

THE SAINT

Pilot Episode  
"The Dream and the Tomb"

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BADLANDS ENTERTAINMENT, INC.  
Registered WGA-East

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. BRISBANE, QUEENSLAND AUSTRALIA - DAY

BLACK...then MUSIC (PAUL OAKENFOLD) and SCREEN EXPLODES and we are in the front seat of an Audi S4, OVER THE SHOULDER of the MAN blasting along the water front of Brisbane in a high, life and death, bumper-to-bumper pursuit of a black Fiat Turbo. A tight fast turn. We slide across the intersection, flattening a flower cart. It rains rose and peony petals. Then the chase blasts along a wharf past bars, cafes and non-plussed on-lookers.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The Fiat vaults into frame catching air as it crests a small hill on Mounts Bay Road. Beat. The S4 flies into the air in pursuit.

INSIDE OF S4

Screeching into turn after turn. The Fiat side-swipes a Smart Car, flattening it against a brick wall. Not as fucking smart a car as we thought.

EXT. KING'S PARK - CONTINUOUS

The Fiat blasts across the lawn of the park. People scatter as it rams through a fountain, splashing water.

INSIDE OF S4

The hands on the wheel are sure and determined. The S4 creeps up on the tail of the Fiat.

THE BONDAROO

Pert's answer to Lombard Street in San Francisco. Curvy, wild and relentless. Brisbane Harbor dominates the view as the chase approaches:

EXT. FOUR SEASONS BRISBANE - CONTINUOUS

The Fiat rooster tails through a huge puddle in front of the swank five star hotel. The Fiat spins wildly out of control smashing into and through the window of a Cyber Cafe. Computers, espressos and goateed students in dreadlocks go flying as if out of a mortar.

(CONTINUED)

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2.

CONTINUED:

INSIDE OF S4

Racing up and coming to a stop. We remain POV of the S4 driver as he gets out of the car and walks up to the stunned man - JAKRULE, 30's, Indonesian, bleeding. He is grabbed and pulled out of the driver's side window, his body scraped and cut by the broken glass. JAKRULE screams.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Long lens as, the driver of the S4, back to us, drags JAKRULE to the back of the S4 and opens the trunk. Then a voice, in the slightest of English/Irish/American accents;

MAN'S VOICE (v.o.)  
Lo das, Lo das..toujours lo das.  
Audacity, Audacity...always audacity.  
Danton said that.

The S4 driver heaves JAKRULE into the trunk.

MAN'S VOICE (v.o., cont.)  
And I being of sound, if fanatical,  
mind.  
(beat)  
Concur.

POV OF S4 DRIVER

As he looks down at the crying, bleeding JAKRULE...and closes the trunk.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET/BRISBANE - NIGHT

WEILAND, 40'S, a Baltic mutt, walks down a street. He leers at a YOUNG WOMAN.

MAN'S VOICE (v.o.)  
For I speak of a trinity. One: The  
opium of self-righteous justice.  
Two: the Good Fight.

WEILAND is suddenly and violently yanked into an alley.

MAN'S VOICE (v.o., cont.)  
And Three: the denial of fear.

The YOUNG WOMAN looks into the blackness of the alley.

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

NINO, 30's, Naples mob, pisses into a rather beautiful ceramic urinal. The window above his head opens slowly. Beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WIDER OF THE ROOM

NINO looks up as a pair of hands reach in, grab him by the shoulders and drag him, kicking and screaming, through the opening.

MAN'S VOICE (v.o.)

The barrel of a gun at the back of your head, the hammer click...the high-wire panic of maybe you're going to die...is a better bookmark of life than women, drink or large caliber handguns.

(beat)

I take that back. Women are the most dangerous explosives.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANSION/BRISBANE - NIGHT

PULGAS, 50's, fat, congested, Asian-Hungarian, lies in bed... a sweating hairy mass. The windows are open, the gossamer curtains waft in the furnace-like midnight breeze. PULGAS wipes sweat from just below his tits, wipes his hand on the sheets, then slowly opens his eyes.

MAN'S VOICE (v.o.)

These happy thoughts I call my own. My mantra, my karmic tattoo. Almost as if I were an instrument in the hands of the un-Divine.

Standing at the foot of his bed, in ebony silhouette is a MAN...our MAN.

MAN'S VOICE (cont.)

Or perhaps I am simply a tool in the virtual world of vengeance my own conscience provides.

THE MAN shoots a tranquilizing dart into the neck of PULGAS.

MAN'S VOICE (v.o., cont.)

Or, maybe I'm just as crazy as a shit-house rat.

PULGAS wilts.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. HANGAR/BRISBANE - DAY

A barren corrugated metal hangar long since out of regular use. Huge windows long absent of glass reveal great palms wafting in the hot breezes outside along the Pacific Ocean. Both ends of the building are wide open.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN'S VOICE (v.o.)  
It is the habit of bullies and venal  
men to feast upon the weak.

From that vantage we see four men seated on chairs far off in the middle of the enormous, empty space. A MAN stands before them. CAMERA finds and swirls in a 360 around PULGAS, JAKRUL, NINO and WEILAND. Each is seated and bound to a chair.

MAN'S VOICE (v.o., cont.)  
And that is what forces my hand.  
For I am my brother's keeper.  
(beat)  
A heavily armed brother, of course.

We HEAR a 9mm pistol chamber the first round. As we 360 we see only from the waist down the MAN standing in front of them. CAMERA slides around the seated men and comes to a rest over the shoulder of the MAN, back to us.

MAN  
(to Pulgas)  
Where are the children?

PULGAS looks around, angry, sweating, mean. He sneers.

MAN (cont.)  
You can't pull off brave, so just  
stop it.

PULGAS  
I don't know what you are talking  
about.

MAN  
Let's don't pretend that I've  
kidnapped you at gun point and brought  
you to this desolate place for a  
backrub and tea.  
(beat)  
Where are the children?

PULGAS  
I don't kn--

BOOM! Before the air leaves PULGAS'S lips a bullet hits him in the chest and knocks him backwards to the floor. The other three men look at PULGAS. These men are stone, calculating killers. The death of PULGAS does not inspire a new found contrition. The MAN turns his attention, and apparently his gun, to JAKRULE.

MAN  
Where are the children?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKRULE  
You'll never--

BOOM! JAKRULE'S thoracic region welcomes a bullet and he dies in a bloody forward slump.

MAN  
I will.

The MAN turns to WEILAND - skipping NINO. Beat. And without a word - BOOM! And NINO is dead. WEILAND begins to crack.

MAN (cont.)  
Where...Are...The children?

BOOM! A bullet rips through WEILAND'S arm. He screams.

MAN (cont.)  
I'm pretty sure that hurts.  
(beat)  
Look, my friend, you have to make peace with the fact that your fate and your soul are in the hands of another. And I don't mean me. I'm here only to make sure you answer for what you've done.

WEILAND  
I...I...

BOOM! And WEILAND takes a bullet to his other arm.

MAN  
I...I...can't hear you.

The MAN kicks WEILAND to the floor. WEILAND grimaces, hate coursing through his body.

WEILAND  
Waterfront. A marine parts warehouse in the Old Port.

MAN  
Was all this worth it?

WEILAND  
No.

MAN  
(louder)  
Was it worth it?

WEILAND  
NO.

The MAN stands over WEILAND

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN  
(yelling)  
WAS IT WORTH IT?

WEILAND  
No.

MAN  
How could you do this to them?

BOOM! The MAN fires a shot in the air to punctuate the exchange. WEILAND opens his eyes, surprised he's alive.

MAN (cont.)  
(turns to leave)  
Amen.

WEILAND  
I'm bleeding to death. You can't  
leave me like this.

MAN  
It's past your bedtime. God wants  
you to come inside now.

WEILAND  
Wait! Wait!...Who are you?

The MAN turns to WEILAND and CAMERA rushes up into his face. For the first time we see SIMON TEMPLAR - 30ish, rogue-like in good looks, tall, muscled, long of good humor and short of temper and temperance. He looks WEILAND right in the eye...

THE SAINT  
I am The Saint.

As THE SAINT clears frame we see THE STICK drawn on the wall behind him. And we,

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. OLD PORT OF BRISBANE - DAY

Along the waterfront. Ships are loaded, freight is down-loaded. Fishing trawlers deposit their catch at the open stall fish markets. Glamorous, hard-working Eastern Australia. CAMERA finds a pair of Italian shoes. PAN UP to reveal TEMPLAR, smoking a Gitanes and eyeing a-

WAREHOUSE

Fifty yards down from where he stands. Standing out in front is a heavy-set GUARD, concealing a Ruger mini-14 under his jacket.

TEMPLAR

Stubs out the cigarette as an OLD DRUNK MAN walks up to him.

OLD DRUNK MAN  
Morning. I was hoping you might  
give me some of your money.

TEMPLAR  
Really? What for?

OLD DRUNK MAN  
For liquor.

TEMPLAR  
That really what you need?

OLD DRUNK MAN  
Nothing else is working.

TEMPLAR  
Shouldn't I say "no"? Try to talk  
you out of it. Try to save you from  
yourself?

OLD DRUNK MAN  
Don't bother.

TEMPLAR  
Fair enough.

TEMPLAR hands over some cash.

TEMPLAR (cont.)  
There you go.

OLD DRUNK MAN  
Merry Christmas.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

TEMPLAR (cont.)

(beat)

Look, I have clients waiting and  
it's all in cash. And at the end of  
they day, isn't that what we care  
about most?

GUARD

You have to talk to Pulgas.

FLASH ON PULGAS, dead eyes open, lying on the cement floor.

TEMPLAR

That won't be possible.

TEMPLAR'S impatience begins it's rapid crescendo.

GUARD

Why not?

TEMPLAR

(his normal accent)

Because I killed him.

The GUARD, mines the stores of his wafer-thin intellect and attempts to process this information. He moves to pull his gun. TEMPLAR pulls a small canister of mace from his pocket and sends a blast directly into the GUARD'S eyes. The GUARD SCREAMS and rubs his eyes, flailing at and missing TEMPLAR. The GUARD throws a punch which slams his fist right into the wall. He screams in pain. TEMPLAR shakes his head, reaches into the GUARD'S pocket, finds keys, and opens the door.

TEMPLAR (cont.)

Over here.

The blinded GUARD rushes toward TEMPLAR...and runs full steam into the wall and falls back on his ass.

TEMPLAR (cont.)

No, no, no. You're not listening.  
I'm over here.

The GUARD gets back up, rubs his bleeding head and more slowly approaches TEMPLAR'S'S voice.

TEMPLAR (cont.)

That's right. Good boy.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

TEMPLAR leads the GUARD inside and closes the door.

TEMPLAR

Come on, Bessie. Little further.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The GUARD swings at the air, hoping to connect with TEMPLAR'S face. TEMPLAR removes a heavy iron manhole cover in the middle of the floor. The GUARD flails. TEMPLAR ducks the punch. The GUARD slips on a wet spot on the floor, landing with a loud, hard THUD.

The GUARD gets back on his feet and beelines toward TEMPLAR who puts the open hole in the floor between himself and the GUARD. The GUARD heads toward TEMPLAR but misses the open hole again. TEMPLAR shakes his head at the futility and simply pushes the GUARD through the hole in the floor. A long drop, a short scream and a loud SPLASH.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE/WAREHOUSE - DAY

An unkempt mess. Papers everywhere, an open bottle of Calvados and a glass with greasy lip stains. METZ, a hulking thug born of parents who were probably related, is on the phone. There is a gun on his desk which he picks up, looks at and sets down.

METZ (into phone)  
He's missing. Doesn't matter. You still owe us the money.  
(beat)  
Then make your fuckin' own.  
(beat)  
Sure, they run away. What do you expect? Lock your doors.  
(beat, picks up a crop)  
I do my best to make them never want to come back here. The rest is up to you.

METZ picks up and drops the crop on the desk. Then he crosses to a window. He takes a deep sip of his Calvados.

METZ (into phone, cont.)  
You'll have to deal with me or I'll sell to someone else.  
(beat)  
Yes, we have girls.

METZ hangs up.

TEMPLAR (o.c.)  
Suffer the little children...come unto me. And now it's your turn to suffer, my friend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

METZ turns with a terrified start. TEMPLAR walks out of the darkness of the corner...the crop in his hands. METZ grabs his gun, points and fires. CLICK...CLICK...CLICK. TEMPLAR opens his hand, reveals the bullets and throws them over his shoulder.

TEMPLAR (cont.)

What have I ever done to you?

METZ stares down TEMPLAR.

METZ

You are a dead man.

TEMPLAR

I'll take that as a compliment.

Now,

(clears his throat)

...which way do you want to fall?

METZ

What?

TEMPLAR

I'm about to hurt you and I want to know from which direction you'd like to hit the floor.

METZ grapples with his cloudy tolerance for compound sentences. He sees THE STICK - the simple childlike drawing of THE SAINT - drawn on the wall behind TEMPLAR. METZ looks at TEMPLAR with newly mined dread.

METZ

Is it you?

TEMPLAR

Let's find out.

METZ makes a mad, desperate rush at TEMPLAR. METZ, pulls a knife and slashes wildly. TEMPLAR takes a cut to his arm, grabs the knife hand, twists it hard and breaks METZ'S wrist with a LOUD SNAP. METZ screams. TEMPLAR turns METZ over his hip and heaves him through the glass of the office door. TEMPLAR sits on the desk and examines the wound to his arm. It's nothing. He looks at METZ, who is face down on the floor, silently bleeding to death from a deep gash to this throat. TEMPLAR walks out of the office to,

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

TEMPLAR walks up to a large door a few feet from the office. TEMPLAR crosses to the door...and then opens it. Beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEMPLAR'S POV

Of blackness...Then...the shuffling of feet. Then...the wide-eyed expressions of fear, relief and exhaustion on the faces of THIRTY Asian children. They range in age from 5 to 14 years old. They shuffle out of the darkness and surround TEMPLAR. He looks into their eyes and whatever it is they see in him they understand that they are safe. They reach out and hold onto TEMPLAR for dear life. One little boy weeps quietly. TEMPLAR strokes the boy's head.

TEMPLAR

Don't cry.

As the children crush him,

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAYGROUND/SAINT MARY'S SCHOOL/BRISBANE - DAY

The liberated CHILDREN run and play and scream and smile. Several PARENTS enter the playground. Suddenly there is a dead silence as the children turn to see PARENTS entering the playground. The looks are anxious as each hopes to see a familiar face...Suddenly one child recognizes his parents and he runs like a bolt into their arms. A little GIRL sees her father and races to him. There are several moving, ecstatic reunions. Then we see a WOMAN WITH GREEN EYES - SIRI - 20's, beautiful and anguished, walking among the children. She thinks she sees her son and turns a young boy toward her...but it is not him. She finds a chair and sits and watches several happy endings...wondering where her son could be. Beat. TEMPLAR sits down next to her. Beat.

TEMPLAR

Your child isn't here.

SIRI

No.

TEMPLAR

I'm sorry.

SIRI shakes her head "no need to be."

SIRI

It's been two years.

TEMPLAR watches the children. SIRI hands TEMPLAR a photograph...of a beautiful three year old boy with the same green eyes.

SIRI (cont.)

My son Paolo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEMPLAR looks at the photograph.

JUMP CUT TO:

TEMPLAR

As he now stands across the street from the playground. He watches the reunions. One CHILD stands at the fence staring directly at him. The CHILD raises her hand and waves good-bye. TEMPLAR nods and watches SIRI, who sits alone on the sidelines...stoically bereft... childless.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAGAMONT SHIPPING WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

TEMPLAR stands across the street from the building. He removes a small digital camera and takes various shots of the warehouse and of the sign. In flashes we SEE THE STILLs he is taking. He lowers the camera, thinking. As the sounds of children laughing, crying and screaming fill his head,

CUT TO:

INT. HANGAR/BRISBANE - NIGHT

LOW ANGLE...looking through the long hangar. The bodies of the four dead men lie in the foreground. Flies buzz and feast. A red HUMMER pulls into the hangar. It parks. Beat. The doors open. From the driver's side appears JASPER WELLS, 30's, lean, imposing and a stone killer. He crosses to the bodies, reading the faces. He looks back at the Hummer, holds up four fingers and makes a slash across his throat. WELLS points to the wall....focus shift to again show THE STICK.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERPOL HEADQUARTERS - NEW YORK CITY - MORNING

To establish. Tucked among the U.S. Federal buildings which bear the signs of the FBI, DEA, U.S. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT, and the ATF, is the austere facade of INTERPOL - NORTH AMERICAN HEADQUARTERS. The flags out front resemble the entrance to the United Nations Building thirty blocks north.

CREEDY (o.c.)  
Inspector Teal, what am I supposed  
to think? You've tracked him, you've  
cornered him, and--

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE/INTERPOL HEADQUARTERS - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Interpol DIRECTOR JEROME CREEDY, 60's, bureaucratic and an all around pain in the ass, is in mid-rant of - INSPECTOR CLAUDE EUSTACE TEAL. TEAL is in his 40's, lean, strong and a man of no vices. He is a brilliant tactician and a dead shot with an unimpugnable reputation in Interpol...which is why CREEDY cannot wrap his toupe'-covered brain around the fact that -

CREEDY  
The Saint still gets away.

TEAL  
Templar knows we're hunting him.  
That's why he runs.

CREEDY tosses a handful of 8x10s in front of TEAL.  
Photographs are of the death scene in the warehouse.

CREEDY  
These four dead men in the Port of  
Brisbane. That was the Saint?

TEAL  
I'm convinced of it, sir, yes.

CREEDY  
Why?

TEAL  
The Stick was drawn on a wall inside.

CREEDY  
This man blazes a path of murder  
around the world. Taunting and  
embarrassing us.

TEAL  
No, sir. That implies ego. We don't  
matter to him. There's no "cat and  
mouse," no "glee" factor here. He  
is driven only by the idea that he  
is fighting the Good fight. It's  
more a mix of vengeance and a deluded  
sense of self-righteous justice.  
Murder is incidental.

CREEDY boils.

CREEDY  
What in the hell does that mean?

CONTINUED:

TEAL

It means, sir, that the dead men in Brisbane must have committed a crime the Saint could not tolerate. Most likely a capital crime that we ourselves would have prosecuted.

CREEDY

That does not excuse multiple homicide.

TEAL

I wasn't excusing it. I was explaining it.

CREEDY

He is judge and jury.

TEAL

He is consistent.

CREEDY

And he is at large. He's a criminal, an international criminal. We are Interpol, an international police force. We are the ones on the hook here, Teal. So, tell me, are you Templar's biggest fan or his greatest threat?

TEAL does not answer and fights the urge to shoot CREEDY in the fuckin' mouth.

CREEDY (cont.)

Where is Templar, now?

TEAL

What I know for sure is that he moved from London a year ago to New York. I know his home address in Tribeca and his suit size. I have DNA samples, the recipe of his favorite cocktail, the brand of condom he uses and I know that he likes to be on top. What I lack is evidence to arrest. He leaves no trace.

CREEDY

Except for the dead.

TEAL

And the Stick Figure.

CREEDY

So, he's just here in New York shopping at Barney's and feeding the ducks in the park?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEAL

Yes.

CREEDY

What kind of tactic is that?

TEAL

He finds that hiding in plain sight...  
makes him harder to find.

CREEDY

How do you know he likes to be on  
top?

TEAL

His ego.

CREEDY releases a bit more angry bile into his bloodstream.

CREEDY

Find him. Charge him. Make him go  
away.

TEAL

That's all I've been trying to do,  
sir.

CREEDY

Prove it. Or surrender your  
credentials

TEAL gets up and walks out.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARE DE LYON - PARIS - DAY

A cab pulls up in front of the grand old train station in  
central Paris. TEMPLAR gets out. He takes a quick glance  
to his left, making mental note of something. He enters the  
train station. Beat. INTERPOL AGENTS GRIMES and ZEMANSKI  
follow TEMPLAR inside.

INT. GARE DE LYON - PARIS - CONTINUOUS

TEMPLAR approaches a ticket agent and in perfect French.

TEMPLAR

S'il vous plait. Je voudrais en billet  
pour le TGV, premiere classe a  
Londres.

AGENT

Oui, monsieur.

The AGENT prints out the ticket and hands it to TEMPLAR.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT (cont.)  
Bon voyage.

TEMPLAR  
Merci.

TEMPLAR takes his ticket and crosses to a coffee bar. He buys three coffees, two croissant and walks to a table where two men, BACK TO CAMERA are seated. TEMPLAR sets the coffees and croissant down.

TEMPLAR (cont.)  
Gentlemen.

GRIMES and ZEMANSKI turn with a start. TEMPLAR slides two of the coffees across the table.

TEMPLAR (cont.)  
These are for you. You've been on my ass all morning and you must be tired and hungry. I'm about to board the ten-fifty TGV to London. I'll be in premier class getting drunk, so you're welcome to join me for that as well.

GRIMES and ZEMANSKI are stunned as TEMPLAR walks towards the boarding gates.

GRIMES  
He's bluffing.

ZEMANSKI  
I don't know.

GRIMES  
He's full of shit. This is how he operates.

ZEMANSKI  
I think he's telling the truth.

GRIMES  
No way. Never has before.

They look over and see TEMPLAR picking up his dufflebag. GRIMES and ZEMANSKI are sweating...is this bullshit, or a bald-faced truth.

ZEMANSKI  
Maybe he knows that we expect him to lie and that's why he's telling the truth now.

TEMPLAR waves good bye to them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRIMES  
Sonofabitch.

ZEMANSKI  
What should we do?

GRIMES  
He just wants us to get on the train  
so that he can get off it again.

TEMPLAR looks back and motions for them to follow him.

ZEMANSKI  
What do we do?

GRIMES  
Sonofabitch.

They see TEMPLAR board the TGV. TEMPLAR looks back at them  
with a "Well are you coming?" Look. GRIMES and ZEMANSKI  
are frozen.

GRIMES (cont.)  
He's going to get off again. Watch.

ZEMANSKI  
I don't know.

Beat. Precious seconds tick. Beat. GRIMES and ZEMANSKI  
are rupturing blood vessels. Beat. A horn...and the TGV  
pulls out.

GRIMES  
Sonofabitch.

GRIMES and ZEMANSKI look at each other.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TEAL'S OFFICE - INTERPOL HEADQUARTERS - DAY

TEAL hangs up the phone. There is an agony to his  
countenance. CREEDY, arms folded, stares at TEAL. TEAL  
stares at the floor.

TEAL  
He got away.

CREEDY  
How?

TEAL  
By telling the Agents where he was  
going.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

On TEAL...hating life and hating TEMPLAR.

CUT TO:

INT. TGV (MOVING) - NIGHT

TEMPLAR moves to a booth near the bar. He sits. Beat. He looks up and sees HOLLIS MCARTHY sitting across from him. MCARTHY is in his fifties. He is lantern-jawed, squared away and not to be fucked with. He is ex-military, dark-souled and spiritual.

TEMPLAR  
Why are you sitting over there?

MCARTHY  
I don't like being shot at.

TEMPLAR  
(defending himself)  
*One time that happened.*

MCARTHY  
One properly placed bullet and my wife marries the guy next door. I hate the guy next door.

TEMPLAR  
Nobody followed me.

MCARTHY  
How do you know?

TEMPLAR  
I told them where I was going and they didn't believe me.

MCARTHY  
Interpol?

TEMPLAR  
Yes.

MCARTHY nods and puts away the pistol he had out on his lap. MCARTHY lights a cigarette.

MCARTHY  
Brisbane was a stupid detour, Simon.

TEMPLAR'S anger rises.

TEMPLAR  
Hollis, those children were kidnapped two years ago after the tsunami. They were being sold as slaves, for sex, and worse.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEMPLAR (cont.)

I didn't find them in time to save them all. And I need to learn to live with the gray areas of all that.

(beat)

And if all of the ecclesiastical bullshit is true, if sinners really go to hell forever, then those men were dead before they died.

MCARTHY

A pious killer. That's a new one.

TEMPLAR

Fuck yourself.

MCARTHY

It's interesting how faith brings out the hypocrite in a man.

TEMPLAR

Nobody died for my sins.

MCARTHY

Who would have had the time?

MCARTHY moves over to TEMPLAR'S booth just as a Waiter delivers three whiskies.

MCARTHY (cont.)

Why do you order whisky in threes?

TEMPLAR

I'm going to drink three whiskies...so why not order three whiskies and be done with it?

TEMPLAR empties the first glass and holds the second like a life-preserver in his other hand.

MCARTHY

Passion kills reason, Simon.

TEMPLAR

Prove it.

MCARTHY

Well...I've been married three times.

TEMPLAR

Good point.

MCARTHY

That's why this case was more stupid and dangerous than usual.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEMPLAR

This case isn't over.

MCARTHY

What about the four death certificates?

TEMPLAR

It takes big money to keep something that evil that secret for that long. There's somebody else out there.

TEMPLAR mulls this over for an instant.

TEMPLAR (cont.)

I forwarded all my evidence to Interpol and nothing happened. I alerted the U.N., and nothing happened. Indifference and inaction buried a lot of those children. There was no one but me willing to do anything. I don't understand.

MCARTHY

It's quite simple. There's an appetite for destruction in people. It's part of our DNA. The success of the Coliseum in Rome wasn't the exception. Witnessing the misery of others is better than Christmas. Human beings enjoy savagery, blood and chaos.

TEMPLAR

Like politics in Burma. Gives me something to do, I guess.

MCARTHY

You aren't the first Saint.

TEMPLAR

How many other Saints have there been?

MCARTHY

Lots.

TEMPLAR

I'm replaceable.

MCARTHY

Thank God. You're a vulgar, uncontrollable, pain in the ass link in a long and evolving chain.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MCARTHY (cont.)

This Order was established as a counterbalance to the moral blood-letting and impending cardiac arrest of mankind. Good versus Evil.

TEMPLAR

Evil versus Evil at times.

MCARTHY

Semantics.

TEMPLAR

No...Bloodshed.

MCARTHY

To the good.

TEMPLAR

Says you.

MCARTHY

(annoyed, pissed and over it)

Look, we saved you, trained you and have endured your moral hiccups without complaint. We take up your time only once in a while. Otherwise you're free to go fuck around as you see fit. So, stop bitching.

TEMPLAR

I apologize.

MCARTHY

No, you don't.

TEMPLAR

Yes, I do. You're like a father to me.

MCARTHY

No, I'm not.

TEMPLAR

Was I breast fed?

MCARTHY

Jesus. What is wrong with you.

TEMPLAR

This is my stop.

MCARTHY looks out the window.

MCARTHY

Train's still moving.

(CONTINUED)



ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. JFK - NIGHT

TEMPLAR walks out of the American Airlines terminal and into the crisp New York City air. He stops at the curb. A black limo pulls up to him. The window goes down and we get a hint of the face of an extraordinarily beautiful woman.

TEMPLAR

Yes?

WOMAN

(slight French accent)

Can you direct me to Hudson and West  
12th?

TEMPLAR

C'est meilleur que je vous montrer.

The limo door opens.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

TEMPLAR clambers in and sits next to the woman - PATRICIA HOLM. HOLM is striking, dirty blond, tall, lean and maddeningly sexy. She wears a black mini dress, pearls and heels. The kind of New York style women around the world envy and fall far short of. TEMPLAR smiles at HOLM.

TEMPLAR

I'm Simon Templar.

HOLM puts TEMPLAR'S hand on her thigh. Then TEMPLAR slides his hand up her leg and underneath the hem of her dress. HOLM moans. TEMPLAR removes her thong. They kiss. Obviously this is not their first time.

CUT TO:

INT. TEMPLAR LOFT - DAY

A view of New York harbor. MAZZY STAR FADE INTO YOU plays in the background. The blue green of the Atlantic beyond. PULL BACK to reveal a three level loft along the water in Battery Park City. CAMERA begins a straight up BOOM from ground level, drifting through the floors. First we see a sort of nerve center; computers, maps etc. A long table covered with books, artifacts, newspapers, a gun, cash, a passport and other bric-a-brac. A portrait of Jaques De Molay hangs near the fireplace. There are swords, crosses, a prie dieu, flags and plaques and walls of book shelves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AS WE RISE - Mid level we see a pool table, a wet bar and a state of the art Rotel sound and video center. There is also a set of barbells, dumbbells and a chin-up bar. As we RISE we see the living area. There are over-stuffed couches, arm chairs, fine oil paintings on the walls, an open kitchen and huge windows overlooking lower Manhattan and the water. CAMERA swings around to find the bedroom which is open to the rest of the home. And upon that bed we see TEMPLAR and HOLM, naked and in embrace. TEMPLAR moves his lips up and down her body and HOLM arches her back. TEMPLAR kisses her ear and whispers -

TEMPLAR  
Turn over...it's time.

HOLM smiles and turns face down. TEMPLAR sits on top of her and begins...a massage.

TEMPLAR (cont.)  
How does that feel?

HOLM  
Please don't talk.

HOLM'S accent is a sexy, hazy mix of Spanish, Dutch and Creole - it is something quite exotic, like verbal heroin. TEMPLAR looks at her hair, her skin, her soft shoulders. His hands move up from her hips to her neck.

TEMPLAR  
You're like a piece of performance art.

HOLM moans.

TEMPLAR (cont.)  
A magnificent affirmation of what a woman should be.

HOLM smiles.

TEMPLAR (cont.)  
And you are incredibly beautiful.

HOLM  
If you continue to compliment me I will fall in love with you...more than I have...and I would never survive that.

TEMPLAR  
I'm sorry, Patricia.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLM

You have this compulsion to romantically over-express yourself... as if you were overwhelmed with gratitude. And it's always, and only...after sex with me.

(beat)

It's when you're at your kindest. As if you're so tired and so spent you can't even reach for your wallet. So, you instead pay me for services rendered with affection.

TEMPLAR

Am I really that horrible?

HOLM

You are your breed. You are shallow. You are transparent. You are a man.

HOLM rolls over to her back, arms around TEMPLAR.

HOLM (cont.)

And I am Penelope at the loom.

TEMPLAR leans down to kiss her.

TEMPLAR

Penelope...my love...have you traced the owners of Ragamont Shipping in Brisbane?

TEMPLAR smothers her mouth with his.

HOLM

I have.

TEMPLAR

And?

TEMPLAR'S hands surround her breasts.

HOLM

And it is owned by a shell corporation in the Caymans.

TEMPLAR

Best you could do?

HOLM'S nails dig into his sides as the replay of the foreplay accelerates.

HOLM

The Cayman company is called Mephisto Transport. Mephisto is a German limited partnership.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLM (cont.)

The partners, however, are all  
dead...except for one  
entity...Apollyon Imports.

TEMPLAR

What do they import?

HOLM

Religious relics, Objects of power,  
and objects of the occult. They're  
grave robbers and extremely wealthy.  
They cater to billionaires who want  
a lock of Caesar's's hair, or the  
preserved head of Anne Boleyn.

TEMPLAR

Where are they located?

HOLM hesitates.

HOLM

Berlin.

Not good news.

TEMPLAR

Oh. You're sure about that?

HOLM

You know can't go back there, Simon.  
You know that, right? Please.

TEMPLAR

I have to, Patricia. If they have  
records, I can find the boy I missed.  
And if they don't...well...Blood in,  
blood out.

HOLM

Just so you know "Apollyon" is an  
ancient Summarian word... It means  
King of Demons.

TEMPLAR holds HOLM'S hands down above her head and begins to  
get some work done. HOLM'S eyes close.

HOLM (cont.)

Please.

TEMPLAR

I have to go.

HOLM

I'm not talking about that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As they crush the sheets,

CUT TO:

EXT. BERLIN - DAY

To establish. CAMERA sweeps over the old Prussian Capital. We sweep up the canals which cut through the city, passing barges, churches and history. CAMERA glides into THE KURFURSTENDAMM area. This is the older part of the city; untouched by the Allied carpet-bombing of 1945. The buildings and architecture speak of centuries older times.

EXT. APOLLYON IMPORTS - CONTINUOUS

Ancient, hand forged broadswords have been arranged to display the name of the business. Archaic symbols and eastern characters are painted upon the windows and walls. This place of business clearly deals with weird shit. A sign reads: PRIVATE SHOWINGS ONLY.

CUT TO:

INT. APOLLYON ANTIQUES - DAY

CLOSE ON THE FACE OF - DELANO CARGER. CARGER is 50's, pale, self-righteous, brilliant, deluded, deranged, charming, poisonous. CARGER is shorter than most men but as lethal as Napoleon. His speech pattern is deliberate and seems devoid of punctuation or emotion.

CARGER

You're a pig. An ignorant pig. I  
can't tell you how unhappy this makes  
me...the rage that I feel.

CARGER TURNS AND ANGLE WIDENS to show a trembling, young female assistant, EMMA, standing at CARGER'S desk. The office is decorated in archaic relics...spears, swords, oil paintings of ancient past, dark red carpets, a painting of the Child Crusades and a wood prie dieu. On the desk sits a tray with a steak, pommes frite and a slice of tomato. CARGER points to the tray.

CARGER (cont.)

What do you see there on that tray?

EMMA

Mister Carger...

CARGER

Emma, I don't WANT TO HEAR YOUR VOICE.

CARGER picks up the tray.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARGER (cont.)  
A tomato slice.  
(shakes his head)  
A slice of tomato. What's wrong  
with that sentence? Tomatoes are  
not, as popularly perceived,  
vegetables. They are, in fact,  
berries. A fruit. That is because  
of the seeds. Seeds! That can lodge  
in the soft lining of the stomach or  
intestines...and kill you.

CARGER violently throws the tray onto EMMA. The steak hits  
her in the face, the juices and fries stain her clothing.

CARGER (cont.)  
Details, Emma. It's all in the  
details.

CARGER slaps EMMA hard across the face and shoves her to the  
floor, forcing her face into the pile of food.

CARGER (cont.)  
Eat it. Eat it.

CARGER walks out of his office...

INT. WAREHOUSE SHOWROOM - APOLLYON BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

CARGER steps out of his third floor office which overlooks  
the open main area of his holy-relics and antiques business.  
The room fifty thousand square feet, three stories high and  
lined with industrial storage shelves all brimming with  
ancient artifacts; swords, spears, helmets, armor, urns,  
Roman dinner settings, clothing, shoes, boots, knives, games,  
whips, chains and crosses. SALESPEOPLE escort ELITE BUYERS  
around the inventory. CARGER takes it all in and grins.  
From out of another office approaches,

JASPER WELLS...The man who got out of the Hummer in Brisbane  
to count the bodies.

CARGER  
We need to talk.

WELLS  
Of course, sir.

WELLS follows CARGER downstaiars to a corner of the warehouse.  
CARGER picks up an old glass jar full of bones as he speaks.

CARGER  
Have you recovered any inventory?

WELLS  
No. All the children in the warehouse  
were returned to their families.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARGER is roiling inside but with calm.

CARGER  
Lovely.

WELLS  
We have ten million Euros in deposits,  
sir. Our customers still want what  
they ordered.

CARGER  
The slums of Rio de Janeiro and Naples  
are infested with the young. Get on  
it.

WELLS  
Yes, sir.

CARGER  
And that stick figure drawn on the  
wall in the hangar.

WELLS  
The Saint?

CARGER  
Yes. The Saint. Am I worrying about  
him?

WELLS  
If he is true to reputation he'll  
probably come looking for us.

CARGER puts a hand on WELLS'S shoulder.

CARGER  
Understand, Jasper, that I will kill  
your wife and children in front of  
you if he interrupts my business.

WELLS  
I understand.

CARGER  
I cannot have some dilatant good  
Samaritan fucking around with my  
operation in Damascus. Selling  
orphans to the rich is lunch money  
compared to what we are about to  
profit from in Syria.  
(at a window looking  
over the canals)  
When the private collectors find out  
that we have this relic...we will be  
charging them a million dollars just  
to take their call.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARGER (cont.)  
The Vatican we charge five million.  
They have the money.  
(holds up jar)  
And these bones of Saint Andrew?  
They do not belong in the Roman  
section. The fuckin' Romans are the  
one who crucified him. Have a heart.

WELLS  
(takes jar)  
Yes. Sorry.

EMMA, her lip cut and cheek bruised, walks over.

CARGER  
Emma, done with lunch already?

EMMA nods.

EMMA  
Your wife is on the phone.

CARGER  
Emma, you know I only have eyes for  
you.

EMMA looks at the floor. The violent psycho-freaky world  
she is trapped in is breaking her.

CARGER (cont.)  
Tell her to hold.

EMMA walks away. WELLS points to his own face.

WELLS  
What, ah, happened to her...?

CARGER  
(winks)  
I'll never tell.

WELLS nods knowingly.

CARGER (cont.)  
Oh, and Jasper. I want a key to  
your house and your family's passports  
on my desk in ten minutes. You know,  
in case The Saint makes you look  
bad. I don't want you and your family  
trying to leave the country without  
dealing with me first. Right?

CARGER walks away. WELLS takes a deep, worried breath.

CUT TO:

EXT. BERLIN-TEGEL AIRPORT - NIGHT

As a Lufthansa 767 lands with a screech and a roar.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI/BERLIN (MOVING) - NIGHT

TEMPLAR sits in the backseat watching the passing lights of the city of Berlin.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE BRANDENBURGER HOF HOTEL - NIGHT

This stately converted palace is situated in the historic section of old Berlin. About a hundred thousand frequent flier miles and you could maybe get a soda pop here.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

IN CUTS: TEMPLAR blows into the room; tosses his bag on the bed; hooks up his computer; throws on the skype headset, logs on and...on the screen we see HOLM, looking lovely and worried about her lover/boss's life.

TEMPLAR (into headset)  
See. Nobody's killed me yet.

HOLM has the same headset on and is not amused.

HOLM (over headset)  
The night is young. Are you alone?

TEMPLAR (into headset)  
Of course.

HOLM (over headset)  
Don't be. Go to the bar. Find a beauty and bring her to bed.

TEMPLAR (into headset)  
If you say so.

HOLM (over headset)  
That way when Baldwin comes to kill you he'll see two bodies and maybe he'll shoot her first and you can get out.

TEMPLAR (into headset)  
You're lovely.

HOLM (over headset)  
I know.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLM (over headset) (cont.)  
(reads from pages  
O.C. and won't look  
at TEMPLAR)  
Apollyon is at 18 Eislebener Strabe.  
I don't have their hours since Berlin  
does not require places of business  
to post hours of operation. I'm also  
sending the plans to building and to  
the buildings on either side. The  
weather tomorrow calls for rain.  
The nearest hospital is located at--

TEMPLAR just stares at her. She is perfect.

TEMPLAR  
(interrupts her)  
Patricia, look at me  
(she won't)  
Patricia.

HOLM looks up.

TEMPLAR (cont.)  
Baldwin Aleppo doesn't know I'm here.  
I'll take care of this business fast  
and quietly and be home safely.

HOLM (into headset)  
Promises, promises.

HOLM hits a switch and TEMPLAR'S screen goes black. Beat.  
He opens an attachment and the schematic drawings of the  
APOLLYON building appear on screen. As TEMPLAR studies them,

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - CARGER TOWNHOME - NIGHT

CARGER, naked and in bed, takes a deep sip from a tall glass  
of whisky. Lying beneath him is LYDIA CARGER maybe twenty  
years younger and a lot better looking naked than CARGER.  
CARGER finishes his drink and gets back to business with  
LYDIA.

LYDIA  
Why do you need to be drunk for sex?

CARGER  
Kills the pain. Shut up.

MUSIC COMES up - U2 "SHE MOVES IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS" - as CARGER  
ape-fucks his wife.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. DAMASCUS - SYRIA - NIGHT

MUSIC CONTINUES. Title reads: GRAND MOSQUE, DAMASCUS, SYRIA - DAWN. Picture is tilted and treated; almost reverse chroma with deep reds as shadows. The faint blue of dawn cracks the horizon outside of the Grand Mosque. Beat. CLOSE on the faces of a dozen COMMANDOS.

INT. BEDROOM - CARGER TOWNHOME - CONTINUOUS

MUSIC CONTINUES. Lights are off...silhouettes of an ugly bumping a beauty like a fat, hairy jackhammer.

INT. MOSQUE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

MUSIC CONTINUES. A FLASH and a huge explosion. MEN WITH AUTOMATIC weapons run out of the Mosque. They are cut down in a torrent of automatic weapons fire.

INT. BEDROOM - CARGER TOWNHOME - NIGHT

MUSIC CONTINUES. CARGER tries to finish with aplomb and applause. In fact, as he hits the target we hear what is in head - APPLAUSE. CARGER falls to his side of the bed.

INT. MOSQUE - NIGHT

MUSIC CONTINUES. The COMMANDOS rush the building. TWO of the COMMANDOS sift through the rubble of the entrance. They pull a large, bejeweled and ancient-looking chest from the dirt... "WE'VE GOT IT" is heard.

INT. BOY'S ROOM/CARGER TOWNHOME - NIGHT

MUSIC CONTINUES. A four year old boy sleeps, BACK TO CAMERA...LYDIA opens the door. Hall light spills in as she checks on her son...and smiles. MUSIC FADES.

EXT. SYRIAN DESERT

Stillness... and the in the distance we hear the morning prayers. END INTERCUT.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. CARGER'S OFFICE/APOLLYON IMPORTS - DAY

EMMA rushes into the doorway of CARGER'S office. The perpetual countenance of fear is now compounded by panic. CARGER and WELLS look up at her.

EMMA

I'm sorry to bother you, Mister Carger. But there's a client on the floor who just won't leave.

CARGER looks at WELLS...pissed and confused.

CARGER

What client?

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. APOLLYON IMPORTS - DAY

CARGER and WELLS walk down an aisle with a determined gait. They turn the corner and run right into - TEMPLAR - who has an ancient knife in his hand and immediately and brightly blurts out-

TEMPLAR

How much is this?

WELLS snaps the knife out of TEMPLAR'S hands.

CARGER

It's not for sale. How did you get in here?

TEMPLAR

Front door.

CARGER

There is no front door.

TEMPLAR

I meant the front door on the side of the building.

CARGER

This showroom is by appointment only.

WELLS grabs TEMPLAR by the arm. A seismic shift in mood to the bad.

TEMPLAR

Get your hand off me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Stand off. WELLS sizes up TEMPLAR. He releases TEMPLAR'S arm. CARGER looks at WELLS and realizes that TEMPLAR may be a "person of interest" and becomes cordial.

CARGER  
I apologize, mister...

TEMPLAR  
Templar. Simon Templar.

CARGER  
Mister Templar. I'm Delano Carger.  
I am the owner. I am the final word.

TEMPLAR looks at CARGER hard.

TEMPLAR  
Then you are the man... That I've  
been looking for.

CARGER  
How is that?

TEMPLAR  
I've come a long way with a great  
deal of cash. I was told that I  
could find something here that I've  
been looking for since I first read  
the Bible.

CARGER  
And that is?

TEMPLAR  
Herod's Spear. The last spear used  
to kill the last of the first born  
of Israel. The spear that was  
supposed have killed the new born  
Christ. Herod's soldiers presented  
to him with blood on it. I want it.

CARGER  
You obviously know the trade.

TEMPLAR  
I do. Do you have it?

CARGER  
Yes. But not here. It's vaulted.

TEMPLAR  
Outstanding. Now we're getting  
somewhere.

CARGER  
You haven't asked how much.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

                  TEMPLAR  
          Because I don't care how much.

CARGER smiles. EMMA walks up.

                  EMMA  
          Mister Carger...it's Kahlid calling  
          from Damascus. He says it's urgent.

CARGER'S blood turns to ice at EMMA'S indiscretion.

                  CARGER  
          Coming, Emma. Thank you.

EMMA slinks away.

                  TEMPLAR  
          Sounds important.

CARGER'S is flushed and tries to divert.

                  CARGER  
          Yes, well. How can you be reached?

                  TEMPLAR  
          I'm at the Brandenbuger Hof.

TEMPLAR walks away, stops.

                  TEMPLAR (cont.)  
          I'll want to feel it in my hands  
          before I send the wire.

                  CARGER  
          Of course.

CARGER and WELLS watch TEMPLAR leave.

                  WELLS  
          Is he real?

                  CARGER  
          If he's not he's dead.

As CARGER walks off to answer the call,

CUT TO:

EXT. BERLIN-TEGEL AIRPORT - DAY

TEAL exits the door and is met by AGENT LENA OWENSBY. OWENSBY, 30's, is African-English, very pretty but prone to saying things out loud better left in storage. The heightened atmosphere of certain investigations makes her...weird. TEAL is in low humor as they march to the waiting car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OWENSBY  
Inspector Teal, I'm agent Owensby.  
I am thrilled to be working with  
you.

TEAL  
Great. Thank you.

OWENSBY  
And I am thrilled to be on the hunt  
for the great Simon Templar with you  
as well.

TEAL  
Great?

OWENSBY  
Well, it's become legend in the agency  
how many times you've missed the  
mark with this man. Some of the  
files make for superior humor.

TEAL stops in his tracks.

TEAL  
Miss Owensby. I would be thrilled  
if you'd shut-up now.

OWENSBY  
Oh.

TEAL heaves his things into the car.

OWENSBY (cont.)  
I must apologize. I have a bit of a  
habit of saying stupid things at the  
wrong times.

TEAL  
Is there ever an appropriate time to  
say a stupid thing?

OWENSBY  
No, sir. It's just anxiety and the  
rush of this job that makes me blurt  
things out I regret.

TEAL  
Magical.

As they get into the car,

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - BERLIN - DAY

BODY ROCK by MOBY pounds. We are on a running path in the heart of the city. A CYCLIST, pedals hard as he passes joggers. He feels pretty good about his smug-ass self. Beat. TEMPLAR, in a dead sprint...passes by him. The CYCLIST pedals harder, this can't fucking be. He catches up to TEMPLAR and nods...then TEMPLAR accelerates again leaving the CYCLIST gulping air.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. GYM - BERLIN - DAY

MUSIC CONTINUES WITH SALIVA'S CLICK-CLICK-BOOM. In quick cuts we see TEMPLAR gutting out pull-ups, push-ups, press ups, sit ups, ring-dips, curl-squats. This man is a physical force of nature. On the inside of his right arm is a discreet tattoo of the KNIGHTS TEMPLAR cross patee.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. SPREE RIVER FRONT - DAY

MUSIC CONTINUES. GUERO CANELO by Calexico. CLOSE ON TEMPLAR swimming hard between the barges on the Spree River. In CUTS we see him doing laps, touching one side of shore then turning back and touching the other shore. PULL BACK FROM SCENE and IMAGE BECOMES AS IF THROUGH A PAIR IF BINOCULARS.

TEAL (o.c.)

What's he doing now?

EXT. ROOFTOP - BERLIN - CONTINUOUS

AGENTS GRIMES and ZEMANSKI are watching TEMPLAR swim the river from the rooftop of a building along the water's edge. GRIMES speaks into wrist mike and lowers his binoculars.

GRIMES

He's doing laps in the Spree River.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. INTERPOL OFFICES - BERLIN - DAY

TEAL and OWENSBY hover over a radio with an open two-way channel.

TEAL

He's swimming?

GRIMES

Yes, sir. This man is in incredible shape.

TEAL shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OWENSBY

Two hours at the gym and swimming  
the Spree.

TEAL

What's he doing?

OWENSBY

Cardio after the anaerobic.

TEAL

No! I mean in Berlin. What's he  
fucking doing in Berlin?

(beat)

Take him into custody as soon as he  
gets to shore. Don't give him a  
towel, don't let him get dressed.  
NOTHING. Just haul him up out of  
the goddman water and bring him to  
me.

GRIMES

But, sir, we haven't witnessed him  
do anything wrong.

TEAL

Everything he *does* is illegal. Just  
bring him in.

GRIMES

Yes. Sir.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPREE RIVER FRONT - LATER

GRIMES and ZEMANSKI walk to the water's edge as TEMPLAR swims  
up to them.

GRIMES

Mister Templar, I'm Agent Grimes and  
this is Agent Zemanski. We met in  
Paris...kind of--

GRIMES stops speaking as the man who gets out of the water  
IS NOT TEMPLAR.

MAN

What?

ZEMANSKI looks at GRIMES.

ZEMANSKI

We gotta call him.

GRIMES

No, we don't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZEMANSKI  
He's used to bad news with this guy.  
(pulls cell phone)  
I'll dial.

On GRIMES...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. INTERPOL OFFICES BERLIN - DAY

TEAL..at his desk...phone to ear...agony on his face..listens to more bad news.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

MUSIC COMES UP. AUDIOSLAVE "**BURDEN IN MY HAND.**" TEMPLAR sits on the edge of the bed in boxers and a Harley t-shirt. He has hooked his laptop up to the large LCD television in his room. He watches the screen as a blur of images, almost like a Chapelle montage blast across the screen. We see churches, crosses, war, blood, explosions, screaming people, smoke, fire, bombers carpeting deserts with death. Fashion models on runways, nudes, F-1 cars blasting past, oil rigs in vast deserts, Knights Templar battle scenes in oil, past and present Presidents, the death photos of Kent State, Jackie reaching for gray matter on the back hood of the Dallas limo, live-action satellite camera images of military assaults, hordes praying in Mecca, statues of despots falling down ...then we FREEZE on an image of the little GREEN EYED BOY still missing from the orphanage in BRISBANE. TEMPLAR stares at the BOY'S face.

COMPUTER SCREEN

We see in flashes images of the Immigration and Customs sites for France, Spain, Saudi Arabia, Italy, Lebanon and Israel. PHOTOS flash. Photos of men...all on the HIGH ALERT LIST. SUDDENLY we see the CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE logo come up...ACCESS DENIED. THE INTERPOL logo - PASSWORD? TEMPLAR turns his wrist, written in ballpoint pen on his skin is a key-code... He keys it in. Just then..there is a KNOCK at TEMPLAR'S door. TEMPLAR pulls a gun from under his pillow and approaches the door...SOMEONE on the other side tries the door handle. TEMPLAR raise the gun to the eye hole and pulls the trigger back. TEMPLAR sniffs the air, lowers the gun and opens the door - TO REVEAL,

HOLM

Standing there, beautiful.

HOLM  
Hi.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She enters the room. They kiss and we,

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

TEMPLAR lies awake...HOLM at his side. Her eyes open.

TEMPLAR  
You shouldn't be here.

HOLM  
I know. Has Baldwin discovered you're here?

TEMPLAR  
No.

HOLM  
Good. There's still time for you to survive all this.

TEMPLAR  
I found Apollyon and the man responsible.

HOLM  
Are you sure it's him?

TEMPLAR  
Yes. You can tell he's a man comfortable with suffering. You can see it in his eyes. I need to see his files, though. See if there's any sales records.

HOLM  
You mean adoption records.

TEMPLAR  
No, I mean sales records. This man is a waste of skin.  
(beat)  
And I tracked some kind of military raid in Damascus to him. But I don't know what it was about. But it doesn't matter. All I care about is the boy.

HOLM  
Is the bluff working? Is he going to sell you the Spear?

TEMPLAR  
I don't know yet. He'll probably try to kill me after I wire the money. And that will be that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A LOUD KNOCK at the door. HOLM startles. TEMPLAR shakes head.

TEMPLAR (cont.)  
Assassins don't knock. I mean I do.  
But as a rule...

TEMPLAR goes to the door and opens it. Standing there is TEAL along with the AGENTS GRIMES and ZEMANSKI. TEMPLAR immediately smiles.

TEMPLAR (cont.)  
Inspector Teal, good morning.  
(to the TWO AGENTS)  
Gentlemen.

TEAL  
We'd like you to come with us,  
Templar.

TEMPLAR  
You would? Really? That sounds  
great. Coat and tie or what?

TEAL  
Simon, stop it.

HOLM appears in the background in a mini terri robe, her breasts almost spilling from above the sash. It is all diversion and TEAL and the TWO AGENTS lose a bit of breath at HOLM'S near nudity. TEAL tips his hat.

TEAL (cont.)  
Miss Holm.

HOLM  
(smiles at him)  
Inspector.  
(to TEMPLAR)  
Darling?

TEMPLAR winks at her.

TEMPLAR  
I'll be back soon. I Tivo'ed the  
Monaco Grand Prix for you.

HOLM  
Awesome.

HOLM lies back onto the bed and turns on the television. The MEN avert their eyes and fantasize. As TEMPLAR gets dressed,

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. INTERPOL OFFICES - BERLIN - DAY

TEMPLAR sits in a chair acting amused as TEAL sifts through some photographs, looking for the one he wants to confront TEMPLAR with. Some of the photographs slide out of the pile and onto the floor. TEMPLAR leans over to help. TEAL waves him off, annoyed and embarrassed.

TEAL  
I got it, I got it.

TEMPLAR sits back in his chair. Beat.

TEMPLAR  
I can come back later.

TEAL  
Shut-up. Please.

TEAL sets a series of photographs out upon the table. TEAL points to a photograph of the Ragamont Shipping warehouse in Brisbane where TEMPLAR found the children.

TEAL (cont.)  
Do you recognize this warehouse?

TEMPLAR  
I do not.

TEAL points out a photograph of THE STICK drawn at the warehouse.

TEAL  
And this?

TEMPLAR looks at TEAL.

TEMPLAR  
I recognize that ridiculous, child's drawing because you've shown it to me before and because it's been printed in the papers...and Vanity Fair, I might add.

TEAL  
You almost sound proud.

TEMPLAR  
To be associated with such a diligent, heroic, handsome, masculine, yet infuriating figure is...a little sexy, yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEAL  
How do you know he's good looking?

TEMPLAR  
He's gotta be, right?

TEAL shows TEMPLAR a photograph of the dead men in the decrepit warehouse. TEMPLAR looks at the dead men, shakes his head.

TEMPLAR (cont.)  
What did these poor bastards do to deserve that?

TEAL  
They pissed off The Saint, is what they did.

TEMPLAR  
Hmmm.

TEAL clears the top of his desk with a deliberate and angry motion, sending everything to the floor.

TEAL  
Simon Templar, you are The Saint.

TEMPLAR  
Claude Eustace Teal, I am not a saint.

TEAL'S frustration expands a bit.

TEAL  
I'm not saying you **are** a saint. I'm saying you are The Saint.

TEMPLAR  
I'm flattered.

TEAL  
No. You are under arrest.

TEMPLAR  
Again...I'm flattered.

TEAL  
Simon, you had better call a lawyer.

TEMPLAR  
No. I hate lawyers. And if I were being accused of murdering lawyers I'd confess even if I were innocent.

TEAL  
You murdered those men.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

                          TEMPLAR  
No, I didn't.

                          TEAL  
Yes, you did.

                          TEMPLAR  
No, Claude, I did not.

                          TEAL  
I know you did. I know you were in  
Brisbane last Friday. I can prove  
it.

                          TEMPLAR  
Claude...last Friday? I was in jail  
in London.

The blood flushes from TEAL'S face.

                          TEAL  
No...No, you weren't.

                          TEMPLAR  
Call Scotland Yard. I was in their  
custody accused of hitting a man who  
I witnessed beating his dog near the  
statue of Admiral Nelson in Trafalgar  
Square.

TEAL isn't sure of the bluff. He picks up the phone. MOS  
as TEAL dials. We see a SCOTLAND YARD officer pick up a  
phone. FLASHBACK-CUT to a jail cell with a man sitting on  
the bed, BACK TO CAMERA. We see a passport...CLOSE ON THE  
NAME - SIMON TEMPLAR...BACK to the jail cell...as the man  
with BACK to CAMERA turns to CAMERA...it is not TEMPLAR...

TEAL

Hangs up the phone...defeated. He turns to TEMPLAR.

                          TEAL  
How do you it?

                          TEMPLAR  
It's easy to get away with murder...  
if you're innocent of the charge.

Just then the door to the office blows open. CREEDY enters  
with swagger and arrogance. He addresses TEAL.

                          CREEDY  
Is this the man? Is this the Saint?

TEAL looks at TEMPLAR...and shakes his head "no." CREEDY  
loses it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CREEDY (cont.)  
What do you mean? He killed those  
men in Brisbane.

TEAL  
He was in jail at the time.

CREEDY turns to TEMPLAR.

TEMPLAR  
In London.

CREEDY  
Claude, my review of your performance  
in this matter is going to be bloody.  
Prepare for the worst.

TEAL  
Yes, sir.

CREEDY walks out.

TEMPLAR  
What an asshole.

TEAL  
Shut-up.

TEMPLAR  
You deserve better than that.

TEAL  
Shut-up.

Silence.

TEMPLAR  
And that's not his real hair.

TEAL remains lock-jawed.

TEMPLAR (cont.)  
It was crooked, for crissakes. Did  
you see it? Looked like a moustache  
on a bowling ball.

TEAL, looks down, keeping serious.

TEAL  
We're through here.

TEMPLAR stands. He sees a calendar hanging on the wall.

TEMPLAR  
It's not circled.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

What. TEAL

Your wife's birthday. It's Tuesday, you know. TEMPLAR

Oh. TEAL

She loves tulips. TEMPLAR

Simon, please leave. TEAL

TEMPLAR stops at the door and in all seriousness -

You're a great policeman, Claude. TEMPLAR

TEAL looks up as TEMPLAR exits.

CUT TO:

INT. APOLLYON IMPORTS - NIGHT

CARGER stands at a window looking down upon the street.

No sign of them? CARGER

WIDER as WELLS steps up to the window as well.

No, sir. WELLS

CARGER sits in a chair. He has a habit of not looking at you when he speaks to you. His concern is real, as,

Have they called? Are they all right? CARGER

No calls, sir. I'm sure they're fine. WELLS

Traffic and bathrooms, Jasper. Big killers, you know. CARGER

Yes, sir. WELLS

Elvis died in a bathroom. CARGER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WELLS

Yes.

CARGER

James Dean died in his car.

WELLS

Yes.

CARGER

How many ended up dying in Damascus?

WELLS

Thirteen.

CARGER

But we got it. We got Saladin's  
treasure.

WELLS

Yes, sir. You pulled it off expertly.

CARGER turns stands and paces.

CARGER

Jasper, you must be anxious for me  
to die.

WELLS

Pardon me, sir?

CARGER

You can't possibly feel as contrite  
and submissive towards me as you  
pretend. It is kind of unnerving  
how agreeable you are. Like you're  
a half million dollar a year doormat.

WELLS

Sir, you are my duty.

CARGER

And you are my Praetorian. So my  
death can mean only advantage to  
you.

WELLS nods out the window.

WELLS

They're here.

CARGER and WELLS look down upon the street and exit the room.  
BEAT. CAMERA PUSHES up to a vent and through the screen...to  
find TEMPLAR...who has heard all.

CUT TO:

EXT. APOLLYON IMPORTS - NIGHT

The streets are quiet as a truck rumbles down the cobblestone. It pulls up to a large rolling door on the side of the building. The doors open. The truck backs into the warehouse.

INT. APOLLYON IMPORTS - CONTINUOUS

CARGER walks up to the truck with WELLS. Three MEN from the cab get out. They open the back of the truck and a huge crate covered in Arabic seraph symbols is lowered to the ground. CARGER pushes the others out of the way. He opens the crate and removes a footlocker-sized chest. The chest is dusty and incrustated with jewels. He cracks open the ancient latch and lifts the lid of the chest. He looks inside and almost loses his breath. OVER HIS SHOULDER see several large pieces of wood. Beat. CARGER lowers the lid and nods to WELLS.

CARGER

Pay them.

CUT TO:

INT. CARGER'S OFFICE/APOLLYON IMPORTS - NIGHT

TEMPLAR lowers himself from the vent landing with an almost too loud thud on the carpeted floor. He freezes and listens. He hears the voices and noise of CARGER, WELLS and the others in the warehouse. TEMPLAR looks through files and drawers. He's not finding what he's looking for. Then...

VOICE (o.c.)

What are you doing?

TEMPLAR wheels around. EMMA stands near the door...a deer in the headlights, terrified, not sure what to do.

TEMPLAR

I'm going after him.

EMMA reaches for a panic button on the alarm panel on the wall near the door.

TEMPLAR (cont.)

Wait.

EMMA looks back at TEMPLAR.

TEMPLAR (cont.)

I'm looking for a boy. A boy he sold to someone. You know what I'm taking about.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEMPLAR moves to CARGER'S computer. EMMA is frozen. Her hand hovers over the panic button on the alarm panel. TEMPLAR switches the computer on. He types in RAGAMONT SHIPPING. On the screen we see...A SCREEN WITH THE FACES OF A DOZEN CHILDREN. Some we recognize from Brisbane...In the middle of the screen is PAOLO, the little green eyed boy. TEMPLAR'S heart pounds. Quietly-

TEMPLAR (cont.)

My god.

On TEMPLAR...

INT. APOLLYON WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The MEN wheel the chest across the floor on a dolly. CARGER and WELLS follow closely behind. Beat. A beeper goes off on CARGER'S belt. CARGER reads the beeper and looks up.

CARGER

Someone's on my computer.

INT. HALLWAY/APOLLYON IMPORTS - CONTINUOUS

CARGER, WELLS, and the THREE MEN, guns drawn...race down the hallway. They get to the door of CARGER'S office and

INT. CARGER'S OFFICE/APOLLYON IMPORTS - CONTINUOUS

They kick the door in...EMMA, startled, looks up from CARGER'S computer.

CARGER

What the fuck are you doing in here?

EMMA

The wiring instructions for Mister Templar.

CARGER storms toward EMMA and backhands her away from his computer.

EMMA (cont.)

My computer is down. I thought it was an important transaction.

CARGER aims his pistol at her head. EMMA shudders. CARGER yells at the other...

CARGER

Get out. Close the door.

FOLLOW WELLS AND THE THREE MEN out of CARGER'S OFFICE to,

INT. HALLWAY/APOLLYON IMPORTS - CONTINUOUS

WELLS and the THREE MEN...stand there. Then BOOM. A gunshot. Beat. CARGER opens the door. In the background we can see EMMA'S feet sticking out from behind CARGER'S desk.

CARGER  
Get a broom.

As CARGER walks past them,

CUT TO:

EXT. CARGER TOWNHOME - NIGHT

CLOSE ON TEMPLAR. CAMERA circles around TEMPLAR to reveal that he is on a bench across from the townhome. He watches as CARGER'S limo pulls up to the entrance of the building directly across the street. CARGER gets out and walks into the building, ignoring the DOORMAN. TEMPLAR is about to make his move when,

CARPENTER (o.c.)  
(in German)  
Evening, sir.

TEMPLAR turns with a start to find a CARPENTER standing there. The CARPENTER is tall, slight of build with an almost iridescence to his visage.

TEMPLAR  
Yes?

The CARPENTER hands a card to TEMPLAR.

CARPENTER  
(in English)  
Oh, you are American.

TEMPLAR  
Only for tax reasons.

CARPENTER  
I'm a handyman looking for work.

TEMPLAR is about to hand the card back but there is force at work here.

TEMPLAR  
I'm sorry...I

CARPENTER  
I'm new to the city. Just in.

TEMPLAR  
Where from?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARPENTER  
Bethlehem.

TEMPLAR looks at the CARPENTER.

CARPENTER (cont.)  
Yeah. That Bethlehem. I just finished my time in the army and moved here. Like I say, I do odd jobs, plumber, mason...carpenter - Do I know you?

TEMPLAR  
No, I don't think so.

The CARPENTER looks deeply into TEMPLAR.

CARPENTER  
You seem really familiar.  
(shakes it off)  
Anyway, I could use the work. And this is an old part of the city. It seemed like it could use me.

TEMPLAR  
I'll keep you in mind.

CARPENTER  
That's all I ask.

They shake hands. The CARPENTER smiles.

CARPENTER (cont.)  
Good night, Simon.

The CARPENTER walks away. On TEMPLAR, a deep chill exploding through his spine. TEMPLAR gets up from the bench. He checks the 9mm inside his jacket pocket and crosses the street to CARGER'S TOWNHOME.

CUT TO:

EXT. VERANDA/CARGER TOWNHOME - NIGHT

TEMPLAR slips over the railing of the veranda and creeps up to the sliding glass door. It is unlocked and slides quietly open. TEMPLAR enters -

INT. CARGER TOWNHOME - CONTINUOUS

TEMPLAR slides the door closed and crossed through a small salon.

INT. HALLWAY/CARGER TOWNHOME - CONTINUOUS

TEMPLAR gun drawn makes his way down the hallway. He HEARS CARGER on the phone in another room. He slips into -

INT. BEDROOM - CARGER TOWNHOME - CONTINUOUS

The only light is a bedside lamp. TEMPLAR hears footsteps and ducks into the closet leaving the door open a crack. Beat. The footsteps approach. TEMPLAR raises the 9mm and aims it toward the crack between the doors. Beat. A shadow. Then the face of a small boy appears in the door crack staring into the closet. TEMPLAR'S pulse almost seizes...the face..is that of the now four year old - PAOLO. TEMPLAR lowers his gun and ducks back into the darkest part of the closet. The doors open Then the doors open and PAOLO enters the closet. PAOLO closes the doors leaving a crack open as LYDIA enters the room.

LYDIA  
Paolo? Paolo? Where are you?

PAOLO suddenly bursts out of the closet.

PAOLO  
Boo!

TEMPLAR has to press against the wall to keep light from revealing him.

LYDIA  
Come here you, rascal.

PAOLO laughs and runs into his LYDIA'S arms. A mother who loves her son. An orphan who has fallen in love with a new mother.

LYDIA (cont.)  
Time for bed.

TEMPLAR looks lost and stares at the floor. As the bedroom light outside the closet is turned off the screen turns black.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - DAWN

TEMPLAR is feeling low as HOLM walks up in the pale blue of pre-dawn. It is early...really early. The cafe is not even open yet. TEMPLAR is brooding. He does not know what to do. He looks up at her, staring, probing, mining for an answer. He looks away. HOLM just listens to his silence. Beat. TEMPLAR gets up and walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. CLOSET/CARGER TOWNHOME - MORNING

CARGER opens the closet door and rifles through his suits. He moves a rack of suits aside and stares at the back wall of his closet....THE STICK figure of THE SAINT is carved into the wall panel.

CUT TO:

EXT. TEMPLAR LODGE - DAY

A hundred years old brick building tucked in gardens outside of the city. A FIAT turbo pulls up. TEMPLAR gets out.

CUT TO:

INT. TEMPLAR LODGE - DAY

TEMPLAR enters the lodge. The walls are adorned with Knights Templar art, weaponry and reliefs. TEMPLAR crosses into a chapel/meeting room. In the middle of the room is a marble podium/altar. Around the altar are concentric circles of pews. A church in the round as it were. Suits of armor stand at each door of the four doors leading into the chapel... the four points of the compass. MCARTHY enters from the east portico.

MCARTHY

You rang?

TEMPLAR

He adopted the child I came to save.  
The child stolen from his mother.  
The child who has a new mother and  
who is happy...and settled.

(beat)

This man needs killing...but-

MCARTHY

How do you orphan an orphan?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEMPLAR

Right. I'm an orphan, and I've asked myself, under these circumstances; There's a mother out there aching for her child. There is a man who's as evil and twisted and fucked up as the devil...and there's a new mother who clearly loves her son.

(beat)

Hell do I do?

MCARTHY

What do your balls tell you to do?

TEMPLAR

I'd rather not say.

MCARTHY

How close to Carger have you gotten?

TEMPLAR

I'm just a rich dilatant collector seeking relics from a grave robber. We've met only once.

MCARTHY

I may have the answer for you. Carger financed a raid on the Grand Mosque in Damascus.

TEMPLAR

I know.

MCARTHY

Do you know what they took?

TEMPLAR

I don't fucking care.

MCARTHY

In July of 1187 armies of the Second Crusade lead by Guy of Lusignan - the King of Jerusalem - met the armies of Saladin on the plains below the Horns of Hattin...and were slaughtered. Until that day, the Christian armies marched with the True Cross at the vanguard.

TEMPLAR

Is this a Discovery Channel audition, or are you just glad to see me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MCARTHY

A Templar Knight, Raul Pliego of Spain, followed Saladin to Damascus and witnessed him bury the Cross in the threshold of the Great Mosque - Saladin did this so that every Muslim stepping into the Mosque would trod upon the greatest symbol of Christianity. That's what Carger has stolen and that is what he is going to sell.

TEMPLAR

I still don't care.

MCARTHY

That's a dangerous relic to have out in the world. It would bring blood, not peace. World's seen enough of that.

TEMPLAR

I knew you wouldn't give a shit about the boy. You only care about ghouls and myths. I deal with here and now. I deal with the suffering and survival of the living. You're a fuckin' mortician, Hollis.

MCARTHY endures the barrage.

MCARTHY

Do you know where Carger has the Cross?

TEMPLAR

Yes.

MCARTHY

Get the Cross before you save the boy.

TEMPLAR

No.

MCARTHY

That relic, that piece of faith... in darker hands...will cause a lot of blood. I'm not saying it's more valuable than the boy's life...I'm saying it's a billion times more valuable. You say you respect life. Think about what I'm saying.

TEMPLAR stands to leave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MCARTHY (cont.)  
Trust your anger on this one, Simon.

TEMPLAR  
As usual.

TEMPLAR walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. CARGER'S OFFICE/APOLLYON IMPORTS - DAY

CARGER sits in his chair. WELLS stands nervously by. Heavy silence and badness in the air.

CARGER  
He was in my house. The Saint was  
in my house.  
(beat)  
What did you do with Emma's body?

WELLS  
It was partitioned and shipped to  
several different addresses in the  
states.

CARGER  
There's too much coincidence here.  
The murders in Brisbane. This man  
showing up out of the blue. The  
Saint in my fucking closet.  
(beat, turns to WELLS)  
How are the wife and kiddies, Jasper?

On WELLS.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERPOL OFFICES - BERLIN - DAY

OWENSBY enters TEAL'S office. She sets some files down on  
TEAL'S desk.

OWENSBY  
The files you requested, Inspector.

TEAL is confused.

TEAL  
I didn't order any files.

OWENSBY  
You weren't on-line two nights ago  
on the secure server?

TEAL  
No...I

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OWENSBY

Was it The Saint, maybe? Wouldn't be the first time. Remember three years ago when Templar had you chasing your tail all over Bangkok and--

TEAL

Just leave them there.

OWENSBY hands over the files and walks out. As TEAL'S eyes close,

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON

An ancient looking spear in someone's hands.

INT. APOLLYON WAREHOUSE - DAY

TEMPLAR holds Herod's Spear in his hands. He feels the weight of it and regards the general condition. CARGER stands next to him.

CARGER

Herod's Spear. The date has been authenticated and the descriptions cross referenced from the Old Testament and Herod's library. It is the real one.

TEMPLAR

You can feel it when you hold it. A kind of conduit to the past.

CARGER

It was liberated from the cellar of a private collector in Istanbul.  
(points to tip)  
See right there? Blood.

TEMPLAR

Of a child.

CARGER

(shrugs)  
Could've been worse. Could have been the blood of a soldier. Soldiers are more valuable than children.

TEMPLAR

Really?

CARGER

Takes years to train a good soldier. Takes a glass of wine and one good push to make a child.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEMPLAR grips the spear. Driving it through CARGER'S skull would feel pretty good right now.

TEMPLAR  
Let's settle this.

CARGER  
One point three million.

TEMPLAR  
One point none million.

CARGER  
I thought price didn't matter to you.

TEMPLAR  
It doesn't. But I don't like you.

CARGER'S anger and threatening countenance rise up.

CARGER  
Why the change of mood?

TEMPLAR  
Liberated. Interesting word. Tarique Salaam, the previous owner? Was murdered. His house burned. His possessions went missing. One point none.

CARGER  
Did you get the wire information?

TEMPLAR  
I did not. Have someone hand deliver the instructions to my hotel. I don't want an electronic trail tying me to you. Once you have your money I'll send a courier.

WELLS steps up from behind. TEMPLAR ignores him.

CARGER  
Mister Templar.

TEMPLAR  
Yes.

CARGER  
May I see your passport?

TEMPLAR was not ready for that one.

TEMPLAR  
Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARGER

Nothing really. I just always run a background check on my clients. I have to be careful in the waters in which I wade.

(beat)

You've nothing to hide, I'm sure.

TEMPLAR reaches into this pocket and removes his passport. CARGER opens it, perfunctorily flips through it. Beat.

CARGER (cont.)

How did you find me? My business, I mean.

TEMPLAR

Honestly? Interpol website. I wasn't going to find what I was looking for in the gift shop at the Louvre. Men who traffic in what I seek...they're not always pristine...are you?

CARGER

(reads passport, smiles)

You were in Brisbane last week.

CLICK. TEMPLAR turns as WELLS points a gun at his head.

TEMPLAR

Yes, I was.

CARGER

Doing what?

TEMPLAR

Co-eds.

Standoff. CARGER looks at TEMPLAR, waves the passport.

CARGER

I'm not sure I believe you.

(re: passport)

I'm hanging on to this until the wire clears.

TEMPLAR

Absolutely.

CARGER

Get out. Get out of my sight.

WELLS shoves TEMPLAR out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERPOL OFFICES - BERLIN - DAY

TEAL exits the building, collar up, testicles mushy from a CREEDY slap-down...when he bumps into a man at the corner. Or did the man back into him?

MAN  
Watch where you're going, bub.

TEAL  
Pardon me.

TEAL looks at the MAN...it is TEMPLAR.

TEMPLAR  
Hey, sunshine.

TEAL  
What the hell do you want, Templar?

They start walking.

TEMPLAR  
Advice.

TEAL  
I wish I could just shoot you now  
and be done with it.

TEMPLAR  
Then why don't you?

TEAL  
Tell me you murdered those men in  
Brisbane.

TEMPLAR  
Why do those killings matter so much  
to you?

TEAL  
Because the cheaper life gets the  
less valuable we all are.

TEMPLAR  
Sartre would have been so proud of  
you.

TEAL  
I'm more about belief, conduct and  
disposition.

TEMPLAR  
A pragmatist.

CONTINUED:

TEAL  
I'm trying not to lose faith in  
humanity. And you aren't helping.  
Why are you wasting my time?

TEMPLAR  
Delano Carger.

TEAL stops, looks at TEMPLAR and shakes his head.

TEAL  
Why would a normal, average Joe  
citizen, who is not The Saint, as  
you purport yourself not to be, give  
a shit about Delano Carger?

TEMPLAR  
I am my brother's keeper.

TEAL  
They caught you hacking into my files  
again.

TEMPLAR  
He's a scumbag, Claude.

TEAL  
So, you admit to hacking into the  
Interpol data base.

TEMPLAR  
(sarcastically)  
You got me.

TEAL  
Carger has been known to us for years.  
He's suspected of dealing in all  
kinds of contraband, most of which  
usually pertain to religious antiques  
and relics. He traffics in people  
and heroin when he gets bored. He's  
married with an adopted son. His  
company is a front for illegal trade  
with mid-east dealers. He is a  
bloody, shitty fucking human being.  
And every witness we've ever turned  
has ended up tortured and dead.

TEMPLAR  
I thought I was going to have to  
work harder for this.

TEAL  
Don't flatter yourself, Templar.

TEMPLAR  
Then what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEAL  
I give you details, and The Saint intervenes? Then you are The Saint and I get to shoot you. Case closed.

TEMPLAR  
You're so romantic.

TEAL  
It's your bedroom eyes.

TEMPLAR  
Claude, it seems you and I are after the same man. I can help you.

TEAL  
You can help me by confessing your crimes. Why did Carger pop up on your radar? What's he up to?

TEMPLAR  
Claude... I work for an international security company. Carger is a problem I was asked to look into. Nothing Sainly going on. Sorry to disappoint.

They stop at the path's end.

TEAL  
Why is it so important for you to lie to me?

Without a beat TEMPLAR smiles.

TEMPLAR  
Any fool can tell the truth.

With that TEMPLAR walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - BERLIN - DAY

TEMPLAR sips a beer as he sits under a tree in the park. He is watching something.

TEMPLAR'S POV

Of LYDIA CARGER pushing PAOLO on the swings. PAOLO giggles and screams with delight as she pushes him higher.

TEMPLAR

He decides what to do. He flips his cell, dials. Beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

                                  TEMPLAR (into phone)  
                                  Hollis, it's Simon.

On TEMPLAR.

CUT TO:

EXT. APOLLYON IMPORTS - NIGHT

The lights are turned off one by one. Beat. EMPLOYEES exit the building. Cars pass in front of CAMERA. After the last car rolls by we see TEMPLAR standing across the street. He crosses the street to the building next door to APOLLYON. He moves to the front door of that building and starts working the lock with a thin pick. Beat. Several cars screech up to the building. ARMED MEN in masks grab TEMPLAR and throw him into the backseat of one of the cars.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

TEMPLAR struggles as a black hood is forced over his head. The cars tear off...BLACKNESS. And we,

CUT TO:

BLACKNESS and, oddly, really good music. Every few seconds we hear a LOUD CRAACK. The hood is pulled off. TEMPLAR squints in the light. He looks across the table in the booth in which he sits, hands bound behind his back. He recognizes the man sitting in front of him. Beat.

                                  TEMPLAR  
                                  Baldwin.

We are -

INT. THE SEPULCHRE - NIGHT

The kind of disco bar you wish more disco bars were like. Dark, sexy and resembling an absinthe hallucination. Music plays and dark sexual deals are made by the men and women who undulate in a pre-coital fertility dance near the DJ's booth. TEMPLAR is at a booth in the back and sitting across from BALDWIN ALEPPO. ALEPPO is 30's, handsome and of some murky Middle Eastern bloodline. He could be Lebanese, or Syrian, no one is sure and he encourages the confusion. He is brilliant, a bit high strung, prone to tantrums and slightly paranormally mystical. There is a plate of cooked chicken in front of ALEPPO. He finishes a drumstick then picks up a bonecutter and cuts the bone in half with the loud CRAACK we've been hearing.

                                  ALEPPO  
                                  The prodigal Saint returns to Berlin  
                                  to die.

TEMPLAR nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

                  TEMPLAR  
I don't know about that.

                  ALEPPO  
Oh, I do. I told you after you fucked  
me around and robbed me...that I  
would kill you on sight.

                  TEMPLAR  
Then why am I alive?

                  ALEPPO  
Foreplay. I love foreplay.

ALEPPO cracks another chicken bone. ALEPPO nods to one of  
his THUGS to uncuff TEMPLAR. TEMPLAR rubs his wrists.

                  ALEPPO (cont.)  
Give me your hand.

The THUG grabs TEMPLAR'S right hand and pins it to the top  
of the table. ALEPPO puts one of TEMPLAR'S fingers in the  
bonecutter.

                  ALEPPO (cont.)  
Downside is, after you're dead I  
won't have anyone to hate anymore.

                  TEMPLAR  
We were best friends, Baldwin.

                  ALEPPO  
Yeah, I know...what happened to that?  
Oh, right, you betrayed me and took  
my money. Seismic fuckin' shocker  
we no longer exchange Christmas cards.  
                  (readies to cut off  
                  finger)  
You're about to scream out loud.

TEMPLAR looks at the bonecutter...ALEPPO readies to cut the  
finger off...as he begins to apply pressure to the bonecutter.  
TEMPLAR stares straight into ALEPPO'S eyes. ALEPPO puts his  
shoulders into it and then a sickening...CRAAAACK-SNAP.  
TEMPLAR is breaths fast and deep. ALEPPO laughs...WE SEE  
THAT ALEPPO snapped another chicken bone...not TEMPLAR'S  
finger.

                  TEMPLAR  
You savage fucker.

                  ALEPPO  
Yeah.

ALEPPO now firmly puts TEMPLAR'S index finger into the blades  
of the bone cutter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEPPO (cont.)  
Count to nine.

ALEPPO'S going to do it. As he presses down...

TEMPLAR  
Damascus.

ALEPPO stops.

ALEPPO  
What did you say?

TEMPLAR  
I'm here about what happened in  
Damascus two days ago.

ALEPPO  
What do you know about what happened?

TEMPLAR  
Saladin's treasure was stolen.

ALEPPO'S rage peaks.

ALEPPO  
Get up. You motherfucker, get up.

TEMPLAR stands. The THUG grabs TEMPLAR.

ALEPPO (cont.)  
My office.

As they walk away from the table,

CUT TO:

INT. ALEPPO'S OFFICE/THE SEPULCHRE - NIGHT

The office is on the second floor with a huge one way window looking down at all the great debauchery occurring below in the bar. The doors blow open and ALEPPO leads TEMPLAR and the thug into the room. The THUG leaves. ALEPPO goes to the bar, still irrationally pissed off.

ALEPPO  
What are you drinking?

TEMPLAR  
What do you think?

ALEPPO pours whisky...he spills one and throws the glass into a mirror. He picks up another glass and throws against the wall as well. He's having a bit of a fit.

TEMPLAR (cont.)  
You all right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEPPO

I've been looking forward to killing you all day and that got all fucked up. Thanks.

ALEPPO walks over to TEMPLAR and hands him three whiskies.

TEMPLAR

You remembered.

ALEPPO shrugs. TEMPLAR slams the first one.

ALEPPO

What did you do with the money you stole from me? What did you do with the two million?

TEMPLAR

I gave it away.

ALEPPO closes his eyes tightly and he winces.

ALEPPO

That's a worse answer than if you'd said you'd spent it on young boys and candy.

TEMPLAR

Sorry.

ALEPPO

It's not as easy you think - wanting to kill your best friend.

TEMPLAR

I warned you it would happen. I told you that I would have to get in the way. Those were Corsican mobsters you were dealing with. You were acting like the Arab Scarface and you were going to get killed.

ALEPPO

So, you were doing me a favor.

TEMPLAR

Yes.

ALEPPO

I still want you dead.

TEMPLAR

Get in line.

ALEPPO

What's this about Saladin's chest? Do you know what is inside of it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

                  TEMPLAR  
Tony Bennett's heart?

                  ALEPPO  
You ass.

                  TEMPLAR  
The True Cross...or so they say.

                  ALEPPO  
Yes. And do you know that thirteen  
clerics were murdered during the  
raid?

                  TEMPLAR  
No. I didn't know that.

                  ALEPPO  
You want the cross for yourself.  
You want to be a God, eh?

                  TEMPLAR  
No. The Cross doesn't interest me.  
The man who stole it has something  
else that I want.

                  ALEPPO  
Something more valuable than the  
True Cross?

                  TEMPLAR  
Immeasurably.

                  ALEPPO  
Well, I want it.

                  TEMPLAR  
To profit from it.

                  ALEPPO  
No. To return it to the mosque. I  
can just imagine the cowboy Americans  
using it to further the holy wars.  
We don't need more crusades in the  
Middle East, Simon.

                  TEMPLAR  
What do you need?

                  ALEPPO  
Privacy.  
(beat)  
What do you need from me?

                  TEMPLAR  
A diversion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEPPO  
(thinks)  
Downstairs you said you came here  
because of the chest.

TEMPLAR  
I know.

ALEPPO  
And yet you're willing to give it to  
me?

TEMPLAR  
Yeah. I lied.

ALEPPO shrugs, "oh, right, that's what you do."

ALEPPO  
When do you need this diversion?

TEMPLAR  
In fifteen minutes.

As they finish their drinks,

TEMPLAR (cont.)  
You should bring some of your guns.

On TEMPLAR.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

EXT. APOLLYON IMPORTS - NIGHT

All quiet on the German front. Several ARMED GUARDS patrol the perimeter of the building. TWO GUARDS stop to talk and smoke. All is calm. All is bright. Beat. Tires screech from down the street. Then an SUV comes screaming around the corner, the side window is down and the passenger is shooting at...The Mercedes which comes screaming around the corner behind it. The passenger in the Mercedes shoots wildly at the SUV. Glass and windshields shatter. The GUARDS all run up to see the chase. The Mercedes side swipes a parked car. The SUV accelerates, tearing ass towards the building. More shots. Then the SUV starts to careen...and SMASHES into the side of a parked car. The hood pops off. The occupants of the SUV get out and duck behind another car. The Mercedes skids to a sideways stop and the occupants of that car get out and start shooting like cowboys at the guys from the SUV. The GUARDS hold their weapons...unsure of whether to enter the fray or stand back...but the violence of this spectacle has them entranced.

INT. APOLLYON IMPORTS - CONTINUOUS

The sound of gunfire and bullets peppering cars and buildings outside can be heard. The GUARD inside looks out the window as a bullet shatters the window next to him. He looks over at the steel bar enclosure in the corner of the warehouse floor. Then something tweaks him. He looks up into the darkness of the ceiling above him...and out of the darkness, swinging from a climber's line comes TEMPLAR who smashes straight into the GUARD...knocking him to the floor, knocking out his teeth and knocking him out cold. TEMPLAR drops the rope, grabs the GUARD'S gun and races over to the steel barred enclosure. TEMPLAR sees a small chest covered in a tarp. The Gunfire outside begins to dissipate. SIRENS are heard closing in. Time's running out. TEMPLAR'S working fast. He can hear the GUARDS outside approaching. He removes and fires up a mini-acetylene torch and begins to melt the lock housing. Beat. The lock turns to bright red liquid metal and drips to the floor. TEMPLAR runs into the enclosure, rips the canvass off the chest and picks the chest up. As he runs out of the enclosure he sees a separate timer counting down to none...TEMPLAR wraps his arms around the chest to protect it and dives to the ground.

EXT. APOLLYON IMPORTS - CONTINUOUS

Beat...and as the GERMAN POLICE descend...a HUGE EXPLOSION blows out the entire bank of first floor window. All the doors are blown off their hinges and the cars in front of the building all explode as if on cue.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. APOLLYON IMPORTS - NIGHT

FIRE BRIGADES are mopping up the remaining embers. The destruction is bad but not total.

INT. APOLLYON IMPORTS - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON CARGER...PULL BACK TO REVEAL the object of his focus.

THE STEEL BAR ENCLOSURE

His prize is gone. The floor of the warehouse is in cinders. CARGER tugs on TEMPLAR'S rope which survived and still hangs from the rafters and the window from which TEMPLAR entered this hallowed ground. He turns to WELLS who stands at his side...and walks out.

CUT TO:

FADE IN:

EXT. ROOFTOP/CARGER TOWNHOME - NIGHT

The view across Berlin is stunning. PULL BACK to reveal CARGER. It was his gaze we were sharing. WELLS stands nearby. They've been up all night and only just arrived at CARGER'S. The crazed look of dementia overwhelms CARGER'S face.

CARGER

So...There are no figments if the imagination. No man behind the curtain, and there's no doubt that we are not alone. There are only certainties, truths and harsh realities. The Saint was in my house. In my closet. He's been to my Eagle's Nest and he's stolen my winning lottery ticket.

(beat)

How much did the security you installed cost again?

WELLS

Twelve million dollars.

CARGER

Twelve MILLION dollars. Not your money, of course.

WELLS

No.

CARGER

No. Are your affairs in order?

WELLS

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARGER

Good. Wouldn't want your wife on  
the street having to fuck strangers  
for diapers and Cheerios, would we?

CARGER opens a box, takes out a cigar and lights it. WELLS  
reaches inside of his coat. CARGER pulls a gun from his  
jacket.

CARGER (cont.)

It's right here.

CARGER points the gun at WELLS. As CARGER is about to  
continue there is a TAP-TAP. They turn to see LYDIA CARGER,  
wearing only nothing at the sliding glass door. She curls a  
finger to beckon CARGER inside.

CARGER (cont.)

And then there's that.

CARGER sets his cigar down and heads toward his sexual  
destiny.

CARGER (cont.)

Jasper, who's the first person you're  
going to look up in the after-life?

WELLS

Sir...

BOOM...CARGER blows a hole in WELLS'S chest. WELLS falls  
dead upon the slate tile. CARGER opens the glass door.

CARGER

Honey, I'm home. Assume the position.

As WELLS bleeds,

CUT TO:

EXT. GLOSTEN STRASSER - DAY

PATRICIA HOLM walks past a store front. As a cab passes she  
sees a MAN standing across the street...staring at her. The  
stare incites a certain nervousness and dread in HOLM and  
she crosses the street, walking quickly. She looks behind  
her. Nothing. She looks again. The MAN is back there.

ALDEN STRABE

HOLM gets to the busy taxi stand in front of the Westin  
Berliner Hotel. She looks back. The MAN is gone. She turns  
and hails a cab. An empty cab pulls right up to her. As  
she is about to open the door,

MAN (o.c.)

Allow me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLM turns with a start as the MAN who has been following her opens the door of her cab. The MAN is scary, his smile devoid of warmth or sincerity. HOLM gets in the cab and watches the MAN fade into the distance as the cab drives away.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SEPULCHRE - DAY

ALEPPO sits with his bandaged THUGS, drinking a translucent green liquid out of small crystal snifters... and then chased with beers. ALEPPO drinks with anger.

THUG  
He's not gonna show.

ALEPPO  
Shut up.

THUG  
We shot a thousand rounds at each other last night. And now he's going to run on you again.

ALEPPO  
Every word out of your mouth adds to this curse. You have to have a little faith.

THUG  
In Simon Templar? Are you serious?

ALEPPO realizes the lunacy of that idea.

ALEPPO  
Right.

ALEPPO dials his cell.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY/BRANDENBURGER HOF - DAY

TEMPLAR gets off the elevator and runs down to his room. As he gets there he sees the door is open.

TEMPLAR  
Patricia...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

TEAL, standing at the desk, turns as TEMPLAR walks in.

TEMPLAR  
Morning, Claude.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEAL  
Miss Holm isn't here.

TEMPLAR  
Really.

TEAL  
Why do look surprised? Let me rephrase. Why do you look panicked?

TEMPLAR  
She's a big girl. She comes and goes as she pleases.

TEAL  
Quite a blitz on Carger's warehouse last night.

TEMPLAR  
Really? Did you get him? Well done, Claude.

TEAL, pissed, throws the papers in his hands to the floor.

TEAL  
The only reason I'm not certain it was you last night is that the job was so loud and clumsy. And that there's no way anyone inside could survived the blast. You being alive is a confirmation and a disappointment to me.

TEMPLAR  
Then why are you here?

TEAL  
Because maybe I'm wrong.

TEMPLAR  
Claude...my only concern at the moment is leaving Berlin. Now, if you'd like to help me pack, great. Otherwise...Get out. We may be adversaries from time to time, but I've never wished you dead.

TEAL looks at TEMPLAR.,nothing's fitting. Then he leaves. TEMPLAR closes the door then bends over, his body collapsing. He removes his shirt to reveal burns and bruises all over his body. The pain is crushing. He crosses to his shaving kit, takes out a bottle of painkillers then pours a glass full of whisky. He swallows the pills and all of the whisky. Then his cell rings. He reads the number and anxiously picks up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Patricia.                   TEMPLAR (cont.)

No...                   CARGER (over the phone)

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. STABLES - DAY

CARGER sits on the fantail of a large boat on the Spree River in the middle of the city.

CARGER  
Patricia's unavailable. Patricia may be dead soon, in fact. I want to take you to lunch, Mr. Templar.

TEMPLAR  
Are you saying that you'd like to take our relationship to the next level.

CARGER  
Very much so. River Cafe. In fifteen minutes.

CARGER hangs up. He looks into the cabin of the boat where HOLM sits, bound and guarded by TWO new THUG ENFORCERS.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER CAFE - DAY

A gorgeous restaurant at the water's edge in the heart of the city. French doors are open to the water. The skyline of Berlin dominates the backdrop.

CARGER

Sits at a table on the patio inches from the water's edge. He pours a vodka a bottle on the table. He sips it. He looks out across the water.

CARGER  
Please. Sit.

CAMERA MOVES to reveal TEMPLAR standing there. TEMPLAR takes a seat. He turns over a glass and fills it halfway from the bottle of vodka. The men look at each other. A visual duel. Each wanting to kill the other but showing no cards. Faintly smiling, in fact.

CARGER (cont.)  
So, you are the Saint?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

                                TEMPLAR  
Disappointed?

                                CARGER  
You have no idea.

CARGER laughs, pouring on the charm.

                                CARGER (cont.)  
I had you pictured differently.

                                TEMPLAR  
How so.

                                CARGER  
Well, dead for one thing.

                                TEMPLAR  
I get that a lot.

                                CARGER  
Mister Templar, let's agree to obviate  
the need for good manners.

                                TEMPLAR  
Sure.

                                CARGER  
I'm on the clock and have very little  
time to fuck around. I want back  
what you've taken from me.

                                TEMPLAR  
Oh, you mean the Cross.

CARGER'S aorta cramps. He looks at TEMPLAR...deliberately,

                                CARGER  
Yes.

                                TEMPLAR  
You planning on laying siege to  
Antioch and Meggido?

                                CARGER  
I'm not that grand. It's a piece of  
fucking wood to me...solid platinum  
wood. I want the cash and to cash  
out. Now...let me describe the ordeal  
your whore has been through.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM/BRANDENBURGER HOF - DAY

HOLM enters the room and chains the door. She is relieved. She pours a drink and slams it..then takes off her clothes and enters,

INT. BATHROOM/BRANDENBURGER HOF - CONTINUOUS

HOLM runs a hot bath.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM/BRANDENBURGER HOF - MOMENTS LATER

HOLM slides into the steaming hot water. She takes a deep breath and closes her eyes. Beat. A FLOORBOARD CREAKS. HOLM sits up, scared. She looks at the bottom of the bathroom door...AND SEES A SHADOW PASS. Beat. The bathroom door is smashed in as THREE MEN enter and rush at HOLM who kicks and splashes water trying to defend herself. As she screams,

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER CAFE - DAY

CARGER shakes his head in wonder, referencing HOLM'S scream.

CARGER  
It was piercing, her scream. She put up a fight, but what can you do when you're naked and three, large, men descend upon you.

The inference is not lost upon TEMPLAR.

CARGER (cont.)  
She didn't have a chance.

TEMPLAR  
Is she alive?

CARGER  
Yes and for how long is up to you.

CARGER pours himself another drink. CARGER tosses a rag to TEMPLAR. TEMPLAR opens the rag...a bloody severed little finger is revealed.

TEMPLAR looks up at CARGER with death in his heart.

TEMPLAR  
You are the living dead.

CARGER  
So is she.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Beat. TEMPLAR is ready to dig CARGER'S fucking heart out of CARGER'S fucking chest. Beat.

TEMPLAR  
I was in Brisbane. I'm the one who  
rescued the children home.

CARGER  
And killed four of my guys.

TEMPLAR  
They didn't matter and neither do  
you.

CARGER  
What is it about children that makes  
people go limp. They're valuable so  
I sell them. End of story.

TEMPLAR  
You're not going to leave this table  
alive.

CARGER  
There are three guns aimed at your  
head.

TEMPLAR looks around and sees three of CARGER'S MEN sitting  
at nearby tables holding guns aimed at him. CARGER stands.

CARGER (cont.)  
You can have her back...tonight.  
Spree River Boat Basin. Ten o'clock.  
Bring me my chest intact, or I put  
her in a meat grinder.

CARGER leaves. ON TEMPLAR.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT SIX

ACT SEVEN

FADE IN:

EXT. BERLIN - EVENING

The city settles into nighttime.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SEPULCHRE - NIGHT

TEMPLAR strides into the bar. One of ALEPPO'S THUGS gets in TEMPLAR'S way. TEMPLAR sends an uppercut elbow to the THUG'S chin and the THUG goes down. TEMPLAR approaches the office door.

INT. ALEPPO'S OFFICE/THE SEPULCHRE - CONTINUOUS

TEMPLAR blows through the door. ALEPPO is at his desk drinking that greenish liquid again. He looks up, dull-eyed.

ALEPPO  
It wasn't locked.

TEMPLAR enters the room.

TEMPLAR  
I have a problem.

ALEPPO  
Interpol, the Berlin Police...?

TEMPLAR  
(cutting him off)  
No. You.

ALEPPO  
(burps)  
Me?

TEMPLAR  
I'm done worrying about you wanting to kill me. I'm done with the fact that you're too fucking ignorant to understand that the reason you're alive is because of what I did for you last year. Now...I need you to get the fuck out of my way for three more hours.

ALEPPO  
Saladin's chest.

TEMPLAR  
You can have it in three hours.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Another THUG enters the office with a gun. He points it at  
TEMPLAR.

ALEPPO  
What's going on?

On TEMPLAR.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. VOLVO - MOVING - NIGHT

TEMPLAR navigates the car off the main avenue and onto the  
ramp which leads to the boat basin on the Spree River.

TEMPLAR'S POV

Through the windshield WE SEE several cars parked near the  
water's edge and dark forms milling about in the dim light.

EXT. SPREE RIVER BOAT BASIN - CONTINUOUS

TEMPLAR parks the Volvo several yards away from the other  
cars. He gets out of the car with a black duffel and crosses  
toward the MEN. TWO THUGS walk right up to him and hit him  
in the face several times. TEMPLAR goes down... takes a  
breath and gets back to his feet. The THUGS drag him over  
to one of the cars. A back door opens and CARGER steps out.  
TEMPLAR begins to laugh to himself. CARGER looks at his  
THUGS "what's this?"

CARGER  
Educate me.

TEMPLAR  
It's nothing really. I just find it  
comical how you are under the  
impression that you have the upper  
hand. And that your men pack all  
the punch of a grandmother.

The THUGS look at each other. They are about to wail on  
TEMPLAR again...but CARGER stops them.

CARGER  
Open the bag.

The THUGS open the duffel and pull out...panties, a bra, a  
skirt, a blouse and a makeup bag. CARGER looks at TEMPLAR.

TEMPLAR  
Those are not mine.

CARGER charges TEMPLAR.

CARGER  
Where is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEMPLAR shoves CARGER back.

TEMPLAR  
Where is she?

CARGER  
You've no room to maneuver here,  
Saint. You are now the living dead  
now. Where is the Cross?

TEMPLAR  
The whaler across the river.

CARGER looks across the water and, indeed, there is a fourteen  
foot Boston Whaler anchored on the other side of the river.

TEMPLAR (cont.)  
It's under the center console, locked  
in a kevlar box which is wired to  
ten pounds of symtech C-4 and some  
gasoline as a visual aid. There's a  
keypad...and a code...

CARGER turns to TEMPLAR and SHOOTS him in the shoulder.  
BEAT...TEMPLAR remains standing, strong, fearless.

TEMPLAR (cont.)  
You missed.

TEMPLAR bleeds. CARGER is about to shoot again... when  
another boat pulls up the dock. We see ALEPPO at the helm.  
He waves to TEMPLAR.

TEMPLAR (cont.)  
Put her on that boat. I'll give you  
the code and we can all go home.

CARGER  
You may save her life, but you are  
never going home.  
(to THUGS)  
Lock him up.

The THUGS tie TEMPLAR'S hands together.

CARGER (cont.)  
Get her.

The THUGS cross to one of the sedans. They pop open the  
trunk and pull HOLM from the abyss. CARGER nods for them to  
take her to ALEPPO'S waiting launch. As she passes TEMPLAR  
she tears up a bit.

HOLM  
I'm sorry.

TEMPLAR, steel-eyed, shakes his head and looks down and away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCK

The THUGS walk HOLM down the dock. ALEPPO helps her aboard his launch. The THUGS get on the launch as well.

TEMPLAR AND CARGER

Watch the launch speed toward the whaler.

WHALER

As ALEPPO pulls up next to it. The THUGS board the whaler and ALEPPO guns the launch, disappearing up river.

TEMPLAR AND CARGER

CARGER jams the barrel of his pistol into the back of TEMPLAR'S head.

CARGER

Why would you save her if you couldn't look at her?

TEMPLAR

She's my killer. Not you.

CARGER

You know what Sonny Barger said about women..."can't live without 'em, can't use their bones for soup."

CARGER kicks TEMPLAR in the back of his legs. TEMPLAR falls hard to his knees.

CARGER (cont.)

You should be thinking of what you'll say when you see Him.

TEMPLAR

Who?

CARGER

Him.

TEMPLAR

I'm not saying a word. But He owes me a goddamn explanation.

WHALER

The THUGS open a hatch on the center console. They see a locked box and a timer keypad attached to a bundle of explosives. They look up and across the water to CARGER.

TEMPLAR AND CARGER

CARGER shoves TEMPLAR.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

                          TEMPLAR (cont.)  
The code is...six...six...six.  
                          (beat)  
                          Couldn't help myself.

CARGER flips his Nextel...

                          CARGER (into phone)  
Six, six, six.

WHALER

One of the THUGS keys in the code...beat. The LED lights on the keypad start blinking fast. The THUG loses his breath.

TEMPLAR AND CARGER

TEMPLAR pipes in.

                          TEMPLAR  
No, wait. It's Star, six, six, six.

                          CARGER (into phone)  
Hold on, hold on! Wait! It's Star,  
six, six, six.

                          TEMPLAR  
Glad I caught that.

WHALER

The THUG quickly enters the new information...then sighs with relief as the LED goes blank. The THUG flips his phone open as the other THUG picks up the box.

                          THUG  
That was it. We have it.

TEMPLAR AND CARGER

CARGER breathes deep and pulls the hammer back. As CARGER pulls the trigger -

WHALER

The LED keypad on the explosives...COMES TO LIFE...IN AN ESCALATING BEEPING TONE. The THUG carrying the box screams. BEAT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEMPLAR AND CARGER

To include the whaler in the background. TEMPLAR smiles at the THUG'S SCREAM. Then, as CARGER FIRES, THE WHALER explodes in a magnificently bright ball of white-hot magnesium flame. The concussion causes CARGER to miss the back of TEMPLAR'S head. TEMPLAR rolls to his side, slides his bound arms beneath his legs, stands and turns as CARGER fires again. The SHOT misses TEMPLAR who descends, hands still bound, upon CARGER in a flurry fists and feet. TEMPLAR throws a two-fisted haymaker which crushes CARGER'S jaw. CARGER stumbles back, firing wildly. TEMPLAR sends a round-house kick to CARGER'S throat. CARGER falls back to the ground...TEMPLAR stands over him...CARGER raises the gun and aims for TEMPLAR'S head...CLICK. Empty clip. TEMPLAR lays into CARGER beating him mercilessly.

The final punch causes CARGER'S face to cave in. TEMPLAR pulls a knife from his boot and prepares to kill CARGER. A GUNSHOT...

TEAL (o.c.)

Hold it!

WIDER

TEMPLAR turns to see TEAL standing there with a gun aimed at him. TEMPLAR still has the knife raised.

TEAL (cont.)

Put it down, Simon.

TEMPLAR...breathing hard, bleeding hard and just kind of fucking "over it." Brings the knife down fast and precisely driving the blade deep into CARGER'S shoulder. CARGER screams. Beat. TEMPLAR looks at TEAL.

TEMPLAR

I owed him that.

TEAL, gun still trained on TEMPLAR, helps him to his feet. SIRENS descend from all points. TEAL looks at TEMPLAR and then CARGER who writhes and bleeds on the ground.

TEMPLAR (cont.)

Any chance we can just let him die?

TEAL

A file was anonymously left, again, in my secure account. It contained evidence tying Carger to an assault on a mosque in Damascus.

(beat)

And where I could find him tonight.

TEMPLAR

That's great news, Claude.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEAL stares straight at TEMPLAR.

TEAL  
Simon.

TEMPLAR  
Don't bother, it's okay. It's the  
way it ended up this time.

TEMPLAR holds out his bound hands.

TEMPLAR (cont.)  
He gift wrapped me for you.

TEAL  
I don't want to do this.

TEMPLAR  
I don't see how you can't. I'm sorry.

SIRENS are getting closer.

TEAL  
No. I mean I don't want to do this.

Beat. TEAL holsters his pistol. He puts a foot on CARGER'S  
throat and wrenches the knife out of CARGER'S shoulder.  
Then moves back to TEMPLAR...and cuts him free. TEMPLAR is  
kind of shocked but maybe counted on this. Beat.

TEAL (cont.)  
Get out of here.

TEMPLAR heads over to his car. As he opens the door,

TEAL (cont.)  
Simon...

TEMPLAR turns.

TEAL (cont.)  
Thank you for the flowers.

TEMPLAR holds for a moment.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. TEAL HOME - DAY

TEAL walks in the door. MRS. TEAL, dressed in a bathrobe,  
cries happy tears as she holds an enormous bouquet of flowers.  
TEAL is caught off guard.

MRS. TEAL  
Thank you, Claude...thank you for  
remembering. Oh god, my darling,  
thank you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEAL embraces his wife. He looks down at the table where the card lays that came with the flowers. It reads - HAPPY BIRTHDAY, MY DARLING WIFE...ALL OF MY HEART AND LOVE, CLAUDE. At the bottom is...THE STICK figure of THE SAINT. MRS. TEAL breaks the kiss, opens her robe and lets it fall to the floor. MRS. TEAL is dressed in only fantasy panties...which she wears very, very well. As she pulls TEAL toward the bedroom,

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. SPREE RIVER BOAT BASIN - NIGHT

TEAL looks at TEMPLAR and TEMPLAR back at him.

TEAL  
Another day, then.

TEMPLAR  
Another day.

They share a quick nod and smile which does not pretend to be anything other than a short pause in the adversarial nature of their relationship. As TEMPLAR gets into his car, TEMPLAR drives away. ROBBIE ROBERTSON'S COYOTE DANCE plays.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SEPULCHRE - NIGHT

MUSIC CONTINUES. TEMPLAR pulls up in the Volvo. ALEPPO is outside waiting for him. TEMPLAR gets out.

TEMPLAR  
Thank you, my friend.

ALEPPO  
What else could I do?  
(beat)  
Where is it.

TEMPLAR pops the trunk. They look at the chest.

ALEPPO (cont.)  
It was in your trunk the whole time?

TEMPLAR  
Hide in plain sight. They never  
would have thought to look in there.  
So... It's your now.

ALEPPO makes a move to take the chest then stops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEPPO

As one fallen Muslim to a one fallen catholic...I don't think buried in the doorway of a mosque is the proper place for this. Doesn't feel right.

(beat)

I mean. His life and his death weren't about the blood shed in his name today...or even back then.

TEMPLAR

Nope.

ALEPPO

Somewhere neutral.  
(looks at TEMPLAR)  
Okay?

TEMPLAR

Okay.

As they get in TEMPLAR'S Volvo,

CUT TO:

INT. TEMPLAR LODGE - NIGHT

MUSIC CONTINUES. MCARTHY opens the front door and TEMPLAR and ALEPPO enter, each carrying one end of the chest. MCARTHY leads them to the front of the lodge where under the altar a stone pit has been dug out. They lay the chest into the pit. Then TEMPLAR and ALEPPO each fill the pit with stones...burying the chest.

MCARTHY slides the final heavy marble slab over the top. CAMERA MOVES IN SLOWLY to the spot where the CROSS has been buried. Then...

WIDER

EVERY CANDLE IN THE CHURCH suddenly lights up. ALEPPO and TEMPLAR look at each other...and shake hands.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BERLIN - DAWN

Pre-dawn, actually. TEMPLAR, in long lens solitude, approaches. Hands dug deep into his pockets like the black and white of James Dean in Times Square in winter of 1954.

TEMPLAR

Shoulders hunched against an early morning chill. He passes an alley. He stops and looks. Far down the alley a man stands in the middle...looking back at him. TEMPLAR stares at the man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEMPLAR'S POV

The Man waves. Is this Man the Carpenter from Bethlehem, That he met? It could be. The face is the same. It is.

TEMPLAR

Waves back.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM/BRANDENBURGER HOF - DAWN

TEMPLAR sits on the edge of the bed. HOLM lies under the covers, recovering from her ordeal.

TEMPLAR

Thing is...I waved with the shoulder that got shot.

TEMPLAR pulls back his coat to reveal a bandage with a bloodstain. He pulls back the bandage. The bullet wound is almost healed. TEMPLAR looks at HOLM.

TEMPLAR (cont.)

That's not right, right?

HOLM

There are forces at work around you, Simon. Unseen forces. And whether you recognize them or not, they are there.

TEMPLAR

I don't have time to believe in the invisible. I'm booked.

HOLM

Maybe they're not invisible. Maybe we're blind.

TEMPLAR

Did they hurt you?

HOLM

Yes.

TEMPLAR checks her hands. All the fingers are there.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. PATIO - CARGER TOWNHOME - DAY

FLASHBACK. Fresh from servicing his sexually feral wife, CARGER walks back out to the patio and stands over Wells's dead body. He produces a bone scissors, bends down, selects a dead digit and cuts it off of Wells's icy hand.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM/BRANDENBURGER HOF - DAWN

TEMPLAR kisses her hand.

TEMPLAR  
Are you all right?

HOLM  
Yes.

TEMPLAR  
Are you sure?

HOLM  
Yes.

TEMPLAR works for the words that aren't always there.

TEMPLAR  
I'm no good at this, Patricia.

HOLM  
Yes, you are.

TEMPLAR  
No. I mean I'm no good at you.

HOLM smiles, pats his arm.

HOLM  
You're leaving.

TEMPLAR  
How did you know?

HOLM  
Your shoes gave you away.

TEMPLAR looks at them.

TEMPLAR  
They don't fit right.

HOLM  
You've had them for years.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

                  TEMPLAR  
I know, but something changed and  
they feel uncomfortable now.

                  HOLM  
Give them time.

                  TEMPLAR  
I've committed years to these shoes.  
Honestly. How much time does it  
take? I should pitch them.

                  HOLM  
But, I bought them for you. You  
love them.

                  TEMPLAR  
I do.

                  HOLM  
So, you're going to keep them.

                  TEMPLAR  
Forever.

HOLM smiles, peacefully preserved and loved. TEMPLAR strokes  
the underside of her forearm.

                  TEMPLAR (cont.)  
It's costly all this, you know.

                  HOLM  
I know.

TEMPLAR stands.

                  TEMPLAR  
I won't be back for a while.

HOLM turns onto her stomach and holds her pillow.

                  HOLM  
I can wait.

HOLM watches TEMPLAR walk away. MOVE IN ON HOLM'S beautiful  
face, a faint smile. A shadow.

WIDER

As TEMPLAR lies down in bed next to her and holds her in his  
arms.

                  TEMPLAR  
You shatter me.  
(beat)  
Move over, will you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She kisses his cheek and he turns to her and kisses back.  
As they heal LET IT BLEED FADES IN,

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL HOME - NIGHT

MUSIC CONTINUES. No traffic. A lone light pole at the end of the street. The home is modest, plain and dark, save for a light in the living room. We are at the end of the dirt path leading to the front door. WE, as POV, walk up the dirt path toward the front door. POV gets to the door. A small hand knocks on the door. Beat. The door opens. It is SIRI. She looks down at the visitor at her door. MUSIC STOPS.

FRONT DOOR

As SIRI explodes in tears of joy and bends down to hold PAOLO. PAOLO grabs his mother so tightly...he remembers. SIRI cannot believe that she is once again holding the reason for her living. She looks up into the darkness.

TEMPLAR

URNS FROM CAMERA on the cut and walks away toward the street light. The door to the woman's house closes. As TEMPLAR steps beneath the light... A FAINT HALO APPEARS over his head. Indeed. FREEZE FRAME... GREEN DAY'S LIVE VERSION OF JESUS OF SUBURBIA erupts... And we,

FADE OUT:

THE END