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The Saint

By Jesse Alexander

1

Welcome to Moscow.

Please enjoy your stay.

- The boss is expecting you.

- Right this way.

Showtime.

'Kay, Gerry.

We have no visuals inside.

It's on you now.

Welcome.

Sala'am Aleikum.

Take a seat.

You've traveled a long way.

Please. I insist.

You'll have to forgive

the less-than-tasteful decor.

The fancy hotels are all booked
for the anti-terrorism summit.

Is that it?

All of it?

Gentlemen, please.

Please.

We're all friends here.

Hmm?

I understand

you are anxious, here,
in your enemy's territory.

But I assure you that is
precisely why you are safe.

No one would dream of looking for you
here, right under their noses. Hmm?

Of course mistrust is healthy
when conducting

these sorts of transactions,
but rest assured, gentlemen,
nobody wants to die today.

We are honest criminals.

Here it comes.

I'll show you mine,
if you show me yours.

Um-hmm.

You're happy?

Yes.

I'll take your word for it.

- Don't forget this.
Without it, she's useless.

- What is this?
- We celebrate our new partnership.
There is no need for this.
I insist.
Ah.
Ah.

- What's going on?
- I don't know. Something's not right.
He should've confirmed by now.
We need to go in.
We're not supposed
to be engaging at all.
Track and confirm only.

- Our business is concluded.
- Of course.
What is it?
What the hell just happened?
I'm not sure.
Sleep well, chaps.
What is that?
A homing beacon's
been activated.
What? From where?
From in there.
Now, I know this must look bad.
There's actually
a very funny story.
You didn't let me
get to the funny part.
That was definitely gunfire.

- Agent Cooper, stand down!
- You want to stop me, shoot me.
- Goodbye.
- Wait.
My finger's on
the trigger button.
If you shoot me, this whole
place becomes a memory.
Now, lower your weapon
and walk away.

- No.
- What do you mean, "no"?

I mean, "no."

I will not lower weapon.

You do understand what will happen if I push this button?

Um-hmm.

Okay, so just to be clear, you're perfectly happy for me to kill us, your friends, your family, and millions of innocent people, have I got that right?

Da.

Because button does nothing without key.

That's a good point.

You hit good...

For a lady.

Enough!

Goodbye.

FBI! Drop your weapon!

Agent Cooper?

Agent Cooper, come in.

Nothing.

Who are you and what are you doing here?

Simon Templar.

And, at the moment, hiding.

Well, Simon, you're interfering with a government operation.

Special agent Cooper, FBI.

Since when does the FBI have jurisdiction in Russia.

It's a joint task force.

- Who's coming?

- Coming?

You set off a homing device on the nuke.

- Who are you trying to contact?

- Interpol.

- Bullshit.

- Look, agent Cooper,

we can sit here with you continuing to not believe me and be turned into Swiss cheese or we can, I don't know,

do something to try and survive.
Wait, wait, wait!
What are you doing?
Making the sensible choice.
- Cover me.
- Wait. Stop.
Son of a bitch!
I need some backup in here.
Only ten in clip, rookie.
You want to reload? I wait.
- You're welcome.
- You're under arrest.
- Are you serious?
- Always.
- And what's the charge?
- I don't know. I'll think of something.
Agent Cooper?
Agent Cooper, we're in.
Better late than never.
But don't worry.
Situation's under control.
We just need
to place him under arrest.
Who?
Son of a...
The Saint?
Patricia, perfect timing.
My specialty.
How's your Russian adventure?
Very Russian. Very adventurous.
And, uh...
Not quite over.
Escape route's on your phone.
Right.
Where am I going?
The airport. He'll meet you
in Bucharest tomorrow.
I've got you a charter flight.
Wheels up in an hour.
Ms. Holm, you are as efficient
as you are beautiful.
Ah, thank you
as always, darling.
And I must say, the beard does give

you a certain... Sophistication.

Oh? Can't have that.

I should shave it off
at the first opportunity.

Oh, I like you with
a little scruff.

I'll take that
into consideration.

- The united nations
- relief agency

has pledged aid to the region,
but the money's been held up over fears
that it simply won't reach those in need.

Meanwhile,

president Ezekiel Ibaka
is said to have secured nearly 2.5 billion
dollars in aid from private entities.

The newly elected president,
who promised to

stamp out corruption,
personally reached out
to groups around the world
in an effort to keep his
country from falling apart.

My father was a hero.

A warrior.

As inspiring as he was fearsome.

One of the greatest generals
Nigeria has ever known.

He loved his country...

At times, I felt, even more
than he loved me.

It would pain him greatly
to know what I have done.

He was a proud man.

He would never stoop
to begging, as I have.

That's not true. Your father
would be very proud of you.

The lengths to which you have gone
to help your people, Mr. president,
will go down in history.

And remember, it takes
courage to ask for help.

The generosity you have shown my country has been overwhelming, and it will certainly help the healing process, but sadly, it's still not enough.

Did you ever think that 2.5 billion dollars would not be enough?

Well, that's why I'm here.

I pledge to you, and your country, all of my talents.

We will make this work.

We have to.

Yes, we will.

- I don't think I have ever seen a ring like this before.

- Oh.

Well... family heirloom.

It's very dear to me, actually.

It serves as a reminder, of a time long ago, when the world was very different.

Less complicated.

When good men banded together to fight for what was right.

It motivates me to this day.

It brought me here, to you.

And I'm incredibly grateful that it did.

All right.

You'll have access to the bank accounts at midnight.

By 12:

cleaned out.

Yes, sir.

Um...

- What is it?

- Sir.

Should we be doing this?

I mean the 2.5 billion isn't blood money.

It's going for aid to people in need.

Now don't start growing a conscience, Arnie. You haven't had the experience.

He asked you about

your ring, didn't he?

It practically sealed the deal.

How did you know he would?

It's a conversation starter.

- What did you tell him?

- The truth.

That it was a family heirloom.

I just didn't tell him

it wasn't my family.

I almost gave it to him.

Why?

Because he's pathetic, just
like the man I took it from.

You've kept it all these years,
it must mean something to you.

Here.

It's yours. That's how much
it means to me.

All right. Get on with it.

Time's a-wasting.

Yes, sir.

Simon Templar, you're
the most peculiar thief I know.

Coming from you,

I'll take that as a compliment.

You have the list?

Right here.

Eight hundred thousand
to doctors without borders.

- Seven hundred fifty thousand to migrant assistance.

- Um-hmm.

1.5 million to children's
hunger fund...

Listen...

You want to give
all this money to children?

Th-they are so little.

Maybe they don't eat so much.

Your money.

You're the boss.

Just make sure the money
gets where it needs to go.

Minus my very little commission.

Minus your rather

hefty commission
which several of your competitors
would gladly undercut.
Yes.
But they don't have
my good looks.
Or your discretion...
Old friend.
And in international news,
2.5 billion dollars earmarked
to aid the nation of Nigeria
has apparently gone missing.
Newly elected president Ezekiel
Ibaka has vowed to find
the missing funds or resign.
- Did you watch it?
- Yes, it's hardly news.
Just another corrupt dictator stealing
from his people. Plus ca change.
No. I trust him.
I think he's just been
trusting the wrong people.
And you know this because...
A hunch. A little digging
I've been doing on my own.
How very entrepreneurial
of you, darling.
Better watch my back
or you'll have my job.
No, you can keep it, darling.
I like being the brains
of the operation.
Oh, is that what you are?
So what does that make me?
The muscle, love.
You're all muscle.
Now, listen.
I've recently seen the Nigerian
president in the company of this man.
Just sent to your phone.
Who's this?
I don't have a name yet.
But I've run his picture
through every facial recognition

database I could tap into
and the only other time
he ever appears
is in an NSA surveillance photo
with sheik Muhammad Al Khabiri,
a terrorist financier who's
now enjoying a lifelong vacation
in a CIA black prison somewhere.
Something oddly
familiar about him.
Lemme guess.
You rowed together at Oxford.
Tell you what.
Let's do some more digging.
If you can find some leads
on the missing money,
it's gonna be right up
our boulevard.
Yeah. My thoughts exactly.
Already on it.
- But, Simon?
- Yes, darling.
I might have been wrong
about the beard.
It makes you a little,
dare I say...
Older.
Goodbye, darling.
You, gentlemen, were the only ones who
got perfect scores on your exams.
I am most surprised
at you, Mr. Templar.
You had perfect grades. You did not
need to steal the answer sheets.
I never looked
at the answers, sir.
And yet you felt compelled to
break into the master's office...
We didn't break in, sir.
- I made an impression
of the key.
So you admit it?
There's nothing to admit, sir.
You caught us.

Which would have never happened
if you'd stuck to the plan.
You were supposed to miss
a few answers on purpose.
Why would you steal
an exam paper?
You don't need to cheat.
You're a Templar.
You have a responsibility.
I expect you to conduct yourself
in a certain manner in this world.
I didn't cheat.
I just stole.
I appreciate the distinction.
But why, Simon?
I wanted them to like me.
I wanted to be...
A part of something.
- You are a part of something.
- A part of what?
A family of rich snobs
no one likes?
Do you have any idea how this
family acquired its fortune?
Do you even know what it is
I do for a living?
Well, perhaps it's time
you learned.
You've seen this before,
haven't you?
That is the symbol
of the knights Templar.
Who are the knights Templar?
That is a very
interesting question.
See, a long time ago, in 1119,
just after the end
of the first crusade...
A small band of knights were
traveling back to their kingdom...
You did good, Coop.
Why don't you take some time off?
You've earned it.
I, uh...

I want to open
a new investigation.

What?

Simon Templar... who's that?

They call him "the Saint."

I talked to Brodsky at Interpol as well
as inspector teal over at Scotland yard.

They've been
after him for years.

He's an international thief.

He's wanted for money laundering,
computer fraud, smuggling...

- This the guy from Russia?

- Yeah.

Coop, look, uh...

You're the kid genius and all,

but the director feels we went way out
of our comfort zone for you last time.

There's nothing on this guy that involves the
United States, for sure not domestically.

We're the FBI,

not the CIA or Interpol.

He compromised an
active anti-terrorism operation,
and we're what?

We-we're gonna let him walk?

He's not our problem.

The bureau won't
back you on this.

- No, but you...

- I...

Won't back you.

Speaking of Interpol,

- that ever check out?

- What?

In your report,

you said this "Saint"

set off a homing device alerting
Interpol to the nuke.

- Did that ever check out?

- Yeah, yeah, yeah. It did. What's your point?

So maybe he wasn't really
the bad guy in the situation.

What about the gold? He took off with

most of the bullion, didn't he or what?
What, you think he
gave it to charity?
Agent Cooper...
I don't wanna hear you
talk about this "Saint" again.
And you know what,
no more field trips for a while.
You're desk bound
until further notice.
- It's absolute bullshit. You k...
- You wanna make it permanent?
Yeah, who is it?
I'd rather not say.
Okay.
I need protection.
For me and my family.
Before I tell you anything.
I need your assurance
that we will be protected.
How'd you get this number?
Come on, agent Cooper.
That is the least interesting detail
that I have information about.
Okay, you have my attention.
Last night,
2.5 billion dollars
intended for relief in Nigeria was diverted
to several untraceable bank accounts.
H-hang on. How do you know this?
Because I diverted it.
Yes.
It was Valecross.
No doubt about it.
I didn't think he had
the balls. How interesting.
You know, the first call he'll make will
be to the FBI, asking for protection.
And he'll offer them
the money in exchange.
And we can't allow
that to happen.
Good.
I'm not immature.

She's being unreasonable.
I'm eighteen years old, daddy.
I can go out when I want.
Zoey, I didn't say
you couldn't go.
I just said you couldn't
drive my car.
I'm not talking
to you, Katherine!
Why did you marry her anyway?
- She's not even mom's age.
It's totally gross.
God! Why do you always
have to be so mean?
Okay. I'll try.
I don't speak that language.
Are you here for my dad?
He deals with a lot
of sketchy, foreign guys.
Because...
I could not stop for death,
he kindly stopped for me.
Emily Dickinson.
I love her, Ms. Valecross.
School's out for summer.
It's a mess.
We know that the fans are already
blaming him for the charges
of trying to leave out of town.
- All right, that's all
we've got time for.
Now moving to headline news at the top of
the hour with our very own Fiona Krinchauf.
Hello, Zoey?
It's a helpless feeling,
isn't it, Arnie?
You take from me,
I take from you.
I'll get you your money back.
I swear.
I know you will.
I just need
a little bit of time.
While I've got all the time in

the world, but, unfortunately,
your daughter doesn't
have that luxury.

Please...

Don't hurt her.

We... her well being is
entirely in your hands.

I tell you what.

Because I like you,
you've got 48 hours.

Patricia, I knew you missed me.
Desperately.

Really just thought you might be interested
in something I picked up at brunch.

- One of the waiters.

- Ha. Cute.

Actually, no. But you know that
missing aid money for Nigeria?

Hard to forget
2.5 billion dollars.

Exactly.

Well, I've found it. All of it.
Where?

In accounts managed by
a private banker.

- Arnie Valecross. You know him?

- Heard of him.

Like most thieves he tries
to stay off the radar.

Sorry, old boy.

Lotta people are
looking for that money,

none of them
with good intentions.

I tracked Valecross to San Diego.

Meet me there.

On my way.

Just need to Chuck
a few things in a bag.

Morning, ladies.

- Hi.

- -Hi

oh, and I took your advice
and got rid of the beard.

Whatever makes you
happy. Cheers.

Hey.

Hey, Dora, whatcha got for me?

Well, the call definitely originated from
the grand Del mar resort in San Diego.

- Uh-huh.

- Now the guest registry didn't bring up any obvious suspects,
but I did find
something interesting.

Oh, yeah?

So one of the guests is
listed as "Ronald Crossvale."

Which is a pretty obvious
recombination of "Arnold Valecross,"
a banker at BICI who's been red-flagged in
our system for the last couple of years.

Thank god for
the stupid criminal mind.

Uh... what's BICI?

Bank of international credit
and investment.

IRS have been
after them for years.

Major tax cheats, off shore accounts,
suspected money laundering.

Just the sort of people
who can not only steal
but wipe clean
2.5 billion dollars.

Right.

What's wrong, sweetie?

I don't even know why
I'm bothering. I'm grounded.

There's no way that Simms is gonna let
me fly out west and deal with all this.

- I've been thinking about that.

- Yeah?

My girlfriend used to date a guy
in the international ops division
who'd probably love to help out.

Oh, yeah? Who?

Special agent John Fernack.

- Fernack?

- Um-hmm.

- And you wanna know why?

- Huh?

She says he's been chasing
your Saint for years.

Really?

Fernack.

Please tell me you're hear.

"Is Valecross here?"

Is the more important question.

He is.

For how much longer,

I have no idea.

Well, if he tries to leave, I expect you
to use your many charms to keep him there.

You're such a boy,

Simon Templar.

- Zooey, sweetheart. Zooey!

- Help! Help me!

- I don't...

- Zooey! Zooey!

Daddy, they're gonna kill me.

As you can hear, your daughter is getting
rather agitated. Have you got my money yet?

Yes, of course. Just

tell me what I gotta do.

Wire the full amount to the
account number you were sent
and your daughter will be
returned to you unharmed.

- How can I trust you?

Frankly, I don't see

you have much of a choice.

Welcome to the grand Del mar.

- Thank you.

- Yup.

Nice ride.

Thank you. Her name is Jenia.

Valecross knows we have his daughter.

He'll give us the money.

We've got a problem. A new problem.

Templar's here.

- Simon Templar?

- Yes.

Huh.

I have to hand it to Valecross,
bringing in outside help...

I may have underestimated him...

On the other hand, the universe has a funny
was of circling back on itself, isn't it?

We should kill Templar now.

Patience, Marius. We don't want to spook Valecross
before he transfers the money, now, do we?

Yes. But if Templar
gets in the way?

That I leave entirely
to your discretion.

This will be fun.

- Pool side?

- Whenever possible.

Lovely day. What exactly
are you wearing out there?

- Oil

- Huh.

- Using any protection?

- Always.

You know me.

Hmm.

Focus, darling.

Our mission is to get the bank
info from the Valecross safe.

It's in the Manchester suite.

- One guard at the door.

- What kinda safe am I hitting?

Keller 9000.

If he has the account data,
it will be in there.

You are a very
clever girl, Ms. Holm.

I know.

FBI.

Mr. Valecross, how do you do?

I'm special agent

John Henry Fernack.

I understand you have information
from you regarding the assets of...

- No, I don't.

- You don't?

Well, then why did you call the FBI?

Regarding your EMP...

- I must have dialed the wrong number, inspector.

- Oh.

I no longer work for the BICI.

Were you stealing from them?

Did they catch you?

Threaten you?

Look, I'm sorry, inspector.

- You made your trip for nothing.

- Not nothing.

It's never nothing,

Mr. Valecross.

Good day.

Oh, well. Our old friend,
special agent Fernack's here.

- He followed you here from Russia.

- No, different agent.

But I know these FBI boys
talk to each other.

Y'know, there's something
too easy about this.

I felt the same thing
when I traced the accounts.

It's like Valecross
wanted to be found.

Simon...

- Be careful.

- No risk. No reward.

- So, where am I headed?

- 310.

The room right next
to Valecross' suite.

Now, be nice to the bodyguard.

Morning.

Housekeeping.

If you could do
your thing, please, Ms. Holm?

Hey, there's a guard
right behind the adjoining door.

Sorry, my friend. Nothing a
decent bloody Mary won't fix.

Um, my favorite sound.

Well, hello,

you promising little box.
You are a part of something.
You've seen this before,
haven't you?
That is the symbol
of the knights Templar.
- What is it, Simon?
- What did you find?
- Simon?
This is a very thoughtful
gift, Mr. Valecross.
I've been looking for my
father's ring for a long time.
May I show you something?
Now, would you mind telling me
why you lured me here?
I figured you wouldn't wanna
talk with a guy like me, but
- maybe for 2.5 billion dollars you would.
- You figured right.
Unless you're gonna cut me a
check, what can I do for you?
My daughter's been kidnapped.
Well, the FBI's in the building.
Why not talk to them?
If I let the FBI handle this,
I'll never see my daughter again.
My sympathies, Mr. Valecross,
but when you launder cash
for the world's
most corrupt dictators,
that kind of thing
tends to happen.
I hid the money.
I was going to give it
to the FBI
but my daughter was taken
before I could turn it over.
Look... if they'll exchange her
for the money, just do it.
They'll just kill me.
They'll kill my daughter.
She doesn't deserve that.
That's why I need you.

To handle the exchange.
To help us get away safely.
- Please.
You're the Saint.
You Americans always
take everything so literally.
Simon, Simon,
get outta there, now!
Everybody, clear out, now!
Brace for hard landing!
It's okay. It's okay.
The account numbers...
Are in your ring.
The key is a nomad. Please...
Save my little girl.
Where did you get the ring?
Simon Templar. Remember me?
Put the bloody gun down,
Fernack, and call an ambulance.
Put the gun down, no.
Put your hands up!
Now!
After years of chasing you
around the globe,
I finally got the Saint.
Simon!
- Good to see you.
- You too.
- Valecross?
- 'Fraid not.
But we need
to find his daughter.
This had better be good news.
Things got a little out of hand.
- Valecross is dead.
- And Templar?
Templar got away.
Probably with my money.
You losing your touch, Marius?
I can fix this.
Yes, well, I sincerely hope so.
Simon!
Simon?
Why didn't you answer

when you heard me call?
I'm sorry, I was reading.
I have someone
I want you to meet.
Someone very special.
His name is Xander.
How do you do, sir?
I do just fine, young man.
Well, I should leave you to it.
Leave us to what?
I think I'll let Xander
explain that.
Good luck.
I've heard you've been having
some troubles at school.
Don't be ashamed, Simon.
It happens to the best of us.
What are you?
- A head doctor?
- A head doctor?
You know, a psychiatrist.
No. While I like to believe
that my teachings
help heal mind and body,
I'm not a doctor.
I'm a trainer.
After we get finished here, no
bully in the entire United Kingdom
will dare mess with you.
Good reflexes.
Now hit me.
- What?
- Hit me.
Don't be scared.
Loosen up a little on the grip.
That's it.

Lesson one:

Never take your eyes
off your opponent.
- Can you teach me to do that?
- Yes.
And much more.
Now, hit me again.

That's crazy.
A helicopter attack
in broad daylight.
You know what, I'm gonna
sleep with my shoes on.
There's never a dull moment
when Simon Templar comes to la.
How's all that gear
working out for you?
I can see why you're Simon's go-to
for local transport and op-tech.
Doyle, any chance
for some breakfast?
It's two boiled eggs, toast,
marmalade, and a pint of coffee.
What, do you think
I'd forget, boss?
Okay, so we got two and a half billion
dollars floating in the wind.
I've always wanted
to buy my own Hawaii.
What's ten percent of two and a
half billion split three ways?
83.3 million.
The money is ransom for the banker's
daughter, we're not keeping it.
Sorry if that puts a damper
on your real estate ambitions.
How are we going to find all this money
that, we're not, you know, keeping?
My long lost ring.
Valecross said that the account
numbers are on it somewhere.
- The Templar cross.
- Symbolizing those who have dedicated their lives
to the service of others.
In theory anyway.
The inscription is Latin.
Nullum est periculum.
Non mercedi.
No risk. No reward.
That's recent work.
Oh, yes.
Ha.

I think that is what
detectives would call a clue.

Looks like a diamond.

- It's synthetic.

- Doyle,

does this house we're squatting
in have a DVD player?

With all due respect, you are as
beautiful as you are tech friendly.

- Where did you find her?

- It was the Rubalkali desert
and she was the vision of grace
in dire circumstances.

It was hardly dire. I had
the situation well in hand.

A beautiful woman in chains, three dead
bodies, sixty miles south of Baghdad.

I can't wait to hear this one.

Ha! Uh-uh.

You know, if you let me
put my hands down

I might be able to find
the key to those chains.

- You're British?

- To the core.

I even understand cricket.

- Special forces?

- Motorcycle holiday.

In Iraq?

Well, the gas is very cheap
here at the moment.

Hm.

Do you have a name?

Patricia Holm.

Simon Templar.

Can I offer you a lift
somewhere, Ms. Holm?

That's enough of the flattery.

It's only flattery, Ms. Holm,
if it isn't true.

Now, what are we
looking at here?

Scrambled bank account
numbers, I assume.

I need the right frequency to decrypt
the data and a password or a key.

Before he died, Valecross said
the key is in the nomad.

A nomad is a digital file,
it doesn't live on a computer.

But in separate packets,
on multiple servers. Not here.

I love it when you talk nerd.

So we need to find this nomad,
get the key, read the crystal,

swap it for the girl,

and Bob's your uncle.

- So where the devil do we start?

- The Valecross home?

Doyle, have you
checked the garage?

I love a flash ride.

But we have the kids.

It's a family trip, love.

- Trust me, Cap'n.

- Exact same dough.

It's like zygotes,
they could go either way.

You know, it's a pizza
or donuts, donuts or pizza.

Hey, donut-pizza.

- There's another one.

- Yeah, there's another one.

FBI.

- Whoa!

Special agent

John Henry Fernack.

You must be captain Miller.

And I'm, uh, I'm Garces.

Detective actually.

You know, the guys down at the precinct
said you, uh, you might be here.

- Oh, yeah, this is our spot.

- I got the call you'd be showing up.

You could've let me finish my lunch.

What's this about?

About this. Simon Templar.

International thief coming out

of London and New York.

I've been chasing him for years.

- And?

- And he's here, in la.

I need the help of a native.

I'm one-eighth Cherokee.

Take him. Please.

- The Cherokee?

- Thanks, Cap'n.

It's gonna be fun.

Who are we today? Insurance investigators,
here to appraise the estate.

You keep her busy, I'll scan the
electronics for signs of the nomad.

Mrs. Valecross,

so sorry for your loss.

We represent the holders of
your husband's life insurance.

Are you Simon Templar?

Yes.

- Yes, I am.

- Come in.

I heard what happened
to Arnie on the radio...

When I was coming
home from work.

When I walked into the house,
the phone was ringing.

It was the kidnappers.

They said you'd be coming, and if I
called the police, they'd kill Zooey.

Until that moment, you had
no idea she had been taken.

No. I thought she was
out with friends.

Zooey and I never
really got along.

She thought I was too young
to be with her dad.

Mrs. Valecross...

How much did you know about
Arnie's banking activities?

I knew the men

Arnie represented were evil.

I knew he helped them steal and hide
billions from the countries they ruled.
But, you know, recently...
I don't know, maybe through
my influence, he...
He had a change of heart.
He wanted that money
to go back to those countries.
Back to those people just so
they could have better lives.
But I feel so guilty, like
I'm responsible for what happened
to my husband and Zoey.
You shouldn't blame yourself.
I'm gonna find that money
and use it to bring
your stepdaughter home.
Okay?
Thank you.
I scanned the computers,
but the drives have been wiped.
Arnie must have done it
remotely before he was killed.
So where lies our nomad?
The data we need is off-site.
It'll take time to find it.
Time we don't have.
Kidnappers didn't happen to leave
their phone numbers, did they?
Keep him talking
as long as you can.
Templar.
Shame I missed you in San Diego.
Sorry about your
helicopter, old boy.
It's okay. It was stolen.
I'm more upset about you
destroying my arms deal.
Well, that container
of assault rifles in Mali?
I thought that
blew up rather nicely.
Shall we set the exchange?
The girl for the money?

I need a bit more time.
So why don't you send the girl
home to mum as a sign of goodwill,
and Patricia and I will
keep looking for the money.
You know I can't release her
without cash in hand.
Let's say 24 hours,
and she dies.
Tell Patricia I say "hello."
Rayt Marius says "hello."
Does he?
Didn't know you two
were acquainted.
Before your time, darling.
I only got a partial trace.
Not enough to get
his exact location.
The money? Can you
get the money?
Rayt's waiting for it, which
means we have a bit of time,
but we need to get moving.
If I don't see the money,
you'll die just like your daddy.
No!
Please stop.
- Please.
- Okay.
I'm in a band with
a bunch of cops.
- I've got that metronome going... - that
explains it. You know what? Carry on.
Let me ask you a question. The
guy that we want is right there.
Why don't we grab him?
No, that would be the
worst move we can make.
- If we wanted to bust him.
- I'm just saying.
He's a person of interest
in the Valecross homicide.
No, because he's our best chance
of recovering that money.

The minute he gets it,
I will be there.
All we need to worry about
is not losing sight of him.
Doyle, corner of
Grandview and lake.
That's Arnie's data facility.
- Can you hack into it?
- I'm testing their firewalls.
Hard to imagine you and Rayt
Marius having much to talk about.
You're right. We didn't.
So, what exactly
did you and he do?
Simon...
What? I'm entitled to some
degree of curiosity, aren't I?
We have been on the road
together for a year now.
And by design we've avoided any
nights of wine addled over-sharing.
We all have our secrets.
Okay, back off,
back off, back off.
I'm sorry, you gotta stop.
I can't take that.
- What?
- The yelling. I cannot take the yelling.
You told me to-to stay
close to these guys.
Fine. It's just that if you
rear end them, guess what?
They're gonna know
we're behind them!
- I never tailed anyone.
- How are you a detective?
Guys, the firewall is too heavy.
We'll have to find an interesting
way to liberate that file.
Gonna be really interesting.
I think we're being tailed.
Oh, bloody hell, it's Fernack.
- Darling...
- Hmm?

Can you run in those heels?

You see?

- Out of the way. FBI. Move.

Garces, go after her!

She's faster than him!

Hey, out of the way.

Freeze!

Where are you gonna go now? Hmm?

You're under arrest.

- Really, Fernack? Three guns?

You only have two hands.

Enjoy this moment.

'Cause I'll be coming

after you again.

You know, it doesn't have to be like
this, Fernack. We could work together.

I don't work with criminals.

I lock 'em up.

Not me, my friend.

Not ever.

- Sorry I'm late.

- You're not late, darling. You're on Simon time.

How'd you leave things
with agent Fernack?

Better than that
car factory in Cologne,
but, uh, slightly more
humiliating than Mumbai.

Hm.

So the data storage
facility's in there, is it?

- Yeah. The nomad file is on their network.

- In a server room somewhere.

We'll use that trick
from studio Nippon.

- Following the power drain.

- Yeah.

Gotcha.

The servers are in
the sub-basement.

And the nomad packets?

- How do we hook those fish?

- A bait box.

Splice into the hard line,

send 'em out one by one.
That leads us to the money,
which we then swap for the girl.
One problem.
The Valecross accounts shut
down and reboot at 6:00 A.M.
Then we'll never find the money.
Simon, Rayt will kill Zooey.
We need to gear up
as soon as possible.
On that clock? There's only one spot in
town that will have the gear we need.
- Sonali Alves.
- I haven't seen her since Rio.
There's no chance she's
forgiven you for that, boss.
What happened in Rio?
Um... Carnivale.
Ah.
Who's Sonali Alvez?
I'm not surprised Simon
has not told you about her.
- Is she a butcher?
- Sometimes.
Is it too late to order?
I'm thinking some queijo minas with
pinhao in a half-moon pasteis.
And maybe some cuscuz branco.
So what happened in Rio?
Before your time, darling.
Sonali, good to see you.
You used to be happy
to see my face.
Remember breakfast in bed
at the copa palace?
Whoa, whoa, whoa,
tranquilo, huh?
You clip me,
I take out your boss.
Sonali, I know I'm not your favorite
person anymore, but we need your help.
You burned my super note
deal, I lost everything.
The ink, that copier

built to federal specs.

Look, we had

a wonderful time together

but I simply couldn't let you

destabilize the global economy.

- An influx of counterfeit cash...

- Simon... now is not the time.

Listen to me, we need your help.

A girl's been kidnapped. In order to save

her, we need to buy some of your gear.

- We have cash.

- We pay retail.

- Hmm... you two are okay.

- All right.

But him...

He's gotta pay for

what he's done.

Obter o rinoceronte.

Rhinoceros?

Perhaps we could

talk about this.

Let's pack another

freon spinner,

the acidic gel, and the fiber-optic

splicer with petabyte piggy back.

- A bait box?

- Oh, yeah.

Do you need anything else?

Uh... nope.

I think I'm good.

Are you not at all

concerned about Simon?

Oh.

You're a big boy.

You're aware, of course,

the steroids cause liver damage

and erectile dysfunction?

Other side effects include acne, testicular

atrophy and prostate swelling. Seriously.

Thank you. Thank you.

Thank you. Thank you.

- Cheers.

- Cheers.

Here's your 40.

Um...

- It was good doing business with you, girl.

- Likewise.

- Sorry about your guy.

- He's not my guy.

We're associates.

He has never made love to you?

Are you recommending it?

Much as I would love to hear the answer to that, aah, we have somewhere to be.

- Are we done here?

- Hmm.

Very good.

- Sonali.

- Hmm?

- Ciao.

- Ciao.

I thought you said you weren't one to take a punch.

Oh, it's all pretend.

How are we for time?

The server resets in 40.

Your point of entry is the emergency exit.

Simon, are you sure you can muster the strength for a midnight heist?

Of course I can muster, Patricia. I'm British.

We invented muster.

- Did you?

- Yeah.

I found Templar, with the girl.

They are on their way to the money.

This may work out as planned.

If I want your opinion,

Marius, I will ask for it.

Simon Templar is not going to just hand over 2.5 billion.

He's going to try and be a hero.

What would you like me to do?

- Your job.

- Okay.

I am not going to let an innocent

girl pay for the sins of her father.

- Saintly courage

worthy of a Templar.

The Templars are nothing but a boy's own
bedtime story, of medieval knights gone bad.

And yet you go, charging to the
rescue, heart on your sleeve.

Here.

Can you keep this safe
for me while I'm inside?

Giving me a ring
without taking a knee?

Well, I'd hate to ruin this wonderful
friendship that neither one of us deserve.

Will you agree, Ms. Holm?

No risk. No reward.

That's it.

Hey!

What's wrong?

- That wasn't fair.

- Fair.

No battle in the history of mankind
has ever been "fair," Simon.

This isn't a game,
where rules exist to ensure
integrity between participants
in order to determine
a winner and loser.

This is life.

Was it fair to the
Japanese at Hiroshima?

Or what about
the Jews in Poland?

"Fair" is something
created by the weak,
because they know they
can't defeat the strong.

- But what about honor?

I know you love your
Templar knight stories, Simon,
but at some point you'll have
to realize that they're just...

Stories.

It is survival of

the fittest out there.
Your enemies will seek out
any and all advantages they can.
You must be prepared.
How do you prepare
for the unexpected?
By expecting everything.
I'm at the outer access door.
You need to disable the alarm.
I'm on it. I've got Doyle
flying in to plant the hotspot.
If I have to,
someone's getting tased.
Just get in there.
Excuse me. Hi.
Sorry to disturb you. Um...
I was just wondering if you could
show me where the restroom is.
No.
Okay... guess I'm just
gonna have to hold it.
But you got a bad attitude, pal.
- What is this?
- Um...
Honestly. Who fitted
these locks?
Give me a minute, darling.
Doyle's got a problem.
Oof!
Okay, okay, okay, I can explain.
I can explain.
- You know what? Talk to her.
- She'll explain. She'll explain.
No, seriously. You should have
a conversation with her.
You want me?
- You got this?
- Yeah, I got the whole situation under control.
Go, you go!
Go, go, go!
Go!
Come here, buddy.
Come here.
Back on task, Simon.

Huh? Have a little conversation
with manners. Huh?
Alarm is down.
Go, go, go.
That's weird.
That guy was unconscious
two seconds ago.
Um...
All right, the best way into the
server room is through the vault door.
Careful, it's rigged with explosive
bolts, and if these are touched
an alarm is triggered,
and a set of secondary
doors are released.
You're going to have to leave
those hinges in place.
I'm through.
Now, the floor behind
the escape hatch
is made up of pressure
sensitive floating tiles.
These must be frozen
before you can step on them.
The tiles will thaw in ten seconds.
So be quick.
I'm at the biometric scanner.
You, uh, give me a hand?
You are now Sidney Felzberg...
No, make that Alexandra Krevoy.
Okay, I'm in.
Set the bait box.
Start the download.
All right, let's go fishing.
- Hello, Ms. Holm.
- Fernack.
Finally.
Looks like he's
in the server room.
Watch her. I'm going
to go after Templar.
I'm Garces.
Detective Garces.
Charmed.

FBI.

- Where's your server room?

- It's in the basement.

You, black jacket. Wipe your nose,
grab your gun, you come with me.

- Yes, sir.

- What about me?

Yeah, what about you?

Hello.

Hand me the bag.

Fernack, if I do that, an
innocent girl is going to die.

Saving people's lives
is my job, not yours.

Whatever you say.

Templar!

I could... I couldn't stop him.

He took her.

I'm sorry.

I told you I was going
to catch you, didn't I?

Your concern for
your colleague is touching.

He's not dead.

- Let's go.

No...

It's Ms. Holm.

Special agent

John Henry Fernack.

- I have to talk to Simon.

- He's listening.

Simon, I need the crystal
from your ring.

It's the only way I can access
the Valecross accounts.

I have a yacht at the
port of Los Angeles. Pier 5.

Be here by sun up. And Templar,
do I need to say "come alone"?

Marius will kill them both
if we don't stop them.

We?

- I'll call it in.

- Come on, believe me.

If you do that, they are
already dead. Okay?
It's your call.
These are the account numbers
you will use for the transfer.
One question.
When did you lose your mind?
Get it done.
You really think you're
something, don't you?
British accent.
Designer clothes.
Hot little sidekick.
She's not my "side-kick,"
she's my associate.
A position I'd like
her to retain.
You do know we're riding
into a trap, don't you?
I think that's the one
thing we can count on.
There are six guards on deck.
Once I've taken care of them,
get in, take the girl, get out.
When all this is over...
I'm taking you in.
Move! Move!
Taking a cruise
without me, darling?
Ever the hero. How predictable.
The ring, if you please.
Where's the girl?
Bring her up.
Send her up.
Here. Finish the job,
or I finish you.
That's not how
you talk to a lady.
I talk to my wife
any way I please.
Ex-wife!
Were you gonna mention this?
Hmm, you didn't ask.
I'm special agent

John Henry Fernack.
You're gonna be okay, but
you cannot make a sound, okay?
- Okay?
- -Okay.
Let's get this off you.
This side, clear.
Come here, you little bitch.
The famous Templar family ring.
Poor little Simon...
His mommy and his daddy
shot dead right before his eyes.
How do you know about that?
How do you think Valecross
got this in the first place?
From the same man who shot
your mother and your father.
It's the only me you're after.
Leave my family out of this.
First time my dad brought
you home, I knew it.
And you know something,
it feels good to be right.
- Shut up.
- Well, well.
Isn't this a morning
full of surprises?
What's so surprising about a gold-digger
killing her husband for his money?
Katherine, really?
That's why I have three guns.
Time to leave.
It's over, Marius.
Let the girl go.
Saving the girl won't
bring your parents back.
Who killed them?
Who killed my parents?
You, Simon Templar,
are just a pawn
in a bigger game.
How you doing?
She just used him. Took him
for everything he had.

You should know, your father
was a very brave man.
He risked his life trying
to return money
stolen from people
who desperately need it.
If you like you can
finish what he started.
Just press enter and
the money will be returned
to those who need it most.
You'll be okay.
Thank you.
Say goodbye to your boyfriend.
I still love him.
I'll get him out.
Actually, you won't.
Templar.
Templar?
Templar?
Ladies and gentlemen,
this is all the information
we have at this time.
- Um, Mr. president.
- President Ibaka...
Do you know any detail surrounding the
missing funds' sudden reappearance?
I don't know where
this money vanished to,
or where it came back from.
But right now, all I care
about is using these funds
to help my fellow countrymen devastated
by this horrible catastrophe.
Come on, come on.
I was expecting your call.
Too bad your thug Marius
failed in his endeavors.
He's not my thug.
Your man recommended
him for the job.
Look, we can lay blame later on.
Right now, I need help
disappearing for a while.

You can try,
but you better hurry.
You are not leaving me
to take the fall for this.
I'm sorry but the
brotherhood has decided.
My compliments.
It's taken me an unusually
long time to find you.
Hyah! Hyah!
Looking for this.
I'm getting too old for this.
Hello, Simon.
It's been a while.
- I have someone
- I want you to meet.
Someone very special.
His name is Xander.
- Xander.
- Heh.
Take whatever you want.
Jewelry, silverware... We don't
have any money in the house.
You, of all people, should know that
money is the motivator of lesser minds.
And what motivates the brotherhood?
World peace?
So smug.
So holier than thou.
But a Templar is just
a crusader by another name.
We too have a holy cause.
To wipe every last Templar
from the face of the earth.
It's only me you're after.
Leave my family,
my wife, out of this.
My father asked you
for mercy, not for himself,
for his family.
And you gave him none.
I'm glad it's you, Simon.
It ought to be you.
But there's more than

just me out there.
The brotherhood will
be coming after you.
I'll worry about that
when you're dead.
You can't do it.
You're still a little boy
concerned with "honor."
I'm no assassin.
I'm a Templar.
You're weak. Like your father.
He wasn't weak.
He welcomed you into his home
and you betrayed him.
But I'd rather be "weak,"
than whatever it is you are.
Good luck, Xander.
You're gonna need it.
You do understand, don't you,
that with one phone call, I won't
spend a single day in jail.
We'll see.
Hands up. You're under arrest.
Special agent Cooper. FBI.
Agent Cooper.
Pleasure to see you again.
Wish I could say the same.
I see you've brought
a friend with you.
Yes, this is my associate,
agent Dora Lee.
Based just on what
I've tapped into
during his file transfers
in the last half an hour,
he's got enough connections to
terror groups and suspect funds
to keep homeland security
busy for a long time.
What are the charges?
What makes you think we're
charging you with anything?
The us government just
wants to talk to you.

Under national defense and authorization
act sections 1021 to 1022.

Which authorizes the indefinite
detention of terrorism suspects.

You see, we don't like to rush
into anything without the facts.

- Facts that could take
a long time to unearth.

Yeah.

And as for you,

Mr. temp...

Son of a...

Take him away.

Come on.

One out of two criminal
masterminds isn't bad.

I guess I should be glad that Fernack did all
the leg work and then let me get the collar.

Heh, yeah.

Captioned by point.360