

THE SAINT

Written by

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Based on the character THE SAINT created by Leslie Charteris

SECOND DRAFT
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THE SAINT

TEASER

EXT. SAN DIEGO - GRAND DEL MAR RESORT - DAY

FADE IN: FLYING LOW over green hills bathed in golden sunshine. Is this Tuscany? Nope, San Diego. We soar over a lush GOLF COURSE to reach the GRAND DEL MAR RESORT. We angle for a top floor TERRACE outside the PRESIDENTIAL SUITE.

We find TWO MEN. A professional BODYGUARD and his CHARGE: a well dressed, if slightly nerdy man: **ARNIE VALECROSS** (30's). An accounting wizard for the New York City branch of BICI, a global investment bank. He's on a CELLPHONE --

ARNIE VALECROSS

I understand the allegations are serious, dear. But I assure you they have no basis in fact. I'm not a thief. One more day of golf, and I'll be home. I love you too.

Arnie hangs up and steps to the railing, glancing at the score of BATHING SUIT CLAD WOMEN at the SWIMMING POOL below.

EXT. GRAND DEL MAR HOTEL - POOL - CONTINUOUS

With all the feminine skin and lycra clad curves enjoying the pool, one woman in particular manages to draw our attention --

PATRICIA HOLM (20's/30's) reclines on a chaise with her TABLET PC. She's beautiful, with a body that could free climb Half Dome and a brain that could hack into the Pentagon. Having just placed an order with a WAITER, Patricia steals an ACCESS KEY CARD off his belt as he goes.

Patricia's CELLPHONE RINGS. *Some might recognize the SEVEN NOTE ring tone.* She answers the call via BLUETOOTH HEADSET.

PATRICIA (INTO BLUETOOTH)

Valecross is in the Manchester Suite. Two bodyguards are with him at all times. There's a safe in the room. A Keller nine thousand.

As Patricia talks, she slides the KEY CARD into a custom slot built into her TABLET. Her fingers dance across the touch-screen, ACTIVATING SOFTWARE that strips the card of the data she needs to hack into the resort's security network --

-- THE SCREEN of Patricia's TABLET PC fills with streaming VIDEO FEEDS from every SURVEILLANCE CAMERA at the resort.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
 I'm tapped into resort security.
 (HEARS ENGINE and SIRENS)
 Are you in position? Simon?

SIMON (O.S.)
 I'm afraid not.

EXT./INT. SPORTY CONVERTIBLE - DRIVING - INTERCUTTING

ENGINE ROARING, a CAR races along a scenic COASTAL ROAD with a pair of POLICE CARS in PURSUIT, LIGHTS and SIRENS ablaze.

SIMON TEMPLAR (30's) drives with daredevil grace. He's a delightful rogue with a dark side you want no part of. To the lads, he's a handsome pal they'd be happy to grab a pint with. For the ladies, a knightly soul mate to die for.

As Simon brings Patricia up to speed via his BLUETOOTH, they share the flirtatious rapport of best friends and partners.

SIMON
 Do you know about this racing for pink slips deal? If you beat someone in a street race, you win their car. It's bloody brilliant. I love your country, Patricia!

Simon jinks around CARS, leading the cops on a merry chase.

PATRICIA
 Valecross has golf at nine. If you can't make that window, we should abort. The spa here has five stars. And I'd much rather get a massage than lead you into a trap.

SIMON
 A trap? Who says it's a trap?

PATRICIA
 I do. I have. Over and over. So many times now it's my new mantra.

SIMON
 Valecross stole millions of dollars from the pension fund of the NYPD, converted it all into diamonds, and is about to go on the run. I want those gems before he goes walkies.

PATRICIA
 Sometimes, your enthusiasm for a challenge tunnels your vision.

SIMON
It's called faith, darling. Carry
on. My arrival is imminent.

Simon BRAKES, lets the COP CARS pass, VEERS down an off-ramp.

PATRICIA
I'll be here. Getting fat.

As Patricia takes delivery of a MILK SHAKE from the returning Waiter, she slides the stolen KEY CARD back onto his belt.

-- **END INTERCUT.**

EXT. GRAND DEL MAR RESORT - MAIN DRIVE - DAY

No cops in sight, Simon pilots the car up to the lavish RESORT ENTRANCE. A helpful VALET moves to greet him --

VALET
Welcome to the Grand Del Mar
Resort.

SIMON
Keep it close, my friend.

VALET
Will you be staying long?

SIMON
Depends on your security.

As Simon strides into the RESORT, we CUT TO:

INT. GRAND DEL MAR RESORT - SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A pair of SECURITY GUARDS sit at a bank of SURVEILLANCE MONITORS. Behind them, a bored SECURITY BOSS works on a SUDOKU PUZZLE. WE PUSH CLOSE TO A MONITOR and reveal Simon entering the LOBBY of the Resort. MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. GRAND DEL MAR RESORT - POOL - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON Patricia's TABLET PC -- that same surveillance VIDEO of Simon in the lobby. PULL BACK TO REVEAL -- Patricia tracking him via her tap of the resort security system.

PATRICIA
Got your ears on, darling?

INT. GRAND DEL MAR RESORT - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Simon pops in a COVERT EARBUD --

SIMON
Just. Are you pool-side?

PATRICIA
Whenever possible.

As Simon walks across the lobby toward the pool, Arnie Valecross exits the ELEVATOR with a Bodyguard, who carries a bag of Golf Clubs. Simon reports to Patricia --

SIMON
Valecross is off to his tee-time.
But I only see one caddy in tow.

EXT. GRAND DEL MAR RESORT - POOL - CONTINUOUS

Patricia looks up at the terrace of the Manchester Suite, the second Bodyguard remains on duty.

PATRICIA
His number two is loitering on the terrace. One more reason to abort this wild goose chase.

INT. GRAND DEL MAR RESORT - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

SIMON
Or, confirmation there is something in that room worth protecting.

EXT. GRAND DEL MAR RESORT - POOL - CONTINUOUS

Simon passes a row of bathing beauties, but he only has eyes for one -- Patricia rises from her chaise to greet him. After a chaste euro-kiss on each cheek, she scolds him --

PATRICIA
Eyes up, partner.

SIMON
You don't make it easy, Ms. Holm.

PATRICIA
Save the cheek and get to work.

She gives him a SAFE CRACKING GADGET and HOTEL LAUNDRY BAG.

SIMON
Watch over me.

PATRICIA
Always.

INT. GRAND DEL MAR RESORT - GROUND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Simon steps to an ELEVATOR as the doors OPEN.

SIMON

In position.

EXT. GRAND DEL MAR RESORT - POOL - CONTINUOUS

Via her TABLET, Patricia freezes a SURVEILLANCE CAMERA'S IMAGE of the empty elevator. She makes a funny noise --

PATRICIA

Boop -- You're invisible.

INT. GRAND DEL MAR RESORT - GROUND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Simon enters the elevator with his laundry bag.

INT. GRAND DEL MAR RESORT - SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Security Guards are oblivious as the elevator carrying Simon to the upper floors looks to be empty.

INT. GRAND DEL MAR RESORT - UPPER FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Having changed his clothes, Simon exits the elevator dressed as a resort employee, he whips a small TRAY from under his jacket, two MINTS on top. As Simon walks the hallway he nods politely to a pair of HOTEL GUESTS.

SIMON

Which room am I going to?

EXT. GRAND DEL MAR RESORT - POOL - CONTINUOUS

Patricia follows Simon via VIDEO FEED on her Tablet.

PATRICIA

Two thirteen is below the terrace.

INT. GRAND DEL MAR RESORT - SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Security Boss looks up from his Sudoku, catching a glimpse of Simon in the hallway. The Boss flicks his eyes over to the empty elevator and goes back to his puzzle.

INT. GRAND DEL MAR RESORT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Simon reaches the door to room 213. He knocks.

SIMON

Housekeeping.

EXT. GRAND DEL MAR RESORT - POOL - CONTINUOUS

Via her Tablet, Patricia UNLOCKS the door to room 213.

INT. GRAND DEL MAR RESORT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Simon hears the door UNLOCK and enters.

INT. GRAND DEL MAR RESORT - GUEST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Simon hears a LADY singing in the shower, lifts a mischievous eyebrow, flicks the MINTS to the bed, goes for the terrace --

SIMON

The service elevator doesn't go to
the top?

PATRICIA

If it's a trap, there's no reason
to send you through the front door.

EXT. GRAND DEL MAR RESORT - POOL - CONTINUOUS

Patricia watches Simon step out onto the BALCONY of the Guest Room just below the TERRACE of the Manchester Suite. Without any hesitation, Simon swings over the railing and parkours up the side of the building. He's an incredible athlete.

PATRICIA

And I know how you love to climb.

Patricia realizes she's not the only one watching, a PUDGY BOY in swim trunks stands pool side, gazing at Simon's ascent. She explains away the showy behavior as --

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Room Service.

The Pudgy Kid smiles and jumps into the pool, splashing her.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Boys.

EXT. GRAND DEL MAR RESORT - TERRACE - CONTINUOUS

Simon swings up onto the terrace behind the Bodyguard and takes the guy down with a non-lethal sleeper hold. As Simon gently lowers the man to the ground --

SIMON

Sorry about the headache, mate.
Nothing a Bloody Mary won't fix.

INT. GRAND DEL MAR RESORT - MANCHESTER SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Simon enters, goes toward a PAINTING over the fireplace. He lifts the painting aside to reveal a WALL SAFE.

INT. GRAND DEL MAR RESORT - SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Security Boss looks up from his puzzle, glancing at the monitor of the second floor where Simon entered 213.

SECURITY BOSS

Where'd he go? That Bellhop who just went in two thirteen.

The Boss leans between the Guards and selects CAM POV'S.

EXT. GRAND DEL MAR RESORT - POOL - CONTINUOUS

Via Tablet, Patricia notes the shifting surveillance POV'S.

PATRICIA

Security is now running a manual scan. They may have your scent.

INT. GRAND DEL MAR RESORT - MANCHESTER SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Simon affixes a GADGET atop the safe's KEYPAD lock.

SIMON

Moments away.

The device runs through a series of numbers until... CLICK. Simon opens the unlocked safe to find a small JEWELRY BOX.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Hello, you promising little box.

PATRICIA

What's inside?

Simon uses a LOCK PICK to pop the box OPEN like a maestro -- he finds a small BROACH featuring a STICK FIGURE with a HALO, this little Saint is DIAMOND ENCRUSTED.

SIMON

I have good news and bad news.

EXT. GRAND DEL MAR RESORT - POOL - CONTINUOUS

PATRICIA

I was right, wasn't I? That's the good news and the bad news. Get out of there, Simon!

INT. GRAND DEL MAR RESORT - MANCHESTER SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Simon turns to find Arnie Valecross seated in a chair, his second Bodyguard is nearby, GLOCK .45 PISTOL in hand.

ARNIE VALECROSS

Mr. Templar, I thought being a master thief would require better situational awareness.

SIMON

I've been told my passion for a challenge can give me blind spots.

PATRICIA

It turns you into a moron.

SIMON

You've bling'd out my trademark.

PATRICIA

He's got one of your ego pins, doesn't he? Get out of there!

Simon casually pins the glittering STICK FIGURE onto his own lapel and eases his way closer to the armed Bodyguard.

SIMON

(re: diamonds)

Your misbegotten gains made liquid.

Simon has casually closed the gap to the Bodyguard --

SIMON (CONT'D)

Is it too flashy?

Simon angles the pin to reflect sunlight into the Bodyguard's eyes, distracting him long enough to disarm him. With a lightning fast swipe, Simon field strips the Glock down to its parts, and drops them all to the floor with a clatter.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Anyone who pulls a gun on me, better be quick on the trigger.

Simon drops the Bodyguard with a savage upper-cut, then gives him a swift and brutal kick -- knocking him out cold.

ARNIE VALECROSS

Marvelous! Thank you! Thank you!

SIMON

What? I just took out your guard.

ARNIE VALECROSS

My jailer, and executioner if I betray my employers. Which is my intention. When I get back to New York, we'll rendezvous in secret and bring them down, together.

SIMON

I seem to have missed a step. Who are we bringing down, together?

ARNIE VALECROSS

The bank I work for: BICI. It launders money for half the criminal syndicates in the world. When I figured that out, I knew I couldn't fight them alone, only the robin hood of modern crime could help me destroy them.

SIMON

Oh. So you're a fan boy.

As Simon considers this, poolside Patricia regards the CCTV IMAGES on her TABLET, noting the arrival of a government issue sedan at the resort entrance --

-- The trio of MEN exiting the car are F.B.I. AGENTS. In charge is **JOHN HENRY FERNACK** (40's), a hardened veteran of the Bureau's never ending war against organized crime. He's flanked by AGENT GARCES and AGENT RAILSBACK.

PATRICIA

Simon, some donut types in cheap suits just hit the resort. They're not dressed for a vacation.

Simon considers this news, asking Valecross --

SIMON

Mister Valecross, am I the only one you lured here?

ARNIE VALECROSS

No. I left bread crumbs for an F.B.I. Task Force, they cover organized crime in New York City.

SIMON

Law Enforcement and I rarely mix without conflict, so I'll be off.

Simon starts toward the terrace. Valecross follows --

ARNIE VALECROSS

When you contact me in New York,
don't let them see you. BICI's
security is heavy and always
watching. And keep the stones
safe, they are the key to my plan.

SIMON

Yes. Or, I may take them to
Amsterdam, sell them for cash, pop
ten percent off the top, send the
rest of the money back to the cops,
and take my gal pal to Bora Bora
for milkshakes under the sun.

Patricia finally chimes in via EARBUD --

PATRICIA

I like your plan better.

ARNIE VALECROSS

Wait... So you're not going to help
me? But... you're... the Saint.

SIMON

You Americans take everything so
literally.

There is a KNOCK on the DOOR of the SUITE --

AGENT FERNACK (O.S.)

Mister Valecross? Federal Agents.
Open the door, please.

SIMON

Just tell the Feds everything,
Arnie. They'll keep you safe.

And with that, Simon leaves Arnie behind and steps out --

EXT. GRAND DEL MAR RESORT - TERRACE - CONTINUOUS

As Simon moves to the railing, a HELICOPTER hovers down in
front of him. It's civilian, but the door of the passenger
bay is open to reveal a MAN with a .50 CAL HEAVY MACHINE GUN.

RAYT MARIUS (30's) has a weight lifter's physique, the
Devil's IQ, and a pathological drive to acquire money and
power through blood, sweat, and tears. With a taunting nod
to Simon, he pulls the trigger and OPENS FIRE -- Simon dives
back into the room to avoid the incoming stream of BULLETS!

INT. GRAND DEL MAR RESORT - MANCHESTER SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Simon tackles bewildered Arnie, getting him to safe cover behind a COUCH as the room is riddled with GUNFIRE.

As our hero endures, you should know that although Simon is a confident expert at many things, his face and body language do betray emotion: surprise, excitement, intense focus, and physical strain. The Saint is a master thief with guts, courage, and heart; but he is also a relatable human being.

After taking a moment to catch his breath, Simon rolls across the floor toward the disassembled handgun. Under heavy fire, he manages to reach the gun, puts it back together with blinding speed, slots the magazine home as he rises, takes aim at the axis of the chopper's rotor blades -- and SHOOTS, emptying the clip with rapid fire precision.

-- The helicopter is hit, it veers sharply, engine grinding, smoke pouring, a crash landing inevitable. Simon wheels to find Arnie has been shot in the gut and is bleeding out from a terminal wound. Simon goes to his aid --

ARNIE VALECROSS

I wanted to work with the Saint.

SIMON

Hold on, Arnie. Hold on!

ARNIE VALECROSS

... Take the pin to Isaac... forty-seven... the key is on my personal server... the nomad... my wife...

SIMON

I'll keep her safe, I swear to you.

Simon looks up as Agent Fernack and his two men BUST through the door of the suite, waving GUNS and yelling --

AGENT FERNACK

Show me your hands!

SIMON

This man needs help!

But when Simon looks back down, he sees Arnie is dead. Grim faced, Simon raises his hands in apparent submission.

EXT. GRAND DEL MAR RESORT - POOL - CONTINUOUS

GUESTS scrambling around her, Patricia is immobile, regarding the shredded suite, muttering a silent prayer, waiting for a long beat until -- Simon BOLTS from the suite and DIVES off the terrace into the Pool. Patricia smiles. Thank, God.

-- Simon exits at the shallow end, having shed his pants, he's now clad only in his black designer briefs. His body is ripped, chiseled, scarred in a few places. Patricia drapes him in a ROBE and they move to get the car.

SIMON

Rayt Marius was in the chopper.

PATRICIA

Next time I smell a trap, let's poke it with stick from next door.

INT. SPORTY CONVERTIBLE - DRIVING - DAY

EMERGENCY VEHICLES are arriving as Simon drives the car away from the Resort, Patricia beside him in the passenger seat, admiring the DIAMOND SAINT PIN.

SIMON

Big Apple here we come.

PATRICIA

Manhattan in December. Brrrr.

SIMON

Valecross started the game but I'm going to finish it for him.

PATRICIA

How much is it worth exactly?

SIMON

We know it's worth killing for.

They pass the GOLF COURSE where smoke rises above the green --

EXT. GRAND DEL MAR RESORT - GOLF COURSE - CONTINUOUS

-- Rayt Marius stands apart from the wrecked helicopter. He watches the car drive away and SPEAKS INTO A CELLPHONE:

RAYT MARIUS

Valecross is dead. But there's a problem... The Saint is on his way.

END OF TEASER.

ACT ONE**EXT. NEW YORK CITY - ESTABLISHING - DAY**

A PANORAMIC AERIAL SHOT, we're flying low over sparkling water, past THE STATUE OF LIBERTY toward downtown MANHATTAN. FOLLOW this with VARIOUS SHOTS of ICONIC NEW YORK: WALL STREET, CHINATOWN, LITTLE ITALY, HARLEM, THE EAST VILLAGE.

INT. NEW YORK HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Simon and Patricia enter the lobby --

SIMON

Pity that Doyle didn't pick us up at the airport. At least I got to practice my Urdu with the cabbie.

A HOTEL MANAGER/JAMES steps up to greet them --

HOTEL MANAGER/JAMES

Mister Templar, welcome back.

SIMON

Hello, James. I've picked up a new friend on the way, Patricia Holm.

PATRICIA

What a lovely hotel.

HOTEL MANAGER/JAMES

Mister Templar has high standards, my staff and I are proud he keeps a residence here.

(sighs dramatically)

Most of the time anyway...

OFF Simon's curiosity, PRELAP THUMPING TECHNO and CUT TO:

INT. THE SAINT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The MUSIC pumps LOUD. We're INSIDE as the door opens and Simon enters with Patricia. Simon TAPS on a wall mounted TOUCH-PAD, stopping the MUSIC. WE REVERSE TO REVEAL --

-- The well decorated apartment is in a post-party state. There are stacks of empty PIZZA BOXES, EMPTY BEER CANS and WINE BOTTLES. Various DENIZENS of NEW YORK sleep-off their hangovers on the floor and furniture.

-- A celebrity POKER GAME is in session. ADAM LEVINE, ROGER DALTRY, HEIDI KLUM and MYLEY CYRUS ad lib their card game as Simon and Patricia approach.

MYLEY CYRUS
Is that Simon Templar? What up!?

ROGER DALTRY
Hey, man. Haven't seen you since
we split that Calvados in Gstaad.

Simon politely introduces himself to Heidi Klum --

SIMON
Guten Tag, Frau Klum.

Heidi shakes his hand --

HEIDI KLUM
Are you a friend of Doyle's?

INT. THE SAINT'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Simon and Patricia enter a well appointed bedroom, they notice a pair of SHAPES UNDER the BEDSHEETS.

PATRICIA
Doyle?

Simon draws the covers back to unveil a pair of WOMEN, twin FASHION MODELS from Russia.

SIMON
Not Doyle.

Simon looks toward the adjacent sitting room where a well muscled and artful tattooed young MAN lays passed out on the floor, clad only in... nothing. He's bare-ass naked --

DOYLE COSENTINO (20's) is a handsome mutt, a bad-ass with the soul of an artist, born and raised on the streets of NYC. Near Doyle, is propped an amateur's IMPRESSIONIST PAINTING: *We can just identify the Russian Models and... a Tiger?*

PATRICIA
The cat's artistic license, right?

SIMON
In the past, I've found Doyle's imagination a bit limited.

As Patricia looks around nervously for signs of predatory cats, Simon picks a towel off a chair --

SIMON (CONT'D)
Wakey-wakey, Picasso.

Simon rouses Doyle with a rat tail SNAP to the ass -- Doyle spin-whips up onto his feet with an MMA Fighter's reflexes, takes a stance, ready to fight, recognizes --

DOYLE
Simon? I thought you were coming
back tomorrow?

SIMON
Cover-up. There's a lady present.

He chucks Doyle the towel, who wraps it around his waist.

PATRICIA
Hi.

Doyle is clearly enamored with Patricia's beauty.

DOYLE
Holler. Hey -- d'you wanna pose
for me? I've still got paint left.

Before Patricia responds, they all HEAR a ROAR from the other room. After a beat, Adam Levine pokes his head in the room --

ADAM LEVINE
I think tiger needs the bathroom.

INT. THE SAINT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

At the front door, the PARTY GUESTS exit, AD-LIBBING their good-byes. Russian Models included. We HEAR the Tiger ROARING in the hallway. Roger Daltry is last man out --

ROGER DALTRY
Simon, next time you're in London
will you come 'round the club?

SIMON
Only if you amend the rules to
admit women. Off you go.

Simon shuts the door and turns back to Doyle and Patricia --

SIMON (CONT'D)
Is her room prepared?

DOYLE
As requested, the closet's loaded
with couture ones and zeroes.

PATRICIA
I'll freshen up.

Patricia leaves Simon and Doyle alone amidst the party mess.

DOYLE
How go the travels?

SIMON
Eventful as ever. Be ready, our
pending local fun may get loud.

Simon pulls a BAG of ASIAN CANDY from his POCKET, tossing it to Doyle with a smile. Doyle is genuinely touched by this.

DOYLE
Wow. Thanks, boss. I'm sorry I
let your place get kind of trashed.

SIMON
Beats a tin shack on a pirate
infested island. Don't you think?

Simon heads-off toward his own bedroom. Leaving Doyle alone to ponder whether he's disappointed his friend.

INT. TIN SHACK - DAY - DOYLE'S FLASHBACK

A hovel in the South China Sea, FOUR PIRATES with ASSAULT RIFLES stand around a SMALL TABLE, forcing THREE disheveled CAPTIVES to PLAY EXECUTION MAHJONG.

When a player wins a point they must level a REVOLVER at an opponent, spin the CHAMBER, and pull the trigger. Yikes.

Doyle is a wreck as he plays the game beside a terrified ASIAN MAN (WONG). With the Pirates laughing and jabbering in guttural MANDARIN, Doyle lifts the revolver with a shaky hand, SPINS, and aims across the table at a third player --

-- Simon Templar stares back, intense, but calm.

SIMON
Go ahead, Yank. Pull the trigger.
It's empty. I've an ear for guns.

Doyle pulls the trigger and... CLICK. The disappointed Pirates urge them to resume play, betting on the outcome. When the next point is complete, Wong is the winner. He raises the gun, aims it at Doyle, SPINS the chamber... Wong and Doyle eye Simon for clues --

SIMON (CONT'D)
That one's gonna hurt.

-- The Pirates urge Wong to pull the trigger, Doyle prepares to die, just as Wong squeezes -- Simon flicks a MAHJONG TILE across the table, hitting the gun barrel to the side as it SHOOTs, the bullet takes out the Pirate behind Doyle.

-- As Simon, Doyle, and Wong ATTACK their enemies, WE CUT TO:

INT. THE SAINT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

BACK TO THE PRESENT. Simon and Patricia simultaneously return to the living room having cleaned up and wearing very NICE CLOTHES. They see Doyle has cleaned the place up.

PATRICIA

He's not such a bad housekeeper.

INT. HOTEL GARAGE - SIMON'S VEHICLES - DAY

Simon and Patricia pass a FANCY MOTORCYCLE, SEXY SPORTS CAR, and approach an L MODEL LUXURY SEDAN. It's just been washed, the doors are open as Doyle cleans it of junk food TRASH. A familiar Asian Gentleman Armor All's the tires. It's the Mahjong player: WONG, he AD-LIBS complaints in CANTONESE.

DOYLE

You tried to kill me, Wong. Now, pay me back in elbow grease.

MOMENTS LATER --

-- THE SEDAN pulls forward, Doyle at the wheel. Wong opens the back door for Patricia, she gets in. Simon enters on the other side. All the while Wong and Doyle ad-lib ARGUE.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Where to, boss?

SIMON

Diamond exchange on forty-seventh.

As the sparkling car pulls forward we CUT TO:

INT. DIAMOND MART - ISAAC THE JEWELER - DAY

CLOSE ON: A SPARKLING DIAMOND. The SAINT PIN is being scrutinized through a LOUPE by **ISAAC**, a Hasidic jeweler.

ISAAC

The quantity and grade bring the value to sixty three million. I know because I made it for Mister Valecross. I'm sorry for his passing. He was a good man.

SIMON

That amount is precisely what he stole from the NYPD Trust Accounts.

ISAAC

I don't know from stealing. I run a legitimate business.

SIMON

Of course you do, Isaac.

PATRICIA

Do we cash it out and give the money back to the Cops?

SIMON

Not until we know where it fits. Valecross had a plan to take down that corrupt bank. And he said he needed this to fight them.

ISAAC

This stone here, it's not mine.

Isaac holds up the PIN, showing Simon and Patricia how one of the diamonds is just a little bit different from the others.

SIMON

That is odd clarity.

ISAAC

Synthetic. Fake. Junk. P-tooey.

But Patricia notices something the other two don't --

PATRICIA

Synthetic? Yes. Junk? Hardly.

MOMENTS LATER --

-- WE'RE LOOKING AT a wall in Isaac's space, LASER LIGHTS shimmer and vibrate in odd patterns across the surface.

Simon and Isaac watch with interest as Patricia shines a small LASER LIGHT through the SAINT PIN's synthetic gem.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Holographic data crystal. I've only read about them. They can store millions of digital data bits in parallel.

ISAAC

I prefer real diamonds.

SIMON

How do we read what's on there?

PATRICIA

It's encrypted. We just need to find the right code, then program a laser to skip frequencies across the crystal in a specific pattern.

SIMON

We need the key.

PATRICIA

Right. Didn't Valecross tell you about having a key?

As Simon and Patricia head to the EXIT, Isaac indicates a DVD PLAYER Patricia dismantled to MacGyver the impromptu laser.

ISAAC

Who will fix my DVD player?

INT. THE SAINT'S LUXURY SEDAN - DRIVING - DAY

Doyle drives with the GIANTS GAME on the RADIO. In the back, Simon and Patricia discuss their next move --

SIMON

He said the key was on his personal server.

PATRICIA

Server? Not personal computer?

SIMON

No. Unless a nomad is a variety of computer that I've never heard of.

PATRICIA

A nomad is a special file. It doesn't live in one directory on a server. But in separate packets, each small enough to roam around the random access memory of multiple computers on the network.

SIMON

Is it the kind of file where one would hide a digital key?

PATRICIA

Abso-bloody-lutely.

SIMON

And how does one steal such a thing?

PATRICIA

Splice a bait box into the line, gather all the packets, I can recompile and decrypt off-site. But we've gotta find the network.

SIMON

He said it was personal.

Off SIMON WE CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - LUXURY APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A tower of luxury apartments. We spot Simon and Patricia standing inside a GLASS ELEVATOR, ascending the tower.

REALTOR

Our proximity to Wall Street does attract a very elite clientele.

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT BUILDING - GLASS ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Simon and Patricia regard the Big Apple with a REALTOR.

SIMON

I understand the apartment has yet to be listed.

REALTOR

Mrs. Valecross is still grieving the loss of her husband.

(whispers)

He was murdered last week.

PATRICIA

How tragic.

REALTOR

Are you in finance, Mr. Templar?

SIMON

Sometimes.

INT. VALECROSS APARTMENT - ENTRY HALLWAY - DAY

The Realtor leads Simon and Patricia inside. The place is lavishly decorated with all the trappings of wealth.

KATHERINE VALECROSS (40's) steps forward to meet the potential buyers. She is a beautiful and confident woman, in great shape, doing well at keeping her grief under wraps.

REALTOR

Katherine, I'm sorry for requesting a showing on such late notice --

SIMON

Simon Templar. My decorator and I are very sorry for your loss.

KATHERINE

It's been a wonderful home. I'm sure the bank will cut you a deal.

Katherine goes to a framed WEDDING PHOTO of her with ARNIE. There's something odd about seeing them as a pair, she's a hot older lady, and Arnie is a bit on the young nerdy side.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

Arnie may have been a thief, but he was kind to me, I loved him dearly.

REALTOR

We'll have a quick look around.

PATRICIA

Mind if we take some measurements?

KATHERINE

Please. Go right head.

A SERIES OF JUMP CUTS --

-- As Simon and Patricia tour the **DIFFERENT ROOMS**. They use **SMALL SCANNERS** to check all the **ELECTRONIC SYSTEMS** in the place for nomad sign: **COMPUTERS, STEREO, TV, ALARM SYSTEM**.

INT. VALECROSS APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Simon remotely scans a **LAPTOP** for the nomad, finds nothing. He **OVERHEARS** an **ARGUMENT** coming from the outer hallway --

KATHERINE (O.S.)

No. I told you I don't.

INT. VALECROSS APARTMENT - ENTRY HALLWAY - DAY

Simon enters the hallway to find Katherine Valecross is being intently questioned by a ruthless and nasty **MAN** in an expensive suit. **KAL BARKO** (20's) works for a corrupt bank.

KAL BARKO

The money is a rounding error.
Your husband stole trade secrets.
Information our bank cannot lose.

KATHERINE

Arnie never mentioned any of this.
Please, leave me alone. Please...

Barko grabs Katherine roughly by the arm.

KAL BARKO

It's not that simple.

Simon steps into the mix.

SIMON

Leaving isn't so hard. Here, let
me help you find the way down.

Simon grabs Barko in a discrete but excruciatingly painful
NERVE PINCH, and leads him to the elevator, shoving him
inside --

-- Barko stares at Simon for a beat, puts a CIGARETTE in his
mouth, and lights it with a ZIPPO lighter as the doors close.

SIMON (CONT'D)

And he smokes.

-- When Simon returns to Katherine's side, she seems grateful
for his chivalric action.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Who was that rude man?

KATHERINE

Kal Barko. Head of security for
BICI. The bank where Arnie worked.

Simon notices the Realtor and Patricia coming over. Patricia
shakes her head. Clearly, she's had no luck finding the key.

SIMON

I met Arnie before he passed. You
should know that his last thoughts
were for your safety.

KATHERINE

Were they? I hadn't realized I was
in danger. Apart from the
impending poverty, endless
lawsuits, and abject humiliation.

SIMON

Did Arnie mention any kind of key?
Maybe in a file called a nomad?

KATHERINE

I don't understand any of this.
Who are you?

SIMON

A good samaritan. I've dedicated
my life to battling injustice.

KATHERINE

Have you?

Katherine regards Simon warily. He offers her a BUSINESS CARD decorated with a simple LINE DRAWING of that HALOED STICK FIGURE along with a TELEPHONE NUMBER.

SIMON

My name is Simon Templar. Call me.

KATHERINE

If you're not out of here in thirty
seconds, I'm calling the police.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - LUXURY APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Simon and Patricia approach the Luxury Sedan, Doyle is leaning against the side. Eating a Sabrett HOT DOG.

PATRICIA

The cards and the pins are bad
enough, but when you give 'em that
good samaritan battling injustice
line, people think you're insane.

SIMON

Not all of them.

PATRICIA

Most. The women in particular.
They think you're hitting on them.

SIMON

I'm not. I'm trying to help them.
That's why I give them the card, if
they need help they can call me.

PATRICIA

If they need a quick snog, can they
call you for that too? Or is there
a different number for booty calls?

Doyle has the car door OPEN, talks with a full mouth --

DOYLE
Smile for the birdie.

A DARK GRAY SUV is parked across the street. This is the vehicle of THE STRIKE TEAM. Simon locks-eyes with a familiar man in the passenger seat: Agent John Henry Fernack.

INT. STRIKE TEAM SUV - PARKED - CONTINUOUS

At the wheel is Agent Railsback, Agent Garces is in back. Agent Fernack watches the SEDAN leave the curb.

AGENT FERNACK
He's gotta be in town for the money. We follow him right to it.

The SUV PULLS FORWARD, tailing the Saint's Sedan.

INT. THE SAINT'S LUXURY SEDAN - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

Doyle checks his mirror to confirm the SUV is following.

DOYLE
They're tailing us.

SIMON
The file's not at his house. Could it be on a personal server at work?

PATRICIA
Bank security would've found it. Valecross may have rented space at a private data center. There are only a few in the city.

SIMON
We'll check them out. But not with a Police escort. Patricia, how fast can you run in those heels?

INT. STRIKE TEAM SUV - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

Agent Fernack and his crew are surprised as Simon and Patricia bolt from the sedan, sprinting in opposite directions. Patricia runs barefoot, carrying her SHOES.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - CONTINUOUS

Agent Fernack and Agent Garces bail out of the SUV --

LT. FEREN
Keep after her!

-- Garces chases Patricia, Agent Fernack charges after Simon.

-- Simon bolts down an alley, takes a sharp turn at the corner, and darts into a LAUNDROMAT.

-- We wait for Agent Fernack to catch-up, he arrives at the end of the alley, looks in every direction.

-- Simon casually exits the Laundromat behind him, now wearing a BRIGHT RED HOODY and a YANKEES CAP.

-- Agent Fernack has no clue as Simon walks right up beside him, and deftly SWIPES his WALLET. As Fernack starts off in another direction, Simon casually takes a look in the wallet, notes the name --

SIMON

Pardon me, John Henry. Do you welcome everyone to Manhattan with an exhilarating foot chase?

-- Fernack turns, catches his wallet as Simon tosses it back. As Simon jogs away, Fernack realizes pursues.

-- Traffic has stopped as Simon darts into the street, making his way through the rows of parked cars, he moves over and around them with balletic fluidity. Reversing course several times to wear out his pursuer. Fernack struggles to keep up as Simon makes a fast break toward a SUBWAY ENTRANCE --

INT. SUBWAY STATION - ESCALATOR - CONTINUOUS

-- Simon vaults onto the smooth section between the up and down escalators and slides his way down to the MEZZANINE. Agent Fernack tries to catch up, going down the escalator.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - MEZZANINE - CONTINUOUS

Simon hops off the escalator, moves through the CROWD, SWIPES a TICKET from a dawdler and passes through a TURNSTILE.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Simon arrives on the platform, notes a distant light in the tunnel indicating a TRAIN headed into the station, but his pursuers will arrive before it does. Simon continues along the platform, gaining distance, buying himself some time.

-- Agent Fernack reaches the platform and scans for Simon. A series of POPS as Fernack turns his head -- He doesn't notice Simon, hiding in plain sight camouflage, blending in with VARIOUS COMMUTERS -- Simon has his arm around an attractive YOUNG WOMAN. Simon argues with an OLD MAN about Baseball. Simon on a bench, playing a BUSKER's VIOLIN.

-- The train has arrived, doors open, people get aboard.
Agent Fernack scans, notes Simon getting onto the train.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Agent Fernack hops aboard as the train doors close. He makes his way toward Simon as the train pulls from the station --

AGENT FERNACK

Gotcha.

SIMON

Have I done something wrong?

AGENT FERNACK

You're a wanted person of interest
in the murder of Arnold Valecross.

SIMON

Am I? It could just as easily have
been my murder.

AGENT FERNACK

Tell me all about in custody.

SIMON

I'm afraid I just can't oblige.
There are too many badge branded
fellows looking to extradite me
over various... misunderstandings.

AGENT FERNACK

I'm bringing you in...

SIMON

Templar. Simon Templar.

AGENT FERNACK

You're under arrest.

Agent Fernack pulls his GUN. The COMMUTERS in the car SCREAM and move out of the way. Simon DISARMS Fernack instantly-- only to have Fernack pull a SECOND GUN! Simon takes this one too, only to have Fernack pull a BACKUP GUN from his ankle holster! Sheesh! Simon takes this one too, and then HANDCUFFS FERNACK to a POLE with the Agent's own cuffs.

SIMON

You only have two hands. Are three
guns really necessary?

AGENT FERNACK

This goes far beyond a
misunderstanding.

SIMON
We want the same thing, John Henry.

AGENT FERNACK
What's that?

SIMON
Justice.

AGENT FERNACK
You have an odd way of going after
it, thief.

SIMON
True. But it's the only way I know
how.

The subway pulls to a stop and the door OPENS -- Simon heads out onto the platform, leaving Fernack cuffed to the pole. As the subway train he's on pulls away, Fernack yanks at his cuffs, CLANGING them on the pole -- he's really pissed off.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - SIDEWALK - DAY

TRACKING TO FIND: One of PATRICIA'S SHOES lying on the sidewalk. Simon leans down, picks it up. Then stands to see Patricia being driven away in the Strike Team SUV. Caught. OFF Simon's stricken look, WE CUT TO: BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWO**EXT. NEW YORK CITY - POLICE STATION - DAY**

The Saint's luxury sedan stops curb side across the street from a lower west side PRECINCT.

INT. THE SAINT'S LUXURY SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

As Simon looks at the precinct, Doyle tells him --

DOYLE

That's where Agent Fernack runs his organized crime task force. Patsy will be inside. If his men took the diamonds off her, they'll be in the evidence room, upstairs.

SIMON

You know the place?

DOYLE

I've spent a few too many Saturday Nights in their taggers cage. Most of the unis know me so you're ridin' solo. How do you wanna get her out, boss?

SIMON

Pizza. I haven't had Ray's Pizza since I've been back in the city.

DOYLE

Closest Ray's is around the corner.

SIMON

My treat.

INT. NEW YORK POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Patricia sits alone, handcuffed to a metal table, wearing only one shoe. She tries to wriggle from her cuffs, twisting her wrists. She fails. Agent Fernack enters, lays a recently printed DOSSIER on the table in-front of Patricia.

AGENT FERNACK

I'm Special Agent John Henry Fernack.

PATRICIA

Hello, Agent. I've lost my shoe.

AGENT FERNACK

But you're no princess. I just spoke with Inspector Teal of Scotland Yard. He gave me all the poop on you and your stealer buddy.

PATRICIA

You said poop.

AGENT FERNACK

Are you gonna flip me attitude, like your pal?

PATRICIA

I may try to make you smile.

AGENT FERNACK

Won't happen. Not until I find out where Arnie Valecross stashed the seventy million bucks he stole from the NYPD's retirement fund.

INSERT: THE DIAMOND SAINT PIN in the EVIDENCE ROOM of the Precinct. *Fernack has no idea the money is right above him.*

AGENT FERNACK (CONT'D)

Ms. Patricia Holm, your last legit job was working information systems for a defense contractor in the middle east. Is that where you met, Simon Templar?

EXT. IRAQI DESERT - DAY - PATRICIA'S FLASHBACK

Patricia rides in the back of a terrorist PICKUP TRUCK driving across the sand. Her face is dirty, hair matted, she wears a filthy jumpsuit. Looking like a real desert rat.

She's guarded by **TWO FEDAYEEN BAD GUYS** with GUNS and KNIVES. They speak ARABIC about what they will do to Patricia. We read the SUBTITLES to learn their plans --

FEDAYEEN ALI

The slave runners in Basra will pay real money for this beauty.

FEDAYEEN FAISEL

If she can cook, I might keep her.

FEDAYEEN ALI

She would eat you alive.

Patricia joins the conversation in flawless Arabic --

PATRICIA

*When you close your eyes, or turn
your back, I will cut out your
heart and feed it to the pigs.*

Faisel GASPS with fright. Ali PUNCHES Patricia in the face. She tries to look tough, but it's clear she is scared. HONKING from the pickup as it skids sideways, stopping so --

-- Patricia and her Captors see what's blocking the road. A heavily kitted out ENDURO MOTORCYCLE has tipped over in the sand, GOLD BARS spilling from its STORAGE BOX. Simon Templar holds a SHOVEL, looking like a modern day Lawrence of Arabia.

SIMON

Blimey! I had so much gold in my
saddlebags I got stuck in the sand!
Can you believe my sodding luck?

Simon sees Patricia in custody and preps to change her luck.

EXT. IRAQI DESERT - MOMENTS LATER - PATRICIA'S FLASHBACK

Simon DRIVES his motorcycle with Patricia RIDING pillion. Behind them, the PICKUP TRUCK is aflame, SMOKE BILLOWING.

PATRICIA

No. I've never been to Paris.

SIMON

We'll rent a jet in Kuwait and be
at Michel's in time for crepes.

PATRICIA

Thank you for saving me.

SIMON

Buy me a new shovel and we're even.
You have smart eyes, darling. Do
you know anything about computers?

PATRICIA

I know everything about them.

SIMON

Fast friends, indeed.

Simon ACCELERATES them forward.

INT. NEW YORK POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

BACK TO THE PRESENT. Patricia stares at Agent Fernack.

PATRICIA
Templar? The name is unfamiliar.
I'm only in town for Fashion Week.

AGENT FERNACK
You're early by three months.

PATRICIA
I wanted a good seat.

Agent Garces pokes his head into the room --

AGENT GARCES
There's a guy in a mega-buck suit
out here who wants a word.

INT. NEW YORK POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

Agent Fernack exits the interrogation room, frustrated. His life is about to get more complicated as he's approached by Kal Barko, the BICI man has a CIGARETTE in his mouth.

KAL BARKO
You have someone in custody who was
holding property taken from my
employer: Bank of Investment and
Credit International.

AGENT FERNACK
There's no smoking in here.

Fernack plucks the CIGARETTE from Barko's mouth. As the men HAGGLE, they don't notice a PIZZA DELIVERY MAN enter the Precinct with a stack of TEN PIZZA BOXES -- Simon Templar in disguise wears a TRUCKER HAT, SWEATS, SUNGLASSES, talks his way past the DESK OFFICER via goofy Bronx accent.

SIMON
Manny's getting married. Ray
pulled me off oven to deliver pies.
I can tell you they're paid for.

The Desk Officer waves him through. Simon bustles past Barko and Fernack, blocking their view with his PIZZA BOXES.

-- Simon continues through the STATION, passing out PIZZAS, ad-libbing Bronx jibber-jabber with the boys in blue.

-- Simon nears the STAIRS that lead to the SECOND FLOOR where the EVIDENCE ROOM awaits. He distributes his penultimate PIZZA BOX and OPENS up the LAST ONE to REVEAL -- a FOLDED CARDBOARD BOX and a BROWN SHIRT?

INT. NEW YORK POLICE STATION - EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

Simon enters, having traded his Pizza Guy disguise for a UPS look. He wears a BROWN HAT and a BROWN SHIRT and holds the recently assembled CARDBOARD BOX. Using a new accent, he delivers it to the EVIDENCE CLERK behind the LOCKED CAGE --

EVIDENCE CLERK

Put it by the gate and step back.

Before he turns to go, Simon notes the SAINT PIN on a counter, being processed and tagged for filing.

INT. NEW YORK POLICE STATION - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: A TRASH CAN as a familiar BROWN SHIRT, HAT, and SWEAT PANTS are dropped into the garbage.

REVEAL Simon walking down the aisle of LOCKERS clad only in his BOXER SHORTS, nodding to the changing COPS as if he is about to go on shift with them. He arrives at a LOCKER and gets to work with his PICK, popping the LOCK in a blink. He swings the locker open to reveal the COP UNIFORM within.

INT. NEW YORK POLICE STATION - EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: THE CARDBOARD BOX Simon delivered begins to SMOKE. A small emission at first, and then volumes of dense cloud.

The Evidence Room CLERKS begin to flounder, pulling the FIRE ALARM. Through the clouds we notice Simon, now in COP UNIFORM approaching the locked cage with a FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

SIMON

Buzz me in!

The coughing Evidence Clerk complies, Simon enters, sprays the box with the extinguisher, creating more clouds of cover.

CLOSE ON: The SAINT PIN as Simon swipes it off the counter.

Simon exits the cloud filled room, pocketing his prize as he passes Fernack and Kal Barko entering the hectic room.

AGENT FERNACK

Where's the freakin' fire?!

EVIDENCE CLERK

Some box started smoking.

KAL BARKO

Agent Fernack, the evidence you recovered, where is it?

Agent Fernack tries to peer through the fog. It's gone.

INT. NEW YORK POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Patricia is alone and has managed to twist herself into a pretzel as she's tried to get out of the handcuffs. She's mortified as Simon opens the door to find her like this --

PATRICIA

Don't you gawk at me, darling.

INT. NEW YORK POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

Agent Fernack runs through the bedlam of the Police Station, he yanks OPEN the door of the Interrogation Room to find... a pair of discarded handcuffs on the floor. His annoyance is compounded as Kal Barko arrives behind him --

KAL BARKO

You've lost it!? It's gone!?
Seventy million dollars worth of
diamonds and you just let them walk
out your front door!?

AGENT FERNACK

Nobody told me about any diamonds!

INT. THE SAINT'S LUXURY SEDAN - DRIVING - DAY

Patricia puts on her long lost SHOE --

SIMON

Glad to have you back, Cinderella.

PATRICIA

Did you come to rescue me, or your
shiny little friend there?

Simon studies the DIAMOND SAINT PIN --

SIMON

I'll never tell. But he'll talk,
soon as we find the decryption key.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - BUILDING ROOFTOP - DAY

ANGLE OFF: A SIGN FOR BANK of INVESTMENT AND CREDIT INTERNATIONAL, atop an INDUSTRIAL BUILDING that serves as the Bank's DATA STORAGE CENTER --

-- TO FIND Simon and Doyle on the edge of multi-story building across the street. Nearby, Patricia works her LAPTOP, analyzing DIGITAL SCHEMATICS of the STORAGE CENTER.

PATRICIA

No servers on the upper floors. I do see purchase orders for the hardware and alarm security, just can't find where it's installed.

SIMON

Trace the power drain.

PATRICIA

Yup. Servers are in the basement.

DOYLE

Lame -- I was hoping for an excuse to rig you up to a zip-line or pull out the flying squirrel suit.

PATRICIA

Sub-level access is protected by seismic pads, server door is vault grade, secured with mag locks.

SIMON

Challenging but not impossible. Shall we return to base? Order my favorite takeout from Curry in a Hurry and make a plan of action?

PATRICIA

We don't have a week. We've gotta do this job tonight or it's never.

SIMON

What's the rush, darling?

PATRICIA

With Valecross dead, his personal server is scheduled for shut down and reboot at midnight. When they pull that plug, the RAM bubble pops, the nomad goes bye-bye, and we lose the data key for all time.

SIMON

There's one place in the city where we can gear up on short notice.

INT. BRAZILIAN BUTCHER SHOP - NIGHT

Various MEATS hang from hooks and fill DISPLAY CASES. Simon, Patricia, and Doyle enter --

PATRICIA

How do we reach the VIP area?

SIMON
Order off the menu.

Simon speaks to the BUTCHER in fluent *PORTUGUESE* --

SIMON (CONT'D)
*Queijo Minas with Pinhao in a half-
moon pasteis. And a Cuscuz Branco.*

The Butcher waves them behind the COUNTER, opens the door to a LARGE FREEZER, Simon leads the others through --

INT. BRAZILIAN BUTCHER SHOP - LARGE FREEZER - NIGHT

After Simon and his partners are inside, the Butcher slams the DOOR. The trio stands in the cold, contemplating --

DOYLE
What makes you think Aleja's
forgiven you for Rio?

SIMON
Aleja Alves, forgive? Are you mad.
Her wrath will smite me like the
hammer of God.

DOYLE
Then why are we here? Locked in a
freezer? Freezing?

PATRICIA
What happened in Rio?

SIMON
Carnivale.

A SECRET DOOR in the Freezer slides open and a backlit FEMALE is framed in the portal. **ALEJA ALVES** (30's) is not only beautiful, she's an underworld impresario who can get you any contraband or criminal tool you need.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Good evening, Aleja.

Aleja's icy stare would cool a volcano --

ALEJA ALVES
*Como você ousa mostrar o seu rosto
aqui!*

SIMON
There was a time you were happy to see
my face. Over breakfast in bed at the
Copa Palace. Cozy memories, eh?

ALEJA ALVES
Head or gut?

SIMON
I'm not one to accept a punch...

CRACK! Aleja nails him with a left JAB to the chin. Ouch.

INT. CLUB CHURRASCO - VIP LOUNGE - NIGHT

Aleja leads Simon, Patricia, and Doyle into a BOXING CLUB and Brazilian churrascaria steak house. Elegant DINNER TABLES encircle an elevated BOXING RING. A bell RINGS and two MMA PROS hammer the crap out of each other beneath a crystal CHANDELIER. The CLIENTELE are monied and sexy, enjoying meat delivered via skewer and bet on the martial arts mayhem.

ALEJA ALVES
You burned my super note deal, I lost everything, the ink, that copier I'd built to federal specs.

SIMON
I simply couldn't let you destabilize the global economy. You are exquisitely beautiful, but there has to be limits.

Aleja turns to Patricia and Doyle --

ALEJA ALVES
Bom ver você, Patricia. I won't kill him, I promise. Not yet.

PATRICIA
I appreciate your restraint.

ALEJA ALVES
In this economy, revenge is for suckers.

They hear the sound of a REVOLVER'S HAMMER being pulled back. Simon looks to see a silver .44 MAGNUM pointed at his head. The figure holding the gun is familiar, it's Rayt Marius. The face wound from the chopper crash is butterfly stitched.

RAYT
Speak for yourself.

CUT TO: BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. CLUB CHURRASCO - VIP LOUNGE - NIGHT**

Come in on MOVEMENT as everyone reacts to Rayt's GUN pointing at Simon's head. Doyle has pulled a GUN. Patricia takes TWO GUNS from Aleja's Guards. All point their hardware at Rayt --

DOYLE
Put it down!

PATRICIA
Drop it!

SIMON
He has a thing for big guns. You know what that means. Small feet.

RAYT MARIUS
I've been waiting to do this for a long time, Templar.

Aleja puts her hand on Rayt's gun, pushes down the barrel --

ALEJA ALVES
I get you have beef with him. I can relate to that. But you can't go shooty in here, Rayt. That's not what my regulars come to watch.

INT. CLUB CHURRASCO - BOXING RING - NIGHT

Simon and Rayt are in the ring, CHARGING each other -- the two rivals smash away at each other with very different fighting styles. Where Rayt is a BARE-KNUCKLE pugilist, Simon is more the graceful KICK BOXER. They both can do a lot of damage. As they brawl --

SIMON
You're just mad I killed your helicopter.

-- KICK!

RAYT MARIUS
You think I'd pop you for this shaving cut? It's the other thing.

-- PUNCH!

SIMON
The shipping container full of Kalishnakov Assault Rifles. I'd say they blew up rather nicely.

RAYT MARIUS
Not even close.

-- JAB!

SIMON
The Sultan's Panda? I don't think
that bear cared to be charbroiled.

-- KICK!

RAYT MARIUS
My, Mother! You told my Mother
that I wasn't a Doctor anymore!

-- RIGHT HOOK!

SIMON
She needed to know her son had
become a mercenary. You've made
millions dealing death, Rayt. I
thought she'd be proud of you.

RAYT MARIUS
She was furious!

-- Simon gets Rayt in a jiu-jitsu SLEEPER HOLD.

SIMON
Who paid you for the Valecross hit?

RAYT MARIUS
I'll tell you in Hell, Templar.

SIMON
Call your mother first.

-- Rayt BREAKS out of Simon's grasp and ATTACKS!

MEANWHILE, DOWN ON THE FLOOR --

-- Doyle and Patricia, drinking a MILKSHAKE, are with Aleja,
checking out GEAR and haggling over the prices --

PATRICIA
Let's pack another Freon spinner,
the acidic gel, and the fiber-optic
splicer with petabyte piggy back.

ALEJA ALVES
I can do that and the sneaker suit.
Have his measurements changed?

Patricia and Aleja both appraise Simon's physicality --

PATRICIA

His never do. Mine are always in flux. This shake is too wicked.

ALEJA ALVES

It's the Beijinho my Cozinheira puts in. Alright, your money's good and you're in a hurry. I can deal at a thirteen percent mark-up.

PATRICIA

Let's write it up and go.

DOYLE

When are they gonna stop?

ALEJA ALVES

When Rayt kills Simon.

BACK IN THE BOXING RING --

-- Simon and Rayt are pounding the crap out of each other.

SIMON

I have another engagement tonight. Can we continue this another time?

RAYT MARIUS

Tonight, you die!

They are disrupted by a LOUD WOLF WHISTLE. They both look out of the ring to see Doyle has just whistled and is pointing at Patricia. She calls up to them --

PATRICIA

Four-one-three-eight-six, Credit Suisse Bank, Lausanne. Is that one of your accounts, Mr. Marius?

Rayt can barely muster an affirmative nod --

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Get out of that ring or I push this button -- donating a significant chunk of your net worth to charity.

RAYT MARIUS

You hacked into my bank accounts?!

SIMON

She's amazing isn't she? Would you believe I found her in the middle of the Rub al-Khali desert?

PATRICIA
 Enough! Get out of the pool, kids!
 Mommy's leaving! Now!

SIMON
 What'll it be, Rayt? Ego, or
 Money? Never an easy choice.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - LUXURY SEDAN - DRIVING - NIGHT

The sedan drives fast.

INT. THE SAINT'S LUXURY SEDAN - DRIVING - NIGHT

Simon is in the backseat, battered and bruised. Patricia tries to get him cleaned up with a WASHCLOTH and WATER.

PATRICIA
 Great punching bag imitation.

SIMON
 It's all pretend.

She dabs at one of his fresh bruises, he FLINCHES.

PATRICIA
 Maybe now isn't the time to break
 into a basement server room.

SIMON
 If we don't download the key, we'll
 lose all the data on that crystal.

PATRICIA
 We don't even know what that data
 is, Simon. It could be... nothing.

SIMON
 Yes. Or, it could be the recipe
 for coca cola. Or the home phone
 number of Elvis Presley. Or the
 path to shutting down this bank of
 insidious corruption international.

Patricia produces the diamond SAINT PIN.

PATRICIA
 You're so interested in what we
 don't have, what about what we do --
 seventy million dollars worth of
 diamonds. Right here. Goodnight.

SIMON

I don't know what information is stored on that chip. But Valecross died to protect it. That's endorsement enough for me.

PATRICIA

So here we go, riding into oblivion on the wings of wishful thinking.

SIMON

It's called faith. And it takes me to hotels where I get shot at by helicopters, pirate island mahjong games, and mid-desert encounters with pickup trucks carrying a beautiful woman.

They regard each other for a charged beat, both knowing they could kiss at this moment and change everything. Yes, Or --

SIMON (CONT'D)

It would be a shame to complicate the best friendship neither one of us deserve. Wouldn't you agree, Ms. Holm?

PATRICIA

Carry on, darling.

SIMON

Are we there yet, Doyle?

DOYLE

Almost, boss. What's the plan?

BEGIN INTERCUT -- FLASH FORWARD TO HEIST -- WITH VOICE OVER:

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - NIGHT - FLASH FORWARD

Simon, dressed in a SNEAK SUIT made of black nylon rip-stop, lurks in the shadows near a SECURE DOOR, waiting for access.

SIMON (V.O.)

I sneak through the black and grimy to reach the vaulted server room.

INT. VALECCROSS TOWER - LOBBY - NIGHT - FLASH FORWARD

Doyle strides toward a PAIR OF SECURITY GUARDS seated behind a COUNTER, looking at a bank of SURVEILLANCE MONITORS.

PATRICIA (V.O.)

But he can't enter the access tunnel and get to servers until I unlock an outer door remotely. And I can't do that, or spoof the surveillance cameras, without you planting a wireless repeater at the security station in the lobby.

-- Doyle reaches across and drags one of the Guards out of his chair and over the counter onto the floor then turns, DECKING the other Guard in the nose.

SIMON (V.O.)

Get it done by whatever manner you prefer, though I'd rather you keep the violence below felony level.

-- As the other Guard comes out to intervene, Doyle places a Zippo sized WIRELESS REPEATER on the counter.

INT. LUXURY SEDAN - PARKED - NIGHT - FLASH FORWARD

Alone in the back of the car, Patricia types on her LAPTOP. Hacks into the SECURITY CAMERAS and CONTROLS of the target.

DOYLE (V.O)

Sounds like fun, I hope your piece of the work is just as engaging.

INT. SEWER TUNNEL - NIGHT - FLASH FORWARD

Patricia OPENS the DOOR remotely, Simon passes through it.

INT. SERVER ACCESS HALLWAY - NIGHT - FLASH FORWARD

Simon enters a long corridor with segmented tiles on the floor, and an imposingly secured VAULT DOOR at the far end.

SIMON (V.O)

Absolutely, once I'm through the outer door, there's a hallway lined with seismic pressure plates.

PATRICIA (V.O)

A subway rat couldn't get across 'em without triggering the alarm.

SIMON (V.O)

But I'll lock the tiles in place with Freon dispersal pucks --

-- Simon throws two hockey-puck sized OBJECTS down the hallway, they BURST in mid-air, sending out a CLOUD OF FROST that settles to the floor, coating the TILES, freezing them in place with a visible sheen of ice.

SIMON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

-- then skate to the server door.

-- Simon proceeds to run across them, sliding the last dozen feet up to the VAULT DOOR.

DOYLE (V.O)

And you're in?

-- Simon wields an AEROSOL CAN, sprays VISCOUS GEL along the door's perimeter, careful not to bisect the oversized hinges.

PATRICIA (V.O)

Almost. The main door is pre-fibered nano-steel. Secured by electro-magnetic hinges.

-- After the gel is set, he produces a STUN GUN, touches the silver contact tips to the gel, and ZAPS. The gel FLICKERS brightly as a sizzle of current races across it, then dies.

SIMON (V.O)

One quiver, the alarm sounds, and everything will go a'shambles.

-- Simon steps back, then RAMS the door with his shoulder, knocking the massive barrier into the room.

INT. SERVER ROOM - FLASH FORWARD

Lying atop the door on the floor, Simon looks back, sees the HINGES are still in place. No secondary door has appeared.

PATRICIA (V.O)

And a secondary door drops down that'll lock Simon in the room.

-- Simon stands, facing a maze of computer SERVER TOWERS, each is over seven feet tall, arrayed in five rows of six. He makes his way into the room.

DOYLE COSENTINO (V.O.)

How do you download the accounts?

-- Simon goes to a server JUNCTION BOX.

SIMON (V.O.)
 I splice into the network's fiber
 optic line without disrupting the
 flow of information.

-- Simon carefully SPLICES the BAIT BOX into the DATALINE.

PATRICIA (V.O.)
 When he routs the data river into a
 bait box, I can go file fishing.

After a beat, a COUNTDOWN DISPLAY on the Bait Box indicates
 the first data packet has been hooked. Only 99 more to go.

DOYLE COSENTINO (V.O.)
 How long does that take?

PATRICIA (V.O.)
 It's a hundred kay of data, broken
 into ninety nine packets. So no
 more than a few minutes.

SIMON (V.O.)
 Then I'll grab the box, and meet
 you back at the car. Easy-Peasey.

NOW WE CATCH UP TO THE HEIST IN REAL TIME --

INT. LUXURY SEDAN - PARKED - NIGHT

Patricia is startled as the rear passenger door is flung open
 and she's dragged from the vehicle by Agent Fernack.

EXT. LUXURY SEDAN - PARKED - CONTINUOUS

Patricia is pulled from the car to see Fernack isn't alone.
 Agent Garces and Agent Railsback are here. All of them armed
 with MP-7 SUB MACHINE GUNS.

AGENT FERNACK
 I see you've found your shoe.

CUT TO: BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**EXT. LUXURY SEDAN - PARKED - CONTINUOUS**

Agent Fernack puts Patricia in HANDCUFFS as Agent Garces has a look in the car at Patricia's laptop, seeing how she's tapped into the facility's SURVEILLANCE CAMS.

AGENT GARCES
He's in a basement server room.

AGENT FERNACK
Watch her, we'll go after Templar.

-- Fernack and Railsback sprint toward the Building, racking the SLIDES on their guns, ready to FIGHT. Garces secures Patricia with PLASTIC ZIP-CUFFS. She warns Simon of what's to come via COVERT EARBUD --

PATRICIA
You're about to have company.

SIMON (O.S.)
Is Doyle in the mix?

PATRICIA
In the wind. As you should be.

-- Agent Garces plucks the COVERT BUD from Patricia's ear, CRUSHING it between his fingertips.

INT. SERVER ROOM - NIGHT

Simon reacts as his earbud CRACKLES with STATIC. He regards the countdown timer on the Bait Box, sixty packets to go.

INT. SERVER ACCESS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Fernack and Railsback move toward the opening of the server room, guns ready. They make a tactical entry --

INT. SERVER ROOM - NIGHT

Fernack and Railsback fan out, patrolling the aisles between the server towers, looking for Simon --

AGENT FERNACK
Templar! We know you're in here!

REVEAL Simon on the top of the servers, moving and leaping noiselessly to avoid detection.

AGENT FERNACK (CONT'D)
We've got your partner in custody.
Again.

Rails and Fernack are on the hunt, checking in with each other by sight-line, confused that they can't find Simon.

-- Just as Railsback reverses course, Simon drops down behind him, COVERING the Agent's mouth with a gloved hand while cutting off his air supply with his other arm. Before Simon can get the guy down, Rails SHOOTs his gun into the wall.

-- Fernack hears this and runs back to find Rails lying passed out, but no sign of Simon.

-- Simon hurries to get the Bait Box, reaches it, must wait a beat as the last packet loads. He grabs it and turns toward the exit, only to see Agent Fernack blocking the way.

AGENT FERNACK (CONT'D)
What is that thing?

SIMON
A key to unlocking a secret.

AGENT FERNACK
About what?

SIMON
I'm optimistic it's information I can use to bring down a corrupt bank that controls criminal syndicates around the world.

AGENT FERNACK
That's not your job. It's mine.
Hand it over.

SIMON
Suit yourself, John Henry.

-- Simon FLINGS it at him, the box SMACKS Fernack in the nose, and he drops. Clutching his nose, he looks up to find Simon nearby, taking the Bait Box, running toward the exit.

-- Fernack starts shooting, Railsback joins him, Simon dive rolls through the exit, SMACKING one of the MAGNETIC HINGES as he goes through it.

-- The hinge comes off, triggering an ALARM and dropping that SECONDARY DOOR, trapping Fernack and Railsback in the room.

AGENT RAILSBACK
At least he didn't kill us.

INT. STRIKE TEAM SUV - PARKED - CONTINUOUS

Patricia uses a YOGA contortion to put her feet up on her wrist and get out of her cuffs. She's very proud of herself. She opens the door, finds Garces waiting for her -- WHACK! Doyle hits the guy over the head with a PRY-BAR, dropping him to the ground, knocked out.

PATRICIA

You didn't bugger out!

DOYLE COSENTINO

I wasn't packin' any non-lethals,
had to get me a beatin' stick.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - NIGHT

A MANHOLE COVER slides out of the way and Simon climbs-out, Bait Box in hand. Sirens are wailing as he's bathed in headlights, he's about to run for it when he HEARS --

PATRICIA

Get in!

-- Simon sees Patricia beckoning him to come to the Sedan, he hops in and they race away, just as COP CARS pass opposite.

INT. THE SAINT'S LUXURY SEDAN - DRIVING - NIGHT

Doyle drives, Patricia PLUGS the Bait Box into her LAPTOP, regards the screen for a beat --

SIMON

Tell me I caught the fish?

PATRICIA

Hooked and landed. But still in
chopped up pieces of raw data.

This triggers a knackered Simon to blurt --

SIMON

Sushi. I think we've earned it.

INT. THE SAINT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF SUSHI.

REVEAL: Simon, Patricia, and Doyle recovering from their evening escapades with heaping plates of delectable raw fish. They all look showered and scrubbed. Patricia's on her LAPTOP, Simon feeds her a bite --

SIMON
You must try this one.

PATRICIA
Mmmm... what is it.

SIMON
Monkfish liver.

PATRICIA
Sorry I asked. Glad I ate.

SIMON
How long does it take to put this
key together, don't we still need
to program the bloody laser to read
the data crystal?

Patricia indicates her LAPTOP SCREEN, she's working with a
SOFTWARE PROGRAM to analyze the stolen NOMAD FILE --

PATRICIA
You're like a kid on Christmas
morning. You can't rush, it's
encoded with a fail safe eraser of
some kind. One slip and *poof*.

SIMON
The sooner we know what's on here
and take action against the bank,
the quicker Katherine Valecross is
out of danger.

Simon's CELLPHONE RINGS, he answers it with a cheery --

SIMON (CONT'D)
Hello?

Simon listens very closely as Patricia turns to Doyle --

PATRICIA
A little late for telephony.

DOYLE
Unless it's a booty call.

Simon hangs-up, his expression grave.

SIMON
That was Katherine Valecross.
She's just been kidnapped.

SIMON (CONT'D)

They don't care about the money,
but they know we have the key and
the data crystal. If we don't
deliver them, she'll be killed.

EXT. THE SAINT'S LUXURY SEDAN - DRIVING - DAY

Simon's car cruises the West Side Highway.

PATRICIA (V.O.)

For a man who thinks he's a knight,
he appears quite sane.

DOYLE (V.O.)

Has he told you about his past?

INT. LUXURY SEDAN - DRIVING - DAY

Simon in back, staring out the window. Doyle drives fast.

PATRICIA (V.O.)

He said he was the product of a
rather unusual childhood. That his
parents were thieves. That they
trained him in the family game. To
climb, sneak, steal, and... fight.

EXT. WATERFRONT VACANT LOT - DAY

The CAR parks. Simon and Doyle exit. They watch a SPEEDBOAT
race across the water for them.

PATRICIA (V.O.)

As criminals they were unstoppable.
As a family, they were inseparable.

The boat moors near shore. KAL BARKO and a trio of BICI
SECURITY MEN alight and approach, they eye Simon warily and
indicate for Doyle to back off. The men scan Simon with a
handheld EMISSIONS DETECTOR. Finding a small TRACKING
DEVICE, and crushing it. They march Simon toward the BOAT.

PATRICIA (V.O.)

Simon thought they were heroes, his
parents having told him they were
members of a secret order of
Templar Knights. A boy's own
fantasy adventure made true.

EXT. SPEEDBOAT - DAY

As Simon climbs onto the BOAT, Barko PUNCHES him in the back
of the head.

Simon drops to the deck and receives a savage KICK. As the boat ROARS away across the water, Simon lies in back, GUNS aimed in his direction.

PATRICIA (V.O.)

They assured Simon that every bank they robbed, painting they stole, and jewel they heisted, was being taken for pure and righteous reasons.

EXT. ABANDONED CEMENT FACTORY - DAY

With the SPEEDBOAT moored at the shoreline, Simon is dragged across the ground toward a towering FACTORY COMPLEX.

PATRICIA (V.O.)

He believed they were outlaws fighting a corrupt establishment. Like Robin Hood.

INT. ABANDONED CEMENT FACTORY - DAY

Simon is dragged across a large open space.

PATRICIA (V.O.)

But at seventeen, Simon and his family were arrested. And the criminal truth was laid bare.

INT. ABANDONED CEMENT FACTORY - HALLWAY - DAY

As Simon's drag continues, his eyes dart left to right, noticing every GUARD, ROOM, DOORWAY and POSSIBLE EXIT including one door that's open just enough for him to catch a very fleeting glimpse of -- A WOMAN HELD PRISONER.

PATRICIA (V.O.)

When his parents died in custody, Simon escaped, vowing to continue their fight against injustice.

INT. ABANDONED CEMENT FACTORY - CRUSH ROOM - DAY

Simon's arms are BUCKLED into CUFFS on CHAINS and he's hoisted into the air. Helpless and suspended.

PATRICIA (V.O.)

He said he puts himself in danger, to be worthy of their legacy.

Kal Barko regards Simon, then turns at the approach of another figure -- from out of the shadows strides Rayt Marius, CATTLE PROD in hand, regarding Simon as hapless prey.

DOYLE (V.O.)
 He told me a completely different
 story -- about being an orphan, and
 going to boarding school in
 Switzerland, and stealing bread.
 So I don't know what to believe.

WE'RE CLOSE ON SIMON'S FACE as --

INT. YOUNG SIMON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - SIMON'S FLASHBACK

-- We're looking at YOUNG SIMON TEMPLAR (8), dressed in his PAJAMAS, sitting at a KID SIZED TABLE -- feverishly using a set of LOCK PICKS to crack a LOCK SMITH'S PRACTICE LOCK.

-- Simon glances nervously at a ticking CHESS TIMER, and then to a TEDDY BEAR held by a MAN we do not see. In the man's other hand, is a ZIPPO LIGHTER. If Simon doesn't get that lock open soon, this unseen man will burn his Teddy.

-- We see the Man IGNITE the lighter. And then the GLOW of the burning bear illuminates Simon's anguished face. CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED CEMENT FACTORY - CRUSH ROOM - DAY

BACK TO THE PRESENT as Simon Templar hangs on the rack.

PATRICIA (V.O.)
 Believe that in a world without
 heroes, Simon Templar stands alone.

Simon regards his nemesis with a devil-may-care grin --

SIMON
 Hello, Rayt. Have you found a way
 to keep me from kicking your ass?

RAYT MARIUS
 Saints always make the best
 martyrs.

Rayt JABS Simon with the CATTLE PROD, ELECTROCUTING HIM. OFF OF Simon's agonizing SCREAM of PAIN and RAGE WE --

CUT TO: BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR.

ACT FIVE**INT. THE SAINT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

CLOSE ON: THE DIAMOND SAINT PIN. Patricia is cobbling together a LASER READER as Doyle enters --

DOYLE

The boat went up-river. I can't say where they put ashore. His escorts found the tracking device.

PATRICIA

Simon knew they would. He wore it so they'd think he had a plan.

DOYLE

Have you got the data off the crystal?

PATRICIA

Almost there.

DOYLE

Should I make the call?

PATRICIA

Not yet. Simon told us to wait for his signal.

INT. ABANDONED CEMENT FACTORY - CRUSH ROOM - DAY

Simon HOWLS in pain, enduring another SHOCKING poke from Rayt and that CATTLE PROD. He sags in his restraints --

RAYT MARIUS

You don't look so good, Templar.

SIMON

This how you entertain yourself now, Rayt? What happened, got bored of puppy juggling?

RAYT MARIUS

It passes the time.

SIMON

I say get on with it.

Rayt ZAPS him with the cattle prod, Simon grits his teeth, eyes shining with rage --

SIMON (CONT'D)
Just let Katherine Valecross go.
You've got me.

RAYT MARIUS
I've had you since the start.

SIMON
I'm still breathing.

RAYT MARIUS
I got paid extra for that.

SIMON
Should I be flattered or terrified?

RAYT MARIUS
No spoilers.

Rayt ZAPS him once more, chucks the CATTLE PROD to Kal Barko.

RAYT MARIUS (CONT'D)
Keep him tired.

As Rayt exits, Barko nods to one of his MEN who walks to a CEMENT MIXER and turns on a faucet. As water pours into the basin, Simon is uneasy.

INT. ABANDONED CEMENT FACTORY - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Rayt pulls out a CELLPHONE as he exits the CRUSH ROOM --

RAYT MARIUS
(into his PHONE)
Templar is squared away. He didn't
bring the file. But I know his
friends will trade him for it.

INT. THE SAINT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark, Patricia aims a LASER through the SAINT PIN, and PROJECTS the DECODED DATA within onto the wall.

THE WALL is filled with INFORMATION. We can make out MAP FRAGMENTS, PHOTOS, ACCOUNTING DOCUMENTS. It's a vast org chart for the Bank of Investment and Credit International.

PATRICIA
Names. Dates. Bank Accounts.
Front Companies. Johannesburg.
Singapore. Tokyo. Mali. Criminal
Enterprises everywhere. A yellow
brick road for global crime.

Patricia pulls the SAINT PIN from in-front of the laser and offers it to Fernack.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

With this intel, Simon could travel the world, taking down BICI's operation, piece by piece.

DOYLE

Only if he's alive. Do you want me to a make the call?

PATRICIA

I'm sure he's fine.

ABANDONED CEMENT FACTORY - CRUSH ROOM - NIGHT

Bubbles spew from Simon's nose and mouth as his face is held underwater. 1...2...3. And then he's up, gasping for air.

REVEAL: Simon's taped to the chair but now leaned up on his knees against a cement basin full of water. His neck just hanging out over the water, Kal Barko pulling his hair.

Kal Barko shoves Simon's face back into the water, sending bubbles everywhere. He laughs and lets go. Simon raises his head enough to breathe.

Barko dries his hands, puts a cigarette in his lips, pulls a butane lighter from his pocket and lights it.

THUD! Barko boots him in the gut. As Simon gasps for air he sees: THE BUTANE LIGHTER BEING PUT BACK in Barko's hip pocket. Simon also notices a Glock .45 packed in the front of Barko's waistband. Barko LEANS IN, taunting with:

KAL BARKO

Leaving isn't so hard. Here, let me help you find the way down.

And he PUSHES Simon's head underwater. Simon struggles, water bubbling around his face. Barko laughs.

ANGLE ON: Simon's hand, PULLING the lighter discreetly from Barko's waistband with his right hand.

Barko lets him up again. Simon gasps for air.

As his face is SHOVED underwater again, Simon fires up the butane lighter and starts BURNING the restraints off his arms. He screams underwater as the lighter burns his arms. But that can only mean one thing: He's free.

Simon's head pops back up. His hand SNAPS out like lightning and PULLS THE TRIGGER of the gun in Barko's waistband -- BLAM! -- blasting through the man's thigh -- Barko drops.

INT. ABANDONED CEMENT FACTORY - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Rayt reacts to the sound of the GUNSHOT with resignation --

RAYT MARIUS

Templar.

INT. ABANDONED CEMENT FACTORY - CRUSH ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Simon rips his bound arm free and stands, straightening his shirt and hair, he KICKS Barko in the face to knock him out --

SIMON

You'll live. Wouldn't want you to miss out on lung cancer.

Simon moves toward the door --

INT. ABANDONED CEMENT FACTORY - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Simon moves through the hallway with speed and stealth, headed directly for the room where he saw THE WOMAN held captive. HEARING footsteps. A GUARD rounds the corner --

-- Simon SIDE STEPS him, holds his arm out, wraps it around his neck and CHOKES HIM OUT. As the guard drops, Simon takes the man's TACTICAL KNIFE and keeps walking toward the door where he hopes to find Katherine Valecross still breathing.

INT. ABANDONED CEMENT FACTORY - SLICK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A lecherous BICI GUARD looms before a CAPTIVE WOMAN who's identity we don't yet know. As the door's KICKED IN, he TURNS to see Simon coming in. Oscar pulls his captive in front of him like a human shield holding her from behind --

-- It's not Katherine Valecross, it's ALEJA ALVES!? As the Guard pulls a GUN from his belt, Simon throws the KNIFE into his head, dropping him like a sack of garbage.

-- Aleja screams into the tape that still covers her mouth. Simon unties her and removes the tape with a RIP.

SIMON

Still unhappy to see my face?

-- Aleja KISSES him, Simon can't help but reciprocate.

ALEJA

It was Rayt. He took me from the club. *Filho da puta!*

SIMON

Do you know why?

ALEJA

Don't know. Don't care. Gonna kill him.

SIMON

Let's park the vengeful wrath and focus on our escape. Shall we?

ALEJA

I make no promises.

Aleja takes a GUN from the downed BICI Guard --

ALEJA (CONT'D)

Don't you want some bang-bang?

SIMON

Different strokes.

Simon pulls the KNIFE out of the downed Guard, spins it around in his hand like Neil Peart with a drumstick.

INT. ABANDONED CEMENT FACTORY - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Simon pops into the corridor with gun toting Aleja behind --

FRENETIC HAND HELD TRACKING SHOT as Simon steals towards us, smooth, elegant, KNIFE ready, Aleja behind him, GUN primed.

-- A multiple GUARDS moving to intercept, Simon dispatches them with MELEE STRIKES and BLADE SLASHES. With Aleja at his back, BLASTING with her GUN, it's a violent tango. Sexy.

Once the path is clear, Simon leads them into --

INT. ABANDONED CEMENT FACTORY - MAIN AREA - NIGHT

Simon and Aleja move with stealth across open ground, only to be surprised by RAYT MARIUS! He steps out of the shadows and CLOTHES LINES Simon! Then THROWS Aleja across the room!

-- Simon spins to his feet and WHIP KICKS the GUN from Rayt's hand, the two men begin to circle, sizing each other up --

-- Rayt SWINGS a fist past Simon's ear. DAMN! That's a big hand. If Simon wants to survive, he'll need his wits.

-- Rayt SWINGS again! Simon blocks. Rayt delivers a BOOT to Simon's chest, sending him back, skidding across the floor.

RAYT MARIUS

I've had enough of you, Templar.

SIMON

And I thought we were friends.

-- Rayt steps forward and Simon CRACKS an open palmed-curved knuckled strike into his ribs! Then ANOTHER thudding blow!

-- Rayt HEADBUTTS Simon, sending the Saint to a knee before grabbing his collar and lifting him back up.

-- Rayt BACKHANDS him, sending Simon STAGGERING back.

-- Rayt SWINGS - cracking Simon's Jaw - sends him to the floor. A hammer fist FLIES down after him. Simon DODGES as it HITS the ground.

-- Simon GRABS Rayt's arm. As Rayt stands, Simon yanks himself up on Rayt's arm. Rayt SWINGS his shoulder, shaking Simon off his arm and sending him CRASHING into a CRATE.

Simon EXHALES - feels his ribs. OUCH!

-- Rayt smiles and swings. Simon side-steps and CRACKS the gun against Rayt's head. Enraged, Rayt SHOVES Simon back.

-- Simon LAUNCHES his right hand into Rayt's throat, staggering him back. Blood chokes out of his mouth.

-- Simon takes two steps, JUMPS and GRABS onto a pipe, using it to SWING at Rayt, both feet SLAMMING directly into his chest and driving him into a HEAP.

-- Simon turns to Rayt, who TACKLES HIM! Throwing him down and smashing on top of him. As the wind is SUCKED from Simon he focuses, grabs onto Rayt's arm and SWINGS his legs up over his head. With his free hand, he begins DRAGGING Rayt's chin into his chest -- A classic triangle choke!

-- Rayt STRUGGLES! Picking him up and SLAMMING him against a set of crates that CRUNCH under the weight.

-- A BICI GUARD points his GUN at Simon and is about to fire!

ALEJA

Simon, look out!

-- And like that, Aleja ATTACKS, delivering a twisting devastation to the Guard's wrist. He SCREAMS, drops his gun, and she KICKS him in the face, knocking him out.

-- Simon squeezes, Rayt's face goes plum. When the big man is finally unconscious, Simon drops him, looks at Aleja...

SIMON

If you ever need a new job, I'm looking to hire a bodyguard.

KATHERINE (O.S.)

She's my insurance policy.

Simon and Aleja turn to see a familiar WOMAN stepping out of the shadows with a GUN-- KATHERINE VALECROSS. She's got em!

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

After Rayt didn't take you out -- more than twice. I figured we could use a hostage to leverage the Saint's bleeding heart.

SIMON

Arnie's grieving black widow. You worked with him at the bank?

Rayt regains consciousness and claims his feet, grabbing a WEAPON of his own. Once again the odds are against our hero.

KATHERINE

I hitched my future to his rising star. But he tossed it all away. If he'd only just left it alone. None of this would've happened.

SIMON

Your husband wanted to be a hero.

KATHERINE

I can't be too bitter. When I bring back the file he stole, and you so blindly recovered, I'll be promoted and double my bonus.

SIMON

Happy Holidays, indeed.

KATHERINE

Call your friends. Tell them to bring me the file Arnie stole.

SIMON

I'll warn you, they're not very keen on being led into traps.

KATHERINE

And I'll warn you, tell them to come or Rayt will torture her. Eventually she'll die -- but I'm smart enough to find another way to get what I want.

ALEJA

You come and get me, *Putá!*

Aleja raises her gun, but Simon puts his hand on the barrel and eases it down.

SIMON

Trust me?

Aleja gives him a look: "No." But lowers the gun, relenting.

KATHERINE

Call your friends.

Simon considers his lack of OPTIONS and we CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED CEMENT FACTORY - NIGHT

The Saint's Luxury Sedan ARRIVES in front of the facility. Patricia and Doyle alight, and walk toward -- Simon and Aleja. With Katherine and Rayt watching nearby.

Patricia displays the DIAMOND SAINT PIN in her upturned palm.

KATHERINE

You brought it.

PATRICIA

I always do.

With that, a NYPD HELICOPTER swoops down from the sky and a DOZEN POLICE CARS arrive with LIGHTS and SIRENS ABLAZE.

Agent Fernack is the first out with his MEN close behind.

Simon and Aleja watch the Police take Katherine and Rayt into custody. And then watch Agent Fernack's approach --

AGENT FERNACK

I'd like to throw you in jail, Templar. But I'm a man of my word.

Agent Fernack casts a look toward Patricia --

SIMON

Diamonds for a cavalry charge. A worthy trade I'd say.

AGENT FERNACK

And I'll say, get the Hell out of my city. If you don't, I'll hunt you down and lock you up forever.

SIMON

I'll take you at your word.

MOMENTS LATER --

Simon and Aleja approach Patricia and Doyle --

PATRICIA

I know how you feel about law enforcement, but...

SIMON

Cheers, darling. Tell you a secret -- I adore all the flashing lights and barking sirens, as long as they're not chasing my ass.

PATRICIA

You are such a boy.

SIMON

And you are a very smart girl.

Patricia and Simon share a smile --

ALEJA

Oye, *Chica* -- Free milkshakes at my club. Anytime.

PATRICIA

Gracias.

DOYLE

How about a kiss for Doyle? I'm the one who reached out to Fernack.

ALEJA

Step off.

As Simon and the TEAM walk toward their SEDAN ---

SIMON

Miss Holm, when you gave back those diamonds, did you happen to keep our customary ten percent?

PATRICIA

No. This time I only took one.

INT. THE SAINT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: THE LASER shining through the LONE DATA CRYSTAL.

Simon and Patricia regard THE WALL filled with MAP FRAGMENTS, PHOTOS, ACCOUNTING DOCUMENTS. Simon scans the org chart for one of the largest criminal conspiracies on the planet.

SIMON

That bank is financing criminal operations in every nook and cranny. Except... No, I don't see any criminal activity in Bora Bora. Are you gonna be okay with that?

PATRICIA

They run antiquities smuggling in the Greek Islands. If we hit 'em midsummer, I'm good to go.

SIMON

Then pack a bag, Ms. Holm. We'll rent a jet out of White Plains Airport and be on our way. After we make one quick stop.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - WITH MANHATTAN IN THE BACKGROUND - DAY

CLOSE ON: A SAINT PIN. Plain. No diamonds on this one.

REVEAL: Simon and Patricia standing before the fresh GRAVE of ARNOLD VALECROSS. Simon put the Saint Pin on the headstone.

SIMON

We did it, Arnie. Just like you wanted. Together.

As Simon and Patricia WALK OFF, we HOLD on the SAINT PIN. As a familiar SEVEN NOTE TUNE plays WE...

CUT TO: BLACK.

END OF ACT FIVE.

-- END OF SHOW --