

HIGHLANDER --- THE RAVEN

#98118

“Thick as Thieves”

Written by
James Thorpe

Peter Davis

HIGHLANDER : THE RAVEN

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Prod. # 98118

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Firecorp IV Productions Inc.

HIGHLANDER : THE RAVEN

"Thick as Thieves"

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CAST LIST

AMANDA
NICK WOLFE

JEREMY DEXTER
NICOLAE BRESLAW

JURGEN
QUEEN MARY
CHANCELLOR

HIGHLANDER : THE RAVEN

"Thick as Thieves"

Production # 98118

SET LIST:

INTERIORS

SANCTUARY

/CLUB
/NICK'S OFFICE
/AMANDA'S ROOM

CASINO

DEXTER'S FARMHOUSE

/FRONT HALL
/LIVING ROOM
INDUSTRIAL SPACE
/OFFICE

CASTLE - ENGLAND - 1554

/CORRIDOR
/GRAND HALL

EXTERIORS

STREET NEAR SANCTUARY

CASINO PARKING LOT

DEXTER'S FARMHOUSE

WALLED ESTATE

INDUSTRIAL SPACE

COUNTRYSIDE

QUAI BY THE SEINE

CASTLE - ENGLAND - 1554

COUNTRYSIDE - ENGLAND - 1554

CASINO (STOCK)

HIGHLANDER: THE RAVEN

"Thick As Thieves"

TEASER

FADE IN:

11801 EXT. CASINO - NIGHT (STOCK) 11801
Establishing.

11802 INT. CASINO - NIGHT 11802

An old world-style casino pulses to the beat of new world music. Crystal chandeliers, plush carpeting and the smell of money in the air. Beautiful representatives from the international elite dazzle in sequins and tuxedos.

AT THE CRAPS TABLE

A pair of delicate, bejeweled HANDS roll a pair of DICE. The dice tumble, settle -- SEVEN. A winner! Ooohs and aaahs from the ONLOOKERS. A CROUPIER slides a stack of chips down the table toward --

AMANDA

draped in black velvet, a stunning diamond necklace encircling her neck, speaking with a sensuous Latin accent.

AMANDA

Must be my lucky night.

CROUPIER (O.S.)

Congratulations again, Countess.

Gathering her chips into her evening bag, she smiles modestly at the appreciative audience.

AMANDA

If this keeps up, I may never go back to Rio.

AT THE ROULETTE TABLE

The WHEEL spins, the MARBLE bounces, drops in BLACK - 21. A woman groans O.S.

WIDEN TO REVEAL

NICK

behind the table, dressed as a croupier in black tie tux. Seated at his roulette table is a beautiful BRUNETTE, pouting.

(CONTINUED)

11802 CONTINUED:

11802

Nick takes the last of her chips, smiles apologetically.

NICK

Better luck next time.

The Brunette rises, withdraws a small card from her bag.

ON NICK'S JACKET

as her slender hand slides the card slowly inside his pocket.

BRUNETTE (O.S.)

I'll leave that up to you.

Nick smiles, flattered.

The Brunette turns and sashays away, melting back into the casino crowd.

AMANDA (O.S.)

Ahem.

WIDEN TO REVEAL AMANDA

AMANDA

Capped teeth, bad dye job, and I suspect a teensy bit of surgery in Denmark... if you know what I mean.

Before Nick can respond, a muffled, tinny VOICE sounds in his ear. He presses a MINIATURE EARPIECE in tighter, speaks surreptitiously into a microphone concealed in his lapel.

NICK

(into lapel mic)

You know the drill. No invitation, no entry. Period.

AMANDA

Trouble outside?

NICK

So far, so good.

Amanda sits at the roulette table

NICK

Aren't you're supposed to be working?

AMANDA

Union break. My feet are killing me.

(CONTINUED)

11802 CONTINUED: 2

11802

NICK

Tell that to M. Dupont when his
casino is robbed.

Amanda pooh-poohs his concern.

AMANDA

Relax. We've got extra guys
outside, metal detectors at the
doors, hidden security cameras.

She empties her bag on the table. A pile of thousand-franc
chips spills out.

AMANDA

How I do love my work.

NICK

You can't keep that.

AMANDA

You think I'm here for the lukewarm
Cristal?

NICK

Six major casino heists in as many
months. The CEO of Microchip over
there has already lost half a
million at Baccarat. And there's a
month's worth of receipts in the
safe. That's why you're here.

Amanda pouts, duly chastised.

AMANDA

Party pooper.

She rubs her throat, COUGHS a little cough.

AMANDA

If it'll make you feel any better,
I'll do another circuit of the
room.

NICK

You're a trooper.

She pushes off from the table, COUGHS again.

AMANDA

But if I come back with another
fifty grand, it's your fault.

Amanda COUGHS again. Frowning, she sniffs the air.

(CONTINUED)

11802 CONTINUED: 3

11802

AMANDA
Something burning?

Nick leans forward, sniffs the air. He starts to CHOKE.

NICK
What the hell...?

ANGLE -- ACROSS THE ROOM

A CIGARETTE GIRL falls to the floor in a dead faint. A YOUNG MAN soon follows. A WOMAN screams.

NICK

instinctively goes for his gun. He scans the casino quickly.

A slight HAZE settles over the room like a gentle fog. WHIP PAN to a HEATING VENT. A cloud of white VAPOR spews out. Several THUDS from around the room.

ANGLE -- THE CROWD

People begin to drop like flies. Muffled CRIES of growing panic from groggy clientele.

NICK

leaps over the table.

NICK
Gas! Everybody out! Clear the room!

He calls to Amanda, who teeters. Her eyes are glazed.

NICK
C'mon!

But she falls too, overcome by the gas.

Nick starts running for the main doors, barely visible now through the cloud of gas. He gets two steps and then slows, like a toy winding down. A BEAT. He drops like a stone.

ON NICK

prostrate on the floor, his eyes bleary, watery from the fumes.

HIS POV

The main doors burst open. Four MEN in gas masks enter. Each man carries a duffel bag.

(CONTINUED)

11802 CONTINUED: 4

11802

ON NICK

as he struggles to his feet. He pulls his gun. Then the world goes dark as he falls unconscious.

THE GANG

fans out in an expert sweep of the casino, scooping up cash and stealing jewelry and wallets from the patrons.

ON AMANDA

who gets the BUZZ. The ancient alarm races through her body. Jolted by the adrenaline rush, she struggles back to consciousness, opens her eyes.

HER POV

A FIGURE approaches, moving through the vapor fog... floating towards her like an apparition in a dream.

AMANDA

tries to rally her defenses, but her drugged body betrays her. She lies weak, impotent.

A strange creature with a GREY FACE, GLASS EYES and a HUGE NOSE looms over her. A hand reaches up and briefly removes the GAS MASK, revealing the man underneath --

JEREMY DEXTER

Rugged, dangerously sexy... and Immortal. He smiles a mischievous smile.

DEXTER

Pleasant dreams...

Unable to fight the fumes any longer, Amanda surrenders to the bottomless black pit, her name echoing in her head like a death knell...

DEXTER

Amandaaaaaaaaa...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

11803 INT. CASINO - NIGHT

11803

A moving camera weaves through the aftermath of the crime. Disheveled and shaken casino patrons stumble out of the room on the arms of PARAMEDICS and FIREMEN. In the background, POLICE mill about, dusting for prints, taking photographs.

CAMERA TRACKS BY

an officer and a plainclothes detective speaking to a FEMALE VICTIM.

ON AMANDA

as she sits nearby at a blackjack table, recovering. We hear:

VICTIM (O.S.)

They took everything. My husband's wallet, my necklace... even my wedding ring.

Amanda's gaze falls on a mirror opposite.

HER POV

Her DIAMOND NECKLACE still sparkles brilliantly around her neck.

AMANDA

gulps, quickly removes the necklace. A guilty glance around, and she stuffs it into her bag.

A tap on her shoulder. She jumps, startled.

AMANDA

What!?

It's Nick, looking tired and disheveled.

NICK

Nice going.

AMANDA

(guilty)
Huh? Who? Me?

NICK

Us. Made a lousy first impression with M. Dupont.

(CONTINUED)

11803 CONTINUED:

11803

AMANDA

(recovers)

Oh, that. Well, I mean... remote activated knock-out gas through the heating vents. We can't be expected to think of everything.

NICK

Yeah, we can. That's why he hired us.

A voice from behind Nick --

BRESLAW (O.S.)

A dangerous occupation for such a lovely lady.

Nick and Amanda turn to see a man, mid-fifties -- NICOLAE BRESLAW, Interpol agent. Alert, watchful eyes peer out from the face of a tired basset hound. He extends his hand.

BRESLAW

May I have the pleasure?

Amanda cautiously offers her hand.

BRESLAW

Nicolae Breslaw...

(beat)

Interpol.

Breslaw bends, kisses Amanda's hand.

BRESLAW

And hopeless romantic.

AMANDA

Charmed. I'm --

BRESLAW

Amanda Montrose.

(turns to Nick)

And you are Nick Wolfe. Both working undercover.

Nick shakes his hand, grimacing.

NICK

For all the good it did.

BRESLAW

Don't berate yourself. I have been following this gang across three continents. They are professionals, just like us, eh?

(CONTINUED)

11803 CONTINUED: 2

11803

He grins at Amanda, who returns a wary smile.

AMANDA

Okay... sure.

BRESLAW

And sooner or later they will make a mistake...

(claps Nick on the back)
...just like us.

He withdraws a notepad and pencil, turns to Amanda.

BRESLAW

Now, I hope you will favor me with your most accurate eyewitness account.

11804 EXT. CASINO - PARKING LOT - LATER

11804

Nick and Amanda leave the casino. Amanda yawns.

AMANDA

No more questions.

NICK

Just one.

AMANDA

No. I'm hungry and I'm tired and I'm sick of talking.

NICK

Anything else?

AMANDA

Yeah. I'm quitting. Off the gig.

NICK

Just like that?

AMANDA

Getting gassed is not my idea of a great night out. And that Breslaw. Makes me nervous.

NICK

Sign of a guilty conscience.

AMANDA

Not this time, Sparky. My winnings got swiped, just like everybody else's.

They arrive at their car. Amanda opens her door.

(CONTINUED)

11804 CONTINUED:

11804

NICK

Yeah... well, at least you still
have your diamonds.

Amanda stops, swallows. She lays a hand on her temple.

AMANDA

Did I mention I have a splitting
headache?

NICK

You know, your necklace. The one
you reported as "stolen".

She squints her eyes as if in great pain.

AMANDA

Like a knife through my skull.

NICK

The one I saw you shove into your
bag when you thought no one was
looking.

She opens her bag, feigns astonishment at what she finds
inside.

AMANDA

Oh!
(holds up necklace)
You mean this old thing?

NICK

Interesting how everybody was
robbed. Everybody except you.
(beat)
What makes you so special?

AMANDA

Honey, if you don't know by now...

NICK

Amanda... why weren't you robbed?

She throws up her arms in exasperation.

AMANDA

Because a jeweled goblet fell out
of my monk's robes after I
presented the fake hair of Saint
Margaret to Queen Mary.
(beat)
Happy now?

TRANSITION TO:

11805 EXT. CASTLE - ENGLAND - 1554 - DAY

11805

Two MONKS dressed in long robes ride by. In the background, a MAN kneels over a tree stump. His hands are tied behind his back. Standing over him is a CHANCELLOR, dressed in black. A few PEASANTS wait expectantly.

CHANCELLOR

Do you renounce your heresy and accept the one, true faith, in the name of Mary, Queen of England, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith?

The Man shakes his head.

MAN (O.S.)

Never!

WIDEN to REVEAL an EXECUTIONER standing to one side.

CHANCELLOR

Then may God have mercy on your soul.

The Chancellor nods a signal. The Executioner raises his BROAD AXE high.

ON THE BLADE

as it whistles through the air, arcing downward.

ANGLE - THE TWO MONKS

have reined up outside the castle gates. Their faces are concealed by the cowls that cover their heads.

One Monk dismounts, pulls back his cowl. It's Dexter, reacting to the recent execution in the far background.

DEXTER

"Bloody Mary", right enough.

The other Monk joins him. From inside the dark cowl we HEAR Amanda's voice --

AMANDA

Pity anyone who still accepts the Church of England.

DEXTER

She has killed over two hundred Protestants already, they say. She takes their heads, and then their fortunes.

Amanda peeks out of her cowl, smiling.

(CONTINUED)

11805 CONTINUED:

11805

AMANDA

And we've come to take some of it
back.

(beat)

Bring the bone and follow me.

Dexter takes down a leather satchel from his horse. As he falls in step behind Amanda, he gives her a little pat on the bum.

AMANDA

Brother! Pray restrain yourself.

11806 INT. CASTLE - CORRIDOR - ENGLAND - 1554 - DAY

11806

Dexter and Amanda are lead through a stone corridor by the Chancellor.

AMANDA

wears her cowl up over her head, her hands clasped in front of her, apparently in pious repose. But actually, we can see her eyes darting left and right, expertly taking the lay of the land.

HER POV

They pass a room with a iron-reinforced wooden door. Outside the door stands a castle GUARD, halberd at the ready.

AMANDA

smiles to herself -- piece of cake.

CUT TO:

11807 INT. CASTLE - GRAND HALL - ENGLAND - 1554 - DAY

11807

Two double doors swing open, revealing a grand hall. Brilliant banners and rich tapestries line the vaulted stone walls. A great fire blazes in a huge hearth. And seated on a marvelous throne is

QUEEN MARY

daughter of Henry the Eighth, dressed in the black of mourning. Next to her, a female dwarf LADY IN WAITING, dressed exactly the same.

ANGLE - CHANCELLOR

who stands in the open doorway.

(CONTINUED)

11807 CONTINUED:

11807

CHANCELLOR

Most royal highness! Monks
bringing sacred relics from the
holy land!

Queen Mary waves her ascent. The Chancellor stands aside
as Dexter and Amanda enter.

QUEEN MARY

Welcome, Brothers.

Dexter bows before the Queen.

DEXTER

Your highness.

Out of feminine habit, the hooded Amanda starts to curtsy.
Catching herself, she quickly substitutes an abbreviated
bow.

Queen Mary looks to the hooded monk.

QUEEN MARY

Does he not speak?

DEXTER

Brother Bartholomew has taken the
vow of silence, your highness. Out
of deference to all your loyal
subjects whose prayers were
silenced in the past.

QUEEN MARY

Ah, yes. Very well. What have you
brought?

Amanda opens the leather satchel, withdraws a small bone.
Dexter holds it reverently on high.

DEXTER

Behold! A bone from Saint
Lutgardis! Patron saint of
childbirth. It is said all who
possess the bone become blessed
with the gifts of healing,
prophecy... and fertility.

Queen Mary extends her hands greedily.

QUEEN MARY

We will hold it.

Dexter gives the bone to Queen Mary. She clutches it to
her bosom, mouths a rapturous prayer.

(CONTINUED)

11807 CONTINUED: 2

11807

QUEEN MARY

And England will have her heir.

Dexter clears his throat.

DEXTER

One more thing, my most blessed
Queen. A lock of hair said to be
from the very head of Saint
Margaret herself.

Dexter holds his hand out to Amanda. She searches in the
leather satchel. Comes up empty.

DEXTER

Brother Bartholomew! The hair!
Where is the hair?

Amanda raises a hand, points out a window.

DEXTER

(to Mary)
A thousand pardons. It's still
with the horses.
(to Amanda)
Run. Fetch it quickly.

She turns and scurries toward the doors. Dexter smiles a
at Queen Mary, who still clutches the bone.

11808 INT. CASTLE - CORRIDOR - ENGLAND - 1554 - DAY

11808

The hooded Amanda hurries down the corridor, stops in front
of the heavy wooden door. The Guard looks up. ON AMANDA
as he speaks.

GUARD (O.S.)

Halt! No one enters the treasure
room.

Amanda nods. She takes out a rosary. Laying one hand on
the Guard's forehead, she begins to mumble a prayer. The
Guard is moved, and he closes his eyes to join her in
prayer.

With Amanda's free hand she reaches over and relieves the
Guard of his weapon. His eyes fly open. Too late. A conk
on the head with the back of his halberd and he's out like
a light. The Guard drops to the floor.

AMANDA

Amen.

11809 INT. CASTLE - GRAND HALL - ENGLAND - 1554 - DAY

11809

Queen Mary becomes impatient.

QUEEN MARY

We grow weary.

She turns to the Chancellor.

QUEEN MARY

Go fetch Brother Bartholomew.

The Chancellor steps forward. Dexter reacts, blocking him.

DEXTER

Not... not necessary, your grace.
I believe I hear his approach
without.

Dexter runs to the door, peeks out.

HIS POV

An empty corridor.

DEXTER

turns a strained smile back towards the Queen.

DEXTER

Why, yes... here comes my Brother
now.

Queen Mary waves a hand, the Chancellor steps back.

11810 INT. CASTLE - CORRIDOR - ENGLAND - 1554 - DAY

11810

The corridor by the treasure room. The door opens and Amanda steps out, stuffing jewels into her now-bulging robes. She steps over the unconscious Guard and starts to move away.

AMANDA

Damn. Almost forgot.

She steps back, and using the Guard's dirk, quickly hacks off a lock of his hair. She turns and lumbers down the corridor, waddling and weaving under the extra weight of the stolen treasure.

11811 INT. CASTLE - GRAND HALL - ENGLAND - 1554 - DAY

11811

Dexter calls through the doors, into the corridor --

(CONTINUED)

11811 CONTINUED:

11811

DEXTER

As I was saying...

(louder)

...here comes my Brother now!

Queen Mary rises from her throne, angry. She crosses to the doors, brushing aside Dexter.

QUEEN MARY

Stand aside. We shall see for
ourselves.

She pulls open the door to find

AMANDA

hood pulled forward, her outstretched hand gently cradling a lock of hair. She bows.

DEXTER (O.S.)

The sacred hair of our blessed
Saint Margaret, the holy virgin.

Queen Mary signals an Attendant, who steps forward and retrieves the hair. He places it on a velvet cushion, passes it to the Queen.

While the Queen is fixated on the lock of hair, Dexter positions himself in the open doorway.

DEXTER

And now, your most pious majesty...
with your permission... we take our
leave.

11812 INT. CASTLE - CORRIDOR - ENGLAND - 1554 - DAY

11812

Dexter takes Amanda by the arm and they walk down the corridor. He turns to her and asks under his breath --

DEXTER

Well...?

AMANDA

As much I could carry.

Suddenly a booming VOICE from behind them freezes them in their tracks.

QUEEN MARY

Halt!

Dexter and Amanda share a glance, turn around slowly to see

(CONTINUED)

11812 CONTINUED:

11812

QUEEN MARY

advancing.

QUEEN MARY

You have done us a great service.
You must be rewarded for your long
journey.

Dexter breathes a sigh of relief, gestures heavenward.

DEXTER

Your grace is too kind. Our reward
must come in the next world.

He bows. Amanda stoops to bow. A loud CLANGING SOUND
echoes through the cavernous corridor.

Amanda freezes in mid supplication. All eyes are on her
as, from beneath her robes, a JEWELLED GOBLET rolls out,
clattering on the stone floor. It lands at the Queen's
feet.

AMANDA

Damn!

Her head snaps up. Her cowl flies back and exposes her
as --

QUEEN MARY

A woman!

Dexter grabs her hand, drags her away.

DEXTER

Come! Hurry!

QUEEN MARY

Thieves! Stop them!

Her Attendants come rushing from the Grand Hall in time to
see Amanda and Dexter disappear around a corner.

11813 EXT. CASTLE - ENGLAND - 1554 - DAY

11813

Dexter hurries toward their horses. Amanda lumbers
sluggishly behind, the stolen treasure CLATTERING and
CLANGING under her robes.

DEXTER

Hurry!

AMANDA

(strained effort)
I'm... trying...

(CONTINUED)

11813 CONTINUED:

11813

Dexter jumps on his horse, gathers his reins for a quick escape. Amanda struggles to mount hers, but can't overcome her heavy load of contraband.

A trumpeted ALARM sounds from behind them. Cries of THIEVES! ROBBERS!

Amanda looks helplessly to Dexter.

AMANDA

Go!

Dexter shakes his head, leaps from his horse. He rushes to her side, gives her an extra push up into her saddle. He slaps her horse on rump...

DEXTER

Heeyah!

...and she takes off across the field.

Dexter turns to see SOLDIERS rushing from the castle on foot. He takes a run at his horse, jumps up over the rump and lands hard in the saddle. Kicking off to a fast gallop, he thunders across the field after Amanda.

AT THE CASTLE

GROOMS hurry over to the Soldiers with their horses. The Soldiers mount up quickly, but by now...

THEIR POV

...Amanda and Dexter are mere specs on the horizon.

11814 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - ENGLAND - 1554 - DAY

11814

Dexter and Amanda have reined up and concealed their horses behind a grove of trees. They climb out of their monk's robes, emerging ready-clothed in aristocratic finery.

Amanda empties the contents of her robe, divides up the spoils into two leather satchels.

DEXTER

Well done, Brother.

AMANDA

(laughing)

The same to you.

(beat)

Dexter... you risked your life coming back for me.

(CONTINUED)

11814 CONTINUED:

11814

Dexter crosses to her, takes her in his arms. He kisses her tenderly, she relaxes into him. He takes a beat, then says mischievously --

DEXTER

(playfully)

I couldn't leave all that treasure behind.

Amanda pulls back, slaps him across the face. Dexter laughs a warm laugh. Soon Amanda can't help but join him. This time she pulls him to her, kisses him passionately.

AMANDA

It's been fun.

DEXTER

Must we really part?

AMANDA

They will be scouring the countryside for two thieves. But a man traveling alone? Or a lady?

He tweaks her nose playfully.

AMANDA

It's safer this way.

DEXTER

(sighs)

Oh... very well. But I will miss you.

She slips one of the satchels over her pommel.

AMANDA

And I, you.

She mounts her horse, turns with a wave.

AMANDA

Until then, Brother... keep the faith!

Amanda kicks her horse to a gallop and disappears into the thicket of trees.

TRANSITION TO:

11815 INT. SANCTUARY - CLUB - THE PRESENT - NIGHT

11815

Amanda and Nick enter the club as she finishes her story.

(CONTINUED)

11815 CONTINUED:

11815

AMANDA

So you see, it all makes perfect sense.

NICK

Only in your world.

(beat)

Still doesn't mean you can quit.

AMANDA

Watch closely...

(starts walking)

...this is me quitting.

NICK

Amanda, we were hired to do a job.
Both of us.

AMANDA

But it's not like anyone got hurt.
He's just a thief.

NICK

And that's exactly what we were
trying to catch. A thief.

AMANDA

But I didn't know it was him at
the time.

Nick starts a slow burn.

NICK

So just because you know the thief
makes it okay not to arrest him?

Amanda spreads her arms wide.

AMANDA

Well, duh... when was the last time
you turned me in?

(off his silence)

Game, set and match.

Before Nick can respond, she spins on her heels and walks
off.

11816 EXT. STREET - NEAR SANCTUARY - LATER

11816

Under cover of night, Amanda tiptoes out of Sanctuary. A
quick glance up and down the street -- empty. She crosses
the road, gets in her Mercedes. The engine roars to life,
headlights streak the night, she drives off down the
street.

(CONTINUED)

11816 CONTINUED:

11816

ANOTHER ANGLE - ALLEY BESIDE SANCTUARY

Where a dark sedan idles, headlights off.

REVEAL NICK

in the driver's seat. He shifts into gear, pulls out after her.

11817 EXT. DEXTER'S FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

11817

On the outskirts of Paris, a shabbily genteel farmhouse sits bathed in moonlight. Light shines from a downstairs window.

CLOSE ON - A DOOR KNOCKER

A gloved hand reaches out and knocks once, twice.

A BEAT. Then the door swings open on a trim, but well-muscled major-domo, JURGEN.

JURGEN

We're not interested.

AMANDA

gives him a withering once over.

AMANDA

No... interesting. You're not interesting. But that's beside the point. I've got a message for Dexter.

Jurgen moves to slam the door shut. Amanda blocks with her outstretched palm.

AMANDA

Last guy who slammed a door in my face had to have all his slacks altered. Get my drift?

Suddenly, she gets the BUZZ. The door opens wide to reveal

DEXTER

smiling. He slaps Jurgen on the back.

DEXTER

Relax, Jurgen. She's a friend.

He stretches out his hand, draws Amanda inside.

(CONTINUED)

11817 CONTINUED:

11817

DEXTER
A very old friend.

The door shuts.

CUT TO:

11818 INT. DEXTER'S FARMHOUSE - FRONT HALL - CONTINUOUS

11818

Amanda and Dexter in mid-kiss. They part.

AMANDA
Nice to see you again, too.

DEXTER
(to Jurgen)
Back to the inventory. We'd like a
little privacy.

Jurgen leaves. Dexter starts to remove Amanda's coat, she
pulls back.

AMANDA
I can't stay.

DEXTER
Not even for old times' sake?

AMANDA
Only reason I'm here. But Dex, you
gotta cash in and blow. Be gone by
morning.

DEXTER
Or else what?

The front door CRASHES open.

NICK

barges in, draws his gun.

NICK
Knocked. Guess you didn't hear me.

AMANDA
Nick!

Dexter takes a cautious half step back.

DEXTER
Ah... Mr. Or-Else.

Nick draws his gun.

(CONTINUED)

11818 CONTINUED:

11818

NICK
We're gonna take a walk.

AMANDA
How dare you!?

Dexter shakes his finger at Amanda.

DEXTER
Come now, you can do better than
that.

AMANDA
Dex, I swear. I didn't know --

As Nick moves for Dexter, he's tackled from behind.

JURGEN

launches them both across the room. Nick's gun goes
flying.

Nick catches Jurgen with a kidney punch. Jurgen pushes
off, goes for the light switch. Nick leaps through the air
toward him when --

The lights go out. THUD.

NICK
Damn!

The lights come back on.

Nick lies on the floor, rubbing his head. Amanda stands by
the light switch.

AMANDA
Are we through now?

Nick gets up, looks around. Dexter and Jurgen are gone.
He sticks his head out the front door.

HIS POV

A car squeals out the driveway.

NICK

turns back to Amanda, furious.

NICK
Yeah. We're through.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

11819 INT. DEXTER'S FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

11819

Amanda watches from the doorway, still fuming.

AMANDA

I will not tell you his name. I
still can't believe you followed
me!

Nick ransacks the living room -- lifting sofa cushions,
emptying desk drawers, pulling books off the shelves.

NICK

Over three million in jewels and
cash. Gotta be here somewhere.

AMANDA

I'm talking to you.

NICK

What was I supposed to do?

AMANDA

You knew this was personal for me.

NICK

We had a job to do. This is part
of it.

Nick works his way behind a desk. He spots one of a pair
of wall sconces that's slightly awry.

NICK

What have we here?

He adjusts the sconce and a panel opens in the wall next to
it, revealing a SAFE.

NICK

(to Amanda)
Okay.

AMANDA

Okay, what?

NICK

(re: safe)
Okay, do your thing.

She crosses her arms, petulant.

AMANDA

And what "thing" would that be?

(CONTINUED)

11819 CONTINUED:

11819

NICK

You know. Open the safe.

Amanda screws up her face in righteous bewilderment.

AMANDA

But... wouldn't that make me a thief? Then you'd have to arrest me.

NICK

C'mon.

She pushes off from the doorway...

AMANDA

Looks like you're on your own this time. Ciao.

...and exits.

Nick frowns, calls after her --

NICK

Immortal or not, your friend's going down.

His only answer, the SLAM of the front door.

CUT TO:

11820 EXT. STREET - NEAR SANCTUARY - NIGHT (DAWN)

11820

Amanda gets out of her car, obviously still in a rotten mood. She stalks off toward Sanctuary when -- BUZZ. In one swift motion, she draws her blade and whirls to confront

DEXTER,

his sword also at the ready.

AMANDA

Dex... I'm not in the mood.

DEXTER

You set me up.

Dexter lunges, Amanda blocks. Swords CLANG.

AMANDA

Nick followed me.

Dexter swings, Amanda ducks. His sword strikes a lamp post in an explosion of SPARKS.

(CONTINUED)

11820 CONTINUED:

11820

DEXTER

Nick, is it?

AMANDA

He's a friend.

DEXTER

I thought we were friends.

Amanda, on the attack, comes up behind Dexter. He spins just in time to block.

AMANDA

We are friends. I was trying to warn you.

Muscles straining to hold position, their eyes bore into each other.

AMANDA

You don't want to kill me, Dex.

DEXTER

You sure of that?

Amanda lowers her sword.

AMANDA

Yes.

(beat)

C'mon, I'll buy you a cappucino.

Dexter lowers his sword.

DEXTER

Damn.

AMANDA

I'll take that for a yes.

Amanda puts her arm under his and they head off towards Sanctuary.

11821 EXT. DEXTER'S FARMHOUSE - MORNING

11821

Early the next day. A couple of police cars sit parked outside the house. The sound of a high-speed DRILL pierces the early morning stillness.

11822 INT. DEXTER'S FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

11822

CLOSE ON A DRILL

as it chews a hole through the solid steel safe front.

(CONTINUED)

11822 CONTINUED:

11822

WIDEN TO REVEAL

a Police TECHNICIAN in protective eye goggles. He removes the drill, swings open the safe. Reaching inside, he withdraws a handful of JEWELS and a stack of MONEY. He glances over his shoulder to where a Police PHOTOGRAPHER is shooting the crime scene.

BRESLAW AND NICK

stand nearby watching. Breslaw nods his approval.

BRESLAW

Shoot it. Count it. Bag it.

(to Nick)

I stand in awe, Mr. Wolfe.

NICK

Most of it should still be there.
They didn't have time to fence
anything.

BRESLAW

I've tracked them for six months,
and you, you accomplish all this in
six hours.

Nick shrugs, not in the mood to explain.

NICK

Lucky, I guess.

Breslaw smiles out of the corner of his mouth.

BRESLAW

Luck? Ah, beware of luck, my
friend. She can be a fickle
mistress.

NICK

If we're through here.

He turns to the door, exits through to the front hall.

11823 INT. DEXTER'S FARMHOUSE - FRONT HALL - CONTINUOUS

11823

Nick moves toward the front door. Breslaw calls after him.

BRESLAW

And where is your lovely friend,
today? Not here, sharing in your
glory?

(CONTINUED)

11823 CONTINUED:

11823

NICK

She... uh... had to take another job.

BRESLAW

Pity.

NICK

Now, I've got a question for you. There's not a body in sight. But here you are. And I'm wondering why.

BRESLAW

You ran a check on me.

(off Nick's nod)

And you found out my specialty, my metier, is homicide.

NICK

Quite a career you've had.

BRESLAW

(laughs)

Macabre, yes? Some people are known for great artistry or brilliant music. Others have green thumbs and can grow beautiful flowers...

(beat)

I, on the other hand, seem to have a gift... for death.

NICK

And for not answering questions.

Breslaw is silent for a moment. Then --

BRESLAW

Why am I here?

(beat)

I'm lucky, too.

NICK

Don't follow.

BRESLAW

My brother, Sasha, looks much like me. Little shorter, maybe. Not so many lines around the eyes.

NICK

(gently prods)

We were talking about you.

Breslaw continues, unperturbed.

(CONTINUED)

11823 CONTINUED: 2

11823

BRESLAW

Compulsive gambler, Sasha. But always bad luck. Always in debt. His marriage... ah, another sad story.

Nick shifts from foot to foot, growing impatient.

BRESLAW

One day, I got him a job. A good job in a big company. He had a new life. And I was proud of my little brother.

NICK

I'm sorry, but I don't see the connection.

Breslaw smiles a little sadly.

BRESLAW

We don't, do we? Until it's too late.

(beat)

Sasha wanted his wife back, wanted to impress her. He went to a casino, gambled with the company's money. And guess what happened, Mr. Wolfe.

NICK

He lost everything.

Breslaw slaps him on the chest.

BRESLAW

Hah! Fate is not so kind. He won! Yes, over two million marks he won. For the first time in his life, Sasha was a winner! And then he committed his greatest sin.

(beat)

He began to hope again.

NICK

I'm still waiting for the punch line.

BRESLAW

As he went to collect his money, the casino was robbed.

(off Nick's reaction)

Ah, so now you begin to see.

NICK

The same gang of thieves.

(CONTINUED)

11823 CONTINUED: 3

11823

BRESLAW

Once again, Sasha was penniless.
The next day his company discovered
the missing funds. Police were
sent to his house. But they found
him already dead. My little
brother had put a bullet through
his own brain.

NICK

(beat)
I'm sorry.

BRESLAW

So, my new friend, you see... one
man's luck is another man's death.

Nick takes the measure of Breslaw's heartache, speaks from
experience.

NICK

First thing I learned as a rookie
cop, don't get personally involved
in a case. It's too dangerous.

BRESLAW

Dangerous?
(thoughtful beat)
Yes. That's entirely accurate.

Breslaw drains his coffee, crushes the cup in his hands.

11824 INT. SANCTUARY - CLUB - DAY

11824

Amanda and Dexter sit at the bar, drinking cappuccino.

DEXTER

What the hell were you doing
working that casino in the first
place?

AMANDA

That's kind of a long story.

DEXTER

And this Dirty Harry friend of
yours. He's part of that story?

Amanda doesn't answer. He squints suspiciously at her.

DEXTER

I don't care who he is, Amanda.
Bottom line, you owe me.

(CONTINUED)

11824 CONTINUED:

11824

AMANDA

What!?

DEXTER

You lost me three million dollars.

Amanda begins to pout.

DEXTER

And don't try "the pout" on me. I remember it all too well.

AMANDA

Old friends are the worst.

DEXTER

Hey, it's thanks to you I'm stranded in Paris. No money to travel. Three strapping young men who want to be paid.

Amanda surrenders seductively, leans in to him.

AMANDA

Very well... what is it you want.

Dexter takes her hand, kisses the tips of her fingers one by one.

DEXTER

Something only you can provide, my dear.

Amanda purrs contentedly...

AMANDA

Mmmmm... I thought so.

11825 EXT. WALLED ESTATE - DAY

11825

AMANDA'S DELICATE FINGERS

work the wires to a complicated alarm system set beside a large wrought iron gate.

ANGLE

on a magnificent walled estate. Amanda's Mercedes is pulled in behind a hedge.

A PLUMBING VAN idles on the road. Dexter, Jurgan and the two other Men in the gang are dressed in overalls. Jurgan unfolds what appears to be a diagram of a floor plan. He takes the two Men off to one side as they review the plan.

(CONTINUED)

11825 CONTINUED:

11825

Dexter scouts the road.

DEXTER

Still clear.

AMANDA

Broad daylight, Dex. I mean, really.

DEXTER

Can't be helped. Private estate auction. Starts in a couple of hours.

AMANDA

Two hours! You didn't tell me that.

DEXTER

Desperate times call for desperate measures.

AMANDA

(re: alarm)
Damn computer chips.

DEXTER

Never fear, though. You break us in, my guys chloroform the guards, grab the stash and we're out in three minutes. Everybody gets rich, nobody gets hurt.

Amanda shakes her head in frustration.

AMANDA

And you blow town, right?

DEXTER

Soon as I get my travel fund back, I'm gone. You're happy. Wolfe's happy. Birds are singing...

Amanda nods, intent on her work.

AMANDA

Yeah, yeah.

Dexter scans the roadway again.

DEXTER

Not that I'm trying to rush you --

AMANDA

Almost there...

11826 INT. SANCTUARY - NICK'S OFFICE - DAY

11826

At the computer sits a POLICE ARTIST. He whisks a cordless stylus swiftly across a computerized pallet.

Nick and Breslaw watch the monitor screen, which is turned away from camera.

NICK

Broader nose.

The Artist sweeps the stylus across the pallet.

NICK

Longer.

BRESLAW

Anything else?

NICK

More eyebrows. Thicker.

The Artist makes an adjustment, looks to Nick for his opinion.

NICK

Yeah.

BRESLAW

You are sure?

NICK

I'm sure.

REVEAL monitor screen -- the composite of facial parts come together and form a resemblance to Dexter.

NICK

Now, we scan for a match.

Nick reaches over the keyboard, punches a few keys.

NICK

Police, Interpol, FBI...

ON THE MONITOR

We see rapid flash images of police mug shots. Faces of men in quick succession.

BRESLAW

Reminds me of a riddle my father used to tell me. How do you find a needle in a haystack?

Nick shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

11826 CONTINUED:

11826

BRESLAW

You burn the hay. Whatever's left
is the needle.

Suddenly the computer BEEPS.

ON THE MONITOR

A police mug shot superimposes over the sketch of Dexter.

NICK

There he is.

BRESLAW

So, our needle has a name... Jeremy
Dexter.

Nick reads Dexter's particulars.

NICK

The man's good. A suspect in a
dozen high stakes robberies. No
one ever hurt. And he's never been
caught.

BRESLAW

Arrogant. Smug. This could be the
man who killed my brother.

11827 EXT. WALLED ESTATE - DAY

11827

ANGLE - ALARM PANEL

Amanda straightens up from the alarm panel, gives Dexter
the high sign.

AMANDA

You're in. Cameras re-routed.
Motion sensors asleep. Dormant
perimeter. And I threw in free
cable, just for the hell of it.

DEXTER

Sure you won't join us?

AMANDA

Uh uh. This is as far as I go.

She gives him a quick peck on the cheek.

AMANDA

Break a leg, Dex.

Amanda waves goodbye, heads for her Mercedes. She pops the
trunk, starts repacking her gear.

(CONTINUED)

11827 CONTINUED:

11827

ANOTHER ANGLE

Dexter waves his Men on. ROPES are thrown up and over the high stone walls. The Men begin to scale the ropes, Jurgen in the lead.

ANGLE - INSIDE THE WALL

A SECURITY GUARD rounds the corner of the main house. He crosses to a tree, bends down. From inside a large knot hole in the trunk he pulls out a flask of whiskey.

He looks around, then takes a big swig. As he replaces the flask, a SCRAPING SOUND catches his attention.

HIS POV

Jurgen drops over the wall to the ground.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)

Hey! You there!

Jurgen reacts, tries to run for cover.

The Security Guard pulls his gun, starts after. Jurgen hits a dead end, nowhere to run. He turns to face the Guard who's gun is now aimed at his chest.

JURGEN

Don't be stupid. Drop your gun.

The Security Guard snickers, pulls a walkie-talkie from his belt. As he toggles on -- BANG! A shot blasts him off his feet.

ANGLE - JURGEN

withdraws a smoking gun from his jacket pocket. He runs back toward the wall.

ANGLE - OUTSIDE THE WALL

Dexter reacts to the gunshot. He calls to the two Men who are halfway up the wall.

DEXTER

Down! Down! We're out of here!

The Men jump down, roll to the ground.

ANGLE - AMANDA

Just starting the engine in her Mercedes, powers down the window.

(CONTINUED)

11827 CONTINUED: 2

11827

AMANDA

What the hell was that?

DEXTER

ignores her, jumps in the driver's seat of the van.

ANGLE - INSIDE THE WALL

THE SECURITY GUARD

lies mortally wounded. His fingers close around the trigger on his own gun. He FIRES.

JURGEN

clawing his way back up the inside of the wall, is hit. He drops like a stone to the ground.

ALARMS go off at the main house. SIRENS scream.

ANGLE - THE FRONT GATES

They explode off their hinges as the van crashes through in reverse. It squeals to a stop. The back doors fly open. The two Men jump out, carry the badly-wounded Jurgen over and put him in the back.

ANGLE - THE MAIN HOUSE

Several SECURITY GUARDS run across the lawn toward the front gates.

ANGLE - THE VAN

Dexter shouts from the front seat --

DEXTER

Hurry! Damn you! Hurry!

The Men leap back in, slam the doors. The van burns rubber out the front gate.

THE GUARDS

FIRE at the retreating vehicle.

BULLETS

slam into the back of the van.

ANGLE - OUTSIDE THE WALL

The van squeals past a shocked and angry Amanda.

(CONTINUED)

11827 CONTINUED: 3

11827

AMANDA
We're not finished!

She slams the Mercedes in gear, flies off after Dexter.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

11828 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

11828

Far away now from the scene of the crime, Amanda speeds along in her Mercedes, behind the van.

She pulls out alongside it as if to pass, but twists the steering wheel. The Mercedes swerves in front of the van, running it off to the side of the road. Both vehicles come to a stop.

Amanda gets out of her car, storms over to the van. As Dexter climbs out --

AMANDA

You mind telling me what happened back there!?

Dexter ignores her, moves to the rear of the van, opens the doors.

ANGLE - INSIDE THE VAN

Jurgen lies mortally wounded on the floor of the van. He GASPS, then falls quiet.

DEXTER

reaches in, feels for a pulse.

DEXTER

(softly)
Hasta la vista.

He closes Jurgen's staring eyes. A BEAT. He SLAMS his fist into the side of the van.

DEXTER

Stupid waste. I said, no guns!

AMANDA

Talk to me.

DEXTER

A guard wandered off his scheduled rounds. Tried to be a hero.

(re: Jurgen)

This poor bastard had a gun. Hothead. Bang, bang... two men down.

Amanda paces, starting to freak out.

(CONTINUED)

11828 CONTINUED:

11828

AMANDA

You have to get out of Paris, now.

DEXTER

Nice try, sweets. But I'm still broke and now I'm hot, too. I can get around airports and roadblocks, but it's gonna be expensive.

AMANDA

I've got some mad money stashed. A few diamonds, bit of cash.

DEXTER

Beggars can't be choosers.

AMANDA

Gimme a couple hours, you'll have your escape fund.

DEXTER

Thanks, Amanda.

AMANDA

(pissed)
What choice do I have?

DEXTER

Don't worry. I'll get lost. You'll be fine. There's no way anyone can tie you to this.

11829 EXT. WALLED ESTATE - DAY

11829

Police cars. Morgue wagon. Yellow crime scene tape cordons off the scene. The Police Technician kneels in the driveway, taking a plaster cast of TIRE TRACKS.

Nick and Breslaw stand over the body of the dead Security Guard.

BRESLAW

(re: Guard)
Wrong place at the wrong time.

Nick and Breslaw move away toward the outside wall.

NICK

Our guys don't use guns. Not their style.

BRESLAW

Something must've gone wrong.
(beat)
Only one thing that puzzles me.

(CONTINUED)

11829 CONTINUED:

11829

Breslaw pulls back some bushes, indicates the jerried alarm system.

NICK

They killed the alarm. So?

BRESLAW

Ah, but look more closely. See the way the sensor plate has been re-routed. Like a loop.

NICK

(nods)

The alarm thinks it watching the house...

BRESLAW

But it's actually looking at itself.

NICK

Cute trick.

BRESLAW

Professional trick. Ingenious, precise... almost delicate.

NICK

That doesn't fit their profile.

BRESLAW

No.

(shrugs)

Unless, of course, they have someone new on their team.

ON Nick, thoughtful.

11830 INT. SANCTUARY - AMANDA'S ROOM - DAY

11830

Amanda strides across the room towards a VASE of flowers on a table. She picks up the vase, yanks the flowers out, tosses them on the floor.

Turning the vase upside down, she unscrews a false base. She reaches inside the concealed hiding place and withdraws a wad of rolled up CASH. Reaches in again, comes up with a tiny velvet POUCH. Amanda opens the pouch and a cascade of half-a-dozen small diamonds trickles into the palm of her hand.

AMANDA

Sorry, kids. Nothing personal.

Nick's VOICE echoes outside in the hallway.

(CONTINUED)

11830 CONTINUED:

11830

NICK (O.S.)

Amanda...!

She slips the diamonds and cash into a shoulder bag as

NICK

storms in, furious.

NICK

Are you deaf?

AMANDA

Only selectively.

She throws a jacket over her shoulders, snatches up the case.

NICK

Not so fast.

AMANDA

I'm late.

NICK

It's important.

AMANDA

So bronze it.

She continues on out the door.

11831 EXT. STREET - NEAR SANCTUARY - DAY

11831

Amanda blows out the front door at warp speed. Her eyes scan the streets impatiently. She starts walking.

AMANDA

C'mon... Dex...

Nick appears beside her, falls in step.

NICK

Hey, remember me?

AMANDA

Used to have a friend looked just like you. Except he knew when to respect a lady's privacy.

NICK

Murder isn't private.

She spins, changes direction. Nick follows.

(CONTINUED)

11831 CONTINUED:

11831

NICK

Tell me you weren't at that estate today.

AMANDA

Can't you go watch TV or something? I thought guys watched sports. Go find some sporty things on TV.

NICK

His name's Jeremy Dexter.

(off her reaction)

He's not just a thief, now. He's a murderer.

(pointed)

And he's working with someone new.

Amanda stops, whirls on him. She offers up her wrists for handcuffs.

AMANDA

Do your duty, officer. Arrest me.

Nick grabs her arms, speaks earnestly, sincerely.

NICK

I'm trying to help you, Amanda.

AMANDA

No you're not. You're still here.

She breaks away. Another quick glance up and down the street for Dexter -- no sign. Amanda heads toward her car, opens the door.

Suddenly a sedan pulls in front of her Mercedes, blocks her path.

AMANDA

Hey!

Breslaw unfolds himself from the sedan.

BRESLAW

Lovely lady.

Amanda glances suspiciously at Nick. He returns a gentle shrug.

NICK

Don't look at me.

AMANDA

I'm a tad pressed for time right now.

(CONTINUED)

11831 CONTINUED: 2

11831

Breslaw saunters sedately over to her.

BRESLAW

Ah, yes. The curse of the
nineties. Is it not?

Nick has stepped up.

NICK

What's this about, Breslaw?

BRESLAW

My tired brain is confused. A
small matter I hope Miss Montrose
can help clear up for me.

Amanda fidgets, trapped.

AMANDA

Okay, make it quick.

BRESLAW

We have just completed taking
inventory of everything recovered
from Dexter's safe.

(beat; re: Nick)

I gather you heard of your friend's
marvelous powers of detection.

AMANDA

You could say that.

NICK

Get to the point.

BRESLAW

The point. The point is that
everything was recovered. All the
stolen money and jewelry.

AMANDA

Congratulations. Now, if you could
move your car --

BRESLAW

Everything, that is, except the
diamond necklace you claimed as
stolen.

Nick looks to Amanda, waits for her reaction.

AMANDA

Oh, well. Easy come, easy go.

She moves for her car door handle. Breslaw puts a gentle
hand on tops of hers.

(CONTINUED)

11831 CONTINUED: 3

11831

BRESLAW

Cold hands...

AMANDA

(forced laugh)

Warm heart.

BRESLAW

Where were you this morning around ten a.m.?

AMANDA

(feigns thinking)

Um... Shower? Breakfast?

BRESLAW

Breaking and entering?

Amanda wags a finger at him.

AMANDA

Someone's been telling you stories.

BRESLAW

Yes, in fact, they have. Witnesses saw a car matching your description leaving the scene of a homicide this morning.

AMANDA

Lots of Mercedes in town.

BRESLAW

Did you know a car tire leaves a specific mark. Like a fingerprint. No two are alike.

NICK

If you've got new evidence, I want to know about it.

BRESLAW

I have a plaster cast in the trunk of my car. If your most charming associate here can assure me that it will not match the tires of her car --

Amanda gets the BUZZ.

AMANDA

(sotto)

Damn.

Her eyes flash briefly to one side. Only a split second, but Breslaw saw it.

(CONTINUED)

11831 CONTINUED: 4

11831

BRESLAW

I beg your pardon?

He follows her gaze. Dexter drives his car toward Sanctuary, takes in the scene down the street in a glance.

BRESLAW

locks eyes with Dexter. Moving with the speed and agility of a teenager, he has his gun out.

He plants his feet firm, takes aim.

BRESLAW

Get out of the car, Mr. Dexter!

DEXTER

throws his car into reverse, squeals back down the street the way he came.

NICK

is off on foot, gun out, after Dexter's car.

BRESLAW

shoots.

DEXTER'S WINDSHIELD

shatters.

BRESLAW

fires another round, and another.

DEXTER

appears wounded now. His car careens wildly out of control, fishtailing down the street.

AMANDA

reacts smoothly, quickly. She sidesteps away from the action, melts into a side alley. A BEAT, then she's gone.

DEXTER'S CAR

reaches the end of the street, rolls down the quai. It crashes into a wall, shudders to a halt.

BRESLAW

takes off after Nick.

11832 EXT. QUA I BY THE SEINE - CONTINUOUS

11832

Nick and Breslaw approach the car, guns drawn.

The driver's door lolls open, swinging in the breeze. But the car is empty.

Breslaw looks up and down the quai. A YOUNG COUPLE stroll arm in arm. An ELDERLY WOMAN walks her dog. No Dexter in sight.

He turns to Nick in angry amazement, his breath labored from exertion and emotion.

BRESLAW

The vanishing criminal! How is that possible?

NICK

Don't ask me.

BRESLAW

Damn it!

Breslaw, eyes flashing fury, still brandishes his gun. Nick pries it gently from his hand, grabs Breslaw by the shoulder.

NICK

Hey. He's gone. We did our best.

As they walk up the quai together, Breslaw casts a dangerous glance back over his shoulder.

BRESLAW

I hope wherever Mr. Jeremy Dexter is, he is enjoying a hearty laugh at our expense.

ANGLE - FARTHER DOWN THE SEINE

Dexter's lifeless body floats down the river, bobbing gently on the current.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

11833 EXT. STREET - NEAR SANCTUARY - DAY

11833

Breslaw walks back to his car. Nick follows. He still carries Breslaw's gun. Nick checks the chambers on the revolver.

NICK

Six rounds, all spent.

He passes the gun back to Breslaw.

BRESLAW

I can count, Mr. Wolfe.

NICK

Mind telling me what the hell got into you back there?

BRESLAW

I was attempting to stop a suspect from escaping. I shouted a verbal warning. When that went unheeded, I aimed my revolver at the car and fired repeatedly in an attempt to stop it.

NICK

You were aiming at the driver. You weren't trying to stop the car.

(beat)

You were trying to kill Dexter.

Breslaw sits on the hood of his car, takes a beat.

BRESLAW

I was ten years old. Sitting in my kitchen. Pulling on my heavy woolen socks. They smell of lye and scratch my toes. Mother stands at the stove, cooking potatoes for lunch. A knock on the door. My father's been shot.

Nick sits down beside a very tired-looking Breslaw.

BRESLAW

Two weeks later my Mother died. Not from sickness or old age, you see. But from the same thing that killed my brother. Hopelessness.

(CONTINUED)

11833 CONTINUED:

11833

NICK

(gently)
You've been a cop much longer than I was. You can't pretend to confuse revenge with justice.

BRESLAW

I'm too old to quibble about semantics. As I near the end of a relatively undistinguished career, I find my justice elsewhere.

NICK

And where's that.

Breslaw points to his heart.

BRESLAW

In here.

(beat)

To rob a man, to leave him without money, that is larceny. But to leave a man without hope... that, my heart tells me, is murder.

NICK

Killing Dexter won't bring Sasha back. And it sure as hell won't make you a better brother.

BRESLAW

(shrugs)

Perhaps not. But at my age, even a new pain is better than an old regret.

NICK

(beat)

There's something I've never told anyone. There was a guy -- lifer who got paroled. On the street two days and he'd already raped, killed a teenage girl.

BRESLAW

How tragic...

Nick's words come rapidly now as the memory lives again.

NICK

Bastard has a gun, fires on me. I run him down a blind alley, shoot him in the leg. His gun goes flying. He looks up and I'm standing over him...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

11833 CONTINUED: 2

11833

NICK (cont'd)
my piece presses into his skull.
It would be so easy. All I have to
do is pull the trigger.

(beat)
Then backup arrived. I always
wondered what would've happened if
they'd been a few seconds late.

BRESLAW
So... we may have more in common
than you think.

NICK
I'm not going to find Dexter just
so you can shoot him.

Breslaw pushes off from the car, looks at Nick soberly.

BRESLAW
I know your friend is involved.
It's true I want Dexter, but if I
have to take the lovely Miss
Montrose instead... well, I leave
it up to you.

ON NICK, troubled.

11834 EXT. QUAI BY THE SEINE - DAY

11834

Dexter swings himself up out of the river, wringing wet.
BUZZ. He spins to see Amanda approaching.

DEXTER
I suppose you're going to tell me
that wasn't a setup?

AMANDA
It wasn't, Dex. I swear.

DEXTER
Then you're a jinx. Who the hell
was shooting at me this time!?

AMANDA
His name's Breslaw. Interpol.

DEXTER
Interpol. Marvelous.

She holds out the case of diamonds and cash.

AMANDA
I brought your escape fund.

(CONTINUED)

11834 CONTINUED:

11834

DEXTER

Keep it.

Dexter turns and starts to move away. Amanda follows.

AMANDA

Dexter, you have to get out of town.

Dexter stops.

DEXTER

I'm not going to run.

As concern plays on Amanda's face.

11835 INT. SANCTUARY - CLUB - DAY

11835

Nick and Amanda at the bar.

NICK

If you know where Dexter is --

AMANDA

I do.

NICK

Then you gotta give him up.

AMANDA

Why? Breslaw arrests Dexter. He goes to jail. He escapes, boom -- back to square one. Dexter's already decided it's easier just to eliminate Breslaw than to keep running.

NICK

So what are you saying? There's no mortal justice for Immortals? Just 'cause you're in the Forever Club, you get to go nuts? No consequences. No responsibility.

AMANDA

I've got an idea. I could kill Dexter. That would solve your problem, wouldn't it? Nick Wolfe -- judge, jury and executioner. Kinda makes you feel warm all over, don't it?

NICK

So we've got a stalemate.

AMANDA

Not necessarily.

11836 EXT. INDUSTRIAL SPACE - NIGHT

11836

Under cover of darkness and shadow, Nick and Breslaw stealthily observe a warehouse-type building. Amanda's car is parked out front.

NICK

Give me a good thirty seconds to get around back, then another to get inside. Then you follow through the front.

BRESLAW

I only see one car. Are you sure Mr. Dexter is in there?

NICK

Amanda set up the meet. I'm sure.

BRESLAW

Yes, it's obvious you trust her. I wonder why that is so?

NICK

That makes two of us. C'mon.

They head towards the warehouse.

11837 INT. INDUSTRIAL SPACE - NIGHT

11837

Nick and Breslaw enter through the rear door into a dimly lit space littered with crates and boxes. A single light comes from a windowed office. Nick leads, as he and Breslaw move towards the office.

They reach the door. Two figures are visible inside the office: Dexter and Amanda.

Nick glances at Breslaw. Breslaw releases the safety on his gun. Nick turns; in a fluid motion, he KICKS OPEN the door.

11838 INT. INDUSTRIAL SPACE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

11838

Amanda and Dexter react as Nick and Breslaw burst into the office.

NICK

Freeze!

BRESLAW

Hands in the air! Now!

Amanda and Dexter reluctantly raise their hands.

(CONTINUED)

11838 CONTINUED:

11838

DEXTER

(to Amanda)

I suppose you're going to pretend
you didn't set me up this time,
either?

AMANDA

Dexter, I --

DEXTER

Save it.

(to Nick and Breslaw)

Come on, read me my rights. Let's
get this over with.

Nick lowers his gun, turns to Breslaw.

NICK

You want me to turn my head?

BRESLAW

What?

NICK

Or would you like an audience?

BRESLAW

Mr. Wolfe...

NICK

(re: Dexter)

C'mon. Here's your chance.

Amanda starts edging away from Dexter.

DEXTER

What the hell's going on?

Nick prods Breslaw.

NICK

Go on. You want to shoot him.
Shoot him.

Breslaw and Dexter lock eyes. Breslaw's breathing is
shallow, his mouth dry.

NICK

There he is. The guy responsible
for your brother's death. Right in
your sights.

DEXTER

Hey, guys... couldn't we talk this
over?

(CONTINUED)

11838 CONTINUED: 2

11838

Breslaw licks parched lips, his gun wavering in his hands.

BRESLAW

There is nothing you can say. Yet strangely, enough, there is nothing I can say. This moment I've rehearsed for months in my head... The poignant speech I'd make. The pain I would inflict on you. The hopelessness I would see in your eyes.

NICK

That's right. Just like your brother, Sasha.

BRESLAW

(beat)

And now, all there is... all I feel... is lost.

Amanda positions herself out of the line of fire, watching the emotional scene with a terrible fascination.

Nick moves to Breslaw, wraps his hands around Breslaw's hands, clutching his gun. He whispers gently into Breslaw's ear, his voice a macabre siren song.

NICK

Here. Lemme help you. Just a little pressure on the trigger. Really, it's that simple. You move your finger a quarter of an inch, his heart stops beating.

Breslaw forehead shines with sweat. His eyes bore into Dexter.

NICK

Think how proud Sasha would be. C'mon, Breslaw. You're almost ready to retire anyway. Why not go out with a bang? Listen to your heart. Hear it scream for justice.

BRESLAW'S FINGER

tightens on the trigger.

NICK

glances quickly toward Amanda.

(CONTINUED)

11838 CONTINUED: 3

11838

DEXTER

meets Breslaw's gaze head on.

An excruciating BEAT, then --

Breslaw sags, his arms go limp.

BRESLAW

No.

Nick nods, almost to himself.

NICK

I didn't think so.

Dexter seizes this distraction to rush forward. He barrels into Breslaw, punches him in the gut.

Amanda, apparently alarmed, shouts from the sidelines.

AMANDA

Dex! No!

BRESLAW

doubles over from the blow.

DEXTER

grabs his gun and breaks off at a run.

NICK

whirls in a flash, draws a bead.

HIS POV

The retreating figure of Dexter.

NICK

Freeze!

DEXTER

spins, aims to fire.

NICK

is faster. FIRES.

DEXTER

catches the bullet in the chest. He drops to the concrete floor.

(CONTINUED)

11838 CONTINUED: 4

11838

AMANDA

runs up to the body, feels for a pulse. She shakes her head. A sudden quiet descends over the strange tableau.

Nick turns to Breslaw.

NICK

It's over now.

BRESLAW

looks into Nick's eyes, sees understanding there. He nods soberly.

BRESLAW

Thank you, my friend.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT : TAG

FADE IN:

11839 EXT. STREET - NEAR SANCTUARY - DAY

11839

Amanda and Dexter stroll down the street. She passes him her shoulder bag with her stash that we saw earlier.

AMANDA

There's enough in there for your own island.

DEXTER

Maybe just a quiet little village in the Caribbean. At least for the next few months.

AMANDA

Make it a few years. Breslaw thinks you're dead. I want to keep it that way.

Dexter stops walking, takes Amanda in his arms.

DEXTER

You could come with me, you know. We always did make a great team.

Amanda glances quickly back in the direction of Sanctuary.

AMANDA

Thanks. But not now.

(beat)

Ask me again in another hundred years?

He kisses her goodbye. She walks back toward Sanctuary.

11840 INT. SANCTUARY - CLUB - DAY

11840

Nick and Breslaw sit at the bar. Breslaw puts down his coffee cup.

BRESLAW

Dexter didn't fire at you until after he ran. He could have escaped. And he'd be alive today.

NICK

Maybe. But I'd be dead.

BRESLAW

So why do you think he did that?

(CONTINUED)

11840 CONTINUED:

11840

NICK

(shrugs)

Who knows? Luck, maybe. Pure luck.

(off Breslaw's reaction)

To quote a new friend, "One man's luck is another man's death."

Breslaw hears his own words come back to him. He smiles, pushing himself off from the bar.

BRESLAW

Touche.

He grabs Nick's hand, shakes it.

BRESLAW

Pleasure doing business with you.

(beat)

And please pass along my kindest regards to Miss Montrose. Knowing her has been a most unusual experience.

He exits.

NEW ANGLE

Amanda enters from the back room, joins Nick at the bar.

AMANDA

Thanks. You know... for everything.

NICK

I broke the law. Don't thank me for doing it.

AMANDA

Okay...

There's an awkward moment between them.

NICK

Buy you a drink?

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW