

T H E P R E S T I G E

FADE IN:

TOP HATS. Clustered in a small glade. As we SUPER TITLES,  
a BLACK CAT slinks its way through them. As TITLES END-

BORDEN (V.O.)  
Are you watching closely?

A SECOND BLACK CAT races into frame, HISSING, SPITTING,  
CHASING the first cat into the woods beyond and we-

CUT TO:

INT. CLUTTERED WORKSHOP -- DAY

Moving along a row of CANARIES in CAGES.

CUTTER (V.O.)  
*Every magic trick consists of three  
part, or acts...*

Stop at a cage. Weathered HANDS envelope the canary. Hands  
and voice belongs to a man in his 60's- CUTTER.

CUTTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*The first part is called the Pledge...*

A LITTLE GIRL perches on a chest in the workshop, watching.

CUTTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*...the magician shows you something  
ordinary-*

Cutter moves to a small ORNATE CAGE resting on a prop table.

CUTTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*A deck of cards, ar a bird...*

INT. SCALA THEATRE, LONDON -- NIGHT

A packed house. Many hands raised. Move in on a BEARDED MAN,  
his gloved hand tentatively rising into the air.

CUTTER (V.O.)  
*...or a man.*

A GLAMOROUS ASSISTANT beckons Bearded Man from the aisle. He  
shuffles along his row towards her. Embarrassed.

CUTTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*He show you this object, and pledges  
to you its utter normality...*

Bearbed Man and four other VOLUNTEERS follow the Assistant  
down towards the stage...

On which stands the magician, leaning on his cane, smiling. This is ROBERT ANGIER, 35, an American. Looming over him is a large and complex ELETRICAL MACHINE.

CUTTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*Perhaps he asks you to inspect it...*

Bearbed Man, FASCINATED, and other Volunteers look over the vast machine. As Angier GESTURES theatrically at the various features of the metal and glass apparatus.

CUTTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*...to see that it is indeed real...*

As the Assistant leads the Volunteers off the stage, Bearded Man slips through the gap at the side of the curtains-

CUTTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*...unaltered...*

INT. STAGE THEATRE, BACKSTAGE -- CONTINUOUS

-looks around, DISORIENTED, then darts for some stairs leading below stage where he runs into a burly STAGEHAND.

CUTTER (V.O.)  
*...normal.*

STAGEHAND  
 Where'd you think you're going?!

CUTTER (V.O.)  
*But, of course, it probably isn't...*

Bearded Man pulls off his beard, revealing the face of ALFRED BORDEN, mid 30's.

BEARDED MAN  
 I'm part of the act, you fool!

The Stagehand raises his eyebrows and steps aside. Borden RACES down below the stage. Cutter approaches the Stagehand.

CUTTER  
 Who was that?

INT. SCALA THEATRE, ONSTAGE -- CONTINUOUS

As the machine GROANS to life. SPARKING and CRACKLING, Angier gazes at it, forgetting his audience. Entranced. Possessed.

INT. BENEATH THE STAGE -- CONTINUOUS

Borden fumbles through the darkened area, lit by flashes and sparks through gaps in the boards of the stage above. He GASPS as a flash illuminates a STAGEHAND with SOLID WHITE EYES sitting nearby. Borden waves a hand in front of the

INT. WORKSHOP -- DAY

Cutter gently places the canary into the ornate cage.

CUTTER (V.O.)  
*The second act is called the Turn...*

INT. SCALA THEATRE, ONSTAGE -- NIGHT

Angier, facing the audience, steps into the machine.

CUTTER (V.O.)  
*The magician takes the ordinary  
something...*

INT. BENEATH THE STAGE -- CONTINUOUS

Borden lights a MATCH. In front of him is a LARGE GLASS TANK FILLED WITH WATER, ITS LID PROPPED OPEN. Borden frowns.

CUTTER (V.O.)  
*...and makes it do something  
extraordianry.*

INT. WORKSHOP -- DAY

Cutter places a SILK SHAWL over the cage. Then SLAMS his hands down on the shawl, which FLATTENS- The Little Girl FLINCHES. Then STARES, FASCINATED.

CUTTER (V.O.)  
*Now you're looking for the secret.*

INT. SCALA THEATRE, ONSTAGE -- NIGHT

Bolts of electicity draw inwards, wrapping Angier in a ball of light which CRACKS-

CUTTER (V.O.)  
*But you won't find it...*

INT. BENEATH THE STAGE -- CONTINUOUS

The ROOM fills with light as a TRAPDOOR snaps open and a BODY DROPS INTO THE TANK.

CUTTER  
*Because of course, you're not really  
looking...*

The lid of the tank and trapdoor above SNAP SHUT, leaving the tank, and Borden, in complete DARKNESS.

CUTTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*...you don't really want to know.*

INT. WORKSHOP -- DAY

Cutter WHIPS the shawl from the table. Cage and bird have DISAPPEARED.

CUTTER (V.O.)  
*...you want to be fooled.*

The Little Girl stares, EXPECTANT.

CUTTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*But you couldn't clap yet. Because making something disappear isn't enough... you have to bring it back.*

INT. SCALA THEATRE, ONSTAGE -- CONTINUOUS

The MACHINE sputters to a stop. Angier is GONE. The audience sits, WAITING.

CUTTER (V.O.)  
*That's why every magic trick has a third act. The hardest part..,*

INT. WORKSHOP -- DAY

Cutter forms a fist. Drapes the shawl over it.

CUTTER (V.O.)  
*...the part we call...*

Cutter WHIPS the shawl away to reveal- the CANARY. The Little Girl CLAPS.

INT. BENEATH THE STAGE -- NIGHT

Borden LIGHTS another match. Stares in HORROR-

CUTTER (V.O.)  
*...The Prestige.*

Inside the tank, ANGIER IS DROWNING. His rolling EYES fixes on BORDEN, he POUNDS desperately on the thick glass, SCREAMING BUBBLES... The screen fades to BLACK.

PROSECUTOR (V.O.)  
*The Prestige...?*

INT. COURTROOM -- DAY

The PROSECUTOR turns to face the witness in the box: Cutter.

PROSECUTOR  
 And did Robert Angier, the Great Danton, your employer, get to that final part of his trick that night?

CUTTER  
No, sir. Something went wrong.

PROSECUTOR  
What went wrong?

CUTTER  
I saw a someone head below the stage... I followed... and I found Borden-

Cutter points at the dock: Borden is there, CHAINED TO THE FLOOR. FLANKED BY GUARDS. Cutter POINTS.

CUTTER (CONT'D)  
-watching Mr. Angier drown in a tank.

PROSECUTOR  
Would you describe your occupation to the jury please, Mr.Cutter?

CUTTER  
I'm an *ingeneur*. I design illusions and construct the apparatus necessary for perfoming them.

PROSECUTOR  
And for how long had you been Mr.Angier's "ingeneur"?

CUTTER  
Eight years. I was privvy to the secrets of his entire act.

PROSECUTOR  
So, Mr.Cutter, was this water-filled tank beneath the stage part of Mr.Angier's illusion- the illusion billed as "THE REAL TRANSPORTED MAN"?

CUTTER  
No, sir. The tank had been used for the firsttrick, then taken offstage. Borden must have put it under the trap door after the interval.

Cutter looks across at Borden, who is absently tapping his hand against the rail- it is MUTILATED, MISSING 2 1/2 FINGERS. The DEFENDER STANDS.

DEFENDER  
How large was this tank?

CUTTER  
The sort of tank used for underwater escapes- four or five hundred gallons.

DEFENDER

How do you think Mr.Borden was able to move the tank under the trap door without anyone noticing?

CUTTER

Ask him- he's the magician.

Titters from the gallery. The Defender turns to the JUDGE.

DEFENDER

(impatient)

I ask again that this man explain the mechanics of Mr.Angier's illusion.

CUTTER

(angry)

If I reveal my magician's secrets here in open court, I'll be unemployable and the secrets will be worthless. The Real Transported Man is the most sought-after illusion in the business and I have te right to sell it on.

The Judge considers this. He looks at Cutter. Sympathetic.

JUDGE

Mr.Cutter, I see your predicament but we are talking about a capital offence- Alfred Borden's life hangs in the balance.

Cutter looks down. Quiet.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

If you were prepared to disclose the details to me in private, I might be able to judge their relevance to the case.

(addresses lawyers)

Might this be an acceptable compromise?

Amid murmurs of assent, the Judge ADJOURNS the proceedings.

As the Guards begin the complex ritual of unlocking Borden's chainsa from the floor, Borden's looks across the courtroom:

The LITTLE GIRL from the opening stands in the gallery, looking back at him. Borden gives her a little WAVE. She waves back, then is GUIDED OUT by a man wearing GLOVES and BOWLER HAT- this is FALLON. He nods at Borden.

EXT. PRISON YARD, NEWGATE PRISON -- DAY

OWENS, 50's a lawyer, stands at the entry gate. The CAPTAIN of the guard walks out to greet him.

CAPTAIN

I'm going to have to ask you to turn out your pockets.

Owens raises his eyebrows.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Not my idea, sir. The Warden saw his show in Manchester last year where he vanished into thin air- he's convinced he'll try an escape.

Owens smiles as he hands over his pocket watch and wallet. They walk along a hall wrought iron fence. The PRISON looms over them.

A door in the prison opens and Borden emerges, trussed absurdly in chains held by two WARDERS. The other INMATES begin cattle-calling and whistling as BORDEN is paraded up to a WOODEN SECTION of the fence.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

I told him the only way Borden's going to disappear is if I leave him out with the others inmates.

At the fence, the Warders lock the ends of their chains to a thick eye hook set into the ground.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

(to warders)

Check the locks. Twice.

They check the locks. Then retreat to allow privacy. The Captain marches away. Borden looks at Owens. Bored.

OWENS

My name is Owens- I'm a solicitor.

Borden says nothing.

OWENS (CONT'D)

I represent Lord Caldlow, and accomplished amateur magician and historian of magic-

BORDEN

How much?

OWENS

Lord Caldlow is interested in-

BORDEN

(cold)  
How much for my tricks?

OWENS

Five thousand pounds.

BORDEN

Talk to Fallon, my ingenuer- the money's for him.

OWENS

I did. He offered to sell all of your tricks... except the most valuable one - The Transported Man.

BORDEN

I'd never forgive myself for selling my greatest trick.

Borden signals the Wardens to come and unlock him.

OWENS

Even for your daughter?

Borden looks up. Owens moves closer, quietly assertive.

OWENS (CONT'D)

If the newspapers are right, and you're for the drop, your daughter's going to need looking after

BORDEN

Fallon can take care of-

OWENS

Bernard Fallon? A man with a past even more obscure than your own? The court have already motioned to have the girl removed from his "care". No, the girl is to be an orphan. I've been to the work house...

Owens looks around the prison yard. Shrugs.

OWENS (CONT'D)

It's better than this.

Borden looks at Owens, hard. The Warders unlock Borden.

OWENS (CONT'D)

I'm offering you a way to warp up your affairs with dignity, and I'm offering your daughter a future. As Lord Caldlow's ward she will want for nothing. Ever.

(hands him a card)

Think it over.



Borden absently VANISHES the card as a REFLEX.

OWENS (CONT'D)

Lord Caldlow wanted you to have this-  
 (produces a leather  
 bound JOURNAL)  
 As a show of good faith. He thought  
 it might be of interest.

A SULLEN WALDER TALKS the journal, flicks through it.

OWENS (CONT'D)

Robert Angier's diary... It includes  
 the time he spent in Colorado learning  
 your trick...

Sullen hands the journal to Borden. Borden takes it.

BORDEN

Angier never learned my trick.

OWENS

Really? When he returned from  
 Colorado he mounted a version of the  
 Transported Man that the papers said  
 was better, even...  
 (with relish)  
 Than your original.

BORDEN

(acid)  
 If you want Angier's secret you can  
 dig him up and ask him for yourself.

Borden TURNS, dragging the Warders with him.

OWENS

I want your secret, Mr.Borden...  
 (louder)  
 Consider your daughter!

INT. CELL, NEWGATE PRISON -- DAY

Borden, on the bed, opens Angier's JOURNAL. Starts to read...

ANGIER (V.O.)

A cypher. An enigma...

CUT TO:

LETTERS ON A PAGE. IN MEANINGLESS COMBINATIONS. GIBBERISH.

INT. TRAIN, MOUNTAINS -- DUSK

Aniger, with a SIGH, closes a CARDBOARD-COVERED NOTEBOOK.  
 OPENS his LEATHER-BOUND JOURNAL. Starts to write.

ANGIER (V.O.)  
 ...Borden's cypher is simple-  
 unraveled by a single word. Now it  
 takes only patience. And a passion  
 to know his mind.

Angier lloks up at his own reflection in the train window.

EXT. TRAIN STATION -- DUSK

No platform, no office, no sign. Just an electric streetlight  
 which, as Angier watches, FLICKERS ON. Angier, leaning  
 heavily on his cane limps over to the light and stares up at  
 it as he's never seen one before.

VOICE (O.S.)  
 Mr.Angier? Welcome to Colorado  
 Springs.

Angier looks back and smiles. A driver is looking down  
 expectantly from atop a STAGECOACH. Angier hands his cane  
 up to the driver nd , with some difficulty, hitches his way  
 up to the roof of the rig. As he does, the town of Colorado  
 Springs rises into view, a few hundred yards down the road,  
 lit brightly with ELECTRIC STREETLIGHTS.

ANGIER  
 (disbelief)  
 The whole town has electricity?

The driver nods and WHIPS the horses into action.

EXT. ROAD, PIKE'S PEAK -- EVENING

The Stagecoach flies along, inches from a precipitious drop.

It rounds a corner and pulls to a halt in front of the CLIFF  
 HOUSE INN, equal parts log cabin and crystal palace.

INT. CLIFF HOUSE INN -- CONTINUOUS

The lobby is cavernous and immaculate. The entire STAFF of  
 the hotel - BELLBOYS, MAIDS, COOKS, and GARDENERS - are lined  
 up along the sides like a regiment of soldiers.

Angier reaches the reception desk and the smiling MANAGER.

ANGIER  
 Quit a reception.

MANAGER  
 You're our first guest of the season,  
 Mr.Angier.  
 (opens guest book)  
 Your telegram didn't indicate how  
 long you would be staying with us.

ANGIER  
 As long as it takes.  
 (signs book)  
 I'll need a coach tomorrow to take  
 me up the mountain.

MANAGER  
 The peak is closed, sit. For  
 scientific experimentation.

ANGIER  
 (smiles)  
 That's why I'm here.

EXT. ROAD, PIKE'S PEAK -- MORNING

A stagecoach rumbles along a dirt track, The driver pulls  
 on his reins and the coach pulls to a stop.

DRIVER  
 You have to walk the reat, I'm afraid,  
 sir.

Angier nods. Lowers himself down to the roadway.

EXT. CLEARING, PIKE'S PEAK -- MORNING

Angier comes through the trees to find a wire fence with a  
 sign: EXTREME DANGER- NO TRESPASSING

Beyond the fence is a COMPOUND of three BARNS. Rising from  
 the center barn is a 200ft steel TOWER capped with a GIANT  
 STEEL BALL. GIANT ARCING BOLTS of electricity run down the  
 tower from the ball. The windows of the building RADIATH  
 with BLUE EXPLOSIONS.

Angier stops forwards, entranced, and threads his fingers  
 through the fence.

He is sent FLYING backwards -- the fence has been electrified.

The tower is SHUT OFF- a door opens and a stout little MAN,  
 shotgun under one arm, MARCHES up to the fence. He uses a  
 RUBBER PAD to pry open the fence and stands over Angier, who  
 is CURLED on the ground, GROWNLING in pain, trying to stand.

SHOTGUN  
 I'm amazed at how many of you  
 newspaper writers can't read mu sign.

Shotgun picks up Angier's cane and hands it to him.

ANGIER  
 Not the welcome I was expecting.

Shotgun RECOGNIZES Angier, AMAZED.

SHOTGUN

I know you. You're that magician-the Great Danton.

(helps Angier up)

I'm Alley. I saw your show. IN London. Seven times- you guessed every object the audience had in their pockets.

Angier leans on his cane and gently brushes off the dirt.

ALLEY

I'm sorry about the fence. People keep interfering with our work.

ANGIER

I've come to see Tesla.

ALLEY

Why?

ANGIER

He built a machine for a- for a colleague of mine. A long time ago. Can you get me a meeting with him?

(off his look)

I've come a very long way.

ALLEY

Impossible, I'm afraid.

ANGIER

I've brought a lot of money.

Beat.

ALLEY

I'm sorry, Mr.Angier. I simply can't help you.

Alley pulls the fence closed.

ANGIER

I'll be staying at the hotel. Indefinitely.

Alley watches Angier walk away. He pulls something from his pocket.

ALLEY

What am I holding?

Angier doesn't look back.

ANGIER

Your watch.

Alley GRINS, opening his hand. He is holding a gold watch.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, COLORADO -- DAY

Angier sits, the cardboard-bound notebook on the table in front of him. He makes a notations in his own journal as he deciphers Borden's words.

                          ANGIER (V.O.)  
 April 3rd, 1893... a few days after  
 he first met me...

Angier runs his finger along the first line, translating...

                          BORDEN (V.O.)  
 We were too young men at the start  
 of a great career...

INT. THEATRE -- NIGHT

Borden sits in the audience. Younger- both hands intact.

                          BORDEN (V.O.)  
 Two young man devoted to an  
 illusion...

Two rows in front sits Angier. Similarly youthful.

                          BORDEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Two young men who never intended to  
 hurt anyone.

Onstage is a TANK. Standing beside the tank is a beautiful young magician's assistant. JULIA.

The magician, MILTON, adress the audience.

                          MILTON  
 Which of you brave souls is willing  
 to bind this lovely young woman...

Milton GESTURES to Julia- the MEN in the crowd go wild- hands in the air, catcalls. Smiling radiantly, Julia selects two young men, who SCRAMBLE up to the stage- ANGIER and BORDEN: younger, full of energy- Angier has no limp.

They spring onto stage, beside Julia and take the ROPE she offers them. Milton GRABS a HOOK that descends from the flies on a chain.

Cutter is watching from the wings.

                          MILTON (CONT'D)  
 Are either of you two gentlemen  
 gailors?

Both shakes their hands as they start to bind Julia with the ropes, Borden wrapping the rope around her wrists, Angier the one around her ankles.

MILTON (CONT'D)

Well, I'm sure you can both tie a strong knot...

As Borden finishes his knot tests it, it SLIPS APART. Borden frowns, hastily RETYING it, covering.

Cutter NOTICES.

Borden finishes, glancing at Julia who gives a small sign of assent with her eyes. As Angier finishes tying her ankles he sneaks a light KISS on her ankle. She frowns at him and raises her arms. Milton hooks the rope onto the chain.

Milton gesticulates in the wings, Cutter signals to a stagehand who starts HOISTING Julia into the air.

Milton wheels the tank under Julia's bare feet. Cutter feels for the handle of an AXE placed by his feet and pulls out a STOPWATCH.

JULIA looks down at Angier. They smile at each other. Julia DROPS into the tank with a massive splash- Milton SLAMS the lid shut, PADLOCKS it and raises a curtain around the tank...

Cutter checks his stopwatch, grips the handle of the axe...

A grand GESTURE from Milton- the curtain around the tank DROPS- Julia is GONE. Milton raises the curtain again, then with another flourish, DROPS it to reveal JULIA, beside the tank, one arm in the air, dripping wet, smiling.

The audience erupts in APPLAUSE. Angier smiles produly.

INT. DRESSING ROOM -- NIGHT

Angier, Borden and Julia sit around the cluttered room. Borden is in the middle of a passionate rant-

BORDEN

Milton's squandering their goodwill  
or a bunch of tired second-hand tricks-

ANGIER

(amused)  
Old favourites, please.

BORDEN

What about something fresh? He won't  
even try a bullet catch-

CUTTER (O.S.)

Bullet catch is suicide.

They turn. Cutter stands in the doorway, counting out money.

CUTTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

All it takes is a smart-arse volunteer dropping a button down the barrel...

BORDEN

(indicates himself  
and Angier)

Use plants-

ANGIER

He can't use plants for every trick.

JULIA

There'd be no seats left for the punters.

BORDEN

Fine- no bullet catch. But a real magician tries to invent something new, something other magicians scratch their heads over-

CUTTER

They sells it to them for a small fortune.

Cutter hands Angier some money.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

I suposse you have such a trick, Mr.Borden?

ANGIER

Actually, I do.

CUTTER

Care to sell it?

BORDEN

No one else could do my trick.

ANGIER

I could.

BORDEN

You don't even know what it is.

ANGIER

Show it to me twice, I'll do it.

Cutter looks at Borden, thoughtful.

CUTTER

I admire your spirit, Mr.Angier. But if Borden here really has invented his masterpiece it might well be something only he can do.

ANGIER

Why?

CUTTER

It might be something only he is  
*prepared* to do.

(gestures to the props)

my illusions employer, Mr.Milton,  
is a skilled showman. But Borden's  
right- he won't get his hands dirty.  
You want to see what it takes to  
make real magic- go to the Tenley.  
There's a Chinaman there who's got  
what it takes.

ANGIER

Chung Ling Soo.

BORDEN

Tickets are pricey.

CUTTER

I know a lad on the door. You two  
watch his show- whoever tells me how  
he does his goldfish bowl trick gets  
the prize.

ANGIER

Which is?

Cutter gives a sly smile.

CUTTER

Ten minutes onstage in front of my  
old friend, Mr.Ackerman.

Angier and Borden prick up at the name.

JULIA

Who's Ackerman?

BORDEN

The most powerful theatrical agent  
in London.

Cutter holds out money to Borden, who reaches for it- Cutter  
grabs his wrist. Serious.

CUTTER

I saw you drop the knot again, Borden.

JULIA

I think I had my wrist turned-



CUTTER

(ignoring Julia)  
Some nights you just can't get it,  
can you? If that knot slips when  
Julia's on the hoist she'll break a  
leg.

BORDEN

(defensive)  
It's the wrong knot. A Langford  
double would hold tighter.

CUTTER

The Langford double's not a wet knot  
it's too dangerous. The ropes could  
swell and she'd never slip it-

JULIA

I can slip a Lanford underwater.

BORDEN

We've been practiced it-

ANGIER

(cutting in)  
He said no.

Julia glances at Angier.

CUTTER

(to Borden)  
No more mistakes.

Borden stares at Cutter. Leaves. Angier watches him go.

ANGIER

Where's he from?

CUTTER

Where are you from?

Angier nods. Fair enough.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

He shuffles props for Virgil at the  
Hall.

ANGIER

He works for another magician? Aren't  
you worried he'll steal your tricks?

CUTTER

(shakes head)  
He doesn't deal in methods.

ANGIER

How do you know?

CUTTER

(sly smile)

Because I hired him to try and find out Virgil's orange trick.

ANGIER

I don't know if I trust him.

CUTTER

He's a natural magician. Of course you can't trust him.

JULIA

I think he's alright.

Angier turns to Julia. Smiles.

ANGIER

You think everyone's alright.

JULIA

Even you.

Julia kisses Angier. Cutter rises.

CUTTER

And Mr. Angier...?

(Angier looks up)

Learn your aight lines- if I can see you sneaking a peck on your wife's ankle from the wings, the blokes on each end of rows 3 and 4 can, too.

INT. THEATRE, CONVENT GARDEN -- EVENING

Borden watches from the wings. Onstage, a magician, Virgil, locks a CANARY into a cage then covers the cage with a SHAWL.

Borden notices a beautiful YOUNG WOMAN in the front row with a little BOY who is watching Virgil's act, spellbound.

Virgil SLAMS the SHAWL down onto the table, as if nothing were beneath it, then WHIPS it away- BIRD and CAGE are gone.

The little BOY begins to WAIL and CRY.

Borden watches as the young woman tries to make him stop. Virgil takes the flower from his lapel, covers it with the shawl, and SNAPS it away- the flower has become the CANARY.

The audience bursts into enthusiastic APPLAUSE, but the little boy is still CRYING INCONSOLABLY. Virgil takes bows and walks off, handing Borden the canary as he passes backstage. As the audience leaves, Borden climbs off the stage and holds the bird in front of the boy.

BORDEN

Look- he's all right. He's fine.

BOY  
 (sniffs)  
 But where's his brother?

Borden is at a loss. He turns to the young woman.

BORDEN  
 Sharp lad, your son.

YOUNG WOMAN  
 (laughs)  
 My brother.

Borden smiles back.

INT. WORKSHOP -- LATER

Borden gently strokes the bird's feathered head.

BORDEN  
 You're the lucky one tonight.

Borden walks to a wall of DOZENS of bird cages -- each one with an identical canary. He puts the bird into its cage and returns to the cart props. He taps on the top of the TABLE- a panel POPS open, revealing the FLATTENED BIRD CAGE.

Borden inserts a ROD into the bird cage and PRIES it apart. A TRICKLE of BLOOD emerges, dripping into a bucket below.

Borden SLAPS the cage.

And the FLATTENED CARCASS of the ORIGINAL BIRD slides out and SPLASHES into the bucket.

EXT. STAGE DOOR -- EVENING

Borden exits. The young woman, SARAH, is there with her brother.

BORDEN  
 (to the brother)  
 Are you watching closely?

Borden reaches to the Boy's ear. Casually produces a coin. The Boy marvels as he takes the coin then looks at Borden.

BORDEN (CONT'D)  
 Look closer.

BOY  
 It's got two heads.

Sarah smiles. Borden crouches to address the Boy, grave.

BORDEN  
 Never. Show. Anyone.

The Boy looks at him, a little afraid.

BORDEN (CONT'D)

They'll beg you and flatter you for the secret- but as soon as you give it up you'll be nothing to them. Understand? *Nothing*. The secret impresses no one- the trick you use it for is everything.

Borden looks into the boy's staring eyes. Then SMILES and pets him on the head. he stands. Sarah smiles at him.

BORDEN (CONT'D)

Where do you two live?

SARAH

He lives with Mum.

BORDEN

And you?

INT. STAIRWELL -- EVENING

Sarah lingers at the top of the stairs to her flat. Borden tries to KISS her, but she pushes him back. He tests the LOCK of the open door.

BORDEN

Enough to keep me out?

SARAH

I think so. Wil I see you again?

Borden SHRUGS and turns to go back down the stairs. Sarah looks after him, about to change her min. Hesitates.

INT. SARAH'S FLAT -- CONTINUOUS

She closes the door and LOCKS it, smiling. After a moment she pads through living/kitchen area, draws back the curtain to her bedroom and SHRIEKS:

Borden is there, smiling. Sarah moves towards him, giggling.

INT. TENLEY THEATRE -- NIGHT

Onstage, CHUNG LING SOO, 60's, wearing a long silk robe, HOBBLER painfully to the center of the stage. Clearly CRIPPLED. In the audience, Borden and Angier watch intently.

Soo lays a silk SHAWL and a BARE TABLE. He WHIPS it up, revealing a BOUQUET OF ROSES. So repeats the trick again and again, producing a different object each time.

Finally, with a drum roll, Soo whips the shawl aside to reveal a MASSIVE GOLDFISH BOWL, complete with GOLDFISH.

To THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE, Soo bows and HOBBLER off the stage. Angier, clapping, shakes his head, utterly baffled. He turns to Borden. Who has a small, knowing, smile.

EXT. RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Borden and Angier watch Soo being helped down from his carriage by HANDLERS who treat him with great gentleness.

ANGIER  
You're wrong. It can't be.

BORDEN  
It is. He carries the bowl between his knees for the entire performance.

ANGIER  
but look at the man!

BORDEN  
(points)  
*This* is the trick. *This* is why no one detects his method.

Soo hobbles into the restaurant, frail, and fragile.

BORDEN (CONT'D)  
Total devotion to his art...  
(looks at Angier)  
Utter self-sacrifice. It's the only way to escape *this*.

Borden SLAPS the bricks of the wall behind them.

INT. BEDSIT -- NIGHT

Julia, in bed, watches Angier, SHEET wrapped around him like a robe, HOBBLING. He pulls up the sheeyt- between his knees is a goldfish bowl.

ANGIER  
I can barely lift this thing and it's not even filled with water. Or fish. He must be strong as an ox.

JULIA  
(incredulous)  
He's been pretending to be an cripple for years?

ANGIER  
Any time he's in public. Any time he goes out. It's *unthinkable*.

Angier puts the bowl down with a flourish. Climbs into bed.

ANGIER (CONT'D)

Borden saw it at once. I couldn't fathom it- living your whole life pretending to be someone else.

JULIA

You're pretending to be someone else.

ANGIER

I don't think changing your name compares.

JULIA

Not just your name- who you are, where you're from...

ANGIER

I promised my family I wouldn't embarrass them with my theatrical endeavors.

Angier cuddles up to Julia.

JULIA

I came up with a name for you...  
"The Great Danton"  
(Angier frowns)  
You don't like it? It's sophisticated.

ANGIER

It's French.

INT. BEDSIT -- DAY

Sarah unlocks the door, but has to PUSH against MAGICAL PROPS stacked against it- the bedsit is FILLED with DEVICES.

SARAH

Alfred?!

Sarah surveys the confusion- spots Borden across the flat deep in conversation with another man. Borden spots her-

BORDEN

We have our routine for Ackerman!

The other man turns- it is Fallon.

SARAH

(cold)  
We haven't had the pleasure.

Fallon nods. Borden comes over, holding a DUELING PISTOL.

BORDEN

Mr.Fallon is my ingeneur-

SARAH  
Where did yo get all of-

BORDEN  
Begged, borrowed and don't ask.  
Mr.Fallon's an enterprising soul.

SARAH  
I need talk to you.

Fallon slips past Sarah with a nod to Borden. Exits. Sarah looks at Borden. TENSE.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
We can't afford to pay him-

BORDEN  
We'll start making money once we have our audience-

SARAH  
And until then? What I earn is barely enough for us.

BORDEN  
(shrugs)  
I'll give him half of my food.

Sarah looks meaningfully at Borden.

SARAH  
You're already going to be sharing it with someone else.

Borden looks at her, confused. Then realizes.

BORDEN  
You're...?

SARAH  
Having a baby.

Borden freezes. Then SMILES, taking her in his arms. She FLINCHES against the gun he is holding.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
What's this?

BORDEN  
The trick to wake up Ackerman at the end of my audition.

SARAH  
Your great trick? The "masterpiece that will make our fortunes"?

BORDEN

No. The world isn't ready for that one, yet.

Borden moves to the bureau and starts LOADING the gun. Pouring in SHOT, then WADDING...

BORDEN (CONT'D)

This is merely a run-of-the-mill daring and spectacular bullet catch-

Borden drops the BULLET into the barrel...

SARAH

I'm not letting you get shot.

Borden RAMS the bullet and charge down then removes the RAMROD and hands the pistol to Sarah.

BORDEN

It's perfectly safe. Shoot me.

Sarah looks at Borden then down at the pistol. She aims at Borden. Then sims off, at a mirror beside him.

BANG. Borden's hand SNAPS out to "catch" the bullet. The mirror is intact.

Borden looks at Sarah, grave, as he reveals the bullet in his hand.

SARAH

Show me.

(Borden shakes head)

Then you're not doing it. I can't raise a child on my own, Alfred.

Borden looks at her. Takes the bullet from her and places it on the bureau.

BORDEN

The bullet goes in the gun. Then comes the ramrod.

He takes the RAMROD and PUSHES it down onto the bullet, which disappears.

BORDEN (CONT'D)

And voils-

He points the ramrod at Sarah- she pulls the bullet out of the HOLLOW TIP.

BORDEN (CONT'D)

The buller's not even in the gun when the charge is fired.

Sarah looks at ramrod with disdain.



SARAH  
Once you know it's so *obvious*.

Borden BRISTLES slightly. Takes the bullet back.

BORDEN  
Yes, well, people still get killed  
performing it.

SARAH  
How?

BORDEN  
Sme smart-arse drops something down  
the barrel.

SARAH  
Such as?

BORDEN  
A penny, or a button. Or, of course,  
a bullet.  
(off worried look)  
But don't fret-

Borden embraces her, putting his hand on her belly.

BORDEN (CONT'D)  
I'm not letting anything happen- I  
love you too much.

Sarah grabs his face, looking at his eyes, smiling.

SARAH  
Say it again.

BORDEN  
I love you.

SARAH  
(matter-of-fact)  
Nope. Not today.

BORDEN  
What?

SARAH  
(smiles)  
Some days, it's not true. Todayt  
you don't mean it. Maybe today you're  
more in love with magic than me.  
(off look)  
It's alright. I like being able to  
tell the difference- it makes the  
days it *is* true mean something.

Borden shakes his head, grinning.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, COLORADO -- NIGHT

Angier closes Borden's notebook. He looks across at a photograph of Julia on the table. Reaches for his own diary.

ANGIER (V.O.)  
Borden writes as if no one but he  
understood the true nature of magic...

INT. CELL, NEWGATE PRISON -- DAY

Borden sits on his cot reading Angier's journal.

ANGIER (V.O.)  
*...but what does he know of self-  
sacrifice more than the rest of us?*

Borden looks up from Angier's journal.

BORDEN  
Bloody fool.

Borden TOSSES the book across the cell.

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM, WARHOUSE -- DAY

A POLICEMAN opens the door for the Judge and Cutter.

POLICEMAN  
(pointing)  
It's all laid out down the end, you  
honour.

The Judge NODS. The Policeman exits, LOCKING them inside.

The Judge follows Cutter, approaching a collection of magical apparatus, including a MASSIVE CRATE. Cutter looks up at it with AWE, touching the side where it says "COLORADO SPRINGS".

JUDGE  
What's in there?

Cutter OPENS it, revealing metal and glass MACHINERY within.

CUTTER  
Angier's machine.

JUDGE  
You built this, Mr. Cutter?

CUTTER  
(shakes head)  
Oh no. This wasn't built by a  
magician... it was built by a wizard.  
(off look)  
A man who can actually do the things  
a magician pretends to...

Cutter closes the crats. The JUDGE turns to other props.

CUTTER (CONT'D)  
your honour, what will happen to  
these things when the trial is over?

The Judge is staring at a large glass tank.

JUDGE  
They've benn sold to a Lord Caldlo.  
An avid collector, apparently very  
interested in the case.

CUTTER  
Don't let him take this.

The Judge looks over. Cutter is touching the crate.

JUDGE  
Why ever not?

CUTTER  
It's dangerous.

JUDGE  
I'm sure beneath its bells and  
whistles it's get some simple and  
disappointing trick.

CUTTER  
The most disappointing of all- it  
has no trick. It's real.

The Judge looks at Cutter. Smiles indulgently. Turns.

JUDGE  
This is the tank Angier drowned in?

Cutter turns to look at the empty, smashed glass of the tank.  
Nods. Cutter indicates the top of the tank, where there is  
a PADLOCK. Cutter pushes down on a panel of the lid-

CUTTER  
*This* lets the performer's hands reach  
the trick padlock...

-a small section POPS open.

JUDGE  
A standard magical apparatus for  
escapes?

CUTTER  
With one important difference...

Cutter grabs the PADLOCK. Rattles it.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

This isn't a trick lock... it's been switched out for a real one.

The Judge stares at the tank, appaled.

JUDGE

What a way to kill someone. Why in God's name go to such lengths?

CUTTER

These are magicians, you honour. Showmen. Men who live by dressing up plain and sometimes brutal truths to amaze. To shock.

JUDGE

Even without and audience?

Cutter stares at the tank-

INSERT CUT: ANGIER SCREAMING BUBBLES.

CUTTER

There was and audience.  
(looks at Judge)  
See, the water tank had a particular signinficance for the two men...

INT. THEATRE -- EVENING

Onstage, A SIMILAR TANK FILLED WITH WATER.

*CUTTER (V.O.)*

*A particular awful significance...*

Julia stands next to the tank. Milton addresses the audience.

MILTON

Which of you brave souls is willing bind this lovely young woman?

Milton gestures to Julia- the crowd goes wild. Julia makes a show of deciding. She picks up Angier and Borden, who are made up to look different from the last performance. As they leap up onto stage, Borden makes eye contact with Cutter in the wings- Cutter's is a WARNING GLANCE.

As Angier ties Julia's ankles he can't resist tickling just under her toes- she KICKS him in the chin.

Borden starts to wrap the rope around Julia's wrists in a particular fashion. Stops. Reconsiders. Julia NODS at him, encouraging. Borden starts RETRYING the knot.

Cutter watches. His hand checking for the axe handle.

Borden tests the rope- it is tight. Julia gives him the sign with her eyes- he steps back. Angier rises to his feet, grinning at Julia. As she raises her arms to the hook, she can't quite hide her smile back at him.

Milton gives the sign and Julia is HOISTED into the air. Cutter slips his STOPWATCH out of his pocket as Milton moes the tank under Julia's bare feet.

Angier looks up at Julia. Proud. She stares out over the audience, preparing herself. Looks down at Angier, smiling...

Julia PLUNGES into the tank- Milton SLAMS the lid shut- Cutter checks his stopwatch, hand caressing the axe handle...

Milton raises the curtain around the tank, then circles it, working his "magic". Angier shifts a little. Time passing... Milton looks at Cutter- TOO MUCH TIME...

Cutter GRASPS his axe and SPRINT at the tank- Milton RIPS the curtain down- Julia, one arm free, is CONVULSING...

Angier and Borden look on in HORROR as Cutter SWINGS his axe into the glass- which CRACKS... cutter SWINGS again and again- the web of crackes GROWING, Julia's convulsions SLOWING, her eyes PLEADING with Angier's, until-

CRASH- the glass gives way, FLOODING the stage- Cutter and Angier GRASP at Julia- FULL her onto the stage- Cutter ELBOWS Angier out of the way to POUND on Julia's chest- Borden wacthes, stunned, as Julia FLOPS, LIFELESS, onto the boards. Cutter looks up at Angier, stricken.

Angier takes Julia in his arms, looking down at her staring eyes. He desperately BRUSHES water from Julias cheeks and forehead. Borden looks on, shen.

BORDEN (V.O.)

How often I've fought with my self  
over that night .. one half of me  
swearing bling that i tied a simple  
slip knot... the other half convinced  
that I tied the Langford double. I  
suppose I'll never know for sure-

INT. HOTEL ROOM, COLORADO -- DAY

Angier looks up from Borden's journal, despairing.

ANGIER

How can be not know?!

Angier FLINGS Borden's journal across the room.

ANGIER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He must know what he did. He must.

INT. PRISON CELL -- DAY

Borden smiles as he reads Angier's dairy.

BORDEN  
 "How can be not know?!"  
 (starts lauhing)  
 Because, Angier, life is complicated,  
 people are complicated, knots are  
 complicated-

PRISONER (O.S.)  
 Shit it, Professor, or I'll shut it  
 for you.

Borden quiets. Looking at the journal.

BORDEN (V.O.)  
 How could I not know? How can you  
 read my story and not understand?

INT. COURTROOM -- DAY

Cutter sits in the CROWDED GALLERY. Borden, in the dock,  
 SCANS the crowd. Finally SPOTS Fallon pushing to the front-  
 he is alone. Borden stares at him. Fallon shakes his dead.

Borden is prompted to stand by two GUARDS as the Judge enters.  
 The JUDGE has a piece of black cloth draped over his wig.

JUDGE  
 Alfred Borden, you have been found  
 guilty of the murder of Robert Angier.  
 You will, in one month's time, be  
 hanged by the neck until dead. May  
 the Lord have mercy on your soul.

Borden barely reacts.

EXT. PRISON YARD, NEWGATE PRISON -- DAY

Borden stands at the fence with Fallon

BORDEN  
 They took her away?  
 (Fallon nods)  
 To the workhouse?

Another slow nod. Borden closes his eyes with despair. Then  
 opens them and hands Fallon OWENS' CARD.

BORDEN (CONT'D)  
 Tell him I've reconsidered.  
 (off look)  
 It's for the best.

INT. DINING ROOM, CLIFF HOUSE INN, COLORADO SPRING -- DUSK

Angier stares down at the NOTEBOOK, making notes on a napkin. Through large windows a THUNDERSTORM batters Pike's Peak. Angier is the only guest in the hotel's massive dining room.

VOICE (O.S.)

Mind if I join you?

Angier looks around. Alley is standing by the table.

ALLEY

Tesla sends me down here during the storms. Perfect excuse to come here a drink with the Great Danton.

Alley sits, gesturing to a waiter.

ALLEY (CONT'D)

Have you tried our Bourbon yet, Mr. Angier? It matches the scenery nicely.

(to waiter)

Two of 'em.

(to Angier)

Beautiful, isn't it? I do miss New York, though.

ANGIER

Why are you here?

ALLEY

The lightning lives here. And noit much else- our work is secret.

Alley glances down at the notebook and Agier's scribbles.

ALLEY (CONT'D)

A cypher?

Angier nods as Alley lifts the cardboard notebook.

ANGIER

My profession also deals in secrets.

Alley looks at the gibberish on the pages of the notebook.

ANGIER (CONT'D)

It's a rotating transposition that shifts every day of the dairy. Simple but time-consuming to translate once you have the five-letter keyword.

ALLEY

Which is?

Angier smiles as he reaches for the notebook.

ANGIER

We magicians have a circle of trust.

ALLEY

You have a circle of trust with someone whose dairy you stole?

ANGIER

Maybe I bought it.

ALLEY

Magicians sell their secrets?

ANGIER

It's how we pay for our retirements and how greats tricks outlive us.

Alley considers this. Taps the cover of the notebook.

ALLEY

You're hoping to find a great secretin there?

ANGIER

I've already found it. That's why I'm here.

Angier reaches in his pocket and removes his own, leather-bound journal. He tears a PAGE from it and hands it to Alley. Who unfolds it and stares at it.

ANGIER (CONT'D)

Tesla built one for another magician.

ALLEY

Why would you want the same thing?

ANGIER

Call it a professional rivalry.

ALLEY

Tesla has built unusual machines for unusual people, but he would never talk about it.

ANGIER

I understand discretion. I just want the machine.

Alley looks at Angier. Thinking.

ALLEY

Finish your drink. You'll have a special appreciation for our work.

ANGIER

I thought it was a secret.



ALLEY

(smiles)

You're a magician. Who's going to believe you?

EXT. FIELDS, COLORADO SPRINGS -- NIGHT

The storm has abated. Angier's cane into the muddy ground as he follows Alley through the moonlit field.

There are large glass GLOBES pushing out of the soil as if planted all around them. They stop in the middle of the field, looking down at the electric LIGHTS of the town.

ALLEY

We do our tests when the townspeople are asleep- Mr. Tesla doesn't want to scare anyone.

Alley checks his watch by the moonlight.

ALLEY (CONT'D)

Not long now.

As they watch, the lights of Colorado Springs DISAPPEAR.

ALLEY (CONT'D)

Our equipment requires a great deal of current. Tesla electrified the whole town in exchange for using the generators when we need to.

The field around them EXPLODES with DAZZLING LIGHT. Angier laughs out in surprise- the field is full of a thousand large LIGHTBULBS, all glowing together. Alley bends down and picks up the nearest lightbulb -- as he does, the light in it extinguishes. He tosses the bulb to Angier. Except for the size, it's a normal lightbulb.

ANGIER

Where are the wires?

ALLEY

Exactly.

Angier bends and gently PUSHES the lightbulb into a random spot in the wet soil. The lightbulb FLICKERS on again.

ANGIER

Where's the generator?

ALLEY

You saw it last week.

ANGIER

But that must be ten miles from here.

## ALLEY

Fifteen. And I have to ride all of them before I get to bed.

(turns to leave)

I'll send word for you in a few days, Mr. Angier.

Angier bends to pick up his lightbulb. As he does, the light FADES in all of them, and the lights in town come back on. Angier is alone.

INT. BATHROOM, LONDON -- DAY

Angier has his head SUBMERGED in a sink full of water. He BURSTS FREE, GASPING- COLLA`PSES to the floor, SOBBING.

INT. BATHROOM -- LATER

Angier lays out MAKE-UP SUPPLIES. He takes out a BULLE. Places it on the sink next to a FALSE MOUNSTAGE.

EXT. PRINCE'S ARMS BAR AND THEATRE

Rough. Unwelcoming. Crowded. A small "stage" at one end: Borden works his way through the Chinese rings. The crowd is JEERING.

## VOICE

Get out your gun, Professor!

Someone BURLS a bottle at the stage- it narrowly misses. Borden GLARES out into the audience. Pulls out his GUN.

## BORDEN

A volunteer.

The crowd SURGES forward with EAGER VOLUNTEERS. Fallon scans the crowd, passing over too-eager and too-drunk before settling on a MOUNSTACHED MAN and bringing him up onstage.

Borden LOADS the pistol, hands it to Moustache and steps backwards, pulling his coat apart, CHALLENGING.

## BORDEN (CONT'D)

Are you man enough, sir?

## MOUSTACHE

(quiet)

Yes.

Something in Moustache's tone makes Borden look closely-behind the moustache... Angier. QUIVERING WITH TENSION.

Borden looks at the trembling gun. Then at Angier. Spreads his hands, inviting.

BORDEN

(smiles)

I think not.

Angier purses his lips, straining to pull the trigger.

INSERT CUT: JULIA'S FACE, SCREAMING BUBBLES...

Angier's eyes are almost closed as he SQUEEZES the TRIGGER-

Fallon HITS Angier JUMPS to Borden's side, GRABBING his BLEEDING HAND. The DROWS is SCREAMING, PUSHING for the door, os STRAINING for a closer look at Borden.

Angier, SHOCKED, melts into the crowd.

INT. PUB -- DAY

Angier sits at the bar. Staring. He raises his pint glass. Downs it, then STOPS, looking at the bottom- there is a PLAYING CARD. He loos around. Cutter is sitting at a table with two fresh pints in front of him. Angier heads over.

ANGIER

Never thought I'd find an answer at the bottom of a pint glass.

CUTTER

Hasn't stopped you looking.

(Angier sits)

I heard about a booking. Nice little theatre. Good up-and-coming magician.

ANGIER

Who?

CUTTER

You.

ANGIER

You got *me* a booking? Why?

Cutter looks down into his beer.

CUTTER

Because I want to keep working...

(looks up at Angier)

And who's going to hire the ingeneur who killed Julia McCullough in front of a sellout crowd at the Orpheum?

Angier looks back at Cutter.

ANGIER

Someone who know that it wasn't your fault. Someone who knows Alfred Borden and his repertoire of exotic knots.

CUTTER

Heard he had a spot of bad luck doing a bullet catch South of the river.

Angier looks down at the liquid in his glass.

ANGIER

To die like that. Locked in water... lungs screaming...  
(shakes head)  
What did she go through, Cutter?

Cutter watches Angier's distress.

CUTTER

I knew an old sailor. Told me about a time he got pulled over the side tangled in the sheets... they dragged him out, but it was five minutes before he coughed...

Angier stares at Cutter. Hanging.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

He said it was like... going home.

Angier considers this. Collects himself.

ANGIER

Which knot did Borden tie that night?

CUTTER

He wouldn't say.

ANGIER

Wouldn't say?!

CUTTER

It was as if... as if he didn't know.

INT. WORKSHOP -- DAY

Angier and Cutter inspect a large empty room.

CUTTER

We'll have to whitewash the windows to confound the more curious members of your audience...  
(looks around)  
But this should do.

ANGIER  
We should see about an assistant.

CUTTER  
I've made arrangements. Have you  
settled on a name?

ANGIER  
Yes, I have. The Great Danton.

CUTTER  
Hmm. Bit old-fashioned?

Angier smiles gently at Cutter.

ANGIER  
No. It's sophisticated.

INT. ANGIER'S WORKSHOP -- DAY

Angier is sitting at a worktable, pensive. He is moving one hand across the other, making a ROSE appear and disappear. The windows have been WHITEWASHED and the room has filled with an array of magical apparati: cabinets, costumes, props.

On the other side of the room Cutter watches as OLIVIA WENSCOMBE, 20s, equal parts grace and mischief, squeezes herself into a tall cabinet, looking past Cutter to Angier.

OLIVIA  
What's so hard about this?

Cutter leans into the cabinet and pops up a TRICK PANEL in the floor, revealing a tiny chamber.

CUTTER  
In *here*, Miss Wenscombe. No point  
meeting Mr. Angier unless you fit.

Olivia shrugs and hands Cutter her hat, then her thick skirts, and folds herself into the bottom of the box.

CUTTER (CONT'D)  
Breathe as little as possible.

Cutter closes the lid over her and walks over to Angier.

CUTTER (CONT'D)  
Not much experience , but she knows  
the basics. She knows how to present  
herself and a pretty assistant's the  
most effective from of misdirection.

Angier nods. There is a small SNEEZE from inside the cabinet.

CUTTER (CONT'D)  
(smiles)  
I suppose I should let her out.

INT. SARAH'S FLAT -- DAY

Sarah is frantically REDRESSING Borden's injured hand. BLOOD has SEEPED through the bandages.

SARAH  
I don't understand, Alfred. How can  
it be bleeding again?

She examines the wounds: 2 1/2 FINGERS ARE MISSING. The injuries are black, but wet and fresh.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
What have you been doing to it? It  
looks as bad as the day it happened.  
We need to get the doctor back-

BORDEN  
(snaps)  
We can't *afford* the doctor back!

A BABY STARTS CRYING in the bedroom. Sarah glares at Borden.

SARAH  
You've woken her.

BORDEN  
I'm sorry. I just need this to heal  
so I can get back to work.

Sarah looks at Borden. Reluctantly.

SARAH  
Alfred, you have to face things.  
What tricks could you perform with  
this kind of injury?

BORDEN  
Some of the card pulls, prop tricks...  
(leans forward, excited)  
And the trick I've been telling you  
about. The trick they'll remember  
me for.

INT. ANGIER'S WORKSHOP -- DAY

Angier and Cutter at the workbench, examine a BIRD CAGE. Cutter is wearing a strange LEATHER HARNESS over his shirt it has LARGE SPRINGS and small PULLEYS on the back.

ANGIER  
The bird cage can't be our climax-  
everybody knows it.

CUTTER  
Not like this, they don't.

ANGIER

And I don't want to kill doves.

CUTTER

(snaps)

Then stay off the stage.

(glares at Angier)

You're a magician, not a wizard- you have to get your hands dirty to achieve the impossible.

ANGIER

You sound like *him*.

CUTTER

(holds up cage)

Put your hands on the sides...

INT. PANTAGE'S THEATRE -- DAY

A heavy, disinterested man slouches in the third row of the empty theatre with a newspaper- MERRIT, the stage manager. Onstage, Angier energetically YANKS coloured handkerchiefs from a hat and TOSSING them into the air. Olivia, in the glamorous, revealing costume of Magician's Assistant, darts back and forth PLUCKING the handkerchiefs from the air.

Angier finishes with a flourish. Merrit shrugs. Angier places an ORNATE CAGE onto the table.

ANGIER

I need a volunteer.

Merrit rolls his eyes. Climbs to his feet. Angier produces a DOVE. Places it in the cage.

INT. ANGIER'S WORKSHOP -- DAY

Now Angier is wearing the harness. He places a dove in the cage and picks it up.

Close on: HOOKS concealed on Angier's palm slip into CATCHES on the bars of the cage.

CUTTER

Hang on, hang on...

Cutter reaches in and slips a NOOSE around the bird's ankle...

CUTTER (CONT'D)

There we go. Now you tell the volunteer to put his hands *here*...

Cutter places his hands on the TOP and BOTTOM of the cage...

INT. PANTAGE'S THEATRE -- NIGHT

Merrit places his hands on the TOP and BOTTOM of the bird cage. Angier's hands are on the sides. Olivia reaches around Merrit to place her hands on the remaining two sides. Merrit looks up at Angier over his glasses.

MERRIT

You'd beat not be intending to hut  
this animal, Mr.Angier.

ANGIER

Of course not.

Angier raises and lowers their hands in a rythm...

ANGIER (CONT'D)

And one, two... THREE!

The bird cage, and the dove, VANISH.

INT. ANGIER'S WORKSHOP -- DAY

Angier and Cutter have their hands on the bird cage.

ANGIER

...THREE!

The bird cage BREAKS APART, WHIPPING UP ANGIER'S FOREARMS.  
WHERE SLEEVES WOULD BE, YANKED BY THE HARNESS. Angier smiles.

ANGIER (CONT'D)

Bloody marvelous, Cutter.

CUTTER

And the best part...

Cutter reaches to Angier's armpit... pulls up the DOVE,  
HANGING BY ITS ANKLE, ALIVE.

ANGIER

Thought you said I had to get my  
hands dirty.

CUTTER

Someday, perhaps you will. I needed  
to know that you can.

INT. PANTAGE'S THEATRE -- DAY

Merrit nods, impressed, stepping backwards. Angier REACHES  
into Merrit's pocket. Removes a dove.

MERRIT

Very nice. Very nice indeed.

Olivia packs up the props. Cutter approaches from the wings.



ANGIER

(smiling)

I haven't had a chance to compliment you on your beautiful theatre yet, Mr.Merrit.

MERRIT

A lot more beautiful when it's full, Mr.Angier.

ANGIER

Don't worry.

MERRIT

You all say that. Why sould I worry? If your tricks don't get 'em in, someone else's will. Maybe someone willing to do a bullet catch or a water scape.

CUTTER

cheap thrills, Mr.Merrit. People hoping for an accident- and quite likely to see one, too. What would that do for your business?

MERRIT

(shrugs)

You've got a week.

EXT. PANTAGE'S THEATRE -- EVENING

A line a PATRONS runs from the box office to the street. The marquee above the theatre reads: "**THE GREAT DANTON PERFORMS FEATS OF MISTERY AND IMAGINATION**"

INT. THEATRE -- EVENING

Angier is perfoming to a good crowd. He steps forward.

ANGIER

You sir, in the hat. Could you show us your handkerchief?

A MAN in the audience STANDS and pulls a HANDKERCHIEF from his pocket. He stares at it, CONFUSED. The audience LAUGHS.

MAN

This isn't mine.

ANGIER

Perhaps you'd be so good as to return it to the other man. He has yours.

Another man stands and pulls out a handkerchief. APPLAUSE. Angier dows and walks quickly off the stage, past the squad of DANCING GIRLS who run on to entertain in the break.

INT. BACKSTAGE -- EVENING

Cutter and Olivia are waiting for Angier as he comes off.

OLIVIA  
I'm so nervous- I'm sorry, I'm making mistakes.

Cutter quickly REMOVES Angier's coat...

ANGIER  
The audience doesn't seem to be responding much, Cutter.

Cutter puts he LEATHER HARNESS over Angier's arms...

CUTTER  
This is a grand theatre with a sophisticated audience- They've seen most of these tricks before. But not this next one. You'll see.

Cutter checks the SPRINGS of the harness and replaces Angier's coat. He spots a STAGEHAND poking his head around the flies.

CUTTER (CONT'D)  
You! Piss off out it!

The dancers are wrapping up.

ANGIER  
Wish us luc, Cutter.

CUTTER  
(smiling)  
I'll have the champagne ready.

Angier, followed by Olivia, steps out onto the stage.

INT. STAGE -- CONTINUOUS

Angier steps to the table center stage. Pulls out the bird cage. There are one or two groans from the audience. Angier SMILES as he produces a DOVE with a FLOURISH.

ANGIER  
You've seen this one before?

HECKLER (O.S.)  
Seen 'em all before, mate!

Laughter.

ANGIER  
Well, I'll make it a little harder, shall I?

In the wings, Cutter smiles and nods at Angier's showmanship.

ANGIER (CONT'D)

Two volunteers, please. A lady and a gentleman to hold this cage with me...

Hands go up. Olivia pulls an ELEGANT LADY from the audience.

ANGIER (CONT'D)

I'll perform this feat in a manner never before seen by yourselves or by any other audience anywhere in the worth...

Olivi brings Elegant Lady onto the stage along with a RED-BEARDED MAN. The audience is getting interested. Angier is on role...

ANGIER (CONT'D)

Any magician can make this cage disappear... that's why I'll ask this good lady and fine gentleman to place their hands firmly on the cage...

Olivia guides Elegant Lady's hands onto the sides of the cage. Red-beard places a hand underneath the cage.

ANGIER (CONT'D)

...to ensure that no trickery whatsoever is employed.

Angier RAISES the bird cage. The audience is RAPT.

Red beard's other hand appears on the top of the cage- it is MUTILATED, missing fingers.

Angier FREEZES- looks up at Red Beard... IT IS BORDEN

Borden SMILES as he WORMS his little finger into the cage mechanism...

SNAP! HALP THE CAGE WHIPS UP ANGIER'S SLEEVE- THE OTHER HALF COLLAPSES ON THE DOVE AND THE ELEGANT LADY'S FINGERS- SHE SCREAMS- BIRD BLOOD SPLATTERS ONTO THE THREE OF THEN- THE AUDIENCE GOES CRAZY-

Borden smiles at Angier through his blood-spattered fake beard and retreats into the chaos surrounding the Elefant Lady who is still SCREAMING as Angier tries to free her fingers from the mechanism.

INT. BACKSTAGE -- LATER

Angier and Cutter watch the STAGEHANDS clear the stage.

ANGIER

I should've spotted him.

CUTTER

You had a lot of plates spinning.

Angier looks down at the harness in his hands.

ANGIER

Don't suppose they'll let us do this one again.

CUTTER

No.

ANGIER

So what's the climax of our show?

MERRIT (O.S.)

Show? You don't have a show.

ANGIER

Mr.Merrit, we have a week's engagment-

MERRIT

To perform magic- not butcher birds and break my costomer's fingers! Clear out, anything here in the morning gets burned.

Cutter puts his hand on Merrit's arms.

CUTTER

Mr.Merrit-

MERRIT

It's done, John. I've hired a comedian. You know I hate comedians, which should indicate the may I felel about your friend's future as a stage magician.

Cutter nods. Merrit leaves. Cutter turns to Angier.

CUTTER

There are plenty of good theatres... if we can come up with another trick and change the name of the act-

ANGIER

The name stays.

Cutter sees Angier's resolve.

CUTTER

Right. Well, the new trick will have to be irresistible, then. I've a couple of methods to try out, but we'll need a fresh angle on the presentation.

Angier nods.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

If you need inspiration, there's a technical exposition at the Albert Hall this week. Scientists and engineers. That sort of thing captures the popular imagination.

EXT. ROYAL ALBERT HALL -- AFTERNOON

The large concert hall is surrounded by crowds and covered in banners advertising a Technical Exposition. Angier makes his way past a giant STEAM ENGINE and into the building.

INT. ALBERT HALL -- AFTERNOON

THE lobby is filled with displays and models. Angiers pokes around, looking thoroughly disinterested until he comes to an information booth plastered with illustrations of electrical bolts.

TICKET HAWKER

Would you like to know the future, sir? The man who will change the world is speaking right now. Continents divided no more. Free, clean power. The mysteries of the world solved.

The posters show a tall, handsome man bathed in lightning and standing astride the world like colossus. In bold print it says:

**THE WONDERS OF "ALTERNATING CURRENT"...NIKOLA TESLA**

INT. AUDITORIUM, ALBERT HALL -- CONTINUOUS

The hall is completely darkened, but bright blue FLASHES illuminate ANGIER as he pushes his way to a seat.

On the stage, a tall rod capped with a steel ball is transmitting a steady, sparking stream of electricity onto a matched ball across the stage.

A FIGURE walks around from behind the machine and the audience GASPS as a shower of sparks bounce off of his immaculate evening wear. This is TESLA- but Angier is too far from the stage to get a good look at him.

TESLA

With a system like this I could have the entire city electrified within two years.

The audience breaks into LAUGHTER. The spell is broken. Tesla must be a lunatic.

TESLA (CONT'D)

Mr. Edison's direct current system  
is flawed and dangerous. With my  
alternating current devices-

Someone from the audience chimes in:

AUDIENCE MEMBER

(yells)  
Fraud.

Angier turns to look. The man who called out is leaving  
he's not alone. Angier FREEZES, staring down at aisle-

Borden is sitting there, RAPT, lit by FLASHES from the  
machinery on stage. As tesla continues his demonstration,  
Angier STARES at Borden.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Borden walks down the street. Angier is following him.  
Borden meets Sarah, pushing a PRAM. Borden looks down at  
the baby then up at Sarah.

BORDEN

I love you.

Sarah smiles.

SARAH

See? Today, it's true.

Angier watches Borden kiss wife then his baby.

ANGIER (V.O.)

*I saw hapiness...*

INT. HOTEL ROOM, COLORADO -- NIGHT

Angier writing in his leather-bound journal.

ANGIER (V.O.)

*...hapiness that should have been  
mine. But I was wrong.*

Angier glances at Borden's notebook sitting on the desk.

ANGIER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*Reading his account I realize that  
he never had the life I envied.*

Angier flips open the notebook. Staring at the coded writing.

ANGIER (CONT'D)

*The family life he craves one minute  
he rails against the next, demanding  
freedom. His mind is a divided one...*

INT. PRISON CELL -- DAY

Borden sits on his cot. Reading Angier's journal.

ANGIER (V.O.)  
*His soul restless. His wife and  
 child tormented by his fickle and  
 contradictory nature...*

Borden is crying. He puts the journal down and jumps to his feet BANGING on the cell door.

BORDEN  
 Guard! Guard!!

The viewing slot slides open.

GUARD  
 What do want, Professor?

BORDEN  
 Paper and pencil. Please.

INT. PRISON LIBRARY, NEWGATE PRISON -- DAY

The library is long and tiled, with two long tables. It looks as if it used to be a latrine.

Borden sits at a table. Writing on a stack of notepaper. His arms have been unbound, but long chains runs from his elbows to where Sullen Gaurd sits smoking, craning his nek to read Borden's writing.

SULLEN  
 Let me see?

Sullen SNATCHES up the papers. Borden makes no move to stop him. The top sheet is a sketch of a cabinet.

SULLEN (CONT'D)  
 I'm going to know all of the  
 Professor's secrets.

BORDEN  
 (smiling)  
 Only if I teach you how to read.

Sullen mashes the papers into a ball and drops them.

SULLEN  
 Just stupid tricks, right? Haven't  
 helped you get out of here-  
 (tugs chains)  
 Have they? Or can't you open *real*  
 locks, Professor?

BORDEN

Perhaps I'm just biding my time.  
Perhaps one day I'll just hold up my  
hand-

Borden produces a RUBBER BALL in front of Sullen's face.  
Sullen stares.

BORDEN (CONT'D)

-get you attention. Then quietly  
say-  
(whispers)  
"are you wacthing closely"... perhaps  
say a magic word or two... then I'll  
be gone.

Borden VANISHES the ball, but FUMBLES it, it drops to Borden's  
feet. Sullebn LAUGHS as Borden SCRABBLES around his ankles  
to retrieve the ball.

SULLEN

How'd you get so famous, then?

Borden STANDS.

BORDEN

Magic.

Borden TURNS, NO LONGER CHAINED. Sullen JUMPS to his feet  
to follow, but HIS ANKLE IS CHAINED TO THE TABLE. The other  
PRISONERS are LAUGHING and CHEERING.

SULLEN

Oi, Borden, get back here!

Sullen FUMBLES with his keys as Borden takes a BOW. Another  
warder CRACKS Borden over the head with a TRUNCHEON. Sullen,  
now free, KICKS Borden in the ribs.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON AN ADVERTISSIMENT: "the professor has DEFIED DEATH  
to return with a new SPECTACULAR!" Pull wider-

INT. ANGIER'S WORKSHOP -- NIGHT

A NEWSPAPER on the makeup table. Angier sits at the mirror.

He hubs BROWN PASTE into his hair and then combs it out.  
Then he chooses a beard, seats it on his chin and begins to  
adjust it. He drops the BOTTLE of spirit gum as he looks in  
the mirror and sees OLIVIA standing behind him.

ANGIER

(embarrassed)  
I thought you'd gone.

Olivia shifts. Embarrassed.



OLIVIA  
I don't really.... have anywhere to go.

Angier slips the newspaper from the table.

ANGIER  
You've been sleeping here?

OLIVIA  
Cutter said it would be okay till we get another booking.  
(beat)  
What are you doing?

ANGIER  
Researching. Part of a magician's job is to watch his competition, to see what illusions they're-

OLIVIA  
You're going to do something to that man, aren't you?

Olivia moves closer. Angier is quiet.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
Cutter's hopig you'll let things life. He says if Borden thinks things are even between you then we can-

ANGIER  
Even? My wife for a couple of his fingers? He has a child now. And he's perfoming again.  
(bitter)  
Borden is out there, living his life just as he always intended. As if nothing had happened. And look at me. I'm alone. And no theatre will touch me.

OLIVIA  
Us.

Olivia moves towards him.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
You're going to need a better disguise.

Olivia reaches for Angier's beard.

INT. TINY, GRUBBY THEATRE -- NIGHT

Angier, almost unrecognizable as a blonde, slips into the back of the theatre, which is as rough and unwelcoming as Borden's last venue.

On the small raised stage, Borden works through his way through the Chinese rings with GLOVED HANDS to hide his damaged fingers. The tough crowd is JEERING AT HIM.

Borden puts the rings down on a table and PICKS UP a bag.

BORDEN  
I need a volunteer.

Angier takes a few steps towards the stage.

Borden produces a RUBBER BALL.

he TOSSES the ball to Angier.

BORDEN (CONT'D)  
As you can see , it's just a rubber  
ball. But it's not normal at all.

Angier examines the ball. Hands it back to Borden who shows no sign of recognizing Angier.

BORDEN (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

Angier notices that two TALL BLACK CABINETS are standing twenty feet apart on the stage.

BORDEN (CONT'D)  
(to audience)  
You're not impressed?

Borden BOUNCES the BALL on the ground and catches it.

BORDEN (CONT'D)  
It's a magic ball.

Borden continues to BOUNCE the ball on the floor. The audience looks bored, waiting for something to happen.

OLIVIA (V.O.)  
What happened?

INT. ANGIER'S WORKSHOP -- NIGHT

Angier still in disguise, is slumped in an armchair, drink in hand. He is SMILING, remembering.

Olivia, sitting on the workbench, waits for him to continue.

OLIVIA  
What happened, Robert?

ANGIER  
He had a new trick.

OLIVIA  
Was it good?

Angier looks at her...

INT. TINY, GRUBBY THEATRE -- EVENING

Now it's CUTTER standing in the audience, watching. Onstage, Borden BOUNCES the ball over and over again.

ANGIER (V.O.)  
*It was the greatest magic trick I  
 have ever seen.*

Borden walks to one side of the stage and OPENS the door to one of the cabinets. It's empty. He CLOSES it again and crosses the stage, BOUNCING the ball the whole way.

At the far cabinet, Borden repeats the process, OPENING the door to the empty cabinet. This time, however, he leaves the door open.

He steps forwards and GENTLY BOUNCES the ball SIDEWAYS, across the stage...

Borden STEPS into the CABINET behind him, CLOSING the door.

With no one on stage, the audience watches as the ball continues to BOUNCE across the stage. BOUNCE. BOUNCE. BOUNCE. The ball loses seep and height...

Just as reaches the second cabinet, something IMPOSSIBLE happens.

THE DOOR TO THE SECOND CABINET OPENS AND BORDEN STEPS OUT, CATCHING THE BALL.

Cutter FLINCHES, then studies Borden. The audience is BEMUSED. Finally, a trickle of applause.

INT. ANGIER'S WORKSHOP -- DAY

Angier is talking to Cutter. Olivia is watching.

ANGIER  
 Did they applaud when you saw it?

CUTTER  
 Not very enthusiastically.

INT. TINY, GRUBBY THEATRE -- NIGHT

Angier is disguise, starts CLAPPING loudly, FIRMLY, as if he can't help it, LEADING the applause.

Borden BOUNCES the ball once again, then BOWS deeply. The APPLAUSE peters out. Borden walks off the stage.

INT. ANGIER'S WORKSHOP -- DAY

Angier turns to Cutter.

CUTTER

The trick is too good -- too simple--  
the audience hardly knows what they've  
seen.

ANGIER

He's a dreadful magician.

CUTTER

He's a wonderful magician- he's a  
dreadful *showman*. He doesn't know  
how to dress it up, how to *sell* the  
trick.

ANGIER

How does he do it?

CUTTER

He uses a double.

ANGIER

(shakes head)

It's not that simple. This is a  
complex illusion.

CUTTER

You think that because you don't  
know the method. It's a double who  
comes out at the end. It's the only  
way.

ANGIER

I've seen his perform it three times  
now, Mr. Cutter- the Prestige *is* the  
same man-

CUTTER

It's not-

ANGIER

The same man comes out of the second  
cabinet. I promise you.

OLIVIA

It *is* the same man.

They both turn to look at Olivia.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

He wears padded gloves to hide his  
damaged fingers, but if you look  
closely you can tell.

Angier looks at Cutter.

ANGIER

He doesn't know how to sell his trick  
to an audience. But *I* do.

CUTTER

(nods)

It would give us our climax.

ANGIER

The man stole my life. I'm going to steal his trick.

CUTTER

We'll have to find someone who can look like you on a stage.

ANGIER

He doesn't use a double-

CUTTER

(impacient)

I don't know how Borden does it, Robert. So either you wait for Borden to retire and buy his secret, or you can listen to how I would do this trick.

(Angier nods)

Ang the only way I know is to find you a bloody good double.

Angier smiles. Turns to Olivia, pointing to his face.

ANGIER

Take a good look- let's get out there and find me.

EXT. ROAD, PIKE'S PEAK -- MORNING

Angier, swinging his cane, walks slowly up the mountain road.

EXT. TESLA'S LABORATORY -- CONTINUOUS

The lab is illuminated by thirty fot STREAMERS of electrical DISCHARGE that pour from the base of the tower.

Angier stops, fearful.

ALLEY

It's perfectly safe.

As Angier stares, a MAN begins to emerge from the very center of the CONFLAGRATION.

Bolts SNAP and TRAIL after the man as he walks, in SILHOUETTE, towards Angier.

TESLA

So this is the Great Danton.

Tesla emerges from the ball of electricity, dressed as if he were on his way to the opera. He brushes SPARKS from the sleeve of his jacket as he extends a hand to Angier.

TESLA (CONT'D)

Mr. Alley has effused about your act to me on any number of occasions. Something you did with pockets?

Angier returns the handshake.

ANGIER

I saw a lecture you gave in London, several years ago. I'm flattered you agreed to see me.

Tesla keeps hold as Angier's hand.

Angier, confused, does so. Alley hands him a lightbulb, which starts to glow as he grasps its metal base.

ANGIER (CONT'D)

What's conducting the electricity?

TESLA

Our bodies, Mr. Angier, are quite capable of conducting, and indeed, producing energy.

Tesla releases Angier's hand. The bulb goes out. Alley takes it from the Angier who looks at the palms of his hands.

TESLA (CONT'D)

Have you eaten, Mr. Angier?

EXT. DECK, LABORATORY -- MORNING

Angier, Alley and Tesla are seated around a table on a deck overlooking a spectacular view. They are eating sandwiches.

TESLA

Alley has explained that you require a very interesting device.

ANGIER

I need something impossible.

TESLA

You're familiar with a phrase 'Man's reach exceeds his grasp'?

(MORE)

TESLA (CONT'D)

(off his look)

It's a lie. Man's grasp exceeds his nerve. The only limits on scientific progress are these imposed by society.

Tesla looks out at the mountains.

TESLA (CONT'D)

The first time I changed the world I was hailed as a visionary. The second time I was asked politely to retire. The world only tolerates one change at a time. And so here I am.

(gestures at laboratory)

Enjoying "retirement".

(looking at Angier)

*Nothing* is impossible, Mr. Angier. What you want is simply *expensive*.

Tesla rises, washing his hands in a basin on a side table.

TESLA (CONT'D)

Alley says you are a stage magician. If I built you this device, you would be presenting it only as an illusion?

ANGIER

If people thought the things I did on stage were real, they wouldn't clap- they'd scream. Think of saving a woman in half.

Tesla nods. Considering.

TESLA

Mr. Angier, the cost of such a machine-

ANGIER

Price is not an object.

TESLA

Perhaps not. But have you considered the *cost*?

ANGIER

I'm noit sure I follow.

TESLA

I can make your machine, Mr. Angier. But I can also give you some advice...  
(pointed)

Go home. Forget this thing. I can recognize an obsession. As Mr. Alley could tell you, I myself an given to one now and then. It will not do you any good.

ANGIER

Have your obsessions done you no good?

TESLA

At first. But I've followed them too long- I am their slave. Their whipping boy. And one day they may choose to destroy me.

Angier looks into Tesla's eyes.

ANGIER

if you understand an obsession then you know you won't change my mind.

TESLA

(smiles)  
So be it.

ANGIER

Will you build it?

TESLA

I have already begun to build it, Mr. Angier. I hope you enjoy the mountain air. This will take time.

Tesla disappears into the lab.

INT. GREEN ROOM DRINKING CLUB -- EVENING

The club is warm and dark. Olivia, Cutter and Angier make their way to the bar. Olivia points to the far end of the bar, to a TRAMP in tattered clothing, curled over a pint.

OLIVIA

(to tramp)  
Gerry?

The tramp sees Olivia, hoists himself up and spills his way down the bar to them. As he draws closer, we understand why Olivia has brought them here.

Underneath the filth and matted hair, this man is SPITTING IMAGE of Robert Angier- *HE IS PLAYED BY THE SAME ACTOR*

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Mr. Angier, Mr. Cutter, I would like you to meet Mr. Gerald Root.

ROOT

A pleasure to meet you fine gentlemen.

Angier is staring a little too much. Root throws an ARM over Angier's shoulder and draws him in.



ROOT (CONT'D)

(whisper)

Would you like for me to tell you a  
little joke?

Angier smiles uncomfortably. Suddely Root WRAPS this hands  
around Angier's neck and begins to THROTTLE him.

Cutter breaks it up and pushes Root back.

ROOT (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Are you laughing?

Angier is shaken. Root picks up his hat off the bar and  
disappears onto the street.

ANGIER

He's out of his mind.

OLIVIA

He's an out-of-work actor- of course  
he's out of his mind.

CUTTER

He's perfect. A little work, mind  
you, but when I'm done with him he  
could be your brother.

ANGIER

I don't need him to be my brother.  
I need him to be me.

EXT. NORTH HILL -- DAY

Borden escorts Sarah and their TODDLER, a girl, up the three  
lined street.

Borden stops abruptly. Crouches to his daughter.

BORDEN

Would you like to see a magic trick?

Borden reaches up and pushes a wayward LOCK a her hair over  
her ear. When his hands returns, it's holding a KEY.

He stands, places the key in Sarah's hand.

SARAH

What is this for?

Borden takes her gently by the shoulders and turns her around  
until she's facing a modest two-story HOUSE. She looks down  
at the key in her hand.

SARAH (CONT'D)

When I asked last week you said we  
couldn't afford.

BORDEN

You caught me in the wrong mood.

SARAH

But you want through all the-

BORDEN

Sarah, I'm allowed to change my  
mind, aren't I? The act is taking  
off, maybe soon I'll get us into a  
bigger theatre. Things will work.

Sarah turns and embraces her husband.

INT. EMPIRE THEATRE

The auditorium is empty. Two doors in simple frames have  
been erected in the middle of the stage. Angier fiddles  
with one, opening it, walking through it. Olivia is watching.

OLIVIA

You walk through this one- then...?

Angier stands Olivia in front of the door.

he pushes the door all way open. Suddenly, a TRAP-DOOR set  
into the floor POPS open. Angier JUMPS through it-

INT. EMPIRE THEATRE -- CONTINUOUS

Olivia gathers up her skirts and DROPS through the hole-

INT. BENEATH THE EMPIRE STAGE -- CONTINUOUS

-LANDING beside Angier on the straw matterss.

OLIVIA

Oof. Couldn't you find a softer  
one?

ANGIER

(smiles)

It's not for sleeping on.

Olivia looks around the below stage area.

OLIVIA

And Root goes up through there?

She gestures at a LIFT twenty feet away with a TRAP DOOR MECHANISM above it. Angier nods. Olivia looks at Angier.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

It's going to be amazing, Robert.

ANGIER

It has to be. Borden's trick is getting noticed. The place was packed today.

Olivia looks at him strangely.

OLIVIA

You went and saw his show again?

Angier looks away, embarrassed.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

You becoming obsessed, Robert.

CUTTER (O.S.)

Ready to meet yourself, Mr. Robert.

Angier and Olivia look up to see Cutter at the trap door.

INT. EMPIRE THEATRE -- MOMENTS LATER

Angier and Olivia sit in the front row. Cutter beckons Root onstage. He's been cleaned up and dressed in Angier's stage costume. he TRIPS on his way across the stage.

ANGIER

All I have to do is keep myself stinking drunk all the time and no one will be able to tell the difference.

CUTTER

A little faith, sir. Could you favor us with a performance. Mr. Root?

Root picks himself up and dusts himself off.

Suddenly, ROOT HAS BECOME ANGIER. he is channeling everything from his facial expressions to his walk. Angier nods, starting to believe this might work. The illusion is PERFECT -- till he opens his mouth.

ROOT

You would drink, too, if you know the world half so well as I do.

Angier hops up onto stage, examining Root from different angles. Root starts APING his every movement. Olivia starts laughing. Angier is getting uncomfortable.

ROOT (CONT'D)

Did you think you were unique, Mr. Angier? I have been Cassar. I have been Faust. How difficult could it possibly be to play 'The Great Danton?'

CUTTER

You can go back to being yourself. Root. For free..

Root looks challengingly at both men.

ROOT

I'd rather be him, for now. I find it amusing.

Root WAVES his hands across his chest, in the same manner that Angier does onstage. He produces a bottle of Gin from thin air, and takes a long swallow and jumps down to Olivia.

CUTTER

Root has to keep a low profile-- anyone sees him the game's up.

ANGIER

(watching Root)

I don't know how you do these things, Cutter. I'm not sure I want to know.

CUTTER

Have you thought about what we should call the trick?

ANGIER

No point being coy. Borden calls his trick 'The Transported Man'?

Cutter nods.

EXT. LEICESTER SQUARE -- EVENING

The enormous MARQUEE of the Empire Theatre:

**'The Great Danton perfoms THE NEW TRANSPORTED MAN'**

Beneath it, a CROWD. Fallon amongst them. STARING up at the sign.

INT. EMPIRE THEATRE -- EVENING

Angier is onstage, nearing the end of his show, SMILING BROADLY as he pulls dozens of FLOWERS from thin air and tosses them to the crowd. APPLAUSE fills the theatre.

The DOORFRAMES are wheeld out on either side of the stage. Angier approaches the edge of the stage to address the audience with a suddenly SOLEMN demeanor.

ANGIER

Ladies and gentlemen, much of what you've seen tonight can be termed *illusions*. Entertaining trifles of the sort you may have seen other magicians perform.

Angier puts on a TOP HAT.

ANGIER (CONT'D)

Alas, I cannot claim this next feat as illusion. Watch carefully- you will see no trickery, for no trickery is being employed. Merely a technique familiar to certain citizens of the orient and various holy men of the Himalyas. Indeed, some of you may be familiar with this technique, but for those of you who aren't, do not be alarmed, what you are about to see is considered safe...

Angier gracefully TURNS and heads upstage to the right-hand door, opens it, SLAPS it to show that is sold.

Then strolls through crossing the stage-

-to the other door, which he opens, SLAPPING to show its solidity, then walking through the frame.

Angier removes his TOP HAT and THROWS it high into the air. It sails back down to him and he catches it.

Angier THROWS the HAT again, even harder this time, and it disappears up into the rafters. After a beat, it is clear it's not coming back down.

LAUGHTER. Angier snaps his fingers and the hat is dropped back down to him. He catches it.

Angier moves to the first door and THROWS HIS HAT in a HIGH ARC across the stage. He OPENS the door- steps behind it...

The second DOOR, FAR ACROSS THE STAGE, IMMEDIATELY opens and ANGIER/ROOT EMERGES, REACHING UP TO CATCH THE HAT.

BOTH DOORS SLAMS SHUT behind him. He puts on the hat.

The AUDIENCE ERUPTS- A STANDING OVATION, Fallon the only one in his seat as Angier/Root takes his BOWS.

INT. UNDER THE STAGE -- CONTINUOUS

Angier, hearing the MASSIVE APPLAUSE, climbs off the straw mattress, PEERING up through the cracks in the floorboards.

Smiling, Angier turns to the unseen audience and BOWS.

INT. DRESSING ROOM -- EVENING

Angier, Olivia, and Cutter are CELEBRATING their success. Empty bottles of champagne line the makeup table.

OLIVIA  
(toast)  
To our achievement.

They drink.

CUTTER  
The manager said he's never seen a reaction like it.

Angier smiles, rueful.

ANGIER  
At least he got to see it. I spent the ovation hidden under the stage. No one cares about the man who disappears, the man who goes into the box. They care about the man who comes out the other side.

OLIVIA  
I care about the man in the box.

Angier turns to Olivia, raises his glass.

ANGIER  
Thank you.  
(to Cutter)  
Maybe we could switch *before* the trick. That way *I* could be the Prestige and Root ends up below stage.

CUTTER  
(shakes head)  
The anticipation of the trick is everything- it needs your showmanship to built suspense. If Root opens his mouth, it's all over- he can't introduce the trick.

ROOT (O.S.)  
of course I can. I'm the Great Danton.

They turn. Root is lying behind a trunk, still in costume.

CUTTER  
Root, you bloody fool, get that costume and makeup off right now, anyone could walk in here!

Cutter is SLAPPING Root to his feet. He grabs his collar and turns to Angier and Olivia.

CUTTER (CONT'D)  
 Congratulation, all.

Cutter DRAGS Root out. Olivia slides onto the makeup table.

ANGIER  
 I suppose I should get more rest.

OLIVIA  
 Life is not full of these moments,  
 Robbie.

Olivia pours him some more champagne.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
 We've worked hard for this, and we  
 need to celebrate properly.

Angier looks up at her with a gentle smile. She pulls him  
 in closer and they KISS. She wraps her legs around him.  
 They kiss again.

Angier pulls back.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
 What's wrong?  
 (softly)  
 It is your wife?

Angier shakes his head, distracted.

ANGIER  
 The trick isn't good enough.

Olivia stares at him.

OLIVIA  
 Didn't you see the audience?

ANGIER  
 No.

OLIVIA  
 Well, *they* loved it.

ANGIER  
 It's not as good as his trick.

OLIVIA  
 Borden's trick is nothing compared  
 to ours. He doesn't have any style-

ANGIER  
 He doesn't have to spend the finale  
 hiding under the stage.

Angier rises, turning out of her embrace.

ANGIER (CONT'D)  
I need to know how he does it.

OLIVIA  
Why?

ANGIER  
So that I can do it better.

Angier turns to her. Looks her in the eye.

ANGIER (CONT'D)  
I need you to go and work for him.

OLIVIA  
Work for him? Are you joking

ANGIER  
You'll be my spy.

OLIVIA  
(taken aback)  
We just got our start and you want  
me to leave?

ANGIER  
It's how we advance.

Angier moves to Olivia, placing his hands on her shoulders.

ANGIER (CONT'D)  
Think of it, Olivia... we've got  
people excited about Cutter's version  
of the trick- imagine what we could  
do with the *real* illusion. We'll  
have the greatest magic act anyone's  
ever seen.

OLIVIA  
(frustrated)  
He knows I work for you.

ANGIER  
Exactly why he'll want to hire you.  
He'll want my secrets.

OLIVIA  
Why would he trust me?

Angier thinks for a second. Then smiles.

ANGIER  
Because you're going to tell him the  
truth.

INT. TESLA'S LABORATORY -- DAY

Alley shows Angier in. Tesla is sitting, reading.



TESLA

You must be curious to see what so much money had bought you, Mr. Angier.

Tesla RISES. Leads Angier to a back corner at the room and pulls a SHEET from a ten-foot tall apparatus- the ELECTRICAL MACHINE Angier used on stage in the opening of the film.

TESLA (CONT'D)

Fitting that you should be here for the maiden voyage.

Alley FIRES a GENERATOR connected by thick cables to the machine. It RUMBLES into life, smoke pouring from the slats.

TESLA (CONT'D)

Your hat.

Angier takes off his hat and tries to hand it to Tesla. Alley intercepts the hat and lays it on a chalk hasmark directly underneath the machine. He returns to the controls.

ALLEY

You might want to stand back.

TESLA

No, no. It will be fine. Mr. Alley, please proceed.

Without further ceremony, Alley FIRES the machine.

Nothing happens. Then, as they watch, the GLOBE on top of the tripped FLASHES whits hot. BOLTS shooting out of it, wrapping themselves around the legs of the tripod. The CHARGE reaches a FREEZY and then emits a loud BANG, as if it has broken the sound barrier.

Suddenly the room is still.

Tesla walks forward. Looks down into the pit.

Alley joins him at the edge of the pit. Angier, limping, is the last to arrive, locking into the pit-

-at the TOP HAT, which hasn't moved an inch.

ANGIER

I don't understand-

Tesla STARES at the hat as if trying to melt it with CONCENTRARIION. Alley pulls Angier away from the pit.

ALLEY

Perhaps it would be best if you left us to it. We'll see you next week?

Angier begins to protest but Alley gestures towards the door.

INT. BORDEN'S WORKSHOP -- DAY

A small, disused shop off an arcade, crowded with tools, cabinetry and props, windows plastered with playbills. Borden is sitting at a workbench, sleeves rolled up, working a lathe.

Fallon enters, Olivia behind him. Borden looks back at her, turns back to the table, instinctively putting on his gloves.

OLIVIA  
(looking around)  
Interesting workshop.

BORDEN  
We make do.

OLIVIA  
My name is Olivia Wenscombe.

BORDEN  
I know who you are. Are you here to steal the rest of my show?

Olivia sees one of the theatrical notices that litter the shop: "THE GREAT DANTON BREAKS RECORD WITH HIS ASTONISHING NEW TRICK"

OLIVIA  
No. I'm here to give your show what is missing.

BORDEN  
And what might that be?

OLIVIA  
Me.

BORDEN  
(to Fallon)  
Wasn't I just saying that, Bernard?  
A woman's touch.

Fallon leaves, closing the door.

OLIVIA  
I've left Angier. I want a job.

Borden sits there.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
I know you have no reason to trust me-

BORDEN  
Why on earth shouldn't I trust you?  
The mistress of my enemy.

Olivia is taken aback. Chanes tack.

OLIVIA

Mr. Borden-

BORDEN

Alfred.

OLIVIA

Alfred. I'm going to tell you the truth.

BORDEN

Ah. The truth. A slippery notion in our life of work, Miss Wenscombe.

OLIVIA

I'm here because he sent me here. He wants me to come and work for you and steal your secret.

BORDEN

What does he need my secret for? His trick is top notch. The Great Danton vanishes and instantly reappears on the other side of the stage -- mute, overweight, and, unless I'm mistaken, rather drunk.

Borden rises, moves closer to Olivia.

BORDEN (CONT'D)

Tell me, Olivia. Does he like taking his bows under the stage?

Olivia meets his gaze.

OLIVIA

No. It's killing him. he's obsessed with discovering your method. He thinks of nothing else, and takes no pleasure in our success. I've had enough. There's no future with him. He sent me here to steal your secrets, but I've actually come to offer you his.

BORDEN

He *has* no secrets from me.

Borden stares at her, unsure.

BORDEN (CONT'D)

And this is the truth?

She gives Borden a challenging smile/shrug.

INT. BACKSTAGE -- DAY

Cutter is fixing a prop mechanism. Angier approaches, in his undershirt, looks over his shoulder. Cutter glances up.

CUTTER  
Best be getting changed for the  
martinee, sir.

- Angier nods. Cutter REALIZES.

CUTTER (CONT'D)  
ROOT! You're late.  
(sniffs)  
And even more drunk than usual. Get  
yourself below stairs, right away!

ROOT  
No.

CUTTER  
No?!

Root looks at Cutter with genuine malice.

ROOT  
We need to have a chat, Mr.Cutter.

INT. DRESSING ROOM -- DAY

Angier is applying his makeup. Cutter enters. Angier looks at him through the mirror.

ANGIER  
We have a problem, Cutter.

He holds up the paper, folded to an advertisement:

**PANTAGES THEATRE- FROM NEXT WEEK- THE PROFESSOR WILL  
DEMONSTRATE THE ORIGINAL TRANSPORTED MAN- ACCEPT NO CHEAP  
IMITATIONS!!!**

ANGIER (CONT'D)  
He'll be perfoming right across the  
street.

CUTTER  
We have a bigger problem. Root.

ANGIER  
Don't tell me he fell over again.

CUTTER  
Worse. He realized he can make  
demands.

ANGIER  
He's blackmailing us?

CUTTER

In a word, yes. I'm surprised, to be honest- it usually takes them a lot longer to figure it out.

ANGIER

How much does he want?

CUTTER

It makes no difference- we have to stop doing the trick.

ANGIER

(wields paper)

Stop doing the trick? Look at this.

CUTTER

Look at yesterday's. And last week's, where they called you "London's premiere stage performer", not "magician" mind. Performer. Of any kind.

ANGIER

What's the point?

CUTTER

My point, Robert, is that you've climbed too high to get away with any kind of professional embarrassment. We're not doing any tricks we can't control.

Angier considers this. Nods. Thinking.

ANGIER

Pay him whatever he wants, for now. We keep doing the trick till Borden opens, then we'll phase it out.

INT. BENEATH THE EMPIRE STAGE -- NIGHT

Root smokes a cigarette. PULL BACK to reveal he is standing on the LIFT beneath the stage...

The trapdoor OPENS and Angier DROPS onto the straw mattress. He looks over to see Root finishing his cigarette.

ANGIER

(hisses)

Get up there!!

Root smirks at Angier- TOSSES the cigarette and CATAPULTS up-

INT. STAGE, EMPIRE THEATRE -- CONTINUOUS

-onto the stage and STEPS/STUMBLES out from behind the door to LOUD APPLAUSE.

Root has a SLOPPY GRIN as he STRUTS across the stage, milking the applause from every angle, blowing kisses, winking... loving it. He turns to Cutter in the wings. Blows him a kiss.

Cutter GLARES. Then TURNS to a stagehand.

CUTTER  
Get it down!

ANGIER (V.O.)  
*Cutter was always surprised how fast  
Root turned bad.*

The stagehand starts LOWERING THE CURTAIN.

INT. RESTAURANT, CLIFF HOUSE INN -- DAY

Angier sits with Borden's dairy.

ANGIER (V.O.)  
We paid him enough to keep him in  
beer- you wouldn't expect him to  
rock the boat. Today I learned  
Borden's view on the episode...

INT. TAVERN -- EVENING

The bar is dark and seedy, packed with an unpromising lot.

ANGIER (V.O.)  
*...and his account suggests a reason.*

Root is hanging precariously from his barstool, head lolling towards his empty glass. He is in his own clothes, but cleaned up to look like Angier.

A full PINT arrives in front of him. Root turns to face his benefactor- BORDEN. Root takes several large GULPS, staring at Borden. Suppresses a belch.

ROOT  
To what do I owe the pleasure of  
this rather welcome pint of ale?

BORDEN  
You are the Great Danton, aren't  
you?

Root gestures silence, glancing around them.

ROOT  
Of course I am. But don't advertise  
it- I'll be mobbed with fans.  
(grins at Borden)  
And who might you be?

BORDEN  
Just a humble admirer. And fellow  
practitioner.

ROOT  
Ah, very good.

Root DOWNS the rest of his new pint, placing the empty glass  
in front of Borden with an emphatic THUNK.

BORDEN  
Another?

ROOT  
If you insist. I'm not performing  
tonight. Well, only one show, and,  
to be frank, my people pretty much  
run things these days.

BORDEN  
You could probably do it blindfolded.

ROOT  
Bloody good idea.

BORDEN  
Have it.

ROOT  
Thanks.

A new pint arrives. Root sips.

BORDEN  
Actually, there's something I might  
warn you about.

ROOT  
Oh?

BORDEN  
Well, it's your Transported Man  
illusion. Now, I'm noit claiming to  
know your method... but I had a  
similar trick in my act- and *I* used...  
(looks around,  
whispering)  
...a double.

ROOT  
Oh, I see, very good.

BORDEN  
At first. Then it went bad. You  
se, I hadn't counted on the fact  
that once I incorporated this bloke  
into my act, he had complete power  
over me.

ROOT  
Complete power, you say?

BORDEN  
(nodding gravely)  
Well, he was the secret, you see.  
And the more successful I became,  
the more outrageous his demands  
became. He practically bankrupted  
me. In the end I had to stop  
performing the illusion completely.  
(looks at Root)  
You must be very careful about giving  
someone that power over you.

Root looks at Borden. Drunken whells spinning.

ROOT  
Thanks for the warning.

INT. STAGE, EMPIRE THEATRE -- EVENING

Angier is almost all the way through his act.

ANGIER  
...some of you may be familiar with  
this technique, but for those of you  
who aren't, do not be alarmed, what  
you are about to see is considered  
safe...

Angier takes his time, confident, MILKING IT. He throws his  
HAT into the air, catches it.

INT. UNDER THE STAGE -- CONTINUOUS

Angier DROPS ten feet to the concrete floor. But there is  
NOTHING to break his fall-

He SMASHES painfully to the ground. CLUTCHING his leg in  
AGONY, he looks up and sees SOMEONE standing on the lift  
twenty feet away... BORDEN.

INT. STAGE -- CONTINUOUS

The first door slams shut. The audience turns their attention  
to second door.

The door remains closed. The HAT falls gently to the floor.  
SILENCE, broken by a COUGH in the audience.

INT. UNDER THE STAGE -- CONTINUOUS

BORDEN bows to Angier- the LIFT ROCKETS BORDEN UP THROUGH  
THE STAGE FLOOR.



INT. STAGE -- CONTINUOUS

The second door OPENS, and BORDEN steps through, looking all around, CONFUSED, as if he doesn't know where he is. He looks back at the door, then picks up the HAT...

INT. UNDER THE STAGE -- CONTINUOUS

Angier looks at his leg- a nasty COMPOUND FRACTURE. As he chokes on pain he can hear LAUGHTER from the AUDIENCE.

INT. STAGE -- CONTINUOUS

As Borden mugs with the hat, trying it on and finding it too small, something is LOWERED from the flies above:

ANGIER/ROOT, BOUND AND GAGGED, HANGS from a chain. A sign around his neck reads: "**OPENING AT PANTAGE- THE PROFESSOR**"

Borden looks up behind him.

BORDEN  
Great Danton, I must apologize! I  
simply had too much magic for my  
stage at the Pantages!

The Great Danton comes to rest three feet above the stage.

BORDEN (CONT'D)  
Pardon my intrusion!

Borden places the top hat and ANGIER/ROOT at a JAUNTY ANGLE.

THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE and LAUGHTER. Borden BOWS, hops down off the stage, and walks up the aisle, bowing, enjoying it all the way.

INT. STAGE -- LATER

Cutter crouches over Angier, fixing a LONG SPLINT to his broken leg. Behind them, Root still hangs above the stage, groaning in protest.

CUTTER  
I don't see how Borden found him- I  
had him under wraps, I was careful.

ANGIER  
Well, he did.

Cutter helps Angier to his feet.

CUTTER  
Sit, do you think it might be her?  
Olivia?

Angier stops to look at Cutter.

ANGIER

No. I don't.

Cutter gestures at Root.

CUTTER

Shall we cut him down?

ANGIER

He's the Great Danton. Let him cut himself down.

EXT. PANTAGE'S THEATRE -- NIGHT

Angier, thinly disguised, leg in long metal brace, pushes through the crowd outside the box office. The marquee: **The Professor Performs His Masterpiece- THE ORIGINAL TRANSPORTED MAN!!**

On the box office: SOLD OUT THRU SUNDAY. Angier STARES.

SCALPER (O.S.)

Need tickets, sir?

Angier turns to the SCALPER. Nods.

INT. PANTAGE'S THEATRE -- EVENING

Angier slumps into a seat at the back of the PACKED theatre.

ONSTAGE: Borden works through his show with a SUPERIOR DEGREE OF SHOWMANSHIP, even cracking a smile when called for. Working WITHOUT GLOVES, he makes much of performing tricks ONE-HANDED. He is assisted by Olivia, who looks STUNNING.

Borden performs ths Transported Man. Borden HAS DRESSED IT UP WITH ELECTRICAL APPARATUS. Two large glass balls transmit SPARKS between one cabinet and the other along BARE WIRES.

Another watches, anger rising as he watches Olivia's close RAPPORT with Borden.

INT. APARTAMENT -- EVENING

Olivia enters in to the darkness bedroom. She strikes a match and lights one of the gaslights...

...and SCREAMS as the gaslight illuminates Angier, sitting in an armchair, cane leaning against the arm of the chair.

ANGIER

You weren't expecting me?

OLIVIA

I was expecting you sooner, Robbie. Your message said "afternoon".

ANGIER

Well, it takes a bit for me to get around these days...

Angier RAPS his leg brace with his cane. HOISTS himself up.

ANGIER (CONT'D)

He's taken everything from me. My wife, my career... now you.

OLIVIA

What do you mean? You *sent* me to-

Angier takes her by the shoulders, ROUGHLY.

ANGIER

I sent you to steal his secret- not to improve his act-

OLIVIA

That's my job-!

ANGIER

Or to fall in love with him!

OLIVIA

You abandoned me to him!

Angier SLAPS her. She shakes her head at him.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

I did everything you asked.

ANGIER

(challenging)

Yes? Then how does he do it?!

OLIVIA

Cutter was right- it's a double.

Angier shakes his head, furious.

ANGIER

Of course Borden said that-

OLIVIA

He didn't say anything- he'd never say. I've seen things- make-up, glasses, wigs. We don't use any of it for the show, but I've found it hidden backstage.

ANGIER

(scorn)

It's *misdirection*- he leaves those things lying around to make you think he's using a double.

OLIVIA

All the time? He doesn't know when  
I'm looking-

ANGIER

All the time, Olivia- that's who he  
is, that's what it takes- he *lives*  
his act, don't you see?!

(beat)

And just because you're sleeping  
with him doesn't mean he trusts you.

Olivia glares at him, tears forming in her eyes.

OLIVIA

You thing you can see everything,  
don't you?

She moves to her bed, REACHING below the mattress.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

But the Great Danton, is a blind  
fool.

Olivia tosses something at Angier: a CARDBOARD-BOUND NOTEBOOK.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

His notebook.

Angier starts leafing desperately through pages.

ANGIER

You stole it?

OLIVIA

I borrowed it for tonight. I thought  
you'd be able to translate some of  
it, but now I realize-

ANGIER

I can't.

OLIVIA

(scorn)

You can't.

ANGIER

Olivia, *no one* could-

(studies pages)

It's a cypher- with a transposition  
that probably shifts every day of  
the diary. Even with the keyword it  
would take months to decode...

OLIVIA

And without the keyword?

ANGIER  
Perhaps never. We'll see.

Angier puts the cardboard-bound notebook into his pocket. Olivia, worried, holds out her hand for the notebook.

OLIVIA  
No, we won't- if I don't get that back tomorrow morning, he'll know I took it.

Angier looks at her, incredulous.

ANGIER  
You can'r possibly think I'd let this go? This is his diary, Olivia. All of his secrets are right here, *in my hands*.

OLIVIA  
(pleading)  
Don't do this do me, Robert!

ANGIER  
(shrugs)  
Leave him.

OLIVIA  
He knows where I live!

ANGIER  
I need to know his method.

OLIVIA  
(desperate)  
It won't get your wife back, Robert.

ANGIER  
I don't care about my wife- I care about his secret!

Angier stops, realizing what he said. Calms himself.

ANGIER (CONT'D)  
Look, I'll go to his workshop and stage a break-in-

OLIVIA  
He'll know it was you-

Angier puts his hands GENTLY on her shoulders.

ANGIER  
Yes, *me*, not you. Understand?

Olivia nods, crying. Still scared. Angier drags his leg to the door. She watches him go, torn.

OLIVIA

Robert? I *have* fallen in love with him.

Angier looks at her, sympathetic.

ANGIER

Then I know how hard this had been hard for you.

INT. BORDEN'S WORKSHOP -- DAY

CLOSE ON: SHATTERED GLASS, BROKEN PROPS AND CABINETRY.

Borden and Fallon survey the WRECKAGE of their shop. Borden looks at Fallon.

BORDEN

Notebook.

Fallon nods. Borden sighs. Weary.

BORDEN (CONT'D)

Then he's just getting started.

EXT. STAGEDOOR, PANTAGE'S THEATRE -- EVENING

A small CROWD of autograph SEEKERS crowd the stagedoor. A BODYGUARD steps through the door and begins unshering them away as Fallon and Borden follow him through the door.

The bodyguard hold the door to a carriage open and Fallon steps up. Borden stops at the door.

BORDEN

I'm walking tonight, gentlemen.

Fallon looks concerned.

BORDEN (CONT'D)

Let him come. I don't care.

Borden doffs his hat and walks onto the crowd street.

Fallon steps down, reaches into the bodyguard's jacket and pulls out a PISTOL. He checks that it's loaded and slips it into his own jacket. Then he sets off after Borden.

EXT. STREETS, WEST END -- EVENING

Fallon continues to follow Borden at a distance. Borden steps into a tobacconist's. Fallon stops and idles at the street corner.

As Fallon watches, across the street, another man STOPS. Fallon slips back around the corner and looks:

It's Angier, leaning on his cane.

Borden emerges from the tobacconist and continues down the street, a cloud of pipe smoke drifting after him.

Fallon waits for Angier to set off after Borden, then follows both men from a distance.

Borden crosses to the same side of the street as Angier. Fallon picks up his pace and tries to cross the street but is HELD UP for a second by passing traffi.

As he reaches the other side, Borden is gone, but he sees Angier dissappear down and alleyway.

EXT. ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

Fallon rounds the cornder and stops. The alleyway is EMPTY. -- he has lost them. Finally, he sees an open, darkned doorway towards the end of the alleyway.

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Fallon stops at the doorway, his gloved hand gripping te doorframe.

Angier stands at the other end of the hallway, watching him.

Fallon takes a step towards him and CRASHES through the rotten floor to the basement below.

INT. BASEMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Fallon drops heavily into an almost-vertical OPEN COFFIN.

DISORIENTED, Fallon just glimpses CUTTER DROP THE LID INTO PLACE, shutting him in. Cutter starts NAILING it down.

A GUNSHOT TEARS through the lid of the box. Cutter falls back, but is caught by Angier.

Angier rolls Cutter off to one side. He is clutching at a BLOODY WOUND on his arm.

CUTTER

I'll live.

(to coffin)

You save me the trouble to making  
you an air hole!

Angie picks up the hammer and continues NAILING.

EXT. HIGHGATE CEMETARY -- MORNING

Borden picks up his way through the overgrown cemetary. He hears a KNOCKING and turns:

Angier is behind him, RAPPING on a broken headstone with the head of his cane.

BORDEN  
I'm impressed.

ANGIER  
Why's that?

BORDEN  
You're finally getting your hands dirty. This is what a good trick costs, Angier. Risk. Sacrifice.

ANGIER  
The sacrifice, I'm afraid, is all going to be yours. Unless you give me what I want.

BORDEN  
Which is?

ANGIER  
Your secret.

Borden tries to gauge Angier's expression.

BORDEN  
My secret?

ANGIER  
Your method for the Transported Man. Fallon wouldn't tell me. In fact, he doesn't talk at all.

BORDEN  
(shrugs)  
You have my notebook.

ANGIER  
Useless without the keyword.

Angier pulls a sheaf of writing paper and a pencil stub from his pocket. He offers them to Borden.

ANGIER (CONT'D)  
Write down your method Mr. Borden. Describe it in full.

Borden takes the paper and pencil and stares Angier in the eye, gauging him.

Beat.

Borden writes a SINGLE WORD on the top page and folds it up.

ANGIER (CONT'D)  
I want the *method* not the keyword- I don't even know if the secret is *in* you notebook.



Borden looks at Angier with a glint in his eye.

BORDEN  
The keyword *is* the method.

Angier reaches for the folded paper, which Borden lifts out of reach.

BORDEN (CONT'D)  
Where is my ingeneur?

Angier pulls a SHOVEL free from a pile of dirt beside him. He STAKES it into a fresh pile of dirt in front of Borden. Borden looks at Angier, CONCERNED.

BORDEN (CONT'D)  
Is he

Angier plucks the folded paper from Borden's hand.

ANGIER  
How fast can you gid?

Angier movies away through the headstone, leaning heavily on his cane. Borden begins to DIG.

INT. HOSPITAL -- EVENING

Cutter is slumped in a chair by the wall, his arm bandaged. He smiles up at Angier, who sits down next to him.

ANGIER  
How's the arm?

CUTTER  
Still attached. Did you get your answer?

Angier holds up the folded paper.

ANGIER  
*Our* answer, Cutter. I haven't looked yet, I wanted you to share this.

Cutter looks curiously at Angier.

CUTTER  
I already know how he does it, Robert. The same way he always has, the same way we do. You just *want* it to be something more.

Angier looks at Cutter, uneasy.

ANGIER  
Well, let's find out, shall we?

Angier opens the piece of paper. A large GRIN spreads across his face. he turns it to Cutter- it reads-

- T E S L A -

Cutter frowns, confused.

CUTTER  
What does it mean?

ANGIER  
(excited)  
It means, Cutter, that we have a journey ahead of us. To America.

Cutter watches Angier's excitement. Awkward.

CUTTER  
Robert, listen to me.  
(gentle, but definite)  
Obsession is a young man's game, I can't follow you any farther in this.

Angier looks at Cutter, uncomprehending. He considers saying something. Stops. Restraining himself.

ANGIER  
Then the rest is up to me.

INT. ELEGANT RESTAURANT -- EVENING

Sarah sits by herself at a table for two. Borden ENTERS with a swagger, Olivia beside him, Fallon behind. The MAITRE D' hurries over, signaling WAITERS. Sarah looks up. UNCOMFORTABLE.

SARAH  
I didn't know we'd be joined for dinner.

BORDEN  
Absolutely. We're celebrating.

The Waiters spirit another table and chairs to join Sarah's. Borden pulls out a chair for Olivia.

SARAH  
Miss Wenscombe. Mr. Fallon.

Olivia smiles cheerfully. Fallon nods, embarrassed.

BORDEN  
(to wine waiter)  
Champagne. Your finest

SARAH  
What are we celebrating, dear?

BORDEN  
Well, we've hit upon a new trick,  
haven't we, Fallon?

OLIVIA  
What trick, Freddy?

SARAH  
(brittle)  
Yes, "Freddy". What trick?

The WAITER presents a bottle of champagne. Borden nods without looking at it.

BORDEN  
(loud)  
I'm going to bury myself alive.  
Every night. Then someone's going  
to come along and dig me up!

OTHER DINERS are glancing over. The waiter uncorks the bottle with a muffled POP and pours champagne into Borden's glass.

SARAH  
(to waiter)  
I'm not sure my husband needs-

BORDEN  
Who are you to tell me what?!

Awkward silence. Olivia shifts in her seat.

OLIVIA  
Perhaps-

SARAH  
Perhaps, Mr. Fallon, you might escort  
Miss Wenscombe home. My husband's  
being a bore. I see no reason for  
the two of you to suffer as well.

Fallon is on his feet, pulling back Olivia's chair.

OLIVIA  
Good-night, Mrs. Borden. Good-night,  
Freddy.

They leave. Borden glares at his wife.

SARAH  
"Freddy"?

BORDEN  
It's my name.

SARAH  
Not at home.

BORDEN  
I'm not always at home.

Sarah is clearly on the verge of tears.

SARAH  
Alfred, why are you being like this?

Borden, seeing her fistress, softnes.

BORDEN  
Sarah, I had a terrible ordeal today.  
I thought I'd lost something very  
precious to me.

SARAH  
What?

Borden looks at her speechless. Shrugs helplessly.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
I see. More secrets.

BORDEN  
Secrets are my life, Sarah. Our  
life.

Sarah brushes away a tear.

SARAH  
When you're like this, Alfred, I'm  
not seeing the real you. You're  
treating me like your audience.  
Performing. I can't live with that.

Borden just sits there. Offering nothing.

EXT. CLIFF HOUSE INN -- DAY

Angier walks up to the hotel. A MOTORCAR is parked in front  
and TWO MEN are unloading it. One of the men STARES at Angier  
as he enters the hotel.

INT. CLIFF HOUSE INN

Angier walks to the reception desk.

ANGIER  
I thought I had the place to myself.

MANAGER  
Unexpected guests.  
(looks out the window  
at the men)  
Not very polite. A lot of questions.  
At first I thought they might work  
for the government.

ANGIER

No?

MANAGER

(lowers voice)

Worse. They work for Thomas Edison.

Angier starts out the window at the men unloading equipment.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, COLORADO -- CONTINUOUS

Angier sits at the desk, deciphering Borden's diary.

*BORDEN (V.O.)*

*Today, a most curious development...*

INT. BORDEN'S WORKSHOP -- DAY

Borden turns to see Fallon show in Olivia.

*BORDEN (V.O.)*

*His assistant come to us with a proposition...*

They start to speak as Borden's V.O. continues.

*BORDEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)*

*Obviously Angier has sent her, and told her to admit as much...*

*BORDEN (CONT'D)*

*Tell me Olivia. Does he like taking his bows under the stage?*

Olivia meets his gaze.

*OLIVIA*

*No. It's killing him. He's obsessed with discovering your method. He thinks of nothing else, and takes no pleasure in our success. I've had enough. There is no future with him. He sent me here to steal your secrets, but I've actually come to offer you his.*

*BORDEN*

*He has no secrets from me.*

Borden stares at her, unsure.

*BORDEN (CONT'D)*

*This is the "truth" you spoke of?*

She gives him a sly smile.

OLIVIA

No. This is what he told me to tell you.

Beat.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

The *truth* is that I loved him. And stood by him. And he sent me to you like he'd send a stagehand to pick up his shirts.

(looks him in the eye)

I hate him for that.

They sit there in silence, appraising each other.

BORDEN

I can spot Angier's methods from the back of the theatre. What could you possibly have to offer me?

Olivia smiles, moves to Borden, reaching for his gloved hand. Borden flinches, surprised.

OLIVIA

You may know he does his tricks... but you can't understand why no one can see that yours are better.

She tenderly PEELS OFF his padded glove revealing his mutilated hand.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

You hide this. I had to look closely to spot it when you performed the Transported Man.

(looks into his eyes)

But this makes you unique... it shows the audience that you aren't using a double; You musn't hide it, you must display it proudly...

(looks at hand)

I'm sure it takes great skill to perform illusions with one good hand.

BORDEN

(quietly)

It does.

OLIVIA

Then let people know. You can be so much more than he is. I can show you how.

Borden looks into her eyes.

BORDEN (V.O.)

*I think she is telling the truth.*

INT. BEDROOM, BORDEN'S WORKSHOP -- NIGHT

Borden and Olivia are in bed together. It is raining outside. He watching her get out of bed and moves to the window to smoke a cigarette.

*BORDEN (V.O.)  
I think we cannot trust her. But I  
love her. I need her. We need her.*

*BORDEN (CONT'D)  
How could he send you away? He must  
be blind, deaf and dumb.*

She smiles quietly at this.

*OLIVIA  
Robbie's blinded by his jealousy.  
He'd do anything for you secret.  
Sending me away was the least of it.*

Borden considers this.

*BORDEN (V.O.)  
Trust is not the point- love is the  
point... who have we ever trusted?  
To open myself to such a relationship,*

EXT. NARROW ALLEYWAY -- DAY

Olivia makes her way past crowd MARKET STALLS.

*BORDEN (V.O.)  
...to the dangers of such an affair...  
I need assurances of fidelity. Of  
love.*

Fallon is SHADOWING her from a distance.

*BORDEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But how to be sure when truth is  
layered like the skin of an onion?  
I know a way... she must help me rid  
ourselves of Angier. It is the only  
way to know her mind.*

INT. HOTEL ROOM, COLORADO -- DAY

Angier looks up from Borden's diary. Pale. He flips pages and pages forward TO THE LAST ENTRY...

*BORDEN (V.O.)  
Today my mistress proves her  
truthfulness. Not to me, you  
understand.*

BORDEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*I have been convinced since she led me to Root... today, Olivia proves her love for me to you, Angier.*

Angier looks up from the notebook. Mind reeling.

BORDEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*Yes, Angier. She gave you this notebook at my request. Yes, she led me to Root, and yes, Tesla is merely the key to my dairy, not to my trick. Did you really think I would part with my secret so easily after so much? Good-bye, Angier, may you find solace for your thwarted ambition back in your American home.*

Angier STARES at the pages, unblinking. JUMPS to his feet...

INT. TESLA'S LABORATORY -- DAY

Angier STRIDES up to the fence.

ANGIER  
 TESLA!  
 (nothing)  
 TESLA!!

Angier takes his cane and starts running its METAL TIP across the electrified fence- causing SPARKING and CRACKLING.

ANGIER (CONT'D)  
 ALLEY, GET OUT HERE AND LET ME IN!!

Alley emerges from the building, confused.

INT. TESLA'S LABORATORY -- DAY

Alley opens the door- Angier BURSTS IN past him, ENRAGED.

ANGIER  
 I've been played for a fool!

ALLEY  
 Who by?

ANGIER  
 Tesla never made a machine like the one I asked for.

ALLEY  
 We never said he had.

ANGIER  
 You let me believe that he had, Alley!  
 (MORE)



ANGIER (CONT'D)

You stole my money because your funding was cut off- you've been shooting sparks at my top hat, laughing at me all along while you use my money to stave off ruin. I've seen Edison's men-

ALLEY

Where?

ANGIER

In the hotel. I've every mind to bring them up here myself-

TESLA

That would be unwise, Mr.Angier.

Tesla is holding a cage containing a large tabby CAT.

TESLA (CONT'D)

It is true, sir, that you are your one remaining financier. But we have not stolen your money...

ALLEY

Sir, my cat?

Tesla silences Alley with a tiny GLANCE.

ALLEY (CONT'D)

When I told you I could make your machine I spoke the simple truth. Science is just a name for the art of rendering the exotic mundane. It has no boundaries- its very purpose is to destroy boundaries.

ANGIER

Then why isn't the machine working?

Tesla gives Angier the slightest of smiles.

TESLA

Because exact science, Mr.Angier, is not an exact science. The machine simply does not operate as expected. It needs continued examination.

ANGIER

Where did my top hat go?

ALLEY

Nowhere.

Alley points to the top hat, which is sitting on a workbench.

ALLEY (CONT'D)

We've tried the damn thing a dozen times. And the hat went nowhere.

TESLA

Which is why we need to try a different material. It may provoke a different result.

Tesla opens the cage and points the open end at Alley.

TESLA (CONT'D)

You don't expect me to handle the thing myself?

Alley reluctantly reaches into the cage and pulls out the TERRIFIED CAT. He jumps down into the pit and secures the animal by its collar to a eye-hook sunk into the ground.

ALLEY

You are responsible for whatever happens to this animal, Doctor.

Alley pulls himself out of the pit, and Tesla CHARGES the generator.

The cat stares up at the machine around it and HISSES.

Without ceremony, Tesla FIRES the machine. As before, large BOLTS spew from the head of the machine, down towards the unseen cat. The machine builds to a DEAFENING ROAR, then sputters out.

Silence. The three men begin edging towards the pit.

Suddenly, a terrifying SCREECH. The cat is still there, still tied to the hook.

Alley breathes a sigh of relief and starts to free the cat. Tesla looks frustrated. Suddenly, the cat bursts free of Alley and ROJETS through the open side door of the lab.

ANGIER

I'll go.

Angier limps after the cat.

EXT. TESLA'S LABORATORY -- CONTINUOUS

Angier sees the cat disappearing along the edge of the building and into the forest beyond.

Angier follows.

EXT. FOREST -- CONTINUOUS

Angier pushes his way through the dense undergrowth, trying to keep up, but the cat has disappeared.

ANGIER  
Here, kitty, kitty.

Suddenly, a HORRIBLE SCREECHING reaches Angier. He begins to follow the noise.

He stops at the opening of a tiny GLADE, no more than ten feet across.

Two IDENTICAL CATS are fighting viciously in front of Angier. He tries to separate the two animals, and succeeds in grabbing one. The other cat RACES off.

Angier takes a few steps after it, then FREEZES, staring at-  
TOP HATS. Clustered in a small glade. The first cat slinks its way through them.

The SECOND BLACK cat jumps from Angier's hands- RACES into the glade, HISSING, SPITTING, CHASING the first cat into the woods beyond-

Angier is left alone in the clearing, staring at the pile of dozens of IDENTICAL TOP HATS.

EXT. PORCH, TESLA'S LABORATORY -- DAY

The top hats are in a pile on the dark. Tesla is at the table, measuring two HATS with a pair of Calipers. Angier and Alley are watching.

ANGIER  
So the machine was working?

ALLEY  
I never bothered to check the calibration. The hat never moved.

TESLA  
These things never quite work as you expect them to, Mr. Angier. That's one of the principal beauties of science.

Tesla looks carefully at the hat in his hands. It has a tiny TEAR on the inside of the brim. He picks up another hat. It has the same TEAR.

TESLA (CONT'D)  
We'll need a couple of weeks to iron out the-  
(looks at hats)  
-problems with the machine. I'll send word when it's ready.

Angier, still dazed, takes his cane and heads for the door.

TESLA (CONT'D)  
Don't forget your hat.

Angier stops and looks at the pile of hats.

ANGIER  
Which one is mine?

TESLA  
They are *all* your hat, Mr. Angier.

Tesla smiles at him.

INT. BORDEN'S WORKSHOP -- DAY

Borden's daughter, JESS, now four, runs into the room and tries to hop up into his lap. Laughing, he helps her up.

JESS  
Are we going to the zoo this afternoon, daddy?

BORDEN  
Daddy's got some business this afternoon.

JESS  
But you promised.

BORDEN  
Did I?

Jess nods at him, solemnly.

BORDEN (CONT'D)  
Then go to the zoo we shall.

Borden holds the newspaper open for her to look at.

BORDEN (CONT'D)  
(gestures to newspaper)  
Who's that?

A large advertisement features a picture of Borden: **The Professor- England's premiere magician!**

JESS  
That's you, daddy?

Borden picks up the girl off of his lap and stands.

BORDEN  
Daddy has some errands to run. I'll be back before you know it, so get ready.

Borden walks to the door. As he does, Sarah enters, avoiding his eyes, then ducking him as he tries to kiss her.

She reaches for the sherry decanter. He watches her pour. Sarah looks at him, eyes red from crying.

SARAH  
We each have our vices.

Borden moves to her, gentle concern in his eyes.

BORDEN  
Sarah. Whatever you may think, your only competitions for my affections is my little girl. I love you. I will always love you, and you alone.

She looks into his eyes. Fascinated.

SARAH  
You mean it today.

BORDEN  
Absolutely.

SARAH  
That makes it so much harder when you don't.

She turns from him. Borden watches her sadly. Leaves.

EXT. CANAL -- AFTERNOON

Borden walks along a disused stretch of industrial canal that snakes through the poorer neighborhoods of the city.

Borden wanders into a tunnel. Another man is waiting for him -- Fallon.

Fallon hands Borden a folded piece of paper. He studies it.

BORDEN  
More shopping. She doesn't like the smell of money, doesn't she?

Fallon looks away. Borden tears up the paper.

BORDEN (CONT'D)  
The little lady wants to visit the Zoo, I thought you could take her. I'll do it tomorrow, if not.  
(looks at his feet)  
Sarah... she knows. At least, she knows things aren't right.  
(looks at Fallon, pleading)  
Help me with her. Try and convince her that I love her. *Please.*

Borden, embarrassed, pats Fallon on the shoulder and makes off down the path. Fallon sets off in the opposite direction.

## INT. OLIVIA'S APARTMENT

Olivia, barely wearing a dressing gown, answers the door to Borden. She pulls him in, trying to draw him into a kiss, but he backs away.

OLIVIA  
What is it. Freddy?

BORDEN  
Please don't call me that. It's nothing, just... sometimes things seem... wrong.

Olivia looks at him. Cold.

OLIVIA  
Freddy, I've told you before. When you're with me, you're with me. Leave your family at home where they belong.

BORDEN  
I'm trying, Olivia. Please.

OLIVIA  
I'll get dressed.

Borden watches her move down the hall.

OLIVIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I saw Fallon hanging around my house again, after you left.

Olivia comes back in, half-dressed.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
There's something about him I don't trust.

BORDEN  
You trust me?  
(off her look)  
Then trust Fallon- he protects the things I care about.

## EXT. CLIFF HOUSE INN -- MORNING

Angier walks out from the lobby. The two MEN he saw before are loading up their automobile. Smiling, laughing.

## EXT. ROAD, PIKE'S PEAK -- MORNING

The coach pulls to a stop. Angier and the driver look up.

A plume of SMOKE is rising from further up the hill.

EXT. CLEARING, PIKE'S PEAK -- MOMENTS LATER

Angier rounds the bend in the road and comes into view of the laboratory. He FREEZES.

The fence has been TORN DOWN. Beyond it, the LAB has been BURNED TO THE GROUND. The metal tower is in SMOLDERING PIECES. Everything else is gone.

Angier notices a piece of metal lying in the road near him, and, using his cane, flips it over. It's Alley's sign warning trespassers to keep out.

INT. ANGIER'S ROOM, CLIFF HOUSE INN -- EVENING

Angier takes down the picture of Julia from the mantel. He studies it a second then puts it in the top of his packed suitcase.

INT. LOBBY, CLIFF HOUSE INN -- MORNING

The BELLBOYS wrestle with Angier's cases as Angier walks to the reception desk. The manager smiles up at him.

MANAGER

We're sorry to see you go, Mr. Angier.

Angier takes out his wallet and begins laying down bills.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

We are sorry to see Mr. Tesla leave as well. He was very good to Colorado Springs. A very generous man.

Angier smiles up at him, absently and begins to leave.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Mr. Angier?

(Angier turns)

I didn't feel it was necessary to tell the other men about the box.

Angier stops.

ANGIER

What box?

The manager smiles.

INT. HALLWAY, CLIFF HOUSE INN -- MORNING

Angier follows the manager down a darkened hallway.

MANAGER

We never use these rooms in the off - season. It's a shame.

The manager stops at a set of DOUBLE DOORS and unlocks them. He pushes them open and ushers Angier through.

INT. BALLROOM, CLIFF HOUSE INN -- CONTINUOUS

Angier steps into the massive, elegant room.

Standing on the dance floor is an ENORMOUS SHIPPING CRATE. Stencilled on one side "**COLORADO SPRINGS**"

Angier walks up to the huge crate, awestruck.

An envelope addressed to him has been stuck to the front. Angier stops it and begins to read.

TESLA (V.O.)

My dear Angier, you will find what you were looking for in the box. I apologize for leaving without saying goodbye...

EXT. TESLA'S LABORATORY -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

*Under cover of night, a group of FIGURES ransack the laboratory.*

TESLA (V.O.)

But I seem to have overstayed my welcome in Colorado.

The figure begin setting FIRE to the sides of the laboratory.

TESLA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The extraordinary is not permitted in science and industry. Perhaps you'll have more luck in your field, mystified. As to the use of the machine...

INT. ABANDONED THEATRE -- NIGHT

The open crate sits empty at the side of a derelict stage. Angier, in shirt sleeves is running cables to the MACHINE, which is standing center stage.

TESLA (V.O.)

Alley has written you a thorough set of instructions. I add only one suggestion on using the machine-

EXT. COLORADO SPRINGS -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

*Alley holds open the door to a coach. Tesla steps up into it and looks back from the coach's open door, up the mountain.*



TESLA (V.O.)  
*-Destroy it. Drop it to the bottom  
of the deepest ocean.*

*High on the mountain, the laboratory is ABLAZE.*

TESLA (CONT'D)  
Such thing will only bring you  
misery.

Tesla folds himself into the coach, shutting the door as it  
moes off down the mountain.

INT. ABANDONED THEATRE -- NIGHT

Angier moves to one side of the stage where he makes a hash  
mark with a piece of chalk.

ANGIER (V.O.)  
Tesla's warning is as unheard as he  
knew it would be. Today I tested  
the machine...

He loads A GUN and places it next to the machine.

ANGIER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Taking precautions in case Tesla  
hadn't ironed out the kinks in its  
operation...

Angier THROWS THE SWITCH. The machine GROANS into LIFE-  
SPARKING and GLOWING as it gets up to full power.

ANGIER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
...if it went wrong I would not want  
to live like that for long..

Angier closes his eyes for an instant, listening to its power,  
then THROWS HIMSELF INTO THE MACHINE. HE IS CONSUMED BY  
LIGHT...

WHITE SCEEN-

ANGIER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*But here, at the Turn, I must leave  
you, Borden...*

The WHITS becomes handwriting an a page and we are-

INT. PRISON CELL -- DAY

Borden STARES at Angier's journal in disbelief.

ANGIER  
*Yes, you, Borden. Sitting there, in  
your cell, reading my diary. Awaiting  
your death. For my murder.*

Borden SLAMS the journal shut. Staring at it.

EXT. PRISON CELL, NEWGATE PRISON -- DAY

BORDEN stands at the fence again.

OWENS

Lord Caldlow was happy to hear that you'd reconsidered his offer.

BORDEN

Angier's journal, the "gesture of good faith"? It's a fake.

OWENS

(surprised)

I assure you it's not.

BORDEN

It has to be- it refers to events that happened after his death.

OWENS

Clever predictions, I'm sure. The provenance of the journal is clear and under no doubt. It's written in Angier own hand, of which we have numerous examples.

(looks at Borden)

What makes you think it's a fake?

Borden looks away, uncomfortable.

BORDEN

It doesn't matter.

Borden leans forward and stuffs ROLLED PAPERS through the fence. Owens takes them carefully.

BORDEN (CONT'D)

My tricks. All of them.

OWENS

Including the Transported Man? Lord Caldlow will be very pleased.

BORDEN

No he won't. They're not complete- you only have the Pledge and Turn for each.

Owens leafs through the papers, annoyed.

OWENS

Without the Prestige for each trick these are worthless.

BORDEN  
 You'll get the rest after you bring  
 my daughter here.

Owens looks at Borden.

BORDEN (CONT'D)  
 I want to say goodbye.

INT. BORDEN'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Jess sits at the foot of the stairs, listening to her parents  
 SHOUT at each other in the living room. She is CRYING.

BORDEN (O.S.)  
 Stop it! Just stop it!

SARAH  
 Deny it all you want- *I know!*

INT. LIVING ROOM, BORDEN'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Sarah is WILD, eyes red, hair a mess. Utterly DISTRAUGHT  
 Borden is trying to calm her.

BORDEN  
 Sarah, it's not true! I've told you  
 Olivia means nothing to me!

SARAH  
 I'll go yo her! I know what you  
*really* are, Alfred!

BORDEN  
 (quietly firm)  
 Sarah. You can't do that.

INT. HALLWAY, BORDEN'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Jess looks up. Fallon is standing above her. Listening.

SARAH (O.S.)  
 I'll do what I have to!

Jess reaches up a hand. Fallon takes it in his.

BORDEN (O.S.)  
 Sarah, you can't talk like this!

INT. LIVING ROOM, BORDEN'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Sarah turn to face Borden. Deperate.

SARAH  
 I can't live like this!

BORDEN

(angry)

What do you want from me!

Sarah pauses. Catches her breath.

SARAH

(quiet)

I want you to be honest with me. No tricks, no lies, no secrets.

Borden calms. Looks into her eyes. Nods.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Do you love me?

Borden looks into her eyes. Sincere.

BORDEN

Not today.

Sarah takes this in. Borden watches, helpless.

SARAH

(whispers)

Thank you.

Borden watches her turn away from him.

INT. HALLWAY, BORDEN'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Jess reaches up to Fallon with her other hand. He takes her gently in his arms. We stay on Jess's tear-stained face over Fallon's shoulder as he carries her up the stairs.

INT. BORDEN'S WORKSHOP -- MORNING

CLOSE ON A POSTER: Borden, in costume, looking intense: **THE PROFESSOR- MASTER OF DARK FORCES**. As we PULL BACK we hear a GENTLE CREAKING...

PULL BACK past a hanging PAIR OF FEET, one shoe missing... wider shows up that it is SARAH, HANGING BY HER NECK FROM A BEAM IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SHOP. Gently swinging.

INT. PUBLIC HOUSE -- NIGHT

Cutter is finishing his meal at the bar. He goes to take a swig from his pint and FREEZES- at the bottom of the glass: A PLAYING CARD. He looks around the bar. No one he recognizes. He reaches into the glass.

Cutter pulls out the card- an ADDRESS is written up one side.

EXT. ABANDONED THEATRE -- NIGHT

Cutter walks along labyrinthine streets. Stops at an ABANDONED THEATRE. He looks up at the building, then enters.

INT. ALBERT HALL -- EVENING

Cutter makes his way past the tattered box office and into the derelict auditorium.

In the middle of the room is the CRATE. Cutter stands and stares at it.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Who's there

Cutter turns. A STAGEHAND. His eyes are solid white. The man is clearly BLIND.

CUTTER

I- I'm looking for an old friend-

ANGIER (O.S.)

I heard about a booking...

Cutter turns. Angier is behind him, leaning on his cane. Beside Angier is a SECOND BLIND STAGEHAND.

ANGIER (CONT'D)

Nice little theatre. Good up-and-coming magician.

CUTTER

You came back.

ANGIER

It's a good to see you, John.

Cutter sizes Angier up. Looks around the theatre.

CUTTER

Good rehearsal space. Blind stagehands. I like it-  
(knowing smile)  
You always had an eye for publicity.

Angier sits in one of the stalls. Cutter follows suit.

ANGIER

I need your help, John. My last show. A limited engagement.

CUTTER

Your *last* show?

ANGIER

A wise man once told me that obsession was a young man's game. I'm almost done. One thing left...  
(points at crate)  
The *real* Transported Man.

Cutter stares at the crate.

CUTTER  
You want to design a show around it?

ANGIER  
i don't want you backstage, I need  
you front of house, managing.

Cutter considers this. Uncertain.

ANGIER (CONT'D)  
i need you calling in any favours  
and connections you have left to get  
us the right booking for the run.

CUTTER  
What sort of booking are you after?

ANGIER  
The sort that Borden can't ignore.

Cutter looks at Angier. Nods.

EXT. ABANDONED THEATRE -- DAY

A long, expensive CARRIAGE creeps out to a halt outside the  
abandoned theatre, and the confused driver pulls over.

DRIVER  
This is the address, sir.

The carriage opens, an imposing man in his 50's steps out,  
looks the place up and down, then heads inside.

INT. ABANDONED THEATRE -- CONTINUOUS

The man enters the auditorium and stares down at the BRIGHTLY  
LIT STAGE.

Cutter moves quickly up the aisle, hand outstretched.

CUTTER  
Mr. Ackerman. It's an honor to see  
you again, sir.

Ackerman shakes Cutter's hand.

ACKERMAN  
When you said you only wanted to  
show me one trick it piqued my  
interest.

CUTTER  
It's a very special trick.  
Mr. Ackerman.

Angier has appeared.

ANGIER  
Pleased to meet you, Mr. Ackerman.

ACKERMAN  
Likewise, I'm sure. Let's get on,  
shall we?

Angier smiles.

CUTTER  
(down to stage)  
Turn it on, please.

After a moment, the machine SPARKS INTO LIFE. ELECTRIC BOLTS  
CASCADE from the GLOBE and SPLASH on the stage.

ACKERMAN  
Very pretty.

Angier smiles at Cutter and head back down the stage. he  
STEPS himself into the machine and DISAPPEARS.

The machine SPUTTERS out and is silent.

ACKERMAN (CONT'D)  
That's it, Cutter? He simply  
disappears? That's not a trick. He  
has to come back. There has to be a-

VOICE (O.S.)  
-a Prestige?

ACKERMAN  
Exactly-

Ackerman begins to turn around- then STOPS-

ANGIER IS STANDING DIRECTLY BEHIND HIM.

Ackerman is dumfounded. He looks back down at the stage.

ACKERMAN (CONT'D)  
(quiet, haunted)  
Pardon me. It's very rare to see...  
*real* magic. it's been many years  
since I've seen...

Anckerman steadies himself;

ANGIER  
Are you interested in helping us?

ACKERMAN  
(nods)  
Yes. But you'll have to dress it up  
a little. Disguise it. Give them  
enough reason to doubt it.

INT. STAGE MANAGER'S OFFICE, PANTAGE'S THEATRE -- DAY

Merrit sits eating a sandwich. The door to his office opens and ACKERMAN strides in. Merrit STRUGGLES to his feet.

MERRIT

(surprised)

Mr. Ackerman. When they said...I didn't think you'd be here *in person*.

Ackerman sits without being asked to.

ACKERMAN

I have an act for your venue.

MERRIT

(flustered)

Well, of course, sir...But I'm afraid I'm booked. The Moscow Ballet. They're playing through next year.

ACKERMAN

Get rid of them. This is a magical act. An excellent one. I believe you booked his first engagement several years ago. The Great Danton.

MERRIT

You really want me to-

Ackerman stands.

MERRIT (CONT'D)

I'll do it. Of course.

Ackerman picks up a pen and paper from Merrit's desk.

ACKERMAN

(smiles)

There will be one hundred performances. No more, no less. Five performances a week. No matinees, no weekends.

Ackerman scribbles onto the paper and hands it to Merrit.

ACKERMAN (CONT'D)

(smiles)

And *that's* what you'll be charging for each ticket. Good day.

Ackerman sweeps out of the room, leaving Merrit dumbfounded, staring at the scrap of paper in his hands.

INT. RESTAURANT -- EVENING

Olivia and Borden are seated across from each other, finishing their meal. Olivia watches Borden eat.



OLIVIA  
You haven't spoken about her, Freddy.  
Not once.

BORDEN  
Who?

OLIVIA  
Don't be cruel.

BORDEN  
Why would I talk about her to you?

OLIVIA  
Because she was part of your life  
and now she's gone.

Borden says nothing.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
She wanted to meet me the day before  
she killed herself. Said she had  
something to tell me about you.  
(looks away)  
I was such a coward, I couldn't bring  
myself to face her.  
(looks at Borden)  
What would she have said, I wonder?

BORDEN  
(snaps)  
You want the truth about me, Olivia?  
(she nods, wary)  
I never loved Sarah.

OLIVIA  
(appalled)  
You married her, had a child with  
her-

BORDEN  
Part of me loved her. But part of  
me didn't. The part that found *you*.  
The part that's sitting here now. I  
love *you*. *That* is the truth that  
matters.

Olivia tosses her napkin on her plate.

OLIVIA  
You could be sitting in some other  
restaurant talking to some other  
woman about *me* that way. It's unhuman  
to be so cold.

Borden watches her rise from the table. She looks at him.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

By the way, have you seen who's opened  
at the Pantages?

(Borden shakes head)

The Great Danton.

BORDEN

He's back?

OLIVIA

After two years. And he has a new  
trick. They're saying it's the best  
that London's ever seen.

Borden cannot hide his reaction.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

If you could see the look on your  
face, Professor. You should go to  
him- you deserve each other.

Olivia smiles at him and leaves.

INT. PANTAGE'S THEATRE -- EVENING

Borden, in disguise, takes his seat halfway along the aisle.

The lights dim. Curtains RISE on a simple stage. Bare except  
for a WATER-FILLED GLASS TANK.

Borden STIFFENS in his seat, perplexed.

Angier limps onto the stage. Addresses the audience.

ANGIER

Ladies and gentlemen, my first trick  
of the evening is one that involves  
considerable risk.

(removes his coat)

Anyone in the audience who would be  
irrevocable damaged by seeing a man  
drown should leave *now*, for when I  
tell you that the young lady who  
taught performing it, you will  
understand the seriousness of the  
danger involved.

Borden watches the hook descend from the flies. Remembering.

*INSERT CUT: Borden STARES as Angier desperately BRUSHES the  
water from Julia's face.*

INT. PANTAGE'S THEATRE -- LATER

Angier steps forward as another curtain is drawn up behind  
him, revealing TESLA'S MACHINE.

ANGIER

In my travels I have seen the future,  
and it is a strange future indeed.  
The world is on the brink of new and  
terrifying possibilities.

The audience RECOILS in terror as the MACHINE is STARTED and BOLTS fly from it. SMOKE drift over the audience.

Borden inches forward in his seat. Angier stands in front of the machine, silhouetted by the FRENZY of electricity behind him. He TOSSES his cane to his assistant and steps into the machine.

The audience SCREAMS as large bolts BLAST from the machine and wrap themselves around ANGIER'S ARMS and legs.

Borden is watching very carefully. Angier is almost impossible to see as the machine builds to a climax, but, just before it does; Borden catches a glimpse of ANGIER'S BODY FALLING THROUGH A TRAP DOOR.

The machine sputters out. Angier has DISAPPEARED. The lights are dim. A FOLLOW SPOT FIRES into the BOXES, audience looks up with a gathering commotion-

ANGIER IS STANDING ON THE RAIL OF THE ROYAL BOX, thirtyfeet above stalls. He smiles down at the audience.

ANGIER (CONT'D)

Man's reach exceeds his IMAGINATION!

The audience breaks into a MASSIVE STANDING OVATION.

INT. BORDEN'S WORKSHOP -- DAY

Fallon is at the workbench, staring at a sketch of Tesla's machine. Borden paces, AGITATED.

BORDEN

Why only 100 performances? Do his  
methods dictate it, or is it simply  
a publicity move?

Borden walks back and stares at the sketch.

BORDEN (CONT'D)

Fifty yards in a second. And all I  
know is that he uses a trapdoor.  
What's going on under that stage?

EXT. PANTAGE'S THEATRE -- NIGHT

The theatre is closed, and tree BLIND STAGEHANDS are wrestling a TARP-WRAPPED BOX onto a cart in the alleyway behind the theatre.

Fallon is watching from the shadows.

EXT. LABYRINTHINE STREETS -- CONTINUOUS

Fallon shadows the cart as it slowly makes its way.

EXT. ABANDONED THEATRE -- LATER

Fallon watches from further down in the alley as the Blind Stagehands unload the box onto a dolly and wheel it through the stage door.

He moves closer, then STOPS. Seeing something. CUTTER has emerged from a nearby doorway and slipped through the stage door.

INT. ABANDONED THEATRE -- CONTINUOUS

The blind stagehand wheel the tarp-covered box to two LARGE METAL DOORS in the floor of the auditorium and start hooking it up to a winch. The metal doors open with a metal HOWL...

Cutter slips down the aisle. WATCHING.

BLIND STAGEHAND  
WHO'S THERE!

The man turns precisely to Cutter, flasing his white eyes.

CUTTER  
It's Cutter.

BLIND STAGEHAND  
What do you want?

CUTTER  
I'm looking for Angier.

ANGIER  
You found him.

Cutter turns. Angier approaches.

ANGIER (CONT'D)  
I told you, John- I don't want you backstage on this one.

CUTTER  
What are they doing?

ANGIER  
Disposing of the Prestige materials.

Cutter looks down at the BLACK HOLE in the floor.

CUTTER  
What's down there?

Angier looks at him, serious.

ANGIER

Do you *really* want to know?

Cutter considers Angier's grave tone.

CUTTER

Perhaps not.

Cutter leaves by the stage door.

INT. BORDEN'S WORKSHOP -- DAY

Borden sits at his work bench. Fallon fiddles with his howler hat.

BORDEN

They do this every night. After each performance?

Fallon nods. Borden gets to his feet with a sigh. Turns to a POSTER on the wall- "**The Great Danton Perform THE REAL TRANSPORTED MAN- 100 SHOWS ONLY**"

He studies the image of Angier. There is a small DEVIL looking over his shoulder.

BORDEN (CONT'D)

We're done.

(turns to Fallon)

Let him have this trick. You're not to go back there. I don't need to know his secret. Leave him alone.

Fallon puts on his hat with a shrug.

INT. PANTAGE'S THEATRE -- EVENING

A packed house. Many hands raised. Move in on a BEARDED MAN, his gloved hand tentatively rising into the air. IT IS BORDEN.

A GLAMOROUS ASSISTANT beckons Borden from the aisle. He shuffles along his row towards her. Embarrassed.

Borden and four other VOLUNTEERS follow the Assistant down towards the stage...

On which stands Angier, leaning on his cane, smiling. Looming over him is the large and complex ELECTRICAL MACHINE. Borden STARES at the machine as he mounts the stage.

Borden, FASCINATED, and the other volunteers look over the vast machine. As Angier GESTURES theatrically at the various features of the metal and glass apparatus.

As the Assistant leads the Volunteers to the side of the stage, Borden slips through the gas at the side of the curtains-

INT. PANTAGE'S THEATRE, BACKSTAGE -- CONTINUOUS

-looks around, disoriented, then darts for some stairs leading below stage where he runs into a burly STAGEHAND.

STAGEHAND

Where'd you think you're going?

Borden pulls off his beard.

BORDEN

I'm part of the act, you fool!

The Stagehand raises his eyebrows and steps aside. Borden RACES down below the stage. Cutter approaches the Stagehand.

CUTTER

Who was that?

INT. PANTAGE'S THEATRE, ONSTAGE -- CONTINUOUS

Angier throws switches on his machine. As it GROANS into life, SPARKING and CRACKLING, Angier gares at it, forgetting his audience. Entranced. Possessed.

INT. BENEATH THE STAGE -- CONTINUOUS

Borden fumbles through the darkned area, lit by flashes and sparks through gaps in the boards of the stage above. He GASPS as a flash illuminates a STAGEHAND with SOLID WHITE EYES sitting nearby. Borden waves a hand in front of the Stagehand's face. He is BLIND. Borden moves on.

INT. PANTAGE'S THEATRE, ONSTAGE -- NIGHT

Angier, facing the audience, steps backwards into the machine. He looks up at the electricity sparking just above him.

INT. BENEATH THE STAGE -- CONTINUOUS

Borden lights a MATCH. In front of him is a LARGE GLASS TANK FILLED WITH WATER, ITS LID PROPPED OPEN. Borden frowns.

INT. PANTAGE'S THEATRE, ONSTAGE -- CONTINUOUS

BOLTS of electricity draw inwards, wrapping Angier in a ball of LIGHTING which CRACKS-

INT. BENEATH THE STAGE -- CONTINUOUS

The ROOM fills with LIGHT as a TRAPDOOR snaps open and a BODY DROPS INTO THE TANK. The lid of the tank and trapdoor above SNAP SHUT, leaving the tank, and Borden, in complete DARKNESS.

INT. PANTAGE'S THEATRE, ONSTAGE -- CONTINUOUS

The Machine sputters to a stop. Angier is GONE. The audience sits, WAITING.

INT. BENEATH THE STAGE -- NIGHT

Borden the tank, ANGIER IS DROWING. His rolling EYES fixed on Borden, he POUNDS desperately on the thick glass, SCREAMING BUBBLES...

Borden, HORROFIED, tries forcing the lif ot the tank open. It's sealed shut. He leaves the tank and begins searching around under the stage. He finds a SPANNER.

Borden SMASHES again and again at the glass of the tank, which spiders, then CRACKS, and finally GIVES WAY.

WATER bursts from the tank, sweeping Angier's body into Borden, and both of them onto gourn.

Above them we can hear YELLING. Borden rolls Angier onto his side and POUNDS on his back. Water and blood OOZE from the man's lungs. His eyes are dilated and lifeless:

ANGIER IS DEAD.

Borden is frozen, unable to move.

Cutter appears behind him, SHOCKED by what he sees. Borden turns to look at him, his eyes wild with confusion.

CUTTER

What did you do?

INT. MORQUE -- EVENING

A MORTICIAN pulls back a sheet draped over a CORPSE.

Angier's lifeless eyes stare up at us. Cutter looks at Angier, the up at the Mortician. Nods.

JUDGE (V.O.)

*Alfred Borden, you have been found  
guilty of the murder of Robert  
Angier...*

INT. COURTROOM -- DAY

borden stands chained to the dock. The JUDGE has a piece of black cloth draped over his wig.

JUDGE

You will, in one month's time, be hanged by the neck until dead. May the Lord have mercy on your soul.

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM, WAREHOUSE -- DAY

A POLICEMAN shows Owens into the room, walking him past all of the equipment to the far end where Cutter stands staring at the MACHINE'S CRATE.

OWENS

Mr.Cutter?  
 (Cutter turns)  
 Owens.

They shake hands.

CUTTER

Thank you for coming, Mr.Owens.  
 It's fallen to me to dispose of  
 Mr.Angier's equipment. Looking at  
 the manifest, it's cleat that Lord  
 Caldlow has purchased the bulk of  
 the items.

OWENS

Mr.Cutter, if you needed to know  
 where to deliver the items you surely  
 could have just-

CUTTER

It's not just that, Mr.Owens. There  
 is a particular item  
 (turns to crate)  
*This* time, in fact, that I wish to...  
 well, that is to say, I want to-

OWENS

You wnat to buy it instead.

CUTTER

I suppose so, yes.

Owens moves closer to the crate. Sees the COLORADO SPRINGS stencil.

OWENS

This is the machine?  
 (off look)  
 I'm afraid Lord Caldlow was adamant  
 about procuring this particular item.

CUTTER

Perhaps if I dould talk to Lord  
 Caldlow in person.

OWENS

Out of the question, I'm afraid.

Cutter nods. Owens starts to walk away. Turns.



OWENS (CONT'D)  
of course, I suppose... if, in the  
course of your delivery arrangements  
your paths were to cross... I can't  
stop you from speaking your mind.

Cutter nods.

INT. CONDEMNED MAN'S CELL, NEWGATE PRISON -- MORNING

Borden is sitting quietly in a large cell.

Sullen opens the door.

SULLEN  
(sardonic)  
Still here, Borden?

Borden looks up.

BORDEN  
For now.

SULLEN  
Got a visitor. Lord Caldlow. With  
a little girl.

Borden HURRIES to his feet.

EXT. PRISON YARD, NEWGATE PRISON -- DAY

Borden, clutching an envelope, is escorted across the yard,  
PEERING at the fence. He catches a glimpse of this daughter  
waling beside a man on the wooden section.

As Borden reaches the fence he CROUCHES to greet his little  
girl, forcing the Sullen and the other Warder to crouch to  
undo his chains.

BORDEN  
Jess, how are you?

Jess SMILES at him and reaches through the fence.

BORDEN (CONT'D)  
Are you alright?

She nods.

BORDEN (CONT'D)  
I've missed you. Fallon's missed  
you. We both have.

Borden drinks in her gace, her hair. She grasps the fence.

JESS  
Can I come in there, Daddy?

BORDEN  
Everything's going to be okay.

It is only then that he notices the HAND ON HER SHOULDER.  
He rises to come face-to-face with Lord Caldlow-

BORDEN (CONT'D)  
You must be Lord-

-who is ROBERT ANGIER. Risen from the dead.

ANGIER  
(English accent)  
Caldlow. Yes, I am. I always have  
been.

Borden STARES at Angier.

BORDEN  
I saw you die.

Angier just SMILES.

ANGIER  
They flatter you with all those  
chains, Alfred. Don't they know you  
can't escape without your little  
rubber ball?

Borden says nothing.

ANGIER (CONT'D)  
All I wanted to do was prove that I  
was the better magician. But you  
couldn't leave me alone.

BORDEN  
You were always afraid to get your  
hands dirty...  
(looks down at his  
Jess)  
Not anymore.

ANGIER  
No. Not anymore. And I win. Because  
no one cares about the man in the  
box, the man who disappears.

BORDEN  
You win. But don't take my little  
girl...

Angier looks at Borden. Bitter

ANGIER  
I know how hard it is to have someone  
so precious taken away, don't I  
(MORE)

ANGIER (CONT'D)

Borden? But you can't take her with you know, can you? She'll be looked after. Good-bye, Professor.

Angier gently pulls Jess back from the fence. She PROTESTS Desperate, Borden holds out the envelope.

BORDEN

Wait. Don't you want this? You paid for it.

ANGIER

Your secret.

Borden nods. Angier steps up, takes the envelope.

ANGIER (CONT'D)

You always were the better magician, Borden. We both know that.

HE TEARS the envelope in half. Then again. And again...

ANGIER (CONT'D)

But whatever your secret was, you'll have to agree-

He tosses the peices on the ground.

ANGIER (CONT'D)

(victorious)  
-mine is better.

Angier TURNS.

BORDEN

Angier! Let me say good-bye. Please.

Angier stops. Lets Jess come to fence. She is crying.

JESS

When are you taking me home, Daddy?

BORDEN

Soon. I promise. Soon.

ANGIER

For God's sake, Borden.

BORDEN

Daddy's coming, I promise. I promise. Here-

Borden PRODUCES his RUBBER BALL. Jess looks at it.

BORDEN (CONT'D)

I promise.

Borden VANISHES the rubber ball. Angier pulls Jess back from the fence and starts walking away. Borden rises.

BORDEN (CONT'D)  
You think this place can hold me,  
Angier?

Angier continues walking Jess away. Shaking this head.

BORDEN (CONT'D)  
Angier!

Borden is alone. He watches as the wind scatters the pieces of his prestige over the muddy yard.

EXT. LARGE COUNTRY ESTATE -- EVENING

Angier steps out of an ornate carriage with Jess.

INT. LARGE COUNTRY ESTATE -- EVENING

Angier steps inside with Jess. The HOUSEKEEPER comes to take her.

HOUSEKEEPER  
Come here, love.  
(to Angier)  
Sir, there's gentleman waiting.

Angier looks at her, surprised.

INT. DRAWING ROOM, COUNTRY ESTATE -- CONTINUOUS

Cutter is in the drawing room, looking at the carriage clock on the mantle. Angier enters. Cutter spots his reflection.

CAPTAIN  
Dead God.

ANGIER  
Hello, Cutter.

CUTTER  
You're alive.  
(Angier nods)  
You're Lord Caldlow.  
(Angier nods again)  
How?

ANGIER  
(shrugs)  
I learned an American accent from-

CUTTER  
(Angry)  
How are you *alive*, Robert?! I saw you on the slab, for God's sake.

\*

Angier fixes Cutter with a steady gaze.

ANGIER

I magician never reveals his secrets.

The Housekeeper appears with Jess at her side.

HOUSEKEEPER

Go on, child.

Angier smiles kindly at her.

ANGIER

Good night, Jess.

They leave.

CUTTER

Who's the girl?

Angier says nothing.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

I've seen her. I've seen her in court with Fallon...

Cutter, realizing, looks at Angier, SHOCKED.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

(quiet)

What have you done?

ANGIER

She needs looking after-

CUTTER

She needs her father, but you're letting him hang. And I helped you.

Cutter moves to the door. In a daze. Pauses.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

I came here tonight to beg Lord Caldlow to let me destroy that machine. But I won't beg you for anything.

ANGIER

You don't have to. I'm going to make sure the machine. is never used again.

(shrugs)

A good magician never repeats his tricks.

Cutter considers this. Makes a decision.

CUTTER  
Then, *Lord Caldlow*, where would like  
me to deliver it?

ANGIER  
My theatre. It belongs with the  
Prestige materials.

Cutter lookd at Angier. Sad.

CUTTER  
I once told you about the sailor who  
described drowing to me...

ANGIER  
(nods)  
He said it was like going home.

CUTTER  
I was lying. He said it was *agony*.

Cutter opens the door. Angier watches him go.

EXT. PRISON YARD, NEWGATE PRISON -- MORNING

Borden is at the fence. Fallon is on the other side.

BORDEN  
We go alone now- both of us. Only I  
don't have as far to go as you.

Borden looks down at his feet.

BORDEN (CONT'D)  
You were right. I should've left  
him to his damned trick... I'm sorry.  
I'm sorry for so many things. For  
Sarah. I didn't want to hurt her.

Fallon wipes tears from his face. Borden looks at him.

BORDEN (CONT'D)  
Don't cry. Not for me. Go live  
your life in full. For both of us.

Borden pulls the RUBBER BALL from his pocket and BOUNCES it  
up and down. He TURNS to be led back into the prison,  
DROPPING the ball.

The ball bounces gently past the fence. Fallon catches it.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR, NEWGATE PRISON -- MORNING

Borden is led along the empty corridor, braced by six guards.

The procession stops at a large windowless metal door, sunk deep into the wall. Sullen opens the door and Borden is led inside. As Borden passes Sullen he leans in to his ear-

BORDEN

(quiet)

Are you watching closely?

Sullen stares back at him, terrified.

INT. DEATH CHAMBER, NEWGATE PRISON -- CONTINUOUS

The room is low and small. Two parallel beams, eight feet high, run from one wall to the other. Hanging from the center of the beams is a chain. Below the chain is a trap door.

Sullen locks the door to the chamber.

EXT. LARGE COUNTRY ESTATE -- DAY

Jess is playing in the grounds. A NURSEMAID some distance off chats to a GARDENER.

Jess looks up from playing. Someone is there. Cutter.

EXT. ABANDONED THEATRE -- EVENING

A CART pulls up to the side of the theatre.

Cutter and two WORKMEN step down from the cart and move to the back of it. Cutter pulls the tarp off the back of the cart. Underneath it is the MACHINE'S CRATE.

INT. ABANDONED THEATRE -- EVENING

The crate is sitting on the dolly in the auditorium.

CUTTER

Thank-you gents.

WORKMAN

Where do you want it?

CUTTER

Don't worry. Someone's coming to help.

The workmen leave. Cutter looks at the crate.

Angier emerges from the darkness.

INT. DEATH CHAMBER

The warders remove Borden's chains and shackles and replace them with strong leather belts that bind his feet together and his hands to his sides.

They shuffle him forward onto the trapdoor.

INT. ABANDONED THEATRE -- NIGHT

Angier and Cutter load the crate onto a platform suspended by a rope. Angier pulls open the two metal doors sunk into the floor.

Cutter begins turning a WHICH, lowering the crate into the HOLE. Angier indicates a pile of bricks and a bag of sand.

CUTTER

I'm bringing this over after we're done.

ANGIER

Cautions as ever, Cutter. No one's going to use the place. I own it.

INT. CELLAR, ABANDONED THEATRE -- EVENING

Angier slowly climbs down a ladder from the hole to join Cutter in the darkness below.

Cutter is standing next to the platform and the crate. The only light comes from a LANTERN Angier is carrying. We can see only a small flicker of the high moldy walls of the cellar, but it is a large open space.

CUTTER

No room left- you couldn't have accommodated 100 performances.

ANGIER

It's a good thing I retired early then.

Angier puts the lantern and his cane on the lip of the crate and the two men heft it off the platform.

ANGIER (CONT'D)

We'll put it down the end.

Angier and Cutter move into the darkness with the crate. From the small pool of light afforded by the lantern, we can see that they are navigating their way through a large space filled with LARGE GLASS BOXES.

They arrive at the end and set the crate down.

CUTTER

I'll go mix the cement.

Cutter looks at Angier, cold.

CUTTER (CONT'D)

Take a minute to consider your achievement.

Cutter turns.



ANGIER

Cutter, I tried not to involve you.

Cutter looks at Angier. Nods. Then disappears into darkness.

INT. ABANDONED THEATRE -- MOMENTS LATER

Cutter comes across the stage and up through the auditorium.

Fallon is coming in the other direction.

As they pass they nod gravely at each other.

INT. DEATH CHAMBER, NEWGATE PRISON -- DAY

Borden is held in place by the trapdoor by two warders. The HANGMAN walks up behind him and attaches a NOOSE to the chain hanging above Borden. He slips the other end of the noose over Borden's neck. Positions it under Borden's jaw.

INT. CELLAR, ABANDONED THEATRE -- CONTINUOUS

Angier is alone bather in the light of the lantern. He turns to the nearest glass box and smooths a hand along its face.

ANGIER

(whisper)

No one cares about the man in the box.

Behind him, a NOISE.

ANGIER (CONT'D)

(calling)

Cutter?

No responses.

INT. DEATH CHAMBER, NEWGATE PRISON -- DAY

They WRDEN looks at Borden.

WARDEN

Alfred borden, on this day, in the name of the King and the high court of England, you will meet your end. Do you have anything to say for yourself.

Borden saus nothing. The Warden gestures to the HANGMAN who begins to PULL the lever.

BORDEN

(whisper)

Abacadabra.

The trap DROPS from under Borden and he FALLS into the room below. His rope SNAPS to a halt-

INT. CELLAR, ABANDONED THEATRE -- NIGHT

Angier PEERS down the row of glass boxes with the lantern.

ANGIER  
(tense)  
CUTTER?

Angier FREEZES. He can hear a small THUD, THUD, THUD getting closer, approaching from the darkness...

Angier FLINCHES as a RUBBER BALL bounces into the light-

Angier DROPS his cane to CATCH the ball. He turns it around in his hands, confused.

Light EXPLODES around him as a GUNSHOT rings out.

Angier stands for a moment, confused, staring at the ball, then COLLAPSES to the ground, clutching at his stomach.

Fallon's BOWLER HAT breaks into the circle of light. he is holding a smoking pistol...

Angier drops the ball and it rolls across the floor, coming to rest at Fallon's feet. But it is not Fallon's gloved hand that picks up the ball-

-it is a MUTILATED HAND, WITH 2 1/2 FINGERS MISSING. Angier looks up:

**ALFRED BORDEN REMOVES THE BOWLER HAT AND TAKES A BOW.**

ANGIER (CONT'D)  
(weak)  
You- you died.

Borden shakes his head.

Realization sweeps over Angier like a nightmare.

ANGIER (CONT'D)  
A brother. A *Twin*.

*INT. BASEMENT -- CONTINUOUS -- FLASHBACK*

*Fallon DROPS into the coffin. As fallon stares up at us, WE SEE, FOR THE FIRST TIME, SOMETHING FAMILIAR IN HIS FACE -- FALLON IS REALLY BORDEN IN DISGUISE.*

ANGIER  
You were Fallon. The whole time...

Fallon/Borden's face disappears as Cutter seals his coffin.

INT. CELLAR, ABANDONED THEATRE

Borden smiles.

BORDEN  
 We were both Fallon. And we were  
 both Borden.

Angier considers this. Minds spinning.

ANGIER  
 Were you the one who went into the  
 box-

*INT. STAGE -- EVENING -- FLASHBACK*

*As the ball bounces across the stage, Borden steps into the cabinet, shutting the door behind him.*

ANGIER (V.O.)  
 -or the one who come back out?

*Borden steps out of the second cabinet and catches the ball.*

*INT. DRESSING ROOM -- EVENING -- FLASHBACK*

*A stagehand wheels the two stage cabinets into the dressing room and leaves. Borden holts the door after him.*

BORDEN (V.O.)  
 We took turns. The trick is where  
 we would swap...

*Borden opens the first cabinet and pulls up the false bottom.*

*His TWIN BROTHER, in indetical stage clothes, uncurls himself from the hidden compartment and hauls himself out.*

*INT. DRESSING ROOM -- LATER -- FLASHBACK*

*Fallon and Borden are seated at the makeup table. Fallon begins removing pieces of his costume and makeup and handing them to the other brother. As we watch, THEY SWITHC IDENTITIES.*

*INT. CELLAR, ABANDONED THEATRE -- EVENING*

Angier stares up at Borden. Appalled.

ANGIER  
 Cutter knew. But I told him it was  
 too simple. Too easy.

BORDEN  
 Simple, maybe. But not easy.

*INT. WORKSHOP -- EVENING -- FLASHBACK*

*Both Bordens are standing at the workbench. One brother is gripping the other by his wrist and placing a CHISEL on his finger.*

He checks the placemen of the chisel against his own mutilated fingers, adjust the chisel's position, then picks up the hammer.

BORDEN (V.O.)  
Nothing easy about two men sharing  
one life.

The second brother SWIGS from a gin bottle, then BITES down a padded stick as the first brother BRINGS DOWN THE HAMMER-

INT. CELLAR, ABANDONED THEATRE -- EVENING

Borden stares at his mutilated hand clasping the rubber ball.

ANGIER  
What about Olivia? And your wife?

BORDEN  
We each loved one of them. We each  
had half a full life. Enough for  
us, but not for them.

Borden puts the ball in his pocket. Tears in his eyes.

BORDEN (CONT'D)  
Sacrifice, Robert- that's the price  
of a good trick.

Borden looks down at Angier with contempt.

BORDEN (CONT'D)  
But you wouldn't know anything about  
that, would you?

Angier *is* dying. He opens his mouth to talk, but his voice is so weak that Borden has to stoop to hear him.

ANGIER  
(very quiet)  
I've made sacrifices.

BORDEN  
It takes nothing to steal someone  
else's work.

ANGIER  
It takes *everything*.

INT. ABANDONED THEATRE -- DAY -- FLASHBACK

Angier stands in front of Tesla's machine. Loading the pistol. He places the pistol by the machine...

Angier takes off his jacket and steps towards the HISSING machine. BOTLS curl themselves around him.

ANGIER HURLS HIMSELF INTO THE LIGHT.

**This time we do not cut away.**

*The machine sputters out.*

*ANGIER IS STILL STANDING BENEATH IT.*

ANGIER  
(confused)  
*It didn't work.*

VOICE (V.O.)  
*Yes it did.*

*Angier turns...*

*ANOTHER ANGIER is standing on the chalk hashmark, STEAM rising off his shoulders.*

*The first Angier lunges for the pistol and levels it at the second Angier.*

SECOND ANGIER  
(horrified)  
*No, wait! I'm the-*

*BANG! BANG! The first Angier FIRES TWO SHOTS and, grim-faced, drops the pistol. SHOCKED. He stumbles back, in a daze, clothes still steaming.*

INT. CELLAR, ABANDONED THEATRE -- NIGHT

Angier looks down, a slight smile on his face. He gestures to the lantern.

ANGIER  
(weaker)  
Do you want to see what it cost me?  
You didn't see where you are, did you? Let me show you.

Angier slumps to the floor as he tries to reach for the lantern. He can't his hand to obey him.

ANGIER (CONT'D)  
It took courage to climb into that machine every night...

INT. UNDER THE STAGE -- EVENING -- FLASHBACK

A drowing tank, identical to the one we have already seen. A blind stagehand sits behind it, smoking.

ANGIER (V.O.)  
Not knowing if I'd be the Prestige....

*Suddenly, a trap door flashes open as Angier falls from the stage door and SPLASHES into the tank. The lid snaps shut.*

ANGIER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Or the man in the box...

*Angier pounds on the glass, frantic. The blind stagehand continues smoking. Oblivious.*

INT. WORKSHOP -- DAY -- FLASHBACK

*Two hands SLAM shut on the lid of a birdcage.*

*The blind stagehand are wrestling a LARGE CRATE onto a cart in the alleyway behind the theatre.*

INT. CELLAR, ABANDONED THEATRE -- NIGHT

Angier stops trying to move and leans back, resigned.

BORDEN

(scorn)

You went halfway around the world.  
You spent a fortune. You did terrible  
things... and all of it for *nothing*.

Angier looks up at him with his last spark of competitiveness.

ANGIER

Nothing? You never understood, did  
you? Why we did this?

(coughs)

The audience knows the truth- that  
the world is simple. Miserable.  
Solid all the way through. But if  
you could fool them, even for a  
second, you could make them wonder.  
Then you got to see something very  
special...

(coughs, looks up)

You really don't know?

Borden just stares at Angier. Who smiles.

ANGIER (CONT'D)

It was the look on their faced.

Angier's body TOPPLES over, KNOCKING over the lantern. Borden  
steps back as the oil spreads, flammng, fro the lantern.

CUTTER (V.O.)

*Every magic trick consists of three  
parts, or acts...*

Borden watches Angier for a moment, then turns to leave.

INT. WORKSHOP -- DAY

*The workshop from the opening of the film. We now recognize it as Borden's. Cutter performs the bird cage trick for the Little Girl we now know as Jess.*

CUTTER (V.O.)

*The first part is called the Pledge.*

*Cutter is showing far the canary.*

INT. ABANDONED THEATRE -- NIGHT

The burning lamp oil SPREADS LIGHT through the cellar...

CUTTER (V.O.)

*The second part is called the Turn.  
I take the ordinary something...*

Angier lies in his pooling blood.

Angier's eyes move around, looking at the shapes around him increasing illuminated by the hellish light...

INT. WORKSHOP -- DAY

Cutter WHIPS the shawl away- cage and bird have disappeared.

CUTTER (V.O.)

*But you wouldn't clap yet.*

Jess stares, EXPECTANT. Cutter holds up his handkerchief-covered hand...

CUTTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*Because making something disappear  
isn't enough...*

Cutter whips the handkerchief from his hand, revealing a canary. Just then, Jess SEES something and JUMPS off the chest, running past him...

CUTTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

***You have to bring it back.***

**BORDEN IS IN THE DOORWAY- JESS LEAPS INTO HIS ARMS.** Borden holds her tight. Looks at Cutter, who is putting on his coat. Nods. Cutter leaves.

*Borden reaches into his pocket and hand Jess his rubber ball. She smiles, then buries her head in his neck.*

INT. ABANDONED THEATRE -- NIGHT

Borden STOPS at the ladder. He notices the shadows from the burning oil playing on the walls...

CUTTER (V.O.)  
Now you're looking for the secret...

Borden turns slowly to look back into the cellar, PEERING into the flickering light of the burning lamp oil.

CUTTER (CONT'D)  
But you won't find it...

Borden stares back into the cellar. What he sees puts a look on his face that is beyond words:

LARGE GLASS TANKS. DOZENS OF THEM. ROW AFTER ROW STRECHING INTO THE CAVERNOUS CELLAR.

CUTTER (CONT'D)  
*...because you don't really want to know...*

FLOATING IN BACH AND EVERY TANK, DRESSED IN ROTTING STAGE CLOTHES, IS YET ANOTHER ROBERT ANGIER.

INT. ABANDONED THEATRE -- DAY

Cutter spreads MORTAR on the last BRICK of the wall he has built in the opening to the cellar.

He places the brick in the wall, sealing it up.

EXT. FOREST -- DAY -- FLASHBACK

*A cat slinks its way through a pile of top hats, knocking one over as it disappears into the forest beyond.*

CUTTER (V.O.)  
***...you want to be fooled.***

We are left alone in the glade, staring at the top hats-

FADE OUT.

CREDITS.

END.