

IN SEARCH OF: THE HOLY LANCE

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

A GRIZZLED MAN (KEVIN), late twenties, is laying on a crate drifting slowly in the middle of the sea. He is seemingly unconscious and has clearly been through turmoil.

After a short while he eventually washes ashore.

CROSSFADE:

INT. AUCTION - DAY

SUPER: "A WEEK EARLIER". An AUCTIONEER is selling an item to a packed room of BIDDERS.

AUCTIONEER  
Any more bids?

A MAN raises his card.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
Two thousand one hundred pounds.

The auctioneer looks around to see if there's any more.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
At two thousand one hundred pounds.  
Going at two thousand one hundred  
pounds!

He raises his gavel, checks to see if there's any more bidders then bangs it on the table.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
This beautiful, classic Cuzco-style  
Inca jar has been sold to this  
lucky gentleman over here for two  
thousand one hundred pounds!

Standing at the back of the room Kevin and his GIRLFRIEND (SARAH) celebrate. Sarah is in her mid-twenties, she's pretty, with stark blue eyes contrasting against her long, brown hair. Despite her somewhat feminine looks, she can be feisty and is more than capable of handling herself.

SARAH kisses Kevin on the cheek and hugs him out of pure joy.

SARAH  
Wow! That's what, over twenty grand  
now?! We can buy so much chocolate.

KEVIN  
Hey... you know I can't eat that.

SARAH

Oh yeah, Mr. Tubby's on a diet.

KEVIN

Don't call me that... it hurts.

Kevin takes a mobile out of his suit pocket and starts texting someone. Sarah watches over him.

SARAH

You're always on that bloody phone. I swear you love that thing more than you do me.

KEVIN

What do you expect? This thing doesn't constantly bicker in my ear.

SARAH

Hey!

She gives him a friendly punch on the arm.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Who you texting anyway?

KEVIN

I'm just telling FRAN the good news. Quit being so nosy. You're nosier than Pinnochio.

SARAH

... What?

KEVIN

Pinnochio... He had a really big nose.

Sarah is unimpressed.

SARAH

You know you're not half as funny as you think you are.

Kevin seems surprised.

KEVIN

No way, people always say I'm funny.

SARAH

Really? Hitler was a funnier guy than you.

KEVIN

Hitler?

(beat)

Damn you're a bitch sometimes.

An unassuming MAN, similar age to Kevin, dressed in a neatly pressed suit, approaches him with a smile on his face. Kevin gives him a glance, continues texting and then suddenly takes notice of him.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Har-- HARVEY ACKERMANN?! No way!

Harvey is English. He has a cool, casual aura that suggests he is confident and knowledgeable.

HARVEY

Hello my old companion.

KEVIN

(to Sarah)

A-ha, IT'S HARVEY!

Sarah looks baffled.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Its been what, almost ten years since I last saw you?!

HARVEY

Ten years to the day.

KEVIN

(slightly worried)

Really?! You've been keeping track?

HARVEY

Of course, you were my only true love.

Kevin and Sarah look incredibly confused. There's a long pause.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

Only fucking joking you pillock!  
I've no bloody idea how long it was since we last met!

KEVIN

Oh, ha-ha... still got your trademark humour I see.

Sarah still looks baffled.

HARVEY

(to Sarah)

What's up love? You look distressed.

SARAH

Oh no, just a little unaware of what's going on.

KEVIN

It's Harvey! I used to study with him every day at the library.

(beat)

Don't you remember?

SARAH

... Why do you seem offended? Sorry I don't remember a guy you used to read books with in a library ten years ago, that I've also never met.

KEVIN

Alright, don't get touchy.

(whispers in Harvey's ear)

She's on her period. Be careful.

SARAH

What did you say?

KEVIN

Huh?

SARAH

What did you whisper in his ear?

KEVIN

Nothing... just said... how pretty you are.

She stares him out.

SARAH

I dislike you sometimes...

HARVEY

Okay you two, stop arguing. You sound like an old couple.

KEVIN

Sorry, she's like a dog, she should be kept on a leash.

Sarah looks shocked and offended. Kevin doesn't care.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

You know what, we should go get a drink, catch up.

HARVEY

Sure, I wouldn't mind getting a burger while we're at it.

KEVIN  
You're in luck my friend. I know  
just the place.

HARVEY  
Lets go then shall we?

They start to head off towards the exit.

SARAH  
I'm not letting that dog reference  
go you know.

KEVIN  
Of course you're not. You're a  
woman. You don't let anything go.

HARVEY  
Boom! Nice comeback!

KEVIN  
A-ha, I'm gonna pay for that later.

Sarah sighs.

SARAH  
You're such a douche.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

SUPER: "THAT EVENING". Kevin, Sarah and Harvey sit in a cosy  
corner of a stylish 60's themed restaurant. A WAITRESS,  
dressed in the style of MARILYN MONROE, places down their  
meals on their table.

KEVIN  
Wow... this looks fantastic.

Harvey stares intently at the waitress.

HARVEY  
Is there any chance I can have you  
for afters?

The waitress giggles.

WAITRESS  
Enjoy your meals.

KEVIN  
Thank you very much.

Kevin waits until the waitress has left the scene.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(to Harvey)

"Is there any chance I can have you for afters?"

(laughs)

Smooth.

HARVEY

I see why you like this place Kev. There's some fetching ladies in here.

SARAH

(at Kevin)

Is that why we come here?!

KEVIN

(defensive)

N-- no! We come here because we both enjoy the music and the atmosphere! You know that.

HARVEY

Sorry mate, didn't mean to drop you in it.

(to Sarah)

Look I was only kidding. Kevin's a good bloke, you should have more trust in him.

Sarah smiles at Kevin.

SARAH

I know.

They start to tuck into their food.

HARVEY

(chewing on his burger)

You two... you've been together, for like, forever right?

KEVIN

Since we were fifteen. Impressive, huh?

HARVEY

Incredible. If I was with someone that long I think I would've strangled them by now.

KEVIN

Well maybe you just need to find the right girl. I just got lucky.

HARVEY

You sure did. She's a beautiful lady.

SARAH

Thank you.

HARVEY

No problem sweetheart.

Sarah's cheeks have turned a little red. Kevin doesn't like the attention Harvey is giving her.

KEVIN

So, Harvey Ackermann, tell me...  
What brought you to the auction  
today?

Harvey stops eating and puts his cutlery on his plate.

HARVEY

Well, my friend... I certainly  
wasn't there to buy any fancy Mayan  
jewelry.

KEVIN

Figured.

HARVEY

See, I heard about your findings in  
Mexico then found out about the  
auction and tracked you down.  
Reason being, I have a job needs  
doing and I think it'll be right up  
your alley.

Harvey takes a sip of his drink.

KEVIN

Go on. Stop teasing.

HARVEY

THE HOLY LANCE. Remember it?

KEVIN

Of course I do. Cut the fat and  
hurry up already.

Harvey leans forward closer to Kevin.

HARVEY

There's a guy, ex US army general.  
Rumour has it he knows the location  
to the lance.

KEVIN

Right...

HARVEY

Lets just say I've managed to find  
this guys address.



KEVIN

So?

HARVEY

So how do you fancy a trip to your home country of the USA?

Kevin looks bemused, as does Sarah, who clearly is starting to think Harvey is some kind of crazy guy.

KEVIN

Wait. You want me to travel to the states to knock on this guys door and hope he tells me the secret location of The Holy Lance?

(beat)

I think I'd rather stay here in rainy London thanks.

HARVEY

But Kevvy, you're a charmer, you can charm the information out of this guy.

KEVIN

Firstly... Did you just call me Kevvy? And secondly, what are you expecting? That I just seduce this guy into bed and get him to share his deepest secrets?!

HARVEY

Okay look... Maybe, maybe it won't work out. I'm not expecting much. I've just heard from numerous sources that this guy has valuable information.

(beat)

If you don't find it, you don't find it. If you do, we could end up being rich and never having to do anything ever again.

Sarah stops chewing her food to speak.

SARAH

Kevin's trying to work off some pounds... so, yeah, he'll be keeping active even if he does find it. I'll make sure of it.

KEVIN

(offended)

I'm not *that* fat.

SARAH

You're getting a bit of a doughnut belly. It's not cool.

Kevin shakes his head in disapproval.

HARVEY

Kevin, I've got two plane tickets already booked. This is The Holy Lance, this isn't any old relic. It's a famous fucking artefact and if we find it it'll be huge fucking news.

Kevin takes some of his drink as he ponders.

KEVIN

... Two free tickets huh?

Sarah looks to Kevin with eager eyes.

SARAH

It's a free trip. I'm up for a free trip.

HARVEY

Um... small problem there sweetheart. The other ticket is reserved for my ASSISTANT. He'd be there to make sure everything goes smoothly ya know.

SARAH

*What?*

KEVIN

Why? Why an assistant? Why don't you come yourself?

HARVEY

I've got a lot of business Kevin. I'd love to come with, I really would.

(takes a sip of his drink)

Look, he'll just be there to help and to make sure you don't decide to go alone and forget about me.

Kevin doesn't approve.

KEVIN

Look... It sounds exciting and everything, but it's gonna take more to convince me.

Harvey sighs.

HARVEY

I was hoping I wasn't gonna have to do this...

Harvey slowly reaches into his suit pocket. Kevin and Sarah's faces turn to fear and they go to hide under the table. Harvey takes out a batch of cash.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

What the-- Did, did you two think I was gonna pull out a gun?!

Kevin and Sarah share a look.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

You nimwits. Who do you think I am?!

(beat)

We're not in America guys. I can't just go into a shop and buy a firearm!

KEVIN

... I'm sorry bud, I've just seen too many movies I guess.

HARVEY

Clearly.

Harvey flirts the money in front of Kevin.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

One thousand Great British Pounds. Yours to keep. Up-front payment. Then, any money we make out of this venture, we split fifty-fifty.

Kevin now seems interested. His eyes flicker from Harvey to the cash in his hands.

KEVIN

You're a great business dealer Harvey, I'll give you that.

(beat)

Fuck it, I've got nothing to lose but a bit of time. Count me in.

A smile flashes across Harvey's face. Sarah looks disappointed in him.

HARVEY

Excellent!

(beat)

Now I should let you know that my assistant, well he's a bit quiet, but, he's a good guy and his got tons of knowledge locked up in that head of his so don't be hesitant to ask him anything, okay?

KEVIN

Got ya.

Sarah looks at Kevin with saddened eyes.

SARAH  
You're leaving me here?

Kevin pulls a guilty expression. On that expression:

CUT TO:

INT. PLANE CABIN - DAY

Kevin is sat next to HARVEY'S ASSISTANT (STEVEN). Steven is English like Harvey. He's wearing an entirely black suit and a sleek pair of sunglasses. He's sat very upright and is showing no interest towards Kevin.

Kevin twiddles his thumbs as his mind searches for conversation.

KEVIN  
So you uh, you been to the states before?

STEVEN  
No... Can't say I have.

KEVIN  
Ah, well, it's uh, it's a big place.

STEVEN  
Yeah...

KEVIN  
Harvey tells me you know a lot of stuff.

STEVEN  
I do...

KEVIN  
What do you know about this guy we're imposing on?

STEVEN  
He's almost dead.

KEVIN  
Uhh, I was thinking more related to what we're doing. That doesn't help much.

STEVEN  
Oh...

Kevin sighs in frustration.

KEVIN

You don't speak much do you?

There's a long pause and then:

STEVEN

I'm gay.

(beat)

Do you still want me to speak to you now?

Kevin isn't sure if he's heard right.

KEVIN

That was a *weird* thing to come out with. Why would that change things?

Steven finally turns to Kevin and shows a bit of interest.

STEVEN

You're not gonna get all macho on me?

KEVIN

As long as you don't flail your penis in front of me then no.

STEVEN

Good... Good. Right then, I've lots to tell you about this guy. Listen up...

Kevin's face is one of total confusion. On that face:

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Kevin and Stephen step out of a Land Rover and walk towards a dusty, old looking ramshackle of a house somewhere in the dusty recesses of Nevada. The sun blares down upon them.

KEVIN

So, lets get things straight. He's an ex army general and he claims that he knows where the Nazi's hid all their treasure, yet he isn't telling anyone?

STEPHEN

He doesn't want it falling into the wrong hands.

KEVIN

Understandable. But why would he tell us then?

STEPHEN

Because we want it for the right reasons.

KEVIN

True. It belongs in a museum.

(beat)

Lets just hope he isn't some cranky old guy with a shotgun.

They reach the front porch. Kevin takes a breath and then knocks on the door.

The two of them wait a while. There's no answer.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

This doesn't look promising. In fact, this place kind of looks like it might be abandoned.

STEPHEN

Just try knocking again.

And so he does. There's another long wait. Kevin shrugs his shoulders.

KEVIN

He's probably just out--

And just as he finishes his sentence the door opens to reveal a stern looking senior man with a double barreled shotgun.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

--Or he's a cranky old guy with a shotgun.

STERN LOOKING MAN

What d'ya want?

KEVIN

(terrified)

Not this.

STEPHEN

Mr. Buechner?

MR. BUECHNER

Yeah. Who are you? What are you doing here?

STEPHEN

We just want to come in and talk Mr. Buechner.

MR. BUECHNER

Do I look like I want to talk?

KEVIN

Look, Mr. Buechner. We just want a friendly chat. See, we're in search of "The Holy Lance". We heard you know about it? We just wanted to talk nothing more.

Mr. Buechner stares Kevin out. Stephen shakes his head at Kevin, implying he shouldn't have mentioned it.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(to Stephen)

Gotta be honest with the guy.

MR. BUECHNER

Why are you searching for "The Holy Lance"? What do ya want it for?

KEVIN

It belongs in a museum... That and I guess I'm some kind of relic hunter, I get a thrill out of this. The moneys a bonus too not gonna lie.

MR. BUECHNER

I've had numerous people ask me about that damned lance. Everyone with their own motivation. But I can see behind their eyes what they want from it.

STEPHEN

This guy here--

(looks to Kevin)

--He recently found lost Mayan manuscripts detailing the end of the 13th Mayan calendar cycle, you know, the end of the world and all that. You know what he did? He sold it to the local museum in Peru. Could of made a lot more money out of it but no, he's in it for the adventure, the excitement.

Kevin looks pleasantly surprised.

KEVIN

I didn't know you knew that about me.

STEPHEN

I know a lot of things.

KEVIN

Okay. That's a bit worrying.

(to Mr. Buechner)

(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Look, we totally understand if we're invading your privacy, but like he said... we're not in this for money, fame, or the supposed power this thing could give us. We just want to share one of histories great treasures.

Mr. Buechner looks back and forth between Kevin and Stephen. He then gives them a slight nod, suggesting they can come in.

INT. MR. BEUCHNER'S LOUNGE - DAY

Kevin and Stephen sit waiting for Mr. Beuchner in a dusty, old looking room. Even the house itself seems desolate. There's barely any furniture and no signs of any of Mr. Buechener's family or relatives.

STEPHEN

Whatever you do, don't mention Harvey to Mr. Beuchner, okay?

KEVIN

What? Why not?

STEPHEN

Harvey has German blood, his grandfather died in the war as part of the Luftwaffe.

(beat)

He's not going to trust anyone with any link to Nazi Germany.

KEVIN

You make a valid point Stephen.

Mr. Buechner returns into the room with three drinks in hand. He hands one to each of them.

MR. BEUCHNER

I hope you like whisky. It's all I have.

STEPHEN

Jesus.

KEVIN

Hey, sometimes it's all you need.

MR. BEUCHNER

It is when your wife's dead, all your friends are dead, and your soul is dead.

KEVIN

Whoa, I'm sorry to hear that.



MR. BEUCHNER

That's okay, one day you'll face  
the same fate.

KEVIN

Uh... Okay, great.

Stephen seems to be staring at Mr. Beuchner. Mr. Beuchner notices this but continues to speak to Kevin.

MR. BEUCHNER

Nah... You'll be alright. Just  
don't go to war and don't ever  
become too attached to anyone. The  
pain isn't worth it.

KEVIN

That's a strong sentiment.

Mr. Beuchner takes a big gulp out of his whisky and grimaces.

MR. BEUCHNER

So where have you come from Kevin?

KEVIN

I was born in New York but I'm now  
living with my partner in London.

MR. BEUCHNER

You have a partner? How long for,  
may I ask?

KEVIN

12 Years.

MR. BEUCHNER

Any children?

KEVIN

Not yet...

Kevin seems a little baffled at the questions.

MR. BEUCHNER

May I see a picture of her?

KEVIN

Uh, yeah, yeah I guess.  
(digs into his pockets)  
Hang on--

Kevin pulls out his wallet and opens it. He slips out a picture of him and Sarah smiling with a couple of South American children. Mr. Beuchner nods, almost as if he is giving Kevin his seal of approval.

MR. BEUCHNER

She looks very nice.

KEVIN

Looks can be deceiving.

Kevin laughs and Mr. Beuchner manages a smile. Mr. Beuchner then gives a quick glance to Stephen, who is looking at his watch. Stephen then looks to Mr. Beuchner:

STEPHEN

So uh, what exactly do you know about the lance?

MR. BEUCHNER

All in due time...

(looks to Kevin)

You, can I speak to you for a minute privately?

KEVIN

Uh, sure...

Stephen looks confused. Kevin gets up and follows Mr. Beuchner.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Mr. Beuchner looks out of his window. His bedroom is small and minimal. There's a picture of his wife on the bedside table. Kevin enters behind him. Mr. Beuchner sighs.

MR. BEUCHNER

Who are you working for Kevin?

KEVIN

Hey?

MR. BEUCHNER

Your "friend" down there. His wearing a suit. No-one normal wears a suit when it's forty degrees heat outside.

KEVIN

Beats me... His gay, it's probably a style thing.

Mr. Beuchner turns to Kevin and stares piercingly at him. Kevin looks intimidated.

MR. BEUCHNER

You either tell me who you're working for or you get the hell out of my house. I'm not an idiot Kevin, and you don't strike me as one either.

(beat)

I'm giving you the chance to explain yourself.

Kevin nods in agreement and then:

KEVIN  
Harvey Ackerman. A guy called  
Harvery Ackerman. Look he just  
wants the same thing as--

MR. BEUCHNER  
--Harvey FUCKING Ackerman...

KEVIN  
He's a good guy I promise.

MR. BEUCHER  
(angrily)  
A good guy?! That Nazi fucking  
piece of shit?!

KEVIN  
Whoa, he might have German blood  
but that doesn't give you the right  
to start being prejudice!

Mr. Beuchner turns around and lifts up his shirt to reveal  
massive bruising on his back.

MR. BEUCHNER  
DOES THIS?!  
(turns back round)  
That piece of shit was over here  
just three weeks back trying to  
force information out of me. I tell  
him his not getting anything and he  
starts proclaiming how he's gonna  
find that lance, use it's power,  
and one day personally blow my  
brains out. ARE YOU SURE HE'S A  
GOOD GUY?! SOUNDS TO ME LIKE YOU'RE  
A BAD JUDGE OF CHARACTER!

Kevin can't quite believe what he's hearing.

KEVIN  
H-how?

MR. BEUCHNER  
Pushed me down my own stairs. Left  
me with a broken spine. I'm lucky  
I'm still alive!

There's a knock on the door. Stephen slowly enters.

STEPHEN  
Is everything alright?

Stephen seems nervous. He notices Mr. Buechner giving him  
evils.

KEVIN  
Is it true?!

STEPHEN  
(under his breath)  
Shit.

Stephen quickly draws a gun from his pocket. Kevin quickly jumps him and forces him to the ground. He pins down his arm, takes the pistol out of his hand and whacks him around the face with it.

KEVIN  
Fuck you Stephen! Fuck you!

Kevin punches him again. Mr. Buehner is rushing through his cupboard. He takes out yet another shotgun and lines it up at Stephen. Kevin starts signalling him not to.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Whoa! Whoa, lets not kill anyone here!

MR. BEUCHNER  
He needs to die.

KEVIN  
No, he just needs a severe beating!

Kevin turns to punch Stephen again but instead turns into Stephen's own fist. Kevin holds his face in pain. Stephen starts to run. Mr. Beuchner fires a round and misses.

MR. BEUCHNER  
GET HIM!!!

Kevin, still holding his face, rushes after Stephen.

INT. LANDING - CONTINUOUS

The chase continues. Stephen gets to the first step of the stairs. Kevin then lunges on him and then ends up riding him down the staircase in comedic fashion.

At the bottom, Kevin turns Stephen round to face him. Stephen's face is bloodied and bruised. Kevin pants furiously.

STEPHEN  
He knows...

KEVIN  
Who knows?!

Stephen smirks. He isn't giving Kevin the satisfaction. Kevin, out of anger, punches him square in the face. Stephen blacks out, on that:

CUT TO:

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

Kevin and Mr. Beuchner are sat opposite each other in mid-conversation. There is a small table between them with notes and maps on it.

KEVIN

Wait. Hitler sent the treasure to Antarctica?!

MR. BEUCHNER

They were losing the war. He didn't want to risk losing all they had gained to the allied forces.

KEVIN

But the treasure isn't there anymore right?

MR. BEUCHNER

No, a Nazi Secret Society recovered the artefacts in 1979 and hid them somewhere in Europe. Two years ago, a man named Maximillian Hartmann, an ex colonel of Nazi Germany told gave me the details.

KEVIN

Uh, why would he do that?

MR. BEUCHNER

We met many years after the war and became good friends. He realised the errors of his ways.

KEVIN

Where is he now?

MR. BEUCHNER

He died not so long back. Just stopped breathing one day. At least he went peacefully I guess.

KEVIN

Wow. Everyone around you really does die don't they? Hope I don't share the same fate.

Kevin laughs. Mr. Beuchner gives him evils. Kevin realises what he has said.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
I am so sorry...

(CONT'D)

(CONT'D)

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