

THE LEONARDO JOB

David Twohy

BASIL IWANYK

April 16, 2011

There are 22 known Leonardo paintings in the world.
This is a story about stealing the 23rd.
It really exists.



BASIL IWANYK

(photo reference at end of file)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE on the pilot's hands. He holds an iPhone by the corners, wobbling it expertly, using the onboard accelerometers to pilot the dragonfly.

CLOSE on the screen. It shows the POV of the dragonfly. We're catching up to that guard as he opens a door.

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - "THE MINT" CASINO - NIGHT

The guard enters this room. So does the dragonfly. After a quick reconnoiter, it lands on a filing cabinet.

INT. GUEST ROOM - "THE MINT" CASINO - NIGHT

IPHONE SCREEN: We see GUARDS at security monitors. One's a FEMALE TRAINEE.

TWO CREWIES appear behind the pilot, watching over his shoulder in concern.

CREWIE #1

Four guards? You said two.

DRAGONFLY PILOT

Some trainee with her supervisor, looks like....

CREWIE #2

Can we just wait it out?

DRAGONFLY PILOT

Problem is, 22 minutes of battery life. Then we're blind.

CREWIE #1

Gotta pull the plug. Never gonna get the opening we need. Four guards watching? Forget it.

The pilot, STEVE STYLES, jacks his iPhone into the hotel TV, getting a better look at the situation. Boyish and devilish all at once, Styles is the brains of this heist crew. But right now he needs to be the balls of it, too.

STYLES/DRAGONFLY PILOT

One sweet-ass ass on that trainee....
I say it drops in our favor. We stay in the game.

WIDER. 12 hours ago, this was a perfectly good hotel room. Now there's jagged hole in the floor, chunks of concrete laid aside, a tubular steel cage with a winch mounted above the hole.

BASIL IWANKY

CONTINUED:

Going for it, CREWIE #1 eases into the hole.

INT. ART MUSEUM - "THE MINT" CASINO - NIGHT

(NOTE: We're still in our TITLE SEQUENCE, so use SNAPPY CUTS and keep it moving. This thing should jump.)

Embedded in plexi, silver dollars and Liberty gold pieces glitter in the walls...the ceiling...even the floor. But all this extravagance is just backdrop for a collection of American Western art. We see oil paintings and bronze sculptures and...

Dust falling through FRAME.

CLOSE on a drill-bit. It just poked through the plexi ceiling. The bit gets replaced by a small titanium spear, custom made. The spear opens like an umbrella to secure the plexi from beneath.

It happens three more times.

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - "THE MINT" CASINO - NIGHT

As the dragonfly watches the guards who watch the monitors.

INT. ART MUSEUM - "THE MINT" CASINO - NIGHT

The ceiling plexi is being cut with a thermic needle, white hot. It's like a six-inch light saber. A square cut-out takes shape, its weight held by those titanium umbrellas.

INT. GUEST ROOM - "THE MINT" CASINO - NIGHT

DRAGONFLY POV: On the TV, we see Guard #1 lean forward, take controls, zoom in on a gaming table.

STYLES

(watching)

He's got a card-counter. One down.

DRAGONFLY POV: Guard #2 turns away to grab a phone.

STYLES

Two down. Bowl ready?

Someone grabs "the bowl" -- a hemisphere of clear plastic. The interior is a 360-degree photo mural, stitched together in Photoshop.

DRAGONFLY POV: Now the female trainee stands...

CONTINUED:

STYLES

Here we go. Backfield in motion.

...and walks to a coffee pot. Guard #4 rocks back in his chair to watch her divine ass. That's the reaction Styles anticipated -- and that's the opening he needs.

STYLES

Now.

INT. ART MUSEUM - "THE MINT" CASINO - NIGHT

The ceiling panel drops open on one side. "The bowl" appears, held by a disembodied hand that reaches across the ceiling...

And sticks it over a dome camera.

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - "THE MINT" CASINO - NIGHT

We saw the swap-out on the monitor and so did Guard #4 -- peripherally. He grabs controls and moves his camera to check the darkened museum.

INT. ART MUSEUM - "THE MINT" CASINO - NIGHT

We HEAR HIS CAMERA MOVING suspiciously inside the bowl. Will it work? Will it fool the guard?

INT. GUEST ROOM - "THE MINT" CASINO - NIGHT

DRAGONFLY POV: Of Guard #4 easing back, chatting up the trainee. It worked.

STYLES

Let's spark it up.

INT. ART MUSEUM - "THE MINT" CASINO - NIGHT

The ceiling panel lowers on steel cables. Styles rides it down. He parks right in front of...

An Old West painting. He pops a light on the info plaque, double-checking. "Remington's 'Reconnaissance'...once owned by Theodore Roosevelt...\$3.2 million at auction."

STYLES

Well, Art Crumb it ain't.

He doesn't give a shit about the painting -- this is, after all, work for hire. Styles opens his magic bag of tricks, pulls out gadgetry. Lots of gadgetry.

BASIL IWAHNYK

CONTINUED:

A SONIC WAND HUMS over the painting. On its screen we can see right through the canvas. It reveals a trip-switch.

Styles switches to an illuminated endoscope, clips it to the picture frame to go hands-free, bends the goose-neck until it "sees" into the slim space between painting and wall. Now he breaks out some tools that would freak you out if you were sitting in the dentist chair, and delicately...

...with dead-steady hands...

...he adds a small wired magnet to the electro-magnetic lead, replacing the one on the back of the painting.

The Remington lifts off the wall cleanly. Success. Styles passes it up to the crewie waiting above...

But the painting bumps against the square opening. Blocked. Crewie shits himself. *"It's too big for the hole?"*

Styles cocks the painting 45 degrees and passes it up through the diagonal.

STYLES
Messin' witcha.

INT. GAMING FLOOR - "THE MINT" CASINO - NIGHT

Security elevator opens, guard steps out. As he turns, we see the dragonfly hitching a ride out on his back. Now it takes flight...

...WHIRS right back over the Jiffy Pop Blonde...

...veers toward exterior doors...

INT. GETAWAY CAR - CONTINUOUS

...and flies into Styles' waiting hand. He's already outside the casino, already in his getaway car.

EXT. RENO - NIGHT

Leaving Reno behind, the getaway car slashes past CAMERA and fades into the night. CRANE UP HIGH to herald the last shot of the sequence and the end of a successful heist. WRAP CREDITS too. But then...

BASIL
IWA
N
Z
Y
K

CONTINUED:

An Escalade slashes past. It follows the getaway car -- and WE FOLLOW it. Our HEIST MUSIC RETURNS, and we get a little grin out of that. Because somehow, some way, the game is still on.

EXT. LAST STOPLIGHT - RENO - NIGHT

Red light. The two cars stop at the edge of town.

INT. GETAWAY CAR - NIGHT

Styles notes the 'Slade behind him, riding his ass a little.

Green light. Styles pulls away, keeps an eye on the 'Slade in his mirror. It drops back and pulls into a parking lot. Out of sight, out of mind.

EXT. MOVING GETAWAY CAR - NIGHT

Out of sight, too, is a NEW THIEF: He's on his knees behind the moving getaway car, riding a tricked-out sled with whisper-quiet wheels. He finishes tying off to the car bumper then turns his attention to the trunk. To the trunk lock.

INT. GETAWAY CAR - NIGHT

WHAT STYLES SEES: "Speed Limit 65."

He keeps the needle there, not wanting to deal with cops right now.

EXT. MOVING GETAWAY CAR - NIGHT

New Thief clamps an assembly to the trunk, covering the lock. It kind of looks like a corkscrew -- and that's because it is a corkscrew. He threads it into the lock until it bites, then folds the wings.

The TRUNK LOCK POPS out of sheet metal.

Now he's got a two-inch hole to work with. Keeping low, New Thief feeds a lighted endoscope through.

ENDOSCOPE SCREEN: Snaking around inside the trunk... maneuvering past luggage...finding a cardboard shipping tube. That's it.

New Thief inserts a second tool: A steel gooseneck with pincers on the end.

IK
Y
N
A
N
M
I
B
A
S
I
L

INT. TRUNK OF GETAWAY CAR - NIGHT

The endoscope supplies light. We see the pincers reaching the end-cap of the shipping tube. They grab and pull. It's no small feat, but the cap comes off. Now, like a snake raiding a nest, the pincers enter the tube.

EXT. MOVING GETAWAY CAR - NIGHT

It's like New Thief is doing arthroscopic surgery. At 65 mph. On a road getting rougher all the time.

ENDOSCOPE SCREEN: The pincers grab the edge of a rolled-up Remington. Slowly, the canvas inches out of the tube.

We get it: New Thief is going to remove it through that two-inch hole. Brilliant. If he can pull it off.

INT. GETAWAY CAR - NIGHT

WHAT STYLES SEES: Pothole ahead. He straddles it...

EXT. MOVING GETAWAY CAR - CONTINUOUS

...but it nails New Thief. The sled kicks hard, throwing off a wheel and...

The endoscope screen. Tumbling down the highway.

The sled is wickedly off-balance. New Thief has to outrigger his body to keep from throwing sparks. Now what? Can he chance opening the trunk? And behind him...

Headlights. 100 yards back but closing.

PUNCH IN on the car. Sheriff's cruiser.

PUNCH IN on New Thief. He's got maybe three seconds to figure this out. Fast, he starts unhooking the sled.

INT. GETAWAY CAR - NIGHT

Red and blue lights slash the interior.

STYLES

Aw, what the hell you doin'?
Forming a posse?

He tucks a pistol under the seat. Just in case.

IK
Y
N
A
N
I
BASIL

EXT. ROAD - OUTSKIRTS OF RENO - NIGHT

The two cars stop on a dirt shoulder.

A RENO SHERIFF gets out and approaches, passing the rear of the getaway car. There's no sign of New Thief. That's because...

INT. TRUNK OF GETAWAY CAR - NIGHT

He made it inside. Somehow.

EXT. ROAD - OUTSKIRTS OF RENO - NIGHT

RENO SHERIFF
License and registration, please.

STYLES
You know, sheriff, I had a pretty good fix on my speed, and I --

RENO SHERIFF
That's not why I pulled you over.

A beat. Styles turns over papers.

RENO SHERIFF
Leaving town, Mr. Styles?

STYLES
Well, that is the way I'm pointed.
Why, what's up?

RENO SHERIFF
Little trouble in town tonight.

The cop's MagLite searches the car interior. It just misses the pistol.

STYLES
Really. Kind of trouble?

RENO SHERIFF
Mind if I check the trunk, Mr. Styles?

STYLES
Just luggage and shit back there.

RENO SHERIFF
So you don't mind.

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

STYLES
Nah. I don't mind.

A beat.

RENO SHERIFF
You'll have to pop it for me.
Said it was okay, right?

Reluctantly Styles pulls a latch. The trunk opens.

WHAT STYLES SEES: In mirrors, the sheriff steps back to the trunk and beams in his light. If we expect a jump... an attack...some disturbance, we're disappointed.

The sheriff returns, hands papers back.

RENO SHERIFF
Sorry for the delay, Mr. Styles.
Drive safe.

The cruiser pulls away. Styles watches it go.

WHAT STYLES SEES: The license plate. No "E" there, no "Fraternal Order of Police." Just a regular Nevada plate.

And that gets him thinking.

Styles kicks open his door, moves to the open trunk, finds the shipping tube, flicks off the lid.

CLOSE on a canvas. Still rolled up inside.

Styles allows himself a blow-off laugh. He puts the tube back and slams his trunk. It doesn't latch. Because the lock's missing.

A sick look comes to his face. Styles snatches the tube, lurches to the front of the car, unrolls the canvas in his headlight beams.

It's a painting of Jesus. Giving us the finger.

STYLES
Kofax.

EXT. BEHIND GAS STATION - OUTSKIRTS OF RENO - NIGHT

JEFF KOFAX peels adhesive skins off the cruiser doors, restoring it to a common Chevy Impala. Kofax was "New Thief." He's 20 years older than Styles and 20 years craftier.

BASIL IWMANIX

CONTINUED:

His ACCOMPLICE throws the sled, light bar, other cop paraphernalia into the back of a stash car. He was "Reno Sheriff" and driver of the Escalade.

ACCOMPLICE

Good?

KOFAX

So good it don't need sauce. Check your account, ten days.

Kofax cranks the Impala. Accomplice takes the stash car. They speed off in different directions.

One last CRANE SHOT of the Impala fading into the night. This, then, is the true conclusion to our opening sequence.

Until Styles' getaway car pounces back into FRAME. It follows in the direction of the Impala. Our HEIST MUSIC RETURNS, and we get an even bigger grin this time.

INT. GETAWAY CAR - NIGHT

Driving hard, hunting for taillights, Styles has a phone to one ear.

STYLES

...Sergeant Duncalf with the Reno Sheriff Department, and we are requesting stolen vehicle assistance in connection with a felony pursuit. Car in question appears to be a late-model Chevrolet Impala, so....

(listens a beat)

That would be "Charlie-Mary-Frank 3-7-9....

The game is still on.

INT. CHEVY IMPALA - NIGHT

The RADIO BLARES vintage Queen, "We Are The Champions." Kofax GLOAT-SINGS along -- until the radio cuts out.

The engine dies.

The car drifts to an eerie stop.

What the hell? Kofax tries the key. No dice. Tries the door. Locked. Then he sees it: A blue button on the upper console.

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

KOFAX

You there? Hello?

(no response)

Look, I know you can hear me, but I just need you to respond since we appear to have a small problem here.

A grudging beat, then...

ONSTAR GIRL (O.S.)

This is the OnStar operator.

KOFAX

There we go. What's your name, hon?

ONSTAR GIRL (O.S.)

Sir, I'm not going to tell you my name.

KOFAX

I totally understand. And I am going to respect your confidentiality by calling you, let's say, "Beatrice" for the purpose of --

ONSTAR GIRL (O.S.)

"Christy."

KOFAX

Okay. "Christy." Now I'm guessing that someone contacted you and told you all kinds of bad things about me...

A SNORT-LAUGH from Christy. *"An understatement."*

KOFAX (CONT'D)

...but fact is, that wasn't the sheriff, and you've been conned. Which is fine, I'm sure he was very convincing. But I feel obliged to let you know that you've stopped me on what appears to be active railroad tracks.

(a beat)

Christy?

ONSTAR GIRL (O.S.)

Sir, the officers in pursuit said they had line-of-sight observation and that we were clear for vehicular shut-down.

K
Y
K
N
A
N
M
I
B
A
S
I
L

CONTINUED:

KOFAX

There is no officer in pursuit. He was lying to you.

ONSTAR GIRL (O.S.)

Oh, I'm sure someone is lying to me.

KOFAX

So you don't believe me?

ONSTAR GIRL (O.S.)

No, sir, I do not.

Neither do we. Until we hear BELLS CLANGING outside.

EXT. RAILROAD CROSSING - NIGHT

CUT WIDE. The Impala has, in fact, stalled out on railroad tracks. Flashing red lights accompany the BELLS.

INT. CHEVY IMPALA - NIGHT

A crossing gate lowers ominously in our windshield. But Kofax keeps cool. He's a guy who stays in the pocket when the blitz comes.

KOFAX

Now Christy. Can you or can you not hear bells?

ONSTAR GIRL (O.S.)

Sir, I'm not answering any more of your questions.

KOFAX

Just thinking of you now, Christy -- and the emotional scarring that might well result from letting another human being die like --

ONSTAR GIRL (O.S.)

Goodbye, sir.

Yeowch. Did she have to put it that way?

EXT. DOWN THE TRACKS - NIGHT

QUICK POWERFUL SHOTS: 100 tons of freight train. Heading into a turn.

BASIL IWAHAYK

INT. CHEVY IMPALA - NIGHT

Kofax tries to break the window with his elbow. All it does is break his funny bone. Hate that.

He checks the back seat for something heavy, craps out there, grabs keys, laces them through his fingers, cocks back to give the window a good punch...

And sees Styles. Right outside. With his pistol.

STYLES

12 weeks I spent setting that one up, brotherman. Ta-welve.

KOFAX

Really? I spent four days.

STYLES

Pop the trunk. Lessgo, lessgo.

KOFAX

I open the trunk, you gonna open the door?

STYLES

It'll improve your odds of that possibility.

KOFAX

Sorry. Not good enough.

STYLES

Lemme ask you. Do you feel like you're in a good bargaining position right now? Like this is Sunday afternoon at the Swap Meet and everyone's packin' up? Open the damn trunk.

KOFAX

It's not back there. I passed it off. It's on its way to the buyer right now.

STYLES

What buyer?

KOFAX

Same buyer as your buyer.

It's like a novocaine injection into Styles' brain.

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

STYLES

I'm sorry, musta heard wrong with all the train noise out here. Did you say your buyer...is my buyer?

KOFAX

He mentioned someone was lifting a Remington for him, I told him I'd deliver it for 20% less, that's all.

STYLES

You fuckin' vulture. I should just walk away let you star in the next "Faces of Death" movie, shouldn't I?

EXT. DOWN THE TRACKS - NIGHT

The TRAIN THUNDERS out of the turn, picks up speed.

EXT. RAILROAD CROSSING - NIGHT

Down the tracks, a cyclops light appears.

KOFAX

Tell you what, Styles. I'll cut you in for 40% of my 80%.

STYLES

40% of 80%.... Okay, lemme go get my calculator out of the car so I can figure out WHAT THE SHIT THAT REALLY MEANS! Dude, I want 100% of 80%!

KOFAX

You're making no sense.

STYLES

It was my job!

KOFAX

Don't panic, stay focused, we can figure this out.

STYLES

Just open the fuggin' trunk!

Kofax pops the latch. Styles moves to the trunk and rummages around. He can't find it.

KOFAX

Now can you please tell Christy to open the door? We'll go to the buyer together and work out a split.

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

A grudging beat. Styles takes his cell off hold.

STYLES

Yeah, Sergeant Duncalf here again.
Could you please open the suspect's
doors?

(a beat)

Hello? OnStar?

Styles steps away in search of reception. But he does it like an airline pilot sauntering down the aisle with a parachute on.

INT. TRAIN LOCOMOTIVE - NIGHT

TRAIN POV: As the Impala appears in our light.

EXT. DOWN THE TRACKS - NIGHT

The train wheels seize up. The SOUND is a million angels being tortured.

INT. CHEVY IMPALA - NIGHT

The train light x-rays Kofax's face. Okay, now it's time to scramble.

EXT. RAILROAD CROSSING - NIGHT

Styles ditches his phone and charges back to the Impala, SHOOTING OUT windows, intending to let Kofax escape the car. But the SCREECHING FREIGHT TRAIN overtakes him...

And PLOWS INTO THE IMPALA, stealing it away.

Train cars blur past Styles. It's another 10 seconds before the whole awful mess SCREAMS to stop.

STYLES

Wow. Ain't that some shit.

He turns to flee -- and gets dropped by a hard right. It's Kofax. He picks up the pistol, throws it over the top of the stopped train, leaves Styles on the ground.

KOFAX

Stay here, take your soil samples.

Kofax hops in the getaway car and drives to...

The front of the train. He trots over to the Impala just as TWO SHAKEN ENGINEERS finish inspecting it.

K
Y
N
A
M
I
B
A
S
I
L

CONTINUED:

KOFAX
Jesus Christ. Anybody in there?

INT. WRECKED CHEVY IMPALA - NIGHT

Kofax sticks his head inside, seemingly searching for survivors -- but really searching for something else. He's still in the game. Soon a forlorn voice:

ONSTAR GIRL (O.S.)
I, uh...I see that your air bags
deployed. Do you require emergency
assistance? Hello? Sir?

She starts crying. Kofax lets her suffer. Awhile.

KOFAX
Hey. It's okay.

ONSTAR GIRL (O.S.)
Is...is that you, sir?

KOFAX
Still here. I'm fine, really.

ONSTAR GIRL (O.S.)
How can you be fine when you got hit
by a train? Sounded terrible.

KOFAX
Pulled the back seat, got out through
the trunk. It's okay, Christy, it's
okay. I mean, even though things
don't work out as planned...

He finally frees the rear panel of a seatback. The
Remington is safe and snug inside.

KOFAX (CONT'D)
They can still work.

He shimmies out of the crushed car...

And gets walloped by we-know-who. Blood spills from
Styles' laid-over nose, but all he cares about now is the
Remington. And revenge. And not really in that order.

STYLES
Go all spider monkey on your ass....

They brawl. One man clutches the seatback, one man claws
at the canvas inside the seatback. They wrench away in
opposite directions...

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

And the RIPPING SOUND turns them into statues.

KOFAX

When I said "split it?" Not what
I meant.

They stare like neutered bulls, wanting to kill each other but realizing they might have to cooperate now to repair the painting so they can get paid some fraction of what was dancing around in their heads just an hour ago. But you know what? Fuck that. They throw matching knock-out punches. On IMPACT we...

CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN:

EXT. FORECLOSURE NEIGHBORHOOD - FLORIDA - DAY

A Miami enclave with yellow lawns, realty signs, and a 40% foreclosure rate. TITO, 15 and lonely, kicks a football into a net over and over, practising field goals.

Presently another sign of life: An Audi parks in a driveway. Wearing Persol McQueens, Kofax exits with a briefcase, heads for his front door. He stops short.

TITO

They changed the locks!

Kofax can see that.

TITO (CONT'D)

Said it wudn't your house!

KOFAX

Didn't I pay you to water 'round
here?

TITO

Turned the water off, too!

Kofax swaps his key for a pick. Tito throws him a pass. It bounces off the wall next to Kofax.

INT. KOFAX'S FIRST HOUSE - DAY

No furniture in the bedroom -- just air mattress and blankets. Entering, Kofax sheds sunglasses and reveals a black-eye reminder of Styles.

He opens a safe. Takes out multiple driver's licenses... passport...a stack of cash. He zip-counts it, maybe 4,000

BASIL I WANK

CONTINUED:

bucks. Shit, is that it? He pats the dark corners of the safe. That's it, the sum total of his financial reserves.

Kofax transfers everything to his briefcase, where the half-Remington lives. Another bad reminder.

He leaves the safe open and goes.

EXT. FORECLOSURE NEIGHBORHOOD - FLORIDA - DAY

Kofax throws a suitcase and his briefcase into the Audi. Cranks up. Backs out. Executes a Y-turn in the street...

And pulls into the driveway directly opposite.

He gets out. Grabs his suitcase and briefcase and heads up the front walk of his new house.

INT. KOFAX'S SECOND HOUSE - DAY

Kofax is reprogramming a keypad safe when his CELL PHONE BONGS. He checks the screen, likes what he sees.

KOFAX

Micki...

He checks the text, doesn't like what he sees. "Call me, use GooJaw."

KOFAX

"GooJaw?"

EXT. FORECLOSURE NEIGHBORHOOD - FLORIDA - DAY

KOFAX (O.S.)

What's "GooJaw?"

Still down in the street, Tito spots Kofax in a window of the new house.

TITO

It's like Skype but mo' better!
Bouncing I.P address with no line
recognition!

Kofax nods like a guy who doesn't understand.

TITO (CONT'D)

You have a computer, right?

KOFAX

I got a computer.

BASIL
IWA
NAMI
K

INT. KOFAX'S SECOND HOUSE - FLORIDA - DAY

START CLOSE on a Gateway laptop revving up. Windows "Me."
PAN OFF to include Tito's shell-shocked face.

TITO
Okay. This'll take some time.

CUT TO:

An hour later. Tito has done the obligatory updates and installed GooJaw.

TITO (CONT'D)
...then you just enter the number
here...then hit "Send." Camera's
right here, little dot-thingie.

KOFAX
Don't hear it ringing.

TITO
It don't ring, man, it just goes.

KOFAX
Kinda weird.

TITO
Not to my grandma in Puerto Rico,
and she's got biiiiiig buttons on her
phone. So when you think we can --

Kofax pushes him clear as MICKI appears on his screen.
She's 40, fetching, British expat, seems to be working out
of an art gallery.

KOFAX
Micki. Phone bills in Russia really
that bad?

MICKI
Just more secure than phones, these
days. But look, I have a solid buyer
for a Pininfarina, Series 1, between
1956 and 1959, wire wheels if poss --

KOFAX
Wait, wait. A car.

MICKI
Vintage Ferrari, actually, hard to
find in St. Petersburg. Think of it
as kinetic art if it helps.

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

KOFAX

A used car.

MICKI

Look, just heard things were tight,
thought you might, you know --

KOFAX

Slum for awhile?

MICKI

"Appreciate the offer."

Another female crosses B.G., equally fetching.

KOFAX

C'mon, break me off a bigger piece.
I know you got your fingers in all
kinds of lovely things over there.

MICKI

(mock offense)

Exactly how do you mean that?

KOFAX

Just like you think I do.

MICKI

Hmm. Well, I hesitate to bring this
one up....

KOFAX

But....

MICKI

And I never worked with this guy, so
I guarantee nothing here....

KOFAX

Side effects may include premature
incarceration, I get it, I get it....

MICKI

But I got a call from Firenze. Guy
named "DiCarlo." He was looking for
help on a Leonardo.

PUSH IN on Kofax. His brain just broke into a sweat.

KOFAX

Gimme a sec.

He gets up, drops a five-gallon Sparkletts bottle in Tito's
arms, steers him to the back door.

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

KOFAX (CONT'D)

Go water.

TITO

You said you'd play with me!

He propels Tito out the door, moves back to the computer -- but stays off-camera for a beat. *"A fucking Leonardo?"* He re-enters Micki's view.

KOFAX

So which one? Drawing or painting?
If it's a painting, only 20 or so in
the whole world so --

MICKI

22, actually -- but I didn't get that
far. Had no history with the guy so
I backed off.

KOFAX

And you didn't immediately think of
me because....

MICKI

Because any Leonardo is going to
have the best security in the world.
You can't beat that shit.

KOFAX

I can beat any shit.

MICKI

Maybe 20 years ago.

KOFAX

Exactly how do you mean that?

MICKI

Exactly how you think I do.
(softening the blow)
The electronics, they're all too good
now. Go lift a Ferrari, Kofax,
they're all over Miami.

KOFAX

What's his name again? Guy in
Florence? "DiCarlo?"

A resigned beat.

MICKI

I'll put you in contact. Just make
sure you scrub the call.

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

KOFAX
You take the usual chip stack?

MICKI
Actually? I want no part of this.

She breaks the connection.

CUT TO:

Kofax counts his stash. Less than he thought -- 3K and change. He rubs his head, hating what he's about to do.

INT. AIRCRAFT - NIGHT

Wedged into a middle seat of a five-across row is Kofax. He's flying coach on a transatlantic flight.

The cabin is dimmed, but Kofax can't sleep. He jabs on his light, pulls out a book.

CLOSE on the art book, da Vinci section: Mary Magdalene. The Annunciation. Bacchus. Virgin of the Rocks. The Mona Lisa. 22 in all.

KOFAX
(sotto)
Which one....

DICARLO (V.O./PHONE)
We'll discuss that when you arrive,
Mr. Kofax. Anything else you need in
Firenze?

INT. TERMINAL - PERETOLA AIRPORT - DAY

Kofax exchanges dollars for Euro. Now his reserves seem even smaller.

KOFAX (V.O./PHONE)
Suite at the Grand, river view, your
dime. Oh, and get me a local girl.
Not too mouthy, not too bright.

DICARLO (V.O./PHONE)
You want a prostituta?

KOFAX (V.O./PHONE)
Hopefully not. Just someone to make
me blend better. Brunette. But not
beautiful, that's a distraction none
of us needs. Go "pretty."

K
Y
N
A
M
I
B
A
S
I
L

CONTINUED:

DICARLO (V.O./PHONE)
(getting brittle)
"Pretty," not "beautiful." Anything
else on my dime?

INT. TAXI - FIRENZE - DAY

Kofax in a taxi, wending through Florentine streets.

KOFAX (V.O./PHONE)
Yeah. Put her on a pink Vespa.

DICARLO (V.O./PHONE)
"A pink...." Maybe hot pants and
go-go boots, too?

KOFAX (V.O./PHONE)
Hey, hey. Whose fantasy is this?

DICARLO (V.O./PHONE)
I don't know, maybe you see too many
Gina Lollobrigida movies.

KOFAX (V.O./PHONE)
Pink Vespa, just so I recognize her.

DICARLO (V.O./PHONE)
Be at the Museo Antropologia, 15
o'clock. I'll see about the girl.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - ANTHROPOLOGY MUSEUM - DAY

Waiting for the rendezvous, Kofax strolls this quiet museum
dedicated to Roman and Etruscan unearthings. He tries not
to view the small ceramics like a man shopping for stocking
stuffers at Christmas.

But the "Chimera of Arezzo" gets him circling. It's a
large bronze displayed in glass. The Chimera has the body
of a lion, tail of a serpent, a goat's head sprouting from
the lion's ribs. Kofax draws close to this beautiful
monstrosity...

But a WHISTLING GUARD makes a face. *"No touching the
glass, huh? Fingerprints."*

Kofax moves on. The guard goes back to WHISTLING WILLIAM
TELL.

K
Y
N
A
W
I
B
A
S
I
L

EXT. FIRENZE STREETS - DAY

We FOLLOW a GIRL ON A PINK VESPA as she weaves through traffic. The go-go boots are a "go."

INT. GIFT SHOP - ANTHROPOLOGY MUSEUM - DAY

Kofax crosses the gift shop. Out a window, he spots the Pink Vespa Girl parking. Anticipation builds as she removes her helmet. His face falls.

KOFAX

I distinctly said "not beautiful."

EXT. ANTHROPOLOGY MUSEUM - DAY

KOFAX

I'm me. Can I assume you're you?

The disappointingly beautiful brunette RATTLES ITALIAN at him, holds up a finger, dials a phone. She passes it to Kofax.

KOFAX

Yeah.

DICARLO (PHONE)

I see you found each other.

KOFAX

First problem. She seems to speak only one language.

DICARLO (PHONE)

She's just a girl, Mr. Kofax, not an ambassador for world peace.

KOFAX

Look, don't get me wrong, she's a tasty little B-cup. But I do need to communicate certain --

DICARLO (PHONE)

What color is the Vespa?

KOFAX

Pink.

DICARLO (PHONE)

So I think we're done talking about the girl. Tell me what you thought of the museo.

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

KOFAX
This place? Charming.

DICARLO (PHONE)
I meant the security.

KOFAX
So did I.

DICARLO (PHONE)
You're saying what? It's not so much
of a challenge?

KOFAX
Look, it was just a meeting place.
Didn't give it much thought.

Bored, the girl puts in earbuds and starts to window shop.

DICARLO (PHONE)
But I'm sure you saw the Chimera di
Arezzo -- it was the large bronze on
the first floor. Or as you'd say,
"the second floor" --

KOFAX
Okay, stop. Didn't fly here for a
try-out with the local team. I came
for the --

DICARLO (PHONE)
But we've never actually worked
together, have we? It's logical to
ask for proof of ability before we
turn over our futures -- and fortunes
-- to you. You understand.

He understands he's being worked.

KOFAX
Generally, I bring in one or two key
people that --

DICARLO (PHONE)
Local talent, Mr. Kofax. For this
and the main job, you use only what
you find and see here.

(a beat)
You have 72 hours to show me if
you're real. Or not.

A CLICK OFF. Kofax laser-stares at the phone. Then he
tracks down the girl at an apparel store.

BASIL
I WANNA
KNOW

CONTINUED:

KOFAX

C'mon.

PINK VESPA GIRL

Bellissimo queste scarpe...queste,
..."shoes," hmm?

KOFAX

And there it is -- the one universal
word. Okay, what's your name, Gina?

PINK VESPA GIRL

(confused)

"Gina?"

KOFAX

Good guess my part, huh?

(walking her off)

So where I go, Gina, you go. We're
like...like a pair of shoes, yeah?
If anyone asks, we met here at the
museo...right here...you're the young
fashinista, I'm the slightly older
sophisticate from America...the
attraction was instant yet we both
know it's just a three-week thing.
But that's okay -- neither of us is
looking for yet another relationship
that slides into deceit and apology
and that kind of caustic revenge that
makes her go ten kinds of crazy and
start dating the judge in divorce
court just so she has an even better
chance of ripping your nuts out
through your wallet. Sorry. You get
any of that?

PINK VESPA GIRL

"Shoes."

KOFAX

Perfect. Let's sit over here....

EXT. CAFE NEAR MUSEUM - MINUTES LATER

Kofax and Gina at an outdoor cafe. She flips a fash-mag,
he studies the museum and its environs from behind his
McQueens.

WHAT HE SEES #1: A BUTCHER outside his shop.

WHAT HE SEES #2: A SEWER CREW working.

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

WHAT HE SEES #3: THREE SENEGALESE selling "Prada" on a blanket at the base of a museum wall.

WHAT HE SEES #4: A female dog begging for scraps. By the size of the teats, still nursing.

So just to recap: A butcher, two sewer guys, three Prada guys, and one big-titted dog. That's the local talent. Now PUSH IN on Kofax as he closes his eyes and rewinds mental tapes, trying to recapture details.

REWIND #1: Of the Chimera. JUMP IN on the glass case, polycarbon actually...its hinges...and thread-like wires just inside the case. Low-voltage wires.

REWIND #2: Of a second-floor window. Operable.

REWIND #3: Of the Second Floor Guard. JUMP AROUND his uniform as if we were frisking him with our eyes. A chain starts at a belt loop and vanishes into a pocket. Is that were his key-card is?

REWIND #4: Of gift shop shelves. Replicas of the Chimera, different scales. The largest is half size.

REWIND #5: Of a GIFT SHOP GIRL wearing black. JUMP IN on her ass -- and some dog hair. She must've sat on a chair at home after a dog laid there. Dog lover.

Kofax's eyes reopen. He's got it. In his head, he's seen all the dominoes fall.

KOFAX

Wait here.

He goes just as A WAITER delivers a steaming cappuccino.

EXT. MUSEUM ENVIRONS - DAY

We see Kofax getting a bone from the butcher...

Giving the bone to the female dog, following her when she slinks away with it...

Locating the dog's lair under a staircase, finding what he was really after...

Chatting with the Senegalese on his way back into the museum. One of Kofax's pockets squirms suspiciously.

K
Y
N
A
M
I
B
A
S
I
L

INT. GIFT SHOP - ANTHROPOLOGY MUSEUM - DAY

GIFT SHOP GIRLS find a puppy running around their floor. The word "awwww" is the same in Italian. As they wonder how it got here...

Kofax pilfers a kiddie compass...a decorative magnet...a letter-opener...and an empty box from behind the counter. He locks eyes on something O.S.

INT. BACK STAIRCASE - ANTHROPOLOGY MUSEUM - DAY

Moving fast, Kofax mounts stairs. The box has weight to it now.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - ANTHROPOLOGY MUSEUM - DAY

Kofax reaches the Chimera table. Slides the box beneath. Wheels around just as Whistling Guard reappears.

KOFAX

Scusi, scusi, over here?

He steers him to the window, points out the sewer crew.

KOFAX (CONT'D)

This may be nothing, but those men? Working there? They've been taking pictures.

WHISTLING GUARD

"Pictures?"

KOFAX

Photographs of this museum. Very strange, you know?

The guard goes to investigate. Instantly Kofax takes out the kiddie compass, passes it over the join between window and casement until...

The needle twitches. That's where the magnetic trip is.

Deftly, Kofax sets the decorative magnet at a critical spot, over-riding the trip. He cranks open the window. No alarm -- but no celebration either.

Kofax ducks under the Chimera table. Traces those low-voltage wires to a panel. Pops it with his letter-opener. Finds the battery and disconnects it.

Back on his feet, Kofax opens the polycarbon case like a man opening a treasure chest.

BASIL IWAHNYK

EXT. CAFE NEAR MUSEUM - DAY

"Gina" looks up from her fash-mag. And gasps.

Kofax is dropping the Chimera out the second-floor window.

The Senegalese catch it in their blanket. Blink and you missed it.

INT. ANTHROPOLOGY MUSEUM - DAY

Kofax reaches an unmarked door. Swipes it open with the card key -- the one he lifted from the guard when he steered him to the window. Pushes through...

INT. SECURITY ROOM - ANTHROPOLOGY MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

...and stops cold. There's ANOTHER GUARD here, changing shirts at a locker.

ANOTHER GUARD

Come va, amico? (*How goes it?*)

He hasn't seen us -- but he did hear us. So Kofax starts WHISTLING WILLIAM TELL. And working right behind the guy's back...

He resets the DVR. The whole last hour? Gone.

EXT. ANTHROPOLOGY MUSEUM/CAFE - DAY

Kofax exits. He hands the Senegalese some cash, accepts the Chimera still wrapped in their blanket, carries it back to...

The table and Gina.

KOFAX

Say, we make a good team.

WAITER

Signore, here, let me get you a fresh cappucco....

Kofax checks his cup. Still warm. He puts his feet up on the Chimera.

KOFAX

I'm good.

Gina's awe-struck. We're awe-struck. But this is Kofax's gift -- seeing the vulnerabilities and attacking them with audacity and simplicity.

BASIL IWAHMI

CONTINUED:

Gina speed-dials, BARRAGES ITALIAN into the phone, pushes the phone at him.

DICARLO (V.O./PHONE)
Scusi...but I am having trouble
believing what the girl says to me.
You have the Chimera? It is outside
the museo?

KOFAX
Why don't I show you in person?

EXT. FRESCO PIAZZA - FIRENZE - DAY

A PRESERVATION TEAM is removing small frescoes from a piazza wall. Each is in a different stage of removal, giving us snapshots of the whole process: Layers of muslin are glued to the front of a fresco to hold it together during removal, then the muslin is carefully washed away once the fresco has been separated from its wall.

LOCALS have gathered to watch. Among them is...

Signore DICARLO, the man we know by voice. He's 60, long hair and short beard, linen suit and walking stick. If we had to pick the mastermind out of the crowd? We'd pick him. Gina appears, tugging at his elbow, turning him around to face...

Kofax. He's here with the Chimera, still covered.

DiCarlo strolls to him.

DICARLO
(re preservation)
Fascinating, hmm?

KOFAX
Especially the glue-drying part.

DiCarlo peeks under the blanket -- and peeks again to make sure he saw right.

DICARLO
So this was child's work to you?

KOFAX
The Uffizi will be a different story
-- expect more cameras, more guards
with better training. Won't be
anything "charming" about --

DICARLO
Did I say the Uffizi Gallery?

K
Y
N
A
Z
I
W
A
S
I
L
B

CONTINUED:

KOFAX

Two Leonardos in Florence, both at the same place. If you're telling me it's not there, then it's not a painting we're talking --

DICARLO

It is a painting. A most special one.

KOFAX

Then we're in the wrong city, aren't we? Only 22 Leonardos in the whole --

DICARLO

In the future, let us never say the artist's name again, hmm? Nor the name of his painting.

KOFAX

No one has said the name of his painting.

DICARLO

Let's call it simply..."Ventitre."
"Number 23."

Kofax stares. What it implies, of course, is that they've located an undiscovered da Vinci. And the worth of such a thing would be almost incalculable.

DICARLO

(leaving)

We meet again tomorrow. The girl will come for you.

KOFAX

First thing in the morning?

DICARLO

Afternoons are better. Let's again say 15 o'clock....

INT. SECOND FLOOR - ANTHROPOLOGY MUSEUM - DAY

The Chimera is inside the glass case -- only now it's half its former size. TOURISTS don't seem to mind, though, and Whistling Guard strolls right past. He'll notice the switch-out eventually. But he hasn't yet.

BASIL IWANZYK

EXT. PALAZZO VECCHIO - DAY

ESTABLISHER: A massive fortress-museum in the heart of Firenze. This is the Palazzo Vecchio, and all that's missing are visigoths on assault ladders.

DiCarlo, Kofax, Gina loiter at a distance.

DICARLO

Take this. Very much like the ones inside.

He hands Kofax an over-ear audio device, keeps one for himself, heads for the museum entrance. Building in a delay, Kofax surveys the palazzo exterior. He notes...

The clocktower. Must be 200 feet tall.

INT. SECURITY LOBBY - PALAZZO VECCHIO - DAY

Magnetometers. Mandatory bag-check. Some THUG GUARDS who aren't whistling anything.

Kofax and Gina transit security.

WHAT KOFAX SEES: A cluster of electronic sensors high in one corner. Make that two corners. The clusters are mounted on towers of aluminum trusswork. Curious.

Near the counter with audio devices, Kofax slips on his own unit. It matches those seen on tourists. Kofax and Gina head up a marble staircase.

INT. EXHIBIT CORRIDOR - PALAZZO VECCHIO - DAY

Reaching the second floor, Gina spies a bathroom and splits off. DiCarlo dawdles at a statue, avoiding eye-contact.

DICARLO (AUDIO DEVICE)

Tell me what you saw down there.

KOFAX (AUDIO DEVICE)

Same I see here -- an installation hamstrung by preservation issues. Management hates running lines through walls and ceilings, which forces installers to go mainly if not totally wireless...

He sidles up to DiCarlo and removes his audio device.

IVANKA
BASIL

CONTINUED:

KOFAX (CONT'D)

...which makes me uncomfortable
talking over your little wireless
do-dickles.

(no response)

Hey.

DiCarlo still won't acknowledge, so Kofax steps on his
toes. DiCarlo turns and glares.

KOFAX

Just talk. That's what people do in
museums. They look at stuff, they
talk about stuff.

DICARLO

(re audio device)

You know what I paid for these?

KOFAX

More than you paid me so far.

DICARLO

Is it only about money with you
Americans?

KOFAX

(nodding)

Money...any sport that isn't
soccer...and Shark Week. We're
simple like that.

INT. HALL OF 500 - PALAZZO VECCHIO - DAY

A cavernous salon, designed to hold 500 statesmen during
Renaissance times. It's like a room for giants.

Kofax polls DiCarlo. "Here?" DiCarlo nods. "Here."

Kofax does a 360 just to take it all in. More of those
electronic clusters on truss-towers. But what are they
guarding? Aside from a few statues, there are no exhibits
here -- just massive murals on the walls and ceiling.
What's to steal?

A TOUR GUIDE gathers her group.

TOUR GUIDE

Now nearly everything you see in this
hall -- the "Salone dei Cinquecento"
-- was done by the artist Giorgio
Vasari between 1553 and 1557. All
these murals celebrate Florentine
(MORE)

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

TOUR GUIDE (CONT'D)
victories over the Pisans and other
arch-rivals....

KOFAX
(to DiCarlo)
Well, Vasari's good. But ain't no
Mr. 23.

DICARLO
Which is why we feel no sadness to
remove what is in front...to reveal
what is behind.

KOFAX
"Behind."

DiCarlo tilts his head at a mural on the east wall, "Battle
of Marciano." The first alarm goes off in Kofax's head,
but he strolls to the mural anyway for a closer look.
Presently he strolls back.

KOFAX
It's a fresco.

DICARLO
Correct.

Kofax nods even though, inside, he's doing the opposite.
His degree of difficulty just shot through the roof.

KOFAX
And what is Number 23?

DICARLO
Also a fresco.

Through the roof and into orbit.

KOFAX
Another question -- and I'm sensing
it could be my last. How big?

DICARLO
12 by 19.

KOFAX
Inches or centimeters or....

DICARLO
I speak in feet.

KOFAX
Ah. "Feet."

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

We think Kofax might strangle him on the museum floor. Instead Kofax turns for the exit door. The door that is exactly four feet wide by eight feet tall.

INT. COURTYARD - PALAZZO VECCHIO - DAY

Outside the museum proper, Kofax strikes off in a new direction. DiCarlo and Gina hustle to keep up.

KOFAX

You want me to steal a wall.

DICARLO

Not just any wall. On it is one of his greatest works.

KOFAX

But this wall is behind another wall.

DICARLO

That must first be moved, yes.

KOFAX

And just how, in your mind, is that to be arranged?

DICARLO

This is a detail you must supply.

Kofax wheels on him.

KOFAX

"A detail." It's a giant fucking fresco stuck to a giant fucking wall. It hasn't moved in, what, 500 years, and I sense there's a good reason for that. It's a fucking wall.

DICARLO

"Strappo d'affresco." You saw what they did yesterday, those workers. Frescoes can be --

KOFAX

And what makes you think there is something back there? Forget everything else, let's back up to this kinda shaky premise of yours.

DICARLO

We know it to be there.

KOFAX

How do you know.

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

DICARLO

The work has been done. This part we should take on faith.

KOFAX

As in "irrational bronze-age belief?"
That kind of faith?

He turns to go -- and now sees the sign that's been in our SHOT the whole time: "POLIZIA." Right here in the main courtyard...at the heart of the job site...is a police sub-station.

KOFAX

Aw, just gets better and better,
doesn't it?

INT. SCULPTURE GALLERY - NEW YORK - DAY

A murky gallery in Soho. The proprietor is MORNINGSTAR, 65, a comfortably overweight man with a taste for sculpture and larceny. He checks Wikipedia as he listens to Kofax on speakerphone.

KOFAX (PHONE)

...30-35 pounds, condition excellent
considering it's something like 2,500
years old.

MORNINGSTAR

What are you looking for?

KOFAX (PHONE)

Well, you're the pro -- but I imagine
it'd be worth a lot to a collector
specializing in three-headed Etruscan
animal sculpture. And sadly, I know
they're out there.

Morningstar finds photos of the Chimera di Arezzo.

MORNINGSTAR

Yes, here it is. Quite a piece.

INT./EXT. KOFAX'S HOTEL ROOM - SUNSET

Kofax snags a beer bottle from the minibar, pops it open with the Chimera's mouth.

KOFAX

(into phone)

Yeah, quite a piece. What's your
chip stack like?

K
Y
N
A
I
B
A
S
I
L

CONTINUED:

MORNINGSTAR (PHONE)
40 percent will do nicely.

KOFAX
Tall stack.

A KNOCKING. Kofax covers the Chimera and opens the door. It's Gina, holding out an active cell phone. Kofax accepts her phone and heads for the terrace.

MORNINGSTAR (PHONE)
Our clientele will be more rarefied
than you might think -- not everyone
appreciates the beauty of a goat
exploding through a lion's ribcage.
I'll make a few sub-rosa inquiries.
But no one's retiring on this one.

KOFAX
Just get back to me with a number.

Stepping outside, he dumps the call with Morningstar, switches to the phone with DiCarlo.

KOFAX
And you stuck me with the hotel bill,
too.

He heaves the phone into the Arno River. Gina hurries outside, moves to the railing to see if he really did that. He really did.

KOFAX
So. What have you got to say for
yourself? Now that your master
can't speak for you?

She plants elbows on the railing, runs fingers through her hair. Then she blows a sigh and looks out at the sunset. The dying light catches her just right. It's a potent pose -- but Kofax realizes it may be struck just for him.

He tugs on his beer, puts on his McQueens, reclines on the chaise to catch the last bit of sun on his last day here. The girl knows where the door is.

CLOSE on her eyes turning to look at him.

CLOSE on her hands removing his McQueens.

CLOSE on the beer being confiscated.

She sits opposite, sipping his beer, meeting his gaze unbrokenly, challenging him to read her mind.

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

KOFAX AS GINA

So is there no way I can talk you
into doing this?

KOFAX

'Fraid not.

KOFAX AS GINA

Because....

KOFAX

Because room service here is a better
than in prison. Did he really send
you to sleep with me?

KOFAX AS GINA

(indignant)

No. No.

KOFAX

Yeah, too obvious a play.

KOFAX AS GINA

Well...would you do it if I did?
Because he won't pay me unless I can
deliver you.

Her eyes stay on him. The silence grows electric, even
dangerous. Hers is a face that can bewitch if you stare
too long...can make you forget all the problems with the
job...can make you say "okay" when you really should say
"no way."

KOFAX

Be a nice signing bonus. But no.
I wouldn't.

Understanding his tone, Gina rises and goes. After the
door closes behind her:

KOFAX

Sometimes you are the dumbest shit
I know.

INT. TERMINAL - PERETOLA AIRPORT - DAY

Kofax leaves the money-exchange booth, stuffs maybe 120
bucks into his otherwise empty wallet. Pathetic.

Tramping toward his departure gate, he veers off into the
men's room...

BASIL IWANZYK

INT. AIRPORT BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

...and bumps into a yellow floor-sign. "CHIUSO." Closed for cleaning. Kofax turns on his heels...

And gets face-whacked by an aluminum briefcase.

And gets body-slammed into a wall.

And gets spun to the floor. Kofax tries to get up and fight back, but he keeps slipping on wet tile.

STYLES

Figure you owe me 800K, brotherman.
And no, I do not accept PayPal, your
baseball card collection, or frequent
flyer miles -- which I'm finding very
difficult to cash in these days.
The motherfuckers.

Styles picks Kofax up, shoves him under the automatic faucet and tries to waterboard him.

STYLES

You poached my job, asshole.

The water shuts off. Styles groans, waves a hand under the sensor to get things going again.

KOFAX

Hey, who poached me on the Turner
job? Who started this whole --

STYLES

No, no, no. Don't even try.

KOFAX

You knew I was in play.

Water comes back on.

STYLES

You didn't have the Turner yet, so it
was open season. But once a guy has
lifted the product, possession is
his, and no, it is not open season.
This's all in the handbook.

Kofax's groping hand finds a disposal bin. He pulls out a handful of wadding...

And tries to stuff it down Styles' throat. Styles staggers back and coughs the wadding into his hands.

BASIL
I WANNA
KNOW

CONTINUED:

STYLES

The fuck is.... Smells like paint remover.

The bin reads "DIAPER DISPOSAL." He drops the stuff like it was radioactive.

STYLES (CONT'D)

Jesus, that's the worst thing any human being has ever --

Kofax mule-kicks him into the stalls. Styles crashes onto a toilet. He regains his feet and charges back out...

And gets whacked in the face with a mop that just cleaned up around the toilets. Second worst thing.

Styles goes down. Kofax steals his belt, loops it around Styles' neck. The other end gets pulled over the top of a toilet stall. If you walked in right now? You'd see a man being hanged in an airport bathroom.

KOFAX

Now listen up. I'm gonna pay you back on the Remington job, in full, by giving you free advice on this one.

STYLES

"This one?"

KOFAX

The one they called you about last night at, say, oh, 7:45.

STYLES

I dunno what --

KOFAX

I turned it down, Styles. You get what I'm sayin'? I was in the game, checked out, now it's garbage time.

STYLES

You sayin' I'm the second string? Izzat wha' --

KOFAX

No, no. You're like "the player who got named later." No, no, worse. You're "the other white meat."

STYLES

C'mon, ease up, huh? I wasn't gonna kill you.

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

KOFAX

The Leonardo may not exist, and if it does, it can't be moved. The job is a clusterbomb of clusterfucks waiting to explode.

He lets up. Styles drops to all fours.

STYLES

'Ang on, 'ang on, just...just lookin' for a contact here....

(rallying)

Know what I hear? I hear a guy who couldn't put the job together. What's the matter, Kofax? Old skool tricks don't work anymore?

KOFAX

"Old school?"

STYLES

No, no. "Old skool."

KOFAX

"Old school." What I said.

STYLES

Huh-uh -- "skool" with a "k."

KOFAX

How do you know I wasn't spelling it with a "k" in my --

STYLES

It's in your voice, man, that "c-h" thing. Which just proves my point.

KOFAX

Jesus God, make it stop.

Kofax smacks on the air blower, starts to dry his hair. Styles washes mop-grunge and green baby shit off his face before smacking on a second blower.

STYLES

Look, man, just 'cuz you couldn't make it work doesn't mean I can't. Just how it is -- got the fast-twitch fibers, superior reflex, the more elastic brain....

KOFAX

Sure. Give it a shot. Maybe you're The Chosen One.

BASIL IWANZYK

INT. TERMINAL - PERETOLA AIRPORT - MINUTES LATER

They emerge from the bathroom, both looking remarkably good, considering.

STYLES

So how's this contact? "Gina?"

KOFAX

Just a rent-a-girl.

STYLES

She at least hot?

KOFAX

She's sweet. Treat her right.

STYLES

(shrugging)

Treat her like what she is.

Kofax shakes his head and turns for his gate.

STYLES (CONT'D)

Yeah, you better go home and rest now.

CLOSE on Kofax trying, trying, trying to let it go.

INT. TAXI - FIRENZE STREETS - DAY

In the back of a taxi, Styles lines up crew.

STYLES

...so I'm just checkin' avails.
Italy? Well, good and bad -- you get
to wear sunglasses inside but you
gotta live next door to the Pope.
Should know in 24 hours if I need you
or not. Stay loose for me, huh?

(to driver)

What's with the traffic?

Ahead we see red shirts and flags. Protestors are trying to hang a massive banner from a bridge. Polizia are trying to scatter them with tear gas.

TAXI DRIVER #1

(frustrated)

They say, "We work less, we make
more money." Governativo says "You
work more, we give you less money."
Never it changes, you understand?

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

STYLES
They should get a real job.

INT. FIRENZE HOTEL LOBBY/LOUNGE - DAY

Styles at the counter. Stacked on a cart are aluminum suitcases, the tools of his trade. The CHECK-IN CLERK points him to the lounge.

Styles enters, scans. Lots of females here. How is he supposed to know which....

Gina stands. Short black skirt, white satin blouse. Femme fatale.

STYLES
(to ghost of Kofax)
Aw, brotherman. You couldn't make this work?

GINA
Signore Styles?

STYLES
Y'know...you're exactly the one I woulda picked out online.

EXT. OUTSIDE FIRENZE HOTEL - DAY

BINOCULAR POV: Scanning the lounge window, FOCUSING in on Gina and Styles. Gina dials a phone.

KOFAX (O.S.)
Oh, c'mon, button the blouse, button up your blouse, he's lookin' right down it....

Kofax is back, watching covertly via folding binoculars. He couldn't let it go.

INT. LOUNGE - FIRENZE HOTEL - DAY

Gina hands Styles the live phone.

GINA
Per piacere....

STYLES
(into phone)
Yeah. I'm here.

DICARLO (PHONE)
I see you found each other.

BASIL
IWA
N
Z
K

CONTINUED:

STYLES

When do we meet?

DICARLO (PHONE)

I'm close. I'll come to you.

EXT. FIRENZE HOTEL - DAY

BINOCULAR POV: DiCarlo arrives. Gina meets him out front for a quick exchange. Soon he enters to meet Styles while Gina leaves. Our POV FOLLOWS her.

EXT. PONTE VECCHIO - SUNSET

Gina crosses this iconic bridge, the oldest in Firenze.

Tourists gather. Hundreds of padlocks are clamped to the bridge's ironwork, these "love locks" that bear the names of lovers. It's the Florentine equivalent of carving initials into a tree. Wanting their photo taken, a young BRITISH COUPLE looks for help.

BRITISH TOURIST

Excuse me, would you mind....

GINA

(nodding)

Just tell me which is the shutter.
This one here, or....

BRITISH TOURIST

That's power. Shutter here.

GINA

'Kay. Got your key ready?

And she continues to use English as she stages them.

GINA (CONT'D)

Wait until these people are done...
'kay, that's good....

Gina snaps the photo as the young couple throws their padlock key into the Arno. She returns the camera and hurries on. Then she stops to look back.

WHAT SHE SEES: Only the expected tourists.

Gina shrugs it off. Probably her imagination.

BASIL IWANKY

EXT. MEDIEVAL STREETS - FIRENZE - NIGHT

The streets narrow, the pavement grows uneven. Gina appears with groceries. Suddenly...

Those same three Senegalese run past at full boogie, blankets bundled up over their shoulders. A beat later comes the polizia car, searching for them.

INT. LOBBY - APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A cramped lobby with scaling paint. Gina enters -- and groans at the "ROTTA" sign on the elevator. She takes the stairs instead.

INT. GINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Five floors later, Gina keys through a door. She opens a window to air out this simple one-bedroom flat.

She cranks shower handles. Checks the temperature, hopes the hot water will get up here eventually. Starts shedding clothes.

She enters the kitchen wearing a thong. Grabs a yogurt from the fridge. Peels off the lid and licks the back -- the kind of thing you do when you think you're alone. She starts back to the bathroom...

And jumps in her skin. There's someone here. Standing near the open window.

KOFAX

So by throwing it in the river...

GINA

Che cosa fai qui? (*What are you doing here?*)

KOFAX

By throwing the key in the river, they're saying their bond can never be broken? Never unlocked? Is that it?

It's his way of telling her he was on the bridge today -- and that she can drop the act. Her composure returns. She leans up against a doorjamb and covers her nudity with folded arms.

GINA

Something like that.

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

KOFAX

Not DiCarlo's job, is it?

She won't confirm or deny. He shows what he's already found on a table here -- photos and floorplans of the Palazzo Vecchio.

GINA

What, you came back to shit on it again?

KOFAX

Came back for a second look.

GINA

Too late. We have someone.

KOFAX

You have a gadget-wank, and while gadgets are fun, they don't always win. Why'd you play me?

GINA

I played the girl you wanted -- "not too bright, not too mouthy." By the way, is this the kind of women you go for in America? "Tasty little B-cups?"

KOFAX

Maybe we just leave my personal preferences out --

GINA

Maybe that's why it always ends not so good for you -- "in deceit and apology," yeah? And what is up with the boots and pink Vespa? Did you see it in a pornographic movie or something? That's all we could --

KOFAX

Hey, hey, I said nothing about go-go boots. That was all --

GINA

I mean, at first we just laughed. But then we find they don't make this pink color anymore. You know how much time it took? Just to find this stupid prop for your sick little --

KOFAX

Enough with the pink Vespa.

K
Y
K
N
A
N
Z
I
W
A
N
Z
I
B
A
S
I
L

CONTINUED:

He's getting spanked by this half-nude chick. Kofax approaches, wanting to press his size advantage -- wanting to remind her he's the dangerous intruder and she's the helpless victim.

KOFAX

Here's all I want to hear from you:
First, the real shot-caller. Who is it? You, DiCarlo, or someone else?
Second, the game clock. If it's been there for 500 years, why now? Why the rush?

She tries to retreat. He grabs her arm and yanks her back. They're swapping hot breath now.

KOFAX (CONT'D)

Third and most important, "Andrea," proof of concept. Why should anyone believe in Number 23?

GINA

Why do you call me that?

He holds up a piece of mail -- her name's right there. "Andrea." Now we hear FEET CLUMPING up the stairs. Big feet. Gina smiles at his expense.

GINA

First, in Italy, "Andrea" is a guy's name. Second...

A KEY SLIDES in the door.

GINA (CONT'D)

You should run.

ANDREA enters. He wears the red shirt of protest, carries the bullhorn of a protest leader. He's pissed off about getting tear-gassed, pissed off about climbing those stairs. And now this.

ANDREA

Chi è costui cavolo? (*Who is this cabbage?*)

SPEWING ITALIAN, Gina covers up and runs for the bedroom. Now she's modest.

KOFAX

I know it looks like I broke in here and was twisting her arm but....

But that's what happened. Kofax bolts.

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

It's a wild-ass brawl: Andrea catches him from behind. Kofax grabs the whistle around the guy's neck and tries to choke him out. Doesn't work, so he grabs the bullhorn, SQUELCHES it in the guy's ear to break his death-grip.

Kofax lunges for the window, trying to get out the way he got in. Andrea drags him back -- and the window valence comes off in Kofax's grasp. He breaks it over Andrea's head and back, thinking that should end it...

But thinking wrong. He just swatted the hornet's nest.

Gina returns in a t-shirt, watches as Andrea takes charge, torquing Kofax's arm behind his back and slamming him face-down on a table.

She grabs her yogurt, uprights a chair, sits beside Kofax.

GINA
Face is pink. Your favorite color.

KOFAX
Oh, get off it, huh?

GINA
So this is Andrea. My brother.
He's so protective.

KOFAX
Some might say "overly."

A beat. She wonders how much she can tell him.

GINA
You ask many questions, Mr. Kofax.
But let's start with the important
one. "Why do we believe?"

INT. GINA'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

CLOSE on a rendering of "Number 23." It shows soldiers and horses locked in the throes of war.

GINA (O.S.)
450 years ago, one of the world's
great masterpieces vanishes. It is
"The Battle of Anghiari." This is
just a sketch by Rubens -- he sees
the real painting in 1503 and tries
to re-make it.

WIDER to find Gina and Kofax huddled near the window, papers and MacBook between them. Andrea cooks dinner in

BASIL IWANIK

CONTINUED:

the kitchen, watching with a scowl, abiding his sister's obsession.

GINA (CONT'D)
But Rubens admits he cannot capture
the molta potenza...the great power
...of Leonardo's work.

New image. A Renaissance man.

GINA (CONT'D)
The painting is paid for by this man,
"Soderini the First," a wealthy
businessman. But it is meant for all
of the city -- a statement of
Florentine independence after their
victory in the fields of Anghiari.

New image. The Hall of 500.

GINA (CONT'D)
Leonardo paints on the east wall,
here. And even though he doesn't
finish the mural, people who see it
say it is his finest work. The Mona
Lisa? It was a nice little pittura.
But this? "Monumentale."

New image. Another Renaissance man. Vasari.

GINA (CONT'D)
In 1563, new governmento takes over.
They're Medici, and they don't like
anything about the old guys. So they
ask Giorgio Vasari to rework things.
Vasari adds six new frescoes to the
Hall -- and this is when the Leonardo
disappears, painted on or destroyed.
So people think.

She checks his eyes. Already going glassy.

GINA (CONT'D)
I'm trying to do this simple for you
because....

KOFAX
I'm American.

GINA
I know you hate history.

KOFAX
Especially the European kind. Go on.

BASIL
I WANNA
KNOW

CONTINUED:

She swings the MacBook around, moves to his side, splits a chair with him.

GINA

It takes us years to understand the hall before and after Vasari. We decide where, exactly, Leonardo has painted -- this area here in red. And then...in this same place...on Vasari's fresco...we discover something.

One image enlarges. We zero in on a green flag carried by soldiers. It says "CERCA TROVA."

GINA

"Cerca trova." "Seek and you shall find."

She checks his eyes. Coming back to life.

KOFAX

How many other flags? With words?

GINA

This only one. You cannot read it from the ground, so why did Vasari do it? It makes sense only as a clue. A clue to someone in the future that he did not destroy the Leonardo -- but that he did save it.

Gears are meshing in Kofax's head. It's a tantalizing tale, but he still needs more. She produces floorplans.

GINA (CONT'D)

Here. The Hall before Vasari -- 23.5 meters across. Here. The Hall after Vasari -- 23 meters across. Differenza of 50 centimeters.

KOFAX

We also hate metric.

GINA

Umm, 16 inches?

KOFAX

He must've resurfaced the walls... made a clean canvas for himself....

GINA

Ah, but how thick?

She plops an ancient brick on the table.

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

GINA (CONT'D)

Very much what Vasari did use, very tipico.

KOFAX

Chicks with bricks, another fantasy of mine.

(gauging thickness)

Okay, four inches there....

GINA

Then Vasari needs plaster for his frescoes -- let's say one inch more. So we have two new walls with a total of 10 inches of, um, wide-ness. But you see? Six inches are missing.

KOFAX

An air-gap. Is that what you think?

GINA

(nodding)

A space behind the Vasari -- and in front of the Leonardo.

(a crowning beat)

"Cerca Trova."

She can tell he's impressed. She leans back and folds her arms, satisfied to the point of being a smug.

KOFAX

Good headwork. Only one problem.

Her face falls. "What?"

KOFAX (CONT'D)

You haven't shown me that Vasari respects Leonardo so much that he'll go to the trouble of building a false wall...risk pissing off his patron... just to save Leonardo's work.

GINA

But I can show you that.

Excited, she pulls on shoes and moves to the door. He gives her a look. "Forget something?"

GINA

Oh, una momenta....

She darts in the bedroom, grabs jeans. Kofax watches her hop-hop-hop into them. Priceless.

K
I
W
A
N
K
B
A
S
I
L

EXT. SANTA MARIA NOVELLA - NIGHT

An ornate Dominican church. Gina and Kofax appear, trying the main doors. Locked.

GINA
I think they had problems with people stealing.

KOFAX
Man, what's the world coming to? Over here....

He heads to the attached cloister building. Finds a door. Pulls out his kiddie compass, runs it along the door top to locate the magnetic trip. Instead he finds...

A small box. Someone's trip-defeating device. Someone's gadget.

INT. SANTA MARIA NOVELLA - NIGHT

DICARLO
...the Holy Trinity by Masaccio. He paints it in 1425 -- an early and rare example of perspective. See how Christ seems to hang on air? With the background far away?

Styles and DiCarlo stand before a fresco of Christ on the cross. Hearing FOOTSTEPS, they turn and look.

STYLES
What motherfuckery is this?

KOFAX
(admonishing)
Hey. Church.

STYLES
Did we or did we not just have a conversation about poaching?

KOFAX
Do you have the product?

STYLES
You said you checked out. You said you were --

KOFAX
Do you have the product?

BASIL
I WANNA
KNOW
K

CONTINUED:

STYLES

I just fuckin' --

KOFAX

Church.

STYLES

I just freakin' got here, and you know I did.

KOFAX

Then still open season, isn't it?
(to DiCarlo)
You were saying?

DiCarlo shoots Gina a look. Two thieves? Who seem to hate each other?

GINA

Noi la specie più tardi. Continua.
(*We'll sort it out later. Go on.*)

DICARLO

This painting, too, vanishes for centuries after someone builds a stone altar in front to completely cover it. Can you guess who that was?

STYLES

Better be the same guy who covered up Leonardo. Otherwise, I broke in here and damned my soul to hell for nuthin'.

DICARLO

(nodding)

Giorgio Vasari. He could not bring himself to destroy another artist's work.

GINA

And if Vasari would do this for Masaccio...

DICARLO

...who he thought was a man of modest talent...

GINA

What would he do for Leonardo?
Who he thought was sent to Earth by God Himself?

K
Y
N
A
M
I
B
A
S
I
L

CONTINUED:

They've prosecuted their case well. Gears turn in everyone's head now.

STYLES

Well, gotta be a better way to make
a 100 million dollars...

KOFAX

But off hand, can't think of one.

It's the first time they've agreed on anything. It doesn't
escape notice. Kofax motions Styles aside.

KOFAX

They tell you how big it was?

STYLES

Huh-uh.

KOFAX

12 by 19.

STYLES

12 by 19 what?

KOFAX

Feet.

STYLES

Feet? That's like a wall.

KOFAX

It is a wall.

STYLES

No, I'm serious, that's as big as,
like, an actual wall.

KOFAX

Feels like I'm talking to a wall.
Brick, plaster, stands up by itself --
they wanna steal the very essence
what it is to be "a wall."

STYLES

Well, how big's the door?

KOFAX

Four by eight.

STYLES

That ain't gonna work.

KOFAX

I had that epiphany.

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

Styles refills his water bottle from the baptismal font, takes a slug, looks back at Gina.

STYLES

She is hot and salty, isn't she?

KOFAX

Did our train of thought just derail?

STYLES

Just commenting, free country, right? Maybe not. But wow, she could be a SnorgTee girl or somethin'.

KOFAX

Personally, I need verification. Is there really an air-gap there? If not, no sense killing each other over a job that's just ass-smoke. Now you got a gadget that'll check that? The air-gap?

STYLES

Oh, now you want my gear.

KOFAX

You bring your tools or not? Simple question.

STYLES

No, it ain't simple -- not when you were tryin' to hang me in a toilet stall this afternoon. Suddenly we're all ace kool?

KOFAX

It's like the Pro Bowl -- play one game as teammates, then you go back to hatin' each other.

STYLES

Look, I don't know if I can trust them or not. You? I know not.

KOFAX

So turn in that playbook, here's a new one: We go straight up with each other from this point forward. No more blindside shit.

STYLES

"Straight like a circle?" That what you mean?

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

KOFAX

I mean "straight up, straight down
like six o'clock." Now you like it
or you love it?

STYLES

I like it about as much as when I
step into my underwear, my big toe
catches on the top, and the elastic
band snaps me in the balls.

KOFAX

May I remind you of one thing?

STYLES

What?

KOFAX

Money.

It's a good reminder. Kofax offers a fist, ready to cement
the new relationship. Reluctantly Styles bumps it.

KOFAX

Blow it up?

STYLES

Oh, man. When dinosaurs ruled the
Earth.

They blow it up.

KOFAX

Good. Now you know she's married.

STYLES

Who? Gina?

KOFAX

Met him today, "Andrea," Wookie from
hell -- would not pay to be caught in
that bed, just a heads-up. Now show
me the gear.

INT. STYLES' HOTEL ROOM #1 - NIGHT

CLOSE on two aluminum suitcases opening. Packed with
precision, we see carbon-fiber ribs...dark dacron cloth...
lipstick cam...fans...a joystick RCU.

KOFAX

Well, I could guess what it is, or
you could just --

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

STYLES

Torture you?

Which he decides to do. Because now is Styles' time to shine, and if that leaves Kofax in the dark for awhile? Fine. Styles turns to Gina and DiCarlo.

STYLES

Couple things. Need a room on the top floor, backside, city view. And a machinist. If you don't have a guy you trust, just gimme an address and I'll do my own shop-work after hours.

GINA

How long till you're ready?

STYLES

Suddenly we're in a hurry?

GINA

Sooner is better.

STYLES

48, 72, somewhere in there.

(in her ear)

Personally, I find marriage an outdated concept. I mean, I thought we abolished slavery, right?

She has no idea why he'd share that right now.

KOFAX

(still at suitcase)

Okay, c'mon. What is it?

EXT. HOTEL/PALAZZO VECCHIO - NIGHT

Whisper quiet, a dark blimp glides out of the window. It's three feet long, pushed by twin computer fans. The ass-end spools out high-tensile fishing line. Superline.

PAN OFF the blimp to see its destination ahead: The clocktower of the Palazzo Vecchio. The giant clock shows 2:30.

INT. STYLES' HOTEL ROOM #2 - NIGHT

At a balcony window, Styles thumbs RCU controls. Kofax, Gina, and DiCarlo watch the retreating blimp lay down line like a spider lays down silk. Losing visual, Styles switches to a screen on his RCU.

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

CLOSE ON SCREEN: Nose-cam view. We see the clocktower approaching. Things get bumpy.

STYLES
Pickin' up some wind....

EXT. CLOCKTOWER - PALAZZO VECCHIO - NIGHT

FEATURE the weather-vane atop the tower. IT SQUEALS in the wind.

The blimp reaches the tower. Styles is trying to pilot it through the stone pillars of the observation area, but he's getting knocked around pretty good.

INT. STYLES' HOTEL ROOM #2 - NIGHT

DICARLO
Maybe we try again later....

STYLES
Everyone stand back. Trained professional at work here.

He lines it up again, hits both thrusters.

EXT. CLOCKTOWER - PALAZZO VECCHIO - NIGHT

With a "burst" of speed, the blimp threads the needle between pillars. Success. Now the blimp pivots on air -- and passes on the outside of the clocktower.

INT. STYLES' HOTEL ROOM #2 - NIGHT

The blimp returns to its hotel-hangar. Hands detach the spool, actually a fishing reel. Gina floats the blimp into the bedroom, putting it away.

They now have a half-mile loop of Superline. But that's not strong enough. So a braided carbon cable gets tied to the free end of the string...

The fishing reel gets mounted to the window sill...

And the handle gets cranked.

EXT. FIRENZE ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

QUICK SHOTS of the carbon cable chasing the Superline. Entering the clocktower. U-turning. Heading back home.

WALK
BASIL

INT. STYLES' HOTEL ROOM #2 - NIGHT

Now they have a half-mile loop of carbon cable. One end gets fed into a come-along winch bolted to the wall. The handle gets pumped...

And the cable goes as tight as piano wire. Kofax plucks it like a giant guitar string. BA-WAAAAAHNG.

KOFAX
Check the break-point?

Styles grabs the first "strider," a rig made from tubular aluminum. He leans outside, hangs the strider over the cable. A wheel clamps down on top.

STYLES
Gonna check it right now.

"With you." Feeling like the chimp they shot into space, Kofax shrugs on a backpack. Swings legs outside. Eases his feet into the strider's footpads that dangle far, far off the ground. Grips the uprights. "Now what?"

STYLES
Just walk, baby.

EXT. FIRENZE ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

Out of the darkness comes Kofax -- walking on air. Somehow the rig translates his stride motion into forward motion. He can even stop and reverse himself.

STYLES (O.S./HEADSET)
I said "walk," not "moonwalk."

Kofax keeps going.

EXT. CLOCKTOWER - PALAZZO VECCHIO - NIGHT

200 feet off the ground, Kofax docks. Steps onto the railing of the clocktower. Pulls the strider up behind him.

STYLES
(into headset)
Line clear.

He locates the hatch in the clocktower floor. Sweeps for trips, finds none. Attacks the hatch hinges with a RotoZip saw from his backpack.

K
Y
N
A
W
I
B
S
I
L

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Drinks in hand, TWO CLUBBERS head down the street. Soon Styles appears overhead, SHUSHING along in a strider.

CLUBBER #1

Eh, eh, eh....

CLUBBER #2

Hmm? Che l'è? (*What is it?*)

As quickly as he appeared, Styles vanishes into the night. A beat. Will Clubber #1 tell his friend he just saw a man cross-country skiing across the sky?

CLUBBER #1

Niente. (*Nothing.*)

He dumps his drink.

EXT. CLOCKTOWER - PALAZZO VECCHIO - NIGHT

As Styles docks.

INT. STYLES' HOTEL ROOM #2 - NIGHT

As Gina and DiCarlo track them with binoculars.

INT. CLOCKTOWER - PALAZZO VECCHIO - NIGHT

We're inside the clocktower now. Kofax and Styles cut through mesh barriers and descend into an Escheresque world of ladders and stairs. Unexpectedly they reach...

INT. MEDIEVAL CELL - PALAZZO VECCHIO - NIGHT

A medieval torture chamber. Wall manacles...restraint chairs...rusty instruments of depravity. Styles gets a little freaked out.

KOFAX

Wha'?

STYLES

Think people actually died here?

KOFAX

Just the ones who stopped to ask that question. Keep it tight.

BASIL IWANZYK

EXT. ROOFTOP - PALAZZO VECCHIO - NIGHT

The clocktower empties out onto a pitched roof.

Kofax and Styles attack a roof vent with sheet-metal shears, cutting around the base. No motorized tools from this point forward. From this point down.

INT. DEAD SPACE - PALAZZO VECCHIO - NIGHT

The vent lifts away. Styles and Kofax lower themselves into a cat's cradle of ancient timbers, this the space directly above the Hall of 500. Styles is the first to touch down inside -- a fact he confirms for Kofax.

STYLES

First.

Before they can move about freely, they need to check something: Kofax breaks out a hand-auger, starts drilling the wooden floor.

INT. CEILING OF HALL OF 500 - PALAZZO VECCHIO - NIGHT

A hole appears in a ceiling painting. An endoscope lens peeps through.

INT. DEAD SPACE - PALAZZO VECCHIO - NIGHT

CLOSE on Styles' screen: In night vision, we see the Hall of 500 directly below. No movement.

STYLES

Okay.

Kofax takes up position under the center beam of the room. Styles spiders off to one side, flicks on a laser-tape.

CLOSE on the laser dot finding Kofax's waiting palm.

CLOSE on Styles' read-out. Numbers flick up and down as...

Styles shifts position, looking for the right distance off centerline. Looking for where the air-gap should be.

At "12.75," he chalks a mark on the floor.

Now Styles breaks out some serious gizmology -- an anodized box with multiple lenses and tripod legs. He positions it over the chalk mark and slots in a battery. Screen-glow lights up his face as he tweaks settings.

K
Y
N
A
M
I
B
A
S
I
L

CONTINUED:

Kofax watches from behind, curiously dubious.

STYLES

If you must know...it's a tri-band scanner featuring infrared, sidescan sonar, and non-ionizing T-Ray.

KOFAX

Needs a better name.

STYLES

There can be no name for something this special. Only one like it, ever. Built it myself.

KOFAX

How 'bout "tricorder."
(off Styles' look)
Like from Star Trek?

Styles will kill him later.

CLOSE on the screen. First up is the infrared scan. We're looking for temperature differential between air and brick. But it reveals only solid masonry.

Styles switches to T-Ray.

CLOSE on the screen. Again solid.

Styles plays his last card -- sonar. The scanner emits a LOW HUM. A sonagram-like image appears on the screen. Still solid.

STYLES

No dice.

He starts packing up. Fast.

KOFAX

Hang on. You sure?

STYLES

You saw what I saw. Take this, take this....

GINA (O.S./HEADSET)

What's happening?

KOFAX

(into headset)
Struck out.

BASIL
I WANNA
KNOW
YOUR
NAME

INT. STYLES' HOTEL ROOM #2 - NIGHT

GINA
(into headset)
Wait, wait, wait. What do you mean?
Are you sure?

KOFAX (O.S./HEADSET)
We're 12.75 east of centerline --
right where you said the air-gap
should be.

Panic in Gina's eyes.

GINA
Wait. Let me just...just...please
stop. Stop.
(a beat)
Is that meters? Or yards?

INT. DEAD SPACE -- PALAZZO VECCHIO - NIGHT

Kofax and Styles roll eyes. They recheck the laser-tape
just to humor her. We don't see the read-out -- but we do
see their faces. Classic.

STYLES
(into headset)
Uh, equipment calibration error.
Stand by.

INT. STYLES' HOTEL ROOM #2 - NIGHT

Now DiCarlo rolls his eyes.

DICARLO
And these guys drove on the moon?

INT. DEAD SPACE -- PALAZZO VECCHIO - NIGHT

Styles moves the scanner four feet and restarts his whole
routine. Kofax can't stand it anymore: He KNUCKLE-TAPS a
line across the floor. First it sounds SOLID...then it
sounds HOLLOW...then it sounds SOLID.

KOFAX
Right there. Air-gap.

A beat. Styles looks at his gizmo like it was the family
dog that just got run over.

STYLES
God, it hurts....

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

QUICK CLOSEUPS: The augur bites into the floor. The endoscope gets pushed through. LEDs around the lens pop on.

The air sparks with anticipation as the first images appear from inside the air-gap. From inside the slender tomb.

INT. STYLES' HOTEL ROOM #2 - NIGHT

Gina and DiCarlo. Watching the same thing on a monitor here. Holding their breath.

CLOSE on monitor: We're descending the face of a wall hidden for centuries. The image is jerky, at times fuzzy. We get an impression of a plaster surface with some pigmentation but....

DICARLO

I don't see...maybe there, but...
No, I just can't tell if it's....

We're just too damn close to see content.

INT. DEAD SPACE - PALAZZO VECCHIO - NIGHT

Suddenly:

STYLES

Whawazzat?

Kofax doubles back with the endoscope. And there, filling the screen, is the eyeball of a horse. And even through the shitty lens of the endoscope...

We see expression in that eye.

We see depth.

We see the handiwork of Leonardo da Vinci.

INT. STYLES' HOTEL ROOM #2 - NIGHT

Legs failing, Gina sinks to the floor.

GINA

Santo Cielo, it's there...it's
really there....

INT. HALL OF 500 - PALAZZO VECCHIO - NIGHT

CLOSE on sawdust on the floor. A shoe probes it.

BASIL
IWA
NMI
K

CONTINUED:

The shoe belongs to a MUSEUM GUARD. The dust belongs to that hole Kofax drilled in the ceiling way above. Now the guard squats and fingers the sawdust. Big termites.

INT. STYLES' HOTEL ROOM #2 - NIGHT

Styles docks his strider at the hotel window. Already inside, Kofax pulls him over the railing. An excited Gina shows the Rubens rendering as reference.

DICARLO

Here, right here...this is what
you saw...the eye of this horse.
It's just fantastico, yeah?

She hits Styles with a full-contact hug. His party reflex kicks in.

STYLES

Mucho fantastico. Hey, let's go
totally nuts -- DiCarlo, grab that
little bottle of champagne.

DICARLO

(re minibar)
Where? Here?

STYLES

That magic box that makes ordinary
drinks expensive. That's it, pop it
open. And the Toblerone's too, let's
go crazy.

GINA

After so long...to finally see what
we've only had dreams of, even if it
was just one small...

(kissing Styles)

Thank you, thank you so much....

KOFAX

We haven't done shit yet.

They turn. Kofax is detaching the carbon cable from the winch, getting ready to pull it in.

DICARLO

He's right. We've just found what
we knew was there.

BASIL IWANZYK

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - PALAZZO VECCHIO - NIGHT

That same guard enters a monitoring station. He scans the screens that cover the museum inside and out. Nothing out of sorts except...

A strange line. It's on the clocktower screen.

MUSEUM GUARD

Cose questo? (*What is this?*)

Just a hair stuck to the glass? He tries to wipe it away but can't. That's because it's the carbon cable.

INT. STYLES' HOTEL ROOM #2 - NIGHT

A quarter-mile away, Kofax starts reeling in that same cable.

GINA

So what next? And how soon?

KOFAX

Assuming we figure out how to remove it...assuming some sheik in Abu Dhabi wants it for his white-tiger breeding room...we need to decide who gets what.

DICARLO

I don't think right now is --

KOFAX

Gimme your split.

GINA

I have no problem with four equal --

KOFAX

Well, I do. We'll be doing the heavy lifting, taking most the exposure. I see 70 percent of the chips on our side of the table.

The room just got chilly. Styles steps away from the Italians and lines up beside Kofax. Gina folds her arms and impales them with a look.

GINA

70 percent? Really?

K
Y
N
A
M
I
B
A
S
I
L

EXT. PALAZZO VECCHIO - NIGHT

Two museum guards run outside, look up at the clocktower.
No cable now. Momentary confusion -- until they hear a
SKITTERING SOUND.

WHAT THEY SEE: 20 yards away, the end of the cable is
snaking across the ground. Slithering away.

They lurch after it.

INT. STYLES' HOTEL ROOM #2 - NIGHT

Kofax continues to reel in cable -- the cable that is
leading the museum guards right to them.

DICARLO

We brought you in. We did all the
ground-work, all the research, more
than you know.

KOFAX

How much more.

DICARLO

More than 30 percent more.

KOFAX

No, how much more we don't know?
You've been pitchin' us curveballs
the whole time. If you got any more
surprises, I want to hear them now,
right now, not --

GINA

Take it. If that's what you need
to do the job, take 70.

They folded quicker than expected. Kofax stops reeling for
a second, wondering why that might be. Styles decides to
take "yes" for an answer and pops half-bottles of Prosecco.

STYLES

So that's that. Let's hydrate.

INT. FIRENZE STREETS - NIGHT

The guards catch up to the cable-end, now motionless. One
guy grabs it like a snake's tail...

And the cable jumps out of his hand. Climbs a vertical
wall. Vanishes over a roof-line. Gone.

BASIL IWANZYK

INT. STYLES' HOTEL ROOM #2 - NIGHT

Kofax reels in the last of the cable and secures the window behind it. He joins the others in drinking up.

DICARLO

Now. How do we do it?

EXT. PALAZZO VECCHIO - DAY

With that question echoing in their heads, Styles and Kofax approach the fortress-museum. It's the first time Styles has seen it in daylight, and he's grimly impressed. Especially by the stone embattlements up top.

STYLES

First idea? Don't use ladders.
They might pour hot oil on us.

Cloaked in tourists, they head for the courtyard.

KOFAX

Think I played it too strong last night?

STYLES

What, the 70 percent thing?

KOFAX

Expected to land 60-40.

STYLES

Know what I was thinkin' the whole time? "Why do we need these jokers at all?"

(off Kofax's look)

Like it didn't cross your mind.
Here, put this in.

He has in-ear device. Kofax ughs. *"Not again."*

STYLES (CONT'D)

Picks up vibrations in your skull,
you can talk too. Just do it.

Styles screws one in. Kofax drops one into a pocket.

INT. COURTYARD - PALAZZO VECCHIO - DAY

They enter the large courtyard. Styles notes the polizia sub-station. COPS WITH CARBINES exit a glass door.

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

STYLES
So far so bad. Are they....

KOFAX
All day every day.

The cops pass. Kofax checks his watch.

KOFAX
Okay, gimme a ten-minute stagger.
I'm coming up on 1:20 in five...
four...three...two...one. Mark it.

He looks. Styles didn't mark shit.

KOFAX
Where's your watch?

STYLES
I'm sorry, my what?

In a flash, Kofax sees where this is heading -- imagines the whole discussion they're about to have on generational watch-wearing habits. He walks away instead.

KOFAX
Just come when you want.

STYLES
I got my father's watch at home.

INT. HALL OF 500 - PALAZZZO VECCHIO - DAY

Kofax enters the Hall of 500. Threading his way through tourists, he moves to the Vasari mural on the east wall. He snaps open folding binoculars.

BINOX POV: Panning over the mural. Finding a green flag. FOCUSING on the letters there. "CERCA TROVA."

KOFAX
"Seek and you shall find."

So that part checks out, too. He turns to the palladium windows at one end of the room. Just how tall are they?

INT. LOBBY - PALAZZO VECCHIO - DAY

Downstairs, Styles transits security.

INT. HALL OF 500 - PALAZZO VECCHIO - DAY

Kofax is at those palladium windows, looking out.

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

WHAT HE SEES: A construction crane across the piazza. It looks about the right size -- the arm might sweep this far. Could he use it?

Kofax focuses on the windows. Some sections used to be operable -- 100 years ago, anyway. He inspects the old hinges, finds something odd, scratches at the patina on a hinge to reveal...

New chrome beneath.

Doesn't make sense. Why would someone put fake patina on new hinges? Just aesthetics?

A THROAT GETS CLEARED nearby. It's Styles, giving him the stink eye. Reluctantly Kofax sticks in his earpiece. Styles moves back to the Vasari mural, strikes the pose of an art critic about to sing its praises.

STYLES (EARPIECE)
Jackhammer it.

KOFAX (EARPIECE)
Uh, that is regarded as a masterpiece
in and of itself.

STYLES (EARPIECE)
How many battles you need in here?
I have a rig that will suppress 72
percent of the noise emitted by a
pneumatic jackhammer during --

KOFAX (EARPIECE)
Here's what I'm learning: The best
way for you to have a good idea is to
have many ideas. So stay here, keep
thinking, I'll look for alternate
ingress.

STYLES (EARPIECE)
So...you're gonna go jiggle some
locks?

With relish, Kofax removes the earpiece and goes.

ITALIAN MAN (O.S.)
You like Vasari, too?

An over-groomed ITALIAN MAN appears beside Styles.

STYLES
Love 'im, love 'im. 'Specially this
one here.

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

ITALIAN MAN

A great man, Vasari. Not just a painter, of course, but an architect, too. Not to mention a biographer of other great men. We've learned so much from Vasari....

STYLES

Riiiiiiight....

Styles tries to get away, but Italian Man sticks with him. Styles figures it has something to do with the guy's clear nail polish.

INT. SMALL ROOMS - PALAZZO VECCHIO - DAY

Kofax ventures through a warren of rooms with displays of furniture and ceramics. It's all pretty dull, but Kofax stays keen, clocking all the electrical panels and alcoves and side doors. And yeah, he jiggles a lock.

MUSEUM GUARD

Posso aiutarti? (*Can I help you?*)

KOFAX

Toilet?

The guard nods a direction. Kofax heads there. HOLD on the guard, staring after Kofax.

INT. HALL OF 500 - PALAZZO VECCHIO - DAY

Styles is still trying to lose his shadow.

ITALIAN MAN

...for instance, Michelangelo himself was to paint on this wall here. But it never happened -- the Pope calls him away to do the Sistine Chapel. How could he refuse, hmm?

STYLES

Well, this is all fascinating....

ITALIAN MAN

And at the very same time, Leonardo da Vinci was to paint on this wall here. "The Battle of Anghiari." Perhaps you know it. Perhaps someone has shown you the Rubens version of it....

Styles stops oddly. Turns back.

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

STYLES
How you know all this stuff?

ITALIAN MAN
(eyes smiling)
You learn a few things after 18
years in the same museum.

Styles knows he's been made. It's bug-out time.

INT. MAIN CORRIDOR - PALAZZO VECCHIO - DAY

Moving fast but not running, Styles angles for the stairs that will return him to the entrance. But TWO THUG GUARDS close like curtains in front of him.

He jukes down a side passage. Shoulders open a door. Finds a stairwell...

INT. STAIRWELL - PALAZZO VECCHIO - CONTINUOUS

...and circles down a flight. The stairs dead-end at a locked door. Instantly Styles reverses himself -- but HEARS THAT UPPER DOOR RE-OPENING.

CLOSE on polished shoes descending. Three sets.

Kofax grabs scrap metal off the ground. Not big enough to fight with -- but big enough to attack door hinges with. He gets the first hinge-pin out.

CLOSE on the hands of the guards. They slip on "blast knuckles" -- stun guns worn like brass knuckles.

Styles pries the second pin out. One more.

Three thug guards pivot into view behind him. Two wear blast knuckles, the third has black cloth and zip ties. Holy shit, they're going to render him?

The first guard lunges. Styles catches him by the wrist... struggles with the sizzling serpent on the guy's fist... slowly muscles the blast knuckles toward the metal railing...

And sends a thousand volts through it. The second guard, gripping the railing, YELLS and falls back.

Styles goes for the last pin.

The third guard rushes forward. Styles piston-kicks him away, keeps working. The last pin is the bitch. Then startling us...

BASIL IWMANZKY

CONTINUED:

The door blows wide open. Kofax surges through.

We get it: He was in the same predicament on the other side of the door, guards chasing him too. Seeing each other, Kofax and Styles groan.

Kofax gets CRACKED with a baton. He hits the ground like a wet tea bag.

 STYLES
 (to his guards)
 Know what? I'll just fall down all
 by my --

He gets BLASTED.

INT. STAIRCASE - PALAZZO VECCHIO - DAY

Hooded and zip-tied, Kofax and Styles get dragged up a staircase. Unceremoniously so.

INT. MEDIEVAL CELL - PALAZZO VECCHIO - DAY

We're TIGHT on two bagged heads, vertical now. The bags "look" around like hooded birds might. After itchy silence...

 KOFAX BAG
 You there?

The other bag flinches hard.

 STYLES BAG
 Scared the piss outta me, man.
 Didn't know you were there.

 KOFAX BAG
 Got the hood on too?

 STYLES BAG
 Rockin' it Gitmo.

 KOFAX BAG
 Any idea where we are?

 STYLES BAG
 Got one.

 KOFAX BAG
 Gonna tell me?

 STYLES BAG
 Nope.

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

KOFAX BAG

How come?

STYLES BAG

Because if I'm wrong and they're listening, don't want to give 'em any big ideas.

Suddenly the hoods come off. POP WIDE to show Kofax and Styles in the medieval torture chamber.

STYLES

Shit.

They've been clamped into restraint chairs. Thug guards loom large behind. Standing before them is SIGNORE BALDI, the hetero-flexible man with the polished nails Styles met earlier. He displays an electronic tablet -- and some surveillance photos of Gina and DiCarlo.

BALDI

Tell me when you met them...how many times...what they asked you to do.

KOFAX

See again? No, her picture? Oh, I'd remember. She's a pistol.

STYLES

(re DiCarlo)

But he kinda reminds me of the Dos Equis guy. Anyone else? Am I crazy?

Expecting as much, Baldi moves to a side table where rusty devices have been laid out.

BALDI

All these we just found here -- the thumb-screws...heretic's fork... a foot-roaster -- the expected things. But this...

He shows a pear-shaped device made of iron. It has a spindle sticking out the fat end. At the end of the spindle is a key like on a wind-up toy.

BALDI

This is "The Pear of Anguish" -- used to punish homosexuals, witches, and women accused of creating a miscarriage.

KOFAX

Well...I just don't believe we fit any of those categories.

(MORE)

K
Y
N
Z
A
N
I
W
I
B
S
I
L

CONTINUED:

KOFAX (CONT'D)
(to Styles)
Sorry, pro'bly shouldn't speak for us
both here....

BALDI
Well, occasionally it was for ladros,
too. Thieves. Introduce it into the
mouth of a thief...

He cranks the key to demonstrate. The pear starts
expanding, petals opening up.

BALDI (CONT'D)
...then turn to open wider...and
wider...and wider. First it destroys
the teeth...

The guys pucker their mouths.

BALDI (CONT'D)
...but ultimately it will tear the
jaw open, too. Or...introduce it
into the anus...

The guys pucker everywhere.

BALDI (CONT'D)
...it results in a river of blood and
excrement. It was rarely washed.

Somehow, that's the worst part, that last part.

BALDI (CONT'D)
"The Pear of Anguish." I keep
intending to exhibit all this
someday, but...things keep intruding.

Like his two intruders.

KOFAX
Okay. Since we're up here and not
down in that police station, I'm
assuming one of two things is true:
Either you don't really have shit on
us, or you don't want to call them
for reasons of your own. Which is
it?

Baldi decides to do this a different way. He shows the
photos again.

BALDI
Her name is "Gemma Rossi," his,
"Franco Guzzo," well known to us.
They work for this man...

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

He displays a black-and-white image of MARIO SODERINI, shown as a 60ish man. Baldi studies their reaction and sees no recognition.

BALDI (CONT'D)
...who you don't know. Which tells me that they are protecting him -- while fucking you.

Baldi switches apps, shows surveillance video of Gina and DiCarlo exiting the hotel last night. They stop to CONFER IN ITALIAN.

BALDI
He asks "And when they start talking? After they've been arrested?" She says "The apartment will be empty, and they never knew our real names. We'll be gone like smoke."
(stops video)
Your partners expect you to fail. In fact, they're counting on it.

KOFAX
(off balance)
And...how we know your translation is --

BALDI
Ask them yourself, later.

Off his nod, the guards tip the restraint chairs forward. Kofax and Styles crash to the floor.

BALDI (CONT'D)
But one thing you cannot do is come back here. Never ever again.

He strolls behind them with a knife. We see that the chairs have cut-out seats -- and now we're puckering. Expertly, Baldi slices open the butt-seam of their pants.

REACTION Kofax and Styles. *"So this is how it ends."*

KOFAX
You're thinkin' how it was never washed, aren't you?

STYLES
Thinkin' how I explain this to the cute nurse in E.R.

Baldi takes the Pear of Anguish and sticks it right... in...their...

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

Faces.

BALDI

Remember it. Remember the pear.

EXT. GINA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Laden with groceries, Gina enters her apartment building. She's relieved to find the elevator working tonight.

INT. ELEVATOR - APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Gina checks messages as the ELEVATOR SCRAPES PAST floors. Nothing from Kofax or Styles, and she should've heard by now. She redials "Kofax." It RINGS in her ear but, oddly, it also RINGS on the other side of the elevator doors, just now opening.

Suddenly Kofax is inside with her. Grabbing. Evicting her from the elevator...

INT. HALLWAY - APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

...and slinging her into a wall. Groceries fly.

GINA

Che diavolo fai? (*What the hell you doing?*)

She gets a look at his face -- and gets a chill. Stone col' badass. He clamps her neck, runs her down the hall and into her apartment. Styles slams the door behind. We hear the DOOR LOCK AND LATCH.

INT. GINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kofax and Styles have her pinned down in the kitchen.

GINA

(desperate)

...okay, the man you met, Baldi, he is a furbastro, just a shit of a human being, okay? It would mean nothing to him to lie about --

KOFAX

Was he lying about your name?
Is your real name "Gemma Rossi,"
yes or no?

GINA/GEMMA

I never said it wasn't. You're the one who started the stupid --

K
Y
N
A
I
B
S
I
L

CONTINUED:

KOFAX

And "DiCarlo" is really "Guzzo."
He was lying too.

She buries her face in her hands. It's all going wrong.

STYLES

And you both work for someone else.
"Soderini."

GINA/GEMMA

No, no, no, it's not like that.

KOFAX

You didn't put this job together.
It's Soderini. He's the shot-caller.

GINA/GEMMA

This is my plan.

STYLES

Which plan? The one to lift the
Leonardo? Or the one where you fuck
us and leave us for dead while you
pull another job somewhere else?

KOFAX

Is that it? We were the sideshow?

She slides to the floor, starts to cry.

GINA/GEMMA

No, no, no, it's not...but I can't
tell you without --

KOFAX

Sure you can. Get up.

GINA/GEMMA

He'll be angry if he finds out that I
did this on my own --

KOFAX

GET UP!

Kofax yanks her to her feet...

And suddenly there's a carving knife in her hand. She
sweeps it defensively. Kofax blocks her arm, flat-hands
her face, strips the weapon, hands it to Styles. Normally
he'd have qualms about roughing up a female. But not
tonight. Tonight it feels good.

KOFAX

Soderini. Let's go.

BASIL IWANZYK

INT. HALLWAY - APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

They exit. Nose bleeding, Gemma starts picking up the spilled groceries, bagging them as she makes her way down the hall. It's kind of pathetic.

Reaching the last door, she knocks.

Kofax and Styles trade looks. *"Saved money on the taxi."* They bracket the door. Still chained, it opens. We hear ominous DARTH VADER BREATHING.

SODERINI (O.S.)
Gemma. Mia angela custoda....

Kofax gives her a look. *"Answer."*

GEMMA
I bought you a few things. The apples may be a little bruised. I'm sorry.

SODERINI (O.S.)
What happened? You're bleeding.

GEMMA
Can I just come in?

We hear the DOOR UNCHAIN, reopen. As one, Kofax and Styles pivot into the doorway to confront...

A 70-year-old man with oxygen tubes. This is SODERINI now. He spots the knife in Styles' hand.

SODERINI
If you came to steal, you're about 30 years late. That's the last time I had anything.

GEMMA
(re Kofax and Styles)
I know them. We're just in a little trouble.

SODERINI
Trouble? Sounds exciting.

He opens the door wider.

INT. SODERINI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The place is crammed with ancient texts, diaries, diagrams, copies of all Leonardo's known paintings -- and one unknown one. The clocktower of Palazzo Vecchio is framed by a

BASIL
IWA
N
Z
Y
K

CONTINUED:

window. On a clear night like tonight, it seems you can reach out and touch it.

GEMMA

...to me, he was just this sweet old guy I saw on the lift. I did things for him, neighbor things -- and he would talk about "his lost Leonardo." To me and anybody who'd listen.

SODERINI

Most people didn't. And by "sweet old guy" she means "crazy old guy."

GEMMA

(to Kofax, Styles)

But the more I heard, the more he showed me of all this stuff, the more it started to be, you know....not so crazy.

SODERINI

That's when she fell in love with me. I asked her to marry me, but for some reason she refused. Can you imagine? A specimen like me?

(aside)

Do either of you two signori have sigarettas?

GEMMA

Don't give him cigarettes, he has emphysema. So finally I made a meeting at the museum -- with Signore Baldi.

SODERINI

Bleh. "Baldi."

(stands)

I need to get this horrible taste from my mouth. Cappuchi? Quanti?

He picks up his portable oxygen rig, shuffles unsteadily into the kitchenette.

STYLES

(to Gemma)

And Baldi thought you were both crazy.

GEMMA

No, no -- the research was too much, too good. I think he knew.

BASIL I WANNA K

CONTINUED:

STYLES

Well, how long ago was this?

GEMMA

Maybe two years.

STYLES

So why hasn't he done anything?
If I'm the museum, this is huge,
I want it to come out and --

KOFAX

"Soderini."

He remembers where he heard the name before -- from her.
Gemma leans forward and drops her voice.

GEMMA

The man who paid Leonardo for the
painting 450 years ago -- "Soderini
the First." The man making you caffe
over there? And using old grounds?
"Soderini the Last."

It hits the guys like a big soft hammer.

KOFAX

He owns it.

GEMMA

(leading)

If....

KOFAX

If he can show it's really there.

STYLES

(catching on)

But Mr. Fruity In The Booty over at
the museum, he won't move the Vasari
because he doesn't want to confirm
that the Leonardo exists....

GEMMA

Not yet. Because if this Soderini
dies first, there is no claim.

STYLES

They're starving him out.

KOFAX

They're stealing it from him.

Gemma nods. Tragic but true. From the kitchen:

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

SODERINI

You say you're starving?

GEMMA

How can your ears still work like that? How is that possible?

SODERINI

(to himself)

I'll trade two good ears for one good cock, any time....

Gemma crosses to the window, stares out at the clocktower. Soderini must see it every night of his life. And it must mock him.

KOFAX

(low)

Well, you got him to sign, right?

GEMMA

Scusi?

KOFAX

You befriended him, stepped into the role of daughter-he-never-had, got him to sign it all over to you. I mean, it's the only reason you'd still be --

She whacks his face. Maybe just pay-back. Maybe true outrage.

GEMMA

No. I didn't.

STYLES

Hey, ain't no high road here, not when you were set to snitch-blade us in the back, call the cops as soon as the Leonardo was uncovered. That was the plan, right? We were just collateral --

GEMMA

You were ladros. Who cared about you? C'mon, how many times did you steal and not get caught?

STYLES

And what are you? Lady, what do you actually do?

K
Y
N
A
M
I
B
A
S
I
L

CONTINUED:

GEMMA

Doesn't matter....
(under the weight of
their stares)
I work in a panificio, okay?

STYLES

A what?

GEMMA

"A bakery." Signore Guzzo --
"DiCarlo" -- he owns it, okay?

It embarrasses her. It amazes the guys.

STYLES

Never saw 'em in the morning, did we?
Jesus, jerked around by a couple
donut-glazers....

KOFAX

(back on topic)
So are we to believe this isn't about
green money?

GEMMA

It was about being right, about doing
right, about...not letting 35 years
of this guy's life be wasted trying
to prove...

(at clocktower)

...what is right there.

(with creeping hope)

So is it always money with Americans?
Are you really that simple?

CUT TO:

Soderini puts the finishing touches on his coffee service.
But when he looks for someone to carry the tray for him, he
sees Gemma quietly closing the front door.

SODERINI

Where are your friends?

Gemma wraps him up. She doesn't know what to say.

SODERINI (CONT'D)

And Gemma, why are you crying now?
Hmm? What's wrong, mia angela? What
happened?

BASIL IWANZYK

EXT. STYLES' HOTEL - FIRENZE - DAY

Morning light. Styles supervises BELLHOPS as they load his cases into a rental Alpha. We hear a SULTRY GROWL...

And a 1958 Ferrari rolls up, champagne gold, a stunning example of Italian mechanical art. Kofax has the wheel.

STYLES
Busy last night.

KOFAX
Just paying off the minibar, this point. So what's next?

STYLES
South to Rome, 3:30 flight out.
After that....
(he shrugs)
You?

KOFAX
North to the border, drive it out through Austria. After that....

He shrugs.

STYLES
Just "Remember the pear."

KOFAX
"The Pear of Anguish."

STYLES
"It was rarely washed." You know I haven't crapped since?
(after tipping bellhop)
Well, look, I gotta say -- it wasn't an entirely horrible experience, working with you.

KOFAX
Wasn't utterly wretched, was it?

Their low praise is really high praise. On that, Kofax SQUEALS A U-TURN and goes.

STYLES
You still owe me 800K!

Kofax gives him half a peace sign. Styles pops him with a finger-pistol. He drops into his Alpha and leaves opposite.

BASIL IWANZYK

INT. CORRIDOR/SECURITY OFFICE - PALAZZO VECCHIO - DAY

Baldi strolls through the museum like he owns it. Soon he swipes through an unmarked door...

To enter the security office. Waiting for him is a museum guard -- and a familiar bellhop. They present a flip cam to Baldi like it was a winning lottery ticket.

Baldi slots it into a computer. It yields surveillance footage of Kofax and Styles outside the hotel this morning.

STYLES (RECORDED)
So "Remember the pear."

KOFAX (RECORDED)
"The Pear of Anguish."

STYLES (RECORDED)
"It was rarely washed...."

Baldi watches until they leave.

BALDI
Two American trash dogs. That's all they were.

EXT. TUSCANY ROAD - DAY

Doing a cool 150 kph, Kofax tools north in the Ferrari. It's a beautiful live-to-fight-another day in Tuscany. PHONE RINGS. He checks the screen. "MICKI."

KOFAX
Guess what I'm driving.

MICKI (PHONE)
What, you grabbed one?

KOFAX
Champagne and wire wheels, pretty damn sweet. Might be a keeper.

INT. ST. PETERSBURG GALLERY - DAY

INTERCUTTING the call:

MICKI
It's all yours. I'm calling to let you know I may want my chips after all -- in that "other" matter.

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

KOFAX

Yeah, that? That was a bust.

MICKI

Really? Not what I hear, Kofax.
I heard you're delivering this week.

KOFAX

'Ang on, 'ang on, 'ang on....

He lightens his foot to reduce ENGINE GROWL.

KOFAX (CONT'D)

Say again?

MICKI

I couldn't get a name, but there's
some Russian billionaire -- we have
more than a few now -- he put money
down on the Leonardo. High eight
figures, they're saying.

KOFAX

No, no, no. Must be talking about
some other painting, not --

MICKI

"The Battle of Anghiari," correct?

The Ferrari hits the shoulder in a cloud of dust. PUSH IN
on Kofax, mind racing.

KOFAX

Micki. You sure about this?

MICKI

(quite sure)

Someone in Firenze has promised that
painting will be in St. Petersburg
by the end of the month -- which is
seven days from now. You're saying
it's not you?

MEMORY HIT #1: Of the construction crane outside the
museum. Already in place.

MEMORY HIT #2: Of the tall palladium windows.

MEMORY HIT #3: Of the new window hinges with the fake
patina.

KOFAX

Of course.

BASIL
IWA
N
Z
Y
K

EXT. BALDI'S REHEARSAL HALL - DAY

Baldi. On a backstreet of Firenze, he approaches a large baroque building, once proud but now derelict. He keys open a door...

INT. BALDI'S REHEARSAL HALL - DAY

...and enters a parallel universe. The space has been converted into a scaled-down Hall of 500 -- Baldi's private rehearsal hall. Aluminum truss towers occupy the perimeter just like the real venue. One wall is built out as a double wall. On it is a large stone frame, empty. Empty except for the name "VASARI."

Waiting on Baldi are six people -- three guards from the museum, THREE NEW PRESERVATIONISTS.

BALDI

Our window is five hours, not a minute more.

He starts a timer on his tablet, turns it for all to see. Now the stress rehearsal begins. In A FUSILLADE OF SHOTS, we see:

Guards using the truss towers like a giant erector set, reconfiguring beams, creating scaffolding, adding wheels...

Pushing that scaffolding up to the "VASARI" mural...

Fastening it to the stone frame with clamps, load-bearing clamps made just for this...

0h:43m showing on the timer...

Guards unpacking pneumatic tools. Big rotary blades. Jaws-of-life stuff. Flicking on a compressor...

And REVVING THE ROTARY SAWS. Starting to cut around the frame of "VASARI." Five inches deep. Capturing the stone dust with filter bags...

Baldi checking a decibel meter. Wincing. Taking it outside...

EXT. BALDI'S REHEARSAL HALL - CONTINUOUS

...and trying again from the street. Better. He can barely hear the SAWS here.

BASIL
I
W
A
N
Z
Y
K

INT. BALDI'S REHEARSAL HALL - DAY

Done cutting, guards start moving one end of the scaffolding. Pivoting it. The "VASARI" mural comes along for the ride, opening like a door to reveal...

Another wall hiding beneath. "LEONARDO."

2h:12m on the timer...

Preservation team taking over now, pushing a second scaffolding into place...

Climbing it. Passing up bolts of fabric. Draping the muslin over the "LEONARDO"...

Wetting it down with spray guns that deliver a thin adhesive. Layer upon layer of muslin...

2h:55m...

Baldi shaking his head. Too slow. Taking off his coat and climbing the scaffolding himself, showing them how he wants it done...

3h:46m...

Preservationists shutting down air-movers: They've been blowing air across the "LEONARDO"...

Baldi checking the muslin, nodding, finding it dry enough. Now they have a protective shell over the "LEONARDO"...

BALDI

No stopping, no stopping....

Guards taking over again, resetting blades for a shallower cut, ROTARY SAWS creating a 12'x19' rectangle...

4h:17m...

Everyone gathering close, knowing this is a critical moment, needing to transfer the weight of the "LEONARDO" to the scaffolding -- while keeping it upright. But with straps and slings...with grunts and groans...

They do it. The 12'x19' slab that represents "The Battle of Anghiari" is now swinging gently in a cradle. It gets rolled over to "palladium windows" chalked onto a wall.

BALDI

Crane takes over, allow 7 minutes for the transfer, you have 23 minutes more.

BASIL
IWA
NIX
K

CONTINUED:

Baldi advancing the timer...

Guards muscling the "VASARI" back into place, closing that mammoth door...

Preservationists guiding it into its hole, using spacers and wedges to finesse the fit...

Everyone racing now, working with caulk guns, filling the gap left by the rotary blades...

Opening those filter bags, reusing the stone dust, blowing it into the moist caulk to get the right texture...

Breaking down the scaffolding into component parts -- and rebuilding the original truss towers.

CUT TO:

The "VASARI" mural is back on the wall, looking just like it was found. They're done. Baldi's crew is exhausted and sweaty and just a little smug, too. Yet for some reason...

4h:59m. The timer still runs.

BALDI

And what else?

The LEAD GUARD can't figure it out. What did he miss?

BALDI

Two years, Umberto. Two years of my life, thinking about this and this alone. Two years of paying your bills...your family's bills...just so you wouldn't have to live on the wages of a real guard....

The guard pushes tool cases around, clearing the work area. Someone else collects dead water bottles. It fails to appease.

BALDI

How many times have I said it?
My position gives only access --
it will not protect us from stupid mistakes.

5h:00m. Oh, shit.

Baldi grabs the guard by the neck and shoves him to the floor, doing it like a man shoving his dog's nose in shit. Some debris was left below the "VASARI." Just something that didn't get swept up.

BASIL INVAZNYK

CONTINUED:

LEAD GUARD
We'll get it right now.

BALDI
With your tongue, Umberto.

LEAD GUARD
(half laugh)
No, no, I'll do it right. Just give
me the --

BALDI
You'll clean it with your tongue.

Nervous looks from the others. Baldi doesn't actually mean
it, does he?

BALDI
EAT IT!

And the guard eats the debris off the floor. The others
watch in dull horror -- but we get the feeling it's the
last mistake anybody will make.

EXT. BALDI'S REHEARSAL HALL - DAY

Baldi exits and moves to his car. Still in a mood, he
cobra-spits on the Alpha squeezed into the spot right
behind him.

Baldi CRANKS his engine, bumps his way out, heads off.
But we HOLD on the Alpha. A sun shade accordions away to
reveal...

Kofax and Styles. Inside.

WHAT THEY SEE: The guards and the others locking the
building, leaving.

INT. BALDI'S REHEARSAL HALL - MINUTES LATER

A door-spreader opens the locked door in seconds.

Kofax and Styles enter slowly, reverentially. This is,
after all, a cathedral of crime. It doesn't take long to
reverse-engineer the job in their minds.

STYLES
Well, what better thing to steal
than something worth mega-millions...
something in your control...and
something nobody will miss when
it's gone?

BASIL
I WANNA
X

CONTINUED:

KOFAX

1400 miles to St. Petersburg...three
days of truck time...one more day as
a shit-to-go-wrong buffer....

STYLES

He's gotta go in 72 hours.

It hangs there a beat. They're both thinking the same
thing. *"That would give us 48."*

STYLES (CONT'D)

Ain't enough time. Even if we use
his set-up, his crane, still gotta
figure the cameras out, the IR
curtain detectors at every door,
those motion --

KOFAX

I got all that.

STYLES

Oh, you got all that?

KOFAX

I got all that.

EXT. BALDI'S REHEARSAL HALL - MINUTES LATER

Back at the Alpha, Styles and Kofax consult Google Earth:
The laptop image swoops over Firenze rooftops toward a
familiar clocktower.

KOFAX

Plan view.

Styles jockeys into an overhead of the Palazzo Vecchio,
looking straight down. The main courtyard is open to the
sky. Kofax digs up a pencil.

STYLES

Don't.

KOFAX

Don't what?

STYLES

Do not draw on my screen.

KOFAX

Wasn't gonna.

He was gonna. Kofax ditches the pencil, uses his finger to
indicate a rectangle.

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

KOFAX

Right here. Hall of 500.

Styles notes the proximity of the Hall to the courtyard. They actually adjoin.

STYLES

How long this crazy little hamster
been running 'round your head?

KOFAX

From the start, pretty much.

It gets a look. But only because Styles didn't think of it himself.

STYLES

Tomorrow night. Jesus, got a little
ball-shiver just sayin' it.

They drop into the car, CRANK OVER.

STYLES

Just so we understand each other --
this is money over bitches, right?
Ain't about her, ain't about them.
We never see them, we never talk to
them ever again, right?

(a beat)

Correct?

KOFAX

Correct.

EXT. EQUIPMENT RENTAL YARD - DAY

Now begins our BOOTIN' UP MONTAGE. In FAST SHOTS, we
see...

Styles. Inspecting trucks for hire. Finding one that
might work: An old glass truck, used for delivering and
installing oversized windows. It comes with its own loader
crane.

DIESEL CLATTERING, Styles barrels the truck off-lot.

INT. MACHINE SHOP - DAY

An old machine shop. The Ferrari is here, sharing space
with aluminum cases, computer gear, cots and bedding,
welding torches, tanks, and...

Three Senegalese -- the same "Prada" guys who assisted on
the Chimera job. Kofax works with them to test different

BASIL IWANKY

CONTINUED:

epoxies: Aluminum I-beams have been glued to a series of rough stone slabs. One by one, the Senegalese lift the slabs by the beams...

And one by one, the slabs detach and SHATTER on the floor.

The Senegalese CHATTER IN WOLOF. The point-man, YAYA, turns to Kofax.

YAYA
Maybe more time to dry.

KOFAX
Won't get more time. Keep trying, more epoxies, no stopping, no sleeping until we get this right. Yeah-yeah?

YAYA
Yaya.

INT. STYLES' HOTEL ROOM #3 - NIGHT

Styles. At an open window, piloting the unseen blimp.

CLOSE on his screen: Seen from above, a CLEANING CREW emerges from the Palazzo Vecchio, done for the night.

Kofax. Jotting the time, "11:05," keeping track of all comings and goings.

INT. MACHINE SHOP - NIGHT

Yaya and his crew. Relentlessly testing epoxies. Finally finding one that lifts the stone slab -- and holds it. Kofax nods success.

YAYA
(showing him bottle)
"Gorilla Glue." It grows, you know?

KOFAX
"Expands." Yeah, good.

YAYA
We maybe try it on the polizia cars. Maybe when we run, they stick to the ground, you know?

KOFAX
Okay, this bottle? Find me 20 more just like it.

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

YAYA
20 more? Yaya.

EXT. BACK STREET - NIGHT

Styles. Shopping for something in the trunk of a Fiat. Trying a few, choosing one. Paying the SEEDY FIAT OWNER a couple hundred Euro.

He just bought a pistol. END MONTAGE.

INT. SODERINI'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Soderini shuffles around his flat, trying to organize his too-many files, lifting boxes he has no business lifting. WHEEZING, he sits and cranks up his oxygen. It doesn't help.

CLOSE on the oxygen gauge. Needle in the red.

Soderini grabs for a new tank but fumbles it. It rolls away from him. He gets down on his knees and reaches for the oxygen...

But only pushes it further away.

Overcome, Soderini rolls onto his back.

WHAT HE SEES: Water-stains on the ceiling. Slowly... impossibly...the stains begin rearranging into horses and soldiers...into "The Battle of Anghiari." This is his oxygen-starved mind trying to see what his eyes never will.

Soderini blacks out.

INT. PANIFICIO - DAY

A corner bakery for locals.

DiCarlo/Guzzo. Looking nothing like a criminal mastermind, he wears an apron and hair-net as he rolls out his dough. Up front...

Gemma. Looking nothing like a femme fatale, she works in jeans, t-shirt, doo-rag, stocking cases with butter cookies and other treats. This is what she is. A cannoli girl.

She answers THE PHONE. We can't hear what's being said, but we know it's not good.

IXWANNX
MI
BASIL
BB

INT. ICU ROOM - HOSPITAL - DAY

Soderini lies in ICU. Gemma is here, decoding THE MUFFLED WORDS that come from under his oxygen mask. She nods, stands...

And joins Dicarlo/Guzzo in the doorway.

GEMMA

He wants me to try again. One last time.

EXT. PALAZZO VECCHIO - DAY

In a mob of tourists, we FOCUS on one man approaching. The Ferragamo jacket and newsboy cap give him a continental vibe. But the McQueens give him away.

Kofax is heading for the Palazzo Vecchio. The place he was told never ever to come back to.

INT. COURTYARD - PALAZZO VECCHIO - DAY

CLOSE on a green laser dot. Probing quickly.

CLOSE on a laser measuring tape. Registering 15'-2".

His first task is to check the height of the courtyard entrance. It's gonna be tight. Kofax stows the tape, scans the courtyard with the eyes of a predator.

WHAT WE SEE: The police station door...a museum camera that covers the courtyard...and an expanse of windowless wall immediately above us. Above that is blue sky and clocktower.

Kofax checks the other three walls of the courtyard. They all have windows.

EXT. PALAZZO VECCHIO - DAY

KOFAX (EARPIECE)

Second floor closed. All of 'em.

Outside the palazzo, Styles sits near a fountain with an iPhone in his hands. Via earpieces:

STYLES

What 'bout third?

BASIL IWANZYK

INT. COURTYARD - PALAZZO VECCHIO - DAY

KOFAX

Also closed. Wait -- three west
shows one opening. Not much, couple
inches. Your call.

STYLES (EARPIECE)

Okay. Unzip my fly.

Kofax produces a leather pen case, unzips it, eases out an
object. Then like someone releasing a fairy...

He launches the "dragonfly."

EXT. PALAZZO VECCHIO - DAY

As Styles pilots the dragonfly via his iPhone.

INT. COURTYARD - PALAZZO VECCHIO - DAY

Kofax watches the dragonfly spiral upward -- and vanish
inside a window cracked open for ventilation.

EXT. PALAZZO VECCHIO - DAY

CLOSE on Styles' iPhone. On it, we see we've landed inside
a bookkeeper's office. Someone is approaching us -- with a
rolled-up magazine.

STYLES

Holy --

INT. BOOKKEEPER OFFICE - PALAZZO VECCHIO - DAY

WHAM! The dragonfly barely escapes, winging its way to
some safer perch.

INT. COURTYARD - PALAZZO VECCHIO - DAY

KOFAX

You good?

STYLES (EARPIECE)

Good enough. Go, go, go....

Kofax starts to vacate. But coming right at him...

Gemma. Here. On her way in.

Kofax veers off.

BASIL IWANKYX

CONTINUED:

Now Baldi appears. He seems to be expecting Gemma. MOS WORDS are exchanged. Baldi looks around, wondering if they have enough privacy for this. Kofax has vanished.

BALDI

So how is he doing, anyway? Signore Soderini? Haven't seen him in, what, two years?

GEMMA

Not good. In the hospital, actually.

BALDI

I'll send flowers.

GEMMA

He wants to tell you he's ready to sign something...a paper..that would give the Leonardo to the museum.

BALDI

Interesting. Generous.

GEMMA

All he wants is a plaque saying it was a gift -- "a gift from the Soderini family to Firenze and all of the world." Those exact words.

BALDI

And...this is all?

GEMMA

And...he wants the Leonardo uncovered before he dies. He needs to see it once. After that it's yours.

BALDI

Do we know when Signore Soderini expects to die?

GEMMA

The paper, we should do it soon.

BALDI

"Soon." Signorina, you don't seem to understand the difficulty of moving the Vasari. It would be months, perhaps years of careful planning, and even then it would take, well, a small act of genius to replace the Vasari again without damaging --

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

GEMMA

Stop stalling, okay? Just stop.
You've had years to --

BALDI

And this assumes there is something
behind it. Who knows? Maybe Vasari
did destroy it. Maybe he removed it
first. Maybe your research is --

GEMMA

We gave you everything. Two years
ago, WE SHOWED IT WAS REALLY THERE!

Her VOICE ECHOES in the courtyard. People look. Baldi
doesn't appreciate the outburst.

BALDI

You should go back to your little
cookies now. That's where you belong
since that's what you are, Gemma --
a pretty little butter cookie I can
finish in one bite.

The devil lurks behind his eyes, and Gemma wants to attack
it. But she tamps her anger down for Soderini's sake.

GEMMA

I'll make the paper tonight, have it
for you tomorrow.

BALDI

Tomorrow will be too late. Addio.

She doesn't understand. But on the blind side of a nearby
pillar...

Kofax does.

EXT. PALAZZO VECCHIO - DAY

STYLES (EARPIECE)

"Tonight?"

Kofax retreats fast across the piazza.

KOFAX

Sure sounds like it.

STYLES (EARPIECE)

No, no, no, why would he do that?
He's going tomorrow night, Saturday
night -- opening time Sunday is two
(MORE)

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

STYLES (EARPIECE) (CONT'D)
hours later and that would give him
two extra hours to --

KOFAX
I grabbed some audio, listen for
yourself, but it was pretty clear
he's geared up for --

Suddenly Styles is behind him, trailing a step.

STYLES
"Tonight." Yeah, I heard the rumor.
But slow down, man, let's just think
this through....

KOFAX
Nothing to think. Inside job wins.

STYLES
Hey, this is the first high-eight
job I ever run across, I'm not gonna
give it up easy, okay? And neither
are you.

KOFAX
Oh, I'm not?

STYLES
No, 'cuz you're Captain Clutch, man,
and you pulled off in four days what
took me 12 weeks. Nobody runs the
two-minute drill better'n you.

KOFAX
Two minutes is right.

STYLES
And I'm right about you. This is it,
partner, time when legends are made.
C'mon now. Just gotta punch it in.

But Kofax seems thrown. Is it just the new clock? Or was
it seeing Gemma again?

KOFAX
Look, I appreciate the bullshit
compliments, I really do, I just
don't.... I don't have it.

STYLES
Okay, okay, what if...and this is
just open-mic-night here but...what
if we...we give him the inside track
and we stick with our outside track.
Match him stride for stride.

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

KOFAX

I have no clue what you're....

Suddenly he gets a clue, and it stops Kofax in his tracks.
He stares at Styles. Could it ever work?

STYLES (CONT'D)

Tonight was our night anyway, right?

KOFAX

Yeah, here's the difference: When
I pull a plan out my ass, it has
some vague affiliation with reality.
What came out right there? Not
really a plan, more like the plot for
"Death Wish 6." Sorry, brotherman.

He walks on.

STYLES

Well, maybe I like that movie.

KOFAX

They never made it.

STYLES

Never made "DW6?" Nawww....

Kofax stops a cab by walking in front of it. Opens the
door. Starts to duck in when he spots...

Gemma. Crossing the piazza. Still punched in the heart by
her encounter with Baldi.

TAXI DRIVER #2

Signore? Signore, are you in or out?

EXT. FIRENZE - SUNSET

The sun slips below the Arno. Tonight is here.

INT./EXT. PALAZZO VECCHIO - NIGHT

Courtyard entrance. POLIZIA close the main gates, add a
chain and lock. The museum is now closed.

Pedestrian gate. DAY GUARDS and DOCENTS file out, passing
the night crew -- the three guards we remember from the
stress rehearsal.

Storage room. The cleaning crew gets to work. Among those
pulling out carts are the three preservationists.

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

Security office. A cleaner dusts a high shelf. Without realizing, she knocks something off.

CLOSE as the dragonfly hits the floor. Upside down. Unmoving. A relic of a dead plan.

The clocktower. 9:45.

Baldi arrives by car. The piazza is clearing out. He checks his time against the clocktower, then slides a look at...

The construction crane. Poised. Ready.

Inside, Baldi opens an I.T. closet. We see removable hard drives stacked beside the master DVR, each dated. Today's drive reads "8 SETTEMBRE." Baldi adds a new drive to the mix, this also marked "8 SETTEMBRE." He'll switch the two later to cover his tracks.

The clocktower. 11:05.

Courtyard. TWO POLIZIA loiter outside the station door. They watch the cleaning crew shuffle past, done for the night.

Security room. Baldi joins his three night guards. Anticipation building, they scan the monitors, waiting for those two cops to move back inside...for the cleaners to vacate...for the museum to be theirs alone.

BALDI

If we just all do our jobs, no one
will ever know that we made history
tonight.

INT. HALL OF 500 - PALAZZO VECCHIO - NIGHT

The preservationists wait with cleaning carts. Baldi and his guards enter the Hall of 500. On Baldi's nod, those carts open up like metal origami to reveal...

Rotary saws, compressor, fans, spray guns, muslin. Everything they need is here.

They begin.

INT. POLICE STATION - PALAZZO VECCHIO - NIGHT

POLIZIA #1 is heading back outside, leaving on a call. He reaches the door to the courtyard -- and face-bumps the glass. Just stuck? He pushes harder. Locked?

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

POLIZIA #2 joins, a supervisor. He tries a door key. It turns normally in the lock, but still the door resists.

POLIZIA #3 appears. An ANIMATED DISCUSSION. They conclude that "vandalos" have glued the door all the way around. It's like a quick weld job.

They try to force it -- and BREAK THE GLASS. Shaking his head, the supervisor goes to make a call.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - PALAZZO VECCHIO - NIGHT

PUSH IN on that dead dragonfly. Suddenly IT BUZZES. Stirs. Rights itself. Goes airborne. It can mean only one thing: Somewhere somehow, Styles and Kofax are still in the game.

The dragonfly lands on a chair-back. Those tiny eyes look right at...

The security monitors. We can see Baldi's crew in the Hall of 500. We can see what they're doing.

INT. HALL OF 500 - PALAZZO VECCHIO - NIGHT

Reconfigured scaffolding lies on its side. Wheels are stolen from the cleaning carts and added to scaffolding. Perfect fit. Now guards raise the whole assembly...

And push it up against the Vasari.

INT. COURTYARD - PALAZZO VECCHIO - NIGHT

As Polizia #2 unlocks the main gates and waves a truck inside.

INT. HALL OF 500 - PALAZZO VECCHIO - NIGHT

As guards attach clamps to the Vasari.

INT. COURTYARD - PALAZZO VECCHIO - NIGHT

As Polizia #2 TALKS TO THE DRIVER of the glass truck. They agree to board up the door for tonight.

The driver is Yaya. He moves to the rear of the truck and starts pulling plywood with his Senegalese helpers. That action reveals...

Aluminum I-beams. Precut to length.

K
Y
N
A
I
B
A
S
I
L

INT. HALL OF 500 - PALAZZO VECCHIO - NIGHT

Inside, two guards are poised on the massive scaffolding. They kick on compressors and REV THEIR SAWS.

CLOSE on the first cut being made.

INT. COURTYARD - PALAZZO VECCHIO - NIGHT

Yaya and his crew use hand saws to cut the plywood sheets to size. It's slow-going. Intentionally so.

INT. HALL OF 500 - PALAZZO VECCHIO - NIGHT

The two guards CONTINUE CUTTING. They pause periodically to clear their blades.

Baldi moves to the palladium windows, waiting on the last part of his plan.

WHAT HE SEES: A DHL truck parks in the piazza below. From ground level, it might look like a normal 10-ton truck. But looking down on it, we see the open slot that runs its length: They're going to drop the Leonardo into the truck like bread into a toaster.

Baldi allows a smile. To call it "a small act of genius" seems too modest now.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - PALAZZO VECCHIO - NIGHT

GO ULTRA CLOSE on the dragonfly. If a mechanical insect can stare intently, this one does.

INT. HALL OF 500 - PALAZZO VECCHIO - NIGHT

The cutting is done. The guards recheck their clamps, making sure the weight of the Vasari is distributed evenly. Now they clamber down...

And start pulling on the scaffolding. Pulling like mules.

Baldi steps forward with a work light. He intends to be the first human in 450 years to gaze upon Leonardo's masterpiece.

A dark gap widens between the Vasari and the wall.

Relishing the suspense, Baldi closes his eyes, listening to the BURDENED WHEELS of the scaffolding. When THEY FINALLY STOP, Baldi raises his light and looks.

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

It's not there.

What is there is a dark rectangle in the back wall.
Through it we see stars. Did the guards cut too deep?
Jesus Christ, did the Leonardo tumble out the other side?

CRASH CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - PALAZZO VECCHIO - NIGHT

Baldi blitzing down a corridor...

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - PALAZZO VECCHIO - NIGHT

...and surging into this room. His eyes leap to the
monitor that covers...

The courtyard. The glass truck is on the move. Leaning
up against one side is a 12'x19' hunk of palazzo wall,
braced together with I-beams. Yaya's crew rides in back,
lashing things down.

INT. COURTYARD ENTRANCE - PALAZZO VECCHIO - NIGHT

Exiting, the top of that MOVING WALL SCRAPES the bottom of
the entrance arch. Plaster and brick get cheese-grated
away.

INT. MOVING GLASS TRUCK - NIGHT

KOFAX

Shit, you feel that?

Kofax is looking at a side mirror. Styles drives. Both
have grit in their hair, dust on their face, epoxy on their
black coveralls.

STYLES

Feel what?

KOFAX

Think we just shaved a million bucks
off the asking price.

STYLES

Nah. Didn't feel nothin'.

KOFAX

Okay, me neither. Hit it.

BASIL
IWA
NMI
K

INT. POLICE STATION - PALAZZO VECCHIO - NIGHT

Through a window, Polizia #2 sees the glass truck leaving.
Leaving with something it didn't come with.

INT. COURTYARD - PALAZZO VECCHIO - NIGHT

Moving fast, Polizia #2 pushes out the boarded-up door.
Reaches the center of the courtyard. Doesn't see anything
remarkable -- until he looks up at a second-floor wall...

And a gaping hole there. Through it, we see something we
shouldn't: The ceiling of the Hall of 500.

POLIZIA #2
Porca puttana....

EXT. PALAZZO VECCHIO - NIGHT

Carbines glinting in moonlight, cops sprint outside. The
taillights of the glass truck are still visible. The cops
load fast into Fiats. CRANK ENGINES. Stomp gas pedals...

And suddenly they're driving on rims.

Their tires are 20 feet behind them, shredded. Someone
glued them to the ground.

EXT. MOVING GLASS TRUCK - NIGHT

YAYA
(triumphant)
Yaya!

INT. MOVING GLASS TRUCK - NIGHT

Styles unleashes his inner werewolf and HOWLS at the moon.
He's amped for good reason: They may actually do it. They
may get away with \$100 million of fresco.

STYLES
Damn, I'd love to see that guy's
face right now....

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - PALAZZO VECCHIO

CLOSE on Baldi's face. Stricken.

BALDI
How could they...how could I not....

BASIL
IWA
N
Z
Y
K

CONTINUED:

He jockeys the DVR for answers. All monitors play back in sync. Baldi sees now what he would've seen had he been watching before:

Kofax and Styles materializing out of the night sky, riding their striders, docking at the clocktower...

Yaya and his crew in the courtyard, gluing up I-beams, lifting them into position with the loader crane...

Kofax and Styles repelling down the same wall like spiders, pressing the beams into place, measuring with lasers, adding a few chalk-marks...

And breaking out their own saws.

BALDI

No, no, no, no, no....

Eyes bouncing, Baldi compares the moves of the American thieves outside to those of his Italian guards inside. Separated by only the double wall, the two crews are a mirror-image of each other.

BALDI

But...but I would have heard when they....

Here's the key: By using his iPhone and the dragonfly, Styles could see when the guards were using their saws and when they weren't. The Americans matched them cut for cut.

BALDI

(just gutted)

AT THE SAME TIME!

INT. ICU WARD - HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Calling it a night, DiCarlo/Guzzo kisses Gemma goodbye.

DICARLO/GUZZO

We did everything we could, Gemma.
More than that.

GEMMA

I know.

He goes. Gemma pads back to the doorway of Soderini's room. The old guy seems to be sleeping okay.

Gemma tries the lounge. Someone flips channels listlessly, getting dubbed shows like "Falcon Crest," "Airwolf," "The Fall Guy."

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

CHANNEL FLIPPER
What do you want to watch?

GEMMA
Anything not American.

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE FIRENZE - NIGHT

The GLASS TRUCK SQUEALS to a stop. Styles and Kofax jump out, peel off coveralls, slap dust out of their hair.

Yaya's crew has the precious cargo covered with tarps, everything strapped down tight for the run to Russia. Now the Senegalese switch out the truck's plates...

And give Styles the thumbs-up.

The glass TRUCK LURCHES away.

Senegalese run for a stash car. Yaya tosses the truck plates in his trunk -- and that's where we see the Chimera. It's Yaya's pay-off.

INT. MOVING GLASS TRUCK - NIGHT

KOFAX
Road splits 'bout a mile. You'll see
"Firenze Centre" and "Strada Nord."

STYLES
(nodding)
"Strada Nord."

They check mirrors. No lights, just dark roadway back there. The adrenaline seeps out of them.

KOFAX
Your father still alive?

STYLES
My what? My father? Really?
(a beat)
No.

KOFAX
Where you there for it?

STYLES
I was a rent-free guest of the state
of Nevada when he went and drunk
himself into a coma. Why?

K
Y
K
N
Z
A
N
I
W
A
N
K
B
A
S
I
L

CONTINUED:

KOFAX

I was in down in Mexico, lining up a Diego Rivera. Coulda bailed when my sister called an' said he was in a bad way, but...you know how it is when you're workin'. Couldn't find the time....

STYLES

(askance)

Kinda odd, this little personal moment we're havin' right now.

Kofax seems lost in reverie. Styles feels bad.

STYLES (CONT'D)

You at least get the Rivera?

KOFAX

Got the Rivera, did not get home in time.

Styles regrets asking. But maybe he knows what this is.

STYLES

Old guys die in the hospital all the time, Kofax. What old guys do.

KOFAX

Uh-huh.

STYLES

Dude, you only met him once.

KOFAX

Must not be about him, then.

STYLES

Okay, what is your malfunction? Him, her, them, I don't care -- my give-a-shit gave out days ago. The plan here is to get to Russia, find that billionaire, make him a millionaire. Do not start filling my brain with bullshit things like morality when --

Kofax throws the shifter into neutral.

EXT. CROSSROADS - OUTSIDE FIRENZE - NIGHT

ENGINE WHINING, the truck coasts to a standstill. In its lights are two signs -- "FIRENZE CENTRE" and "STRADA NORD." Arrows point different ways.

BASIL IWANZYK

INT. GLASS TRUCK - NIGHT

Something hard creeps into Styles.

STYLES

Mr. Kofax? You best hop out right now. I'll Rambo this thing to Russia, you come later -- when you get your head right.

KOFAX

Mr. Styles? I think it is right.

They lock eyes. Cobra fast, Styles grabs for his pistol. It's not there. Because Kofax has it.

KOFAX

Wanna hop out right now?

Defiant, Styles takes back the shifter, hits the gas.

EXT. CROSSROADS - OUTSIDE FIRENZE - NIGHT

As the truck accelerates for "STRADA NORD."

INT. MOVING GLASS TRUCK - NIGHT

STYLES

Toldja -- first high-eight job and not gonna give it up easy. You wanna stop me? Bang me in the head, brotherman. Only way.

KOFAX

You don't think I will?

STYLES

Nope.

KOFAX

You think I'm a pussy? Or you think I really do wanna head for Russia? Just need a good nudge?

STYLES

Little of both. Pussy, mainly.

KOFAX

Huh.

EXT. CROSSROADS - OUTSIDE FIRENZE - NIGHT

BAM! Muzzle flash lights up the cab.

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

The truck hits a guard-rail, grinds to a stop.

Kofax gets out. He pitches the pistol away, walks around the truck, opens the driver's door.

INT. GLASS TRUCK - NIGHT

Bloody handprints on the dash. Styles is prone out on the front seat -- gripping one butt-chop.

STYLES
Goddammit....

KOFAX
C'mon, move over.

STYLES
Goddammit, he put a bullet in my
ass....

KOFAX
Stop whinin'. Coulda been worse.
Coulda been the pear.

STYLES
Goddammit, do not make me pucker
right now....

KOFAX
(taking the wheel)
Okay. Let's see if there are any
cute nurses in E.R. tonight.

INT. LOUNGE - HOSPITAL - DAWN

Gemma jars awake. Something's wrong. People are hurrying past the lounge door, gesturing, TALKING OVER EACH OTHER. Gemma kicks out of her improvised chair-bed...

INT. ICU - HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

...and heads for Soderini's room. But she stops, seeing Soderini rolling toward her in a wheelchair, looking just fine. Pushing the chair is...

KOFAX
There you are.

Different emotions war on Gemma's face. Gladness wins.

BASIL IWANZYK

INT./EXT. HOSPITAL - DAWN

CAMERA FOLLOWS Kofax and Gemma as they wheel Soderini out the exit doors -- and into a growing throng of patients... family members...hospital workers...taxi drivers. All drawn by the same thing.

KOFAX
Scusi...scusi....

WHAT WE SEE: The crowd parts for us. The glass truck is parked in the lot ahead. Dangling from the loader arm is that 12'x19' section of palazzo wall, tarps gone. Now, swinging slowly, its other face comes into view.

CLOSE on Gemma. Gasping.

CLOSE on Soderini. Cupping his face with his hands.

The sun peeks over the Firenze hills. And for the first time in five centuries, "The Battle of Anghiari" feels sunlight. It glows like gold.

SODERINI
Magnifico...del tutto magnifico....

The name "LEONARDO" RIPPLES through the crowd. Italians know in their DNA what it is. They know the master's hand.

Soderini starts to cry. Not because it belongs to him. Because it belongs to everyone now.

GEMMA
Maybe you don't want to say, but...
but how the hell did you do....

She turns -- and can't find him. Gemma understands why when she spots the polizia cars nosing through the crowd. He had to go.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAS VEGAS - MORNING

Glass and steel, concrete and kitsch. We're as far from the old world charms of Firenze as you can get.

INT. CONDO CORRIDOR - LAS VEGAS - MORNING

A FEDEX GUY buzzes.

A hand scribbles a signature on an electronic pad.

With a digital WHOOSH, we see "CONFIRMATION SENT."

K
Y
N
A
M
I
B
A
S
I
L

INT. STYLES' CONDO - LAS VEGAS - SAME

STYLES

Thanks.

Closing his door, Styles scowls at the label on the shipping tube. "ROME." He limps into the kitchen and grabs a knife to cut the tape. PHONE RINGS.

STYLES

Yop.

KOFAX (PHONE)

How you feelin'?

STYLES

How am I.... No, no, how are you feeling? Because I paid extra money to my Romanian cleaning lady to put a hex on you that was supposed to shrivel your gonads to the size of walnuts.

KOFAX (PHONE)

Really.

STYLES

Did it work?

KOFAX (PHONE)

Not sure. Aren't they basically that size anyway? Walnuts?

STYLES

(rubbing his head)

How big's a "filbert?"

KOFAX (PHONE)

Just open up the tube, huh?

Styles does. He pulls out Kofax's half of the Remington.

STYLES

Wow. Okay. Okay. Okay, this is me trying to figure out what to say without actually thanking you.

EXT. SPANISH STEPS - ROME - DAY

We FIND Kofax reclined on the Spanish Steps, McQueens in full effect on this sun-drenched afternoon.

BASIL IWANZYK

CONTINUED:

KOFAX

Skip it. Just tell me how you got out of E.R. No mandatory reporting?

STYLES (PHONE)

Turned out there was a cute nurse there who bought that it was a firearm malfunction.

KOFAX

You shot yourself in the ass while cleaning your gun? That what you told her?

STYLES (PHONE)

I said "cute" not "bright." So okay, not bad -- I get the full Remington. What'd you get out of it?

KOFAX

Well....

STYLES (PHONE)

C'mon. Something.

KOFAX

I guess the realization that nearly all the relationships we forge are self-serving. "What can I get out of this," right? Yet when you flip that on its head -- see our human encounters as a chance to gift rather than just lift -- well, that's when things finally start to click.

STYLES (PHONE)

(a beat)

Okay, was that code? 'Cuz I didn't understand any of it.

WHAT KOFAX SEES: Gemma walking up the steps, carrying two gelati. She smiles at us.

KOFAX

(into phone)

You will. Someday.

He clicks off. Gemma leans over and gives him a kiss that leaves something to be desired. Like the rest of her.

FADE OUT

BASIL IWANZYK



“THE BATTLE OF ANGIARI”

copy by Rubens in chalk, ink, and watercolor



THE
PALAZZO
VECCHIO





THE HALL OF 500
(Salone dei Cinquecento)



VASARI'S "BATTLE OF MARCIANO"



"CERCA TROVA" Flag
("Seek And You Shall Find")

SANTA MARIA NOVELLA



"HOLY TRINITY" BY MASACCHIO
covered by Vasari's altarpiece for 450 years



THE CHIMERA DI AREZZO



PONTE VECCHIO
("The Old Bridge")

"LOVE LOCKS"





1958 FERRARI 250 PF



FIRENZE, ITALY