

HONOR AMONG THIEVES

by

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EXT. CHICAGO -- NIGHT

The "Loop." Chicago's business district. Twenty square blocks crammed with more than thirty buildings over five hundred feet tall and surrounded by the city's famous elevated train.

It's three a.m. Sunday night/Monday morning, and unlike in, say Midtown Manhattan, there are no residential buildings or hotels here, so right now it's a complete ghost town.

The street lights changing color at empty intersections. Thousands of dark windows across a dozen different buildings. A massive construction crane sitting still atop a partially constructed skyscraper in the distance...

A beat. Then PUSH IN VERY FAST on that crane in the distance. It's moving...

EXT. CONSTRUCTION CRANE -- NIGHT

The tip of the crane arcs out over the narrow street 600 feet below. It keeps moving until the jib arm is above the building across the street. The hoisting block starts lowering down toward the roof of the building -- the Chicago Trust Tower.

Now we realize that there is something on the hook. A man dressed from head to toe in black. His name is ROY MILTON. And he makes all that follows look easy.

INT. CAB OF THE CRANE -- NIGHT

Rain starts streaking the windows of the cab of the crane. The guy inside, at the controls (RJ, 30s) is watching a small TV attached to dashboard. A movie scene with Christopher Walken.

MILTON'S VOICE (OVER HEADSET)
What the hell are those voices, RJ?

RJ (INTO HEADSET)
(impersonating Walken)
Friend of mine dropped by. Maybe you've heard of him. Chris Walken. He's an actor. We're just...he and I...shooting the shit up here...

INTERCUT MILTON

Still getting lowered by the crane. It's a 200 foot drop from the 60-story high crane to the roof of the 40-story building. He's getting soaked with freezing rain on the descent.

MILTON
(lighthearted)
You mean, while I'm freezing my ass
off on this hook.

RJ (OVER HEADSET)
(still Walken)
Well...yeah, Roy. You could look at
it that way. From that angle, I mean.
If you wanted to.

EXT. CHICAGO TRUST TOWER -- NIGHT

Milton reaches the roof and detaches himself from the hook. He pries open a trap door which leads to the elevator shaft.

INT. 22ND FLOOR -- NIGHT

The elevator doors open. We see Milton on the roof of the elevator car, which is stopped between floors. He pokes his head out cautiously -- spots an infra-red sensor.

Milton checks his bag of tricks and pulls out a small laser device. Aims it at the IR sensor. A burst of light as the laser activates. A beat...then smoke wafts from the sensor.

Milton climbs out from the shaft, propping open the elevator doors. He's still sopping wet from the rain.

MILTON (INTO HEADSET)
I'm in. How do I look, Billy?

EXT. VAN -- NIGHT

Phone company logo on the side. Parked a few blocks away. We notice wires running from the van into an open manhole cover. INSIDE: BILLY (30s) sits at a high-tech control console. He looks at several screens. Oscillating sine waves.

BILLY (INTO HEADSET)
You're clean.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Milton moves down the hallway burning out sensors, blinding cameras, and picking locks... This is a man at the very, very top of his game. There is no question about that...

INT. FACING A SERVICE DOOR -- NIGHT

A heavy door with numerical markings on it. A complicated locking mechanism. Milton picks it effortlessly. He turns one

of his tools and the deadbolt releases -- but as it does another deadbolt pops into place above it.

MILTON
(to himself)
Very tricky.... But not tricky enough,
my friends.

Milton turns the tool in his other hand and -- CLICK -- the second deadbolt releases. Milton pulls the door open to find the alarm junction box.

Milton pulls a battery-powered circular saw out of his bulky equipment bag and prepares to cut through the electrical conduit leading to the alarm box.

Just then the door on the panel swings open to reveal that the alarm has already been disabled! (Two tiny bypass wires, perfectly placed, seem to have done the trick.)

MILTON
What the--

He spins around and runs down the hall, nearly falling over on his wet feet. He turns the corner and sees a laser detection array crisscrossing the corridor -- only it's already been disabled by a complicated set of precisely-angled mirrors.

Milton sprints through the array, and around another corner. In front of him is a massive safe. The door is slightly ajar. A stream of light is pouring out from inside. And somebody inside is humming.

Milton throws the door open to find...a HANDSOME EUROPEAN MAN in a WHITE DINNER JACKET. For the record, he's humming Sinatra, "Chicago". And he's efficiently removing several million dollars worth of diamonds via a vacuum rig, the hose for which dangles from a hole in the ceiling.

MILTON
Who the hell are you?

DINNER JACKET
(easy smile, French
accent)
The guy who got here first.

Not a single hair on the European's head is out of place. And he is completely dry. Whereas Milton is so soaked that a tiny puddle of water is forming at his feet.

MILTON

This is my score. Those are my diamonds!

DINNER JACKET

Oh...you mean this one?

He puts his nozzle above a three-carat beauty. It disappears, making the slightest rattle, as it moves up the hose.

DINNER JACKET

Or this one over here?

The vacuum slurps another fat rock up into the ceiling. Milton is aghast. He just can't fucking believe this is happening...

MILTON

Do you know who I am?

The European sucks up the last of the diamonds. Except one, a small one. He picks it up, examines it carefully.

DINNER JACKET

Hmmm.... Flawed.

He tosses it to Milton who -- caught off guard -- bobbles it awkwardly and ultimately drops it.

MILTON

Damnit!

DINNER JACKET

You know, Roy, for the greatest thief in America...you're kind of a butterfingers.

The European strolls past Milton, condescendingly patting him on the shoulder.

MILTON

Hey! Hey! You can't just walk out of here! This is my goddamn job!

Milton just keeps thinking he's going to wake up in bed. This must be a nightmare. This is not happening. This is not happening to him. The European keeps walking.

MILTON

(blurts out)

You know, I could turn you in!

The European turns around and looks at Milton. The shaming look of a Catholic school teacher. A deeply disappointed look.

Milton is suddenly embarrassed.

DINNER JACKET

First of all, I've got a phenomenal attorney. I never have to use him, of course, but...

(pulls a business card out)

...the next time you get caught, you might want to give him a call.

Second, we both know you'd never turn me in. That would be like...

(searching)

..."un-sportsman-like conduct."

The European leaves. Disappears around the corner. Milton stands there. Frozen. Fucking dumbfounded.

INT. INNER HALLWAY

Dinner Jacket glides down the hall through the disabled laser sensor array.

MILTON'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hey! Hey, you!

INT. VAULT

Milton has come back to earth. And he's pissed. He runs into the hallway, turns the corner. Dinner Jacket is gone, but there's only one way out, so Milton knows where he went.

INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY

Dinner Jacket removes a tiny remote control device. Nonchalantly thumbs a dial on the device. An LED screen readout goes from 31.2 degrees to 31.3 degrees.

INT. INNER HALLWAY

One of the mirrors redirecting the laser array moves a fraction of an inch (one tenth of one degree) and the perfectly-orchestrated redirection scheme instantly collapses. The laser beams crisscross the hall from twenty odd angles now-- And nail Milton as he runs through them. The alarm blares to life.

MILTON

Son-of-a-bitch!

He sprints around the corner. Dives underneath a steel door descending rapidly from the ceiling. CLANK! Milton's sleeve is caught.

MILTON

Shit!

He yanks his sleeve free.

RJ (RADIO V.O.).

Roy, what the hell's going on in there?!

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT

The European is atop an elevator car which ascends toward the roof top. He sort of tap dances as he sings:

DINNER JACKET

"...why don't you go where fashion sits? Puttin' on The Ritz."

INT. 22ND FLOOR -- NIGHT

Milton runs into the 22nd floor elevator lobby. No propped open elevator doors -- Dinner Jacket has stolen his ride.

MILTON

God--damnit!

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF BUILDING -- NIGHT

A police car arrives. Then another. And another.

RJ (RADIO V.O.)

Roy -- we have company. Coming fast.

MILTON (RADIO V.O.)

Shit! Shit! Guys, bail. Get out. I'll take care of myself.

INT. STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

Milton huffs up the stairs with his heavy equipment bag. It's eighteen stories to the roof. He's climbed nine so far and he's already exhausted.

EXT. ROOFTOP -- NIGHT

Dinner Jacket goes to an air intake. Inside the housing we see his vacuum device full of diamonds. The European takes his diamonds and glances up at the crane in place over the roof -- Milton's crane. A big smile crosses his face.

INT. STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

Milton still huffing it to the roof.

EXT. ROOFTOP / EXT. CRANE -- NIGHT

The European winches himself up the steel wire hanging from the crane using a stainless steel device. When he reaches the jib arm he unhooks himself and starts walking across the arm of the crane towards the building under construction.

He is 600 feet above the street and he's not hooked to anything. His mood is jovial. He's humming again... He looks down at the street. Five patrol cars are there now.

MOMENTS LATER

Dinner Jacket reaches the cab of the crane, where RJ was until Roy told him to bail. The European gleefully climbs inside.

EXT. ROOFTOP -- NIGHT

Milton rushes onto the roof from the stairwell. He's sucking in air trying to catch his breath. And then he sees it -- the crane has been moved. Only fifty feet or so...just enough that the hook is no longer over the roof...but rather over the street. Just far enough that Milton can't possibly reach it.

MILTON

No! No! Ahhh!

INT. 22ND FLOOR -- NIGHT

Cops swarm through the 22nd floor with their guns drawn. MOVE with them as they discover the bare diamond vault.

COP

Seal the building!

EXT. ROOFTOP -- NIGHT

Milton taps his fingers grimly as he looks up at the moved crane.

Finally he sighs and looks over the edge of the roof. Nine cop cars now. He shakes his head...then walks to the opposite side of the roof. The elevated train tracks run along this street ("the El")...so Milton can't tell for sure how many cop cars are down there. A conservative guess would be twelve.

He seethes privately for a moment...then clicks his radio on.

MILTON (INTO RADIO)

Guys...I'm going to plan C.

Milton opens up a huge black duffle bag.

INT. VAN -- NIGHT

RJ and Billy are together now. They hear Milton's transmission and look at each other. They look deeply worried...

INT. VAULT -- NIGHT

A police lieutenant examines the European's vacuum device hanging out of the ceiling in the vault.

POLICE LIEUTENANT
Search every floor up to the roof!

EXT. WABASH STREET -- NIGHT

The back side of the building. The street with the elevated train tracks. Cops all over the place.

Dinner Jacket watches them from the shadows. Like a curious spectator. He unwraps a piece of Double Mint gum.

Forty stories up he sees Milton fiddling with the boom arm for the window washing platform.... Milton attaches a thick coiled rope to the boom arm and then extends the arm as far as possible out over the edge of the building.

DINNER JACKET
(seriously impressed)
Ho-ly shit...he's going to try a
Palowski...

INT. STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

The cops rush toward the roof. They're seconds away--

EXT. ROOF -- NIGHT

Milton, still grumbling, straps himself into a nylon harness which connects to a huge coil of black rope.

He gets on top of the window washing boom arm and walks out along it. At the end of the arm he is ten feet out from the edge of the building...and 400 feet off the ground. He looks down Wabash at an approaching train on the elevated tracks. Then he spots Dinner Jacket on the street below...

MILTON
Son-of-a-bitch...

A beat...then...Milton jumps off the edge!

EXT. WABASH STREET -- NIGHT

An incredulous Dinner Jacket smiles and shakes his head as he watches Milton plummet straight down like a rock.

Milton drops feet first. 300 feet left...250 feet...200... His rope pulls taut...then starts to stretch. It's a bungee cord....

Dinner Jacket glances back at the street -- just in time to see a gaggle of SWAT cops come together directly beneath Milton's flight path!

100 feet left...80...60... Milton slows down as the bungee strains against his momentum. But he's going so fast that...40 feet...30...if the bungee doesn't stop stretching right now Milton will literally tap the heads of the SWAT guys...

20 feet. The European sees impending disaster and intercedes:

DINNER JACKET

Excuse me, officers!

He says it loudly -- The officers spin towards him -- just as Milton drops to within three feet of the ground -- right behind them!

The European's eyes meet Milton's -- Milton gives him the finger. A split second later he is yanked skyward by the bungee.

The European bites his lip to keep from cracking up -- twelve cops are looking at him right now --

DINNER JACKET

Can you guys tell me how to get to Michigan Avenue?

MID-AIR

Meanwhile Milton is pulled up to 130 feet off the ground before he hits his apex and starts to fall again. As he does he kicks his legs out as hard as he can. By doing so he gives himself some lateral momentum and starts swinging.

He swings toward the building, then pendulums toward the El platform...over the top of it... In a lightning-quick move Milton slashes his cord -- and free falls ten feet to the wood roof of the El station. He lands with a THUD -- just as a train starts to pull out.

EXT. WABASH STREET -- NIGHT

The oblivious SWAT team enters the building. Dinner Jacket stares up at the cut bungee cord and smiles with obvious professional appreciation.

EXT. EL STATION -- NIGHT

Milton pulls his aching body up from the roof of the El platform and jumps for the roof of the departing train. THUD! He grabs a hand hold and hangs on. He's safe now. He's going to get away. But he's bruised, exhausted, and more than a little ticked off.

INT. APARTMENT -- NIGHT/DAWN

AMY PRENTISS, 30s, lies in bed staring up at the ceiling. It's 4:30 am. There's a subtle sadness in her eyes, a loneliness.

Her apartment is simply but expensively furnished, and perfectly kept. Nothing is out of place here. The antiques and art suggest extremely refined taste.

Amy looks at her alarm clock. She sighs and gets out of bed.

ESTABLISHING SHOTS -- BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS -- DAWN

The city is dead still. The sky out over the Atlantic is just turning from black to deep blue. It is an overcast day.

SERIES OF SHOTS -- DAWN

Amy jogs through the empty city. Pushing herself, checking her time as she passes various landmarks along her normal morning course. We can see already that she has a competitive streak.

EXT. BOSTON COMMON -- DAWN

Boston's (much-smaller) Central Park -- a swath of green surrounded on all sides by five to forty-story tall buildings. Amy finishes her jog.

After cooling down for a few moments, she sits on a bench beside a pond filled with ducks and swans. The city is still eerily still. Amy is completely alone here in the light misting rain. She throws crusts of bread at the grateful birds. After a moment a tear wells up in her eye. Something about this park, this pond...some memory...

EXT. DOWNTOWN BOSTON -- MORNING

Amy walks toward her office among the first trickle of morning commuters. She is impeccably dressed in a Jil Sander jacket and

skirt. She passes a construction site. A couple men whistle at her as she passes by. She ignores them.

But now a few more of the guys see her -- and there really is something about her that draws your eye, something beyond the way she looks. A grace. A bearing.

More whistles...and then the catcalls start. Amy looks up.

AMY

What are you whistling for?

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

Cause you've got a great ass, baby!

AMY

(coyly)

You think so? How can you even see it underneath all this?

As she says this she moves her jacket aside as if to afford the construction worker a better view --

And he's loving it -- eating it up.... Only before he gets a view of her back side he gets a view of the .40 caliber pistol and badge she's wearing on her hip.

The construction worker's eyes go wide. He freezes. The other workers freeze too. Stand there like stunned mutes. She gives a big doe-eyed smile...throws them a little kiss...and walks on by....

INT. ELEVATOR -- MORNING

Amy's in the back of the elevator, behind three guys in business suits, biting her lip, trying to suppress her glee as she mentally replays the scene at the construction site.

INT. OFFICE SUITE -- MORNING

Amy passes a receptionist and enters a suite of offices through a locked door. Inside she passes the seal of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

A ROOKIE FBI AGENT watches, smitten, as Amy passes by.

ROOKIE AGENT

Thank you God for assigning me to the Boston office.

TRAINING AGENT

Forget it; she never dates colleagues. We've all tried. Believe me.

INT. LOGAN AIRPORT -- MORNING

Milton exits the jetway. His face is tightly drawn. He's met by two members of his crew -- Beene and O'Myers.

MILTON

Who the hell is he?! How did he sneak in under our radar?! We were casing that place for two months.

BEENE

Sorry, boss.

MILTON

I want to know who he is! Where he lives! What he eats for breakfast, lunch, and dinner! Do you get the picture?

O'MYERS

Sure. Absolutely, Roy.

Milton thinks for a moment.

MILTON

He had that swagger of a guy who just broke into the big leagues and doesn't really realize what -- and who -- he's up against. Find him!

His guys nod deferentially. As they step away the CAMERA FINDS a man in a leather jacket in front of them. He's using a tiny pin-hole microphone in his briefcase to pick up their conversation.

Now Milton is joined by CHARLIE, 50s, graying temples. Charlie and Milton step on to a moving sidewalk.

CHARLIE

Let it go, Roy. Now is not the time to deal with this jerk. You've only got six weeks to prepare for the most important job of your career. I don't know why you did Chicago in the first place.

MILTON

(defensive)

It was a good score.

CHARLIE

Look at me with a straight face and tell me that was the only reason.

Milton can't.

CHARLIE

What kind of flowers did you send her
last night?

INT. AMY'S OFFICE -- MORNING

Several meritorious service certificates. Two awards from
Interpol. A framed B.A. degree from Harvard -- double major in
Engineering and art history. And a Master's degree from MIT.

Amy walks up to the secretary station before entering the office.
She sees a pregnant look on her secretary's face. Oh-oh...

AMY

What?

The secretary points in at Amy's desk -- at a large bouquet of
flowers tied with a bow.

AMY

(spotting it)

Shit!

INT. FBI OFFICE SUITE -- DAY

From across the hallway, the Rookie Agent can see Amy swearing at
the sight of the flowers.

ROOKIE AGENT

She doesn't like flowers.

VETERAN AGENT

Long story.

INT. CORNER OFFICE -- MORNING

The office of the Special-Agent-in-Charge (SAC) of the Boston
office of the FBI. Amy enters in a huff.

AMY

Where now?

BOSTON OFFICE SAC

Chicago Trust.

AMY

How much did he get?

BOSTON OFFICE SAC

Fifteen million in uncut diamonds.

Amy rubs her temples like she has a migraine. The SAC hands her a telex.

BOSTON OFFICE SAC
Get on a plane to Chicago.
Headquarters just appointed a new
Deputy Director in charge of the
Criminal Division. Ken Dianopolis--

AMY
Oh, no. I've heard the stories about
him.

BOSTON OFFICE SAC
They're all true. He's going to meet
you at the site.

AMY
(preparing herself)
Can't wait.

Amy exits the office. Her colleague, CARL, waits outside the
door. She looks at him glumly. He displays two airline tickets.

CARL
I'll come with you.

Carl is her confidant, partner of sorts, although technically
he's junior to her.

EXT. CHICAGO TRUST -- STREET LEVEL -- DAY

Eight Chicago office field agents, Carl, and Amy. She's the only
woman here. She looks up at the construction crane hanging over
the street. Smiles thinly at Carl.

AMY
Kind of an inspired method of
entry.... Did he leave that way too?

CHICAGO FIELD AGENT
We think so.

Just then two Suburbans pull to the curb. Five more men get out
of the SUVs, including DEPUTY DIRECTOR DIANOPOLIS, who is 6'7".

AMY
(deferential smile)
Good morning, sir.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DIANOPOLIS

(brusque)

You Amy Prentiss?

INT. LOBBY OF CHICAGO TRUST -- DAY

Dianopolis strides toward the elevators. He moves quickly, taking huge strides -- which forces Amy to half-trot to keep up with him. Carl and several Chicago agents trail behind.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DIANOPOLIS

Your SAC tells me you designed alarm systems before you joined FBI. In fact you designed the system for this bank.

AMY

Yes, sir.

The group of feds pile in to the elevator. The doors close.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DIANOPOLIS

He also tells me that until 1996 no one had ever pulled off a successful heist against one of your systems. Despite 124 attempts.

There's an undertone in Dianopolis's voice. This isn't about pleasantries. Dianopolis is preparing to pounce and Amy knows it.

AMY

Yeah, that's right.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DIANOPOLIS

But on September 4 of that year a career thief named Roy Milton wrote you a note telling you how much he admired your work, one professional to another.

A tight smile and a nod from Amy. She cringes for what she knows is coming next. There are ten other people in this elevator and Dianopolis is talking loud.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DIANOPOLIS

Over the next twelve months your record dropped from 124 and 0 to 124 and 8, at which point you quit security engineering and went to the FBI Academy. Is that right?

The elevator doors open on the 22nd floor. The group pours out onto the floor of the crime scene.

AMY
(salvaging)
126 and 8 actually. He failed
twice...

She trails off, realizing that Dianopolis doesn't care.

CHICAGO FIELD AGENT
Down here, sir.

Dianopolis walks down a corridor looking at burned out IR sensors and the scratch marks on a picked lock. Amy also observes Milton's handiwork.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DIANOPOLIS
Fast forward to the year 2001 and
somehow you convince my predecessor to
put you in charge of the task force
investigating Mr. Milton.

AMY
I think he felt my high level of
motivation might translate into
operational success.

Dianopolis peers into the alarm junction box. He pops his head out and glares at Amy.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DIANOPOLIS
Really? What's your record today?

AMY
(sheepishly)
129 and...20...

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DIANOPOLIS
You've had ten agents working under
you for two years trying to catch this
guy. Not only have you failed to
indict him in that time, but he's
managed to pull off twelve successful
heists right under your nose. On
security systems you designed!

He motions to the system all around him, then strides toward the vault past the mirror contraption which disabled the laser array.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DIANOPOLIS
He sends you flowers the day after for
Christ's sake! God, what a perfect
metaphor! Can you imagine what the
newspapers would say if they got a
hold of this story?!

Amy feels about two feet tall...

INT. VAULT

Dianopolis surveys the vault's...barrenness... Then his eyes fixate on the vacuum device hanging from the ceiling...

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DIANOPOLIS

(turning to Amy)

You're making a mockery out of the FBI, Agent Prentiss. You're off this case. You're relieved as head of the Milton task force. I'm not even sure I want you working in my division any more--

AMY

(cutting him off)

I'll have an indictment in six weeks.

Dianopolis looks at her. Stares at her. Then a tiny smile creeps into his eyes.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DIANOPOLIS

Don't try to snow me, lady.

This is a man who has spent 35 years drowning in a sea of BS as an FBI investigator. It's seriously hard to lie to him.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DIANOPOLIS

Are you really that close?

AMY

(total confidence)

Six weeks.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DIANOPOLIS

All right...I'll give you six weeks. But if he pulls off one more heist anywhere on US soil before then -- I don't care if he shoplifts a gumball in Alaska -- you're finished. Not just with the task force... You're out of a job... Is that clear?

EXT. ROOF OF CHICAGO TRUST -- DAY

Amy stands on the roof with Carl. The Deputy Director stands on the other side of the roof with a group of agents around him.

CARL

We can't get him in six weeks!

AMY

We have to....

Amy looks bleakly up at the crane Milton used to get onto the roof. Then her eyes drift to the bungee cord attached to the window washer mechanism. Her eyes narrow with confusion.

AMY

A Palowski?

EXT. EAST BOSTON MEMORIAL PARK -- DAY

A baseball field surrounded on all sides by the elevated freeways in and out of the airport. The drizzle has turned to heavy rain, so Milton is the only guy here. A ball machine feeds him pitches. He keeps popping them up. After the tenth mis-hit, Milton erupts. Swears loudly.

VOICE

Quit swinging for the fences. You
don't have to kill the ball. You just
have to connect with it right.

Milton turns around to see a WELL-TANNED GUY IN HIS SIXTIES wearing a Red Sox cap. Big smiles from both of them.

MILTON

I never did take your advice on that,
did I?

LONG SHOT OF THE PARK

Milton and the guy in the Sox cap hug warmly. From here we notice an unfinished two-story building on the park grounds. Milton gestures towards it as he speaks to the man.

EXT. GOLF COURSE -- DAY

A tournament is on. The European man from the Chicago heist sinks a hole-in-one. The crowd erupts.

INT. CHICAGO TRUST -- SERIES OF SHOTS (EVIDENCE COLLECTION)

A) Amy uses special high-tech goggles to examine the floor inside the alarm junction box closet. INTERCUT GOGGLE POV to see a series of footprints. Amy is particularly interested in one set of prints with a larger stride than the others.

FLASHBACK to Milton making those footprints as he runs down the hall toward the vault after discovering that someone has beaten him to the junction box.

B) At the 22nd floor elevator bank. Amy has the elevator cab stopped between floors. She talks to a fingerprint technician, points at a tiny mark on the elevator door. She shows the technician that she wants him to dust for prints around the mark and all around the roof of the elevator cab.

FLASHBACK to Milton emerging from the top of this exact elevator cab and propping it open just as Amy indicated. He makes the mark Amy pointed at.

C) Amy stands on the roof by herself. She looks at the crane. Then she looks over at the bungee cord. It still puzzles her...

EXT. EAST BOSTON -- DAY

Still pissing rain here. Milton seems to attract it these days. He stands across the street from a three-story wood-frame apartment building, his childhood home. He just looks at it, recalling memories... His eye catches a couple of seven year-old boys playing with sticks in a puddle down the block. This is a dirt-poor neighborhood.

EXT. EAST BOSTON MEMORIAL PARK -- DAY

The rain has finally let up. Milton walks underneath the elevated freeway, back towards the park. A Cadillac idles in the parking lot. Milton gets into it.

INT. CADILLAC -- DAY

Milton looks over at the driver, ANTON.

MILTON

I want to make a donation.

ANTON

Oh, no, not another one.

MILTON

You see that? Supposed to be a youth center. They need 2.2 million more to finish construction.

Milton points at the partially finished building in the park.

ANTON

I'm your accountant, Roy, I'm supposed to help you keep your money.

MILTON

You're an excellent accountant, Anton. Just get them the money, okay? Quietly. Anonymously.

ANTON

Is there any other way?

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN VILLA -- NIGHT

Rousing applause. Flashbulbs popping off. And all eyes are on the European from the vault who stands on the podium at a fancy benefit. He holds up a five-foot long cardboard check and smiles like a celebrity.

THE EUROPEAN (FRENCH, SUBTITLED)

*I hope that my donation to the
Foundation for Youth Achievement--*

EXT. BACK BAY -- DAY

A huge brownstone on a corner. Roy Milton's house.

INT. ROY'S STUDY -- DAY

Lots of wood. Antiques. Killer art collection. Milton has a work bench set up in here with a series of precision tools.

Right now he is examining a tiny diamond through a jeweler's eyepiece. He affixes the diamond to the edge of a shiny metal disk. Needless to say, however, this is not a piece of jewelry. Rather, he is painstakingly constructing a diamond-tipped saw blade.

MILTON

(to Charlie, who is
watching him work)

Will you call the Germans and find out
when my damn motor mechanism is going
to be here? What, are they two months
late?

Charlie nods. The doorbell rings downstairs. Milton ignores it. A moment later his intercom buzzes.

MAID'S VOICE (TELEPHONE V.O.)

There's a Miss Prentiss here.

Milton sits bolt upright. But not for the reason you're thinking.

MILTON (INTO PHONE)

I'll be right down.

Milton hangs up and races to the BATHROOM. He checks his hair. Tucks in his shirt... And splashes a little cologne on his neck.

Then he takes a deep breath and walks downstairs. Charlie shakes his head, rolls his eyes...

INT. DRAWING ROOM -- DAY

Milton walks in. Amy turns to look at him. Carl is here too.

AMY

Hi, Roy!

MILTON

Agent Prentiss, what a nice surprise.

Their manner together might be described as adversarial flirtation. Virtually every sentence is spoken with a "smartass" subtext.

AMY

You have a minute?

MILTON

For a charming and beautiful law enforcement officer such as yourself? Absolutely.... Hey, Carl.

CARL

Roy...

Carl and Milton shake hands -- a friendly shake.

MILTON

You get the flowers?

AMY

Yeah.... They were beautiful as always. Thank you.

(all business)

Where were you Sunday night?

MILTON

Sunday? Uh...

Milton makes an exaggerated "attempt to remember." Amy shows him pictures of the Chicago heist to jog his memory.

MILTON

Wow...nice work. Very professional.

Wait... This wasn't one of your systems, was it?

Amy purses her lips. Gives a tight smile.

MILTON

Oh, I'm sorry. That's got to be so
frustrating.... What's this?

Milton points at a picture of the sliced bungee cord hanging off
the back side of the Chicago Trust Tower.

AMY

It's how he got away.

MILTON

What kind of maniac would do that?
Except for Palowski...and he's dead.

AMY

You know I was wondering about that
myself? It doesn't really fit with
the level of planning shown in the
rest of the heist does it?

MILTON

Not really, no....

AMY

Unless...maybe whoever did it was out
of options.... Maybe he made a series
of mistakes...screw-ups...or maybe he
was just in over his head from the
beginning...the point is, whoever did
this was clearly so desperate that he
was reduced to--

MILTON

(irked)

I get it.

AMY

Well that doesn't really sound like
you anyway, does it?

MILTON

No.

AMY

No.... Which means I'm missing a piece
of the puzzle I suppose...

Milton looks back at her. He's not going to say anything.

AMY

I'll find it, Roy. I will...

(holds notepad)

Now, just for the record, where were you Sunday night?

MILTON

Oh, yeah...I was at the Sox game.

AMY

It was an away game, Roy.

MILTON

In Baltimore, yeah. Great game.

Ramirez clocked one in the ninth.

Actually, I think I still have the tickets--

Milton pulls ticket stubs out of his pocket. Amy smiles. Milton's always prepared like this. He's always thought through the angles, given himself a way out, an alibi...

EXT. ROY'S BROWNSTONE -- DAY

Amy and Carl walk to their government sedan.

CARL

I swear to God, if you slept with him once, just once--

AMY

Carl!

CARL

I mean it. One time and you could get him to confess. The guy's in love with you.

AMY

Carl, shut up! I'm not a slut like you! I wouldn't sleep with someone to close a case.

CARL

Uh...you're definitely not a slut.

AMY

What's that supposed to mean?

CARL

What?

AMY
That tone in your voice.

CARL
There was no--

AMY
Yes, there was. There was....

She pokes him as she says it. She's smiling. He shakes his head... She's cornered him...

CARL
Uh...I guess it means you don't let people into your life very easily....and you seem a little lonely, that's all.

Amy's smile disappears. Carl's answer was a bit more serious than she expected.

CARL
I'm your partner, Aim, I'm supposed to notice these things.

Amy looks at him. He's struck a nerve.

CARL
I mean, half the men in Massachusetts have asked you out and you haven't had a boyfriend in four years...

AMY
Yeah, 90% of those have been cops. I don't date cops...
(beat)
Anyway, I'm happy by myself.

CARL
(doesn't want to push)
Okay.

AMY
Lets me concentrate on my work.

CARL
Okay...

Amy looks away.

AMY
I'm going to walk home.

EXT. BOSTON COMMON -- DAY

Amy walks through the park, passing the duck pond where we saw her tear up at the beginning of the movie. She looks at a young child feeding the ducks along with her parents. Clearly this place has some meaning for Amy...

EXT. MILTON'S ROOF -- DAY

Milton uses binoculars to watch Amy in the park.

EXT. BOSTON COMMON -- DAY

The child Amy was watching drops a large piece of bread on the ground. Two ducks race for it. Amy watches it... It triggers an idea...

INT. AMY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Amy looks at pictures of the crime scene laid out on her dining room table. She stares at different shots of the construction crane. Then at a shot of the bungee cord... Her eyes narrow. She has a theory that can explain what happened. And whatever it is it makes her smile first...and then start giggling...

INT. BOSTON SAC'S OFFICE -- DAY

Amy has arranged pictures of the crime scene on a board. The SAC and Carl look on. The Deputy Director watches via videophone.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DIANOPOLIS

You're saying Milton was there...he planned the job and he was most of the way through completing it. And then somebody beat him to the punch.

AMY

That's the only way to explain this.

She points at a picture of the bungee cord...

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DIANOPOLIS

(hard to believe)

Who's good enough to scoop Roy Milton?

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT -- DAY

A nice place. But a place only locals would know about. Milton eats chicken Parmesan with his napkin tucked in to his shirt. Beene and O'Myers walk up to his table and sit down.

BEENE

His name is Francois Toulour.

MILTON

So what's his deal? He's a rookie who got lucky, right?

O'MYERS

Not quite....Bundesbank, Berlin '91.

MILTON

(pleasantly surprised)

The fifteen million dollar one? He did that? Good. I didn't get worked by a complete novice. Anything else? Or was this guy a one-hit-wonder until Chicago?

O'MYERS

I'll let you be the judge of that.

He pulls a buck slip out of his jacket pocket.

O'MYERS

Banc Faltier Paris '93 and again in '94. Total take twenty-one million. Approximately.

Milton frowns slightly. He doesn't want the guy to be a total novice. But he doesn't want him to be too good either.

O'MYERS

Bank of Italy '94. Eighteen million. Danish Treasury '94. Twenty-two million. Prado museum. Madrid '95. The Picasso. Estimated value--

MILTON

Hang on a second! You're say-- All of them!

Milton is shocked. Outraged.

O'MYERS

I'm not done.

MILTON

Wait -- Prado Museum, the Picasso -- that was Moretti!

O'MYERS

He is Moretti. It's one of his aliases.

Milton yanks the napkin from his neck. Leans back. He's reeling. He can't take this...

MILTON

(abrupt)

What else?

INTERCUT -- INT. BOSTON SAC'S OFFICE

Simultaneously, Amy runs through the same stats about Toulour with her bosses.

AMY

UDC bank in Geneva, '95. Nineteen million in bearer bonds. The Louvre -- '95 and twice in '97.

BACK TO SCENE -- MILTON AND HIS GUYS IN THE RESTAURANT

O'MYERS

He left a Post-It note on the Mona Lisa saying something to the effect that it was an overrated painting and he didn't want it.

Milton is in hell. And it's just getting worse...

O'MYERS

The list continues, but I'll just skip to my favorite. San Tropez '99--

INTERCUT -- INT. BOSTON SAC'S OFFICE

AMY

He stole the King of Morocco's 230 foot yacht. Vanished into thin air. Crew surfaced a few days later in a life raft. Couldn't remember a thing.

BACK TO SCENE -- MILTON AND HIS GUYS IN THE RESTAURANT

MILTON

How do you hide a frigging two hundred foot yacht?!

O'MYERS

We were trying to figure that one out ourselves.

EXT. BOSTON -- DAY

Milton and his guys walk through Boston Common.

MILTON

One guy did all those jobs, and I've never heard of him?!!!

BEENE

He's got a lot of different aliases.

INTERCUT -- INT. BOSTON SAC'S OFFICE

AMY

Until a month ago Interpol was convinced that the heists he's pulled were the work of twelve different people. But not any more. Now they realize it was all him....

BACK TO SCENE -- MILTON AND HIS GUYS WALKING THROUGH BOSTON

O'MYERS

The French national police just gave him a nickname. "*Le Renard Nuit*"
The Night Fox.

MILTON

(rolls his eyes)

Oh, give me an f-ing break.

BEENE

Scotland Yard says he's the best thief in Europe since LeMarc. Interpol says he's better.

MILTON

Better than LeMarc! LeMarc!!! That's heresy!

EXT. MARLBOROUGH STREET -- DAY

Atop a roof, Leather Jacket sits with his parabolic microphone aimed at Milton and his guys who walk by below.

MILTON

Personal information?

O'MYERS

He's rich as hell.

MILTON

No shit, Sherlock. You think the taxes put him in the poor house?

O'MYERS

No, I mean, he was born that way.

INTERCUT -- INT. BOSTON SAC'S OFFICE

AMY

Dad was a big-time European industrialist. Mother inherited. He's an avid golfer...

BACK TO SCENE -- MILTON AND HIS GUYS WALKING THROUGH BOSTON

O'MYERS

...tennis player, and gambler -- he rarely loses at any of them. Ladies man. Gives a shitload to charity every year, like you--

MILTON

All right stop, just stop it! I'm going to throw up.

INTERCUT -- INT. BOSTON SAC'S OFFICE

AMY

He's smart as hell too. Math prodigy. Graduated the Sorbonne at eighteen years old. He can crack just about any code algorithm in the world.

BACK TO SCENE -- MILTON AND HIS GUYS WALKING THROUGH BOSTON

O'MYERS

Oh, did I forget to mention he's a baron?

MILTON

(explodes)

A what?!

O'MYERS

Baron. As in nobility.

MILTON

(just can not take it anymore)

Oh, Jesus, you know what? There was a little thing called the French Frigging Revolution and the last time I checked it pretty much did the French nobility in--

BEENE

Spain.

MILTON

What?

BEENE

His title. It's Spanish. Mother's
cousin -- something like that--

O'MYERS

Did I mention, ladies man? Cause it
would be a major oversight if--

MILTON

Okay, shut up! Stop talking right
now..... I don't care who this guy is.
He may be the greatest thief in
Europe. Good for him. But this isn't
Europe.

(beat)

We need to remind him of that.

INT. MILTON'S HOUSE -- DAY

Milton and Charlie.

CHARLIE

Don't antagonize this asshole. You
have too much at stake right now.

MILTON

What am I suppose to do? Sit back and
take it?

CHARLIE

Roy, focus on the Crown. You going
to tell me if you get the crown you're
even going to remember what happened
in Chicago?

MILTON

This is a question of dignity,
Charlie...honor... I have to respond.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN VILLA -- DAY

Milton stands at the edge of a cliff-hugging one lane road and
looks down at a huge villa on the Mediterranean coast (where
Toulour gave the huge cardboard check) This place is gigantic.

MILTON

This is ridiculous. Who lives like this?

BILLY

Isn't he a baron or something? Maybe he inherited this place.

Milton slowly turns to look at his underling. If Milton has to hear one more thing about Toulour's successes or his vaunted social status, somebody's going to get throttled.

EXT. ROCKY SHORELINE CLIFF -- DAY

Milton prepares his heavy gear bag with RJ. Toulour's villa is visible atop an adjacent cliff.

MILTON

This one I'm going to enjoy.

RJ

(cheerleading)

Take his whole damn collection, Roy.

MILTON

No...no...I just want his favorite one -- a Degas he liked so much he paid 40 million for at auction so he could display it openly.

EXT. CLIFF BELOW TOULOUR'S VILLA -- DAY

Milton ascends the cliff. It's a slow and arduous climb. Especially with a 100 pound pack on his back. He is panting and sweating before long. But he can see his goal a few more feet above him -- the end of an iron drain pipe that runs out from the cliff face.

EXT. FACE OF DRAIN PIPE -- DAY

This is the runoff-drain pipe for the huge flower gardens atop the cliff. Milton pulls himself up to it, then stops, the turquoise-blue Mediterranean behind him. Milton pops open his cell phone and hits the speed-dial.

MILTON (INTO PHONE)

Where is he?

INT. ELEGANT CASINO -- NIGHT

They're speaking Greek here. Toulour wins a huge bet on the roulette wheel. The crowd goes wild. Toulour always draws a

crowd. He puts another bet down. A beautiful woman with wide eyes and flushed cheeks touches Toulour's arm.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

How do you do it? How do you win so many times in a row?

TOULOUR

I'm just lucky, I guess.

He's cheating. He has an electromagnet in his ring.

FIND Beene and O'Myers in the crowd, watching Toulour.... Beene speaks into his cell phone.

BEENE (INTO CELL PHONE)

He's still here. Don't worry, boss, we won't lose him...

EXT. FACE OF DRAIN PIPE -- DAY

Milton climbs up into the drain pipe, trudges up its steep ascending angle.

EXT. TOULOUR'S GARDENS -- DAY

The sprinklers go on.

INT. DRAIN PIPE

Now water starts trickling down it. Milton swears. Pretty soon the water flow is substantial. Milton struggles to hold on, bracing himself against the side of the pipe...

He slips and starts sliding downward like a kid at a water park - - except there's a 100 foot drop onto jagged rocks at the end of this pipe. CLANK! Milton manages to slam his climbing ax down and catch a seam in the pipe. PHEW! Milton struggles back against the water flow.

EXT. TOULOUR'S GARDENS -- DUSK

A drain grate in a low area of the yard. We see Milton using a blowtorch to unfasten it from below. CLINK. The last weld breaks free. Milton can now lift the grate up.

But before he does he threads a little fiber-optic wire camera through the slots in the grate and looks around.

It's a good thing he does, because he spots a closed circuit video camera ten feet away. The grate is right in the center of its field of view.

Milton is undaunted. He fiddles with something out of view, then: WHOOSH! A thin blue flame shoots out from beneath the drain grate. Milton has turned his blowtorch into a flame thrower. The blue flames envelope the video camera lens. Within seconds the lens starts to obscure...

INT. SECURITY STATION

A bored, but nattily-dressed guard mans a console with five monitors in front of him. Each monitor is divided into sixteen separate camera views. One of those views goes slightly blurry. It looks like some sprinkler water got on the lens. The guard doesn't even notice.

EXT. TOULOUR'S GARDENS -- DUSK

Milton lifts the drain grate and prepares to climb out into Milton's garden -- RRRRRRRGH -- Milton spins to see a huge Doberman growling at him. Milton jumps back.

MILTON

Down boy. Hey there.

Now Milton sees the dog's tag. His name is "Roy." Milton frowns. RAAGHH! "Roy" nearly takes Roy's head off. Milton yanks out a dog treat. Tosses it. "Roy" goes to it. Sniffs it...licks it...then rejects it and walks back to the drain. Now the dog feels teased and he's really pissed. He barks at Milton.

MILTON

It's okay... It's okay, boy.

Now Milton's cell phone starts vibrating loudly on his belt... Crap. That's the last thing Milton needs to deal with. The dog growls viciously...

Milton ignores the phone and roots around in his pack again. Presently, he comes up with a second variety of dog treat.

The dog barely even looks at this one. One waft of the scent and he's had enough. He lunges at Milton. Chomps down on his arm.

MILTON

Ahhhh! Okay! Okay!

Milton thrusts his other arm into his pack and yanks out a rib-eye steak! Throws it on the ground. The dog immediately drops Milton's arm and goes to the steak, starts devouring it.

MILTON

Jesus, you drive a hard bargain.

A moment later, the huge Doberman falls over. THUMP. "Roy" crumples into a pile and starts snoring. Milton's phone is still ringing. He yanks it off his belt.

MILTON
This better be good.

BEENE (CELL PHONE V.O.)
We lost him.

MILTON
What!

INT. FERRARI -- DUSK

Toulour does 140 down the highway. The beautiful woman who was watching him gamble is in the seat next to him.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
Do you live far?

TOULOUR
France.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
France!

EXT. TOULOUR'S GARDENS -- DUSK

Milton slithers along the floor of a winding Koi pond (as you would find in a Japanese garden). His head is just above the waterline to avoid detection.

Unfortunately, he hasn't avoided the detection of Toulour's flock of pink flamingos. They are trotting along the side of the winding waterway curiously eyeing Milton.

MILTON
Shoo! Shoo!

The flamingos think he's playing a game with them. They crowd even closer to him. Milton rolls his eyes. Can't get a damn break. His cell phone (attached to his cap to keep it dry) starts vibrating again. Milton grabs it.

MILTON (INTO PHONE)
What!!

BEENE (CELL PHONE V.O.)
We found him again.

MILTON (INTO PHONE)
That's great, Roger.

BEENE (CELL PHONE V.O.)
Not really. He's getting into a G5.
He's on his way home.

INTERCUT: Toulour climbing into the pilot's seat of the high-end corporate jet. He helps his new friend fasten her seatbelt.

MILTON (INTO PHONE)
Shit. What's the flight time?

Milton sets his watch.

SERIES OF SHOTS -- MILTON RUSHING TO COMPLETE HIS JOB

A) He taps into the telephone switch box at the back of Toulour's house. Milton is filthy and dripping wet.

B) Milton slices open the glass of Toulour's basement window.

C) Milton burns out an IR sensor, then another, and another...

D) Finally Milton is inside... He pads through Toulour's massive household. Valuable art everywhere. Milton barely notices it. He's only got eyes for one piece and just then he sees it -- a huge Degas at the end of a long hallway. Milton grins...then walks toward it.

RJ (RADIO V.O.)
Roy, abort. He just landed at Nice.

MILTON (INTO RADIO)
That's a forty-five minute drive--

RJ (RADIO V.O.)
He's coming by helicopter.

MILTON (INTO RADIO)
I'll have what I want in five-- Oh,
shit!

RJ (INTO HEADSET)
What's wrong?

Milton is close enough now to see that the room containing the Degas is secured with a dozen cameras, fifty fixed laser beams, a series of sweeping lasers, a pressure sensitive floor, rotating IR beams and a radar array at each entrance and across the windows

Milton rubs his face... Looks to the heavens. Why does God despise him so?

INT. HELICOPTER -- NIGHT

Toulour flies across the moonlit Mediterranean.

INT. VILLA -- NIGHT

Milton is sitting down on the carpet now, just staring at Toulour's Degas. So close, yet so maddeningly far... Milton looks over the ridiculous security array for the umpteenth time.

RJ (RADIO V.O.)
You're running out of time--

MILTON (INTO RADIO)
I'm not leaving till I have that
goddamned painting...

RJ (RADIO V.O.)
Roy, if you had a week you couldn't
get through that security.

Milton just keeps staring at what he's facing...then suddenly a smile crosses his lips...

MILTON (INTO RADIO)
You wanna bet?

CLOSE UP

Toulour's Degas: A ballerina. Taking her clothes off, of course. This is Toulour's favorite painting after all.

Milton slices the masterpiece out of its frame. Huh? How the hell did he--

PULL BACK TO REVEAL that a ragged hole in the wall next to the painting. Grass is visible outside.

Milton has bypassed all the security by cutting through an exterior wall. He removes the painting and steps out his own personal exit onto Toulour's lawn. Just then we hear the sound of an approaching helicopter. Milton giggles with glee.

EXT. VILLA -- NIGHT

Toulour's helicopter lands. He helps the beautiful woman out.

EXT./INT. MAIN HOUSE -- NIGHT

Toulour unlocks the front door. Three locks. An alarm warning tone sounds. Toulour goes to the keypad and enters a ten digit code. The tone stops. The woman giggles.

They are now in an entryway. Toulour unlocks an iron gate in front of them. Another alarm tone sounds. Toulour types another code on a second keypad. The tone stops. The woman giggles again.

TOULOUR

What's so funny?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

You have so much security here.

TOULOUR

You can't be too careful. You wouldn't believe the kind of people out there in the world. And I have a fairly extensive art collection.

They walk into a perfect courtyard. Flowers everywhere. An incredible fountain in the center. Toulour leads her to yet another door. Unlocks it. Of course a tone sounds. The woman starts laughing now.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

What do you have in there, the Mona Lisa?

He types a code into a keypad. It stops.

TOULOUR

I hate the Mona Lisa.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

(doesn't miss a beat)

Me too.

(beat)

I don't like anything Van Gogh did.

Toulour rolls his eyes. Leads her down the hall.

EXT. VILLA -- NIGHT

Milton scurries across the lawn, a rolled up canvas under his arm. Suddenly he hears a scream from inside the main house.

INT. MAIN HOUSE -- NIGHT

Toulour stares at the rectangular dust line where his prized Degas used to hang, and at the missing section of wall next to where it used to hang.

EXT. VILLA -- NIGHT

Milton scales the fence, setting off blaring intruder alarms.

Toulour rushes out of the house just in time to see Milton jump over the wrought iron fence at the front of the house and jump in to a van driven by his guys. Toulour's guards give chase, but the van peels out and leaves them in the dust.

INT. VILLA -- MAIN HOUSE -- DAY

The next morning -- Toulour sits on his porch sipping a Perrier as he looks out at the flock of pink flamingos on his lawn. Amazingly, he seems completely unfazed by what happened last night. He has the centered calm of a Buddhist monk.

The phone rings, jarring Toulour out of his reverie. He snatches the phone off the receiver. Before he can speak:

TELEPHONE VOICE

I've never been a huge Degas fan, but
I have to admit this one is growing on
me.

INT. MILTON'S HOUSE -- DAY

Toulour's Degas hangs above Milton's fireplace. Milton looks at the image of the half-naked ballerina.

INTERCUT MILTON AND TOULOUR

TOULOUR

Subject matter helps.

MILTON

You've got a point there.

(beat)

Let's just call it even, Francois.
You stay on your side of the pond and
I'll stay on mine. We'll both be a
lot better off that way. It's a win-
win proposition.

Toulour thinks. Then in a maddeningly nonchalant tone:

TOULOUR

I don't think so, Roy.

Toulour gets up and calls to his flamingos. They respond immediately -- walk towards him.

MILTON

What do you mean "you don't think so?"

TOULOUR

(blithely)

I've stolen everything there is worth stealing in Europe. Some of it twice. There are no more challenges here.

MILTON

So basically you decided to screw up my Chicago job because you were bored?

TOULOUR

Come on, Roy, what do you take me for? I wouldn't make a complete fool of you on your own turf just because I was bored.... No. The fact is...I made a bet.

MILTON

What kind of bet?

TOULOUR

A gentleman's bet with a friend of mine -- my mentor actually.

MILTON

Go on.

Toulour's flamingos crowd around him. He feeds them a croissant.

TOULOUR

Well, a few months ago we were at his ranch in Argentina and a mutual friend of ours referred to me as "the greatest thief in the world." Uncontroversial statement if you ask me...but my mentor said how could I be the greatest thief in the world if I'd never worked in America? Then he brought up your name and said if I wanted to say I was the best on the planet...I'd have to prove I was better than you.

Milton rolls his eyes. He's disgusted. All this trouble because of Toulour's ego! Milton thinks on his feet:

MILTON

Okay, Francois... I've got an idea. Here's what I'm going to do. You tell me the name of your mentor. I'll call him up and I'll tell him...

FIND Milton's left hand as he crosses his fingers before he says it--

MILTON (CONT'D)

...that you're the greatest thief in the world...that I accept that to be true.... And in return...you stay the hell off my turf. How about that?

TOULOUR

Yeah, my mentor said you'd probably say something like that -- but he said you'd probably have your fingers crossed when you said it.

Milton frowns. He looks down. Uncrosses his fingers. He cannot get a fucking break here...

TOULOUR (CONT'D)

So in this situation -- for the purposes of my bet -- words aren't good enough. I have to prove this on the ground. Your ground.

Milton grinds his teeth... Tries to think of his next move. Tries to be reasonable and polite...

MILTON

This guy...this mentor of yours...was he a pretty good thief in his day?

TOULOUR

Oh, the best.

MILTON

Good enough that I would have heard of him?

TOULOUR

I don't know, Roy...you tell me. His name's LeMarc.

Milton loses control of the muscles in his face.

INT. MILTON'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER -- NIGHT

Milton walks into his bar, pours himself a drink.

BEENE

Roy...What did he say? Are you okay?

Milton swallows his drink in one gulp. He looks like a ghost.

MILTON

Guys...uh...we could be in for a couple of tough months...

INT. BOSTON FBI SAC'S CORNER OFFICE -- DAY

Amy drops a copy of the New York Times on the SAC's desk. The headline: "Painting valued at \$40 Million Stolen from Mediterranean Villa. Below the headlines there's a picture of Toulour -- in a dinner jacket. The SAC laughs.

AMY

No, you don't understand. This is just the beginning. Listen to this: "The colorful Spanish baron who owns the painting has refused to cooperate with authorities saying that 'private-channel efforts are far more likely to yield recovery of painting.'"

BOSTON OFFICE SAC

He's going to strike back.

AMY

(enthralled with this opportunity)

John...if we play our cards right...I think we can nail both of them....

EXT. TOULOUR'S FRENCH VILLA -- DAY

Toulour is playing a hard-fought game of tennis. His opponent (EDMUND) has deeply-tanned Mediterranean good looks, and the air, like Toulour, of the idle rich. Edmund bangs a great shot. Toulour gets there and smacks it back. Edmund dives for the ball, just gets it back over the net. But Toulour is waiting. He kills the ball. Edmund doesn't have a chance.

EDMUND

Incredible! You're just too good!

TOULOUR

You know, Sampras said the exact same words to me just last Tuesday.

Edmund grins. Used to Toulour's boasting. A BUTLER arrives:

BUTLER

Pardon me, sir. There is a young lady at the gate. She claims to be from the American FBI.

MOMENTS LATER

The butler leads Amy to poolside where Toulour greets her.

TOULOUR

Amy! What a wonderful surprise!

AMY

(flirtatious)

How are you, Francois?

TOULOUR

Good. I've been good.

(re: tennis partner)

This is Edmund.

Amy shakes Edmund's hand. It's brief and business-like. She's not interested in him. She's here for Toulour.

AMY

Pleasure.

EDMUND

The pleasure's all mine.

Edmund smiles at her the way only swarthy European playboys can. His teeth are very white. Amy is already looking back at Toulour.

TOULOUR

Just give me a second, okay? Can I have a cocktail brought out to you?

AMY

No, thanks. I'm fine.

Amy has a glass of water in her hand. Toulour walks into the pool house, leaving Amy alone with Edmund.

EDMUND

So, you're with the FBI?

He's extremely well-mannered, but you just know, and so does Amy, this is the first volley in Edmund's attempt to bed her by sundown.

AMY

(going through the motions)

Yes.

EDMUND

Are there a lot of women agents?

AMY

Not enough.

EDMUND

Must be a very exciting job. At least
it seems like it would be to a layman.

AMY

(tiring fast, but
really striving to
be polite)

Yeah...uh...what do you do?

Amy takes a drink of water.

EDMUND

I'm the King of Morocco.

Amy spits an entire mouthful of water out. It goes all over the
guy. She chokes and coughs for a few more seconds as she tries
get out an apology.

AMY

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry....
(touches her neck)

Wrong pipe.

EXT. VILLA -- DAY

Amy and Toulour walk the grounds -- the same adversarial
flirtation between them that we saw between Amy and Milton.

AMY

How in hell did you two become
friends?

TOULOUR

Tragically, a few years back, Edmund's
yacht was stolen.... I recovered it
for him.

AMY

Is that what you call it? Jesus,
you've got quite a pair on you.

They pass through a topiary garden and move towards a complex
series of fountains.

TOULOUR

Coming from you that means a lot....
So, what can I do for you?

INT. MAIN HOUSE -- DAY

Amy stands in front of the ragged hole Milton cut in the side of Toulour's house to snatch the Degas.

AMY

He must have been pretty pissed about Chicago.

Toulour shrugs nonchalantly.

AMY

(playful)

Well, you better hope you didn't make any mistakes, cause the FBI is investigating.

TOULOUR

Interpol's been investigating me for fifteen years. They haven't gotten anywhere.

AMY

They don't know how to mount a decent investigation.

TOULOUR

Does that include the year you were assigned to them in Paris?

AMY

Etoile was an imbecile. My hands were tied.

TOULOUR

Excuses...excuses...

AMY

(grinning)

How about that cocktail?

TOULOUR

Are you flirting with me?

INT. TOULOUR'S KITCHEN -- DAY

Toulour hums to himself as he fixes a cocktail for Amy.

INT. GREAT ROOM -- DAY

Meanwhile -- with Toulour distracted in the kitchen -- Amy is combing the scene of the crime with an ultraviolet light that she had concealed in her purse. She is looking for hair (which glows

bright under the light). Each one she finds she scoops up with a special static electricity "magnet" and dumps into a plastic evidence bag. She hears Toulour returning and quickly puts away her gear.

MOMENTS LATER

They raise their glasses.

TOULOUR

So, what are we toasting to?

AMY

I'm toasting to the fact that we recovered your prints from inside the vault at Chicago Trust.

Toulour stops dead... A beat. Then he snorts a laugh, takes a drink.

TOULOUR

I don't believe you.

AMY

Why, cause you were wearing gloves?
(off Toulour's
shrug)

The FBI's very technology-driven place, Francois. And since I come from a technical background myself...let's just say: I use some fairly cutting edge stuff in my investigations.

She hands Toulour several photographs. They are blow-ups of latent fingerprints. Toulour goes very still....

AMY

Help us nail Milton and the Bureau will cut you a deal.

Toulour takes a deep breath. Exhales...

TOULOUR

Amy...you know I can't do that.

AMY

Why not? Some outmoded concept of honor? Criminal dignity?

Toulour just looks at her, doesn't answer -- which is as good as saying "yes". Amy shakes her head.

AMY

Doesn't make any sense to me.

TOULOUR

Well, it wouldn't...you're a cop...it's not in your nature. By the way -- just so you don't embarrass yourself -- I have a safe deposit box at Chicago Trust. It's where I keep the certificates I trade on the Options Exchange.

Amy deflates inside -- but tries desperately to hide it -- to think fast -- to recover --

AMY

Sounds like a plan to case the place.

TOULOUR

It can sound like whatever you want but the fact is it makes your physical evidence against me meaningless...

EXT. DRIVEWAY OF VILLA

Toulour kisses Amy goodbye. She gets into her crappy rental car.

TOULOUR

I hope you had a nice time. I hope you don't feel that your trip was wasted.

AMY

I know where all this is headed, Francois. Milton may not have figured it out yet, but I have. You better watch your step if you come to Boston.

TOULOUR

Why would I go to Boston?

EXT. BOSTON -- DAY

Milton exits a business on Huntington Ave. in Boston. He's wearing a UPS uniform. Perfect cover while he cases the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, which is across the street.

He walks around a delivery truck and SMACK! -- runs right into Toulour -- who's wearing a Fed Ex uniform. A beat, while it dawns on both of them what just happened. Toulour is quicker on the draw:

TOULOUR

Things haven't been going so well, you took a second job?

Milton bites his tongue.

TOULOUR

You chose the number two carrier, I see.

MILTON

Nice shorts.

TOULOUR

Touché.

MILTON

Really, it's the knee socks that make the uniform, though.

TOULOUR

That's good. That's the spirit.

(beat)

So, Roy, what's the situation here? You're not planning to rip off something from your own hometown are you? That's sort of beneath a master, isn't it?

(beat)

Of course, technically that wouldn't apply to something on loan would it?

He looks over his shoulder at a banner outside the museum. It reads: "The Coronation Crown of Charlemagne -- the greatest king Europe has ever known." In smaller letters at the bottom it reads "On Loan from the Palace of the President of the Republic of France starting October 19."

TOULOUR

(reverential)

The Coronation Crown... God, it's perfect, isn't it? Even LeMarc had to concede that the day I plop that down on his dining room table...that's the day any suggestion that you might be my equal just becomes silly...

MILTON

You're not getting the crown.

TOULOUR

Wow...you seem very determined, Roy.
Just out of curiosity, were you that
determined in Chicago?

With that Toulour climbs in his truck and peels out, kicking up dust and sand into Milton's face.

Milton stands there grinding his teeth for moment then gets into his chocolate brown truck and, in an act of clear frustration, floors the gas and peels out himself.

As he does the rear doors of his truck swing open (Toulour has picked the lock) and all the boxes and packages in the back spill out all over the street... Milton sees it, and hears it. He screams. Slams on the brakes. Traffic behind him lays on the horns. FIND Toulour inside his Fed Ex truck laughing heartily.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) Milton takes pictures of the roof of the Museum of Fine Arts from the top of a nearby apartment building. His eyes drift left. Suddenly they darken. Toulour stands on the roof of the building next door. Also taking pictures.

B) Milton grunts as he scales an unusually tall telephone pole. He hears something and turns to see Toulour, humming Sinatra, atop the telephone poll across the street.

INT. MUSEUM -- DAY

Milton walks through the galleries. He draws diagrams of the rooms including the locations of the cameras and IR sensors.

He moves toward the East Wing of the museum, where the Charlemagne exhibit is going to be held. He spots a group of workers placing a mirrored face over an IR sensor in the corner of the room.

Milton aims a cheap key-chain laser pointer at the mirrored face. Presses the on button. The laser beam reflects back into Milton's face, nearly blinding him.

He swears under his breath, then snaps a picture of the IR sensor modification with a small camera that he has built in to the button of his jacket.

Milton moves on...walks around the corner and almost runs in to Amy! He jumps back so she doesn't see him. A beat.... Then Milton frowns realizing what he just caught a glimpse of.

He peaks around the corner to see that Amy is directing a group of security specialists as they install two-inch thick steel plating along all the outside walls of this wing of the museum.

Milton swears audibly this time.... Amy is redesigning the museum's security system. And she is tailoring it specifically so it will foreclose Milton's favorite techniques...

Milton walks away, grumbling. A leg appears from behind a curtain. Milton trips and falls on his face. His notebook goes flying across the floor. Everyone looks. FIND Toulour chortling as he walks away.

Milton could kill him. Just then he sees his sketch book open on the floor nearby. A guard is walking toward it. Milton rushes toward it--

But a class of fourth graders gets in the way. One of the kids kicks the book by accident -- it slides across the slick floor.

Milton scrambles for the book.

Toulour appears in the path of the sliding sketch book and "accidentally" kicks it in the opposite direction -- right toward the guard.

Milton is forced to dive for the book to get it before the guard does. But Milton's momentum causes him to slide across the marble floor and tumble down a flight of stairs. Now the whole museum is looking at him.

GUARD

Are you okay, sir?

MILTON

Yeah... Fine. I was just trying to pick this up before someone stepped on it.

VOICE

Roy Milton -- fancy seeing you here.

Milton spins to see Amy looking down at him on the floor.

AMY

You come here on Sunday afternoons to sketch the paintings?

MILTON

Actually yeah. I'm sort of a frustrated artist...

Milton opens his notebook to the first page -- there is a totally lame pencil sketch of one of the museum's famous paintings.

AMY

Mmmmm.... You're very gifted.

(off Milton's

laugh)

You don't really think you're going to get your hands on the Crown do you?

MILTON

The what?

AMY

You know what I heard? I heard that LeMarc tried five times to steal the Coronation Crown before he retired. It was the only thing in his entire career he could never get. I heard it's jinxed.

MILTON

I'm not superstitious.

AMY

You should be 'cause I'm coming out of retirement to redesign the security system.

MILTON

(glances at
mirrored IR sensor)

I noticed.

AMY

Whatever holes you managed to find in my old systems, I guarantee you they won't be in this one.

VOICE

We'll just find new ones.

Amy and Milton turn to see a beaming Toulour.

AMY

Not if you can't case the museum, you won't.

TOULOUR

Hey, it's a public place.

AMY
(can barely contain
her glee)
For you two it isn't.

She hands each of them a piece of official looking paper. At the top of it we see the words "Restraining Order."

TOULOUR
What does it say?

AMY
It says if you come within 500 feet of the museum I get to arrest you.

EXT. MUSEUM -- DAY

Amy and Carl stand with Milton and Toulour.

AMY
I think we figured it was about here,
right Carl?

Amy uses her shoe to mark a line in the dirt 500 feet away from the museum's front door. She's loving this, loving getting one over on these two guys. She gives them a taunting wave and then heads back in to the museum with her partner.

Milton stares daggers at Toulour.

MILTON
Nice work, jagoff. Now what? The crown arrives in six days.

TOULOUR
Wasn't my fault. How was it my fault?

MILTON
Shut up.

Milton watches Amy go.

MILTON
(calls to Amy)
Hey, just out of curiosity do both feet have to be beyond 500 feet or can we just have one over, like this?

Milton is straddling the line, one foot on each side... Amy rolls her eyes and walks off. Milton and Toulour laugh.

EXT. BACK BAY ROOF TOP

The man in the leather jacket aims a laser mic at Milton's library.

INT. MILTON'S LIBRARY -- DAY

Milton and Charlie. Milton is distraught.

CHARLIE

I don't know, Roy, you get caught violating the restraining order you'll go to jail for nine months. The Crown will have come and gone.

MILTON

This heist is hard enough as it is. Without casing the security system, it's impossible.

CHARLIE

Then we've got to figure out a way for you to case the place from five hundred feet away.

(laughs at the
absurdity)

Any ideas?

EXT. BOSTON -- NIGHT

FIND Milton in a motorized hang-glider. The propeller is driven by a tiny electric motor which is virtually silent.

Milton soars above the city. He beams. Inside, he's patting himself on the back for this brilliant idea. Below him we see the Museum of Fine Arts. Huge skylights on the roof to let sunlight into the gallery space.

Milton looks down through the skylights into the floodlit rooms of the museum's East Wing, where the Charlemagne exhibit will be held. He can clearly see the workmen installing Amy's new security system. He looks through viewfinder of a digital video camera to get a TELEPHOTO VIEW... He starts filming.

TELEPHOTO VIEW: Milton can see laser detection equipment being installed. He moves the camera to see the pedestal where the crown is going to be placed. A special bullet-proof glass canopy is being fitted to the pedestal. Suddenly -- Everything goes dark...

EXT. SKY ABOVE BOSTON -- NIGHT

Milton fiddles with his lens, thinking he accidentally shut off the camera. When that doesn't work, he lifts his head for a moment to look with his own eyes...and that's when he realizes that there's nothing wrong with his camera...there's just something blocking his view.

Or rather, someone. Toulour. In his own, slightly more sophisticated motorized hang-glider. Taking film with his slightly more sophisticated camera equipment.

Milton can't believe his eyes. He wants to kill this guy... He might kill this guy...

But not yet. Not until he finishes casing this goddamn museum. Milton tacks to the right to try to get a clean view of the Coronation Crown room.

But as he tacks right, Toulour tacks right, too, again blocking Milton's view.

Milton grinds his teeth and tacks left.

Toulour follows almost instantly -- again blocking Milton.

Milton can barely contain himself. He fakes right, then swoops left. But Toulour is there -- underneath him -- right in his line of sight yet again...

MILTON

(explodes)

You son of a bitch!

Milton dives toward Toulour.

ON TOULOUR

He is cracking up right now realizing how completely he has gotten under Milton's skin.

MILTON

careens toward his nemesis. Milton has a metal grappling hook in his hand.

TOULOUR

pulls his red silk scarf off and waves it out the side of his hang-glider like a bullfighter tempting a bull.

At the last second, like a skilled matador, Toulour rolls out of the way or Milton's dive.

TOULOUR

¡Olé!

MILTON

nearly loses control of his hang-glider as he gets caught in the backwash from Toulour's propeller.

Milton fights his stick and regains control of the glider. Toulour's red scarf is embedded on Milton's grappling hook. Milton looks up to see a still chortling Toulour has moved back over the museum and is filming again.

TOULOUR

watches as Milton inserts himself right in the line of sight. Payback time.

But Toulour is having none of this. He arcs hard and gets away from Milton. Then he turns on Milton. Heads right at him. Now it's a game of airborne "Chicken."

THE SKY ABOVE BOSTON

Milton grits his teeth. Toulour grits his teeth. They head right for each other.

Okay, they're each only traveling fourteen miles per hour. But they are airborne after all. This could get ugly.

They close in on each other. 100 feet... 50 feet...40...30...20...10...

At the last second both men break sideways. But they both immediately perform a complicated roll maneuver to try to double back and get behind the other one. The Blue Angels would be proud. Except for one thing.

Because Toulour performs the mirror opposite of Milton's move while they were heading at each other from opposite directions -- the two "opposites" cancel each other out and Milton and Toulour end up flying in the exact same direction... In fact, they find themselves flying in the exact same location -- at the exact same time.

They slam into each other. SMACK!

Thankfully, however, they don't plummet to the earth. Instead, they find their two gliders entangled, but still airworthy. Milton and Toulour are now attached like flying Siamese twins.

MILTON

Oh, isn't this rich.

TOULOUR

Hey, ace, who taught you to fly? You roll to the right in a head-on avoidance maneuver.

MILTON

Who said I was trying to avoid you?

Milton takes his grappling hook and tries to pry the two gliders apart. SNAP! The two frames break apart. RIP! -- But the fabric on Toulour's wing rips in the process.

MILTON

Ooops. Sorry about that.

Toulour plummets toward the Boston Fens -- a parkland/swamp which is contiguous to the Museum of Fine Arts. Milton chortles.

ON TOULOUR

He desperately tries to keep his damaged craft aloft. Luckily, he's got all the bells and whistles on his model (unlike Milton).

Toulour fires up the "nitro-afterburners". (Imagine a smaller version of the rockets attached to the cars in The Fast and the Furious.)

But Toulour doesn't use his new (and short-lived) burst in air speed to compensate for the reduced wing size and thus stabilize his glider so he can bring it in for a safe landing.

No way. Rather -- Toulour flies up at a forty-five degree angle until he is above Milton.

Then Toulour drops onto the top of Milton's wing. Toulour's nitro-blast dies out just as his wheel lodges into a crevice of Milton's fiberglass wing. Milton (with Toulour on his back) sinks fast.

To make matters worse, Toulour is sitting on Milton's rudder. So Milton can't control the direction in which they are flying. But Toulour can. He aims for a tree top.

THWAP-THWAP-THAP! TWAP-TWAP! By skimming the tree top, Toulour runs Milton through the tree's foliage. Ouch. Now they're really losing altitude fast. Heading toward the swamp on the other side of the tree.

Milton sighs. Resigned to his rapidly impending "face-plant" into the swamp. 80 feet...60 feet...40....

Suddenly Milton has an idea. He grabs Toulour's scarf and jams it into the shaft of the slowly turning propeller. It jams momentarily, and grinds to a halt.

But Toulour's propeller (above) is still turning.... The net effect is that Milton and Toulour's quasi-bi-plane starts to tumble forward, to somersault in mid-air in fact.

Now -- as they careen into the swamp -- instead of Milton bearing the brunt of the landing, Toulour does.... And he bears this brunt upside down.

SPLASH! Milton is upside down too, but he's not even wet. He is suspended above the water. Toulour's glider is, temporarily, acting like a hull. And his propeller is still running so, Milton, upside down, is ferried toward the shore of the swamp dry as can be and laughing so hard he can hardly breathe.

UNDER THE MUDDY WATER

As he is dragged through the sludge Toulour can hear Milton's howls from above the water. Toulour pulls out a knife and rapidly scuttles the "hull" of Milton's boat.

ON THE SURFACE

Milton's boat collapses and he splashes into the mud with Toulour.

INT. MILTON'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Milton walks in, still covered in mud. His maid looks at him. Raises her eyebrows. Charlie comes out of the other room.

CHARLIE

What the hell happened to you?

MILTON

(grins)

Later.

CHARLIE

Helmut and Hans are here.

MILTON

(sudden excitement)

They have it?

INT. MILTON'S BASEMENT WORKSHOP -- NIGHT

Milton looks over a gleaming piece of German engineering. It looks like a miniature version of a saw used to mine diamonds.

Milton looks at it like it is a work of art.

Meanwhile HELMUT and Hans look at how filthy Milton is, then look at each other, then back at Milton...then over at Charlie, who nods his head to make it clear that they shouldn't ask.

MILTON

It'll do 6000 rpms even with 10,000
lbs. of negative torque against it?

HELMUT

(heavy accent)

The motor can handle it, yes. But I
told you, the saw blade will melt--

MILTON

Don't worry about that.

SAME -- LATER

Milton and Charlie are alone now. Milton replaces the saw blade on the device the Germans brought him. He inserts the custom-made diamond-tipped blade we saw him making earlier.

Charlie looks at a photograph (taken with Milton's button cam) of the steel plating Amy is having installed along all the outside walls of the exhibit area that will hold the coronation Crown.

MILTON

This saw will cut through that in
thirty seconds.

Milton grins, gingerly places the saw inside it's custom case, then puts the case into a locked closet.

INT. MILTON'S HOUSE -- DAY

The next day. Milton is reading a journal article entitled "CO2 Laser Refraction on Mirrored Surfaces." Next to him are button-cam pictures of the mirrored faces Amy is having installed over the IR sensors in the Museum of Fine Arts.

A car horn honks and Milton looks outside to see a moving truck blocking the street. The movers unload antiques and art into a huge ornate corner brownstone across the street. Milton's eyes drift to the well-dressed man directing the movers -- his new neighbor Francois Toulour. Milton sighs.

MILTON

There goes the neighborhood.

Milton walks down his stairs to the front door, and you can just tell that he's thinking up some smart-ass comment to say to

Toulour, some jab... Milton opens his front door and finds Amy Prentiss... along with Carl and ten other FBI agents.

AMY

Hi, Roy.

She hands Roy a piece of paper.

AMY

Step aside please. Search warrant.

Milton's face falls.

MILTON

For what?

AMY

Toulour's painting.

Milton sees Toulour waving smugly from across the street.

MILTON

Did he send you?

AMY

No, he wouldn't cooperate at all. But he didn't have to. I asked him whether you had ever visited his villa. He said "no." Then when he wasn't looking I found your hair near where the Degas was stolen. That was all the judge needed...

MILTON

(double checking)

But he didn't help you out.

AMY

No, Roy. What difference does it make?

She can't understand why that is so important to Milton. Just then Carl enters the room, holding the Degas Milton stole from Toulour's villa. A big smile from Amy.

AMY

What's this, Roy?

EXT. MILTON'S HOUSE

Amy leads Milton out of his house in handcuffs. Milton's neighbors have gathered. This is a deeply humiliating experience. It is almost surreal for Milton...

AMY
(like a parent
spanking her child)
Now, I want you to know that this
hurts me as much as it hurts you. But
it's for your own good.

Toulour appears on the sidewalk, shit-eating grin.

TOULOUR
Bad day, Roy? Tell me something:
I've heard handcuffs are sort of cold
on your wrists. But I've never had to
wear them so I always wondered if that
was true or just a myth...

Amy turns to an FBI man on her team, points at Toulour.

AMY
That's the rightful owner. Give him
back his painting.

Toulour's grin disappears instantly.

TOULOUR
Wait a minute. What are you arresting
him for?

AMY
(isn't it obvious)
Stealing your painting.

TOULOUR
Stealing it? What are you talking
about? I loaned that painting to Roy.

A Boston Globe reporter snaps a photograph.

TOULOUR
(over-the-top
indignation)
You can't arrest this man!

Amy is caught totally flat-footed.

AMY
Oh, give me a break... There was a
hole cut in the wall next to--

TOULOUR
Tunesian termite moths. You don't
have them in the States but I'll tell
you something--

AMY
(killing her)
Let him go.

Carl un-cuffs Milton. Milton's neighbors cheer. The Boston Globe reporter snaps another picture. Milton looks at Amy. He has to clamp down on his lip to avoid laughing in her face...

MOMENTS LATER -- FRONT STOOP

Milton and Toulour sit on the front stoop and watch the Feds pack up their cars.

MILTON
You could have had your painting back.

TOULOUR
I'd rather you keep it above your fireplace forever than get it that way.

MILTON
Be careful I just might.

INT. FBI BOSTON OFFICE -- DAY

Amy walks into the Boston SAC's office and looks at her boss. With his eyes he motions behind her. She spins to see Deputy Director Dianopolis sitting in a big leather chair with a derisive half-smile his face. Amy jumps, surprised.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DIANOPOLIS
Smooth, Prentiss. Very smooth. I especially like the fact that the story is already on CNN.

Dianopolis points at a nearby television. The sound is down low, but it's obvious what they're reporting on. The camera shows Carl undoing Milton's cuffs. Neighbors cheering. And Amy shrinking in humiliation.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DIANOPOLIS
(face hardening)
You just made a laughing stock of the Bureau on national TV...

AMY
(summoning her courage)
Sir.... It wasn't entirely a loss. I know it looks that way but...

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DIANOPOLIS

But what?

EXT. MILTON'S HOUSE

Milton and Toulour still sitting on Milton's stoop. An FBI car jerks awkwardly to a stop in front of the brownstone. Amy gets out.

MILTON

Amy, you're back.

She hands a slip of paper to Milton.

AMY

Just forgot to leave this with you.

She gives him a little f-you smile, spins, and walks back to the car.. Gets in and speeds away. Milton hands the piece of paper to Toulour without looking at it.

MILTON

Every time she hands me a piece of paper it's bad news. You read it.

Toulour looks at it.

TOULOUR

It's a receipt for evidence she seized from your house. Some sort of a saw.

INT. MILTON'S BASEMENT WORKSHOP -- DAY

Milton throws open the locked closet where he stored his diamond-tipped saw. He looks with horror to see that the closet is completely bare except for an FBI "seized evidence" form and a vase of exotic flowers.

TOULOUR

Now, you're definitely not getting the Crown.

Surprisingly, though, Milton isn't devastated. Rather, the initial look of horror on his face when he opened the closet melts into a smile. Clearly he admires Amy for this.

TOULOUR

What kind of flowers are those?

MILTON

Venus flytraps.

TOULOUR

Don't you send her flowers every time
you knock over one of her systems?

Milton grins. Leads Toulour UP THE STAIRS.

TOULOUR

Roy, why don't you just ask her out
and be done with it. It's obvious
you're in love with her.

MILTON

What are you talking about? I'm not
"in love" her. All she does is make
my life difficult.

Milton turns back and sees Toulour's skeptical look.

MILTON

She's a cop. I don't want to date
her.

TOULOUR

Okay. Well, that's good. Cause I do.

MILTON

(head spin)

What?!

EXT. BACK BAY -- DAY

Toulour walks back to his house. Milton runs behind him..

MILTON

She knows who you are!

TOULOUR

Right...and...?

MILTON

She's not going to go on a date with
you! You're a criminal! You're a
womanizer!

TOULOUR

Women get off on stuff like that, Roy.
Didn't you learn anything in high
school?

MILTON

She's going to laugh at you. She's
going to laugh in your face.

TOULOUR

Hey, you don't think I can do it, put
your money where your mouth is.... Bet
against me.

A beat.

MILTON

Fine. A million dollars.

TOULOUR

You're on.

They shake.

MILTON

Fine.

Milton's in a foul mood.

EXT. CHARLES RIVER PARK -- DAY

The river is dotted with crew boats from the universities in the area. Milton is sitting inside an overgrown bush and pointing a long cone-shaped device at Toulour who is laying his best rap on Amy. THROUGH HEADPHONES:

TOULOUR

You're curious. I can see it in your eyes. You know I'm a decent guy underneath my roguish exterior. One date. You can tell your bosses it's all in the interest of collecting information on me. Hell, you can tell yourself that.

Amy laughs. Shakes her head. Toulour's self-confidence is so ridiculously over the top, and delivered with such a twinkle in his eye, that it's incredibly charming.

EXT. SYMPHONY HALL -- NIGHT

Milton stands shivering on a street corner as he watches Toulour and Amy share a hearty laugh as they leave the symphony. Milton is in hell.

INT. BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY -- DAY

Milton sits in the glorious late-eighteenth century reading room where he was doing research. Toulour sits down next to him. Grins, rubbing in his date with Amy.

TOULOUR

You look so...morose, Roy. You don't look happy for me at all. Are you going to be this way when I get the crown on Sunday?

Milton pulls out his checkbook and starts writing a one million dollar check.

MILTON

I could get a date with her, too, you know.

TOULOUR

That's great, Roy. But it's not really an accomplishment anymore, is it? I mean, I've already done it.

MILTON

Except I'd be making out with her by the end.

An eavesdropper at another table looks disapprovingly at them.

TOULOUR

Don't get cocky.

Milton shrugs, keeping the bravado high.

TOULOUR

(I warned you)

Okay. I'll even give you five to one odds. How's that

They shake. Milton immediately gets up to leave.

TOULOUR

What are-- Are you going to go ask her right now? Dressed like that?

MILTON

What's wrong with my clothes?

TOULOUR

About fifteen years, Roy.

MILTON

(self-conscious)

This is that far out of style?

TOULOUR

Not if you live in Texas. On a ranch.
And you have a Stetson to go with it.
I just thought you'd be going for a
more sophisticated, cosmopolitan look.

MILTON

I'm sorry I don't have a lifetime
subscription to GQ.

TOULOUR

(sings loudly)

"He's a rhinestone cowboy...nah,
nah...and he's riding into town gonna
go to the rodeo...

Everyone is looking. Milton is bright red.

INT. TOULOUR'S BROWNSTONE -- DAY

Milton Looks at himself in the entryway-mirror, utterly self-conscious now. Toulour enters from his study. Hands Milton a business card.

TOULOUR

This guy's local. He's not as good as
my regular tailor, but Vincenzo won't
travel more than fifty kilometers from
Milan. Even for me.

INT. AMY'S APARTMENT -- DUSK

Amy, in sweats, opens the door for a spiffily-dressed Milton.

AMY

Come in. I'll just be a minute.

Milton's never been anywhere near her apartment before and it's
like entering hallowed ground for him.... He's nervous as hell.

INTERCUT -- EXT. NEARBY ROOFTOP -- SAME

The man in the leather jacket sits atop a nearby rooftop with a
camera and his laser mic picking up vibrations off Amy's window.

LEATHER JACKET (IN FRENCH, SUBTITLED)

(into headset)

You getting this, boss?

INTERCUT -- INT. TOULOUR'S HOUSE -- SAME

Toulour watches a live feed of the Milton/Amy surveillance
conducted by the man in the leather jacket. Suddenly we realize

that this ubiquitous surveillance man -- who we always assumed was FBI -- is actually Toulour's guy.

TOULOUR (IN FRENCH, SUBTITLED)
Roger that. I've got a perfect feed.

BACK TO SCENE -- AMY'S APARTMENT -- DUSK

Amy comes out of the bedroom in a slinky dress. Milton stares. He's speechless. She slips on her shoes.

AMY
That's a great suit. Real step up
from anything I've seen you in before.

INTERCUT -- INT. TOULOUR'S HOUSE

Toulour changes into a tuxedo.

MILTON (ON TV SCREEN)
(honest to a fault)
Francois sent me to his tailor.

TOULOUR
Oh, no. No! Don't tell her that!

INT. AMY'S APARTMENT -- MILTON AND AMY

AMY
It figures. Francois dresses really
well... I mean I've never seen a
better dressed man in my whole life.

Milton did not like the way that sounded at all...

MILTON
You're not...into him...are you?.

AMY
"Into him?"

MILTON
You went out with him....

AMY
He's really gotten under your skin,
hasn't he?

MILTON
I'm not overly partial to smug
Europeans who were born into their
privilege...

(MORE)

MILTON (CONT'D))

(grandly)

You know what makes this country great? You work hard, you get rewarded. You achieve something, it's because you earned it not--

AMY

Roy, you steal for a living.

MILTON

(the irony dawning)

Well, I worked hard to get good at it.

EXT. BOSTON CHILDREN'S MUSEUM -- DUSK

Amy and Milton enter the Boston Children's Museum. A red carpet and a banner indicate that this is a charity benefit for the museum. Several people stop to greet Milton. Amy overhears someone mention Milton's fundraising prowess as a board member of the museum. Milton's commitment to children moves her.

INT. CHILDREN'S MUSEUM -- DUSK

An eight year-old's paradise. Everything here is designed to be played with, touched, gotten inside of. Amy looks around with a sense of wonder in her eyes. As she does, two more guests greet Milton, backslap him. He is very well-liked in Boston. CUT TO:

INT. TOULOUR'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Toulour, "the Night Fox," stands in the dark in his library looking out the window at Roy Milton's house across the street. He smiles broadly and cracks his knuckles.

EXT. BACK BAY -- NIGHT

Toulour slips past a couple of bored FBI agents in a sedan and makes his way into the alley behind Milton's brownstone mansion.

EXT. ROOFTOP -- NIGHT

Toulour stands on Milton's neighbor's roof and uses night vision goggles to spy into a room on the fourth floor of Milton's brownstone. Toulour's Degas hangs proudly over the fireplace.

INT. CHILDREN'S MUSEUM -- NIGHT

The tony guests drink, eat, talk, and regress to childhood by interacting with the exhibits.

AMY

I've got to admit...I was a little surprised you even wanted to take me out. I thought you'd still be pissed at me for confiscating your saw.

Milton waves off her concern.

MILTON

No...I admire your commitment to your job. To protecting the Crown. Besides, I thought you might try to do something like that so I hid the real saw. You booked a dummy into evidence.

Milton takes a sip of wine. Amy stares at him...shocked. Then she starts shaking her head. She doesn't buy it...

INTERCUT -- EVIDENCE ROOM

Carl enters and opens up the case containing Milton's custom-made diamond-tipped circular saw. He touches the saw blade and immediately his face drops.

CARL (INTO PHONE)

The blade's made of plastic.

BACK TO SCENE -- AMY AND MILTON AT CHILDREN'S MUSEUM

Amy slugs Milton.

AMY

You bastard!

She hangs up her phone. Milton laughs. She laughs with him.

EXT. ROOFTOP -- NIGHT

Toulour pulls a series of light, but ultra-strong plastic "planks" out of his sleek bag of tricks. He links the planks together to form one single thirty foot plank. Using a tiny pulley, he lays the composite plank across the expanse from the rooftop he's on to Milton's fourth floor ledge.

Toulour walks across his improvised bridge (forty feet off the ground) towards Milton's house. As he approaches the stone ledge he sees a small placard that reads "Danger -- Precarious Ledge."

Odd sign. Hmmmm.... Toulour studies the ledge. It looks sturdy... Toulour reaches out gingerly with his foot. Touches the ledge and -- ZAP! -- gets clobbered with a 50 amp jolt of electricity.

TOULOUR

Yaaaaa!

Toulour flies backward. Plummets down. THUD! He lands unceremoniously atop Milton's organic vegetable garden. The wind is knocked out of him and his hair is standing up on end...

INT. CHILDREN'S MUSEUM -- NIGHT

The benefit is still going strong. Amy and Milton sit on opposite sides a balcony that rings the second floor of the main hall of the museum. But they speak through a sound tunnel, so they can hear each other perfectly.

AMY

I didn't join the FBI to protect my record. I joined because...I don't know...they're the elite in law enforcement. They match wits with the smartest criminals.

MILTON

Your dad was a cop, wasn't he?

AMY

Not exactly. He was a little too...
(searches)
...inspired to be a cop.

MILTON

Prosecutor?

A beat.

AMY

He stole art.

MILTON

(jaw drops)
'You're shitting me.

AMY

Nope.

MILTON

And...

AMY

And...they locked him up when I was fourteen. He died in prison two years later.

Milton stares at her across the forty-foot expanse. Speechless.

AMY
I'm kidding, Roy.

MILTON
Oh, Jesus.... You had me. You
completely had me.

EXT. MILTON'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Toulour is back on Milton's ledge. Only now he is wearing thick rubber boots, an electrically-insulated apron, special shock-proof gloves, and goggles. And, to be safe, he has lashed himself to Milton's house like a telephone repairman.

He uses a tool to cut away at the stone around a fourth-floor window. Toulour can see his Degas a few feet away on the other side of the glass. But he has to disable Milton's overlapping alarm systems first.

Toulour scrapes away just enough stone to provide a tiny opening between the wall of the house and the window frame. He inserts two wires and slides them down to the contact alarm on the window. Expertly disables the sensor.

With a big smile he attaches a suction cup to the window and reaches into his bag for a gleaming glass-cutter tool. He sets the tool against the window and starts cutting.

Only nothing happens. Toulour frowns. Tries again. Still nothing. He grimaces, then tries a third time, pressing with all his weight. Nada... The window is as hard as steel. His tool is completely useless.

Toulour tries the window next to this one. Same thing. He climbs up one floor and tries a third window. No dice. Toulour lets loose with a string of French expletives... For good measure he gives the window a swift kick. He hurts his toe.

INT. CHILDREN'S MUSEUM -- NIGHT

Amy stands with Milton at an exhibit of a giant pendulum.

MILTON
Amy, I've got a confession to make.

AMY
(quick)
Hold on let me get a tape recorder.

Milton smiles. But there's anxiety behind it.

MILTON

Uh...Francois and I made a bet...over
you.

Amy's eyebrows raise. She takes a sip of wine.

MILTON

I was just so pissed off when he said
he was going to ask you out. He only
did that because he knew I'd been
wanting to for four years and I didn't
have the guts.

AMY

How much am I worth?

MILTON

Five million dollars.

Amy chokes on her drink...

AMY

What do you have to do, get me to
marry you by tomorrow morning?

MILTON

I was supposed to...uh...
(embarrassed)
..."make out" with you by the end of
the date.

Amy rolls her eyes. Boys will be boys....

MILTON

(heartfelt)

Listen, I'm an idiot. I'm sorry. And
I'm going to forfeit. Because you're
worth more than anything I could
possibly bet.

Amy stares back at him. Milton turns and looks all around him.

MILTON

Did you hear that, Francois? I'm
forfeiting.

AMY

He's listening? He's been listening
the whole time?!

MILTON

And watching, I presume.

He points at one of the eyes of a giant lobster sculpture against the wall.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN -- NIGHT

Toulour's man (in the leather jacket) looks at a video monitor.

MILTON (ON MONITOR)
Francois, I'm forfeiting.

Toulour's guy sighs...knowing he's just been made.

BACK TO SCENE -- INT. MUSEUM -- NIGHT

Amy shakes her head, incredulous. Looks up at the lobster eye/hidden camera and mic. Then looks back at Milton. She's still fighting it, but she definitely has feelings for him.

EXT. MILTON'S HOUSE -- SERIES OF SHOTS -- NIGHT

A) Toulour returns from somewhere to the small yard behind Milton's house. Only now he has a specially-silenced mini saw.

B) Forty feet off the ground, just outside the window he tried to cut by hand, Toulour fires up the saw. Toulour smiles devilishly as he touches the saw to the window. VRRRRM-CGHHHH. The saw stops dead. The motor starts smoking. Toulour swears.

C) Toulour stands on the roof and looks glumly at the chimney. A beat...then he sighs loudly...and walks over to it.

INT. CHILDREN'S MUSEUM -- NIGHT

Milton and Amy feel their way, blindfolded, through a huge three-dimensional labyrinth. Amy laughs like a child as she slips down a slide she didn't expect. Roy tumbles after her...

AMY
This is not the way. This is not the way we came.

Suddenly Amy's cell phone rings. She seizes up. Her carefree mood is instantly broken. She pulls off her blindfold. Answers. Her face goes white when she hears what the person on the other end tells her. She turns to Milton, who is still blindfolded....

AMY
Roy, a silent alarm in your house just went off at police headquarters. Do you have an alarm in your chimney?

Roy starts giggling...

AMY

I'm serious, Roy. Somebody's trying to break into your house.

Milton pulls off his blindfold...

MILTON

"Somebody"?

AMY

(realizes)

Toulour. Why aren't you upset?

MILTON

Cause I saw it coming a mile away...the second he started pushing me to make that bet.

Amy is confused.

MILTON

He engineered this whole competition over you...and the bet about tonight...because he needed a way to get me out of my house for an entire evening...

AMY

He's trying to get his painting back.

(Milton nods)

And you're just going to sit by and let it happen?

MILTON

Oh...I wouldn't say that...

INT. MILTON'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

A soot-covered Toulour screams. Now we see what he's screaming at. The painting over Milton's fourth floor fireplace is decidedly not the masterpiece stolen from Toulour's villa. Rather, it is a life-sized photograph of the painting. Toulour rips the photograph out of the frame.

Behind the photo is a cheesy black-light poster of a humiliated black fox in an exaggerated pose of defeat...head down...tail between its legs. Toulour explodes with frustration--

INT. CHILDREN'S MUSEUM -- NIGHT

Amy is cracking up at what Milton just told her (what we just saw). She can't stop laughing...

AMY

Where did you hide it?

MILTON

You really want to know?

EXT. MILTON'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Police cars converge on Milton's house. Toulour sprints away.

INT. AMBIGUOUS SPACE

Amy laughs and yelps with glee. Pull back to reveal that Toulour's Degas is hanging inside the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The placard below it reads "donated by: Anonymous."

AMY

Oh, Roy, you're too much. You're just incredible! It's so perfect.

MOMENTS LATER

Amy's still admiring Toulour's handiwork when she turns and notices Milton staring down at the end of the hallway leading off the gallery. A tall screen blocks off another exhibition space: "Coming October 19th -- The Treasures of Charlemagne."

AMY

You want to look inside?

INT. TREASURES OF CHARLEMAGNE EXHIBITION SPACE -- NIGHT

Four cameras point at the display pedestal at the center of the room. Eight separate mirrored IR beams cover it. And a group of technicians is in the process of setting up a twelve-way laser array around it. Milton glances at the security, almost melancholy.

AMY

There's a lot more you can't see.

MILTON

(grim)

I'm sure.

(sees Amy smile to herself)

What?

AMY

I was just thinking about what you said last time we were here.

(Milton's confused)

The sketchbook. That you were a frustrated artist.

MILTON

You caught me off guard. I had to come up with something fast...

AMY

You might not draw like an artist, Roy, but you sure as hell steal like one. You and Toulour both...

There's an undercurrent of emotion in Amy's voice. She feels this deeply and she's trying to get Milton to really hear her.

AMY

Your heists are works of art. The more I study them, the more I see that...

Milton is surprised by her language -- the emotion in her voice.

AMY

You know why LeMarc never got caught? You know why I think?

(beat)

Cause he knew when to get out. He saw the train coming down the tracks...the changes...the new technology...and he just quit...with a perfect record -- not a single arrest. Now he's a legend. Forever...

(exhorting)

You've got a perfect record, Roy. You've had an unbelievable career. Don't do this. Don't tempt fate.

A long beat.... And we get the sense that Amy may have really made her point...but then:

MILTON

LeMarc quit because he was 75 years old, Amy. Not because of new technology. He was just tired.

Amy looks back at him -- and there's a tinge of sadness in her eyes. At some level -- some very deep emotional level -- she really does not want to see Milton go down...

AMY
(melancholy smile)
Kind of hard to pull a Palowski at
that age.

Milton gives a little laugh.

INT. BOSTON OFFICE SAC -- NIGHT

The SAC is working late. Suddenly Deputy Director Dianopolis strides into the room with two lackeys.

BOSTON OFFICE SAC
Sir... I thought you flew back to DC
this after-- Is something wrong?

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DIANOPOLIS
Yeah, Jack.. I'm just wondering why
Amy Prentiss is out on a date with Roy
Milton right now.

BOSTON OFFICE SAC
How do you know--

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DIANOPOLIS
IAD's been following her for the last
week. After that televised disaster
with the Milton search warrant I
started to wonder if maybe there was
something going on here beyond mere
incompetence -- like maybe she was in
cahoots with this guys--

BOSTON OFFICE SAC
Sir, Amy's not corrupt.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DIANOPOLIS
She's on a date with the felon she's
in the process of investigating!

BOSTON OFFICE SAC
She cleared it with me.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DIANOPOLIS
What!

BOSTON OFFICE SAC
It was an attempt to gather
intelligence--

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DIANOPOLIS

Oh, yeah...well what kind of intelligence is she gathering by taking Milton inside the Museum of Fine Arts, cause that's where they are as we speak!

The Boston SAC could save his own skin by cutting Amy loose right now, but instead he summons all his courage and stands up for her:

BOSTON OFFICE SAC

If she brought him inside there...sir...then she must have a reason. She's a good agent. I really think she's going to catch this guy.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DIANOPOLIS

She better get him soon, Jack. I'll tell you that. Cause if she doesn't and Milton steals the Crown, you're going to be heading up our North Dakota office and her...I'm not just going to fire her, I'm going to have her prosecuted...

INT. MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS -- NIGHT

Milton and Amy leave the Treasures of Charlemagne space and walk back the way they came. They walk in silence back through the gallery with Toulour's painting.

AMY

Oh, my God!

Amy screams it. Milton jumps. Looks up. Toulour's painting is gone. Somehow, in the four minutes Amy and Milton were down the hall, Toulour stole his Degas back.

EXT. ROOFTOP OF ROY'S CHILDHOOD BUILDING -- NIGHT

A shell-shocked Milton stares down at the sports facility/park where we saw him hitting baseballs earlier in the story.

MILTON

He's better than me, you know.... That stunt in the museum...I couldn't have pulled that off. Not in a million years...

Amy watches him. This is such a hard admission for Milton to make, such a hard emotion to confront.

MILTON

It's easy for him. He's that
gifted... I have to work so hard...

(long beat)

Do me a favor, when you write up
tonight...for my file...don't put that
part in, okay? What I just said...

AMY

I'm off the clock right now, Roy.

EXT. DOCKS -- EAST BOSTON -- NIGHT

Downtown Boston shimmers across a narrow expanse of harbor.

MILTON

Can I ask you something? If things
were different...would you ever
consider--

AMY

Roy, you're--

MILTON

I know...I mean if I weren't. If I
walked away from the Crown...

Amy looks back at him, stunned...torn...

MILTON

First time I ran into one of your
systems -- it was a revelation.
Everything I tried to defeat it, you'd
anticipated. It was like you'd
already played the chess game with me
in your head, played out all my
possible moves. You don't know this,
but I failed the first eight times I
tried on your systems.

(beat)

You made me feel like I'd met my
match...somebody who I could never
master, never take for granted... I
haven't been able to stop thinking
about you since...

A beat... Then Roy leans towards her. Closer... He tilts his
head to kiss her... And she turns her head away.

AMY

I can't...Roy...

Milton pulls away, embarrassed...humiliated. Then his eye notices something... And his face hardens: A thin wire sticking out slightly past the hemline of Amy's dress...

MILTON

Is that your idea of "off the clock"?

Amy looks down at the wire. Roy grabs Amy's decorative brooch. Sees now that it's a microphone...

AMY

I'm an FBI agent, Roy. That's who I am. You know that....

MILTON

What does that mean? You have no line between your job and your life? No code of honor?

AMY

(stung)

It means my code of honor is the law... It means if you go after the Coronation Crown tomorrow I'm going to arrest you, and you're going to go down hard.

MILTON

Why wait till then? Technically, I violated the restraining order by going into the museum with you. Why don't you call Boston PD and have them pick me up?

AMY

Like they'd arrest you -- you have this town so wired--

MILTON

Well, maybe you can lean on them, dig up some dirt on the chief or something. Better yet -- take him on a date. And here's a tip: instead of hiding the wire under your slinky dress--

Amy slaps him.

MILTON

Oh...one more thing... Why did you take back what you said about your dad? William Edgar White. He was
(MORE)

MILTON (CONT'D)

quite an accomplished thief actually, before he got caught. Prentiss is your mother's maiden name. Freud would have a frigging field day with you, lady.

She slaps him again. Hard. Then tears well up in her eyes and she runs away. Roy just stands there, watching her disappear into the night.

INT. COPLEY PLAZA BAR -- LATE AFTERNOON

A large, ornate, wood--paneled room. A watering hole for the rich and powerful.

TOULOUR

She's a cop, Roy. She's a different species from you. I understand wanting to go to bed with her, but a relationship. You've lost your mind...

Milton looks like shit... He hands Toulour another million dollar check. Toulour rips it up. Milton starts to protest--

TOULOUR

You think I want to take the payout on a forfeit. Don't insult me.

Milton looks down. God, he looks depressed.

TOULOUR

Oh, Roy...Roy...Roy... You need another drink. And you have to stop thinking about this woman.

INT. LOCALS' BAR -- NIGHT

A dive bar. Red Sox paraphernalia everywhere. Milton and Toulour have six empty beer glasses in front of them.

TOULOUR

How are you feeling?

MILTON

Drunk.

TOULOUR

Good. Who's Amy Prentiss?

MILTON

Never heard of her.

TOULOUR
(game show host)
Ding-Ding-Ding-Ding-Ding! Correct
answer, Roy! Bartender, another beer!

EXT. BOSTON -- NIGHT

Milton and Toulour stumble down the street. Milton is eating peanuts.

TOULOUR
Roy, I want you to know something... I
consider you a friend at this point.
Even a peer.

MILTON
Likewise.

They are off-their-asses drunk. They can barely walk straight. Milton is so drunk he is forgetting to take the peanuts out of the shells before he eats them...

TOULOUR
But...given that you don't have a hope
in hell of beating me out for the
Coronation Crown...if you'd like to
concede right now...

Milton starts booing loudly...and throwing peanuts at him.

TOULOUR
...no...no...if you'd like to concede
now...I'll understand...and I won't
respect you any less...

In the exaggerated gesture of an inebriate, Toulour motions to Milton for an answer.

MILTON
' Fat chance!

TOULOUR
That's what I thought.

Just then, Milton and Toulour turn the corner and the Museum of Fine Arts comes into view.

It is ringed with police officers. And I mean ringed. There is a cop every fifteen feet.

MILTON
Oh, shit...

Toulour stares at all the cops. Milton stares at all the cops. The two master thieves are utterly floored, speechless...

EXT. MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS -- DAY

Amy stands on the front steps sipping coffee, looking over the army of police surrounding the building. The press has gathered here, too, awaiting the arrival of the crown. Carl walks up.

CARL

Train just entered the city limits.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS -- DAY

An eight-car freight train barrels toward downtown Boston. Seven high-security reinforced-steel boxcars, each with a small French flag and "The Treasures of Charlemagne" painted on the side. And a caboose filled with a dozen armed security guards.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS -- DAY

Milton stands atop an embankment looking down plaintively at the approaching Coronation Crown train. HOLD on that defeated, melancholy look for a long beat...and then something strange happens...it starts to transform...first there's a little defiant flash in the eyes...then the edges of his mouth curl up...

REVERSE ANGLE

The train hurtles toward a surface street overpass near Milton. Suddenly the entire overpass drops six feet.

The locomotive clears the suddenly lower overpass with several feet to spare, but the boxcar behind it (which is three feet taller than the locomotive) doesn't --

CRASH!!! The sound of impact is followed by the squeals of tortured metal as the top of the first boxcar is peeled off as if by a giant straight-edged can opener. CRASH! the second boxcar hits the overpass.

The coupling connecting the locomotive and the boxcars breaks. The locomotive bounces up and down on the tracks and slams on its brakes, but doesn't derail.

Miraculously, the rest of the train stays on the tracks as well, except the caboose, which derails, tips over, and slides on its side across some adjacent tracks until -- SLAM! -- it plows into an old wooden train yard tower and knocks it over.

The "dead man's brakes" on the boxcars slow the locomotiveless train to a stop. The first three boxcars have had their roofs sheared off.

We see now that it wasn't the overpass itself that "dropped" but rather a two-ton piece of steel fastened to its side with heavy-duty pulleys. (The road that goes over this overpass is very lightly traveled)

A truck-mounted crane pulls onto the overpass. Its boom arm lifts and extends out over the train tracks. The hoisting mechanism drops down into the now roofless second boxcar. FIND Milton's guy, Beene, at the controls of the crane.

Now FIND Milton himself climbing up the side of the decapitated boxcar. He climbs up the side ladder and jumps down into the interior of the boxcar.

INT./EXT. DECAPITATED BOXCAR -- DAY

Inside the boxcar is another smaller container, about half the size of the train car. Milton attaches the heavy-duty nylon straps of the crane's hoisting mechanism to the container. He then he gives the thumbs up to Beene.

The truck crane lifts the container out of the box car and now we see that the container is actually the semi-trailer of an 18-wheeler tractor truck.

EXT. ROADWAY -- DAY

Beene hoists the semi-trailer (with Milton on top) up to the overpass and sets it down on the roadway. Instantly, Milton jumps off the trailer and guides O'Myers as he backs a truck tractor cab up until it latches with the semi-trailer. The truck cab is painted chocolate brown and says "UPS" on it.

Milton pulls off his coveralls, revealing a brown UPS uniform, and jumps into the driver seat of the cab. He jams the engine into gear and takes off.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS -- DAY

The dazed security men in the tipped-over caboose climb out of the smashed windows to see the UPS 18-wheeler pull away. A security man barks into his radio.

SECURITY MAN (INTO RADIO)

Repeat -- perpetrator is driving a tractor trailer truck bearing "UPS" markings on the side...

EXT. MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS -- DAY

Amy and Carl rush to their FBI sedan.

AMY

I can't believe it! How the hell did
they pull this off?!!

She jumps into the car. Hits the lights and siren and peels out. Twenty other cops and FBI agents pile into their cars and pull out right behind Amy.

INT. "UPS" CAB -- DAY

Milton screams with glee, "high fives" O'Myers.

HIGH ANGLE SHOT

Milton's UPS truck drives past the entrance of a massive UPS depot. Dozens of UPS trucks pull in and out of the depot which holds more than 200 company trucks.

INT. AMY'S SEDAN -- DAY

She drives like a maniac toward the site of the heist.

AMY (INTO RADIO)

I want a perimeter at three miles!
Contact the State Police -- I want
immediate air support--

EXT. INDUSTRIAL NEIGHBORHOOD -- DAY

Milton's UPS 18-wheeler drives onto a draw bridge which crosses one of Boston's old industrial canals.

INT. UPS 18-WHEELER -- DAY

Milton pilots the truck across the bridge when suddenly he realizes that the bridge is opening. He slams on the brakes. What the--? The traffic gates aren't down. There are no flashing lights.

CLANK! What's that? Milton looks outside. Can't see anything. Neither can O'Myers. Milton shifts the truck into reverse so he can back off the errant bridge.

EXT. DRAWBRIDGE -- DAY

The CLANK sound that Milton just heard was the sound of four steel rods hitting the bottom of Milton's truck cab. The rods are extended up through the metal grating that forms the roadway of the drawbridge. They are attached to a hydraulic motor under

the bridge and have lifted the rear wheels of Milton's tractor truck a half-inch off the roadway.

Thus, when Milton puts the truck in reverse his wheels move but his truck doesn't. The draw bridge is still rising too. The steel rods are keeping the truck from sliding backwards off the bridge, which is already at fifteen degrees above horizontal.

INT. UPS 18-WHEELER --DAY

Milton looks out his windshield and sees the sky. Shit! He and O'Myers unlock their doors and yank the handle to open them. Only nothing happens. Milton yanks up on the handle again. Nothing. The door is jammed.

MILTON

What the hell?

He yanks on the handle again and slams his weight into the door. So does O'Myers. But these doors aren't budging--

EXT. DRAWBRIDGE -- NEW ANGLE -- DAY

FIND Toulour, crouching low on the truck cab's running board just out of view below Milton's window. Toulour finishes spraying industrial superglue around the seams of the cab's doors and windows.

INT. UPS 18-WHEELER -- DAY

Milton looks into his side-view mirror and spots Toulour, who gives him a patronizing smile and a wave, then jumps off the cab's running board and slides down the bridge (now at 30 degrees above horizontal) to the edge of the flat roadway. Milton erupts! Slams the door with everything he's got. Unfortunately for him, he's no match for superglue.

MILTON

(to O'Myers)

Find something to break the windows!

(into cell phone)

RJ! We're at the 38th Street Bridge--

EXT. DRAWBRIDGE -- DAY

BEEP -- BEEP -- BEEP -- BEEP: Toulour backs a Fed Ex truck up to the edge of the bridge, to within fifteen feet of the back of Milton's semi-trailer. (This is a standard-sized two-axle Fed Ex truck about half the size of Milton's 18-wheeler.)

Clearly Toulour is planning to exchange some cargo. Problem is, Milton's semi-trailer is made of thick steel (this is a high-

security trailer). It is locked with a sophisticated electronic push-button combination lock.

INT. UPS CAB -- DAY

Milton and O'Myers have been unable to find any blunt objects with which to smash the windows, so they start using their feet. They kick at the windshield.

But this window -- per OSHA regulation -- is made of "safety glass." It is laminated with a super-strong plastic film that keeps it from shattering without a hell of a lot of work.

Meanwhile, as they kick at their windshield, they are starting to look like they are preparing for a rocket liftoff as they are now sitting at an almost 45-degree angle.

EXT. DRAWBRIDGE -- DAY

Finally, the drawbridge stops opening.

Toulour, now changed into a Fed Ex uniform -- knee socks and all -- trots up to the electronic lock on the back of the semi-trailer and touches an electronic signal sniffing device to the keypad (imagine a stethoscope for electronic signals). He taps several keys randomly on the lock's keypad then looks at the Palm Pilot-sized screen of his device.

A string of numbers flash by. Toulour taps another random sequence on the lock's keypad. Observes the readout on his screen a second time.

Toulour then pulls out a small reporter's notepad and writes out an algorithm with lots of mathematical symbols. He thinks through the algorithm for a moment, then types an eight digit string of numbers into the electronic lock. CLICK! The lock bars disengage.

Toulour throws open the back doors of the truck to reveal yet another smaller container (again about half the size of the trailer it sits inside of). This is starting to feel like a giant set of Russian dolls.

Toulour cuts the nylon straps holding the 8'x 5' x 5' container in place. This new high-security steel container is painted blue and has the words "Coronation Crown" printed on the side.

SNAP! The straps break and the blue container slides out the back of Milton's semi-trailer, down its loading ramp, down the raised drawbridge roadway...then up the Fed Ex truck's loading ramp and into the cargo area. CLUNK!

Milton and O'Myers finally manage to kick out the windshield of the UPS cab. They climb out.

Toulour shuts the back doors of the Fed Ex truck and gets into the driver's seat.

Milton and O'Myers scream obscenities at him as they tumble down the steep angle of the drawbridge and land in a pile at the back of the Fed Ex truck.

They look up to see Toulour's reflection in his sideview mirror. He looks back at them and wags his eyebrows, then puts his truck into gear and floors it.

Dirt and mud fly back and cover Milton and O'Myers. Toulour peels out.

A moment later at regular-sized UPS truck (two axle) careens around a corner and skids to a stop next to Milton.

MILTON

I'm driving.

RJ scoots over to the passenger side. Milton puts the gas pedal to the floor. SCREECH!

He squeals around a corner to find -- a Fed Ex depot. Great minds think alike... Hundreds of Fed Ex trucks parked here.

MILTON

Shit! Shit!

INT. STATE POLICE HELICOPTER -- DAY

Two state troopers fly over the sight of Milton's train decapitation. They look down at the sprawling UPS depot.

STATE TROOPER

Ma'am, we may have a problem here...

INT. AMY'S SEDAN -- SPEEDING TOWARD THE TRAIN TRACKS -- DAY

Amy slams her hand into the dashboard having heard the trooper's assessment of the situation.

AMY

Broad daylight! I'll be a laughing stock if I don't get them.

INT. TWO-AXLE UPS TRUCK -- DAY

Milton and RJ scan the Fed Ex depot into which Toulour disappeared after the draw bridge heist.

MILTON

He didn't have enough time to get through this.... He's still here.

(into cell phone)

Charlie, I think we've got him cornered, but just in case I've got a back up plan I want you to put into effect...

EXT. FED EX DEPOT -- DAY

Milton drives slowly through the depot looking closely at all the parked Fed Ex trucks... Since Milton is driving a UPS truck he sticks out like a sore thumb, and actually draws a few cold stares from some of the hyper-loyal, knee-sock wearing Fed Ex employees.

FED EX EMPLOYEE

Hey, get lost! We don't serve your kind here.

Milton ignores the overzealous employees. Scans the loading bays. Suddenly he smiles big and points:

MILTON

That truck look a little weird to you?

There is no one in the driver seat, but the smoke wafting from the exhaust pipe tells us the engine is running. Plus, all of the tires look low -- suggesting that the truck is overloaded. (The blue container Toulour stole from Milton was very heavy.)

RJ

Good eye, Roy.

Milton steps on the gas and pulls in front of the Fed Ex truck to block off its egress. Milton and O'Myer's jump out of the UPS truck and throw open the diver-side door of the Fed Ex truck. Toulour isn't there.

Now FIND Toulour on the other side of the truck, near the back wheel. He has been letting air out of the tires for the precise purpose of tricking Milton.

INT. FED EX TRUCK -- DAY

Milton and RJ throw open the door between the driver's compartment and the cargo area in the rear of the truck-- The cargo area is completely bare.

MILTON

Damnit!

EXT. FED EX DEPOT -- DAY

Toulour runs two trucks over, jumps in the Fed Ex truck he used to steal the crown (the one that still contains the crown) and--

SCREECH! Toulour peels out-- Milton and RJ scramble out of the decoy Fed Ex truck in time to see Toulour race out of the depot.

Milton and RJ jump back in the UPS truck. Milton floors the gas. Rubber burns -- but the UPS truck is awfully slow off the starting line.

PULL BACK to REVEAL that Toulour has used a steel cable to attach the back of Milton's UPS truck to the front of a Fed Ex truck in one of the loading docks.

EXT. DRAWBRIDGE -- DAY

The State Police helicopter circles over the drawbridge. Amy's sedan skids to a stop. She jumps out and looks at the 18-wheeler stranded at a 50 degree angle on the open bridge.

AMY

I guess they're not cooperating.

INT. UPS TRUCK -- DAY

Milton races out of the depot wondering why his acceleration is so crappy. As he turns the corner out of the depot he looks at his side-view mirror and sees the attached Fed Ex truck whip around the corner behind him. Milton rolls his eyes.

MILTON

Oh, that's mature...

The centrifugal force from this dead weight makes it really hard for Milton to control his truck. He fishtails and skids all over the place whenever he turns a corner.

But there's really no time to stop and unlatch the Fed Ex truck behind him because Toulour's Fed Ex truck is getting away...

Milton's cell phone rings. He answers it:

VOICE ON CELL PHONE

I think there's something attached to your back bumper, Roy.

It's Toulour. INTERCUT Toulour and Milton as they race through the streets of Boston.

MILTON (INTO CELL PHONE)
You're like a goddamned frat boy. What
are you going to do next, short sheet
my bed?

TOULOUR (INTO CELL PHONE)
Hey whatever works. Fact is, you've
got two tons of dead weight attached
to your bumper right now. You can
forget about catching me.

MILTON (INTO CELL PHONE)
Oh, you think so?

TOULOUR (INTO CELL PHONE)
Yup.

MILTON (INTO CELL PHONE)
You forget one thing.

Toulour races up onto an elevated freeway.

TOULOUR (INTO CELL PHONE)
What's that?

Milton sees Toulour go up the ramp to the freeway, but doesn't follow him. Instead, Milton takes the low road -- underneath the freeway...

MILTON (INTO CELL PHONE)
I've got home court advantage...

INT. FED EX TRUCK -- DAY

Toulour laughs -- is just about to give his witty retort when he notices Milton's guy, Charlie, standing at the side of the road, next to one of those flashing arrow detour signs.... It looks like Charlie has moved it out of position...

And what are all those orange cones doing stacked by the side of the road? Suddenly Toulour's eyes go wide--

There is a huge hole in the roadway ahead of him. Clearly it is in the process of being repaired... Toulour slams on his brakes. But he was doing 60 mph and it's just hopeless... He screams--

EXT. ELEVATED FREEWAY CONSTRUCTION AREA -- DAY

Toulour's Fed Ex truck goes flying off the edge of the roadway and drops like an anvil through the fifty foot square hole...

EXT. UNDERNEATH THE FREEWAY -- DAY

Milton and his guys watch the surrealistic scene as Toulour's Fed Ex truck drops from the sky and SPLAT! CRUNCH! -- lands hard in a pile of sand. The truck pancakes and its sides split to pieces---

INT. FED EX TRUCK -- DAY

Toulour is unconscious, but fine -- enveloped in four separate air bags.

In the back of the truck -- the blue reinforced-steel box containing the crown is still in tact. Milton rushes over to it with his diamond-tipped saw... RRRRRGH -- Milton fires it up...

EXT. FED EX DEPOT -- DAY

Carl talks to some eyewitnesses. Amy shouts to him.

AMY

They've just been spotted!

Carl runs over to the sedan. He and Amy peel out.

INT. TOULOUR'S FED EX TRUCK -- UNDERNEATH FREEWAY -- DAY

With his diamond-tipped saw, Milton slices into the heavy steel container holding the Coronation Crown. The HIGH-PITCHED SOUND from the cutting is so loud that Milton is wearing ear protection.

FIND Toulour in the driver's seat. He regains consciousness, no doubt in part because of the horrific noise Milton is making.

It takes Toulour a minute to get his bearings, to realize what is going on. But as soon as he does, his mind snaps into focus. Milton is going to get the crown if he doesn't do something fast. He jumps through the mangled doorway to the truck's storage compartment.

Milton is cutting into the opposite side of the container from where Toulour is. The container is so big that it takes up almost all the space in the back of the Fed Ex truck. Thus, Milton can't see Toulour and Toulour can't see Milton.

Toulour grabs his pad of paper and his electronic signal sniffer and goes to the high-tech lock on the container.

INTERCUT MILTON AND TOULOUR

MILTON has cut through three layers of steel and is just about to break through.

TOULOUR employs the same procedure he used on the semi-trailer's lock. He types some random numbers into the keypad, then uses his signal sniffer to read a series of number on the device's screen.

MILTON breaks through the fourth layer of steel. Inside, we can see a heavy geared mechanism that locks the container doors from the inside. Milton starts slicing through the gears.

TOULOUR works a ridiculously complicated page-long equation.

MILTON cuts through the last gear...

TOULOUR solves the equation and types in a 12-digit code. CLICK! The locking mechanism disengages.

MILTON throws open the doors on his side of the container.

TOULOUR throws open the doors on his side.

As the doors open both men find themselves face to face. The Coronation Crown, inside a sturdy metal cage, is between them.

Their eyes lock, for a beat, then both men dive for the cage, yank on the vertical-slot doors, which -- for once -- are actually unlocked.

Both get the doors up and lunge for the crown, grabbing it at exactly the same time...

TOULOUR

I think I got here first. Just by a hair, but rules are rules--

Toulour subtly pulls the crown his way. Milton yanks it back.

MILTON (OVERLAPPING)

Nice try.

A beat... They can hear sirens approaching...

TOULOUR

Well, what the hell do we do now? I mean, there's no precedent for this... We can't exactly cut it in half.

He eyes Milton's saw. The sirens are getting very close.

TOULOUR

We've got to get out of here, Roy.

MILTON

It's my home town. I drive. We use
my escape plan.

MOMENTS LATER

Milton drives the getaway car. Toulour sits in the passenger seat. A half-dozen FBI cars chase behind them, sirens blaring.

TOULOUR

My grandmother drives faster than you.

A frantic, frazzled Milton looks over at Toulour and catches him checking himself out in the vanity mirror -- the Crown perched upon his head. Milton explodes at him:

MILTON

Get that off of your head and help me
out! Christ, what a megalomaniac!

INT. FBI SEDAN -- MORNING

Amy is driving the lead sedan following Milton and Toulour. Suddenly she sees their car skid to a stop. Milton and Toulour jump out and run. Amy yells into her radio.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) Milton and Toulour steal a Buick four-door in five seconds flat. They peel out. Seconds later -- the FBI dragnet catches sight of them and they're being chased again. Milton swears.

B) Milton and Toulour skid to a stop. Jump out of the car.

C) Two streets over they steal another car. But, again, the FBI catches sight of them. They skid to a stop. Jump out again. Run through somebody's back yard, find another car to steal. Milton hotwires it.

Then it won't start. He touches the wires again. The starter kicks -- but the car won't start. Toulour looks over at him -- rolls his eyes with complete disdain. Milton tries again. The car just will -- not -- start.

TOULOUR

Are all your escape plans this good?

EXT. BOSTON STREET -- MORNING

Milton pedals a bicycle down the street. Toulour rides on the handlebars. They ride onto a high school campus... Sirens are rapidly approaching all around them... Toulour just shakes his head -- cannot believe how low they have fallen...

TOULOUR

We're going to have to pull a Schumann Special...

MILTON

Not yet! We're not there yet.

The ignominy would just be too great to bear.

TOULOUR

Yes, Roy, we are. And you brought us here...

MILTON

No -- not yet!

TOULOUR

Roy! Look at us! We're out of options! Face facts!

MILTON

(Toulour's right)

Shit!!!

EXT. CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL -- MOMENTS LATER -- MORNING

Amy stands with Carl. Fifteen other cops and FBI agents are near by on foot or in cars.

AMY

What do you mean they disappeared?

CARL

I saw them on Baldwin street. I saw them cut across the park. But the PD has the whole thing blocked off and swears they didn't come through.

A car skids to a stop. The FBI's Boston SAC gets out.

BOSTON SAC

How the hell did they get away?!

AMY

I don't think they did.... I think they pulled a Schumann Special.

BOSTON SAC

A what?

AMY

Franz Schumann. He was an East German thief who was constantly tripping alarms and getting in police chases. But for twenty years -- in a police state, mind you -- they couldn't capture him. When the Stasi finally caught up to him, they asked him how he'd always managed to outrun the cops. Know what he said? He outran the cops by sitting still... He just hid for a day...or two...sometimes a whole week until the cops were long gone. The trick, he said, wasn't knowing how to run...it was knowing how to hide.

Amy looks around her. Studies the high school in front of her.

INT. WATER TANK -- MORNING

Milton and Toulour are immersed in water all the way up to their necks...

TOULOUR

What is it with you and water? You like getting wet, don't you? You enjoy it.

MILTON

Hey, there weren't a lot of choices under the circumstances, okay? So just shut up. God, pulling a Schumann -- this is so...beneath us.

TOULOUR

Well if certain people A) knew how to drive B) had even a rudimentary conception of the roads in his own home town--

MILTON

That construction on Selwyn Road wasn't there a week ago--

TOULOUR

It's called planning, Roy. Forethought. Two concepts that you seem to be blissfully ignorant of. That's why theft is such an...arduous activity for you. You're always straining...sweating.....

Milton is about to wring this guy's neck. But Toulour isn't even close to being done with this topic...

TOULOUR

Whereas for me stealing is like...

(searching)

...breathing...or...getting a woman
into bed, making a fifty foot putt.
You know, effortless.

Milton wants to kill him.

MILTON

Would you please just...

(how to say it)

...shut the fuck up.

TOULOUR

No, Roy...this is an important
conversation. A lesson that you need
to learn. It's the first thing LeMarc
taught me. Have a strategy. Have a
master plan...

Finally, Milton just can't take it any more. But he doesn't blow up -- he starts laughing.

TOULOUR

Roy, this isn't funny.

That only makes Milton laugh harder -- his eyes are starting to tear up. Toulour looks at him like he's nuts.

TOULOUR

I'm dead serious about this.

Milton stops laughing.

MILTON

You really are an idiot-savant, aren't
you? You don't even understand why
you're so good...

TOULOUR

I was just trying to explain it to
you, Roy. I was trying to help you
out here.

MILTON

You're good, Francois, for one simple
reason: God gave you talent. Genius,
actually. You're probably the most
(MORE)

MILTON (CONT'D)
technically proficient thief who has
ever lived. Do you know what I would
give for your natural ability?

(beat)

But planning.... Forethought...

Toulour frowns -- just where the hell is this going?

MILTON
You want to talk about strategy, a
master plan. Try this on for size,
you rookie, everything between you and
me...and I mean everything... since
Chicago has been a set up. And you
were the mark. The dupe....

Toulour sits there frozen.

MILTON
LeMarc trained me too, you idiot.

TOULOUR
What are you talking about? You were
trained by Weiss.

MILTON
LeMarc is Weiss. It's just one of his
aliases... God, what a waste of talent
you are!

(beat)

LeMarc needed us to work
together...but he knew you were too
pigheaded and vain to work with
anybody so he concocted that bet --
and told me about it.

INTERCUT IMAGES: Shot from behind, a gray-haired man (LeMarc) on
the phone. Out the window we see a massive ranch nestled into
the foothills of the Andes. He slides a picture of Toulour into
the color fax as he speaks. CUT TO: Milton, in Boston. The
color fax of Toulour comes through as he talks on the phone.

MILTON
I knew you were coming to Chicago. I
let you take those diamonds.

INTERCUT: Milton watches through binoculars as Toulour cases
Chicago Trust.

MILTON

And since I knew you were
eavesdropping on my guys and me two
months ago, we just scripted whatever
we wanted you to see and hear.

INTERCUT: Beene and O'Myers meet Milton at the Italian restaurant and "reveal" that the name of the guy who "scooped" him in Chicago is Francois Toulour. We notice now that Beene is leaning in toward the little flower vase in the middle of the table. He knows, and now we can see, there's a tiny microphone attached to it. CUT TO: Toulour's leather jacket-wearing eavesdropper with head phones on.

MILTON

Everything was designed to foster this
competition between you and me because
LeMarc knew, and so did I, that it
could only end one way -- going after
the Coronation Crown.

Toulour is reeling...

MILTON

The reason the Crown's never been
stolen from the French President's
palace is simple. 100 live guards.
LeMarc and I knew from a wire tap that
Amy was going to use the same
technique at the museum.

INTERCUT: A drunk Milton and Toulour turn the corner in Boston and see 100 police officers ringing the Museum of Fine Arts.

MILTON

That meant the only real chance to
snare the crown was in transit. Of
course, Amy realized the same thing
and spent three months designing a
transit security plan that in the end
was impenetrable to either one of us
on our own.

INTERCUT: Amy working with the engineers building the container-within-container-within-container security system she designed.

TOULOUR

How's that?

MILTON

The blue container was a one-time use box designed to stop a "finesse man" like you. Six inch steel, bolted and sealed from the inside.

INTERCUT: The inside of the container. We see it is in fact sealed from the inside.

TOULOUR

It wasn't sealed from the inside I opened it with a punch code--

INTERCUT: Toulour finishes punching in a code. A moment later the container doors unlock.

MILTON

Those doors opened for you because I was on the other side of the container slicing through the interior locking mechanism.

INTERCUT: Milton's diamond tipped saw destroys the interior locking mechanism, causing the container doors to open.

MILTON

The punch code panel you defeated -- that unlocked the metal cage inside.

INTERCUT: Toulour types in the code and instantly, the metal cage inside the blue container unlocks.

TOULOUR

Which was designed to stop a "forced entry man" -- like you.

MILTON

Put it this way: the blue container was a two hour cutting job until I designed a special saw that did it in two minutes. Same saw on that titanium alloy cage, would have taken me two months...

(beat)

Bottom line is I needed your help, so I played you to get it...

TOULOUR

Oh...my...God...

MILTON

Yeah...

TOULOUR

No...I'm not talking about that... The Crown... Look at the Crown!

Toulour pulls it up out of the water...and what we see is gold paint dripping off of it... And underneath the gold paint is--

TOULOUR

Tin! It's made of tin.

MILTON

It's a replica... Oh, no... No!

Oh, yes.... Milton rubs the gold paint between his fingers. Stares at the dull, gray tin underneath it.

TOULOUR

She played us! She totally played us!

MILTON

She drew us in... All that security. I can't believe we fell for it!

INT. CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL -- GIRLS' BATHROOM -- MORNING

Amy Prentiss is looking around this place with the calm self-confidence of a female Sherlock Holmes. There are six male FBI agents with her. She puts her finger to her lips. Everyone freezes. Is silent. And Amy listens. But we can't hear what she hears....until she moves close to an exposed pipe...puts her ear to it.

What Amy hears, with surprising clarity now, are the sounds of two very prideful men screaming at their own utter stupidity.

MINUTES LATER -- EXT. ROOF TOP WATER TANK -- MORNING

Amy looks at the replica crown in her hands...then looks at Toulour and Milton as they get handcuffed...then rubs it in:

AMY

The funny thing is...it was really very simple.... All we had to do was delay the real Crown's arrival by a few days. It's not even coming in by train, you chumps....

INT. CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL (ALL GIRL'S SCHOOL) -- MORNING

Amy leads Milton and Toulour down a hallway lined with a hundred ninth and tenth grade girls in their school uniforms. Milton and Toulour are soaking wet and have their hands cuffed ignominiously

behind their backs. The girls look proudly at Amy, who is obviously in charge here...

TWO SHOT

Milton and Toulour in orange prison jumpsuits. They're sitting next to each other on a bench, chained together waiting to be arraigned. Amy Prentiss strides into the holding room.

AMY

Enjoying the accommodations? Sleep okay last night? You guys look great in orange, you know. That's unusual. It's a hard color for a lot of people.

Milton and Toulour stare back at her. They're in hell right now. If there's a tenth circle, this is it.

AMY

You know....I've got a friend, works for a big designer in New York and she tells me -- God's honest truth now -- orange is going to be a big color at the fall shows... It's the new black.

VOICE FROM BEHIND HER

Amy Prentiss?

Amy turns around to see four guys in trenchcoats.

AMY

Who wants to know?

TRENCHCOAT LEADER

My name's Miller.

He flips open a set of credentials. We see the seal of the Central Intelligence Agency.

AMY

What the hell are you guys doing here?

MR. MILLER

Taking your case away from you.

AMY

Over my dead bod-- What's that?

Mr. Miller is holding an envelope out for her.

MR. MILLER

An order from the Justice Department instructing you to release Mr. Toulour and Mr. Milton to our custody and detailing you and your squad to the CIA's operational control for the next three days.

Amy grabs the letter. Reads it.

AMY

Tell me this is a joke.

Miller just looks back at her. This is no joke. Amy can feel the lump in her throat.

AMY

What is this about?

MR. MILLER

Something we need to break in to.

AMY

Oh...you're frigging kidding me. You're getting these two degenerates released so they can do your dirty work for you? That's great. That's just wonderful... This is such bullshit. I'm not going to cooperate with--

VOICE

Forget it, Amy.

Amy turns to see the SAC for the Boston office of the FBI.

BOSTON OFFICE SAC

We're not going to win this one. I just got a telex from Dianopolis. It's national security. Just go along.

Amy looks about to burst with frustration.

AMY

That jerk threatens to fire me every three days because I can't catch Milton. Then I do and the S.O.B. just completely flip-flops--

She grabs her cell phone off her belt. Dials a number.

VOICE (V.O. THROUGH CELL PHONE)
Deputy Director Dianopolis's office.

AMY
(into cell phone)
This is Agent Prentiss from the TCHP
Task Force at the Boston office. I
need to speak to the Deputy Director.
It's urgent.

Mr. Miller sighs. This is wasting his time.

TOULOUR
(to Mr. Miller)
You want our help, we get blanket
immunity.

MR. MILLER
You get immunity for Boston. Before
that, you're on your own.

TOULOUR
That's not a good enough deal.

MR. MILLER
That's the deal you're getting. Take
it and like it. Or see you in fifteen
years when you get out.

TOULOUR
Sounds like a great deal to me, Roy.
What do you think?

In the background, Amy gets Deputy Director Dianopolis on the
line.

AMY (INTO CELL PHONE)
Sir, four guys with trenchcoats and
bad attitudes just walked into my life
and I want an explanat-- But-- Yes,
sir... No, sir. Yes, sir.

We hear a loud click on the other end of Amy's cell phone. Amy
slowly looks up. A thoroughly defeated look on her face. Mr.
Miller rubs it in with an "I told you so" look.

MR. MILLER
Let's go, we don't have much time.

INT. FEDERAL COURT ROOM -- DAY

Amy sits in the first row. Milton and Toulour at the
defendant's table. A federal prosecutor addresses the judge.

FEDERAL PROSECUTOR

At the request of the FBI, your honor,
we have agreed to enter into this
immunity agreement with Francois Alain
Thierry L'illuminé de Bien Monté, El
Baron Maestrísimo Guapísimo Cojonísimo
del Jamon Serrano Toulour, que Dios lo
Guarde...and Roy Milton pursuant to...

SAME -- TEN MINUTES LATER

The proceeding is over. Milton and Toulour stride toward the
exit, past Amy. They just can not resist fucking with her.

MILTON

Hey, thanks, Amy.

TOULOUR

Yeah, thanks.

AMY

I can still nail either of you on
anything you did before Boston. Don't
forget that.

TOULOUR

I'm pretty scared, Roy. Are you
scared?

MILTON

I'm exceptionally scared, Francois.
Look at that.

Milton holds out his hand. Makes it shake. The CIA guys laugh.
Amy feels like a piñata.

EXT. SAFEHOUSE -- DAY

Big windows overlook Boston Harbor. Mr. Miller addresses Milton
and Toulour.

MR. MILLER

Your target is the Russian Navy ship,
Tolstoy.

He points out the window at the ship, which is docked at a
tightly guarded facility on an island a half mile out into the
harbor. Mr. Miller's aide hands Milton and Toulour detailed
diagrams of the high-security docks.

MR. MILLER

It's the newest ship in their fleet.
We need you to you to get inside and
gather intelligence on it.

AMY

Do the words "international law" mean
anything to you guys at CIA?

MR. MILLER

Not what they mean to you.
(to Milton and
Toulour)

One thing we're particularly
interested in is a prototype mini-sub
capable of drilling into almost any
ship's hull and inserting commandos.

AMY

(to Miller)

How about "colossal foreign policy
fuck-up" when you get caught? The
Russians are our allies now, or
haven't you been reading the papers?

MR. MILLER

Two criminals breaking into a Russian
ship is not a foreign policy disaster,
Ms. Prentiss. Why do you think we're
using them instead of doing it
ourselves?

TOULOUR

(to Amy)

I mean, "duh." Are you just figuring
that part out? What do they teach
you guys at Quantico anyway? You
know, after the "Freeze! FBI!" part?

AMY

Shut up.

MILTON

All right, ladies, let's quit the
bickering...

MR. MILLER

Agent Prentiss and her team are here
to assist you. If a cop gets too
suspicious, if you need a diversion,
or a way past the Coast Guard --
whatever -- they can flash their
badges and deal with it.

Amy stares forward -- can't believe she's been reduced to this. Milton is intently studying one of the diagrams Miller has given him. He's looking at it with a magnifying glass...

MILTON

(spots something on
the diagram)

Right off the bat I can think of one thing I'm definitely going to need from Amy and her people, and as soon as possible.

MR. MILLER

What's that?

MILTON

A three-shot iced latte. And I want whole milk in that. That's crucial. Whole milk. They taste like piss with skim.

The room cracks up. Amy is humiliated, beet red.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Milton and Toulour case the high-security docks. They take hundreds of pictures from various vantage points on land, then from a small speed boat. Back at the safehouse, Milton and Toulour plan their break in. They draw diagrams, review photos, mark up maps, etc...

INT. SAFEHOUSE -- DAY

Milton and Toulour's ultra-professional planning has degenerated into bickering.

TOULOUR

Oh, that's a great idea, Roy -- is that the same technique that you used when you fell through the skylight at the Smithsonian? I've never actually fallen through a plate glass window, myself. Does it hurt?

MILTON

Okay, A) That was part of the plan.
B) I'm not the guy who got left hanging fifty feet off the ground at the Ufizzi cause he forgot to bring enough rope.

Amy rolls her eyes.

INT. SAFEHOUSE -- LATER

AMY

You want me to do what?!

MILTON

Steal a Coast Guard cutter. Okay, fine, you don't have to steal it, just commandeer it -- tell them it's an anti-terrorism thing--

AMY

(to Mr. Miller)

Why can't you get them that?

MR. MILLER

Do you have any idea how long that would take? How much red tape's involved? Not to mention that we'd have to tell about 50 people inside the Coast Guard. Forty-eight of whom don't have the necessary clearances.

SERIES OF SHOTS

MUSIC OVER Toulour and Milton planning, doing a paper walk-through of the break in. They run their fingers along the diagram, motion to others in the room about various things they need to do at various times. MUSIC SCRATCHES TO A STOP:

TOULOUR

Wait a minute -- what are you talking about? I'm the admiral. You're the petty officer.

MILTON

No. No. No. I can't get onto the bridge unless I'm the admiral. And I have to get onto the bridge, so you're the petty officer.

AMY

Why don't you just both be admirals and quit bickering like a couple of ten-year-old girls?

Toulour and Milton look over at her. Then back at each other. Shrug. It's not a bad idea... They ham it up:

TOULOUR

How do you do, admiral?

MILTON

It's good to see you again, admiral.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) Final preparations at the "safehouse." B) One last reconnaissance mission to examine the guard posts and security at the special pier and on the Russian ship.

INT. SAFEHOUSE -- DAY

Milton and Toulour are dressed in Russian Navy admirals' uniforms. They practice the few Russian phrases their language tutor was able to teach them in the short time they had.

Amy looks out the window at Boston harbor. She is wearing a US Coast Guard uniform. Milton goes over to her. She glances at him. Then looks back out the window.

MILTON

I know we've given you a lot of shit.
I hope you know...well, where that
comes from....and that everything I
said the other night...it's still
true...

She turns her back on him and walks away. Leaves Milton standing there, the wind completely knocked out of him...

TOULOUR

She's a cop, Roy. You're a thief.
Don't ever forget that.

Milton thinks about that for a beat...then cracks his knuckles.

MILTON

All right, let's do this.

INT. COAST GUARD BOAT -- DAY

Amy grimly pilots a sixty foot US Coast Guard boat past a Boston Police boat on sentry duty outside the high-security pier complex. A machine-gun toting SWAT officer on the deck salutes the Coast Guard boat. Carl picks up the ship-to-ship radio.

CARL

Russian Navy ship Tolstoy. This is US
Coast Guard Boat John Hancock. We are
arriving off your port bow with
Russian Navy VIPs. Over.

INT. BRIDGE OF RUSSIAN NAVY SHIP -- DAY

The DUTY OFFICER, a pimply-faced 24 year old, is freaking out.

DUTY OFFICER (RUSSIAN, SUBTITLED)
*Shit! Shit! It's a surprise
inspection!*

A SEAMAN looks through binoculars at the approaching boat.

SEAMAN
Oh, my God... They're admirals...

The duty officer looks like he's going to faint....

EXT. DECK OF RUSSIAN SHIP -- DAY

The duty officer stands in a rigid salute, along with his entire crew as Milton and Toulour walk up the gangway toward the ship. The two thieves play their roles to the absolute hilt. Their expressions are haughty, accusatory.

MILTON (RUSSIAN, SUBTITLED)
Where's your Captain?

DUTY OFFICER (RUSSIAN, SUBTITLED)
*On shore, sir. Meeting with the mayor
of the city, sir.*

As he speaks Milton and Toulour glance down at tiny handheld translation devices.

DUTY OFFICER (RUSSIAN, SUBTITLED)
*We tried to reach him but...perhaps I
could give you a tour of the ship.*

Toulour looks disdainfully at the hapless junior officer.

TOULOUR (RUSSIAN, SUBTITLED)
Thanks...but we'll tour alone....

SERIES OF SHOTS -- RUSSIAN SHIP

A) "Admirals" Milton and Toulour examine the bridge. The sailors stand rigidly at attention. B) Milton and Toulour go beneath deck. Everywhere they go the crew jump to attention. C) Milton and Toulour enter the underwater docking chamber which contains the top secret prototype mini-sub. A sailor tries to enter the chamber after them, but Milton glares at him. He steps back out. Milton closes the water tight door in his face.

MILTON

I could get used to this admiral thing.

Milton and Toulour rush over to the mini-sub. The entire bow of the mini-sub looks like a giant drill bit. Milton touches one of the controls -- RRRRRMMMM! The mini-sub lurches forward and starts grinding into the floor of the Russian ship. Milton dives back at the controls and turns the sub off.

TOULOUR

Smooth move, admiral.

EXT. COAST GUARD BOAT -- DAY

Amy stands just outside the bridge, chin in her hand. She stares glumly out at the Russian Navy ship.

CARL

Jesus, they've been in there for over an hour. You got to hand it to them. It's pretty impressive that they could pull it off for this long.

INT. RUSSIAN SHIP -- BELOW DECK

The timid duty officer knocks on the locked watertight door to the underwater docking chamber.

DUTY OFFICER (SUBTITLED)

Admirals? Admirals?

EXT. COAST GUARD BOAT -- DAY

Amy's eyes drift away from the Russian Navy ship. Several docks over in the high security pier complex a large freighter is tied up. The ship appears to be listing slightly to the starboard.

Amy shrugs it off. Then her eyes move to the flag atop the ship's mast. Three stripes...red, white, and blue...

AMY

What kind of flag is that?

CARL

French, I think.

Amy goes very still... She grabs up a pair of binoculars. Looks at the back of the ship. Its home port is "Le Havre."

AMY

Carl, call the French Consulate. See if the Coronation Crown is being flown in today or tomorrow.

Another FBI agent on Amy's team looks up.

FBI AGENT

Don't bother. I just got off the phone with them. Turns out, at the last minute, the French President decided to switch everything and send it by boat, just in case--

AMY

No!

INT. BELOW DECK AREA OF A SHIP

Milton and Toulour smile huge as they pull the Coronation Crown out of a safe.

TOULOUR

God, we're good.

MILTON

We are so good.

TOULOUR

Shall we?

Milton nods and they look over at the bow of the Russian mini-sub which is protruding through the hull of the French freighter they are inside of. Water is pouring into the French freighter from around the edges of the insertion. (This is why the freighter was listing.)

INT. COAST GUARD BOAT -- DAY

Amy grabs the helm of the Coast Guard boat and jams the throttle down. The boat jumps forward and starts barreling toward the French freighter. Carl is on the radio calling for FBI and Boston Police back up.

UNDERWATER

The mini-sub detaches from the French freighter.

INT. MINI-SUB

Milton pilots the sub. Toulour looks at the sonar screen.

INT. COAST GUARD BOAT -- DAY

Carl points at a white streak under the water.

CARL

There!

Amy spins the Coast Guard boat around to chase after the white streak--

MIND'S EYE -- AMY

A) FLASHBACK to Amy arresting Milton and Toulour in the water tank in Boston, to her smug words:

AMY

The funny thing is...it was really very simple.... All we had to do was delay the real Crown's arrival by a few days. It's not even coming in by train, you chumps...

B) MIND'S EYE: Milton and Toulour are pushed into a federal jail cell, still wet from the water tank.

TOULOUR

We're screwed, Roy.

MILTON

Maybe not.... We just need to find out one little piece of information -- how the crown's really coming in. And to put together all the logistics...we'd need LeMarc's help...

In the OTHER ROOM the guard flips through "Guns and Ammo" magazine.

MILTON (O.S.)

Guard! I want my phone call!

INT. RUSSIAN SHIP -- DAY

The ship's captain orders his sailors to open the water tight door to the ship's underwater docking chamber. Two FBI agents in blue raid jackets look on. The door to the chamber opens and reveals that the mini-sub is missing. The Russian captain swears.

RUSSIAN CAPTAIN (SUBTITLED)

Use the remote control. Try to seize control from them.

INT. MINI-SUB

Milton pilots the sub. Suddenly, the wheel spins hard to port.

MILTON

What the--

He grabs the wheel and pulls it back to starboard. He fights strong resistance.

INT. RUSSIAN SHIP -- DAY

A sailor fights Milton (via remote control) and tries to turn the wheel back to the left. The Russian motions to two other sailors to help the first. All three grab the wheel.

INT. MINI-SUB

Milton feels the massive increase in torque. He fights it. But then he has a better idea. All at once, he lets go of the wheel.

INT. RUSSIAN SHIP -- DAY

The three Russian sailors go flying when the resistance they are fighting against suddenly ceases. They sprawl all over the floor. The Russian Captain shakes his head. Rolls his eyes.

INT. MINI-SUB

MILTON

Ha!

Milton's wheel totally frees up.

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR -- DAY

Amy's boat is in hot pursuit of the torpedo-like underwater streak which is Milton and Toulour's pilfered mini-sub.

MIND'S EYE -- AMY

Amy stands in the jail with Mr. Miller and her boss, the Boston Office SAC.

BOSTON OFFICE SAC

We're not going to win this one. I
just got a telex from Dianopolis--

FLASH CUT TO a dimly lit room where two of Milton's guys tap into one of the FBI's secure telex lines. We see a fake telex from Deputy Director Dianopolis on a laptop computer.

BACK TO SCENE -- INT. THE JAIL: Amy's pissed.

AMY

That jerk threatens to fire me every
three days because I can't catch
Milton. Then I do and the S.O.B. just
completely flip-flops--

She grabs her cell phone off her belt. Dials a number.

VOICE (V.O. THROUGH CELL PHONE)

Deputy Director Dianopolis's office.

AMY (INTO CELL PHONE)

Sir, four guys with trenchcoats and
bad attitudes just walked into my life
and I want an explanat--

DEPUTY DIRECTOR DIANOPOLIS (TEL.V.O.)

Because the powers that be want it
that way. Got it?

FLASH CUT TO Deputy Director Dianopolis yelling at Amy...only
it's not really him on the line, it's Milton's guy, RJ -- the one
who we saw doing a flawless impersonation of Walken in the first
scene of the movie

"DEPUTY DIRECTOR DIANOPOLIS" (AKA RJ)

I don't care if you think it's a flip-
flop, Missy. Follow orders. Unless
you want to go write parking tickets
for the Medford PD. Have I made
myself clear?

EXT. RUSSIAN SHIP -- DAY

A helicopter takes off from the ship's flight pad.

INT. MINI-SUB -- DAY

Milton and Toulour work the mini-sub like pros.

RADIO VOICE

This is the Russian Destroyer Tolstoy.
Shut off your engines and come to the
surface or you will come under attack.

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR

The Russian helicopter follows the underwater sub. Amy's boat
follows the sub on sonar. The Russian helicopter lowers a large
metal device into the water.

INT. MINI-SUB -- DAY

The ship suddenly shudders violently -- then loses power.

MILTON

Uh-oh...

CLUNK! CLUNK! Milton and Toulour look over and see a metal cup and a metal pen attached to the ceiling of the vessel. CLANK!!! Everything goes flying. Milton and Toulour are knocked out of their seats.

MILTON

Tell me this isn't what I think it is.

INT. COAST GUARD BOAT -- DAY

For the first time in a long while Amy is beaming. So is Carl. They look off their bow at the Russian helicopter in front of them. A thick metal cord hangs from its belly. At the end of the cord is a large electromagnet which lifts the mini-sub out of the water.

Amy screams with glee until the mini-sub spins slightly and reveals that side hatch is open. Milton and Toulour have escaped.

AMY

Shit!

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR -- DAY

Milton and Toulour climb out of the water and onto a dock. They scamper toward a sleek, powerful amphibious hovercraft.

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR -- DAY

Milton and Toulour fire up the hovercraft and let it rip. They speed out into the harbor. In the distance, Amy suddenly spots them -- whips her boat around and gives chase.

The hovercraft lifts higher and higher out of the water on it's nearly frictionless air cushion. It skips over the top of the water at incredible speed. Amy's boat struggles to keep up.

INT. HOVERCRAFT -- DAY

Milton drives the boat at 70 mph toward the Charles river. Toulour studies a navigational chart.

MILTON

You sure this will work?

TOULOUR

Oh yeah...it'll work...

EXT. CHARLES RIVER -- DAY

The river is clogged with small sailboats and dozens of crew boats from Harvard, MIT, Boston University, Tufts, etc...

The hovercraft rounds a bend in the river and rockets upstream. A moment later Amy's pursuing Coast Guard boat rounds the bend. A state police helicopter is now in pursuit too. And Boston Police and FBI cars race along the sides of the river.

The hovercraft weaves to and fro to avoid the sail and crew boats on the river. The fierce wind from the hovercraft's propellers catches the jib of one of the sailboats and knocks it over. Ditto for a second sailboat. Then a third....a fourth...

The crew boats are fine, however. The wind doesn't exert the same sort of leverage on them. And the hovercraft doesn't create massive wake as it is floating above the water.

Amy's Coast Guard boat, is a totally different matter, though. Her boat, traveling seventy miles per hour in the shallow Charles river creates a huge wake.

As she races behind Milton's hovercraft and slaloms between sailboat and crew boats she capsizes every single crew boat she passes. Scores of crewbies drink from the Charles.

Between the two of them, Milton and Amy have knocked over or capsized every single boat on the River.

INT. COAST GUARD BOAT -- DAY

Carl looks over at Amy...his anxiety level suddenly peaking...

CARL

Amy... Amy... Amy!

EXT. CHARLES RIVER -- DAY

SMAAASH! -- the mast of the Coast Guard boat (along with all the antennas and the radar) gets ripped off the roof when Amy goes under a low bridge. The river is getting narrower and narrower and the bridges are getting lower as they continue to move upstream.

INT. HOVERCRAFT -- DAY

Milton looks back over his shoulder, sees Amy is still right on his tail. He shakes his head -- impressed...actually kind of

titillated by it... Milton points back toward her boat, as if to make sure Toulour realizes how impressive this is...

MILTON

I mean, look at this determination.

INT. COAST GUARD BOAT -- DAY

CARL

You almost took our heads off!

AMY

I'm not letting him get away.

The river is getting narrower and narrower....

CARL

We're running out of river, Amy.

AMY

So's he.

Amy slows the boat down at the last possible minute. CRUNCH!
Amy's boat runs aground in the shallow water. There's only fifteen feet on either side of the boat. Not enough space for the hovercraft to pass.

AMY

Now they're trapped.

She looks ahead several hundred feet at Milton and Toulour. The hovercraft hasn't run aground, but the river has gotten so narrow that they will soon have nowhere to go...

INT. HOVERCRAFT -- DAY

MILTON

Hang on.

Milton spins the hovercraft around and heads back toward Amy's boat. He picks up speed.

INT. COAST GUARD BOAT -- DAY

Amy and Carl watch as the hovercraft races toward them.

CARL

Oh, great...

Amy's eyes narrow. Ramming her is just not Milton and Toulour's style... The hovercraft is approaching very fast... Or is it?

Suddenly the hovercraft rears hard to starboard and comes out of the water and shoots up a grassy bank toward Soldier's Field

Road. The air cushion is just enough for the craft to hover above flat land, just as it did above flat water.

Amy dives out of the boat and swims to land. She runs up the grassy bank after the hovercraft...

Milton gets onto the roadway and runs over the top of a cop car, knocking its light bar off. Then he runs over the roof of an FBI car, squashing it. Milton's like a teenager in a demolition derby -- only he's in a monster truck and everybody else is driving Pintos.

Amy runs after the hovercraft with every ounce of energy she has.

The hovercraft spins wildly, its huge fans blowing cop cars to and fro like a tornado force wind.

The hovercraft floats past Harvard's boat house then makes its way across a soccer field and toward a wooded area.

Amy runs after it. Police cars converge on it. The state police helicopter follows it. The hovercraft disappears into a semi-wilderness area, blowing fall foliage everywhere....

And then... CRASH! CRUNCH! Milton and Toulour's luck runs out fast when they get stuck between two huge oak trees. The hovercraft gets wedged in place very tightly.

Amy races to the craft. It is surrounded by cops. She's the first to jump aboard, gun drawn...

She runs to the bridge and throws open the door to find -- nothing.... Except a bouquet of flowers sitting in the Captain's chair... Amy screams--

EXT. CHARLES RIVER -- SAME

FIND Milton and Toulour in a two-man scull, wearing Harvard crew uniforms, and rowing away down the Charles...

EXT. TROPICAL PARADISE -- DAY

Milton and Toulour sip drinks on the veranda of a huge plantation house in some tropical paradise. Toulour is all toothy grin. Milton is far more subdued.

PROUD VOICE

You outdid even my wildest expectations for you.... I'm so proud of you guys.

MOVE TO REVEAL Michel LeMarc -- their mentor, the greatest thief that ever lived -- holding the Coronation Crown.

LEMARC

Don't ask me how we're going to divvy up the "wearing privileges" on this thing. Monday-Wednesday-Friday for one of you and... Or do we switch every week?

TOULOUR

(justifying)

See, now that's the reason I always insisted on working alone. It had nothing to do with vanity.

LeMarc gives him a deeply skeptical look.

MILTON

You wear it, Francois.

TOULOUR

Roy, you're a true gentleman to let me wear it first.

Milton shakes his head.

MILTON

No, you wear it. For good. I'm out.

TOULOUR AND LEMARC

What?

Milton sets the International Herald Tribune down in front of them -- and points at an article. Deputy Director Dianopolis has suspended Amy from the FBI and launched a criminal investigation into her conduct. The US attorney in Boston is considering indicting her on corruption and conspiracy charges.

Toulour and LeMarc look at the article. Then look at Milton as it dawns on them...

TOULOUR

Roy, you're not thinking of doing anything stupid right now...are you?

INT. AMY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Amy slowly, deliberately cleans out her desk. Suddenly she sucks in a startled breath. Milton is sitting in a chair on the other side of the office.

AMY

What are you doing here?

MILTON

Turning myself in... I read the papers.... I can't let that happen to you.

Amy doesn't know how to react. Can't believe he's for real.

AMY

Is this some kind of joke? You're crazy. You'll do 25 years...

MILTON

I'll plea it down to ten. I'll get parole in five.

AMY

Years, Roy. Five years. That's a long time.

MILTON

I'm a patient man...

Amy sees his emotion -- sees how deeply he cares about her -- and suddenly her own emotion starts to wash over her.

MILTON

Come on...I need to do this before I lose my nerve...

He starts walking out the door.

AMY

No...wait. Roy!

But he's already out the door. Amy runs out after him into

INT. HALLWAY -- FBI BOSTON FIELD OFFICE -- DAY

Milton takes Amy's hand.

MILTON

It'll be all right...

AMY

Roy--

Everything is happening so fast. So damn fast. And she's not sure she wants it to happen-- CLICK. Milton cuffs his hands together. Amy realizes he has done it with her handcuffs.

And then she looks up to see the Boston Office SAC staring at her, incredulous. A moment later another agent sees Milton in cuffs. Then another and another.... A beat. Then her

colleagues start applauding. Amy looks like she's holding back tears...

INT. LEMARC'S RANCH -- DAY

Toulour and LeMarc watch the television in horror. On CNN Milton is lead in handcuffs from the Boston FBI office to a waiting government paddy wagon.

LEMARC

He did it. He actually did it.

TOULOUR

I didn't think he'd actually do it...

CNN REPORTER

...the Coronation Crown, however, is still missing, and French President Roen is reportedly furious with the US government for failing to protect it. The Crown is considered France's greatest national treasure.

LeMarc shuts off the television and looks at Toulour.

TOULOUR

Well, you know, we got it...that's what really matters, isn't it?

EXT. PALACE OF THE FRENCH PRESIDENT -- DAY

Establish the opulent palace in the heart of Paris.

INT. FRENCH PRESIDENT'S OFFICE -- DAY

An AIDE enters the French President's office.

AIDE (IN FRENCH, SUBTITLED)

Mr. President, the King of Morocco on line one. He says it's about the Coronation Crown.

EXT. BOSTON COMMON -- DAWN
SUPERIMPOSE:

Two days later.

Amy sits on the same bench beside the duck pond where we saw her at the beginning of the film. The leaves are now bright red and yellow.... Tears are streaming down Amy's face...

VOICE

You know I used to come here as a kid
with my mom...

Amy spins to see Milton standing next to the bench.

MILTON

I remember the first day she took me
on one of those swan boats. I was
four. It's the earliest memory I
have.... Didn't you say your dad used
to take you here?

AMY

You broke out.

She seems almost joyous about it. That mixed with disbelief...
But also sadness...

MILTON

Not exactly...

AMY

Well...what...how...?

MILTON

The President of France made a few
calls to the White House. Toulour
gave him the Crown back in exchange
for getting the charges against me and
you dropped... I guess I kind of owe
him one for that, huh?

AMY

You guys...you're just unbelievable.

Milton looks into her eyes.

MILTON

Amy, I love you.....I want to spend
my life with you...

She stares at him...

AMY

Why are you doing this to me, Roy?
(fighting tears)

You're asking me to turn my back on my
whole life...

MILTON

Would you miss it?

AMY

I can't live a life that's contrary to my nature...

(touches her heart)

...any more than you could. You know that can't work.

A beat...

MILTON

Maybe you're living contrary to your nature right now.

AMY

What?

MILTON

Amy, the night we had dinner...when we were in the museum...you talked about what Toulour and I do. You talked about it as an art form... I've never heard a cop talk that way in my life... That's how we talk about it. Toulour. And me. How did your father talk about it?

Amy looks at him....

MILTON

Why did you become a cop in the first place? Did you ever think about that?

(beat)

I love you. I just never had the courage to tell you because I thought the gap between this...

(points at the badge on her belt)

...and this...

(touches his heart in same gesture Amy made above)

...was just too far to bridge. But what I finally realized is that badge isn't really you. Because deep down, in here...

(touches his heart again)

...you're your father's daughter. And inside you and I are the same.

She stares into his eyes. Still reeling from the revelations...

INT. RITZ CARLTON -- PRESIDENTIAL SUITE -- DAY

Toulour looks down at Milton and Amy. LeMarc stands next to him... It is hard for both men to watch what is happening...

BACK TO SCENE -- MILTON AND AMY

AMY

Roy...if you ever got caught...I
couldn't take it--

MILTON

I'm retiring. I got the Crown. I
have nothing left to prove... All I
want now...is to be with you...

Milton leans in to kiss her. This time she doesn't turn her head away...

INT. RITZ CARLTON -- PRESIDENTIAL SUITE -- DAY

LeMarc turns to Toulour.

LEMARC

It's all up to you now, Francois...

EXT. BOSTON COMMON -- DAY

Milton and Amy embrace as lovers as we PULL BACK over the trees of Boston Common.

THE END