

THE BRAZILIAN JOB

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FADE IN:

1 INT. HIGH-RISE OFFICE - RIO - DAY

1

CAMERA FOLLOWS a strongbox carried by TWO ARMED GUARDS. Soon the strongbox is deposited on the mahogany desk of a high-rise office. Hands unlock the strongbox and remove the object inside as if removing a Condor's egg.

It's a diamond in the rough, bigger than your fist and pink enough to be called "red."

Reactions of the gathered DIAMOND BUYERS say it all: *"This is something extraordinary."*

MINING EXECUTIVE

(Portuguese accent)

Gentlemen, the Kimberlite Mining Company of greater Brasil takes much pleasure in presenting "The Red Rio" diamond -- all 629 carats of it.

A sleeky BRAZILIAN MODEL parades the Red Rio around for the would-be owners. She holds it in one gold-gloved hand, her upturned fingers becoming a temporary setting for the massive diamond-rock.

A PORTER shadows along with a velvet pillow: He'll catch the Red Rio should the model misstep.

MINING EXECUTIVE

As is customary, the bidding will be blind. But within the hour, one of you will own this most remarkable new find.

The model reaches ROSCOE DESILVA -- South African, 60 years old but his press releases say 55. Beside him is his canine companion, a 120-pound bullmastiff.

DESILVA

And if my bid just happens to be the highest? It's only because I'm bidding for the diamond and the setting.

He means the model. Other buyers chortle -- then wonder if it was a joke. Because when DeSilva is at an auction, it's like having the buyer from the Getty in the room.

2 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY OR NIGHT 2

(NOTE: SCENES 2-9 represent our TITLE SEQUENCE. Use SNAPPY TIME CUTS and SPLIT SCREENS. This thing should jump.)

CLOSEUPS: Satellite-generated street maps being downloaded. Night-vision video being replayed, showing security guards making rounds inside a high-rise building. Scouting photos printing up, some of a major construction site. Notations being made.

Our heist crew is casing the job, keeping pace with...

3 INT. DIAMOND CUTTING ROOM - DAY OR NIGHT 3

The MASTER CUTTER. In a bunker workshop, he "kerfs" by hand, roughing the Red Rio into shape. Now it's like a chunk of colored glass you'd find on the beach. As the cutter works...

A computer works alongside, "cutting" the stone in the virtual realm, showing internal flaws, running different options and offering different shapes that would fit inside the existing rough stone. It's like looking into the cutter's head.

4 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY OR NIGHT 4

Another computer works here, recreating the high-rise in 3D, adding layers of detail while paying particular attention to the roof area. It's like looking inside the MASTER PLANNER'S head.

5 INT. DIAMOND CUTTING ROOM - DAY OR NIGHT 5

Preparing for the first big cut, we see Master Cutter marking the stone with Indian ink...

Delicately micro-sawing a V-groove onto its surface...

Easing the cleaving blade into the V-groove...

Holding his breath -- and then swinging a steel rod to strike the cleaving blade.

6 INT. SHITTY WAREHOUSE #1 - DAY 6

A WINDOW SHATTERS. A hand reaches through to unbolt a door from the inside.

6 CONTINUED:

6

A truck getting unloaded: We see metal-fabrication tools. Lengths of pipe. Big bolts of fabric. Our heist crew, still unseen, is gettin' busy.

7 INT. DIAMOND CUTTING ROOM - DAY OR NIGHT

7

The Master Cutter has reduced the Red Rios to five large stones. Ready to be faceted, the first stone is placed in titanium clamps...a diamond-dust polishing wheel revs up to speed...the stone gets pressed down to meet the blurring wheel. And just as diamond meets diamond...

8 INT. SHITTY WAREHOUSE #1 - DAY

8

A GRINDER THROWS SPARKS.

The heist crew is taking the rough edges off two oversized brackets, fabricated from solid aluminum.

MORE CLOSEUPS: Custom joysticks -- the beginnings of virtual controls -- are being wired and mounted to a portable rig. Hands check the grip, the response.

9 INT. DIAMOND CUTTING ROOM - DAY OR NIGHT

9

Master Cutter removes the first finished Red Rio from a polishing machine and holds it up by pincers. It's perfect. We MOVE CLOSER AND CLOSER to the diamond until the facets are sparkling like a downtown skyline at night.

10 EXT. TALL BUILDING - NIGHT

10

A downtown skyline at night. The giant arm of a construction crane is swinging into FRAME. And on that arm is one singular figure...

Named CHARLIE CROKER. Dressed darkly for a clandestine job, he jungle-gyms his way down the length of the arm, en route to a high-rise across the street from a construction site. But before the crane can bridge the distance...

Lights appear in a penthouse office.

CHARLIE
(into radio)
Stop.

He crouches as the CRANE ARM JOLTS to a stop.

10 CONTINUED:

10

CHARLIE'S POV: Inside the building, TWO SECURITY GUARDS enter a penthouse office, flashlights sweeping suspiciously.

CHARLIE

I make two guards on the 33rd floor.

LYLE (O.S./RADIO)

That's impossible...

11 INT. GETAWAY CAR - NIGHT

11

Reveal LYLE, working with virtual controls that RF over to the empty crane cab. He can operate the big arm from here.

LYLE

(into radio)

I mean, that's not their normal rotation. Been surveilling this building for weeks, and there's absolutely no reason for them to be in that office.

12 EXT. CONSTRUCTION CRANE/TALL BUILDING - NIGHT

12

CHARLIE

And who's gonna tell them that?
You or me?

LYLE (O.S./RADIO)

Let's ride it out. The cash-in is just too good to scrub now.

CHARLIE'S POV: Satisfied no one else is in the office suite, the larger security guard moves to a window and looks out.

Charlie goes perfectly still, blending with the crane arm.

CHARLIE'S POV: The smaller security guard joins the other guard at the window -- and soon they fall into a heated embrace. One guard, we now see, is a woman.

CHARLIE

Aw, Jeez.

LYLE (O.S./RADIO)

What? What's it look like now?

CHARLIE

Like the Showtime channel.

LYLE (O.S./RADIO)

I'll be right up.

12 CONTINUED: 12

As clothes come off, the office blinds close.

CHARLIE
Just get me movin'.

13 INT./EXT. CONSTRUCTION CRANE - NIGHT 13

Levers operate with no hands on them. Ghostly.

14 EXT. CONSTRUCTION CRANE/TALL BUILDING - NIGHT 14

The CRANE SHUDDERS into motion.

In a dramatic rendezvous, Charlie reaches the end of the arm just as the arm reaches the high rise.

Charlie leaps the gap. On the roof now, he unstraps a pair of aluminum brackets carried on his back.

15 INT./EXT. CONSTRUCTION CRANE - NIGHT 15

A WINCH DEPLOYS on the crane body...

16 EXT. GROUND LEVEL - TALL BUILDING - NIGHT 16

And the crane's big lifting-hook starts lowering to the ground.

Jockeying controls, Lyle pops out of the car and brings the hook down over a flat-bed truck. The only cargo is a massive roll of nylon 30 feet long. INTERCUT WITH...

17 EXT. ROOFTOP - TALL BUILDING - NIGHT 17

Charlie. In well-oiled moves, he positions the first bracket upright on the roof. Drills mounting holes for it. Beams out a laser tape-measure, marks a spot 10 yards away. Starts erecting the second bracket there.

18 INT. OFFICE - TALL BUILDING - NIGHT 18

There's one person actually working in the building tonight: A CHINESE BUSINESSMAN speaking MANDARIN into two phones at once. He double-takes as a roll of nylon rises past his window -- with Lyle astraddle.

Chinese Businessman picks up a third phone.

19 EXT. ROOF OF TALL BUILDING - NIGHT

19

Lyle and the nylon reach rooftop level.

CHARLIE

Cut it right there. You're clear.
Now come toward me, more, more,
more....

Charlie's like the guy who parks airliners at their gates.
Lyle works his controls, driving the nylon into position over
the brackets. But soon he stops, spotting...

A bright light in the sky. It's bee-lining right at them.

LYLE

Uh, Charlie?

CHARLIE

(seeing it too)
To the right, to the right, to my
right.... C'mon, focus up, Lyle....

Lyle scrambles down onto the rooftop. The light in the sky
has a sound now: THUMP-THUMP-THUMP-THUMP....

CHARLIE

Now down, straight down....

They muscle the big nylon roll into its waiting brackets.
Now they own the world's largest spindle. Lyle ditches his
controls and grabs a D-ring stitched into one corner of the
nylon roll...and peers over the edge of the building.

LYLE

Now as to this next part....

CHARLIE

We talked it through.

LYLE

Exactly. We talked it through.

The helo arrives, circling the roof aggressively. Its boom
reads "POLICE." A night-sun spotlight finds them.

HELICOPTER VOICE

EVERYBODY DOWN!

Charlie grabs a D-ring at the other corner and accelerates
for the edge, clamping in as he runs.

19 CONTINUED:

19

HELICOPTER VOICE
GET DOWN ON THE GROUND RIGHT NOW!

Tapping some testosterone reserve he wasn't sure he had,
Lyle clamps in and follows Charlie's lead.

20 INT. POLICE HELICOPTER - NIGHT

20

BULLHORN COP
(seeing)
Flamin' Jesus....

21 EXT. TALL BUILDING - NIGHT

21

For one heart-stopped moment, they're like two astronauts on a space-walk. Then gravity remembers its purpose and Charlie and Lyle are falling, human ballast for a huge banner that unfurls as they plummet. And just seconds before a bloody impact...

22 EXT. ROOF OF TALL BUILDING - NIGHT

22

BRAKES DEPLOY on the spindle brackets. They work so hard they smoke.

23 EXT. TALL BUILDING - NIGHT

23

Charlie and Lyle slow to a near-stop -- then cut loose, dropping to the sidewalk as if released by angels.

24 INT. POLICE HELICOPTER - NIGHT

24

HELO PILOT
(to Bullhorn Cop)
Well, you did tell 'em to get on the ground.

25 EXT. TALL BUILDING - NIGHT

25

Charlie and Lyle arrow for the getaway car, leaving behind the huge banner that reads, in 10-foot letters...

WINDOWS IS GOING DOWN!

The skyscraper, we now see, is a Microsoft building. As a P.S. to the banner, the guys have left behind a spray-painted message on the sidewalk. "LYLUX IS COMING!"

26 INT. GETAWAY CAR - NIGHT

26

Diving inside:

CHARLIE

Happy now?

LYLE

Just the opening salvo in the revolution against Windows, baby. Why should I have to click "Start" to shut down my computer? Why should I take orders from some paperclip with eyeballs? That's creepy shit, man. My new operating system will free us from the tyranny that is Microsoft. And when I release it to the world, as freeware, a billion digital brothers will rise up and stick it to The Man, stick it right up his lily-white --

Charlie stomps the gas. Lyle gets whip-lashed silent.

27 EXT. DOWNTOWN SEATTLE - NIGHT

27

The chase is on: MULTIPLE SHOTS of the police helo hawking the black getaway car. We rocket past "Seattle" signs -- and may only now understand that we're in America, not Brazil. And that this job has nothing to do with red diamonds.

28 INT. GETAWAY CAR - NIGHT

28

A tunnel's coming up. Charlie picks up the speed like Paul Henri in his final moments.

29 INT./EXT. TUNNEL - DOWNTOWN SEATTLE - NIGHT

29

The getaway car swoops low into a tunnel. The police HELO SWOOPS HIGH, barely clearing.

Instantly Charlie jumps the center divider. Jams the brakes. Slews around hard and rocks to a stop.

Charlie and Lyle pile out -- and starts ripping away plastic film, the kind used on new cars during shipping. They're changing the getaway car from black to white.

They exit the tunnel the way they entered.

30 INT. GETAWAY CAR - NIGHT

30

The HELO ROARS OVERHEAD, doubling back, trying to find them.
But it just keeps going.

LYLE

I owe you one, Charlie.

CHARLIE

It was all you, Lyle.

LYLE

Using the banner as the way down?
Doing a 20-second paint job on the
car? That wasn't me.

CHARLIE

Ah, just sanded down a few rough edges
for you. That's all.

LYLE

Like hell. Tellin' you, it's almost
criminal you aren't a criminal
anymore.

(off Charlie's
conflicted face)

You miss it, huh?

CHARLIE

It's different now.

LYLE

Because of Stella it's different.
Yeah, I get it. You don't want to do
what her father did -- start mailing
birthday cards with "Pelican Bay" as
the return address. Way down inside,
you fear even the possibility of
repeating that cycle of absence and
shame.

A beat.

CHARLIE

Swimmin' in the deep end of the pool,
aincha, Lyle?

LYLE

Little over my head there. Sorry.

30 CONTINUED:

30

CHARLIE

Not a bad theory. Just wrong.

(a beat)

Never worried much about my career
catchin' up to me -- you get what you
give in life. But the reason I find
myself staring at her face hours after
she's gone to bed...is that someday,
some way...my career might catch up to
her.

Lyle nods in concession. *"That's better than what I had."*
Charlie checks the time on his cell phone.

CHARLIE

Five o'clock in Rio. Think I should
wake her up?

31 INT./EXT. BEDROOM - RIO VILLA - NIGHT

31

A bedside PHONE RINGS. Stella rolls over to catch it.

STELLA

Boa tarde, Charlie....

The PHONE VOICE SPEAKS FAST PORTUGUESE. Stella sits up as
her mind gathers speed.

STELLA

Se faz favor -- mais lenta-
mente ou em Ingles?

BAPTISTA (O.S./PHONE)

Is this the vault technician?

STELLA

Yes. Bonded and insured.

BAPTISTA (O.S./PHONE)

This is Inspector Baptista. It seems
an employee at Espirito Commercial
Bank did not make it out of the vault
last night....

Stella is already dressing. Half her closet is wardrobe --
and half is devoted to picking tools, grinders, drills,
welding torches and thermic lances. And if we didn't know it
before, we know it now: Stella's not like other girls.

STELLA

Make and model?

She starts filling her job-bag.

31 CONTINUED:

31

BAPTISTA (O.S./PHONE)
They say "Steinhoff 1200."

STELLA
So there's an emergency ventilator
inside, make sure he knows how to
activate that. You're in contact with
him, right? Or her?

BAPTISTA (O.S./PHONE)
He's got air -- but Monday morning is
a very long time from now. Se faz
favor, could you hurry?

32 EXT. DOWNTOWN RIO - NIGHT

32

Stella carves up early-morning traffic in her Mini Classic.
She's hurrying.

33 EXT. COMMERCIAL BANK - DOWNTOWN RIO - NIGHT

33

"Espirito Banco Commercial." Stella shoulders her job-bag
and sails inside, nodding to the RIO POLICEMAN stationed
outside.

34 INT. ELEVATOR - COMMERCIAL BANK - NIGHT

34

INSPECTOR BAPTISTA rides the elevator up with Stella. He's
40, physically unremarkable, pleasant enough given his early
wake-up call.

BAPTISTA
...of course the manager is supposed
to check the vault before closing it,
but this was Friday...there was a big
futebol game, Brasil against Peru....
All this adds up to one very unfortunate
night for "Gustavo" the security guard.
By the way, may I see your license?
And photo I.D.?

STELLA
'Course...

The executive studies her I.D. for longer than what seems
necessary. Stella tries not to appear anxious.

BAPTISTA
"Bridger."

STELLA
Uh-huh.

34 CONTINUED:

34

BAPTISTA

There was an American by the name of
"Bridger." Older man, had a big villa
up in the hills. Relative?

STELLA

No.

BAPTISTA

Good. Because everyone thought he was
a thief.

He hands back her I.D.

STELLA

By the way, I'll need to see yours.

He smiles and gets it out.

35 INT. VAULT FLOOR - COMMERCIAL BANK - NIGHT

35

The elevator opens. Stella clocks three other people on this
floor: BANK EXEC #1 is on the phone with the trapped
"Gustavo." BANK EXEC #2 moves in and out of a security room
where monitors are seen. And the woman with tear-stained
cheeks must be GUSTAVO'S WIFE.

BANK EXEC #1

(into phone)

She's here...Gustavo, the technician
just walked in the door....

Stella dumps her gear in front of the vault, runs a hand over
the door to commune with it. It's an older vault, but still
a worthy adversary.

STELLA

If I do it by hand, it could take an
hour or more. If I drill, it's faster
but you lose the door. Your call.

Exec #1 and #2 make eye-contact, perhaps wondering what a new
door costs. Gustavo's wife catches the look -- and SCOLDS
THEM BOTH IN PORTUGUESE.

BANK EXEC #1

(to Stella)

Faster is better.

36 INT. VAULT FLOOR - COMMERCIAL BANK - NIGHT

36

Minutes later. Stella works an oversized drill, rig-mounted to the vault door for precision control. A diamond-core bit makes good time, and a digital gauge tells how deep she is. Soon she blows out the hole with canned air, likes what she sees, starts breaking down the rig.

STELLA

Tell Gustavo he's halfway home.

Getting no response, she turns to find...

Inspector Baptista 20 feet back. He's standing with Gustavo's Wife. Are they just giving Stella room to work?

Stella double-checks the camera that covers the vault door. Seems to be working. Getting back to it, Stella slips a bore-scope into the hole and lays an eye to the eye-cup.

STELLA'S POV: Of the wheel-pack inside turning as she manipulates the big combo-dial outside. The notches line up, the "fence" drops into place.

STELLA

(turning)

So who wants to be a hero and actually open the....

Now she's all alone. Warning bells sound in Stella's head, but she can't figure out what it adds up to. Finally she throws the bolt-work handle herself...

And finds no one in the vault.

A WHOOP-WHOOP brings Stella to a window. Down on the street, a police car arrives. NEW COP gets out. Inspector Baptista exits the building with the bank execs in tow. After some amicable discussion...

Baptista shoots New Cop in the head.

A momentary paralysis -- then Stella lurches from camera to camera, scratching lenses with a fingernail: All are painted black. All but the vault camera.

Above the elevator doors, the up-arrow BINGS ON.

Stella collects her gear at the speed of light.

INTERCUT the elevator. Doubling back.

- 36 CONTINUED: 36
- Stella can't control the reflex to wipe down the vault door. Done, she blitzes through the room, eyes hunting for a staircase door. She hits it at speed...
- 37 INT. STAIRWELL - COMMERCIAL BANK - CONTINUOUS 37
- ...and now finds GUSTAVO. The security guard is slumped over in the stairwell with a Hindu-wound in his head, dead for hours. Nearby...
- Two more casualties. The real bank managers.
- Stella rips Gustavo's revolver from its holster and keeps going, flying downstairs, pivoting on a landing and racing for the ground floor, deciding it's a mistake, back-tracking to a door marked "2"...
- 38 INT. SECOND FLOOR - COMMERCIAL BANK - CONTINUOUS 38
- ...and fleeing across this administrative floor. She reaches a window, finds it key-locked on the inside, beats the lock in no time flat...
- 39 EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - ALLEY BEHIND COMMERCIAL BANK - CONTINUOUS 39
- ...and ducks outside. She drops her job-bag to the ground, keeps the revolver, activates the ladder with just her weight and rides it down, snatches up her job-bag, turns to run...
- And takes a wicked elbow-shot to the face. She goes down like a sack of groceries.
- BAPTISTA
- Almost.
- 40 INT. VAULT FLOOR - COMMERCIAL BANK - NIGHT 40
- (NOTE: The "bank execs" now become "the Brazilians.")
- CLOSEUPS: The Brazilians tying Somali-rags over their faces. Gloving up. Opening slide-boxes inside the vault and pulling out stocks and bonds, Reals, estate jewelry. It's not the biggest heist ever but a good night's work.
- Out of range of the one working camera, Baptista keeps a weapon trained loosely on Stella, seated. Still dazed, she watches the heist swirl all around her.
- MORE CLOSEUPS: In the security room, gloved hands are rewinding images. Finding highlights. Burning a DVD. Yanking the master hard-drive.

40 CONTINUED:

40

Suddenly the bank is eerily quiet. Still in her chair, Stella chances a look behind her. "*Are they gone?*" She rises experimentally and reaches for her job-bag. That's when she finds it.

The DVD. They left it for her.

41 INT. TERMINAL - RIO AIRPORT - DAY

41

Charlie is among deplaning passengers. He catches sight of Stella ahead -- and knows something's wrong when she doesn't return his smile. Closer, he finds the bruise on her face.

CHARLIE

What's this?

She wraps him up in a hug.

CHARLIE

And why are you shaking?

42 INT. RIO VILLA - DAY

42

CLOSE on the DVD sliding into a player.

On a screen, Stella is seen setting up her gear...drilling the vault...glancing up into camera...sliding the bore-scope into the door...manipulating the combination.

Charlie watches with Stella. His face says "*This is bad.*"

STELLA

Just wait. Gets worse.

The next part shows Stella wiping her prints off the open vault. Charlie's face says "*This is really bad.*"

STELLA

I know, I know. But it was just this instinctive thing that I --

CHARLIE

As soon as you wipe down, it looks like you got somethin' to hide.

STELLA

It gets worse.

CHARLIE

Stella...I just saw you opening the vault for a bank heist where cops were killed. Now maybe you didn't pull the
(MORE)

42 CONTINUED:

42

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
trigger, but things really don't
get worse than....

The next part shows Stella fleeing across the second floor
of the bank -- with a revolver in hand. It stuns Charlie.

CHARLIE
Who's gun is that?

STELLA
"Gustavo's."

CHARLIE
The guard? The one in the stairwell?

STELLA
(nodding miserably)
The dead one.

Needing to oxygenate his brain, Charlie heads for the veranda
of this grand old villa that overlooks Guanabara Bay and
downtown Rio. Signs of restoration are everywhere: This was
their haven-in-the-making. Until today.

43 EXT. VERANDA - RIO VILLA - DAY

43

We sense Charlie mentally crossing the street, thinking now
as scammer instead of scamee. As a master planner.

CHARLIE
No polícia yet. In 32 hours, they
haven't come, haven't called.

STELLA
Nothing.

CHARLIE
Which means that even though this
Brazilian crew cleaned the job and
pulled the hard-drives -- they don't
wanna flip you to the real cops.
Not yet. And that may sound like
better news than it really is.

She waits as his mind churns on. Abruptly:

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
You should be in Philly.

STELLA
Philly? Why would I want to go --

CHARLIE

Or L.A. or Chicago or I Don't Care,
just let's get you on a plane tonight.

STELLA

And come back when?

CHARLIE

When I say it's safe, okay? And not
until.

STELLA

We have lives here, Charlie. We
committed to rebuilding this place,
Dad's place, and you know what that
means to me, how.... No, I'm not just
going to run away and leave you here.
Especially when it's my face on that --

CHARLIE

It's a double-back, Stella. That
whole job -- the fake cop, the crying
wife -- could be just the set-up.
They want something else.

STELLA

Like what?

He doesn't answer -- even though he has fears. A PHONE RINGS
JARRINGLY LOUD, breaking the moment. Stella puts a hand on
the phone, Charlie puts a hand on hers. She reassures him
with a look.

STELLA

Whatever we do? We do it together.

She picks it up. Charlie draws close.

STELLA

Yes.

BAPTISTA (O.S./PHONE)

(fucking with her)

"Is this the vault technician?"

Stella waits.

BAPTISTA (O.S./PHONE)

The tramway on Sugarloaf Mountain.
Join me in one hour.

43 CONTINUED: (2)

43

STELLA

You know, considering that the last time we met the ratio of the living to the dead was nearly one to one? Maybe we do this on the phone.

BAPTISTA (O.S./PHONE)

Oh, but I already miss that muita bela face. And please, if you can...bring Mr. Croker with you.

A pained look from Charlie. His fears were prophetic.

44 INT. TRAM STATION TO SUGARLOAF - SUNSET

44

CLOSE on a turnstile. It's not turning for...

Charlie and Stella. They've arrived just after closing. They hop the turnstile and look around the deserted station. There's one tram docked here. Suspension cables stretch a half-mile up to the top of Sugarloaf Mountain. Suddenly...

The tram doors open. Inviting them in.

45 EXT. TRAMWAY TO SUGARLOAF - SUNSET

45

The tram is on the move, climbing across a fiery sunset. Background, we see "Christo Redemptor."

46 INT. ASCENDING TRAM - SUNSET

46

The only passengers, Charlie and Stella are focused on the other tram, the descending one. Two figures aboard resolve into Baptista and Brazilian #1 (aka "Bank Exec #1").

STELLA

Recognize them?

Charlie doesn't. As the two trams draw closer...

CHARLIE

So which guy hit you?

STELLA

Just let it go.

CHARLIE

C'mon, who's the fake Five-Oh?

STELLA

I already forgot about it, Charlie. You should too.

46 CONTINUED:

46

CHARLIE
Guy on the right?

STELLA
Asshole on the left.

47 EXT. TRAMWAY TO SUGARLOAF - SUNSET

47

The TRAMWAY SHUTS DOWN. 300 feet in the air, the two trams
sway side by side.

From a briefcase, Baptista produces two large envelopes.
The first is marked "1," the other "2."

BAPTISTA
(re envelope "1")
This you open to learn about your
next job. You pull it off, bring me
what I want, then we give you the
hard-drive from the bank -- instead of
to o procurador publico. Sorry, you
need translation?

STELLA
"The prosecutor."

BAPTISTA
(re envelope "2")
And this we open the day you tell me
the job is not possible.

CHARLIE
Your crew seemed plenty capable.
Why farm out now?

BAPTISTA
I like matching talent to the job,
Mr. Croker. And you're a good match
for this one. This special job.

CHARLIE
How'd you know about us, anyway?

BAPTISTA
(an enigmatic grin)
That's my job.

CHARLIE
Problem. Don't have a crew anymore,
and even if I did, they wouldn't
sign on, not without any cash-in.
Got no skin in the game.

47 CONTINUED:

47

BAPTISTA
You're saying it's not possible?

He suggests envelope "2."

STELLA
He's saying he's out of business,
okay?

BAPTISTA
(to Stella)
Guys like him? Oh, maybe they slow
down. Go on vacation. Maybe they
help you make a big house up in the
hills and tell you they'll be happy
there for years and years. But no.
They can't stop.

Off Baptista's nod, Brazilian #1 fast-clicks a walkie-talkie
as a cue. The tramway lurches, the trams start separating.
Baptista takes the opportunity to play "Going Going Gone"
with the two envelopes.

BAPTISTA
Pick, Mr. Croker....

STELLA
Don't, Charlie.

BAPTISTA
Pick while her fate is still in your
hands.

Charlie shakes his head as if to decline -- then suddenly
finds himself cantilevered through the rear window of the
tram and snatching for...

Envelope "1."

BAPTISTA
It's a terrible weakness, love.

48 INT. STELLA'S MINI CLASSIC - RIO - NIGHT

48

CLOSE on envelope "1" being torn open.

CLOSE on photos, papers spilling out.

Charlie punches on the dome light. It reveals half-size
blueprints and grainy surveillance photos of a modern
business complex. But the details outnumber the wide shots.

STELLA

"1700 Charterhouse." Guess it's a street address but...where is this? There's no indication what --

CHARLIE

London.

STELLA

I don't see that here.

CHARLIE

Every pro knows that address, Stella.

Now she finds a photo of three letters on a silvered plaque. And with something akin to dread:

STELLA

"DDC."

CHARLIE

He likes his diamonds rough.

STELLA

"DeSilva Diamond Company?" The place that supplies Tiffany and Cartier and every major retailer in the world? This is insane, Charlie. They must have, what, a few billion stockpiled at any given.... And just how much does he want?

He shows her something else. The mission directive page. "EMPTY THE VAULT."

CHARLIE

That answer your question?

49 EXT. DDC COMPLEX - LONDON - DAY

49

Suddenly we're in London, the diamond district, looking at that same block-long business complex. Coming and going, international buyers have I.D.s checked by perimeter guards in crisp suits.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Guards are packing, probably Glocks -- composite weapons that won't trip their own metal-detectors. And those rounded "architectural elements" on the walls?

Across the street we find Charlie and Stella. They have their backs to the DDC security cameras, doing reconnaissance from the window of a jewelry store. The diamonds on display inside the store superimpose themselves on the DDC complex -- a tantalizing suggestion of the treasures inside.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

They house embedded motion-sensors --
there's a pendulum on a steel thread
hanging inside. Drill the wall, trip
an alarm. Even climbing it....

Charlie pivots with a HandyCam covering his face. Outwardly, he's shooting tourist video of Stella. Inwardly...

HANDYCAM POV: We ZOOM PAST Stella to capture details of DDC, including next-generation binocular cameras.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Those are new....

STELLA (O.S.)

So you were right here with my father.
Five years ago.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Hasn't gotten any better, either.

Our HANDYCAM POV RETURNS TO Stella.

STELLA

(a little rueful)

But he actually walked away from a
job? How refreshing. What, just
couldn't find the way in?

Charlie turns back around, killing the HandyCam, taking care to never expose his face to the DDC cameras.

CHARLIE

It's the way out that stumbles a
brother up -- talkin' half a ton of
rock. How do you move it? How do you
keep your speed up and your exposure
down? Sure, it's hell getting
inside...

STELLA

But the real trick is getting out.

49 CONTINUED: (2)

49

CHARLIE

Your dad musta looked at this job
three or four times --and he always
walked away from it. He knew it was a
career-ender.

STELLA

I hate it that you knew my father
better than me, Charlie. It's not
right.

CHARLIE

Lot of things aren't.

Spotting something else, Charlie rolls the HandyCam.

HANDYCAM POV: Featuring a mirrored building down the street.
That's new too.

50 EXT. SUBWAY-CONSTRUCTION ENTRANCE - LONDON - DAY

50

A few blocks away, Charlie and Stella drop into a rented car.
Quickly Charlie bounces out, realizing they've parked near...

Street construction. Sidewalks are ripped apart, workers and
lorries are moving underground. A sign reads "Completion
Date for Underground Line...."

CHARLIE

A subway....

He takes a beat to mentally survey the direction of the
subway, then compares it to location of the DDC complex just
one block over. Perpendicular.

STELLA

Charlie?

CHARLIE

How many fingers you think it's gonna
take?

STELLA

To do what?

CHARLIE

To count up our true friends.

51 EXT. COFFEE BEAN - L.A. - DAY

51

CLOSE on a laptop screen. A demo of the "Lylux" operating
system is running as...

LYLE

...and before you know it, the cursor anticipates your next thought and executes the next command. So "Point and click?" I mock you. "Drag and Drop?" Bend over, baby, 'cuz here comes "Lylux," the first totally intuitive operating system. Spent the better part of three years writing open-source code for this program, and I'm this close to sending it out into the world -- as freeware.

Outside a Coffee Bean, Lyle focus-groups his new software for a gaggle of JAPANESE COLLEGE GIRLS on tour. They think Lyle is the cutest.

LYLE (CONT'D)

I mean, why do we keep running on this gerbil wheel of patches and upgrades called "Windows?" Trust me, every computer that runs Windows wants to commit suicide. That's what all these crashes are -- suicide attempts.

The girls pose with Lyle, snapping cell-phone photos to send back home or use as screensavers. Soon Lyle spots his PHONE VIBRATING across the table. He snags it on the fall.

LYLE

Konichiwa.

CHARLIE (O.S./PHONE)

Question for you.

LYLE

Charlie? Hey-hey. Where are you?

CHARLIE (O.S./PHONE)

If we went to Handsome Rob and Left Ear...said we had a job in mind where, best case, we walk away no richer than when we started...and worst case, we spend 20 years behind razor-wire... would they throw in?

LYLE

Does this presuppose that I'm in?

CHARLIE

You owe me one, Lyle.

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

A tour bus HONKS. The Japanese girls start flitting away, water through Lyle's fingers.

LYLE

Look, can I call you back on this?

(to girls)

Hey! I was going to show you all the hot spots in town -- WiFi, JiWire, T-Mobile! Hey!

CHARLIE (O.S./PHONE)

Lyle?

LYLE

(back to Charlie)

Is a fetish really a fetish if you never got to act it out?

CHARLIE (O.S./PHONE)

What about Rob and Left Ear? What do you think?

LYLE

You get yourself in trouble, Charlie?

CHARLIE (O.S./PHONE)

Stella.

LYLE

Stella?

The tour bus pulls out, Japanese girls waving behind glass. But Lyle is blind to them now.

LYLE (CONT'D)

Well, thing about Rob and Left Ear? They got good heart. And if they knew Stella needed them, they'd come.

CHARLIE (O.S./PHONE)

You sure? Even with no cash-in?

LYLE

Positive. You just name the spot, anywhere in the world, and I'll be there with those guys in 48 hours. You let Lyle-san handle everything.

52 EXT. TOWER BRIDGE - THAMES RIVER - NIGHT

52

HARD CUT to Charlie and Stella. They stand on the Tower Bridge on a foggy night, heads pivoting as they check the road both north and south. But there are no cars. No

people. Only ravens lined up on the bridge cables, ready to pick their bones clean once they keel over and die of exposure.

STELLA

What time you tell them?

BIG BEN TOLLS 2 a.m.

CHARLIE

Midnight. South side of the Tower Bridge at midnight.

A beat. A FOG HORN SOUNDS.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

We sent Christmas cards, right?

STELLA

Thought you did.

A beat. More ravens land.

STELLA

Probably should've been better about those things. But you know how it is....

CHARLIE

You do a job together, feels like friends for life, you expect to stay in touch but then....

STELLA

Nothing.

CHARLIE

Nothin'.

STELLA

Can you really blame them?

Emergency lights flash on the bridge: A tall ship approaches on the Thames, and the tower's great draw-bridge is cracking open, separating at mid-point to let the ship pass.

Charlie takes it as a sign to bail. With the draw-bridge FRAMED behind them:

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

So we pull in a couple red-shirts, tap the local talent. Gotta be a good wheel man and demo guy somewhere in London, right?

They hop some light-weight metal barriers used to keep vehicles off the bridge at night. And now we see something that Charlie and Stella don't: An airborne BMW, shooting the gap of the cracked-open bridge, quiet as a gazelle leaping a fallen log until...

It SLAMS DOWN on this side like a TWO-TON RHINO.

Now seeing it, Charlie yanks the metal barriers just in time for...

The BMW X6 CROSS-OVER COUPE THAT SCREECHES past. It's braking hard, executing a controlled 540-degree spin before it rocks to a stop in a cloud of atomized rubber.

HANDSOME ROB steps out.

CHARLIE

Never a doubt.

Now LEFT EAR appears. Followed by Lyle.

Stella gets a chill -- and it has nothing to do with the damp London night: It's the old crew, reassembled, showing up like knights in armor bright. Fierce hugs as they reunite.

STELLA

You know I got goosebumps right there?
Seeing you guys again? Can't believe
you came all the way from....

LEFT EAR

Rob from Italy, me from Spain, so yes,
I win for Classmate Who Came The
Furthest.

CHARLIE

Two hours late.

HANDSOME ROB

Oh, really? Well, might it have
something to do with the fact that we
were told to meet at midnight at the
south end of the bridge in Tower?

CHARLIE

(scowling)

I said "the Tower Bridge."

HANDSOME ROB

"The bridge in Tower." That's how
your message reached us. Now "Tower"
happens to be a small but quaint town
(MORE)

52 CONTINUED: (3)

52

HANDSOME ROB (CONT'D)
 near the somewhat larger and somewhat
 less quaint town of "Mold"...both of
 which can be found in the township of
 "Flintshire"...which lies in the
 rather rugged borderlands of North
 Wales...WHICH IS ANOTHER FUGGIN'
 COUNTRY, LYLE.

LYLE
 Okay. Jeez. Flame off, Rob.

LEFT EAR
 Sorry, guys. We were waiting 340
 kilometers away at some little doll
 bridge. Didn't seem right.

STELLA
 You did 340 kilometers in two hours?

LEFT EAR
 We had to pierce the fabric of the
 space-time continuum. I don't
 recommend it.

Left Ear unloads a liter bottle of apple juice from the car.
 Helping out, Charlie takes it.

LEFT EAR
 And that ain't apple juice.

Charlie drops it instantly.

HANDSOME ROB
 Awright, awright, we're done dickin'
 the dog now -- the worst is behind us.
 (leading with chin)
 What's the job, Charlie?

53 EXT. UNDERGROUND CONSTRUCTION SITE - SUBWAY - NIGHT

53

FAST SHOTS: Lyle setting up a four-headed lidar unit.
 Hooking into his laptop. Plugging into local power. The
 four heads powering up, throwing big fans of laser light.
 In sync, the heads rotate around a central pivot so that each
 laser-fan scans a 90-degree section of...

The subway tunnel. Heavy machinery, jackhammers, snaking
 pneumatics, work-lights, lockers -- the laser-fans sweep it
 all, even...

Our heist crew.

CHARLIE

The day shift opens the gate at 0600. They drop their tools by 1345. Second shift picks 'em up at 1400 and works straight to 2100. Job-site inspectors come in an hour before midnight and leave at 0530.

LEFT EAR

So when would we work?

Charlie tosses them city coveralls with new I.D. badges.

CHARLIE

You are the inspectors. Least that's what the DDC guards will think if they spot you in the area. Lyle?

CLOSE on Lyle's laptop. The laser-mapped environment is superimposed over the digitized blueprints of the DDC complex -- and scaled to match. Now, "looking through" the street, we can see the subway tunnel relative to the DDC.

HANDSOME ROB

(at computer screen)

Izzat me? Right there?

LYLE

You and your bald spot.

HANDSOME ROB

What bald spot?

CHARLIE

Lyle? Check me on this.

Charlie chalks a discreet "X" onto the tunnel wall.

LYLE

(nodding)

72 feet thataway...and you're at their perimeter wall. Another 30 feet...and you're at their east wing.

CHARLIE

That's where the trading floor is. Vault can't be far away.

LEFT EAR

We don't know where the vault is?

STELLA

We don't even have the make and mod,
Left Ear.

CHARLIE

We'll get it. We'll get eyes on
everything before we trigger this job.
But when we do....

(to Left Ear)

You blow the floor, she drills the
door, we clean the store.

LEFT EAR

(to Rob)

See how he broke into rhyme right
there? For those not paying
attention, it would make the job seem
deceptively simple.

Rob and Left Ear size up the "X" panel -- as they size up
their own feelings. Their own head-shaking misgivings.

HANDSOME ROB

DDC....

LEFT EAR

They must have, like, what....

HANDSOME ROB

Two-three billion in that place?

LEFT EAR

Easy.

HANDSOME ROB

And just how much does this Brazilian
Bossa Nova expect you to go fetch?

CHARLIE

All of it.

HANDSOME ROB

C'mon.

CHARLIE

He wants us to turn the place upside
down -- and let everything fall right
into his pockets.

It hangs there a beat. Charlie and Stella touch eyes:
How will these guys respond? Do they stay? Or back out?

LEFT EAR

You know, I'm set up pretty sweet back in Spain -- reading my first editions...view of the Pyrenees out my window...and did I mention the Spanish ladies? "Las mujeres son tan sabrosas como se miran." Oh, yeah, I got a perfectly fine life back in Spain -- and maybe that's the problem.

(off their looks)

I don't think I was ever as good as when we worked together.

It brings knowing nods. Eyes fall on Rob, last man to commit.

LYLE

C'mon, man -- let's do this one for the flag, the glory of the motherland. We'll be like "The Right Stuff" guys without spacesuits.

HANDSOME ROB

Those guys were a buncha wankers without their spacesuits.

LYLE

Okay, "The Dirty Dozen" then. Or wait, "The Dirty...Quintuplets" or something like --

HANDSOME ROB

If I'm here, Lyle, I'm in, okay? Would never turn my back on Stella. Now take your little laptop, bugger off quietly -- and let the real pros get started, huh?

54 INT./EXT. GETTIN'-BUSY MONTAGE - LONDON - NIGHT

54

CRANK that snappy-slappy MUSIC. INTERCUTTING, we see:

A high-end tool shop. Lyle watching a rapid-prototype being made of the "X" panel, laptop hooked up to a fabrication machine. Creating a new panel out of white polymer.

CUT TO:

The subway tunnel. Left Ear setting det-cord around the real "X" panel. Igniting the cord. Watching it FLASH BURN, expecting the panel to fall right out of the tunnel wall. When it doesn't...

HANDSOME ROB
Bit rusty, are we?

The concrete panel SMASHES TO THE FLOOR, nearly killing Rob.

LEFT EAR
Watch out.

CUT TO:

A newly rented flat. Charlie and Stella pulling covers off furniture, including a billiard table. Changing locks. Flipping paintings hung on wires -- and taping surveillance photos to the backsides. Setting up their HQ.

CUT TO:

Subway tunnel. Rob drives a backhoe into position -- and the big shovel takes its first bite of exposed soil. The first bite of tunnel.

CUT TO:

A window at the flat. Charlie working some big-aperture binoculars, using a focus-cable for maximum control.

CHARLIE'S BINOX POV: Sweeping over DDC. Just inside the gates, a bullmastiff exits a limousine -- followed by Roscoe DeSilva, the owner of DDC. DeSilva hands the leash to his CHAUFFEUR before heading inside.

Charlie jots the time.

CUT TO:

Stella at the flat. Reviewing "tourist" video Charlie shot of DDC. Scowling. Flipping a wall painting to check the blueprints on the backside. Checking the date of the prints. Sensing something wrong.

CUT TO:

Subway tunnel. Lyle, Rob, and Left Ear wrapping up for the night. Fitting the new "X" panel into the subway wall. This'll be their light-weight "door" to the heist tunnel. They stand back to size up the starkly white panel in the otherwise gray wall.

HANDSOME ROB
Sure. That'll fool 'em.

They break out the paint.

55 INT. LONDON FLAT - DAY

55

CHARLIE
Any year now, Lyle.

LYLE
Got it. Here it comes.

A dangerously unshowered Lyle projects satellite imagery onto blueprints taped up on the wall. He's trying to superimpose the two.

STELLA
Scale it down. Right there. Now
raise the projector to kill the
key-stoning. Good.

Charlie and Stella draw closer. Most the landmarks line up perfectly. But not all.

CHARLIE
Plans are off. Christ.

Stella's PHONE BURRS for attention.

STELLA
Better throw these away -- just going
to get us into more trouble.
(answering phone)
Yeah.

Her face goes tight. She scratches a note for Charlie:
"Baptista. Here."

56 INT. WATERLOO TRAIN STATION - DAY

56

BAPTISTA
Is it possible?

Suddenly we're walking the platforms of the Waterloo train station. Charlie and Stella just rendezvoused with Baptista.

CHARLIE
Still workin' it up.

BAPTISTA
Is it possible?

CHARLIE
Well, mighta been if your blueprints
were any good.

56 CONTINUED:

56

He gauges Baptista's reaction to see if he knew. Baptista's face reveals nothing.

STELLA

Sometimes these companies leave a dummy set in the architect's office. They show a phantom wall...the wrong specs for the vault.... Don't know how you acquired them, but those --

BAPTISTA

Is. It. Possible.

CHARLIE

It may be. But before we trigger, we need to bump the odds to "probable." That takes time.

BAPTISTA

When do you expect the job to be done?

CHARLIE

We'll let you know when.

BAPTISTA

When will I know when?

CHARLIE

When the job's done.

Baptista stares with the half-lidded eyes of a bona fide killer -- then clocks a security camera nearby. He nods them onto a loading train.

57 INT. MOVING TRAIN - MOMENTS LATER

57

BAPTISTA

I chose you because you were a smart man, Mr. Croker. Did I choose wrong? I mean, would a smart guy play games of words with the man who could take his woman away? This woman?

He reaches out to touch Stella's face, right on that ghost of a bruise. Stella bats it away.

STELLA

What's it matter to you anyway? Long as you get the goods?

BAPTISTA

I have a buyer. His timing becomes your timing, his conditions become your conditions. Now we'll meet again soon to see what progress --

CHARLIE

(taking charge)

Let's get this right: You're the black-mailer, not the boss. We don't work for any Fake Badge. If this job goes, it goes on our clock -- could be six weeks, could be six months, but you have no say in that. After, we get the hard-drive first. My guy verifies it hasn't been cloned. If he smiles and only if he smiles, you get a big pile of rock and the headache of how to fence it all. Should you be writin' this down? Because these are my conditions.

Baptista looks at him like you'd look at a child who just threw a tantrum. "Done now?"

BAPTISTA

I prefer two.

STELLA

Two what?

BAPTISTA

Two weeks.

CHARLIE

No way. That's not possible.

Sighing, Baptista produces Envelope "2."

BAPTISTA

Se faz favor.

Reluctantly Charlie takes it.

BAPTISTA

Open it.

Reluctantly Charlie does. Stella eases over his shoulder to look. More grainy photographs. The first is of a Brazilian prison guard. He's a 270-pound man-beast, soiled armpits, teeth like Greek ruins.

BAPTISTA

His name is "Vampeto."

The next photo shows a prison cell. Medieval.

BAPTISTA

This is the cell where Stella will entertain Vampeto for the next 25 years.

Next, a toilet. Some portal to Hell.

BAPTISTA

That is the toilet she'll drink from.

Another cell. Worse than the first.

BAPTISTA

And Croker, this is the cell where you'll be raped for the next 25 years.
(a sink-in beat)

I am a cop, pentelho -- appointed by federal court, licensed to carry weapons in 39 different countries of the world, here in London to pursue a dangerous American gang that may have murdered one of Rio de Janeiro's fine young police officers. And if I want, I will extradite you...and her...your whole crew could, tomorrow, be turned over to my good friend and cousin, o procurador publico. "The prosecutor." Oh, no, no, no -- there is nothing fake about me.

Charlie and Stella take a mental step back as the world rearranges in their heads.

BAPTISTA (CONT'D)

Now get this right: You're whores, okay? And I run you now. But sooner or later, you'll be good with that. How do I know? Because they all do. Because everyone who works for me knows that as bad as I am, I'm not as bad as Vampeto -- the one who gives us all nightmares.

The train slows. Baptista prepares to exit.

57 CONTINUED: (3)

57

BAPTISTA (CONT'D)

You keep those pictures, whores --
but you go two weeks from now. Two
weeks from tonight. Ate mais tarde.

58 EXT. DDC COMPLEX - NIGHT

58

START with a conventional ESTABLISHER of DDC by night, one that BOOMS DOWN from on high. But instead of stopping at street level, we KEEP BOOMING DOWN, right through pavement and earth until we reach...

59 INT. HEIST TUNNEL - SUBWAY - NIGHT

59

The growing heist tunnel. Rob works a big shoulder-mounted augur that looks like a weapon from "QUAKE." Behind him, Left Ear loads dirt onto a cart-and-rail system and kicks the cart to send it down-tunnel. Lyle has squeezed his way in, too, MOUTHING SOME BAD NEWS to Left Ear over the AUGUR NOISE. Scowling, Left Ear taps Rob's shoulder, stopping the work.

LEFT EAR

(to Lyle)

I thought we said he was a thief.

LYLE

Charlie made some calls, checked him
out. He's also like this federal cop.

LEFT EAR

"Baptista?"

LYLE

"Baptista."

LEFT EAR

You're saying he's a cop and a thief
and a cop-killer.

LYLE

He's a multi-hyphenate bag of crap,
okay? I'm only the messenger.

LEFT EAR

Well, that's good. Because Rob here
was just complaining that going after
half the world's diamond supply wasn't
shaping up as much of a challenge.
We work for the police now?

HANDSOME ROB

For a guy who eats all the profit
while we eat the risk. Christ alive.
What ever happened to the wages of
sin?

LYLE

It was never about the cash-in, guys.
I mean, c'mon, we're all set for life.
Little thing called "the Italian job?"

Holding his tongue, Rob grabs a SAWZALL and goes after some
ancient plumbing. Left Ear and Lyle swap looks.

LEFT EAR

Rob? We are set for life, yeah?

HANDSOME ROB

Look, I'm in a different bracket.

LYLE

Oh, no....

HANDSOME ROB

Not that you'd know, Lyle, but
cultured, high-end, international-type
fiancées do not come cheap.

LEFT EAR

"Fiancées?" As in "two?"

HANDSOME ROB

It was alleged that I proposed to all
three the same drunken night....

LYLE

Dude, how many dicks do you have?

HANDSOME ROB (CONT'D)

...which, generally speaking, isn't a
problem unless they all happen to say
"yes"...and unless they all happen to
call their mothers and start talking
about shades of white. And even then
I coulda danced my way out of it --
if it weren't for the fact that two of
'em had the same mother.

LYLE

(shocked)

You had sisters?

HANDSOME ROB

Can I say, in my defense, it never bothered the twins before.

LYLE

(doubly shocked)

You had twin sisters?

HANDSOME ROB

"Ashi" and "Tashi."

LYLE

(outraged)

Japanese twin sisters?

HANDSOME ROB

All the sudden they turn into these blood-letting banshees. With lawyers.

LYLE

Rob, I want to be very clear here. Did you truly blow through 5.4 million dollars in gold?

HANDSOME ROB

That's only 4.3 in Euros.

He switches back to the augur, FIRES IT UP.

HANDSOME ROB (CONT'D)

Better not be dickin' the dog here. Better be some kinda pay-day at the end of all this fu --

The AUGUR HITS SOMETHING SOLID. Rob tries to the left. Same SOLID SOUND. He tries the right. Same thing. "Uh-oh."

60 INT. LONDON FLAT - NIGHT

60

A SWIFT KNOCKING. Charlie opens to the door to find Lyle, dirty and disheveled.

LYLE

Big rock, bad place.

61 INT. HEIST TUNNEL/SUBWAY TUNNEL - NIGHT

61

Charlie's in the heist tunnel, examining a solid stone wall that blocks their progress. We can see where Rob has tried to get around it without success. Now Charlie backtracks...

62 INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

62

...and swings out of the tunnel.

CHARLIE

No, that's a very big rock.

STELLA

In a very bad place.

She's at Lyle's computer screen, looking at the 3D image of the heist tunnel that ends, prematurely, right under the DDC perimeter wall.

LEFT EAR

You wanna get through it, we gotta blow it. But if we blow it....

LYLE

We set off the motion-sensors built into that wall.

A big stymied beat, then...

CHARLIE

Well, maybe that's a good thing.
Maybe a very good thing.

Stella gets it. But she's not sure she likes it.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(a grim reminder)

Two weeks. Set your charges, Left Ear. Let's see what we shake loose.

63 EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - NEAR DDC - DAY

63

Positioned at an outdoor cafe, Charlie sips a coffee and checks the time.

CHARLIE

(into radio)

So how we lookin'?

Everyone wired for sound, we FLASH to our crew at five different locations around DDC, seeing...

64 EXT. LONDON ROOFTOP - DAY

64

From a high perch, Lyle slapping fresh DV tape and battery into the HandyCam like a sniper assembling his rifle.

64 CONTINUED:

64

LYLE
Coming on line...seconds away...
okay. Got it. Loaded up. High
degree of readiness here.

65 EXT. SUBWAY CONSTRUCTION ENTRANCE - DAY

65

Rob holding Trigger #2. He stands near a truckload of pipe
at the construction entrance.

HANDSOME ROB
(to Lyle)
Hey. We don't need your current
ass-temperature reading. Just say
"ready" when you're ready. Like this.
(to Charlie)
"Ready."

66 INT. HEIST TUNNEL/SUBWAY TUNNEL - DAY

66

START ON the big rock -- with multiple charges studding its
surface. CAMERA RETREATS down the heist tunnel and PASSES
THROUGH the "X" panel to reach the subway tunnel, where we
find Left Ear holding Trigger #3. He's trying to blend in
with the morning crew that works just down-tunnel.

LEFT EAR
Ready here.

67 INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

67

Down the street from DDC, Stella cinches her seat-belt.

STELLA
Ready. I think.

CAMERA DROPS through her floorboard to show a small explosive
attached to the inside of a front tire.

68 INT./EXT. ALL FIVE LOCATIONS - DAY

68

Now Charlie picks up Trigger #1.

CHARLIE
Go.

IN HEARTBEAT INTERCUTS, we see Stella scratching away...

Lyle rolling video tape...

Stella's car picking up speed, moving past Handsome Rob...

Stella seeing DDC coming up in her windshield...

CHARLIE

Trigger One.

Charlie hitting Trigger #1...

Stella's front TIRE BLOWING...

Stella jerking her wheel...

The car jumping a curb...

CHARLIE

Trigger Two.

Handsome Rob thumbing his trigger...

A restraining STRAP SNAPPING on the truckload of pipe...

PIPES SPILLING calamitously...

Underground workers HEARING THE CLATTERING PIPES, turning fast, turning away from the "X" panel...

Stella careening across a broad sidewalk, somehow controlling the out-of-control car...

CHARLIE

Trigger Three.

Left Ear hitting his trigger...

The CHARGES BLOWING the big rock in the heist tunnel...

Stella's RENTAL ASS-WHACKING the DDC perimeter wall...

Inside that wall -- inside one of those round architectural elements -- a pendulum jumping, making metal-to-metal contact with the surrounding cylinder...

ALARMS RISING around the DDC complex...

Charlie wincing at Stella's impact...

BLAST RESIDUE shooting out cracks of the "X" panel in the subway, Left Ear right there, whistling his way through the dust until a coughing jag overtakes him...

Stella rocking to a stop inside her car. She hit harder than expected.

Charlie is on his feet, moving closer reflexively.

68 CONTINUED: (2)

68

CHARLIE
(into radio)
Hey. With me? Stella?

Just STATIC. Helpless, Charlie watches as DDC guards pour outside and pry open the wayward car. They're all jacked up, Glockes coming out, ready to go aggro on the driver until...

Black suede boots swing out of the car. Over-the-knee boots.

STELLA
I'm sorry...I'm sorry, I just
couldn't steer after it....

She rises to full height, revealing the tall black boots beneath a short black skirt. In between is a heart-racing flash of thigh.

Charlie settles back. *"Oh, yeah. She's okay."*

69 EXT. LONDON ROOFTOP - DAY

69

Through his HandyCam lens, Lyle watches the guards fawn over Stella. For his own amusement:

LYLE
"No, no, no, wasn't your fault --
could've happened to anyone. Say, if
it's all right with you, we'll just
change out this tire. Have the car
washed up right nice, too. Whatever
you need, really, because with all
this blood in our wankers right now,
there's not much left for our brains,
is there?"

70 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - MINUTES LATER

70

Moving fast, the guys load into a parked surveillance van. Charlie rolls a digital recorder as Left Ear works an antenna like a dowsing rod, trying to refine the image on...

An LCD screen. A MOVING POV materializes, just now entering DDC from the outside.

71 INT. ENTRANCE VESTIBULE - DDC - DAY

71

START TIGHT on a pinhole lens in sunglasses. WIDER to show the glasses folded and hooked on the neck of Stella's blouse.

DDC LIEUTENANT #1
This way....

71 CONTINUED:

71

STELLA

Do you really think this is necessary?
I'm feeling fine.

DDC LIEUTENANT #1

Just a few details and we'll be done.
This way, please, Miss...
(off her fake license)
"Miss Cooper."

72 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

72

LYLE

(tweaking knobs)
Nice delay...gives me a moment to
adjust the camera iris, and now....

CHARLIE

(into radio, to Stella)
30 inches per stride. Go.

73 INT. ENTRANCE VESTIBULE - DDC - DAY

73

Flanked by security, Stella starts walking. As she does,
CAMERA DROPS DOWN to her boots. The first thing we notice
are the measured strides, each stride a perfect 30 inches.
The second thing is...

Her heels. Compression pads have been built in, and each
heel-strike activates a tiny argon laser that pulses out to
the side. Right-left-right-left. The actual laser beams are
invisible, of course. But not...

The micro-dots they leave on the baseboards of the walls.

74 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

74

On Lyle's laptop, a real-time blueprint emerges of the DDC
interior. It overlays satellite imagery of the east wing,
so it's like Lyle's got X-ray vision.

LYLE

I was born "Kal-El," rocketed to Earth
as an infant by Jor-El, my scientist
father, mere seconds before my home
world exploded....

Rob gives him a what-the-fuck look.

75 INT. TRADING FLOOR - DDC - DAY

75

DDC security lead Stella into a colossal room with various doors and annexes. Just getting back to business after the false-alarm, DDC BROKERS (the sellers) display buying-lots of uncut diamonds to SITE-HOLDERS (the buyers).

Stella works to get shots for the boys. The uncut diamonds don't sparkle like normal diamonds, but in some ways they're even more eye-catching: Like a cross between diamonds and pearls.

76 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

76

HANDSOME ROB

(seeing diamonds)

Have her grab a handful for ol' Rob, wouldja? Right there, that pile.

No, no, okay that pile there....

LEFT EAR

(to Charlie)

Did you hear Rob's broke?

LYLE

Blew it on supercars and Japanese school girls. Bastard.

CHARLIE

Eyes on, eyes on. Vault's gonna be somewhere in this wing....

They huddle at the LCD screen, watching STELLA'S POV. Suddenly a bullmastiff appears in CLOSEUP.

LEFT EAR

(lurching back)

Whawazzat?

CHARLIE

Just the owner's dog.

LEFT EAR

No, no, no, that was some beast from Roman-Grecco mythology, that's what that was. "Griffen" or "minotaur" or some shit. Whoa.

HANDSOME ROB

(to Charlie)

Did you hear Left Ear had a bad experience?

76 CONTINUED:

76

LYLE
Ever say what it was?

HANDSOME ROB
Too horrible for words.

LEFT EAR
Get that thing back to the zoo....

77 INT. TRADING FLOOR - DDC - DAY

77

FOLLOW the bullmastiff as it trots back to Roscoe DeSilva.
He's staring after Stella.

DESILVA
That's our false alarm?

DDC LIEUTENANT #2
Shouldn't've brought her through the
trading floor. Speak with them about
that.

DESILVA
(with horns showing)
I think they can be forgiven. Just
this once.

78 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

78

The LCD image starts degrading. Rob takes the antenna and
sticks it out the back of the van. No improvement.

LYLE
Something on her end. Could be one
of their wireless systems...metal
studs in the walls...could be....

CHARLIE
A big metal vault?

Lyle mentally smacks himself. *"Of course."* Energized,
Charlie slaps down a satellite photo, draws a straight line
between their position outside DDC and Stella's position
inside. His line crosses over...

A tantalizing annex.

CHARLIE
(into radio)
Stella. Hard right. Let's get a
look.

79 INT. TRADING FLOOR - DDC - DAY

79

Stella sees the annex he's talking about -- but isn't sure how to get there with her escort. But there is a CLIQUE OF BUYERS on that side of the room, catching up on old times. Stella gives a passing wave to one. A beat, then TOTAL STRANGER waves back with perplexed hope. That's all Stella needs: She breaks from her escort...

And cuts for that side of the room.

STELLA

Of all the places to run into you again....

(off his face)

Oh, no. You don't remember?

TOTAL STRANGER

Well, truthfully, I'm not convinced we have met.

She makes a fortune-teller's read of the guy: German accent, a Moderne watch with deco numerals.

STELLA

It was Berlin. The Bauhaus museum of modern design.

TOTAL STRANGER

The Bauhaus? I haven't been there...

(coming around now)

...in years. But did you change your hair? I seem to recall it being more red....

The escort guards wait impatiently. Stella TREADS WATER with the guy just long enough to witness...

A FEMALE BROKER entering the annex. A guard activates a door for her, and in the few seconds the door is open, we spy...

Titanium bars. Laid back against the wall.

80 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

80

CHARLIE

That's it. The day-gate outside the vault.

(into radio)

Okay, Stella, the make-and-mod.

That's all we need now....

80 CONTINUED:

80

But the image on the LCD continues to erode. And in its dying moments, Charlie spies something else. Something that just flat-lines his brain.

LEFT EAR

What? Charlie?

CHARLIE

What the hell did we shake loose?

It's a face. The face of another DDC employee approaching Stella and taking charge. A face Charlie knows.

81 EXT. LONDON FLAT - SUNSET

81

A Karma Kab (taxi) clears FRAME to reveal Stella, newly deposited on the sidewalk. Tired but okay, she moves up the front steps of the flat, ready to kick off her shoes and debrief with the boys. But with other ideas....

CHARLIE

Lessgo.

The four guys pour out of the building, hooking her arm, turning her around, splitting up as soon as they hit the sidewalk, all taking different routes back to...

82 EXT. THREE ENTRANCES - DDC COMPLEX - NIGHT

82

The DDC complex. They cover three entrances with three cars: Rob in the X6...Lyle and Left Ear in the van...Charlie and Stella in the M6.

83 INT. M6 - NIGHT

83

CHARLIE

And what name did he use?

STELLA

"Graff." "Conrad Graff."

CHARLIE

And he was in charge of security?

STELLA

Well, they didn't show me their corporate reporting structure, but yeah, he was up there. Now can you just tell me --

83 CONTINUED:

83

CHARLIE
(just to be sure)
American guy, six-one, scar under his
jawline right here? Like maybe from a
broken bottle of Cuervo 1800?

STELLA
Now how would I know.... How do you
know what the scar's from?

84 EXT. DDC COMPLEX - NIGHT

84

A vintage GTO appears. The driver pauses to light a smoke
before pulling into traffic, and that flicker of light shows
the driver to be CONRAD GRAFF, 45.

85 INT. ROB'S VANTAGE - NIGHT

85

Working with a spotting monocular, Rob compares the face to a
grainy print-out from the video.

HANDSOME ROB
(into radio)
He's driving an old GTO, red and black
lacquer, all hand-rubbed and yes, I do
want one for Christmas, thanks for
askin'. Should I tail him?

86 INT. M6 - NIGHT

86

CHARLIE
(into radio)
He's mine.

He CRANKS OVER.

TIME CUT TO:

CHARLIE AND STELLA'S POV: Stalking the GTO through London.
But instead of tailing Graff, we shadow from one block over,
driving parallel. Smart, if you're good enough to pull it
off.

CHARLIE
Before I hooked up with your father,
worked with Graff. We were boosting
Benzo parts off the docks in Philly,
reselling 'em overseas, sometimes
sending them right back to Germany....

86 CONTINUED:

86

Charlie jets ahead to the next intersection, lingers until the GTO appears one block over, confirms it's still heading straight, hits the accelerator.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Good gig, but I had a few questions about how Graff was splitting the profits....

STELLA

Explaining the scar....

CHARLIE

And eight years later, here he is.
On the inside of where we wanna be.

A beat.

STELLA

Someday can we know somebody who's not
a thief? It may just be healthier.

A block over, the GTO reappears -- and turns away from them. Charlie jerks his wheel, cutting off traffic to keep after it.

87 EXT. GRAFF'S HOUSE - THAMES RIVER - NIGHT

87

CHARLIE'S BINOX POV: GTO pulling into a large garage... another car in the driveway, this with a university sticker in the window...Graff closing the overhead door, vanishing... OUR POV SEARCHING house windows...Graff reappearing inside, passing his phone-obsessed 18-year-old DAUGHTER and kissing his svelte young WIFE. OVER:

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Three-car garage...house on the
river...daughter home from college...
and a wife with that new-wife smell.
All very respectable, but....

88 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - CONTINUOUS

88

Charlie lowers his binoculars to think. Our crew has regrouped in the surveillance van, parked overlooking Graff's house.

STELLA

Setting up his own job.

LEFT EAR

(agreeing)
Sounds like we got competition.

CHARLIE

But he's using his real name. One background check turns up his sheet. How the hell could they not know who he is?

LYLE

(in a heady rush)
Because he black-mailed someone on the inside to get himself inside. But we can now black-mail Graff, threatening to reveal his criminal past, to actually pull this job and get out from under Stella's black-mail with Baptista.

It hangs on the air.

LYLE (CONT'D)

Winner-winner chicken dinner?

HANDSOME ROB

Bit complicated, doncha think?

STELLA

Look, I'll find out more Saturday night.

(off their blank faces)
DDC's unveiling a new string of diamonds. They're kicking it off with some kind of event, I got invited.

LEFT EAR

(to the guys)
See, that's why we sent her in. We would've been ass-raped, she gets invited to a gala.

CHARLIE

'Kay. So I'll go with you.

STELLA

Actually, I'll go with Roscoe DeSilva.

CHARLIE

The owner of DDC?

LEFT EAR

The dude with the "Omen" dog?

STELLA

I'll engineer a slip-away, double back
to the vault, get our make-and-mod.
Perfect, huh?

CHARLIE

What, like a date?

STELLA

Oh, puh-lease. He must be 60 years
old.

CHARLIE

Which makes it creepier.

STELLA

Guys, I need to know what kind of door
I'm drilling. There's no way around
that.

HANDSOME ROB

(bucking him up)

'Salright, Charlie. Saturday night,
you come reroute sewer pipes with us.
Boys' night out.

Rob cranks over and turns the van around. Charlie continues
to watch the house.

CHARLIE

Let's keep digging. On the tunnel
and on Graff.

START on a door lock. It's twitching, as if someone were
picking the lock from the other side. Soon the knob turns
freely and the door opens -- only to stop short. TILT UP to
the swing-latch that still secures the door. Now a dental
mirror appears, looking behind the door to assess the
situation. It's quickly joined by a slick little tool that
fishes for the head of the swing-latch. But before the tool
can do its job...

DENTAL-MIRROR POV: Of Charlie's face. Watching everything.

WIDER to show Charlie beside the door. He's poised to smash
the intruder's skull with a pool cue. Caught in the act, the
tools retreat. Then...

A photo slides under the door. Charlie bends to pick it up.
It's a photo of him, face hashed with computer-generated
lines and landmarks.

89 CONTINUED:

89

CHARLIE
Face-recognition software.

GRAFF (O.S.)
I have seen the future and it is
called "biometrics."

With a sudden bad taste in his mouth, Charlie opens the door.
Graff strolls in.

GRAFF (CONT'D)
Part of my upgrade program for DDC.
And hey, you just happened to be in
our database of known crooks. How
'bout that?

CHARLIE
So what's your program, Graff?
When do you go?

Charlie crosses to the open bedroom door, ostensibly to grab
some pants but actually...

90 INT. BEDROOM - LONDON FLAT - CONTINUOUS

90

...to make eye-contact with Stella. Woken by voices, she's
just now swinging her legs out of bed.

GRAFF (O.S.)
Been there smoked that, Charlie.

CHARLIE
No, really. Maybe we'll hook up
again. Might even go 50-50 this time.

GRAFF (O.S.)
Still sore about the Philly job, huh?
Better let that shit go -- I came here
to do you a favor.

CHARLIE
Oh, let's hear this.

Stella understands. Charlie closes the door.

91 INT. LONDON FLAT - NIGHT

91

Graff wanders to the big binoculars trained on DDC, helps
himself to a look.

GRAFF

See, Mr. DeSilva knows about my checkered past -- and he likes it. Pays a premium for it. I'm makin' high-six as the company's "Loss Prevention Officer." Yeah, I'm a do-right man now, Charlie. Kind of a celebrity to these diamond guys -- G. Gordon Liddy in a good suit.

CHARLIE

Takes a thief to catch a thief?

GRAFF

Now you're catchin' fire. And they brought me in...to keep guys like you...out. Outside lookin' in....

CHARLIE

That is a nice suit.

GRAFF

'Talian guy. "Emilio." I'll hook you up since, you know...
(re photo of Charlie)
I see you still dress like shit.

He steps into the W.C. and unzips.

CHARLIE

So, really. What's the program?

GRAFF

Same ol' Charlie -- never give up. Hey, still playin' hoops?

CHARLIE

Little pick-up.

GRAFF

I miss our games. Actually, I miss beatin' you like a baby seal.

Graff clocks feminine toiletries. Chanel No. 22.

GRAFF (CONT'D)

And who's the crew these days? Anybody I know?

CHARLIE

Not if you're out of the game.

91 CONTINUED: (2)

91

GRAFF

I'm in the game, Charlie. Just signed with the cross-town team.

CHARLIE

So what's the big favor, Graff?
Pissin' on my toilet seat?

Graff zips up, washes up.

GRAFF

I'm gonna show a little professional courtesy -- gonna burn that photo for you. That should square things for us, wipe the old slate clean. But if you come sniffin' around DDC again? No more breaks. I'll just bust your balls wide open.

(heads for door)

Technology's too good these days, Charlie. Reason I got out.

CHARLIE

Graff. How'd you find me?

GRAFF

Close to DDC but not too close...
good line-of-sight on the target....
Just the place I woulda picked,
Charlie.

92 INT. BEDROOM - LONDON FLAT - NIGHT

92

Hearing an OUTER DOOR CLOSE, Stella starts to open the bedroom door.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Don't.

93 INT. LONDON FLAT - NIGHT

93

Alone, Charlie mentally reviews everything Graff touched -- before moving to the binoculars. He plucks something off the bottom. It's a wireless lipstick camera, planted by Graff.

94 INT. GRAFF'S CAR - NIGHT

94

Graff drops inside his GTO. Instantly he grabs a portable LCD, telescopes out the antenna to see...

Charlie's face. Playing charades. Holding up an American dollar and a billiard ball. The cue ball.

94 CONTINUED:

94

GRAFF
Sounds like..."buck cue."
(enjoying the upsmanship)
'Long as it's the last time I see
your face, Charlie.

He throttles away.

95 EXT. LONDON OVERLOOK - SUNRISE

95

The rising sun burns a reflection onto that mirrored office building, the one Charlie noted earlier. PULL BACK to reveal Rob and Lyle and Left Ear, straight from their night job, looking like three guys who chewed their way out of Hell. They just got the latest bad news from Charlie.

HANDSOME ROB
Well, if he made you, Charlie...

LYLE
If Graff knows we're here scratchin'
around....

LEFT EAR
And if Baptista set a deadline of,
what, eight days from now....

HANDSOME ROB
Didn't the wheels just fall off this
whole job?

A hollow beat as Charlie wonders if they aren't right.

STELLA (O.S.)
No.

Everyone turns.

STELLA (CONT'D)
We're not done yet. Not as long as
Graff hasn't made me.
(reminding)
We need that make-and-mod.

HANDSOME ROB
Look, we all admire your guts, Stella.
But do you really believe they're just
gonna let you waltz 'round that place
Saturday night?

STELLA
Only with your help, Rob. Only with
your plan.

95 CONTINUED:

95

HANDSOME ROB

"My plan?"

CHARLIE

The one you doped out the other night.
Outside Graff's house?

HANDSOME ROB

(buying time)

Ohhhhhh....

CHARLIE

Yeah, Rob, it was a damn good plan.

STELLA

Brilliant, I thought.

HANDSOME ROB

Well, I wouldn't expect any less.
What was it?

96 EXT. DDC COMPLEX - NIGHT

96

ESTABLISHER: DDC security is out in force tonight, checking
the drive-ons of cars lined up to enter the complex.

97 EXT. COURTYARD OF WEST WING - DDC COMPLEX - NIGHT

97

In slit dress and elbow-length gloves, Stella emerges from a
chauffeured car. Heads turn as she walks a conspicuously red
carpet to reach the front steps, passing a sign announcing
"The Red Rios."

CHECK-IN GUARD #1

Identifications out, purses open,
all bags will be inspected. No photos
allowed inside. Be prepared to check
your phone at the door...

98 INT. SECURITY ENTRANCE OF WEST WING - DDC - NIGHT

98

Guards check Stella. A WAND YIPS near her hoopy-dangly
earrings but that's expected. In her purse they find only
an international driver's license, lipstick, flip-phone.
They confiscate the flip-phone...

And wave her through.

99 INT. GROUND FLOOR OF WEST WING - DDC - NIGHT

99

Food and drink tables occupy the ground floor, everything rendered in hues of red, right down to the cranberry martinis and Moldovan red champagne.

Stella scans for a passage that will get her back into the east wing -- but it's not here. Not on ground level.

CHECK-IN GUARD #2
Display room, one flight up....

She joins the flow of people up a grand staircase.

100 INT. RED RIO SHOWROOM - DDC - NIGHT

100

At the center of this display room is a rocky outcropping. Flames rise from fissures in the rock to create a ring of fire, obscuring what lies within. Overhead, misters release water that "quenches" the fire, and through the resulting steam...

The Red Rios appear theatrically, now five perfectly polished stones. The cycle of fire and water repeats every few minutes to accommodate new arrivals. Like Stella.

DESILVA (O.S.)
So how do you love my new diamonds?

She turns. DeSilva approaches.

STELLA
Remarkable. But I always thought
color in diamonds was....

DESILVA
(nodding)
A bit of color will harm a stone's
value tremendously. But more than a
bit? The most valuable stones in the
world are diamonds of deep color.
Case in point, the Red Rios.

The bullmastiff is with DeSilva, tonight wearing a "formal" collar bristling with diamonds. For what that collar cost, Angola could be fed for a month.

STELLA
And forgive the probably naive
question, but...are those real?

DESILVA

I supply diamonds to 63 different countries and kingdoms -- bad for business if I was to deal in fakes. Conrad?

Nearby, Graff turns. He scowls when he sees Stella.

DESILVA (CONT'D)

While I take a peek at my spontaneous speech, why don't you run down the guest-list for Miss Cooper, make sure she's thoroughly impressed. Oh, and whatever you do -- don't let her stray off.

(a denture-perfect smile)

I have my plans.

Stella smiles back. "Don't we all." The bullmastiff trots off after DeSilva, carting away its fortune.

GRAFF

Didn't expect to see you again.

STELLA

Don't feel obligated to baby-sit, Mr. Graff. I'll do fine on my own.

GRAFF

Well, I have my orders now. Can I ask a blunt question, Miss Cooper?

STELLA

Didn't I answer all your questions, Mr. Graff? Three days ago?

GRAFF

What are you really doing here?

STELLA

Couldn't pass up an opportunity like this, could I?

GRAFF

"A," Old Money chasing New Honey...
"B," vice versa...or is it "C"?
Something else entirely?

STELLA

If you really don't want me here, I'll happily leave -- and leave you to explain things to your employer.

GRAFF

Let's go with "A," then. Nice scent,
by the way. Chanel 22?

STELLA

Boucheron.

GRAFF

My mistake.

(turning away)

So, some very special guests tonight.
We have two members of the British
Royal Family...the wife of the French
Premier...two U.N. ambassadors...Mr.
and Mrs. Theodore Annenburg over there
by the staircase, and even...

Charlie. Strolling right in through the showroom doors.
Graff cannot believe it.

GRAFF

Charlie Croker.

STELLA

Is he someone special?

Charlie pours a beer into a glass, ditches the bottle in a
potted plant. Graff closes in fast, signaling for a guard to
rendezvous on-target.

GRAFF

What did I say to you not 48 hours
ago?

CHARLIE

Didn't say you were having a party.

GRAFF

You are under-dressed for this
occasion.

CHARLIE

You know, I saw Emilio today to get
a slick Dean Martin number like yours,
but won't be ready for 'nother week.

(to CLIPBOARD GUARD)

"Charlie Croker." I'm on the list.

GRAFF

He's not on the list. Show him out.

CLIPBOARD GUARD

"Charlie Croker?" He's right here.

Graff tries to take it in stride.

GRAFF

Okay, smart guy, you got on the list.
Now you're off. Hennings? You have
permission to quietly throw his ass
out the back --

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Wait for me, Charlie!

Just outside the showroom, Monica Graff is getting a Martini
refill from a waiter.

MONICA GRAFF (CONT'D)

Oh, hi, Daddy!

Graff looks back to Charlie with gun-slit eyes. He's not
taking this in stride.

CHARLIE

Went to your house to return the
lipstick camera you left at my place,
and guess who I met? Sweet girl,
"Monica" -- but a little naive.
'Parently she doesn't know about your
former career? The one as a no-count
punk-ass thief?

Drink in hand, Monica bounces over. She dresses in a way
fathers generally don't want to see daughters dress.

MONICA GRAFF

So you two know each other, huh?
From Philly? Oh, lookit, lookit what
they did in here....

CHARLIE

(low to Graff)

I won't tell if you don't.

Charlie bumps Clipboard Guard as he starts in.

CHARLIE

Sorry.

GRAFF

Hey. You are going to jail for this.

CHARLIE

(over shoulder)

She said she was 18.

101 INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL/HEIST TUNNEL - NIGHT

101

LYLE
 (check-listing)
 ...specific gravity of the slurry...
 line length versus size of dredge...
 friction loss per 100 feet of line....
 Should work.
 (keys a radio)
 Should work.

He peers into the heist tunnel. CAMERA RUSHES down-tunnel to reach Rob. He's welding, adding plumbing connections to a cats-cradle of sewer pipes recently excavated. Just ahead, Left Ear finishes wiring up a pump.

HANDSOME ROB
 (into radio)
 Sorry, you're breakin' up.

LYLE (O.S./RADIO)
 The plan should work.

HANDSOME ROB
 Sorry, whose plan?

LYLE (O.S./RADIO)
 (rolling eyes)
 That would be your plan, Rob.

HANDSOME ROB
 And don't no one forget it.

102 INT. THIRD FLOOR - WEST WING - DDC - NIGHT

102

Free of Graff, Stella moves up the staircase to the next floor. She needs a cut-over that will take her back to the east wing. She finds it -- blocked by two STONE-LION GUARDS.

STONE-LION GUARD #1
 Can I help you?

STELLA
 Restroom?

He points out a W.C. There's a queue of ladies outside.

STELLA
 I'll try again later.

103 INT. GROUND FLOOR OF WEST WING - DDC - NIGHT

103

Graff. Flanked by security Lieutenants #1 and #2, he's scope-locked on Charlie and Monica across the room.

GRAFF

"Croker." He's the piece of trash in black leather. No matter what, keep eyes on him.

CLOSER on Charlie and Monica. She slugs back a cranberry martini like so much Kool-Aid.

MONICA GRAFF

...feel obligated to let you know, Charlie, that I do have a boyfriend at school so this can't be like a real hook-up because after all we just met today and I wasn't even going to come to the party tonight because I didn't want to go without Rupert and have all these stray guys just pervin' on me, so I feel obligated to let you know that nothing can really happen 'tween us tonight and goddamn don't you have just the sexiest mouth alive....

CHARLIE

Hold that thought.

He moves to a food table, sampling from one side. Stella appears, mirroring him on the opposite side. Never making eye-contact:

STELLA

She's cute.

CHARLIE

Who, Monica? I said she was young and impressionable.

STELLA

But you didn't say "cute."

CHARLIE

Didn't say "oversexed" either.

Stella leaves a lipstick on the table for him. In return, Charlie leaves two things for Stella: Her flip-phone that he's re-confiscated on the way in, and a smart-card with a photo of Clipboard Guard. That's why he bumped the guy.

103 CONTINUED:

103

STELLA
(checking watch)
So I've got nearly --

104 INT. HEIST TUNNEL - NIGHT

104

LEFT EAR
(checking watch)
-- midnight. Let's get it goin'.

Rob throws in-line levers. We don't understand the purpose -- yet -- but we gather he's added shut-offs to the pipes.

105 INT. LADIES' W.C. #1 - DDC - NIGHT

105

The WIFE OF THE FRENCH PREMIERE flushes. She steps to a basin to wash up -- but looks back to the toilet, concerned by what she sees rising there. She reaches for the handle again...debates whether her action will improve the situation or deprove it ruinously...and then The Wife of the French Premier does it: She goes for the double-flush.

WIFE OF THE FRENCH PREMIER
(horrified)
Non, non, non, non, non....

The toilet overflows.

106 INT. HEIST TUNNEL - NIGHT

106

LEFT EAR
Three...two...one...

He flicks on THE PUMP, sending water pressure into the lines.

LYLE
"Lift-off."

107 INT. LADIES' W.C. #2 - DDC - NIGHT

107

A TOILET BOWL BELCHES beneath a TOO-HIP YOUNG WOMAN. She comes off the seat like an unguided missile. The vacated toilet is suddenly a witch's cauldron.

108 INT. OUTSIDE W.C.'S - DDC - NIGHT

108

The line outside the women's toilette is thinning fast as women hike up dresses and backpedal away from the run-off. Nearby, some DAPPER DONS think it's funny until...

Their shoes get attacked by run-off from the men's room.

109 INT. SHOWROOM - DDC - NIGHT

109

A video crew shoots DeSilva as he addresses guests. His image gets piped to monitors all around the west wing.

DESILVA

...have been valued for their
brilliance and their ability to
fire human passions throughout the
centuries. And no diamond is more
rare than the red diamond, often the
sacred possession of kings and queens,
often the secret ambition of thieves
and crooks...

People start fanning the air. *"What is that smell?"*

110 INT. GRAND STAIRCASE - DDC - NIGHT

110

Just outside the showroom, Graff spots Monica and Charlie on the move: She's leading Charlie somewhere by hand.

111 INT. SHOWROOM - DDC - NIGHT

111

DESILVA

(soldiering on)

The Red Rios began as a single magical
stone, 629 carats in the rough. Our
master cutter soon realized that one
stone should give birth to five new
diamonds -- the progeny you see on
display here tonight....

A WOMAN SHRIEKS. Everyone whips around to see, through the doorway, an elegant matron hustling down the staircase -- chased by cascading sewage.

112 INT. GRAND STAIRCASE - DDC - NIGHT

112

Momentarily distracted, Graff snaps eyes back to Charlie. Well, where Charlie was.

GRAFF

(into radio)

Who's got Croker?

RADIO VOICES (O.S.)

Didn't pass the west entry...not on
the ground floor....

112 CONTINUED:

112

GRAFF

Tanner, keep your guys on the Reds
at all times. Repeat, at all times.
Everyone else -- find Croker.

He tries to take the stairs two at a time, slips, has to use
the hand-rail just to get anywhere. Women are hiking up
dresses, men prancing around on tip-toes.

GRAFF

And then find some mops!

113 INT. THIRD FLOOR - WEST WING - DDC - NIGHT

113

The stone-lion guards leave their post to join the hunt.
Zeroing in on that vacated door is...

Stella. Removing a glove with her teeth. Plucking off an
earring. Unfolding one of the dangly bits to create a pick,
another part becomes a tension-wrench: She's been carrying
her tools in plain sight.

Keeping eyes on the GROWING COMMOTION around her, Stella
sidles up to the unmarked door...

Picks the lock behind her back...

And vanishes into the darkened corridor beyond.

114 INT. SECURITY CENTER - DDC - NIGHT

114

Graff slip-slides in. He joins a few other SECURITY TYPES at
the master monitors.

GRAFF

Awright, where's this prick at?

Joy-sticking cameras, guards see party-goers migrating to the
exit...PORTERS hustling with mops and buckets...a cordon of
nervous guards around the Red Rios. But no Charlie.

DDC LIEUTENANT #1

Might've already exited.

GRAFF

Not this guy. Back it up, this camera
here.

They speed-rewind an image, see fleeting movement, replay it:
It's Charlie and Monica stepping off an elevator. Back in
the hunt, Graff swings out the door...

115 INT. CORRIDOR - DDC - CONTINUOUS 115

...and picks up a team of guards.

GRAFF
Upstairs, sixth floor.

116 INT. VAULT CORRIDOR DOOR - DDC - NIGHT 116

In a dark section of the east wing, Stella returns to that annex off the trading floor -- and the door that leads to the vault. This door has no visible lock, so she pulls out the smart-card and passes it over the door-frame until...

SOMETHING CLICKS. The door cracks open. Stella slips through...

117 INT. DAY-GATE - VAULT CORRIDOR - DDC - CONTINUOUS 117

And instantly bumps into titanium bars. The day-gate is locked. But for the first time, she sees what it guards.

STELLA
(with awe and dread)
Oh, wow.

At the far end of a corridor stands the vault, massive and circular. It has no dials, no handles, no boltwork -- only a sleek pedestal with a voice pick-up and read-out screen. If Bang & Olufsen ever designed a vault? This would be it.

118 INT. GRAFF'S OFFICE - DDC - NIGHT 118

Charlie gets shoved into a wood-paneled wall. At first we think maybe Graff caught him already and is roughing him up -- but then Monica joins Charlie in FRAME. She did the shoving.

MONICA GRAFF
Why'd you want to see Dad's office?

CHARLIE
Just a little privacy.

MONICA GRAFF
What, so you could try an' kiss me?

She kisses him. All tangled up, Charlie "rolls" down the wall a ways...reaches out with one hand...pushes on a sliding wall-panel to expose Graff's built-in monitors...and manages to switch them on with the back of Monica's head.

And there it is. That sleek enigma of a vault.

MONICA GRAFF

Charlie, promise me one thing.

CHARLIE

Whassat?

MONICA GRAFF

Don't take advantage of me if I
black out.

CHARLIE

I would never do that.

MONICA GRAFF

Wait till I wake up, 'kay?

She blacks out. Charlie eases her into a chair, picks up
Graff's desk phone, dials.

STELLA (O.S./PHONE)

Yeah.

CHARLIE

Found it. It's on a screen marked
"East Annex Corridor."

119 INT. DAY-GATE - VAULT CORRIDOR - DDC - NIGHT

119

Still in the "air-gap" between the two doors, Stella presses
her face to the bars of the day-gate. Directly above, she
spies the lens of a camera, the one Charlie must be using.
INTERCUTTING:

STELLA

I found it too. But Charlie, you see
what I don't see?

CHARLIE

No combination. No dial.

STELLA

It's a biometric vault. It opens and
closes with voice-matching.

CHARLIE

So...you know all about it, right?

STELLA

I've read all about it. But got
another problem. Those hinges?
They're called "Pit Bulls" -- they
(MORE)

119 CONTINUED:

119

STELLA (CONT'D)
have their own locking system
independent of the main locks. They
keep the door from swinging open
outside of normal business hours.

CHARLIE
The hinges have locks?

STELLA
This is bad....

CHARLIE
You're sayin' we can't open it at
night? Not even if we have the --

STELLA
This is really bad.

120 INT. GRAFF'S OFFICE - DDC - NIGHT

120

On another monitor, Charlie spots Graff and guards hustling
down the executive corridor, opening doors and searching
offices. They're coming this way.

CHARLIE
Clear out. And don't wait for me --
think I'm going out the back way.

He hangs up. Finds Stella's lipstick. Uncaps it and gives
it a twist to reveal...

The lipstick camera. The one Graff tried to plant.

In the few seconds he has left, Charlie picks his spot.

121 INT. EXECUTIVE HALLWAY - DDC - NIGHT

121

With a gut-realization, Graff knows where Charlie is. He
jumps two doors ahead of the search party, keys open his own
door to catch...

122 INT. GRAFF'S OFFICE - DDC - CONTINUOUS

122

Charlie. He wags Monica's hand, gently trying to rouse her.

GRAFF
(to guards)
Take him downstairs. I'll see Mr.
Croker out personally.

CHARLIE
Sweet girl, Monica -- but are you
locking the liquor cabinet at night?

122 CONTINUED:

122

GRAFF
GET HIM OUTTA HERE!

They haul Charlie away. Graff takes over trying to wake his daughter, and soon her eyes drift open adoringly.

MONICA GRAFF
Okay. You can fuck me now.

123 EXT. REAR GATES - DDC COMPLEX - NIGHT

123

Like he was shot out of canon, Charlie hits the sidewalk and rolls hard. The cannon was...

Graff. He and some beefy guards are at the rear of the DDC complex -- where traffic is lighter and witnesses are fewer.

GRAFF
You're all out of favors, Charlie.
Cops get a full report dropped on
their desk tomorrow morning. But
tonight....

The guards SNAP BATONS to full length.

GRAFF (CONT'D)
We're just gonna beat the stupid right
out of you.

They go to work. Charlie fights back, getting in a few licks -- but not as many as he takes. It starts to get brutal.

VOICE (O.S.)
Stop! STOP IT!

Approaching fast, Stella reaches a street lamp, revealing herself in its light.

STELLA
Please stop.

GRAFF
(only mildly surprised)
Well, Boucheron my ass.

She goes to Charlie and covers him protectively.

CHARLIE
Said "Don't wait for me...."

STELLA
I know what you said.

124 INT. BEDROOM - LONDON FLAT - DAY

124

Charlie lies starfished on the bed. Stella is trying to clean clotted blood from his scalp, but every time he winces, she winces. Rob, Left Ear, and Lyle are dogpiled in the doorway.

CHARLIE

So what if we got the password to the vault? What then?

Charlie's head is still in the game even if his body isn't. It's kind of heroic. Kind of sad, too.

STELLA

We need the right password spoken by the right guy. I'm assuming that's DeSilva, but then there's the little matter of those Pit Bull hinges that --

LEFT EAR

So I'll blow the damn hinges.

LYLE

And trip every motion alarm in the place?

(to Stella)

What if we burn through?

STELLA

Hinges are 14 inches thick, solid carbide steel...have to use thermic lances at 5,400 centigrade...but the burn-time is still 8 hours 11 minutes per hinge.

(off their impressed looks)

Already did the math.

HANDSOME ROB

Well, I know I like to over-simplify sometimes, but.... What if we just kill this Baptista bugger?

They all consider it -- and all dismiss it.

EVERYBODY

Nah... Not really our style, guns... Then you got blood to clean up....

STELLA

Give us a minute, guys?

Rob, Left Ear, Lyle exit.

STELLA

How much you think we still have from
the Italian job? In gold?

CHARLIE

17 bars, whatever that is. Why?

STELLA

(leadingly)

"What if"....

CHARLIE

(with distaste)

"What if we cash out?" Go raise sled
dogs in Alaska or something?

STELLA

No....

CHARLIE

Running away doesn't end it, Stella.
Someday that phone rings, the door
opens, there he is, and it starts all
over again. Huh-uh. No way.

STELLA

That's not what I meant.

He waits, but she kills her own idea with a wag of the head.
"Forget it." She lays her head on his chest.

STELLA (CONT'D)

When I was in that bank in Rio,
I knew something was off, but....
And if I'd just listened to what my
head was saying, I could've kept this
from ever happening...kept all you
guys out of this....
(wiping her eyes,
trying to lighten up)
God, I am your "terrible weakness,"
aren't I?

125 INT. BEDROOM - LONDON FLAT - NIGHT

125

CLOSE on the photograph of Vampeto, the man-beast. Through
broken teeth, he seems to be grinning now at...

Charlie. He wakes oddly, something still bothering him.

CHARLIE

What did you wanna do with the gold?

125 CONTINUED:

125

He looks at Stella. She's not here. Assuming she's in the other room, Charlie rolls out of bed...

126 INT. LONDON FLAT - CONTINUOUS

126

...but finds only a glowing laptop, screensaver at work. Beginning to suspect the worst, Charlie hits the space key.

CHARLIE

Oh, Stella, no....

It's a web page: "PRECIOUS METALS -- TODAY'S EXCHANGE RATE."

127 INT. WATERLOO TRAIN STATION - LONDON - NIGHT

127

Alone, starkly alone, Stella appears. The train station is shutting down, surrendering to TRANSIENTS and DRUGGIES and other HUMAN GHOSTS who haunt the station by night.

CLOSER on Stella, face tight, eyes darting, clocking people in passing. Among them...

DEJA VU MAN #1. Phone to one ear. Rolling away from her gaze.

"Do I know him?" Stella chalks it up to nerves and keeps going, stepping onto an escalator to the lower platforms. She's searching for someone else, and soon...

"Someone else" finds her, falling in step behind Stella. He stalks her in creepy silence until she sixth-senses his presence.

BAPTISTA

Keep walking.

She hitches at the voice -- but manages to keep moving.

BAPTISTA (CONT'D)

You came alone?

STELLA

Yes.

BAPTISTA

Could be brave, could be foolish.
We'll find out. You say you have something for me?

Stella takes a stabilizing breath and launches in.

STELLA
Gold bars. 17 at 10 kilos each.

BAPTISTA
Source?

STELLA
Bali. Indonesia.

BAPTISTA
Stolen, of course. Traceable?

STELLA
Clean.

BAPTISTA
Where?

STELLA
Not here but gettable. I'd need 36
hours, no more.

Baptista takes a beat, intrigued on multiple levels. Stella flicks a look at DEJA VU MAN #2, one of a handful of people detraining. *"Have I seen him before?"*

BAPTISTA
And why would I do this? Why agree
to a few million when my pay-off is a
vault full of diamonds?

STELLA
Because those aren't gettable. DDC
knows us, knows we're here. The job's
over. Now it's just a matter of what
to do with the hard-drive -- and I'm
betting I'm your only buyer.

BAPTISTA
Interesting Croker sent his woman
tonight. Does he think you can
persuade in ways he can't?

Finally she turns to him.

STELLA
I started this, I'll end it.

BAPTISTA
Or maybe the poor pentehlo doesn't
even know....

STELLA

I am offering you every cent we ever saved in our lives, do you want it or not? Because it's on the table for one minute more. One.

BAPTISTA

Well, I do like it....

STELLA

What part?

BAPTISTA

I like that you'll do things your man doesn't know about.

STELLA

(a seething beat)

It's not "a few million" I was offering, it was more like 6.5 at today's metal rate, and guess what? You just pissed it away.

She surges past him, leaving, but he catches her with a vice of a hand and throws her up against a docked train.

BAPTISTA

I'm still thinking.

She tries to regain her balance. He shoves her back, keeping her off-balance. Liking her off-balance.

BAPTISTA (CONT'D)

Do I take what's on the table? Or roll the dice again, try to get more?

STELLA

Just yes or no.

BAPTISTA

Still thinking.

He presses into her, full length, groin to groin. It's not just about arousing himself, it's about gauging her degree of desperation. It's about degrading her. And just when Stella seems ready to combust with anger and regret...

BAPTISTA (CONT'D)

Okay. Deal. I'll take your gold -- but I want one thing more.

STELLA

What?

She hates herself for asking, for even implying she might entertain the idea. A nearby TRAIN SIGNALS INTENT to leave station, drowning out any chance of conversation, prolonging the torture. And when THE HORN DIES...

BAPTISTA

The diamonds.

A stunned beat.

STELLA

Did you not hear what I just --

BAPTISTA

The job is still on.

STELLA

They know who we are.

BAPTISTA

There is no "over," not for whores.
The job will be done, and it will be done this Friday night. You wait for my call. When it comes, I will tell you exactly when...you should....

In the train window, he catches a reflection of someone standing behind him. Baptista turns to face...

HANDSOME ROB

Don't think we've met. Hullo, name's Rob, and may I be the first to officially welcome you...

He extends a paw as if to shake, clamps down on Baptista's hand, jerks him closer -- and drops him with a forearm smash.

HANDSOME ROB (CONT'D)

...to London, you sack of crap.

Charlie appears from nowhere, steering Stella clear.

CHARLIE

What the hell were you thinking?

STELLA

Thought he would go for it...thought maybe I could buy our way --

CHARLIE

Well, now you know better. Jesus, Stella, this is not some guy we go one-on-one with. Ever.

127 CONTINUED: (4)

127

STELLA

I was just hoping he'd be greedy
enough to --

CHARLIE

"Whatever we do, we do together."
Does that sound familiar to you?

He delivers into the hands of Lyle and Left Ear, two more guardian angels appearing suddenly. Charlie doubles back to help Rob deal with...

Baptista. Mad as a cut snake, he pulls a pistol. Rob torques the weapon away.

CHARLIE

Always hated guns.

HANDSOME ROB

We consider them "a failure of
imagination."

Rob unloads the pistol and tosses the ammo. But out of the corner of his eye, Charlie picks up...

Deja Vu Man #1 and #2. They're double-timing down the platform, drawing closer. Each carries a briefcase.

Stella sees them, too.

128 INT. RIO BANK - STELLA'S FLASHBACK - NIGHT

128

MEMORY HITS of Brazilian #2 and #3 from the bank job in Rio.
Same faces.

129 INT. WATERLOO TRAIN STATION - LONDON - NIGHT

129

STELLA

Oh, God....

Not breaking stride, Brazilians #2 and #3 unlatch briefcases.
Lids falls open, and into their hands tumble...

Machetes. Big rain-forest machetes.

Suddenly Rob is scrambling for that ammo.

CHARLIE

Forget it, forget it....

The whole crew beats a hasty retreat. But coming at them from a new direction...

129 CONTINUED:

129

Brazilian #1." Slapping together a machine-pistol.

Doors start closing on that about-to-leave train. Charlie bull-rushes Stella through one door...

While Rob, Left Ear, and Lyle go for another, caught in a foot race with Brazilian #1. He closes fast, lifting the weapon as...

Left Ear chops him at the knees with a speeding luggage cart. The machine-pistol clatters under the train. Just for good measure, Rob slams Brazilian #1's head into a kiosk display, cracking glass, then jukes aboard the train. Lyle is hot on his heels when...

His feet are swept out from under him in a blind-side attack. On the ground, he looks up at...

"Gustavo's Wife." Even she's here.

Train starts moving. Rob and Left Ear brace open pneumatic doors, keeping an escape route for...

Lyle. He gets back on his feet -- and proceeds to get his ass kicked...his head kicked...his ribs kicked...and then his ass kicked all over again by Gustavo's Wife, rapidly shaping up as the female kick-boxing champion of Rio de Janeiro. Her last crescent kick drives Lyle...

Straight into Left Ear's arms. He heaves Lyle aboard and then as suddenly at it began...

130 INT. MOVING TRAIN - NIGHT

130

It's over. The train is moving, everyone got on alive. A punch-drunk Lyle slumps against the doors.

LYLE
I had her, I had her....

A machete slashes through the rubber seals of the doors, nearly halving Lyle.

WILD-ASS DOORWAY FIGHT: The machete is forcing open the doors. Rob whips off his coat, covers his hands, grabs the blade to try to strip it from the attacker. But as they struggle, the doors spread wider and wider.

Brazilian #2 is back, assaulting the door, trying to board the train even as it picks up speed.

With a running start, Charlie grabs some dangle-straps...

131 EXT. MOVING TRAIN - TRAIN STATION - NIGHT 131

And boots Brazilian #2 into the night.

132 INT. MOVING TRAIN - NIGHT 132

The train station grows small behind them. Stella realizes her PHONE IS RINGING.

BAPTISTA (O.S./PHONE)

The job remains the same.

The LINE GOES DEAD. Everyone regroups. Somehow Rob wound up with a machete.

HANDSOME ROB

(out of breath)

If you woulda asked me this morning...
"Rob, what are the odds of you gettin'
into a machete fight today?" I woulda
said "not particularly good."

STELLA

Same crew. The five I saw in the bank
in Rio? That was them.

LEFT EAR

So what're they doing here? If we're
the ones pulling the job?

They look to Charlie. An answer takes shape in his head --
but he doesn't like it one bit.

133 EXT. "THE PUCK 'N FUB" - LONDON - NIGHT 133

The GTO parks. Graff stares at the pub across the street,
wondering if he should've even come.

134 INT. "THE PUCK 'N FUB" - NIGHT 134

Graff enters. Charlie waits at the bar.

GRAFF

(to BARMAID)

Beer. Anything cold.

CHARLIE

No more Cuervo 1800?

GRAFF
(fingering scar)
Think I'm gonna trust you around a
tequila bottle?

CHARLIE
Stick to beer.

Graff takes a stool next to Charlie. Here on neutral ground, there's a different footing for these two as they set aside some of the animus. For a minute, anyway.

GRAFF
What's so damn important, Charlie?

STELLA (O.S.)
There's another heist crew.

Graff double-takes at Stella, just back from the restroom. She pulls a stool on the other side of Graff.

GRAFF
Well, rub-a-dub-dub.

CHARLIE
They got leverage on Stella, some
sticky shit, and they're forcing us to
take a run at DDC.

GRAFF
Two crews. So what's the leverage?

CHARLIE
A hard-drive. Shows Stella opening
a vault for them. She had no idea.

STELLA
But here's the twist: They know it's
a crash and burn -- that nobody's
going to beat that vault. But that's
okay with them....

CHARLIE
Because that's not their real play.

GRAFF
(a beat)
You're the diversion. For....

CHARLIE
The Red Rios. Right next door.

A lager arrives. Graff takes a brooding sip.

GRAFF

Gimme names. I'll check 'em out.

CHARLIE

Start with "Inspector Angel Baptista."
Federal cop from Brazil. Wracked up
four dead ones on a bank job in Rio --

STELLA

One of them another cop. And by the
way, we did the homework, he checks
out real.

GRAFF

Assuming he is -- and not some guy
you two pulled out of a Samba line
somewhere -- what do you want from me?

CHARLIE

(making his pitch)

Baptista wants to go Friday night.
You can nail him, Graff, catch him
"in the commission of." You get the
parking spot for Employee of the
Month, justify that fat paycheck, too.
Hell, might even get a raise. Forget
high-six, you could go straight to
sweet-seven -- do-right citizen that
you are.

GRAFF

While I bail your ass out.

CHARLIE

Good for everybody, right?

GRAFF

Well, you guys do make me think --
but I'm thinkin' maybe this "Baptista"
works for you. Maybe he's your
diversion.

STELLA

That's not what's going --

GRAFF

Fake right, fake left, fake right,
fake left -- that's how you used to
play hoops, Charlie. And if I just
planted my feet, stayed put until you
made the real move, I could always
cover you.

134 CONTINUED: (3)

134

CHARLIE

I gave it to you straight, Graff.

Graff stands, drains his beer.

GRAFF

You been crooked so long you don't
know what straight is.

He leaves.

135 EXT. BEHIND THE FLAT - LONDON - NIGHT

135

A basketball hoop has been erected in the alley behind the flat. Here we find Charlie, lit by car headlights, working on his drives, trying to get around an imaginary opponent.

The X6 appears, Rob and Left Ear inside. It parks next to Stella and Lyle in the M6.

HANDSOME ROB

What's he doin'?

STELLA

Working.

LEFT EAR

On his cross-over move?

STELLA

On how to get us out of this
unbelievable mess.

Charlie pauses to look east. Dawn brightens the sky even as he looks at it -- and we sense a mental dawning happening at the same time. Now Charlie moves closer to their cars, stopping in headlights to share the epiphany.

CHARLIE

Only by going in...do we find our
way out.

LEFT EAR

That's so confusing it's almost
spiritual.

They all get out.

CHARLIE

We're going to get the password we
need...we're going to get inside the
vault...and not only are we going to
get that hard-drive back from Baptista
(MORE)

135 CONTINUED:

135

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
-- but we're gonna shut him down so
that him and his whole goddamn crew
can't double back on Stella...or us...
ever again.

A beat.

LYLE
I'd pay to see that.

HANDSOME ROB
Anything else, Charlie? While we're
at it?

CHARLIE
Yeah. 48 hours from now, we're
gonna be drinking champagne in Rio.
My toss.

OFF their daunted-yet-game looks, we CUT TO:

136 INT. VAULT CORRIDOR - DDC - MORNING

136

DESILVA
Initiate unlock-relock protocol.

VAULT VOICE
Initiating.

DESILVA
Sample this voice-print: "The secret
ambition of thieves and crooks."

VAULT VOICE
Match found for voice-print.

DeSilva stands at the pedestal that controls the vault door.
DDC brokers loiter at the far end of the corridor, ready to
begin work. But they're out of earshot. Only DeSilva is
allowed near the vault at opening or closing time. DeSilva
and his dog.

DESILVA
Match and verify this password:
"All mine."

Now those massive PIT BULL HINGES UNLOCK. Dramatically, the
great circular DOOR UNSEALS.

Brokers approach. Some key open wall-boxes outside the
vault, more senior brokers enter the vault itself to extract
larger lots of diamonds.

137 EXT. STREET NEAR DDC - DAY

137

The surveillance van draws to the curb. Left Ear bails out even before it parks. From inside:

HANDSOME ROB
Hey. Where you goin'?

LEFT EAR
I'll be the look-out.

LYLE
Charlie's got look-out.

LEFT EAR
Well, I'll be out looking out for
Charlie's look-out, then.

Subtext: *"Call me when this part's over."*

138 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

138

Inside now, we see what makes Left Ear so skittish: A female Doberman chews and claws at its cage.

HANDSOME ROB
Don't get it. The guy can sleep with
dynamite under his bed, but you bring
in one tail-wagger...even a pretty
bitch like her....

LYLE
He had a bad experience.

139 INT. LONDON FLAT - DAY

139

BINOX POV: Of DeSilva appearing outside DDC with his dog. For the second time now, we watch DeSilva pass the leash to his chauffeur -- who exits the DDC gates. (See SCENE 54.)

CHARLIE (O.S.)
Go.

It's Charlie behind the binoculars. WHIP PAN to Stella, keying a radio.

STELLA
"Heat Seeker" is in the open, repeat,
"Heat Seeker" is in the open....

140 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY 140

HANDSOME ROB
(to Lyle)
Let's bring the heat.

141 EXT. STREET NEAR DDC - DAY 141

HARD CUT to Lyle. Getting walked by the Doberman.

142 EXT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY 142

Left Ear returns with a double latte. He notes Rob outside the van and, mercifully, no dog inside. He slides back in.

143 EXT. DDC COMPLEX - DAY 143

CLOSE on DeSilva's dog. Sniffing the air. Catching a scent. Turning its eyes on a distant corner.

CHAUFFEUR
C'mon, you ugly brute...just do it and
I don't mean on my shoes this time....

But the bullmastiff keeps staring at the corner, knowing something's coming. And now the Dobbie appears, Lyle a step behind.

The bullmastiff rips free.

CHAUFFEUR
ATILLA!

Lyle takes a radio-bug from his shirt pocket. All he has to do now is plant it under the collar of...

120 pounds of charging hellhound.

The dogs meet in a cyclone of ass-sniffing, jaw-snapping, attempted humpings. Lyle hangs in there valiantly, but the bug...

Winds up on the sidewalk.

The chauffeur catches up. Lyle covers the bug with a foot. But now the Dobbie's had enough excitement and tries to flee. Lyle grabs for the leash, but with one foot anchored....

LYLE
Oh, shit.

144 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY 144

Left Ear spritzes the van with air-freshener. Satisfied with the results, he snugs an ear-piece back in place to hear...

LYLE (O.S./RADIO)
Boomerang! Boomerang!

LEFT EAR
(into radio, confused)
Say again?

145 EXT. STREET NEAR DDC - DAY 145

Lyle's running hard. He's got the bug but not the dog.

LYLE
Boomerang!

146 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY 146

Out the open driver's window, we see what Left Ear doesn't: The Dobbie is coming at a dead run -- with the bullmastiff in hot hormonal pursuit. Still trying to decode "Boomerang" in his head, Left Ear just happens to look that way as...

The Dobbie leaps inside. Horrified, Left Ear claws for the door handle. Before he can get it open...

The bullmastiff leaps inside.

In his frenzy to escape, Left Ear hits the wrong button.
All DOORLOCKS LOCK.

147 EXT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY 147

Lyle and Rob rendezvous at the van. Through the passenger window they see what you normally see inside a blender. Rob stays cool, taking it as an opportunity to get the job done.

HANDSOME ROB
(to Left Ear)
Hold him, just hold him down.

LEFT EAR
I HAD A BAD EXPERIENCE!

HANDSOME ROB
Just show no fear.

147 CONTINUED:

147

As Left Ear struggles for his life inside the van, Rob turns his attention to the electronic bug.

HANDSOME ROB
So howzzit go? Like this?

LYLE
No, no, no, like this.

HANDSOME ROB
Seems upside-down.

LYLE
Trust me, it goes like that.

HANDSOME ROB
Last time I trusted you, Lyle, we had the Great Wales Wank-off. Now you just stand here, look smart, make sure he doesn't escape out this side.

LYLE
The dog?

HANDSOME ROB
Left Ear.

Rob rounds the van -- and seals himself inside.

148 INT. LONDON FLAT - MINUTES LATER

148

Over Charlie's ear-piece:

LYLE (O.S./RADIO)
Okay, it wasn't pretty. But "Heat Seeker" has been tagged, repeat, he has been tagged.

CHARLIE
(into radio)
We got signal?

149 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

149

Left Ear is reclined in the front seat like a psychoanalytic patient after a break-through session. Lyle is in the back of the van with the recaged Dobbie, tweaking some gear. Through rear windows we see...

Rob outside. Playing Good Samaritan, he's returning DeSilva's bullmastiff to the chauffeur.

149 CONTINUED:

149

HANDSOME ROB (SPEAKER)

Lose this?

CHAUFFEUR (SPEAKER)

Boss' dog. If he ever found out....

HANDSOME ROB (SPEAKER)

If you don't tell, I won't tell.

LYLE

(into radio)

We got signal.

150 INT. LONDON FLAT - DAY

150

STELLA

(to Charlie)

You're up.

They snatch coats and hit the door at speed.

151 INT. GRAFF'S OFFICE - DDC - DAY

151

A MONITOR BLEEPS for attention: "Recognition Alert."
Working at his desk, Graff swivels to check his built-ins...

And to see Charlie there. He's at the rear of the complex,
cell phone in hand. Computer lines are hashing his face.

INTERCOM VOICE (O.S.)

Call for you, Mr. Graff.

GRAFF

(riveted on Charlie)

Take a message, I don't want to be
bothered right....

Graff's eyes narrow. He looks from Charlie holding his phone
-- to a blinking phone line. He grabs it.

GRAFF

Is your particular type of brain
damage reversible?

On the monitor, Charlie approaches.

CHARLIE (PHONE)

Well, you know, just thought I had an
obligation to stop by --

GRAFF

And say "good-bye."

151 CONTINUED:

151

CHARLIE (PHONE)
And say "I'm still coming." Could be
tomorrow...could be next week...maybe
even tonight. But some time soon,
Graff...

Charlie arrives in an eye-level CLOSEUP.

152 EXT. EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE - REAR OF DDC COMPLEX - DAY

152

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
...I am going to take those diamonds
right out from under you.

Charlie stands in front of one of those binocular cameras.
Now he holds up his phone at arm's length -- and SNAPS A
PHOTO of himself from the POV of the camera.

CELL PHONE POV: Behind Charlie is the mirrored building.
Somehow, some way, that building figures into his plan.

153 INT. M6 - DAY

153

Stella brakes hard. Charlie drops in, kicks off some muddy
boots in favor of his normal kicks.

STELLA
Think he'll bite?

CHARLIE
He'll bite. Question is, will he
choke on it?

154 INT. GRAFF'S OFFICE - DDC - MINUTES LATER

154

Graff replays video of Charlie crossing the street. Absent
sound, Graff provides dialog from memory.

GRAFF
"...I'm still coming. Could be
tomorrow...could be next week...maybe
even tonight. But some time soon,
Graff, I am going to take those
diamonds..."

Graff backs up the video. Clocks something about Charlie's
boots. Zooms the image. Realizes the boots are mud-caked.

It hits Graff like a triple espresso. He lurches to a
spotting scope at the window. Whips it around. Jams an eye
to the eye-cup.

154 CONTINUED:

154

GRAFF'S SCOPE POV: Of the subway-construction entrance.

GRAFF

"...right out from under you."

155 INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - DAY

155

Flashlight beams criss-cross the dark tunnel.

Graff and a half-dozen DDC guards are sweeping through the subway tunnel. We hear DISTANT CONSTRUCTION SOUNDS but see no workers.

Guards inspect walls. Everyone passes a panel with a faint "X" chalked on it -- everyone except Graff. He stops and beams his light down to see...

Muddy boot-prints. They dead-end right here.

156 INT. HEIST TUNNEL/SUBWAY TUNNEL - DAY

156

The false panel is removed. Graff beams a light in. Not only has he found the tunnel but a full conveyor system, too, all ready to go.

GRAFF

(impressed)

Oh, Charlie. Goin' strong to the hole....

DDC LIEUTENANT #1

Must be 35, 40 meters. Puts them right in the east wing.

(starting away)

Wake up the police....

Graff hooks the man's arm, staying him.

GRAFF

"In the commission of." That's what we want to hang on this guy.

157 INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - MINUTES LATER

157

As DDC guards snug the "X" panel back into place.

158 INT./EXT. FINAL-PREP MONTAGE - PART ONE - DAY

158

MUSIC BUILDS as we INTERCUT all parties getting ready for the final heist, the final showdown. We see:

158 CONTINUED:

158

Left Ear prepping small shaped explosives. Lots of 'em.

LEFT EAR
(his new mantra)
Only by going in do we find our way
out.... Only by going in....

CUT TO:

Rob scouting trucks in a rental yard, putting a measuring tape on the cargo bed of a big box-truck, making sure he's got enough space for what he has in mind. And what he has in mind is exactly 67" wide by 56" tall by 144" long.

HANDSOME ROB
One...two...three.

Oh, yeah. There's three of them.

CUT TO:

Stella breezing out of a tailor shop, "Emilio's," throwing garment bags into the M6.

CUT TO:

DDC guards securing the showroom for the night, dropping multiple barriers into place, all barriers safeguarding the Red Rio diamonds.

159 INT. VAULT CORRIDOR - DDC - LATE DAY

159

Closing time at DDC: The last broker keys shut her wall-box, then exits via the day-gate at the end of the corridor. The last guard exits behind her, leaving...

DeSilva and his dog alone with the open vault.

DESILVA
Initiate unlock-relock protocol.

VAULT VOICE
Initiating.

DESILVA
Sample this voice-print: "The secret
ambition of thieves and crooks."

VAULT VOICE
Match found for voice-print.

160 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - LATE DAY

160

DESILVA (SPEAKER)
Match and verify this password:
"All mine."

In the van, Charlie shakes Lyle's shoulders. "Good job."
Not only did they intercept the password, but they captured
it on a digital recorder.

161 INT. DAY-GATE - VAULT CORRIDOR - DDC - LATE DAY

161

DeSilva transits the day-gate. Graff is waiting.

DESILVA
Long day, Conrad.

GRAFF
It'll be a longer night.
(off DeSilva's look)
Some things have happened, I want you
to know about them. Then I want you
to approve overtime for the crews --
in addition to a few other precautions
I have in mind.

162 INT./EXT. FINAL-PREP MONTAGE - PART TWO - NIGHT

162

Jump back into that MONTAGE MUSIC as we see:

DDC guards staking out the subway-construction entrance, in
cars and on rooftops, night-vision in play. Among them is
Lieutenant #1. He's loading spare ammo clips for his Glock.

CUT TO:

Stella's foot REVVING some car of unknown make-and-mod, her
ear listening to the SEXY RESPONSE of the engine. She likes
what she hears.

CUT TO:

Rob and Stella. SLAMMING the rear doors of an 18-ton Ryder
box-truck. Cranking it over. Steaming away. Only now do we
see that they're leaving a BMW dealership.

CUT TO:

Charlie, Left Ear, Lyle. They're on a window-washing
scaffold, backing off bolts on the exterior of some office
building, cocking the windows in their frames by an inch or

162 CONTINUED:

162

two -- a critical inch or two. We aren't quite sure what they're up to until we PULL BACK WIDE to see...

They're working on that mirrored office building. (The one from SCENES 49, 95, 152.)

CUT TO:

Graff holding midnight vigil in his office, watching monitors. A free-standing monitor has been wheeled in, too: It shows a real-time image from inside the subway tunnel. When Charlie comes, Graff will know instantly.

GRAFF

Anytime now, Charlie. Anytime.

CAMERA BOOMS UP into the rafters to reveal a lipstick camera hidden there. The one Charlie planted in his last moments inside Graff's office.

CUT TO:

A screen in the surveillance van. It shows Graff keeping an eye open for Charlie. PULL BACK to include Charlie -- keeping an eye on Graff.

163 EXT. TRAIN GRAVEYARD - OUTSIDE LONDON - DAWN

163

Sunlight breaks over a train-car graveyard. Nothing moves here until we spy...

Baptista. He steps out of a rusty old Pullman, electric razor humming over his face. A PHONE interrupts his morning shave. The screen says "S. BRIDGER."

BAPTISTA

(taking call)

There is no backing out.

STELLA (O.S./PHONE)

Good to know. Was worried you might get cold feet.

BAPTISTA

Are you ready? Tonight?

STELLA (O.S./PHONE)

Oh, we're ready...

164 INT. LONDON FLAT - DAWN

164

ULTRA CLOSE on Stella's mouth as...

164 CONTINUED:

164

STELLA

But if you want to use us as a
diversion? Better go when we go --
and we're going today.

BAPTISTA (O.S./PHONE)

Wait, wait, what are you saying?
"Today?" Not in the daytime, you
insano bitch. Nobody does this kind
of job in the day --

STELLA

In fact, we're going right now.

Her finger punches "END."

165 EXT./INT. PULLMAN - TRAIN GRAVEYARD - DAWN

165

A disbelieving beat -- then suddenly Baptista bangs inside
the Pullman and starts kicking his crew awake.

BAPTISTA

Go there. You go there and tell me
what you see. Exatamente!

166 EXT. EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE - REAR OF DDC COMPLEX - MORNING

166

DDC workers step off a double-deck bus and head for a
pedestrian entrance.

EYE-LEVEL CAMERA POV: Analyzing and recording the faces of
everyone who enters. Background, we see the mirrored office
building -- and a growing hot-spot reflected there.

167 INT. M6 - MORNING

167

We see that same hot-spot in Charlie's new sunglasses. He's
staring at the mirrored building, waiting for something to
happen. To change.

HANDSOME ROB (O.S./RADIO)

Guess who just showed up.

CHARLIE

Baptista's look-out.

HANDSOME ROB (O.S./RADIO)

Got one male parked on Kent Street,
and a female walking on Charterhouse.
Same one who kicked Lyle's ass.

167 CONTINUED:

167

LYLE (O.S./RADIO)

Hey....

Only half-listening, Charlie watches the mirrored building. Just when the sun's reflection reaches the re-aligned windows...just as the angle-of-reflection starts to "jog"...

CHARLIE

Now.

Car doors heave open.

168 INT. BENZO - DOWN THE STREET FROM DDC - MORNING

168

Brazilian #1 surveils DDC from a parked car. Startling him, someone KNUCKLE-RAPS on his side window. "Wake up."

It's Charlie, sailing past. Doubling as a DDC guard, he wears one of Emilio's silk suits, coat carried on a hanger over his back. Behind him comes...

Stella. Today a brunette, she doubles as a DDC broker. Behind her...

Left Ear. Tool box in hand, he doubles as a plumber.

169 INT. GRAFF'S OFFICE - DDC - MORNING

169

Graff drops Visine into his bleary eyes.

INTERCOM VOICE (O.S.)

Security for Mr. Graff.

GRAFF

Graff go.

INTERCOM VOICE (O.S.)

Take a look at West-4?

Graff consults his built-ins. He sees employees entering -- just silhouettes now because the sun, reflected in the mirrored building, is gunning right down the camera lens.

GRAFF

It's the white-balance.

INTERCOM VOICE (O.S.)

But you don't think it has anything to do with, uh....

Graff considers it.

169 CONTINUED:

169

GRAFF

They're good...but I don't think they
can move the sun.

He turns away to pack up -- but CAMERA HOLDS on that one
troublesome monitor to see three familiar silhouettes
clearing the first check-point.

They did move the sun.

170 INT./EXT. PULLMAN - TRAIN GRAVEYARD - MORNING

170

BAPTISTA

(into phone)

And they just walked in? Through the
door?

Baptista paces like an animal at feeding time, wondering if
he's being set up. His crew is poised for action.

BAPTISTA

Maybe insano...maybe brillianto.
Either way, it's the same to us.

BOOTIN' UP SHOTS: The Brazilians strapping on body armor.
Loading weapons. Throwing heavy hydraulic gear into a truck.
They're going for it.

171 INT. DDC - DAY

171

The night vigil is over. Rubbing his bloodshot eyes, Graff
transits a door and holds it open for a passing guard.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Thanks.

GRAFF

Sure.

A beat -- then Graff turns back. The guard is already gone.

GRAFF

Nah.

PICK UP Charlie again. Moving through DDC in the quiet
pre-business hours, he switches his hangered coat from side
to side, using it to shield his face whenever one of those
binocular cameras looms. He's like an old-time stripper
doing a feather dance. That smooth. Soon he reunites
with...

Stella and Left Ear.

172 INT. DAY-GATE - VAULT CORRIDOR - DDC - DAY

172

The outer door opens electronically. Smart card in hand, Charlie ushers Stella and Left Ear into the "air gap" between the outer door and the inner day-gate. The outer door closes. With space at a premium now, their moves become coordinated. Tight. Balletic.

Stella attacks the day-gate's mechanical lock.

Charlie shrugs into his silk coat.

Left Ear takes the leftover hanger -- and starts reshaping it with cutters and pliers.

Charlie hoists himself up on the bars of the day-gate... sticks his camera-phone through, positioning it beside the security camera mounted just above the door...and SNAPS the vault ahead.

CLOSE on the LCD screen. There, we see exactly what the security camera sees.

CHARLIE

Ready here.

173 INT. SECURITY CENTER - DDC - DAY

173

Still trying to fix that blown-out camera, DDC guards preoccupy themselves with knob-tweaking. No one notices...

A one-second disturbance on the "East Annex Corridor" screen. Blink and you missed it.

174 INT. VAULT CORRIDOR - DDC - DAY

174

Charlie just slipped something over the security camera: It's his camera phone, mounted on a coat-hanger framework. The security camera now shoots the LCD screen of the phone.

Stella has the lock beat. But before she opens the day-gate, Left Ear hands her...

Two refrigerator magnets connected by a thin wire coil. Stella reaches through the day-gate...

To where an alarm-contact lives. Working blind, she sticks one magnet on each side of the contact. Now when she eases open the door...

The wire uncoils, bridging the contact-points.

174 CONTINUED:

174

They step through as if stepping onto hallowed ground.

LEFT EAR

Never really expected to get this far.

(off Charlie's look)

Well, I can say it now.

175 INT. SECURITY CENTER - DDC - DAY

175

Where the vault corridor shows clear.

176 INT. VAULT CORRIDOR - DDC - DAY

176

CHARLIE

(into radio, low)

Roll in three seconds.

Charlie takes out his ear-piece -- and holds it right up to the pick-up mic on the vault's control-pedestal.

177 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

177

As Lyle hits "PLAY" on his digital recorder.

178 INT. VAULT CORRIDOR - DDC - DAY

178

(NOTE: DeSilva's voice is heard over Charlie's ear-piece. The vault voice is live, heard inside the corridor.)

DESILVA (PLAYBACK)

"Initiate unlock-relock protocol."

VAULT VOICE

Initiating.

DESILVA (PLAYBACK)

"Sample this voice-print: 'The secret ambition of thieves and crooks.'"

VAULT VOICE

Match found for voice-print.

DESILVA (PLAYBACK)

"Match and verify this password:
'All mine.'"

Charlie, Stella, and Left Ear back up, giving the vault room to open. It doesn't.

178 CONTINUED:

178

CHARLIE
(into radio, low)
Try again, password only, bump the
volume.

LYLE (O.S./RADIO)
Here it comes....

DESILVA (PLAYBACK)
"Match and verify this password:
'All mine.'"

Still nothing. Stella pulls Charlie away from the vault's
control-pedestal. Away from its "ear."

STELLA
Most these systems give you three
tries, only three. I think we got one
more shot before HAL back there
triggers an alarm.

"Fuck."

CHARLIE
Lyle. Check the tape, after closing
time. I wanna know if --

LYLE (O.S./RADIO)
(reading his mind)
If they reset the password. Ohhh,
shit....

179 EXT. COURTYARD - DDC COMPLEX - DAY

179

A chauffeured car arrives. A bullmastiff jumps out first --
followed by DeSilva.

180 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

180

Lyle speeds through audio intercepts, spot-checking.

GRAFF (PLAYBACK)
"...in addition to a few other
precautions I have in mind...."

181 INT. GROUND FLOOR OF WEST WING - DAY

181

DeSilva enters. He glowers right past...

RECEPTION GUARD
You're in early, sir.

181 CONTINUED:

181

DESILVA
Bad dreams last night....

182 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

182

Rob enters fast.

HANDSOME ROB
DeSilva, 30 minutes 'head of schedule.
And you know right where he's --

LYLE
Shu'p, shu'p, shu'p....

He's focused on a STRANGE LAPPING SOUND on his speakers.

LYLE
What is that?

HANDSOME ROB
That would be the sound of something
licking its own balls, Lyle.

LYLE
And you know that because....

CHARLIE (O.S./RADIO)
LYLE!

Lyle races on, soon finding:

DESILVA (PLAYBACK)
"Initiate password reset."

VAULT VOICE (PLAYBACK)
"Initiating."

LYLE
Got it!

He shoots a fist into the air -- and nearly breaks his hand
on the van ceiling.

183 INT. VAULT CORRIDOR - DDC - DAY

183

Everybody puts a finger on their ear-piece to hear:

DESILVA (PLAYBACK)
"Prepare to accept new password."

VAULT VOICE (PLAYBACK)
"Ready."

183 CONTINUED:

183

DESILVA (PLAYBACK)
"The new password is...."

DeSilva SAYS THE PASSWORD. But at the critical moment, it was masked by DISTORTION.

CHARLIE
What the hell was that?

LYLE (O.S./RADIO)
I dunno, some kinda --

CHARLIE
Again.

Lyle re-cues and REPLAYS. Charlie polls Stella and Left Ear. They didn't get it either.

184 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

184

Rob's nose is an inch away from the screen that shows the monitors in Graff's office.

HANDSOME ROB
(into radio)
DeSilva just crossed into the east wing, headin' your way. An' I only mention it 'cuz I know you guys perform better under pressure.

185 INT. VAULT CORRIDOR - DDC - DAY

185

CHARLIE
Again.

The INTERCEPT REPLAYS. Now Charlie notices something new: Right after the missing password, DeSilva's dog WENT WOOF.

CHARLIE
So why did the dog speak?

STELLA
Because someone spoke to it?

Charlie's thought exactly.

CHARLIE
Lyle. Find a place where DeSilva uses the dog's name -- and drop it in that bad spot.

186 INT. NEARING VAULT CORRIDOR - DDC - DAY 186

INTERCUT DeSilva coming. He readies a smart card as he approaches the vault corridor.

187 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY 187

Working with a Pro Tools program, Lyle drops in new audio.

LYLE

Done, but I have no idea if --

188 INT. VAULT CORRIDOR - DDC - DAY 188

CHARLIE

Crank it.

Charlie spins back to the vault, jams his ear-piece to the pick-up mic.

DESILVA (PLAYBACK)

"The new password is...Atilla."

Stella holds her breath, hoping like hell there's some patron saint of thieves she doesn't know about yet...

The vault MOCKS THEM WITH SILENCE...

Charlie grimaces, thinking he fucked up royally...

And now the PIT BULL HINGES UNCLENCH. And now the massive vault DOOR UNSEALS.

189 INT. GRAFF'S GTO - DAY 189

Driving, Graff takes a CALL.

GRAFF

Graff.

GUARD VOICE (O.S./PHONE)

What's your location right now?

GRAFF

Six kilometers south-southeast of my bed. Why?

GUARD VOICE (O.S./PHONE)

Because someone just opened the vault door -- and that someone was not Mr. DeSilva.

190 EXT. LONDON TRAFFIC - DAY 190

HARD CUT to Graff's car making a monster U-turn.

191 INT. VAULT - DDC - DAY 191

Stella is busy drilling the inside of the vault door when...

LEFT EAR

Uh, Charlie? Where's the diamonds
we're supposed to be stealing?

There are steel pillars here...stacks of empty lot-boxes...
some display cases. But that's it. For one horrible beat,
they all wonder if they didn't walk into a trap. Then
Charlie smacks a wall-plate...

And the steel on those pillars lifts away like nuclear fuel
rods.

The pillars are now pillars of diamonds. The steel was only
sheathing for the quartz-glass beneath. There is so much raw
product here it's measured by cubic feet instead of carat.

LEFT EAR

We're gonna need a bigger truck.

192 INT. VAULT CORRIDOR - DDC - DAY 192

The corridor is flooding fast with DDC security.

Graff enters faster. He finds the vault door closed -- but
tellingly, the Pit Bull hinges are open. DeSilva's mood is
growing fouler with each passing minute.

DESILVA

Not that your "precautions" haven't
been brilliant so far, Conrad -- but
I've called for a bit of back-up.

193 EXT. DDC COMPLEX - DAY 193

HIGH AND WIDE of DDC: It's now the center of the galaxy, a
black hole that sucks in emergency vehicles from all compass
points.

194 INT. TACTICAL TRUCK - DAY 194

Baptista and the Brazilians hunker inside a tactical vehicle at curbside. They watch emergency VEHICLES SHRIEK PAST as they monitor DDC COMMS on a radio scanner. Sensing the time is right...

Baptista nods to his driver. *"Let's go."*

195 EXT. DOWN THE STREET FROM DDC - DAY 195

Their truck jumps into traffic. Marked "POLICE RESCUE," it follows other vehicles streaming toward DDC.

196 EXT. SUBWAY CONSTRUCTION ENTRANCE - DAY 196

DDC Lieutenant #1 is still staked-out at the subway. SIRENS bring him out of his car.

DDC LIEUTENANT #1
(into radio)
Did they get past us? Did they?

Over his earpiece, FRANTIC VOICES step all over each other. Channel after channel, same thing.

DDC LIEUTENANT #1
WHAT THE HELL IS HAPPENING OVER THERE?

197 INT. SHOWROOM - DDC - DAY 197

DDC LIEUTENANT #2
It's the vault, they're in vault....

Caught up in the chaos, shouting on his radio, Lieutenant #2 vacates the showroom. A detail of guards follows.

198 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY 198

Lyle swivels to the screen that shows the monitors in Graff's office. He zooms in to see a LOCAL SWAT TEAM double-timing through DDC, weapons bristling.

LYLE
(into radio)
SWAT team on site! Coming strong!

199 INT. VAULT - DDC - DAY

199

CHARLIE
(a warning growl)
Stella....

She's still working the vault door, just now opening a small window on the inner guts.

STELLA
Peterson Probe. Looks like a thin tongue-depressor.

Charlie digs it out of her bag. Stella slips it into the door with surgical precision.

STELLA
Now the blunt-tip tweezers.

Charlie rummages. Can't find. Upends the bag and spills everything onto the floor. Left Ear drops to his knees to join the hunt, both guys searching as fast as they can.
But it's not here.

200 INT. VAULT CORRIDOR - DDC - DAY

200

The SWAT team is poised to make a tactical entrance of the vault. DeSilva has a private word with the SWAT CAPTAIN.

DESILVA
I'll say this once then deny it the rest of my life. "Feel free to kill whatever's on the other side of that door."

201 INT. VAULT - DDC - DAY

201

LYLE (O.S./RADIO)
Here they come....

On the "other side," Charlie, Stella, and Left Ear trade bloodless looks. Suddenly:

STELLA
Hold this.

Charlie holds the probe in place, freeing up Stella's hands. She flings off her wig, runs 10 fingers through her pinned-up hair, harvests some bobby-pins, picks the longest, reshapes the ends with her teeth...

And slips the crude tweezers into the door.

202 INT. VAULT CORRIDOR - DDC - DAY

202

DESILVA
Initiate unlock-relock protocol.

VAULT VOICE
Initiating.

DESILVA
Sample this voice-print: "The secret
ambition of thieves and crooks."

VAULT VOICE
Match found for voice-print.

DESILVA
Match and verify this pass --

KA-CHUNK, KA-CHUNK: The Pit Bull hinges clamp down tight.

203 INT. VAULT - DDC - DAY

203

CLOSE on Stella's bobby-pin. It holds a tiny release pin
plucked from the guts of the vault door.

Sighing, Stella eyes the release pin that saved their lives.
Charlie eyes the person who made the save.

CHARLIE
My strength, Stella.

STELLA
Huh?

CHARLIE
You're not my weakness. You're my
strength.

It goes right to her heart.

204 INT. VAULT CORRIDOR - DDC - DAY

204

VAULT VOICE
Vault door cannot be opened.

DeSilva sets his jaw. It's one thing to be fucked over,
it's another to be fucked with.

DESILVA
Burn it open. BURN 'EM OUT!

205 EXT. COURTYARD - DDC COMPLEX - DAY

205

The "POLICE RESCUE" truck parks. Rear doors throw open. Guised as police, the Brazilian crew shoulders their tools -- spreaders, cutters, wall saws, compressors (collectively, "The Jaws of Life.") They fall in behind other emergency responders...

And enter the DeSilva Diamond Company.

206 INT. VAULT CORRIDOR - DDC - DAY

206

THERMIC LANCE CLOSEUPS: Oxygen tanks are cranked on fast. An ignition-capsule sparks and ignites the tip of a special burning torch. Two of them.

Pistol-gripping the lances, TWO WELDERS attack the massive locks on the vault hinges. Each thermic lance burns at the temperature of the sun. And they are LOUD.

207 INT. VAULT - DDC - DAY

207

On the other side of that door, we hear the DULL ROAR of the lances. Stella sets a timer on her watch.

STELLA

Marking.

208 INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - DAY

208

In the subway tunnel, Lieutenant #1 is checking the "X" panel. It's undisturbed, which means no one got past him. Reaching a decision...

209 EXT. SUBWAY CONSTRUCTION ENTRANCE - DAY

209

He sprints back into daylight. Back to his car.

DDC LIEUTENANT #1

(into radio)

It was a decoy! Repeat! The tunnel
was just a decoy!

He SCRATCHES AWAY. Others in the stake-out crew follow, abandoning their post. The exodus is clocked by...

Rob. He's waiting in a drop-side work truck, sucking casually on a green energy drink. He jams the truck in gear and starts toward the subway entrance.

209 CONTINUED:

209

HANDSOME ROB

(into radio)

All right, Left Ear, subway team just vacated. And if they're going, that means you should be....

210 INT. VAULT - DDC - DAY

210

LEFT EAR

Blowing!

Left Ear runs a nail-board. THIRTY SMALL CHARGES RIDDLE the vault floor...

211 INT. HEIST TUNNEL - SUBWAY - CONTINUOUS

211

...and a thick concrete "hatch" drops into the heist tunnel.
An escape hatch.

212 INT. EMERGENCY STAIRWELL - DDC - DAY

212

The Brazilians pound up a stairwell. Reach a secured door with an inset window. Peer through to see...

The Red Rio showroom. Watched by cameras and protected by barriers. But not by guards.

213 INT. SECURITY CENTER - DDC - DAY

213

START on a monitor showing the Red Rios in their showroom. PAN OFF to find Graff and DeSilva inside the security center, focused on another screen that shows the vault being burned open.

DESILVA

How? When I was the only one with the password?

GRAFF

Not what worries me....

DESILVA

How do they just walk in here, right in broad daylight, and penetrate what I was told was an impenetrable vault?

DeSilva is trying to figure out what happened. Graff is trying to figure out what happens next.

213 CONTINUED:

213

GRAFF
(half to himself)
Had to know opening the vault would
trip a sensor...had to know we'd know.
So how the hell does he expect to....

Right on cue, Lieutenant #1 enters. He's out of breath.

GRAFF
What're you doing here?

DDC LIEUTENANT #1
Well, they're trapped in the vault,
right? I mean, after all that, the
tunnel wasn't even the way in.

PUSH IN on Graff as his stomach cords knot up.

GRAFF
No. But it may be the way out.

214 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE SECURITY CENTER - DDC - DAY 214

HARD CUT to Graff blitzing down the hallway.

215 INT. GRAFF'S OFFICE - DDC - DAY 215

On that wheeled-in monitor that goes unwatched, we spy Rob, Stella, and Left Ear down in the subway. They're already slinging diamond lot-boxes onto the work truck.

216 INT. HEIST TUNNEL/SUBWAY TUNNEL - DAY 216

And at the vault-end of the tunnel, Charlie tosses lot-boxes onto the conveyor system until there are no more. Now he tosses himself onto the conveyor, riding it out like airport baggage...

To reach the subway.

CHARLIE
Clear!

Left Ear hits a plunger.

Inside the heist tunnel, a SERIES OF DETONATIONS brings down the ceiling, sealing it off.

217 INT. STAIRWELL - DDC - DAY 217

A big ROTARY SAW SCREAMS to life. The Brazilians use it to rip open a wall and sever electrical lines.

218 INT. SECURITY CENTER - DDC - DAY 218

Abruptly the monitors go dead. All of them. DeSilva turns to DDC Lieutenant #2.

DESILVA
(a dreadful dawning)
Mr. Cunningham? Who's looking after
my other holdings?

219 INT. SHOWROOM - DDC - DAY 219

With cameras down, the Brazilians go into fast-attack mode: Big hydraulic spreaders BEND the vertical bars of a barrier -- titanium bars two inches thick -- while leaving sensors in place top and bottom.

Baptista steps through the first barrier.

An hydraulic cutter takes out some horizontal bars, SNAPPING them like a shark through arm bones, leaving sensors in place right and left.

Baptista ducks through the second barrier.

An hydraulic ram PUNCHES through a case of ballistic glass, and suddenly...

Baptista has a Red Rio diamond in hand.

BAPTISTA
Not so bad for three months work.
Not so bad at all.

220 INT. SHOWROOM AREA - DDC - DAY 220

Leading a small squad, Lieutenant #2 hustles back into the showroom area -- and stops cold, seeing...

Nothing but mangled barriers. It looks like some ID monster came through here.

221 EXT. SUBWAY CONSTRUCTION ENTRANCE - DAY 221

DDC LIEUTENANT #2
...Reds...somehow they...the Reds....

221 CONTINUED:

221

Sprinting down the street, Graff resets his ear-piece.

GRAFF

Say again!

DDC LIEUTENANT #2

They got the Red Rios, too!

He stops in the mouth of the subway.

GRAFF

Not possible.

A HORN BLARES. Graff nearly gets run over by the work truck that speeds out of the subway. Riding in the bed, Charlie and Stella come along for the ride.

GRAFF

NOT POSSIBLE!

222 INT. BENZO - DOWN THE STREET FROM DDC - DAY

222

Ready to clear out, Brazilian #1 cranks over and pulls into traffic. SPLAT! A green energy drink paints his windshield. Out his side window he catches...

Rob driving the other way in the work truck. He gives Baptista's look-out a one-finger wave.

223 INT. TACTICAL VEHICLE - DAY

223

The Brazilian heist crew is speeding away from DDC. But Baptista is getting fresh news from his look-out.

BAPTISTA

(into phone)

You saw them go in -- then come out?

That SCANNER SQUAWKS, the one that monitors DDC comms. Answering Baptista's question is...

GRAFF (O.S./RADIO)

It's them! Three-ton city truck!
Heading west on Windham!

224 EXT. SUBWAY CONSTRUCTION ENTRANCE - DAY

224

GRAFF (CONT'D)

(into radio)

And they've got the vault diamonds!

224 CONTINUED:

224

DDC cars -- up-armored Land Rovers -- catch up to Graff.
He jumps on a running board and keeps his nose to the wind.
Keeps right in the hunt.

225 EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARKING LOT - LONDON - DAY

225

Rob's work truck, piled high, races across a parking lot...

And BANGS ONTO STEEL RAMPS to board a big Ryder box-truck.

Charlie and Stella roll off the smaller truck. Stow the
steel ramps. Slam the rear doors closed on the larger truck.

226 INT. CAB - RYDER BOX-TRUCK #2 - SECONDS LATER

226

(NOTE the TIME CUT here. It's important.)

Stella and Left Ear jump into this new truck that Rob is
already THROTTLING UP.

227 EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARKING LOT - LONDON - DAY

227

The Ryder box-truck pulls away. We wonder why Charlie is
staying behind.

228 EXT. GATES - INDUSTRIAL PARKING LOT - LONDON - DAY

228

The Ryder box-truck steams out of the parking lot just as
the Land Rovers are speeding in. Riding a running board,
Graff barely catches sight of...

Stella. Inside the Ryder cab.

GRAFF
THE 18-TON RYDER! THAT WAS THEM!

229 INT. CAB - RYDER BOX-TRUCK #2 - DAY

229

Driving, Rob checks his side mirror: Land Rovers reappear
en masse. Stella snags her BUZZING PHONE.

STELLA
Yeah.

BAPTISTA (O.S./PHONE)
It's true? You have the diamonds?

STELLA
Got in, got out -- and hey, never
touched a gun. It's called "finesse."
Try it sometime.

229 CONTINUED:

229

BAPTISTA (O.S./PHONE)
So we still have a deal, yes?

STELLA
Call back in 20. We'll give you the
new terms then.

BAPTISTA (O.S./PHONE)
"New terms?" You listen to me, you
Deus-nada Americano bitch, and do not
hang up on me again. I make the
terms, not --

She hangs up on him.

STELLA
Middle of a getaway here.

230 EXT. MOTORWAY - LONDON - DAY

230

The Land Rovers close the gap.

Someone passes Graff a Glock from inside. With straight-away
coming up, Graff motions his driver to overtake the Ryder.
They veer to the right...

But a BLARING SEMI almost turns Graff into bug-splat.

They try the left. Shoulder side.

231 INT. CAB - RYDER BOX-TRUCK #2 - DAY

231

Left Ear sees what's coming -- and decides now would be a
good time to take a nap in Stella's lap. Following suit,
Stella dominoes over into Rob's lap just as...

Graff and his Glock appear on the passenger side.

GRAFF
PULL THIS VEHICLE OVER RIGHT --

Rob throws his wheel hard left...

232 EXT. MOTORWAY - LONDON - CONTINUOUS

232

And WHACKS the Land Rover, forcing it into the guardrail.

Graff BLASTS AWAY at the truck's tires. They shred apart.

Rob keeps going, METAL RIMS SPEWING SPARKS.

233 INT. CAB - RYDER BOX-TRUCK #2 - DAY 233

ROB'S POV: Speeding around a big curve -- and suddenly seeing the road blocked by two police cars.

With no braking distance, Rob stands on the accelerator.
"Fuck it."

234 EXT. MOTORWAY - LONDON - DAY 234

LONDON COPS sprint clear one thin second before...

IMPACT. The 18-TON TRUCK SLAMS into the police cars. One hood goes airborne, bound for heaven. The nose and body separate on the second car, spinning off in opposite directions like some horrible centrifuge accident. And impossibly...

A car engine is tumbling down the highway all by itself,
broken fuel lines spewing fire.

The 18-ton Ryder grinds to an ugly stop.

HIGH ANGLE: Showing a ring of police and DDC vehicles converging on the big truck. They leave no room for escape.

SIRENS CONTINUE TO WAIL as cops jerk open the driver's door. But the cab is empty. And just when the cops spot the small door that leads to the cargo area...

GRAFF

The diamonds, just secure the goddamn diamonds....

Graff heaves open the rear doors of the truck.

A MINI COOPER ROARS out.

Followed by another.

Followed by another.

The Minis take turns sailing over the hood of a Land Rover...

And slamming down beyond the ring of cars.

235 INT. SUPER COOPER - DAY 235

STELLA

(to her Mini)

Oh, baby, let's do it again.

236 EXT. CHASE SCENE - LONDON ENVIRONS - DAY

236

These just aren't Minis -- they're the new turbocharged "Super Coopers," and Stella and Rob and Left Ear just drive the hell out them, trying not to grin as they accelerate to 130 and beyond to outdistance any pursuit. Somehow, in these cars, we know they'll never be caught.

237 INT. RYDER BOX-TRUCK #2 - DAY

237

Graff stands in the truck's empty cargo area, feeling like some rube pulled out of the audience by a master magician. There's not even one spilled diamond on the floor.

GRAFF

I am so fucked.

His eyes fall on a clear plastic sleeve, twisting at the end of a cord. An envelope inside says...

"HOW TO SAVE YOUR ASS"

Wary, Graff opens the letter and reads.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

You know, Graff, sometimes you just gotta plant your feet and not go for the fakes...

238 INT./EXT. RYDER BOX-TRUCK #1 - MOTORWAY - DAY

238

START on the dark interior of another truck. Rob's work truck is here, still loaded with lot-boxes, jostling under speed.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

But now that you did, I'm gonna show you a little professional courtesy. I'm gonna give you one last chance to keep that do-right job of yours, Graff...

CAMERA MOVES through the forward wall to reach the cab area -- where we find Charlie driving. Not needing it anymore, he snakes off his DDC tie and chucks it out the window.

CHARLIE (V.O./CONT'D)

And you do not wanna screw this part up....

CAMERA FOLLOWS the tie out the window to reveal Charlie's truck, the real getaway truck, tooling down the highway.

238 CONTINUED:

238

Now we understand: There were two Ryder box-trucks in that parking lot. One was empty. One had three Minis in it.

239 INT. SHITTY WAREHOUSE #2 - LONDON - DAY

239

The Super Coopers haul ass into this low-rent warehouse, doing CONTROLLED SKIDS on entrance. In the lead, Stella gets out first. Charlie and Lyle are waiting.

LYLE

Six minutes late.

STELLA

They are like children with these cars.

Flushed with victory, she envelops Charlie in a hug.

CHARLIE

You're vibrating.

STELLA

Just around you.

He slips the VIBRATING PHONE out of her pocket.

CHARLIE

(into phone)

Yeah.

BAPTISTA (O.S./PHONE)

I will consider this: The vault diamonds for the hard-drive. You keep your gold.

CHARLIE

Big of you. But didn't you grab the Reds? And isn't that what you wanted all along?

BAPTISTA (O.S./PHONE)

I want what I can get. Now do we respect the original deal? Or do I give your woman to Vampeto?

CHARLIE

I might consider this: The vault diamonds for the hard-drive...
and the Red Rios.

240 INT. WATERLOO TRAIN STATION - LONDON - DAY

240

Coming from one direction -- Baptista and his crew. A satchel is carried. Coming opposite -- Charlie and his crew, "The Right Stuff" without spacesuits.

BAPTISTA
So where are they? Your diamonds?

CHARLIE
Not far away.
(re satchel)
Take a peek?

BAPTISTA
Right after we "peek" at yours.

CHARLIE
I'd go for that -- if I thought you had the Reds in there. But since you got this rep of bein' a bottom-dealin' hoser who gives cops and thieves a bad name?

LEFT EAR
We require proof.

A dangerous beat. Then Baptista breaks into a grin.

BAPTISTA
You guys are good. Really good.
We should work together all the time,
you know?

He nods to Brazilian #1. The satchel opens. The Red Rios are revealed.

LYLE
And the hard-drive?

BAPTISTA
Have to hold something back.

Lyle sneaks a look at the station clock. Left Ear glances at a train approaching from outside. Baptista catches their looks -- and starts scanning the station himself, wondering if all is what it seems. The TRAIN SLIDES inside, DROWNING OUT any chance of conversation for a few seconds. And when it docks...

Baptista is holding a pistol at his thigh.

BAPTISTA

You've seen my hand. Time to show yours.

CHARLIE

Just turn around.

Up and down the train, DDC guards and London cops disgorge, coming heavy, BARKING ORDERS, rapidly putting the Brazilians face-down. In seconds the whole train station is locked down tight. And in the thick of it...

Graff. Reclaiming the Red Rios.

Cops jerk Baptista to his feet. He makes eye-contact with Charlie as they haul him off.

BAPTISTA

(a death threat)

See you in jail, pentehlo.

Charlie doesn't seem worried. In fact, our whole crew has remained strangely calm throughout the show-of-force. Now one last person steps off the train.

DESILVA

Where are they, Croker?

CHARLIE

What are they worth to you?

DESILVA

Boy, do you truly think you're in a position to barter? Just because you tipped us to the Reds?

CHARLIE

First, I want a private jet at the airport, Gulfstream 400 should be just the ticket. Second, when we land in Rio, I want a driver there holding a sign with my name on it -- never had that before. Three... What was three?

STELLA

No trespassing charges.

CHARLIE

No charges of any kind, in fact -- free passage for everyone you see here. Guaranteed. In writing.

GRAFF

Are you vying for the Asshole Hall
of Fame or something? How 'bout a
reward?

CHARLIE

That was next. And 10 million cash.

HANDSOME ROB

10 million Euros, he means to say.
Exchange rates, an' all.

GRAFF

(end of his rope)

Okay. You guys have now dug yourself
a grave so deep the coroner won't be
able to find you with a back-hoe.
Constable? Take this group of jagoffs
and put them with that other group of
jagoffs that just --

DESILVA

Agreed.

GRAFF

Excuse me?

DESILVA

(to Charlie)

I agree to everything -- provided
you give me the true location of the
diamonds, and provided they can be
retrieved by midnight tonight.
Every. Last. Rock.

Charlie looks to Stella -- just as the TIMER SOUNDS on her
watch. The read-out says "8h 11m." (See SCENE 124.)

STELLA

They're back at your place.

241 INT. VAULT CORRIDOR - DDC - SAME MOMENT IN TIME

241

As the THERMIC LANCES SHUT DOWN. The welders have finally
burned through those Pit Bull hinges on the vault door.
The vault draws open.

242 INT. TRAIN STATION - LONDON - DAY

242

GRAFF

Wrong answer. There was no time,
no way you coulda put 'em back.

242 CONTINUED:

242

STELLA
We didn't have to.

243 INT. VAULT CORRIDOR - DDC - SAME MOMENT IN TIME

243

As we reveal the vault interior: The diamonds are still in their pillars.

244 INT. TRAIN STATION - LONDON - DAY

244

CHARLIE
They never left.

DeSilva might throw a clot. He snaps open a phone to confirm the wonderful-horrible news as Lyle BAYS VICTORY.

LYLE
And I want wi-fi on that jet! And satellite TV! And I want a flight attendant with straight black hair, dressed in loose white bobby socks with a plaid skirt and a crisp blue -- and this is a female flight attendant, okay? -- blue blazer and one of those red silk ties that sometimes kinda pops out and gives you a little peek-a-boo look down....

245 INT./EXT. POLICE VAN - OUTSIDE TRAIN STATION - DAY

245

The Brazilian crew is in the rear of a police van, manacled hand, foot, and waist. Conspicuously unmanacled, Charlie and Stella stop by -- to start flinging photographs at Baptista's feet.

CHARLIE
That's the toilet you're gonna drink from.
(another photo)
Him? His name is "Vampeto."
(another photo)
That's the cell where you're gonna entertain Vampeto -- for the rest of your no-count life.

STELLA
Ate mais tarde. Pentehlo.

The DOOR SLAMS SHUT on Baptista's shell-shocked face.

246 EXT. OUTSIDE TRAIN STATION - DAY

246

GRAFF (O.S.)

Yours?

Getting in their car, Charlie and Stella turn. Graff pitches them something. It's a hard-drive.

CHARLIE

The Brazilian job?

GRAFF

Back of some car. Who knows what it is?

Charlie thanks him with a nod.

GRAFF

And hey. Next time you feel like pullin' some big job? Right in my backyard?

(on the down-low)

Maybe you gimme a call.

We're not sure if he's serious or not. But it's worth a grin.

DISSOLVE TO:

247 EXT. VERANDA - RIO VILLA - SUNSET

247

Back on that veranda that overlooks Guanabara Bay and downtown Rio, we START on five champagne glasses, already filled and held high in anticipation of just the right toast. It's proving elusive.

LYLE

Well, how about a toast to Charlie?
And a job well done?

CHARLIE

Not much team pride there. C'mon, who else?

LEFT EAR

Come back to me. I'm thinking.

HANDSOME ROB

"Here's to them that wish us well,
all the rest can go to Hell."

(to Lyle)

I got a million of 'em.

LYLE

Are they all that good?

HANDSOME ROB

Awright, here's another. "To Stella.
Once our superior..."

CAMERA LANDS on Stella. She wears a classic white shirt with collar upturned -- and on her neck is a dog collar exploding with diamonds.

HANDSOME ROB (CONT'D)

...and now our equal."

STELLA

I'll have you know I did not steal this. Just a little something Charlie picked me up for me.

CHARLIE

C'mon, Left Ear. Bail us out.

LEFT EAR

"Remember to forget the friends who proved untrue, but always recall the few who stood with you."

Ah, that's it.

LYLE

Gentlemen, start your livers.

CHARLIE

"To true friends."

ALL

"To true friends."

FADE OUT