

THE SAINT
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EXT. CITY (1917)

A thin and watery dawn, heavy snow falling on a magnificent city - 100 islands, 700 bridges, palaces with minarets, a church topped by a golden spire.

From within its walls, the sound of gunfire, the heavy thud of artillery -

EXT. CITY STREET

The flash of cordite, eddies of gunsmoke. An army of peasants - ragged clothes, primitive weapons - hurl themselves at a barricade.

Defending it, officers of the Russian Imperial Guard. These are magnificent men - plumed helmets, blue capes billowing. They rapid fire into the surging mob -

Men and women fall but no-one tends the wounded - five hundred years of rage is at the boil and nothing will stop it now. They hurl themselves forward, engulfing the barricade, flooding over the top.

The Imperial Guard break and run!

A teenage girl - hair flying, eyes sparkling - plants a pole with a furled flag. The sound of a bugle makes her turn -

The Cossack Cavalry! Charging down the street, colors flying, their General in the lead...

Sswish!! Their sabres cut through the peasants like a scythe...

The girl screams. Too late! The General's horse soars over the barricade.

Sswhack! His sabre cleaves her from the shoulder to her waist. The flag, still furled, falls to the ground.

The Cossack Cavalry charges through.

Out of the smoke and carnage, a bloodied hand emerges. It belongs to a young man - he reaches for the flag, rips apart the string that furls it and raises it high above his head.

The wind catches the fabric, billowing it out: the people's flag is blood red, in its center a golden star. As it fills the frame, we superimpose the title:

ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA

October, 1917

The words vanish and we pull back - way back, across a great public square.

EXT. PALACE SQUARE

The dispossessed, the weak, the hungry charge across the square. Straight in front of them, the endless facade of the Winter Palace - 1047 rooms, 120 staircases, every corridor three miles long.

Standing in a window, a man -

INT. PALACE CORRIDOR

Middle-aged, dressed in a military tunic, this is Nicholas II, Emperor of All the Russias, Czar of Moscow, King of Poland, Grand Duke of Finland, Lord of Turkestan.

All around him, chaos - aristocrats fleeing, chamberlains shouting orders...

The Czar stares down at the square below - the peasants race towards a cordon of infantry.

A Colonel of the Guard walks down the line -

COLONEL

For King and Country - aim!

The soldiers sight down their barrels...

The peasants come closer... closer...

COLONEL

Fire!

A thousand rifles roar, machine guns thunder, the air fills with screams and smoke. But still the peasants come...

The sound of a horse whinnying - very close. The Czar turns - noblemen and servants scramble aside as the Cossack General gallops down the corridor.

He reins to a halt, dismounts and bows to his Emperor.

GENERAL

The city's lost, sir.

CZAR

(softly)

You're certain, General?

GENERAL

An hour - maybe less.

The Czar turns and looks out the window at the battle being fought below - an hour, maybe less, and the dynasty which bears his name will be nothing more than history.

GENERAL
You must hurry, sir!

INT. PALACE VAULTS

The treasure house of Russia: vault after vault packed with gold bars and coin, trays of diamonds and necklaces, safes stacked with currency - the mother lode of an Empire.

Men and women - dressed like surgeons - work fast, packing the greatest of the treasures into steel chests.

A distinguished man - grey hair and gentle eyes - oversees the operation. This is the Lord High Chancellor.

A commotion at the door. He turns - the Czar enters. At his side is his son - the Crown Prince of Russia. Aged about ten, dressed in a tiny military uniform, his face is disfigured by a purple birthmark. His name is Alexander Nikolaivich but his family calls him Karla.

The Chancellor bows to them both, but the Czar has little time to waste - he indicates the strong boxes.

CZAR
You have everything - the Orb,
the Scepter, the Royal Insignia?

CHANCELLOR
Everything except the Cap of
Monamakh -

CZAR
(sharply)
Why not?

CHANCELLOR
You know the history, sir - only
a man born to be Czar may touch the
Crown of Russia.

CZAR
There's no time for legends,
Anotoly -

He motions to two huge guards. They unlock a massive steel door.

A velvet-lined vault. Sitting in it, glittering, all alone - the Crown of Russia.

Slowly the Czar takes it out. As he turns with it in his hands, a hush falls over the room.

From outside - an explosion, the roar of gunfire. The Czar bows his head -

CZAR
Ye, though I walk through the
valley of the shadow of death, I
will fear no evil.

The whole room joins in the prayer -

CZAR/EVERYONE
The Lord is my shepherd - he
leadeth me beside still waters, he
prepareth a table in the face of
mine enemies. Surely goodness and
mercy shall follow us all the days
of our lives -

The Czar holds the Crown out to his son. Karla lifts his lips
and kisses the great diamond that forms the centerpiece.

CZAR
Amen.

EVERYONE
Amen!

Bang! The Chancellor swings open the lid of one of the steel
chests.

The Czar places the Crown in it, takes one last look, then slams
it shut.

INT. PALACE CORRIDOR

Smash! A bullet shatters a mighty window. Fragments of glass
rain down as soldiers haul artillery pieces and machine guns down
a marble corridor...

They pass the Empress Alexandra and her four daughters, huddled
against a wall, ready to flee.

The Czar and his son push through the military escort which
surround them. The Czar embraces his wife -

CZAR
Ready?

The Empress, frightened, nods her head - yes.

EMPRESS
The crown of state?

CZAR
It's on its way -

EMPRESS
The destination?

CZAR
Exactly as we discussed.

EMPRESS
Who else knows?

CZAR
Nobody -

Crash! A great gilded mirror explodes as a burst of bullets stud the wall...

EMPRESS
I fear the worst - Rasputin said
he saw me in a basement... he heard
the sound of gunfire - then
darkness. Who knows what fate
awaits us. Say we both should die
- what then?

CZAR
(very quiet)
There's a map.

EMPRESS
No! No map -

CZAR
Listen to me -

He draws his wife and Karla - his son and heir - very close,
speaking so low nobody, not even us, can hear. Slowly a smile
breaks across the Empress's face.

EMPRESS
I've said it before - you're a
brilliant man.

The Czar turns - soldiers step aside, revealing the Chancellor.
Hurriedly he bows to the Empress:

CHANCELLOR
I came to say goodbye, Madame...

He takes a velvet case out of his jacket and opens it: two
magnificent bracelets, an elaborate design worked in diamonds,
rubies, emeralds...

CHANCELLOR
These are the Bracelets of
Sincerity and Wisdom...

He slips one onto each of the Empress's wrists...

CHANCELLOR
Let them remind you of what is
yours, always was, ever will be.
Never take them off - not until
you return. Promise me!

The Empress nods -

CZAR
Swear it, Alex!

EMPRESS
I swear.

The Chancellor snaps the bracelets shut and locks them with a key.

Ka-boom! The machine guns and artillery mounted in the corridor open up, firing through the windows into the square below.

CHANCELLOR
Farewell, Madame -

The Royal Family and their escort turn and go. Gunsmoke billows down the corridor, engulfing them.

INT. PALACE UNDERGROUND

A prison deep in the bowels of the palace. The cells are full of men, heady with the smell of revolution, the hope of freedom. They are singing:

PRISONERS
"Though cowards flinch and traitors
sneer, we'll keep the Red Flag
flying here..."

A jailer and the Cossack General hurry between the cells, ignoring the abuse and spittle that's hurled at them.

They stop at the last cell. The jailer unlocks the door, the General draws his pistol, ready to shoot any prisoner that moves -

GENERAL
Mikhail Ivanovich!

A young boy - an urchin aged about ten - pushes through his cell-mates. As he comes closer we see that the side of his face is disfigured by a purple birthmark.

EXT. PALACE STABLES

Snow drives in flurries across a courtyard at the rear of the Palace. A horse-drawn carriage masquerading as an ambulance - a large red cross painted on its side - stands against one wall.

INT. AMBULANCE

The Empress and her daughters - two of them sobbing quietly - sit in the back. The Empress - tears in her eyes - stares out the window, into the stables -

INT. PALACE STABLES

Hidden from prying eyes, deep in shadow, Karla and the urchin are stripping off their clothes.

The Czar kneels next to his son -

CZAR

There's no time for lies, Karla -
not today. The truth is, we may
never meet again -

Karla's eyes fill with tears, but the Car knows there's too much to say, too little time -

CZAR

Dry your tears, little boy. God
willing - you'll survive.

He takes his son's face, forcing him to look at him - the boy must understand this:

CZAR

Whatever happens, never forget this
day. Men have come like thieves in
the night, they've taken what is
ours.

He picks up the peasant boy's rags and starts to dress his son -

CZAR

But even the longest night has its
dawn. One day you'll come home
again -

And now the enormity of it all starts to hit the Czar. He looks out at the courtyard - people fleeing, the sounds of battle closing in -

CZAR
(softly)
Maybe we all will, princes of
Russia, every one of us...

He looks at his son, perhaps for the last time. He runs his hand
gently over the birthmark -

CZAR
Now cry no more, my son. Go
forward, remember -

The Czar's voice falters and stops.

KARLA
(trying to be brave)
Remember what?

CZAR
Everything, Karla -

He folds his son into his arms, holds him tight, and now it's his
eyes that fill with tears -

CZAR
Remember everything!

Quickly, lest his child see the tears, the Czar turns to the
peasant boy, still struggling into the Crown Prince's uniform.
He takes his hand and swings him into the ambulance.

Snap! A groom breaks out a flag: the Red Star, the people's
flag...

Crack! The driver flicks the reins - the horses leap towards a
set of massive gates...

The Czar and the Empress press their faces to the windows - one
last look at their son, standing alone in the courtyard, the
sounds of battle all around him.

Karla watches the ambulance race across the courtyard. He raises
his hand, not so much in farewell - more as if he's reaching
for them -

The ambulance speeds through the gates. Bam! They slam shut.

EXT. NEVSKY RIVER

Dead bodies float among the trash at the river's edge.

Tilt up to an old coal barge tied-up to a stone wharf. Right
behind it - the Winter Palace...

The Lord High Chancellor strides up and down the wharf, shouting orders, supervising the loading of the last of the treasure chests onto the barge...

INT. PALACE, THRONE ROOM

Karla, tiny in a vast space, stands at a window in the Throne Room: walls of mirror and glass, massive portraits of his forebears, a golden throne...

He looks down on the wharf - the Chancellor steps aboard, the mooring lines are cast off and the barge is swept into the racing current. The Crown Jewels of Russia are on their way...

A mighty roar! Karla turns - the towering doors of the Throne Room burst open. A wave of peasants - banners flying - charge into the room: the people have taken the Winter Palace!

Nobody notices the little boy, dressed in rags, standing at the window, fighting back his tears...

As the peasants surge closer, they drift into slow motion. Their bodies strain, their eyes shine...

The color bleeds away, the revolutionary wave freezes: the reality becomes a granite sculpture. Topping it all, a bust of Lenin -

INT. ST. PETERSBURG AIRPORT (1994)

Smash! A sledgehammer hits the bust, shattering it into a thousand pieces. Pull back to reveal a gang of workmen tearing the sculpture down...

The dust and debris float across a huge hall - now we see where we are: the arrivals section of an international airport. The overhead lights are flickering, armed soldiers everywhere, hardly anyone arriving but a horde of people - refugees - trying to leave...

Super the title:

ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA

1994

INT. IMMIGRATION BOOTH

A Customs Officer leafs through a passport - he stops at the identity page: a black and white photo of an old man, totally bald. Despite the years, the face is still aristocratic, full of power.

The Customs Officer compares the photo to the reality: one side of the man's face is disfigured by a purple birthmark - Karla!

CUSTOMS OFFICER

(ironic)

Welcome to the Commonwealth of Independent States. First time in Russia?

KARLA

I was here a long time ago.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

(smiling)

Quite a difference - we were Communists then.

KARLA

Not Communists - before that.

The Customs Officer looks at him, handing back his passport -

CUSTOMS OFFICER

You're right - that is a long time.

EXT. ST. PETERSBURG STREETS - DUSK

A dog runs towards us, tail wagging. As he comes closer we see he's got something in his mouth - the remains of a human hand.

He turns into a blighted street: fires in the distance, food lines everywhere, filth and decay. High-heeled hookers work the sidewalks, calling to men in cars, offering discounts for Yankee dollars...

INT. TAXI - DUSK

Karla sits in the back of a taxi, looking out. They make a turn, rounding a corner...

Karla sits forward: platoons of soldiers are bivouacked in the square, tanks command the intersections, but if Karla sees them he pays no mind - he has eyes only for the Winter Palace and the memories it holds...

EXT. TAXI DUSK

The taxi accelerates across the square, disappearing into the gathering night.

Overhead, the sound of helicopters, the sky lit only by the glow of distant fires...

INT. CELLAR NIGHT

A huge room deep in the cellars of some huge building: vaulted ceilings, stone walls...

Cigarette smoke hangs above a long table. Seated around it, a group of men - thirty or more - some in military uniform, others in frayed suits, all of them armed.

One seat is empty - that at the head.

A young man - powerful body and a cruel face - looks at his watch. This is Wez:

WEZ

He's late.

A man turns to face him: blond hair, blue eyes, and a smile so cold it makes you think of death. A former Colonel in State Security, he's known now as Boxer.

BOXER

Seventy years he's waited, what's another hour -

The sound of footsteps - echoing closer. The men turn and look. Boxer opens the door -

BOXER

(announcing)

Karla Alexandrovich Romanov -
leader of a new Russia.

Karla steps through. He looks at their upturned faces - these are hard men, bitter men and cruel, and that pleases him...

KARLA

(softly)

Russia can be strong again, Russia
can be feared. All it takes is the
will.

He takes his seat at the head of the table.

WEZ

When?

KARLA

We start tonight.

A middle-aged man in the uniform of an Army officer speaks softly -

GAGARIN

How?

KARLA
You know the Bible, Niki?

GAGARIN
(smiling)
This is Russia, Karla - what's
the Bible?

Karla takes a pile of files out of his briefcase...

KARLA
There was a man - John the
Baptist. He was the one who went
ahead.

GAGARIN
Why?

KARLA
To prepare the way.

GAGARIN
For what?

KARLA
Salvation.

GAGARIN
Forty years a Communist -
suddenly I'm a Baptist. Life's a
surprise, that's for sure.

OLD MAN
(real droll)
Too much vodka - that's what my
wife'd say.

The men laugh...

Boxer walks around the table, handing out the files: each one is
marked with a name, each one details a different task.

The old man opens his file: a folio of photographs, drawings,
and technical data of a large generating complex.

OLD MAN
The Smolny power station.
Explosives?

BOXER
Cemtek or dynamite - take your
pick...

Another man - young, pale-faced, intellectual - has his file
open: a photograph of a man - obviously a politician - arms
raised, addressing a rally.

INTELLECTUAL
Assassinate him - is that
necessary?

BOXER
He's just a Jew...

Other men raise points - for and against. Karla lifts his
hand, the room falls silent.

KARLA
I know what a revolution's like -
take no prisoners, show no mercy.
They're my orders - understand?

He looks around - men nod in agreement...

GAGARIN
They're good orders, Karla. I
also understand -
(indicating the files)
in chaos lies opportunity. But
what of the people? We can lead
but who says they'll follow?

KARLA
- We go to London; six of us -

GAGARIN
London?

KARLA
There's a symbol, Niki - a symbol
all Russia can follow.

INT. MUSEUM, LONDON - NIGHT

Mummies, burial shrouds, part of a tomb - we're in the Valley
of the Dead, the British Museum's collection of Egyptian
artifacts.

At one end, a plate glass window cantilevers out over the street
far below.

Wez is stuck to the outside of it, hanging upside down like a
fly.

EXT. MUSEUM WINDOW - NIGHT

Cars, tiny at this height, speed down the street. The modern
design of the building means that the plate glass juts out over
the street at a 45 degree angle.

Wez - suction pads on both knees and one hand - is literally glued to the glass. He looks like an alien mountaineer - eyes covered by special goggles, steel cables harnessing him to the roof above, a high-intensity laser torch in his free hand, a gas cylinder to power it strapped to his back.

He's uses the laser torch to cut the center out of the sheet of glass. An inch to go - the torch slices through it -

The whole section breaks free - and drops!

The glass - with Wez still attached - plunges towards the street below...

The steel cables spring taut -

EXT. MUSEUM, ROOF

Snap! The cables jerk at the end of a winch - and hold.

Boxer, Gagarin and another man - Vostok - stand on the roof, peering over the edge -

The section of glass - Wez still glued to it - spins around and around high above the street.

Boxer and Gagarin grab the winches -

EXT. MUSEUM GLASS

Wez hangs on the slab of glass as they winch him up, manoeuvring himself towards the hole he cut in the window.

Closer... closer... his hand reaches out and grabs the side of the window. Carefully, he guides himself and the section of glass through the hole. - into the museum.

INT. MUSEUM, EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES - NIGHT

Display cases glitter with gold and jewelry recovered from the tombs of the Pharaohs.

The entire room is criss-crossed with a web of steel cables, each one identifying a photo-electric security beam.

Vostok - running fuse lines out behind him - crawls between the cables.

He joins Karla and the rest of the "Dark Riders" crouched in a corner of the room. Quickly he touches each fuse to a battery terminal -

Ka-boom! In the blinding flash of the explosion we realize that one of the Dark Riders is a woman. Just as we are about to see her face, she pulls on a breathing mask and throws an oxygen cylinder over her shoulder.

Smoke and toxic gas - a security device - are spewing out of a pair of shattered steel doors.

Burglar alarms screech...

INT. RUSSIAN GALLERY

Fire sprinklers whirl, spraying water. It pours down on a glass display case in the center of the room.

Inside, standing alone, is a bracelet - one of a pair of bracelets, the Bracelet of Sincerity. All the years that have passed, the long journey that brought it to this place, have done nothing to diminish its beauty: rubies, diamonds, emeralds - a thousand different facets glitter in the light...

Smash! The woman wields a hammer, shattering the display case.

Karla's hand reaches in and takes the bracelet. He stares at it for a moment - his mother's bracelet, locked on her wrist a lifetime ago...

The sound of sirens - approaching fast.

The Dark Riders turn and go - vanishing into the gas and smoke.

EXT. THE BREAKERS - DAY

Out of the smoke, a blur of images. We're panning, whipping across a landscape...

Now we stop, - rack focus. We're looking through a pair of binoculars - a group of men playing polo.

Slowly we tighten-in on one of them. A superb horseman, he's tall and strong, a cool intelligence in his eyes. Aged in his mid-20's, his name is Simon Holme. Though he doesn't know it yet, in the years ahead he'll become known as The Saint...

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

He's being watched by a woman standing amid the cars and marquees of a picnic area, the binoculars to her eyes. She's young, beautifully dressed, and while another woman might notice a hardness in her eyes, few men would - they'd be dazzled by the ready smile, the long legs, the easy sensuality. This is Arkady.

She looks down on a polo field of perfect turf. Next to it, a mansion - a great pile of stone and terraces known as The

Breakers. We're in the northeast United States - Rhode Island maybe - acres of manicured lawns roll down to the ocean.

A roar goes up from the glittering crowd -

EXT. POLO FIELD

Two players - neck and neck - thunder down on the ball.

One of them draws ahead: it's Simon, perfectly balanced, body-arching, mallet swinging -

Swerving into frame - really fast - a player called Skipper. He's not going for the ball, he's going for the man -

The roar of hooves! Simon turns - sees him. Too late!

Smash! A ton of horse cannons into his leg -

He screams, half thrown out of the saddle. Somehow he manages to recover. He sees Skipper turn...

EXT. HILLSIDE

Arkady adjusts the binoculars: Simon springs into close-up.

He's charging, weaving through a knot of players -

EXT. POLO FIELD

The ball flies across, Simon pulls down on the reins...

Skipper looks - sees Simon bearing down. He kicks in his heels, jerks the reins and wheels - straight towards Simon. He's going to cannon him again!

Simon gallops, full tilt. He alters his grip on his mallet, twirling it like a six-gun.

Skipper's horse charges - straight at Simon's battered knee, closer, closer...

Now we see it! Simon's holding his mallet like a hammer. He's ready this time -

Skipper's almost on him...

Simon's hand flashes down, a blur of the mallet -

Smash! Straight onto Skipper's knee.

Skipper screams, losing balance, the horse veers -

A jumble of hooves and flying turf. Skipper hits the ground.

Again Simon's mallet swings - straight at Skipper's head!

It's about to connect when we realize - the ball is flying out of the ruck.

The mallet creases Skipper's hair - and hits the ball.

It flies out of the melee -

EXT. HILLSIDE

Arkady lowers the binoculars.

The ball is flying towards the goal, people are already on their feet clapping...

Two stretcher bearers run onto the field, heading towards Skipper.

EXT./INT. THE BREAKERS - TWILIGHT

A starry night. The terraces of the mansion are alive with the rustle of silk, the chatter of empty people. It's a post-match cocktail party, yet another event in an endless social round...

Arkady glides through the crowd - a smile here, a squeeze of the hand there - but she doesn't stop, she's looking for something. Now she finds it -

EXT. TERRACE - TWILIGHT

Simon's on the terrace, nursing a drink and his battered leg. His clothes set him apart - dressed in crocodile loafers, a jacket and Levi's, he looks like he's something more than an athlete, less than a socialite.

A pretentious debutante, putting on the Ritz, is trying to pick him up. She's obviously loaded - with money and booze. She takes another glass from a waiter.

SIMON

(to waiter)

Stoli on the rocks. A double.

DEB

What was it - four goals?

SIMON

(shrugging)

Something like that.

DEB

I suppose you do that quite often - score, I mean.

She looks him up and down -

SIMON

I'm just like anyone - nobody
scores as often as they'd like.

DEB

Not necessarily - it depends on
your game. I've never had much
trouble.

SIMON

I'm sorry - what exactly is your
game?

She laughs - low and sexy - taking out a cigarette and
fitting it into a holder.

She waits. Simon looks at her. Finally -

DEB

Manners, Mr. Holme. Light me up...

SIMON

Light you up? I'd love to -

She hands him a gold lighter. He takes a shot of vodka.

She moistens the end of the cigarette with her tongue, slides it
between her lips...

He flicks the lighter - it flares.

She leans forward, smiling...

He spits! An arc of vodka. He hits it with the lighter,
igniting it!

A tongue of flame roars out of his mouth, past her cigarette,
lighting it.

She recoils, yelping...

It's a helluva party trick - singed hair and all. Someone
claps, Arkady laughs. People crane to see, blocking her view...

She turns, grabs a drink and pushes through.

He's gone - just the debutante standing there, still
smoldering, so to speak.

Arkady looks around - no sign of him, not anywhere.

INT. STUDY, TWILIGHT

A beautiful study - antique desk, Persian rugs, a Rembrandt.

Simon watches as the owner of the house unlocks his desk. He's an old man - eighty, if he's a day - still sharp as a whip.

OWNER
You're leaving early.

SIMON
It's a long drive -

OWNER
Bullshit - you don't like the people.

Simon shrugs - non-committal.

OWNER
Don't be shy - I can't stand 'em either. That's why I like whipping their butts -

He pulls out a stack of banknotes - hundreds - and hands them to Simon.

OWNER
You play hard, Mr. Holme.

SIMON
That's why people hire me.

Simon leafs through the money -

SIMON
We said \$5,000. You've made a mistake -

He peels off ten of the notes and hands them back -

OWNER
A bonus.

SIMON
For what?

OWNER
Crippling that idiot son-in-law.
The doctor says he won't walk for a month.

He cackles to himself, escorting Simon to the door.

EXT. THE BREAKERS - NIGHT

A long line of cars parked at the rear of the house.

Simon walks down it - taking off his jacket, pulling off his tie. He passes hood emblems famous from St. Moritz to Rio: Ferrari's prancing horse, the three-pointed star, the winged lady, the Mustang.

The Mustang?

Simon's come to the end of the line. He climbs into his beaten-up Ford...

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The Mustang - radio playing, tail pipe rattling - pulls off a country road and through a set of broken gates.

INT. PATRICIA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN

A dog - a beagle called Biff - is sprawled out next to the stove. He sits up, ears pricked - listening.

INT. HALLWAY/LOUNGE

Biff trots down the hall of a modest house - scrubbed wooden floors, well-worn furniture...

He turns into the lounge-room, jumps up on a seat and looks out the window. His tail wags so hard, he nearly knocks himself over. He barks -

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT DOOR

Simon's car is parked next to a shiny rent-a-car. He walks up the front path towards the house - a cluster of clapboard buildings, once a farm but its gardens overgrown and wild now.

He reaches the front door and gets out a key. But before he can use it, the door opens.

A woman stands there. She's in her fifties, her hair streaked with grey, but still beautiful: high cheekbones, gentle eyes. This is Patricia Holme. She puts out her arms...

SIMON

Hi, mom.

They hug each other. Biff jumps up, trying to lick Simon to death.

SIMON
(indicating the rent-a-car)
Got company?

Patricia speaks softly - even so, the excitement bubbles through -

PATRICIA
She's English - runs a gallery
just off Bond Street. It's small,
but well thought of -

SIMON
She wants to show your stuff?

PATRICIA
The water-colors, that's what she
specializes in.

She leads Simon down the hallway. Her handbag sits on a side-
table -

SIMON
Good for you.

Unseen by her, he slips a wad of hundreds into his mother's bag.
They turn a corner -

INT. PATRICIA'S STUDIO

The exterior of Patricia's house - in water colors now.
Impressionist in style, bold in execution, it's very good indeed.

We pan off it - past drawings, oils, a half-finished canvas -
to find an elegantly-dressed woman examining a water-color.

As Simon and Patricia enter, she turns. It's Arkady! She puts
out her hand -

ARKADY
Mr. Holme, I take it?

SIMON
Simon.

He looks her up and down - impressed. She's no shy schoolgirl
- she matches him look-for-look.

SIMON
My mother said you were English.

ARKADY
Partly.

SIMON
What about the rest?

ARKADY
(smiling)
A heap of things, Mr. Holme -

She looks straight at him. A clock chimes the hour.

She turns and looks - an art nouveau clock stands on the mantle.

ARKADY
What a beautiful piece.

She walks towards it. Cinderella and her Prince emerge from hidden doors, bowing to each other. Arkady smiles.

PATRICIA
A gift from my husband...

Arkady doesn't say anything, but she hears the undercurrent of loss. The two women look at the little show. Arkady counts the chimes -

ARKADY
Five o'clock, is that the time? I really must go.

SIMON
Staying in town?

ARKADY
Just the night.

She gathers up her bag, turns to Patricia -

ARKADY
I'll call you in the morning - about eleven?

PATRICIA
That's fine.

She puts out her hand to Simon. He shakes it -

SIMON
Found a hotel?

ARKADY
Not yet.

SIMON
Try the Compton. The restaurant's no good but it's a great bar.

ARKADY
(smiling)
Sounds perfect.

INT HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

A group of guys on stage, different ages, playing roadhouse blues. They're good, real good, and the place is packed.

Arkady sits alone at the end of the bar, two drinks in front of her.

She keeps an eye on the mirror behind the bar. Now she sees him - coming through the doors.

He looks great - shaved and showered, all dolled-up. He glances around the room and catches sight of her.

She watches him walk up behind. Without turning, she picks up one of the drinks and offers it to him -

ARKADY
Stoli on the rocks. A double.

Simon's genuinely surprised -

SIMON
How did you know?

ARKADY
How did you know I'd be here?

SIMON
Just lucky, I guess.

ARKADY
So am I.

She swings around on the stool to face him: her knees crossed, short skirt riding up - terrific legs!

She takes out a cigarette, and reaches into her bag for a light. His hand follows hers, taking hold of the lighter...

She looks at him for a moment - wondering maybe if she's about to get a mouthful of flame.

He flicks the lighter. She inhales. He lights it -

ARKADY
The manners you get from your mother.
The looks, I take it, come from your father.

SIMON
I wouldn't know - he died before
I was born.

ARKADY
Sorry... still, he did at least one
thing right -

Again she looks him up and down. He meets her gaze - real
frank.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Low clouds, the rush of a rising wind - a storm is rolling in.
The hotel parking lot is emptying, the neon sign outside the bar
goes out. Closing time...

We tilt up from the sign - a lamp goes out in one of the
hotel's windows -

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM

Simon and Arkady stand in her room, arms around each other,
mouths open, kissing hard.

Simon's hands run up the back of her thighs, his thumbs hook
under the hem of her dress, lifting it: a tiny triangle of silk
does little to cover her butt.

She murmurs something - unintelligible - deep in her throat.
She puts her hands on his chest, taking hold of his shirt.

She rips! Pop - all the buttons spring open. She presses
herself against his chest.

His hand slips a strap off her shoulder. It falls down her arm.
He kisses her neck, her shoulder...

Unseen by him, she reaches behind her. Her hand slides to her
hand-bag...

His mouth moves lower...

Holding something in her hand, she wraps her arm around his neck.

He starts to pull the front of her dress down -

A strange sound - like metal tearing. He looks up, curious -

She smiles at him - a condom between her teeth. The foil
wrapper falls to the ground.

She slides down his body - she's going to put it on with her
mouth.

Simon turns, looking out the window. The first flurries of rain hit the window. The storm is on them -

EXT. PATRICIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A harsh wind drives sheets of rain across the countryside. The old farmhouse stands forlorn in a drowning world.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Biff is in the kitchen, head cocked, listening: outside, the rain hammers on the roof, distant thunder...

Patricia moves down the hall, putting out the lights, getting ready for bed. The sound of Biff growling -

He's up against the door, worrying at it.

PATRICIA (O/S)
It's only the wind, you silly
dog...

Again, he scratches at it -

PATRICIA
Alright - see for yourself.

She crosses the room, unlocks the door. Four men are standing there: Boxer, Gagarin, Vostok, and Wez. Biff snarls -

WEZ
(gently)
That's a good boy...

He raises a pistol.

Patricia screams! The red dot from a laser sight locks onto Biff's forehead.

Biff attacks -

Wez's finger pulls the trigger -

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bang! A blind, blown by the wind, slaps hard against the window frame.

We crane down from it to find Simon and Arkady asleep in a tangle of sheets. Simon's sweating, breathing hard and labored.

We push in on him. Every blow of the blind seems to hit him - bang!... bang! - as if he, or someone he loves, is being beaten.

Closer on him... closer - into his eyes.

EXT. LAKE - DUSK

The vales and glades of a timeless land. An early moon rises, mist gathers in the valleys. It drifts across a lake so beautiful it makes you think of Avalon.

The mist parts. A small boat, ghost-like, glides across the water. A ferryman, caped and hooded, poles the boat towards the distant shore. Sitting in it, a woman - her back to us, a cowl around her head.

A cry, carried on the wind, makes her turn. Now we see her face - it's Patricia, a sadness in her eyes...

The cry again, louder now -

SIMON (O/S)

Mom...

She raises her hand in farewell...

SIMON (O/S)

Mom!

The boat disappears into the mist, heading for the distant shore...

SIMON (O/S)

Mom!!

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Arkady holds Simon, sitting up in bed, drenched in sweat, anguish on his face.

ARKADY

It's a nightmare.

SIMON

(shaking his head)

I know what it was. You pay the ferryman and you cross the river. It was death.

ARKADY

Simon...

SIMON

It was Mom. A child knows - you always know.

They look at one another - then Simon's on his feet, grabbing his clothes.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Simon's at the wheel of his car, driving hard, sliding around a curve. Suddenly he slows - straight ahead, his mother's house.

Police cars, red lights turning, are parked out front. Arc lights illuminate the gardens - a line of cops comb the ground for clues...

Simon drives forward...

EXT./INT. PATRICIA'S HOUSE

A whole lot of people mill about - cops, a TV news crew, paramedics...

In the confusion, nobody pays him any mind. Simon walks up the front steps and into the hallway - wrecked furniture, broken glass, chaos...

He doesn't appear to even notice. He walks faster, glancing in every room...

Then he stops, looking in the kitchen: Patricia lies where she died - sprawled face-down on the floor, legs curled-up fetal-like, the fingers of one hand in her mouth, biting down on the pain.

Simon stares at her, then he raises his hands - once, twice: a light goes out in the world and nothing you can do will ever bring it back.

A female cop, at the far end of the hall, looks: she sees him standing there...

INT. LOUNGE ROOM

Flash! Police photographers at work. White tape divides the room into segments - cops comb every inch for clues...

The local Sheriff - aged in his 60's, out of his depth - is in a corner talking to a middle-aged detective in a crumpled suit.

LIEUTENANT

Who was she?

SHERIFF

English - still had the accent, even after thirty years. Didn't work - a small inheritance or something. Spent most of her time painting -

Before the Sheriff can continue, the Lieutenant catches sight of the female cop: she's motioning to him...

INT. KITCHEN

Simon sits in the corner of the kitchen, nursing the body of his mother.

The Lieutenant and the female cop enter, but Simon doesn't look up. He barely notices as they take hold of his hands and help him to his feet...

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Simon and the Lieutenant sit in the back of a police helicopter as it lifts into the night....

Simon stares out the window: two medics - tiny at this height - carry a stretcher out of the house, slide it into the back of an ambulance and close the doors.

EXT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

The helicopter banks and wheels, its light disappearing into the night.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. PATRICIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Fade-up Patricia's house: the police cars have gone, the place deserted, the wind rustling the plastic tape prohibiting entry.

We push in on a darkened window - the shadow of someone moving through the room.

INT. PATRICIA'S BEDROOM

It's Arkady, talking softly on the phone, walking back and forth, using her toe to pick through the debris scattered on the floor.

A slight movement, little more than a footstep, makes her turn - Simon's back. He's standing in the doorway watching her.

Click! She hangs up the phone.

SIMON

Who were you talking to?

ARKADY

The police - I was trying to find you.

Simon too distraught to register much of anything - thinks nothing more of it. He picks up a chair, sets it on its feet and slumps down.

ARKADY

(gently)

Have they got any idea -

SIMON

Heart disease.

ARKADY

What?

SIMON

A lot of bruising, local lacerations - but a heart attack, that's what the coroner says.

ARKADY

What about this -

(indicating the wrecked room)

I don't understand...

SIMON

Four men - the cops found footprints in the mud. They had her in a chair, they were hitting her...

ARKADY

(realizing)

She died of fright.

SIMON

That's right.

They look at one another, both imagining the same thing - an old lady surrounded, terrified...

SIMON

They were looking for something - that's the theory.

ARKADY

Any idea?

SIMON

It wasn't money - Mom barely had a dime. I think the cops are clutching at straws.

He gets up, starts to leave...

ARKADY

But say they're right. Say these people were looking for something. Who says they found it?

INT. PATRICIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Darkness. A beam of light appears, crawling towards us - Simon, flashlight in hand, is searching the crawl-space beneath the house...

INT. KITCHEN

Piles of dishes, groceries, bottles - all the cupboards in the kitchen have been emptied.

Arkady taps her hand on the back of each of the wall cupboards - knock... knock... hollow!

She runs her hand over the timber - no latch, no bolt. Then she hits it hard: the panel, on a spring latch, jumps open.

A cavity in the wall. Arkady reaches in and pulls out a wad of banknotes and a bundle of documents.

INT. GUEST ROOM

Simon's head, covered with dust and cobwebs, appears out of a trap-door. He looks up as Arkady enters -

SIMON

Any luck?

ARKADY

Bit of family history, that's all...

She hands him the bundle of documents. Simon starts to leaf through them - title deeds, insurance policies...

ARKADY

Holme was your father's name, was it?

SIMON

Yeah. Simon Holme.

ARKADY

When were they married?

SIMON

(looking up)

Why?

She points at the documents -

ARKADY
I saw your birth certificate -
Holme was your mother's name. It
says: "Father's name - unknown."

Simon looks at the document - she's right.

SIMON
(perplexed)
Why would she lie about that?

ARKADY
I have no idea. Pity we didn't
find something more tangible...

SIMON
Yeah.

He lays aside the documents.

ARKADY
What are you gonna do?

SIMON
I've got friends in Vermont. I
told the cops I was gonna stay with
them...

His voice trails away. They look at each other - a night
together and they're close, but not close enough. A moment of
embarrassment - then Arkady takes a pen and a business card and
scribbles down a phone number -

ARKADY
I'll be in New York for a week -
maybe if you get back...

He takes the card. Their eyes meet - then Simon folds her in
his arms, holding her tight.

INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Moonlight shines through the window. Simon lies on the bed
fully-clothed. His eyes are swollen - he's been crying.

The house is quiet. From far off we hear a sound - the mantle
clock starts to chime.

Simon listens. Then he leans forward as something occurs to
him...

Suddenly his hand reaches out, hitting the switch on the table
lamp.

Flash! The light bursts to life.

INT. SITTING ROOM

Simon's hands pull aside a pile of furniture, books, ornaments. At the bottom, he finds the mantle clock.

He lifts off the case, revealing the intricate mechanism. He probes inside, searching. Nothing.

He looks at it for a moment, then moves the hands back to the hour: the clock chimes, Cinderella and her Prince emerge and bow to one another.

A thought from childhood, a memory of the fairy tale - he takes the glass slipper out of the Prince's hand and slips it on Cinderella's foot.

The whole tableau changes - two new figures emerge: Cinderella and the Prince in wedding clothes. A secret drawer slides out from the base. Sitting in it - a faded velvet box.

Simon reaches in, takes out the box and opens the lid -

SIMON

Sweet Jesus...

A single bracelet - one of a pair of bracelets, the Bracelet of Wisdom.

Simon stares at it: the jewels catch the light - a million multi-colored facets...

He looks down - lying in the bottom of the box, mementoes of a love affair from long ago: a dried rose and half a concert ticket:

THE BEATLES Wembley Stadium, November 14, 1966

INT. NEW YORK GALLERY - DAY

A hand - soft and manicured - turns the bracelet around, letting it catch the light.

DEALER (O/S)

Oh, it's real - no doubt about that.

Pull back to reveal a middle-aged man, sleek and tailored, sitting behind a desk in a sparse and beautiful New York art gallery. Glass cases glitter with jewelry and silverware, ikons glow on the walls...

Simon watches as the dealer runs his hand along the jewels.

DEALER

Fabergé...

He fixes a magnifying glass into his eye, slowly turning the bracelet...

DEALER
There's his mark. Peter Carl
Fabergé...

He looks at Simon - the name obviously means nothing.

DEALER
Think of Babe Ruth. Now go higher
- much higher.

He turns the bracelet over in his hands, loving the very touch of it.

DEALER
Where did you get it?

SIMON
An heirloom. I'm interested in its
history.

DEALER
There's an almost identical
bracelet - this is probably one
of a pair - the other was on
display in the British Museum...

SIMON
Was?

DEALER
A week ago it was stolen.

He shuffles aside some papers on his desk and finds a newspaper clipping - a couple of paragraphs from the New York Times.

DEALER
A great loss - not just
financially.

SIMON
Why?

The dealer points out the hallmarks on the bracelet -

DEALER
The crossed anchors show it was
made in St. Petersburg. These are
assay marks - weight and purity.
And this - (pauses for effect)
this is the Romanov Crest.

He and Simon look at one another. Simon shrugs - so?

DEALER

The Romanovs were the Royal House of Russia. The crest means this is part of the Crown Jewels. Only twice in seventy years has it been seen. The first time was on the bracelet in the British Museum. The second time is today.

SIMON

(softly)

Bullshit.

INT. DEALER'S OFFICE - DAY

Tight on a series of beautiful plates - color drawings - of the Russian Crown Jewels...

Simon is in the dealer's back office, books and reference works scattered all over the desk -

DEALER (O/S)

Several billion dollars worth of history left the Winter Palace, then vanished without trace.

Simon turns a page - the Imperial Crown.

DEALER

The Cap of Monomakh - the Crown of Russia - the symbol of the nation, united under God. For five hundred years it was only touched by the men born to be the Czar.

The dealer opens another book: a portrait of the last Czar and his family including Karla...

SIMON

What happened?

Simon looks down at the photo. Bayoneted? They were just little children...

DEALER

They were arrested and taken to a place called the House of Special Purposes. Just after midnight they were ordered into the basement. The Czar was shot. His wife and children were bayoneted.

Simon looks at the photo. Bayoneted? Children?

DEALER
(indicating the bracelets)
It's unique, possibly the last link
to an Empire. There are
collectors, people who'd pay a
fortune for this...

SIMON
No, Mr. Obolensky...

He picks up the bracelet, takes the clipping from The New York Times and slips them both in his pocket.

As he shakes hands with the dealer we crane up to a corner of the room: a security camera, red light flashing, is recording everything...

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Daylight streams through a beautiful glass dome into a gracious apartment. Everything about it is the memory of a more glorious past: ikons on the walls, a painting of the Winter Palace, silver-framed photos of the Czar and his family...

A speaker-phone on the desk.

SECRETARY (O/S)
Anatoly Obolensky calling...

KARLA
Yes...

Karla has his back to us, looking out the window: the spectacular sky-line of New York...

DEALER (O/S)
I've just seen something, a piece
that would interest you.

KARLA
I thought I made it clear - I'm
not buying.

DEALER (O/S)
It's a very special piece...

KARLA
They always are.

DEALER (O/S)
A Fabergé bracelet. It bears the
mark of the Romanov's...

Suddenly Karla turns, grabbing the phone.

KARLA
Who's offering it?

DEALER (O/S)
It's not exactly offered, Karla -
not yet, anyway.

INT. DEALER'S OFFICE

Obolensky is in his office, on the phone -

KARLA (O/S)
Who?!

DEALER
Walked in off the street, mid-
twenties -

KARLA
Name.

DEALER
I don't know his name -

Suddenly he stops, looking up at the security camera -

INT. KARLA'S APARTMENT - STUDY

A grainy black and white image of Simon plays on a television set. For the first time there's anger in Karla's voice - a deep, boiling anger, the more frightening for being battered down -

KARLA
Simon Holme. He's in New York -
with the bracelet. How did it
happen?

The Dark Riders look at one another, not sure what to say. It's Wez who takes the plunge -

WEZ
We told you Karla Alexandrovich -
we'd barely started when she
collapsed.

KARLA
I can just imagine how you
questioned her. What do you think
you were doing - still rolling
tourists on Gorky Street?

BOXER

Maybe you're right, Karla - maybe
we did fail. We weren't the only
ones -

KARLA

I realize that.

He looks across the room: the woman is standing at the window,
her back to us, looking out.

KARLA

Don't you have anything to say?

She turns: it's Arkady! She doesn't bother with the guise of
charm she used on Simon - she's hard and clinical:

ARKADY

I made contact with him -

BOXER

(sarcastic)

Is that what you call it?

Wez sniggers...

ARKADY

Maybe it would have worked -
except they couldn't wait, could
they? They had to go to the
house -

BOXER

We couldn't wait - because time's
critical.

ARKADY

(angry)

Time's not - success is.

GAGARIN

(accusing)

You said you searched the place,
the two of you -

ARKADY

We did - every fucking room!
Maybe it was in the bank - how do
I know!

Karla's hand hits the table, silencing them. His voice is calm,
measured -

KARLA

Have you any idea what this
bracelet means to me?

The Dark Riders look at him - no one says a word. He sweeps his hand around the room: tier after tier of books, files, newspaper clippings...

KARLA

All my life I've searched, I've
crossed continents to hear nothing
more than a memory -

He picks up a manila folder and throws it on the desk: yellowing photographs spill out...

KARLA

For what? Two bracelets taken -
no, not "taken," cut - from the
wrists of my mother. Then I find
them -

He turns to face them -

KARLA

But I make a serious mistake...
(pauses)
I send children on a man's errand.

He holds them in his gaze. Silence. From the desk he picks up a beautiful dagger - jewelled handle, stiletto blade.

KARLA

(softly)
Beautiful, isn't it? You know what
it is?

No one says a word.

He walks around the room, draws the blade down his thumb - a line of blood bubbles up...

KARLA

It was made in the Royal Armory at
Moscow. Catherine the Great kept
it here - in her sleeve - one
last thrust against an assassin.
It's the history of Russia -
beauty and terror...

He stops behind Arkady. Carefully, he lays the blade against her cheek. She stiffens...

KARLA

Not afraid, are you?

ARKADY

No.

He starts to stroke her hair, the knife still on her cheek. He looks from one man to the next -

KARLA

Have you any idea how angry I am?

Silence. He looks down at Arkady -

KARLA

Worse still - my own grand-daughter fails me.

Suddenly his hand twists into her hair - she yelps. He drives the knife into her cheek!

She screams. He rips the blade down her flesh, blood streaming down. He pulls it out -

KARLA

Her I love...
(he looks at the men)
You - I don't even like. Now do you understand?

He clamps his handkerchief over Arkady's cheek.

KARLA

Simon Holme's here - in New York.
Find him!

INT. NEW YORK DELI - AFTERNOON

Simon's on a pay-phone at the back of a restaurant, booking a ticket -

SIMON

Six forty-five? There's nothing earlier?

Apparently not. He gives his name, pulls out a credit card and gives the details.

INT. KARLA'S APARTMENT, STUDY

Tight on a clock: 5:58 P.M. Pull back to reveal Karla's study has been turned into a command center: fax machines, telephones, computers...

Boxer and Gagarin are working fast, trying anything they can to find him...

Wez, footsore, enters, throws off his coat -

WEZ

If he's in New York, he's not at any hotel I can find.

GAGARIN
(putting down the phone)
Like I said - he'll be staying
with friends.

WEZ
Maybe he's not doing either. He
arrived at lunch-time, he saw the
jeweler - he's heading home.

Boxer and Gagarin look at each other - then:

GAGARIN
Call the airlines! Crawford
Notch -

A wild rush as they use the computers and telephones to contact
the carriers. It's Wez, though, who's keeping his wits -

WEZ
It's not that far, maybe you
wouldn't fly -

BOXER
Shit - driving!

WEZ
In New York? Are you crazy?

GAGARIN
Train!

Boxer turns, fingers flying across the keyboard. Gagarin,
punching in commands, looks at the screen -

GAGARIN
Amtrak! New York to Bridgeport.
Six forty-five.

BOXER
Simon Holme - paid by Visa!
(grabbing his coat)
"It's everywhere you want to be -"

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - AFTERNOON

Commuters make their way through the great concourse of Grand
Central.

Simon steps out of the bookstore, a newspaper under his arm. He
looks up at the station clock -

INT. MERCEDES

6:25PM. Pull back to reveal it's Boxer's watch. He sits in the front of a Mercedes - Wez is driving fast, hair-raising, through New York traffic.

Gagarin's in the back, referring to a tourist map, giving directions in Russian.

They skid around a corner: in front of them, Grand Central.

INT. STATION, ESCALATOR

Simon - hurrying - weaves his way through a crowd of people riding the "up" escalator.

INT. STATION, TOP FLOOR

Boxer sprints along the top level, scanning the crowd on the concourse below, trying to find him...

INT. TERMINAL, ESCALATOR

Gagarin is on the "down" escalator, taking the steps two at a time, racing towards the concourse.

A movement, a flicker in the corner of his eye: a man on the "up" escalator hurries past. He turns and looks - only the back of his head, but he knows: it's Simon!

INT. MEZZANINE LEVEL

Wez pushes through the crowd, heading for the train platforms. He turns: a commotion on the escalator. Gagarin's shoving people out of the way, running up the "down" escalator -

INT. TOP FLOOR

Simon steps off the escalator and turns - into the men's toilet, unaware Gagarin's in pursuit.

Whip pan across the terminal: Boxer's standing at the edge of a railing. He's seen him, too -

INT. MEN'S TOILET

Gagarin bursts through a set of doors - into the toilet. A long row of men's backs, all standing at urinals. Gagarin runs his eye along them - no sign of Simon.

He moves forward. It's all art deco, divided into a number of sections, one wall dominated by frosted glass windows opening onto a maintenance ladder. Gagarin turns a corner...

INT. TOILET STALLS

Boxer moves between rows of toilet stalls, peering under the doors: pairs of shoes - cowboy boots, Gucci loafers...

Men stare at him but Boxer ignores them, moving down the line -

INT. TOILET, WASH BASINS

Simon stands at a wash-basin rinsing his hands. He straightens up, runs his hands through his hair, looks in the mirror -

A man stands right behind him, staring. It's Wez!

Simon turns -

Crash! Wez's fist sends him flying...

Into the mirror - smash!

Simon falls to the ground, glass showering down. Wez draws a knife, approaching...

Men - bystanders - back away, yelling.

On the floor, Simon scrambles backwards. His hand slides around a long sliver of mirror.

Wez - unaware - laughs as he crabs his way backwards. Yank! A hand grabs Simon's hair and jerks him to his feet...

The scream dies in Simon's throat as a man's arm locks around his neck. Simon can't even see his face...

SIMON

Who the fuck are you?

Boxer leans close -

BOXER

It's a scavenger hunt, New York-style. What we need now is a bracelet.

Simon's eyes go to the mirror. Reflected in it - Boxer. Standing behind him, Gagarin.

SIMON

Say I don't wanna play?

Boxer pats Simon's pockets, trying to find the bracelet -

BOXER
You can go for a walk with
Patricia's dog.

Drops of blood as Simon's fist clenches, a glint of light from the long sliver of mirror...

Boxer's hand touches the box holding the bracelet. He smiles, starting to pull it out -

Flash! Simon's fist drives back, plunging the blade of glass deep into Boxer's groin. He screams like a pig -

Wez lunges with the knife!

Simon spins Boxer around -

The knife takes Boxer across the ribs.

Simon pivots on his heel - and kicks!

A gun goes flying from Gagarin's hand. Simon drives his fist into Gagarin's jaw.

No effect! Gagarin slugs him back - a powerhouse to Simon's jaw that sends him reeling...

One! Two! Gagarin punches him again and again...

Wez disentangles himself from Boxer, bleeding on the floor...

Simon spins - he'll never reach the door!

Gagarin dives for the gun -

Simon runs - jumps! He grabs an overhead pipe. Smash! Feet first through the frosted window -

INT. STATION MAINTENANCE LADDER

A grimy, cavernous place: a train roars through, heading into a tunnel.

Simon is on a maintenance ladder - like a fire escape. He leaps down the stairs.

Below him - smash! Wez swings out a window - onto the ladder.

Simon turns, scrambling back up. Smash! Gagarin comes out another window - higher up - raising the pistol...

Simon flies up the stairs, trying to reach him before he fires...

Ka-chunk! Gagarin slides the action, cocking it.

Wez pounds up the stairs behind...

Simon, heart bursting, races towards Gagarin...

He crouches, squints down the pistol - on its barrel an infra-red gun-sight.

Ka-roar! A train thunders through...

Wez's hands stretch out - Simon's almost within reach...

A circle of red light - the laser sight - locks onto Simon's chest. This is it!

Simon kicks through the rusted rail - and jumps!

Half onto the roof of the speeding train -

EXT. TRAIN - DUSK

He slides down the side of the carriage - no hand-hold on the roof - his fingers trying to dig into steel...

Crash! Wez lands on the roof of the next carriage...

Gagarin leaps off the fire stair. Some athlete! He turns a somersault and lands on the train like a cat.

Simon's hands slide - but his toes catch! A tiny window ledge. He clings to the side of the roaring train...

Whip! Whip! Steel posts fly past, just missing him...

Ahead, a maintenance crew working on the track. A damaged post leans in drunkenly, almost touching the train. It's going to wipe him off like a dirty shirt...

Simon scrambles up the side of the train. The drunken pole rushes closer...

His hand lunges over the top of the carriage, searching for a hand-hold...

The pole is almost on him - he's not going to make it...

His hand reaches out -

The pole's only feet away. Simon finds a hand-hold and hauls!

The pole kisses his butt as it passes. He lands spread-eagled on the roof...

Sswhack! Wez's knife flashes down - through the palm of his hand, trying to pin him...

Crack! The blade hits the roof of the carriage and shatters.

Gagarin, running along the roof, screams...

Wez looks - the roof of a tunnel coming straight for him. He forgets Simon, throws himself aside...

INT. TUNNEL

Darkness. Simon, using his elbows like a soldier, crawls fast along the roof...

Gagarin and Wez peer into the gloom, trying to see him. The red dot of the laser sight roams back and forth...

The train banks around a curve - out of the tunnel.

EXT. TRAIN - DUSK

Daylight - no sign of Simon.

Gagarin and Wez look around: on the roof where two carriages meet, a bloody hand-print...

EXT. UNDER TRAIN - DUSK

A deafening roar. The wheels spin like combine blades. Simon hangs upside down, legs wrapped around a steel bar, hauling himself along the bottom of the undercarriage.

The ground flashes past inches below his back. Blood oozes from the knife wound, his face a mask of pain...

Behind him, a head appears, upside down, looking under the train: Gagarin.

EXT. TRAIN - DUSK

Wez lies on the roof, gripping Gagarin's ankles, dangling him over the side.

The train speeds past a pair of crossed flags: more men working on the track ahead -

EXT. UNDER TRAIN - DUSK

Simon's butt hangs down, almost scraping the ground. The red circle of the laser light moves toward it -

Gagarin, hanging upside down, is trying to aim. Almost next to him, the flashing disc of a wheel.

He locks the beam onto Simon's butt - about to pull the trigger -

Hiss! A blast of compressed air drives a hydraulic ram. Brake shoes clamp onto the wheel. The train shudders and jerks -

Gagarin curses, aims again. The barrel of the gun almost touches the spinning wheel -

The red circle finds Simon's butt. Crawling, scrambling, he tries to move faster...

The red circle doesn't waiver. Gagarin's finger wraps around the trigger -

The carriage hits the rail under repair! The train bucks - the gun barrel strikes the wheel!

Gagarin yells - the gun is whipped into the wheel, pulling him down -

Gagarin wrenches his hand away - the gun shatters. Bullets explode!

EXT. TRAIN ROOF - DUSK

Wez struggles to hold Gagarin - he's dangling down the side of the train, his head only inches from the flying track.

Behind them, a repair gang stares, open-mouthed.

Wez glances down the train - Simon's dragging himself onto the roof!

Wez's neck and shoulders bulge as he hauls Gagarin up the side of the carriage...

Simon looks down the track - another train, coming the other way. He starts to run - in the same direction as the other train...

Wez scrambles to his feet, pounds along behind...

Gagarin sets off in pursuit. Boy - can he run! He rips off his jacket - arms pumping, muscles like corded rope, this is some athlete!

Simon runs hard. Coming up - an overhead bridge, steel - real low. Simon glances back -

Wez is gaining fast. Gagarin powers past him, obscuring Wez's view...

Simon's feet pound faster... faster...

Gagarin's running like an Olympian - closer... closer. He dives forward, grabs Simon's ankle -

Simon falls...

Whoosh! The steel bridge grazes overhead...

Skims past Gagarin...

Wez sees it - too late!

Whack! The bridge smashes into his chest, hurling him off the carriage.

Simon scrambles to his feet - the first carriage of the train on the other track roars by...

Simon's running in the same direction...

Gagarin's behind him - feet flying, arms pumping...

Simon runs harder than he's ever run - the carriages on the next track roar past...

Gagarin's muscles glisten, he lengthens his stride...

Simon looks ahead: one more carriage and he's at the end of his train...

Simon glances back - Gagarin's gaining on him fast. The last carriage of the other train roars past him...

Simon's going to have to time this perfectly! He forces himself faster...

Gagarin runs harder...

The end of their train races towards them...

The last carriage of the other train hurtles past...

Gagarin's hands almost on him...

Simon jumps! Onto the very end of the other train, stumbling, falling, grabbing onto the back of it...

Gagarin pitches forward and slides to a stop - on the brink, staring into space.

Simon clings to the back of the other train, racing away fast...

Gagarin kneels there, panting, watching him disappear - into a tunnel.

INT. WASHROOM - NIGHT

Fade-up water swirling blood down a basin. Pull back to reveal Simon in a public washroom, his face drawn with pain, tending to the stab wound in his hand.

Outside, the sound of trains passing through a station...

Simon wipes the blood away: a jagged hole in the palm of his hand.

He starts to wrap it in cloth...

INT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - NIGHT

Simon's roughly-bandaged hand leafs through the pages of The London Times.

He is in the reading room of the New York Library, alone at a desk.

He stops turning: he's found what he's looking for - a full page story of the robbery at the British Museum.

As he races through the story, we push in on one paragraph. Growing ever larger, we see the words -

"... the gift of the Simon Templar Foundation."

He looks around the room - nobody watching. Quickly he tears the page from the paper, grabs his coat and an empty coffee cup, and limps towards the door -

Once so elegant, he looks like shit: unshaven, bandage on his hand, his clothes torn and filthy...

As he reaches the door, an old lady steps through. Still the gentleman, he opens it for her. -

She looks at him, pity in her eyes - so young to be a bum. She drops a handful of coins into his coffee cup -

OLD LADY
Get a decent meal.

Simon may have lost a lot, but not his good graces:

SIMON
Thank you, ma'am - I appreciate
it.

INT. GUN SHOP, DAY

A whole range of hand-guns laid out on a counter: .44 Magnums, long-barrelled Colts, pistols, revolvers...

Simon stands in a gun shop, checking the action on a 9mm Beretta F-15, the 14-shot, hand-balanced version of the NATO pistol.

SIMON
How much?

OWNER
Eleven hundred.

Simon reaches for his wallet -

OWNER
Cartridges?

SIMON
Mercury tip. Heavy load.

The guy looks at him -

OWNER
That's serious ammunition.

SIMON
I'm a serious guy.

They look at one another for a beat - then the owner shrugs.
What the hell - it's none of his business.

Simon hands over the money.

INT. KARLA'S APARTMENT, NIGHT

It's very late, the apartment silent. Karla walks down a darkened hallway. He stops and looks into the study -

Arkady works alone. A document featuring Simon's face is on the computer screen in front of her! Details of his driving license - a long list of violations.

Her eyes don't move from the screen, but she senses Karla's presence.

ARKADY
Wandering around won't find him.
Why don't you go to bed?

KARLA
Sleep doesn't matter much - it's the only good thing about getting old. Anything yet?

Arkady - her face bandaged - turns to face him.

ARKADY
He drives too fast and he gets caught.

KARLA
Nothing else?

ARKADY
He hasn't been near the house. I
found his friends in Vermont -
they haven't heard from him.

KARLA
Credit cards?

ARKADY
Too smart for that - he's not
using them. As far as I can tell,
he's vanished.

Karla sits down in front of the computer screen, face-to-face
with the image of Simon -

KARLA
(gently)
Just give me a hint - that's not
too much to ask, is it?

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - NIGHT

Tight on a flight destination board. At the top of it:

UNITED FLT 416 - LONDON

Next to it, a word is flashing:

BOARDING

Tilt down from it to find Simon - spruced up now, on crutches
- at the security checkpoint.

INT. SECURITY CHECK

He puts his bag on the x-ray belt and steps up to a table. He
lays down his crutches and empties his pockets - keys, small
change, a pen-knife...

Women officers scan the screen as his bag passes through the x-
ray: nothing.

An armed guard watches Simon limp through the metal detector:
all clear.

He picks up his keys, swings onto the crutches and disappears
into the crowd.

INT. KARLA'S APARTMENT, STUDY - DAWN

A television is playing in a corner, quietly: CNN Headline News.
The logo of a satellite dish appears in the corner of the screen.

ANCHOR

This just in to CNN - the Smolny
Power Works, just north of St.
Petersburg, has been rocked by a
huge explosion...

The Anchor's face disappears - replaced by footage of a massive
industrial complex being ravaged by fire -

ANCHOR (V/O)

Eyewitnesses report hearing three
separate blasts just before dawn.

Firefighters - hopelessly inadequate - turn and run as
another explosion jolts the camera...

ANCHOR (V/O)

The generating complex - one of
Europe's largest - supplies power
to more than ten million people.

A mass of ambulances are gathered at a makeshift first-aid post.
Russian soldiers approach the camera, trying to stop the filming.

The image on the television screen cuts back to the Anchor. He's
just been handed an update -

ANCHOR

Russian officials have just
confirmed forty-two people dead and
over one hundred missing. More as
it comes to hand...

We pull back from the screen to find Karla, his head on his arms,
asleep in front of the computer. Simon's face is still on it,
watching over him.

Rrrring! It's the phone. Karla sits up and reaches for it. He
listens for a beat and then -

KARLA

(into the phone)
Who's calling?

Slowly he rises to his feet - shocked.

KARLA

I'll get her -

INT. LONDON SHAFTESBURY HOTEL - MORNING

It's Simon. He's in a shabby London hotel, his bags still
unpacked on the bed. He holds the business card she gave him at
his mother's house, waiting for her to come to the phone -

INT. ARKADY'S BEDROOM

Arkady's in bed with Boxer. Karla, Gagarin and a couple of other Dark Riders wait as she pulls on a shirt. Modesty's obviously not her strong suit.

She takes a breath - preparing herself - and picks up the phone -

ARKADY
Simon! Where are you?

INT. SHAFTESBURY HOTEL

Simon smiles - pleased at the enthusiasm in her voice.

SIMON
London.

ARKADY (O/S)
What are you doing in London?

SIMON
All the sights - especially museums.

ARKADY (O/S)
What are you talking about?

SIMON
(serious)
I found a bracelet, 'Kade. I don't know what the hell it means, but I'm on the track of something -

INT. ARKADY'S BEDROOM

She turns and looks at the others, saying it for their benefit -

ARKADY
A bracelet? I don't understand -

SIMON (O/S)
You said you were coming home. I can't remember - this week, isn't it?

ARKADY
(extemporizing)
Tomorrow - well, it's dawn here. Today now - another couple of hours...

SIMON (O/S)
Great!

INT. SHAFTESBURY HOTEL

He sits down on the bed - at least something's going right:

SIMON

There's a lot of things
unravelling. 'Kade - most of
them in the past. But like it says
in the Bible, "you see through a
glass darkly." I need to talk it
through with someone - I thought
you might -

ARKADY (O/S)

(gently)

I'd love to. Where are you?

INT. ARKADY'S ROOM

Karla and the others move closer - just keep going Simon...

ARKADY

Hold on - I'll get this down.

She holds the phone down, letting it appear as though she's
getting a pen -

ARKADY

Okay... The Shaftesbury Hotel. Yes,
I know it - it's in St. James...

She looks up - Karla's smiling at her.

ARKADY

Room 506. I'll be there about 5
PM.

She listens for a beat - and then she speaks: soft and
caring -

ARKADY

I'm looking forward to it too - I
really am. 'Bye.

She hangs up the phone. Vostok runs in -

VOSTOK

There's a flight in ninety minutes.
I booked everyone.

KARLA

Perfect.

They start to leave - it's going to be a rush.

ARKADY
This time it's my way -
understand?

They turn and look her. She holds them with her gaze. They nod their heads - yes.

EXT. BRITISH MUSEUM - DAY

A great public building - a testament to the majesty of Empire: Doric columns, stone lions, the Union Jack flying in the breeze.

Etched into stone, a sign:

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

INT. MUSEUM, CURATOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Simon sits in an office overlooking a magnificent display of Greek antiquities: the Elgin Marbles, the Oracle's Stone from Delphi, part of the Temple of Zeus.

The Curator - an elderly, decent man - sits behind his desk. He hands the faded velvet box, containing the bracelet, back to Simon -

CURATOR
I'm sorry about your mother, but
you must understand - under the
deed of gift I am forbidden to even
discuss the Simon Templar
Foundation.

SIMON
It must have an office -

CURATOR
There is no office.

SIMON
(softly)
Bullshit.

The two men look at one another. The Curator softens -

CURATOR
You don't know who he is, do you?

SIMON
Simon Templar?

CURATOR
The Saint.

SIMON

What's that - a name or a description.

CURATOR

A profession. The police of course view things differently -

SIMON

They usually do -

CURATOR

They say he's little more than a criminal. There are others who claim he's a mercenary. I tend to agree with the ordinary folk -

SIMON

What do they say?

CURATOR

They say he's a hero. I first met him when he was very young.

The Curator takes a framed photo off his desk and turns it around so Simon can see it: a couple of women in ball-gowns, the Curator as a young man and Simon Templar: handsome face, cool eyes, dressed in black tie and tails. Very stylish...

CURATOR

Just after that was taken, his father - a wealthy man - was murdered. Actually, a situation not unlike yours -

SIMON

In what way?

CURATOR

Nobody believed the guilty would ever be brought to trial.

SIMON

What did Templar do?

CURATOR

He went on the attack. "Evil flourishes when good men do nothing" - that's what he said.

SIMON

Did he succeed?

CURATOR

Many times. As you can imagine, he made a lot of enemies. That's why I can't give you any information.

SIMON
You can tell me about the robbery,
though -

CURATOR
The robbery? Of course -

INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR - DAY

A corridor crowded with tourists, school kids on guided tours.
The Curator and Simon weave their way between them -

CURATOR
According to the police it was
pretty straight-forward -

SIMON
The police are wrong.

CURATOR
Exactly what I think.

Simon looks a question at him - why?

They turn through a doorway -

INT. MUSEUM, EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES

Into one of the world's most spectacular exhibits - the graven
images of the Pharaohs, the jewels and artifacts recovered by
Howard Carter from the Valley of the Kings.

CURATOR
Look around - the treasure of an
entire civilization. It's not
insured - you know why? Nobody
could afford the premium - that's
how valuable it is.

He leads Simon forward - to a section of the gallery all
boarded up -

CURATOR
And yet a gang of thieves ignore
this and target a bracelet that's
worth what - a couple of million?
It doesn't make sense -

He shows a pass to a security guard and he and Simon step through
a set of makeshift doors -

INT. RUSSIAN GALLERY

Workmen are repairing the damage caused by the blast.

SIMON

How did they get in?

CURATOR

With enormous difficulty - know
anything about vaults?

SIMON

(deadpan)

Not offhand.

He leads Simon across to where the doors were blown. They
scramble through a gaping hole - into a room filled with
antique furniture -

CURATOR

All through the room, the police
found dustings of cyclamitane -
that's a cyanide gas. They seal it
in high security doors to stop
people blowing them -

He runs his hand along a ledge and shows it to Simon. Traces of
a fine white powder -

CURATOR

Whoever did it was wearing
breathing apparatus. That's not
all they brought - liquid
nitrogen, high-tensile oxy cutters,
blast shields.

SIMON

Blast shields! How big was the
explosion?

CURATOR

For the flash. Apparently they
used exactly the right explosive:
Halogen 433 - it's phosphorous-
based, high yield, low impact. But
you get a nasty flash.

SIMON

How many of them?

CURATOR

Probably five. They took cover
here -

Simon walks to the spot -

SIMON
Crouching?

The Curator nods his head - yes. Simon sinks down on his knees, thinking. He starts to re-enact it -

SIMON
They take cover... they raise the
blast shields... someone detonates
it. They probably turn - there's
a blinding flash...

He looks up at the wall: hanging on it is a huge antique mirror.

SIMON
(realizing something)
How bright a flash, Mr. Elliott?

EXT. LONDON SHOP - DAY

A quaint old London shop. In business since Lumiere was a boy, its front window full of cobwebs and old cameras.

INT. SHOP - DAY

George - wearing a filthy apron, his skin discolored by chemicals - is the third generation of his family to run the business.

He is in the work-room at the back of the shop, talking to Simon. Behind the bluster, he has a good heart and a lot of pride -

GEORGE
Stop telling me it's impossible -
(puts out his hand)
Just give me the plate.

SIMON
(shrugging)
Bob!

The Curator and two workmen enter from the loading dock. They carry a huge package, all wrapped up -

GEORGE
What the hell?

One of the workmen rips off the wrapping: the antique mirror.

SIMON

The room was dark, there was a flash - a phosphorous flash. What's on the back of a mirror? Silver nitrate, the same as film. If that's not photography, George - I don't know what is.

GEORGE

Photography, my ass.

Simon knows his weak point - he plays to his pride:

SIMON

I did say it was probably impossible -

GEORGE

Impossible? Impossible at one-hour photo maybe. Not at George Lucas and Sons. If there's an image, I'll find it.

SIMON

How long?

GEORGE

How would I know - I've never developed a mirror before.

INT. SHAFTESBURY HOTEL, LOBBY - DUSK

Tight on a clock. The minute hand jerks closer to the hour: 5PM...

Tilt down from the clock to find two Dark Riders - twins known as Eddie and Freddie in the lobby of the Shaftesbury Hotel.

Eddie's on the house phone:

EDDIE

Room 505 please -

INT. KARLA'S SUITE

Boxer watches as Karla picks up the phone, listens for a beat, then puts it down -

KARLA

He's here.

They turn to a section of the wall which has been ripped apart. It's been replaced by what looks like a piece of glass. It's not - they look through it, into the adjoining room.

From a pair of speakers - a battery of electronic equipment sits on the desk - we hear the sound of a key being turned in a lock: the room's bugged...

INT. SIMON'S ROOM

Simon comes through the door, into his room. He doesn't even glance at the mirror on the wall -

INT. KARLA'S ROOM

On the other side - barely a couple of feet away - Karla and Boxer watch him cross the room, and pull off his jacket -

EXT. STREET - DUSK

A high-powered telephone lens. Simon strips out of his shirt...

Gagarin lowers the binoculars and hands them to Vostok. They're sitting in a parked car in a side street. Nobody's taking any chances this time...

INT. KARLA'S ROOM

Karla turns - calling through a door leading into another part of the suite:

KARLA

Ready?

Arkady steps out: high heels, short dress, the curve of a breast spilling out of the plunging neckline.

She and Boxer look at one another -

BOXER

Is that entirely necessary?

ARKADY

It's gonna get worse than this. I told you before - if you can't take it, wait in the car.

Boxer turns away. They look at Simon, standing in front of them in his underpants.

Karla picks up a walkie-talkie -

INT. HOTEL LOBBY

One of the twins - Eddie - presses an ear-piece closer, listening...

He turns to his brother -

EDDIE
She's going in.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR

Arkady walks down the corridor, tosses back her hair, takes a deep breath -

INT. SIMON'S BEDROOM

Simon's staring straight into the "mirror," combing his hair with his fingers. The doorbell rings.

INT. CORRIDOR

Arkady's face bursts into a smile as the door opens. She and Simon look at one another - then he sweeps her into his arms, kissing her hard...

INT. KARLA'S ROOM

Boxer watches. She opens her mouth, kissing him back even harder...

He touches the bandage on her face -

SIMON (O/S)
What happened to your face.

ARKADY (O/S)
Cut myself shaving...

Simon smiles, leading her into the room...

INT. CAR

Gagarin and Vostok watch: the telephoto image of Simon and Arkady standing in the window -

INT. SIMON'S ROOM

They're close, thigh touching thigh. He puts his fingers under her chin, tilting her head. They kiss again. When she speaks, it's real low -

ARKADY
I don't think there's any bracelet
- it was just a ploy to get me
here.

He runs his tongue up her neck, into her mouth...

SIMON
Of course it was.

Simon's hand slides down the front of her dress -

INT. KARLA'S ROOM

Karla won't watch - he's staring out the window. Boxer can't take his eyes off the glass.

Arkady's back arches - almost shivering - as Simon's fingers find her breast.

SIMON (O/S)
Are you cold?

ARKADY (O/S)
What else would it be?

SIMON (O/S)
Maybe you should get under the covers.

INT. SIMON'S ROOM

Her sun-tanned leg rises, wrapping around his thigh. Her dress rides up - if she's wearing any underpants, they must be tiny.

ARKADY
(teasing)
Aren't you going to tell me about your day?

SIMON
It's hard to fathom, but I've lost interest in museums.

His hand reaches around - finds the zipper at the back of her dress -

INT. KARLA'S ROOM

Boxer stares at the glass - Arkady's back is only a foot away. Simon's hand pulls the zipper down...

ARKADY (O/S)
Did you show them the phantom bracelet?

SIMON (O/S)
Yeah...

ARKADY (O/S)
Is it valuable?

SIMON (O/S)
Apparently...

INT. SIMON'S ROOM

Her dress slides down her body, gathering around her ankles. She steps out of it.

Simon lowers his mouth towards her breast. But she steps back - as if she's just thought of something -

ARKADY
It's not here, is it??

SIMON
Why?

ARKADY
Why do you think - shouldn't it
be in a bank?

SIMON
(smiling)
I'm new in town - I don't know
any banks.

As he lowers his mouth again, she looks into the mirror - triumphant!

INT. KARLA'S ROOM

Boxer's rising to his feet -

BOXER
It's in the room!

Karla grabs the walkie-talkie:

KARLA
(into the mouthpiece)
Go!

EXT. STREET

The car door bursts open. Gagarin hits the street running.

INT. LOBBY

Eddie punches the elevator button, calling it. Freddie turns - sees the stairs. He sprints towards them -

INT. SIMON'S ROOM

Arkady's unbuttoning Simon's shirt. He runs his hands down her body -

Ring! The doorbell goes.

She looks at him - inquiring.

SIMON
I'm not expecting anybody.

INT. KARLA'S ROOM

Boxer and Karla - standing at the glass - watch him limp towards the door...

INT. SIMON'S ROOM

Simon's hand slides the bolt, turns the handle...

The door swings open...

A man stands there - the bellboy! He hands Simon an envelope.

EXT. HOTEL FIRE STAIR

Gagarin charges down the alley at the side of the hotel - and leaps!

His hands grab the bottom rung of a fire stair. He hauls himself up -

INT. SIMON'S ROOM

Simon - his back half-turned to Arkady - opens the envelope: a "With Compliments" slip from George Lucas & Sons.

Attached to it is a grainy black and white photograph: three or four people crouched behind blast shields at the moment of the explosion. Only one of them is clearly visible - the woman that was in the room. Arkady!

The color drains from his face - she's ten feet behind him, naked on the bed, taking off her shoes.

ARKADY
What is it?

Somehow Simon keeps his cool -

SIMON
Mom was English. It's from her
lawyers - a copy of the will.

He turns, listening - the sound of footsteps in the corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR

Karla and Boxer - gun raised - stand outside Simon's door.
The Twins run down the corridor to join them.

INT. SIMON'S ROOM

Arkady, languorous, stretches out on the bed -

ARKADY
It's rude to keep a lady waiting.

Simon forces a smile -

SIMON
A minute, that's all...

He indicates the bathroom. She rolls over.

ARKADY
Not a second longer.

He grabs his crutches, steps into the bathroom.

EXT. FIRE STAIRS

Two at a time, Gagarin pounds up the fire stairs. He grabs the railing, swings himself around - up the next flight...

INT. SIMON'S BATHROOM

The faucet gushes water. Simon tears the arm-piece from one of the crutches and upends the pipe. Out slides the barrel of the Beretta, then the hand-grip - that's how he got it through security!

INT. CORRIDOR

Outside the door, Karla holds up his hand, restraining Boxer and the Twins. He speaks into the walkie-talkie:

KARLA
Gagarin?

INT. BATHROOM

Simon, fumbling, struggles to fit the barrel into the grip.

Outside the frosted window - on the fire-escape - he hears a voice, very low:

GAGARIN (O/S)

Ready...

INT. CORRIDOR

Boxer's shoulder hits the door. Smash!

INT. BATHROOM

Simon reacts to the sound.

Ka-chunk! He locks the barrel into the butt...

ARKADY (O/S)

Simon!

INT. SIMON'S ROOM

Karla and the team are in the room. Arkady's on the bed, pointing at the bathroom -

KARLA

(into the mic)

He's yours!

INT. BATHROOM

Smash! Gagarin's feet come through the window. He lands on the floor - no sign of Simon.

He grabs the door. It's bolted - from the inside. A look of confusion on his face -

Simon blasts out of the shower stall behind him, slamming the bullet clip home.

Gagarin spins -

SIMON

For my mother!

Bam! He fires - straight into Gagarin's face.

INT. SIMON'S ROOM

The Dark Riders - searching the room for the bracelet - react to the gunshot. Boxer and Karla smile at one another: Gagarin got his man.

Boxer tries the bathroom door. It's locked -

BOXER

Gagarin...

No answer. Boxer jerks the handle -

BOXER

Gagarin!

EXT. HOTEL FIRE STAIR

Simon drops off the bottom of the fire stair - into the alley...

INT. BATHROOM

Smash! Smash! The Dark Riders batter the door - wedged closed by Gagarin's body...

The center section splinters and shatters. Karla and Boxer look in: they see Gagarin's body, the broken window -

KARLA

Hurry!

Boxer scrambles into the room, going for the fire escape. The Twins turn - heading for the door.

INT. LOBBY, RECEPTION - DUSK

A middle-aged clerk watches as Simon unlocks one of the hotel's security boxes.

He takes out the velvet box containing the bracelet, turns and goes....

EXT. HOTEL, TWILIGHT

Boxer runs out of the alley at the side of the hotel - into the street. He scans the sidewalks, the crowd - no sign of Simon.

He hurries towards the front door of the hotel. He doesn't see it, but a taxi accelerates past him. Sitting in the back - Simon.

The taxi disappears into the traffic...

INT. LYON'S COFFEE SHOP

Simon sits in a booth at the back of a cheap cafe, hidden from anyone except the waitress.

She lays down the check and goes. Simon reaches into his pocket and pulls out the little money he has on him. With it is the photo of the explosion at the British Museum.

He looks at the image of Arkady - anger and betrayal well-up in him.

INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Simon - angry - strides down a corridor in the museum. A guard is closing a set of doors. Simon pushes through -

GUARD

We're closed, sir - Sir!

Simon keeps walking -

INT. CURATOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The Curator packs his briefcase, ready to leave -

SIMON (O/S)

I'm running out of time, Mr.
Eliott -

The Curator looks up - Simon stands in the doorway, two guards at his side:

FIRST GUARD

We tried to stop him -

CURATOR

It's all right, Wilson. I know Mr.
Holme...

Grumbling, the two guards turn and leave...

SIMON

These people are smarter than me.
I need your help - now.

CURATOR

If it's about the Foundation, I
made it clear, didn't I -

SIMON

Did I ever show you a photo of my
girl?

CURATOR
(confused)
I don't believe you did -

Simon pulls out the photo of the blast at the museum -

CURATOR
Yes, I saw this -

SIMON
No you didn't! Not like I saw
it -

He jabs his finger at the image of Arkady -

SIMON
That's her.

The Curator picks up the photo, looking at it.

CURATOR
These are the people that killed
your mother?

SIMON
I was sleeping with her!

The two men look at each other.

CURATOR.
(gentle)
I'd like to help - I can't break
my word, I just can't.

SIMON
I'd never ask you to.

CURATOR
Thank you.

SIMON
You could go for a walk though...

His eyes turn to a set of filing cabinets lining one wall. The
Curator looks at him. A beat.

CURATOR
Did I ever show you the file on the
robbery?

SIMON
I don't think you did.

The Curator gets to his feet -

CURATOR
It'll probably take about ten
minutes...

As he gets to the door, he turns back -

CURATOR
If you can't wait, just let me say
- good luck.

SIMON
Thank you.

CURATOR
Should you ever find our bracelet,
the Museum would be very grateful.
We might even throw you a dinner.

SIMON
That's a deal.

CURATOR
Not really - you've never eaten
here.

He goes through the door.

EXT. ISLE OF DOGS - NIGHT

A set of chimneys soar into the night - the smokestacks of an
old powerhouse under demolition: part of its roof gone, a crane
overhead.

We're on the banks of the Thames River: rotting wharves,
crumbling warehouses, cobbled streets...

Simon stands in front of an old tannery - its front door
bricked-up, every window barred and boarded.

He checks a piece of paper - it's the right address. He steps
back, looking at the building - for all the world it's been
abandoned. Either that, or it's a fortress...

INT KARLA'S OFFICE, LONDON - NIGHT

A large and opulent office. Karla - deep in thought - sits
behind the desk, looking through a wall of windows at the London
skyline.

The sound of a door opening. He turns -

Arkady and Boxer enter, disheartened. They slump down on a
couch.

KARLA

Anything?

They shake their heads.

KARLA

You're trying to search him out.
It'll never work -

BOXER

It did before -

KARLA

He's wiser now - think him out.
Why did he come to London?

ARKADY

The bracelet? The Museum?

KARLA

Simon Templar. It's the only lead
he's got - that's where he's
heading.

He turns and looks out the window - the dome of St. Paul's, the
Houses of Parliament...

When he speaks, it's almost to himself:

KARLA

For a while I thought we might
avoid him... obviously it wasn't
meant to be.

BOXER

You know Templar?

KARLA

Only by reputation.

EXT. TANNERY ROOF - NIGHT

A cat picks its way along a roof-top - lights shimmer in the
river, the skyscrapers of the city line the distant shore.

The cat stops, sniffing at coils of rope and a bag of tools lying
next to an old skylight.

It's been jimmied open. A rope dangles into darkness...

INT. TANNERY, CORRIDOR/POOL

Gun raised, Simon glides down a darkened corridor. He turns a
corner -

A magnificent swimming pool. Water tumbles from a fountain - this is no abandoned warehouse.

He moves through the shadows. Low down on the wall - unseen by him - a tiny LED light glows: a detector monitors the room.

It blinks as Simon's foot passes through it.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The control room of a state-of-the-art security system: zoned motion detectors, perimeter seals, heat sensors, video monitors - totally automated.

A bank of red lights start to flash. Sswhack! A steel door whips open -

Two dobermans - massive dogs, black coats gleaming - leap out.

INT. CONSERVATORY

Simon moves through a mass of foliage: arching palms, wild orchids, beautiful ferns. He's in the conservatory - two storeys high, glass-roofed, a mist of fine rain.

He pushes through the ferns. We hold on his back as he moves away - a shimmer in the undergrowth, the sound of a breath. Something is stalking him...

He winds along a path, every sense alert. Whatever's following is getting closer... closer...

He brushes aside a web of ivy: in front, a set of doors opening into a long gallery...

A twig falls, a rustle of foliage -

Simon spins! Gun rising, ready to fire -

Nothing. He scans the foliage - nothing at all.

He relaxes, turns back -

A doberman flies at him!

He tries to raise the gun -

Click! The barrel of a revolver at the back of his head -

TEMPLAR (O/S)

Drop it.

The doberman skids to a halt. Simon's gun clatters to the ground.

SIMON
Mr. Templar?

TEMPLAR
(lying)
You're too late. Templar retired
and went to Florida.

The sound of a switch. Lights come on, illuminating the gallery.
It's a trophy room - a wall of photos of polo matches, cases
full of cups, a stuffed horse!

SIMON
I'm sorry to hear that. He was a
player, was he?

TEMPLAR
That's a personal question.

Now we see him - Simon Templar, The Saint. He's no longer
young and there's a sadness in his eyes - as if life itself has
tired him - but there's a style about him, a dignity that seems
to have all but passed from the world...

SIMON
Polo, I mean.

TEMPLAR
I see. He played for Trinity and
England.

SIMON
I played for money.

TEMPLAR
That makes sense - you're
American.

SIMON
(offended)
Seven goal handicap.

TEMPLAR
Now I know you're lying.

He cocks the gun, finger on the trigger -

SIMON
(fast)
Fifty yards, on the turn, under the
belly - I've never missed.

TEMPLAR
Only one man in the world's ever
done that -

SIMON
You're looking at him.

TEMPLAR
Bullshit.

INT. TROPHY ROOM - NIGHT

A makeshift goal stands at one end of the gallery. The two dobermans are dancing back and forth, excited...

Templar's acting as commentator:

TEMPLAR (O/S)
1952 - the bottom of the fourth.
Trinity trails 3-2. A long ball -

He stands at the other end of the gallery, the revolver pointing down the room -

Simon sits astride the stuffed horse. It's leaning drunkenly to one side, as if it's turning. -

TEMPLAR
To the American. He's on the turn,
fifty yards from goal, one chance
- now!

Templar throws the ball...

Simon leans out - his mallet swings...

Between the legs of the horse -

Crack! He hits the ball - a shot out of a rifle!

Templar's jaw drops.

Like Robin Hood's arrow, the ball flies fast and true.

The dobermans - hoping to chase it - don't bother. They just stare -

It rips through the goal. Smash! Out a window.

TEMPLAR
Apparently there are two men in the
world who've done it.

SIMON
(dismounting)
You were the other?

TEMPLAR
(softly)
It was a long time ago - getting
old now, of course.
(he puts out his hand)
Simon Templar.

SIMON
I know who you are. I need your
help, Mr. Templar.

TEMPLAR
Like I said, I'm pretty much retired -
Templar turns, leading him towards a door -

SIMON
It's questions, that's all. You
donated a bracelet to the British
Museum -
Templar opens the door for him -

INT. TANNERY, SITTING ROOM

They enter the sitting room - beautiful furniture, great art,
views all over the river...

TEMPLAR
Is that how you got the address?

SIMON
They're the most unco-operative
bastards I've ever met.

TEMPLAR
Excellent.

The dogs watch as Simon perches on the edge of a sofa.
Templar fixes a drink, not really paying much attention -

SIMON
I'd like to know the history of the
bracelet.

TEMPLAR
Who are you working for?

SIMON
Nobody. There were two of them.

A shadow of concern passes across Templar's face. Now he takes an interest. He sits opposite Simon.

TEMPLAR
Were there?

SIMON
Yes.

TEMPLAR
How do you know?

Simon reaches into his pocket, pulls out the box and opens it. Templar stares at it:

TEMPLAR
(quietly)
Where did you get this?

SIMON
It was my mother's.

Templar doesn't react but we sense there's something going through his mind, something he won't let Simon see.

TEMPLAR
No idea where she got it?

SIMON
None. I was hoping you could help.

TEMPLAR
No clues - nothing?

SIMON
Not really -

Out of the bottom of the box, Simon takes out the half concert ticket.

Templar takes it, getting to his feet, looking at it. He registers nothing - then looks at his watch.

TEMPLAR
I'm late for a call - excuse me,
please.

He goes to the door. The dogs walk up close to Simon - there's no doubt he's not going anywhere.

INT. STUDY

Photographs, boxes and files are scattered on the floor of the study. Templar's searching for something...

He opens an old diary and leafs through the pages. Something falls out: a ticket, half a concert ticket to The Beatles.

He lays it beside Simon's half: a fit!

He looks up at the wall - a portrait of Patricia Holme. She's younger and even more beautiful, but the same high cheekbones, the same gentle eyes.

TEMPLAR

(softly)

He says he's your son - what the hell's going on?

INT. SITTING ROOM

Simon turns as Templar enters. He hands Simon a file. He opens it - photographs mostly.

The first one shows a group of revolutionary soldiers posing for the camera. Like big-game hunters they stand around their dead trophy - the Russian Royal Family.

Templar points to one of the soldiers.

TEMPLAR

His name was Mikhail Krishkov -
he was in charge of the burial
party -

SIMON

He stole the bracelets?

TEMPLAR

According to him, he "liberated"
them.

Simon looks at the next photo - a close up of Krishkov, probably taken in the early 1960's - a pagoda in the background.

TEMPLAR

Stalin was on the loose - every
day brought a new terror. He
headed east, that's where I met
him, in China, a place called
Harbin.

Templar leans over Simon's shoulder, pulls out another photograph: a young couple with their three children -

TEMPLAR
That's what he left in Russia -

SIMON
(impressed)
You got them out?

TEMPLAR
I crossed the border north of
Berlin, the snows had come early
that year - it was a near-run
thing, I can tell you that.

SIMON
And the bracelets were the fee, is
that right?

TEMPLAR
(nods - yes)
One I gave to the museum... the
other I sold.

Simon doesn't pick it up but there's enough of a pause for us to
question if this is the entire truth.

SIMON
Any idea -

TEMPLAR
What does your mother say?

SIMON
My mother's dead. She was killed
by someone who wanted this
bracelet.

Not even Templar can hide his shock -

TEMPLAR
Dead?

SIMON
Maybe now you can understand my
interest.

He gets to his feet, preparing to go -

SIMON
As you said - you sold it. I'm
sorry - I was hoping you could
help.

TEMPLAR
Maybe I can.

SIMON
What do you mean?

TEMPLAR

They hit the British Museum, they
killed your mother - I'd say
you're a dead man running.

Simon gives a rueful smile - between trains and hotel rooms,
that's true.

TEMPLAR

Stay the night here - I want to
borrow the bracelet.

Simon shakes his head - no. He's not letting the bracelet out
of his sight.

TEMPLAR

You break into my house, you tell
me a story - and I believe you.
It's a matter of trust. I didn't
realize it was a one way street.

The two men look at one another. Templar holds his gaze. Simon
realizes - this is a man who tests everyone.

He hands over the bracelet.

Templar calls the dogs, turns to go -

SIMON

Do you think they'll come?

TEMPLAR

Sooner or later they'll find you -
it's just a matter of when.

EXT. INTERSECTION

A bitter wind whistles down Bywater Street - dark except for
puddles of light from a couple of street lamps.

At the far end - at an intersection - a truck is parked half
across the road.

EXT. INTERSECTION

On the side of the truck, a logo and sign:

LONDON GAS CO.

It's parked next to a large manhole - it's cover off, arc
lights shining down...

The driver looks in the rear-view, never taking his eyes off the street. On the seat next to him, a walkie-talkie and two dogs - Templar's dobermans. The man's name is Lonely. He's keeping watch.

INT. TANNERY CONTROL ROOM

Another angle on the Gas Co. truck - this one on a television screen. A security camera is monitoring the street, relaying the image into the control room...

Simon sits in front of the bank of screens, watching one in particular: Templar walks down the corridor with a man who looks like a partner in a seedy law firm. Aged in his 40's, dressed in a crumpled suit, he carries a large attaché case. Call him the Expert. Templar opens a door - they step through.

Simon scans the monitors. He's lost them -

INT. TEMPLAR'S STUDY

The Expert's briefcase is open on the desk - an incredible array of hi-tech equipment: a laser imager, infra-red spectrum analyzer, optic fiber, high-tensile jeweller's tools...

He wears electronic magnifying goggles, examining the bracelet.

TEMPLAR

Can you do it?

EXPERT

God knows why anybody would want to
- but sure, it can be done.

EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Bywater Street is deserted. The wind has dropped: a clear and starry night.

From far away the bells of St. Paul's chime the hour: 2 AM.

INT. TRUCK CABIN

One of the dogs lifts his head. Lonely - slouched in the seat - looks in the rear-view mirror.

A garbage truck appears - moving slowly down the street towards them. A couple of garbagemen run alongside, heaving piles of trash into the scoop at the front.

Lonely strokes the dog's head. He nuzzles down, going back to sleep...

INT. TEMPLAR'S STUDY

Flash! A studio-quality Polaroid camera photographs the bracelet.

The photographer - in his 30's, very hip - peels the backing sheet off the last shot and waits for the image to emerge.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Anything else, Mr. T.?

Templar's looking through a whole batch of photos - every section of the bracelet, all taken from different angles.

TEMPLAR

Not tonight. Thanks, Harry...

The photographer packs up his gear.

EXT. INTERSECTION

The garbage truck is half on the sidewalk, just managing to squeeze past Lonely's truck.

The garbagemen are running ahead - down Bywater Street, towards the Tannery.

As the cabin of the garbage truck draws alongside, Lonely raises his hand, waving to the driver.

The arc lights shine straight into the glass. We see the driver wave back, but we can't see his face -

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Simon watches the screen. The garbage truck rolls down the street, looming larger, obscuring Lonely's truck.

INT. TRUCK CABIN

Again the bells of St. Paul's carry across Bywater Street:
2:30 PM.

Lonely looks at his watch -

LONELY

(to himself)

That's not right -

His head snaps up. He looks at the garbage truck.

LONELY

They never come this early!

He reaches for the walkie-talkie. One of the dogs barks!

Lonely turns - there's a woman at the window, smiling at him.
It's Arkady...

He's a simple fellow - he doesn't think a woman could be a
killer. He starts to smile back - now he sees it!

The muzzle of a pistol - silencer attached - pressed against
the window, straight at his head.

Bang! Smash! Blood sprays across the windshield.

EXT. BYWATER STREET

The garbage truck - massive in the narrow road - reaches the
end of Bywater Street.

Vostok - behind the wheel - changes gears. He's turning
around, or so it looks.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Simon watches on a screen as the truck maneuvers in the narrow
street.

The sound of the door opening. He turns -

TEMPLAR
Anything from Lonely?

SIMON
Nothing.

Templar runs his eye along the battery of sensors and monitors -

SIMON
How do they get in?

TEMPLAR
(taken aback)
Who?

SIMON
The visitors.

TEMPLAR
(smiling)
None of your business.

He reaches into his pocket, takes out the bracelet and gives it
to Simon -

SIMON
You gonna tell me what you were
doing?

TEMPLAR
Sure. I was buying
insurance -

His eye falls on the screen featuring the garbage truck -

TEMPLAR
They'll be here half the night. I
don't know how many time's I've
told them - back up the street.

EXT. BYWATER STREET

The truck - broadside across the road - has its back close
against the tannery wall.

The scoop starts to lower, scraping down the brickwork. Now we
see inside it - piles of garbage and a series of plastic
cylinders taped along the front edge. Wires run off of them...

INT. GARBAGE CABIN

Vostok has a car battery between his feet. He has a wire in each
hand, moving them towards the terminals -

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Templar turns away from the screen -

TEMPLAR
Anyway -

SIMON
Insurance...

EXT. WALL

Ka-boom! A white flash at the front of the scoop. The brickwork
bulges and shatters -

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Templar and Simon are hurled across the control room. Smash!
They hit the wall.

Images on the screens spin, the electronic door to the dogs' room
whizzes back and forth, rows of red lights are screaming -

Everything stops. Darkness - the power's down.

INT. TANNERY - FOYER

The garbage truck - engine roaring - smashes through the hole blown in the wall.

Bricks fly, masonry falls. It comes to rest in the foyer - an elevator shaft rises up, an ornate stairway winds around it...

INT. GARBAGE TRUCK CABIN

Vostok throws a lever, hits a switch -

INT. FOYER

The scoop at the back of the truck rises up. Sswhack! The steel doors to the compactor section slide open.

It's a Trojan horse - Boxer, the Twins and other Dark Riders scramble out.

They sprint for the stairs -

INT. CONTROL ROOM.

Simon and Templar drag themselves up - both of them are battered, scared. Whatever they were expecting, it wasn't this.

Simon prises back the shattered door. They peer out into the darkness. The only light filters up the stairwell from the truck's headlights, smoke rolls down the corridor, the fire sprinklers are spinning, drenching everything.

They speak low -

SIMON

What do you suggest?

TEMPLAR

Run for it. If we get separated -
head for the basement. There's a
car - I'll meet you there.
Ready?

SIMON

Now!

They rip the door off its hinges - burst out into the smoke and water -

INT. STAIRWELL

Arkady - gliding up the stairs - turns at the sound. Then she's off - running.

INT. CORRIDOR

Vostok - eyes squinting from the smoke, soaking wet from the sprinklers - moves silently down a corridor.

He turns a corner - the figure of a man crossing it!

He only has a moment - he spins, crouching, firing. Bam... bam... bam!

The figure dives for a doorway -

INT. DINING ROOM

It's Templar. He gets to his feet, scrambling for one of several doors -

INT. CORRIDOR/DINING ROOM

Vostok moves through the smoke, out of the corridor - into the dining room.

There's no sign of his prey. He moves deeper into the room - nothing... nothing...

He senses something behind him - Templar's in the shadows!

Vostok turns -

Templar's hand flashes down: a beautiful knife, known as Arabella, slides out from under his sleeve. He throws!

The knife spins.

Vostok's gun rises -

Whap! The knife plunges into his chest. He's dead before he hits the ground.

Templar leaps forward - going for Vostok's gun...

A shadow on the wall, but he doesn't see it. His hand reaches out -

An arm snaps around his neck, a gun at his head. Templar sniffs -

TEMPLAR

Chanel?

ARKADY
Opium.

TEMPLAR
Losing my touch.

ARKADY
(hard)
You certainly are.

INT. BASEMENT

Simon is in the basement. It's a mess down here - part of the roof blown in, water sloshing about ankle-deep, smoke hanging like fog.

Through it, he sees the car - standing against the wall, covered by a tarpaulin.

He moves towards it, but he's stopped by a voice. It's calling to him, echoing down the corridors. It's a voice he's never heard before, but one we recognize -

KARLA
Mr. Holme! I have an offer -
Templar for the bracelet!

INT. FOYER

Karla stands in the foyer, the lights from the headlights throwing long shadows, the Dark Riders gathered all around.

Templar's against a wall, the red light from Arkady's laser sight locked on his forehead, pinning him there -

INT. STAIRWAY

Simon moves silently up the stairs. He stops, looking up through the grill that surrounds the elevator shaft -

For the first time he sees Karla. He's old but there's a power about him, a sense of overwhelming authority. Simon knows this is the man he must kill.

Gun raised, Simon takes a step higher -

SIMON
What's the deal?

INT. FOYER

Boxer spins, Arkady looks - they can only see his shadow, crouching in the stairwell, gun aimed.

KARLA
A straight swap.

SIMON
Maybe Templar's not something I
want.

Karla laughs. He points at Arkady -

KARLA
She'll do it - you know that...

Arkady alters her aim - the laser dot moves from Templar's
forehead - into his eye.

KARLA
Then we'll come for you. He'll die
but we'll never stop. Not today,
tomorrow - not ever.

Simon looks up at Templar. The Saint's never begged for
anything, not even his life -

TEMPLAR
You're call, Mr. Holme.

SIMON
(to Karla)
Given how we trust each other -
how we gonna do this?

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT

The bracelet - glittering in the half-light - soars up very
fast.

We pull back: it's tied to the counterweight of the elevator.
As it speeds higher, the elevator car drops lower -

INT. ELEVATOR CAR

The doors of the car are open. Templar's standing in the
corner...

INT. BASEMENT

Simon's in the basement - at the doors to the elevator -
waiting to grab him.

INT. ELEVATOR LANDING

Two storeys up - Karla's looking down the shaft. The counterweight races towards us. The bracelet's coming closer... closer...

INT. BASEMENT

Simon tenses - expecting a double cross, anything. The elevator car drops into view. It stops.

Simon grabs Templar -

INT. ELEVATOR LANDING

Karla's hand scoops up the bracelet.

He holds it up, admiring it...

Boxer's already off - he and several other Dark Riders sprint down the stairs, racing for the basement -

INT. BASEMENT

No sign of Simon or Templar. Vroom! An engine kicks to life -

The car blasts out, ripping free of the tarpaulin - it's The Saint's 1968 Volvo P1800 Sports. It screeches across the basement - straight towards a wall.

INT. VOLVO

Templar's at the wheel, changing gears, accelerating!

TEMPLAR

You asked how visitors come in -

He hits a button - a remote control - on the visor.

Part of the wall pivots aside.

The Volvo skids through - into a tunnel.

Boxer and the Dark Riders burst into the basement - just in time to see the wall slam shut!

EXT. POWERHOUSE - NIGHT

The roofless shell of the old powerhouse. A group of homeless people are gathered around fires in oil drums.

They turn at the sound of a car - the Volvo charges out of the gloom of an old tunnel.

They wave as Templar passes...

INT. VOLVO - NIGHT

Templar spins the steering wheel - they roar up a ramp and onto a deserted street -

SIMON

You were telling me about insurance -

TEMPLAR

It's a wise thing - only a dollar a day, but it buys peace of mind.

Out of his pocket, Templar takes a single large diamond and hands it to Simon.

TEMPLAR

It's from the clasp.

SIMON

What happened?

TEMPLAR

I replaced it with one of these -

He hands Simon another "diamond" - this one made of paste. Simon turns it over - concealed within it is a small metal disk, similar to a NiCad battery.

SIMON

(softly)

You bugged them?

TEMPLAR

It's called Lo-Jack - they use it to stop auto theft. Fit one of those to a car, you can track it anywhere.

Simon looks at him - impressed.

TEMPLAR

Could be a first, Simon - the Christians might ambush the lions.

INT. LO-JACK CENTER - NIGHT

The Lo-Jack control room: huge electronic maps dominate the walls, video monitors display a grid of streets, computers link transmitters with locations...

We're looking at one of the maps - a red dot blips across the grid.

MANAGER (O/S)
Weirdest car I've ever seen - it stops, it shuffles, now it's going like a bat out of hell. What are we tracking, Doc?

The Expert is standing with Simon and Templar, watching the screen.

EXPERT
Someone's pocket.

The manager rolls his eyes -

MANAGER
Right.

SIMON
What's the range?

The manager hands Simon an oblong box - like a TV remote control.

MANAGER
On this, about fifty miles.

Simon looks at it - the red dot moves across a grid, just like on the big screen: It swings onto a long ribbon of light.

Templar points to it -

TEMPLAR
What's the light?

OPERATOR
The M1.

SIMON
Where's it go?

MANAGER
Heathrow.

Simon and Templar look at each other - Heathrow!

EXT. M1 MOTORWAY

The Volvo flies down the freeway. The remote monitor sits on the dash - beep! beep!

Simon looks out the window at a sign:

HEATHROW INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

Next 3 Exits

INT. AIRPORT CONCOURSE - NIGHT

A crowd of people move through the concourse, towards the boarding gates.

Beep! Beep! Beep! Simon and Templar - running - weave in and out of the crowd.

The monitor's growing louder as they get closer... closer.

Suddenly it fades. Simon stops - momentarily at a loss. Then he realizes - he turns to a plate glass window that looks out on the asphalt.

Templar comes to his side - together they stare at the runway -

A passenger jet leaves the ground and soars into the night.

BEEP... Beep... beep...

SIMON

Some ambush.

Templar stares at the tail insignia on the plane.

TEMPLAR
Aeroflot.

They turn and look across at a boarding gate. Above it, a sign:

AEROFLOT FLT 218

London - St. Petersburg

We push in on the word "St. Petersburg." As it grows ever larger -

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CONVENTION HALL - AFTERNOON

A huge political rally, a hall lit by a makeshift generator, filled with ordinary Russians.

Below us - at the far end of the hall - a man in his 40's stands on a stage, addressing the crowd. We can barely hear him over the rumble of the generator, the cheering and chanting of the crowd. Only two words come through clearly:

LEADER
Freedom... democracy!

The crowd roars.

The leader raises his hands in acknowledgement.

The cross-hairs of a telephoto lens rack focus: we're watching him through a gunsight...

On the floor of the rally, someone releases a mass of balloons...

The cross-hairs hold the leader steady. A finger curls around the trigger -

The balloons float through, obscuring the target. The same words - freedom and democracy - stencilled on the balloons...

The marksman doesn't waver. He fires!

A balloon - "freedom" - explodes.

The bullet hits the leader's head. Blood sprays across a banner behind him...

People scream, others run - chaos -

The marksman lowers the rifle. Now we see his face - it's one of the Baptists, the stoop-shouldered intellectual. His job done, he breaks the rifle down and leaves.

EXT. ST. PETERSBURG AIRPORT - DUSK

Tanks surround the airport terminal. Smoke hangs in the air and the few people on the street are hurrying, frightened to be in the open.

INT. TAXI - DUSK

Simon and Templar are in the back of a taxi, drawing away from the terminal.

Simon reaches into this bag and pulls out the tracking device.

He turns it on - it works! The signal's very faint, but getting stronger -

EXT. GRAND BUILDING - DUSK

Nevsky Prospekt - St. Petersburg's Fifth Avenue - is almost deserted. A lone skateboarder takes advantage of the situation - on, he slaloms down the normally crowded boulevard...

He passes the taxi, drawn up outside a stately old office building: marble facade, stone columns.

Simon and Templar climb the steps. BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

They push through a set of beautiful doors.

INT. GRAND BUILDING CHAMBER

A huge chamber, like an old-fashioned insurance office. It's deserted except for a group of soldiers bivouacked in a corner.

They stare at Templar and Simon, but nobody tries to stop them...

SIMON
(looking around)
What is this place?

TEMPLAR
Keep moving -
(he indicates the soldiers)

They reach a set of elevators, step into one of the cars -

INT. ELEVATOR

They look at the buttons, not sure which way to go.

TEMPLAR
Start at the bottom.

Simon hits the button. The monitor is going crazy - they're really close, getting closer by the second.

Simon's hand slides into his pocket. His hand wraps around a pistol, cocking it -

The two men look at one another - ready?

The elevator doors slide back. Simon and Templar step out fast, prepared for anything -

INT. BASEMENT

Do they feel silly! There's a huge iron grill, half a battalion of armed guards - it's the vault of a bank.

Simon and Templar stare at a massive wall of safe-deposit boxes.

A guard walks forward -

GUARD
Keys and number.

Simon and Templar step back into the elevator. The doors close.

INT. ELEVATOR

Simon turns to Templar -

SIMON
Excellent insurance, Saint - pity
about the fine print.

The doors open. They step out -

INT. CHAMBER

They cross the chamber.

TEMPLAR
Why go to so much trouble - then
lock them in a vault? It doesn't
make sense -

They push through the doors - onto the steps.

EXT. GRAND BUILDING - DUSK

Night is falling. They hurry down the steps towards the taxi. Suddenly Templar stops. Simon turns to him -

SIMON
What?

TEMPLAR
The photo!

INT. BASEMENT

Tight on the photo of Arkady taken during the explosion at the British Museum.

Pull back to reveal we're back in the basement vault. The guard looks at the photo -

GUARD
Who is she? I have no idea -

SIMON
You've never met her?

GUARD
I didn't say that.

He looks straight at Simon. A beat - then Simon realizes. He hands over a fistful of banknotes.

The guard looks at them - roubles. He crumples them up in his giant paw, and lets them fall to the ground. Simon hands over real money - American dollars.

GUARD
She came in this morning.

SIMON
Alone?

GUARD
An old man - very arrogant.

SIMON
Name?

GUARD
No names - not here. Just keys and numbers.

SIMON
There must be something -

Again the guard just looks at him. Simon hands over another wad of notes. The guard doesn't move - it's not enough.

Templar pulls out his wallet.

Tight on a file card - no name, just the number of a safe-deposit box, a finger-print for identification - and an address!

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DUSK

The taxi turns down a narrow back street - cobbled roadway, puddles of water, garbage everywhere...

INT. TAXI

Simon looks out the window at the endless wall of some old building.

SIMON

What is this place?

TAXI DRIVER

Nothing now. It was stables once.

SIMON

All of this? Whose stables?

TAXI DRIVER

The Czar's.

The taxi's come to a stop. The driver points out the window - the back of the Winter Palace looms above them.

EXT./INT. STABLES

Simon and Templar make their way through a pair of huge doors, sagging on their hinges.

The building is crumbling now, part of its roof gone, barely recognizable as the place where Nicholas II, Emperor of All the Russias, once said farewell to his only son.

Of the hundreds of stalls, nearly all are empty. There's just a few old hacks used for pulling milk carts, a couple of children's ponies, a spirited stallion at the blacksmith's forge, waiting to be shod...

Simon and Templar move deeper into the building - shafts of light, rusting harnesses...

They stop - up ahead a broad stairway winds around an old elevator. Two men, armed with Uzis, stand guard.

From far away, the sound of a crowd cheering. Simon and Templar listen, trying to find the direction. They look down - at the ground...

INT. FEED ROOM

A towering room, once used to store the feed for hundreds of horses. A primitive freight system - pulleys, cogs and wheels - stands in a corner. The machinery disappeared long ago, but the ropes remain - they disappear through a rotting trap-door in the floor.

INT. CELLARS

Simon and Templar shim down the fraying ropes - into the Palace's huge cellars. The sound of cheering is really loud now - it echoes the corridors and fills the vaulted room.

A man's voice - amplified, eerie:

KARLA (O/S)

You know what they whisper in the food queues? They say the Jews have cornered the market.

A roar from the crowd - like hounds baying for blood. Simon and Templar follow the sound, moving through an archway...

KARLA (O/S)

Come another month and the children are starving, they won't be whispering it - they'll be screaming it!

INT. VAULTED ROOM

Simon and Templar appear out of the gloom. They look over a balustrade, down on the room in which the Baptists first met.

Rows of lights line the walls and now we can see the place is huge.

It's filled with hundred and hundreds of men - most of them are armed, dressed in black, arm-bands in the colors of the Russian flag wrapped around their biceps.

Karla stands on a stage, flanked by the Baptists. He's a wonderful speaker - full of power and passion and vision:

KARLA

Power comes out of the barrel of a gun. Bring me the power and I'll give you a symbol - a symbol all Russia can follow!

The crowd roars!

Simon and Templar draw back into the shadows - whatever they expected, it wasn't this. Out of their depth - scared - they slip past the bottom of the broad stairway - the elevator doors open - heading for an area of deep shadow.

Suddenly Templar raises his hand:

 TEMPLAR
Can you smell it?

 SIMON
 (sniffing)
Horse-shit.

 TEMPLAR
Perfume.

 SIMON
So what?

 TEMPLAR
 (realizing)
Opium!

 ARKADY (O/S)
Getting better, Mr. Templar.

She swings around a pillar - she fires. The crowd roars again, drowning the sound -

But Templar's already turning - instead of his head, the bullet stakes his shoulder.

Simon spins - firing back. Bam! Bam! He misses, but it drives her back - long enough for him to grab Templar.

He catches him by the collar - and hauls!

INT. ELEVATOR

Into the elevator car. He hits the button.

The doors slam!

Templar slumps against the wall, blood running down his chest...

INT. STAIRS

Arkady bursts around a corner - onto the stairway, chasing the elevator.

INT. STABLES

Only one guard now. He's sitting on his haunches, having a cigarette.

The elevator door opens. He turns -

Whack! Simon's boot catches him straight under the chin, lifting him off the floor -

INT. STAIRS

Arkady sprints across a landing. She yells at another Dark Rider - its one of the Twins, Eddie. He turns and sprints after her.

INT. STABLES

Simon - half-carrying Templar - scrambles between the stalls. They stumble and almost fall...

The sound of footsteps pounding up the stairs...

Templar grabs the gun from Simon, pushes him forward -

TEMPLAR

Go!

Simon stares at him -

TEMPLAR

Run!

Clutching his chest, he drags himself into one of the stalls.

The footsteps pounding closer. Simon turns and bolts.

INT. ELEVATOR

Arkady - Eddie on her heels - turns out of the stairway into the stables.

No sign of either Templar or Holme.

Slowly, guns raised, they move forward -

INT. STALL

Breathing hard, blood trickling down his arm, Templar crawls backwards out of one stall and into another...

INT. STABLES

Arkady's kneeling down, running her hand over the floor: blood.
She smiles, signals to Boxer - they start to move in -

INT. STALLS

To a frightened man, everything rustles. Templar's sitting with his back against the wall, deep in shadow, listening to every sound -

Eddie creeps around behind an adjoining stall. He cocks his gun.

Templar spins - they're close. He draws himself up, ready.

Suddenly, a scream:

SIMON (O/S)

Templar!

The thunder of hooves -

Templar runs towards it. Arkady turns, looking -

INT. STABLES

Simon's on the stallion, galloping full tilt the length of the stable.

he sees Templar burst out into the center aisle, Arkady and Eddie - giving chase - scramble in and out of stalls.

Templar sees Simon charging towards him. the old man forgets his wound - he gives it everything he's got. He sprints down the aisle.

Simon thunders down on him from behind.

Templar looks back - Simon's almost on him. He reaches out.

The stallion draws alongside. simon grabs his hand -

Templar leaps, swinging himself aboard.

Arkady jumps a stall - out into the aisle. She sees the horse charge towards a set of doors -

EXT. PALACE COURTYARD

A courtyard at the rear of the Palace - the same courtyard where an "ambulance" once stood. Now there's beaten-up Russian cars, motorcycles, push-bikes...

A handful of men in black shirts are standing around, talking and smoking.

The sound of hooves. One of the men turns - it's Boxer.

He sees a stallion burst out of the stables. On its back, Holme and Templar!

EXT. HORSEBACK

Simon charges through the vehicles. If there's a gate, he can't see it.

Straight ahead - a set of steps, a massive pair of doors. They're open -

Simon digs in his heels. the horse gallops towards it.

INT. WINTER PALACE, CORRIDOR

Looking straight down one of the great gilt and marble corridors of the Winter Palace. A long-row of windows look out on the Nevsky River far below. At the other end, a set of doors.

Suddenly a horse gallops through. It charges down the corridor, straight towards us.

Moments later - a motorbike, then another and another: Boxer, Arkady, Eddie, Freddie...

They're gaining fast.

Simon pulls down the reins. The horse turns -

INT. WINTER PALACE BILLIARD ROOM

A magnificent room - all leather and mahogany - in the center, a marble and ebony billiard table.

The horse gallops straight towards it. Templar and Holme - like the expert horsemen they are - rise up together.

The horse soars - over the table!

They land, heading for another set of doors. On the wall, rack after rack of brilliant balls.

As they pass, Simon hits it with his hand. The balls cascade to the ground.

INT. CORRIDOR/BILLIARD ROOM

Eddie accelerates his bike, roaring past Arkady, sliding, slewing into the billiard room.

He straightens up, accelerates, skirting the table.

The balls roll across the floor - his front wheel hits them.
He loses it!

The back wheel jackknifes, Eddie falls. Man and bike tumble end-over-end.

Crash! Into the wall.

INT. CORRIDOR, HORSEBACK

Templar clings to Simon's back. He's forcing the horse faster, sweat glistening on its flanks, foam flying from its mouth.

They gallop down a short corridor -

INT. THRONE ROOM

Into the Throne Room - walls of mirror and glass, massive portraits of the Czars, a dozen doors opening into it.

The roar of motorbikes -

Simon gallops across the room -

Out of the door on one side - Arkady! Out of the door on the other - Freddie!

Simon hauls on the reins, throws his weight to one side. Templar follows, digs in a heel -

The horse spins, creases through a door.

Arkady and Eddie skim past each other, pegs almost kissing...

INT. GAMES ROOM

The horse gallops through the games room, Arkady close behind.

She draws a gun...

Templar reaches out, grabs a rack of cricket bats - they tumble down -

Arkady swerves.

Templar keeps pulling - soccer balls, tennis racquets, skittles.

Arkady's slowing down - having to slalom through the obstacle course.

Simon reaches out - grabs a croquet mallet off the wall. It's not much of a weapon, but it's the best he can do.

They gallop through a pair of doors -

INT. CORRIDOR

Back into the long corridor. It's empty except for a bunch of balls rolling out of the billiard room.

Simon pushes the horse harder. Faster they gallop, faster. At the far end, a huge window looking over the river. On either side, a marble staircase...

Arkady swerves out of the games room, into the corridor behind them. She cocks the pistol...

Simon and Templar charge down the corridor, through the billiard balls.

Arkady raises the gun - then stops, smiling.

Boxer's got them! His motorbike's sliding, bumping down the marble staircase.

He slides to a stop in front of the window, sees the horse charging towards him -

Simon looks ahead - a couple of errant billiard balls rolling along the marble. Boxer scrambles off his bike. Simon knows there's no way out of this.

Boxer reaches for a gun -

TEMPLAR

(commentating)

One-all. The bottom of the fourth -

Simon realizes - it's Polo! The mallet in his hand, the billiard ball ahead -

TEMPLAR

One chance, it's out of the ruck -

The horse thunders down on the ball. Simon raises the mallet -

Boxer turns, lifting the gun -

TEMPLAR

Now!

Whack! Simon hits the ball - a shot out of a rifle!

Boxer's sighting down the barrel -

The ball appears, rocketing at him.

Crack! It hits him on the temple, splitting his forehead. He crumples.

Simon and Templar learn forward, ducking their heads.

The horse leaps - over Boxer and the motorbike.

Smash!

EXT. WINTER PALACE

The horse crashes through the window - into mid-air. Templar and Holme cling to its back. They fall... fall...

Splash! Into the Nevsky River.

INT. PALACE CORRIDOR

Arkady stands at the shattered window, looking out. The horse surfaces - then Simon and Templar. She watches the current carry them away.

Eddie's helping Boxer to his feet - he's still alive, a dent in his head, blood streaming down.

BOXER

How do we find 'em?

ARKADY

We don't. The dice are rolling,
Harry. Now we play the game.
Nothing can stop us now.

INT. HOTEL SUITE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Fade-up tracer bullets ripping across the night sky. Simon sits at the window of a hotel suite looking out at the city. Overhead, the roar of helicopters. In the distance fires are burning, the dull thud of explosions...

SIMON

(to himself)

A symbol - that's what he said.
If it's not the bracelets - why
did he need them?

A sound, a movement behind him. He turns -

Templar - bandaged up - is sleeping restlessly.

Simon turns back - looking out at the night once more -

SIMON
And two bracelets. Why two -

Slowly he sits up straight - thinking.

INT. HOTEL SUITE, SITTING ROOM

He takes a miniature bottle of vodka from the mini-bar and puts it down on the coffee table: clue one.

SIMON
(to himself)
Russia.

He picks up a jar from the candy basket and empties a pile of jelly beans on the table...

SIMON
A whole lot of jewelry goes missing
- all except the bracelets...

He grabs a piece of paper, scrawls something on it and lays it down: a stick drawing of a man with a halo - The Saint.

SIMON
They make their way to Templar.
One of them to mom -

He pulls out his wallet - takes out a photo of his Mother and the half concert ticket and adds them to the trail.

SIMON
An old man - Russian - hunts
for them...

He tears the cover off a pulp novel - in its center, a large swastika. He puts it down -

SIMON
He searches - Russia, London,
America. It's a long journey.

He tosses down a tourist map - then falls silent, just staring at the row of clues spread across the table -

SIMON
(softly)
Shit...
(a beat)
Holy shit!

He turns, grabs the door into the bedroom.

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM

Templar wakes - turning. Simon's there, the door still banging on its hinge:

SIMON

It's a map!

TEMPLAR

What is?

SIMON

The bracelets. Nobody spends their life looking for two bracelets. That's not what he's after - it's the Romanov treasure!

Despite the pain, Templar drags himself up the bed. Simon's so excited the words fall over each other -

SIMON

"A symbol - a symbol the whole country can follow" - the Crown of Russia!

TEMPLAR

(soft)

Jesus...

SIMON

All the time we thought it was jewelry. Of course it's not - that's why he had to have both of them. Put the bracelets together - you've got a map.

TEMPLAR

Say you're right. The bracelets are in a vault -

SIMON

Insurance lives!

He throws down the photographs Templar had taken in the tannery -

TEMPLAR

(smiling)

What about a code? It's gonna need something -

SIMON

Once you know it's a map, we'll be able to read it - you watch.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Heaps of files, notes and books piled on a table. Next to them, perfect drawings of the two bracelets. They lie side-by-side: together they form a single magnificent design.

KARLA (O/S)

And at the end of it all, there
lies this -

Boxer, Arkady, and the Twins watch as Karla pushes a book across the table - a color plate of the Imperial Crown.

KARLA

The Cap of Monomakh, the Imperial
Crown of Russia.

A beat - the Dark Riders are shocked.

KARLA

In all of history, only ever
touched by the man born to be Czar.

BOXER

(barely able to believe it)
The Cap of Monomakh...

KARLA

I said I'd give you a symbol.

BOXER

Where?

KARLA

Kirov.

INT. HOTEL SUITE, SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Templar's very weak, but the excitement is carrying him through. He sits at a desk - the photographs of the bracelets lie side-by-side. All around, pieces of paper, note-pads, an old atlas...

Simon's hand points at the bottom of the photographs: two massive diamonds surrounded by a cluster of precious gems -

SIMON

The largest diamonds - that
represents the treasure. Now come
up here -

He points to the middle section of the bracelet: a long blaze of diamonds with rubies threading through it...

SIMON

The rubies are a path - probably
through some sort of maze...

His finger stabs at the next section of the bracelet: a yellow sapphire, a huge pearl, an intricate design of tiny seed pearls and diamonds...

SIMON

This is the location - I'm sure of it. The yellow sapphire's the sun, the pearl's the moon...

TEMPLAR

A star-fix - latitude and longitude -

SIMON

That's what I thought - but you need the time and the date. They're not here - no, it's something else...

TEMPLAR

What about the cross?

He points to an unusual cross worked in diamonds and emeralds at the very top of the bracelet...

SIMON

The cross I don't understand. It's probably -

TEMPLAR

The seed pearls!

SIMON

What?

TEMPLAR

It's not a design - they're Roman numerals! That's the date!

Simon looks at them - he's right.

TEMPLAR

Read 'em!

Templar spills books off the desk as he grabs the atlas and a note-pad.

Simon starts reading out a series of figures. Templar's taking notes, opening the atlas to a series of star maps at the back -

He starts to take a star-fix.

SIMON

How come you know about this?

TEMPLAR
I've been kicked out of a lot of
places - the Air Force was one of
them.

He flicks through the atlas, finds a page, corrects his notes -
stabs his pencil down in Russia.

TEMPLAR
Kirov.

The two men look at each other - they've done it. A smile
between them, then Simon gets to his feet, starts to gather his
things together.

SIMON
I guess they've already left. I
wonder how many of them?

TEMPLAR
(softly)
This is way beyond us, Simon. Make
a phone call - I'll give you the
number.

Simon turns -

SIMON
Who to?

TEMPLAR
Governments handle things like
this -

SIMON
You're The Saint - you know what
governments are like. It'll take a
month to get anyone to listen, then
they'll make a deal.

TEMPLAR
You came to me for help - that's
what I'm giving you.

SIMON
This isn't help - it's surrender.

He turns and goes through the door, slamming it.

Templar slumps into a chair - he's old and he's tired and the
wound in his shoulder is starting to bleed again. He puts his
head back, trying to get his breath - he doesn't need this.

INT. HOTEL, SIMON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Simon's throwing things into a rucksack, ditching everything except the essentials.

From next door - crash! Something falls.

INT. TEMPLAR'S ROOM

A table has been overturned, medicine lies scattered on the floor. Sprawled among it is Templar, half-dressed, trying to get to his feet...

Simon comes through the door -

SIMON

Jesus! What are you trying to do?

TEMPLAR

Getting ready -
(he winces in pain)
Kirov.

Simon helps him into a chair -

SIMON

Don't be ridiculous.

He looks down at his hand - smeared with blood. He grabs hold of Templar's shirt and tears it open - the bandages are soaked with it.

SIMON

Shit...

He turns to Templar's suitcase and grabs a shirt to rip into bandages. No good - it's silk.

He turns back, pushing aside clothes. He stops, looking down at something - a photo of Patricia Holme; with it - the other half of the concert ticket.

He turns to face Templar. The old man has seen what he's found.

SIMON

(softly)

You want to tell me what it means?

TEMPLAR

I knew your mother - that's what it means.

He takes the shirt from Simon, tearing it, starting to dress his wound -

SIMON
You gave her the bracelet?

TEMPLAR
It was an engagement present.

SIMON
And then?

TEMPLAR
(quietly)
And then she left. She wanted me
to change - "it's playing Russian
roulette with five bullets," that's
what she said.

SIMON
I didn't think she was frightened
of anything.

TEMPLAR
Nor did I - that was something I
never understood. I'm only
guessing, but I don't think she was
frightened for herself...

SIMON
What then?

TEMPLAR
For what was growing inside of her.

The two men just look at each other.

SIMON
When was this?

TEMPLAR
Twenty-eight years ago.
(a beat)
Ever met your father, Simon?

SIMON
I'm not sure - what do you think?

TEMPLAR
I don't know what to think -
that's why I haven't said anything.

Simon looks at his hands -

SIMON
I don't want to be rude - but you
slept with her?

Templar smiles -

TEMPLAR

I know it's hard to believe, but I think she found me attractive.

SIMON

You took precautions?

TEMPLAR

It was 1964 - I don't think we even had the Pill.

SIMON

Condoms?

TEMPLAR

Things were different then!

SIMON

Don't get angry - I'm not complaining.

TEMPLAR

When's your birthday?

SIMON

October 8.

Templar thinks - counting back the months. He looks at Simon - nods his head: yes.

SIMON

You remember when you - ?

Templar picks up the photo, looking at her again -

TEMPLAR

About her, I remember almost everything.

Again the two men look at one another. Simon takes the shirt out of his father's hands. He rips it into strips and gently starts to tend the wound.

TEMPLAR

You can't go alone -

SIMON

You said it yourself - Simon Templar's retired.

The old man looks up at him -

TEMPLAR

I was joking. I don't even like Florida.

The two men look at one another.

SIMON
(quietly)
Let's have a drink one day - we
can talk all about it.

There's nothing more to say. They shake hands.

Simon turns and goes.

Templar's eyes fall to the table. The atlas is still lying on it, open at the map of Russia.

We push in on it, dissolving to:

EXT. PLANE - DAY

Mountains of cloud. Flying through it, a DC-3. It's a junk-heap - prop-driven, rust streaking its fuselage.. On its side, the name of an airline:

AIR SIBERIA

INT. PLANE - DAY

Passengers, livestock, and cargo share the cabin. Like a troop transport, it has no seats - just long benches with canvas webbing. Simon's sprawled out, a rucksack for a pillow, staring at the roof...

DISSOLVE.

EXT. RIVER - DUSK

An old riverboat - several decks high, two funnels belching smoke - steams through the great forest of central Russia.

Karla stands at the bow, the wind whipping at his coat, Arkady at his side.

They look out at the endless forest, the shadows growing longer, as if they're being drawn into the very heart of Russia.

ARKADY
(softly)
What are you thinking?

Karla puts his arm around her -

KARLA
About Gatsby -

She turns and looks at him -

KARLA
"So we beat on, boats against the
current, borne back ceaselessly
into the past..."

DISSOLVE:

EXT. KIROV - DUSK

A town little changed since the Middle Ages: high walls, cobbled streets, stone archways. A beaten-up truck winds down a narrow street...

INT. TRUCK - DUSK

The driver - a leather-faced farmer - hands Simon back the photo of the bracelet.

They turn a corner. The driver points -

A broad river sweeps by in front of them. Upstream, an island of rock rises out of the water. Perched on top is a citadel. This is the Monastery of St. Peter - in ruins now, part of its roof caved in, its windows boarded and barred.

'But the Cross which rises from its steeple is still intact - its identical to the cross on the bracelet.

INT. MONASTERY - STONE STAIRS

The Monastery's sweeping staircase disappears into a huge mound of fallen stone and masonry.

Karla, Arkady, Boxer and the Twins stand on top of the rubble, looking down: thirty feet below, a huge space opens up - the ground floor of the Monastery. Eddie upends a duffle bag and slides out a heavy, gas-fired gun. He takes aim, fires -

Bam! A steel arrow - a harpoon - flies across the space. Like a tow-missile, it rails a high-tensile steel wire behind it...

Wham! Eight inches of steel buries itself in an oak beam lying on the floor...

Arkady snaps a shackle around the wire and launches herself into space: it's a flying fox.

INT. CHAPEL

A pair of feet swing through a broken stained-glass window - Simon lands on the floor of the monastery's chapel.

He looks around, listening, every sense alert. Nothing...

He draws a pistol out of his jacket - cocks it - and moves forward...

INT. GROUND FLOOR

Beams from flashlights roam across a massive structure: a great axle with cogs, gears, flywheels and pistons attached to a giant paddle wheel. It's a water-mill - designed to turn two huge stones used for crushing grain.

The whole thing is enclosed in a timber scaffold - beams, cross-braces, catwalks, ladders...

Karla clambers over it, searching with a flashlight...

EDDIE

What are we looking for?

KARLA

A door, a stairway - something that leads into the rock...

He shines his flashlight on the drawing of the two bracelets, then he looks across the ground. The beam of light hits the bottom mill-stone set into the floor -

KARLA

(smiling)

Of course! You could look for a year and never find it.

Boxer starts to clear away the dirt and debris.

EDDIE

What's down there - cellars?

KARLA

The catacombs.

EDDIE

The what?

ARKADY

Tunnels. It's where the early Christians buried their dead.

INT. MONASTERY - BRIDGE

Simon's way up high, just beneath the wrecked steeple. His hands clutch a rope - that and a single beam are all that's left of a bridge which once spanned a huge central atrium.

The beam creaks under his weight, the wind whistles through the broken roof. The rope sways...

He keeps his eyes fixed ahead - a narrow landing, a heavy wooden door...

Closer... closer... he scrambles onto the landing! He reaches for the door handle -

Squeak! A scraping sound behind. He looks back - nothing.

He opens the door. Sswack! Straight into his face. He reels back - almost off the landing. A flock of bats swirl out, screeching!

INT. WATER MILL

Karla listens. He signals to the others: they kill the flashlights. He steps into the central atrium, looking up to the top of the monastery.

The cloud of bats fly up, spinning out through the wrecked roof...

KARLA

Someone's here.

Without a word, Eddie tips out another duffel bag: weapons. Arkady, Boxer, and Freddie grab them. They turn and run, fanning out into the darkness...

INT. KITCHEN

Simon makes his between huge vats and looming shadows - he's in the old kitchen.

A rat turns, eyes gleaming, watching him...

INT. WATER MILL

Battery-powered lamps illuminate the machinery that once drove the water mill. Karla primes a pump. Eddie - covered in grease - connects a battery.

A spark! A huge roar as the generator kicks over.

INT. KITCHEN

Simon reacts to the sound. Rats - lots of rats - scurry for cover. Old lights - very dim - start to glow. The place is coming alive - then, as suddenly as it started, the engine stops. The lights die.

INT. WATER MILL

Karla spins a dial, throws a lever. Eddie re-connects the battery. Again the generator roars to life - this time it really kicks...

INT. GROUND FLOOR

Light floods across the paddle wheel...

An iron plate in the wall rises, releasing a mighty torrent of water. It thunders down a sluice-way, under the wheel...

The axle turns, cogs grind, flywheels spin - the great machine wakes from its long slumber...

INT. CENTRAL ATRIUM

On floor after floor, lights start to glow. The monastery, in all its broken glory, emerges out of the darkness.

INT. WATER MILL

The paddle wheel turns fast. The mill-stone on the ground spins. Karla, standing on a catwalk, throws a lever -

The mill-stone rises out of the ground - higher... higher... Then it pivots aside, revealing a set of ancient steps leading down into darkness: the catacombs.

INT. KITCHEN

Freddie, gun raised, glides silently between a row of vats. A light comes on. On the far wall, the giant shadow of a man...

Freddie darts out - into the room, crouching, spinning, firing. Bam! Bam! Four shots, rapid fire.

The first two fly past Simon - the third smashes his bandaged hand, sending his gun flying, throwing him backwards. He reels into the shadows.

Freddie moves forward, smiling - coming in for the kill...

INT WATER MILL

The sound of the gunshots echoes through the building. Karla and Eddie look up, listening...

KARLA

Go!

Eddie grabs a shotgun, turns and runs...

INT. KITCHEN

Freddie creeps forward, eyes searching the gloom...

Simon, bleeding hard, is deep in the shadow. He hears a sound - footsteps. He draws a knife out of a sheath strapped to his ankle.

Freddie slides around a corner.

Simon throws! The knife spins through the air - wish! wish!

Freddie hears something. He turns - straight into it! The blade hits his throat - cut!

INT. DINING HALL

A face turns, screaming, his hand clutching his throat. But it's not Freddie - it's his twin, feeling the pain of his brother's death.

EDDIE

Freddie!!!

INT. KITCHEN

The scream rolls through the kitchen. Simon's on his feet, moving fast - towards a set of broken doors.

INT. STAIRWAY/HALL OF MIRRORS

Boxer turns a corner, running into what was once a magnificent reception room: soaring ceiling, mirrored walls, most of them shattered now. Out of the corner of his eye - a flicker of movement.

He spins, gun rising - sees Simon!

Bam! He fires.

Smash! A mirror shatters - Simon's reflection! Boxer realizes his mistake - he turns: too late!

Simon's arm snaps around his neck, the knife at his throat:

SIMON

First your balls, then your head -
what's next?

But Boxer's not listening - he's caught a reflection in the mirror. Simon spins him around!

Eddie - half-crazed - bursts out of the shadows.

SIMON

Stop!

Eddie looks at Simon - holding Boxer in front of him like a shield, digging the knife into his throat.

SIMON

Don't move.

Eddie just smiles -

EDDIE

I've got news for you - I don't
give a shit about him.

He raises the gun -

BOXER

He'll do it!

Bam! He shoots - the bullet goes through Boxer's leg and out the other side - grazing Simon's. The bullet hits a mirror. Smash!

EDDIE

Where do you want the next one?

Nobody answers. He walks forward -

EDDIE

In the head, huh?

He raises the gun.

EDDIE

Lucky I clipped the coupon - two
for the price of one.

He's got his back to us, his finger on the trigger. We look straight down the barrel - Boxer's and Simon's heads line up.

Eddie's finger squeezes the trigger...

Bang!

A frozen moment. Simon and Eddie stare at one another. Then Eddie drops out of frame - dead.

Simon looks past him: his father stands at the far end of the hall, the gun in his hand, still smoking.

They look at each other. A beat.

SIMON
I thought I told you to go to
Florida.

TEMPLAR
That's where I'm heading.

SIMON
You're in Turkestan.

TEMPLAR
That's Aeroflot for you.

Templar, weak and in pain, walks forward.

Boxer - bleeding from the leg - sags. Simon let's him fall.

He reaches out his hand to his father, taking the gun. Templar realizes --

TEMPLAR
You can't just execute him.

SIMON
Watch me.

They stare at one another -

TEMPLAR
I'd rather not.

He turns away.

Bam! A shotgun blast. Smash! Glass from a mirror showers down -

Arkady, pump action shotgun in hand, is sprinting towards them.

Simon dives, throwing his father to the ground -

Boxer scrambles for Eddie's fallen gun -

Bam! Arkady fires again.

Simon rolls away, drawing her fire. Like a commando, over and over he goes. He looks in the mirror -

Boxer's got the gun!

Simon's turning onto his back, gun raised - upside down over his head - he fires!

Bang! He hits Boxer in the chest, hurling him backwards - dead.

Arkady screams his name -

ARKADY

Harry!

Simon's on his stomach - firing at her. She throws herself into cover...

Simon scrambles to his feet, grabs his father and runs - through a set of doors.

INT. KITCHEN

Arkady sprints into the kitchen. Through the vats and fallen timber, she sees them. Simon has his arm around his father, helping him...

Boom! She fires. Pellets shred one of the vats. Simon and Templar duck and weave, racing to the heavy oak door.

Boom! They dart through - chips of wood fly as pellets rip the timber.

They slam it shut.

INT. BRIDGE

Wham! They drop a length of timber into iron slots, securing the door. They turn and look - the "bridge" across the chasm: the length of rope and the single beam...

Boom! Another shotgun blast makes the door shudder. Templar looks at it, anxious.

SIMON

Forget about it - the fall's gonna kill us anyway.

He slides his feet out onto the beam, testing it. He grabs the rope with his hand and winces - it's bleeding from Freddie's gunshot.

Templar looks down at his own blood-soaked shoulder -

TEMPLAR

We'll never do it -

SIMON
We won't alone. We can between us,
we've got two good hands - come
on!

Bam! Another shotgun blast - Arkady's going to blow her way
through!

Father and son stand on the edge of the precipice. They turn and
face one another. Simon reaches out -

TEMPLAR
Shall we dance?

They wrap their arms around each other -

SIMON
Who's gonna lead?

TEMPLAR
It's your party -

Simon looks down at the drop.

SIMON
"And I'll cry if I want to -"

TEMPLAR
Not yet, you won't.

SIMON
Go!

He launches them out onto the beam. It creaks and bows -
Templar's good hand swings past, hauling them forward.

Simon's hand makes the next grab -

Bam! Another shotgun blast.

The beam bends, the strain on their hands increases -

They cling to each other tighter, swinging their hands faster,
hauling themselves down the rope.

The beam bows even further. A brick supporting it at one end
slips! Then holds.

Simon and his father look at one another - relieved.

The brick breaks free! The beam falls! Simon and Templar's feet
drop! They hang by their hands - Simon's face twisting in pain
as he tries to take most of the strain -

INT. GROUND FLOOR

The timber beam tumbles down, down, down - Smash! It hits the floor. Karla steps out of the catacombs. He looks up -

Two men hang by a thread - Holme and Templar!

INT. BRIDGE

Templar - gasping with pain - swings his good hand forward, easing the strain on Simon.

Now Simon can swing his hand past - they drag themselves forward.

Bam! A great chunk of wood flies as another shotgun blast hits the door -

Simon and Templar keep going: almost home!

Ssh-whizz! A steel arrow flashes past.

Wham! It buries itself in a timber beam.

INT. GROUND FLOOR

Karla grabs another harpoon and reloads -

INT. BRIDGE

Simon's hand lunges forward! He grabs hold of a timber post at the end of the bridge.

INT. GROUND FLOOR

Karla sights down the barrel...

He squeezes the trigger - whoosh! An explosion of gas blasts the spear out of the barrel -

INT. BRIDGE

Simon's on the landing, hauling his father aboard. Templar's hand grabs the timber post - safe!

Krak! The steel arrow hits his back!

SIMON

No!!

Templar, still alive, falls into his arms. The steel cable springs taut...

Simon grabs his pistol and fires - straight at the cable. He severs it!

Whizz! Another arrow - streaks up. Whack! It rips into the timber post inches away...

Simon drags his father - through a door...

INT. CHAPEL

They fall together on the floor. Templar, bleeding hard, looks up at his son...

TEMPLAR

I've been lucky all my life. But that's the trouble with luck - it runs out.

SIMON

No...

Templar reaches for his hand -

TEMPLAR

She was - she was the only one, you know...

SIMON

Don't you leave -

TEMPLAR

I may not have any choice.

SIMON

Bullshit - they said you were The Saint.

Templar tries to smile -

TEMPLAR

Saints can't decide this - we're just the extras.

Bam! Bam! Two more shotgun blasts from Arkady.

SIMON

Hold on!

TEMPLAR

I'd like to have - to have that drink with you -

The sound of the door shattering. Simon gets to his feet -

SIMON

You hear me - just hold on!

INT. BRIDGE

The oak door hangs shattered on its hinges. Arkady, the shotgun slung over her shoulder, is swinging hand-over-hand across the chasm.

She looks up - stops. Simon stands in the doorway to the chapel, pistol raised.

They look at each other. A beat.

ARKADY
What are you waiting for?

SIMON
I want you to feel the moment.

Slowly he cocks the gun -

ARKADY
I wouldn't give you the satisfaction.

SIMON
You don't have any choice -

He sights down the barrel.

ARKADY
Sure I do -

She lets go of the rope!

ARKADY
See ya!

She plunges into the chasm. A beat - then she starts to scream.

INT. GROUND FLOOR

Karla looks up - he sees Arkady spinning down. He reaches out to her, screaming in anguish.

Smash! She hits the ground.

INT. LANDING

Tight on a length of rope is being looped around one of the harpoon wires.

Simon has the other end tied to his wrist. He launches himself into space - a makeshift flying fox!

INT. GROUND FLOOR

Karla re-loads the harpoon gun...

Simon streaks down the wire...

Karla, wild with rage, steps out for a shot - bad mistake!

Simon fires as he flies - Bam! Bam! The second one hits Karla in the arm, sending him spinning into the shelter of the scaffold...

INT. FLYING FOX

Simon hurtles down the wire: he's travelling so fast, the rope shackle smokes.

He keeps firing - into the machinery of the water mill.

INT. WATER MILL

Karla scrambles along a catwalk, up a ladder...

Shots zing past, ricocheting...

INT. FLYING FOX

Flames flare up from the rope shackle. The last strands burn through.

Simon drops - onto the scaffold that encloses the water mill.

INT. WATER MILL

Karla, bleeding from the wound in his arm, scrambles up a narrow catwalk...

Simon swings down - through the heart of the machinery onto a platform. The great axle spins, cogs whir, pulleys grind...

A movement in the corner of Simon's eye - he spins, looking up: through racing flywheels and rattling chains - a man's legs running!

Simon fires. Bam! Bam! He hits! One in each leg...

Karla pitches off the catwalk - but his hand grabs hold. He hangs there, the paddle wheel hurtling around just below him. His hand slips... it slips again... he falls!

Simon swings up a ladder, along a catwalk. He looks - no sign of Karla, not anywhere...

The paddle-wheel turns out of the water: Karla, one arm limp at his side, both legs shattered, hangs on the wheel, half-drowned, his coat snared on a bolt...

Simon raises the gun -

KARLA

(gasping)

I only wanted... wanted what was mine. Men came like thieves in the night. They took... took everything - everything a man can lose -

SIMON

I know exactly what you mean - that's how it was in Connecticut.

KARLA

It was my heritage!

The wheel carries him down, plunging him into the water...

Simon waits, looking at the water. Karla emerges, fighting for breath.

KARLA

I was born... born an aristocrat. Don't make me beg.

SIMON

I wouldn't dream of it.

He raises the barrel. Karla comes up to the perpendicular.

Face to face. They stare at one another -

Bam! Simon fires.

The bullet hits the metal bolt snagging Karla's clothes. It shatters.

Karla drops - screaming - into the spinning axle and cogs.

The churning water turns red, flecked with blood and clothes...

Simon turns and walks away.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. RIVER - MORNING

Fade up - it's morning, Russian military helicopters hover low over the river. A flotilla of boats surround the monastery, soldiers and police line the shore.

A large trawler is moored at the base of the island. High above, a hole is being torn in the wall of the monastery. A team of army engineers attach something to a winch.

They swing it out - lowering it to the trawler below. Now we see it: one of the Romanov treasure chests.

EXT. WHARF - MORNING

Simon stands on the river's edge - watching. Behind him - a twin-engine VIP helicopter waits, its rotor turning.

The sound of a car drawing up. Simon turns - an ambulance. Medics open up the back doors and pull out a gurney.

The patient raises his hand to Simon. It's Templar! IV stands, bandages - but alive.

Simon watches as they wheel him to the helicopter... A man - a high-ranking Russian official - walks up beside him.

OFFICIAL

Not going, Mr. Holme?

SIMON

The next flight. There's one thing I want to see -

OFFICIAL

What's that?

SIMON

How do you recover the Crown? What happens - does someone just pick it up? Maybe one day he'll be hailed as the true Czar.

The official laughs -

OFFICIAL

I'm an educated man, Mr. Holme - naturally I don't believe in legends. On the other hand -

EXT. TRAWLER - DAY

The lid of a treasure chest is forced open - in it, all alone, sits the Crown of Russia, just as magnificent as the day it was first locked away.

Simon and the Official stand amid a crowd of men on the deck of the trawler: divers, soldiers, scientists, bureaucrats...

Simon looks at the Official - well?

The Official smiles, motions with his hand.

Simon turns - a droid, a remote-controlled device used to defuse bombs, glides forward.

It reaches out with its mechanical arms. Gently its "fingers" lock around the crown, lifting it up -

It pivots to a beautiful case - a block of armored glass, clear as crystal.

The droid slides the crown inside, slams the door and turns an electro-magnetic key.

A high-pitched whirl as the case seals.

Someone starts to clap. Quickly it swells, men cheer...

INT. BRITISH MUSEUM - NIGHT

Men's hands, clapping hard. We're in the Great Hall of the British Museum - a black-tie dinner for several hundred people.

The Curator is on the stage, addressing them -

CURATOR

Ladies and gentlemen, I give you -
the Bracelets of Sincerity and
Wisdom.

He draws aside a small velvet curtain. A spotlight hits a tall glass cylinder - the bracelets are inside, slowly turning, dazzling in the light.

CURATOR

And now would you please welcome -
Simon Templar, The Saint!

Simon and Templar are sitting together at a table. Simon starts to clap...

People are getting to their feet, stamping, cheering.

Templar doesn't move. Simon turns to his father - why doesn't he get up? They look at one another.

TEMPLAR

I think it's your turn now.

Simon starts to realize. He shakes his head - no.

TEMPLAR

(gently)
Don't you understand? This isn't
something you can choose, Simon.
This is fate.

Again they look at one another. Templar smiles at him - encouraging.

Slowly Simon rises to his feet. The applause swells! He steps into the aisle and walks towards the podium...

Templar rises to his feet. Now everybody is. They cheer him to the echo...

He mounts the steps, shakes hands with the Curator and turns to face them.

Silence.

SIMON

Several weeks ago I said I'd have a drink with someone who's here tonight. I guess this is as good a time as any -

He turns to a table and picks up a glass -

SIMON

Ladies and gentleman - my father!

They lift their glasses in a toast.

Templar stands at his table, barely hearing them. He's looking at his son, and though he would deny it forever, there are tears in his eyes...

FADE OUT