

HIGHLANDER: THE RAVEN

"The Devil You Know"

TEASER

FADE IN:

11101 INT. FALCONER BANK BUILDING - MARSHALL'S OFFICE - DAY 11101

A big bear of a man looms over his desk with a phone jammed in his ear. This is BOB MARSHALL, head of security.

Late forties/early fifties, an ex-cop, ex-alcoholic and ex-husband, he looks through a sea of papers in front of him.

MARSHALL

Falconer Bank security, Bob  
Marshall speaking.

The rest of the office is neat and well organized. Along one side, several spiffy high tech MONITORS display images from security cameras in the bank ten floors below. And on the wall, steady rows of Police Alerts and Bank Security Updates.

MARSHALL

(getting irritated)

Yeah Beth, yeah I sent it. I  
always send it, I don't remember  
when, things are really stacked up  
here. I got this VIP reception for  
the Valentino diamond exhibit.

O.S. a TAP at the half open door. Marshall gestures "hold on," keeps digging until he extracts an envelope from the disorder.

MARSHALL

Lighten up Beth, you know I haven't  
been late with your cheque in three  
years. What? Just, just, just a  
second, hold on, hold on OK Beth,  
I'm gonna look, oh hey got it.  
Look it's just been busy as hell  
around here OK. I'll put it in the  
overnight you'll have it in the  
morning OK? Fine. Bye.

(CONTINUED)

11101 CONTINUED:

11101

He hangs up with a grunt of frustration, glances at the door where an

OLD MAN

in his seventies waits patiently. He looks like any old man, except for the eyes, which are an incredibly deep blue.

MARSHALL

What?

Dressed in a delivery jacket and cap, the Old Man brandishes a bag of takeout and speaks with a lilting Scottish accent.

OLD MAN

Got yer lunch for ya, laddie.

Marshall waves him in, starts dialing another number.

MARSHALL

Where's Jimmy?

The Old Man closes the door before crossing with the heavy-legged gait of age to the desk.

Number busy, Marshall hangs up. The Old Man gives him a cheery grin and begins removing items from the bag.

OLD MAN

Kid's out sick. See what we have here. One large black coffee.

MARSHALL

It's a start.

The Old Man pops the lid, sets it on the desk in front of Marshall.

OLD MAN

(back to the bag)  
Burger, well done, with extra onion.

(grins)  
I guess the misses is gonna sleep on the other side o' the bed t'night.

(CONTINUED)

11101 CONTINUED: 2

11101

Marshall adds some sugar from a packet to his coffee; some of the sugar spills onto the desk. Marshall stirs his coffee, pulls out the stirrer and tosses it onto his desk.

MARSHALL

It's the ex-misses. And she can sleep under it for all I care.

The Old Man chuckles knowingly as he places a plastic knife and fork on the desk.

OLD MAN

(hands him the bill)  
That'll be twelve fifty.

Marshall digs out a ten and a five.

MARSHALL

Ah just a sec... Keep the change.

OLD MAN

Ah, thank ya, laddie. You're a splendid fella.

MARSHALL

Yeah, cheers.

He snaps off a two finger salute and turns to go. But when he gets to the door, he pauses, waiting for something.

A beat - and then a THUNK from behind. He grins to himself.

MARSHALL

is sprawled over his desk, unconscious.

THE OLD MAN

checks his pupil dilation. Nobody home.

OLD MAN

Night night.

Suddenly all pretense of age is gone. He moves with the vigor of someone half his age.

(CONTINUED)



11101 CONTINUED: 3

11101

He dumps the tainted coffee into a potted plant, pulls an airline-sized bottle of booze from his pocket.

He reaches into Marshall's pocket and takes out his keys. He pours two fingers into Marshall's empty cup, slops some down the front of his shirt and dribbles the remainder into his open mouth.

Marshall gives a snort of protest, smacks his lips and continues sleeping.

IN A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS WE SEE THE OLD MAN

-- use Marshall's key to open a steel cabinet.

-- leaf through a bundle of blueprints.

-- remove a miniature camera from his jacket.

He opens the plans, lays them out on Marshall's desk. He's snapping off shots of the blueprints when there's a KNOCK at the door.

The Old Man scoops up the blueprints and darts to one side of the door, pressing his back tight to the wall.

Another KNOCK. An off-screen VOICE calls out --

MANAGER

Hold on a sec, I got to clear it  
with Marshall.

OLD MAN'S POV

The door handle begins to slowly turn.

THE OLD MAN

holds his breath, his hand reaching slowly inside his jacket.

THE DOOR

swings inward, concealing the Old Man behind the hinges.

A MANAGER

steps inside the office.

(CONTINUED)

11101 CONTINUED: 4

11101

MANAGER

Bob, I took it right to the top,  
but there's no more overtime...  
Bob?

His voice trails off as he spies the prone form of Marshall.

He crosses to the desk, shakes Marshall by the shoulder. In response, Marshall offers a loud snore. The Manager sniffs the air -- booze. He checks the coffee cup, grunts.

MANAGER

Sonuvabitch is drunk... Once a  
drunk, always a drunk.

He turns around, faces the open door.

ANGLE - BEHIND THE DOOR

The Old Man listens intently, barely breathes. A quiet BEAT. Suddenly, the door flies back.

A SLAM. And the Manager's gone.

The Old Man breathes a sigh of relief. He resumes photographing the blueprints, then returns them to the cabinet.

He scans the room. Everything is as it was. Then he turns away from camera, reaches under his chin and peels off his

PROSTHETIC FACE.

Under the plastic is a handsome man in his thirties. We'll later know him as VICTOR HANSEN.

He reverses his jacket, pockets his cap, looks in the reflective surface of a TV monitor, vainly slicks back his hair.

(CONTINUED)

11101 CONTINUED: 5

11101

CUT TO:

11102 INT. FALCONER BANK BUILDING - HALLWAY OUTSIDE MARSHALL'S OFFICE - DAY 11102

The security office door opens and Victor, in a new disguise, a mustache and hair pulled back in a ponytail, shuts the door behind him and strolls confidently down the hall.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

11103 INT. AMANDA'S - KITCHEN - NIGHT

11103

LUCY's at the kitchen table arranging a bouquet of sunflowers. She CALLS into the living room.

LUCY

Amanda! In or out tonight?

AMANDA (O.S.)

Ah whatever.

Lucy adds a blossom, adjusts it.

LUCY

I'll make a reservation at Mario's.

AMANDA (O.S.)

Ah you know I'm really not in the mood for Italian tonight.

LUCY

Okay, what about the Thai place on the corner?

AMANDA (O.S.)

Ah too spicy.

Lucy pauses in her work, thinks for a moment.

LUCY

French?

AMANDA (O.S.)

Too rich.

Lucy turns towards the living room.

LUCY

Tell you what. Why don't you make the reservation?



11104 INT. AMANDA'S - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

11104

Lucy enters with the flowers and grimaces. AMANDA is sliding one of the chairs to a new location. She adjusts it, steps back to survey the setup.

AMANDA

(calling out)

What? You know what if I move the sofa over by the sideboard?

By now Lucy is right behind her.

AMANDA

Or what if I put the sofa where the chairs are and put the chairs in front of the fireplace. Or... we could put the chairs... No, that won't work.

LUCY

Amanda, whenever you start buying new rugs and rearranging the furniture, I know we're in trouble.

A sudden flood of frustration.

AMANDA

Ah I just need a change Lucy. I'm turning into a fossil.

LUCY

Must be end of the century ennui.  
(beat)

I guess after you've gone down with the Titanic, been mauled by a lion and tangoed on the top of the Eiffel Tower...

AMANDA

(finishing it for her)

Playing Trivial Pursuit and having Chinese food just doesn't hold the same appeal.

LUCY

Poor baby.

(door bell RINGS)

Why don't I get it.

(CONTINUED)



11104 CONTINUED:

11104

She leaves Amanda moving the chair back to where it was.

ANGLE AT DOOR

Lucy opens the door and her eyes grow wide with surprise. There stands a gleaming red BMW K-1200 MOTORCYCLE. Sleek, low, oozing with power, it looks like it was designed by Picasso in a strong wind. On the seat sits a gleaming motorcycle helmet, filled with ice. Inside this makeshift ice bucket sits an impressive bottle of Dom Perignon.

AMANDA (O.S.)

What is it?

LUCY

Well either Harry in the garage has been drinking again -- or Evel Knevel just had a stunt go terribly wrong in the freight elevator.

CUT TO:

11105 INT. AMANDA'S - LIVING ROOM - A SHORT TIME LATER

11105

Amanda is draped over the bike which stands like a piece of sculpture in the center of the room. Gone is the boredom as she reads bits and pieces of the note to Lucy.

AMANDA

He is an Immortal and he's admired my work over the centuries. He'd like me to accept this gift, this small token and wants to hand me the keys over an early dinner tomorrow night.

LUCY

Who?

AMANDA

His name is Victor Hansen.

LUCY

Never heard of him.

(CONTINUED)

11105 CONTINUED:

11105

AMANDA

Oh neither have I but my god he  
makes a good first impression.

Amanda straddles the bike playfully, gripping the handle  
bars.

AMANDA

Lucy I would like you to ring up my  
gentleman caller Mr. Hansen and  
tell him he's expected at six  
o'clock.

11106 INT. FALCONER BANK BUILDING - MARSHALL'S OFFICE - DAY

11106

CLOSE ON VIDEO MONITOR

Over crazy SPEEDED UP IMAGES of people zipping on and off  
the elevators in the bank building's lobby we hear...

MARSHALL (O.S.)

(disgusted)

So he found me passed out at my  
desk with gin in my coffee cup.

PULL OUT TO FIND

A worried Marshall has his face glued to the monitor as he  
fast advances through a security tape. NICK is leaning  
over his shoulder, watching.

MARSHALL (CONTINUING)

You know I hate gin. Tastes like  
horse piss.

NICK

So you think this guy drugged you?

MARSHALL

I don't "think" it, Nick. Damn.  
Why is it so hard for people to  
believe I'm still off the booze?

Nick moves around the room, taking it all in. He stops by  
the locked cabinet.

(CONTINUED)

11106 CONTINUED:

11106

NICK

Hey whoa, whoa, relax, it's me OK,  
I'm on your side.

MARSHALL

You always were. Look I'm really  
gonna need your help on this one  
kid.

NICK

You got it. Is anything missing?

MARSHALL

(frustrated)  
My wallet, my gun... Not a damn  
thing gone as far as I can tell.

NICK

(re the cabinet)  
What about in here?

Nick fingers the lock.

MARSHALL

Some weapons, ammo. Security plans  
for the building. I checked,  
they're still there.

NICK

(beat)  
Mind if I take a look anyway?

Marshall rises quickly and unlocks the cabinet. Inside we  
see a weapons rack and shelves with various papers and  
plans.

MARSHALL

Be my guest.

Nick removes the plans and carefully unfolds them. His  
hand feels something gritty on the underside of the plans.

NICK

When was the last time you saw  
these plans?

(CONTINUED)

11106 CONTINUED: 2

11106

MARSHALL

A couple of days ago, a week maybe,  
why?

NICK

Smell, look at this, these coffee  
stains are fresh.

MARSHALL

Son of a bitch got in. Valentino  
diamond, it's on tour, it's coming  
tomorrow.

A beat as Nick absorbs this.

NICK

I better take a look at these  
security plans.

MARSHALL

Oh fat chance, the idiots that run  
this place are too cheap to change  
anything. Besides, they'll think I  
made it all up just to cover my own  
ass.

(freezes the tape)

Hey, hey, hey, there, there he is,  
that's the guy, yeah, yeah.

CLOSE ON MONITOR

The Old Man is entering through the main doors. His BLUE  
EYES are turned toward the camera.

BACK TO SCENE

Marshall punches up a second monitor. More flickering  
images.

MARSHALL

The son of a bitch came in the  
building and he never left.

NICK

How many ways out of here?

MARSHALL

Just the front door. Everything  
else is alarmed.

(CONTINUED)



11106 CONTINUED: 3

11106

NICK

What about where the old guy  
worked, the lunch joint?

MARSHALL

The regular guy was out sick.

NICK

The regular guy's out sick the old  
guy disappears.

(beat)

It's a set up.

MARSHALL

It's a set up.

As he's saying this we see the clear image of Victor  
Hansen, in the disguise he left the Teaser in. All is  
different except for the eyes. He goes unnoticed by them.  
Marshall kills the tape, turns to Nick, desperation on his  
face.

MARSHALL

I'm gonna need your help here  
Nicky, I mean if that rock gets  
stolen, I'm done.

Nick puts his hand on Marshall's shoulder, gives it a  
comforting squeeze.

NICK

OK, I'll come by we'll talk  
tomorrow yeah.

MARSHALL

Yeah.

NICK

Good.

OFF Marshall's worried face --

11107 INT. AMANDA'S - LIVING ROOM - DAY

11107

Lucy's hunkered down in front of the VCR, muttering under her breath. Amanda enters and smiles at the motorcycle, still center-stage in the living room, then notices Lucy struggling with the VCR.

AMANDA

I thought you had that damn thing figured out.

LUCY

(through clenched teeth)  
I did. It keeps changing.  
(gives up in frustration)  
I'm gonna have to set my alarm for three a.m.

AMANDA

Three a.m.? What on earth for darling?

LUCY

They're running "To Catch A Thief" without commercials. It's one of my favorites.

AMANDA

Oh, Cary Grant and Grace Kelly, Monte Carlo in the springtime. You know Hitchcock wanted me to be technical advisor on that.

LUCY

(smiles)  
Yeah but you were busy stealing the Brindisi Emeralds.

AMANDA

Well it paid more darling. And besides Count Brindisi was gorgeous.

LUCY

Yeah but Grace got the prince.

The doorbell RINGS. Both stare at each other. There is a beat. They share a look.

(CONTINUED)

11107 CONTINUED:

11107

LUCY  
Ah c'est la vie.

LUCY  
Why don't I get it.

ANGLE AT DOOR

Lucy lets Nick in.

NICK  
Hi, beautiful. Very nice.

LUCY  
You like it?

He enters the room, doesn't look at the bike, nods to Amanda.

Amanda poses before the bike.

AMANDA  
(casually)  
Ah, hello, what's new?

He looks at her, intentionally ignores the bike.

NICK  
What's new, lets see the Stock  
Markets in chaos, my blood  
pressure's finally leveled out,  
looks like Michael Jordan might  
stay with the bulls.

Amanda strikes another pose.

AMANDA  
Oh what more could a man want?

NICK  
Oh I don't know maybe... The  
Valentino diamond?  
(beat)  
Know anything about it?

(CONTINUED)

11107 CONTINUED: 2

11107

AMANDA  
(circling the bike,  
obviously)  
Eighty-two carats, blue white,  
triple-cut brilliant, mined in  
Soweto Province of South Africa in  
1865 by a short man named Raoul.

She drapes herself over the leather saddle.

AMANDA (cont'd)  
Why are you buying my Christmas  
present early?

NICK  
(with a twinkle)  
Tell you what. I'll get you a lump  
of coal and you can squeeze it  
yourself.

AMANDA  
Charming, I thought the Valentino  
was in the Royal Gallery in London?

(CONTINUED)



11107 CONTINUED: 3

11107

NICK

It was, it's on national tour.

AMANDA

Really?

NICK

It'd be a shame if it went missing though.

As she checks herself in the motorcycle mirrors --

AMANDA

Would you relax.

(beat)

"Someone" is not interested.

(beat)

Why did Myers put you on this one?

NICK

(shakes his head)

No, a good friend of mine is in charge of security. You really don't know anything about it?

She puts her head on the cycle's handle bars.

AMANDA

No just the quiet vroom vroom of my heart.

NICK

Vroom, vroom, OK well if you do, you'll let me know right?

AMANDA

(playful)

But of course.

NICK

Okay... Nice bike. See you later Lucy.

He leaves. Amanda turns to Lucy.

AMANDA

Vroom, vroom.

11108 INT. FALCONER BANK BUILDING - BANK LOBBY - DAY

11108

Victor Hansen, dressed as a young, hunky TELEPHONE REPAIRMAN, moves around the bank checking the phones. With a tiny camera hidden in a voltmeter he surreptitiously photographs the security layout.

Finished, he stows the voltmeter and turns -- and almost bumps into Marshall, who's just exited the manager's office. Their eyes meet and hold for an instant longer than they should. Marshall reacts. Something about that frosty look. Victor covers, speaks in a good ole boy southern drawl.

VICTOR

(awkwardly)  
Got to get a new battery.

He heads for the front door. Marshall watches him go, wheels turning in his head.

11109 EXT. FALCONER BANK BUILDING - DAY

11109

Victor strolls casually down the street and turns into an alley that runs along side the bank. A moment later Marshall lumbers out after him.

11110 EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

11110

Victor is at the rear door of a TELEPHONE REPAIR TRUCK. He's stowing his equipment inside.

MARSHALL

Excuse me.

He turns to find Marshall a few feet away.

MARSHALL

Bob Marshall, head of bank security. Can I see your work order?

VICTOR

My work order? Sure.

He pulls out a clipboard, tears off a work order.

(CONTINUED)

11110 CONTINUED:

11110

VICTOR

Is there a problem, sir?

MARSHALL

Oh no, just routine.

(reads the order)

This says Gary Davis and your I.D.  
says John Thompson.

VICTOR

Yeah, Gary was called out of town.  
Family emergency. I'm fillin' in  
for him.

(motions towards truck)

If ya wanna talk to my dispatcher,  
I can get him on the phone.

MARSHALL

Yeah why don't you do that.

VICTOR

No problem.

We hear the echo of a gun shot.

11111 EXT. ALLEY - LATE AFTERNOON

11111

Cop cars. Ambulance. Yellow police tape cordons off the  
circus. Nick's car SCREECHES to a stop. He piles out.  
Pushes past a couple of uniforms to where MAGNUS stands. A  
sober look passes between them.

MAGNUS

(gravely)

Marsh is over there.

Nick kneels beside a gurney as an ATTENDANT unzips the body  
bag.

(CONTINUED)

11111 CONTINUED:

11111

As the rubber flaps part, Nick's eyes harden. Inside the bag is the lifeless body of Bob Marshall.

OFF Nick, grief and rage etched in his face --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE



ACT TWO

FADE IN:

11112 INT. AMANDA'S - BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

11112

Amanda's wearing a short silk robe, pacing back and forth, looking at a number of outfits strewn across the bed, running the gamut from slinky sexy to uptight virgin.

AMANDA

(indecisive)

Okay I don't know, what do you think about this one?

LUCY

Amanda... nerves? You've been dating since 1397.

AMANDA

(a gesture of futility)

Oh well knowing my luck, he's gonna be short and old, and he's gonna have warts.

LUCY

So's Robert Redford, but I wouldn't kick him out of bed.

Amanda gets the BUZZ.

AMANDA

Ah good point, he's here! He's here.

LUCY

Relax. I'll get it.

AMANDA

I'll stay here.

(Lucy starts for the door)

Lucy! We need a signal. Give him a glass of wine if he's Al and if he's a lox, give him a beer and I'll go out the window.

(beat)

Am I over reacting?

LUCY

Oh of course not.

11113 INT. AMANDA'S - FOYER - LATE AFTERNOON

11113

Lucy opens the door. There stands Victor Hansen looking hot and hip, a Hugo Boss ad come to life. He dazzles her with his smile.

VICTOR

I'm Victor Hansen. I Hope I'm not too early.

Lucy eyes him appreciatively.

LUCY

No, I would say you're just about perfect.

(off his self-deprecating laugh)

Come in, Mr. Handsome, Hansen.

VICTOR

(entering)

Please, you can call me Victor.

LUCY

And you can call me anytime you want.

INTERCUT:

11114 INT. AMANDA'S - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

11114

She's listening at the door. What's taking so long?

11115 INT. AMANDA'S - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

11115

Victor glances at the motorcycle, speaks in a low VOICE.

She eases closer to the bedroom door so Amanda can hear.

LUCY

Would you like a glass of wine, Victor? Better yet...

(pointedly)

Why don't I open your champagne?

INTERCUT:

11116 INT. AMANDA'S - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

11116

AMANDA

as her face lights up.

11117 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

11117

The chaos at the crime scene is nearly over. The body is being wheeled out.

Meanwhile, seated on a set of concrete steps, surrounded by a cloud of dark emotion, Magnus watches with tired eyes as Nick prowls the area, his practiced scan searching for something -- anything -- that could tell him who killed his friend.

Magnus pulls out a small flask, takes a sip, speaks in a heavy voice.

MAGNUS

Why don't you go home, Wolfe? My  
guys are all over this place.

Nick gives him a solemn look.

NICK

Same reason you don't, Carl.

MAGNUS

God, I hate this job sometimes.

Magnus offers up the flask.

MAGNUS

(beat)  
I'm off duty now... you?

MAGNUS

To Marsh.

He sips, hands it back. Magnus returns the toast.

NICK

To Marsh.

(CONTINUED)

11117 CONTINUED:

11117

NICK

You know, when I was a rookie cop,  
he was my instructor.

(sad chuckle)

Get a pen Wolfe, write this down,  
you might learn something, got a  
pen, get a pen. Tried to teach me  
in six months what he learned in  
twenty years.

MAGNUS

He was the best damn cop I knew  
Phil gets shot. He started living  
in a bottle.

NICK

(off-handed)

Ain't easy losing a partner.

A moment of understanding between them. Then, with an angry  
gesture, Magnus stands.

MAGNUS

I can't believe some crackerjack  
just took him out.

NICK

You guys find anything?

MAGNUS

Coupla empty vials.

Nick shakes his head.

NICK

No he's too smart. It doesn't  
play.

MAGNUS

It does if he was drunk.

NICK

No he wasn't drunk.

(beat)

He quit two years ago.

MAGNUS

People fall off the wagon all the  
time, Nick.

(CONTINUED)



11117 CONTINUED: 2

11117

NICK

He didn't Carl, I know he didn't.  
What about the Valentino?

MAGNUS

What about it? I heard the story  
old guy drugged him.

NICK

What do you think?

MAGNUS

I think Marsh was scared to death  
of loosing his job.

(beat; putting the cap  
back on the flask.)

Now I gotta go tell Beth.

NICK

I want in on this one, Carl. I owe  
it to him.

Magnus starts to protest.

MAGNUS

Can't.

NICK

And you owe it to him and you owe  
it to me.

As Magnus nods.

MAGNUS

Alright.

11118 INT. AMANDA'S - LIVING ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

11118

Victor stands with his back to Amanda's bedroom admiring a  
painting as Amanda sweeps into the room, dressed in a slinky  
black dress.

AMANDA

Sorry to keep you waiting.

He turns to her, takes her in.

(CONTINUED)

11118 CONTINUED:

11118

VICTOR

Some things are worth waiting for.

He offers the motorcycle keys.

AMANDA

So nicely said. Victor... about the gift. I couldn't possibly accept it.

VICTOR

Sure you can.

Amanda pockets the keys.

AMANDA

(beat)  
Okay.

Lucy enters with a tray holding the champagne and three flutes.

LUCY

Champagne, everyone.

She puts the tray down.

VICTOR

May I?

AMANDA

Please.

As Victor opens the bottle, Amanda gives Lucy the evil eye and motions for her to "get lost." Lucy smiles benignly and stays put.

AMANDA

Lucy, aren't you meeting your niece at the movies?

LUCY

You know my niece lives in Cleveland.

AMANDA

(smiles)  
Exactly darling.

As Amanda and Lucy share a look.

11119 INT. NICK'S PLACE - NIGHT

11119

The glow of Nick's TV reflects on his face. He watches the security videotape and sees the Old Man from the Teaser. His eyes are riveted on the screen, searching for someone in particular.

ON THE TV

NICK

(Voice Over) Let's see, 12:40 delivery guy enters bank, goes to Marshall's office. Twenty minutes later, out comes some other guy. No one else is around except the bank manager. So what the hell's wrong with this picture?

Victor, with ponytail and glasses, passes before him. His face fades into another, unnoticed.

NICK

(Voice Over) Hold it right there young guys shoes, same shoes as the old delivery guy. If it was a disguise, it's a good one. The guy got what he wanted and he got away clean. So why was Marsh killed? What would make sense?

NICK

pops in another tape, hits the shuttle search. A moment later, we see Victor as the Telephone Man talking to Marshall.

NICK

(Voice Over) Next day about 3:15 there's Marsh talking to a repair man, fifteen minutes later he's killed in an alley by a crack head. I don't buy it, the repair man, give him a pony tail and a mustash, he becomes the other guy. It's the eyes, same blue eyes, same guy, all three of them.

NICK

pauses the tape, rewinds briefly, plays it again.

(CONTINUED)

11119 CONTINUED:

11119

VICTOR

as the Telephone Man, passes before him again. For the briefest moment, Victor's startling BLUE EYES look up to the security camera.

NICK

pauses the image on his VCR.

VICTOR'S FACE

fills the frame. Nick FLASHES back to an hour ago, seeing Victor lit by the street lamp, then back to the face of Victor in disguise.

As the eyes from the television stare back at him --

11120 INT. AMANDA'S - GREENHOUSE - A SHORT TIME LATER

11120

Looking elegant and relaxed, Amanda's seated in one of the wicker chairs.

Victor's standing, looking very Mel Gibsonish as he leads Amanda down the happy trails of her past.

VICTOR

Did you really steal Marie Antoinette's tiara?

AMANDA

Oh darling steal is such a common word. I really prefer the term, liberated.

VICTOR

And what about the time you infiltrated the Sultan's harem in Constantinople -- 1753 I believe it was --

TRANSITION TO:

AMANDA'S FLASHBACK #1 (HIGHLANDER FOOTAGE)

(CONTINUED)



11120 CONTINUED:

11120

VICTOR (V.O.)

I heard you were his favorite  
dancer.

Victor's voice leads us into a scene where we see Amanda  
during the Constantinople caper, dancing seductively for the  
Sultan.

BACK TO AMANDA

AMANDA

Well at least until I liberated the  
Star of Allah from him.

VICTOR

I was actually in Paris when you  
liberated the Gutenberg Bible.

AMANDA

Moi?

VICTOR

Toi, it had to be you.

AMANDA

Well, it's a small world.

TRANSITION TO:

AMANDA'S FLASHBACK #2 (HIGHLANDER FOOTAGE)

We see her at her triumphant best stealing the bible.

RESUME SCENE

The memories wash over her like a tonic. We can almost feel  
the adrenaline stirring in her veins.

VICTOR

Tell me, how does someone so  
beautiful get to be so...

AMANDA

(helpful)  
Clever? Witty?  
(beat)  
Fabulous.

(CONTINUED)

11120 CONTINUED: 2

11120

VICTOR

Beautiful.

Amanda pats the seat across from her.

AMANDA

Victor.

AMANDA

The motorcycle. The champagne.  
The flattery. It's wonderful --  
but my spidey senses are tingling.

Victor frowns, apparently puzzled.

AMANDA

Let me tell you another way...  
(a charming smile)  
What the hell do you want with me,  
Victor?

He colors slightly, looks deep into her eyes.

VICTOR

Well we could begin with the  
obvious.

AMANDA

(feigning shock)  
Not on the first date?

He laughs.

VICTOR

Why don't we have some dinner, get  
to know each other and then we'll  
see what happens.

Amanda brightens, stands.

AMANDA

Okay, how does Italian sound?

VICTOR

I love Italian.

(CONTINUED)

11120 CONTINUED: 3

11120

AMANDA

Right so after our espresso and  
desert, you can tell me all about  
your plan to liberate the Valentino  
diamond.

OFF Victor's look of utter astonishment...

11121 EXT. LAKE FRONT - LATE AFTERNOON

11121

Amanda and Victor stroll along the sea wall.

AMANDA

Lets see, from what you've told me,  
it sounds like you could steal that  
diamond yourself.

VICTOR

I'm just a journeyman, Amanda. A  
general practitioner.

AMANDA

(knowing)  
Oh you can't open the safe, can  
you?

VICTOR

This is a job for a brain surgeon.

AMANDA

Oh doctor what lovely bedside  
manner.

(breaking the mood,  
turning away)  
To say nothing of the two million  
you'll get for it on the black  
market.

He holds up his hands in denial.

VICTOR

Princess, this isn't about money.

AMANDA

Oh perish the thought.

(CONTINUED)

11121 CONTINUED:

11121

VICTOR  
I'm not gonna sell the Valentino.

AMANDA  
Really?

VICTOR  
I'm going to keep it.  
(beat)  
I'll pay your half out of my own  
account.

A look of disbelief.

AMANDA  
You'll pay me one million dollars  
from your own account?

He touches her cheek.

VICTOR  
It's a small price to pay for  
perfection.

AMANDA  
Ohhhh.

VICTOR  
Make a wish.

AMANDA  
You know it didn't happen this way.

A band begins to play on the boardwalk.

Amanda realizes what's going on.

AMANDA  
Oh music.

AMANDA  
Oh wonder what we could do now?

VICTOR  
(offering his hand)  
Now. We dance.

As they continue to trip the light fantastic --

(CONTINUED)



11121 CONTINUED: 2

11121

AMANDA

Victor you didn't.

VICTOR

I confess, I did, do you like it?

AMANDA

You've out done yourself.

VICTOR

For you Amanda, anything.

AMANDA

Oh well there's this little spot on the coast of Tuscanny and Verna.

VICTOR

Don't tell me, La Luna Maria.

AMANDA

Oh I adore it there, especially the osbuca and the mashed potatoes.

AMANDA

With the pesto.

VICTOR

(At the same time) With the pesto.

AMANDA

Think they'll deliver?

VICTOR

We could try.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. AMANDA'S - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

OPEN CLOSE on the empty champagne bottle jammed head first in the ice bucket. The champagne flutes are nowhere in sight.

LUCY (O.S.)

Maybe I should have a t-shirt made up. "I-don't-know-where-she-is."

NICK'S

eyes shift from the bottle to the motorcycle. Lucy is at a portable laptop computer, hooked up to the modem.

NICK

Lucy I really need to find her.

LUCY

Honestly, Nick, not a clue. Now I don't mean to be rude, but I have eight thousand shares to move on the Tokyo market in the next three minutes.

(beat)

No thanks to you.

NICK

What do you mean no thanks to me?

LUCY

(shrugs)

Well the money use to flow two ways when she was a thief. Now it only flows one way. Out.

NICK

Fine. I'll wait.

LUCY

(shakes her head)

No Please trust me, Nick, you don't want to be here when she gets back.

11122 INT. CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE AMANDA'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

11122

Amanda and Victor get off the elevator and head for her door.

AMANDA

Well you know a job like this takes a lot of thinking and planing, and blueprints.

VICTOR

Take a look at the bike. I promise you won't be disappointed.

(beat)

A million dollars for one night's work, Amanda.

AMANDA

Wow I haven't had an offer like that since John wanted to make Yoko jealous.

VICTOR

Make it a million and a half.

AMANDA

How generous of you.

VICTOR

(moving close)

It's only money.

AMANDA

What else is there?

Victor touches her face, moves in close.

11123 INT. AMANDA'S - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

11123

Lucy's escorting Nick to the door.

LUCY

Nick I promise you I'll have her call you the minute she comes home.

11124 INT. AMANDA'S - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

11124

He opens the door.

(CONTINUED)

11124 CONTINUED:

11124

There stand Amanda and Victor in a passionate kiss. They break. It's one of those awful, awkward moments when four adults find themselves incapable of speech.

Nick finds his voice first.

NICK

(cool)  
Amanda.

She gathers her wits.

AMANDA

(equally cool)  
Nick.  
(gestures)  
Vic. Vic. Nick.

A dark flicker passes across Victor's face. Maybe recognition. He quickly covers.

NICK

Hello Vic.

VICTOR

Hi, Nick.

Without missing a beat.

AMANDA

Good bye, Nick.

He gives her a look, nods, heads for the elevator. Victor watches him, slightly smug, until Amanda turns to him.

AMANDA

Good-bye, Vic.

VICTOR

Sweet dreams Amanda.

LUCY

And to think only a few short hours ago you were turning into a fossil.

AMANDA

Lets go check my new motorcycle.



11125 INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

11125

Nick and Victor ride down together. Silence. Victor watches Nick who catches the look.

VICTOR  
Are you a friend of Lucy's?

NICK  
(dry)  
Isn't everyone?

VICTOR  
Just met her tonight.

NICK  
Lucy?

VICTOR  
(nods)  
She's great.

Victor smiles as though holding a secret.

NICK  
Oh yeah she's great. Nice lady.

Nick eyes him again. Something about the man...

11126 EXT. AMANDA'S BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

11126

The two men exit the building. Nick hesitates, then asks.

NICK  
Have we met before?

VICTOR  
No. Although I've been getting a lot of that lately.

NICK  
My mistake.

Victor hails an approaching cab, turns back. The look on his face carries a message that says, you don't want to know me.

VICTOR  
I think so.

(CONTINUED)

11126 CONTINUED:

11126

He opens the cab door as the light from a street lamp crosses his face, highlighting his eyes. The angle is the same as it was in the bank security video tape of the Old Man.

Nick FLASHES to the tape, and the EYES.

BACK TO SCENE

VICTOR

(continuing)

I just have one of those faces.

He gets into the cab. Nick watches it drive away, an uneasy feeling his gut.

NICK

Huh, one of those faces... maybe.

11127 INT. AMANDA'S - BEDROOM - A SHORT TIME LATER

11127

Amanda has the copies of the blueprints and photographs taken by Victor spread across her bed. She picks one up, studies it, throws it aside, runs her hand through her hair.

Lucy enters.

LUCY

So?

AMANDA

What?

LUCY

What do you mean, "what"? How was it?

AMANDA

Well lets see the Barolo was a little young. The, the soup was a little salty. And the pasta wasn't quite as al dente as I'd prefer.

Lucy sits down on the bed near her.

(CONTINUED)

11127 CONTINUED:

11127

LUCY

Amanda you know what I mean.

(beat)

How was he?

AMANDA

He was...

Amanda lifts the white rose, thoughtful.

AMANDA

(continuing)

Nice.

LUCY

Nice? A melon is "nice."

AMANDA

Alright, he was more than nice.

(beat)

He wants me to steal the Valentino diamond.

LUCY

Are you going to do it?

AMANDA

I fumphered.

LUCY

You "fumphered".

AMANDA

I didn't say yes, and I didn't say no.

LUCY

We could use the money.

Amanda doesn't respond.

LUCY

(continuing)

You said you were bored. You said you were looking for a challenge.

AMANDA

I know what I said.

(CONTINUED)

11127 CONTINUED: 2

11127

LUCY

A year ago you would've jumped at the chance.

AMANDA

Well things are different now.

LUCY

They are?

AMANDA

Sure.

(beat)

Maybe.

(beat)

What do you think if...

(beat)

Ah forget it.

LUCY

Sure whatever you say.

AMANDA

Was uh Nick waiting long?

LUCY

Long for you, or long for a mere mortal?

(beat)

He was jealous, you know.

AMANDA

Of Victor?

LUCY

No, of the Easter Bunny. Amanda, if you're gonna stop being a thief, then do it for you not for anybody else.

Amanda takes a beat, changes the subject.

AMANDA

(re: blueprints)

Why don't you put a nice pot of coffee on. It's gonna be a long and bumpy night.

(CONTINUED)



11127 CONTINUED: 3

11127

LUCY  
You're going to do it?

Amanda looks down at the plans. Lucy studies her.

AMANDA  
(shrugs)  
Maybe. Maybe.

11128 EXT. AMANDA'S BUILDING - NIGHT

11128

11129 EXT. AMANDA'S - TERRACE - A SHORT TIME LATER

11129

Nick silently drops down from the ladder leading from the parapet, moves to the greenhouse door.

11130 INT. AMANDA'S - GREENHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

11130

Dark. Quiet. Everyone would seem to be asleep.

Close on a lock being picked. A beat. The door from the greenhouse to the terrace slowly opens. Nick slides through. He stands perfectly still. Listening. Then CLICKS on his flashlight and silently creeps into the

11131 INT. AMANDA'S - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

11131

His beam captures the champagne bottle. He quickly pulls it from the bucket, slides it in a plastic evidence bag, slips it inside his jacket. Then he turns off the flashlight and glides silently back into the greenhouse.

ANGLE - DOOR TO AMANDA'S BEDROOM

She stands like a wraith in the doorway, watching him disappear into the night.

11132 INT. MAGNUS' CAR - EARLY MORNING

11132

Magnus, tired and looking like somebody just sucked his blood.

Nick gets in. Magnus glances up, gives him a sour look.

(CONTINUED)

11132 CONTINUED:

11132

MAGNUS

Next time you call me at 5 a.m.,  
I'll have to kill you.

Nick passes over the champagne bottle in the evidence bag.

NICK

There'll be three sets of prints.  
Amanda Montrose. Lucy Becker. And  
one more.

MAGNUS

And that's the one?

NICK

That's the one.

MAGNUS

She in this with him?

NICK

No.

Nick turns to go. Magnus calls after him.

MAGNUS

Nick -- I got the ballistics  
report.

(Nick turns back)

The shooter used a style piece.  
9mm Beretta. With a silencer.

Nick's eyes narrow, the anger simmering under the surface.

NICK

When was the last time you heard of  
a crackhead using a five hundred  
dollar piece with a silencer.

MAGNUS

I'll check this out.

NICK

Get some coffee.

MAGNUS

Get out.

11133 INT. NICK'S PLACE - EARLY MORNING

11133

Nick enters, throws his jacket on a chair. All he wants right now is sleep.

AMANDA (O.S.)

Busy night?

He snaps around. Amanda's standing in the kitchen doorway.

NICK

You broke into my house.

AMANDA

(with an edge)  
That seems to be going around.  
Next thing you know I'll be  
stealing your garbage.

NICK

(his eyes drill into her)  
A friend of mine was murdered  
yesterday.

AMANDA

I'm sorry to hear that. What does  
that have to do with me Nick?

NICK

Nothing maybe. Remember the  
security guy I told you about? At  
the bank.

A flicker of concern. She pushes it aside.

AMANDA

So you stole an empty bottle to  
prove what? That I did it? Sorry,  
got a great alibi.

NICK

Yeah well it's your alibi that I'm  
worried about. Tell me about him?

AMANDA

Well lets see, he's about six feet  
tall, a hundred eighty-five pounds,  
gives great presents.

(CONTINUED)

11133 CONTINUED:

11133

NICK

What's he do?

AMANDA

If you want his resume, why don't you ask him yourself.

NICK

What the hell is your problem?

AMANDA

Me? You are the one who broke into my place first.

NICK

The guy you were with last night --

AMANDA

(interrupting)  
Victor.

NICK

Okay Victor, I think he's a murderer.

AMANDA

Great because I'm going out with someone he's on your most-wanted list.

NICK

(astounded)  
You actually think this is about jealousy? Amanda, I don't care if you like this guy or not. I just want you to listen to me.

AMANDA

I am listening to you I just don't hear any evidence.

NICK

He looks like a guy in a surveillance tape.

AMANDA

Oh "Looks like a guy."

(CONTINUED)



11133 CONTINUED: 2

11133

NICK

He was in disguise.

AMANDA

In disguise, ah.

(beat)

Is that all you have?

NICK

I'm getting more.

AMANDA

You know It wasn't too long ago you  
thought I was a murderer.

She starts to walk out. Nick grabs her, swings her around.

NICK

Do you know what this guy wants  
from you? Do you?

AMANDA

(going for the jugular)

You know you saw us together last  
night. What do you think he wants?

She storms out.

11134 INT. AMANDA'S - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

11134

Amanda and Victor have the security plans for the bank  
spread out on the desk. They're going over them for the  
last time. Amanda is noticeably passionless as she recites  
practically by rote.

AMANDA

(dead pan)

Okay, once we interrupt the feeds at  
the main box we'll have  
approximately thirty minutes to  
crack the vault. It's a Kumahara  
three-point-seven. Won't be easy.

Victor picks up on her mood. He leans in, concerned.

VICTOR

Am I boring you?

(CONTINUED)

11134 CONTINUED:

11134

She doesn't answer. He turns serious.

VICTOR  
Amanda, what's wrong?

She turns, looks directly into his eyes.

AMANDA  
Did you murder the head of security  
at the bank yesterday?

A stunned look crosses his face.

VICTOR  
What?

AMANDA  
Just answer the question.

VICTOR  
Okay. No. I didn't murder  
anybody. There. Feel better?  
(beat)  
No. Didn't think so. Believe me?  
(beat)  
Didn't think so either.  
(beat)  
Look, let's just forget it.

He begins gathering up the plans.

AMANDA  
You'd just walk away from the  
Valentino?

VICTOR  
I don't even own a damn gun. I  
don't work that way.  
(beat)  
I'm not evil. I'm not a killer.  
I'm a thief, like you.  
(beat)  
People think the worst. I just  
didn't expect it from you.

He pushes the plans to her.

(CONTINUED)

11134 CONTINUED: 2

11134

VICTOR

Take 'em, they're yours. There'll  
be other diamonds. Other decades.

A moment of pained indecision -- then he kisses her on the  
lips.

VICTOR

Too bad. It could've been fun.

He starts for the front door. A beat, then...

AMANDA

Victor.

He turns. Amanda meets

VICTOR'S EYES

CUT TO:

11135 INT. NICK'S PLACE - LATE AFTERNOON

11135

VICTOR'S FACE

As Nick studies the security videos from the bank.

Nick's computer printer beeps as it spits out a still frame  
of Victor's face.

Nick snaps up the copy and reaches for his phone.  
Suddenly, from outside, the shrill BLARE of a CAR HORN. He  
looks out the window, then grabs his jacket and yanks open  
the door, searching for his keys in the jacket pockets as  
he goes.

11136 EXT. NICK'S - PARKING AREA - LATE AFTERNOON

11136

The horn on his car is stuck, beeping relentlessly. Nick  
moves to open the hood, needs to release it from inside.  
He fumbles for the right key.

AT THE CAR

He inserts the key, unlocks the door -- but at that exact  
moment his CELL PHONE RINGS.

(CONTINUED)

11136 CONTINUED:

11136

He digs the phone out of another pocket, flips it open.

NICK

Wolfe.

MAGNUS

Wolfe?

NICK

Magnus, is that you?

MAGNUS

Got a hit but it looks like some  
kind of screw up.

The HORN seem to be getting shriller by the moment.

NICK (LOUD)

Wait a minute. I can't hear you.  
What?

He quickly steps away, trying to put as much distance  
between him and the noise as possible, covers one ear to  
block out the sound.

INTERCUT:

11137 INT. MAGNUS' OFFICE - SAME TIME

11137

MAGNUS

on the phone.

MAGNUS

Computer says the prints belong to  
a dead guy.

NICK

What about the prints?

MAGNUS

Nick! Nick!

NICK

Let me call you back.

(CONTINUED)



11137 CONTINUED:

11137

At that exact moment, a huge EXPLOSION (O.S.) sends Nick flying through the air. He tumbles onto the ground, flaming debris falling around him.

Stunned, he struggles to his knees, looks in the direction of his car. His jaw tightens in anger.

ANGLE ON CAR

There's nothing left but a fully engulfed twisted mass of flaming metal.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

11138 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

11138

Victor removes the last screw from a metal grill covering an air conditioning vent that leads into the Falconer Bank Building. He pries it off, sets it on the ground and peers inside.

Amanda stands next to him, dressed in a cape and catsuit. Back lit, she looks dark and ethereal. Victor rubs his hands together.

VICTOR

My palms are sweating. My stomach's doing jumping jacks.

AMANDA

It's great, isn't it?

VICTOR

(smiles)

Yeah.

(beat)

Okay, let's synchronize watches. Straight up in three, two, one, set! Down!

They both click the buttons on their watches.

11139 INT. AMANDA'S - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

11139

The room is heavy with tension. Lucy looks like she's about to burst into tears as she turns away from Nick.

LUCY

I am not her keeper, Nick. I don't know everything she does. And frankly I don't want to.

With infinite patience, he takes her by the shoulders, gently turns her around.

NICK

Lucy. Listen to me carefully.

He guides her to the couch, crouches down so he can look her in the eyes.

(CONTINUED)

11139 CONTINUED:

11139

NICK

I understand you're trying to  
protect her. So am I. From him.

LUCY

(still protesting)  
Please...

NICK

Lucy his name's not Victor Hansen.  
It's Victor Cole and he's an  
immortal.

She starts to object. He holds up his hand.

NICK

Yesterday he killed a friend of  
mine, Bob Marshall.  
(pointedly)  
Now he was head of security at the  
bank where the Valentino is.

She can't hide her alarm at this.

NICK

I know you're loyal to her, he  
tried to kill me today...  
(gravely)  
He's going to kill her.

LUCY

(a beat)  
They're going after the diamond.  
Tonight.

He jumps up.

NICK

Thank you. I need to borrow your  
car.

LUCY

It's in the shop. Where's yours?

NICK

The engine blew.

He looks at the bike, then back to Lucy.

(CONTINUED)

11139 CONTINUED: 2

11139

Back at the bank; Amanda shoves a satchel into the opening.

AMANDA

Alright I'll take ten minutes to  
crawl through the ducts and another  
two to uh open the box.

VICTOR

Alright. I'll interrupt the power  
supply at exactly 11:16. You'll  
have five seconds to override the  
alarm on the back door.

She turns to go.

AMANDA

OK let's do it.

Victor stops her, turns her around.

VICTOR

Amanda...  
(kisses her)  
Be careful.

AMANDA

Bonne chance.

VICTOR

Have a good trip.

She gives him a "we'll continue this later" look and he  
boosts her into the opening. Once she's on her way he  
begins to replace the grill.

11140 INT. FALCONER BANK BUILDING - BANK LOBBY - A FEW MINUTES 11140  
LATER

AMANDA

C'mon Victor throw the switch...  
Thank you.

The grill over an overhead air vent is removed from the  
inside and Amanda's head pops out. Coast clear, she drops  
cat-like to the floor.

ANGLE AT SECURITY CONTROL PANEL

(CONTINUED)



11140 CONTINUED:

11140

She digs in her satchel, comes up with an electronic device, checks her watch.

AMANDA

Three minutes and counting.

Suddenly her cell phone rings.

AMANDA

Lucy this better be good. I told you to never call me at work.

11141 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

11141

Nick screams through the city streets on the high powered motorcycle. He blows through a red light -- horns BLARE, cars SKID -- disappears into the night, an unstoppable force.

(PRODUCTION NOTE: Please shoot an extended drive sequence if possible. Music under, spinning wheels, lights of the city, etc.)

11142 INT. FALCONER BANK BUILDING - BACK DOOR - NIGHT

11142

Amanda opens the door. A tense beat. No alarm. Victor slips in, closes the door. He's jazzed. Hungry for the Valentino.

AMANDA

Security's disarmed, it's all ours.

VICTOR

Perfect timing, Amanda.

(looks around excitedly)

Come on. We've got thirty minutes to get that vault open.

He strides in the direction of the vault. But Amanda's not with him. He turns. The look in her eyes gives him a chill.

VICTOR

What did I miss?

(CONTINUED)

11142 CONTINUED:

11142

She shakes her head.

AMANDA

If they were giving Academy Awards  
for B.S. Victor, you'd be King of  
the World.

He reacts with confusion, hurt.

VICTOR

The clock is ticking. Can it wait?

AMANDA

No. You told me exactly what I  
wanted to hear when I wanted to  
hear it. You have a real gift for  
that.

His eyes dart to her CELL PHONE lying on a desk, immediately  
understands.

VICTOR

I thought we worked this out.

She holds up a hand.

AMANDA

Oh please darling, I don't have  
time for a Harlequin moment.

He starts to object but she cuts him off.

AMANDA

I knew you were too good to be  
true.

Suddenly all pretense drops and we get a frightening glimpse  
of the devil behind the mask of charisma.

VICTOR

So Wolfe survived.

AMANDA

You know there's only one thing  
that pisses me off more than being  
made a fool of...

Suddenly her SWORD is in her hands.

(CONTINUED)

11142 CONTINUED: 2

11142

AMANDA

...and that's having someone try to  
kill my friends.

As the sword fills his hand --

11143 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

11143

Nick screams flat out past CAMERA, a missile headed for its  
target.

11144 INT. FALCONER BANK BUILDING - BANK LOBBY - NIGHT

11144

The cavernous space reverberates with the CLANG of swords  
and the gloom is pierced by SPARKS from their blades.

Victor's good. But so's Amanda. He lunges. She slips to  
the side and leaps onto a desk.

VICTOR

circles. Feints. Slashes. She jumps and his blade sends  
a desk lamp crashing to the floor.

AMANDA

backs away. A sudden lunge as if to strike. But at the  
last moment, an amazing flip lands her behind him.

She strikes, slices his cheek.

VICTOR

leaps back, an expression of shock on his face. With a  
furious GROWL he kicks a chair towards her.

She easily avoids it.

AMANDA

What's the matter, darling? At a  
loss for words?

VICTOR

I was hoping this would wait until  
I had the diamond.

(CONTINUED)

11144 CONTINUED:

11144

He charges. A wild, furious slash.

AMANDA

ducks, smashes the hilt of her sword up under his chin. He cries out in pain. Staggers back.

A graceful pirouette and she's at his side.

He blocks her mid-swing. They lock, swords straining against each other. Intense concentration in her eyes. Ruthless fury in his.

ANGLE - FRONT DOORS OF BANK

Suddenly the GLASS DOORS EXPLODE in a thousand pieces as Nick come CRASHING through on the motorcycle, shards raining all around him.

Every ALARM in the place goes nuts.

VICTOR AND AMANDA

swords still locked, turn in startled amazement.

THEIR POV

Nick and bike skid across the marble floor. Rubber burning. Sparks flying. Completely out of control. Careening right at them.

AMANDA

dives one way.

VICTOR

dives the other.

NICK

kicks free and the bike smashes into a desk.

VICTOR

leaps to his feet, charges Nick, sword raised.

AMANDA

(CONTINUED)



11144 CONTINUED: 2

11144

yells out a warning.

NICK

rolls to the side. CLANG! Sparks fly as Victor's blade smashes into the marble floor two inches from his head.

Nick comes up angry, elbows Victor hard in the face, slips free. He yanks out his gun just as Victor raises the sword to strike.

BAM!

The bullet smashes into Victor's shoulder and his sword goes flying.

He gives Amanda a lethal glance and races out the BACK DOOR.

NICK

jumps up, starts after him. Amanda grabs his arm.

AMANDA

Nick, don't...

He angrily shakes her off, growls...

NICK

He's mine.

And he disappears out the door.

11145 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

11145

VICTOR

dashes down the dark street. He flexes his wounded arm. Almost healed. Face, too.

NICK

careens around a corner after him, closing in.

VICTOR

(CONTINUED)

11145 CONTINUED:

11145

throws a glance over his shoulder just as Nick FIRES. The bullet PINGS off a nearby lamppost.

Victor squeezes off a couple of SHOTS. The bullets chew a chunk of wall from above Nick's head. He ducks down, keeps on coming.

11146 EXT. LAKE FRONT - DOCKS - CONTINUOUS

11146

The night is filled with the sound of POLICE SIRENS.

NICK

spots Victor as he disappears around the corner of a building, races forward.

VICTOR

scans the area. Which way? He takes off to the right.

He's passing behind a piece of rusting equipment. A NOISE from above. Before he can react, Victor drops from the sky, pounds him to the ground.

VICTOR

Hey Nick!

Victor's GUN skitters away.

NICK

rams his arm hard across Victor's windpipe. Victor gasps, then knees him in the groin, throwing him off balance.

VICTOR

launches to his feet, grabs for the gun concealed in his ankle holster.

NICK

Be sure and wacked.

As he bends to get it, Nick's foot smashes into his side. Victor staggers back, starts to aim. BAM! Nick fires first.

(CONTINUED)

11146 CONTINUED:

11146

The bullet spins Victor around. He stumbles towards the water. Nick leaps, arm outstretched to grab him.

Suddenly, another SHOT rings out. Loud and close. Victor takes it full in the chest. Looks at Nick in shock.

Nick whirls around.

NICK'S POV

It's Magnus, gun raised, a look of animal hatred on his face.

Too late. BAM! Magnus fires again.

VICTOR

The force of the bullet cartwheels him over the edge of the dock into the black water below.

NICK

rushes forward, stripping off his jacket. He's going in after him. But a steely hand grabs him and drags him back.

MAGNUS

Leave it Nick. That one's for Marsh. It's up to the dive team now.

Nick's eyes strain into the murky water. He shakes his head.

NICK

Good luck finding the body.

OFF Magnus' puzzled expression --

MAGNUS

What are you talking about Wolfe?  
Where are you going? Nick I was  
doing us a favour here.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT : TAG

FADE IN:

11147 EXT. NICK'S PLACE - PARKING AREA - DAY

11147

OPEN CLOSE on a blackened, twisted METAL FORM. Could be a piece of abstract sculpture. Could be junk.

O.S. a loud GRINDING SOUND and the metal shudders, then moves out of frame to be followed by more twisted metal.

NICK

watches as a SALVAGE TRUCK cranks the burned-out hulk of his former car slowly onto a flatbed. Junk city here we come.

He sighs. Goodbye old friend.

ANGLE - CORNER

The SOUND of an approaching motorcycle reverberates off the buildings and a moment later Amanda turns the corner on the BMW. She's looking very Hollywood Hell's Angels in her tight black leathers.

She pulls up, kicks down the stand, swings gracefully off the bike. She glances at the corpse of the car, gives Nick a sympathetic look.

AMANDA

Wow, well it's amazing what they can do with bondo these days.

Nick shrugs gloomily.

NICK

It's just a scratch, it'll be back on the street in no time.

She tosses him the keys to the bike.

AMANDA

Oh oh well it's a good thing you got wheels.

NICK

What's this?

(CONTINUED)



11147 CONTINUED:

11147

AMANDA

It's yours. A little peace offering.

NICK

You're kidding.

Amanda taps her foot.

AMANDA

Well I think the appropriate response would be "Thank you, Amanda."

Nick appraises the bike critically.

NICK

The headlight's smashed. What is that a paint chip? Gonna have to replace that front wheel.

She throws up her hands in exasperation.

AMANDA

Now who's fault is that? I didn't come through the door at mach four.

NICK

I was in a rush a friend of mine was about to get her head chopped off.

That touches her. She gets serious.

AMANDA

We still friends?

His shrug is more "I guess so" than "for sure." Amanda wants more.

AMANDA

Look Victor, he came into my life at exactly the wrong time -- you know it's like some great cosmic tumbler clicked into place and he was sent to test me.

(CONTINUED)

11147 CONTINUED: 2

11147

NICK

Some test.

AMANDA

Yeah I failed it. It wasn't the first time. I am sure it won't be the last.

A beat between them. Unspoken apologies.

He nods. Nick nods towards the bike.

NICK

I'm sure. C'mon lets go for a ride?

(teasing)

I promise not to go too fast.

AMANDA

I don't break that easily.

They climb on the bike. Nick starts the engine, pauses.

AMANDA

What?

NICK

He's out there. He's gonna come back one day.

Amanda puts her arms around him. It's more like an embrace than holding on.

AMANDA

Welcome to my world.

And they zoom off into the sunset.

FADE OUT.

THE END