar doesn't surrender, he FIRES -- at the chandelier above the Guard's head. As it blows apart, Templar bolts, zigzagging, toward the President's quarters.

Alerted by the shot, a squadron of Guards race around the corner, firing a CACOPHONOUS volley of high-velocity rounds.

But before they can find their target, Templar has reached:

244 INT. PRESIDENT KARPOV'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

244

Startled awake, Karpov uses his body to shield his terrified wife. Muffled ORDERS are heard in the hall as Templar barricades the door. Raises his palms to show they're empty.

TEMPLAR
"Man is good. Conditions are bad."

KARPOV
You broke in here to quote Turgenev?

TEMPLAR
Actually I'd rather quote Tretiak.

KARPOV
(a grimace)
All I hear is that devil --

TEMPLAR
You hear what he wants you to hear.

Karpov slowly untwists, to peer at the stranger.

TEMPLAR
Where did all the heating oil go?

(CONTINUED)

244 CONTINUED:

244

KARPOV

Tretiak sold it to the West! We just
can't find the proof --

Templar shakes his head: wrong.

A BEAT. Karpov turns and shouts through the door:

KARPOV

I'm unhurt! Back off!
(then, back to Templar)
Tell me more.

CUT TO:

245 OMITTED (245)

245

246 OMITTED (246)

246

247 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT (A MINUTE LATER)

247

Special Forces sweep down the hall from two directions,
BARKING commands to surrender. Overwhelmed by sheer numbers,
the Kremlin Guards lay down their guns without a shot fired.

248 INT. KARPOV'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

248

Karpov and Templar are head to head in intense conversation
as the door is blown open and General Sklarov strides in.

SKLAROV

Leave the spouse here under guard!
Detain Mr. Karpov downstairs.

KARPOV

What you're attempting is illegal ...
The people won't stand for it!

SKLAROV

"The people" are too cold to stop it.

Sklarov turns to Templar, held by two burly Special Forces.

SKLAROV

And who are you?

TEMPLAR

Edmund Campion. Named for a saint who
was tried on falsified charges of
treason.

As he rips off Templar's epaulets, with relish:

(CONTINUED)

248 CONTINUED:

248

SKLAROV

A "saint"? Isn't a saint defined as
someone who dies horribly?

TEMPLAR

That's a martyr ... A saint is someone
who can be linked to three miracles.

SKLAROV

Well here's a miracle for you:
(to Special Forces)
Make him disappear.

Templar struggles, takes a few body-blows from rifle-butts.
But just as they haul him away he comes face to face with:

Ilya, in full blackshirt regalia now the coup has succeeded.
Startled to find Templar of all people in here of all places.

ILYA

Why must you meddle in our politics!

TEMPLAR

Not politics, it's personal --
(soft, husky)
It's Emma.

ILYA

"Emma"? Dosen't ring a bell. But then
I'm bad with names.

He turns to Sklarov. As though to demonstrate:

ILYA

Drag him out with the piece-of-shit
former President ... We'll throw them
both to the rabble in Red Square.

CUT TO:

249 EXT. RED SQUARE - LATE NIGHT (SAME TIME)

249

The crowd is bigger than any we've yet seen.

And getting riled by inflammatory Oktober Party propaganda
images on the two big video-screens.

250 INSERT TV SCREEN

250

Troops protect a score of Parliament Deputies and Press. A
REPORTER excitedly tells CAMERA (in subtitled Russian):

(CONTINUED)

250 CONTINUED:

250

REPORTER
In an emergency measure, a Special
Commission approved by the Duma ...

CUT TO:

251 INT. ILYA'S ROOM - SAME TIME

251

Igor gleefully watches the broadcast on Ilya's projection TV,
between snorts of meth off a Dogg Pound CD jewelbox.

Vlad sits at the Sega Daytona console in the opposite corner.
Adjusts the rearview mirror to watch the TV as he plays.

CUT TO:

252 INT. KARPOV'S OFFICE - NIGHT (A MINUTE LATER)

252

Journalists, politicians and police stream in.

REPORTER (VO)
... is seizing and studying documents
hidden in Mr. Karpov's Kremlin office.

As Reporters bear witness, the President's files and
correspondence are summarily confiscated.

CUT TO:

253 EXT. RED SQUARE - NIGHT (TWENTY MINUTES LATER)

253

The CROWD explodes as Tretiak climbs on a tank turret. It's
history-in-the-making, Lenin's arrival at Finland Station ...

Magnified on two big videoscreens, Tretiak greets the masses.

TRETIK
Friends. Countrymen. Russians!

Where the previous rallies were rock concerts, this one is pure
theater -- complete with cast, sets, props and lighting.

TRETIK
You heard about this morning's Senate
inquiry. Many shocking documents were
recovered from the President's secret
files, locked within his private safe.

On cue, a spotlight hits the computer and safe.

(CONTINUED)

253 CONTINUED:

253

TRETIK

The documents, which will be published in today's papers, prove the profiteer Karpov was about to squander over forty trillion of our precious Russian rubles in a bootless scheme to save his hide!

The spotlight hits a second platform that looks like a gallows: here's Karpov himself -- standing tall, staring out.

Another ROAR from the crowd, struck by Tretiak's brazen will to power as a second spot lights up ... Simon Templar.

TRETIK

To add insult, the king's ransom was to be paid to this international criminal!

HISSES, CRIES for swift justice.

TRETIK

And for what was your President hoping to bankrupt our national treasury?

Spotlight three hits the piece-de-resistance: that bedraggled array of beakers, tubes, and lightbulb from Botvin's lab, now displayed on the back of a flatbed truck for mass ridicule.

TRETIK

This sad science project was supposed to rescue Russians from a frigid death ... do you dare deny this, Mr. Karpov?

Karpov throws a glance at Templar, then responds resonantly:

KARPOV

Absolutely not! I proudly admit it!

Tretiak misses a beat, surprised at Karpov's brass.

Meantime Templar raises a boot, as though to scratch his calf with his heel. But no, he's slipping out his penknife, which he presses while pointing at the flatbed truck, like a remote control...

Which switches on the cold fusion apparatus, setting the chemicals bubbling in their beakers.

TRETIK

What you see is a fairy tale called "cold fusion." Supposed to heat this huge, cold continent -- yet it can't even light up a measly bulb!

He pauses so as not to step on the laugh. But strangely the laugh doesn't come. Instead there's a mass MURMUR. Because:

As seen on the giant video-screens, the lightbulb has started to GLOW. Tretiak, unaware, works to find his rhythm again.

(CONTINUED)

253 CONTINUED: (3)

TRETIK

From the country that gave us "crack,"
unemployment, AIDS and Gangster Rap ...

More MURMURS. Because, clearly seen on the video-screen, the
bulb glows brighter, hotter. The flatbed truck begins to
strangely sag. A flat? No, the whole damn thing is melting.

And Ilya mutters:

ILYA

Nothing wrong with Gangster Rap.

The crowd surges forward as the bulb reaches critical mass and
the truck's windows SHATTER as a magnificent white-hot column
shoots up into the night sky, like a beacon of hope!

TRETIK

But enough puny failure ... Failure's
in the past! Begging is behind us!
The balance of power is about to shift!

Realizing he's staring with his mouth slightly agape, Tretik
clenches his jaw and searches for something to say, as:

The crowd stops in its tracks. Oaths are spoken. Children are
hoisted onto adult shoulders, to witness. Fingers point.

CROWD

It works. Karpov's cold fusion -- The
light gives off heat!

TEMPLAR

(murmurs)

Miracle One.

Meantime three-hundred thousand MUSCOVITES stare at Tretik.

TRETIK

Alright, I grant it seems to work, to
some extent ... But who knows whether,
in the long run, the costs outweigh ...

His voice is suddenly small, and unconvincing.

TRETIK

Believe me, as Former Vice Minister of
Energy and Power, I grasp the economic
issues, the subtleties ... It's all in
my book, if you've bothered to read it!

There's nothing subtle about the column of light: it's gotten
taller and brighter, and a CHANT has erupted, growing louder:

(CONTINUED)

253 CONTINUED: (4)

253

"Karpov ... Karpov ... KARPOV ..."

Sklarov is now unctuously escorting Karpov off the platform.

SKLAROV

A thousand apologies, Mister President,
there was a miscommunication somewhere
in the chain of command. I intend to
conduct a strenuous inquiry right away

KARPOV

Really? From Lefortira prison?

Meantime the tanks begin to roll backward, out of Red Square!

Tretiak -- who figures it's time to lower his profile -- slips
off his mike, slides off the tank. He's instantly sheilded by
a coterie of bodyguards led by Ilya who whisk him away from the
angry crowd to the refuge of his bulletproof Zil.

Templar tries to follow on foot -- hopeless of course ... and
then he spots a motorbike-and-sidecar pulling up. Driven by:

(CONTINUED)

253

253 CONTINUED: (5)

FRANKIE

Hard luck, Simon, here I am.

She guns the bike as a grateful Templar jumps in her sidecar.

CUT TO:

254

254 EXT. TRETIK MANSION - LATE NIGHT

The gates are flung wide and the Staff, like the proverbial rats, are fleeing as Ilya chauffeurs Tretik home in the 211.

255

255 INT. FOYER - LATE NIGHT

Ilya shouts up to the faithful Igor and Vlad:

ILYA

Clean out both safes! Jewels, cash,
passports! Meet me back here in five!

Tretik meantime pauses over the body of his Chief Operating Officer at the foot of the stairs, gun in hand, a suicide.

TRETIK

Dear Vereshagin ... you damned coward.

CUT TO:

256

256 INT. BOTVIN'S LAB - LATE NIGHT

Botvin alone at the computer, fogged-up glasses in his lap. He starts at a CREAK. Turns to Templar in blurry silhouette.

BOTVIN

As agreed, Mr. Templar -- I make a disk
for you, of full cold fusion formula.

The blurry silhouette nods. Then BANG, flower of flame.

Struck in the shoulder, Botvin struggles to put his glasses back on. Sees it wasn't Templar here but Tretik -- who advances, gun pointed at the terrified physicist's forehead.

TRETIK

Too bad they don't teach loyalty at
Moscow University.

Then -- BLAM -- the coup de grace, point black.

And Tretik puts away his weapon, then impatiently waits for the data to download to disk.

(CONTINUED)

Tan - 27th March 1996

109A.

256 CONTINUED:

256

TRETIK
I may have lost the Kremlin ... But to
control cold fusion gives me more power
than the President of any country.

As he ejects the priceless disk:

ILYA
Funny, I was just thinking the same.
Tretik glances over at Ilya. Sees that his son is pointing
his own gun. Tretik laughs, slowly reaching for his pocket.

TRETIK
What an absurd situation! After all,
a father cannot kill a son ...

ILYA
But a son must annihilate a father, one
way or another, if he's to be a man ...

CUT TO:

257 EXT. MANSION - LATE NIGHT

257

A loyalist Tank rolls up kitty-corner to the Mansion as --
-- Frankie reaches the gate. Templar hops from the sidcar.

(CONTINUED)

110.

Tan - 27th March 1996

257

257 CONTINUED:

TEMPLAR

Wait here, and keep the motor running.

Just now, TWO GUNSHOTS ring out from inside Botvin's lab.

Templar trades looks with Frankie, then runs for the front door -- and a Tank Gunner across the street, taking him for one of Tretiak's men. OPENS FIRE. Templar ducks the salvo --

CUT TO:

258 INT. FOYER - LATE NIGHT

258

-- sprints inside, then slips upstairs toward Ilya's room.

CUT TO:

259 INT. LAB - A MINUTE LATER

259

Ilya is bent over Tretiak's corpse, straining to pry the diskette from his death-grip. Finally pulls it free, pants:

ILYA

Sorry Pop ... But today you can't be a billionaire and a Communist, same time.

TEMPLAR

Or a rap star and a Russian tsar.

Like a sorcerer, Templar's materialized behind Ilya. He holds out his left hand. His right stays behind his back.

TEMPLAR

Simon says, Give me the disk.

Ilya tucks the disk in his shirt pocket.

ILYA

Suck me sideways.

Then thrusts the gun in Templar's face. And Templar smiles:

TEMPLAR

But that's a six-shooter. And you fired four times in Red Square, two just now ... If you're gonna run the world you've gotta know the basic math.

(CONTINUED)

259 CONTINUED:

259

Then reveals what was concealed in his right hand:

The walking stick. As Templar points the sharp tip at Ilya:

TEMPLAR

The Disk Is Mine.

Ilya slowly backs from Templar.

ILYA

The toxin on the tip of it has long ago
dried up. Is your first problem.

TEMPLAR

What's my second?

Ilya's response is to drop his useless gun, then lash out
with a perfectly judged kick that separates Templar from the
walking stick. Ilya grabs his beloved weapon.
Unfortunately, there's little time and too much risk to turn
it on Templar. With bigger fish to fry, Ilya whirls. Bursts
out of the lab.

260 OMIT

260*

261 INT. FOYER - ILYA

261*

As he flies downstairs, Templar is only a few steps behind.

262 OMIT

262*

262A EXT. COURTYARD - SAME TIME

262A*

Frankie watches, helpless, as another SHELL is fired --

*

263 INT. FOYER - LATE NIGHT

263*

-- BLOWING OUT the mansion doors in a huge fireball.

*

The eruption subsides, revealing Ilya and Templar prone and dazed on the stairs, separated by a dozen or so steps. Ilya looks down to see that the foyer floor, fueled by ruined cans of varnish, is a lake of flame. Nowhere to go but up --

*

*

*

*

-- where there are windows on the low rim of the cupola, any one of which will make a fine escape hatch onto the roof. Except Templar, staggering onto his feet, now blocks the way.

*

*

*

No worries: Ilya climbs off the bannister onto the tower of wood scaffolding that extends all the way to the chandelier.

*

*

He scrambles past Templar, who takes in the inferno below, then clambers onto the scaffold and follows Ilya up the tall tower, made unstable by the flames that lick its base.

*

*

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112A* 112A* 112A*

263A EXT. MANSION - LATE NIGHT

263A*

Another MISSILE sails toward its target and --

263B INT. FOYER/SCAFFOLD - LATE NIGHT

263B*

As Ilya, then Templar climb past the next floor, the doors to Tretiak's room EXPLODE out at both men, who instinctively cling through the shockwave to rickety struts.

Templar, this time reorienting first, starts to snake through the tower toward Ilya -- who swings his stick down on Templar's knuckles: WHACK! Losing his grip, Templar dangles one-handed, high over the flaming floor.

As Ilya resumes scaling the tower, Templar starts determinedly hand-over-handing it up the scaffold's center.

Ilya's reached the top! He crawls to a bracing strut that leads to one of the windows. Then, like a circus acrobat, gingerly steps along the plank, halfway to the window, when-

263C EXT. MANSION - LATE NIGHT

263C*

-- a MISSILE hits the roof.

263D INT. CUPOLA - LATE NIGHT

263D*

Ilya's escape hatch becomes a glass hand grenade, throwing him back toward the scaffold. Templar watches, amazed, as --

-- the quick, fit young Russian hooks the crook of his walking stick onto the lower ring of the chandelier, where he now dangles, helplessly swinging against the tower ...

CLOSE FLAMES

Below, relentlessly eating the scaffold's base. Now, with Ilya's impact above, the structure starts to ominously shift.

TEMPLAR

scrambles up the last few struts as the tower topples --

LOW ANGLE UP

-- then leaps off the crashing scaffold and --

CLOSE

-- desperately clutches onto Ilya's ankles.

264 INSERT PULLEY

264

Welded tight to the dome above. But the rope supporting the chandelier -- never meant to support two men as well -- precariously strains and stretches ...

264A BACK TO SCENE

264A

... and the wildly rocking chandelier sheds a blizzard of crystal as Templar literally climbs up Ilya, then plants a heel on the Russian's head as he gains the chandelier itself!

264B INSERT PULLEY

264B*

As the rope slips a few feet and

264C THE CHANDELIER

264C

sickly drops, then nauseatingly sways as Ilya shimmies up onto it too.

264D INSERT WINCH

264D*

The mechanism that keeps the rope secure is straining under three-hundred-plus pounds of added pressure, as ...

264E ON THE CHANDELIER

264E*

... the pair balances on opposite sides, suspended over the pit of hell. And Ilya SCREAMS above the CRACKLE of flame:

ILYA

Happy now? Cold Fusion dies with me!

TEMPLAR

Well, yes and no.

From his shirt pocket he pulls the Cold Fusion disk and waves it with a taunting flourish! Off Ilya's thunderstruck look:

TEMPLAR

I'm a magician ... Remember Templehof,
how I took the chip from Daddy --?!

Ilya lunges for the disk. Then startles as it crumples in his hand: it was just the card with the Kremlin ground-plan!

In the instant of confusion, Templar grabs between Ilya's knees for the walking stick, still hooked to the steel ring.

He thrusts it at Ilya, the tip less than an inch from the assassin's neck. Who somehow stays cool enough to remind:

ILYA

You're the thief ...

Then with awesome dexterity, speed and nerve, he grabs the shaft and twists the walking stick out of Templar's hand!

ILYA

-- I'm the killer.

(CONTINUED)

264E CONTINUED:

264E

His triumphant grin fades a bit when he realizes that, in the instant of regaining the stick --

-- Templar plucked the Cold Fusion Disk from Ilya's breast pocket. And tucked it, with left hand, in his shirt pocket.

In his right, he's got his little penknife.

Ilya reacts: the contrast of three-foot sharpened walking stick with three-inch pocket-knife makes him ROAR with mirth.

ILYA

And what do you plan to do with that.

Templar daringly rises to his feet. And answers, simply:

TEMPLAR

This.

In one quick motion he severs the rope that's supporting the chandelier -- and Ilya too.

Templar's holding the rope, just above where he sliced, with his free hand. Dangling, he watches a SHRIEKING Ilya ride the chandelier all the way down into the foyer-inferno ...

... and beyond, through a wooden floor consumed by fire, then another forty feet, into a heretofore hidden substructure below the Mansion. Where Ilya finally strikes cement and the chandelier SHATTERS like a crystal bomb, as --

264F INSERT FIREBALL

264F*

-- a final SHELL makes a direct hit on the dome!

265 INSERT WINCH

265*

The force of the blow shatters the mechanism.

265A BACK TO SCENE

265A*

Templar fearfully glances up as his lifeline flies free --

265B INSERT ROPE

265B*

-- and the rope, thick in the middle with a large knot, angrily lashes THROUGH FRAME.

265C INSERT PULLEY

265C*

From Templar's POV as it crazily spins and --

265D BACK TO SCENE

265D

-- still hanging on, he plunges all the way down through the crater made by Ilya in the flaming parquet floor, when

266 OMITTED

266

266A INSERT PULLEY (ABOVE)

266A*

The knotted section of rope reaches the pulley and wedges
there, jamming it, abruptly breaking Templar's fall!

*
*

266B BACK TO TEMPLAR

266B

A few feet from death, suspended above Ilya's broken body in
the ultimate Moscow-style bungee jump, he dazedly marvels:

*
*

TEMPLAR

Miracle Two.

He drops down, then wonders at the extraordinary sight of:

*

266C A VAST STORAGE SPACE - LATE NIGHT

266C*

The size of several city blocks, And -- just as he'd come to
suspect, just as he'd promised President Karpov -- stacked to
the rafters with aisle upon aisle of jumbo drums, each filled
with hundreds of gallons of precious hoarded heating oil.

*
*
*

267 INT. FOYER - A MOMENT LATER

267

Above, Marines foam out the blaze and swarm around the
smoking hole in the foyer floor. Frankie's up here too,
gazing down in happy disbelief at Templar and the treasure.

FRANKIE

Simon ... We could heat all of Moscow!

*

Templar looks up at her. Nods. Smiles.

*

TEMPLAR

And now there's no one to stop you!

CUT TO:

268 INT. JILL'S OFFICE (OXFORD) - MORNING (A FEW DAYS LATER) 268

Jill's things have been moved here, from her flat. Trish is half-heartedly packing up, mournfully trying to deal with all the loose ends. Now the door opens, and:

Templar enters, dressed much as he'd been before, at Oxford, in his Thomas More days. But with a dark, determined look.

TEMPLAR

I need help from someone in the Chem Department, or Physics.

She stares, confused. He looks naggingly familiar.

TRISH

You're from ... Technical Support ..?

Templar shakes his head, starts to look around.

TEMPLAR

No. I need help. I ...

Seeing Jill's things again, the photo of Jill and her dad, book of poems, bottle of cognac, Templar is nearly overcome.

TRISH

Need help what?

TEMPLAR

Need help establishing whether ... this work I've done, whether it can be stabilized, harnessed, I need to speak with someone here about ... about --

He sighs, hopeless. From his pocket, he pulls out the disk.

TEMPLAR

About giving it back.

Off her mystified look, as he hands it to Trish:

TEMPLAR

Miracle Three, maybe: cold fusion ... Could change the world someday.

TRISH

Are you a chemist?

TEMPLAR Jill was a chemist.

Tears spring to Trish's eyes, at the name.

TRISH

And who are you?

(CONTINUED)

268 CONTINUED:

268

 TEMPLAR
I'm ... no one.

With that, he backs out of the office.

CUT TO:

269 EXT. SHELDONIAN THEATRE (OXFORD) - THAT AFTERNOON

269

Winter has ended early, the world is thawing ... A light rain falls as Templar wanders, his head lowered. Now he stops ...

His downcast eye spies something in a crack between old stones, something very small that's gleaming --

-- off a ray of sun that just now cuts through the clouds.

He crouches and picks it up -- gently, lovingly -- as though it was worth more than anything in the world.

IN TEMPLAR'S PALM

The "saint" stickpin Jill gave him, lost in the scuffle outside the lecture hall that terrible morning ...

He tenderly wipes it clean, with a fingertip.

BACK TO SCENE

Templar stands, pockets the stickpin. And as he drifts out of the quadrangle, we FADE UP ...

NEWSCASTER'S VOICE

... In our top story tonight, there's puzzlement and joy worldwide as fifty-seven international charities, ranging from Amnesty International to Doctors Without Borders, received contributions of a million dollars apiece. The funds were drawn anonymously from a numbered bank account in Geneva, Switzerland ...

The Newscaster FADES OUT as a bit of sun mixed with the moisture in the air makes a strange and fantastic effect: for a moment there's what appears to be ...

... a halo, over Templar's head.

Then Simon -- the Saint -- disappears.

THE END