

# Lovers, Liars and Thieves

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November 18, 2005



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1 EXT. MOROCCO STREET. (NIGHT)

Rain pours in sheets. THE WORDS OF A CRAWL BEGIN TO SCROLL.

CRAWL

On Monday morning, August 20, 1911,  
the Mona Lisa was stolen from the  
Louvre Museum in Paris and vanished  
from sight.

A light wind blows the rain across the deserted street.

CRAWL (CONT'D)

It was thought to be the work of an  
Italian cabinetmaker by the name of  
Vincenzo Peruggia, acting alone.

A street-lamp is pelted by the driving rain.

CRAWL (CONT'D)

Ten years later, the world renowned  
London Times reporter, Nigel Pruitt,  
received a phone call from a man  
then living in Morocco. He requested  
a clandestine meeting.

A FIGURE appears in the night, his face hidden by the brim of  
his black hat and the turned up collar of his trench-coat.  
The figure stops in a doorway and strikes a match to light his  
cigarette. The rain instantly snuffs out the match. Another  
match is lit with the same result.

CRAWL (CONT'D)

The caller offered to tell the true  
story of how the Mona Lisa was stolen.

The Figure tries twice more to light his cigarette without  
success as the match keeps going out. He tries shielding the  
match with his hands. He turns his back. He crouches against  
the wall. Matches fly, until, finally, the Figure drops the  
match pack, and, looking behind him to make certain he isn't  
being followed, resumes walking ahead, a damp unlit cigarette  
hanging limply from his mouth.

CRAWL (CONT'D)

The man was the Marquis de Valfierno,  
an unfortunate family name meaning  
"from the valley of hell".

The Marquis crosses to a café across the street, where, under  
an awning, sits NIGEL PRUITT, drinking tea. They meet, shake  
hands, and sit down. Nigel lights a match and extends it to  
the Marquis, who manages to light the damp cigarette.

MARQUIS

Thank you.

NIGEL

Don't mention it.

CRAWL

This is the tale the Marquis told  
that night.

For the first time we see the THE MARQUIS clearly, refined,  
wily, the wear and tear of adventure etched on his face.

CRAWL (CONT'D)

It is a true story. Since there are  
no innocents to protect, the names  
have not been changed.

A WAITER arrives with a glass pitcher of tea and pours for  
The Marquis. He watches his cup fill, waits for the Waiter  
to leave, then takes a drink of his tea, looking over the  
rim at Nigel, judging whether he can trust this man.

MARQUIS

You know what I like about the Louvre?

NIGEL

The fabulous art collection?

MARQUIS

It's big.

2 EXT. LOUVRE MUSEUM/FRONT (DAY)

The Louvre as it was in 1911, pre-pyramid. CAMERA PANS the  
mammoth palace, past men and women in 1911 attire, frozen as  
though in a tableau. Horse-driven carriages and vintage  
motorcars stand along Avenue du Général Lemonnier.

MARQUIS (V.O.)

I like things that are big --

3 INT. CAFE MAROC -- NIGHT

MARQUIS

-- big steaks, big banks, big  
challenges....

NIGEL (V.O.)

Like the Louvre Museum.

4 EXT. LOUVRE MUSEUM/FRONT -- DAY

Suddenly, the men and women jolt into action and there is  
activity everywhere, as CAMERA MOVES BACK showing more and  
more of a palace that never seems to end.

SUPER: PARIS 1911.

5 INT. CAFE MAROC. (NIGHT)

The Marquis looks at Nigel, all business.

MARQUIS

They said it was an impenetrable  
fortress. Guards everywhere.

6 EXT. LOUVRE MUSEUM/VARIOUS ANGLES (DAY)

GUARDS are posted at the various portals of the Louvre.

MARQUIS (V.O.)

At the Porte Visconti, Porte Marly,  
Porte Richelieu, Porte Sully, stood  
vigilant men --

TWO SENTRYs, cigarettes dangling from their lower lips, inspect  
a horse-drawn wagon about to leave the Louvre.

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

-- resistant to the inducements of  
wine, women and wealth. Were it not  
for their constant smoking, they  
would barely be French.

7 INT. LOUVRE. (DAY)

CAMERA TRACKS DOWN the long corridors of the museum, walls  
covered with works of art. A worker is exiting through a door.  
A Guard locks it behind him with a large brass skeleton key.

MARQUIS (V.O.)

Inside the Louvre, doors were locked,  
windows bolted. More guards moved  
about on perpetual patrol.

8 EXT. PALAIS DE JUSTICE. (DAY)

WELL-DRESSED PEDESTRIANS pass by the giant Palace of Justice.

MARQUIS (V.O.)

And should anyone be so foolhardy as  
to attempt a theft of even the most  
minor sort, Paris was under the  
protection of the greatest Police  
Chief in their history: Louis L epine.

9 INT. PR EFECTURE. (DAY)

LOUIS L EPINE, 50's, starched collar, alert eyes, a demeanor  
that says he's seen it all, sits in the large chair behind his  
desk, smiling at THREE DISREPUTABLE MEN, who sit before him.

MARQUIS (V.O.)

Ruthless in his pursuit of the  
criminal element, L epine struck terror  
in the heart of every outlaw.

CAMERA TILTS DOWN one of the terrified men until, at his feet,  
a small puddle of urine is seen forming from his pants-leg.

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

There was already talk of naming the  
small park in front of headquarters,  
Place L epine.

10 EXT. PARK. (DAY)

A small park. Everywhere dogs are peeing.

11 EXT. CAFÉ MAROC. (NIGHT)

The Marquis takes another drink of his tea, then shrugs.

MARQUIS

And, of course, the Mona Lisa was the single most well-known object on the face of the earth. A man would have to be a lunatic to think of stealing her.

NIGEL

Or a genius.

The Marquis is pleased with Nigel's insight.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

Why? For the money? For the glory?

The Marquis looks at Nigel and smiles.

MARQUIS

I did it for her.

NIGEL

For the Mona Lisa?

MARQUIS

No. For Daphné. It was always for Daphné.

12 INT. ITALIAN VILLA (DAY)

DAPHNÉ, beautiful, sits in a large Baroque chair, her bright eyes subdued with grief. Even so, there is a sense about her of a quick mind, a gentle nature, and an artistic flair. She is dressed in mourning black, and fidgets, in great distress, with a small lace hankie. Standing on a small platform beside her is the Marquis in a tailored suit and silk cravat. He sports a goatee and mustache. An auction is in progress. AS CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL THE CROWDED SALON:

SUPER: VILLA OF THE LATE COUNT AND COUNTESS BALDASSARE DE SESTO. ITALY -- APRIL 10, 1911.

MARQUIS

(thick British accent)

Do I hear fifteen million? Fifteen million lire for this magnificent painting by Baldovinetti --

DAPHNÉ

(under her breath)

-- the school of --

MARQUIS  
 -- this magnificent painting completed  
 while Baldovinetti was in school --

Daphné, grief-stricken though she is, shakes her head in disbelief.

MARQUIS (CONT'D)  
 -- of a lady and her baby.

DAPHNÉ  
 The Virgin Mother and Christ!

MARQUIS  
 Mary and Jesus it is. Do I hear  
 fifteen million for this inspiring  
 religious work?

A man's hand goes up in the back.

MARQUIS (CONT'D)  
 Thank you, Signore. Do I hear sixteen  
 million?  
 (no action)  
 Sixteen? The gold frame is valued  
 at twice that.  
 (still nothing)  
 This has such overwhelming meaning  
 to the late Count's niece, I doubt  
 she'll be inclined to let it go for  
 fifteen million.

At the words "late Count", Daphné stifles a sob.

MARQUIS (CONT'D)  
 They say the good Count hung it over  
 his bed on his wedding night.

Daphné gasps in disbelief and starts coughing. The Marquis attempts to come to her rescue, but she slaps him away.

MARQUIS (CONT'D)  
 A very emotional moment for the  
 Contessa. I apologize for the  
 indiscretion. Sixteen million?  
 Very well, I have fifteen million  
 going once, twice, three times. Sold  
 for fifteen million lire!

The BIDDER walks up and hands the money to a tearful Daphné, who places it in a small wooden box on a table beside her.

DAPHNÉ  
 Grazie, signore.

13 EXT. ITALIAN VILLA (DAY)

Carriages and motorcars sit outside the sunlit villa. Chauffeurs and footman stand around smoking cigarettes and talking. A new 1911 limousine, with several large trunks tied on the back, pulls up and a tall elegantly-dressed man and woman exit.

They are the COUNT AND COUNTESS BALDASSARE DE SESTO. All around them, well-dressed men and women are carrying paintings and furniture out of the house. The Count spins around in shock.

COUNT

Who are all these people?! Why are they taking my things?!

The Count turns to a CHAUFFEUR.

COUNT (CONT'D)

What the hell is going on?!

CHAUFFEUR

The Count and Countess Baldassare died in a tragic accident abroad last month. His niece is auctioning off their things. Great deals. Someone bought a chandelier and they threw in a piano.

COUNTESS

(shrieking)

My Steinway! My chandelier!

COUNT

I'm Count Baldassare! And this is my wife! We're not dead! We've been in America this last year! Who's doing this?!

And the Count charges off toward the house.

14 INT. ITALIAN VILLA (DAY)

Daphné is weeping loudly now. The Marquis continues to auction.

MARQUIS

Do I hear five million lire for the lot -- that's every sheet and towel in the villa?

Suddenly, there's a commotion in the back of the room and a man's voice rings out.

COUNT

Stop! Stop! I'm not dead!

The Marquis turns to Daphné, whose eyes open in shock.

MARQUIS

(elegant accent gone)

I think it's time for us to go.

DAPHNÉ

I thought he wasn't supposed to be back for another year.

MARQUIS

He wasn't.

The Marquis grabs the box of money in one hand, and Daphné's hand with the other, and they race out a large window in the back of the room as the Count chases after them.

COUNT  
Stop them! Stop them!

15 EXT. ITALIAN VILLA/ REAR ENTRANCE (DAY)

The Marquis and Daphné come racing from the back of the house. As Daphné jumps into a car, the Marquis quickly cranks the car until it starts, then hops into the driver's seat.

16 INT. CAR. -- DAY

Daphné looks over at the Marquis.

DAPHNÉ  
When did you learn how to drive?

17 EXT. CAR. (DAY)

Daphné and the Marquis race out of the car and change places. Then Daphné shifts into gear and starts off around a circle, as a gathering group of people chase after them, until, finally, they manage to escape through the far gate and head down the road, just as the Count and the crowd emerge from the villa.

COUNT  
Quick! Follow them!

18 EXT. ROAD (DAY)

A mad chase -- but, since the cars are 1911 and earlier, more Keystone Cops than James Bond. The Marquis and Daphné chug down the road in their rickety vehicle, followed by three cars and two horse-driven carriages that are trying to catch up.

They round a curve and the door on the Marquis's side flies open, leaving him dangling over the road -- just as they approach a flock of geese.

MARQUIS  
Watch out for the geeeeeesssse!

But it is too late. They hit the geese head-on, and when the feathers settle, a lone gander sits in the Marquis's seat, taking it all in.

MARQUIS (CONT'D)  
Shoo! Shooo! Get out of my seat!

The Marquis starts swatting at the goose with his free arm.

DAPHNÉ  
Don't you dare hurt that poor goose!

The Marquis, dismayed by Daphné's priorities, looks behind him and sees the pursuers gaining on them.

MARQUIS

Turn the car! Turn here!

Daphné swerves the car up a road to the right -- the goose goes flying from the car and the Marquis jumps back in. Ahead of them is a giant hill.

19 EXT. HILL. -- DAY

Daphné and the Marquis are in back of the vehicle, pushing it up the hill. Some distance behind them, their pursuers are also pushing their cars up the hill, and behind them, a horse struggles and pants to pull his carriage up the hill.

DAPHNÉ

What the hell kind of car chase is this?

MARQUIS

You never should have turned here.

DAPHNÉ

You told me to turn here.

MARQUIS

There was a goose in my way. I didn't see the hill.

As they reach the top of the hill, Daphné stops and turns to the Marquis.

DAPHNÉ

Are you blaming me?

MARQUIS

Yes. I'm blaming you. Car chases work better if you're going --

Suddenly, they both freeze and look ahead of them. They have reached the crest of the hill, and now the car is going downhill without them, gaining speed.

MARQUIS AND DAPHNÉ

-- downhill!

They run after the car and jump in.

20 INT. THE MARQUIS'S CAR (DAY)

The Marquis and Daphné race ahead, a cloud of dust behind them.

MARQUIS

Slow down! Slow down!

DAPHNÉ

Now you want me to slow down? This is a car chase, Eddie! In car chases you go fast -- so you don't get caught. Remember?

Suddenly, they come to a sharp curve and the car flies off the road, landing on its side in a small rill hidden from the road. In a moment, the cars chasing them race by.

21 INT. CAR (DAY)

The Marquis and Daphné lie in the car, bruised but otherwise unhurt, listening to the cars going past them. After the last cars disappear, they remain against each other, catching their breaths. The Marquis looks into Daphné's eyes and a smile forms.

DAPHNÉ

Don't smile at me, you ignoramus.  
"A lady and her baby"?

22 EXT. PASTURE (DAY)

Daphné is emerging from the upturned car. She jumps off it, followed by the Marquis.

DAPHNÉ

(brushing herself off)  
This is it, Eddie. I'm done. I  
can't take it anymore.

MARQUIS

Daphné, my sweet innocent....

DAPHNÉ

And don't "Daphné, my sweet anything"  
to me. I've had it. It's over, Eddie.

MARQUIS

I agree. We can't keep doing this.

Daphné looks over at the Marquis. Has she really gotten through to him? The Marquis starts to walk toward Daphné.

MARQUIS (CONT'D)

We can't keep going from scam to  
scam. We have got to stop.

DAPHNÉ

We do, Eddie. We really do. I hate  
always being on the run. I don't  
want to live like this anymore.

The Marquis stands by Daphné and looks deeply into her eyes.

MARQUIS

You're right. And that's exactly  
why we need one last score.

Daphné stares at the Marquis in disbelief -- she knew it was too good to be true. Then she whirls and, fuming, walks to the upturned car, where she yanks her suitcase out of the back.

MARQUIS (CONT'D)

This'll be our very last, baby. You  
have my word on it.

23 EXT. ROAD. (DAY)

Daphné, lugging her suitcase, limping slightly, trudges down the road. The Marquis, suitcase in one hand, the wooden box containing the auction money in the other, appears beside her.

DAPHNÉ  
Get away from me, Eddie.

MARQUIS  
We need something to retire on,  
Daphné. Something big. Once it's  
over, we'll go some place beautiful.

DAPHNÉ  
I want to go back to New York. You  
promised you'd take me to New York.

MARQUIS  
Then we'll go to New York, and you  
can paint your heart out.

DAPHNÉ  
I've already painted my heart out.

MARQUIS  
You have a terrific gift, Daphné.

DAPHNÉ  
(stops, surprised)  
You really think so?

MARQUIS  
I do. There's nobody on the face of  
this earth who can lie like you do.

DAPHNÉ  
Go to hell, Eddie.

Daphné turns and limps down the road with her suitcase.

24 EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE. (DAY)

A village square with full trees and a café. Sitting on a chair is a man playing a mandolin. Daphné sits on a bench in the center of the square, rubbing her foot -- as the Marquis crosses from the café, a bottle of wine in his hand. He gives it to Daphné, who takes a swig as the Marquis sits beside her.

MARQUIS  
I'm doing this for both of us, Daphné.  
It's as close to a selfless act as I  
might ever come in my life.

DAPHNÉ  
I don't care, Eddie. I've had it.  
Look at me. I spend my life on the  
run. I hate living like this.

MARQUIS

You're too hard on yourself, Daphné.  
The world was created with a tragic  
flaw. Many were given little, and a  
few were given too much -- much too  
much. By an accident of fortune, we  
seem to have been blessed with a  
unique talent in asset reallocation.

Daphné suppresses a smile. The Marquis notices and chucks  
Daphné lightly under the chin.

MARQUIS (CONT'D)

Now that's my girl....

Daphné takes another swig of wine, then turns, hands the bottle  
to the Marquis, and rests her chin on his shoulder, staring  
out at the summer evening.

DAPHNÉ

This isn't at all what I imagined  
for myself, Eddie. Not at all.

MARQUIS

With enough money in the bank, any  
life we desire is possible. We make  
our own destinies, my dear.

The words affect Daphné. She looks at the Marquis, then back  
out at the sky and sighs in resignation.

DAPHNÉ

This would absolutely be the last?

MARQUIS

You have my word as a liar and a  
thief.

Daphné lifts her head off the Marquis's shoulder. She looks  
into his eyes and thinks for a moment.

DAPHNÉ

(a long sigh)  
Okay. Last time. I mean it, too,  
Eddie. After this one, I'm going.

MARQUIS

I understand.

But his eyes say otherwise, and suggest that this latest  
scam may have as much to do with keeping Daphné around as  
the scam, itself.

DAPHNÉ

Where are we going?

MARQUIS

Well, now let's see.... I understand  
Paris is very nice this time of year.

Daphné looks at the Marquis and a smile grows on her face.

DAPHNÉ

Oh, I love Paris, Eddie.

(a beat)

Of course, I'll need clothes.

25 INT. GARE DE LYON (TRAIN STATION)/ PARIS (DAY)

Daphné -- glorious in a yellow print dress and a large yellow straw hat -- is being helped from a train by the Marquis, who is dressed in a spiffy gray pinstriped suit, gray hat, and gloves, his blond goatee and mustache back in place. CAMERA TRACKS through the stream of arriving passengers until it comes to -- VINCENZO PERUGGIA, who stands at the open exit doorway of a train car, dressed in a checked suit and a tie, inexpensive and worn, obviously his only one. He carries a carpet bag in one hand and a large wooden tool box in the other.

Someone has knocked over the footstool by his steps, and the distance from the train to the ground is too great for him to reach without holding on to something. But the bags in each hand prevent him from doing so.

Behind Vincenzo PASSENGERS are SHOUTING A STREAM OF EXPLETIVES.

Vincenzo finally realizes that there's only one solution. Suitcase in one hand, tool box in the other, he jumps --directly in the path of the Marquis and Daphné, barely missing them --

VINCENZO

Scusi, scusi....

-- and goes hurtling across the platform, desperately trying to regain his balance without dropping his baggage.

The Marquis looks over at Vincenzo, who is fighting to keep himself upright, then turns to a CITIZEN walking beside him.

MARQUIS

(thick British accent)

A quaint Parisian custom. In London they welcome you with confetti. Here they throw Italians at you.

The Marquis bends down, rights the stool under the steps for the other passengers, and then continues with Daphné. As she leaves, Daphné turns to look back at Vincenzo -- who has finally come to a stop -- then turns around, her back to Vincenzo, and continues to walk from the train platform.

NIGEL (V/O)

And this was Vincenzo Peruggia -- the man who says he stole the Mona Lisa on his own.

Vincenzo, stands motionless, watching Daphné walk away, unable to keep his eyes off this vision of beauty.

MARQUIS (V.O.)

He had about the same chance of stealing the Mona Lisa on his own as  
(MORE)

MARQUIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 he did of bicycling from Rome to  
 Paris on a wheel of provolone cheese.

26 EXT. HOTEL LUTETIA (DAY)

A splendid hotel, looking much like it does today -- yellow-striped awnings and brass everywhere. A taxi pulls up, and a DOORMAN helps the Marquis and Daphné from the vehicle.

MARQUIS  
 (all flamboyance)  
 It's wonderful to see you again,  
 Pierre.

DOORMAN  
 Jacques.

27 INT. HOTEL LUTETIA (DAY)

A lobby filled with ELEGANT COUPLES. The Hotel Manager, EMILE, greets the Marquis and Daphné as they arrive at the front desk. Behind them, huge trunks are being brought in by a PORTER.

EMILE  
 It's a pleasure to have you with us  
 again, Marquis. As you suggested,  
 we placed notice of your arrival in  
 the suitable publications and we  
 already have received a great many  
 dinner invitations.

Emile hands the Marquis a stack of envelopes tied with ribbons and sealed in red wax.

MARQUIS  
 (taking the cards)  
 Well done, Emile.

The Marquis slips him a large banknote.

EMILE  
 Merci. Now, will that be one room  
 or two for you and your --  
 (looking over Daphné)  
 -- protégée?

DAPHNÉ  
 The Marquis's protégée will have her  
 own room, merci, Emile.

The Marquis looks over at Daphné in disappointment. Daphné leans over and whispers to the Marquis, making certain she's loud enough for Emile to hear.

DAPHNÉ (CONT'D)  
 Your sores, dear.  
 (to Emile, in  
 confidence)  
 They're everywhere.  
 (MORE)

DAPHNÉ (CONT'D)

We're hoping they're not contagious,  
but until they stop draining -- well,  
better safe than sorry.

And off Daphné goes.

28 INT. HOTEL LUTETIA/ HALLWAY (DAY)

The Marquis and Daphné are walking down the long carpeted hallway, behind the Porter, who wheels a cart loaded with their luggage. The Marquis talks softly to Daphné.

MARQUIS

As this is our very last job, I  
thought this might be a splendid  
time for us to share a room.

DAPHNÉ

I certainly wouldn't want you to  
lose your concentration, Eddie.

MARQUIS

I can assure you that my concentration  
is as fixed and rigid as the Eiffel  
Tower, my dear.

DAPHNÉ

Ah, here we are.

The Porter opens the door in front of them, displaying a large and extravagant suite.

29 INT. HOTEL LUTETIA/ MARQUIS'S SUITE (DAY)

REVERSE ANGLE. The Marquis enters and looks around at the opulence. Then he turns to Daphné, who waves and smiles.

DAPHNÉ

Toodaloo....

Off Daphné goes. The Marquis stares at the empty doorway, then turns and takes in the huge ornate room. It meets his approval. He goes over to the door to the bathroom and opens it. He appreciates its splendor.

30 EXT. VINCENZO'S APARTMENT -- DAY

A working class apartment, in a courtyard where cabinetmakers are using their hand-tools on a variety of cabinets, while children in need of a bath run around them playing. Vincenzo, still carrying his toolbox and suitcase, and MAURICE, a crusty Frenchman in his 60's, the concierge, are climbing the rickety exterior wooden stairs to the second floor.

31 INT. VINCENZO'S APARTMENT/ HALL (DAY)

CLOSE SHOT: a key being turned in an old door lock. The door opens and Vincenzo enters, followed by Maurice.

32 INT. VINCENZO'S APARTMENT (DAY)

REVERSE ANGLE. Vincenzo enters the tiny apartment, puts down his bags, and looks around. There is one small bed, a wardrobe, a small wooden table with two chairs, a coal stove for both heating and cooking. The disparity between the Marquis's digs and Vincenzo's couldn't be greater.

Vincenzo takes it all in as Maurice waits impatiently. Vincenzo walks over to the bed and lies down on the mattress. He tries a few positions in which he sleeps -- legs tucked up, then on his back, and then, strangely, head dangling over the side. He smiles at Maurice, who is not taking this well.

VINCENZO  
(head upsidedown)  
Perfetto.

33 EXT. QUAI DE MONTEBELLO (DAY)

Daphné, in a white taffeta dress, walks along the Seine, a white linen umbrella in one hand, and the Marquis's arm in the other. Couples, also arm in arm, promenade with them. Behind them, barges move along the Seine past Notre Dame cathedral.

DAPHNÉ  
Don't be ridiculous, Eddie, nobody's going to believe there's oil under the Seine river.

MARQUIS  
Oil comes from fossils. Fossils live in the water. Where there's water, there's oil.

DAPHNÉ  
Forget it, Eddie. You're not going to get anyone to put up money to build oil rigs in the basement of Notre Dame cathedral.

MARQUIS  
They wouldn't actually operate during mass.

Suddenly something in the sky catches the attention of the Marquis -- a large blimp.

MARQUIS (CONT'D)  
Okay -- how about air travel? People fly through the sky from country to country. Invest now in the transportation of the future.

DAPHNÉ  
Eddie.

MARQUIS  
Just a thought.

34 INT. LOUVRE/ SALON CARRÉ (DAY)

Daphné and the Marquis are walking arm in arm through the Louvre.

MARQUIS

What about Turkish gold? That's always worked.

DAPHNÉ

Turkey is at war with Italy, Eddie. They don't have any gold. Besides, one of these days you're going to run into someone who can actually read Turkish and you know what he's going to do with you and all those gold certificates from Istanbul.

MARQUIS

You are not making life easy, baby.

DAPHNÉ

You said this was going to be really big, Eddie.

They turn a corner and find themselves facing the Mona Lisa. A small tour group stands beside the painting, being lectured by a GUIDE, a woman in her forties.

GUIDE

The Mona Lisa was painted by Leonardo da Vinci in his studio on the Via San Francesco in Florence. In addition to being one of the greatest masterpieces ever created, it is generally considered to be the single most valuable object on earth.

The Marquis looks at Daphné, who looks back at the Marquis in alarm. In the eyes of the Marquis are small tears of joy.

MARQUIS

What a marvelous painting.

35 EXT. PLACE DU CAROUSEL (DAY)

The Marquis is walking animatedly toward the Arc du Carrousel. Daphné hurries to catch up to him, dodging motorcars and horses.

DAPHNÉ

You're crazy, Eddie. You can't steal the Mona Lisa.

The Marquis stops in the middle of the traffic.

MARQUIS

Can't? Can't ever? Can't no way?

The Marquis turns and continues walking quickly away. Daphné watches him go, then chases after him as quickly as her full dress will allow her to move.

36 EXT. TUILERIES GARDENS (DAY)

Daphné has caught up with the Marquis.

DAPHNÉ  
Get serious, Eddie. It's a national treasure. You can't steal it.

MARQUIS  
You requested big. This is big.

DAPHNÉ  
It's also insane. There's no way on earth you're ever going to get it out of the Louvre, and even if you could, who's going to buy it?

The Marquis stops and looks at Daphné. A smile starts to form on his lips and grows very large, indeed.

MARQUIS  
I'm going to take bids. Starting at the Commodore's dinner party tonight.

DAPHNÉ  
You're going to start taking bids for something you haven't even stolen?

MARQUIS  
That's right.

And the Marquis is off again, walking away from Daphné, who hurries to catch up with him.

DAPHNÉ  
This is more than crazy, Eddie. It's suicidal. It's desperate.

The Marquis stops by the huge fountain and faces Daphné.

MARQUIS  
(impassioned)  
You're right. It's desperate. Once in a lifetime, just once, you find yourself face to face with destiny -- you know that one act is going to define your life forever. And this, my dear Daphné, is it. This is going to be my masterpiece.

Daphné stares at the Marquis in disbelief.

MARQUIS (CONT'D)  
Now, before you rob me of my place in history, at least let me tell you my plan.

LONG SHOT. The Marquis begins to talk to Daphné, his words inaudible over children playing and a BAND NEARBY.

At first Daphné has an expression of impatience. But then, as the Marquis continues, Daphné's face goes from disbelief, to surprise, to nervous excitement. Finally, as the Marquis finishes, she walks off, dazed, walking in little circles, trying to assimilate it all. The Marquis walks up to her.

MARQUIS (CONT'D)

The truth. Is it brilliant or not?

DAPHNÉ

It's brilliant, Eddie. It really is.

Daphné looks at the Marquis, impressed by his boyish enthusiasm, the way he has of taking the world in the palm of his hands and manipulating it to his own advantage. It is what, from time to time, against her better judgment, draws her to him.

DAPHNÉ (CONT'D)

How much do you think we can get for it?

MARQUIS

How high can you count?

She stands there partly dazed, looking into the Marquis's eyes, and, then she just cracks up in laughter.

DAPHNÉ

I can't believe we're actually going to steal the Mona Lisa.

MARQUIS

Actually, we're not. Actually, first thing tomorrow morning, you're going to find some poor chump to steal it for us.

37 EXT. LOUVRE/METRO. (DAY)

Morning. Vincenzo emerges from the Metro with his toolbox and a string of "Scuzi's" as the box knocks into the rush-hour people he passes.

38 EXT. LOUVRE MUSEUM/FRONT -- DAY

Vincenzo comes to a side door to the Louvre where a sign reads: "Cabinetmakers Wanted". Vincenzo reads the sign, then pushes the heavy wooden door open, slamming it into a burly man on his way out, MAX SAUVET, who pushes the door back, knocking Vincenzo to the ground. The two men pick themselves off the ground, apologize and then part, Sauvet down the street, Vincenzo into the Louvre.

39 INT. LOUVRE/ WAITING ROOM (DAY)

Vincenzo sits on a bench, his toolbox on his lap, looking around him at a DOZEN OTHER CABINETMAKERS, waiting for an interview. A door across the room opens and a CABINETMAKER exits, looking rather glum.

Head down, he mumbles good-bye to the man who now stands behind him at the door, GEORGES BÉNÉDITE, assistant director of the Louvre, short, bald, in his 50's. He mumbles a farewell in return, then looks at the paper in his hand.

BÉNÉDITE

Guiseppe Amato?

40 INT. LOUVRE/SALON CARRÉ. (DAY)

Daphné stands at an easel, painting a copy of the Carravagio, which in 1911 hung just to the left of the Mona Lisa. The Marquis appears and strides casually through the hall.

The Marquis tips his hat, first to the Mona Lisa, then to Daphné, who smiles back, as the Marquis saunters by, "casing the joint". When he reaches the far end of the gallery, the Marquis stops and stands there, watching intently as TWO GUARDS walk slowly by, their eyes scanning the people in the gallery.

The Marquis glances at his pocket watch as the Guards disappear around a corner, then nods over to Daphné, who walks quickly to the Mona Lisa, then turns and walks toward a door at the other end of the gallery, pretending to steal the Mona Lisa.

When she's three paces from the door, a smile breaks out on her face -- a clean getaway -- but it is premature. At her next step, another PAIR OF GUARDS appears from a corridor on the right and her smile quickly fades as they approach her.

GUARD 1

(suspicious)

This door is locked, mademoiselle.  
It is for the museum staff only.

GUARD 2

(wary)

The painters' closet is the door  
over there, mademoiselle. But, of  
course, you know that.

DAPHNÉ

Yes, I do, but I'm afraid the  
situation has become rather  
desperate....

Daphné whispers into the guard's ear, who starts to blush, and calls to a Guard, CLAUDE, standing across the room.

GUARD 2

Claude, come quick with the key.

Claude comes rushing over. Daphné jiggles from foot to foot.

GUARD 1

Quick, unlock the door, Claude. We  
must get mademoiselle downstairs  
immediately.

Claude hastily fetches a key-ring from his pocket, inserts a large brass skeleton key into the lock, and opens the door, as Daphné bounces up and down on her toes.

GUARD 1 (CONT'D)

(to Daphné)

Be certain to come back this way and not to use the exit door at the bottom of the stairs, as it will lock behind you and there are dogs in the courtyard. Just knock here, and we will let you back in.

Then, assisted by a Guard on each side, Daphné is led through the door, with a wink to the Marquis as the door closes behind her -- and is quickly relocked by Claude. The Marquis's eyes are riveted on Claude sticking the key back in his pocket.

41 INT. LOUVRE/WAITING ROOM. -- DAY

Benedité emerges from his office with GUISEPPE AMATO, another unhappy applicant. Then Benedité looks down at his pad.

BÉNÉDITE

Vincenzo Peruggia?

42 BÉNÉDITE'S OFFICE (DAY)

Vincenzo sits nervously on the other side of Bénédite's desk. Bénédite looks at a mostly blank form in his hand.

BÉNÉDITE

References?

VINCENZO

I've worked only with my father. He died in February.

BÉNÉDITE

I'm sorry to hear that -- but what can I do with no references?

VINCENZO

I'll show you my toolbox.

Vincenzo lifts the toolbox up on Bénédite's desk and opens it. The workmanship is remarkable.

VINCENZO (CONT'D)

I mitered and dovetailed the drawers. They're walnut. I placed oak stops for each. I inlaid the front with mahogany. The shelf-bottoms are poplar. I datoed and glued them. The pulls are Florentine brass, and I put double-wedged sliding blocks on the side to prevent the drawer from opening by accident. Try.

Bénédite tries to open the drawers, but they don't budge. Then Vincenzo slides a block set into the side of the toolbox.

VINCENZO (CONT'D)

Now try.

Bénédite pulls at a drawer and it slides open easily. Vincenzo smiles in delight. Bénédite is pleased, but remains all business.

BÉNÉDITE

The pay is fifty francs a week. The work will last four months, five at the most. We're taking on three men, no more.

VINCENZO

What is the job?

BÉNÉDITE

Making cabinets, what else.

VINCENZO

Yes, of course.

BÉNÉDITE

We're protecting all our valuable paintings with glass cases.

VINCENZO

(dismayed)

You want to put your best paintings under glass?

BÉNÉDITE

Yes. Except for the Mona Lisa, of course. Do you want the job?

43 INT. LOUVRE/WAITING ROOM -- DAY

Vincenzo emerges from the office, a huge grin on his face, until he sees the other applicants, and then quickly drops his smile and, avoiding their stares, quickly leaves.

44 INT. LOUVRE/ SALON CARRÉ (DAY)

Daphné stands in front of an easel, still copying the Caravaggio and simultaneously trying to recruit an accomplice to steal the Mona Lisa.

She flashes demure smiles at a MIDDLE-AGED MAN who passes, at a WORKMAN who walks by with a ladder, and a CUSTODIAN sweeping past her. Then she tries unsuccessfully to get the attention of the guard, JEAN, who stands in his usual spot in the archway, arms folded across his chest, vigilantly guarding the artworks.

Vincenzo comes down the long corridor, carrying his toolbox, and instantly recognizes Daphné as the girl he saw on the train platform. He slows his pace until he stops in front of the Mona Lisa, a few feet from Daphné.

And there he is caught, with the Mona Lisa drawing his affection on one side and Daphné on the other.

Vincenzo stares rapturously at the Mona Lisa, then equally as love-struck at Daphné, and then back at the Mona Lisa.

DAPHNÉ  
(eyes on her painting)  
Remarkable, isn't she?

VINCENZO  
She's like a wind against your face.

Daphné smiles at the thought and looks over at Vincenzo, sizing him up as a possible accomplice. Vincenzo takes his eyes from the Mona Lisa and looks over at Daphné.

VINCENZO (CONT'D)  
Would you have liked to have known her?

DAPHNÉ  
Yes. I think I would have.

Vincenzo thinks about this, then starts to grin.

DAPHNÉ (CONT'D)  
What?

VINCENZO  
I think she would have been full of surprises.

DAPHNÉ  
(laughing)  
I'll bet.

Daphné goes back to painting. Vincenzo studies her working.

VINCENZO  
You're a very good painter.

DAPHNÉ  
Not really, but thank you. Daphné.  
My name is Daphné.

VINCENZO  
Vincenzo.

DAPHNÉ  
(not completely natural)  
So, do you work here, Vincenzo?

VINCENZO  
No. I mean, yes. I'm starting on Monday. It's a new job.

Daphné turns from her painting and smiles at Vincenzo.

DAPHNÉ  
Then, Vincenzo -- we must celebrate, yes?

Daphné is surprised that Vincenzo doesn't immediately agree. Instead, he stares at Daphné, who starts to feel a little awkward. Vincenzo looks at the Mona Lisa, then back at Daphné, and slowly a smile begins to form on his face.

VINCENZO

Yes. We should celebrate.

DAPHNÉ

(relieved)

I'll put my things in the painter's closet.

45 INT. LOUVRE/ MAIN STAIRCASE (DAY)

The Winged Victory of Samothrace presides over the Louvre's central staircase. Daphné, holding Vincenzo's arm, and Vincenzo, his eyes on Daphné's hands on his arm, appear on the stairs and continue walking, past the huge statue. As they talk, a man in a bowler hat climbs toward them.

DAPHNÉ

It was terribly tragic. We had been married only a few weeks. I stood there, unable to move, as the lion charged at me. I had my rifle raised and cocked, but couldn't pull the trigger. Neville saw this and instantly raced to save me.

VINCENZO

(absorbing it all)

Neville? You were in Africa?

DAPHNÉ

Yes. It was our honeymoon. He pushed me out of the way. I can still feel his strong hands and the hot moisture of his breath on my neck as he hurled me into the brush out of harm's way. I passed out, and when I awoke, there was only --

(a stifled sob)

-- two safari boots and a pith helmet.

Daphné clutches Vincenzo's arm more tightly for support in her profound grief. Vincenzo looks down at Daphné's hands on his arm. Below them, the man in the bowler is getting closer -- and beginning seriously to distract Daphné.

VINCENZO

I'm very sorry. When was this?

DAPHNÉ

(distracted)

When was what?

VINCENZO

That your husband was eaten by a lion?

It is clear by now that the man in the bowler hat is the Marquis. Daphné tries to focus on Vincenzo's words, but it's not easy.

DAPHNÉ  
(snapping out of it)  
It was Tuesday.

VINCENZO  
Tuesday? Two days ago?

DAPHNÉ  
No, no. Not this last Tuesday.  
Would I be with another man if my  
husband had been eaten by a lion two  
days ago? It was a week from last  
Tuesday. At least. But enough of  
my gruesome life. Tell me what you'll  
be doing here at the Louvre?

VINCENZO  
Making cabinets.

The Marquis reaches the couple and nods to them. Daphné's eyes dart briefly to him. He tips his hat, brushing slightly against Vincenzo as he passes. CAMERA STAYS with the Marquis -- Daphné's and Vincenzo's voices drifting up the stairs.

DAPHNÉ (V/O)  
Cabinets. How wonderful. I adore  
craftsmen.

VINCENZO (V/O)  
(offended)  
I'm not a craftsman. I'm an artist.

DAPHNÉ  
Yes, of course you are. May I tell  
you what breaks my heart, Vincenzo?

VINCENZO  
The lion eating your husband?

The Marquis falters and almost loses a step at this.

DAPHNÉ (V/O)  
Yes, of course that. But I was  
thinking about the poor Mona Lisa,  
hanging in a dark hall for the rest  
of eternity....

The slight smile that returns to the face of the Marquis is unable to hide something troubling in his eyes.

46 EXT. CAFÉ MAROC. (NIGHT)

The Marquis appears aggravated as he calls to a waiter.

MARQUIS  
I need some food.

The Marquis swigs down his tea, then looks up at Neville.

MARQUIS (CONT'D)

The first time I saw Daphné and  
Vincenzo together I knew there would  
be trouble.

47 INT. LOUVRE/ SALON CARRÉ -- DAY

A huge Rubens painting of a nude couple in the throes of erotic activity. The Marquis stands before it, admiring it, backing up, step by step, to take it all in, all the while rolling a ball of red wax in his hand.

Behind the Marquis, the guard, Jean, is once again taking out his keys to unlock the door to the stairwell, this time to allow TWO WORKERS carrying a ladder to exit. Just as Jean has the keys removed from his pocket, the Marquis takes two giant steps backwards, crashing into Jean and the Workmen, causing a tangle of bodies on the floor.

For some time they attempt to extricate themselves, swearing as legs tangle with arms. Finally, the Marquis, who seems to be the single greatest obstacle to the untangling, frees himself and stands up.

MARQUIS

(thick British accent)  
I'm terribly sorry. I was overwhelmed  
by the beauty of the painting and  
didn't see... Is everyone all right?

JEAN

You should be more careful.

MARQUIS

I should be, yes. And I will be.  
From this moment on, I shall always  
look behind me prior to backing up.

Jean, now standing, starts to look for his keys.

MARQUIS (CONT'D)

(holding out the keys)  
Looking for these?

Jean snatches them out of the Marquis's hands and unlocks the door for the Workmen, as the Marquis leaves, humming to himself. As he walks, he looks down in his hand at the impression of the skeleton key in the ball of red wax.

48 INT. TROLLEY CAR/ PARIS STREET (DAY)

Daphné and Vincenzo sit side by side on the trolley, as it moves down the street. Daphné is on a mission and Vincenzo is mulling something over in his mind.

DAPHNÉ

I don't believe he ever would have  
painted the Mona Lisa if he'd known  
(MORE)

DAPHNÉ (CONT'D)  
 she'd end up thrown in with scores  
 of inferior paintings in some dark  
 corridor. It truly breaks my heart.

VINCENZO  
 (to himself, bothered)  
 A craftsman? Tailors are craftsmen.

DAPHNÉ  
 Can you imagine the thousands of  
 people who see the Mona Lisa each  
 year, Vincenzo, and, yet, never really  
 see her at all, never get to feel  
 her wind on their face?

VINCENZO  
Shoemakers are craftsmen.

DAPHNÉ  
 Yes, they are. Do you know how da  
 Vinci said the Mona Lisa must be  
 seen? In the light just before a  
 thunderstorm. That's when she seems  
 most alive.

Vincenzo thinks about this. It's a striking image.

DAPHNÉ (CONT'D)  
 Of course, they'll never let the  
 Mona Lisa see the light of day again,  
 so we'll never really know, will we?  
 (tears forming)  
 When I think of what they're doing  
 to this beautiful painting...

Overcome with emotion, Daphné clutches Vincenzo's arm for  
 comfort. Vincenzo looks down at Daphné's hand on his arm,  
 then at her face, then back at his arm.

DAPHNÉ (CONT'D)  
 ... to this beautiful Italian  
 painting....

VINCENZO  
 (quietly)  
 People who make pots and pans are  
 craftsman. I have to get off here.

Vincenzo stands, and Daphné, overcome with sudden bout of  
 compassion, Daphné reaches out and stops him.

DAPHNÉ  
 I think the reason they call  
 cabinetmakers craftsmen, Vincenzo,  
 is because they make useful things.  
 Art isn't practical. An artist  
 doesn't do art to make a living.

VINCENZO

(quietly)

I don't make cabinets to make a living. I make them to live a life.

Daphné is surprised by the simplicity of Vincenzo's words.

DAPHNÉ

I know you do, Vincenzo. I could tell that right away.

Vincenzo is pleased with Daphné's reply. He looks into her eyes and smiles, then turns and walks off the trolley.

49 EXT. OUTDOOR RESTAURANT (DAY)

An exact replication of the figures in Renoir's "The Boating Party", here alive and having lunch. The YOUNG WOMAN IN THE STRAW HAT, leaning on the railing, has caught the eye of a gentlemen across from her (and out of frame) and she smiles sweetly at him.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal that the gentlemen at whom she's smiling is the Marquis. He sits dining with Daphné at a small table in the outdoor restaurant. The Marquis returns the Young Woman's smile, but Daphné is too involved reporting the events of her day to notice.

DAPHNÉ

(eating, all business)

His name is Vincenzo Peruggia. He's Italian, a cabinetmaker. The Louvre just hired him. He should be perfect for us.

A pigeon ambles over to the Marquis's foot. He looks down at it.

MARQUIS

You know what I could never figure out -- why we don't have pigeon crap all over our food. You look around, there's pigeon poop everywhere. How do they miss our food? Unless it just kind of blends in....

Daphné is about to put her fork into a salad, but stops midway, suddenly having lost her appetite.

MARQUIS (CONT'D)

Ah, I almost forgot. I have something for you.

The Marquis removes two shiny new brass skeleton keys from his pocket, and sets them in the middle of the table.

DAPHNÉ

What're they supposed to be?

MARQUIS

The keys to paradise. To a life of luxury. To the exit door by the Mona Lisa. One key for me and one for Vincenzo. Be sure he checks it out before he takes the painting.

Daphné looks down at the keys resting on the table.

DAPHNÉ

Take a deep breath, Eddie.

MARQUIS

The deadline for bids is a week from Friday. I want the Mona Lisa out of the building by a week from Monday.

DAPHNÉ

In ten days? Don't be stupid, Eddie. You can't rush into something like this. This isn't selling some rich chump a family crypt in the Great Pyramid of Al-Jizah -- this is the Mona Lisa.

MARQUIS

I know what we're stealing, and I also know how much time we need, so land him real fast and real hard, baby. And, by the way, we lived quite well off that pyramid.

DAPHNÉ

Tomorrow's Saturday, Eddie. I don't know where Vincenzo lives or where he goes on the weekends.

MARQUIS

He'll probably be at the Closerie Des Lilas. It's a café in the sixth where Bohemian artists hang out.

Daphné looks at the Marquis and tries to figure out how he possibly could know this about someone she just met.

MARQUIS (CONT'D)

(smiling)

The matches tipped me off.

DAPHNÉ

What matches?

MARQUIS

The ones in his jacket pocket.

The Marquis sets on the table a pack of matches marked "Closerie Des Lilas", then, still smiling, looks up at Daphné, waiting for her to be properly impressed. She is.

DAPHNÉ

You are amazing, Eddie.

MARQUIS

Well, you're not half bad yourself.  
I'd say we should get to know each  
other better this weekend, but you  
have so much work to do, don't you?  
(gesturing to a waiter)  
Garçon! La check, s'il vous plaît.

50 INT. PARIS MANSION (NIGHT)

A fancy party. Formally-dressed men and women stand in small groups, drinking kir royale and talking. Daphné, looking absolutely radiant in her white beaded gown and large pearl earrings, stands within a group of glamorous women, all considerably older than she.

DAPHNÉ

It was on the Steamship Île De France.  
I had been visiting the Count of --  
Montecristo --

GERTRUDE

There really is a Count of  
Montecristo?

DAPHNÉ

Oh, yes. Count, Countess, two  
adorable little countettes...

Across the room, the Marquis stands talking to "THE COMMODORE". Behind them, SEVERAL SERVANTS place expensive silver and china on the table, distracting the Marquis's attention -- so many things to swipe, it's difficult for him to remain focused.

COMMODORE

You can't be serious.

MARQUIS

(thick British accent)  
I assure you, Commodore, I am in  
dead earnest. Delivery will take  
place in America. The farther she  
is from France, the better. You will  
obviously not be able to tell anyone  
you have it, or allow anyone to see  
it other than yourself -- and your  
wife -- but, I have it on excellent  
authority, that, for the right price,  
the Mona Lisa can be yours.

The Commodore looks into the Marquis's eyes to determine if he is sincere. Then the Commodore thinks for a moment.

COMMODORE

I could never show it to Gertrude.  
I might just as well hang it on the  
front door.

The women are listening with rapt attention to Daphné's tale.

AURÉLIA

I can't believe that you met the Marquis on an ocean-liner! How absolutely enchanting!

DAPHNÉ

(women-talk)

I was there at the rail, looking out at the moon on the sea -- it was especially large that evening -- and I put my arms about me to keep myself warm in the night chill, when, suddenly, I felt a jacket being draped about my shoulders. And then I sensed a man beside me at the rail.

GERTRUDE

I can't bear hearing this. I can't get the Commodore to light a lamp for me in the dark.

Across the room, the Commodore stares intently into the Marquis's eyes, sizing up the man.

COMMODORE

How much?

The Marquis pulls his attention from a large ornate silver tureen worth many thousands that is being placed on the table.

MARQUIS

There is no set a price. Bids are being solicited. Sealed and delivered to my hotel by a week from Friday at midnight. The highest bid wins.

COMMODORE

Suppose I were to preempt, make an offer that can't be refused?

MARQUIS

The seller would have to refuse it. It's the most valuable object in the world. The interest is too intense.

The women are huddled into a close group around Daphné.

DAPHNÉ

Well, I knew right then and there. I didn't even look as I felt the coat being draped about me. I could just sense with my entire body that this was the man I longed for.

GERTRUDE

Your entire body? Oh, my God -- somebody steady me for a moment, please, my knees won't lock.

The Commodore is on a slow burn. He growls at the Marquis.

COMMODORE  
I don't submit bids, Marquis.

MARQUIS  
I completely understand.

THE DINNER BELLS RINGS.

COMMODORE  
Moreover, I consider myself to be a reputable businessman. I don't deal in stolen goods.

MARQUIS  
Also understood. I just thought I'd bring the matter to your attention. I'll make no further mention of it.

Suddenly, Daphné appears and takes the Commodore's arm.

DAPHNÉ  
Would you be so kind as to escort me to the dinner table, Commodore? The Marquis seems to have forgotten his manners.

COMMODORE  
It would be my very great pleasure.

The Commodore takes Daphné's arm and they start off.

DAPHNÉ  
So, tell me, Commodore, what do you do for amusement when you own absolutely everything that money can buy?

The Commodore looks at Daphné, then back at the Marquis, who smiles pleasantly at him as the Commodore walks away, arm in arm, with Daphné.

51 EXT. KIOSK BY CLOSERIE DES LILAS CAFÉ (DAY)

Morning. A kiosk on a street in Montparnasse. Vincenzo arrives to buy a newspaper. He digs coins out of his pocket and stares at them, as a line of CUSTOMERS begins to form behind him. Vincenzo starts rummaging through the coins, looking for a ten centime piece. The Vendor waits, growing increasingly impatient.

VENDOR  
It's a small coin.

VINCENZO  
They're all small coins.

The crowd behind Vincenzo is becoming quite large. Men and women try to reach around Vincenzo to give their money to the Vendor, but Vincenzo blocks the way. The Vendor is nearing the boiling point.

VINCENZO (CONT'D)  
Is this one ten centimes?

VENDOR

No, it's a franc, but I'll make change.

VINCENZO

Then I won't learn the money. What about this one?

The Vendor is about to leap over the counter and strangle Vincenzo.

VINCENZO (CONT'D)

The numbers are hard to read. In Italy -- that's where I come from, Italy -- Dumenza, Italy -- we have a fifty lire coin that looks just like this one. Ah, it is a fifty lire coin. What about this one?

VENDOR

I'll tell you what. Why don't you just take the paper and go. It's on me, paesan. Any time you want a newspaper, just take it.

Vincenzo looks at the Vendor and smiles broadly.

VINCENZO

Grazie. Grazie mille.

VENDOR

Don't mention it.

And Vincenzo walks away, smiling happily to himself.

VINCENZO

They treat foreigners very well here.

52 EXT. CLOSERIE DES LILAS -- DAY

REVERSE ANGLE. Vincenzo walks away from the kiosk and over to a table at the adjacent café where he looks for a place to sit down. He finally finds a table with an empty chair where a man in his early 30's sits, reading a newspaper.

VINCENZO

Do you mind if I sit here?

The Man looks around, sees there are no other empty chairs, and shrugs "okay", but is not happy about it.

VINCENZO (CONT'D)

(sitting down)

Grazie. My name is Vincenzo Peruggia. I'm from Dumenza, Italy. I make cabinets.

Vincenzo waits for the man to respond in kind.

MAN  
 (no choice)  
 Pablo Picasso. Barcelona. I paint.

53 EXT. CLOSERIE DES LILAS CAFÉ (DAY) -- CONTINUOUS

A short distance from the café, A STREET MUSICIAN plays the familiar French accordion-like concertina, a small monkey with a red hat on a leash dancing beside him, holding out the hat to passers-by for their change.

Vincenzo still sits with Picasso, but they have now been joined by a rowdy group of four intense young men in their late twenties who are arguing with a WAITER -- GEORGES BRAQUE, handsome, baby-faced, deep-set eyes, dignified, wavy black hair parted neatly in the middle, a wry smile present on the corner of his lips. JUAN GRIS, small, thin, and emotional to the point of tears, given enough alcohol. MARC CHAGALL, a large nose, a quick mind, ironic, with a large head which seems even larger thanks to a huge mop of black hair. And GUILLAUME APOLLONAIRE, intellectual with eyeglasses.

WAITER  
 I don't want another drawing. I've got drawings up to my ear lobes. I want twelve francs. Look at the menu. It doesn't say, wine -- one still-life. It says, wine -- twelve francs.

PICASSO  
 What about one of Braque's nudes? He can draw you a terrific nude.

WAITER  
 I don't want his nudes! They look like egg-cartons. I want the money!

Not far away, a French Worker in baggy clothes, wearing a beret and sporting a handle-bar moustache approaches the Musician and monkey, pulls out a wad of money, and begins to negotiate over something -- as Picasso continues with the Waiter.

PICASSO  
 How about if Chagall does you an angel? You've always liked his angels.

WAITER  
 (erupting)  
 I don't want an angel!!!

PICASSO  
 I have one of his angels hanging next to my toilet. It's so moving, I sit there for hours.

CHAGALL  
 Fuck you, Pablo.

Vincenzo laughs, and, when the group looks over at him, he instantly drops the smile, as Apollinaire finally gives the Waiter his money to loud protests from the artists.

WAITER  
(leaving with a sigh)  
Merci. C'est très gentil.

Nearby, the concertina is now being played by the French Worker, who it becomes evident, is the Marquis.

BRAQUE  
Vincenzo from Dumenza, do you play  
chess?

VINCENZO  
A little.

Braque slides his chair over to Vincenzo's table and begins to set up a chess board, as all the artists begin to huddle around the table to comment. Suddenly, the noisy group becomes very silent -- there is only the sound of the concertina. Picasso looks up and finds that, except for Vincenzo who is studying the chess board, everyone's attention is directed across the street towards a lustrous young woman in a sky blue dress and matching wide-brimmed straw hat who is walking gracefully by, her light cotton dress flowing about the supple curves of her glorious body.

APOLLINAIRE  
Show that to the heathens and let it  
be known that God exists.

Aware of the attention directed at her, the young woman, who is Daphné, stops, looks at the men, and her face lights up with a smile, feigning surprise at the notice given to her. She turns and starts across the street toward the group, who begin hurriedly straightening their clothing and brushing errant locks of hair back into place with their hands, each one certain that the bell tolls for him and him alone.

She is nearly at the group when Vincenzo looks up from the chessboard in surprise, seeing Daphné.

DAPHNÉ  
Vincenzo! What a wonderful surprise!

All eyes turn toward Vincenzo, who stands up.

VINCENZO  
Hello, Daphné.

ALL ARTISTS  
Hello, Daphné!

DAPHNÉ  
I'm not interrupting anything, am I?

VINCENZO  
No, no. Would you like to join us?

There is sudden scurrying of offering chairs, as a short distance away, the Marquis plays his concertina. The monkey appears to be giving him some problems, tangling the leash about the Marquis's legs. As the Marquis works at untangling himself, Daphné walks over and sits in an empty chair next to Vincenzo, resting her hand lightly on Vincenzo's arm. Vincenzo looks down at it, then up with a smile on his face.

VINCENZO (CONT'D)

Daphné and I just met. Her husband was eaten by a lion on their honeymoon a week from last Tuesday.

Daphné tries to shrug it off with a faint smile, but it doesn't take a rocket scientist to know there's something wrong with this picture, and the men exclaim in mock dismay.

ALL

Nooooo!!!

VINCENZO

In Africa. All that was left were his pith helmet and his shoes.

CHAGALL

Laced or unlaced? That's how you can tell the male lion apart from the female, you know. When they remove their prey's shoes, the female undoes the laces, whereas the male, being more impetuous, leaves them tied.

Vincenzo, somewhat taken aback by the callousness of Chagall's remark in the face of such a great tragedy, has to think about this for a moment. He hadn't considered how the lion had managed to remove poor Neville's shoes before eating him. He looks over at Daphné for an explanation.

DAPHNÉ

(hurriedly)

Laced. So, Vincenzo, introduce me to your friends.

VINCENZO

Well, we just met --

PICASSO

Allow me. Marc Chagall, Guillaume Apollinaire, Juan Gris, Georges Braque --

Each artist kisses Daphné's hand.

PICASSO (CONT'D)

-- and I, bellísima señorita, am Pablo Picasso.

Daphné extends her hand to him, but Picasso pulls her to him by her backside and kisses her passionately on the mouth.

DAPHNÉ  
 (nonplussed)  
 Yes, I've heard of you.

The monkey is now climbing all over the Marquis, who has the same frozen look of Johnny Carson with a weasel -- but never loses a beat on the concertina.

BRAQUE  
 (changing the subject)  
 So, where did you find this glorious widow, Vincenzo?

DAPHNÉ  
 (laying the bait)  
 Well, as it turns out -- we met directly in front of the Mona Lisa.

There is an instant OUTCRY of disgust among the group. Vincenzo nearly reels from the onslaught.

VINCENZO  
 What's wrong?

PICASSO  
 The Mona Lisa should be taken down and publicly burned!

Several patrons at the café turn and gasp at the blasphemy.

VINCENZO  
 No!

PICASSO  
 As long as she exists, people will only want more paintings of women with hairnets and demented smiles!

Daphné tries not to laugh. She looks at poor Vincenzo, sitting with his mouth open in shock.

DAPHNÉ  
 I'm sure he doesn't mean it, Vincenzo.  
 (a sigh)  
 Of course, I wish I could say the same for all the others who talk like this. The French will never appreciate the Mona Lisa -- like the Italians. I just pray that someone finds a safe place for her before anything truly bad happens to her.

As she talks gently to Vincenzo, her hand rests lightly on his trousers, gently stroking the inseam. Vincenzo looks down at her hand, his mind a blur.

Not far away, the monkey continues to climb about the Marquis, who plays on, his eyes on Daphné's every move.

DAPHNÉ (CONT'D)

Did Vincenzo tell you that he just got a job at the Louvre?

APOLLINAIRE

No, he didn't. You're a lucky man, Vincenzo. It's a wonderful place to grow old and die, surrounded by so many other dead things.

DAPHNÉ

You men are terrible. You should be congratulating him, making him a present. Who will draw his portrait?

VINCENZO

I don't want a portrait.

There is a sudden silence, as though Vincenzo has insulted them. Vincenzo makes a hasty retreat.

VINCENZO (CONT'D)

Of me. You should draw Daphné.

Vincenzo looks at Daphné and smiles.

PICASSO

Someone give me a sheet of paper.

Braque hands Picasso a sheet of paper and a crayon. As Picasso draws, Vincenzo comments.

VINCENZO

Be sure to draw her smile.

APOLLINAIRE

(half to himself)

Be sure to draw one eye and one ear on each side of her face and a nose somewhere around the middle.

PICASSO

(at work)

You want a photograph, buy a camera.

54 EXT. PARIS STREET (EVENING)

An ice wagon drawn by a tired horse moves past CAMERA, revealing Daphné holding Vincenzo's arm as they walk together. Vincenzo carries the rolled-up drawing in his free arm. Daphné looks at Vincenzo as they continue on in silence.

DAPHNÉ

You don't want to look at it?

VINCENZO

Later. He tied it because he wanted me to see it in private. Tomorrow morning I'm going to go over to his studio and thank him.

Daphné nods. Then, suddenly, she stumbles. Vincenzo grabs her. Daphné's face suggests this might be a ruse.

VINCENZO (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

DAPHNÉ

I think I twisted something. I need to sit down.

Vincenzo puts his arm around her shoulder and helps her to a bench under a tree. He sits down beside her. Daphné tries to move her leg and yelps in pain.

VINCENZO

Are you okay?

DAPHNÉ

My muscle's all cramped. If you could just rub it a little.

Vincenzo looks around. It's a rather public place to be massaging a young woman's leg.

VINCENZO

You want me to rub your leg?

DAPHNÉ

Right here. Above the ankle.

Vincenzo looks around once more. Seeing nobody, he starts to rub Daphné's ankle.

DAPHNÉ (CONT'D)

A little higher.

VINCENZO

Higher?

DAPHNÉ

Higher.

VINCENZO

Higher.

DAPHNÉ

That's good, Vincenzo. You have very strong hands.

VINCENZO

My grandfather was a baker. He taught me to make bread.

DAPHNÉ

And gentle... gentle hands. I suppose it must be very hard for someone with your artistic sensibility to --

Daphné breaks off.

VINCENZO

To what?

DAPHNÉ

No, really, it's none of my business.  
A little higher.

VINCENZO

Higher?

DAPHNÉ

Higher.

Vincenzo massages Daphné's calf. He's getting into it.

VINCENZO

What's none of your business?

DAPHNÉ

Well... I can't imagine you have  
very much. It must be very difficult  
to live as you do. I'm sure you must  
dream about what it would be like to  
have the money that would give you  
complete freedom to do your art.

Vincenzo has trouble focusing as he massages Daphné's calf.

VINCENZO

I don't think I dream about that.  
At least I don't remember if I do.

Something is happening to Daphné, something she hadn't planned  
on, something having to do with her glands.

DAPHNÉ

Higher. Maybe I shouldn't have used  
"dream". "Wish" was more what I had  
in mind. You must wish you had a  
lot more. Higher.

Vincenzo starts massaging Daphné's knee, gently, firmly.

VINCENZO

I already have a lot. I don't have  
much money, it's true. But I have  
my tools. I have all I need. More  
than I need.

DAPHNÉ

(closing her eyes)  
A little higher, if you wouldn't  
mind, Vincenzo. Just a little.

Vincenzo looks up at Daphné, aware she's gotten herself into  
something of a bind and slides his hand above her knee.

VINCENZO

There?

DAPHNÉ  
 (biting her lip)  
 Yes, that's very good.

VINCENZO  
 Does this happen to you very often?

DAPHNÉ  
 (holding her breath)  
 Never. Not like this.

Suddenly, Daphné opens her eyes and looks at Vincenzo, not knowing what to say. She takes his hands in hers and gently removes them from her thigh, but continues to hold them.

DAPHNÉ (CONT'D)  
 I feel much better now, Vincenzo.  
 Thank you.

Vincenzo nods and sits on the bench beside Daphné, looking out at the vehicles passing by. There is an awkward silence.

VINCENZO  
 Sometimes, when I go on vacation, I take my tools with me. I just set them out on the table in my room and look at them. They're beautiful, you know. Each tool does one thing very well. No one made them to be beautiful. They are beautiful. For what they are.

Vincenzo looks over at Daphné, who tries to smile and nod with complete nonchalance through her fluttering heart.

55 INT. LUTETIA HOTEL/ DAPHNÉ'S ROOM (NIGHT)

Daphné sits at a vanity, preparing herself for another big night. The Marquis, now with a thin black mustache and a monocle, stands at the door, fiddling with a paper pack of matches, a thin cigar dangling from his mouth.

MARQUIS  
 (sarcastic, impatient)  
 He thinks tools are beautiful.  
 Terrific. Does this mean he's in or he's out, Daphné?

DAPHNÉ  
 He's not easy, Eddie. He doesn't care about having money. I'm not even sure he cares about having me.

MARQUIS  
 (all business)  
 Close it, Daphné. We've got a lot to do this week, and I want him on board tomorrow.

DAPHNÉ

I'm doing the best I can. He's going over to Picasso's studio tomorrow morning. I have an idea, and, if this doesn't work, nothing will.

There is a pregnant silence. The Marquis studies Daphné.

MARQUIS

So, tell me -- what's he like?

Daphné picks up the tone of the Marquis's words. She turns from the mirror.

DAPHNÉ

Almost desperately mediocre, Eddie. You have nothing to worry about. This is strictly business.

Daphné smiles at the Marquis, but her eyes are not convincing.

DAPHNÉ (CONT'D)

(displaying herself)

So, what do you think?

MARQUIS

I think you should get the hook firmly in his mouth and land him.

Daphné's buoyant mood disappears instantly.

DAPHNÉ

(standing up)

I've got to hand it to you -- you have a unique way with women, Eddie.

MARQUIS

Yes, but I'm wise, witty, worldly, and soon to be very wealthy, so there're compensations for my shortcomings. From time to time, you might want to take that into consideration when you refuse my advances.

(sweet smile)

By the way, you're astonishingly beautiful tonight. Just don't let it go to your head. This is a working dinner.

(extending his arm)

Shall we?

56 INT. MANSION (NIGHT)

Elegantly-dressed and coifed women stand talking in small groups. Daphné stands in one such group of women, including HENRIETTE, a woman in her forties with a pile of blond hair on her head and large diamond earrings, who listen enraptured.

DAPHNÉ

Even though I was half unconscious, the hot breath of the Baron on my neck made my entire body shiver with desire as he carried me to shore in his arms -- which were still streaked with the shark's blood.

(a beat)

One whiff of that big dead fish on his chest and I thought I would die if he didn't have me right there.

Henriette's face flushes, her eyes roll, and she falls limply on to the floor. In the background, a well-heeled GENTLEMAN in his sixties listens with great interest to the Marquis.

GENTLEMAN

And how exactly would I take possession of this particular work of art, Baron Von Falschung?

In the background, guests are rushing to revive Henriette.

MARQUIS

(thick German accent)

Delivery would be made in America. The farther the painting is from France, the better, mein Herr.

57 EXT. HOTEL LUTETIA (NIGHT)

A taxi pulls up to the hotel and a DOORMAN opens the door. Daphné and the Marquis get out and walk toward the hotel.

DAPHNÉ

You know, Eddie, this is totally crazy -- getting bids before we even have the painting.

58 INT. HOTEL LUTETIA/ FRONT DESK (NIGHT)

Emile is at the mailboxes, his back to Daphné. Behind her, the Marquis stands by the elevator, in his Baron disguise, trying not to be noticed. Emile hands Daphné an envelope.

DAPHNÉ

Thank you, Emile.

59 INT. HOTEL LUTETIA/ ELEVATOR (NIGHT)

The Marquis is opening the envelope as the elevator rises, passing floor by floor -- one floor with the bare legs of a man chasing a woman, another with the bare legs of a woman chasing a man, a third with two people on wheelchairs chasing each other. Daphné stands impatiently beside the Marquis, trying to see what is in the letter.

DAPHNÉ

Nothing is fool-proof, Eddie. Even brilliant schemes can go wrong.

The Marquis finishes reading the letter, then looks up at Daphné and speaks with nonchalance.

MARQUIS

The Commodore has come in with an early bid. Two million dollars.

Daphné is stunned for an instant, and then she grabs the letter and reads it in shock, the reality sinking in.

DAPHNÉ

Jesus, that's a lot of money, Eddie. You think he'll pay it in cash?

MARQUIS

(facetious)

No, I'm sure he'll write a check. He'll want to be certain he's got a receipt in case anyone ever questions if he really owns the Mona Lisa.

60 EXT. VINCENZO'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

A wagon sits by the courtyard with a sign on it indicating that it "rents baths". A VENDOR and Vincenzo are carrying the large copper tub up the exterior stairs to his apartment.

61 INT. VINCENZO'S APARTMENT (NIGHT)

Vincenzo sits in a large metal tub, bathing. The Vendor carries a large bucket of water from the coal stove over to the tub and adds it to the water already in it, then leaves.

VENDOR

Until tomorrow.

After the door shuts, Vincenzo turns and looks over at the drawing on the table, which is still tied in a roll. Unable to stand it any longer, he gets out of the tub, putting a towel around him, walks to the table, and, dripping water, unties the string on the drawing. The string comes off and slowly he unrolls the paper.

The drawing is typical Picasso, a line drawing which gives the essence of Daphné as Picasso experiences her, but it certainly is in no way a traditional representation of her.

Vincenzo studies it curiously, his disappointment growing.

VINCENZO

This is terrible.

62 EXT. VINCENZO'S APARTMENT -- DAY

From the second floor landing, the Vendor and Vincenzo are dumping the water from the tub into the courtyard below. Below them people scatter.

63 EXT. STREET/"BATEAU LAVOIR" APARTMENTS (DAY)

TWO BURLY MEN are shoveling coal into a bin. Vincenzo appears, carrying the rolled drawing under his arm.

64 INT. BATEAU LAVOIR APARTMENTS/ HALLWAY (DAY)

Vincenzo stands before the door with the drawing. He knocks tentatively. There is no answer. He knocks harder.

PICASSO (V/O)

Go away!

VINCENZO

It's Vincenzo. I need to talk to you.

The door opens and Picasso stands there, smeared with paint. Vincenzo looks at Picasso, not knowing what to say. Finally, Vincenzo unrolls the drawing and shows it to Picasso.

PICASSO

Yes?

VINCENZO

(shrugs)

Well, it's not very good.

Picasso looks at the drawing, then at the pained expression on Vincenzo's face -- and he cracks up in laughter.

PICASSO

Come in, my friend! Come in!

Vincenzo smiles with relief and enters.

65 INT. PICASSO'S STUDIO (DAY)

REVERSE ANGLE on Vincenzo entering. He stops in shock as the door shuts. Daphné, pulling out all the stops, is reclining on a sofa, posing nude -- an exact duplicate of Manet's "Olympia" -- pink flower behind her ear, hand modestly across her lap, a stuffed cat on the edge of the sofa, and behind it, Gris, made up as a black servant girl with a huge bouquet of flowers in his arms, and not happy about it. Even though Daphné's position makes it impossible to see anything at all revealing, Vincenzo is flustered.

DAPHNÉ

(sweetly)

Hi, Vincenzo.

VINCENZO

(forced nonchalance)

Hi.

Vincenzo makes a point of not looking at her. He occupies his vision by looking around the room at Picasso's paintings. The more he sees, the less he likes. The giant "Les Demoiselles D'Avignon" rests against the back wall, cubist canvasses are everywhere else.

Several easels with paintings are around the room, cubist and transformations of African and Oceanic art.

VINCENZO (CONT'D)

What are all these?

PICASSO

(painting away)

All what?

VINCENZO

They seem to be paintings, but they don't look like paintings.

Vincenzo can't help but glance at Daphné, who smiles at him.

DAPHNÉ

You don't have to avoid looking at me, Vincenzo.

VINCENZO

I'm not avoiding --

(to Picasso)

What are these?

PICASSO

It's cubism, that's what it is.

Vincenzo is walking now from easel to easel -- between each is Daphné, strikingly beautiful in her nudity -- and seen from a different angle in the spaces between each painting.

VINCENZO

But what good is a painting if you can't tell what it is?

PICASSO

I don't paint to name things. If I do a nude, I don't want people to say, "ah, that's mademoiselle so-and-so". I want them to say, "ah, that's how Picasso feels about nudes".

VINCENZO

But it doesn't look like anything! And what does, you've stolen from all these masks around here.

By now Vincenzo is totally unable to keep his eyes off Daphné.

PICASSO

You talk too much, Vincenzo. You're undermining my confidence, and this isn't an easy thing to do. You see nothing.

Vincenzo looks over at Picasso's painting of Daphné. It is a cubist pattern of brown and gray blocks.

VINCENZO

I can see that this doesn't look anything like Daphné.

PICASSO

Oh, but it does, Vincenzo. It shows the strength of her legs and the power of her thighs. It's why she is so good at sex.

The effect on Vincenzo couldn't have been worse if Picasso had punched him in the stomach. Daphné wants to say something, but doesn't know what.

VINCENZO

You've had sex with her?

PICASSO

Not yet, but it's inevitable. I have sex with all my models. How can I paint a woman if I don't know her?

VINCENZO

You can use your imagination. That's what artists do.

PICASSO

I imagine nothing. My art is what is. That's what's true.

VINCENZO

(very upset)

No, it isn't. Who wants to look at something at this? It isn't anything like what is. It's all -- lies.

PICASSO

I don't repeat nature, Vincenzo. You want nature, I hear Monet's been painting some rather colorful water lilies lately.

Vincenzo is hurt and confused. He doesn't know what to say. He looks over at Daphné. Then back at Picasso.

VINCENZO

I have to go.

Vincenzo turns and strides from the room, slamming the door. Daphné jumps up and throws her dress quickly over her head.

DAPHNÉ

Well, you've been very helpful. Thanks a lot.

She slips quickly into her dress and races from the room, slamming the door behind her. Picasso continues to paint as though nothing has happened.

PICASSO

Sometimes I think there is just one  
brain for women and they keep covering  
it with different faces.

66 EXT. STREET/ BATEAU LAVOIR (DAY)

Daphné rushes out of the Bateau Lavoir and stops to look around for Vincenzo. At first she doesn't see him, but then, as a large horse-drawn wagon filled with baskets passes by her, she sees him, in the distance, across the street, walking quickly away.

67 EXT. STREET (DAY)

Vincenzo is walking along, mumbling to himself. Daphné catches up.

DAPHNÉ

It's just the way he is, Vincenzo.

Vincenzo says nothing but continues to hurry along.

DAPHNÉ (CONT'D)

He only thinks of himself.

Vincenzo stops in front of a bench and turns to Daphné.

VINCENZO

Is he a good artist?

DAPHNÉ

He's absolutely brilliant.

VINCENZO

Ah, Madre di Dio --

And Vincenzo collapses down on the bench behind him.

VINCENZO (CONT'D)

-- I was afraid of that.

Daphné sits on the bench beside Vincenzo.

VINCENZO (CONT'D)

Well, soon they'll see your paintings,  
and then they'll pay no more attention  
to Picasso.

Daphné smiles at the ingenuousness of Vincenzo's words.

DAPHNÉ

That's very nice of you to say,  
Vincenzo, but, the truth is, I can't  
paint. Not really. I just end up  
copying other painters. I'll never  
be anything other than mediocre.

VINCENZO

Mediocre isn't so bad.

Daphné smiles through her sadness and takes Vincenzo's arm.

68 EXT. BANKS OF THE SEINE RIVER (DAY)

A barge is going down the Seine. THE BARGE CAPTAIN waves to -- Vincenzo and Daphné walking together along the quai.

DAPHNÉ

It took me three years to save the money to come here, and another three years to end up broke, hungry and alone. I refused to go back home. There was nothing for me there. The only thing I wanted was to end my life. If you can't be great at something, why exist at all?

VINCENZO

You wanted to kill yourself?

DAPHNÉ

It's very hard to imagine things that you know you can never express.

Vincenzo looks over at Daphné, his heart going out to her.

DAPHNÉ (CONT'D)

Then someone came along, took me in, and cared for me.

VINCENZO

Neville.

DAPHNÉ

(smiling)  
Right. Neville.

VINCENZO

And he made you forget that you wanted to be an artist.

Daphné nods.

VINCENZO (CONT'D)

Only you haven't forgotten.

To her surprise, Daphné finds her eyes flooding with tears. She can only bite her bottom lip and nod her head.

VINCENZO (CONT'D)

Do you like to go boating?

69 EXT. LAKE INFÉRIEUR/ BOIS DE BOULOGNE (DAY)

Monet's "Water Lilies" float in the sun. CAMERA TILTS UP TO scattered row-boats on the lake. Men in shirt-sleeves and suspenders row, while across from them, women sit facing them with umbrellas. Here and there ducks swim by. Vincenzo rows in the seat across from Daphné, who is enjoying the glorious sunny day on the water, having totally forgotten that she is on a mission.

VINCENZO

You shouldn't feel bad you're not a genius like Picasso. He understands nothing about art. It's not what he thinks it is at all.

DAPHNÉ

(amused)

What does he think it is?

VINCENZO

Another way to have sex.

Daphné laughs.

DAPHNÉ

Well, you're right, Vincenzo -- I think he does find it hard to separate the two. Picasso told me that he's made love to thousands. He says it gives him energy.

VINCENZO

Not me. I lose energy. I start off with so much that I'm sure it'll never end. Then, afterwards, poof -- it's all gone.

DAPHNÉ

Poof?

VINCENZO

Poof.

Daphné laughs and tilts back her head to absorb more sun.

DAPHNÉ

Sometimes I wonder, Vincenzo -- what if love turns out to be everything it's supposed to be?

70 EXT. LAKE INFÉRIEUR/ BOIS DE BOULOGNE (DAY)

Daphné is now rowing. Vincenzo sits sideways on the stern seat, dangling his feet in the water. They talk, their words, barely audible, drifting into the sunny afternoon.

71 EXT. LAKE INFÉRIEUR/ BOIS DE BOULOGNE (DAY)

Daphné and Vincenzo now sit side by side, each with an oar, rowing the boat -- talking and having a great time.

72 EXT. LAKE INFÉRIEUR/ BOIS DE BOULOGNE (DAY)

A boat drifts under a foot-bridge between two small islands in the middle of the lake. The only sign that there is anyone in the boat are two sets of bare feet resting on the bench in the stern.

CAMERA DISCOVERS Daphné and Vincenzo, lying on their backs in the bottom of the boat, side by side, their feet up on

the stern seat, looking up at the sunlight filtering through the trees.

VINCENZO

Have you ever seen a cloud settle on  
a lake in the morning?

Daphné nods.

VINCENZO (CONT'D)

That's how my father died.

Daphné says nothing. She just rests her head against his chest, feeling safe for the first time in her life.

DAPHNÉ

You want to know how I've always  
wanted to paint?

VINCENZO

I already know. Like someone going  
over a hill whistling.

Daphné looks at Vincenzo from where she lies on his chest.

DAPHNÉ

Yes. That is exactly how.

Daphné tries to smile through the tears filling her eyes, but she gives up, and just kisses Vincenzo. She puts her arms around him, and he puts his arms around her, and they kiss again, and then again -- and CAMERA PULLS BACK, across the lake until there is only the boat in the distance, apparently empty, rocking back and forth, and back and forth.

73 EXT. CAFÉ MAROC. (NIGHT)

A plate full of food sits in front of the Marquis, but he's not touching it. Instead, he stares off into the night. Nigel senses the Marquis's sadness.

NIGEL

We can continue tomorrow if you'd  
like.

MARQUIS

I won't be here tomorrow.  
(smiling at Nigel)  
Where was I? Ah, yes -- the happy  
mariners.

74 EXT. LAKE INFERIEUR/ BOIS DE BOULOGNE. (NIGHT)

The boat sits in the moonlight, where we last saw it.

75 INT. HOTEL LUTETIA/ MARQUIS'S SUITE (NIGHT)

The Marquis, his clothing in shreds, sits at a desk, writing. Daphné enters, then freezes at the sight of the Marquis with his clothing in tatters and scratch marks on his face.

DAPHNÉ  
What happened to you?

The Marquis continues to write.

MARQUIS  
The Mona Lisa can't be stolen at night. They have dogs in the courtyards -- and locked gates.

DAPHNÉ  
(suppressing a smile)  
It can't be stolen at night -- or day. Isn't this a problem, Eddie?

MARQUIS  
Yes, it's a problem, and where were you? Do you know what time it is?

Daphné turns her back and walks away.

DAPHNÉ  
We have to find someone else, Eddie.

The Marquis still doesn't look up from his writing.

DAPHNÉ (CONT'D)  
Vincenzo's a cabinet maker, not a thief.

MARQUIS  
We don't have time to get anyone else.

DAPHNÉ  
Well, we have to, and that's all there is to it. Now I'm tired. I'm going to bed.

MARQUIS  
This must have been a terribly disappointing day for you, baby.

Daphné stops and turns to face the Marquis.

DAPHNÉ  
Okay, I'll bite.

MARQUIS  
Working all day and half the night to land Vincenzo and now absolutely nothing to show for it.

DAPHNÉ  
(not playing)  
Good night, Eddie. I'll start looking for someone else tomorrow morning.

The Marquis gets up and starts walking toward Daphné.

MARQUIS

You don't think there might be a problem after the Mona Lisa disappears and the police talk to Vincenzo? As an employee, he will be questioned. I can't help wondering whether he might mention his dear Daphné who took such an interest in the painting?

The Marquis has now reached Daphné. Daphné squirms.

MARQUIS (CONT'D)

We need Vincenzo, baby, and if you can't land him, then I will.

Daphné stands facing the Marquis, trapped.

MARQUIS (CONT'D)

Now where the hell were you two?!

DAPHNÉ

(tit for tat)

In a rowboat, Eddie.

MARQUIS

It's two in the morning!

DAPHNÉ

We fell asleep. And now I'd like to go back to sleep. Good night, Eddie.

Daphné starts for the door, but stops just before she leaves.

DAPHNÉ (CONT'D)

What were you working on when I came in here?

MARQUIS

(a cat's smile)

Ah, yes, that. Well, as a good citizen, I thought I should warn the Louvre's Director of Security that the Mona Lisa is in terrible danger.

76 INT. LOUVRE/ BÉNÉDITE'S OFFICE (DAY)

Vincenzo sits in a state of shock, his toolbox on his lap, listening to Bénédite read a letter.

BÉNÉDITE

"I was deeply shocked to overhear two unsavory-looking men discussing a plot to attack the Mona Lisa with knives."

(looking up)

We have to protect her, Vincenzo.

VINCENZO

Yes, but to lock her away in a glass cabinet....

BÉNÉDITE

I thought of you first. It must be a cabinet fit for the most famous woman in the world.

VINCENZO

Perhaps, you could post some guards... Once the unsavory-looking men see them there, they'll change their minds. To put the Mona Lisa under glass... In the light before a thunder storm, they say she seems alive.

BÉNÉDITE

Maybe I should ask one of the other cabinet-makers.

77 EXT. OUTDOOR CAFÉ (DAY)

Vincenzo, too miserable to talk, sits with Daphné, eating lunch.

MARQUIS (V.O.)

I hesitate to use words like "brilliant" to describe my own work, but this part of the plan was truly inspired.

Vincenzo looks up at Daphné as though he wants to say something, but can't think what, so he goes back to picking at his lunch.

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

I had no doubt that the moment the Louvre received my letter they would assign Vincenzo, as the best cabinet-maker in the museum, to encase the Mona Lisa. And the more involved he became with the painting, the easier our job would be.

VINCENZO

(in great distress)  
By next week the name Vincenzo Peruggia will be the most despised in all the world.

DAPHNÉ

You agreed to build the case for the Mona Lisa?

VINCENZO

I did.

DAPHNÉ

Why?

VINCENZO

Have you seen the cases on the other paintings? I've seen better work on wine crates.

Suddenly, a voice calls out to Daphné.

MARQUIS  
(Italian accent)  
Daphné?! I don't believe it?! Could  
it truly be you?!

Daphné looks up in shock to find the Marquis, in a wig of gray hair, a small black hat, a gray mustache and thick glasses. He appears to be a man in his seventies. He toddles up to Daphné, and Vincenzo watches wide-eyed as they embrace.

DAPHNÉ  
(whispering)  
Get the hell out of here, Eddie.

MARQUIS  
I am also glad to see you. It seems  
like only yesterday.

And before Daphné can react, the Marquis pulls an empty chair up to the table and sits down, leaving Daphné no choice but to introduce him to Vincenzo.

DAPHNÉ  
Vincenzo, this is, uh --

MARQUIS  
(extending his hand)  
Giuseppe. Giuseppe Peruggia.

Daphné's eyes widen in horror. Vincenzo, starting to shake the Marquis's hand, stops in amazement.

VINCENZO  
That's my name.

MARQUIS  
You are also Giuseppe Peruggia?

VINCENZO  
No, no. Vincenzo.

MARQUIS  
Giuseppe Vincenzo?

VINCENZO  
No, no. Vincenzo Peruggia.

Daphné looks up at the sky, searching for divine intervention.

VINCENZO (CONT'D)  
You're from Italy, but from where?  
All the Peruggias are from Dumenza,  
and I've never heard of a Giuseppe  
Peruggia.

MARQUIS  
It's a tragic story.  
(MORE)

MARQUIS (CONT'D)

My family was expelled from Dumenza many centuries ago. You must have heard of the great Dumenza Peruggia purge.

VINCENZO

There was a Dumenza Peruggia purge?

MARQUIS

Decreed by the Doge.

VINCENZO

The Doge of Dumenza decreed a Peruggia purge?

MARQUIS

In the Piazza Puccini.

VINCENZO

There was a Peruggia purge decreed by the Doge of Dumenza in the Piazza Puccini?

MARQUIS

It was pathetic. The Prince of Palermo presided and proceeded to purge the Peruggias.

VINCENZO

But there's no Piazza Puccini in Dumenza.

MARQUIS

Not now, but in a previous epoch it was a popular place.

VINCENZO

Ah, well, perhaps it was present in a prior period. Scusi.

MARQUIS

Prego.  
(stands)  
Paesan.

VINCENZO

(stands)  
Paesan.

They embrace as Daphné watches in dismay. Then the Marquis places his hands on Vincenzo's shoulders and looks at him.

MARQUIS

So, Peruggia, my pal, what's put you in Paris?

DAPHNÉ

(erupting)  
Stop it!!!

Vincenzo and the Marquis turn to Daphné.

DAPHNÉ (CONT'D)  
 Sorry. I'm sorry. I just --

VINCENZO  
 (to the Marquis)  
 I'm working at the Louvre. They  
 want me to put a case around the  
 Mona Lisa.

MARQUIS  
 (in shock)  
 Ah Madonne! Then the rumors of a  
 Perrugia putting glass over the  
 greatest Italian painting of all  
 time are true? Mama mia, mama mia,  
 mama mia!.

VINCENZO  
 (in agony)  
 But there's nothing we can do.

MARQUIS  
 (tears in his eyes)  
 There is, but....

VINCENZO  
 What? What can we do?

The Marquis chokes back tears, and, arm extended, begins to leave.

MARQUIS  
 I can't. Maybe later. This is too  
 much for me now.... Mama mia....

And before Daphné can react, Vincenzo is off in pursuit of the Marquis, leaving Daphné a total wreck.

78 EXT. BOULEVARD (DAY)

The Marquis is walking down the busy boulevard with Vincenzo, pushing people out of way in his profound grief.

VINCENZO  
 What can we do? What?

MARQUIS  
 What can we do? What can we do?  
 Well, what we can do, Vincenzo, is  
 rescue her before it's too late.

VINCENZO  
 Rescue her?

MARQUIS  
 She must be liberated, Vincenzo.

VINCENZO  
 But how?

MARQUIS  
Emancipated. Set free. Taken.

VINCENZO  
If only there were some way.

The Marquis stops and faces Vincenzo, spelling it out.

MARQUIS  
Removed from the wall and carried to  
another place.

Vincenzo stares in amazement at the Marquis. Behind them,  
in an open window, Vermeer's "Kitchen Maid" stands, pouring  
a pitcher of milk into a bowl.

VINCENZO  
You want to steal the Mona Lisa?

The Kitchen Maid drops her pitcher, which smashes to  
smithereens.

79 EXT. LOUVRE. (DAY)

The Marquis and Vincenzo are approaching the Louvre.

MARQUIS  
I do understand your feelings about  
theft, Vincenzo, and I find them to  
be highly commendable.

The Marquis places his arm across Vincenzo's shoulder.

MARQUIS (CONT'D)  
But, Vincenzo, let us talk about  
stealing, versus, say, returning.

VINCENZO  
We'd return her?

MARQUIS  
Let us talk about correcting a  
terrible wrong.

VINCENZO  
What wrong?

The Marquis stops Vincenzo and stares deeply into his eyes.  
A short distance from them a VIOLINIST begins to play, filling  
the day with Italian music.

MARQUIS  
Our beloved Mona Lisa was the victim  
of a callous abduction, Vincenzo.  
Napoleon kidnapped her when he invaded  
Italy. He took our Mona Lisa back  
to France as a souvenir. A souvenir,  
Vincenzo. A sordid spoil of war.  
She must be brought back to our  
motherland!

They have come to the entrance to the Louvre and the Marquis starts to open the door.

VINCENZO  
You can't do that.

MARQUIS  
But you can, Vincenzo. You can.

VINCENZO  
No, I mean come into the Louvre.  
It's Monday. The Louvre is closed  
to visitors on Monday.

The Marquis freezes and his eyes begin to flick back and forth.

MARQUIS  
Ah, yes. I forgot.

VINCENZO  
Only essential staff is allowed in.

MARQUIS  
(a bright light)  
And the guards?

VINCENZO  
Most have the day off. They're just  
a few guards.

MARQUIS  
A few like -- how many "a few"?

VINCENZO  
I don't know. It's hard to tell.  
They come straggling in bit by bit  
all morning.

MARQUIS  
Starting when?

VINCENZO  
When what?

MARQUIS  
Starting when do they start their  
inward straggling?

VINCENZO  
Well, that's hard to tell. They're  
supposed to be in by seven when the  
night shift guards leave, but they  
say that no one's ever in by then.

MARQUIS  
An hour late? Two hours?

VINCENZO  
I don't know.  
(MORE)

VINCENZO (CONT'D)

I've only worked one Monday, but I came in early and I didn't see any guards until eight.

The Marquis can barely control himself. He puts his hands on Vincenzo's shoulders and nearly shakes him with excitement.

MARQUIS

So, what you're telling me, Vincenzo -- what you have so astutely observed -- is that on Monday mornings -- on the day following the Sabbath -- between seven and eight a.m. -- for one entire hour, there's not a guard in the whole -- pardon my French -- fucking building.

VINCENZO

I have to get back to work.

80 EXT. LOUVRE MUSEUM. (EVENING)

Vincenzo, carrying his lunch-pail in one hand and his toolbox in the other, emerges from the Louvre at the end of his work day. Almost immediately he is joined by the Marquis.

MARQUIS

We must rescue the Mona Lisa, Vincenzo.

VINCENZO

You've been waiting all this time for me?

MARQUIS

I have, my friend. The matter at hand is an urgent one. You must bring the Mona Lisa back to Italy. Monday.

VINCENZO

Monday? This Monday.

MARQUIS

This Monday.

VINCENZO

How would we ever --

MARQUIS

Not we, Vincenzo. You. Italians for Italy. You must save her.

VINCENZO

On Monday.

MARQUIS

On Monday.

VINCENZO

Why Monday?

MARQUIS

Because, as you so brilliantly pointed out, there is an hour time period when there are no guards on Monday.

VINCENZO

That's what happened last Monday.

MARQUIS

After you remove the painting, you can tuck it under your smock and take the bus to your apartment.

VINCENZO

You want me to take the Mona Lisa on a bus -- on Monday?

MARQUIS

They'll question the taxi drivers, but no one will ever guess you took a bus.

VINCENZO

You want me to take a bus back to my apartment with the Mona Lisa tucked under my smock? On Monday?

The Marquis stops walking and faces Vincenzo.

MARQUIS

Perhaps, we shouldn't focus so much on the specific day of the week until we've mastered the basic concept.

VINCENZO

I have to get home. I'm going to a concert with Daphné tonight. It's very special. Stravinsky has a new ballet and it's sold out so he's letting us sit backstage. Good-bye.

The Marquis grabs Vincenzo tightly by his jacket sleeve.

VINCENZO (CONT'D)

Why are you grabbing my coat?

MARQUIS

Because we've not a second to lose, my friend. We must continue our discussion tonight.

81 INT. THEATER/WINGS (NIGHT)

The premiere performance of Stravinsky's "Firebird Suite" ballet -- seen from the wings. Picasso, Braque, Apollinaire, Chagall and Gris, sit on small chairs, enthralled. Vincenzo is not. He who sits between a distraught Daphné and a persistent Marquis, still in his Itltian masquerade.

MARQUIS

(in Vincenzo's ear)

There's a painters' closet across from the Mona Lisa. As soon as it's announced that the museum is closing, you duck into it, taking a worker's smock with you, so, if anyone sees you in the morning, they'll think you're one of the cleaning staff.

Vincenzo is about to respond, but a LOUD DISSONANT CHORD OF MUSIC, makes him jump from his seat.

82 EXT. QUAI/ PORT DU LOUVRE (DAY)

Vincenzo sits by the river, eating a baguette and salami and drinking wine from a bottle. The Marquis sits next to him.

MARQUIS

You get off the bus and hide the painting in your apartment. Then you get the next bus to the Louvre. You'll be back to work by nine o'clock. For the next month you lay low while things cool down. Then, to complete our plan to bring the Mona Lisa back to Italy, we meet at Place St. Sulpice, in one month exactly, that would be a Wednesday.

VINCENZO

If I hide all night in the Louvre, run to my apartment with the Mona Lisa, and then run right back to the Louvre, when do I buy lunch?

MARQUIS

The day before?

VINCENZO

You want me to buy bread the day before I'm going to eat it?

83 EXT. CAFÉ MAROC. (NIGHT)

The Marquis is slicing a sausage in his couscous.

MARQUIS

I was beginning to understand why it had taken Daphné so long to land Vincenzo.

84 INT. LOUVRE/ SALON CARRÉ (DAY) -- DAY

Vincenzo walks into the salon. He looks for Daphné, but where her easel usually stands, there is only an empty space. He looks over at the Mona Lisa, then at the Caravaggio that Daphné was copying, then back at the blank space where Daphné stood, then back at the Mona Lisa.

MARQUIS (V.O.)

And then something quite unexpected happened.

85 EXT. LOUVRE MUSEUM/FRONT -- EVENING

The Workers are leaving the museum. The Marquis, in his Giuseppe attire, waits on a bench as Vincenzo exits. Vincenzo stops, sees the Marquis, walks over and sits down him.

VINCENZO

Okay, I'll do it.

MARQUIS

(stunned)

You will?

VINCENZO

But only on one condition. We will return with the Mona Lisa to Italy and give it to the Uffizi museum, but, in return, they must give Daphné a church.

MARQUIS

Daphné wants a church?

VINCENZO

No, I want the church for Daphné. To paint the ceiling. It will be my wedding gift to her -- a surprise, so you must give me your word that you will not tell her. Do you agree?

MARQUIS

You're that sure of your relationship with Daphné, that she will marry you and move to Italy and devote her life to painting a church ceiling?

VINCENZO

You can never be certain what will happen in a relationship, Giuseppe -- but Daphné needs to paint for her soul. That is why I have sworn an oath to Saint Dymphna, the Patron Saint of Mental Illness. May I go crazy if I do not do this for her.

MARQUIS

And amen to that.

86 EXT. CAFÉ MAROC. (NIGHT)

The Marquis's eyes are misting.

MARQUIS

What devotion. In Vincenzo's mind, Daphné was to become the next Michaelangelo. A stirring concept.

(MORE)

MARQUIS (CONT'D)

Absolutely stirring. He would bring the Mona Lisa back to Italy and trade it for a church with a blank ceiling.  
(shrugs)  
Sadly, it was not to be.

NIGEL

Because you had no intention of ever bringing the Mona Lisa back to Italy.

The Marquis smiles slyly and takes a drink of wine.

MARQUIS

I kept my word. I told Daphné only that Vincenzo had agreed to steal the Mona Lisa out of patriotism. I said nothing about a church ceiling for her to paint. I was a little concerned that if she learned of the depth of Vincenzo's devotion, she might nix the entire enterprise. To Daphné's credit, she did nothing to dissuade Vincenzo, and so it seemed that we had now thought of everything.

87 EXT. LOUVRE. (DAY)

Early morning traffic. A police car pulls up to the Louvre.

MARQUIS (V.O.)

What I hadn't foreseen was that the Louvre would turn my brilliant warning letter over to Louis Lépine.

Louis Lépine steps out of the police car and walks toward the Louvre entrance, the Marquis's letter in his hand.

88 INT. LOUVRE/ SALON CARRÉ. (DAY)

Lépine walks down the gallery with HOMOLLE, 60'S, Louvre Director, and Bénédite, the Marquis's letter in his hands.

HOMOLLE

We expect the Mona Lisa to be in her case within days.

LÉPINE

And until then, how many guards will be posted?

Homolle turns to Bénédite, who is caught off-guard.

HOMOLLE

How many guards will be posted?

BÉNÉDITE

(thinking fast)

Two. I had planned on posting two guards.

Lépine has reached the door to the Porte Visconti. He tries it and finds it locked.

HOMOLLE  
(pleased with himself)  
No way out. Anyone trying to flee would be trapped. All the doors to the outside are kept locked.

LÉPINE  
Excellent. When was the last time the locks were changed?

HOMOLLE  
(mumbling to himself)  
When was the last time the locks were changed...?

Homolle looks at Bénédite, who shrugs.

HOMOLLE (CONT'D)  
We'll have them changed as soon as possible. We'll issue new keys.

LÉPINE  
Today. Start with this door. It's the most vulnerable.

HOMOLLE  
(to Bénédite)  
Start with this door, since it's the most vulnerable.

LÉPINE  
Good. And if you could not repeat every word I say immediately after I say it, I'd be extremely grateful. It's driving me a little crazy.

And the group moves off, as CAMERA MOVES IN to the lock.

89 EXT. VINCENZO'S APARTMENT (NIGHT)

Vincenzo can be seen through the window, his hands working away, putting final touches on his trunk.

MARQUIS (V.O.)  
While Lépine was making life difficult for us, Vincenzo spent his evenings building a trunk with a secret compartment, working with a Neopolitan devotion not seen since Gepetto chiseled out Pinocchio.

90 INT. VINCENZO'S APARTMENT (DAY)

Daphné lies in bed, wearing Vincenzo's unbuttoned shirt, eating an orange. Vincenzo stands in his drawers by a table on which his new trunk rests. He is showing Daphné how to move the wedges in its side to reveal the false bottom drawer. The drawer pops open and Daphné laughs and applauds.

DAPHNÉ  
That's wonderful, Vincenzo!

Vincenzo smiles, shuts and locks the drawer, then climbs back into bed next to Daphné.

DAPHNÉ (CONT'D)  
(chewing)  
This is a very good orange.

VINCENZO  
My cousin Gaetano has a stand in Les Halles. He saves me the best.

DAPHNÉ  
We still have twenty minutes before you have to be back to work. How's your energy?

VINCENZO  
Good. It's good.

Daphné smiles, then they kiss.

91 EXT. QUAI DES TUILERIES (DAY)

Three bright oranges being juggled bob up and down from behind and over a high wall along the quai. The oranges move ahead with the juggler -- just a wall and three oranges circling in the air above it. The wall comes to an end, revealing Vincenzo juggling oranges, Daphné beside him, savoring every moment as though it will be her last with him.

92 INT. LOUVRE/ SALON CARRÉ (DAY)

The Mona Lisa, now encased in her glass, is being hoisted up and hung on the wall by Vincenzo and a fellow worker, GIOVANNI. Daphné stands by her easel near the Mona Lisa, as behind her, Bénéдите and Homolle supervise.

The effect of the Mona Lisa under glass is an eerie one. She appears entombed, a result of the reflections in the glass. Homolle and Bénéдите seem not to notice.

HOMOLLE  
Good work, Perugia. The case is perfect for her.  
(to the guards)  
You won't be needed anymore.  
(turning to Bénéдите)  
I'm taking a vacation with my wife next week. Don't bother me unless the Louvre burns down or the Mona Lisa is stolen.

Vincenzo drops his screwdriver with a loud clang on to the marble floor. He hurriedly picks it up.

VINCENZO  
(flustered)  
Scusi.

Homolle nods and walks off with Bénédite, Giovanni trailing a short distance behind, leaving Vincenzo alone with Daphné, the two of them staring at the Mona Lisa behind her glass.

VINCENZO (CONT'D)

There will be no more like her. She is the very last.

(silence)

But in two days she'll be free.

Daphné looks at Vincenzo, who takes Daphné gently by the hand and leads her over to the door of the painters' closet. They look at each other, then simultaneously look behind them to make certain they are unobserved. Then, in perfect step, they disappear into the closet. In the shadows, the Marquis watches with displeasure.

93 EXT. LOUVRE (DAY)

Daphné exits the Louvre and starts walking across the large courtyard. In a few steps, the Marquis is at her side.

MARQUIS

We need to talk, sweetheart.

DAPHNÉ

I don't want to talk, Eddie. You've got what you wanted. Vincenzo is stealing the Mona Lisa. What is there to talk about?

MARQUIS

Us.

94 EXT. JARDIN DES TUILERIES (DAY)

The Marquis and Daphné walk down the wide path through the gardens. They pass by men strolling with women holding umbrellas, and then the YOUNG WOMAN IN THE STRAW HAT from the restaurant, now sitting on a large swing. She smiles at the Marquis, who nods back at her.

DAPHNÉ

Okay, so I like Vincenzo. He's a nice guy. A really nice guy. You could learn something from him, Eddie. Actually, you could learn a lot from him.

MARQUIS

So what happens?

DAPHNÉ

What happens with what?

MARQUIS

What happens when he finds out that this is all a scam? What happens when he finds out that you've been using him?

Daphné stops, looks at the Marquis, and lets out a long sigh.

DAPHNÉ

Then I suppose he becomes a very nice memory. That's what happens. Thanks for asking.

Daphné continues to look at the Marquis, then turns and walks away, but in a few steps her sadness gets the best of her and she sits on a bench, staring glumly ahead. In a moment, the Marquis appears and sits beside her. They sit in silence for a moment.

DAPHNÉ (CONT'D)

I think if Vincenzo ever knew what was really going on, it would just about kill him, Eddie.

MARQUIS

Well, I suppose love conquers all.

DAPHNÉ

No, you don't.

The Marquis nods. She's right.

DAPHNÉ (CONT'D)

And it doesn't.

MARQUIS

(smiling)

Sometimes I am just amazed at how much we have in common, baby.

DAPHNÉ

I'm not.

MARQUIS

By the way, the last bid came in today, along with a second bid from the Commodore. He upped his ante to three million just to be sure. Good thing, too, because he would have finished fourth.

(turns to Daphné)

I want to marry you, Daphné.

Daphné cracks up in laughter, then sees that the Marquis is deadly serious, and cuts it off sharply.

MARQUIS (CONT'D)

I want to have what I've never had. A marriage. A son. A daughter. A new start. I want to start over.

There is something sad and moving about this for Daphné.

DAPHNÉ

Call off stealing the Mona Lisa, Eddie.

Daphné and the Marquis look at each other.

MARQUIS  
I can't do that.

Smiles come to their faces.

DAPHNÉ  
And there you have it.

MARQUIS  
There you have it.

As their smiles fade, the Marquis looks over in silence at Daphné for a moment, wanting to say something, but nothing comes, so he gets up to leave.

MARQUIS (CONT'D)  
By the way, this is the time to break it off with Vincenzo, before something goes wrong. If you can't do it, I'll be more than happy to do it for you.

DAPHNÉ  
You wouldn't dare tell him, Eddie.  
It'd blow everything.

One look at Eddie tells her she's wrong.

DAPHNÉ (CONT'D)  
Fine. I'll break it off.

MARQUIS  
Tonight.

DAPHNÉ  
Tonight.

95 INT. VINCENZO'S APARTMENT (NIGHT)

Once again, Daphné and Vincenzo are in bed. Daphné is drinking wine, while, beside her, Vincenzo peels an orange.

DAPHNÉ  
There were eleven kids in your family?

VINCENZO  
Nine girls and my brother, Pasquale.  
We're very close. He's an attorney  
in Florence.

DAPHNÉ  
You had nine sisters?

VINCENZO  
Still do.

DAPHNÉ  
Well, Vincenzo -- they taught you  
good.

Daphné takes another drink, then looks over at Vincenzo, savoring their last moments together.

DAPHNÉ (CONT'D)

Put down the orange, Vincenzo. It's time again.

Vincenzo smiles and sets the orange on a table. Then he kisses Daphné, who throws her arms around him. They continue to kiss as they slide downwards on the bed. Suddenly, there is a LOUD BANGING on the door and it crashes open, revealing the Marquis, unrecognizable to Vincenzo since he is no longer in his Giuseppe Peruggia masquerade. Daphné and Vincenzo jump and, instinctively, grab the sheets around their necks.

MARQUIS

What the hell is going on, Daphné?!

VINCENZO

(in shock and confusion)  
Who's he?

Daphné looks at the Marquis, then at Vincenzo, then back at the Marquis.

DAPHNÉ

Neville! Thank God you're safe!

96 EXT. LOUVRE. (EVENING)

SUPER: SUNDAY EVENING, AUGUST 19, 1911.

It is closing time. The last visitors are leaving the Louvre.

97 INT. LOUVRE/SALON CARRÉ (NIGHT)

A GUARD is ushering VISITORS out of the Louvre. A man with his back to us, wearing a long smock, is sweeping the floor in front of the Mona Lisa. When the Guard disappears, the sweeper turns. It's Vincenzo. He looks around to make certain he's not being seen, and then heads for the closet door a short distance away. Just as he puts his hand on the doorknob, a voice calls softly to him, causing him to jump.

DAPHNÉ

(whispering)  
Vincenzo....

Vincenzo looks around the corner, from where the voice came, and finds Daphné there.

VINCENZO

You shouldn't be here. The museum's closed.

DAPHNÉ

I'll say I got lost and couldn't find my way out. I have to talk to you before you... before I...

Daphné can't finish the sentence.

VINCENZO

Before you go away.

DAPHNÉ

Yes. I'll wait until I'm certain everything went okay, but then I have to go away.

VINCENZO

With Neville.

DAPHNÉ

(a sigh)

With Neville.

VINCENZO

Do you still love him? I ask only because you didn't seem as happy to see him as I would've thought under the circumstances. Of course, when he walked in, you were having sex with another man.

DAPHNÉ

It's a very complicated situation, Vincenzo. I just wanted to say good-bye before I left, that's all. And I wanted to be sure you knew that I --

VINCENZO

I know.

DAPHNÉ

No, really, Vincenzo, I have to say this.

VINCENZO

I know everything you want to say.

DAPHNÉ

I love you.

VINCENZO

I know that, too.

DAPHNÉ

Do you love me?

VINCENZO

I have to go hide in my closet.

DAPHNÉ

Why won't you tell me whether you love me?

VINCENZO

Because you already know.

DAPHNÉ

Suppose I just want to hear it before I go?

VINCENZO

You've heard it. You hear it now.  
It's like a shout.

Tears come to Daphné's eyes. She leans forward and kisses Vincenzo. Then she looks into his eyes.

DAPHNÉ

Are you certain you still want to do  
this?

VINCENZO

Yes. I'm certain.

DAPHNÉ

Buy why?

VINCENZO

I have my reasons. You'll know soon.

Daphné nods, stares teary-eyed at Vincenzo.

DAPHNÉ

I will miss you very much, Vincenzo.

Daphné puts her arms around Vincenzo for a last passionate kiss, and then hurries off. Vincenzo watches her go, lets out a long and soulful sigh, and then, finally, peeks around the corner. The hall is empty, so he grabs the broom beside him, scoots around the wall and ducks inside the closet.

98 EXT. LOUVRE. (NIGHT)

A horse-drawn carriage passes by the Louvre, which is dark except for the glow of the night-watchmen's lanterns illuminating first one window, then the next, as they make their rounds.

99 INT. LOUVRE/CLOSET. (NIGHT)

Vincenzo sits on the floor of the closet, moonlight streaming in the small window in the far wall where several pigeons roost. Vincenzo breaks off a piece of bread, then cuts a slice from a large salami with his penknife. He takes a bite, then looks up at the pigeons on the window ledge.

VINCENZO

Supper time for you, too.

Vincenzo gets up, opens the window, and begins to feed the pigeons morsels of bread. In a few seconds, the window is jammed with feeding pigeons.

VINCENZO (CONT'D)

Mangia, mangia.

100 EXT. LOUVRE/GALLERY. (NIGHT)

François and Antoine walk through a gallery, TALKING, their lanterns casting a flickering orange glow on the paintings lining the walls.

They come to the Salon Carré and pass the door to Vincenzo's closet. They slow down.

There is the LOUD SOUND OF PIGEON COOING. The two men come to a stop and look around.

ANTOINE  
The pigeons must be migrating.

FRANÇOIS  
In August?

101 INT. LOUVRE/CLOSET. (NIGHT)

Vincenzo, having heard the two guards talking outside his door, is trying to shush the birds in the window.

VINCENZO  
Shush. Shushhhh....

102 INT. LOUVRE/SALON CARRÉ. (NIGHT)

François and Antoine are still listening.

FRANÇOIS  
Do you hear that?

ANTOINE  
The pigeons?

FRANÇOIS  
No, no, it's like air escaping from something -- sushhhhhh --

ANTOINE  
Sssssss?

FRANÇOIS  
No, no, not ssssss. Shushhhhh.

ANTOINE  
Ssssshhhhhushhhh?

FRANÇOIS  
(frustrated)  
No, no! Just shushhhhh.

ANTOINE  
Shushhhhhh?

FRANÇOIS  
Right. Shushhhhh.

ANTOINE  
(listens, then)  
Nope. I just hear coo. Coo, coo,  
coo, coo, coooooooooo.

François hits Antoine in the shoulder in frustration and the two men start away, pushing and shoving each other.

103 INT. LOUVRE/CLOSET. (NIGHT)

Vincenzo wipes his brow and breathes a sigh of relief.

VINCENZO

Okay, you birds go! Va via!

Vincenzo waves his arm to shoo the birds and a chunk of bread in his hand goes shooting across the closet -- followed immediately by several birds. Vincenzo reacts in a panic and dashes to shoo them out -- in the process tripping over an easel and some paintings.

It is like Bastille Day. One easel CRASHES LOUDLY into another, paintings collide and fall, birds fly everywhere. Vincenzo could have set off fireworks in the closet and not have made as much noise.

104 INT. LOUVRE/GALLERY. (NIGHT)

The two guards stand in shock as the LOUVRE IS FILLED WITH THE SOUND OF CRASHING. Then they race back whence they came.

105 INT. LOUVRE/CLOSET. (NIGHT)

Vincenzo is breaking his remaining bread and throwing it against the door. Then he dives for cover under a paint-cloth.

106 INT. SALON CARRÉ. (NIGHT)

François and Antoine run into the gallery and over to Vincenzo's closet. They throw open the door and are hit head-on with a flock of pigeons.

ANTOINE

Shut the door! Quick! Close it!

François slams the door and the two men lean against it.

ANTOINE (CONT'D)

Now don't open it again, you idiot,  
or we'll be spending all night chasing  
pigeons.

François nods that he is in agreement, and the guards leave.

107 INT. LOUVRE/CLOSET. (NIGHT)

Under the tarp, the head of Vincenzo appears to be following the FOOTSTEPS FADING AWAY. Then there is a MUFFLED SIGH, followed by a MUFFLED YAWN, and, slowly, the shape under the canvas tilts until it is lying on the floor, followed by the MUFFLED SOUND OF SNORING.

108 EXT. LOUVRE/ FRONT (DAY)

Morning traffic in front of the Louvre. A horse-drawn milk wagon goes across the cobblestones, followed by a motorcar.

109 EXT. LOUVRE/ SIDE ENTRANCE (DAY)

A door opens and François and Antoine exit sleepily with their lunch-pails. They squint at the brightness, light up cigarettes, and walk away into the orange early-morning sun -- through a small group of pigeons at their feet.

ANTOINE  
(talking to the pigeons)  
Coo. Coo, coo, coo. Cooooooo.

François shoves Antoine, who shoves back, and the two of them disappear down into the Metro, pushing and shoving.

110 EXT/INT. QUAI VOLTAIRE/ TAXI (DAY)

Directly opposite the Louvre on the other side of the Seine, Daphné and the Marquis sit in a taxi, luggage on its roof.

111 INT/EXT. QUAI VOLTAIRE/ TAXI. (DAY)

Daphné is nervous. She looks over at the Marquis, who glances at his watch.

MARQUIS  
It's seven-thirty. Where the hell  
is he?

112 INT. LOUVRE/ CLOSET (DAY)

The light coming in the keyhole illuminates the shape of Vincenzo sleeping, still rolled in the tarp, the remains of a salami at his feet. Suddenly, there is the SOUND OF TWO MEN'S VOICES. Vincenzo startles awake and throws off the tarp. He looks around trying to get his bearings, then sees the light coming through the keyhole, and it comes to him. He looks down at his watch.

VINCENZO  
Mama mia!

Vincenzo slides on his knees and looks out the keyhole. The hall is empty, the Mona Lisa hanging on the wall in her case.

Vincenzo reaches in his pocket and pulls out the skeleton key that the Marquis gave him, looks at it, then drops it back into his pocket and slowly opens the closet door. He looks to his right and left. Nobody. Then he grabs the broom and steps from the closet, leaving the door ajar.

113 INT. LOUVRE/ SALON CARRÉ (DAY)

Giving a not particularly convincing imitation of a sweeper, Vincenzo "sweeps" his way quickly up to the Mona Lisa. He looks around him, puts down his broom, and, taking a deep breath, reaches up and removes the case with the Mona Lisa from the wall. Then, struggling under the weight, Vincenzo moves back to the closet, ducks inside, and the door closes.

114 INT/EXT. QUAI VOLTAIRE/ TAXI. (DAY)

Daphné and the Marquis sit staring anxiously at the Louvre.

MARQUIS

I can't see the Porte Visconti.  
There's a tree blocking it.

DAPHNÉ

I can see it fine.

MARQUIS

Well, I can't.  
(to the driver)  
Move the car up a few meters.

DRIVER

That's a bus stop, monsieur.

MARQUIS

Do you see a bus? Just move it up,  
will ya. Move it up.

DRIVER

Oui, monsieur.

The driver shifts into gear and starts to move the car forward -- just as a bus is pulling into the stop. The bus smashes the driver's side fender as it passes, totally destroying it.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Merde!

115 INT. LOUVRE/ CLOSET (DAY)

Vincenzo wipes some small beads of perspiration from his forehead, then glances at his watch. It is seven forty-five. He pulls a screwdriver from his pocket, then hurriedly starts to remove the screws. Suddenly, there is the SOUND OF VOICES. Vincenzo freezes in shock, then looks through the keyhole.

116 INT. LOUVRE/ SALON CARRÉ (DAY)

VINCENZO'S POV (KEYHOLE EFFECT) -- TWO WORKMEN in knee-length smocks are walking past the empty space where a few minutes before the Mona Lisa was hanging.

WORKER 1

Where's the Mona Lisa?

Worker 2 looks around. Vincenzo's eyes open in horror.

WORKER 2

They've probably taken her to the  
photographers. Books, postcards,  
souvenirs -- she spends more time  
being photographed than seen.

Worker 1 nods, and the two men resume walking as Claude appears from the other direction, their paths crossing.

CLAUDE  
Where's the Mona Lisa?

WORKER 1  
Photographers.

CLAUDE  
Ah.

117 INT. LOUVRE/ CLOSET (DAY)

Vincenzo is frozen in shock.

VINCENZO  
(stunned)  
The morning guards are here already.

Vincenzo looks around, wondering what to do -- he stares at the Mona Lisa, then takes a deep breath, wipes the perspiration from his forehead, and resolutely resumes removing the screws from the case.

118 EXT. QUAI VOLTAIRE (DAY)

The BUS DRIVER stands nose to nose with the TAXI DRIVER, shouting. Daphné sits in the taxi, eyes on the Louvre, arms folded across her chest in disgust at the Marquis, who sits glumly beside her.

DAPHNÉ  
(terse sarcasm)  
And we can't get out of the taxi because we don't want to be seen anywhere near the Louvre on the day the Mona Lisa is stolen. Brilliant, Eddie, just brilliant.

119 INT. LOUVRE/ CLOSET (DAY)

Vincenzo, brow covered with perspiration, removes the last screw from the case, then freezes at the sound of voices.

120 INT. LOUVRE/ SALON CARRÉ (DAY)

Two other workman, GUY and GILBERT, are walking past the empty Mona Lisa space.

GILBERT  
I hear they've taken her to the photographers again.

GUY  
No, no. I was just at the photographers. He says they must be restoring her.

Gilbert sees the broom propped against the wall, goes over and takes it, and the two men continue down the hallway.

## 121 INT. LOUVRE/ CLOSET (DAY)

Vincenzo lets out a breath of air, then slowly takes the frame off the Mona Lisa, leaving only the panel with her portrait. He looks at his watch. It is seven-fifty.

He quickly hoists the panel under his smock, then removes the brass key from his pocket, and, believing the coast to be clear, he walks nonchalantly into the hall with the world's most valuable object underneath his smock, and the key to his escape clutched in his hand.

He reaches the door quickly and then, clutching the Mona Lisa to his chest with one arm, he sticks the key in the lock. It doesn't work. Vincenzo's eyes open in pure terror.

Frantically, he tries the key several times, with no success. Down the hall, a worker appears with a pail of water, and begins to mop the floor -- directly in front of the painters' closet. Vincenzo looks in horror. There's no way back.

## 122 EXT. QUAI VOLTAIRE (DAY)

Bedlam. The Taxi Driver and Bus Driver shout at each other. TWO DOZEN PASSENGERS, now out of the bus, shout at them both. NEIGHBORS and PASSERS-BY join in. Inside the taxi, Daphné sits next to the Marquis, tapping her fingers on her lap.

DAPHNÉ

Give me some money, Eddie.

MARQUIS

I'm not paying for this. He should've looked first to see if a bus was coming. I told him to move up, not into a bus.

DAPHNÉ

(on a slow burn)

You know who comes to accidents, Eddie? Police come to accidents. They ask lots of questions. They take everybody's name. If they're alert, they even catch people across the street stealing paintings from the Louvre.

(shouting)

Now give me the goddam money!

## 123 INT. LOUVRE/ SALON CARRÉ (DAY)

Vincenzo, perspiring and panicky, one hand holding the Mona Lisa under his smock, the other with a screwdriver, is removing the knob from the door. He quickly sticks it in his pocket, and starts to work on removing the cover plate to the lock so he can remove the door's locking mechanism.

Suddenly, Vincenzo sees Sauvet, the Louvre's plumber, heading for him. Instantly, Vincenzo shoves the screwdriver into his pocket and turns to Sauvet, who is now only steps away.

VINCENZO

Damn tourists! They've even stolen  
the doorknobs.

Sauvet looks down at the knobless door and pushes on it.

SAUVET

They changed the lock yesterday.  
I've got the new key.

Sauvet reaches in his pocket, takes out a chain with a dozen keys on it, and sticks one into the door. He tries to turn it, but nothing happens. Vincenzo is having a mild heart attack. Sauvet pulls the key from the lock and looks at it.

SAUVET (CONT'D)

Ah, this is the old key. Where the hell is -- Maybe it's on my other key chain -- I'm not sure I -- Let's try this one....

VINCENZO

Yes, let's.

Sauvet sticks his key in the door. It turns and the door opens. Vincenzo lets out a sigh and gestures for Sauvet to proceed him. Sauvet shakes his head.

SAUVET

I have to lock it after you.

Vincenzo nods and enters the door, followed by Sauvet, who closes the door and then locks it. Vincenzo looks numbly at the locked door. Now there's no way back.

124 EXT/INT. QUAI VOLTAIRE/ TAXI (DAY)

Daphné has her arm out the window of the cab. In it is a wad of bills, waving back and forth. The Bus Driver, still shouting at the Taxi Driver, sees the bills flapping up and down. He stops shouting and nods toward the money. The Taxi Driver turns and sees. His eyebrows raise with interest.

DAPHNÉ

Yoohoo....

125 INT. STAIRWAY/ SECOND FLOOR (DAY)

Sauvet is unlocking a door to the second floor. Vincenzo is continuing down the stairs past him.

SAUVET

On Mondays, Sophie puts an extra bottle of wine in my box if you'd like to join me for lunch.

VINCENZO

Wine. Yes. I'd like that.

Sauvet opens the door and disappears, followed by the SOUND OF IT BEING LOCKED.

Instantly, Vincenzo collapses into a sitting position on the steps, gathering himself together.

126 INT. STAIRWAY/ GROUND FLOOR (DAY)

Vincenzo opens the door and looks out. There is a courtyard with a gate to the street, past which is morning rush hour traffic. Beside the gate, stands a guard, YVES. Vincenzo quickly shuts the door in a panic and looks back up the stairs. He knows there is no way out but straight ahead.

Vincenzo collapses with his back against the wall, desperately trying to think of a solution. He looks down the front of his smock at the Mona Lisa and lets out a deep sigh.

Suddenly, out the door he hears LOUD WHINNYING. He opens the door a crack. Just entering the gate is a wagon drawn by two large horses. The Guard gestures to the DRIVERS and then walks with them toward a loading platform on the other side on the courtyard.

Vincenzo knows this is his only chance. He slips outside. The door shuts behind him -- and locks.

127 EXT. COURTYARD BY PORTE VISCONTI (DAY)

The Guard is directing the wagon and has his back to Vincenzo. Vincenzo walks quickly across the courtyard. When Vincenzo is midway across the courtyard, Yves shouts out.

YVES (O.S.)

Hey, where the hell do you think  
you're going!?

Vincenzo freezes and turns toward Yves, but his words are directed at the driver of the wagon, and his back is still to Vincenzo.

YVES (CONT'D)

(to the wagon driver)

The loading dock is over there!

And Vincenzo, a nervous wreck by now, scoots away.

128 EXT. LOUVRE/ QUAI DES TUILERIES (DAY)

Vincenzo, clutching the painting under his smock, gets to the street beyond the gate and lets out a plaintive sigh.

VINCENZO

This is the last time I'm doing this.  
The very last.

Vincenzo starts walking along the sidewalk, reaching in his pocket as he goes, removing the doorknob, and tossing it into a grassy area beside the Seine.

VINCENZO (CONT'D)

The next da Vinci that needs to go  
back to Italy, someone else can take  
it.

And Vincenzo continues walking quickly down the street along the Seine to a bus stop, trying to look as inconspicuous as a man with the Mona Lisa under his coat might look.

129 INT/EXT. QUAI VOLTAIRE/ TAXI (DAY)

The bus is pulling away, its passengers back on board. In the front seat, the Taxi Driver is happily counting his money.

DAPHNÉ

Vincenzo's out. He's at the bus stop.

The Marquis looks at the bus stop and his eyes open in shock.

MARQUIS

Why is he taking that bus? It's the opposite direction of his apartment. It goes to the Prefecture.

As he talks, a bus is pulling up to Vincenzo's stop.

DAPHNÉ

The police station? That bus goes to the police station? He must have gotten confused.

130 EXT. QUAI DES TUILERIES/ BUS STOP (DAY)

Vincenzo boards the bus along with the other riders. Just before the doors close, TWO POLICEMEN jump on board.

131 INT/EXT. BUS (DAY)

Vincenzo stands on the crowded bus. All around him are POLICE on their way to work. It is as though he has stepped on to a gendarme transport. The expression on Vincenzo's face as he stands with the Mona Lisa tucked in his smock, surrounded by police, attempting to look innocent, is indescribable.

The bus stops and four more POLICEMEN squeeze on.

132 INT/EXT. QUAI VOLTAIRE/ TAXI (DAY)

The Marquis and Daphné follow the bus, a safe distance behind.

DAPHNÉ

He must be too nervous to get off. He doesn't want to arouse suspicions.

MARQUIS

Or he thinks the entire national police force is coming over to his apartment for breakfast.

133 INT/EXT. BUS (DAY)

Vincenzo seems to have recognized his mistake. He is pushing off the bus, past the policemen and others.

VINCENZO  
 Scusi. Perdonne. I'm getting off  
 here. Scusi. Grazie.

And Vincenzo manages to get to the door and off the bus.

134 INT/EXT. QUAI VOLTAIRE/ TAXI (DAY)

The Marquis and Daphné watch the bus pull away, leaving Vincenzo standing by himself at the curb.

DAPHNÉ  
 We have to pick him up. We can't  
 leave him standing there with the  
 Mona Lisa up his coat.

But before they can move, Vincenzo dashes across the street, just as a bus arrives, and jumps on it. They watch out the taxi window as the bus passes by and Vincenzo, unaware of their presence, moves down the aisle between the seats.

DAPHNÉ (CONT'D)  
 We have to make sure he gets home  
 okay.

MARQUIS  
 We do?

DAPHNÉ  
 Yes. We do.

135 EXT. VINCENZO'S APARTMENT (DAY)

The taxi sits parked down the street, the Marquis and Daphné waiting in it. A bus appears and Vincenzo gets off. He hurries across the street, clutching his smock tightly, and disappears into his apartment.

136 INT/EXT. TAXI (DAY)

DAPHNÉ  
 He made it. Vincenzo made it.

The Marquis looks over at Daphné. She has a smile on her face and tears flowing down her cheeks.

137 EXT. CAFÉ MAROC. (NIGHT)

The Marquis lets out a deep sigh.

MARQUIS  
 I knew she didn't want to be coming  
 with me. But I also knew that, in  
 time, she would get over Vincenzo,  
 and I would be there for her, as I  
 had been from the day we met.

The Marquis stares in earnest at Nigel.

MARQUIS (CONT'D)

You see, from that very first night  
I saw her, sitting on a curb, her  
skirt in tatters, her face streaked  
from rivers of tears, I knew we had  
something in common that would bind  
us together forever.

A wistful smile plays quietly across the face of the Marquis.  
It is a smile etched with sadness.

MARQUIS (CONT'D)

We had no illusions.

138 INT. VINCENZO'S APARTMENT (DAY)

Vincenzo dashes in the door and closes it behind him. He  
takes the Mona Lisa from his smock, and quickly wraps it in  
a blanket. Then he carries the wrapped painting over to the  
trunk and slides out the wedges to unlock the hidden drawer.

139 EXT. VINCENZO'S APARTMENT. (DAY)

Vincenzo exits his apartment with a bottle of wine, salami  
and baguette. He sees a bus pulling up, races across the  
street and gets to the bus just as the door closes. He pounds  
on the door, it opens, he jumps on, and the bus drives off.

140 INT/EXT. TAXI. (DAY)

Daphné, her face streaked with the marks of her tears, watches  
the bus leave with Vincenzo, then turns to the Marquis.

DAPHNÉ

So, now what, Eddie?

MARQUIS

Now, baby, we get out of this country  
just as fast we can.

141 EXT. QUAI/ PORT DU LOUVRE (DAY)

Vincenzo sits on the river bank, eating lunch, nervous,  
casting glances back toward the Louvre behind him from time  
to time as he waits for the "bomb" to go off. Beside Vincenzo  
sit Sauvet and SEVERAL OTHER WORKERS, all drinking wine and  
eating lunch, their bare feet dangling over the edge of the  
wall. In front of them, a boat passes by with a half dozen  
young attractive girls on board. They wave at the men and  
call to them like yellow-haired sirens.

BLONDS

Swim to us! We need you! We love  
you! Come swim over to us!

Sauvet leaps up and starts to remove his overalls. It takes  
considerable effort from all the other men to subdue him.

142 INT. LOUVRE/ SALON CARRÉ (DAY)

Bénéдите is walking down the hall with two guards, DUPONT and RENARD. When he passes the wall where the Mona Lisa once hung, he slows down and stares at the empty space.

BÉNÉDITE

Where's the Mona Lisa?

DUPONT

At the restorers.

RENARD

At the photographers.

Bénéдите looks at Dupont, then at Renard, then back at the blank space on the wall.

143 EXT. COUNTRY INN (DAY)

Birds sing gaily as CAMERA CLOSES in to the second floor window of a lovely countryside vacation inn, through which we see Homolle sitting naked in bed, the sheets at his waist, on this splendid first morning of his vacation. His wife, MADAME FLORENCE HOMOLLE, leans against him, running her fingers through the hairs on his chest. She is a somewhat obtuse blond woman in her late fifties, but happy as a clam to have so much of her husband's attention. In the background, A PHONE STARTS TO RING.

144 EXT. LOUVRE (DAY)

Police cars and wagons everywhere. Columns of soldiers march toward the Louvre from three directions. A police car, its siren making the familiar ee-ouu-ee-ouu sound, pulls up to the curb and Louis Lépine gets out. He looks around him, sees the soldiers marching toward the building, then turns to a POLICE SERGEANT.

LÉPINE

We'd better give them something to do before they become a nuisance. Tell one company to seal all the exits and divide the rest into search parties for each floor.

SERGEANT

Excellent plan, Monsieur.

LÉPINE

(world weary)

It would be if the painting weren't half way to Marseilles by now.

As Lépine walks off, a figure hurries out the front door of the Louvre and walks to meet him -- shirt-tail out, tie half done. It is Homolle. He reaches Lépine amazingly quickly.

HOMOLLE

I can assure you that the painting is still in the building. You can't just walk out of the Louvre with the Mona Lisa under your arm.

145 INT. PORT LE HAVRE/DEBARKATION CENTER (DAY)

Daphné and the Marquis, accompanied by a PORTER with a cart piled high with luggage, enter the huge crowded hall filled with PASSENGERS, steamer trunks, CUSTOM OFFICIALS, CLERKS and so on. Through the frosted glass windows, the shape of an ocean liner can be seen. All around them, POLICE AND MILITIA are tearing madly through trunks and cartons -- in search of the Mona Lisa.

Daphné turns to the Marquis, a look of panic on her face, but the Marquis just takes her arm and smiles at the Porter.

MARQUIS

Mademoiselle was right. Sooner or later, they must put an end to all that dreadful French pornography.

146 INT. LOUVRE (DAY)

The Army is everywhere -- searching the building, looking behind statues, opening doors, shouting to each other. In the midst of this chaos, Louis Lépine and Homolle walk down the hall, toward the place where the Mona Lisa once hung.

LÉPINE

I've blocked every road leaving the city, and closed the railroad stations and ports until everything going out of France is inspected.

HOMOLLE

(preoccupied)

It's in this building somewhere.  
It's just a matter of time before we find it.

SOLDIER

Messieurs!

Lépine and Homolle look ahead of them to where A SOLDIER stands by the open door to the closet where Vincenzo hid. Two OTHER SOLDIERS are carrying out of the closet the glass case in which the Mona Lisa once rested. Behind them, another has the Mona Lisa's frame. Homolle freezes in dismay, then slowly walks over in a state of shock. As he stands there, a SOLDIER walks up to Homolle and hands him the remaining half of Vincenzo's salami.

LÉPINE

(to Homolle)

My assumption is that by removing the case and frame, the Mona Lisa becomes easier for one man to carry out of the building under his arms.

Homolle is speechless.

LÉPINE (CONT'D)  
Perhaps now would be a good time to  
discuss who might have stolen the  
Mona Lisa. Any thoughts?

Homolle, his shock turning rapidly to rage, looks down at  
the salami in his hand, then at the Mona Lisa's glass case.

HOMOLLE  
(eyes narrowing)  
I know exactly who stole her.

147 INT. HOMOLLE'S OFFICE (DAY)

Seated in front of Homolle's desk are Picasso, Braque, Gris,  
Apollinaire and Chagall, looking like school children brought  
before the principal. Lépine stands in a corner of the room,  
looking over the young men, then at Homolle sitting behind  
his desk, facing the contingent.

HOMOLLE  
Okay, boys -- where is she?

Never before in the history of culpability have so many men  
looked so innocent at the same exact moment in time -- and  
actually been innocent. It is such a unique experience for  
these young men that they haven't a clue what to do. Picasso  
rises to the occasion.

PICASSO  
Why -- is someone missing?

148 INT. ANTEROOM OF HOMOLLE'S OFFICE (DAY)

A DOZEN MEN sit on benches in the outer office, waiting to  
be questioned, among them Sauvet and Vincenzo. From behind  
the door of Homolle's office, his voice is heard screaming.

HOMOLLE (V/O)  
(shouting)  
Out! All of you! Get out of my  
office! Now! Get out!

The door opens and the men begin to file out.

HOMOLLE (CONT'D)  
(to Lépine)  
I know they took it. I'd bet my  
wife's pudenda they've got it  
somewhere.

Picasso and Braque stop in their tracks, unable to resist  
the offer, but Chagall pushes them ahead.

CHAGALL  
Forget it. Let's just get out of  
here while we still can.

As they pass Vincenzo, Picasso winks, then asks him quietly.

PICASSO

Is there a way out without passing  
all those hideous things hanging on  
the walls?

Before Vincenzo can answer, a voice coming from Homolle's  
office causes him to jump.

LÉPINE

Vincenzo Peruggia?

Picasso shrugs and moves on with the rest of the group.  
Sauvet leans over to Vincenzo and talks softly into his ear.

SAUVET

If they ask me, I'll swear I saw you  
coming into work at nine, not leaving  
at eight.

Vincenzo turns to Sauvet in shock.

VINCENZO

You know?

Sauvet nods.

SAUVET

I saw you two kissing in the hall  
last night. She's a real charmer,  
Vincenzo. You're a lucky man.

VINCENZO

(getting up)  
Yes. I'm very lucky.

149 INT. HOMOLLE'S OFFICE (DAY)

Vincenzo sits facing Homolle. Lépine continues to stand in  
the corner, studying Vincenzo and making him very nervous.

HOMOLLE

And you saw nothing unusual at all?

VINCENZO

Nothing. I came to work at nine. I  
went directly to the workshop and  
began to make a fresh pot of glue.

LÉPINE

Vincenzo?

Vincenzo startles and turns to Lépine.

VINCENZO

(nervously)  
Yes?

LÉPINE

Your fingerprints have been found  
all over the case and the frame.

Before Vincenzo can respond, Homolle interrupts.

HOMOLLE

Of course they were found all over them! He made the case!

LÉPINE

(ignoring Homolle)

So, I suppose, Vincenzo, had you wanted to steal the Mona Lisa, it would have been easy for you to do, wouldn't it? You knew how it was put together -- and how it could easily be taken apart.

Vincenzo swallows and looks, not at Lépine, but at Homolle.

VINCENZO

I came to work at nine o'clock.

LÉPINE

(nice smile)

Ah, yes. I forgot. You weren't even here when the Mona Lisa was stolen, were you?

Vincenzo nods.

LÉPINE (CONT'D)

That's all, Vincenzo. You can go.

Vincenzo gets up, surprised at not being asked more, and walks from the office. After he's gone, there is a moment of silence.

LÉPINE (CONT'D)

What do you know about him?

HOMOLLE

Vincenzo? He couldn't steal a centime from a blind man. He wasn't even here when the Mona Lisa was stolen. He came in at nine o'clock.

LÉPINE

I heard. Except we never said that the Mona Lisa was stolen before nine o'clock, did we?

SOUND SEGUE: BOAT HORN

150 INT. STATEROOM. -- DAY

Daphné stands wistfully looking out the porthole of their room, in front of which people stand throwing confetti. A voice behind Daphné causes her to turn.

MARQUIS

Bon voyage, my dear.

The Marquis holds two glasses of champagne. Daphné forces a smile and takes a glass. The Marquis raises a toast.

MARQUIS (CONT'D)  
To perfection.

DAPHNÉ  
We're not done, yet, Eddie.

MARQUIS  
I was toasting you, Daphné.

DAPHNÉ  
Oh.

Daphné clinks her glass in a toast, trying to smile through her sadness.

151 INT. VINCENZO'S APARTMENT (EVENING)

There is a loud knocking on the door. Vincenzo is walking over to answer it. He opens the door and turns white with shock. Louis Lépine stands there with three police officers.

VINCENZO  
What is it?

LÉPINE  
We've been asking employees to allow us to search their apartments. It's completely voluntary -- may we?

Vincenzo doesn't know what to say. He just continues to look at Lépine in shock.

LÉPINE (CONT'D)  
We'll be sure to leave everything as we find it.

Vincenzo nods numbly -- and the men go to work. There isn't much to search -- under the bed and mattress, in a closet, inside the stove for telltale signs of a burnt masterpiece.

LÉPINE (CONT'D)  
We've confirmed your story about coming to work at nine. One of the plumbers said he saw you arriving.  
(looking around)  
Lucky, isn't it? Most people never notice who's there at morning rush. But he specifically remembered you and the exact time he saw you.

VINCENZO  
He invited me to lunch. He had an extra bottle of wine.

Vincenzo is barely holding himself together. Lépine walks over to the trunk and opens it. It's empty.

LÉPINE

Beautiful trunk. Must've been expensive.

VINCENZO

I made it.

LÉPINE

Really. Very nice work. Going on a long trip?

VINCENZO

I may be returning to Italy.

To Vincenzo's shock, Lépine starts running his hands over the trunk and knocking its sides with his knuckles.

LÉPINE

Nice workmanship.

VINCENZO

Thank you. Will you be much longer? I'm meeting some friends.

LÉPINE

We're almost done.

Lépine looks back inside the trunk.

LÉPINE (CONT'D)

Planning on bringing a lot of things back to Italy?

Lépine looks around the room. It's obvious there aren't enough things in the room to fill a third of the trunk.

VINCENZO

Not really. But why build a small trunk now, and then have to make a larger one when I have a family?

Lépine looks up at Vincenzo and smiles. This is not the simpleton Homolle described, and Lépine appreciates dealing with someone who's a great deal cleverer than he lets on.

LÉPINE

Very true. You're a man who thinks ahead. Well, we should be going.  
(to the policemen)  
Be sure everything's back in place.  
Sorry if we disturbed you.

And Lépine shuts the door. Vincenzo stands absolutely frozen. Then, suddenly, he erupts with nervous energy, pacing frantically back and forth.

VINCENZO

Madre di Dio -- I have to get out of this room.

152 EXT. PARIS STREET (NIGHT)

Vincenzo's favorite kiosk, now overflowing with newspapers and magazines from around the world -- all with banner headlines about the theft of the Mona Lisa. The Vendor sees Vincenzo approaching and a look of dismay comes to his face -- that turns to confusion as Vincenzo stops directly in front of the kiosk, saying nothing, just staring at scores of images of the stolen Mona Lisa. Then Vincenzo sighs, walks slowly away to a nearby bench, and sits down.

The Vendor watches, then walks from behind his kiosk and sits beside Vincenzo, looking at him with great compassion.

VENDOR

A great tragedy. I think we will miss her very much. What idiot would steal the Mona Lisa?

Vincenzo sighs and stares up at the full moon.

153 EXT. THE ÎLE DE FRANCE AT SEA (NIGHT)

The full moon. CAMERA pulls back to reveal Daphné, a shawl wrapped about her shoulders in the chilly sea air, standing at the railing of the ship, looking wistfully out at the moon reflecting on the sea. It is just as she has described it in her "romantic fantasy".

Suddenly, she senses someone come beside her at the rail. Her eyes open wide and a smile comes across her lips. It is exactly as she imagined. Perhaps there is hope after all.

MARQUIS

God, it's cold as a witch's tit out here.

Daphné looks over at the Marquis, sighs, then removes her scarf and places it around the Marquis's shoulders.

MARQUIS (CONT'D)

Thanks.

154 INT. VINCENZO'S APARTMENT (NIGHT)

Vincenzo lies in bed in the dark room. Outside the window, the moon is being covered with clouds. Suddenly, there is LOUD KNOCKING on the door. Vincenzo jumps up in bed and looks around trying to get his bearings. The BANGING CONTINUES. Slowly, he acclimates himself, gets out of bed, and shuffles to the door.

VINCENZO

Who is it?

VOICE (V/O)

Police! Open up, Monsieur Peruggia!

Vincenzo's face turns white and he opens the door. Louis Lépine stands there with FOUR POLICEMAN.

VINCENZO

I was asleep. Don't come in. I'm not volunteering.

LÉPINE

This isn't voluntary. We have a search warrant. Step aside, please. We'll light the gas ourselves.

Vincenzo steps aside in shock, as Lépine lights the gas jets on the wall and the men go to work. Vincenzo watches in dismay, as Lépine walks around the room, feeling the walls, looking for hidden panels. No stone is left unturned. The pillow is opened and the feathers poured out on the floor. The mattress is split open and its insides removed. The drawers in a chest are removed and the chest shaken. It happens quickly and efficiently. In short order, the room has been gone over from top to bottom -- until there is nothing left to search. Lépine stands in the room, looking around. He can't take his eyes off the trunk.

LÉPINE (CONT'D)

Beautiful design on the trunk, Vincenzo. I don't think I've seen anything like it.

Vincenzo looks in panic as Lépine walks to the trunk and runs his fingers on the side. Suddenly, one of the wedges slides forward.

LÉPINE (CONT'D)

Now isn't that interesting. It's like a Chinese lock. There couldn't be a secret drawer in here, could there, Vincenzo?

Vincenzo says nothing, just looks in panic at Lépine.

LÉPINE (CONT'D)

Would you be so kind as to open it for me, Vincenzo?

Vincenzo looks around in a panic, but there's no place to run, so he just nods and walks over to the trunk. His hands shaking, he moves the wedges and the false drawer pops open.

LÉPINE (CONT'D)

Amazing, Vincenzo.

Lépine bends down, pulls out the false bottom drawer, and then stares at it in shock. It's totally empty. He runs his hands inside it, not believing his eyes.

Vincenzo shrugs. Lépine looks around the room, getting his balance, then lets out a breath and faces Vincenzo contritely.

LÉPINE (CONT'D)

I'm very sorry about all this, Vincenzo. We'll send someone to clean up in the morning.

(MORE)

LÉPINE (CONT'D)  
 (to the police)  
 You can go.

The policemen leave, as, outside, the gray light of a new day is beginning. Lépine walks over to the trunk, shuts the lid and sits on it. He takes out a cigarette and lights it, striking the match on the trunk.

LÉPINE (CONT'D)  
 I would have bet my career you took her, Vincenzo. But she'd be here. You can't trust the Mona Lisa to someone else. If you're going to steal the Mona Lisa, you need her where you can keep your eye on her all the time.

Vincenzo can feel his entire body relax. Lépine offers a cigarette to Vincenzo. Vincenzo looks at it, then shrugs, comes over and takes one, then sits beside Lépine on the trunk. Lépine lights Vincenzo's cigarette.

VINCENZO  
 How do you know I didn't sell her already?

LÉPINE  
 You'd never sell the Mona Lisa, would you, Vincenzo?

Vincenzo looks over at Lépine and a smile comes to his face. He shakes his head and exhales smoke.

VINCENZO  
 No. Never.

Lépine takes another drag on his cigarette, then gets up and pats Vincenzo on the back.

LÉPINE  
 We'll find her.

Lépine walks to the door and opens it.

LÉPINE (CONT'D)  
 Sorry about all this.

And, shaking his head, knowing he has to start over from square one, Louis Lépine shuts the door.

Vincenzo stands there in shock, looking at the closed door, then out the window at the gray light of a new day. A smile begins on his lips. It gets bigger, and bigger, and then he starts to laugh -- at the relief, and at the realization that he's pulled it off: he's no longer a suspect. In the midst of his laughing, there is the sound of THUNDER.

Vincenzo stops laughing and listens again. MORE THUNDER. He looks around the room, and then, he bends down and, carefully, moves the wedges on the side of the trunk until,

finally, he opens the drawer in the bottom of the trunk. He pulls it out entirely, moves two more wedges on the side of the drawer, and removes the bottom of the drawer, revealing a second hidden area.

And then, of course, he removes the Mona Lisa. He carefully unwraps her and moves to the window -- to put her in the light before a thunderstorm. As the lightning cracks, Vincenzo watches the tones in the Mona Lisa's face take on a flesh color, her lips become rosy, her eyes take on a new light -- and her entire being shimmer with life.

VINCENZO

She's just like Leonardo said....

CAMERA CLOSES IN to the Mona Lisa as the SOUND OF RAIN BEGINS.

155 EXT. PLACE ST. SULPICE. (NIGHT)

October rain, cold, dismal in the empty square, late at night.

SUPER: ONE MONTH AFTER THE THEFT OF THE MONA LISA -- A WEDNESDAY.

Vincenzo stands across from the church, his coat soaked, rivulets of water coming off his hat. He has obviously been waiting some time. The square is empty.

Around the corner, hidden from Vincenzo's view, stands Lépine.

156 EXT. NEW YORK STREET (NIGHT)

The street signs read "Park Avenue" and "72nd Street". A horse-drawn carriage turns the corner and passes a brownstone where, through the windows, a lavish party is in progress.

157 INT. MANHATTAN MANSION (NIGHT)

A familiar scene -- Daphné in a glittering gown, talking to a group of wealthy women, while behind her, across the room, the Marquis can be seen talking to a tall well-to-do man.

WEALTHY WOMAN 1

You met the Marquis in a park?

DAPHNÉ

In Paris. I hardly knew him, and the next thing, there we were in a rowboat in the Bois de Boulogne.

WEALTHY WOMAN 2

How terribly romantic.

DAPHNÉ

We rowed around the lake for hours, talking about life and each other, and the next thing I knew, it was night and we were asleep in the bottom of a row boat in each other's arms --

Daphné catches her breath. She hadn't expected to become so emotional, but tears begin to fill her eyes.

DAPHNÉ (CONT'D)

-- and I never wanted to let go.

All THREE WEALTHY WOMEN have tears streaming down their cheeks. Suddenly, the Marquis appears and takes Daphné's arm to lead her to dinner. He sees the tears in her eyes as they walk off.

MARQUIS

Man-eating sharks, poisonous snakes,  
mountain-top rescues...?

DAPHNÉ

You know what tonight is, Eddie?

MARQUIS

The night we make love?

DAPHNÉ

Tonight is one month after Vincenzo  
took the Mona Lisa, the night you  
told him you'd be meeting him.

MARQUIS

You knew that was part of the plan,  
Daphné. I had to tell him something.

DAPHNÉ

What happens when he realizes that  
you're never coming back --that he's  
stuck with the Mona Lisa? Then what?

158 EXT. CAFÉ MAROC. (NIGHT)

Nigel stares at the Marquis, his mouth open in surprise. The Marquis, having finished his dinner, is dabbing his lips with a cloth napkin.

NIGEL

You left Vincenzo with the Mona Lisa  
in his trunk? What happened to the  
most brilliant scam of all time?

The Marquis puts his napkin down and pulls a flask from his jacket pocket. He offers it to Nigel with a patient smile.

MARQUIS

Whisky?

159 INT. VINCENZO'S APARTMENT. (MORNING)

The door opens and Vincenzo comes in. He closes the door and pulls off his wet coat. Then he sits on the edge of the bed, removes his wet shoes and socks, walks over to a basin on a table, and begins to wring the water from his socks.

160 EXT. PLACE ST.SULPICE. (NIGHT TO DAY)

Once again, Vincenzo stands in the empty plaza. The only sound is a horse-drawn carriage passing. When the day starts to break, Vincenzo walks disconsolately from the square.

Around a corner, watching him depart, is Lépine.

161 INT. VINCENZO'S APARTMENT (NIGHT)

The Mona Lisa sits propped up on a table. Vincenzo lies in bed, staring across the room at it. Then he looks at a wall to his left. He has, it appears, retrieved Picasso's sketch of Daphné. The drawing is nailed up beside his bed. There is something about the drawing -- the eyes, a wistful expression on her lips, the tilt of her head -- that now seems completely Daphné -- caught by Picasso for all time with a few lines. Vincenzo continues to look at it, and then he reaches over to the lamp on the table beside him. Vincenzo turns the flame down until the room is black.

162 EXT. CLOSERIE DES LILAS CAFÉ (DAY)

Vincenzo is walking toward the café. Suddenly, as he approaches, he begins to slow down until he comes to a complete stop directly in front of the café, looking in confusion at the empty chairs where his friends always sat. He turns to the Waiter, who is wiping off a nearby table.

VINCENZO

Where is everyone?

WAITER

Where they belong. In jail.

Vincenzo looks at the Waiter in shock, then back at the empty tables, then turns and hurries off.

163 INT. JAIL CELL (DAY)

Vincenzo stands on the other side of the bars, behind which stand Apollinaire, Chagall, Gris, Braque and Picasso.

PICASSO

They claim to have witnesses who overheard us say some very unkind things about the Louvre --

CHAGALL

(glaring at Picasso)  
-- and suggest that the Mona Lisa be taken down and burned.

VINCENZO

(very distraught)  
How long can they keep you?

APOLLINAIRE

It appears they intend to detain us until either they apprehend the true thief, or we confess.

BRAQUE  
 (shouting)  
 I'll never confess! Never!

164 INT. VINCENZO'S APARTMENT (DAY)

Vincenzo is hastily throwing his belongings into the trunk.

MARQUIS (V.O.)  
 And so Vincenzo decided it was time  
 to take the Mona Lisa back to Italy.

Vincenzo goes over to the wall and gently removes Picasso's drawing of Daphné, rolls it, and places it in the trunk.

165 EXT. VINCENZO'S APARTMENT (DAY)

Vincenzo is helping a HACK DRIVER load his trunk on the back of a horse-drawn taxi.

166 INT. GARE DE LYON (TRAIN STATION) (DAY)

Vincenzo, accompanied by a PORTER wheeling his trunk on a baggage cart, is walking down the train platform, when, suddenly, a sight in front of him causes him to freeze in horror -- Monsieur and Madame Homolle are being seen off by Louis Lépine.

Vincenzo looks around for an escape, but there is no way back, so he continues to walk beside the baggage wagon, trying to hide on the other side of the trunk from Lépine, who has finished saying good-bye to the Homolles and is now walking toward Vincenzo. With perfect timing, Lépine passes on one side of the baggage wagon and Vincenzo on the other.

Vincenzo breathes a sign of relief, but it is premature. A voice calls out to him.

HOMOLLE  
 Vincenzo!  
 (to his wife)  
 Look who's coming with us to Italy,  
 dear.  
 (calling again)  
 Vincenzo!

Vincenzo looks back at Lépine, who is still walking away, not having heard Vincenzo's name being called, then ahead at Homolle, fighting not to show his panic. Vincenzo waves and forces a smile.

167 INT. TRAIN (DAY)

Vincenzo sits nervously in a compartment, across from Madame and Monsieur Homolle, who are GABBING MERRILY AWAY. Vincenzo looks up at his trunk, rocking back and forth in the luggage rack directly above the Homolles, then smiles at the Homolles, attempting to appear interested in what they have to say.

168 EXT. TUSCAN COUNTRYSIDE. (DAY)

The train chugs along. In the distance, over the Tuscan hills, are the red tile roofs and cathedral dome of Florence.

169 EXT. MARKETPLACE/ FLORENCE, ITALY (DAY)

A busy marketplace. Stalls of food and clothing, surrounded by small shops selling jewelry, leather goods, and antiques. Horse-drawn and motorized vehicles pass by. Walking through the market is Vincenzo. He comes to a shop and enters.

170 INT. GERI ANTIQUE SHOP (DAY)

A BELL OVER THE DOOR RINGS as Vincenzo enters. Two TOURISTS are examining a large statue of Venus. At a desk in the back of the store is a round man in his late 50'S with a reddish face and double chin, ALFREDO GERI. He is writing in a ledger. He looks up when Vincenzo enters, decides Vincenzo is not a buyer, and goes back to his figures.

Vincenzo tries to look busy, examining things, knocking over a china lamp and barely catching it, until the Tourists leave. Then he walks up to Geri.

VINCENZO

Excuse me. I have a friend who has a painting he'd like to donate to the Uffizi Museum.

GERI

(no time for this)

He should contact the curator at the museum, Signore --

VINCENZO

Leonardi. Vincenzo Leonardi. My friend wishes to be anonymous.

GERI

(head in his ledger)

Then, Signore Leonardi, he should write the curator a letter and be sure not to sign his name.

VINCENZO

He's wondering if you might act for him. He thinks the museum might pay you a lot of money for bringing them this painting. In exchange, he asks only that they find a church ceiling for a friend of his to paint.

GERI

Like the Sistene Chapel.

VINCENZO

It's already been painted.

GERI

So I've heard. What can you tell me about this painting you wish to trade for a church ceiling?

VINCENZO

It's a portrait.

GERI

Of whom?

VINCENZO

A lady with a smile.

Geri's pen comes to a stop, and he looks up at Vincenzo.

171 INT. RENAISSANCE CHAPEL/ SANTA MARIA DEL CARMINE (DAY)

Vincenzo stands in a corner of the chapel, looking up with some delight at the blank ceiling. Behind him are frescoes of Masaccio, Masolino and Filippini Lippi. Geri arrives, crosses himself, then sees Vincenzo and walks over.

VINCENZO

(whispering)

This is perfect.

GERI

(whispering)

I'm glad you like it. There is, however, one catch. I spoke with Giovanni Poggi, the director of the Uffizi, and he has told me to ask your friend -- he expected that's who I would be meeting --

VINCENZO

I urged him to come, but he's in the midst of preparing for an expedition to Africa.

GERI

(difficulty keeping a straight face)

I see. Well, Signore Poggi wonders if he might examine the painting to determine its authenticity. He suggests we meet at 3pm tomorrow. Do you think this might be convenient for your friend?

VINCENZO

I'll discuss it with him -- but I think it will be. Signore Poggi understands that this is all to be kept secret.

GERI

He does.

VINCENZO

Good. That's important. I will make my own room available for the meeting. I'm staying at the Tripoli-Italia on the Via Panzani. Unless you hear otherwise, you can consider the meeting to be set.

Geri nods. There is a moment of silence, as Geri studies the face of the man who he knows stole the Mona Lisa.

GERI

Might I ask you a question, Signore Leonardi?

Vincenzo nods.

GERI (CONT'D)

Do you by any chance happen to know why your friend has this painting in his possession?

Vincenzo thinks about this for a moment.

INSERTS: The Mona Lisa in her glass case. The Mona Lisa in the light before a thunderstorm. Daphné in the rowboat.

VINCENZO

Well, signore, he's an Italian.

Geri nods.

VINCENZO (CONT'D)

And I suppose he just met a woman he couldn't resist.

Geri looks at Vincenzo, surprised by the answer, and he breaks up in laughter -- quickly to be shushed by THREE NUNS.

172 INT. SMALL HOTEL/ VINCENZO'S ROOM/ FLORENCE (DAY)

Vincenzo is removing the painting from the secret drawer in the trunk. Standing behind him are Geri and GIOVANNI POGGI, a small bald man in his sixties.

MARQUIS (V.O.)

It was, of course, a travesty.

No sooner does Vincenzo have the Mona Lisa out and its blanket removed, than the door bursts open and a HALF DOZEN POLICEMAN race in. They grab a bewildered Vincenzo and carry him out of the room in a state of total shock.

MARQUIS (V/O) (CONT'D)

They said they had no choice. It was a stolen painting and they had to arrest the man who took it.

173 EXT. SMALL HOTEL/ FLORENCE (DAY)

Vincenzo, confused, nearly in tears, is hustled by two policemen into a horse-drawn paddy-wagon and the door locked.

MARQUIS

Just as they would have wanted the director of the Louvre to do had someone showed up with Botticelli's "Birth Of Venus" -- though why anyone would want to steal a picture of a half-naked woman standing in a sea-shell is beyond me.

As the paddy-wagon leaves, Vincenzo looks out the bars -- up at the window of his room, where his betrayers, Poggi and Geri stand, watching him being taken away.

174 EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS/ FLORENCE (DAY)

Vincenzo, in handcuffs, is being taken from the paddy-wagon by two policemen. A crowd has gathered. As Vincenzo climbs out of the wagon, PHOTOGRAPHERS' flash powder explodes all around him. He tries to shield his head from the glare.

MARQUIS

And that was how Vincenzo Peruggia became an Italian National Hero.

Suddenly, to Vincenzo's surprise, the crowd breaks into CHEERING. They shout his name, hoist children on their shoulders, and an OLD SOLDIER in the crowd even salutes.

Slowly, as Vincenzo realizes what's happening, a smile grows on his face. When he reaches the steps to the police station, he turns and raises his handcuffed hands in victory -- and even the two policemen beside him break into CHEERS.

175 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM/ FLORENCE. (DAY)

Louis Lépine stands before Vincenzo, who is seated at a small desk with a photo album in front of him, open to a mug-shot of the Marquis -- who Vincenzo recognizes as Neville.

LÉPINE

You're absolutely sure you've never seen this man?

Vincenzo shakes his head no. Lépine flips the page to a mug-shot of Daphné.

LÉPINE (CONT'D)

Or her, either?

Vincenzo stares at the picture and shakes his head no again.

LÉPINE (CONT'D)

We know they're con artists, and we know they were in Paris at the time you took the painting. You're absolutely sure?

Lépine flips the page to another photo of Daphné, not a mug shot this time, but a lovely picture of her, smiling and radiant. Vincenzo's eyes moisten when he sees her. He stares at it, and then looks up at Lépine, and shakes his head "no".

Lépine looks at Vincenzo with great compassion and nods back.

LÉPINE (CONT'D)

Just thought we'd ask.

Lépine removes the photo of Daphné from the album.

LÉPINE (CONT'D)

Why don't you keep this, in case something comes back to you. We've got plenty.

Lépine hands Vincenzo the photo of Daphné, pats Vincenzo on the back, and starts to leave. He stops at the door.

LÉPINE (CONT'D)

In the trunk, right? There was a second secret compartment.

Vincenzo nods.

LÉPINE (CONT'D)

I was going to have it torn apart, but I couldn't do it. It was the most beautiful trunk I'd ever seen.

Lépine turns and leaves, as Vincenzo looks back down at the photo of Daphné.

176 INT. DAPHNÉ'S STUDIO/NEW YORK (DAY)

An easel with an unseen painting on it sits on the side of the room. Over at the window, looking down at the New York traffic of 1911 is Daphné. She holds a newspaper in her hand. The picture on the front of the paper is Vincenzo being taken from the paddy-wagon. She turns from the window, her eyes moist. Standing by the door is the Marquis. He is dressed like a man with a million dollars -- white suit, white hat, white scarf, white cashmere coat with a red carnation in its lapel.

DAPHNÉ

I can't live another minute without him, Eddie. He's all I think about.

The Marquis walks over to Daphné and holds her in his arms.

MARQUIS

Well, it's been a great ride, my dear. We pulled off the heist of the century, and it's only 1913.

177 INT. ITALIAN COURTROOM (DAY)

Italian law of 1913 at its most chaotic. The courtroom is packed with Italians of every shape and size, plus

Apollinaire, Gris, Chagall, Braque and Picasso, who have come to lend moral support. They are all noisy and shout at JUDGE BARILI -- a bald man, except for white at his temples, and spectacles, the poor judge who must preside over this event. Barili bangs his gavel.

BARILI

Please, please! If you're not quiet, we'll never get this over with.

MAN IN PLAID SHIRT

It never should have started!

Instant applause and cheering, led by Vincenzo over at the defendant's table. Barili bangs his gavel.

BARILI

Please, please!

Miraculously, the room quiets down. Barili looks over at the attorney beside Vincenzo, a man in his thirties, PASQUALE PERUGGIA, and gestures.

BARILI (CONT'D)

The defense may begin its summation.

PASQUALE

Thank you, your honor. I have only this to say. My brother has harmed no one, not even the Mona Lisa, which has been returned to its home in Italy, where it belongs.

The expected uproar of support. Men stand on their chairs and hoist small children in the air. It is a great display of patriotism. Barili bangs and bangs his gavel, and, finally, there is quiet. Pasquale continues.

PASQUALE (CONT'D)

This theft has benefited everyone. Journalists have had something to write that people eagerly read. Newspaper sales have tripled. Signore Geri has, himself, received a reward from the Louvre of 25,000 francs.

(booing)

Please. He did the correct thing, and I am certain he will long be remembered for this.

Prolonged hissing at Geri, who shouts back about doing his duty. Again, banging of the gavel until the room quiets.

PASQUALE (CONT'D)

And this is not all. French-Italian relationships have improved far beyond what any diplomatic missions have accomplished, and, I have no doubt, that when the Mona Lisa has finished touring the museums of Italy in a

(MORE)

PASQUALE (CONT'D)  
 few years and been returned to France,  
 relations will improve even more.

The expected outcry about the Mona Lisa ever going back.

PASQUALE (CONT'D)  
 Even businesses have flourished  
 because of this theft -- Mona Lisa  
 hats, postcards, even a new laxative  
 I highly recommend, La Joconde.

There is buzzing in the crowd as note of this is taken.

PASQUALE (CONT'D)  
 Yes, everyone has benefited from  
 this -- everyone -- except my brother,  
 Vincenzo! We must set him free!  
 Find him not guilty, your honor!  
 Not! Guilty!

PROLONGED CHEERING. Vincenzo, moved to tears by this speech,  
 clasps his brother to him and gives him a hug of gratitude.  
 When the room quiets, Barili, knowing he'll be publicly  
 lynched if he finds Vincenzo guilty, turns to the prosecutor,  
 PAULO MUZZI, a small thin man, for help.

BARILI  
 (almost a prayer)  
 Now I will hear what the prosecution  
 has to say.

BOOING. Muzzi stands, faces the judge, lets out a long sigh.

MUZZI  
 What I have to say is this, your  
 honor. Vincenzo admits he stole the  
 painting. Thank you.

There is no reaction, much to the relief of Muzzi. The crowd  
 knows that Muzzi did the very smallest statement possible.  
 They can't fault him for this. It's his job. The judge,  
 however, isn't as sanguine about it all. He knows he's in  
 deep trouble as the verdict nears. He turns to Vincenzo.

BARILI  
 Does the defendant have anything to  
 say before I announce my decision?

This takes Vincenzo by surprise. He stands up and looks  
 around. For a moment he remains silent, thinking, then he  
 nods and faces the crowd, which is now completely silent.

VINCENZO  
 Every once in a lifetime you will  
 come across something which will  
 make no sense, but which your heart  
 tells you that you must do. It is  
 something that will come from love.  
 (MORE)

VINCENZO (CONT'D)

When this happens, you must not think, you must not be afraid. You must do it. Because, if you do not, you will have lived a life like all the others. We are different from each other only in the way we love. I think this is something Italians know from the day they are born. Da Vinci was an Italian. The Mona Lisa was an Italian. And I am an Italian.

Vincenzo nods and then sits down. There is a moment of total silence. Followed by intense and prolonged cheering. Men and women embrace and cry and kiss.

And then, slowly, it quiets and all eyes turn to Barili, who, himself, has tears in his eyes. He nods his head.

BARILI

Vincenzo Peruggia....

VINCENZO

What?

BARILI

(explaining)

I'm about to announce the verdict.

VINCENZO

Right.

BARILI

Vincenzo Peruggia. This court has no choice but to find you guilty of stealing the Mona Lisa.

There is a gasp in the courtroom, but before anything can happen, Barili continues quickly.

BARILI (CONT'D)

(before he's lynched)

We sentence you to time served. You're a free man, Vincenzo, and best of luck. Italy is very proud today.

And there is, of course, pandemonium.

178 EXT. CAFÉ MAROC. (NIGHT)

The rain has let up. The Marquis and Nigel sit looking at each other in silence, as the OVERLAPPING SOUNDS OF THE COURTROOM CHEERING SLOWLY FADE OUT.

NIGEL

Why didn't you ever come back to get the painting from Vincenzo?

MARQUIS

(a pleased smile)

Because I never needed it. I knew from the very start that it would be too risky to take the painting out of France -- or to let it stay.

179 INT. DAPHNÉ'S STUDIO (DAY)

The Marquis, still dressed in his white suit, white hat, white gloves, and white cashmere coat with red carnation, is walking over to the easel in Daphné's studio.

MARQUIS

All I needed was to tell each bidder that the painting would be stolen and see that it was stolen, exactly when I said it would be. And then --

The painting on Daphné's easel is a copy of the Mona Lisa.

NIGEL (V/O)

(getting it)

Then you sold the Commodore a copy.

MARQUIS

No, then I sold them all copies.

180 EXT. COMMODORE'S MANSION (NIGHT)

The Commodore, in a smoking jacket, opens the door for the Marquis, goateed and mustached, who holds a painting wrapped in brown paper and string. The Commodore is a happy man.

MARQUIS

As we agreed, Commodore --

181 EXT. MANSION #2 (NIGHT)

As the Baron Von Falschung, the Marquis stands at the front door, handing a SECOND WEALTHY MAN a wrapped painting.

MARQUIS

(German accent)

-- I present to you the most famous lady in the world --

182 EXT. MANSION #3 (NIGHT)

As an Indian Rajjah with a turban, the Marquis stands at the front door, handing a THIRD WEALTHY MAN a wrapped painting.

MARQUIS

(Hindi accent)

-- at a price that one must consider a bargain --

183 EXT. MANSION #4 (NIGHT)

Dressed as a cowboy in a Stetson, the Marquis stands at the front door, handing a WEALTHY TEXAN a wrapped painting.

MARQUIS  
 (Texas accent)  
 -- for your eyes only --

184 EXT. MANSION #5 (NIGHT)

Dressed as a dowdy British matron, the Marquis stands at the front door, handing a FIFTH WEALTHY MAN a wrapped painting.

MARQUIS  
 (British accent)  
 -- and we will never speak of it  
 again, my dear.

185 EXT. CAFÉ MAROC. (NIGHT)

Nigel's eyes are lit up. He knows he's got a great story.

NIGEL  
 I congratulate you, sir. It was,  
 indeed, a masterpiece.

MARQUIS  
 It was, yes. But a masterpiece is  
 not complete until it is signed.

Nigel understands and smiles.

NIGEL  
 From this night forward the work  
 will bear your signature.

The Marquis smiles back, but there is an element of sadness in his eyes. In the telling of the tale, the depth of his feelings for Daphné have surprised him.

MARQUIS  
 (lost in thought)  
 Thank you. Thank you very much.

186 INT. DAPHNÉ'S STUDIO (DAY)

The Marquis looks over at Daphné, standing across the room in her coat, a suitcase in her hand.

MARQUIS  
 Have I said that I love you, Daphné?  
 As much as I can love anyone.

Daphné walks over to the Marquis and gently strokes his hair.

DAPHNÉ  
 (with compassion)  
 No you haven't, Eddie. But I know  
 you do.

MARQUIS  
 This isn't a con, Daphné.

DAPHNÉ  
 I know that, too.

The Marquis looks at Daphné in silence.

DAPHNÉ (CONT'D)

What?

Something catches in the Marquis's throat and he can't talk.

DAPHNÉ (CONT'D)

What? Tell me, Eddie. What?

MARQUIS

I don't know how to tell you how much I don't want to lose you.

DAPHNÉ

(eyes moist)

I think you just have, Eddie.

Daphné kisses the Marquis gently on the lips.

MARQUIS

You're really going to give up five million dollars?

DAPHNÉ

It's not hard, Eddie. It's not hard at all.

MARQUIS

What would I have to do to convince you that you're the most important thing in the world to me?

DAPHNÉ

You'd have to walk away from all the money, Eddie.

The Marquis gives this deep and intense thought.

MARQUIS

All the money?

DAPHNÉ

(smiling)

Take care of yourself, Eddie.

She kisses the Marquis once more and starts to leave.

MARQUIS

You're a great artist, Daphné.

DAPHNÉ

Not really. I make copies.

Daphné opens the door to leave and finds, standing there, the Young Woman In The Straw Hat from Paris.

At first Daphné is astonished, then, knowing the Marquis, she starts to laugh and turns back to him.

MARQUIS

(shrugging)

I meant everything I said, Daphné.  
But you always need a back-up plan.

187 EXT. CAFÉ MAROC. (NIGHT)

Nigel, smiling to himself, stands outside the door of the café, watching the Marquis walk down the lamp-lit street. As he reaches an underpass, a woman steps out from the shadows. She wears a straw hat. She takes the arm of the Marquis, who looks back at Nigel, smiles, and then the couple continues, arm in arm, to walk into the night.

188 INT. VINCENZO'S APARTMENT (DAY)

Vincenzo stands at the window to his apartment, looking below at the crowd cheering and shouting his name over and over. Suddenly, something causes him to turn toward the door.

The figure of a woman is approaching. The glass refracts the image into scores of angles and planes, like a cubist painting. Then there is a knock on the door.

Vincenzo walks over and opens the door. Daphné stands there in her coat and hat, a suitcase in her hand. She says nothing, just looks at him, nervous, her eyes moistening.

DAPHNÉ

Would you be at all interested in  
marrying me, Vincenzo?

Vincenzo nods.

VINCENZO

What about Neville?

DAPHNÉ

Alligators.

VINCENZO

Alligators?

DAPHNÉ

Alligators. It was terrible.

VINCENZO

That's too bad.

Daphné drops her suitcase, throws her arms around Vincenzo and they kiss with great passion. When they stop, Vincenzo looks into Daphné's eyes.

VINCENZO (CONT'D)

You're sure that this time he was  
completely eaten?

THE END