

HIGHLANDER THE RAVEN

#98114

"The Rogue"

Written by
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HIGHLANDER : THE RAVEN

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Prod. # 98114

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Firecorp IV Productions Inc.

HIGHLANDER : THE RAVEN

"The Rogue"

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CAST LIST

AMANDA
NICK WOLFE

BERT MYERS

FRANK BRENNAN
DEBRA DOW

RACHAEL
NESTOR

YOUNG WOMAN

HIGHLANDER : THE RAVEN

"The Rogue"

Production # 98114

SET LIST:

INTERIORS

SANCTUARY

/CLUB LEVEL

/NICK'S BEDROOM

/NICK'S OFFICE

HOTEL SUITE

DEBRA'S HOTEL SUITE

/BEDROOM

HOTEL CORRIDOR - BY THE ELEVATORS

RACHAEL'S APARTMENT

HALLWAY OUTSIDE RACHAEL'S APARTMENT

CHURCH

EXTERIORS

SANCTUARY

PARK

TRAILERS

HOTEL

HOTEL ROOF TOP

PARIS STREET

STREET

ALLEY

CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK, FOUR YEARS AGO

/PATH

PARIS - SUNRISE - STOCK

HIGHLANDER: THE RAVEN

"THE ROGUE"

TEASER

FADE IN:

11401 INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY

11401

Gun drawn, NESTOR, 40, solid as a railroad spike, enters. He flicks on the lights and sweeps the room quickly, efficiently, like the experienced professional he is.

NESTOR

Clear.

Eyes flaming under heavy lashes, DEBRA DOW, 43, enters with her other bodyguard, RACHAEL, 35, razor-built, herself a consummate pro.

Despite the scowl, Debra is lovely, glamorous - a well cultured woman who wears her sexuality easily. This lady is a touch of expensive perfume.

Debra turns to Rachael, condescending.

DEBRA

You don't take direction well, do you?

Rachael blinks surprise.

RACHAEL

Excuse me?

DEBRA

I thought I told you, right side for camera, left side for security.

Debra crosses to a wet bar and pours herself a drink.

DEBRA

Just how long have you been at this job anyway?

Rachael and Nestor share a glance -- here we go again. Nestor pipes in as he grabs the phone, voice brittle with forced cheerfulness.

NESTOR

Hey, who feels like pizza?

DEBRA

(tight)
Not now.

(CONTINUED)

11401 CONTINUED:

11401

Nestor hesitates.

NESTOR

You know, you might feel better if
you ate something.

Debra glares. He replaces the receiver on the cradle; pops
a mint in his mouth. Debra finds Rachael's gaze.

DEBRA

(re: Rachael)

I'd feel better if she'd stay the
hell out of my light.

RACHAEL

Look, Ms. Dow. We're your
bodyguards. If we got in your way,
we were just doing our job.

DEBRA

Your job is to be invisible.

NESTOR

Our job is to keep you alive.

RACHAEL

Look, if you're that unhappy, take
it up with Myers.

DEBRA

I'll do just that.

Debra cradles her drink; drifts toward the window. Nestor
leans in Rachael's direction; whispers.

NESTOR

Apologize.

RACHAEL

What?

NESTOR

Just do it. I'm hungry.

Rachael lingers for a second; releases a lungful of
exasperated air.

RACHAEL

Alright, Ms. Dow, look, maybe we
got off to a rough start. I
apologize for getting in your
light... and I take back what I
said about your acting.

Debra spins, regarding her sharply. Now, she's angry.

(CONTINUED)

11401 CONTINUED: 2

11401

DEBRA

Get out.

Debra swings open the drapes in one violent stroke. Nestor instinctively moves for her.

NESTOR

Stay away from the window.

DEBRA

I want her replaced.

NESTOR

Fine. Consider her gone. Now step back from the window.

Debra does. Nestor's about to close the drapes when, without warning, THE TELEVISION SET in the room directly behind him EXPLODES!

Rachael reacts immediately, diving for Debra, tackling her to the carpet. Nestor draws his gun. Another SHOT is heard.

Rachael keeps Debra pinned; looks up; draws her weapon; frowns when she sees a perforation in the window pane right where Nestor was standing. She glances at him, horrified eyes fixed on his chest.

ON NESTOR, drawing one final breath, he looks up at her, astonished to find himself pitching over.

NESTOR

Sniper?

He's dead before he hits the carpet.

As Debra screams, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

11402 INT. SANCTUARY - CLUB LEVEL - MORNING

11402

MYERS washes down a pair of aspirin with tepid coffee. His eyes are bleary. He is in the middle of a conversation with Nick.

In the b.g., moving men haul various pieces of furniture and equipment through the club and up to the second floor. Amanda enters, looks around, and moves towards Myers.

NICK

Cops found a seven-point-five millimeter shell casing on a roof across the street. Wanna bet it's an FR-F2?

MYERS

Sniper's dream. Twenty-eight hundred feet per second.

NICK

(nods)

Professional hit. Chances are they've re-bored the muzzle so ballistics'll come up with squat.

Amanda dodges two guys carrying a desk.

AMANDA

Hey! Watch it, Popeye.

(beat)

Myers.

MYERS

What?

AMANDA

Next time tell them to use the service entrance.

MYERS

Not today, Amanda. I'm not in the mood.

AMANDA

They're scuffing my floors.

Nick throws her a warning look.

AMANDA

What? You guys look like somebody died.

(CONTINUED)

11402 CONTINUED:

11402

NICK
Congratulations.

AMANDA
(reacting)
Sorry.

NICK
Nestor was guarding Debra Dow.

AMANDA
The actress? Who'd want to kill
her? She hasn't had a hit in five
years.

NICK
Someone tried to take her out.
They got Nestor instead.

Myers feels a sense of responsibility for Nestor's death.

MYERS
She came to me with this death
threat. I told Nestor it smelled
like a publicity stunt.
(beat)
It's my fault he got careless.

NICK
Don't beat yourself up.

MYERS
And I swore to this guy in the
State Department that I'd be in
Washington in two days.

NICK
It's okay. I'm on it.

MYERS
Just stick to her like glue. Keep
her alive while I beat the bushes
for the hitter.

AMANDA
Debra Dow...
(beat)
"The Bird in the Gilded Cage,"
"Death Watch..." I always liked
her movies. Might be fun.

MYERS
Nick can handle it.

(CONTINUED)

11402 CONTINUED: 2

11402

AMANDA

'Is that like saying, "Go away
Amanda, we don't need you?"

MYERS

It's the client. She doesn't play
well with other women.

Amanda thinks that through in less time than it takes to
exhale.

AMANDA

How tragic.
(to Nick)
Have fun.

She exits.

MYERS

If he's a pro, he's not going to
stop.

NICK

I'll be careful.

MYERS

That's not what I was going to say.
(beat)
Nestor was a good friend. If you
get the shot...

NICK

(cutting him off)
Let's get one thing straight, Bert.
I'm here to save a life.

MYERS

All I'm saying is, whatever it
takes.

Nick sees Rachael enter.

NICK

Rachael. I'm sorry about your
partner.

RACHAEL

Yeah. So am I... Thanks.
(beat; to Myers)
I just got off the phone with
Nestor's wife. I'm going over to
spend some time with her.

MYERS

How's she doing?

(CONTINUED)

11402 CONTINUED: 3

11402

RACHAEL

(shakes her head)

She's me after Frank died. Broken ceramic. You never get glued back together right.

Myers shifts uncomfortably from one foot to another.

MYERS

Tell her, anything she needs.

(beat)

And tell her... we'll get the sonuvabitch.

Rachael nods; starts to leave. Nick moves after her.

NICK

Rachael --

She stops.

RACHAEL

Look, Nick, let's cut to the chase. You're going to tell me it's not my fault --

NICK

(cutting her off)

And that there was nothing you could have done. And that you're not to blame.

(beat)

And you're going to go over every second of that afternoon, rethink every word you said, every decision you made.

(beat)

And you're not going to believe me.

RACHAEL

(beat)

Not today.

She turns to go, pauses.

RACHAEL

But thanks for trying.

She leaves. On Nick, as he watches her go.

11403 EXT. PARK - DAY

11403

The park is set up for a commercial shoot -- lights, a couple of chairs for the actors, a film camera, and various other equipment.

(CONTINUED)

11403 CONTINUED:

11403

The CAMERA CREW is hard at work, setting up for the shoot.

ON DEBRA'S FACE, as someone powders it. She's visibly upset, tight. With a quick flick of her wrist, she brushes the MAKE-UP PERSON'S hand away.

DEBRA

That's enough. Do the hair.

Widen to reveal she's perusing a newspaper. The headline reads: "B-Movie Queen Target of Assassination Attempt".

Restrained by SECURITY PERSONNEL, a smattering of REPORTERS linger in the b.g., eager to interview her.

Myers pulls up a seat. Debra tosses the newspaper on his lap.

DEBRA

Can you believe that?

(hisses air)

"B-movie Queen." I worked with Pacino and Hoffman.

MYERS

You shouldn't be here.

DEBRA

This is an international commercial, Mr. Myers. It'll put my face on every television set in a hundred countries.

MYERS

So would being murdered. This isn't safe.

DEBRA

(re: reporters)

Look at them. They're waiting for me.

Nick approaches. Debra meets his gaze, eyes drifting down, taking in the entire package.

DEBRA

Besides, with Mr. Wolfe at my side, I've never felt safer.

At that moment, a noisy bustle resounds from an area beyond the press. Nick and Myers spin to witness a flamboyantly-dressed figure emerging into view, working her way through security.

Amanda - body glistening with kinetic confidence.

(CONTINUED)

11403 CONTINUED: 2

11403

AMANDA

Excuse you? No, excuse me.

Amanda flashes a business card in a SECURITY GUARD'S face.

AMANDA

J.C. Squires. The J.C. Squires.

Nick appears at her side, waves the Security Guard off.

NICK

(studies the card)

Squires? Should I have heard of you?

AMANDA

Agent to the stars.

NICK

Really? Who do you represent?

AMANDA

You name 'em, I got 'em.

NICK

No, you name them.

Amanda tires of the by-play.

AMANDA

Love to darling, but I'm here to see Debra Dow, so if you'd kindly...

(jabs her heel into his foot)

...step aside...

Nick grabs his foot. Amanda plows right past him and a bemused Myers.

AMANDA

Debra!

DEBRA

Do I know you?

AMANDA

No, darling. But you want to. J.C. Squires, ICT, Paris office. Give me a spin.

DEBRA

Excuse me?

(CONTINUED)

11403 CONTINUED: 3

11403

AMANDA

Turn around, dear. Let me have a
look at you.

Debra turns, subconsciously smoothing her skirt.

AMANDA

You look marvelous.

DEBRA

Thank you.

AMANDA

That the Academy never honored you
is a crime.

Amanda's cell phone CHIRPS. She answers it, turning her
back on Debra, offering her a fake apologetic grin on the
way.

AMANDA

Hello? John-John, what've you got?
No, no, no. It's the cover or
nothing. I've already had a better
offer from Vanity Fair.

She clicks off, feigning exasperation. Nick's heard
enough.

NICK

Excuse us.

He takes her by the elbow, steers her away.

AMANDA

Look, if you're with the Morris
Agency, take a number. We saw her
first.

Nick pulls her out of earshot.

NICK

What the hell are you doing?

AMANDA

I'm undercover.

NICK

Why?

AMANDA

You asked for my help. I'm
helping.

NICK

Nobody asked for your help.

(CONTINUED)

11403 CONTINUED: 4

11403

AMANDA

· Exactly.

Amanda stops, suddenly feeling the BUZZ. Nick follows her stare into a crowd where

FRANK BRENNAN

42, tall, lean, blends in nicely, trying to look innocuous. His are merciless eyes - hard, committed - wrapped in a generic face. He too, is buzzing, eyes scanning... searching.

AMANDA

examines the crowd. Spots him.

BRENNAN

spots her at the same time as he snakes his way through a knot of bodies.

He smiles at her, dragging on a cigarette. He flicks it away, suddenly shifting his gaze in Debra's direction, closing ground like Judgement Day wrapped in an overcoat... digging into his pocket for something.

NICK'S POV

A GUN

materializes out of Brennan's overcoat.

RESUME NICK

as he reaches for his weapon and shouts out to Myers.

NICK

Down!

Myers tackles Debra.

BAM!

Brennan's bullet whizzes over their heads.

A SPOT LIGHT EXPLODES.

NICK

takes aim at Brennan, but everybody's running around in a panic in front of him.

BRENNAN

backpedals; tucks away his gun.

(CONTINUED)

11403 CONTINUED: 5

11403

NICK

bolts after him, fighting through a cluster of frenzied people.

NICK

Freeze!

AMANDA

is momentarily stuck in the panicking crowd as

BRENNAN

bolts, knocking a female reporter on her ass.

HER CAMERAMAN

sets up to shoot some footage, but Brennan tags him with a vicious right, sending him tumbling, the camera splintering as it bounces off the pavement.

Brennan flees out into the street, crossing in front of a screeching vehicle.

NICK

follows, traffic swerving, horns blaring. Amanda joins the pursuit, not far behind.

BRENNAN

turns a corner, barreling over an unsuspecting postal worker, sending mail fluttering dans toutes les directions.

The postal worker gathers his feet as Nick appears, slamming into him.

ON BRENNAN, vanishing behind a blur of trailers.

11404 EXT. TRAILERS - DAY

11404

Brennan hops on a motorcycle; engages the kick starter a couple of times. As the engine roars to life, Nick arrives, grabbing him from behind, pulling him off the bike and spinning him around.

Brennan's about to counter, but pauses, paralyzed, caught completely off guard by the sight of Nick's face.

Ditto for Nick. They just stand there for a second, hesitating, staring into each other's widening gazes. There's history here.

(CONTINUED)

11404 CONTINUED:

11404

A PAIR OF QUICK, HALF SECOND FLASHES

1. Nick and Brennan, face to face, in the dead of night struggling over a gun.

2. Nick holding Brennan's lifeless body as it sinks to the ground.

BACK TO SCENE

One split second later.

Amanda races up, sword drawn but hidden under her coat. Brennan reacts; catches Nick with a hard right. He jumps on the bike, pops the clutch and disappears into the Paris haze.

Amanda helps Nick to his feet.

AMANDA
You alright?

NICK
I'm fine.

AMANDA
You know him.

Nick nods.

NICK
Yeah... I killed him.

Off Amanda's deepening frown...

DISSOLVE TO:

11405 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - PATH - FOUR YEARS AGO - NIGHT

11405

SUPER: CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK, FOUR YEARS AGO

Nick walks along arm-in-arm with a young beauty.

NICK
La Cirque, a carriage ride, a stroll through Central Park... I'd forgotten how much I loved New York.

The young woman smiles; seductively runs her fingers along one of his forearms.

YOUNG WOMAN
You should see the view from my apartment.

(CONTINUED)

11405 CONTINUED:

11405

NICK
City lights at night.

YOUNG WOMAN
Actually, I was thinking of the
sunrise.

She snakes her arms around his neck and plants the type of
kiss that would shuffle your hormones.

The kiss is interrupted by a GUNSHOT.

Nick reacts, craning toward the source of the noise, but
it's not in his line of sight.

BAM! One more time. He backs away from her, holding up an
index finger.

NICK
Hold that thought.

He races off. Off her disappointment...

11406. EXT. CENTRAL PARK - FOUR YEARS AGO - NIGHT

11406

Deeper into the park.

Myers and Brennan are caught in a wrestling match over a
gun.

Brennan is bigger... stronger. He gains the upper hand,
driving Myers to his knees.

Brennan levels the gun right in Myers' face.

BRENNAN
I want you to see this coming.

MYERS

maintains a defiant stare.

BRENNAN

is about to squeeze off a shot but Nick appears out of
nowhere, grabbing his wrist, driving him against a railing.

They grapple for the weapon, both men locking eyes in a
staring contest.

BAM! A street light EXPLODES.

Another SHOT. This time Brennan flinches, an involuntary
muscle jumping in his face.

(CONTINUED)

11406 CONTINUED:

11406

He sinks into Nick's arms, Brennan's face indelibly etched in Nick's memory as Nick lowers him to the ground.

Nick checks his vitals - nothing. He rises, stepping back, eyes scouting for Myers.

THWACK!

Nestor clubs him over the back of the head. HARD. Nick crumbles in a heap. Nestor pulls a firearm and points it at Nick's unconscious body. Myers steps into view.

MYERS

No. He saved my life.

NESTOR

He's a witness.

MYERS

Check the I.D.

Nestor reaches into Nick's jacket, pulls out his wallet, and displays his badge.

NESTOR

Great. He's a cop.

MYERS

Let me worry about that.
(indicates Brennan's body)
Just call the cleaner.

DISSOLVE TO:

11407 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - FOUR YEARS AGO - NIGHT

11407

Same location. Nick's propped up on a bench, unconscious. He describes what happens next in a V.O.

NICK (V.O.)

I came to about an hour later. It was as if nothing happened. No body, no blood, even the street light was fixed. I noticed Myers in the back of a sedan parked nearby, Nestor at the wheel. They were just sitting there, doors wide open... waiting for me.

Nick approaches the sedan, rubbing the nape of his neck, blurred retinas trying to focus. He feels for his gun - doesn't find it. Nick faces

(CONTINUED)

11407 CONTINUED:

11407

MYERS

who sips wine as he nibbles from a platter of RAW FISH. He tilts his glass as a suggestion of a toast as Nick shows up.

MYERS

Had dinner yet?

NICK

No thanks, I'm all set.

MYERS

That was quite a nasty fall you took.

NICK

Yeah, I should be more careful. What the hell is going on?

MYERS

Sure. No sense making small talk.

Myers whips out an official-looking badge.

MYERS

NSA. And I have a problem.

NICK

What sort of problem?

MYERS

You.

(beat)

I need to know you'll be discreet.

NICK

So nothing happened tonight.

MYERS

Exactly.

NICK

Wrong.

MYERS

You should know that accusations without evidence are worthless.

NICK

There's a body.

MYERS

Really? Where?

(CONTINUED)

11407 CONTINUED: 2

11407

NICK

Somewhere. And I can identify you.

Myers chuckles.

MYERS

I'm having dinner with four friends in Philadelphia at this very moment.

Nick casts a quick glance Nestor's way.

NESTOR

Don't look at me. I wanted to kill you.

(at Myers)

Could've been home fast asleep by now.

MYERS

Alright, look, here's the deal, Detective Wolfe. The body you thought you saw - it might've belonged to a rogue agent.

Nestor shoots Myers a look - why is he disclosing this?

MYERS

Except there's no way to be sure because there's no record he ever existed.

Myers stops eating; produces Nick's gun. A tense moment as Myers waves it precariously in Nick's direction... finally removing the clip. He tosses Nick the empty weapon.

MYERS

In the unlikely event this incident becomes part of the six o'clock news, my friend and I will be witnesses against you. After all, we did see you kill a man.

He smiles.

The car door slams shut. Myers' window whispers down.

MYERS

Maybe we'll see each other again.

NICK

New York is a small town. You never know.

Nestor works the gearshift. Myers places a hand on his shoulder, indicating for him to wait.

(CONTINUED)

11407 CONTINUED: 3

11407

MYERS

(to Nick)

Tell me, what would you do if your partner was a bad cop, someone who would blow up half of New York and not think twice about it.

NICK

I wouldn't kill him.

MYERS

(beat; smiles)

I didn't.

Myers signals for Nestor to drive off. The sedan disappears, leaving Nick alone.

DISSOLVE TO:

11408 EXT. TRAILERS - THE PRESENT - DAY

11408

Amanda's been filled in.

AMANDA

So this guy's an Immortal. What's he doing trying to kill Debra Dow.

NICK

Maybe he's not.

It hits her.

AMANDA

You think he was after Myers?

NICK

Nestor was there that night, too. Now he's resting comfortably in the morgue.

Before they can share any additional thoughts, Myers arrives on the scene, anxious.

MYERS

What happened?

NICK

Nothing. He got away.

MYERS

Did you get a look at his face?

Nick exchanges a glance with Amanda.

(CONTINUED)

11408 CONTINUED:

11408

NICK

No.

Myers stands there for a second... wondering why he's feeling a metric ton of suspicion pressed into that one syllable.

MYERS

No? How'd you get that welt over your eye?

NICK

I tripped.

Myers finds Amanda's gaze.

MYERS

What about you?

AMANDA

I saw the back of his head. I think he had brown hair.

MYERS

And that's all you can give me?

NICK

That's all there is.

On Myers, trading glances with both of them... completely distrustful.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

11409 INT. DEBRA'S HOTEL SUITE - DAY

11409

Amanda knocks, poking her head in as the ostentatious J.C.

AMANDA

Yoohoo. Debra, darling.

Pick up Nick emerging from the bedroom where Debra is fast asleep, shutting the door behind him.

NICK

How the hell did you get in here?

AMANDA

Where's my star?

NICK

Out cold. She took a sedative.

AMANDA

And you tucked her in. How thoughtful.

NICK

She asked me to stay by her side until she fell asleep. She believes someone's trying to kill her.

AMANDA

No need to get defensive. I say it's time we ditch Madame - it's Myers who's in trouble.

NICK

We ditch her, Myers becomes suspicious. You want to be the one to tell him about Immortals?

AMANDA

I see your point. Catch you later.

NICK

Wait a minute, where're you going?

AMANDA

Somebody has to watch him.

NICK

I'll take care of that.

(CONTINUED)

11409 CONTINUED:

11409

AMANDA

You're Madame's bodyguard,
remember? I'm only an agent.

NICK

When she wakes up, you can direct
her comeback. That ought to take a
few hours.

AMANDA

Put the testosterone away, Nick.
That guy out there. He's
invisible. You'll never see him
coming but I can sense him a block
away. So tell me, if you were
Myers who would you rather hang
with.

Nick doesn't respond. She's right.

NICK

Anything goes down...

She turns for the door.

AMANDA

You'll be the first.
(beat)

And, Nick -- maybe Myers isn't the
only one he's gunning for. You
were there, too.

She exits.

11410 EXT. SANCTUARY OR PARIS STREET - DAY

11410

Rachael exits headquarters; makes her way down the street.
An ARM reaches out and takes her by the elbow. She spins,
startled... nearly goes into cardiac arrest when she sees

BRENNAN

eyes misty. He stares at her like a man studying a long
lost precious oil painting.

Rachael's jaw gapes open, eyes fixed in a glazed stare -
she's even forgetting to breathe, that's how completely
stunned she is.

Brennan takes her, kisses her.

BRENNAN

I've missed you so much, Rachael.

(CONTINUED)

11410 CONTINUED:

11410

RACHAEL

Oh my God. Frank. How...?

BRENNAN

There's so much to tell you, but
it's not safe here. Come on.

He pulls out a cap and tugs it down over his forehead.
Rachael hesitates.

BRENNAN

(gently)
I'm not a ghost.

He extends his hand. She takes it. They move off
together.

11411 INT. RACHAEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

11411

Mid-scene. Brennan sits with Rachael, eyes moist,
caressing the back of her hand, voice cracking as he
speaks. She lingers over a cup of coffee, anguished,
fatigued. Completely bewildered.

We notice her wedding picture sitting prominently in front
of them on the coffee table. Brennan is her dead husband.

BRENNAN

(looking around)
You sold the house.

RACHAEL

It was too big for me, alone.

Beside the wedding picture, Brennan notices a framed
picture of Rachael and another MAN. Happy, smiling. He
picks it up.

BRENNAN

(re: picture)
Who's this?

RACHAEL

It's been four years, Frank. You
were dead. What the hell was I
supposed to do?

BRENNAN

You think I wanted to stay away?
There was nothing else I could do
after Myers set me up.

(CONTINUED)

11411 CONTINUED:

11411

RACHAEL

Bert? He told me you were killed
on the job when the Russian deal
went bad.

BRENNAN

Of course he did. He and some guy
named Wolfe put a bullet in me.
(beat)
They still think I'm dead.

RACHAEL

Nick Wolfe?

BRENNAN

I came to in a shallow grave; I
could hardly breathe. I dug my way
out.

RACHAEL

But all this time...

BRENNAN

I couldn't come back. They'd have
finished the job, maybe killed you,
too.

She just stares at him, an undertone of disbelief in her
face.

RACHAEL

Four years and you couldn't pick up
a damn phone? I was your wife,
Frank.

BRENNAN

You are my wife.

She hesitates, desperately wanting to believe him. We get
the sense that there's something in their history that's
made her leery of him. He gets to his feet, offended.

BRENNAN

I thought you'd be happy to see me.

RACHAEL

I am. It just doesn't seem
possible. Myers --

BRENNAN

Is a lying bastard.

(beat)

I was making the delivery - two
million in cash. They set me up
for an ambush, took the money.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

11411 CONTINUED: 2

11411

BRENNAN (cont'd)

That's what went down.

(beat)

Rachael, I'm alive. Doesn't that
prove he's lying?

Rachael takes a beat, wanting to believe him.

BRENNAN

How do you think he got the money
to go private? To set up this
organization of his?

(beat)

It was blood money, Rachael... My
blood.

(beat)

Please... Say you believe me. You
have to believe me.She puts her arms around him, takes him in a tight embrace.
He showers her with a series of tender kisses.

RACHAEL

I love you, Frank.

He pulls away. She reacts.

RACHAEL

(continuing)

What's the matter?

BRENNAN

We're not safe here.

RACHAEL

I have a few dollars put away.
We'll disappear.

BRENNAN

For how long? I don't want to be
dead anymore, Rachael.

(beat)

There's only one way out.

She takes a beat; sees it in his eyes, realizes what he
means.

RACHAEL

No.

BRENNAN

Wolfe and Myers.

She pulls away this time.

(CONTINUED)

11411 CONTINUED: 3

11411

RACHAEL

No... You can't.

BRENNAN

It's them or me, Rachael.

(beat)

Them or us.

On Rachael... the ball squarely in her court.

11412 EXT. PARIS STREET - NIGHT

11412

Mid-scene. Amanda walks alongside Myers. He's irritated for some reason.

MYERS

I thought you're supposed to be helping Nick.

AMANDA

He's more than capable of handling Little Miss Muffet on his own.

Myers turns a corner - she turns with him. He stops to peruse a magazine at a newsstand. She bumps into him. He spins; confronts her.

MYERS

Alright, what is this?

AMANDA

What?

MYERS

Why are you following me around?

AMANDA

Maybe I like you.

MYERS

I don't think so.

AMANDA

Okay, I'm bored. Come on. What do you say we grab a late dinner?

MYERS

It's been a long day. I just want to go home.

AMANDA

Fine. I'll walk you.

She links arms with him. He decides to play along.

(CONTINUED)

11412 CONTINUED:

11412

MYERS

Alright, maybe we can order in.
You can spend the night. Ever had
Franco-Japanese?

Amanda gets the BUZZ as he says that.

AMANDA'S POV

Brennan slips into a nearby church.

RESUME SCENE

AMANDA

What?

MYERS

Franco-Japanese. There's this
restaurant I know - owner's mother
was Japanese. You won't believe
what this guy can do with raw fish.

AMANDA

Sounds lovely, but I've gotta go.

She leaves abruptly.

MYERS

Hey! It's not written in stone.
We can get pizza instead.

She disappears around a corner.

11413 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

11413

Amanda enters to find an empty church - Brennan standing by
the altar, smoking, cool, collected, as emotionless as the
death he deals.

He releases a lungful of blue smoke.

BRENNAN

I was a gum chewer back in the old
days... part of a strategic assault
on a nicotine addiction. Now I say
what the hell.

AMANDA

I'd stick with the gum if I were
you. Can't go wrong with fresh
breath.

Brennan chuckles; takes another pull from his cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

11413 CONTINUED:

11413

BRENNAN

You're a very beautiful woman,
Miss...?

AMANDA

You first.

BRENNAN

(proud)

Brennan. Frank Brennan.

AMANDA

You've been a very naughty boy, Mr.
Brennan.

BRENNAN

Please. Call me Frank.

AMANDA

Why're you walking around taking
shots at people?

BRENNAN

No fair. You haven't told me your
name yet.

AMANDA

I prefer it that way. You duck in
here for a reason?

BRENNAN

Holy ground, isn't it?

AMANDA

I frighten you?

Brennan laughs again. Harder this time. He comes back
with an even voice - soft with threat.

BRENNAN

That's not the word I would use.

AMANDA

In that case, maybe we should take
this outside.

BRENNAN

You'll forgive me if I don't. This
Immortal thing is still relatively
new to me. My specialty is
firearms, you see. Haven't quite
yet mastered the sword. Besides,
my fight isn't with you. Not yet,
anyway.

(CONTINUED)

11413 CONTINUED: 2

11413

AMANDA

Wrong, Franky boy. You take on one of my friends, my feathers get all ruffled.

BRENNAN

Myers had me killed four years ago. I'm just out to even the score.

AMANDA

Tell me about it.

Brennan considers it for a second over another drag. What the hell - maybe he can win her over - play the sympathy card.

BRENNAN

He used to be my partner. We were supposed to deliver three million dollars to a Russian General in exchange for a nuclear warhead that was about to be dumped on the black market.

AMANDA

Only you decided to keep the money.

Another beat. Brennan tosses the sympathy card in the toilet.

BRENNAN

The bastard went boy scout on me.

AMANDA

Here's a piece of advice. You're Immortal now. Lose the resentment and get on with your new life.

BRENNAN

Thanks for the tip, but I don't think I can do that.

AMANDA

Sure you can. Just book a flight - return in a century or two - I'll let you live.

Brennan bursts into laughter. That might be the funniest thing he's ever heard.

AMANDA

Any other way, you'll have to go through me.

BRENNAN

Hey. If you insist.

(CONTINUED)

11413 CONTINUED: 3

11413

The church door CREAKS open.

MYERS (O.S.)

Amanda?

Brennan's focus shifts to the door. Amanda spins, plants a boot in Brennan's chest that sends him sailing behind a row of pews. Face first. He won't be getting up soon.

MYERS

Amanda?

AMANDA

I thought you were going home.

MYERS

Who were you talking to?

She raises her eyes to the heavens.

AMANDA

Who do you think?

Myers takes a beat, eyes scanning the surroundings. Why does it feel like everyone is lying to him these days?

MYERS

I could've sworn I heard voices.

AMANDA

Really? A choir of angels, perhaps?

They move towards the door.

AMANDA

Let's get you out of here.

As they move out of the church

BRENNAN

rises from behind the pew, his face set in grim determination.

11414 INT. DEBRA'S HOTEL SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

11414

Debra jolts up in bed, streaked with sweat, whimpering loudly.

Nick bursts in; moves to comfort her.

NICK

It's okay. It was just a nightmare.

(CONTINUED)

11414 CONTINUED:

11414

Debra gets a hold of herself.

DEBRA

(covering)

It was a dream. Working with
Polanski was a nightmare.

NICK

(deadpan)

Funny, he speaks highly of you.

Debra takes a beat and starts laughing. A moment later,
the laughter turns to tears. She can't help it. She turns
her face away.

NICK

(trying to lighten the
moment)

So it wasn't your best movie...

(beat)

It'll be fine, I promise.

DEBRA

I got shot once -- in "Three Roads
to Nowhere."

NICK

I missed that one.

DEBRA

So did everyone else.

(beat)

It wasn't like when Nestor died.

(shivers)

The look in his eyes.

(beat)

Because he was protecting me.

NICK

It wasn't your fault.

Debra closes her eyes for a moment. Maybe the darkness
will help her say what she has to say.

DEBRA

This wasn't supposed to happen. I
made it up. I needed the press. I
just wanted people to notice.

(beat)

In the beginning, they call you a
star, the phone never stops...
Then, after a while, it never
rings.

An awkward pause of mutual silence.

(CONTINUED)

11414 CONTINUED: 2

11414

DEBRA

Well? Say something.

NICK

You mean like, be careful what you wish for?

DEBRA

You think I'm terrible.

NICK

No. I think you're scared.

(beat)

Like everybody else.

(beat)

Why don't you try and get some sleep?

She nods. He turns for the door.

DEBRA

Nick?

Nick turns back.

She gazes into his eyes for a couple of seconds...

DEBRA

Has she tried to call?

NICK

Who?

DEBRA

J.C. Squires.

NICK

You know how agents are.

She smiles, comforted. There's a knock on the outside door. Debra stiffens.

NICK

Stay here.

He pulls his gun and walks to the door.

11415 INT. DEBRA'S HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

11415

Nick opens the door to Rachael, no emotion on her face. She avoids his eyes.

RACHAEL

Myers wants to see you downstairs.

(CONTINUED)

11415 CONTINUED:

11415

NICK

What for?

RACHAEL

He sent me to relieve you, that's
all I know.

Nick senses something's not right, but he tucks his gun
away; steps out.

NICK

You okay?

RACHAEL

I will be.

She watches him move off.

11416 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - BY THE ELEVATORS - NIGHT

11416

Nick stops at the elevator, stabs the down button. Brennan
appears right behind him, gun levelled.

BRENNAN

How're you doing, cowboy? Remember
me?

The elevator door opens.

A ROOM SERVICE WAITER

exits the elevator wheeling out a cartload of food.

NICK

uses the distraction to make a move on Brennan. Nick
tackles him; they tumble over the cart.

BRENNAN'S GUN

goes flying.

NICK

pulls his weapon.

NICK

Yeah, now that you mention it, you
do look a little familiar.

BRENNAN

grabs the Room Service Waiter in a chokehold.

(CONTINUED)

11416 CONTINUED:

11416

BRENNAN

Drop the gun or I snap his neck.

Nick aims his gun at Brennan's head.

NICK

(deliberately)

Let's not lose our heads.

Brennan reacts, realizes that Nick knows. He takes a beat, then smiles. Suddenly,

BRENNAN

shoves the Waiter into Nick. He darts through an exit door, disappearing into a stairwell.

Nick gathers himself; gives chase.

11417 EXT. HOTEL ROOF TOP - NIGHT

11417

Brennan explodes through a door, never stopping until he reaches the building's edge.

Nick pops up behind him; cocks his gun.

BRENNAN

What're you going to do, Wolfe?
Shoot me over and over again?

NICK

Your call. I brought plenty of
ammo.

Brennan finds that amusing - actually laughs. He swan-dives off the roof.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Rachael steps out onto the roof just in time to see her husband disappearing over the ledge. She gasps, stifling a shriek.

NICK

approaches the ledge; peers over.

NICK'S POV

Brennan's lifeless body lying in a filthy alley ten stories below.

RESUME SCENE

Rachael emits an agonized scream. Nick whirls.

(CONTINUED)

11417 CONTINUED:

11417

RACHAEL

You bastard!

BAM! She squeezes off a shot. Nick dives for cover as Rachael empties her gun, spraying lead aimlessly, eyes pinwheeling with hate. Click! Click!

The firing stops. Nick rises, gun searching.

Rachael's disappeared. Nick glances over the edge of the building.

NICK'S POV

Brennan is no longer there.

BACK TO SCENE

as Nick reacts...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

11418 EXT. HOTEL ROOF TOP - NIGHT - HOURS LATER

11418

Police detectives investigate the scene, carving slugs out of walls, chalking spent shell casings, etc.

Myers squares off with the lead detective.

MYERS

Are you saying my guy's a liar?

The lead detective says nothing, face remaining as flat as a pane of glass. Myers gets right in his face, challenging him with his posture.

MYERS

You go ahead and speculate all you want. But if he said that's the way it went down, then that's the way it went down. Any questions, you can take it up with my lawyer.

Myers leaves, a tempest swirling over his head.

11419 INT. DEBRA'S HOTEL SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

11419

Debra stares into a vanity mirror, lost in her own reflection.

No make-up, hair partly drawn back in a loose bun, partly piled on top of her head.

She feels Nick's presence as he steps into the room.

DEBRA

Would you pay ten bucks to see my name above the title?

Nick hesitates for a second. For her, that's a second too long.

NICK

I usually wait for them to come out on video.

Debra gives a little smile.

DEBRA

Please. No need to spare my feelings. I'm in good company.

She moves away from the mirror; pours herself a drink.

(CONTINUED)

11419 CONTINUED:

11419

DEBRA

Meryl, Goldie. Did you know I was
this close to getting Sally's role
in "Places in the Heart."

NICK

I'm sure you would've been great.

DEBRA

I'm going to call J.C. Squires.

NICK

(quickly)
Don't do that.

DEBRA

Why not?

NICK

I don't trust her.
(beat)
She's a phony.

DEBRA

Darling, that's showbiz. They're
the only ones who get you work.

NICK

You'll work. The cream always
rises to the top.

DEBRA

Can I keep you?

Nick smiles, makes a decision.

NICK

Look, you're safe now, Debra.
There's no one trying to kill you.

DEBRA

They've made an arrest?

NICK

Not exactly. It's complicated,
you'll have to trust me.

DEBRA

Two people are dead. If he's still
out there --

NICK

Those bullets were never meant for
you.

(CONTINUED)

11419 CONTINUED: 2

11419

DEBRA

Then who?

NICK

Like I said, you'll just have to trust me.

11420 INT. DEBRA'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

11420

Nick's about to exit as Myers bursts in, refrigerator-voiced.

MYERS

Where do you think you're going?

NICK

We need to talk.

MYERS

You're damn right we need to talk. I just convinced the cops upstairs into buying your story.

NICK

So?

MYERS

So look at these lips. They're not smiling. What the hell happened here tonight?

NICK

(feigning anger)

Why the hell don't you believe me?

MYERS

Don't switch gears, Nick. You're not going to get any traction.

NICK

I've already told you what happened.

MYERS

Okay, let me see if I got it straight. You heard a noise out in the hall. You opened the door to investigate. And that's when some guy tried to rob you, only a porter intervened and the thief got away. Is that what you're saying?

Nick smiles like a college professor who just got asked a moderately intelligent question.

(CONTINUED)

11420 CONTINUED:

11420

NICK

See? You paid attention.

Myers takes a beat, holding Nick's stare, his own, venom-coated.

MYERS

I'm so glad we cleared that up.

(beat)

There's just one more thing.

11421 EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

11421

Mid-scene. Nick exits with Amanda. He grows more and more sour.

AMANDA

What do you mean fired? Myers fired you?

NICK

Us.

AMANDA

Us? He can't do that. I don't work for him.

(beat; offended)

I've never been fired in my life.

NICK

Maybe that's because you've never held a real job.

AMANDA

What's eating you?

NICK

Nothing.

AMANDA

(after a beat)

Okay.

NICK

That was a really crappy thing you pulled.

AMANDA

What thing?

NICK

Showing up as that agent.

AMANDA

I had fun.

(CONTINUED)

11421 CONTINUED:

11421

NICK

She bought into it. She actually thought you were going to help her career.

AMANDA

And this is why you're upset?

NICK

She's pretty fragile, Amanda.

AMANDA

She's not fragile.

NICK

I was just up there.

AMANDA

She's an actor, she lives on the surface - everything with her is disguise.

NICK

Forget it.

AMANDA

I don't believe this. She got to you. What did she do, bat her eyelashes a couple of times?

NICK

I said forget it, okay? We've got other problems.

AMANDA

No, I won't forget it.

NICK

Number one. Myers knew I was lying.

AMANDA

What did she say to you?

NICK

Number two. Rachael saw Brennan take a dive off the building, then she tried to kill me.

AMANDA

You have that effect on women.

NICK

(realizing)

How many years ago did Rachael say her husband died?

They take off.

11422 INT. RACHAEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

11422

Mid-scene.

Rachael pours herself a stiff drink; gulps it down. She's trembling badly, an aura of undiluted confusion dancing over her head.

WIDEN TO REVEAL Brennan standing there right beside her.

BRENNAN

Look, I'm here, I'm alive aren't I?

RACHAEL

I saw you jump off a ten storey building.

BRENNAN

I told you, I clipped the fire escape on the way down. It broke my fall.

She downs the rest of her drink. Pours herself a new one.

RACHAEL

Take your shirt off.

BRENNAN

What?

RACHAEL

You're not even bruised, I don't see any scrapes. Take it off!

Brennan backs away, bitter.

BRENNAN

Maybe you'd rather I died.

RACHAEL

I think I'm losing my mind, Frank. You were dead, then you weren't... Then you were again.

BRENNAN

I just want to be with you, Rachael. I want my old life, is that too much to ask?

He reaches for her. She moves away.

RACHAEL

Don't.

BRENNAN

You're my wife.

(CONTINUED)

11422 CONTINUED:

11422

RACHAEL

No. Everything's changed. I'm not even sure who you are anymore...

(beat)

What you are.

He pauses; eyes growing dark... fierce.

He starts off speaking in slow, measured cadences.

BRENNAN

Everything that was mine... You...
The organization... Everything. I want it back.

RACHAEL

I can't.

BRENNAN

You're going to help me. No matter what it takes.

Rachael edges towards a desk drawer as he speaks, slides it open.

RACHAEL

Please leave.

Brennan puts his hand in his pocket and withdraws a .32 automatic.

BRENNAN

Looking for this?

He pops the clip and throws it across the room.

RACHAEL

It's over, Frank. Get out.

He advances towards her. She picks up the phone; starts dialing frantically.

He slaps her; rips the phone cord from the wall. She backs away, terrified.

BRENNAN

I thought I could trust you. But you're just like them.

He wraps the phone cord around one of his hands; pulls it taut.

She dashes for the door, Brennan one step behind her, a human trip-wire... on the kill.

(CONTINUED)

11422 CONTINUED: 2

11422

(PRODUCTION NOTE: This isn't a scene about wife abuse. This is two highly skilled professionals fighting it out... completely trashing a living room in the process.)

He tries to wrap the cord around her neck. She stomps on his foot; plunges a fist into his crotch. Brennan loosens his grip, stumbling backwards onto his knees.

She grabs a fireplace poker, slashes at him. He lifts an arm in defense; he is cut.

BRENNAN

I'm taking my life back. With or without you.

She watches in horror as the gash on his forearm disappears.

RACHAEL

Oh my God. What are you?

BRENNAN

I'm Immortal, baby. Too bad you're not.

He launches himself at her, deflecting her well-timed counterattack. They plunge over a couch, knocking over a lamp, upending the coffee table.

Their wedding picture topples over... shattered.

He tries to wrap the phone cord around her throat again, but she fights him off like a badgered mink.

Unfortunately for Rachael, Brennan is stronger, bulkier. He finally gains the upper hand, forcing her up against a window, attempting to push her through.

She tries to hang on, almost completely spent, petrified eyes drifting down into the street... a long way.

BRENNAN

Believe me - the ground seems to leap up at you.

She gathers her strength; tries to gouge out his eyes in one final attempt to get free. He drives her to the carpet face first, plants a knee across her back and grabs the phone cord.

11423 INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE RACHAEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

11423

Nick and Amanda arrive. She gets the BUZZ.

(CONTINUED)

11423 CONTINUED:

11423

AMANDA

He's here.

Nick whips out his gun. They enter.

11424 INT. RACHAEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

11424

The door creaks open. Nick and Amanda step into a darkened living room. The place looks like it's been hit by a percussion bomb.

Amanda still feel the Buzz. She pulls her sword. Nick cocks his weapon, crouching low.

They weave through the apartment, stepping over broken furniture.

Slowly. Carefully.

We get the sense that Brennan could jump out from the shadows at any moment.

They ease through the place, until they find Rachael's limp body... the phone cord wrapped tightly around her neck.

Curtains flutter from an open window.

Nick checks her vitals. Amanda can no longer sense Brennan. She pops her head out the window; sees a fire escape that leads down into the street.

No sign of Brennan. She lowers her sword; catches Nick's stare.

Rachael is dead.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

11425 INT. RACHAEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

11425

Mid-scene.

Myers paces, a scowl permanently etched on his lips. Nick and Amanda trade glances.

MYERS

Nick. You can't hold out on me anymore. Who killed Rachael?

NICK

She was already dead when we got here.

MYERS

Why are you here?

AMANDA

I think it's time you told him, Nick.

MYERS

Told me what?

AMANDA

(to Nick)
Go ahead.

NICK

Please... be my guest.

She throws him a look, then turns to Myers.

AMANDA

Nick's got this theory. Debra's not the target of these assassination attempts.

NICK

It's you.

MYERS

Me?

NICK

And your people.

MYERS

This is why you left Debra? Because you got a hunch? She could've been killed, Nick.

(CONTINUED)

11425 CONTINUED:

11425

NICK

Look around, Myers. Who are the
only people dying?

MYERS

You gotta have more than that.

AMANDA

Step into the bedroom. Rachael's
dead. She wasn't within ten miles
of Debra.

Myers digest the information; still comes up skeptical.

MYERS

Doesn't make any sense. Why would
anyone want to kill my people?

Nick and Amanda regard him with studied patience - he's
kidding, right?

MYERS

Alright. But who?

AMANDA

That's the ten thousand dollar
question, isn't it?

Myers steps on Rachael's broken wedding picture. He picks
it up; reviews it.

MYERS

This is just too weird.

NICK

What?

MYERS

Her husband, Frank. Garrotes were
his signature.

Nick and Amanda swap glances. Myers sets the wedding
picture down.

MYERS

What if...

(beat)

Never mind.

(beat)

From now on I know everything you
know.

NICK

I thought you were leaving for
Washington tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

11425 CONTINUED: 2

11425

MYERS

I'm not going anywhere until I
flush this guy out.

11426 INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE RACHAEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

11426

Nick and Amanda exit the apartment.

AMANDA

Now what?

NICK

Now we stick with Myers. Wherever
he goes, we go.

AMANDA

He won't like that.

NICK

He'd like being dead even less.

(beat)

It's only a matter of time until
Brennan comes back.

AMANDA

(beat)

Maybe...

NICK

What?

AMANDA

How much do you really trust Myers?

NICK

We're not gonna tell him about
Brennan.

AMANDA

It's his life.

NICK

It's yours, too.

(beat)

We can take care of this.

AMANDA

Hope so.

11427 EXT. PARIS - SUNRISE (STOCK)

11427

Establishing.

11428 INT. SANCTUARY - NICK'S BEDROOM - FOLLOWING MORNING

11428

Nick adjusts his holster, and loads his weapon. He hears an O.S. voice --

MYERS (O.S.)

What? Say again.

Nick moves into --

11429 INT. SANCTUARY - NICK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

11429

Myers has a phone cradled under his chin. He's frowning as Nick walks in.

MYERS

That's impossible... because he's dead, that's why. Yeah, sure, keep me informed.

Amanda enters as Myers hangs up, frown deepening.

MYERS

That was the lead detective investigating Rachael's murder. They found a partial thumb print -- matches up with Frank Brennan's.

AMANDA

So? He was her husband. He used to live there, right?

MYERS

No. She moved right after he died.

NICK

Maybe she kept the same furniture.

MYERS

The print was lifted from a living room window.

Nick shakes his head.

NICK

Can't trust partials. Somebody is obviously out to lunch.

Amanda gets the BUZZ.

AMANDA

Lunch. Good idea. Think I'll grab some.

NICK

You just ate breakfast.

(CONTINUED)

11429 CONTINUED:

11429

AMANDA

An apple. I'm a growing girl.

She disappears. Nick reacts, curious. Myers unfurls a map of Paris.

MYERS

I was thinking. If the guy wants me, let's give him a shot. It has to be some place where we can get him out in the open.

NICK

I'll be back in a minute.

MYERS

Where're you going?

Nick's out the door before Myers finishes his sentence.

11430 INT. SANCTUARY - CLUB LEVEL - DAY

11430

Nick is about to exit, when the door opens suddenly and Debra enters, stopping him.

DEBRA

Nick!

She's dressed down, hair in a scarf, little make-up, but looking fresh and beautiful.

DEBRA

(moving toward him)
I'm glad I found you.

NICK

(caught short)
Debra. What are you doing here?

DEBRA

I came to say goodbye. Scorsese's in London, he wants to meet with me.

(beat)

I guess there's no such thing as bad publicity.

NICK

It wasn't the publicity. It was your talent.

Debra smiles.

DEBRA

I'm definitely keeping you.

11431 EXT. ALLEY - DAY

11431

Amanda materializes around a corner to find Brennan leaning against a wall, posed casually, smoke pouring from his nostrils.

There's a teasing quality to his smile.

BRENNAN

Hello again. Amanda, right?

AMANDA

You're still here.

BRENNAN

Beautiful and smart. If only we'd met under different circumstances.

AMANDA

Yeah. Your wife might still be alive right now. It would've been you taking her place.

BRENNAN

We were happily married once, believe it or not.

AMANDA

I think she might have a different story.

Brennan shakes his head; flicks his cigarette.

BRENNAN

We're just never going to get along, are we?

Amanda pulls her sword.

AMANDA

Not in this lifetime.

BRENNAN

I've never taken a woman's head.

AMANDA

You'll have to earn it.

He whips out his sword.

BRENNAN

Rules are rules.

He lunges wildly. She sidesteps; trips him. He lands awkwardly.

AMANDA

I hope that wasn't your best.

(CONTINUED)

11431 CONTINUED:

11431

BRENNAN

I'm just getting warmed up.

He rises, clandestinely grabbing a fistful of dirt on the way; circles her before he attacks.

Amanda deflects the onslaught, but he tosses the dirt in her face, catching her with a right cross, sending her to the deck.

He swings for her head. She rolls away; regains her feet.

AMANDA

That wasn't very good sportsmanship.

BRENNAN

Whatever it takes.

He engages her again. The clash of steel on steel.

11432 INT. SANCTUARY - CLUB LEVEL - DAY

11432

Debra and Nick.

DEBRA

Oh, I have something for you.

She hands him a photograph. A glossy 8 x 10 of her.

DEBRA

It's the PR shot from "Three Roads to Nowhere."

NICK

I promise I'll rent the video.

DEBRA

Don't. Trust me.

Nick looks at the picture. It's signed, "With Love, Debra."

DEBRA

(smiles)

If you're ever in my neck of the woods --

NICK

Dinner's on me.

DEBRA

I'll remember that.

She reaches up, kisses him sweetly on the cheek.

(CONTINUED)

11432 CONTINUED:

11432

NICK

Goodbye, Debra.

He turns, goes.

11433 EXT. ALLEY - DAY

11433

The battle continues, Amanda blunting every one of Brennan's undisciplined swipes. He may not be accomplished, but he's keeping her off balance by sheer brute force.

Their swords lock. Brennan forces her against a wall; breathes into her face.

BRENNAN

This isn't going to be as easy as you thought, huh?

AMANDA

Killing never is.

He laughs; tries to grab her. She spins away.

Brennan moves with her, trying to keep her within reach - if he can just snatch her... yank her to the pavement.

Amanda twirls; finds his chest with her boot; sends him pitching headlong into a garbage dumpster. He loses his sword.

She closes in.

He snatches a discarded pipe and drives it into her knee. She collapses, reeling. Brennan grabs his sword and takes a sweeping blow at her head.

She ducks; rolls away; finds her feet.

Bellowing, Brennan makes his final charge. Amanda evades the assault, striking back like a provoked mantis. WHAP!

The butt end of her foil slams into his face. Brennan's sword goes flying as he plummets to the ground, defeated.

She stands over him; lifts his chin with the tip of her blade, her face, a mask of patience.

AMANDA

You should have left it alone.

BRENNAN

You may be right. How about I get on a plane and disappear again?

(CONTINUED)

11433 CONTINUED:

11433

AMANDA

It's too late.

BRENNAN

You got that right.

Brennan cracks a smile; surreptitiously reaches into his boot.

He comes up with a .32 automatic.

11434 EXT. STREET - DAY

11434

Nick's looking for any sign of Amanda. Nothing to his left, nothing to his right... BAM!

He pivots, reacting to the shot; heads for the alley.

11435 INT. SANCTUARY - NICK'S OFFICE - DAY

11435

Myers heard the shot. He opens his drawer; extracts a gun and hurries out the door.

11436 EXT. ALLEY - DAY

11436

Amanda's on one knee, left hand clutching her right shoulder.

Her sword lays on the ground beside her.

BRENNAN

I told you. Whatever it takes.

Brennan retrieves his sword; raises it over his head to deliver the death blow.

BAM!

He stumbles backward, sword flopping impotently to the asphalt.

ANGLE ON NICK,

crouched low, smoke drifting from his gun barrel.

BRENNAN

raises his .32 to return fire as Amanda grabs her sword. With one almighty swing, she swipes off his head.

The body's still falling as

(CONTINUED)

11436 CONTINUED:

11436

MYERS

appears on the scene. Nick turns; instinctively catches him with a hard right cross that knocks him comatose.

The spectacular light show begins as Amanda undergoes her Quickening.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT : TAG

FADE IN:

11437 INT. SANCTUARY - NICK'S OFFICE - DAY

11437

Amanda hands Myers an ice pack for his swollen eye. Nick's in the middle of an explanation.

NICK

(to Myers)

What do you want from me? I heard a gunshot, you showed up behind me like a bat out of hell - I reacted.

AMANDA

He's got great reflexes, doesn't he?

MYERS

I saw a body.

NICK

Go catch your plane. It's over.

MYERS

You gonna tell me who it was?

NICK

(to Amanda)

I didn't get his name, did you?

AMANDA

Brown hair. That's all I know.

MYERS

And what the hell happened to the body?

NICK

What body? Accusations without evidence are worthless.

MYERS

Thanks for sharing.

AMANDA

Don't mention it.

Myers gets up, starts to leave.

MYERS

Have fun, guys. I'm sure you'll be just fine without me.

He exits. Amanda turns to Nick.

(CONTINUED)

11437 CONTINUED:

11437

AMANDA

If I ever decide to work with you again, there's something we need to get straight.

NICK

What's that?

AMANDA

You don't interfere with my fights.

NICK

He cheated.

AMANDA

Doesn't matter.

NICK

Matters to me.

AMANDA

Tell me something. Why have I never had an argument with you where I've heard you say, "Sorry, I was wrong"?

NICK

Because I've always been right.

AMANDA

I'll see you around.

(beat)

Thanks for saving my life.

Amanda turns to go.

NICK

Amanda.

She turns back.

NICK

I didn't know you knew Scorsese.

AMANDA

There's a lot you don't know about me.

As Amanda smiles.

FADE OUT.

THE END