

Checkmate

by

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FADE IN:

SUPER: PRESENT DAY

EXT. LONDON, ENGLAND - NIGHT

A thick cloud bank hovers over the city of London. Mist drifts in patches along the Thames River. The fog dissipates, revealing Waterloo Barracks, which house the **CROWN JEWELS OF ENGLAND**.

INT. THE TOWER OF LONDON - SAME

Inside the ventilation system, two THIEVES dressed in thermo-concealing outfits, crawl slowly through an air duct.

INT. JEWEL HOUSE INSIDE WATERLOO BARRACKS - SAME

Two roving YEOMAN GUARDS patrol through the high-security area.

YEOMAN GUARD #1

I won 5000 quid yesterday on a 20 to 1 at Kempton Park.

YEOMAN GUARD #2

Bugger off; was that on "Motormouth?"

YEOMAN GUARD #1

No, "Lambeth Walk", hell of a horse. You should've listened to me mate, so you'd have some extra quid on your leave.

YEOMAN GUARD #2

Katie and I are off to the South of France. Can't wait to see the sun.

YEOMAN GUARD 1

Sun, my arse; I know you're dying to get a look at those topless French birds.

The two thieves inside the air shaft stare through a grate on the ceiling above the corridor where the guards walk. They don gas masks and reach for small tanks which are strapped on their backs.

THIEF 1 maneuvers down the shaft with little effort because of strategically placed rollers attached to his outfit.

He moves about thirty feet and then places a magnetic mirror at the corner before turning left. He moves another fifteen feet and stops in front of a grate. He looks down and sees two Yeoman Guards monitoring an array of video screens, computers and machines.

INSIDE THE AIR SHAFT

The thief places a thin camera tube through the grate. He looks at a monitor the size of a watch and then scoots another tube through the grate. This tube has a tiny pair of wire cutters. He cuts the power cord behind the camera.

The camera goes out. He looks at his digital watch and sets a timer for one minute.

INSERT - DIGITAL WATCH

BACK TO THE SCENE

He un-straps his gas tank, un-screws it, and turns. He flashes two bursts with a pen light toward the mirror. THIEF 2 sees it and begins to release his gas. All four Yeoman Guards are incapacitated. THIEF 2 fires a long burst of light at the mirror, signaling the control room is secure.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - SAME

Two police officers monitor a series of video screens. They watch the back-up system for Jewel House. Boredom has set in.

POLICE OFFICER #1

Where in the hell is he going to work when he's finished with bloody art school? At least after Sandhurst, he'd be guaranteed a job.

POLICE OFFICER #2

Come off it Dave... Give him a fair shake. Not everyone's born to be a Tommy.

Police Officer #1 sees that two of six screens are blank with static.

POLICE OFFICER #1

Hello...cameras 2 and 8 have popped out.

Police Officer #2 taps the screen. He looks at his watch.

POLICE OFFICER #2

Give it a second. If they're not back up, hit the alarm.

SPLIT SCREEN:

Both thieves break through their air grates. They walk past the unconscious guards and meet in the control room.

INSIDE THE CONTROL ROOM

THIEF 2 pushes a series of buttons on the main computer controlling the security monitors and the alarm system. He glances at his digital watch.

INSERT - DIGITAL WATCH

51 seconds.

BACK TO THE SCENE

He extracts a DVD from his pocket and places it into the drive.

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN

A statement reads, "ENTER PASSWORD IMMEDIATELY."

BACK TO THE SCENE

The thief looks at his watch.

INSERT - DIGITAL WATCH

56 seconds.

BACK TO THE SCENE.

He types a password. It is incorrect.

INSERT - DIGITAL WATCH

58 seconds.

BACK TO THE SCENE

He types the password again. It works.

SCOTLAND YARD

The two police officers watch the picture return on the screen that was filled with static.

INSIDE JEWEL HOUSE

The two thieves look through their infrared goggles and see an array of security beams lancing through the room. One of the thieves taps the other on the shoulder.

THIEF 2
(exhausted)
Fuck...back in the air shaft.

THIEF 1 nods. He hoists his partner back into the air duct. He drops a rope anchored to the airshaft by a powerful magnet.

He crawls up the rope and slides in behind him. They slide another ten feet until reaching the grate above the display room.

CROWN JEWELS DISPLAY ROOM

He removes the grate and pulls it inside. They both crawl out using suction cups attached to their gloves and boots, while avoiding security beams. They hang like spiders above the 16 foot glass display case by parachute cord.

Thief 1 places a C4 charge on top of the glass case. He and the other thief pull themselves back up to the ceiling. The charge explodes, blowing a hole in the glass case. The thieves drop back down on their cords, hovering and filling their rucksacks with jewels. They finish and crawl back into the air shaft.

INSIDE SCOTLAND YARD

POLICE OFFICER #1

Mack, why don't you pop over there and make sure everything's proper.

POLICE OFFICER #2

(walking to the door)

Right, want anything while I'm out?

POLICE OFFICER #1

Don't bother, I'll start a brew-up while you're gone.

POLICE OFFICER #2

See if you can get a score on that football match. I have a few wagers with the boys downtown.

He exits.

INSIDE THE WATERLOO BARRACKS BOILER ROOM

The two thieves emerge from an air grate in the boiler room of Waterloo Barracks. They climb out into the room and wrench-open a drain that leads to the sewer system. They climb into the drain.

INSIDE THE SEWER TUNNEL

The two thieves emerge into a sewer tunnel. They run through the tunnel and finally emerge at the mouth of the Thames River. They undress and throw the outfits and equipment into the sewer.

THE THAMES RIVER

They carry their loot across rocks and turn into a grove of trees. They locate a van sitting on a gravel road.

The thieves get inside the van. The van speeds away. In the distance the main alarms go off at Waterloo Barracks. A giant searchlight pans across the night sky.

SUPER: BRITISH NAVAL BASE, PLYMOUTH, UK

EXT. U.S.S. RAVEN - DAY

The USS Raven, a minesweeper, and other ships are moored at the naval base. Wearing his dress blues and carrying a plastic Samsonite case and a briefcase, CAPTAIN JOHN THADDEUS, 40's, walks up the gangway to the USS Raven. Thaddeus is an African-American US Navy Officer. He salutes the officer of the deck.

THADDEUS

Request permission to come aboard.

OFFICER OF THE DECK

Permission granted sir.

The officer of the deck returns his salute. Thaddeus salutes the US flag and steps aboard.

SUPER: THE NORTH ATLANTIC, 200 MILES SOUTH OF GREENLAND

EXT. U.S. NAVY CARRIER TASK FORCE - NIGHT

A violent storm in the North Atlantic tosses the USS Raven to and fro. Other ships in the task force move through the malevolent sea.

INT. USS RAVEN, OFFICERS' MESS - SAME

Inside the officers' mess, a retirement party is held for Thaddeus. The captain of the Raven, COMMANDER TUCKER, speaks in front of a small group of officers and senior enlisted men.

COMMANDER TUCKER

Captain Thaddeus, sir, on behalf of the United States Navy, I'd like to thank you for twenty-five years of faithful and distinguished service.

THADDEUS

Thank you. It's been an honor and a privilege to serve my country.

ON THE BRIDGE

Several sailors and a junior officer wearing rain ponchos, watch as the horrific storm hammers the ship. One of the sailors fights with the controls. A JUNIOR OFFICER reaches for the radio.

JUNIOR OFFICER
Chief, when's this god-damn storm
going to let-up?

INSIDE THE USS RAVEN CIC

A CHIEF PETTY OFFICER holds a phone and speaks to the officer
on the bridge.

CHIEF
(looking at a weather map)
Not for another six hours sir. We
just received another update from
the Ronald Reagan.

ON THE BRIDGE

The junior officer shakes his head, puts the radio down, and
looks out the window. Lightning strikes the deck, causing a
cacophonous boom.

INSIDE THE OFFICERS' MESS

Thaddeus' party continues.

COMMANDER TUCKER
Therefore, on behalf of the
officers and men of the Raven, I'd
like to present you with a small
token of appreciation.

He hands Thaddeus a gold plated survival knife.

THADDEUS
Ah, thank you commander. That's
very nice.

Thaddeus takes the knife and places it in his pocket.

COMMANDER TUCKER
Seaman Meyer made a cake for the
occasion. I hope you like
chocolate.

An enlisted cook places a square cake in front of Thaddeus
with the number 25 written across the navy insignia.

EXT. THE USS RAVEN - SAME

Lightning destroys a rotating "golf ball" radar dish and
several antennas above the bridge.

INSIDE THE BRIDGE

The enlisted men and a junior officer battle the storm.

RADAR OPERATOR
 (turning to the officer)
 Sir, we've just lost our radar.

OFFICER
 Commo, what's our status?

The RADIOMAN plays with a series of dials.

RADIOMAN
 Shit, radios are down too, sir.

INSIDE THE OFFICERS' MESS

Thaddeus and the other crew members eat their cake and sip coffee. A senior enlisted man, CHIEF PETTY OFFICER HOFFMAN turns to Thaddeus.

CHIEF HOFFMAN
 Sir, no disrespect, but why the Raven? I mean why not fly back to Norfolk? These North Atlantic trips are notorious ball-busters.

Thaddeus takes a bite of cake and looks at the chief.

THADDEUS
 My first tour was on a minesweeper. I guess I just wanted to wrap up my career like I started it.

The chief nods understandingly. Suddenly, the lights flicker and the power goes out.

COMMANDER TUCKER
 LIEUTENANT GINTHER, you and Chief Hoffman get to the engine room and make sure the generators are running.

GINTHER
 Aye, aye sir.

Chief Hoffman and Lieutenant Ginther exit. The captain reaches for a phone.

COMMANDER TUCKER
 Bridge, this is the captain. What the hell is going on up there?

ON THE BRIDGE

We see the storm raging outside. Sailors are scrambling to fix the radar and radio systems in the dark.

OFFICER
 Captain, we lost our radar and commo.

INTERCUT - ON THE BRIDGE/INSIDE THE OFFICERS' MESS

COMMANDER TUCKER

Roger. Try to signal the Reagan.
I'm coming up.

INSIDE A HALLWAY

Thaddeus walks to his stateroom as the emergency generator barely illuminates the hallway. He notices his stateroom door is ajar.

Chief Hoffman look intently at the Samsonite case and moves to OPEN it...

ON THE DECK OF THE USS RAVEN

As the Raven fights the storm, a sailor flashes Morse Code to the USS Ronald Reagan several miles away.

INSIDE THE HALLWAY

As Thaddeus watches Chief Hoffman play with the locks on the Samsonite, a violent concussion shakes the bowels of the USS Raven.

INSIDE THADDEUS'S STATEROOM

Chief Hoffman is knocked backward and hits his head. He bleeds profusely.

INSIDE THE HALLWAY

Thaddeus lies on the floor. He rises slowly and rubs his lower back. Water rushes into the hallway.

He enters his stateroom.

INSIDE THADDEUS' STATEROOM

Thaddeus sees Chief Hoffman lying in a pool of blood on the floor. Thaddeus looks at the Samsonite.

CHIEF HOFFMAN

(raising his head slowly)
Help me sir, please.

Thaddeus watches the water pouring into the stateroom.

THADDEUS

Sure, did you find what you were
looking for? Have a closer look.

Thaddeus brutally hits him across the face with the suitcase. He wades his way out of the stateroom door and locks it from the outside as the water steadily rises. Thaddeus ascends the nearest staircase.

EXT. USS RAVEN MAIN DECK - NIGHT

Total chaos ensues. Sailors run all over the deck. Some jump into the water, others into lifeboats and small rafts. Several sailors with megaphones shout orders.

SAILOR #1
(loudly)
All hands abandon ship. I say
again, all hands abandon ship.

The USS Raven begins to turn on its starboard side. Thaddeus stands on the deck, looking over the side of the ship. A sailor runs over to him.

THADDEUS
(yelling)
What the fuck happened?

SAILOR #2
(yelling)
We hit another minesweeper. Don't
have much time.

Thaddeus freezes for a moment in thought. He sees the other minesweeper sinking.

SAILOR #2 (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Sir, you gotta get the hell off the
ship! Now!

DOWN BELOW

Chief Hoffman's bloodied face presses up against the porthole glass as water rises above him.

ON THE DECK

Thaddeus searches frantically for a life raft. The engine room explodes, blasting Thaddeus, the Samsonite, and several other crew members into the sea.

EXT. THE WATER - MINUTES LATER

Thaddeus has survived and manages to swim to a nearby life raft.

ON THE RAFT

Thaddeus watches as the USS Raven rolls over and succumbs to the sea. Dead sailors litter the water like jellyfish. Other survivors bob up and down like buoys. He spots his Samsonite case floating in the water. A sailor swims over and uses it as a flotation device. Thaddeus paddles towards the case. The sailor sees him.

SAILOR
 (yelling)
 Help!

The man extends his arm towards Thaddeus and grabs the side of the raft. Thaddeus reaches for the Samsonite and throws it into the raft. Thaddeus starts to hoist the sailor into the raft. He pulls his knife out of his jacket pocket. He cuts the man's throat, but only partially.

The men fight in the raft. Thaddeus loses his dog tags in the melee. Thaddeus cuts the sailor across the face with the knife and tears the man's dog tags off. Thaddeus slits his throat. A huge wave bucks the raft and Thaddeus is thrown back. The dead sailor has gone under. He still clutches the dog tags from the dead sailor and puts them in his pocket.

SUPER: 75 MILES SOUTHWEST OF THE USS RAVEN SHIPWRECK

EXT. THE NORTH ATLANTIC - DAY

A Canadian fishing boat, the 'Jacqueline' moves slowly through the now placid sea. Two crew members work on the deck of the boat. One of them, BARRY, spots a life raft. He turns to another fisherman, JACK.

BARRY(YELLING)
 Life raft a hundred yards off the
 port bow!

JACK(YELLING)
 Get the captain. We'll rope him in.

THE RAFT

The sun shines on the unconscious face of Thaddeus. The 'Jacqueline' pulls up next to the raft. The two fishermen hoist Thaddeus out of the raft and on to the deck of the fishing vessel.

ON THE 'JACQUELINE'

The two fishermen search Thaddeus's navy-blue woolen coat as the fishing captain stands next to them and watches. BARRY, finds a set of dog tags in Thaddeus's coat pocket.

BARRY
 I've got his tags.

He hands the dog tags to PATRICK, the ship's captain. Patrick examines them.

PATRICK
 He has to be from the Raven. I'm
 gonna report this to the Coast
 Guard. Barry you and Jack get him
 inside.

Barry and Jack carry Thaddeus away.

THE BRIDGE OF THE 'JACQUELINE'

Patrick speaks on his radio to the Canadian Coast Guard. He glances at the dog tags.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Goose Bay, this is the
'Jacqueline', over.

RADIO (OVER)
This is Goose Bay, go ahead.

PATRICK
Roger, we believe we just rescued
an American sailor, a Petty Officer
Larry Miller, over.

RADIO (OVER)
We copy 'Larry Miller'. What's his
condition, over.

PATRICK
He's unconscious, but not injured,
over.

RADIO (OVER)
'Jacqueline' remain at your present
position. We'll be there in twelve
hours, over.

PATRICK
This is the 'Jacqueline',
understand, out here.

INT. CABIN INSIDE THE 'JACQUELINE'- DAY

Thaddeus lies unconscious on a bunk with several wool blankets covering him. Barry enters the cabin, checks the drying clothes and examines the name tag on the sweater that reads, 'THADDEUS'.

BARRY
Thaddeus?

He pulls the tag off the sweater and heads towards the bridge. As he does Thaddeus opens his eyes, completely alert.

ON THE BRIDGE

Barry speaks with Patrick. He exits the bridge. Both have their backs turned to the open door. Thaddeus watches the scene from behind another door. Patrick reaches for the radio.

PATRICK
Goose Bay, this is the
'Jacqueline', over.

STATIC

RADIO(OVER)
This is Goose Bay, go ahead,
'Jacqueline'.

Patrick keys the mike and begins to speak. Thaddeus enters and slices Patrick's throat with a giant fish hook. The hook is imbedded in his throat and protrudes out through his mouth. Patrick drops to the floor, dead. Thaddeus finds an ax and shatters the radio into pieces. He exits.

ON THE DECK

Jack hoists a huge lobster trap up with a pulley. Thaddeus approaches him from behind and knocks him out with a blow to the back of the neck. Thaddeus places Jack inside the lobster trap. The man awakens as Thaddeus lowers him into the water.

JACK
Please... no...

Jack SCREAMS as Thaddeus cuts a rope, dropping the trap to the bottom of the sea.

Thaddeus turns around just as Barry slashes at him with a machete, missing him. Barry comes at him again. Thaddeus grabs a flare pistol and fires point blank into Barry's head. The man's head is engulfed in a gigantic fireball. Thaddeus kicks him off the boat.

INSIDE THE BRIDGE ON THE 'JACQUELINE'

Thaddeus finds some clothing in a wall locker and changes. He searches Patrick and takes his wallet.

ON THE DECK

Thaddeus drags the dead body of Patrick and tosses him overboard.

INSIDE THE BRIDGE

Thaddeus bundles up his uniform. He walks out on the deck and throws the bundle overboard.

SUPER: LONDON, FOUR DAYS LATER

EXT. PARTY BOAT ON THE THAMES RIVER - DUSK

An intoxicated woman carrying a drink staggers to the edge of the deck and vomits. She gazes overboard and screams when she sees the mutilated body of a man.

EXT. AN ALLEY IN LONDON'S EAST END - SAME

INSPECTOR RALEIGH MACLEOD, 50, (pronounced Macloyd) of Scotland Yard's Special Branch runs down a cobblestone alley. He's chasing after a young criminal with long hair and a headband.

INT. A PUB - SAME

A large crowd of active and retired cops, soldiers, and other dignitaries gathers inside the bar talking loudly and drinking.

We see a sign hanging over the bar that reads, "HAPPY BIRTHDAY RALEIGH." Macleod's young protege, TERRY DEIGHTON enters the bar. The crowd sees the door open and believing it's Macleod, they break into song.

CROWD

"For he's a jolly good fellow, for
he's a jolly good..."

They realize it's just Deighton.

MAN

Wait, wait, it's only Deighton.
Where's the hell's Raleigh? I
thought you two drove together.

DEIGHTON

We did. He's parking. You know how
much he loves that Frog Peugeot.

Suddenly, through the window, we see Macleod chasing the hoodlum down the alley.

MAN 2

Here he comes now.

MAN

And, there he goes...

DEIGHTON

Ah Christ.

Deighton runs out the door. The crowd exits the bar together and moves into the alley carrying drinks. They follow the chase.

IN THE ALLEY

The criminal jumps on the trunk of a Volvo blocking the alley, before leaping off and continuing to run down the alley. A yuppie couple sees Macleod hurdle up and over their Volvo.

YUPPIE MAN

What the bloody hell are you doing?

MACLEOD
 (breathing hard)
 Sorry, mate.

The chase continues down the alley. The crook throws an empty steel garbage can at Macleod. He dodges it as the criminal climbs a fence. Macleod leaps into the air and slams into the man's legs. He throws him to the ground. The young crook starts to rise on his knees. Macleod bashes him in the head with the garbage can.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
 (yelling)
 You wanted to take out the rubbish.
 Well, here it is, you son of a
 bitch.

Macleod hits him again. The man drops face first to the ground. Deighton, with the crowd strung out behind him, runs over to the scene and stops Macleod.

DEIGHTON
 Jesus, Raleigh, easy. I knew I
 should've parked the car.

MACLEOD
 The bastard tried to filch my
 Peugeot.

The young thug moans. Macleod gives him a final kick. Breathing hard, Macleod is handed a pint by a friend.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
 Thanks, mate. (to the thief)
 Cheers, you bloody wanker. (to
 Deighton) Cuff him Terry. See ya
 back there.

He chugs it down. Deighton throws the crook into the back of an unmarked Subaru police car. Macleod's cell phone rings.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
 Macleod here...What?...I'm on the
 way.

INT. TRAIN STATION RIVIERE DU LOUP, QUEBEC - DAY

Thaddeus locates his train and climbs aboard. A porter directs him to a small cabin. Thaddeus enters and locks the door. He places the Samsonite on a bed and opens it. We see the Crown Jewels brilliantly displayed before us. Thaddeus shuts the case, locks it, and places it under the bed.

EXT./INT. 10 DOWNING STREET, LONDON - NIGHT

Macleod enters the building and is directed to the Prime Minister's office.

Macleod enters and sees him sitting behind his desk. NIGEL WELTY, the Chief of Scotland Yard, sits in a high-backed leather chair next to the PM.

MACLEOD
Good evening.

PM
Raleigh, thank you for coming down
on such short notice.

The PM walks around from his desk and they shake hands.

NIGEL
Sorry, to break up your party,
Raleigh.

MACLEOD
No worries, sir.

NIGEL
I know you've been working
tirelessly on the Robinson Case,
but we need you to drop everything
and head up the crown jewels
investigation.

MACLEOD
Of course, sir.

The PM nods. He beckons Macleod to a seat. The PM and Nigel sit down. A security agent opens a wine-colored drape which reveals a large movie screen behind it.

PM
I believe you're acquainted with
this man --

One of the agents points a remote control at the wall. The face of a man in his thirties appears on the screen. Macleod turns and gazes at the screen.

MACLEOD
Good old Danny Wells. A right
master criminal.

NIGEL
Was a right master criminal.

MACLEOD
Sir?

NIGEL
Mr. Wells was found in the Thames
earlier tonight. A party boat
churned him up.

MACLEOD

Leave it to good old Danny to crash
a party unannounced.

Macleod chuckles lightly. So do the PM and Nigel.

PM

Now look, we've read Wells' file.
He was one of the best jewel
thieves in Western Europe.

MACLEOD

He was THE best sir. If anyone
could have pulled off the heist, it
was Wells.

PM

Who do you think killed him?

MACLEOD

I have no idea, but knowing Danny,
he probably had a partner and we
should start there.

The PM hands Macleod a file with an orange-bordered cover and the words "MOST SECRET" stamped on it. Macleod glances at the file.

PM

Code name...CHECKMATE...The cousins
have offered us the help of the
FBI.

Macleod looks at Nigel.

NIGEL

They've given us one of their top
agents to assist you.

MACLEOD

But, sir, I have Terry Deighton.
He's my number one.

NIGEL

We're aware of that, but we need
Deighton to work in operations from
the Yard. You'll be in the field
with the FBI's agent.

The PM presses down on his intercom.

PM

Send Agent Stokes in please.

Nigel looks back at Macleod, who's now scowling. SPECIAL AGENT KELLY STOKES of the FBI enters PM's office. Stokes is a young, pretty woman. She stands in front of the PM's desk.

Macleod looks a little shocked that Stokes is a woman and so young.

PM(CONT'D)

Good evening Agent Stokes. I want you to meet Inspector Raleigh Macleod of Scotland Yard's Special Branch. He'll be heading up the investigation.

They shake hands. Stokes senses Macleod's thoughts.

STOKES

Is something wrong inspector?

MACLEOD

No, nothing's wrong; I was expecting someone a little...taller. No worries.

The PM nods to one of the plain clothes agents. He turns the lights off.

PM

Agent Stokes is a gemologist and a member of the FBI's Precious Metals Task Force which is based here in London. She's one of the world's leading authorities on diamond smuggling.

Stokes points to the screen with a remote control. The first slide shows The Imperial State Crown.

STOKES

This is the Imperial State Crown. It's the world's most priceless piece of jewelry, from the Cullinen Mines in Kimberley, South Africa.

The next slide

STOKES (CONT'D, OVER)

The Lily Font and the Sovereign's Orb - -

The next slide

STOKES (CONT'D, OVER)

The Royal Ampulla and Queen Victoria's Crown --

The next slide

STOKES (CONT'D, OVER)

The Coronation Ring and Illustrious Orders --

The next slide

STOKES (CONT'D, OVER)
The Golden Spurs and Armills - -

The next slide

STOKES (CONT'D)
An assortment of necklaces,
bracelets, rings and locketts from
the personal collection of the late
Princess Diana. The total value of
these items stands at a little over
300 million dollars.

Macleod turns to Nigel and the PM.

MACLEOD
Bloody hell; almost the whole lot.

Everyone nods. Stokes continues. A map of the world appears on the screen. Several countries are illuminated.

STOKES
The latest intel believes that the
thieves might be bound for Antwerp,
Zurich, Sierra Leone or various
points in South Africa.

MACLEOD
Thanks for narrowing it down.

PM
That's a lot of ground to cover.
What's your best estimate, Agent
Stokes?

STOKES
I think they'd head to Africa.
Europe is too well-covered.

PM
Do you agree Inspector?

MACLEOD
No... my gut tells me this was an
inside job. Wells was a London
bloke. He wouldn't use outside
help.

Another slide appears on the screen. It shows three faces of possible suspects and the names Rory Mallon, Francois Letarte, and Gaetano Genaro.

STOKES

These three men are currently at large and actively being sought by Interpol for other significant diamond heists.

PM

Anything else?

STOKES

Yes, whoever did this is going to fence these diamonds to someone who will immediately break them up, alter their appearance and re-sell them. We don't have much time --

The room becomes deadly silent for a moment. The PM looks at Nigel to signal the meeting is finished. They stand up.

PM

We wish you the best of luck.

Macleod and Stokes begin to exit.

PM(CONT'D)

Inspector Macleod.

Macleod turns his head.

MACLEOD

Sir?

PM

(slowly)

Remember the words of Lord Kitchener, "England Expects."

MACLEOD

Right.

Macleod nods and he and Stokes exit and shut the door.

OUTSIDE 10 DOWNING STREET

They walk in the rain toward Macleod's car. He turns to her, pointing his finger in her face.

MACLEOD

So Miss Kardashian, what strings did you pull to get assigned to this pile of shite?

STOKES

Excuse me?

He pantomimes a jerk off sign.

MACLEOD

Come off it, you had to have
shagged someone. Harry maybe?

STOKES

(laughs) Living up to your
reputation already, huh?

MACLEOD

Which is?

STOKES

You're an asshole with a massive
ego.

MACLEOD

Listen, I just had to shit-can my
best man because the PM and Barry
O. felt like being PC this week.

STOKES

The Bureau wouldn't of sent me if I
wasn't qualified.

MACLEOD

Those "qualifications" and that
makeup bag aren't going to stop a
bullet. If you want to get out of
this alive, just shut your mouth
and do what you're told.

STOKES (SHOUTING)

Listen you arrogant prick. I've
forgotten more about diamonds than
you'll ever know, so if you don't
mind, let's end this cock-off. From
what I've heard, you'd lose anyway.
(holds up her pinky)

Stokes opens the door of the car, gets in, and slams the
door.

INT. BANGHOR, MAINE TRAIN STATION - DAY

Thaddeus gets off the train carrying his Samonsite. He walks
into a public phone booth and dials a number.

INT. A SUNLIT PORCH - SAME

Thaddeus' boss, 'MR. COTE' (pronounced COTAY), lies on a
massage table while two topless blond women massage his back.
Cote, is forty-something and African-American. We do not see
his face.

CELL PHONE RINGING

COTE (RASPY VOICE)

Speak.

INSIDE THE PHONE BOOTH

THADDEUS

I'm a little late, but I got your
shit.

INTERCUT - COTE'S ROOM/PHONE BOOTH

Cote is shocked to hear Thaddeus' voice. He lifts himself off
the table slightly and waves off the babes.

COTE

I thought you were dead.

THADDEUS

Yeah, well 'Reports of my death
have been greatly exaggerated.'

COTE

What took so long?

THADDEUS

Well, aside from the fact that my
black ass was shipwrecked and that
I had to live like fuckin' Gilligan
for the last week, things have been
right on schedule. When are you
coming to get this shit?

COTE

Change of plans, you're gonna need
to make a deposit.

Thaddeus looks around nervously.

THADDEUS

What? I got about 10,000 Brits with
rotting teeth after me. Now you're
telling me I have to deposit the
shit?

COTE

That's right.

THADDEUS

What the fuck do you want me to do,
drive up to the bank and shove it
in a vacuum tube? These are the
crown fuckin' jewels not barrel
bonds.

COTÉ

Chill out nigger. I got a plan.
When you get to New York, call me.

DIAL TONE DISCONNECTED

INSIDE THE PHONE BOOTH

Thaddeus slams the phone down.

MATCH CUT:

INT. DANNY WELLS' APARTMENT, LONDON - NIGHT

Macleod and other detectives from Scotland Yard are combing through Mr. Wells' belongings for clues to the crime. Deighton approaches MacLeod.

DEIGHTON

Raleigh, we haven't found any thing. The flat's as clean as the Queen's undies. Want us to keep looking?

MACLEOD

Right. Keep the lads searching. Something's bound to turn up. Danny would never let me down.

Deighton looks at Stokes who examines a shelf full of books.

DEIGHTON

Who's that, your new bird?

He smirks.

MACLEOD

She's FBI, a gift from the Yanks.

Deighton nods and walks over to four other detectives, giving them instructions. Macleod scans the apartment like a hawk.

DEIGHTON

Listen-up fellas. Macleod's not budging. Find ANYTHING, so we can get out of this pisser.

Deighton walks into the bathroom, while Macleod dials Scotland Yard.

INSIDE THE BATHROOM

He stares in the mirror and splashes water on his face. He opens the medicine cabinet and finds a bottle of aspirin. He pops two in his mouth. He returns the aspirin bottle to the shelf which seems to be out of place.

He pushes the shelf back into its furthest position. Upon doing so, he hears a clicking sound. The side of the mirror attached to the wall opens slightly. Stokes enters the bathroom.

DEIGHTON

What the hell?

He pulls the open part further, revealing an eight by twelve inch wall safe behind it.

DEIGHTON(CONT'D)
(excited)
Stokes, go get the Inspector!

INT. DANNY WELLS' APARTMENT, LONDON - NIGHT

Boom! A small charge of plastique blows the door off of Danny Wells' wall safe. Macleod walks over to the safe and examines its contents. He extracts several passports and looks at them.

MACLEOD
Looks like our man was a world
traveler: Australia, France,
America and two from the UK.

Macleod hands them to Stokes and Deighton. Stokes goes through the safe and extracts a pistol. She hands it to Macleod. He slides back the catch and hands it back to her.

MACLEOD(CONT'D)
A Walther PPK, James Bond's gun.

STOKES
(field-stripping the
pistol)
Apparently, someone was sick the
day they taught small arms
instruction. It's a PP, 9
millimeter short from Bavaria.
Great weapon.

She looks at Deighton who smiles. The men look at each other, grinning.

MACLEOD(PISSED-OFF)
What else?

STOKES
(pulling out wads of
money)
100,000 Euros and 50,000 dollars.

Macleod nods again.

STOKES(CONT'D)
And, a notebook.

She looks at it.

MACLEOD
Give me that.

Stokes hands it to Macleod. Macleod flips through it.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

These are probably account numbers
for banks in Zurich, Johannesburg,
Nassau, and Melbourne.

Stokes walks over to Macleod and looks over his shoulder at
account numbers matched to banks.

STOKES

What's that last number?

Macleod stops and puts his finger on it.

MACLEOD

Probably another bank account
number.

DEIGHTON

Or a phone number.

MACLEOD

Perhaps. I'm going to run these at
the Yard. Stokes, stay here and
work with Deighton. (to Deighton)
Keep an eye on her. I'm pretty sure
she's got claws.

Stokes rolls her eyes as Macleod exits.

EXT./INT. YMCA, HARLEM, NEW YORK - SAME

Thaddeus walks into a YMCA carrying the Samsonite. Two men in
sweatsuits, carrying boxing gloves, walk into the gym.

Thaddeus turns to an African-American man in his sixties,
LUTHER, who sits behind the desk watching an old episode of
'The White Shadow' on a small black and white TV. He notices
Thaddeus, pulls off his glasses and squints.

LUTHER

Either I'm losing my fuckin' mind
or John Thaddeus just walked into
my Y.

THADDEUS

Luther, man. How are you old
friend?

LUTHER

(slowly stands)
You tell me. Look around. Is this a
way to spend the sunset of your
life?

THADDEUS

(laughing)
Could be worse; you could be a pop-
up target for Uncle Sam again.

LUTHER
 Fuck that. I did my time. What're
 you doin' here?

THADDEUS
 I'm on vacation...(looking around)

LUTHER
 Yeah, right.

THADDEUS
 Need to stay for a while.

LUTHER
 Here? (laughing) Shit... You're
 either dead broke or on another op.

Thaddeus looks around.

THADDEUS
 I'll take the old room, if it's
 available?

Luther grabs the key and looks sharply at Thaddeus.

LUTHER
 Yeah, yeah, I ain't that fuckin'
 old. I remember. You don't know,
 you don't want to know.

THADDEUS
 (nodding)
 Exacta-mundo, compadre.

LUTHER
 You want room service to bring up
 some hot towels in a minute?

THADDEUS
 (laughing)
 Damn straight. And, there best be a
 mint on my pillow.

Thaddeus snatches the key from Luther. He starts to walk
 away. Luther turns his head to his right and watches two
 boxers spar in the ring. A giant man, called TINY, has just
 been knocked down by a man half his size.

LUTHER
 (loudly)
 Damn, TINY... you need to be doin'
 a lot more bobbin' than weavin'.

Tiny rises off the canvas and begins to spar again. Luther
 turns and sees Thaddeus walking back to the desk.

THADDEUS
 Hey, you got a lock I can borrow?

LUTHER

Now, what do I fuckin' look like,
the Ace Hardware Man?

Luther opens a cabinet underneath the desk. He throws the lock at Thaddeus. Thaddeus catches it and smiles.

LUTHER(CONT'D)

I'll put it on your tab.

THADDEUS

Thanks man. You never saw me.

Thaddeus walks up the stairs to his room. He enters the room and tugs on a shoelace attached to a dim ceiling light fixture. Thaddeus opens a wall locker and places the Samsonite inside. He secures it with the padlock. He picks-up an old rotary phone.

THADDEUS

Operator, I need to make a collect call.

EXT. BACKYARD OF COTE'S HOUSE - SAME

Mr. Cote hits golf balls into a large net. The backyard overlooks the Las Vegas skyline. The phone rings and Cote ignores it. He lines up a shot and totally shanks it. Frustrated, he answers the phone.

COTE

Speak.

OPERATOR (VO)

Sir, you have a collect call from O.J.

Cote shakes his head.

COTE

O.J.?...Who?...uh...yeah...yeah,
put him through.

INTERCUT - YMCA/COTE'S HOUSE

THADDEUS

Hello?

COTE

Yeah, I'm here. What in the hell are you doin' callin' me collect and what kind of code-name is O.J.?

THADDEUS

I feel like O.J. from all the running around you got me doing. I'm broke man.

COTE

Is this a loan request?

THADDEUS

If you remember correctly, my fuckin' wallet is lyin' on the deck of the Titanic right now.

Thaddeus walks over to the window in his room and looks out. He sees a roach on the carpet and pursues it while talking on the phone. Cote, walks over to a table, grabs a large Margarita, sips it and looks at the skyline.

THADDEUS (CONT'D)

I'm stayin' in a shit box at the Harlem Y.

COTE

It ain't that bad there.

THADDEUS

Ain't that bad? I just killed a roach the size of Gary Coleman!

COTE (SMIRKING)

Alright, I'll have one of my guys drop off five large to get you started. Consider it an advance for your troubles. Also, there'll be keys to a SUV.

THADDEUS

Cool. Just have him drop it off to Luther at the desk. Also, I'm gonna need a new legend and all the paperwork that goes with it.

COTÉ

You got a name you want to use?

Thaddeus glances at an open, days old newspaper on a desk in front of him. The newspaper is turned to the obituary page. He spots a large obituary for a "**Terrell Brooks**", with a 1970's era picture. He takes a pen and scratches a couple small lines next to the name.

THADDEUS

Yeah, Terrell Brooks.

COTE

Consider it done. And, OJ, don't call me collect again.

Phone disconnects.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - NIGHT

An exhausted police officer punches a series of keys on a computer in the financial crimes office at Scotland Yard. Macleod, stands behind him. He pours Irish Whiskey into a steaming cup of hot tea.

POLICE OFFICER
Got four matches coming up sir.

Macleod peers at the computer screen. He shakes his head and points.

MACLEOD
That's it? What about Delaney and Koehler? Those could be aliases for our man.

The police officer turns his head.

POLICE OFFICER
I doubt it.

MACLEOD
And, why's that?

POLICE OFFICER
Because they're dead --

Macleod sips his tea again and sits down next to the man.

MACLEOD
Right. Did you try matching bank phone numbers?

POLICE OFFICER
Yes sir, nothing's turned up.

Macleod reaches for his cell phone. He calls Deighton.

INTERCUT - SCOTLAND YARD/ DANNY WELLS' APARTMENT

Deighton answers his cell phone.

DEIGHTON
Raleigh.

MACLEOD
How's it going over there?

DEIGHTON
We found a catalog from the States. Some of the items match the kit we found in the sewer.

MACLEOD

Right. None of the numbers have checked out so far. Have Stokes get a taxi over here. We need to speak with Cheltenham.

Deighton looks over at Stokes and grins.

DEIGHTON

Right, what about the boys?

MACLEOD

Lock-up, send them home. Have them report back there at nine sharp. Put Michaels in charge. And, Terry--

DEIGHTON

Yes sir?

MACLEOD

I just wanted to let you know, keeping you out of the field wasn't my decision.

DEIGHTON

I understand boss. No worries. Stokes seems to be pulling her weight.

MACLEOD (GRUMBLING)

We'll see. Zero-nine then.

Macleod hangs-up, puts the cell phone in his coat pocket, and thinks.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - NIGHT

Two hours later, an exhausted Macleod and Stokes download a classified email. An array of coffee cups litter a table in front of them. Stokes turns to Macleod.

STOKES

(excitedly)

It's here. Take a look.

Macleod walks briskly over to the computer screen which is filled with a list of names and international phone numbers.

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN

STOKES (CONT'D)

Cheltenham came up with a list of 252 phone numbers across the world that match 3214762.

BACK TO THE SCENE

MACLEOD
This screen is for shit.

STOKES
You have reading glasses?

MACLEOD
Just give me a print-out so I can
make sense of this bloody jumble.

Stokes walks over to the printer and hands it to Macleod.
Macleod begrudgingly puts on his reading glasses and gazes at
the paper and the screen.

STOKES
Not bad Clark Kent... I had them
cross check the numbers with Danny
Wells' phone records.

MACLEOD
For how long?

STOKES
Two weeks prior to the heist and a
day after his death.

MACLEOD
Good work.

STOKES
One number contacted Wells'
apartment a week before the heist.

Macleod looks up from the paper.

MACLEOD
Oh yeah. Who was it?

STOKES
Not who. What. The call was made
from a satellite phone on the USS
Raven.

MACLEOD
An American warship? That can't be
right.

STOKES
Wait...It gets even worse.

MACLEOD
How so?

Stokes turns from the screen and looks at Macleod.

STOKES
The Raven sunk 200 miles off the
coast of Greenland a week ago.

Macleod whistles in disbelief.

SUPER: MIAMI, FLORIDA

EXT. MIAMI, FLORIDA - DAY

Thaddeus drives across a causeway bridge and enters Miami at sunrise. He stops in a parking lot adjacent to an abandoned building and waits.

INT. PARKING LOT - FIVE MINUTES LATER

A dark Mercedes sedan with tinted windows pulls into the parking lot and parks parallel to Thaddeus. Three South American men in suits jump out of the car, while one remains at the wheel. Thaddeus recognizes one of the men, ARTURO SANTIAGO.

Thaddeus smiles.

THADDEUS

Arturo, I figured he'd send you man. Some things never change.

ARTURO

And, so it is John. Life been treating you well?

They shake hands and hug briefly.

THADDEUS

Pretty good, compadre. It'll be a hell of a lot easier when I get paid.

Arturo shakes his head.

ARTURO

You have the ice?

THADDEUS

Fuck yeah. I didn't drive down here with just my dick in my hand.

Thaddeus walks back to the SUV. Arturo and another man follow him. Thaddeus opens the back hatch door and pulls out a blanket. Underneath is the Samsonite case. Arturo looks at him, somewhat surprised.

ARTURO

This is how you transported the jewels?

THADDEUS

What did you expect, a Brinks truck? It's fuckin' unobtrusive.

Thaddeus pops open the case. Arturo whistles.

ARTURO
Very nice John.

THADDEUS
I prefer the necklaces. But, what
the fuck do I know?

Arturo runs his fingers lightly along the jewels, petting them with a sexual touch.

ARTURO
So, I'm taking them?

Arturo beckons to his man who locks the case and pulls it out of the SUV.

THADDEUS
They're all yours; my money?

Arturo reaches down for a leather attaché case. He opens it. Thaddeus looks at the stacks of money with glee.

THADDEUS (CONT'D)
Five mill right?

ARTURO
Yes, Cote said the other ten will
be deposited in your Geneva account
tonight.

Thaddeus takes a wad of bills and rifles through it like a deck of cards. He's knocked unconscious by a third man behind him and placed in a SUV.

INT. AN ABANDONED PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Thirty minutes later, Thaddeus awakens inside the SUV, to the sound of siren blasts. He shakes his head and looks around the empty garage. The blasts continue.

He gets out of the SUV and looks around the garage. He can see a variety of construction and emergency vehicles parked several hundred feet away from the building.

THADDEUS
Shit!

He sprints back to the SUV and gets inside. He reaches frantically for the keys and tries to start the car. It fails to start. He bangs the steering wheel, trying again.

THADDEUS (CONT'D)
Come on... mother-fucker!

Finally, the SUV starts. He backs it up at high speed and drives through the garage.

THE TOP OF THE BUILDING

The building is being demolished. With a series of violent explosions, the top floors begin to pancake.

THE PARKING GARAGE

Thaddeus exits the garage in the SUV just as the rest of the building comes down, missing him by a few feet. He swerves in the parking lot and looks back at a huge cloud of dust, amazed that he's survived.

INT. US EMBASSY - SAME

Macleod and Stokes stand inside an office.

STOKES

The Bureau's focusing on Rory Mallon from Belfast. He was reportedly spotted in South Africa.

MACLEOD

The trail's led to the Raven. That's why were here Stokes.

The doors open and a US Navy officer, CAPTAIN ANDERSON enters.

CAPTAIN ANDERSON

You Macleod and Stokes?

STOKES

I'm Special Agent Stokes, FBI.

Anderson shakes her hand while she gives him a flirtatious smile.

CAPTAIN ANDERSON

Glad to see the FBI has gotten involved. The limeys are such arrogant pricks. I'm Anderson.

Anderson looks at Macleod scornfully.

CAPTAIN ANDERSON (CONT'D)

This your partner?

MACLEOD

No, I'm one of the limeys and I'm definitely a prick. (getting madder) In fact, I'm the bloody prick in charge of the whole fucking investigation.

Anderson seems unperturbed. He pokes Macleod in the chest.

CAPTAIN ANDERSON

This better be important. I was called away from a reception at the Costa Rican Embassy.

Macleod, already angered by Stokes, throws Anderson into a wall.

MACLEOD(YELLING)

The Prime Minister believes the theft of the crown jewels to be more important than your South American gangbang. (yelling louder) If you don't cooperate, I can assure you that you'll be cleaning toilets on a cargo ship within 24 hours. Do we understand each other?

Anderson squints in thought.

CAPTAIN ANDERSON

Alright, alright. Down there.

They follow him down a long hallway.

CAPTAIN ANDERSON(CONT'D)

So, what is it you need inspector?

MACLEOD

The crew list from the USS Raven shipwreck and the names of the deceased.

Anderson looks at Macleod as they enter a small office.

CAPTAIN ANDERSON

Oh yeah...the Raven...what a nightmare.

Anderson sits down at a computer and logs on. Macleod turns to Stokes.

MACLEOD

Great...

STOKES

Did you forget your glasses, grandpa?

Stokes winks at Anderson who continues to type then reaches into the printer tray, grabs two pages and stands up.

CAPTAIN ANDERSON

The first page is the official roster for the Raven. The second is the list of those who were lost at sea.

He hands one each to Macleod and Stokes.

STOKES
Twenty-eight dead?

CAPTAIN ANDERSON
That's correct. A real Charlie
Foxtrot.

STOKES
Charlie Foxtrot?

ANDERSON
Cluster-fuck.

Anderson nods. Macleod scans his document again.

MACLEOD
Only one officer died? Was he the
captain of the ship?

Anderson scans his computer.

CAPTAIN ANDERSON
No. The captain survived. He's in
Greenland supervising the salvage
operation.

MACLEOD
Where?

Anderson plays with the computer again. He looks at Macleod.

CAPTAIN ANDERSON
Narsaruaq International Airport. A
survivor was brought there a few
hours ago. The guy's in critical
condition.

Macleod looks at Stokes.

MACLEOD
I hope you packed your long johns
Barbie.

INT. MACLEOD'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

Macleod enters his dark apartment. He turns on a hall light and walks into his kitchen. He grabs a bottle of Bushmills out of the cupboard and pours a double in a cheese glass.

Macleod walks across the hallway and into his study. It's filled with books, mementos, and pictures. There is a picture of a pretty, thirty-something woman. In the corner of the picture is a pink breast cancer ribbon. Another picture shows Princess Di and Macleod together, and another of Macleod in his army uniform.

He turns on an answering machine, while sipping his whiskey.

MACHINE(OVER)

Raleigh, it's Colin. You haven't RSVP'd for the reunion. It's going to be our best. Haven't heard from you in a while. Carolyn and I are a little concerned. Give us a shout back. Cheers, mate.

BEEP

MACHINE(CONT'D, OVER)

Hi, it's Alycia. I've been thinking about our row the other night. It seems like we're moving in different directions lately. It's just not working out... I don't want to do this on here. Please call me back.

Macleod rolls his eyes. He sips his Bushmills again. He walks over to a table where a chess board is laid out. He sits down and studies the board.

BEEP

Another message

MACHINE (CONT'D, OVER)

Hey baby, it's me. I'm on the way back from the center. I've got some great news for us...It's in remission. I can't wait to see you. I love you. Bye.

BEEPS

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

It's your move gorgeous.

He takes a long sip and looks up to the sky.

SUPER: SOUTH BEACH, MIAMI

EXT. SOUTH BEACH, MIAMI - DAY

Thaddeus pulls to a stop in his SUV. He gets out, wearing a tool belt and walks into a building.

INT. SANTIAGO EXPORTS BUILDING - SAME

Thaddeus enters the building, is surprised to find the hallway empty and presses the elevator button. He steps inside.

INSIDE A HALLWAY

The doors soon open. Thaddeus exits and turns to his left. A huge GUARD approaches him.

GUARD
Who the hell are you?

THADDEUS
Cable company. Here to fix a broken
line.

GUARD
You got an id?

THADDEUS
Sure do.

Thaddeus pulls out his .45 caliber Gold Cup with an attached silencer and shoots the guard twice in the head. Thaddeus walks into Santiago's office.

INSIDE SANTIAGO'S OFFICE

Santiago sits at his desk, writing notes on a legal pad. He sees Thaddeus come through the door and instantly becomes pale.

THADDEUS
Arturo, que pasa bitch?

Santiago is speechless.

THADDEUS (CONT'D)
Oh, I'm sorry. Should I have made
an appointment?

ARTURO
John, I--

Santiago stands up from his desk. Thaddeus waves the gun at him.

THADDEUS
Don't move. Where are they?

Santiago remains silent, thinking. Thaddeus draws his .45 pistol and shoots Santiago once in the kneecap. Santiago crumbles to the floor writhing in agony. Thaddeus jumps on top of him, and pistol whips him across the face.

THADDEUS (CONT'D)
Where are they?

Thaddeus takes Santiago's arms and binds them with duct tape.

SANTIAGO

I can't tell you mano. Cote'll
waste me.

THADDEUS

You're dead already.

Thaddeus ignores Santiago and lifts him off the ground. He
throws him back into his desk chair.

THADDEUS

Do you know what the IRA used to do
to traitors?

Thaddeus extracts a drill from his tool belt. He gives it a
test run. Santiago shakes his head quickly. Thaddeus
continues to run the drill. Santiago is petrified.

THADDEUS (CONT'D)

Don't worry, most people pass out,
when they feel the cold steel
slicing through their kneecap. Now,
I'm gonna ask you nicely one last
time...Where are they?

SANTIAGO

Go fuck yourself.

Thaddeus takes the tool and starts to drill through
Santiago's kneecap. Santiago screams in agony as bits of
blood and bone start to fly through the air. Thaddeus stops.

THADDEUS

(softly)
Where are they?

SANTIAGO

(breathing hard)
Fuck...fuck...
(swearing in Spanish)
"You fucking cocksucker"

THADDEUS

This is America mother fucker,
speak English!

SANTIAGO

In the pantry under the wet bar.

Arturo vomits. Thaddeus runs to the wet bar and finds the
Samsonite. He opens it quickly; satisfied, he shuts and locks
it. While Thaddeus is examining the jewels, Santiago manages
to break loose from his duct tape.

THADDEUS

Thanks for your cooperation.
Unfortunately, I don't appreciate
having a parking garage dropped on
my head.

Thaddeus comes out from the bar and Santiago swings a vase at him. Thaddeus blocks the vase with his left arm, shattering it. Thaddeus swings at Santiago with the Samsonite, striking him in the head. Santiago collapses.

Thaddeus gets behind him, attempting to break his spine. Santiago flips Thaddeus over on his back and jumps on top of him, scratching his face. Santiago grabs the drill on the floor and starts to level it at Thaddeus' head. Thaddeus manages to grab a screwdriver from his tool belt. Thaddeus impales Santiago in the ear with it.

Thaddeus gets up, looks at Santiago lying on the floor with the screwdriver in his head, and walks behind the desk to get the Samsonite case. The phone rings and Thaddeus looks at Santiago's CALLER ID.

THADDEUS

Hola.

INTERCUT - SANTIAGO'S OFFICE/COTE'S HOUSE

Cote sits at a patio table.

COTE

Santiago, you take care of our
problem?

THADDEUS

He tried, but you should know by
now, I got nine fuckin' lives.

Cote stiffens in his chair.

COTE

T?

THADDEUS

Yours truly. Were you expecting
anyone else? You'll have to excuse
Santiago. He's basically screwed.
Can I help you with something?

COTE

You got 'em?

THADDEUS

Not only do I have 'em, but I'm
takin' em and I'm gonna fuckin'
retire in comfort.

COTE

It had to be done John. You knew too much; no hard feelings.

THADDEUS

No there's no hard feelings. I just hope you feel the same when I kill you, you cock sucker.

Thaddeus slams down the phone.

MATCH CUT:

SUPER: NARSARUAQ INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, GREENLAND

EXT. NARSARUAQ INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

A Hummer drives along a runway and stops in front of several Quonset huts situated behind concertina wire.

INSIDE BUILDING 4, NARSARUAQ INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

Wearing parkas and carrying briefcases and luggage, Macleod and Stokes enter an office with a sign on the door. The sign reads, "USS RAVEN RECOVERY OPS". They're stopped by a sailor.

SAILOR

Can I help you?

MACLEOD

Inspector Macleod, Scotland Yard; Special Agent Stokes, FBI. We're here to see Commander Tucker.

Macleod and Stokes hand him a letter and flash their id's.

SAILOR

Come with me please.

They follow the sailor around a corner to a conference room.

SAILOR(CONT'D)

Help yourselves to some coffee. Commander Tucker will be in shortly.

The sailor exits. Macleod pours a cup of steaming coffee.

MACLEOD

That's what I love about you Yanks, always a fresh brew-up, even in the bloody Arctic.

Stokes rubs her gloves together over the corner stove.

STOKES

What are we doing here? The jewels are probably being fenced in South Africa right now, while we're at Ice Station Zebra.

Macleod gives her a look of disgust.

MACLEOD

Just get out the roster for me.

Stokes pulls off her gloves, retrieves the roster from her briefcase, and hands it to Macleod. As she does, Commander Tucker enters with his executive officer and a senior petty officer.

COMMANDER TUCKER

I'm Tucker, the CO. This is DAVIS, my XO and Chief Petty Officer KINCAID.

MACLEOD

Macleod, Scotland Yard. This is Special Agent Stokes, FBI.

Everyone shakes hands and sits at a table.

COMMANDER TUCKER

I understand you people wanted to question Seaman Cooper?

MACLEOD

That's right.

COMMANDER TUCKER

Sorry to say inspector, but he died this morning.

MACLEOD

I see.

Macleod looks at his document.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

One of the Crown Jewels suspects turned up dead. His name was Danny Wells.

Tucker and the others nod.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

His phone records indicated a call was made from the Raven to his flat a week before the heist. What I don't understand is why there aren't any cellular records of any calls coming from the ship?

COMMANDER TUCKER
I can explain. Our ECM equipment
jams all cell phone frequencies.

Macleod nods and motions to Stokes. She passes out the phone records.

STOKES
What you've just been given is
Danny Wells's profile and the
number that was traced to the
Raven.

CHIEF KINCAID
(looking at the phone
records)(turning to
Commander Tucker)
3214762...Sir, that's the phone
number from Captain Thaddeus'
stateroom. I remember, I in-
processed him on the 10th for his
trip back to Norfolk.

MACLEOD
Thaddeus? May we speak with him?

COMMANDER TUCKER
I wish you could. Captain Thaddeus
was the officer killed in the
shipwreck. Unfortunately, his body
was never recovered.

MACLEOD
You said you in-processed him. He
wasn't assigned to the ship?

COMMANDER TUCKER
No, he put in a last minute request
to sail on the Raven back home to
Norfolk. I had to approve it.

MACLEOD
Why would a high-ranking officer,
on the verge of retirement take a
mine-sweeper back to the states?
Commander, I need to view this
man's service record.

COMMANDER TUCKER
I'd like to see it myself
Inspector, but the DIA has it. It's
classified, top secret.

INT. COTE'S HOUSE - DAY

Inside his office at home, Cote dials a phone number on his speaker phone.

INT. STARBUCKS, BROOKLYN HEIGHTS, NY - SAME

INTERCUT - COTE'S HOUSE/STARBUCKS

A twenty-something, disheveled-looking MAN is handed the phone by another employee inside a busy Starbucks. An REM song plays in the background.

MAN

S'up?

COTE

I got a computer repair job for you.

The man shakes his head. He moves into a hallway.

MAN

I told you, I'm not doing that shit anymore. It's too dangerous.

COTE

I'll make it worth your while Opie.

MAN

What are we talking?

COTE

Let's just say you'll be able to buy as much 420, Gap T-shirts, and Elliot Smith CD's for a fuckin' lifetime.

The man looks around nervously.

MAN

This is the last time...and I mean it.

EXT./INT. PENTAGON - DAY

SUPER: PENTAGON, ARLINGTON, VA

Macleod and Stokes stand in front of a desk speaking with a soldier, LACROIX.

MACLEOD

We're here to see GENERAL JOHNSON.

LACROIX

Yes sir, he's expecting you. One moment please.

The soldier walks around his desk and knocks on a door. He emerges, trailing behind a white-haired TWO STAR army general officer.

MACLEOD

(smiling)

DALE JOHNSON! Christ almighty, how long has it been?

JOHNSON

Over ten years Raleigh; how are you old man?

They shake hands.

MACLEOD

Can't complain; how have you been? How's the family?

JOHNSON

Excellent, Mary's at NYU and Ben's practicing law in Philly. How you holding up?

MACLEOD

I've had better days and worse. No worries mate.

Stokes wonders what he means.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Stokes, this is General Dale Johnson. We met in Kuwait during Desert Storm.

Stokes shakes his hand.

STOKES

Please to meet you general.

JOHNSON

LaCroix, bring us some Joe. We'll be in my office.

LACROIX

Yes sir.

JOHNSON

Come with me. I think I can help.

INT. BANK - DAY

Thaddeus fills out a withdrawal slip and hands the piece of paper to a female teller. The woman examines her computer screen with concern.

TELLER

Mr. Brooks, I'm afraid your account has an overdraft of three dollars and 79 cents. I'm sorry we can't allow you to withdraw any money.

THADDEUS

That's impossible. I've got at least...20,000 sittin' in my money market account.

TELLER

(shaking her head)
According to our records, it was withdrawn yesterday.

THADDEUS

Ah... right...do you have a computer I can use?

TELLER

(pointing)
Yes sir, there's a courtesy computer on the desk over there.

Thaddeus sits down in front of a computer terminal and logs on to the internet.

INSERT - THE COMPUTER SCREEN

The screen lists \$1,236,000 in losses on various stock trades, resulting in Thaddeus having ten dollars left in his account.

BACK TO THE SCENE

THADDEUS

Son of a bitch!

Thaddeus logs on to the Bank of the Bahamas website.

INSERT - THE COMPUTER SCREEN

The screen states that he has a zero balance.

BACK TO THE SCENE

Panicking, Thaddeus logs on to the Bank of Geneva.

INSERT - THE COMPUTER SCREEN

His password and user name are invalid. When he checks further, it states that his account was closed three years ago.

INT. JOHNSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Macleod and Stokes sit in chairs facing Johnson's desk. They sip their coffee.

JOHNSON

What I'm about to tell you is classified. Captain Thaddeus works for the Defense HUMINT Service.

JOHNSON (cont'd)
His file's disappeared. As far as
the government is concerned, he
doesn't officially exist.

STOKES
He's intell?

JOHNSON
He's no ordinary intell officer
counting boomers; this guy's an
operative, and a damn good one.

MACLEOD
You knew him?

JOHNSON
Yeah, we were both assigned to "The
Activity."

MACLEOD
The United States Military
Intelligence Support Activity.

Stokes looks at Macleod, impressed.

JOHNSON
(looking at Stokes)
It was a top-secret unit that
operated in the 80's and early
90's. We did a lot of snooping
around. It was dangerous work.
Thaddeus was known for being a real
cowboy.

MACLEOD
They had some bollocks. That's for
sure.

JOHNSON
Thaddeus has brass balls with
Teflon coating, Raleigh. He's one
of those guys who seems to know
everyone.

MACLEOD
He WAS one of those guys.

JOHNSON
Excuse me?

MACLEOD
Captain Thaddeus died in the Raven
shipwreck.

JOHNSON
Jesus, that's horrible...So, if
he's dead, what's the big flap to
see his file?

Macleod takes a sip of coffee.

MACLEOD

A satellite phone call was made from the Raven to a man named Danny Wells. We believe Wells was partly responsible for the Crown Jewels theft.

JOHNSON

What are you saying? That John was involved somehow?

MACLEOD

Don't know. We just want to know why he was on the Raven.

JOHNSON

He was probably on an op.

MACLEOD

Could be, but for who?

JOHNSON

Is this off the record?

MACLEOD

Yeah.

JOHNSON

I heard through the years that John had a knack for playing both sides of the fence.

MACLEOD

Such as?

JOHNSON

Black-market nickel and dime stuff. In 2002, he was up on court-martial charges.

STOKES

For black-marketeering?

JOHNSON

Gun-running; he was selling weapons to the Afghan Northern Alliance and United Front.

MACLEOD

Wasn't that his job?

JOHNSON

Yeah, but he was supposed to give 'em the weapons Raleigh, not sell 'em.

(MORE)

JOHNSON (cont'd)
He was eventually cleared of the charges because of a technicality.

MACLEOD
Who did he report to back then?

JOHNSON
Artimis Cote. They were thick as thieves. He got out in '07, under questionable circumstances.

Macleod whistles. Johnson walks over to a bookcase and picks-up a picture. It shows several members of "The Activity" in Yugoslavia. He shows it to Macleod and Stokes.

JOHNSON
Here's the team back in '93.

He points.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)
There's Thaddeus. And there's Cote.

STOKES
Would you mind if we borrowed this for a while?

JOHNSON
I'll have LaCroix make you a copy. Give me a call, if you need anything else.

Macleod shakes his hand.

MACLEOD
Thanks mate.

They begin to exit.

JOHNSON
Raleigh... where was Thaddeus' funeral?

MACLEOD
There wasn't one. They never recovered his body.

Johnson shakes his head, as if he already knew.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
(to Stokes) I want everything the FBI has on Thaddeus and Cote.

STOKES
I'm on it.

She uses her cell phone. Macleod uses his cell phone.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Nigel, it's Raleigh. Listen, I'm at the Pentagon. Right. This is going to involve more manpower than we anticipated. I need Deighton back in the field.

SUPER: ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY

EXT./INT. HOTEL, ATLANTIC CITY - NEXT DAY

Thaddeus enters the main lobby of the hotel.

INT. HOTEL PENTHOUSE OFFICE - DAY

Inside his plush penthouse office, LES MARCINI stands with one hand in his tuxedo coat pocket, the other holding a gin and tonic. He gazes out at the Atlantic City skyline as some smooth jazz plays. Thaddeus enters, smiling like a door to door salesman.

THADDEUS

Les, man, good to see you.

MARCINI

Likewise, John. (beckoning with his hand) Take a seat.

Thaddeus sits down in a high-backed leather chair. Marcini walks over to a cart and tops off his gin and tonic.

MARCINI (CONT'D)

Drink? What'll it be?

THADDEUS

A White Juror.

MARCINI

A White Juror? What the hell is that?

THADDEUS

Tequila, Bailey's Irish Crème, and a touch of Tabasco. Oh, and a cherry if you got one.

MARCINI

Yeah, we got cherries here John.

Thaddeus looks at the array of video security screens in the office while Marcini stirs Thaddeus' drink. Marcini walks over and hands him his White Juror.

THADDEUS

Thanks.

Marcini sits down and looks intently at Thaddeus.

MARCINI
So what brings you to our fair
city?

THADDEUS
I need some information.

MARCINI
Shoot.

Thaddeus sips his drink.

THADDEUS
Who would I talk to if I wanted to
move some ice?

MARCINI
Hot ice?

THADDEUS
Is there any other kind?

MARCINI
I hope you're not talking about
what I know you're talking about.

Marcini stands up and stares at a video screen showing
gamblers at a poker table. He picks up a phone.

MARCINI (CONT'D)
Excuse me for a second.

Thaddeus nods, sips his drink and looks around.

MARCINI (CONT'D)
Bobby, we got a shiner at Table 15.
Guy in the zoot suit and Richard
Simmons hair piece. Get someone
over there ASAP.

Marcini hangs up the phone.

MARCINI (CONT'D)
Those goddamn shiners cost me five
mill last year...Sorry, where was
I? Oh, yeah. Having been in the
diamond business for thirty years
I can tell you that there ain't
anyone out there who wants what you
don't have.

Thaddeus shakes his head and bites his lip. Marcini sits back
in his desk chair and swivels it nervously.

MARCINI (CONT'D)
You're talking what, maybe 3 - 400
mill?

(MORE)

MARCINI (CONT'D)

That's the big leagues and people don't want the heat that comes along with it.

THADDEUS

Don't give me that bullshit. We both know you didn't make your money selling costume jewelry on QVC.

MARCINI

Listen, I wish I could help, but I can't. Feel free to stay here tonight, on the house. But, tomorrow morning, you're a ghost. I never saw you, capiche?

THADDEUS

If you say so, man.

Marcini presses a button. WILL, the concierge enters.

MARCINI

Take Mr. Brooks up to the penthouse suite. Make sure he's taken care of.

They shake hands and Thaddeus exits.

WILL

Very good sir.

MARCINI

Good luck Mr. Brooks. You're going to need it.

Marcini watches them exit. The phone rings. Marcini answers it.

MARCINI

Hello?

INT. COTE'S HOUSE - SAME

Cote stands in front of a 55 gallon fish tank feeding several Piranhas live Palmetto cockroaches.

COTE

Les, it's C.

INTERCUT - MARCINI'S HOTEL/COTE'S HOUSE

MARCINI

Hey.

COTE

You got a special guest there?

MARCINI

I've got a lot of guests. What's your point?

Cote throws another roach in the tank and a Piranha bisects it hideously.

COTE

This one is carrying something a lot of people want.

Marcini seems shocked.

MARCINI

Oh yeah?

COTE

How'd you like to make some quick cash?

MARCINI

Artimis, he's a friend of mine.

COTE

A hundred large to keep your friend occupied until my guys get over there.

MARCINI

Usually, I never put a price tag on friendship...BUT, for three-hundred thousand, I'd seriously re-evaluate my policy.

COTE

Done.

Cote throws the last roach in the tank and sits down at his desk.

INT. LES MARCINI'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Marcini stands in front of several video screens. He holds a Gin and Tonic in one hand and a phone in the other. A video screen shows several men tearing apart Thaddeus' hotel room.

Marcini dials a phone number.

INSIDE THADDEUS' HOTEL ROOM

A rough-looking character in a suit answers the phone. A bunch of items dumped from Thaddeus' bag sit on the bed.

MARCINI

You find it?

MAN

Ain't nothing in here, but Soul
Glow and Clubman Powder.

MARCINI

Keep looking. Get down to his car
and rip the fucker apart. I want
that case.

MAN

I already checked with the
concierge. He never valet'd.

Marcini hangs up and stares at a video screen which shows the
entrance to the hotel casino. He sees Thaddeus entering the
casino. Marcini picks up the phone again.

MARCINI

Never mind. He's coming in the east
entrance.

INSIDE THE CASINO

An impeccably dressed man, Marcini's SECURITY CHIEF, PHIL,
answers his cell phone. He wears a headset.

MARCINI

Thaddeus just walked in. See him?

The man looks around.

PHIL

(way too confidently)
No, but I'll handle it.

Thaddeus disappears off of Marcini's tv screen for a moment.
He stands behind a bank of slot machines, only five feet away
from Phil.

MARCINI

Approach him nice and easy, like
he's just an everyday crossroader.

PHIL

I'll call you when we've got him.

MARCINI

Be careful, he's no ordinary casino
rat. The eyes in the sky'll be
watching.

Phil turns around and stares into Thaddeus' smiling face.
Thaddeus stabs him in the stomach. He pushes Phil away. Phil
stumbles into a crowd and collapses into an old woman at a
slot machine. Several people scream.

INSIDE MARCINI'S OFFICE

Marcini watches the whole thing unravel on the video screen. He grabs his phone. Another security guard, JERRY, answers his cell phone.

JERRY

Yes sir.

MARCINI

Thaddeus just Ginsu'd Phil at the slots. He's making his way to the front door. He doesn't leave the fucking casino.

Jerry hangs up the phone and extracts a pistol from his coat. He moves towards Thaddeus with another guard. Thaddeus emerges from a side room. Jerry and the other guard see him.

JERRY(YELLING)

Put your gun down!

Thaddeus turns and fires twice, putting two .45 slugs into Jerry's head. The other guard fires at Thaddeus, but Thaddeus has already dove on to the floor. He pops up from behind a slot machine and shoots the other guard twice in the chest. People scatter in all directions and scream.

Staying low to the ground, Thaddeus reloads another .45 magazine. In front of the slots at the entrance to the casino, two more security guards crouch, ready for action. Thaddeus sees them in a large picture mirror above the cashier's cage.

He stands up, running to the entrance. The guards open up on him and miss. Thaddeus doesn't. They drop to the floor as he unloads multiple rounds into the glass. He crashes through it in spectacular fashion.

A VALET spots him.

VALET

Stop!

Thaddeus turns around and points the .45 at him.

VALET (CONT'D)

Ahhhhh...

The valet dives for cover into the fountain.

ON THE STREET

Thaddeus runs across the street. A taxi cab hits him. Thaddeus rolls over the hood of the car and falls to the street. He rises and runs away, heading down an alley.

INT. STEAKHOUSE, WASHINGTON, DC - NIGHT

Macleod walks into the lounge. Stokes stands at the bar, sipping a drink. The bartender hands her a bill. Stokes reaches for it, but Macleod stops her.

MACLEOD
I've got it if you don't mind.

STOKES
Actually, I do. I can pay for my own drinks.

Macleod throws a ten dollar bill on the bar.

MACLEOD
Take it easy Stokes, the Queen's buying, not me.

He looks at the bartender.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
A pint of Guinness and a Bushmills chaser.

BARTENDER
Yes sir.

She sips her drink and changes the subject.

STOKES
So, they say you were in the SAS.

MACLEOD
Yeah, that's right.

STOKES
Wow. Special Forces.

MACLEOD
I don't know how special we were. But, we did a fair job some days.

Stokes looks at his wedding ring.

STOKES
Does your wife work for the government too? You haven't mentioned her at all.

MACLEOD
Well...she... died of breast cancer two years ago.

Macleod stares off into space.

STOKES
Oh...I'm so sorry.

She puts her hand on his arm for a moment. Macleod nods stoically. His drinks arrive. He takes a quick shot. He slides the shot to the bartender.

MACLEOD(CONT'D)
Make it a double.

He raises his Guinness to her.

MACLEOD(CONT'D)
Cheers. So...what would make a pretty bird like you join the FBI?

STOKES
I had an offer to work for De Beers, but I wanted to do something more patriotic than selling over-priced diamonds to the Jones'.

Macleod sips his ale.

MACLEOD
Right...Terry mentioned that you studied Gemology at Brown.

STOKES
And, Finance at Wellesley.

MACLEOD
Really? That's an odd combo.

Stokes sips her wine again.

STOKES
Terry's told me you close to Princess Di?

MACLEOD
(looking down at his drink)
I see he's been feeding you more than intel. I first met here when I was in the SAS, during some hostage rescue drills. When I joined the Yard, they posted me to a special security detail at Buckingham Palace. Di and I got to become very good friends...platonic of course.

STOKES
She actually participated in hostage rescue exercises?

MACLEOD
They both did. It was one of the rare occasions they were in the same room together. (laughs) (drinks).

MACLEOD (cont'd)

One time we accidentally started the ends of her hair on fire with a flash bang. She was forced to cut it very short. The press had a field day and thought it was some bloody fashion statement. (shakes his head and laughs.)

STOKES

No way. I remember that. She was on the cover of People. My mom got that haircut. (she laughs)
What was she like?

MACLEOD

(smiling)

Remarkable; the kindest person I've ever known.

He sips his ale.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

A true humanitarian.

His cell phone rings.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Excuse me. (to bartender) Get her another. Macleod.

INT. DALE JOHNSON'S OFFICE - SAME

INTERCUT - MORTON'S/DALE JOHNSON'S OFFICE

JOHNSON

Raleigh, it's Dale. Just got word a body from the Raven shipwreck was recovered. They're doing the autopsy at Walter Reed.

MACLEOD

Was it Thaddeus?

JOHNSON

Negative, but the coroner's already determined the man didn't drown.

Macleod pauses and stares at Stokes.

MACLEOD

Shocking. Thanks mate.

INT. COTE'S HOUSE - SAME

Cote sits in front of his laptop which has a large scale map showing Thaddeus' exact location.

EXT. POCONO MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

Thaddeus pulls the rented SUV to a stop along a two-lane highway deep in the Poconos.

INSIDE THE SUV

Thaddeus takes out a flashlight and examines a road map. He picks up the cell phone Cote left him in Harlem and attempts to make a call. The phone doesn't work. He takes the battery out and finds a GPS tracking device attached to the bottom.

INT. COTE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Reclining in his Lazy-Boy, a redhead gives him a pedicure. Cote looks at the tv and turns up the volume. A reporter stands in front of Marcini's hotel.

TV(OVER)

Apparently, hotel security guards were attempting to question a man about an altercation in the all-you-can-eat buffet line, when the assailant stabbed one guard and shot four others.

COTE

(shaking his head
disgustedly)

Good work, John.

Cote looks at his laptop. His phone rings. Cote answers it.

COTE(CONT'D)

Speak.

EXT. ROUTE 30, PENNSYLVANIA - SAME

Four of Cote's goons search the empty woods next to the vacant road. One of the men talks to Cote.

INTERCUT - COTE'S HOUSE/ROUTE 30

MAN

Bad news.

COTE

What now?

MAN

The mother fucker just disappeared.

COTE

Nah... he's just smarter than you are; anything else?

MAN

We found his cell phone.

COTE

Uh..huh.

Cote winces in pain as the redhead rubs his bunion.

COTE (CONT'D)

Damn it, watch the bunion baby.

MAN

What?

COTE

I wasn't talking to you. No one leaves those hills until the job's done.

MAN

Don't worry, I got three of my finest on it now.

Three of Cote's inept goons struggle through the brush. Cote hangs up. He looks at the redhead filing his toenail.

COTE

Turn on some Sweet Baby James. My blood pressure's up. Go with mauve today.

INT. WALTER REED HOSPITAL MORGUE - NIGHT

Macleod and Stokes, wearing medical gloves, stand next to a gurney where corpse of the sailor lies. An army doctor runs his finger up and along the shredded skin on the dead man's throat.

DOCTOR

He died of severe lacerations to the larynx and esophagus.

The doctor walks over to a table and retrieves a plastic bag. He hands it to Macleod. Macleod and Stokes look inside it. Stokes pulls it out of the bag and examines it. Macleod turns to the doctor with the knife in his hands.

MACLEOD

This was found on the corpse?

DOCTOR

It was tangled inside his shirt.

Macleod stares at the doctor.

MACLEOD

Anything else on him?

DOCTOR

Just his wallet; it's over there.

The doctor points to another table. Stokes walks over and picks up the plastic bag containing the wallet. She dangles it with her fingers.

STOKES
What about dog tags?

DOCTOR
Nothing on him when his body was recovered.

STOKES
Probably were lost at sea when he was killed.

MACLEOD
(to Stokes) Convenient. Doctor, has this man been identified?

The doctor looks at a chart hanging from the gurney.

DOCTOR
Yes, Petty Officer Larry Miller.

EXT. RIVIERE DU LOUP, QUEBEC - NIGHT

A Canadian policeman, HENLEY walks along the docks. He shines his flashlight and sees the name, 'Jacqueline,' on the side of one boat. The policeman reaches for his portable radio attached to his jacket.

HENLEY
Dispatch, this is Henley. Listen, what was the name of that fishing boat again?

DISPATCH (V.O.)
The 'Jacqueline', over.

HENLEY
I just found her. She's moored here at M6.

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - LATER

SERIES OF SHOTS

- Macleod and Stokes finally have a chance to relax and have dinner.

- Stokes laughing at one of Macleod's jokes.

- Macleod says something to Stokes. Her eyes get big and she crumples up a napkin and playfully throws it at him.

- They both get up from the table. He takes her jacket and puts it on her.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. HOTEL - SAME

Macleod and Stokes leave the hotel restaurant and step into the elevator. Stokes looks unusually flustered. The alcohol has loosened them up.

STOKES

Thanks for dinner. I needed to unwind.

MACLEOD

You look a little green around the gills. Too much wine?

She smiles faintly.

STOKES

Two bottles is nothing. It was the autopsy.

MACLEOD

I've seen worse sites in this bloody world.

STOKES

Name one.

MACLEOD

We'll, you haven't seen what's under this shirt yet.

He pulls out his shirt and their eyes meet flirtatiously for the first time.

STOKES

Yet? And I'm the one who's buzzed?

The elevator doors open. They exit and walk down the hallway. Stokes fumbles inside her purse for her key.

MACLEOD

Good night.

He pulls out his shirt again, flirtatiously. She smiles.

STOKES

Night.

She's about ready to open her door.

MACLEOD

Stokes, wait...

She leans against her door.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

I was wrong about you. You're doing a bang-up job. Maybe you didn't blow Prince Harry after all.

He enters his room as they both laugh. She continues down the hallway to her room, which is located on the other side of the elevators.

SPLIT SCREEN

INSIDE STOKES' ROOM

She walks into her room and takes her shoes off.

INSIDE MACLEOD'S ROOM

Macleod lies on his bed, in the same position.

INSIDE STOKES' ROOM

She looks in the mirror and sits on the end of her bed.

STOKES

You can't do this. You can't do this, no matter how good he looks right now.

She falls back onto the bed, totally confused. She stares up at the ceiling.

INSIDE MACLEOD'S ROOM

He takes a hard swig of his flask. He talks to himself in a mirror.

MACLEOD

Don't even think about it. You could be her father for Christ's sake...a very young father...

He takes another swig.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Ah, fuck it. If Clooney can get away with it, so can you.

He grabs two champagne glasses and a complimentary bottle.

INSIDE STOKES' ROOM

She grabs two champagne glasses and a complimentary bottle.

INSIDE THE HALLWAYS

There are four hallways, with elevators on each end, creating a giant square. Macleod exits his room and turns left, past the elevators.

Stokes exits her room and turns left, past the elevators. Both of them stand in front of the other's doorway. Stokes leans against Macleod's door for a moment.

STOKES

What are you doing, what are you doing, what are you doing?

She lightly taps on his door. Macleod scans the hallway like a hawk.

MACLEOD

Relax mate, she's just like any other bird.

He knocks confidently. Stokes receives no answer to her knock. She puts her ear to the door. No response. Macleod knocks again.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(whispering) Stokes?

No answer. They both walk back dejectedly to their rooms, never crossing paths.

INSIDE STOKES' ROOM

She sits on her bed, in disbelief.

STOKES

How could I be so stupid?

She hits the bed.

INSIDE MACLEOD'S ROOM

He sits on the bed and catches himself in the bed again.

MACLEOD

You're no Clooney! You're an old man!

He takes a swig out of the bottle. He throws the glass against the wall. It shatters. He falls back into bed.

SUPER: RIVIERE DU LOUP, QUEBEC

EXT. RIVIERE DU LOUP, QUEBEC - DAY

The fishing boat, 'Jacqueline'. Four detectives are going over the boat for evidence and fingerprints. One RCMP sits in front of a laptop computer on the deck. Deighton confers with a plain-clothes Canadian detective.

CANADIAN DETECTIVE

Last week the 'Jacqueline', radioed in to the Coast Guard that they had rescued a Petty Officer Larry Miller.

DEIGHTON

Check the roster. See if there are two Larry Millers on the Raven.

CANADIAN DETECTIVE

I'll save you the time. There weren't. There's more. The Jacqueline was also reported missing after it failed to return to port in Goose Bay, Newfoundland.

Deighton spreads out a map of Canada. He puts his finger on Riviere du Loup. And then he looks at Newfoundland and the Atlantic Ocean.

DEIGHTON

Christ, we must be a good 500 miles from Goose Bay. What's she doing here?

CANADIAN DETECTIVE

The crew's vanished. The boat was empty and the radio smashed.

DEIGHTON

What else did you come up with?

CANADIAN DETECTIVE

Our boys have been talking to the locals all morning. We think the Jacqueline has been here for several days, maybe longer. We've got fingerprint matches for the crew. There's a fourth...

DEIGHTON

And?

CANADIAN DETECTIVE

It's no good. Only a partial. No match in our database.

DETECTIVE #2 is on his hands and knees examining a shiny item wedged between two boards. He pries it out and stands up.

DETECTIVE #2

Inspector, take a look at this.

He hands the item to Macleod. Macleod examines it in his palm.

DEIGHTON

Looks like some type of insignia. --
Excuse me.

Deighton takes a picture of the insignia with his cell phone and calls Macleod.

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - SAME

Macleod is sipping coffee and buttering an English muffin when his cell phone rings. After several rings, Macleod answers.

MACLEOD

Tell me something good Terry.

INTERCUT: DEIGHTON/MACLEOD

DEIGHTON

I just sent you a pic of some
evidence we just found on the boat.
It's military. I need help
identifying it.

Macleod looks through his cell phone. He sees the pics.

MACLEOD

This is a Yank Colonel or Navy
Captain rank. Our man Thaddeus was
on that boat. I want you to check
all possible transportation hubs
within ten miles. Go through their
surveillance footage and get me a
match!

DEIGHTON

I'm on it boss. How are things
working out Stokes?

Macleod looks at Stokes who's walking into the restaurant.

MACLEOD

Going well Terry. But, if I've told
you once, I've told you a thousand
times, "No man knows more about
women than I do and I know
nothing." Ring me when you've got
something.

DEIGHTON

Right boss.

She sits down at the table with him. A waiter pours some coffee for her. Macleod looks at her.

MACLEOD

(smirking) Sleep well?

STOKES

It was fine. A little hung over
thanks to your Merlot.

MACLEOD

Nothing a few corn flakes can't
take care of.

He slides a bowl of corn flakes and a sterling silver milk
pitcher toward her. Their eyes meet for a second.

STOKES

Thanks.

EXT. AIRFIELD IN THE POCONOS - SAME

Thaddeus crawls through high grass. He stops and with
binoculars, observes a Gulfstream 5 Jet which sits inside an
open hangar. A crew prepares the aircraft.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Macleod briefs a group of FBI agents. Pictures, maps and time-
lines are tacked to walls. Other agents sit at computers.

MACLEOD

Most of you know, we just put out
an APB on Captain John Thaddeus for
his involvement in the theft of the
Crown Jewels. He was positively
i.d.'d on video using one of the
missing fisherman's credit cards.
He boarded the Maple Leaf Express
to New York City three days ago. I
want all airport manifests checked
for the last four days and his
picture sent to the TSA.

Stokes comes in carrying a folder. She points to it.

MACLEOD

What do you got?

STOKES

Miami-Dade Police confirmed Arturo
Santiago was known to be an
associate of Artemis Cote.
Ballistics matched the rounds fired
in Miami to the ones fired in the
Pompadour Hotel in Atlantic City.
The Pompadour's owned by Les
Marcini.

MACLEOD

Who the hell's Les Marcini?

STOKES

He was in the diamond business for thirty years.

MACLEOD

Get us a chopper. I want to talk to him.

EXT. ATLANTIC CITY - LATER

A helicopter lands on the roof of the Pompadour Hotel in Atlantic City. Macleod and Stokes exit and run to a door.

INT. LES MARCINI'S OFFICE - FIVE MINUTES LATER

As smooth jazz plays lightly, Marcini mixes himself a drink at the bar. Macleod and Stokes enter with Will.

WILL

Inspector Macleod and Agent Stokes to see you sir.

MARCINI

Thanks.

They flash their badges.

MARCINI

Can I offer you two a drink?

MACLEOD

No thanks.

STOKES

What is that?

MARCINI

A White Juror: Tequila, Bailey's Irish Creme, a subtle touch of Tabasco and a cheery.

STOKES

Sounds disgusting.

MARCINI

Try it sometime. It grows on you. Now, if we could move this along. I have to baby-sit Don Rickles before he plays the Main Room tonight. I can hook you up with front row seats --

MACLEOD

Thanks, but we'll pass...What's your affiliation with John Thaddeus and Artimis Cote?

MARCINI

Who? I don't recall anyone by those names. Were they guests here? I can have the front desk check for you.

Stokes exits the office suite for a moment.

MARCINI (CONT'D)

Sure, I couldn't get you a bourbon or a scotch?

MACLEOD

No thanks.

She comes back in, fifteen seconds later. Stokes pulls out a picture of Thaddeus.

STOKES

Mr. Marcini, your concierge just positively identified John Thaddeus as having been here in your office two days ago. He even mentioned he was a big tipper. You wouldn't know anything about the penthouse suite?

The blood drains out of Marcini's face.

MACLEOD

I'm giving you one last chance Mr. Marcini. You tell us everything you know about Thaddeus and Cote and we were never here. Otherwise, we can take it downtown and you're looking at ten to fifteen as an accessory.

Marcini takes a sip out of his drink.

MARCINI

That won't be necessary. What do you want to know?

STOKES

By the way, your concierge wasn't even in the hallway. Thanks for the tip.

MARCINI

Really?

He looks at her and Marcini.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

I'll take that drink now, Bushmills straight up.

EXT./INT. AIRPORT HANGAR - DAY

Thaddeus urinates inside a bathroom. A man moves into the other urinal, while taking on the phone.

MAN

Hey honey its me. No, we haven't left yet. Yeah, were running a little behind. You don't have to worry about that. I'm a little nervous though. I've never met these guys before. They're all pretty young. Me too. Kiss the kids good night for me. I Love you.

The man finishes and walks over to the sink, washing his hands. Thaddeus walks up behind him.

THADDEUS

How you doin?

MAN

Okay, you waiting on the flight to Amsterdam?

THADDEUS

As a matter of fact, I am. Terrell Brooks, Woodland Hills office.

The man holds out his hand.

MAN

ANDY GREENE, Dallas.

THADDEUS

Pleasure to meet you Andy.

Thaddeus shakes it, then violently twists the man's arm, breaking it. Quickly, Thaddeus comes behind him and puts his arm around the man's neck, twisting and breaking it. He drags the dead man into a stall, grabs his briefcase and locks the door. He walks into the hangar carrying the briefcase and the Samsonite. He boards the plane.

EXT. DEER STAND, LAKE PLACID, NEW YORK - NEXT DAY

Deighton sits in a deer stand with an FBI agent who has a sophisticated listening device pointed at Cote's compound, a quarter mile away. There's a buzz of activity inside and outside the mansion. Deighton picks up his phone.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, WASHINGTON, D.C. - SAME

Macleod answers his cell phone.

MACLEOD
What do you have?

INTERCUT: DEIGHTON/MACLEOD

DEIGHTON
I've got hypothermia. They've got me in a bloody deer stand, freezing my arse off.

MACLEOD
Good for you mate. A typical day at SAS selection. What's the score?

DEIGHTON
This place is like Piccadilly Circus. Something's going down.

MACLEOD
Make sure those cowboys understand that this a strictly a recce mission. No arrests are to be made. Just follow the bugger and call me when they're on the move.

EXT. AMSTERDAM CAFE - SAME

Thaddeus sits at a cafe, sipping an espresso in a miniature coffee cup. He sips it with his pinky finger in the air while reading a Dutch newspaper. He wears a baseball cap and his shades.

INSERT: NEWSPAPER PAGE

SUPER: (DUTCH) "ALL THE KING'S MEN"

We see pictures of Thaddeus and Cote. He laughs to himself. He dials a number on his cell phone.

INT. COTE'S MANSION, LAKE PLACID, NY - SAME

Cote answers his phone.

COTE
Speak.

INTERCUT: COTE/THADDEUS

THADDEUS
What tangled webs we weave, when we practice to deceive.

COTE
T?

THADDEUS

You ain't gonna believe this. I'm doing some light reading and up comes one fu-gly picture of you. You look like shit man. You still jazzercising?

Cote moves away from any noise.

COTE

Fuck you nigger. We're in some serious shit here.

Thaddeus laughs.

THADDEUS

No, you're in some serious shit and I'm out of the country.

COTE

Let me guess...Holland.

Thaddeus surprised, followed by silence.

THADDEUS

Good guess. I under-estimated your counter-intel abilities.

COTE (CONT'D)

Intel? I can hear people speakin' Dutch in the background, you dumb mother fucker. Attention to detail, J.T.; something you were never very good at. Hence, the situation we are currently in.

THADDEUS

There is no WE, you tried to kill me twice already.

COTE

We don't have time to argue.

THADDEUS

What? You expect us to hug this shit out? I trusted your ass and you fucked me.

COTE

You want to make good and come out of this alive with a ton of dough? You got fifteen minutes to call me back, cause I got a buyer and they need both of us.

He hangs up. Thaddeus looks down at his mug shot on the front page.

THADDEUS

Fuck...

He stares at the cafe-goers and knows he has no other option. He dials back Cote.

THADDEUS (CONT'D)

This better be good. Desperate times call for desperate measures.

EXT. CAR - DAY

Deighton rides in a car, down a stretch of highway. He dials a number on his cell phone.

DEIGHTON

It's me. He's chartering out of JFK. We'll be there in a couple hours. Right. 1700... Admin office. See you there.

EXT. RED LIGHT DISTRICT IN AMSTERDAM - NIGHT

Thaddeus stands across the street from a high class whorehouse, studying a parking valet. The valet gets into a car and drives away. Thaddeus walks over to the booth and steals a ticket and a valet hat. A Ferrari pulls up. Thaddeus walks over to the car and opens the door.

THADDEUS (DUTCH)

Good evening sir, welcome to Utopia.

MAN (DUTCH)

Thanks.

Thaddeus give him the ticket. The man rushes towards the front door. Thaddeus gets in the car and drives away laughing. He opens up the engine and we see a hat thrown out the window.

INT. PLANE - NIGHT

Deighton, Stokes and Macleod sit inside a private jet. An AIR HOSTESS walks over to them.

HOSTESS

Your Bushmills sir.

She hands him a drink.

MACLEOD

Thank you.

He takes a sip and winks at her. Stokes gives Macleod a look.

DEIGHTON

I've been in contact with Surete headquarters in Nice. They know we're landing 30 minutes after Cote.

STOKES

My people from Cannes are already on the way to the airport.

MACLEOD

Does everyone understand it's strictly a surveillance op?

STOKES

They do, but the French insisted on taking the lead.

MACLEOD

Great. (to Deighton) Let's not forget what happened in the Louvre. The bloody Frogs are trigger happy.

DEIGHTON

They understand we're following the rabbit to the foxhole. They'll have minders on him until they hear from us. -- If you don't mind boss, I'm going to grab a couple hours of sleep.

MACLEOD

Good work Terry. Sleep fast.

Deighton gets up and walks back to a curtained-off sleeping quarters. Macleod looks at Stokes.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Anything new from the FBI on the Unione Corse?

STOKES

Nada. You'd be surprised how thin the Bureau's file has gotten on the Corsican Mob. They haven't really been on our radar since the 70's, when they were pushing heroin up and down the East Coast. -- And, now they're fencing diamonds?

MACLEOD

I know, it's a little off. But, they're highly organized and could easily fence the jewels.

STOKES

I disagree, the biggest players are mostly in Africa.

Macleod points his finger at her.

MACLEOD

Listen, I appreciate your expertise, but Cote sure as shit isn't going to the Riviera to receive a bloody Palme D'Or. Chances are he's got a drop arranged with a Corsican buyer. Christ, they still run most of the crime along the Med.

Macleod examines a map of Southern France.

STOKES

Ok, I trust you.--

He keeps looking at the map and takes a sip of Bushmills. You can tell something's on her mind. Macleod finally looks up from the map and stares off into space.

STOKES (CONT'D)

What are you thinking?

He glances at a map of Africa.

MACLEOD

I don't what I'm thinking. None of this makes sense.

She folds the map over.

STOKES

I think you should trust your instincts. They've been right so far.

MACLEOD

Was that a compliment I heard?

STOKES

Yeah, you better keep it for a rainy day. They're few and far between.

After a beat.

MACLEOD

Why don't you get some shut eye for a few hours. I'm going to double check some of this intell.

STOKES

Okay. I think I will.

She walks over and starts to pull back the curtain. She catches Macleod staring at her behind. She smiles. He smirks and finishes his Bushmills. He glances at the map again.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Cote exits the plane with his entourage of bodyguards. They get into a Mercedes and drive away.
- Macleod, Stokes and Deighton walk into an office at the Nice Airport. Deighton speaks on a walkie-talkie.
- Palais De La Mediterranee, Nice. Cote and his bodyguards step out of their Mercedes and enter the hotel.
- Down the street, Deighton sits inside a car, watching the scene. He picks up his walkie-talkie.

INT. A CAR - SAME

DEIGHTON
Our man's got good taste. He's
checking into the Palais.

INT. A CAR - SAME

Macleod and Stokes ride in a car as it winds through Nice, a few miles away.

MACLEOD
Establish a perimeter before
sending in your gee whiz boys. Have
O'Connell and Hayes book rooms on
both sides of him. If they're
taken...create a vacancy.

DEIGHTON
What about management?

MACLEOD
Fuck 'em. If there's a problem have
Pierre take care of it. That place
should be buttoned down by the time
I arrive. I don't want him so much
as farting without us knowing about
it.

DEIGHTON
Right boss.

INT. FERRARI - DAY

Thaddeus drives the Ferrari fast down the French autoroute as Curtis Mayfield's "Move on Up" pounds through the system. He picks up his cell phone and dials a number.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAME

Cote answers his phone.

COTE
Parlez vous francais, OJ?

INTERCUT: THADDEUS/COTE

THADDEUS
Yeah, I do, but I ain't wasting a word on you?

COTE
Turn that shit off. I can't hear a damn thing.

Thaddeus turns down the stereo.

INT. HOTEL ROOM NEXT DOOR TO COTE - SAME

Deighton and his gee whiz boys listen to the conversation.

THADDEUS (V.O.)
I don't care where the fuck we're meeting, as long as it's in public. Believe me, I don't trust you.

COTE (V.O.)
You in country?

THADDEUS (V.O.)
Waitin' on you.

COTE (V.O.)
Rue Rossini 953, 2100. Don't be late.

Cote disconnects the phone. Thaddeus cranks the stereo again.

MONTAGE

Curtis Mayfield's "Move on Up" plays.

- The Ferrari cruises at high speed along the French autoroute.

- Thaddeus drives past castles, vineyards and through forests.

- The Ferrari winds along coastal roads next to the French Riviera.

- Thaddeus slows down in traffic, as he cruises past hot babes in bikinis.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT./INT. LE SPA SPLENDID - NIGHT

Cote sits inside a coed sauna thick with steam. It's filled with a dozen semi-naked men and women. Visibility is low. Thaddeus enters. He finds Cote and sits down next to him.

THADDEUS

I thought the don't ask, don't tell
shit went out with our brother
Clinton.

COTE

Don't flatter yourself, nigger. No
clothes equals no guns. Sit down.
We're here because we're both
fucked.

THADDEUS

If I remember correctly, and I
always do, you're the one who
fucked ME over. All I did was
complete the job and you got
greedy.

COTE

Maybe. This meeting of the minds is
out of necessity. We gotta deal
with the here and now.

THADDEUS

Yeah.

COTE

Yeah. We got a buyer.

THADDEUS

Who?

COTE

Lesurques.

THADDEUS

(nods) Lesurques...Makes sense.
He's a big enough player now?

COTE

Big enough to take care of our
carry on. The Corsicans' are knee
deep in this shit.

THADDEUS

Alright...lay it on me. Let's
finish this. Where's the drop?

COTE

Place Massana, tomorrow. 1200.

THADDEUS

I'll be there, but know this, I see anything that looks remotely suspicious, I'll light that fuckin' place up like a Christmas Tree. Oh, C...

COTE

Yeah?

THADDEUS

If I was you, I'd stay in here for another week. You look like shit.

Thaddeus gets up and walks out past a topless woman by the entrance. His towel accidentally falls off in front of her. She looks at the Full Monty and hands him his towel.

THADDEUS

Merci.

He exits. We see that it's STOKES.

EXT. PLACE MASSANA, NICE - NOON

An open market square is bustling with hundreds of tourists and locals. Thaddeus enters the square holding the Samsonite case.

INT. WATCH REPAIR SHOP ATTIC - SAME

Cote lies on his stomach holding a sniper rifle down toward the square. The site is trained on Thaddeus' head.

COTE

Everything's cool. We'll give him a minute. Remember don't make a move until I say. I'm your eyes in the sky.

THADDEUS

That's comforting.

STREET LEVEL

Lesurques enters the marketplace with a leather attaché case. Macleod, standing behind an archway entrance, spots him. He reaches for his radio.

MACLEOD

The target's moving. Standby.

Deighton is on the other side of the marketplace.

DEIGHTON

I've got eyes on Thaddeus. Over.

MACLEOD

Good, anyone have a visual on Cote?

Another AGENT across the square answers.

AGENT

Negative boss.

MACLEOD

TWO BRAVO, Sitrep?

Two Bravo, a sniper, perched on the roof looks through binoculars across the square and into buildings.

TWO BRAVO

No sign of Cote, continuing to scan, over.

MACLEOD

Roger. Stokes?

Stokes sits on a bench, feeding pigeons.

STOKES

I haven't seen him yet.

MACLEOD

Right. Everyone waits for my signal. I don't want this to become the God damn charge of the light brigade!

INSIDE THE ATTIC

Cote scans the market square with his rifle scope. He watches as Lesurques stops next to an ice cream stand. Thaddeus approaches him.

COTE

Drop Zone's clear. No one out there but old ladies and poodles. Proceed with caution.

THADDEUS

Right.

Cote continues to scan the area. He rests the scope sight on a man sitting on a chair. The man, with a cigarette in his mouth reaches for a lighter in his jacket. Cote spots the glare off of a handgun.

COTE

Fuck.

We see Thaddeus as he begins to hand Lesurques the Samsonite.

COTE (CONT'D)

Broken Arrow, Broken Fuckin' Arrow!
Get down!

Thaddeus dives on the ground. Cote shoots the agent and all hell breaks loose. Cote grabs a detonator and pushes some buttons. Lesurques runs for cover, but is killed by one of Macleod's men. Thaddeus pops open 2 canisters of white smoke. Instantly the marketplace is filled with smoke, explosions and gunfire.

Thaddeus runs through the square with the Samsonite. He rounds the corner of a building and runs into Stokes who is pointing a pistol at him.

STOKES

Drop your weapon and put your hands
up!

Thaddeus looks at her for a moment.

INSIDE THE ATTIC

Cote scans the square frantically for any sign of Thaddeus.

COTE

T, come in. I can't see shit! T,
acknowledge over!

STREET LEVEL

STOKES

Drop it...NOW!

Thaddeus throws the gun toward her foot. She kicks it away and keys her radio.

STOKES (CONT'D)

I've got Thaddeus and the jewels.
Get someone over here.

MACLEOD (V.O.)

What's your position?

Stokes glances to look for an identifiable landmark. Thaddeus swings the luggage at her chin, knocking her unconscious. He grabs both guns and throws her over his shoulder.

THADDEUS

Let's go bitch.

MACLEOD (V.O.)

Stokes, come in...Stokes...where
are you, over?

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - LATER

Total mayhem. Various policemen and agents answer phones, receive faxes, work on computers and post maps. Macleod looks at a detailed street map of the Nice area. Deighton rushes in from a side door.

DEIGHTON

Still no sign of her. We searched the square and put out a half mile cordon around the area.

Macleod shakes his head.

MACLEOD

That fucking Frog, Lesurques must've sold us down the river.

DEIGHTON

We can't confirm that Raleigh.

MACLEOD

Stokes isn't here God-damnit. It's my fault. I should of never allowed her down there in the first place.

Macleod throws a wad of paper across the room. Deighton shakes his head.

DEIGHTON

She's a good enough field agent, Raleigh. She was up against two pros. You can't blame yourself.

Macleod nods.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Any word on Cote?

DEIGHTON

Just an empty sniper's nest with some FN shell casings. We're assuming it was him.

A FRENCH AGENT approaches them.

FRENCH AGENT

Their car was abandoned a half a kilometer from here.

MACLEOD

Right. (to Deighton) Get with the gendarmes and find out if anyone's reported their car missing in the last two hours.

DEIGHTON

I'm on it.

A BRITISH AGENT hands a phone to Macleod.

BRITISH AGENT
Sir, Nigel on the line.

Macleod cringes slightly.

MACLEOD
Nigel...Thaddeus and Cote are still at large with the jewels...We believe they may have taken Agent Stokes hostage. Yes sir. The Corsican mark is dead. We think he may have tipped them off. But, we can't confirm that. Yes sir. Assure the Yanks, I won't come back without her.

Macleod puts the phone down and stares out the window.

INT. OLD 1980'S MERCEDES DIESEL SEDAN - SAME

Thaddeus and Cote sit in the car as it moves down a northern Italian highway. Thaddeus drives, while Cote files his nails.

COTE
Nice car.

THADDEUS
Oh, this ain't up to your standards Denzel? This is all I could afford after you bankrupted me.

They share a laugh.

THADDEUS (CONT'D)
I guess I owe you for covering my ass back there.

COTE
You're welcome mother-fucker. Your fireworks display didn't exactly make it easy. We even?

Thaddeus glances at Cote.

THADDEUS
Almost. -- You think someone got to Lesurques?

COTE
Fuck yeah, the Limeys. They must've been tracking our asses. We gotta be more careful. Scotland Yard ain't no Boy Scouts.

Thaddeus looks at Cote again who is filing his nails.

THADDEUS

Every time I see or talk to you man, you're primping yourself like some high school bitch.

COTE

What the hell are you talking about?

THADDEUS

Take a look at yourself man, what's happened to you? You're sporting a 700 dollar shirt, designer jeans, and 1000 dollar shoes...You're become a metrosexual.

COTE

Shit nigger, I'm a TRISEXUAL, I'll try anything once.

Motions to the trunk where Stokes is.

COTE

Right baby?

Thaddeus shakes his head.

THADDEUS

Right, like kidnapping?

COTE

Yeah...We should probably figure out what the fuck to do with her. She's deadweight. I say we pull over and leave her to the crows.

THADDEUS

Negative. We may need to use her as a bargaining chip to get the hell out of this mess.

COTE

Come on T you know that hostage shit never works out. You forget about the PLO and RAF?

THADDEUS

This ain't Entebbe. All I know is that we still got the jewels and no fuckin' buyer. I'm ready to turn this fucker around and return em to the queen like nothing ever happened.

COTE

Just get our asses to Berlin and chill for a minute. We've got one more option we've haven't used yet.

Thaddeus laughs.

THADDEUS

Really? Let me guess. Either
Liberace needs a new jacket, or
we're selling the shit on
Craigslist?

COTE

No, even better, I'm gonna try and
find our boy KHARKOV.

THADDEUS

Kharkov? You gotta be shittin' me?
I thought he disappeared with the
Wall.

COTE

No, he's back.

INT. THE TRUNK OF THE MERCEDES - SAME

Stokes, now conscious, tries to slither out of the ropes
binding her hands.

EXT. SIDE STREET, TORINO, ITALY - NEXT MORNING

The Mercedes pulls to stop along a quiet side street.
Thaddeus and Cote jump out and pop open the trunk. Stokes
looks at them and squirms around. Cote glances in all
directions.

COTE

Now, I'm gonna remove the tape so
you can have some water. You make
one sound and T here is gonna tap
that tight little ass of yours.
Capiche?

Thaddeus pats the pistol inside his jacket. She nods.
Thaddeus gives her some water. She gulps it down and they
replace the tape before she can say anything. Then they slam
the trunk and drive away.

INT. CAR - SAME

THADDEUS

She's gonna ruin the trunk.

COTE

What are you talking about?

THADDEUS

You know these bitches gotta piss
every ten minutes.

COTE

Whatever man, it's a rental.
(laughs)

EXT. TRUCK STOP, TORINO, ITALY - MINUTES LATER

The Mercedes enters the truck stop. Thaddeus and Cote walk into the restaurant. About a dozen truckers and tired commuters sit and eat quietly. Thaddeus and Cote walk past the counter and enter a bathroom. A trucker reading a newspaper, looks up and realizes that both of their pictures are on page 2.

OUTSIDE THE TRUCK STOP

The trucker sits in his cab. He sees Thaddeus and Cote walk out, carrying cups of coffee. They get into their car and he writes down the license number. As they drive away, he makes a cell phone call.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS, NICE, FRANCE - LATER

Inside the bustling headquarters, Macleod and Deighton sit at a table, reading reports. A British agent walks over to them.

BRITISH AGENT

Excuse me, Inspector, but we just received this a minute ago from the Italian police.

He hands a piece of paper to Macleod. Macleod reads it and smiles.

MACLEOD

Bingo. A trucker just identified Thaddeus and Cote at a rest stop outside of Torino.

DEIGHTON

Thank God.

MACLEOD

Hold on. He saw them leave in a blue Mercedes with NICE plates. Terry...

Deighton is already on it.

DEIGHTON

I'm putting out an APB across Europe for that car.

MACLEOD

Good. I also want every highway blockaded sixty miles from the rest stop.

DEIGHTON

Right.

MACLEOD

(to the British Agent) Get me Dale Johnson on my mobile now.

BRITISH AGENT

Yes sir.

As Macleod examines a map, the British Agent hands him a phone.

MACLEOD

Dale, it's Raleigh.

INT. PENTAGON - SAME

DALE JOHNSON

I heard about yesterday, sorry about the girl.

INTERCUT - MACLEOD/JOHNSON

MACLEOD

Listen, we just got a new lead on them. They're outside of Torino.

DALE JOHNSON

Torino, huh?

MACLEOD

I need you to think fast mate. Who else in Europe might be a serious buyer?

Johnson runs a hand through his hair.

DALE JOHNSON

Give me ten minutes and I'll call you back.

MACLEOD

Thanks.

Johnson hangs up and picks up another phone.

DALE JOHNSON

Lacroix, you still have Captain Thaddeus' file in the safe?

Inside Lacroix's office.

LACROIX

Didn't I return that to the DIA last week sir?

DALE JOHNSON
 You did, but you didn't. I made a
 copy. It's in the safe.

LACROIX
 Yes general.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - LATER

Macleod answers a ringing phone.

MACLEOD
 Macleod.

INT. PENTAGON - SAME

INTERCUT: MACLEOD/JOHNSON

DALE JOHNSON
 Raleigh, I've got a name. ANTONI
 KHARKOV, ex-KGB officer. He
 defected to the West in '88. Cote
 brought him over.

Macleod jots this down.

MACLEOD
 Yeah?

DALE JOHNSON
 He's reportedly the head of the
 Russian mob in Germany. Operates
 out of Berlin.

MACLEOD
 Berlin huh? Any idea where?

DALE JOHNSON
 Negative. He's been underground
 since the Wall fell. Sorry, I don't
 have anything else.

MACLEOD
 You've done more than enough. I owe
 you one mate.

Macleod hangs up the phone. Deighton looks at him.

DEIGHTON
 I'll get us a chopper to Berlin.

MACLEOD
 Great and get me everything we have
 on Antoni Kharkov.

EXT. HIGHWAY, ITALY - LATER

Thaddeus drives the car at a high speed. Suddenly, a police car comes up behind them with a siren blaring.

THADDEUS

Looks like we got an escort. You
locked and loaded?

Cote reaches into the back seat and extracts an Ingram sub-machine gun. Thaddeus looks at the gun.

THADDEUS (CONT'D)

Okay...

COTE

I'll keep 'em pinned down. You just
keep drivin'.

Cote rolls down the window and opens fire on the police car. The car swerves to avoid the gunfire. The police return fire.

INSIDE THE TRUNK

Stokes, coiled in a fetal position as bullets ricochet and pass through various parts of the trunk, barely missing her.

THADDEUS' CAR

Thaddeus spots a roadblock in front of them. The roadblock consists of orange cones and a wooden sawhorse. Two police cars are parked near it. Four cops are behind the cars with guns drawn.

THADDEUS

Fuckin' wops got a roadblock.

Cote continues to fire at the car behind them.

COTE

Duck!

Thaddeus accelerates through the barricade and directly toward the two cop cars. The car barely fits between the two as sparks fly. A hail of gunfire shatters both windows as the police open fire. Bullets fly through the trunk barely missing Stokes. Cote returns fire with the machine gun over Thaddeus' head.

COTE (CONT'D)

Fuck...I'm hit.

THADDEUS

Stay down, stay down! Where?

COTE

Armpit. Just get us the fuck out of
here.

Thaddeus turns abruptly off the highway and down a windy road. A police car is still behind them, but at a distance. He swerves down a farmer's tractor path.

THADDEUS

I think we lost 'em.

Cote is bleeding heavily.

THADDEUS (CONT'D)

How bad is it?

COTE

I'll make it.

He rips off the bottom of his shirt and makes a tourniquet. He ties it tightly around his upper arm. Thaddeus glances down at the blood.

THADDEUS (CONT'D)

Versace'd turn over in his grave.

COTE

Versace? Shit... this is Hugo Boss.

EXT. BARN, NORTHERN ITALY - LATER

Thaddeus and Cote roll the Mercedes into an abandoned barn. Then we see them drive out in a 1982 Saab 900.

INT. HELICOPTER - LATER

Deighton talks to someone on his cell phone, while Macleod looks at a fax sheet with a picture and information on Antoni Kharkov.

DEIGHTON

Yeah. Thanks. (to Macleod) They shot-up a blockade outside of Torino. The Italian police lost them.

Macleod shakes his head.

MACLEOD

Any location on Kharkov?

DEIGHTON

Nothing...the bloke's a ghost.

Deighton looks at a worried Macleod.

DEIGHTON (CONT'D)

She's going to be okay.

MACLEOD

I hope so.

EXT. BERLIN - DAY

Thaddeus and Cote drive under the Brandenburg Gate into the center of Berlin.

EXT./INT. WAREHOUSE, BERLIN - LATER

Thaddeus pulls the Saab into an abandoned warehouse in a run-down section of Berlin. Cote gets out slowly, in pain. Thaddeus pops open the trunk and he throws Stokes over his shoulder.

INT. WAREHOUSE - LATER

Stokes sits in a chair, with her hands fastened behind her. Cote is on a bed, dressing his wound, which is still bleeding. Thaddeus puts the Samsonite into a locker and then locks and loads a 9mm pistol.

THADDEUS

You gonna be straight to come with me?

COTE

I just need to rest a little while here. I'll look after sugarpants.

THADDEUS

Fuck that. I barely even know Kharkov.

COTE

You ain't meeting him yet.

THADDEUS

What? So, why the fuck are we here then?

COTE

These guys aren't stupid. You ain't walking into a bar and shaking hands with the most wanted man in Europe. Tell the bartender Trident sent you and he'll direct you accordingly.

Thaddeus shakes his head.

THADDEUS

Trident? What kind of bullshit is that? You trying to fuck me again?

COTE

Did you forget who saved your ass on the Riviera? I show up at that bar shot up and these boys are gonna know that the score is. We won't get anywhere near Kharkov.

THADDEUS

Fuck it. What's the address?

EXT. KREUZBERG, BERLIN - DAY

Thaddeus strolls down a side street and enters a narrow alley. He enters of a bar.

INT. BAR - SAME

Thaddeus walks over to the bar.

BARTENDER (GERMAN)

Can I help you sir?

THADDEUS

Trident sent me over for a drink.

The bartender nods.

BARTENDER

Trident?

He scrutinizes Thaddeus.

THADDEUS

That's right.

BARTENDER

Wait here.

After a minute, a RUSSIAN comes out and points to a security camera over the bar. He beckons Thaddeus to follow him.

INSIDE A BACK ROOM

The Russian walks over to a table. He grabs a bottle of vodka.

RUSSIAN

Drink?

THADDEUS

No. I'm in a hurry.

RUSSIAN

I was told to give this to you.

The Russian reaches into his coat pocket and hands Thaddeus a sheet of paper. Thaddeus looks at it.

THADDEUS
This is it?

RUSSIAN
Follow it to the letter.

THADDEUS
Bluecherplatz 36? Where the fuck is that?

RUSSIAN
Two blocks.

Thaddeus begins to walk out.

RUSSIAN (CONT'D)
Trident.

Thaddeus turns around.

RUSSIAN (CONT'D)
Mr. Kharkov would like you to know,
you have 36 hours or the deal's
off. Goodnight.

Thaddeus looks at his watch. It reads, 8:00 PM. The Russian takes a shot of vodka.

EXT. KREUZBERG, BERLIN - EARLY EVENING

It's still daylight in Northern Europe. Thaddeus walks down a side street in the lower class neighborhood and past a number of parked cars.

INT. BLUECHERPLATZ 36, INTERNET CAFÉ - MINUTES LATER

Thaddeus carries a cappuccino and sits down at a laptop computer. He glances at his wristwatch and logs on to Internet Chess in the Amber Room.

INSERT: THE COMPUTER SCREEN

"Good evening, Trident."

BACK TO THE SCENE

Thaddeus receives the message and types.

INSERT: THE COMPUTER SCREEN

"Hello, Windsong."

BACK TO THE SCENE

Thaddeus sips his coffee and waits. He gazes at two college students who sit at the bar, sipping coffee and chatting.

INSERT: THE COMPUTER SCREEN

"Meet Heinz for a game of chess at the Berlin-Wedding Winefest, tomorrow at noon. If only we were good enough to mirror some of his greatest moves, top to bottom.

INSERT: SIX DIGIT GRID SYSTEM

A-4,D-4,D-4,F-6,A-4,D-6

B-2,C-3,H-2,E-1,G-3,H-3

H-7,F-4,B-7,G-1,H-1,E-7

D-1,H-5,E-5,B-1,F-1,F-7

C-6,G-7,C-4,H-1,E-3,A-8

E-8,D-2,A-3,A-2,D-1,G-8

Your username and password will expire 23/08.

Best of luck, Trident.

BACK TO THE SCENE

Thaddeus shakes his head and grins slightly.

INSERT: THE COMPUTER SCREEN

"Take care, Windsong."

BACK TO THE SCENE

Thaddeus types quickly. Thaddeus logs off and then walks into the bathroom.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE BMW, BERLIN - MINUTES LATER

Deighton drives while Macleod sits in the passenger seat of an unmarked police car.

MACLEOD

Turn left.

Deighton turns the car left on to a busy street. Macleod's cell phone rings.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
Macleod. What? Say again, you're breaking up. Got it.

He turns to Deighton.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
The NSA intercepted some internet chatter with the name, "Trident."

DEIGHTON
Trident? That was Cote's code name in The Activity. Where'd the chatter come from?

MACLEOD
From an internet cafe here in Berlin.

DEIGHTON
Let's go.

Macleod punches up the car's GPS system. He finds the address.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
Bluecherplatz 36. Hang a right...now!

The car executes a violent right turn with sirens blaring. They avoid hitting a couple cars by inches.

EXT. BERLIN STREET - MINUTES LATER

Thaddeus walks down a sidewalk. He hears the wail of sirens. He turns and sees several cars stopping in front of the internet café.

He crosses the street quickly and ducks into an alley. He looks around the corner and sees Macleod, Deighton and a dozen cops bursting into the cafe.

THADDEUS
What the fuck?

INT. THE INTERNET CAFÉ - SAME

MACLEOD
(yelling)
Check the lavatories and exits.

Several policemen fan out around the area and find no one.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
Where's the owner?

The owner walks over from behind the coffee bar and approaches Macleod.

OWNER
May I help you?

Macleod looks at Deighton. Deighton shows the owner the picture of Thaddeus.

DEIGHTON (GERMAN)
This man was just here, right?

OWNER (GERMAN)
Yeah, he was here. I served him a cappuchino. He just left.

Macleod looks at Deighton for an answer.

DEIGHTON
He said he took off a couple minutes ago.

MACLEOD
Get this neighborhood locked down.

They rush out of the café on to the sidewalk, with the German police trailing behind.

EXT. BERLIN STREET - NIGHT

Thaddeus sprints down a sidewalk as police sirens ring out in the distance and get closer to his location.

EXT. KU-DAMM BOULEVARD, BERLIN - NIGHT

Thaddeus walks toward the subway station. Macleod's unmarked BMW creeps down the street.

INSIDE THE UNMARKED BMW

Macleod scans the sidewalks and street in all directions as Deighton drives. Suddenly, Macleod spots Thaddeus as he is about to descend the stairs into the subway station.

MACLEOD
There he is. Let me off!

Macleod leaps from the car, pulling out his gun.

ON THE KU-DAMM

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
(loudly)
Thaddeus, stop or I'll shoot!

Thaddeus sees Macleod. He runs into a crowd of people, disappearing. Macleod frantically searches for Thaddeus. Thaddeus emerges from the crowd, darts across the street and runs into the grass median. Macleod sees him and aims his pistol at Thaddeus.

MACLEOD(CONT'D)

Hold it.

Thaddeus looks back quickly and continues running down the median. Macleod fires two shots, missing Thaddeus. Deighton pulls up to the curb. Macleod sees him.

MACLEOD(CONT'D)

Cut him off! We've got the son of a bitch!

Deighton nods and drives into the traffic. Thaddeus runs across the median and crosses the busy traffic with Macleod behind him. Thaddeus jogs into a restaurant.

INSIDE THE RESTAURANT

Thaddeus knocks down a waiter. Macleod follows, not more than fifty feet behind him. Thaddeus runs up a staircase. He runs into a bathroom and jumps from a window. He lands in a garbage bin. Macleod enters the bathroom. He looks out, doesn't see Thaddeus and also jumps into the garbage bin.

INSIDE THE GARBAGE BIN

Macleod catches his breath and looks around. Thaddeus jumps out of the garbage and slugs Macleod in the head twice. Thaddeus climbs out of the bin and runs down the alley as Macleod recovers from the sucker punches. Macleod hoists himself out of the bin and sees Thaddeus at the other end of the alley.

BACK ON THE STREET

Thaddeus runs into the bombed ruins of the Kaiser-Wilhelm Memorial Church in the center median of the Ku-Damm. Macleod exits the alley and jogs into the grass median scanning the boulevard for Thaddeus.

INSIDE THE RUINS

Thaddeus moves to the other side of the ruins to get a better view.

ON THE GRASS MEDIAN

Macleod spots Thaddeus and runs toward the ruins. Thaddeus sees him and opens fire, causing Macleod to hit the dirt. Macleod fires at Thaddeus, and takes cover behind a parked car. Finally, Macleod charges the destroyed church and bursts inside.

INSIDE THE RUINS

The church is empty. Macleod runs out looking down the boulevard for Thaddeus. He spots him running down the street. He starts to chase after him.

DOWN THE STREET

Thaddeus approaches a parked Mercedes taxi. The driver sits inside calmly, listening to loud jazz on the radio. Thaddeus rips open the door and points his pistol at the man's head.

THADDEUS

Get the fuck out!

Thaddeus doesn't even wait for the man to react. He grabs him and throws him out on to the street. Thaddeus jumps inside and drives away as the music blares in the taxi.

ON THE STREET

Deighton squeals to a stop and picks up Macleod. They race down the street after the taxi.

MACLEOD

There he is.

Deighton pulls the car up next to the taxi. Macleod looks over and sees a blond woman at the wheel.

MACLEOD(CONT'D)

Shit. Up ahead, up ahead. Step on it.

They race down the street, weaving in and out of traffic. Deighton keeps his hand on the horn as the siren blares continually.

INSIDE THE TAXI

Thaddeus weaves in and out of traffic as jazz music plays loudly in the car. He pulls out his pistol and shoots the radio.

THADDEUS

Fuck Tito Puente.

He looks in the rear-view mirror and sees Macleod's car. Macleod's car is almost parallel to his. Thaddeus aims the pistol out of the window and fires several shots at Macleod and Deighton.

INSIDE MACLEOD'S CAR

Two bullets shatter the passenger window next to Macleod, missing both of them. Macleod rolls down the window and fires a shot at Thaddeus, which hits the side mirror.

The two cars drive at a frantic pace through Berlin. Macleod and Thaddeus exchange more gunfire.

Macleod fires a few more shots. One of the shots hits the taxi's tire, blowing it out and causing Thaddeus to lose control. The taxi hits a curb which launches him into a huge fountain.

INSIDE THE TAXI

Thaddeus climbs out dazed and watches as Macleod's car stops fifty feet away. Thaddeus grabs a German WOMAN and takes her hostage.

THADDEUS (GERMAN)
Don't do anything stupid and I
won't hurt you.

WOMAN (GERMAN)
Okay, okay.

He runs with her away from the fountain. Macleod can't shoot because of the hostage and the bystanders in his way.

ON THE STREET

Thaddeus hears police car sirens all around him. He runs towards an alley and sees a guy on a motorcycle coming toward him down the alley. Thaddeus throws the woman into the wall and then clothes-lines the biker. The biker is unconscious. Thaddeus picks up the bike and takes off. Macleod has reached the alley.

MACLEOD
Where'd he go?

WOMAN
That way.

Macleod looks around and two German policemen on motorcycles pull up to the scene.

MACLEOD
Question the woman. Make sure the
biker gets help.

Macleod walks toward a BMW motorcycle.

GERMAN COP (GERMAN)
What, What are you doing?

MACLEOD
I'm commadeering this.

Macleod hops on the BMW motorcycle and takes off.

ON THE STREET

Thaddeus is being chased by two cops. He spots the entrance to the KADEWE, Berlin's version of Harrod's. Thaddeus guns the engine and drives toward the front entrance. The automatic doors open.

INSIDE THE DEPARTMENT STORE

Thaddeus stops for a moment and sees four German cops on foot coming into the store. Macleod has finally caught up to them. Thaddeus guns the engine and takes off up a flight of escalators with Macleod after him.

The two chase each other around the floor, firing sporadically. Thaddeus spots a huge display filled with thousands of super balls. He drives past it and shoots it. The balls go everywhere, and cause Macleod to wipe out. Macleod slowly gets up and then hops on his motorcycle.

Thaddeus sees an open elevator in the distance. He heads over to it. An OLD GERMAN WOMAN stands inside with a shopping bag.

THADDEUS (GERMAN)
Third floor please.

In shock, the woman urgently hits the 3rd floor button. The doors close. Macleod sees this happen and races up the escalator to intercept Thaddeus.

ON THE 3RD FLOOR

Macleod drives off the escalator. People dive out of the way. Thaddeus races out of the elevator. He sees Macleod, now trailed by a half dozen German cops. Thaddeus spots a huge picture window in front of him. He pulls out his pistol and fires five strategic shots in a horseshoe pattern. He revs the engine and guns it. He launches the bike into the window, shattering the glass into a million pieces.

The bike lands on three charter buses parked side by side below. He then drives off the buses, landing almost perfectly as sparks fly. He watches as Macleod does the same thing.

ON THE STREETS

Macleod pursues Thaddeus. Thaddeus races into the Berlin Zoo.

BERLIN ZOO

Dusk comes over the city as Thaddeus drives over a grass bump and hurdles a chain link fence. On the fence is a sign:

INSERT SIGN

"Afrikanisches Savanne Ausstellungstuck. Gefahr! Wilde Tiere!"

"African Savannah Exhibit. Danger! Wild Animals!"

BACK TO SCENE

Thaddeus drives through a grassland area inhabited by Gazelles, Antelope, Zebras and Elephants. Macleod hurdles the same grass bump and enters the area. Macleod's radio crackles.

DEIGHTON (V.O.)

Raleigh, come in.

MACLEOD

I'm in the bloody zoo. Cut him off in the Tiergarten. We're gonna come out on the west side.

Thaddeus sees him, fires a couple shots and the chase continues with Macleod returning fire. Thaddeus swerves to avoid the gunfire. A stampede of wild animals runs by them in fright. An elephant barrels his way toward Thaddeus. His eyes widen and he turns left sharply.

Thaddeus drives over another grass mogul, and jumps a chain link fence, exiting the exhibit. Macleod is fast behind on his tail.

INSIDE THE TIERGARTEN PARK

Thaddeus drives into a large park. Macleod follows Thaddeus, remaining about a hundred yards behind him. As darkness now falls, Thaddeus drives down a shallow hill and through some shallow lagoon water.

He climbs up the embankment and locks the cruise control. He shoves the motorcycle and continues in a straight line down a dirt path. Macleod drives across the park, searching for Thaddeus to no avail. Deighton comes barreling toward him in the police car. He stops near Macleod.

MACLEOD

I lost the son of a bitch.

DEIGHTON

I'll get on the radio.

MACLEOD

Wait. Cut your engine.

Macleod and Deighton turn off their engines. The sound of a motorcycle can be heard in the distance.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

You hear that? Follow me.

They both take off in the direction of the sound.

INSIDE THE PARK

Macleod and Deighton stand next to Thaddeus' motorcycle which has crashed into a tree. The engine is still running.

MACLEOD

Get on the horn to the Polizei.
Tell them Thaddeus is still at
large. Damn it!

OTHER SIDE OF THE PARK

Thaddeus runs down a creek bed in the opposite direction.

INT. WAREHOUSE, BERLIN - LATER

Stokes sits in the chair with her hands tied behind her back. Cote, still bleeding profusely, looks at his watch.

STOKES

You think he'd be back by now? He's probably lying face down in the street. Every top agent in the world is looking for you two.

COTE

Never happen. He's the best.

STOKES

I thought you were.

Cote laughs. He circles around her and stops in front of her.

COTE

In some respects I am. I can think of one right now. I'd love to tap that tight little ass of yours and prove it to you. You'd like that wouldn't you; you little gutter slut?

STOKES

Go fuck yourself.

COTE

Now why would I do that when I've got a hot little piece of ass who's begging for it?

Cote walks over to her and waves his pistol in front of her face.

STOKES

You know what they say about men with guns...

Cote sneers. He moves the gun to the top button of her blouse and then rips down, tearing off several buttons and revealing her breasts.

COTE

Mmm, mmm...

Cote begins to unfasten his belt with his one good hand. Stokes realizes she can entice him with a better view. Cote takes the bait and leans in. She karate kicks him directly in the Adam's Apple. Cote stumbles back and moves around the room, gasping for air. Stokes watches as he collapses in agonized death about fifteen feet away from her.

STOKES

Jesus, it worked.

She looks around and begins to hop toward him, trying to get to his pistol, which lies next to his body.

OUTSIDE THE WAREHOUSE

Thaddeus opens the door and runs past the parked Saab and towards the room where Cote and Stokes were.

INSIDE THE ROOM

While moving towards the gun, Stokes hears Thaddeus. She hops back to where she was before. Thaddeus enters.

THADDEUS

We gotta get the fuck out of here.
They're on to us.

He sees Cote's dead body. Stokes sits in the chair with her hands still fastened behind her back. He points his gun at her.

THADDEUS

What the fuck happened?

He sees her ripped blouse and partially-exposed breasts.

STOKES

I guess he hadn't been laid in a while. He tried to have his way with me, when...

THADDEUS

When what?

STOKES

I think he had a heart attack or something. He was gasping for air, holding his chest. Just keeled over.

THADDEUS

You don't fuckin' move.

Thaddeus walks over and looks at Cote. He turns him over and sees no apparent wounds. He checks his pulse and shakes his head.

THADDEUS
Viva Viagra, mother-fucker.

Thaddeus unfastens Stokes from the chair and grabs her hard.

THADDEUS (CONT'D)
Let's go bitch.

STOKES
Where we going?

THADDEUS
WE ain't going nowhere. You're going back in the trunk where you belong.

He hustles her out of the room with a gun in her back.

EXT. WINEFEST, BERLIN - NEXT DAY

People sip wine, look at exhibits and stop to eat at various food stands. Under a grove of trees, fest-goers play chess and drink wine. Macleod, next to a stand, sips a glass of wine and observes the chess play, fifty yards away. In the park, we also see other undercover policemen in the crowd.

INSIDE THE PARK

Deighton sees a MAN who resembles Thaddeus walking across the park. He carries a large attaché case. Deighton starts to follow him and radios Macleod.

DEIGHTON
Raleigh, I've spotted him. He's wearing a red poncho and carrying a briefcase.

MACLEOD(OVER)
Understood. I should see him any minute.

INSIDE THE PARK

Deighton continues to follow the man through the crowd. The man has no idea Deighton is behind him. The crowd gets thicker and Deighton loses the man.

DEIGHTON
Come in Raleigh.

NEAR THE CHESS TABLES

MACLEOD

Go ahead.

INSIDE THE PARK

DEIGHTON

I've lost him! He's on the way to
the chess tables.

AT THE WINESTANDS

Macleod takes off running and grabs a walkie-talkie out of
his pocket.

MACLEOD

All units move in, suspect is
wearing a red poncho and carrying a
case.

We hear a flurry of chatter on the radio. Macleod runs
through the crowd. We see other uniformed police moving
through the area too. Macleod spots the man. He starts to run
faster until he's only twenty feet from the suspect. As other
police converge on the scene, Macleod pulls out his pistol.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Thaddeus, stop or I'll shoot!

The man takes off across the park, past the chess tables.
Macleod, the uniformed police and Deighton chase after him.

Deighton tackles the man and brings him down. As he goes
down, his case flies open and chess pieces and a board fly
through the air. As Deighton pins him, Macleod and the others
arrive. It's an innocent man, not John Thaddeus. Deighton
turns and looks at Macleod who frowns. The man looks
terrified.

MAN

Please man, I didn't do anything. I
just came here for chess.

MACLEOD

(on the radio) It's not him! It's
not him.

Macleod turns to the man.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

(to Deighton) Help him up.

Deighton extends his hand to the man. A German policeman
hands him his case and chess equipment.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Macleod sits on the toilet, looking at the intercepted internet message from Windsong. Frustrated, he puts his head in his hands.

INT. BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER

We hear a toilet flush and Macleod exits the stall. He walks over to the sink and throws water on his face. He stares into the mirror, almost defeated.

He notices the reflection of his security badge in the mirror. He looks down at his badge and again into the mirror.

MACLEOD

Fuck...

He runs out of the bathroom.

EXT. AUSTRIAN ALPS - DAY

Thaddeus pulls into a gravel driveway, adjacent to a large cabin in a valley. The valley is surrounded by the beautiful Austrian Alps. Smoke billows from the cabin and a stream runs through the valley.

He walks around the side of the building and looks through the window. A man is standing next to a stove, stirring a big pot. Thaddeus kicks in the door, holding the gun. The man looks terrified.

THADDEUS

What is that. Gulasch Soup?

Thaddeus holds the pistol on the man.

THADDEUS (CONT'D, IN GERMAN)

Hands up!

The man lifts his hands in the air.

MAN (GERMAN)

What do you want? I don't have any money. Get out of here!

Thaddeus ignores him and dips the ladle into the pot. He tastes it.

THADDEUS

Mmmm...that's good. Just like my mama used to make. Maybe a little more garlic next time.

INSIDE THE TRUNK

Stokes hears two gunshots.

After a beat.

The trunk opens. Thaddeus stands there.

THADDEUS

Let's go. We're all checked in.

He grabs her and puts her on her feet. She starts to walk as he points the pistol at her back.

STOKES

You bastard. You know you're not going to get away with this.

THADDEUS

Shut-up and I just may let you live.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS, BERLIN - LATER

Macleod and Deighton stand next to a giant map board of Central Europe. The internet message is blown up and tacked to the board.

MACLEOD

Kharkov and his lads were using an old Nazi chess code. Grab a highlighter and follow me.

Macleod rips off the message and walks over to a mirror with Deighton. He holds the message up to the mirror.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Remember what the initial message read?

DEIGHTON

Yeah, if we could only mirror his moves, or something like that...

MACLEOD

What are the only two letters that don't reflect backwards in the mirror?

DEIGHTON

A and H.

MACLEOD

Exactly.

Deighton follows him back to the board. Macleod tacks the message back on there. He looks at it.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Write these numbers down Terry. 47,
05, 23.

Deighton scribbles them down on the acetated map.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

12, 41, 38.

DEIGHTON

These are coordinates Raleigh.

MACLEOD

So they are. They're sitting right
here in the middle of the Austrian
Alps.

Macleod draws a black circle around the point. Deighton looks
at the mark on the map.

DEIGHTON

That's some rough country boss.
But, we still don't know when the
drop is.

Macleod shakes his head and looks at the message again.

MACLEOD

Yeah, we do. 23/08 isn't a date.
It's the drop time. 23 is the 23rd.
08 is 0800.-- Get on the horn to
the Austrian Air Force. Tell em to
send up a surveillance drone. Alert
the border police down there and
get us a flight to Salzburg.

DEIGHTON

Right. Anything else?

MACLEOD

Connect me to SANDY BRIGHTON in
Hereford.

EXT. 22ND SAS REGIMENT BASE, HEREFORD, ENGLAND - SAME

We see several SAS commandos repelling from a helicopter and
landing on top of a mock-up building. An SAS officer, COLONEL
SANDY BRIGHTON answers a ringing cell phone.

INTERCUT - BERLIN/HEREFORD

BRIGHTON

(shouting)

BRIGHTON, here.

MACLEOD

Sandy, it's Raleigh Macleod.

Brighton watches as the commandos rappel off of the building and begin to throw flash bangs into windows.

BRIGHTON
(yelling)
Anything for us?

A huge explosion goes off behind Brighton in another training area.

MACLEOD
This comes directly from LION. Get two of your teams down to Salzburg Airport, ASAP. This is the real deal.

BRIGHTON
Understood. Out.

Brighton shuts off the phone and runs toward the mock-up building.

EXT. IN THE MOUNTAINS NEAR THE HUT - NEXT MORNING

A member of the Austrian Ski patrol, ZELLER, schusses down a mountain near the hut. He stops on the edge of a woodline and extracts a pair of binos. He looks at the hut. He sees Thaddeus' Saab parked on a road, near the hut. He pans over and looks inside the cabin. He sees Thaddeus walking around inside.

He sees Stokes tied to a chair. He uses his hand-held GPS to get an exact read on the location of the hut. He reaches for his radio.

ZELLER
This is Zeller. I have a positive ID on the suspect. The woman's alive.

EXT. THE HUT - MORNING

Thaddeus marches Stokes out to the car with a gun to her back. He opens the Saab's trunk and Stokes gets inside.

EXT. AUSTRIAN POLICE HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

Macleod and Deighton run toward a helicopter that waits to take-off. Macleod and Deighton get into the chopper and it lifts off toward the high Alps in the distance. Two, four man SAS teams run into waiting helicopters and lift off as well, following them into the Alps.

EXT. GROSS-GLOCKNER ALPINE ROAD - MORNING

Thaddeus drives along the treacherous alpine road.

EXT./INT. MACLEOD'S HELICOPTER - SAME

Macleod and Deighton look outside as the chopper flies high into the Alps. An SAS commando sitting inside another helicopter, gives them the thumbs up signal. They're ready for action. Macleod consults a map and keys his mike.

MACLEOD

Thaddeus is heading toward the bridge. Set-up blockades on all escape routes. No one moves in until I give the signal.

EXT. THE BRIDGE - MORNING

On top of the world's highest suspension bridge a snow plow barrels across, salting the road in both directions.

EXT./INT. THADDEUS'S CAR - MORNING

Thaddeus continues to drive around the mountain road. He turns the corner and the suspension bridge looms in the distance.

INT. MACLEOD'S CHOPPER - MORNING

Macleod looks out of the helicopter at the bridge in the distance. He chambers his HK-MP3.

EXT. THE BRIDGE - MORNING

Thaddeus cautiously approaches the bridge. He spots a dark blue Mercedes entering the bridge from the opposite direction. Thaddeus smiles. The Saab and Mercedes roll to a stop in front of each other. Thaddeus gets out of the car. Kharkov gets out of the Mercedes with a briefcase. Thaddeus opens the back door and grabs the case of jewels. He walks over to Kharkov.

KHARKOV

John Thaddeus?

THADDEUS

The one and only.

KHARKOV

Where's Trident?

THADDEUS

He checked out.

KHARKOV

I see. And, the jewels?

Thaddeus pats the case.

THADDEUS

Right here.

Kharkov snaps his fingers and two goons get out of the car and walk over to him.

KHARKOV (RUSSIAN)

Open it up.

They pop open the Samsonite and they see the jewels.

THADDEUS

Feel free to keep the case as a gift. I never want to see it again. My money?

Kharkov is about to hand Thaddeus the case full of money when two jets fly over the bridge at supersonic speed. At the same time six Austrian police SUV's drive on to the bridge from both directions. Kharkov and his guys jump in their car and put it in high-speed reverse. The Austrians open fire on them. The Russians return fire. Kharkov and a goon jump out and try to make a run for it. They're gunned down.

Thaddeus takes the jewels and walks over to the trunk. He opens it and grabs Stokes and hoists her out. He puts a pistol to her head.

THADDEUS

Back the fuck off or I'll kill her.

The shooting stops.

INT. MACLEOD'S CHOPPER - SAME

The helicopter approaches the bridge.

MACLEOD

He's got Stokes. He's got Stokes. Hold your fire. Hold your fire and get me down there.

Macleod and Deighton hop off the helicopter onto the bridge. Thaddeus looks in all directions, panicking. He opens fire at them and at the helicopter. Macleod and Deighton take cover.

THADDEUS

(shouting)

Come any closer and she's dead.

MACLEOD

(shouting)

It's over Thaddeus. Let her go. You're surrounded.

ON THE BRIDGE

Thaddeus sees two choppers coming from the opposite direction.

They hover one-hundred and fifty feet over the bridge as two SAS teams begin to rappel out of the helicopters.

MACLEOD

All teams hold your fire, hold your fire!

Thaddeus backs up with Stokes. He looks over the edge. He puts the gun closer to her head and we see his finger about to pull the trigger.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

No!

Macleod aims his gun. Thaddeus throws Stokes down and runs across the bridge toward the edge.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)

Open fire! Cut the bastard down!

As multiple rounds are fired at him, Thaddeus swan dives off the bridge. He pulls a parachute release cord inside his jack, deploying a parachute. The concussion causes him to lose hold of the Samsonite. It falls over a thousand feet toward the water. Thaddeus drifts toward a forest of pine trees below him.

ON THE BRIDGE

Stokes runs over to Macleod and he touches her arm. He appears genuinely concerned.

MACLEOD

You alright? He didn't hurt you did he?

STOKES

No, I'm fine.

RADIO (V.O.)

Raleigh he dropped the jewels. They're in the river.

MACLEOD

Have Bravo Team locate Thaddeus. Have the chopper pick me up now! I'm going in after them.

INSIDE A HELICOPTER

The PILOT spots Thaddeus' canopy drifting to his left, about a half a mile away.

PILOT

I've got a visual on him. He's going for the trees.

In the rear of the helicopter, SAS soldiers fire at Thaddeus.

ON THE BRIDGE

The helicopter comes in. Before Macleod jumps in, Stokes grabs his arm.

STOKES
Raleigh, be careful.

MACLEOD
I will.

He stares into her eyes. They both know what the other is thinking. Macleod climbs in the helicopter.

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER

MACLEOD
Take her down to the water.

He signals with his thumb as the pilot goes into a sharp dive under the bridge. The chopper comes down to the surface of the water. As the chopper hauls down the river gorge, Macleod sees the case bobbing in the water.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
I'm going in.

PILOT
It's too dangerous, Inspector.

Macleod dives into the fast-moving water. He manages to grab the Samsonite. He floats downstream. Macleod hears the sound of a waterfall. He tries to swim to the bank. The chopper comes down and hovers off of the water. Macleod, clutching the case, tries to grab for the chopper but misses several times.

He realizes he's going to go over the waterfall. But, the waterfall is only ten feet high. Macleod is shocked and relieved to be alive. The water becomes placid and he sees Stokes waving her arm on the bank.

STOKES
Raleigh!

He swims to shore with the case.

MACLEOD (CONT'D)
Give me a hand. I'm freezing.

She helps him to shore. They look at each other and hug.

STOKES
Thank God. You're crazy. I can't believe you did that.

MACLEOD
I can't either.

Macleod grabs her and they kiss. His radio crackles.

RADIO (V.O.)
Raleigh, we've found the chute.

MACLEOD
And, Thaddeus?

RADIO (V.O.)
No sign of him.

MACLEOD
Have the men comb the woods and
keep me updated.

AT THE SPOT WHERE THADDEUS LANDED

Hanging from a tall pine tree in a thick forest is a torn parachute canopy with one line dangling almost to the ground. Several SAS SOLDIERS walk around the area, searching for Thaddeus.

SAS SOLDIER
Right lads. Spread out. He can't
have gotten too far.

MOUNTAIN ROAD

Macleod and Stokes walk slowly down the mountain road as several police cars appear in the distance.

STOKES
Think we'll get bonuses after all
this?

MACLEOD
I just did.

He holds her hand.

INT. A PUB - THREE DAYS LATER

A crowd of current and former military personnel and police gather in the pub. The crowd sips beer and talks loudly. A banner hangs across the bar that reads "Happy Belated Birthday, Raleigh".

Macleod and Stokes stand at the bar sipping drinks. Macleod's arm is in a sling and a bandage covers part of his cheek. A MAN in a sports coat approaches him.

MAN
This is going to be one hell of a
piss-up, Raleigh.

MAN (cont'd)
The whole country wants to
celebrate. Where's Deighton?

MACLEOD
He's parking the car.

Suddenly, through the window, we see Deighton chasing the
same thief that Macleod was after.

STOKES
There's Deighton now.

The man points out the window. The crowd starts to move
outside. Macleod looks at them and shakes his head.

MAN 2
Come on Raleigh, let's watch the
show.

MACLEOD
No thanks, mate. He'll be fine. I
taught him everything he knows.
Everything I need is right here.

He looks at Stokes and they kiss.

EXT. BEACH, SPAIN - DAY

A man sits in a chaise lounge with a big straw hat covering
his head. He smokes a cigar and watches the topless babes
parade by. A WAITER approaches him.

WAITER
Senor, ¿Desea usted que algo beber?
(Do you want something to drink?)

Thaddeus turns around.

THADDEUS
Jurado blanco, por favor. (A White
Juror.)

WAITER
¿Desea usted una cereza con eso?
(Do you want a cherry with that?)

Thaddeus grins.

THADDEUS
Absolutely.

He takes a long drag of his cigar and exhales.

FADE OUT:

THE END