

# OCEAN'S EIGHT

Olivia Milch & Gary Ross

July 25, 2016

EXT. NICHOLS WOMEN'S PRISON - DAY

Early spring, sparse moments of green against the sterile grey of the correctional facility. Straining against the bleakness, small flowers start to bloom.

The gate clanks open.

DEBBIE OCEAN, 40's, impossibly chic for having just done a stint in the slammer -- suit pressed, hair shiny, struts out.

Her gait suggests an unpleasant if not untenable sojourn. She greets the world as if it has been waiting for her, allowing herself a moment of digestion -- her posture relaxes, she exhales, she closes her eyes.

She hears before she sees the waiting engine of a classic Mercedes, '55, baby Blue. LINUS (Matt Damon) drapes a single hand on the steering wheel but it's a forced nonchalance that could never come close to its owner. Danny Ocean Lite.

LINUS

Deb...

Debbie keeps walking. He cruises up next to her.

LINUS (CONT'D)

Where're you going?

DEBBIE

(without looking back)

I have \$35 Linus, I can go wherever I want.

LINUS

I'll give you a ride.

DEBBIE

(slows/turns)

He left you his car?

LINUS

No. Well -- he knew I loved it...

DEBBIE

That's not the same thing.

LINUS

(seriously/intoned)

He would have wanted me to drive it.

She rolls her eyes. Hot day. Long way to walk. Deb slows. So does Linus. He REVS the car in neutral.

DEBBIE  
Don't do that, ok.

LINUS  
Sure.

She crosses to the passenger's side and climbs in.

INT. CAR - DRIVING - TEN MINUTES LATER

DEBBIE  
When's the funeral?

LINUS  
Tomorrow at noon.

DEBBIE  
Where?

LINUS  
Really nice place...  
(off her look)  
Queens.

Linus changes lanes. Starts moving over toward the right...

DEBBIE  
Where are you going?

LINUS  
I-95.

DEBBIE  
Why?

LINUS  
We thought -- it might be a good  
idea to see your folks.

DEBBIE  
*Who* thought?

LINUS  
You know...

DEBBIE  
Eleven of you?

LINUS  
Ten. Rusty's in England.

Debbie reaches out and JERKS THE WHEEL crossing two lanes of traffic. They head toward New York.

LINUS (CONT'D)  
*That is -- dangerous!*

DEBBIE  
We're going to Manhattan.

LINUS  
They're not gonna like that.

DEBBIE  
Anything else "they" want?

LINUS  
As a matter of fact...

He doesn't finish. Knows he spilled too much. Deb turns.

DEBBIE  
What?

LINUS  
Saul wants to tell you.

DEBBIE  
Goddammit, Linus.

LINUS  
He left you a note.

DEBBIE  
Danny did?

Nods.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
Let me see it.

LINUS  
Well that's just it. In the confusion with him "passing," and clearing out the "effects" cause we're the ones who have to deal with the "effects..."

DEBBIE  
Where's the note?

LINUS  
We're not sure.

DEBBIE  
You lost it?

LINUS  
It'll turn up.

DEBBIE  
You lost my dead brother's note to me.

LINUS  
I know what it said.

Pause.

LINUS (CONT'D)  
It said he doesn't want you to do  
it.

DEBBIE  
Do what?

LINUS  
The job.

DEBBIE  
You know about that?

LINUS  
Well not exactly. But the way he  
was talking, it sounded pretty  
clear...

DEBBIE  
Jesus Christ.

LINUS  
He was worried about you Deb. He  
doesn't want you to go back to --  
you know...

They have come to a stop on the George Washington Bridge and  
all at once, Deb FLINGS OPEN THE DOOR. She steps out into  
bumper to bumper traffic heading toward Manhattan, leaving  
Linus stuck in the car.

LINUS (CONT'D)  
Deb. Wait. Please!

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - AFTERNOON

Teeming city life. Blur and shocks of colors. Saul Leiter  
come to life in a modern context.

INT. BERGDORF'S - DAY

Debbie peruses, approaches the cosmetics counter. The  
salesperson is consumed with a COSTUMER. Debbie subtly grabs  
a few bottles of *face cream* and continues looking, developing  
an air of impatience. Once the salesperson finishes --

DEBBIE  
Excuse me -- I'd like to return  
these.

SALESPERSON

Of course. Do you have your receipt?

DEBBIE

(demonstrating)

No but they're unopened, haven't been touched --

SALESPERSON

I can't accept a return without a receipt --

DEBBIE

They're sealed, brand new --

SALESPERSON

I understand but we have a strict return policy and cannot accept --

DEBBIE

This is ridiculous. I bought them a week ago.

SALESPERSON

*Ma'am* -- I need a receipt.

DEBBIE

Fine. I'll keep them. Jesus. Can I at least get a bag to carry it all?

As the salesperson hands her a bag with a curt smile --

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAZA HOTEL - LATER

Debbie approaches with a Bergdorf's bag full of products -- Bubble bath, face cream, lotion -- wearing an obviously stolen pair of sunglasses.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - LOBBY

A buzz around the reception desk. A clerk is checking out a couple in their early forties. They have rolling luggage and computer cases.

HOTEL GUEST

We're checking out of room 2814.  
Jeffery Crandall.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

Around the corner at reception desk, Debbie lurks pretending to read a brochure.

FRONT DESK  
Certainly, Mr. Crandall. We hope  
you had a pleasant stay.

HOTEL GUEST  
Terrific.

FRONT DESK  
My name is Monica. If there's  
anything else I can do or arrange  
transportation...

HOTEL GUEST  
I think we're all set.

FRONT DESK  
(handing him the receipt)  
Thank you for staying with us.

Debbie glances up as...

THE COUPLE

Wheels their luggage toward the door.

EXT. SIDEWALK

The Crandall's climb into an Uber headed toward JFK.

INT. LOBBY

Debbie lounges back in a large overstuffed chair.

DEBBIE  
(into the phone)  
Hi, this is Mrs. Crandall, we just  
checked out of 2814. Can I speak  
to Monica, please?  
(beat)  
Oh, hi Monica -- thanks so much.  
Something has come up and we're  
going to need the room another  
night.  
(a beat)  
Oh, bless you. We're just going to  
grab quick bite. Could you get the  
maid in there now?  
(beat)  
Thanks.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - PLAZA - CONTINUOUS

The elevator door opens. Debbie steps out, spots the maid's  
cart. Bingo. She heads off toward 2814.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - PLAZA - CONTINUOUS

The MAID fixes pillows. She looks up as Debbie enters.

DEBBIE

Hi. Sorry. Can you just finish this later? I've just got to get off my feet.

MAID

Of course. Sorry.

She gathers the rest of her things and hurries toward the door.

DEBBIE

Wait.

She crosses to the maids cart and grabs a handful of chocolates.

INT. BATHROOM - HOTEL ROOM - PLAZA - LATER

Debbie luxuriates in a bath with all of New York out a huge picture window beside her. The lights glisten. The planes glide by. She sinks a little lower in the warm water. Closes her eyes...

CUT TO:

INT. TRENDY CLUB. NIGHT

CATE late 30's, dressed in all black at a landing, hovering above her club. It's packed with kids and sweat. She glances over at the bar.

A FEMALE BARTENDER

Is pouring Grey Goose into a tumbler. She catches Cate's eye who shakes her head. The woman, chastised, replaces the Grey Goose and grabs a bottle of well vodka...

MOVING WITH CATE

She scans the floor: hormones and sweat. In the far corner LeBron James is towering above the throng, dancing. Cate descends the stairs and crosses to one of her "Bottle Girls."

CATE

Did you get him yet?

BOTTLE GIRL

No. I will.

Cate looks at her with judgement: "C'mon." The girl grabs her cell phone hurries across the floor.



CATE wanders toward the back of the club and spots a girl smoking in the doorway to the alley. She crosses to her and the girl immediately drops her cigarette, grinding it out on the ground.

CATE  
On a break?

SMOKER  
Yeah.

CATE  
How's the line?

SMOKER  
It's pretty good.

CATE  
Is it down the block?

SMOKER  
(busted)  
Not quite.

CATE  
You know I need a long line right?

SMOKER  
Sorry. I just got cold.

CATE  
Here. Take this.

She removes her scarf, wraps it around the girl's neck then smiles. It's a "get-the fuck-out-there smile," but still a smile.

SMOKER  
Thanks.

ACROSS THE CLUB...

Lebron is seriously into the music when the Bottle Girl comes up and tries to take a selfie. (The height differential is problematic.) He squats lower and extends the camera...

CATE...

Watching it.

CATE  
(to her bouncer)  
Make sure she pushes that out now.

BOUNCER  
Hashtag?

CATE  
How bout our address.

AND SHE IS MOVING AGAIN, this time toward the VIP area where a YOUNG MAN is holding court with three women and a bottle of Dom. Heavily tatted and well toned. Cate glares -- he looks up...

LUIS  
(beat)  
They said I could.

CATE  
Who?

LUIS  
The guy at the door.

CATE  
Instead of buying-off my doorman  
why don't you pay your bill from  
last time?

LUIS  
(scared)  
Ok.

CATE  
Ok.

She turns to leave and gets a text. Cate glances down while she walks. \*

INSERT. CELL PHONE TEXT MESSAGE:

FROM JLBRD:  
"Where is the fkng cemetery? 12  
O'clock?"

SHE smiles walking away...

INT. PLAZA HOTEL SUITE - MORNING

Debbie wakes up to see Manhattan doing the same out her window. Dawn breaks over the skyline as she rises, stretches, and takes in the view -- her first good night's sleep in four years.

CUT TO:

BERGDORF'S

She enters the same revolving doors as she did yesterday, disappearing for a beat...

CURTAIN WIPE:

AND SHE EXITS (TIME CUT)

Now dressed in a tasteful black suit with sensible shoes.

CUT TO:

A CEMETERY

Gravestones compressed in a long lens and stretching to the horizon. A massive 747 lands in the background.

DIFFERENT ANGLE. CEMETERY

Black SUV's roll through the gates.

INT. FUNERAL CHAPEL

Everyone is there. BASHER, Linus, SAUL, The MALLOY BROTHERS, even YEN.

THE COFFIN IS WHITE TOO

With gold handles. A lovely touch of Vegas.

IN THE PULPIT

REUBEN (Elliott Gould) is eulogizing:

REUBEN

Danny Ocean lived a rich full life.  
By any measure, he was a success.

There is more rustling and a few eye rolls. Reuben continues.

REUBEN (CONT'D)

Whether in business, not all of  
which we can discuss today...

A few sighs of relief.

REUBEN (CONT'D)

Or as a loving son, to Dennis and  
Darlene.

Everyone turns to acknowledge DENNIS OCEAN, seated on the left.

DEBBIE

Stares straight ahead. Doesn't glance at her father.

REUBEN (CONT'D)

Or as a brother.

She looks up. Shakes her head: don't you dare.

REUBEN (CONT'D)  
(stumbles)  
Who -- had a sister. As --  
brothers do...

CUT TO:

INT. CHAPEL - LATER...

People are milling around outside the chapel. Debbie approaches Saul (Carl Reiner.)

DEBBIE  
Hello, Saul.

SAUL  
Sweetie. Oh my gosh.  
(kisses)  
You look great.

DEBBIE  
No I don't.

SAUL  
Well -- you made it.

DEBBIE  
Yeah.

SAUL  
Listen to me for a minute...

DEBBIE  
Don't.

SAUL  
It killed him, Debbie. This life --  
it *killed* him.

DEBBIE  
He had a genetic valve disorder.

SAUL  
Well it didn't help. And it's no  
good for you either. Please don't  
do this.

DEBBIE  
Do what?

SAUL  
Whatever it is he wouldn't tell us  
you were gonna do.

Debbie smiles -- doesn't respond. She leans over and kisses Saul on the cheek.

EXT. CEMETERY

Hot day. Birds. She takes off her jacket. Funny how a graveyard can feel like the country. Basher (Don Cheadle) comes up beside her.

BASHER  
'ello love.

DEBBIE  
You too?

BASHER  
No... Not me.

She smiles at him.

BASHER (CONT'D)  
Hear it's good though.

DEBBIE  
He told you?

BASHER  
Just said it was "somethin'." An'  
that it was pretty amazing.

DEBBIE  
He *said* that?

BASHER  
Mmm. He said it was insane and  
you'd end up back in jail but it  
was pretty brilliant.

Sinks in.

BASHER (CONT'D)  
You coming back to the house?

DEBBIE  
Nah.

She motions toward the gang. He nods.

BASHER  
Sure.  
(beat)  
One question.

DEBBIE  
What's that?

BASHER  
(leans in/a wink)  
Why'd you tell him, love?

CLOSE UP. DEBBIE

The one question she can't answer. It lingers with her. He gives her a kiss on the cheek and heads on his way.

CAR HORN

Two short beeps. Deb turns...

HER POV

The smoked window of a black SUV lowers revealing --

CATE

Blonde, stylish, hair perfectly messy. Her car radio fills the graveyard.

INT. CAR

Deb climbs in the passengers side as Cate turns down the music. Cate grabs her friend's face. Big kiss on the cheek.

DEBBIE  
Easy. I've been in the slammer.

CATE  
Really? Hadn't heard.

DEBBIE  
Thanks. That was stressful...

CATE  
I'm sure.

DEBBIE  
Everybody trying to get me to go straight.

CATE  
Kind of cheeky. They're crooks too.

DEBBIE  
No kidding.

Cate swings the car onto the expressway. Deb takes off her shoes. Puts her bare feet on the dashboard and rubs them...

Deb puts her bare feet on the dashboard.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
You get the credit line?

CATE  
Not yet.

DEBBIE

Why?

CATE

Don't know what it's for.  
 (off her look)  
 Please don't do that?

DEBBIE

Do what?

Cate imitates her expression.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Oh. That's my "just spent four-  
 years in jail and my partner lets  
 me down face."

CATE

I'm not your partner yet.  
 (cell phone rings)  
 Hello?  
 (beat)  
 I don't care Jeffrey... No I don't  
 want to talk to her...  
 (another beat)  
 'Cause it's not her job anymore.  
 It was her job until she got fired,  
 now it's not her job...  
 (listens)  
 She can write me five letters,  
 she's not getting her job back.  
 (beat)  
 Because she *stole from me Jeffrey*  
 and people who steal are not  
 trustworthy.

On that, she happens to lock eyes Deb who starts to laugh.  
 Cate can't help it smiles too. Hangs up.

CATE (CONT'D)

I mean "normal" people who steal.  
 Not...

DEBBIE

Like professionals?

CATE

Yeah. Them.

INT. ABANDONED THEATER - DAY

The lights switch on, illuminating a huge empty space. It's  
 gorgeous in its decay. Carved wood and peeling plaster. The  
 gold leaf is sporadic.

DEBBIE  
This is great.

CATE  
Try heating it.

She flips on some more lights.

CATE (CONT'D)  
There's a room for you upstairs.

DEBBIE  
New club?

CATE  
Maybe one day.

Deb looks around. More space than she's seen in five years.

DEBBIE  
Did you call Kendall?

CATE  
She quit. Moved to Hawaii.

DEBBIE  
(surveying the room)  
What about Paige?

CATE  
(stops)  
It would honestly help if I knew  
what all of this was for.

DEBBIE  
I know... I know... I'll tell you  
tomorrow.

Deb deposits her bag, crosses to Cate. Gives her a kiss on  
the cheek.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
I'll see ya later.

CATE  
You just got here.

DEBBIE  
I've been inside for five years.  
I'm going for a walk.

She turns and heads up the aisle of the theater...

EXT. ART GALLERY - CHELSEA - NIGHT

Debbie walks down a familiar cobblestone street. Though she  
seems composed, a rage grows within her as she approaches --



INT. KLAUS GUNTHER GALLERY - CHELSEA - CONTINUOUS

Debbie walks into mecca for the downtown art scene. KLAUS GUNTHER makes Gagosian jealous. Sycophants, hipsters and a lot of money. And in the center of it all stands Klaus himself: undeniably handsome, just as oily, he wears a white linen shirt unbuttoned to the jewlery. You should see through this guy but you can't. Debbie grabs a glass of champagne from a waiter and crosses toward him.

KLAUS

\*

Is talking with a group of young women, when he spots Debbie and shifts from charm to restrained terror. He makes quick apologies and starts to leave...

DEB

Blocks his path.

KLAUS  
(frozen)  
What are you doing here?

DEBBIE  
Patron of the arts.

KLAUS  
I have a restraining order.

DEBBIE  
Good.

She steps really close to him -- an intimate moment --

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
Do you know what a shiv is?

He feels something sharp against his ribs. Gasps --

KLAUS  
Stop it --

DEBBIE  
I made this one. Proud of it, too.  
See -- it's important not to melt  
the toothbrush too much. That way  
it keeps its length and the  
strength. So when you stab, you  
slice up and around.

Debbie drags the shiv up the front of his shirt, towards his neck. To a bystander it might look like a flirtatious move with a large toothpick.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Nice face. Inside you're what we like to call "a pretty girl" --

KLAUS

I'll call the police --

Deb takes the shiv and slices up the front of his shirt, shredding it. She pops the button on his collar, taking it for a souvenir.

DEBBIE

Auf Wiedersehen.

Debbie strides out, still purposeful, while Klaus looks on, terrified.

CUT TO:

INT. CHINESE TAKE OUT

All fluorescence and backlit pictures of the dishes. Debbie stands at the counter -- draws a long breath of General Tso's. They hand her a white plastic bag.

INT. THEATER - LATE

It's dark. A few safety lights are on. Deb enters the back of the theater and crosses to a staircase on the side of the stage carrying her take out.

UPSTAIRS LOFT SPACE

It used to be a rehearsal studio. Vast and open with various bits of living area defined by loose furniture. It's chic in a very hard-to-define-kind-of-way.

DEB

Crosses to the kitchen area, fishes through drawers for a plate and decamps at the small kitchen table.

CLOSER

She takes out the still-warm white containers and dumps them on her plate. Can't get to the chopsticks fast enough...

CATE (O.S.)

Is that all for you?

DEBBIE

(turning/mouthful)

Oh, hi. Want some.

CATE

No.

Cate's wearing a silk chinese robe. She crosses to the table. Sits.

CATE (CONT'D)  
It's late.

DEBBIE  
Took a walk.

CATE  
Where?

Deb doesn't answer. They look at each other for a beat and exchange five or six lines of unspoken conversation.

CATE (CONT'D)  
Why would you do something like that?

DEBBIE  
I had to.

CATE  
No, you didn't.

DEBBIE  
Closure?

CATE  
Bullshit. Did he see you?

DEBBIE  
Oh yeah.

Debbie takes the shiv out of her purse and shows it to Cate. Toothbrush on one end, lethal blade on the other.

CATE  
Jesus.  
(beat)  
Did you "use it?"

DEBBIE  
Just a button.

She puts Klaus' button on the table. Cate laughs. They share the moment. Then suddenly...

CATE  
(calls out)  
Hey, Luis... You gotta go.

Cate doesn't turn as the young man from the club enters with pants but no shirt. Even more muscles. Even more ink.

LUIS  
I can wait.

CATE  
That's ok. I'll see you soon.

LUIS  
Seriously.

CATE  
(turns)  
Seriously. Go.

Luis gets the hints and grabs his shirt, heading downstairs.

DEBBIE  
Does he have to go?

Cate laughs. Deb slides over the carton of orange chicken.

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST VILLAGE - THE NEXT MORNING

The place is waking up from the night before. MEN in ORANGE SUITS hang off the back of trucks collecting trash.

CLOSE UP. DEB

She's wide awake. Cate's "guest room" is a partitioned space filled with boxes of bootlegged vodka. A certain larcenous charm with a stunning view of the Manhattan Bridge. Deb sits up in bed. Stretches (freedom). She stares out the window at the building across the alley -- seems to pause...

FLASHBACK. OCEAN'S ELEVEN (TRACKING SHOT -- ORIGINAL FOOTAGE)

ZIRGA (CARL REINER) AND TERRY BENEDICT (ANDY GARCIA) walk the casino floor with their respective henchmen behind them. They pass.

DANNY...

...who glances up from his chair at the video poker machine. THE SHOT CONTINUES TO SUDDENLY INCLUDE...

DEBBIE...

...who stands at the progressive slots holding a bucket of silver dollars (STILL OCEAN'S ELEVEN -- WE JUST HAVEN'T SEEN THIS BEFORE.)

Deb clocks Benedict as he passes, feeds a dollar token into the slot, and pulls the huge lever. Wheels spin...

DEBBIE  
(jackpot)  
OH MY GOD...

## INT. SUBTERRANEAN CORRIDOR

Benedict strides down the hallway with two employees in tow...

BENEDICT  
That's not supposed to hit 'til  
December.

EMPLOYEE  
I understand sir.

BENEDICT  
Did you check the machine?

## INT. HOLDING ROOM

Bright neon. No frills. Deb sits on a hard plastic chair.  
Turns... Looks at Benedict...

DEBBIE  
(as he enters)  
Where's my money!

Benedict pauses at the door. Takes her in.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
I drove here from Bakersfield.

## SERIES OF SHOTS. OCEAN'S ELEVEN

The swat team carries out the money.

The van arrives at the airport.

The team meets at the Bellagio fountain.

DEBBIE (O.S.)  
Bullshit, Danny!

## SHOT. DEB

She yells into a pay phone.

DEBBIE  
"Pulled a lever"? You think that's  
what I did? I "pulled a lever?"  
(beat)  
Yeah, and if I hadn't you would  
have had Terry Benedict up your  
ass. I bought you time Danny. I  
deserve the same share as everybody  
else...  
(beat)  
No! Don't you dare hang...  
(beat/quieter)  
...up. Asshole.

EXTREME WIDE. DOWN ANGLE. CENTRAL PARK - DAY (PRESENT)

It's a massive landscape. People stroll. Boats sail. Kites fly. It would take a moment to pick out the two women heading toward the camera.

DEBBIE  
Honestly when I tell you, it's  
going to sound a little...

CATE  
Crazy?

DEBBIE  
Maybe. But there aren't any holes.  
I've gone through it a million  
times.

ANGLE. WOODED PATH

They stroll toward the camera in the dappled sunlight. As they leave the narrow path, Central Park opens in front of them. Fifth Avenue looms. Deb stops -- turns toward Cate.

CATE  
What?

Deb motions in front of her.

CATE (CONT'D)  
Trees?

Deb points to...

THE MET

Rising up above the treeline.

CLOSE UP. CATE

She cocks her head slightly, takes in the museum. Then she reaches for Deb's hand and walks her slowly over to a park bench. They sit together.

CATE  
(deep breath/softly)  
Look -- I have a friend with a  
house on Fire Island. He's in  
Europe for a few months and the  
place is just sitting empty. You  
could go out there and stare at the  
water and just...

DEBBIE  
This works, Cate.

CATE  
I'm sure.

DEBBIE  
It *really* works.

CATE  
(pause)  
That's a museum, Debbie. And they care about the things inside it. That's what makes it a museum.

DEBBIE  
We're not robbing the museum.

Pause...

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
We're robbing someone in the museum. The museum is just the decoy.

She looks back at it...

CUT TO:

INT. MET - AMERICAN WING

They mingle with tourists ambling by the Whistlers and Winslow Homers. John Singer Sargent's 'Madam X' looks down as they walk by...

INT. MET - MAIN FOYER

They stand in front of a sign next to the ticket booths. A sign reads: "CLOSED THE FIRST MONDAY IN MAY."

CATE  
First Monday in May?

DEBBIE  
Shh.

MONTAGE. MET BALL - FILE FOOTAGE

Years of haute couture on display. The richest models in the world wear the most expensive and glamorous fashion. They glide in slow motion past a million strobes as Debbie explains:

DEBBIE OCEAN (O.S)  
It's the biggest event of the year. Hundreds of the richest people gathered under one roof...

CATE

So...

CUT TO:

A HALAL CART

They eat a falafel. Deb gestures. Cate nods.

SERIES OF SHOTS. MOS (LONG LENS - FAR AWAY)

Through the bustle and traffic of New York, Deb explains 'the job'. In subways... Taxi's... Restaurants... With diagrams, gestures, and models made of salt shakers and sugar cubes. Slowly, through it all, Cate's body language subtly changes. She begins, literally, to lean in until...

MET CAFE

They sit at a table caffeinating in the large open atrium.

CATE

Wow.

DEBBIE

Wow as in yes?

CATE

As in: I get it. It's kind of brilliant.

DEBBIE

I had some time on my hands.

CATE

It's dangerous...

DEBBIE

No doubt. But that's not why I like it. This works.

CATE

(weighs it)

You know I don't owe you anything.

DEBBIE

Just help me figure it out. Then see how you feel. If you don't like it, you don't have to do it. You have an off ramp.

There is an irritating, irresistible quality that makes her Debbie Ocean.

CATE

So what's first?



DEBBIE  
We need a designer.

CUT TO:

INT. CATE'S LOFT

They sit in front of the big screen with the documentary playing. They review a large portfolio book of various designers, their work enshrined in plastic.

CATE  
So I thought about Galliano, but I don't think Anna's gonna let him dress anybody.

DEBBIE  
Right.

CATE  
There's Lagerfeld but it's kind of Dr. Strangelove. Not sure it's the right fit. But here, look at this...

She spins the book. Hovers over it...

DEBBIE  
Rose Weil?  
(beat)  
I know that name.

CATE  
Huge in the 90's. New Romantic stuff. Edwardian collars. But...  
(flips a page)  
Hasn't gone so well lately. She owes the IRS 5 million dollars.

DEBBIE  
Woah.

CATE  
It's bad. A lien on her assets. Impounded her passport. The bank seized her townhouse.

DEBBIE  
She sounds perfect.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE - FASHION SHOW

The name "ROSE WEIL" emblazoned on a wall.

After a minute ROSE WEIL, 40's, flustered, lurches toward a trash can, vomiting pre-show.

CATE (V.O.)  
The show was meant to save her.

INT. FASHION SHOW - BRYANT PARK - EVENING

Amazonian women appear in outfits that suggest a labored attempt at a Victorian theme -- high buttons, lace bodices.

CATE (V.O.)  
If the new line doesn't take off,  
she could even be prosecuted.

There is a distracting murmur -- this is not going well. Amongst the unimpressed celebrities, a worried group of middle-aged, Mid-Western Men sit in the front row.

CATE (V.O.)  
Got a credit line from an Omaha  
Bank. The only ones who would  
still loan her money...

They literally are soaked in sweat -- stare perplexed at the runway at...

CATE  
Tough way to get into fashion.

THE LAST MODEL

Strides out in a corset with over abundance metal buckles - BDSM meets Pirates of the Caribbean.

She turns to the top of the runway to introduce Rose, but no one appears. Finally, one of the models drags her on-stage to take a bow before a half-empty tent.

INT. BACKSTAGE - FASHION SHOW - LATER

The silent break-down of a failed show: Naked models down champagne, designer detritus covers the floor -- no one scurries to pick it up.

Cate wanders through the room, searching for Rose. She pauses at the sound of SOBS coming from the other side of a closet door. Cate opens it to find a weeping Rose, sitting on the floor, eating Nutella.

CATE  
(beat)  
It was gorgeous.

ROSE WEIL  
(looks up/tear stained)  
It was shite.

CATE

I think that's a little harsh.

ROSE WEIL

"Derivative of myself." That's what they say. Do you know what a hell that is? Resenting who you were because you'll never be that again --

(shovels Nutella)

How did I get here?

CATE

(sinks to the floor/gently)

You spent 18 million dollars in two years. You had two house boats on the Seine.

Cate takes her hand.

ROSE WEIL

(softly)

I know. And they were divine.

(a beat)

I'm old.

CATE

You're not old --

ROSE WEIL

I'm old and --

(heaves)

I'm going to go to prison -- and

(heaves)

And then I'm going to be *poor*...

CATE

Not necessarily.

Rose looks up. Hmm?

CATE (CONT'D)

What if I could make all of this go away. Even get your passport back.

Long pause --

ROSE WEIL

What do I have to do?

CATE

Dress Daphne Kluger for the Met Ball.

Rose stares up her.

ROSE WEIL  
Are you real?

CATE  
Very.

ROSE WEIL  
(means it)  
You're an angel.

Cate shrugs. She'll take it.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

PAPARAZZI FLASH -- As the glare recedes, a stunning face is revealed like a developing photograph -- DAPHNE KLUGER, 30, goofy and aloof and devastatingly charming. She's been famous for a while and she likes it. Daphne soaks up the flash as the Chairwoman of the Costume Institute introduces her --

CHAIRWOMAN  
The Met Ball is all about grace and elegance and refinement -- so everyone can understand why we chose Ms. Kluger to host it.

The crowd erupts in laughter, heads thrown back and shoulders rising like a ballet of bobble-heads. Except for Cate and Debbie, seated in the back row, straight-faced. A REPORTER raises his hand --

REPORTER  
Do you know who you're wearing?

DAPHNE KLUGER  
Right now?  
(she looks under her shirt)  
Under Armour?

REPORTER  
No, who is dressing you?

DAPHNE KLUGER  
I normally do it myself unless I'm really wasted.

REPORTER  
The designer --

DAPHNE KLUGER  
Don't you guys have something better to worry about -- like climate change?  
(they're not budging)  
(MORE)

DAPHNE KLUGER (CONT'D)  
I promise the moment we decide on a  
designer you'll be the first to  
know.

ANGLE. BACK OF THE ROOM

Debbie and Cate exchange a look.

INT. CATE'S LOFT - DEBBIE, CATE, AND ROSE WEIL

They leaf through pictures of Daphne Kluger.

ROSE WEIL  
Oh. She's sort of divine. Lovely  
bust.

DEBBIE  
Sure.

ROSE WEIL  
Maybe something simple. Just  
velvet with no other...

DEBBIE  
Maybe this.

She tosses an embossed photo on the table. Rose leans in.

CLOSE UP PHOTO. THE HARRINGTON NECKLACE

Over a fifty diamonds. Even the photo glistens.

ROSE WEIL  
Oh my.

DEBBIE  
It's called the Harrington  
necklace. Originally commissioned  
for an American oil magnate.  
Weighs over six pounds.

CATE  
Texans.

DEBBIE  
When he died they sold it back to  
Tiffany's who've kept it in their  
vault ever since.

CATE  
They never let it out.

ROSE WEIL  
Oh. Then how do we...

CATE  
They might let it out for her.

DEBBIE

This years theme is Starry Night.  
A million jewels glittering in the  
night sky.

CATE

And if you were to insist... On  
behalf of Daphne Kluger...

ROSE WEIL

Ooooh...

Through all of her haze, Rose begins to get it...

ROSE WEIL (CONT'D)

It's a lovely piece.

CATE

No shit.

CUT TO:

MACRO IMAGE OF A FLAWLESS DIAMOND (AS SEEN THROUGH A LOUPE)

It kicks prisms of light all over the frame -- perfect little  
rainbows. OVER THIS -- IN HINDI:

AMITA

(This isn't flawless.)

WIDER. BHALLA JEWELRY INC. STATEN ISLAND

AMITA (Mindy Kaling) holds a large diamond up to her loupe.  
Her mother, elegant, glamorous, dripping in jewels, hovers  
close by as she examines it. Behind them are half a dozen  
other jewelers at a long work bench -- all Indian as well --  
all family. There are glass jars of candy -- everywhere.

AMITA'S MOTHER

(It's a good stone. What's the  
matter with you?)

AMITA

(I work here -- stop selling me.)

EXT. STATEN ISLAND FERRY

Debbie stands at the railing staring out over the water as  
they head past Ellis Island.

DEBBIE (V.O.)

She's like family. My dad used to  
fence stuff through the store.

The island approaches...

INT. BHALLA JEWELERS - DAY

In Hindi:

AMITA  
(This diamond is a K -- at *best*.)

AMITA'S MOTHER  
(It's an H -- )

AMITA  
(You're out of your mind.)

AMITA'S MOTHER  
(I'm concerned about your vision)

AMITA  
(This is piss yellow --)

AMITA'S MOTHER  
(Why are you so vulgar. If your  
father was alive...)

AMITA  
(Grade it yourself!)

AMITA'S MOTHER  
(This is why you have no husband.)

Amita looks up, with the loupe on.

AMITA'S POV -- THROUGH THE LOUPE

Debbie (highly magnified) stands out the window -- waving,  
signaling for Amita to join her.

CUT TO:

EXT. STATEN ISLAND PROMENADE - MOMENTS LATER

Amita approaches Debbie --

AMITA  
What're you doing here?

DEBBIE  
Sorry to hear about your pops.

AMITA  
Yeah, thanks...  
(re: her mother/sotto)  
Sometimes I wish she'd join him.  
(beat)  
Sorry about Danny.

DEBBIE

Yeah well... I got something for you. A job.

AMITA

I heard that didn't work out too well.

DEBBIE

Happens.

AMITA

What? You want to run some stuff through the store?

DEBBIE

Little more than that.

(beat)

How long would it take you to make 8 pieces of jewelry? If the stones are already cut.

AMITA

I don't know. Six hours?

DEBBIE

What if I told you didn't have to live with your mother anymore?

Amita raises an eyebrow...

CUT TO:

EXT. STATEN ISLAND FERRY

Deb stands at the rail on her cell phone.

DEBBIE

(into the phone)

Yeah. She's all good. But we may have to put her up for a while. Had a fight with her mom.

INT. CATE'S LOFT

A 23 year old GIRL (huge dreads and lots of tats) sits cross legged in a knoll womb chair with an industrial looking computer on her lap. Cate sits across from her staring as she pounds away at her keyboard.

GIRL

(suddenly)

Wow.

CATE

What?



The girl doesn't answer but stays focused on her screen. Cate leans forward, paying rapt attention.

DEBBIE  
I am never taking the F train  
again.

Debbie comes bounding through the doorway with loads of energy.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
(sees the girl)  
Hi there.

CATE  
Shh.

DEBBIE  
What?

CATE  
She's "in."

DEBBIE  
In where?

GIRL  
Is this what you mean? There's  
just a lot of vases.

Cate leans over and looks at her screen.

CATE  
Yeah. That's the Egyptian wing.

DEBBIE  
Shes's in *The Met*?

Debbie crosses over and looks.

CATE  
(glancing at Deb)  
Security cameras.

DEBBIE  
Wow.

GIRL  
Here's some more. Just a lot of  
pictures...

CATE  
Kandinsky.

DEBBIE  
Hi. I'm Debbie.

She looks up. Squints through the dreads.

GIRL  
Nine Ball.

DEBBIE  
What's your real name?

GIRL  
(shrugs)  
Eight Ball.

DEBBIE  
We use real names around here.

CATE  
Can we talk for a minute.

PULLING HER AROUND THE CORNER

They tuck into the kitchen.

CATE  
She's one of the best hackers in  
the world.

DEBBIE  
I'm honored.

CATE  
She has other clients. They don't  
know her real name either.

DEBBIE  
She has other clients? Now?

CATE  
Yeah.

DEBBIE  
Did you tell her what her cut was?

CATE  
'Course.

High priced talent. They head around the corner.

RESUME - LIVING ROOM

Nine Ball continues to clack away, rocking back and forth in  
a self-soothing kind of way.

DEBBIE  
Um, Nine ball? Should I call you  
Nine?

NINE BALL

Or Baller.

(beat)

You know, your footprint sucks,  
right?

DEBBIE

What?

NINE BALL

Your footprint. If you want to  
steal shit you gotta clean this up.  
My little sister could hack you.

CATE

Oh. Cause we hired a guy who...

Nine Ball taps a couple of keystrokes and the lights shut  
off. She taps them again and they turn back on.

CATE (CONT'D)

Gotcha.

DEBBIE

We'll fix that.

NINE BALL

Awesome. I gotta jet.

She grabs her laptop and leaves the frame. Cate and deb  
exchange a look.

DEBBIE

How old is she?

CATE

You don't want to know.

CUT TO:

*JACKPOT (TEN YEARS EARLIER)*

*Bells. Whistles...*

*DEBBIE*

*OH MY GOD!*

*INT. SUBTERRANEAN CORRIDOR*

*Benedict strides down the hallway with two employees in  
tow...*

*INT. HOLDING ROOM*

*Bright neon. No frills. Deb sits on a hard plastic chair.  
Turns... Looks at Benedict...*

DEBBIE  
 (as he enters)  
 Where's my money!

SHOT. DEB

She yells into a pay phone.

DEBBIE (O.S.)  
 "Pulled a lever"? You think that's  
 what I did? I "pulled a lever?"

A BLACK JACK TABLE - LATER THAT DAY...

Debbie fumes in the "first base" position all the way to the right of the dealer. She has a drink and stack of chips in front of her.

THE DEALER...

Whisks cards across the table and pulls a 9. Debbie stands with an 18. So does everyone else at the table. The dealer flips her hole card and shows an 8 to total 17.

SLOW MOTION DEBBIE'S HAND

In one smooth move she reaches for her drink, and swaps her stack of 5 red chips for 4 red and one black hundred dollar chip underneath. If you blinked you'd miss it.

REGULAR MOTION

The dealer spreads out her chips and pays her \$115, matching her three reds and one black. A good hustle.

DEBBIE

Looks across the table to see...

CATE

Staring at her. She glances away at the eye contact. They don't know each other yet.

A NEW DEAL

Debbie gets a 14 and busts. No need to switch chips this time. The dealer busts as well. Debbie looks back across the table at --

CATE

Who does the exact same thing that Debbie did. Reaches for the drink, switches out a stack of four reds for three reds and a black.

*THEIR EYES LOCK*

Nice to meet you.

*CUT TO:*

*EXT. CAESAR'S PALACE POOL - (VERY HOT) DAY*

*Modeled after the Baths of Caracalla. White columns and short togas. Deb lies on a chaise lounge eyes closed, hand clenched around her drink. A shadow crosses over her.*

*CATE (O.S.)*

*Hello.*

*DIFFERENT ANGLE*

*Debbie looks up to see her blocking out the sun. Cate has a huge hat. Almost religious. She sits on the chaise next to her.*

*CATE (CONT'D)*

*I think we have something in common.*

*DEBBIE*

*I got there first.*

*CATE*

*I know.*

*Cate hands her a wad of cash.*

*DEBBIE*

*I don't want a cut.*

*CATE*

*Do you know what a Savannah is?*

*DEBBIE*

*Yeah. Past-posting at a roulette wheel. Double act. A mechanic and a payout.*

*CATE*

*That's right.*

*DEBBIE*

*(gets it)*  
*I'm Debbie.*

*Extends her hand. Cate takes it.*

*CATE*

*Cate Richmond. I knew your brother.*

*DEBBIE*  
Who didn't?

*CATE*  
Not like that. We did some work together.

*DEBBIE*  
So did we. Had a little trouble settling.

*CATE*  
So did I.

*DEBBIE*  
(takes her in)  
So we were at that table together by accident?

*CATE*  
(maybe)  
Of course.

*Beat. They both laugh. Sure. Whatever.*

*DEBBIE*  
What are you thinking?

CUT TO:

BOTH WOMEN (IN THE PRESENT)

Emerging side by side from the subway in QUEENS. There is purpose in their step.

*CATE*  
This girl has the best hands I've ever seen. Literally. It's such a waste.

TIGHT. ON AN ORANGE CRATE

Deft hands shuffle and deal Three Card Monte in a blur. A woman's hand adorned with nail art and a dozen bracelets do the honors. Over this -- a voice of undetermined origin:

*CONSTANCE*  
(fast, like an auctioneer)  
Ok following the queen, following the queen aaaaaaaaaaand you know what i see? -i see a little silhouett-o of a man bout to lose, bout to lose but will he do the fandango? Probably not cuz THAT'S A 2 OF SPADES THANK U, COME AGAIN.

REVEAL CONSTANCE LUM (AWKWAFINA)

She works her magic to a visiting chump and his friend from Manhattan. Kids gather round to watch the abuse on rebuilt BMX bikes. Constance has a yellow hoodie and wears huge shades -- a hybrid between an insect and an aviator.

DEBBIE AND CATE. FROM ACROSS THE STREET

They watch the show from a distance.

DEBBIE

Really?

CATE

Everyone you sent me was too hot.  
The turnover on pickpockets is huge.

RESUME CONSTANCE

She fans a deck. Deals out three new cards.

CONSTANCE

How about you sir? What's your name? Is it Wifi? 'Cause I feel a connection. Now how about you put that Fossil brand wallet where that weird, misshapen mouth is. Don't know how to play? Well here's what we do -- we keep your eyes on the queen. Eyes on the queen, eyes on the queen. (Just like last night) Keep your eyes are on the queen and -- look I'm taking it slow, taking it slooow, taking and our eyes are on the queen, eyes on the queen. But. Oh. Wait. Oh no. But where she at, though? Where that bitch at? Is she gonna be over here on the left,? Is she on the right? Or is she in the center? Is that bitch a liberal-leaning libertarian?

He points and she flips the card.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

I don't know but I *do* know that THAT'S A 3 OF HEARTS -- so what's it gonna be? I take cash only honey no no cash only honey, no cash no -- honey don't mope. Just gimme the dope.

Constance snatches his money and quickly slips off his Rolex in the process.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)  
 We take most major credits -- an we  
 keep em.  
 (sees Debbie and Cate)  
 Oh, look -- two real housewives.

As he turns to look at Deb and Cate, Constance reaches around  
 and lifts his wallet.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)  
 Sweetie that's it for tonight. I  
 gotta headache. We'll do it  
 tomorrow. I promise.

Kissing noises and she's gone.

ANGLE. DEBBIE AND CATE

DEBBIE  
 We're amateurs.

INT. SUBWAY (SANDWICH) - DAY

Debbie and Cate sit across from Constance, housing a sub.

CONSTANCE  
 (incredulous)  
 So -- I'm just slipping one  
 necklace?

DEBBIE  
 You are. Yes.

CONSTANCE  
 Really? That's it?

CATE  
 It's a very nice necklace.

CONSTANCE  
 An' this is legit? I mean you're  
 serious -- about my cut and all?

CATE  
 A hundred percent.

CONSTANCE  
 Ok. I'm in and...  
 (reaches into her pocket)  
 ...in that case, here.

She hands Cate back her watch.



CONSTANCE (CONT'D)  
 I just love the smell of that  
 Subway bread.

CUT TO:

AN IPAD

With luminous images of precious jewels. A woman's finger swipes it and more massive rocks appear. Swipes again -- an emerald...

INT. CATE'S CLUB - NIGHT

She stands at the bar in thick black reading glasses, peering down at the iPad. A cacophony is pounding all around her but Cate is extreme focus: stare -- swipe. Stare -- swipe...

  BOUNCER  
 No?

  CATE  
 Hmm?

  BOUNCER  
 The guy. Jeff. He has three guys  
 with him.

  CATE  
 Ok.

  BOUNCER  
 But he's the only one on the list.

  CATE  
 Just let 'em in.

And she goes back to her jewelry. Cate swipes as...

A CHILD'S FOOT

Makes solid contact with a soccer ball.

SLIDING GLASS DOOR

The shot nails the door, mid pane, leaving a huge mark.

ON THE PATIO

A well maintained woman in her mid forties wears athletic garb and is parked with the Sunday Times on her (new) porch furniture.

  TAMMY  
 Derek, please, that is not a goal.  
 That is a plate glass win...

And she stops mid sentence.

HER POV. WOODEN GATE

Debbie's head hovers above the fence line. She locks eyes with her.

DEBBIE

Hi, Tam.

TAMMY

Freezes in a paralyzed suburban smile...

KERI

Mommy, Derek said I couldn't play anymore because he wants to only have another kind of game that...

TAMMY

Sweetie -- Mommy has to talk to an old friend now.

Tammy gets up slowly and walks the other direction toward the garage. She glances back and motions for Debbie to meet her on the other side of the house.

CUT TO:

INT. FOUR CAR GARAGE - TAMMY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Like the Container Store and Fed Ex had a love child. A suburban warehouse. Tammy's "eBay Top Seller" Award hangs prominently on the wall.

DEBBIE

Are you really screening my calls?

Deb moves closer. Tammy inhales sharply.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

(re: the garage set-up)  
This is impressive.

Debbie peers behind a slightly ajar door which leads to black-light lit storage room full of even hotter items --

TAMMY

What are you doing here? I thought you were --

DEBBIE

I got out. Look at all this. I thought you retired.

TAMMY

I did.

DEBBIE

(motioning)

I guess you're just collecting  
knock-off luggage.

(smiles)

Not as much as fun as hijacking a  
truck or smuggling shit in a  
tugboat...

TAMMY

What do you want?

Debbie steps *closer*, an intimate tension growing --

DEBBIE

(breathy)

Just wanted to reconnect.

Tammy swallows.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

You're not bored out here, are you  
Tam?

TAMMY

(tense/physical proximity)

I'm happy... Out here.

Debbie places a strand of Tammy's hair behind her ear.

DEBBIE

(she gets closer)

What about in here?

(touches her "heart")

How do you feel inside.

(closer)

When you lie awake at night. Does  
he snore?

TAMMY

No.

(Deb breathes in her ear)

A little.

DEBBIE

I need a fence.

TAMMY

I -- stopped doing that.

DEBBIE

(closer still)

You can start again. You can do  
*anything you want.*

(hot breath)

You were the best, Tam. The best  
I've ever...

(MORE)

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
 (closer)  
 ...worked with.

Debbie is close enough to kiss Tammy. DEREK, Tammy's 4 year old, opens the door --

DEREK  
 Mommy --

TAMMY  
 (strained, snaps her head)  
 Yes, sweetie?

DEREK  
 I just wanted to say I love you.

TAMMY  
 I love you, too --

The door closes.

DEBBIE  
 No one else can do what you do.

THREE INCHES BETWEEN THEM

Eyes locked...

CUT TO:

EXT. TAMMY'S HOUSE - LATER

ANGLE ON -- Tammy, from inside the trunk of her car.

She throws a suitcase in.

TAMMY  
 It's just a work trip, honey.  
 Mommy will be back soon.

The trunk closes.

CUT TO:

INT. CATE'S THEATER -

An old master switch is thrown, bathing the stage in light.

INT. ORCHESTRA

Various members of the team wander in to the aging theater, taking in the faded glory. They meet and mingle. Orange juice and bagels sit on the edge of the stage.

DEBBIE  
Down here, everybody.

CUT TO:

"THE MEETING"

Everyone is gathered on stage with folding chairs and loose furniture. Downstage, near the broken footlights, sits a large object covered with a sheet. A projector illuminates the back wall.

DEBBIE  
Thank you all for coming. We'd like to present you with a hypothetical situation. 16.5 million dollars in each of your bank accounts. A little over two weeks from now.

AMITA  
How hypothetical?

CATE  
Not very. Unless we screw up.

The women make eyes. Nobody moves. Debbie removes the satin sheet covering a perfect 3D replica of the Met.

DEBBIE  
In three and a half weeks the Met will be hosting its annual ball to celebrate the new Costume Exhibit.

CATE  
And we're going to rob it.

ROSE WEIL  
(nausea)  
Christ.

Within the 3D model is a red carpet, the exhibit and the Temple of Dendur --

DEBBIE  
-- Not the ball itself, but a very important set of diamonds that will be "attending" the ball --

The video of the "Harrington" diamond necklace plays on screen. Amita lets out a half-orgasmic sigh --

CATE  
On the neck of Daphne Kluger.

Split Screen -- a picture of Ms. Kluger appears next to the video of the necklace.

CATE (CONT'D)  
Who Rose will be dressing.

ROSE WEIL  
But I don't know Daphne K --

CATE  
You will.

DEBBIE  
With her on board, we can get the  
necklace out of the vault --

CATE  
(indicates Nine Ball)  
-- Infiltrate both Met Security --

A shot of the hundreds of Met Security Domes that Cate and  
Debbie have been snapping fill the screen --

DEBBIE  
(nod to Tammy)  
And the Gala itself --

CATE  
Considered to be the most exclusive  
party invitation in the world --

DEBBIE  
When Daphne becomes suddenly ill  
and goes to the bathroom --

TAMMY  
How do we do that?

DEBBIE  
Ipecac.

AMITA  
*Ew.*

DEBBIE  
Constance will do what Constance  
does --

Constance doffs an imaginary hat.

CATE  
The necklace will be delivered to  
Amita, at a secure location inside  
the museum --

DEBBIE  
Where she will fashion it into  
eight distinctive pieces of  
jewelry.

CATE

Making all the gorgeous women in this room even more beautiful as they wear them out into the night -- dispersing in eight different directions, and pulling off one of the biggest jewel heists in history.

The team stares at them, dumbfounded.

CONSTANCE

Shut up.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI - EVENING

ROSE WEIL

Where are we going?

DEBBIE

Le Cirque.

ROSE WEIL

Are we going to meet Daphne Kluger?

CATE

No.

DEBBIE

We're going to meet someone who makes Daphne Kluger jealous.

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

Debbie and Cate sit across from Rose -- sweating profusely and tearing at bread.

DEBBIE

In a minute we are going to get up and someone you know will sit down.

ROSE WEIL

I know her?

DEBBIE

Not personally. Just be cool, aloof --

CATE

Kind, but not too kind.

DEBBIE

You're sweating.

ROSE WEIL  
I sweat.

CATE  
Don't.

DEBBIE  
She has a new engagement ring, take  
her hand, make physical contact,  
that's when we'll get it.

ROSE WEIL  
It?

Cate and Debbie rise. Rose continues to sweat. Fans  
herself. After a beat, the actress PENELOPE STERN sits down  
--

PENELOPE STERN  
Hi, wow --

ROSE WEIL  
(faint/British)  
Hi.

PENELOPE STERN  
(takes Rose's hand)  
Hi.  
(a beat)  
I just have to say -- I think you  
are so brilliant. Like -- beyond.  
Honestly, I have always dreamed  
about getting married in one of  
your dresses. Is that so crazy?

ROSE WEIL  
No...  
(glances toward the  
window/sees Deb and Cate)  
...Not as crazy as that rock...

PENELOPE STERN  
My ring?

ROSE WEIL  
May I?

Rose takes Penelope's hand, making sure to maintain the  
moment of intimacy long enough, as she peers over Penelope's  
shoulder to --

EXT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

DEBBIE'S POV -- through a telephoto camera lens -- Debbie and  
Cate take photos through the window. CLICK.

CUT TO:



PAGE SIX! THE NEW YORK POST...

Lands on a table with a picture of Rose and Penelope dining over candlelight. The headline is evocative: "Be My Dress, Be My Dress, Be My Dress -- Met Gala Courtship."

WIDER. HOTEL SUITE

Daphne Kluger looks at an underling...

DAPHNE KLUGER  
Rose Weil? Is she still alive?  
(fuming nonetheless)  
So what are we doing about this?

CUT TO:

INT. BOWERY BALLROOM - BOWERY HOTEL

Rose and Daphne sit on the long velvet bench in the corner.

CATE (V.O.)  
Remember -- indifference is the  
greatest aphrodisiac.

DAPHNE KLUGER  
Thanks for coming on such short  
notice.

ROSE WEIL  
Of course.

Cate appears on the balcony. She crosses, Rose's eyes trail her, looking over Daphne's shoulder --

DAPHNE KLUGER  
I've always admired you. I have so  
many of your pieces --

ROSE WEIL  
Really?

DAPHNE KLUGER  
(no)  
Oh, yeah.

Debbie appears at the other end of the balcony. Rose's eyes shift --

DAPHNE KLUGER (CONT'D)  
Obviously this search hasn't been  
easy, and so far everything's been  
a little, well, *boring* --

Rose still looks past Daphne -- Debbie and Cate are now staring at her, pressed up against the glass.

Debbie plasters her face against the clear window. Rose stares at them looking past Daphne and it's starting to piss her off.

DAPHNE KLUGER (CONT'D)  
-- well you seem different, a  
little twisted -- like me.

Daphne realizes she has completely lost Rose --

DAPHNE KLUGER (CONT'D)  
*What is going on --*

Daphne looks over her shoulder out the window -- Cate and Debbie have disappeared. Rose finally looks at Daphne.

ROSE WEIL  
I'm sorry -- what were you saying?

DAPHNE KLUGER  
I'm trying to hire you. What, did  
you forget your Adderall? Jesus --

Daphne downs her whiskey, restores the glass.

DAPHNE KLUGER (CONT'D)  
For the Met ball. I want you to  
dress me.

Rose looks off to the balcony, beaming with satisfaction.

CATE AND DEBBIE...

Sit on the edge of planter, exhausted --

CUT TO:

NINE BALL

Illuminated in blue light as she stares into a monitor.

NINE BALL  
This is dope.

WIDER

The others hover around her. Next to them is a 3D printer the size of a large desk. It has tubes and pumps and tanks. Very industrial.

DEBBIE  
Where'd you get it?

TAMMY  
(a true "fence")  
Items "arrive" Deb. No one "gets"  
them from "anywhere."

DEBBIE

O-kay...

NINE BALL

Ready.

She hits a keystroke and the printer begins to WHINE. A lucite replica of the Statue of Liberty begins to emerge in front of them.

TAMMY

Once we get the scan of the necklace, we can print a replica in zirconium.

CONSTANCE

(watching it grow)

Wo! Print me a dude.

TAMMY

Get me a scan.

CONSTANCE

(to Amita)

No *problem*. Let's go get her a "scan."

Giggles. She nudges Amita who looks embarrassed but intrigued. They wander off together.

CATE

(turning to Deb)

Three weeks to go.

CUT TO:

DIAMONDS

Three different STUNNING necklaces sit atop black velvet stands.

WIDER. INT. TIFFANY'S - PRIVATE SHOWROOM

A very proud, tightly-wound TIFFANY'S EXEC fawns over Rose and Amita, posing as her assistant. Amita has a business suit and an iPad. Rose wears a fashionable pair of Google Glasses.

ROSE WEIL

Where is it?

TIFFANY EXEC

We thought you might want to see these first --

ROSE WEIL

These aren't the Harrington.

TIFFANY EXEC

I know. It's just that -- there are certain *logistical* problems with that particular necklace.

2ND EXEC

We wouldn't even know how to insure it.

ROSE WEIL

Well -- we were very clear on the phone. We're only interested in the Harrington.

TIFFANY'S EXEC

That would just have to be a much longer discussion.

ROSE WEIL

(a new confidence)

I understand. Ok. Much thanks. We'll be going now.

Rose turns toward the door Amita following instilling panic in the eyes of the two executives.

TIFFANY'S EXEC

Wait.

ROSE

Stops. Turns...

CUT TO:

INT. VAULTED BASEMENT - DAY

The elevator doors open -- the Associate and TWO GUARDS walk out into a hallway -- across from them is a classic VAULT door. Rose and Amita wait while they spin the two large wheels.

DEBBIE (V.O.)

We need a little under five minutes with the necklace to get the scan.

The vault door swings open.

CUT TO:

A LOCK-BOX sitting atop crushed black velvet.

ROSE

Wearing Google glasses, adjusts them slightly. She waits anxiously.

ROSE'S POV - NECKLACE - *THROUGH THE GOOGLE GLASS*

Rose waits for the glasses to connect -- it reads "IDLE -- Attempting to connect."

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS

Cate stands over the computer -- waiting for the scan to come in -- it reads "IDLE" -- but the screen goes blank.

DEBBIE  
Where'd it go?

NINE BALL  
I'm not sure.

Debbie hits the side of the screen like an old TV. Then she starts shaking the flat-screen.

NINE BALL (CONT'D)  
Chill. That's not gonna help.  
(cooly)  
No signal. They must be too far underground.

CUT TO:

INT. VAULTED BASEMENT - RESUME

They walk toward the necklace. The titanium case is opened. It is truly breathtaking. Rose approaches, touching her glasses as if wiping away tears -- but really trying to scan the necklace.

ROSE'S POV - NECKLACE - *THROUGH THE GOOGLE GLASS*

She can't transmit a scan -- "CONNECTION LOST." Rose turns her head so Amita can glimpse the back of the lens. "CONNECTION LOST".

AMITA  
This seems very secure down here --

TIFFANY'S ASSOCIATE  
Five feet of solid concrete.

ANGLE ON - ROSE

Trying to figure out what they're going to do --

AMITA  
You said you wanted to see it in  
*the light.*

ASSOCIATE  
This is light --

ROSE WEIL  
(getting it)  
Oh. No, we need *real* light.  
(gaining steam)  
The red carpet happens while the  
sun is still out. So -- if you --

AMITA  
And your *boss* --

ROSE WEIL  
...Right. Your boss. If you want  
thousands of pictures to be taken  
of this necklace on the neck of  
Daphne Kluger and every reporter  
writing TIFFANY'S in big block  
letters -- we need to know what it  
will look like. In sunlight.

AMITA  
Real sunlight.

ROSE WEIL  
Otherwise we're wasting our time.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESENTING ROOM - FIRST FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Large windows near the ceiling let in beautiful, cascading  
natural light.

Armed Guards enter first, carrying the necklace under a  
covering cloth. Rose and Amita follow. The guards set the  
necklace down, remove the covering cloth and open the case.  
Rose and Amita stand over it. Rose adjusts her glasses --

ROSE WEIL  
(a beat)  
Come on...

ROSE'S POV - NECKLACE - *THROUGH GOOGLE GLASS*

As the service bar kicks back in. "SCANNING..." appears at  
the top of the frame --

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS

They crowd the computer as it begins to receive the scan --  
Debbie stands over her --

NINE BALL

Here we go.

DEBBIE

Hell yes.

INT. PRESENTING ROOM - FIRST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

ROSE'S POV -- NECKLACE -- *THROUGH GOOGLE GLASS* -- 43% Scan Complete --

ASSOCIATE

How is that light, Ms. Weil? Seen what you need to see?

ANGLE ON -- ROSE, standing over the necklace, still, not turning to look at him --

ASSOCIATE (CONT'D)

Ms. Weil --

He steps toward Rose, she starts circling the necklace --

ASSOCIATE (CONT'D)

Is she okay?

ROSE'S POV -- NECKLACE -- *THROUGH GOOGLE GLASS* -- 79% Scan Complete --

AMITA (O.C.)

Oh, yes, fine -- this is her process -- sort of like meditation--

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Cate awaits the scan -- 96% complete -- Amita and Debbie hover, Debbie's head shaking, mumbling, threatening the computer --

CUT TO:

INT. PRESENTING ROOM - FIRST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Rose still stands over the necklace --

ASSOCIATE

If you're done, Ms. Weil, we'd like to return this to the vault --

ROSE'S POV - NECKLACE - *THROUGH GOOGLE GLASS* - 99% Scan Complete.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS

"SCAN 100%" flashes on Cate's computer screen.

Debbie looks to Cate -- exhales.

INT. TIFFANY'S VAULT

Rose looks nauseous, like she is about to faint, steadies herself. Amita escorts her out.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - LATER

A celebratory kick-back. The crew drinks wine, Rose smokes a joint, trying to relax. Debbie stands near the computer with Cate. She finishes her whiskey, puts it on the table.

DEBBIE

All right, let's do this. C'mere --

They all gather round the printer. Debbie looks to the crew.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Ready?

Cate clicks "print" on the computer --

They stand over the 3D printer.

A perfect glass replica of the necklace is birthed into a three dimensional life before their eyes. It's massive, almost a foot long, at least five pounds -- astonishing.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. THEATER - LATER

Everyone is good and drunk. The crew is gathered round. CONSTANCE FREESTYLES from the front of the stage as her cohorts look up her from the front row. (NOTE: To be played over footage preparing for the heist.)

TAMMY. Teases her about her crush on Debbie and running a side hustle fencing.

NINE BALL -- who lives in the dark web. Stealin' shit we don't even know about...

Then ROSE -- Teases her about dressing like a Wizard of Oz witch. Broomstick etc..

AMITA -- her sister. They both have wrist bands. Where were you last night girl... Amita embarrassed.

Leaps from the stage landing in front of...

DEBBIE AND CATE -- Her bosses. Bobbsey Twins Boss Bitches, salutes the two of them. "Can I have the night off?"

CUT TO:



EXT. CAESARS PALACE POOL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Deb lies on a chaise lounge eyes closed. A shadow crosses over her.

CATE (O.S.)

Hello.

INT. CASINO - LATER

Deb and Cate stand at the roulette wheel as total strangers. Cate dressed stylishly is parked at the end. Deb is higher upon the wheel enthusiastically betting red and black. Deb downs a cocktail with flourish then calls out for another...

DEBBIE

Dr. Pepper and Jack please. No ice.

Even the waitress is incredulous and nods. The croupier spins the ball. Cate puts two chips on a column bet. The ball falls onto a red number...

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

YES! Rojo! Awesome! Better red than dead...  
(and then)  
Woohooo...

CATE

During the commotion past-posts five chips on her column bet-switching out high denominations for low ones. As the croupier goes to pay her, she corrects him.

CATE

Actually, those are thousands on the bottom.

CUT TO:

A HOTEL BED

An open suitcase, strewn clothes and twenty dollar bills.

WIDER

Deb watches TV while Cate counts the haul.

CATE

Nine thousand and sixty.

DEBBIE

(turns)  
That's all?

CUT TO:

ITALY. (OCEAN'S TWELVE) RESTAURANT - ONE YEAR LATER...

Having completed the heist, Danny and his team clink glasses. It's a party: laughter, congratulations, poker game, champagne.

CUT TO:

CASINO QUEEN RIVERBOAT AND RESORT. ST LOUIS, MO.

Deb and Cate sit in the Paddlewheel Grill near the stern. A man in suspenders and arm garters serenades on a banjo.

DEBBIE

Did you play with boys when you were little?

CATE

Only.  
(beat)  
...You?

DEBBIE

Sometimes. He wouldn't let me most of the time. He'd tell my parents he was watching me and then he'd ditch me.

CATE

Let it go, Deb.

DEBBIE

Two and a half million dollars.  
(incredulous)  
In art.

CATE

You said you weren't gonna read about it.

DEBBIE

I read about it.  
(beat)  
And what are we doing? We're grinding it out in shitty casino's every night. We've even run out of casinos. Now we're in riverboats.

CATE

It's not actually a riverboat.

DEBBIE

It floats.

CATE

Touché.

DEBBIE

*We shouldn't even be here. We should be at Caesars lying in a cabana.*

*(manic)*

*We need something bigger.*

CATE

*No. We don't need something bigger.*

DEBBIE

*I do. I need it.*

CUT TO:

A JOHN SINGER SARGENT (THE PRESENT)

Priceless.

INT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - AMERICAN WING

Debbie moves through the art, searching for the right spot -- she wears a scarf, her hat dipped low, a backpack.

ANGLE ON

Madame X --

Debbie stares up at it.

ANGLE ON

Warhol's Chairman Mao --

Debbie appraises...

ANGLE ON

Washington Crossing the Delaware --

She looks at the painting -- nods to Amita who peruses the hall. Amita approaches the GUARD.

ANGLE ON - AMITA AND THE GUARD

AMITA

*(unfolding a map)*

*Hi, can you help me with something?  
I'm a bit lost --*

ROOM GUARD

*Of course, ma'am.*

AMITA

I feel like I'm walking in circles.  
So I came from Egypt -- back  
there...

ROOM GUARD

Mesopotamia --

AMITA

(fancy)  
Oh, huh --  
(re: map)  
But now we're in America... Very  
confusing.

ANGLE ON - DEBBIE, OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM

She takes out her backpack and pulls out what looks like a  
rolled up poster. It shines as if it is made of latex --

ANGLE ON - AMITA AND THE GUARD

ROOM GUARD

No, that's French Impressionism --

AMITA

Oh -- I love French Impressionism!  
(checks the  
periphery/flirtatious)  
Must be amazing being around this  
art all the time.

Suddenly, there's commotion, a crowd surrounding a painting --  
the Guard doesn't know what's going on.

ROOM GUARD

(To Amita)  
'Scuse me.

He runs over. Pushes through the crowd --

GUARD'S POV

A replica of WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE has been  
plastered to the wall -- except all the men in the boat are  
WOMEN: white, black and Native American. Affixed to the wall  
next to the original -- stunning and surreal.

CUT TO:

INSTAGRAM: BANKSY HITS THE MET

#banksy #guerillaart #neareverygreatmanisagreatwoman

TWITTER: A SCROLL OF TWEETS

"Banksy Hits the Met twitterpic"

"How much you want to bet the new Banksy piece ends up in the permanent collection."

"George Washington was a CHICK!?!"

MET PRESIDENT (O.S.)  
This is a major security breach.

CUT TO:

A HOTEL ROOM

Debbie, Cate, and Tammy sit on a bed WEARING HEADPHONES. Nine Ball sits perched in a window pointing a laser mic at a building across the street: Looks like a gun -- works like a mic.

CHAD (O.S.)  
(over headphones)  
He did it at the Tate, too.

EXT. WINDOW - CONF ROOM - MCCALISTER SECURITY CONSULTING - DAY

A red laser dot appears on the window.

MET PRESIDENT (O.S.)  
So this is acceptable to you?

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

CHAD MCCALISTER  
Not *acceptable*. But it's not like he stole something. He just *added* something, right? Now you have a Banksy at the Met.

*Silence.*

MET PRESIDENT  
When we hired you to overhaul the system you said, and I quote, "the redundancy of this system would render any breach..."

CHAD MCCALLISTER  
I know what it says.

MET PRESIDENT  
Is this a breach?

CHAD MCCALLISTER  
Technically.

MET PRESIDENT  
Well -- this feels kind of technical.

(MORE)

MET PRESIDENT (CONT'D)  
 (nothing back...)  
 What are you going to about it?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

NINE BALL  
 Yeah, douche bag.

DEBBIE  
 Shh.

CHAD(V.O.)  
 Obviously, we'll do a full audit of  
 the system and plug any major  
 holes.

DEBBIE  
 Yesss!

MET PRESIDENT (V.O.)  
 When?

CHAD (V.O.)  
 We'll start immediately.

Hi-fives all around.

INT. CATE'S THEATER - UPSTAIRS LOFT (REHEARSAL SPACE) - NIGHT

Nine Ball has hacked into main security program for the Met.  
 Everyone gathers around her monitor.

NINE BALL  
 Ok, I'm in. Any changes they make  
 we can see and over-write, but they  
 can see our changes too.

TAMMY  
 Is that a problem?

DEBBIE  
 Not with what we're changing. They  
 have so much on their plate, they  
 won't even notice.  
 (to Nine Ball)  
 Show 'em the gallery.

Nine Ball clicks a few times and a huge array of cameras  
 appear on the screen. *It's a grid of eighty images.*

CONSTANCE  
 Wo.

DEBBIE  
 That's a gallery. But *this* is the  
 hallway outside the cafe.

She nudges Nine Ball who clicks again. Only two images pop up.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
See -- they're watching the art.  
They don't care about a bathroom.

TAMMY  
That's smart.

DEBBIE  
All we need is a blind spot in the  
hall outside the bathroom. Ten  
feet should do it. Which is  
nothing compared to the changes  
they're gonna be making.  
(smiles)  
And it wasn't even a real Banksy.

CUT TO:

A REAL BANKSY. INT. VOGUE MAGAZINE RECEPTION AREA - DAY

RECEPTIONIST  
Good afternoon, Vogue...

CLOSE UP. THE BACK OF ANNA WINTOURS HEAD: AN ICON

One of the most famous silhouettes in New York sits at her desk. All at once, Anna's assistant sticks her head in door.

ANNA WINTOUR  
What?

ASSISTANT  
That interview? Gala staff  
position?

ANNA WINTOUR  
Are you serious?

ASSISTANT  
Friend of Harvey's.

ANNA WINTOUR  
Fine. Hire her.

CUT TO:

TAMMY. NOW BEING LED DOWN A HALL

ANNA'S ASSISTANT  
We're really short on desk space  
right now, so you'll be down here.

Tammy glances to her left at a large conference room enclosed in glass.

MOVING POV. (SLIGHT SLOW MO - FLOATING) THROUGH GOOGLE GLASS

There, on the wall, like an object of holy worship is the Met Ball Seating Chart.

ASSISTANT  
Hurry up.

CUT TO:

INT. CATE'S THEATER - NIGHT

Tammy enters, tired, lugging down the center aisle.

TAMMY  
Ok. This party is nuts...

Everyone turns as she heads toward the stage.

TAMMY (CONT'D)  
I'm not kidding. If Anna thinks your dress is ugly -- you can't wear it. No shit. She will bar your wardrobe. Can I have a sip of that.

CONSTANCE  
Sure.

TAMMY  
Last year she got in a fight with one of the designers two days before the event -- and *no one* was allowed to wear his clothes! For real. Black-balled.

She takes a swig of the water, opens a bag of chips.

TAMMY (CONT'D)  
Sorry, I haven't eaten all day.  
(stuffs some chips)  
Tables cost a quarter million dollars -- that is, *if* she decides to let you buy one. Not any \$250,000 check is accepted, they literally have to approve your money!

Debbie reaches out and wipes a chip crumb from Tammy's mouth. Tammy inhales slightly at the touch. Cate looks at Debbie: "Stop torturing the poor girl."

DEBBIE  
Did you get the seating chart?



TAMMY  
Oh yeah. Of course.

She removes her Google Glasses and dangles them towards Debbie...

CUT TO:

COMPUTER MONITOR. UPSTAIRS LOFT (REHEARSAL SPACE)

Nine ball sits back at the controls. The glasses sit in a charging dock as The Seating Chart appears in front in front of them. It's hard not to be impressed.

CONSTANCE  
Wo. Like -- Leo, Leo?

ROSE WEIL  
There's only one Leo, dear.

NINE BALL  
Elon Musk.

TAMMY  
(turns)  
Really?

NINE BALL  
I am *such* a Musk-a-teer.

AMITA  
(slight giggle)  
Omigod! Taylor Swift.

CONSTANCE  
(joining in/to Amita)  
You're so white.

DEBBIE  
Guys. Please. Where is she?

TAMMY  
Table three, four o'clock. It's the straightest shot to the bathroom without putting her in Siberia.

DEBBIE  
Great.

TAMMY  
Anna signs-off on all of her changes by email, so...

NINE BALL  
Not a problem. I've got her email.

AMITA  
Do you have everyone's email?

NINE BALL  
Who do you want?

CATE  
(points)  
There's a blank spot right next to her.

TAMMY  
That's for her date.

CATE  
Who's her date?

DEBBIE  
(quickly)  
No idea.

Shoots a look at Tammy...

CUT TO:

INT. PER SE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A pre-party for the chairs of the Gala -- Daphne is already seated at her table. Klaus strolls up, glances down at his place card. Daphne looks up. Smiles. He takes her hand...

KLAUS  
I think they put me next to you.

DAPHNE KLUGER  
Lucky me.

TAMMY

Dressed as wait staff watches from a portico. She's riveted on the introduction.

ANGLE. KLAUS

KLAUS  
(kissing her hand)  
Klaus Gunther --

A *hand kiss*? Really? Klaus slithers into the chair beside her -- one smooth reptilian move.

CUT TO:

DINNER. LATER. TAMMY'S POV

Daphne and Klaus laughing, leaning closer, silhouetted by candlelight. Daphne's voice cuts through...

DAPHNE KLUGER  
That's *dirty*...

CUT TO:

"THE SEATING CHART"

The blank space next to DAPHNE KLUGER is filled in with the name KLAUS GUNTHER. She has a date now.

ANGLE. CATE

She hovers over Nine Ball staring at the newest version of the seating chart. Klaus Gunther...

EXT. THEATER - ALLEY OUT BACK

Cate bursts through the double doors at the back of the theater, flinging them open at once. Debbie is smoking out back and Cate is on her in a fury.

CATE  
What the fuck. Really?

DEBBIE  
(turning)  
Really what?

CATE  
You couldn't leave it alone? Klaus Gunther!

DEBBIE  
That's not me.

CATE  
Stop. I'm not a croupier. Or a tourist with a bucket of quarters. Or a hotel manager. Don't con me. Don't run a job in a job.

DEBBIE  
It's not going to matter.

CATE  
FUCK YOU!

DEBBIE  
(re: the others)  
Shh.

CATE  
Why do you do this? Why can't you just do a job? Why does it always need an asterisk?

DEBBIE  
He sent me to jail.

CATE  
And he's gonna do it again.

DEBBIE  
No, he's not.

CATE  
I'm out.

WIDE

Frozen. Wo.

CATE (CONT'D)  
I mean it. You gave me an off  
ramp. I'm taking it.

DEBBIE  
Cate...

CATE  
You're framing him. It's not  
enough to make a gajillion dollars,  
you have to pin it on him too?  
Where does it end? This is just  
like last time.

DEBBIE  
No it's not.  
(panicked)  
Fine. I wont do it. I'll call it  
off.

CATE  
Oh good. Glad we had this talk. I  
feel all better now.

DEBBIE  
I mean it.  
(then...)  
You've never been in there. You  
don't know what it's like.

CATE  
And I don't want to find out.

DEBBIE  
You won't. I promise.

Deb extends her hand. Leaves it out there for an eternity.

CATE  
(looking up the block)  
Who's that?

She motions toward a Crown Victoria parked at the curb. A man sits at the wheel.

DEBBIE  
I don't know. Some guy.

Cate reaches out and slowly takes her hand. They shake.

CUT TO:

INT. CASINO QUEEN - PADDLEWHEEL GRILL (FLASHBACK)

Deb and Cate seated in the restaurant of the cheesy casino.

DEBBIE  
We need something bigger.

CATE  
No. We don't need something bigger.

DEBBIE  
I do. I need it.

INT. CIPRIANI - MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Deb sits across from Klaus Gunther: bleached smile and slicked back hair.

DEBBIE  
So what do I have to do?

CUT TO:

KLAUS' BED

He and Debbie (post coital) lie in his sheets.

KLAUS  
It's not really a forgery because we're not copying any known painting. It's previously undiscovered work.

DEBBIE  
Gotcha.

KLAUS  
I can't sign the provenance because they know me but...

DEBBIE  
It's still fraud.

KLAUS  
That's not clear.

INT. SMALL BAR - LOWER EAST SIDE

Cate's first club. There isn't much room.

CATE  
It's still fraud.

DEBBIE  
That's not clear.

CATE  
I know Klaus Gunther. I've known  
him for ten years.

DEBBIE  
Oh, yeah. He wants you do it too.  
He can't front as the owner because  
they know him.

CATE  
I'm sure they do.

DEBBIE  
The sale goes through his gallery,  
Cate. He's on the line too. One  
signature. Half a million dollars

CATE  
Yeah. That'll show your brother.

DEBBIE  
No.  
(pointed)  
That'll mean we can stop hitting  
shitty casinos on the gulf coast.

CATE  
I'm out.

DEBBIE  
Fine.

CATE  
Don't trust him, Deb.

DEBBIE  
(smiles)  
Who said I trust him.

INT. CIPRIANI - THIS TIME LUNCH...

Deb sits alone waiting for Klaus. Checks her watch. She's  
eaten a whole breadbasket. Suddenly...

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Are you Deborah Ocean?

*She looks up...*

INT. JAIL

*Deb, dressed in an orange jumpsuit carries bedding toward the camera...*

CUT TO:

EXT. PRETZEL STAND - CENTRAL PARK - THE NEXT DAY

Debbie stands in front of her crew -- dressed significantly better now. Cate stands off to the side, among the others.

DEBBIE

Ok, remember -- this is a *run-through*. It's where we make mistakes. Nobody panics, this is why we do this. If something happens and you don't expect it, it's no big deal. We roll with it, regroup later.

(a beat)

Any questions?

CUT TO:

INT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - LATER THAT NIGHT

Constance, as she puts on her Audio Guide, moves through late hours at the Met. A little looser and boozier than the normal crowd. Young professionals mill about.

NINE BALL (V.O.)

Okay, here we go --

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MARK HOTEL - NIGHT

The Mark is the The Hotel of Choice for all Gala attendees -- our Headquarters for the night -- The new, temporary War Room. A monitor shows a mini version of the Security Hub monitors. Nine ball has hacked into the system.

NINE BALL

Places, ladies...

INT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - SAME

Constance puts her foot up on a bench to tie her shoe, next to where An ELDERLY MUSEUM-GOER sits. Constance takes off her headset, places it on the bench next to her so she can pull back her hair.

The Elderly Museum-Goer rises, gathers her things and departs. Constance does so a few moments after.

NINE BALL  
 (headset)  
 Constance, go -- get moving --

Constance doesn't move.

NINE BALL (CONT'D)  
 (louder)  
 I said, "Go!"

AN ELDERLY WOMAN...

Hears Nine Ball YELLING at her in the Met Audio Guide. She taps her headphones.

CONSTANCE

Looks equally perplexed:

CONSTANCE  
 Who's Winslow Homer?

The Elderly Museum-Goer is next to her -- hearing Nine Ball's shouts growing more obscene.

ELDERLY MUSEUM-GOER  
 Is it supposed to be interactive?  
 Why is this painting yelling at me?

Constance looks at the bewildered museum-goer, realizes the headsets have been switched. She takes the REAL one from the Elderly Woman's hand. Back on track.

CONSTANCE  
 Okay, okay, I'm here.

NINE BALL  
 (on the headset)  
 Back to one. Like you're coming  
 out of the bathroom.

She hurries over to the door of the women's bathroom.

NINE BALL (CONT'D)  
 Move.

Constance emerges and passes Debbie just outside the bathroom. She hands her a string of Mardi Gras beads as a stand-in for the necklace.

DEBBIE

Takes off the other direction moving through the gallery...

NINE BALL (V.O.)  
 Legit.



INT. AMERICAN WING - METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

Debbie keeps moving past George Bellows, Thomas Hart Benton, Eakins, then slows...

DEBBIE

Saul?

She stops. Turns. Saul Bloom (Carl Reiner) is admiring a painting by William Merrit Chase. She moves closer. He turns as if surprised.

SAUL

Oh! My goodness. I can't believe it! Hello -- you look gorgeous.

DEBBIE

What are you doing here?

SAUL

You know. Art. I love this guy. Big fan.

He motions toward the painting. Deb stands in front of the label describing the painting.

DEBBIE

Who's it by?

SAUL

Aw, c'mon. Don't do that. I care about you. Is that a sin?

DEBBIE

When you meddle. Yes.

SAUL

I'm a 90 year old Jew. Meddling is all that's left.

She starts to leave.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Wait!

He shuffles to keep up with her. Takes her arm...

SAUL (CONT'D)

Can we sit down?

Saul is a little out of breath. They sit on the padded benches in front of the paintings. Saul's wipes some sweat with a handkerchief.

SAUL (CONT'D)

This isn't going to work.

DEBBIE  
You don't know that.

He winces -- an expression of Jewish doubt. Sucks air through his teeth.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)  
Why are you still listening to my brother, Saul? He's dead.

SAUL  
He loved you. He didn't want you to go to jail.

DEBBIE  
He had no idea who I was.

SAUL  
Oy.  
(kids)  
You can't argue with a dead person sweetie. My Sadie? I argued with her for years. I'd even go out to the cemetery. You know how crazy that looks -- an old man yelling at tombstone?  
(pats her hand)  
Leave it.

DEBBIE  
I have.

SAUL  
(looks around the museum)  
No, you haven't.

DEBBIE  
This has nothing to do with him.

SAUL  
Ok. Come out to the house sometime. We can play cards.

DEBBIE  
No way. I've played cards with you.

SAUL  
Then we can have some smoked fish.

DEBBIE  
Deal.

She leans over and kisses him on the cheek. Saul smiles. He pats her hand.

SAUL  
 (lower)  
 If you want to fight with somebody,  
 those guys tailing you are good  
 place to start.

DEBBIE  
 (a whisper)  
 The one's in the Crown Vic?

SAUL  
 (impressed)  
 Yeah.  
 (beat)  
 You might be ok after all.

He pushes himself up and heads off into the museum.

EXT. MET

A Crown Victoria sits parked on 80th Street.

ACROSS THE STREET. EDGE OF THE PARK

Debbie stands in the shadow of a food cart looking at it.

HER POV

Two men sit at the windshield of the car looking across at  
 the met. Deb turns and heads off into the park...

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - LATER

The team is already meeting when Debbie arrives. Cate  
 approaches.

CATE  
 What happened to you?

DEBBIE  
 Took the long way.

CATE  
 How's Saul?

DEBBIE  
 Worried.

CATE  
 Me too.

DEBBIE  
 We're fine.

CATE  
 The girls are waiting. I got them  
 all ice cream.

Deb nods. Heads off down the path. Cate hesitates...

EXT. NEW JERSEY - AND IT LOOKS LIKE IT

A rental car rolls through industrial detritus.

EXT. SHEET METAL FABRICATION

In the distance we see Cate talking to the owner demonstrating what looks to be the outline of a box with her hands. She mimes the dimensions. Roughly two by three...

TRUCK RENTAL AGENCY

Cate signs an agreement for a plain white panel truck.

INT. FISHING STORE - RUSTY'S BAIT AND TACKLE

She stands at the counter buying reels of monofilament fishing line.

INT. APPLE STORE

Cate is in line buying six large iPhones.

EXT. THEATER - DUSK

Debbie wanders out into the fading light to see the Crown Victoria parked down the block.

MOVING WITH HER

Deb crosses to the car and is just about to confront them when she looks up to see...

Cate, rounding the corner from the other direction. They pause at the car, smile at each other. Deb taps on the window and they roll it down slowly.

DEBBIE

(leaning in)

Hey guys. This is my friend Cate. We're gonna be in for most of the night so if you want to run out and grab a bite or something it's fine.

Cate smiles. Nods.

CATE

And if you need a bathroom just knock on the door. There's a good Lebanese place round the corner.

The girls turns and head toward the theater.

DEBBIE

Where you been?

CATE  
Odds and ends.

As they head inside.

CUT TO:

DAWN

Over Manhattan. Sunlight peeks over the park.

INT. STAIRWAY - METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - DAY

The Silver Carpet cascades down the front stairs of the Met --

GAME DAY --

The MET itself is in WARDROBE PREP --

WORKERS string up thousands of yards of lights --

FLOWERS trucked in -- roses, hydrangeas, peonies.

STAFF arrange tables and chairs --

The PRESS STAND is raised -- ASSISTANTS affix seat labels for each news outlet in order of importance.

CUT TO:

INT. CATE'S THEATER - EARLY AFTERNOON

A silent ritual. Everyone moves around preparing their piece of the puzzle. A couple of them wear ear buds, in the zone.

EXT. TIFANNY'S HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

An armored car (BRINKS) waits with the engine running. TWO GUARDS carry a large-strong box with the HARRINGTON necklace in it.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - THE MARK HOTEL - EVENING

Daphne walks in dressed in heels and lingerie, hair in curlers, drinking whiskey. She sits in a Director's chair as a team of make-up people go to town. A MANICURIST takes her hand, another works on her feet --

INT. THEATER

Six women (Rose is missing), are dressed to the nines in front of a wall mirror. Finishing touches are applied: hair tweaks, mascara, re-applied lipstick...

EXT. MARK HOTEL - SAME

The BRINKS truck arrives in the front of the hotel.

INT. LOBBY - MARK HOTEL

Rose stands at the elevator doors looking up at the floor indicator. As it descends toward her she grows more and more nauseous, stifling a gag as the doors opens...

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE - THE MARK HOTEL - MINUTES LATER

Daphne, now in a robe, is getting her hair sprayed, her eye-shadow blended. She glances in the mirror in front of her to see Rose and two men in suits behind her.

DAPHNE KLUGER

Is that it?

Rose nods and stands to the side. The two guards from Tiffany's move into the room, carrying a large velvet jewel box. There is a weird ceremony to all of this: the place goes quiet; the men march forward in an even cadence. Rose crosses behind Daphne as the Harrington is revealed...

DAPHNE

Holy shit.

ON ROSE

She reaches forward and opens the top of Daphne's robe, revealing the nape of her neck. Rose puts the Harrington around her neck and fastens the clasp: it sounds like tumblers clicking.

ROSE WEIL

Might be a little cold.

DAPHNE

And heavy.

The mirror glitters -- it's almost celestial.

ROSE WEIL

(deep breath)

Ok. Let's get this off and get you dressed.

She reaches up and starts to fiddle with the clasp which doesn't seem to open.

TITUS (TIFFANY GUARD)

Oh -- can't get it off like that.

He steps forward pulling out a small pen like cylinder.

TITUS (CONT'D)  
Special clasp. Needs this magnet.

Titus crosses behind her and fits the device over the clasp. He gives it a half turn and the necklace unlocks.

CLOSE UP. ROSE

She is somewhere between ashen and light green. Rose takes quick shallow gasps clutching the arm of the chair.

ROSE WEIL  
Oh that's... Brill--iant.  
(forced smile)  
Let me see that again.

Titus, full of pride fastens the clasp, then shows the small magnetic cylinder like a magician demonstrating a trick.

DAPHNE

Takes in all of this from the mirror. The necklace. Titus behind her... *and behind him Rose who steadies herself with one hand, clutching her iPhone in the other.*

DAPHNE'S POV. ROSE'S IPHONE (TIGHT)

She points it at the back of Daphne's neck.

INT. WAREHOUSE

The women have loaded most of a white panel truck and are about to head out when Debbie gets a text.

CLOSER. DEBBIE

She turns the same color as Rose. Motions for Cate.

CATE  
What?

DEBBIE  
Not...  
(tries to swallow)  
...Good.

THEIR POV. VERY SHAKY VIDEO

Of Titus' hand turning the clasp.

TITUS  
(on the video)  
"See it's the magnet that does it."

INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT

Nine ball's little sister Veronica (15 years old) is capturing a Pokemon Go character on her fire escape. Her phone rings, interrupting the capture.

VERONICA  
Goddamn it.

NINE BALL  
Hey.

VERONICA  
I was about to catch a Rhyhorn,  
Leslie. What do you want?

INT. LOFT

They huddle around a speaker phone.

CONSTANCE  
(turns)  
*Leslie?*

NINE BALL  
I'll kill you.  
(to her sister)  
We're in a jam, sis. Need your  
help.

INT. SUBWAY

Veronica has an array of magnets spread over the seat beside her. She tries to look at the shaky video, speaking to Nine Ball on the speaker phone.

VERONICA  
I think I got it. Just a magnet  
with double A battery. I'll give  
her a positive and a negative pole  
so she can flip around when she's  
using it.

INT. VAN

Cate drives. Everyone hangs on the conversation.

NINE BALL  
(into phone)  
Awesome, V.

TAMMY  
Really? She fixed it?

Nine Ball shoots a look: "of course she fixed it."



AMITA  
 (suddenly points)  
 Whoa!

THEIR POV. THE MET...

The bleachers are in place, the carpet out, spotlights positioned, cameras everywhere -- it looks almost regal.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - MARK HOTEL

The elevator doors open to reveal --

Daphne who looks STUNNING in a long-sleeve black velvet dress that hugs every curve. A twelve foot train, and a plunging-neckline frame the world's most valuable necklace.

CUT TO:

THE MET LOADING DOCK

The van screeches to a halt. Debbie bolts from the passengers door. Veronica does the same looking for her sister when she hears a loud whistle...

REVERSE ANGLE. CENTRAL PARK (BEHIND THE MET)

Veronica appears jogging through a children's playground in Stan Smiths and a vintage flower dress. She runs up to Deb and her sister.

VERONICA  
 That shit is hectic over there.  
 Got chased by a cop.

NINE BALL  
 This is my sister, Veronica.

VERONICA  
 (smiles)  
 Hey.

Veronica hands her the magnet.

NINE BALL  
 Very tight. I owe you.

VERONICA  
 Just get me a new ID.

And she jogs away.

DEBBIE  
 What do your parents do?

EXT. RED CARPET - MET GALA

The bleachers are in place, the carpet out, spotlights pierce the heavens.

CLOSER. PRESS LINE. FLASHBULBS

THOUSANDS of them, refracting off the *silver* carpet.

DAPHNE --

The dress somehow looks more radiant on the silver carpet, with the full-effect of the train --

KLAUS

On her arm. Looks like just another accessory, albeit a handsome one. The FLASHES go even crazier. He steps aside to allow...

ROSE

-- her moment in the limelight. She basks (nervously) as the name "ROSE WEIL" ECHOES over the PA system --

CONSTANCE

Is in deep BG, following Rose, following Daphne.

NINE BALL (V.O.)  
(into her earpiece)  
You got the paste?

CONSTANCE  
(replying)  
Copy.

She is dwarfed by the Necklace's security guards -- JUDAS and Titus.

CUT TO:

A HALAL CART

Steaming shawarma wafts through the air. The outside is decorated with glossy laminated photos of their cuisine.

INSIDE THE HALAL CART

Nine Ball is set up with a full console of monitors, a work station and headphones.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIFTH AVE - RED CARPET

With each arriving LIMO there is a bigger and more beautiful STAR --

Sarah Jessica Parker in Oscar de la Renta, Rihanna in Alexander Wang, Taylor Swift in Prada, Kim Kardashian and Kanye West in Balmain.

Haute Couture Mayhem -- as the cameras and crowds go wild.

ANGLE ON - DEBBIE

Exiting her limo, looking pretty damn amazing in her own gown, but no one takes much notice of her. It's a pretty dress. No twelve foot train, but way better than an orange jump suit.

INT. MET

It's been transformed. The huge entrance hall is now the grandest ballroom in the world. Debbie scans the famous faces finally settling on...

DAPHNE AND KLAUS

Now a glamorous couple. All Deb's own doing and still it stings.

CUT TO:

INT. HALAL CART

Nine Ball eats a falafel at the same time. Cate hovers behind her buttoning a chef's toque. She stares at the monitors.

NINE BALL  
Places check --

INT. TEMPLE OF DENDUR - TAMMY

Doing final checks over the tables, speaks into her headset.

TAMMY  
Ready to sit --

THE PARTY

At full steam in the Costume Exhibit --

The party-goers move down four mirrored hallways, passing glass cases that show off --

## DRESSES MADE OF JEWELS

Rubies, diamonds and emeralds from the House of Worth, Chanel, Dior, Givenchy...

DAPHNE AND KLAUS...

Stroll through the exhibit.

MOVING WITH DEBBIE

She watches them.

DAPHNE AND KLAUS

Utterly unfazed, they pause in front of:

A matte black infinity. The room looks like it extends for a football field. The black sky is punctuated by FLOATING JEWELS -- each their own supernova: Diamonds, sapphires, rubies, emeralds, they gleam as if emitting their own light.

They float in space, suspended from the ceiling, each describing an invisible human form. It's like Yayoi Kusama's Infinity room but way cooler and A LOT MORE EXPENSIVE. A million dots of light into infinity -- a celestial wonder.

INT. HALAL CART

Cate watches THE MONITOR, where Klaus Gunther leans over and whispers something to Daphne who throws her head back in a peel of laughter.

Cate doesn't react. She turns and leaves.

INT. TEMPLE OF DENDUR (DINING ROOM)

On the stage at the front of the hall, a jazz quartet plays. The room fills with slightly lubricated guests. Everyone migrates toward their seats, appraises dresses they've yet to see, people with whom they haven't schmoozed --

TAMMY OBSERVES...

DAPHNE AND KLAUS: a suprisingly-great-first-date energy between them. They move to their table --

ROSE...

Already sits, enjoying her second glass of wine. Daphne and Klaus take their place next to her. (Top designers are always seated next to the "designed.")

CONSTANCE...

Does a pass by of the table -- glances down at the clasp.

HER POV:

It's sitting in the middle of Daphne's neck like the wheel on a safe.

CONSTANCE

Clutches the small "pen light" magnet, practicing -- working it in her fingers. She drifts off into the party...

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PARTY...

Debbie hasn't taken her eyes off of Daphne and Klaus. He leans in and whispers to Daphne, half nibbling her ear. Whatever.

INT. HALAL CART

Nine Ball watches Klaus still nibbling Daphne's ear on the monitor. It's gross even in low res video.

NINE BALL

Okay, we're ready. Countdown -- in  
3, 2, 1 --

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Cate now dressed in her toque, turns to a waiter:

CATE

Table 3: we need a vegan and a  
plain broiled fish...  
(as if a throw-away)  
Where's the soup for table one?

WAITER

Over here.

She sees the bowls lined up --

INSERT. BOTTLE OF IPECAC

Cate pulls the small brown bottle from her pocket.

CUT TO:

TIGHT ON A BOWL OF SOUP

We move with the steaming (now spiked) bisque through the greatest party in the world. Gliding by peripherally on the EDGES OF THE FRAME are glimpses of: Selena Gomez, Michael B Jordan, Megyn Kelly, Laverne Cox, Neil Patrick Harris etc...

ANGLE. TABLE ONE

Where Klaus is, not surprisingly, holding court.

KLAUS  
 ...But then again, I've always been  
 a keen admirer of the *female form*.

DAPHNE KLUGER  
 Huh?

The Soup lands in front of Daphne.

DAPHNE KLUGER (CONT'D)  
 Oh, thank God.

She grabs her spoon and instead of bringing cutlery to mouth she reverses the process, nearly plunging into the steaming bowl. Daphne is four spoons deep before she ever breathes.

DAPHNE KLUGER (CONT'D)  
 (re: her dress)  
 I haven't eaten in three days.

She wipes her soup moustache with the back of her hand and plunges back in.

WIDER. TABLE

No one else is eating. Klaus stares at Daphne's mouthful of soup bread --

DAPHNE KLUGER  
 (yeah, dickhead, I'm  
 hungry)  
 What?

Judas and Titus stand on the outskirts of the Temple.

TAMMY  
 (into headset)  
 She's in deep. Maybe half a bowl.

INT. HALAL CART - SAME

Nine Ball watches the scene on her monitors --

NINE BALL  
 Alright everybody. Here it comes.

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM

All done up with fancy table stands offering beauty products and mints and floral arrangements.

CONSTANCE

Blows into the room.

CONSTANCE  
 We're up.

INT. TEMPLE OF DENDUR - DAPHNE'S TABLE

DAPHNE KLUGER

So I have three brothers right -- totally vicious growing up. They would plan it out -- like pinto beans the night before, then in the morning two of them would hold me down while -- whoa.

Daphne holds her stomach. The digestion is audible --

DAPHNE KLUGER (CONT'D)

...Cause you know -- brothers can be...

(audible stomach rumble)

God DAMN.

All at once Daphne bolts from the table flailing in search of a bathroom. Judas and Titus follow suit.

NINE BALL

Into her headset...

NINE BALL

Game on.

DEBBIE

Makes for the bathroom as well.

EXT. LADIES ROOM

Daphne elbows a MATRON out of the way just as --

DEBBIE

Converges on the bathroom door. She wedges herself between Daphne and Titus, who follows a step behind her.

DEBBIE.

*Excuse me.*

He starts to push past her.

DEBBIE

*I beg your pardon. That's the ladies room.*

She plants herself between Titus and the door...

NINE BALL. AT HER CONTROL PANEL

Looking down at her monitor. No Deb.

NINE BALL

That's good... You're right in the  
blind spot.

INT. BATHROOM

Daphne barrels into the door, hand over mouth --

She flings open the door to reveal Constance about to sit on  
the toilet -- all according to plan.

CONSTANCE

Oh, my --

DAPHNE KLUGER

MOVE!

As Daphne removes her hand, a torrent of vomit flows into the  
toilet -- the noise is loud and painful, as if her stomach is  
being excavated.

After several wretches, Constance soothes her, strokes  
Daphne's hair. The side of her cheek. *The back of her  
neck...*

CONSTANCE

There, there --

Another wretch.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

You poor thing.

TIGHT. CONSTANCE'S HAND. SLOW MOTION

She pops the magnet out of her glove and fits it deftly over  
the clasp. A half twist and *it doesn't move*.

UP ANGLE. DAPHNE. FROM THE BOWL

She lifts into frame bilious, gasps, then disappear all over  
again, hurling.

RESUME. EXTREME CLOSE UP. CONSTANCE'S HAND

She flips it around from the positive to the negative pole  
and fits it over the clasp. A half turn and the SOUND OF  
TUMBLERS.

TIGHTER

The Harrington comes loose falling out of frame...



MID-AIR. SLOW MOTION

As a necklace falls, Constance deftly catches it...

CUT TO:

A DIFFERENT STALL

Constance bolts inside, starts wiggling out of her gown...

NINE BALL

Still looking at her bank of monitors.

NINE BALL

Ten seconds.

TAMMY

Grabs a bus boy who is carrying a tray of dirty dishes.

TAMMY

Don't dawdle. Get that stuff into  
the kitchen.

And she guides him along the wall right past...

THE BATHROOM

Where Constance exits, now wearing a server's uniform, her hair pulled back. She moves past Debbie, crosses paths with the busboy and deftly slips the Harrington Necklace into his pile of dirty dishes.

DEBBIE

Takes it all in...

NINE BALL AND MONITORS

Nothing on the cameras. Then, the bus boy appears (emerging from the blind spot) carrying a tray of dirty dishes. None of the women are anywhere to be found.

TRACKING SHOT. WITH BUS BOY...

He glides down the hall on his way to the kitchen where...

CATE

Waits for him.

INT. HALAL CART

Nine ball is charting its progress on the overhead monitors.

NINE BALL  
Almost there...

MOVING WITH THE BUSBOY

As he heads toward the kitchen, then suddenly sees a friend and stops.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

Another busboy having deposited dirty dishes, pauses to gossip in the hallway.

SECOND BUSBOY  
Dude. Gigi Hadid? Did you see that dress?

BUSBOY  
Did you see Emily Rata-whatever. *That's* insane.

INT. KITCHEN

Cate waits near the entrance to the loading dock looking toward the door. She leans into her headset.

CATE  
(whisper)  
Where is he? What's wrong?

DEBBIE

Hears the chatter on her headset.

DEBBIE  
What's going on?

INT. HALAL CART

Nine Ball leans into the monitor.

NINE BALL  
They're stalled in the hallway. Chatting.

TAMMY...

Hears it and takes off toward the kitchen. She catches up to the busboy carrying a tray of dirty dishes and a hundred million dollar necklace.

TAMMY  
What the hell are you doing!

BUSBOY  
Sorry.

TAMMY

You're not getting paid to talk.  
Get in there.

FOLLOWING THE BUS BOY

As he heads up the hallway into...

THE KITCHEN

Steam. Shouting. Rattling plates. But where Cate was standing, now, there is...

NO ONE

Cate is gone. The busboy enters looking for a dish washing station.

NINE BALL (V.O.)

(over the headset)

Anybody got eyes on Cate?

AMITA (O.S.)

Here! I'll take those.

REVERSE ANGLE

Amita is scouring the cutlery dressed as a dishwasher. The bus boy dumps his tray into her sink and heads back toward the party.

CLOSER. AMITA

She reaches into the soapy water and fishes around through the slime. All at once she stops; knows that feeling. Amita fishes 150 million dollars out of the goop.

HER POV

It's covered with gunk but still glistens. Amita grabs the overhead nozzle and rinses off the Harrington necklace until it gleams.

WIDER

She sticks it into her pocket and calls out to the rest of the kitchen.

AMITA

Bathroom break!

MOVING WITH HER

Amita crosses to the bathroom and locks the door behind her.

INT. EMPLOYEE BATHROOM (SINGLE STALL)

Single toilet. Sink. Tampon dispenser. Changing table.

Amita draws a long breath and takes out the Harrington. Wow. Then she opens the tampon dispenser, displaying a full array of jewelers tools, neatly organized and fastened.

AMITA

Dope.

She grabs the loupe and slips it on her head, then turns and opens the changing table: a work bench.

INT. HALAL CART

Nine ball is scanning the various images.

NINE BALL

(into headset)

Where's Cate. Anybody? Need eyes on Cate.

AT THE PARTY:

ENTRANCE TO THE LADIES ROOM

Debbie is still loitering outside the door. Feels like forever. She glances at Titus then back at her watch...

DEBBIE

(to Nine Ball/in headset)

Forget her. Stay focused.

TAMMY (O.S.)

You're avoiding me.

Debbie turns to see...

TAMMY standing next to her.

DEBBIE

(beat)

*What?*

TAMMY

(presses close)

Seriously. We were going to talk when I started, and then there was so much to get ready for, and then when I wanted to have a bigger conversation you said everyone was around and we needed time if we wanted to have a "real" talk. So I thought great she wants to have a "real" talk, but...

DEBBIE  
Can we just do this later?

TAMMY  
That's all you ever say.

DEBBIE  
(whispers)  
Like a hundred million dollars  
later?

TAMMY  
There's never a good time.

DEBBIE  
Honestly Tam, there are better  
times than this.

TAMMY  
Ok.

And she walks away shaken but proud of herself for having  
such an important, if difficult, conversation.

ANGLE. BATHROOM DOOR

Daphne comes out, pale green -- very pale. Wipes her  
mouth...

DAPHNE KLUGER  
That was gnarly.

TITUS

Looks relieved -- then not...

HIS POV. CLOSE UP. DAPHNE KLUGER'S DECOLLETAGE

The Harrington Necklace is missing.

DAPHNE KLUGER  
(feeling their stares)  
What?

One of them (gently) grabs her. The other pushes past her  
into the bathroom --

CUT TO:

INT. EMPLOYEE BATHROOM

She has removed the first diamond from the Harrington and  
holds it up to her loupe. Slight gasp.

EDGE OF THE DINING ROOM...

Debbie watches the panic build. Daphne is surrounded by a security team who escort her back to the table.

DAPHNE KLUGER  
I'm not sure. It could have fallen  
off back here. Or maybe in  
there... I don't know, I just  
barfed an organ out...

The phalanx moves toward the table. Walkie-talkies crackle.  
More security descend on the room.

ROSE WEIL  
Are you alright? Oh, you poor  
dear.

KLAUS  
What's going on? What happened?

DAPHNE KLUGER  
It must have fallen off, or --

KLAUS  
(seeing the missing  
necklace)  
Are you joking with me?

JUDAS  
(approaching)  
Nothing in the bathroom --

DAPHNE  
Jesus.

ROSE WEIL  
Maybe a spot of tea...

JUDAS  
They're sealing the exits.

INT. HALAL CART

NINE BALL  
Exits being sealed now. Amita?

AMITA (V.O.)  
(on the headset)  
Two earrings and a bracelet. We're  
five minutes ahead.

NINE BALL  
Cool.

AMITA (V.O.)  
And they're *nice*.

NINE BALL  
 (checks the monitors)  
 Excellent. Sweeping the room.

INT. MAIN HALL

The entire party is being guided into the foyer by security guards.

INT. TEMPLE OF DENDUR

Most of the guests have been cleared out leaving the place weirdly empty -- a restaurant at closing time. Daphne and Klaus are talking to security while people search the place.

DAPHNE KLUGER  
 (to the crowd)  
 I am just *so* sorry...  
 (a distinction)  
 For real.

INT. EXHIBIT

It's completely empty. Silent. Glistening. Now it does look like outer space...

INT. MAIN HALL

A GALA ORGANIZER speaks into a wireless microphone.

GALA ORGANIZER  
 (too close -- feedback)  
 Um -- we apologize for this interruption but -- someone has misplaced a rather expensive item and they tell us we're going to have to stay here while they search. I've told them this needs to happen quickly so I'm sure it will. I'm confident that we will all be back to dessert shortly.

INT. TEMPLE OF DENDUR

As the security teams furiously searches, Tammy is perched on the far side of the room --

CLOSER

She whispers into her headset --

TAMMY  
 They're at table three, seven and ten. Still a crowd around table one. Give it a second.

NINE BALL  
Rodger that. Super chill.

ANGLE. TABLE ONE

It has been combed over. Several of the security team glance at each other. Nothing. They move on to table two...

INT. EMPLOYEE BATHROOM

Amita works furiously. She's already fashioned four sets of earrings, three rings, two necklaces. She works on a bracelet. A POUND at the door --

AMITA  
(calling out)  
I'm oc-u-pied...

She stares down at the completed bracelet in her hand.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

Security guards use handheld metal detectors to comb through the waitstaff --

SECURITY GUARD  
Once you've been checked, please  
head toward the far exit --

The kitchen staff begins to clear out. Still no Cate.

INT. TEMPLE OF DENDUR

CONSTANCE comes blowing through the entrance and slams into --

TAMMY

Who is heading in the other direction.

CLOSE UP. SLOW MOTION...

Constance's left hand deftly slips the PASTE (THE ONE FROM THE 3D PRINTER) into Tammy's hand --

CUT TO:

INT. HALAL CART

Nine Ball speaks into her headset.

NINE BALL  
All going down. Police coming,  
Tiffany's coming. Bunch of news  
reporters coming. Shit's blowin'  
up.



INT. TEMPLE OF DENDUR

Daphne sits at her table, stunned.

TITUS

Ms. Kluger -- was there anything you did or anyone you talked to between your table and the bathroom?

DAPHNE KLUGER

I was barfing.

TITUS

I understand that. Do you remember still having the necklace when you were seated at...

TAMMY

Oh my god!  
(loud, eager)  
FOUND IT!

They turn.

TAMMY...

Pulls the necklace from a crease in the table cloth holding up the necklace (PASTE) like a trophy.

DAPHNE KLUGER

Thank fucking God.

TAMMY

It was under the tablecloth -- in a crease. In the table. You know where they fold...  
(re: security)  
Maybe you just didn't see it the first time or something...

TITUS

(into his earpiece)  
We got it back.

CUT TO:

INT. EMPLOYEE BATHROOM

Amita cleans up her workstation -- she wears a new pair of BRILLIANT earrings. A knock on the door. Amita opens it.

CONSTANCE

Slides in the bathroom.

CONSTANCE  
 (sees the jewels)  
 Wo. Sick.

Constance starts pocketing the rest of the new jewelery.

AMITA  
 Be careful. There's glue.

Constance nods (sure whatever). Slips out of the room which is now just... A bathroom.

EXT. HALAL CART

Nine Ball emerges from her falafel stand wearing couture. She heads across the street toward the Met.

INT. MAIN ENTRANCE HALL - METROPOLITIAN MUSEUM OF ART

Daphne now stands on the stairs above the main hall, while Klaus (gallantly) places the necklace around her neck.

KLAUS  
 If I may...

Cameras flash, seizing upon the intimate moment.

ANNA WINTOUR  
 Thank you, Ms. Kluger, for the excitement.  
 (a beat, to the crowd)  
 Let's finish the party, shall we.

Everyone files back in -- calm, bonded by the trauma, joyful, a little less formal and more fun --

LONG LENS. CONSTANCE

As she moves through the party...

Past Tammy...

Past Rose pounding down a last glass of champagne...

Past Nine Ball who is now a radiant partygoer....

Finally face to face with DEBBIE...

CLOSER

Constance pretends to trip, grabs onto Debbie momentarily --

CONSTANCE  
 Oh, sorry. 'Scuse me.

Constance catches her balance and moves on.

DEBBIE

Looks down at a gorgeous diamond necklace in her hand.

INT. TEMPLE OF DENDUR - LATER

Tony Bennett and Lady Gaga perform "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend." The entire party is happy and boozed up.

EXT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

Constance exits the Museum, back in her ball gown -- hot pink, strapless, and satin -- now adorned with a beautiful diamond pendant and matching earrings --

Amita, too, has changed into a ball gown -- Deep purple offset by diamonds and emeralds that dangle from her ears --

Nine Ball emerges in an impeccable satin tuxedo with a massive ring and matching necklace.

Tammy descends. Forest green a-line dress -- a strand of diamonds looped twice around her neck.

Rose swaggers out, a little loose and loving it -- a new diamond choker gracing her neck.

Debbie floats down the steps -- wearing her new necklace -- a chain choker in the front and a long drop chain cascading down her backless dress.

No Cate.

Debbie checks her watch. Glances around. Is just about to check it again when she looks up...

DEBBIE'S POV: CATE

Transformed, descending the stairs in a bright yellow ball gown wearing long dangling diamond earrings. She locks eyes with Debbie. Slight nod.

CUT TO:

INT. 24 HOUR DINER - 4AM

Neon signs in the window, "ATM," "COFFEE," "OPEN." The bells on the door ring -- Amita enters, sits at the counter. She looks at the menu. Constance enters --

CONSTANCE

Just one --

She takes a seat a couple stools down from Amita. Nine Ball arrives, nods to the other women, sits. Tammy enters, still scrolling on her phone. Rose comes, still wasted.

She tries to play the claw-game -- but she hasn't put in any money. She finds her way to the counter --

ROSE WEIL  
Oh, helloooo.

Debbie and Cate enter together, taking the two middle seats. They all wear the jewels as they look up and smile.

EXT. DINER - WIDE

It looks Edward Hopper's Nighthawks but instead of normal patrons there are eight women wearing over 200 million dollars in jewelry.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TIFFANY'S VAULT - DAY

The two large Security Guards carry the box down the hall toward the waiting associate.

ANGLE ON - THE ASSOCIATE'S FACE

As he lifts the lid. He wears a loupe. He takes the necklace up in his hand, inspects in under the light --

And nearly PASSES OUT --

CUT TO:

EXT. TIFFANY'S HEADQUARTERS - LATER

An old-school yellow cab screeches up.

JOHN FRAZIER, late 40's, Men's Warehouse suit from his yearly trip to the Hackensack outlet, salt-of-the-earth, exits. He inhales, looks around, heads in.

INT. TIFFANY'S CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

The Tiffany's Associate sits at the table, shaking, giving into the fact that even in his worst nightmares he could not conjure up the circumstance which he is now experiencing.

JOHN FRAZIER  
So you're certain the necklace in your possession is a *paste*?

TIFFANY'S ASSOCIATE  
(shudders)  
Yes.

JOHN FRAZIER  
And when did you last see what you believe to be the authentic item?

TIFFANY'S ASSOCIATE

Last night, in Ms. Kluger's suite.

JOHN FRAZIER

Now Larry -- may I call you Larry?

TIFFANY'S ASSOCIATE

Lawrence --

JOHN FRAZIER

My experience is, sooner or later people want to be rewarded for their patience.

(takes out a toothpick,  
picks with vigilance)

A necklace that's been sitting in a vault for 30 years isn't doing anyone any good. Nobody's seen it, no one even knows what it is. But you place that necklace on a very well-known young lady, on an evening where said placement gets lots of play and attention and all of sudden everyone and their mother knows about that necklace. That necklace becomes very famous, very quickly -- right?

TIFFANY'S ASSOCIATE

Yes...

JOHN FRAZIER

And then if that necklace goes missing?

John grabs every daily paper from his bag, throws them on the table -- all the headlines are about the NECKLACE.

JOHN FRAZIER (CONT'D)

Well what else would people talk about? That's a tale of scandal and intrigue that gets people talking and *buying*.

(almost whispers)

And what they don't know is it is insured for \$270 million -- so now you're up a quarter billion dollars, your name's in everyone's mouth, and you're missing a little necklace that no one had ever seen anyway. You get the publicity *and* the money.

TIFFANY'S ASSOCIATE

Are you accusing us --

JOHN FRAZIER  
 Merely floating a theory --  
 (smiles)  
 That's my job. See if it were me,  
 I'd do it *early* in the night. Get  
 it off our hands *quick*.

TIFFANY'S ASSOCIATE  
 What are you suggesting?

JOHN FRAZIER  
*Speculating.* That it wasn't the  
 real necklace to begin with. That  
 someone swapped it out before it  
 even went on Ms. Kluger's neck --

TIFFANY'S ASSOCIATE  
 I guarantee the necklace on Ms.  
 Kluger's neck when she left that  
 hotel was the real one --

John Frazier shrugs.

PRELAP:

JOHN FRAZIER  
 So tell me again how you remember  
 it.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. TIFFANY'S CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

John stands in front of four massive cloth covered boards --  
 he has transformed the Conference Room into Ground Zero for  
 his investigation.

DAPHNE KLUGER  
 They put the necklace on me, I did  
 my silly walk, we saw the exhibit,  
 I ate my soup, hurled my guts out --  
 The necklace was gone, everyone  
 freaked out and then they found the  
 necklace again.

Frazier takes the clothes off the boards behind him -- they  
 reveal Daphne's entire night reconstructed with images from  
 Getty, Buzzfeed, Instagram, Paparazzi and Security footage.  
 In most of the images, Klaus is standing right next to her.

JOHN FRAZIER  
 Thank you, Ms. Kluger.  
 Fortunately, I've been able to  
 trace every step of your night as  
 relying on your memory would be --  
 well -- less dependable considering  
 your level of refreshment.

(MORE)

JOHN FRAZIER (CONT'D)  
 So as you can see in all of these  
 photos, there is a young man  
 standing next to you -- Mr. Klaus  
 Von Gunther?

DAPHNE KLUGER  
 He was my date --

JOHN FRAZIER  
 (amazed)  
 Is that his real name?

DAPHNE KLUGER  
 I have no idea.

JOHN FRAZIER  
 German?

DAPHNE KLUGER  
 Austrian.

JOHN FRAZIER  
 Six o' one. Was there ever a time  
 when you two were alone *while* you  
 were wearing the necklace?

Daphne locks eyes with him --

FLASH CUT TO:

DAPHNE AND KLAUS (FLASHBACK)

Passionately making out against a wall in a dark corner of a  
 Gallery --

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - TIFANY'S - RESUME

DAPHNE KLUGER  
 No.

John looks over the images of Klaus and Daphne -- he is  
 touching her neck a lot, as if coveting the necklace. John  
 sits on the edge of the table --

JOHN FRAZIER  
 Do you suspect he would have any  
 motivations to take the necklace?

DAPHNE KLUGER  
 I try not to guess about people's  
 motivations. They tend to show  
 you.

JOHN FRAZIER

That's a sufficiently vague answer.  
 (beat -- looks at the  
 board)  
 You know, I have every minute  
 accounted for except five --

He looks down at a sheet of paper on the table --

JOHN FRAZIER (CONT'D)

Well, four minutes, 48 seconds to  
 be exact.

DAPHNE KLUGER

I was probably rubbing one out.

JOHN FRAZIER

They *said* you were charming.  
 (beat)  
 Funnily enough, the unaccounted for  
 minutes do line up with when you  
 were disposed by your sickness.

DAPHNE KLUGER

When I was throwing up?

JOHN FRAZIER

Was there anyone in the bathroom  
 with you at the time?

DAPHNE KLUGER

My head was at the bottom of a  
 toilet bowl.

JOHN FRAZIER

How bout after --

DAPHNE KLUGER

Lots of people.

JOHN FRAZIER

I mean in the bathroom.

DAPHNE KLUGER

Don't you have cameras in there?

JOHN FRAZIER

Sadly no. Legal thing. Whoever  
 took this necklace is pretty smart  
 and probably a woman. Or someone  
 dressed as such. Or maybe this  
 German fellow but that's a bit of a  
 reach.

He lays out photos of Daphne with Rose, Tammy, and Debbie in  
 the background -- they are zoomed in or from the edges of  
 photos of her -- the cobbling together took a long time.



JOHN FRAZIER (CONT'D)  
Do you know any of these women?

DAPHNE KLUGER  
That's Rose Weil, she designed my gown, which you obviously know, that chick was some type of event planner, I think, and her -- I've never seen before in my life.

INT. CATE'S THEATER - DAY

The team dismantles their headquarters. The replica of the main exhibit still stands in the background. Everyone glances up at the sound of heels clicking against the wood of the stage...

DAPHNE KLUGER  
You guys are fucked.

She enters from stage right and wanders over to a large investigation board --

DAPHNE KLUGER (CONT'D)  
Wow. It's like everyone watched Homeland and got ideas --

Photos of Klaus and Daphne throughout the night -- he seems enamoured with the necklace.

DAPHNE KLUGER (CONT'D)  
(re: the board)  
Can I keep this?

TAMMY  
You're trespassing.

CATE  
We asked her to come.

Daphne grabs an apple from the table and plops (crash-lands) on the couch. All eyes turn to Debbie and Cate.

DEBBIE  
(deep breath)  
I realized about a week ago that Ms. Kluger...

DAPHNE KLUGER  
Wasn't a total fucking idiot.

DEBBIE  
Might have gotten a sense of what we were doing.

*TIGHT SHOT. CROWN VICTORIA. (FLASHBACK)*

*The big guy and bald guy are parked outside Cate's Warehouse. A knuckle raps on the window. It rolls down to reveal --*

*DEBBIE*

*Who extends a folded note.*

*DEBBIE*

*Chuck. Victor. Hi. Could you take this to your boss please. I'd like a word with her.*

*INT. JUICE BAR*

*Daphne drinks something green as she reads Deb's note.*

*CHUCK*

*And there's some paparazzi outside too, Ms. Kluger.*

*DAPHNE KLUGER*

*(engrossed/reading the note)*

*Shh.*

*RESUME. WAREHOUSE*

*The rest of the women pay rapt attention.*

*DEBBIE*

*So we figured the only way this might work was to take her into our confidence.*

*Daphne takes a huge bite of her granny smith.*

*DAPHNE KLUGER*

*(mouthful)*

*I even threw up for real.*

*TAMMY*

*You were in the whole time?*

*CATE*

*Recently.*

*DAPHNE KLUGER*

*(preens)*

*One take, baby.*

*DEBBIE*

*And it seemed to us -- that eight shares of a hundred and thirty million are better than seven shares of nothing. Right?*

WIDER

It sinks in to the whole group. Awkward silence.

DAPHANE KLUGER

Wo. Chilly.

(beat)

"Hi Daph, welcome to the team."

Let's not all high five at once.

(another bite of apple)

Plus, I'm the one who's saving your ass from insurance fraud.

ROSE WEIL

Insurance fraud?

DEBBIE

I was getting to that.

AMITA

When?

DEBBIE

It seems that RGI has assigned an investigator who...

DAPHNE KLUGER

Is about to look up your ass with a flashlight.

ROSE WEIL

(panicked)

Who's this?

DAPHNE KLUGER

Little Colombo dude. Totally onto you. Everything but the trench-coat. Do you guys have anything to drink?

ROSE WEIL

Alright... Lest we forget.

This... This entire...

"enterprise" was to keep me out of jail.

DEBBIE

Nobody's going to jail. We expected this. We're very prepared.

NINE BALL

Looks like it.

DEBBIE

WE are not going to be the prime suspects.

TAMMY

I'd go to jail with you, Deb.

DEBBIE

Well that's very nice but...

CONSTANCE

Who are the prime suspects?

DAPHNE KLUGER

That German creep who sent her away.

(beat)

Don't you watch any movies -- like Double Indemnity? These insurance guys are smart. You gotta frame somebody else.

Cate and Deb exchange a look. Moment of truth. Beat...

CATE

Of course you do.

Deb nods. Daphne kicks off her shoes, putting her bare feet on the coffee table.

DAPHNE KLUGER

I know I look like Daphne Kluger, but I only play her in real life.

(beat)

So when do we sell this shit?

CUT TO:

INT. JUNIORS DELI - BROOKLYN

Deb sits at a table near the back. Saul approaches with a WOMAN.

SAUL

Rene, this is Deborah, Deborah this is Renee.

DEBBIE

Hello.

SAUL

Rene is a very talented actress.

(beat)

As are her friends.

With all that implies.

RENE

(grand dame)

Hello darling.

SAUL  
Well, I'll leave you two.  
(winks)  
Nice goin' kid.

INT. PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

Rene meets with the lead APPRAISER. She's dressed like a Waspy Jessica Rabbit. The appraiser wears a loupe, inspects the ring -- he is astonished --

SOTHEBY EXEC  
Stunning -- it may be the most  
flawless diamond I have ever seen.  
This was your mother's?

RENE  
Left to me after her passing.  
"Rene -- the ring is yours." Quite  
sappy, really. A Swedish Prince  
gave it to her while she was  
traveling in Europe as a young  
woman. In exchange for her  
"deflowering," one can only assume.

The Appraiser smiles -- examines it -- thinks...

SOTHEBY EXEC  
Well, next week's auction is our  
premiere event of the season. It  
would be hard to take on a single  
item.

RENE  
Of course, we're happy to pay the  
full commission.

He looks up... Smiles.

CUT TO:

TAMMY - SOTHEBY'S LOBBY

On the phone --

TAMMY  
(into the phone)  
Working like a charm.

QUICK CUTS

ETHEL, a similar high class dowager, sits opposite the same Appraiser. She's been weeping.

ETHEL  
Parting with something like this.  
It's so hard.

SOTHEBY EXEC

I'm sure --

ETHEL

We were on the deck of the Queen Mary -- North Atlantic in the moonlight.

(stifles a sob)

Then he says, "I'd give you those stars if I could..." Oh well...

MARLENE (EASTERN EUROPEAN)

Sits in the same chair as he examines a flawless bracelet.

MARLENE

(eastern European)

What does a refugee have? What you can put in your pocket. "Take this," my mother said. "Now go." So we ran. Istanbul, Vienna, finally London. I put it in a drawer forever but... what's forever?

SOTHEBY EXEC

It's a beautiful piece.

MARLENE

Those are her initials right there.

DIANA (OLDER THAN THE OTHERS)

Sits in the same chair, staring intently at a diamond ring which gives Elizabeth Taylor's a run for its money. She studies it, trying to summon a recollection. She gives up --

DIANA

I just don't remember. I stare at it and stare at it and I just can't remember. Is it worth something?

The rock is as big as a kumquat --

SOTHEBY EXEC

Um. Yes.

DIANA

That's nice. I just wish I could remember...

CUT TO:

INT. RENE'S APARTMENT

The crew of criminally-inclined octogenarians celebrate --

DIANA  
That was *fun*.

CLINK. Rene, Ethel, Marlene, and Diana all touch glasses...

CUT TO:

THE HAMPTONS

Klaus is walking through the dunes staring earnestly out at the horizon, hoping someone is watching him. Unfortunately someone is.

JOHN FRAZIER (O.S.)  
Ex-cuse me...

Klaus turns to see the middle aged man stumbling through the sea grass.

JOHN FRAZIER (CONT'D)  
Excuse me...

INT. HAMPTONS HOUSE

They sit in a HUGE living room looking out at the beauty of a wild beach.

JOHN FRAZIER  
Look. You're gonna have to pronounce your name for me 'cause...

KLAUS  
Klaus... Gunther.

JOHN FRAZIER  
Thank you.

KLAUS  
Is that it?

JOHN FRAZIER  
Funny. You're very funny. Really.

Klaus glares. Get on with it. John Frazier opens a folder:

JOHN FRAZIER (CONT'D)  
So these are photographs of you with Ms. Kluger. As you can see there are many with your hand on the back of her neck.

KLAUS  
I don't really remember where my hands were.

JOHN FRAZIER

Ah, to be young.

(smiles)

Problem is, there's a missing necklace and a fake in its place. And you're the one closest to her with the greatest opportunity to...

KLAUS

Why would I want to steal a necklace?

JOHN FRAZIER

That's what I kept asking myself. When you were on the beach. I kept walking around here going, "why would this guy who has everything, wanna steal a necklace?"

KLAUS

You were in my house?

JOHN FRAZIER

The door was open.

KLAUS

Do you have a warrant?

JOHN FRAZIER

(laughs)

Gosh no. I work for an insurance company.

KLAUS

Then I think we're done here.

Pause. Tense silence.

KLAUS (CONT'D)

(rising)

Really.

John Frazier nods. Didn't even finish his Coke.

JOHN FRAZIER

Could you call me a taxi?

CUT TO:

INT. KLAUS' GALLERY

He's selling a very abstract piece to a couple from Norway.

KLAUS

Exactly. It's what *isn't* there... No one understands negative space like...

(MORE)



KLAUS (CONT'D)  
 (his cell phone vibrates)  
 'Excuse me --  
 (answers)  
 Hello.

It's Daphne --

KLAUS (CONT'D)  
 Oh, hey --

EXT. HUDSON RIVER PARK - LATE AFTERNOON

Klaus sitting on a bench. He's looking down toward the end of the island. Boats glide by. He fights the sun.

FROM FAR AWAY... DAPHNE'S SILHOUETTE...

Approaches from down-river. She wears a black trench coat cinched at the waist and high heels considering the walk. It would make anyone sit up and take notice...

CUT TO:

EXT. 7TH AVE - NIGHT

Neon. Car horns. Buses.

DEBBIE

Presses her way out of the subway -- fighting through the throng.

MOVING WITH HER

Through street vendors and tourists. Every nut imaginable. She turns into the blinding light of...

INT. CARNIGIE DELI

The DING of the door -- she glances around. The HOSTESS stands above a basket of mints --

DEBBIE  
 I'm meeting someone.

MOVING WITH HER...

Debbie goes up three booths, sits down --

DEBBIE (O.S.)  
 Hello, John.

JOHN FRAZIER  
 Hello, Debbie.

A long pause.

DEBBIE  
I didn't do this one.

JOHN FRAZIER  
That's what you said in Philly.

DEBBIE  
I know. But I didn't.

JOHN FRAZIER  
(offering)  
Pickle?

She takes one. Crunchy...

DEBBIE  
Let's say I knew where part of the necklace was -- hot goods -- totally traceable... Could you get a search warrant?

JOHN FRAZIER  
Don't know. Depends who's got it.

DEBBIE  
Stop fishing. This is me.

JOHN FRAZIER  
Well -- we'd need probable cause.

DEBBIE  
Of course.

CUT TO:

INT. KLAUS' APARTMENT

DAPHNE KLUGER  
Let's play a game?

She's still wearing the trench coat but it's partially unbuttoned. Her shoes are next to her --

KLAUS  
(struggles to talk)  
What kind of game?

DAPHNE KLUGER  
(sex game)  
You know. Like a "card" game.

She leans in, intoxicating. Klaus shudders slightly...

HARD CUT TO:

LATER...

Cards and underwear are strewn about the bed. Bottle of vodka lies empty. Klaus is in a post-coital coma, the life sucked out of him. He doesn't know his own name.

INT. KLAUS' CLOSET

DAPHNE, wearing his shirt, looks at his dresser. Pictures of him. Him and his friends (male). But mainly just him.

CLOSER

All at once, she places a ten thousand dollar bracelet in front of a safari photograph (Klaus shirtless.) Daphne positions her iPhone and CLICK --

INT. CARNIGIE DELI

Deb takes her phone, shows it to John --

DEBBIE

*This* kind of probable cause?

INSERT. PHONE

John looks down at the bracelet on Klaus' dresser.

JOHN FRAZIER

Yeah, that works.

CUT TO:

INT. KLAUS' APARTMENT - THE NEXT MORNING

10:03AM on the digital clock. Sunlight invades the blackout shades.

KLAUS

Stirs. Looks at the clock. Looks across the bed. Daphne's gone. He gets up slowly... Needs to pee...

INT. BATHROOM

Half a bottle of vodka thunders into the toilet. Klaus stretches, heads into the closet. Pauses.

HIS POV

A note sits next to the bracelet and the photograph...

NOTE

XOXOX -- (HEART) -- DAPHNE.

TIGHTER. BRACELET

That's a lot of diamonds. He picks it up, utterly confused. There is KNOCKING at the front door. It turns to pounding.

EXT. KLAUS' APARTMENT

Police. Lots of them.

CUT TO:

INT. SOTHEBYS - 11AM

GAVEL pounds. Murmurs die down.

                  AUCTIONEER  
 Lot number 63. The Miedenfause  
 Jewels, including a 33.18 D-color  
 internally flawless diamond ring --

DIANA

In the audience, looking to her companion --

                  DIANA  
 (faintly, lost)  
 Is that one mine?

                  AUCTIONEER (O.S.)  
 Bidding will begin at 5 million --

Paddles shoot up in the air --

                  AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
 5.6 In the front. Do I have 6?  
 Here, yes, to the gentleman in the  
 back. Do I hear five...

MOVING THROUGH

The audience as paddles rise until we find --

DEBBIE

Perusing the Auction catalogue. She looks up, smiles, as the Gavel SLAMS.

                  AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
 Sold for 7.9 Million --

As each lot of jewels provided by Rene's crew get sold --

                  AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
 Sold for 6.7 Million.

The gavel SLAMS again.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
9.5 Million.

The Auctioneer looks like he needs a cigarette.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM

Klaus sits at a plain wooden table, aghast at his surroundings. A detective stands in front of him.

DETECTIVE  
You have no idea how this came to  
be in your possession.

KLAUS  
None.

DETECTIVE  
But you were Ms. Kluger's date the  
night these necklaces were  
switched.

KLAUS  
I was.

DETECTIVE  
Does that strike you as an amazing  
coincidence?

KLAUS  
I think I ought to talk to my  
lawyer.

DETECTIVE  
(smiles)  
I think that's a good idea.

INT. CATE'S WAREHOUSE

The Crew celebrating -- everyone is drinking.  
Congratulations all around. Then --

DAPHNE KLUGER (O.S.)  
I got a question?

WIDER

Everyone turns to look at Daphne who is sitting on a crate  
perplexed. She looks down at her iPhone where she's been  
working the calculator.

DAPHNE KLUGER  
So you sold 'bout 35 million worth  
of jewelry right?

Pause. She lowers the phone.

DAPHNE KLUGER (CONT'D)  
How does everyone get 16 million a  
piece?

All eyes on Debbie. They wait to see what she's going to do.  
Ok -- why not?

DEBBIE  
What? -- You thought we were just  
going to steal *ONE* necklace?

*INT. EXHIBIT - METROPOLITIAN MUSEUM OF ART - (FLASHBACK)*

*Daphne and Klaus stare at the main hall of the exhibit --*

*DEBBIE*

*On the other side, staring longingly at them.*

*But she wasn't. Now we know the real of object of her  
affection:*

*The whole exhibit itself.*

DEBBIE  
See, while everyone was worrying  
about what was around your neck...

CUT TO:

*INT. BATHROOM -- FLASHBACK*

*Daphne violently vomits into the toilet.*

DEBBIE (V.O.)  
And you were hurling your brains  
out -- thank you for that, by the  
way.

DAPHNE  
(professional)  
Of course.

CUT TO:

*INT. MAIN HALL - FLASHBACK*

*The entire party is escorted out into the main hall --*

DEBBIE (V.O.)  
-- the whole place went into lock  
down --

DAPHNE KLUGER  
Oh, that's smart.

CUT TO:

*INT. BACKSTAGE CORRIDOR - METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - SAME*  
*Cate, in her chef's uniform, pushes a huge catering cart --*

DEBBIE (V.O.)  
Then, when security made us clear  
out the kitchen --

*On the other end of the catering cart is revealed --*

DEBBIE

*Pulling it down the hall -- now wearing a janitors uniform.*

DEBBIE  
And everybody was watching the  
entrance...

*INT. MET - JUST OUTSIDE THE KITCHEN*

*The catering cart comes to a stop--*

DEBBIE  
We cleared out too -- just like we  
were told.

CATE

*Crosses around to the front of the catering oven and opens  
the double doors revealing...*

*Yen (the chinese acrobat from Ocean's Eleven)*

*He extends a bright yellow ball gown to her on a hanger.*

CATE  
Thank you.

DEBBIE (V.O.)  
Why would you steal one necklace  
when you could steal...

*INT. WAREHOUSE - PRESENT*

*Debbie crosses to the large industrial fridge and swings open  
the door, revealing all the jewels from exhibit.*

DEBBIE  
...More.

DAPHNE KLUGER  
HOLY SHIT.

ROSE WEIL

Holy shit.

DEBBIE

See, we didn't just print the Harrington out of that thing. We printed lots of jewels.

*FLASHBACK. CATE'S LOFT. TWO WEEKS EARLIER.*

*Deb and Amita watch as the 3D printer spits out loads of cubic zirconium.*

AMITA (V.O.)

Felt like I worked at Kinkos.

*BACK AT THE HEIST. (OUTSIDE THE KITCHEN)*

*Yen hops up on the catering cart and gives Cate a hand. She climbs on it as well, putting Yen on her shoulders. Debbie holds the cart as Yen pops open a vent climbing into the ceiling.*

*A moment later, a rope drops down.*

RESUME. LOFT

ROSE WEIL

How long did you have to do this?

NINE BALL

(volunteering)

Twelve minutes and thirty eight seconds --

*FLASHBACK. EVENT*

*Anna Wintour is making her announcement:*

ANNA WINTOUR

*Um -- we apologize for this interruption but -- someone has misplaced a rather expensive item...*

*INT. AIR DUCTS*

*Yen, Debbie and Cate crawl through the vent.*

DEBBIE (V.O.)

Now, when we modified the exhibit, we also changed the background from reflective black to matte black. No big deal, except it was the exact same material our good friend Yen was wearing.



*We see Yen -- hooded from head to toe black lower himself into the exhibit.*

DEBBIE  
So even though he was visible to us  
from the vent...

*FROM THEIR POV*

*The cloaked figure of Yen hangs in space --*

DEBBIE  
He was invisible to the security  
cameras against the black  
background...

*NINE BALL*

*Watches from her bank of monitors. She sees nothing on her screen.*

RESUME. LOFT

They all sit mesmerized...

DEBBIE  
But since it would have been bad to  
see the jewels move, Nine Ball here  
helped us customize the cameras.

NINE BALL  
I just changed the specs a little  
online.

*ANGLE. YEN*

*He takes an iPhone, snaps a picture of the exhibit and slides it into a special housing on the front of the security camera.*

*NINE BALL*

*Sees a momentary blur then the exhibit looking perfectly normal --*

DEBBIE  
Now all of the jewels are weighted.  
But when you know the piece, and  
the exact karats, it's easy to  
calculate that weight.

AMITA  
It's just a little math.

CATE AND DEBBIE IN THE VENT

Loop the fishing line Cate bought at the tackle shop, over a metal roller with a digital pressure meter. Carefully they lower the paste to

YEN...

Who deftly shifts the weight from one to the other, restoring the exhibit. It looks like the jewels move on their own.

DEBBIE

So as we reeled down one, we reeled in another.

DEBBIE. IN THE VENT...

...hoists a large bracelet into her hands. First of many.

INSERT. NINE BALL'S MONITOR

On the monitor, Debbie and Cate begin to wheel their "catering cart" nonchalantly toward the truck.

RESUME. LOFT

DEBBIE

I know you all went through a lot to steal that necklace.

CATE

But without a decoy. We never could have done it.

INT. COSTUME EXHIBIT - FLASHBACK

Cate and Deb wheel the catering cart away from the exhibit toward...

EXT. LOADING DOCK - FLASHBACK

Cate bangs on the back of a massive truck twice --

CATE

Ready.

From the driver's window a small short haired woman peeks out -- Ethel the dowager, who sold the first lot of jewels.

ETHEL

All set dear?

Cate nods. Ethel honks the horn twice as she drives off. Cate still holds her yellow ball gown.

INT. CATE'S WAREHOUSE - PRESENT

Debbie motions to all of them a job well done.

DEBBIE

And *that's* how you all get: Sixteen Million, Five hundred and twenty nine thousand dollars.

(smiles)

A piece.

TAMMY

Not quite.

DEBBIE

Right. We gotta sell 'em. And Tammy here has recruited a few old friends to help us do that.

CUT TO:

INT. AUCTION HOUSE - ZURICH - DAY

Reuben sits in the audience, eating a pretzel with mustard.

GERMAN AUCTIONEER (O.C.)

(in German)

The collection is sold! To the gentlemen in front for thirty-eight million dollars.

Reuben looks to the GERMAN BUYER, demonstrating the restrained joy of acquisition. Reuben wipes his mouth, rises, walks out --

PRELAP: Gavel slamming.

CUT TO:

INT AUCTION HOUSE - SHANGHAI - DAY

The Auctioneer stands before a group of bidders -- some video conference in, projected onto a wall, some bidders, representing in person, hold phones to their ears.

CHINESE AUCTIONEER

Sold -- to the gentlemen on the left...

LINUS (Matt Damon) leans against the wall in the back of the room, remaining inconspicuous.

CUT TO:

EXT. PROVENANCE - CAPE TOWN - DAY

Basher emerges. He puts on his sunglasses.

SFX: The gavel slams.

INT. SOTHEBY'S - MOSCOW - EVENING

Another gavel.

Saul Bloom pets a cat seated on his lap. Smiles...

CUT TO:

EXT. 7TH AVENUE SUBWAY STOP - GREENWICH VILLAGE - DAY

Debbie stands at the entrance to the subway talking to Tammy. Tammy has that slightly spent quality of someone who has recently "been emotional."

TAMMY

I'm in for the next one. You know that.

DEBBIE

Of course.

TAMMY

And if you get back to New York maybe we could...

DEBBIE

This is better. We talked about it. "Little League."

TAMMY

(nods)

Yeah... I wrote you a letter, but every time I read it just sounded so lame so...

(pulls something from her bag)

Here.

Tammy hands her a lucite replica of the Statue of Liberty from the 3D printer.

DEBBIE

Thanks.

TAMMY

Thanks for this.

She pats the black messenger bag hanging from her shoulder. It obviously contains her cut.

DEBBIE

Well.

She goes to hug Tammy who tries to lean-in but Deb gives her the cheek.

TAMMY

Right.

INT. SUBWAY STATION

Deb pushes through the turnstile and moved up to the track waiting for the 1. She heads all the way down the platform toward the far end waiting for the last car.

IT ARRIVES

Whizzing into the station with a blur. The train comes to rest and Deb moves through the last set of doors into the subway car.

INT. SUBWAY

Seated in various positions around the car are the rest of her crew. Cate, Rose, Nine Ball, Constance, Amita. Each of them has a black canvas messenger bag. Deb sits near Cate. None of them make eye contact.

The train moves. A panhandler sings "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds." Everyone stares straight ahead.

THE TRAIN SLOWS AGAIN

Coming to a stop. Amita gets up to leave. Gives Deb a wink.

DOORS SHUT. SUBWAY STARTS AGAIN. (TIME LAPSE)

With each locked-off dissolve, another member of the team disappears --

There are now six, then five, then four, then finally...

ROSE WEIL

(Gushy/tears)

I'm really going to miss you.

DEBBIE

Shh.

Rose nods quickly. Remembers her cover. Exits the subway. They smile and...

FINALLY ONLY DEBBIE AND CATE REMAIN

Alone in the subway. They ride for a while in silence...

ANNOUNCEMENT

14th St. Transfer to the N, Q, R,  
7 and S trains.

CATE

Okay then....

DEBBIE

Ok.

Cate rises. Starts to cross past her.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Hang on.

Cate turns.

CUT TO:

LAS VEGAS STRIP

In all its surrealistic glory.

CAESAR'S PALACE POOL

Cate and Debbie lie side by side on chaise lounges in a cabana.

CATE

That's incredibly stupid.

DEBBIE

Yeah?

CATE

Yeah.

Deb smiles. Closes her eyes.

DEBBIE

But good, right?

Cate closes her eyes as well.

THE END