

THE THOMAS CROWN AFFAIR

by

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FADE IN:

DARKNESS.

VOICE

What exactly are your issues with women?

There is a pause.

VOICE

Mr. Crown...?

There is a flash as an EYELID flicks over and off the black.

2ND VOICE

I'm sorry...?

VOICE

Women. Your issues with women.

The sea of darkness resolves as we back out of the pupil of a MAN. Remaining hovering over the detail of his face like a plane flying low over a fascinating landscape.

A PAIR OF BLUE EYES stare back at us under spreading wings of jet black brows. But not a placid blue. Rather, a grey-blue, with specks of black - twin stormswept seas.

THOMAS CROWN

(pondering)

Issues. There are none.

His psychiatrist, a woman - attractive, in her forties - shifts behind the desk. She has on her lips a slight smile that is permanent.

PSYCHIATRIST

But there are women...? You don't have issues with them?

THOMAS CROWN

Not issues, no.

Is he mocking her? She can't tell.

PSYCHIATRIST
(challenging back)
No issues... but no commitments
either.

He remains silent.

PSYCHIATRIST
Has it occurred to you that you
have a problem with trust?

Crown glances up. Can't restrain a small smile.

THOMAS CROWN
Trust... is part instinct, part
inspiration.

PSYCHIATRIST
Do you consider yourself
trustworthy?

He stares back at her, unblinking.

THOMAS CROWN
In what sense?

PSYCHIATRIST
In any sense.

THOMAS CROWN
I trust myself implicitly.

PSYCHIATRIST
Yes but... can other people trust
you?

CROWN
(amused)
You mean, for instance... society
at large?

PSYCHIATRIST
I mean women.

There is a beat as Crown considers her.

THOMAS CROWN
Yes. A woman can trust me.

PSYCHIATRIST
A woman? Do you mean all women...
or just one?

He ponders. His eyes come up. Repeats.

THOMAS CROWN

A woman can trust me.

(smiles/adds)

Provided her interests don't run
too contrary to my own.

The Psychiatrist studies for a beat this very dangerous
creature opposite her.

PSYCHIATRIST

And society? At large? If its
interests were to run counter to
yours ...?

He just looks at her. Hard. The psychiatrist's permanent
slight smile ... fades.

UP CREDITS

EXT. NEW YORK MIDTOWN STREET - DAY

Briefcase in hand, THOMAS CROWN navigates through
Manhattan's morning work-force throng. He exudes a certain
self-made authority that evinces itself in the pocket of
space that the crowd always seems to allow him.

For he is a man at whom you will look twice. He bears the
pressure of wearing a beautifully tailored suit with
consummate disregard - as though it were designed with him
in mind.

And after looking at him for a moment, you decide that
perhaps, in fact, it was.

A SUDDEN SCREECHING OF BRAKES brings Crown up short as he
steps back to avoid a FREIGHT TRUCK turning sharply into
the alley off the sidewalk.

The DRIVER sits there for a moment, glaring down at Crown
from his high perch behind the windshield.

Crown chivalrously gestures that he should pass. With a
scowl, the driver pilots the truck past him into the alley.

Crown looks after the truck for a moment. Then continues
on, turning the corner and mounting the steps of the
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

INT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - DAY

Crown moves with purpose through the muddled patches of
tourists just let in, still consulting their museum maps.

No idle tourist, he knows precisely where he is going.

INT. IMPRESSIONIST ROOM - DAY

He stops in the Impressionist room. At this hour, he is the only person to have penetrated this deep into the museum.

He takes a seat on the art deco bench erected before a massive canvas of electrifying pastels. MONET'S HAYSTACKS.

Opening his briefcase, he removes a sandwich and proceeds to eat it ...

... while feasting his eyes on the banquet of color that is the canvas. Mind, perhaps, elsewhere.

VOICE

'Morning, Mr. Crown...

He blinks up to see a kindly middle-aged face set atop an IMPOSING PHYSICAL FRAME. A MAN dressed in the museum standard lavender jacket.

The Proctor for the Impressionist Wing SMILES benignly on his familiar patron.

PROCTOR MCKINNLEY

Some people have God, some people have coffee. You have haystacks.

Crown can't help a smile of his own.

CROWN

Don't ever let them go on tour, Bobby.

McKinnley watches Crown for a moment, taking in his total absorption in the painting.

PROCTOR MCKINNLEY

You're a funny one. Everybody else comes here, goes straight for the Mont Ste Victoire.

He nods to a SMALL boldly rendered CEZANNE adjacent to the Monet.

THOMAS CROWN

Well, it's very nice.

PROCTOR MCKINNLEY

(is that all?)

Nice.

He shakes his head at Crown's indifference to Cezanne's masterpiece.

CROWN

(smiles)

I just like my haystacks, Bobby. I
just like my haystacks.

EXT. MUSEUM ALLEY - DAY

The TRUCK that nearly ran Crown down has stopped at the museum's docking bay.

The RECEIVING CLERK squints at the manifest the driver has given him. Shakes his head, CONFUSED.

RECEIVING CLERK

My list shows a marble sarcophagus.

DRIVER

Well shit, Buddy, whaddaya want me to do? It's a horse. You want I can take it back to the dock and unload it ...?

RECEIVING CLERK

No, no, hell no ... Just ... just unload the damn thing. It's not my headache.

DRIVER

Gladly.

With a resounding clang, he rolls up the back of his truck. Revealing a LARGE WOODEN CRATE.

INT. TOWERS - DAY

Crown steps out of a cab and strides through the revolving doors of a MAGNIFICENT GLASS BUILDING that has the religious power of a cathedral towering 70 stories into the sky.

INT. TOWERS - DAY

A SECURITY OFFICER and a NEW YORK CITY COP stand, coffee cups in hand, trading stories in front of one of the ELEVATORS.

CROWN materializes. Waits a polite beat for them to move from blocking the elevator.

The cop gives him a perfunctory once-over ... returns to the telling of his story.

THOMAS CROWN

Excuse me - could you move out of
the way, please?

Now the cop really looks at him.

COP

Buddy, you wanna talk to me like
that, you better own the fucking
building.

CROWN

I do.

Crown smiles charmingly. The cop shoots a look to the
security officer who only just realized it was Crown who
was standing there. That man quickly pulls the cop out of
Crown's way.

SECURITY OFFICER

I'm going to have to ask you to
leave.

The cop stands stunned as Crown, without even a backwards
glance, boards the elevator and disappears behind closing
doors.

Thomas Crown is, by and large, a decent fellow; don't fuck
with him.

INT. MUSEUM

A massive forklift sets the WOODEN CRATE down onto a pallet
positioned before an imposing stainless steel door. The
Receiving Clerk enters his code into the keypad. The door
slides upward.

ANOTHER FORKLIFT waits on the other side. Picking up the
crate, it backs through the door which slides shut after
it.

INT. CROWN TOWERS - DAY

Exiting the elevator, Crown walks down a long, immaculately
decorated corridor of offices, doorways scattered with
cream-of-the-crop employees who obsequiously greet him as
he passes.

EMPLOYEES

Good morning, Mr. Crown... good
morning...

INT. CORRIDOR - METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - DAY

The FORKLIFT travels with its burden down a long, narrow corridor lined with fluorescent panels ...

INT. CROWN ENTERPRISES - MORNING

Crown hands his COAT to his SECRETARY as he passes. She is a knockout. But he seems unconscious of it.

SECRETARY

No briefcase, Mr. Crown?

CROWN

Believe I left it here last night,
Daria.

He disappears into a vast space beyond her doors. His office.

INT. THOMAS CROWN'S OFFICE - DAY

He moves across his office, a collection of furniture styles that vary from Empire to Bauhaus. And yet, miraculously, it seems to work.

The walls hung sparingly with 20th century art. Kandinsky, Kokoshka. And many unrecognizable -- bought less for the name than he simply liked the work.

Because that's the sort of man Thomas Crown is.

And now he stands at his great bay window overlooking the city.

Thinking.

INT. SECURITY - METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - DAY

The FORKLIFT stops at a broad door of concussion-strength plastic. An armed guard there meets him with an LCD clipboard and an electric pen.

SECURITY OFFICER

Sign in the box - press hard.

The operator does, waits as the CPU matches his signature - a security hurdle used in the most sophisticated environments because, unlike biometric observation, it is impossible to forge because it is a real-time event existing in several identifiable simultaneous dimensions including pressure, execution time and nuances of the signature similarity.

In other words, the museum may have a friendly come-be-welcome-and-wander-around-our-exhibits-for-50-cents facade ...

But there's 19 billion dollars worth of art in this place and you better believe you're not really getting inside unless you're invited.

The CPU beeps, clearing him.

The Security Officer nods to the crate and reaching into the forklift, the operator pulls out a crowbar and cracks it open

All four sides fall away and they both find themselves confronted with the greening, pitted bronze of a STATUE OF A HORSE rearing dynamically above them.

A huge fragment of some even greater statue.

Riveting. For a moment the two high school dropouts stare.

The Security Officer shakes it off, signaling the closed circuit camera that all is okay. The concussion-proof doors slide open in response.

Restarting his machine, the Forklift Operator rolls through the plastic doors that open for him.

INT. STORAGE FACILITY

Into a vast Charles Foster Kane-esque room with vaulted ceilings painted with fading cherubs, walls stacked to the eaves with innumerable artifacts from 150 years of acquisition.

If there's 19 billion dollars worth of art and antiquities out there, there's double that in here.

The forklift operator, dwarfed in the scope of the room, pilots the rearing horse to an empty space in a circle of light in the center of the room.

Sets it down, drives off, doors sealing behind him.

INT. THOMAS CROWN'S CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Crown sits, staring out the window at the rooftop of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in the distance as, behind him, a PAIR OF BUSINESSMEN sign with the greatest of relish that last of a series of documents.

Crown's ATTORNEY, ANDREW WALLACE, recovers the documents from them.

CROWN'S ATTORNEY (WALLACE)
Gentlemen, you are now the proud
owners of a block of downtown
Manhattan. Congratulations.

The two businessmen grin at each other. Then cock their
eyebrows at Crown who stares still out the window.

BUSINESSMAN
What about you, Crown -- aren't you
going to congratulate us?

Crown blinks out of his thoughts.

CROWN
What?

BUSINESSMAN
Congratulate us. Aren't you going
to?

Crown looks for a moment at the man, hand thrust across the
table at him, the eyes racing with smarmy triumph...

Stands with a sigh.

CROWN
You overpaid.

He nods to his assistant who scrambles after him as he
walks out - leaving the businessmen's hands and jaws
hanging in the air.

INT. METROPOLITAN INVENTORY STORAGE

Stillness. In the vast silence of the room, the green-
bronze STALLION continues its eternal rear.

Then ... a sound. A chink in the silence. Followed by an
unmistakable creaking ...

It's hard to say for a moment. But gradually, it becomes
unavoidable.

The sounds are coming from the horse.

But from the statue itself there is no breath, no breeze.
Leaving the unavoidable conclusion ...

The noises are coming from inside it.

Abruptly, the horse's chest falls open. a MAN'S HEAD drops
down, face painted black, looks all directions.

His body follows as he drops to the floor, rolling away.

Teeth gritted in pain, cramped muscles screaming. Jams a syringe into his thigh, flooding Diethythiamine, a lactic acid neutralizer, into his system.

Call this man NESTOR.

As the chemical takes effect, relief flooding his face, THREE OTHER MEN slip like snails out of the shell of the horse and onto the storage room floor where they perform the same ritual.

Tumbling out behind them, their EQUIPMENT.

Nestor clocks his watch.

Precisely 11 A.M.

INT. CROWN TOWERS - BOARDROOM - DAY

Across town, Crown consults his watch -- precisely 11 A.M. -- as he and several EXECUTIVES face SEVERAL OTHER MEN across the table. One is a dignified 65, one is clearly a LAWYER, and two are the old man's grown SONS.

It looks like some sort of stand-off.

CROWN'S EXECUTIVE #1

--We understand your objections to the merger--

SON #1

(across table)

--It's not a merger --

CROWN'S EXECUTIVE #2

Your stockholders have spoken.

LAWYER

We have reason to believe the stock was manipulated--!

The corner of Crown's mouth twitches slightly upward.

CROWN

Gentlemen, frankly, we've anticipated your reluctance ...

SON #2

We won't be a Crown subsidiary--

CROWN

(continuing)

And our lawyers are prepared to go head to head with you at the SEC.

SON #1

We'll see you there.

He gets up, furious. Then the old man speaks:

OLD MAN

Sit down, Mark. I'll sign.

His sons stare at him in astonishment.

OLD MAN

They'll win in the end.

EXT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE BOARDROOM - DAY

Crown and his executives exit the room. The executives notice that Crown doesn't share their smiles.

CROWN

Third generation company... I thought there'd be some fight there.

No question -- he's disappointed.

INT. BENEATH THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

A sizzling RIM OF FIRE sears a circle into the blackness of the screen and drops away to light. NESTOR'S HEAD thrusts down, looks each direction ...

His body follows, sliding into a narrow crawl space. An ancient artery cutting down towards the heart of the museum.

INT. MACHINE ROOM

Nestor and his three companions -- may as well call them, AJAX, SINON AND TEUCER - stand now in a massive space filled with ROARING MACHINERY - the POWER PLANT and AC COMPRESSORS for the museum.

50 feet overhead the ceiling is lined with ELECTRICAL PANELS that undoubtedly sub out into the museum proper.

Ajax flicks on a hand-lantern that sends a shaft of BLACK LIGHT cutting upward like a great sword.

LASER BEAMS form an impenetrable series of bars that cover the electrical paneling above.

INT. CROWN CAFETERIA - DAY

A FEMALE REPORTER, 35, sits with Crown. Both are eating dull-looking sandwiches off cafeteria trays. She puts away a pad and paper; she's been taking notes..

REPORTER

...Thank you again for seeing me...

Crown is in "charming" mode, quite different from the boardroom shark we saw earlier. After all, she's the press.

CROWN

Oh, you're more than welcome -- I hope you got enough for your article.

REPORTER

(nodding)

It'll run Wednesday.

(beat)

I have to ask you something. Do you usually eat in the employee cafeteria?

CROWN

Didn't like your sumptuous repast?

(as she smiles)

No, it's just... it's nice for them to see me down here. Seems to mean a lot.

The reporter is rapidly losing her objectivity. She's maybe a little smitten with him.

REPORTER

They broke the mold, Mr. Crown.

She doesn't know how right she is.

INT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART MACHINE ROOM

Lost amidst the roar of the massive generators, the collapsible AIR CANNON, brought along in the Trojan horse, operates at a high-decibel scream.

These are the converted jet-engines that are used by military jump schools to generate a 200 mph solid column of air to allow students to experience extended free-fall six feet off the ground.

As if raised by the invisible hand of Zeus, AJAX rises belly upward on the whipping column of air towards the ceiling.

INT. MUSEUM - IMPRESSIONIST WING - DAY

A GROUP OF SCHOOL CHILDREN stands crowded before Cezanne's Mont Ste. Victoire while their teacher lectures to them.

The kids couldn't care less. They are fidgety, bored.

The teacher has to smile. Plays her trump card.

TEACHER

And for those of you not interested in Cezanne's use of brushstroke as composition, you might be by the fact that this painting right here is valued at 150 millions dollars.

Little ears perk up like rabbits all around.

INT. MUSEUM MACHINE ROOM

Floating on his deus ex machanae just beneath the barrier of laser beams that separates him from the electrical paneling in the ceiling, Ajax, gas mask on, sprays the beam in front of his face with a compressed tank of FLUORINE.

Slowly, as the air here becomes fluorine-saturated and its specific density begins to change, the beam ...

... begins to bend. Refracting sideways at a greater magnitude in the denser medium.

INT. IMPRESSIONIST WING - DAY

A SCHOOLBOY, who has lagged behind his class, reaches up to feel the thick pediment on the Cezanne.

But a massive shadow falls over him and the boy looks up to see towering above him the ever watchful eye of PROCTOR MCKINNLEY.

He wags his finger at the boy. Ah-ah. Not on my watch.

INT. MACHINE ROOM

The laser web has closed back up beneath Ajax, now floating above it on an invisible scaffold.

Lying like Michelangelo painting the Sistine chapel, Ajax opens the security panels and, consulting a HAND-DRAWN ELECTRICAL DIAGRAM, begins rapidly separating out wires.

He clips a pair of wires marked ELECTRO-MAGNETIC LOCKS.

INT. IMPRESSIONIST EXHIBIT - DAY

As the Schoolboy hurries after his classmates, a distinct clicking *thunk!* travels from painting to painting around the room.

He pauses a moment. Looks back to McKinnley. But the big man, engaged in conversation with another proctor, does not seem to have noticed ...

With a shrug, the boy scurries after his schoolmates.

INT. MACHINE ROOM

The two wires in Ajax's hands abruptly *FLASH!* with explosive spark! His pupils constrict. He screwed something up.

INT. SECURITY CENTER - DAY

Upstairs, in the brain that is the massive security system for this museum, every RED LIGHT on one of the control boards suddenly lights angrily up ...

The SECURITY TECHNICIANS exchange a glance. What the hell?

INT. MACHINE ROOM

The MASSIVE ROAR of the AC COMPRESSORS that has dominated the room grinds to a sickening halt. Ajax's eyes snap to his companions' below ...

INT. SECURITY CONTROL - DAY

The first Security Technician, reading his screen, relaxes profoundly.

SECURITY TECHNICIAN

It's just the AC units.

SECURITY TECHNICIAN

Christ -- and on the hottest fucking day of the year. Well, it's your call, but we better get someone down there to check it out.

INT. ELEVATOR

Two burly SECURITY OFFICERS with sidearms and rifles step onto the elevator.

INT. MACHINE ROOM

ding! Nestor and Teucer's eyes snap to the SECURITY ELEVATOR. It's coming down.

Their heads whip back up to AJAX levitating on the air column above the gnarled mass of laser beams 50 feet over their heads -- desperately washing the laser beams beneath him with fluorine gas.

Ever so slowly, they are beginning to beeeeeend ...

INT. ELEVATOR

The two Security Officers in the elevator, bored, watch the floors go by as they descend.

INT. GENERATOR ROOM

Nestor, Teucer and Sinon tensely watch those same numbers.

Ajax sweating it as he intensely continues concentrating the fulminating cloud of fluorine on the bending beam ...

It's almost open wide enough for him to get through ...

Suddenly, the tank kicks ... aerosoling fits and starts ... and then ...

... it stops altogether.

Empty.

Ajax's horrified eyes connect with those beneath him... as the laser beam CLOSES beneath him.

He grabs for his back-up tank, but ...

ding! the elevator hits bottom ...

INT. ELEVATOR

The Security Officers unsling their rifles as the elevator doors open and they step into the preternatural calm of the generator room - typically howling with the massive compressors of the Museum's air conditioning circuits.

Everything else looks okay. The first officer shrugs.

SECURITY OFFICER

Looks like a job for one of those
Einsteins in maintenance.

His partner nods and they head back for the elevator.

Leaving Nestor, Teucer and Sinon crouching tensely in the shadows with the HASTILY-MOVED AIR CANON.

And clinging like a bat with every last ounce of strength 50 feet above the floor -- gripping the voltage panels with his fingernails and boot-tips -- Ajax.

All exchange a silent, heart-pounding glance.

INT. CROWN'S OFFICE - DAY

Crown crosses in front of his massive hardwood desk, putting on his coat, ready to leave for the day. PAUL, his personal secretary stands in the doorway.

He notices the special game computer on his desk. On the screen is a chess game. The pieces are in a checkmated position. The letters on the bottom of the screen flash: CONGRATULATIONS. NEW GAME?

Crown points at the computer.

CROWN

Oh, Paul -- you're welcome to take that home, if you like.

The secretary can't help himself. He has to ask:

SECRETARY (PAUL)

(awed)

Did you... beat it?

Crown shrugs. Apparently. He starts out the door.

PAUL

Wait -- Ms. Knudsen has invited you for drinks at the St. Regis. Ms. Valenzuela says she needs to drop by your home to discuss... "wall paper."

CROWN

Give them my regrets. There's something I have to do after work.

INT. IMPRESSIONIST EXHIBIT

MCKINNLEY, the Proctor for the Impressionist wing, collar damp with perspiration, stops by one of his fellow proctors.

PROCTOR MCKINNLEY

I feel like a gingerbread man. It's an oven in here.

JUNIOR PROCTOR

Pretty soon the paintings'll start to melt.

PROCTOR MCKINNLEY

Yeah, but in here -- who'll be able to tell?

They both laugh, return to fanning themselves with museum maps.

INT. AIR CONDITIONING DUCTS

Nestor, Teucer, Ajax and Sinon, sweating profusely, make their way rapidly through the AC ducts.

They pause peering down through a ceiling vent. Looking down into a utility corridor.

Exchanging a glance, Teucer, Ajax and Sinon begin quickly changing their clothes.

INT. OFFICES - DAY

On his way out, Crown stops to pick up his coat from his receptionist. She smiles eagerly.

RECEPTIONIST

Found your briefcase, I see.

He gives her the smile that is the foundation of the reason it's his face she thinks of when reading her romance novels at night.

CROWN

Evidently.

And walks on.

INT. EGYPTIAN EXHIBIT

TWO KIDS, sneaking a smoke behind a large rock sarcophagus, startle when THREE MUSEUM PROCTORS in their museum-issue lavender jackets materialize unexpectedly out of the adjacent utility corridor.

AJAX, TEUCER AND SINON. Ajax eyes the smoking kids a moment...

Then absorbs with the other two into the throng of tourists streaming by

INT. CAB - DAY

Crown sits in the back of a cab reading the evening edition. Glancing up, he sees that, typically, they are stopped dead bumper to bumper in front of the METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

He looks ahead, sees immediately that they aren't going anywhere.

CROWN
I'll get out here.

INT. CORRIDORS - METROPOLITAN - DAY

Teucer, Ajax and Sinon, traveling as museum proctors, move with tense focus, negotiating purposefully through the babble of languages and perspiring faces that people the museum's halls.

INT. AIR CONDITIONING DUCTS

Like some bizarre 21st century mole, NESTOR crawls with all speed through the sweltering ducts ...

INT. CORRIDORS - METROPOLITAN - DAY

Relishing not being at the office, Crown takes his time wending through the late-afternoon crowds ...

INT. IMPRESSIONIST EXHIBIT - DAY

Teucer and Sinon hang unobtrusively back as Ajax enters the Impressionist exhibit, walking directly up to the Proctor presently on duty in that room.

AJAX
Hey -- they want to talk to you upstairs.

He nods to the MUSEUM PHONE flashing on the wall.

The Proctor studies his unfamiliar face for a second ... then picks up the phone and dials the extension.

INT. AIR CONDITIONING DUCTS

Nestor halts his rapid crawl to answer the yellow LINEMAN'S TELEPHONE that RINGS on his belt.

NESTOR
(forced calm)
Administration ...

INT. IMPRESSIONIST EXHIBIT

The Proctor nods at whatever it is Nestor says to him. Finishing with a sharp ...

PROCTOR
Yes sir, I'm coming right up.

He waves to Ajax who gives him a curt nod, and hurries off.

Ajax turns instantly to the nearest tourist admiring the paintings.

AJAX
I'm sorry, this exhibit is closing.
I'll have to ask you to leave.

INT. MUSEUM PROPER - DAY

Crown pauses to peruse a suit of chain mail on display in the east hall.

INT. IMPRESSIONIST WING - DAY

Teucer and Sinon have entered on the other side of the room and, working in tandem with Ajax, the room is now nearly cleared of tourists.

Teucer turns from dismissing three elderly women to find a MAN IN A SUIT entering the room.

Teucer quickly steps in front of the intruder, blocking his path through the wide doorway. Puts on a plastic smile.

TEUCER
I'm sorry, Sir -- this exhibit is closed.

CROWN looks at him, surprised. Sets down his briefcase, pulls back his coat sleeve to consult his watch.

CROWN
It's only quarter to five...

TEUCER
(hardening)
I'm sorry. We're closing for cleaning.

Crown looks at him oddly. Then shrugs, turning and walking away.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

An exhaust cover bursts upward and Nestor wriggles out like a spawning locust.

Through the adjacent glass pyramid that is a SKYLIGHT, he can see, 100 feet below, through a maze of laser security beams, THE IMPRESSIONIST EXHIBIT.

He breaks a fulminating red smoke FLARE billowing into the sky and sets about quickly placing plastique charges around the perimeter of the massive architecture of glass skylight.

He's going to blow it.

INT. METROPOLITAN

Crown gives McKinnley a small salute as he walks by.

CROWN

"You can't always get what you want."

McKinnley looks at him oddly. What?

CROWN

The Impressionist room. Closed for cleaning.

PROCTOR MCKINNLEY

Cleaning?

CROWN

They're doing it right now.

McKinnley blinks at him a confused moment.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Plastique charges set, Nestor waves in a SLEEK BLACK LOCKHEED CHOPPER that swoops down towards the rooftop like a hornet...

They're gonna blow this glass and lift those paintings out of there like pick-up sticks...

INT. IMPRESSIONIST ROOM - DAY

The room is sealed. Sinon and Teucer have both entrances sealed and covered. Ajax glances up at the massive SECURITY GATES peeking out at the tops of the doorways.

When those things come down, they're going to be as good at their intended purpose of keeping would-be thieves in ...

As keeping would-be thief-apprehenders ... out.

He pulls out a RADIO DETONATOR. The light FLASHES red. All three step back to cover ...

When that thing blows, there's going to be a ton of glass raining down in here ...

CUT TO: ROOF: The C4 charges around the skylight
FLASH ...

BACK TO: Impressionist room: Ajax puts his finger on the
detonator ...

Abruptly a VOICE ...

VOICE

Excuse me ...

Snaps their heads around. PROCTOR MCKINNLEY stands there
with TWO JUNIOR PROCTORS.

PROCTOR MCKINNLEY

What do you think you're doing?

He enters the room, hand on his walkie-talkie.

All exchange a quick glance. Heart pounding, Ajax fumbles
the detonator inconspicuously into his pocket as he
approaches the big man, easy smile on his lips.

AJAX

Upstairs sent us down to clear this
exhibit. They've got some VIP's
coming through or something.

PROCTOR MCKINNLEY

I didn't hear anything about it and
I oversee this section.

AJAX

Call upstairs if you want. I think
you should.

He nods to the phone. McKinnley looks at him a moment.
Then nods slowly. Not fully convinced but ...

PROCTOR MCKINNLEY

No ... no, you're right. They've
been having people down here all
week.

Ajax nods with his smile. McKinnley turns to go. But as
he does, he sees a great SHADOW spreading across the
exhibit floor beneath his feet.

The SHADOW OF THE HELICOPTER. His eyes shoot up. 100 feet
above through the hazy glass of the skylight, the LOCKHEED
BLACKHAWK hovers.

His eyes snap back to the three. And he can see it
instantly in their eyes. They're lying.

There is an arctic moment in the room between the three thieves and three proctors ...

A STUN BATON drops ominously into McKinnley's hand ...

Jig's up. Ajax hits! the big man with everything he's got, knocking him to the ground and turning, they do the only thing they can.

They run.

INT. METROPOLITAN CORRIDOR

CROWN, curiosity aroused, is heading back towards the Impressionist Exhibit when THREE MEN in Curator's jackets come skidding out and run flying towards him with McKinnley and the two other proctors hot on their heels.

As the three thieves come flying past, Crown, with the greatest nonchalance, puts his foot out and TRIPS AJAX. Sending him *sprawling*.

The other two would-be thieves skid to a stop for a hesitating instant. They take off, abandoning their comrade.

Ajax's eyes snap furiously to Crown.

AJAX

You son of a bitch!

He makes to scramble up off the floor to hurl himself on Crown but MCKINNLEY is suddenly there, hitting him -- ZZZZTCH! --with the stun baton and dropping the man writhing to the floor.

He looks up breathless to Crown.

MCKINNLEY

Stay back, Mr. Crown. Everybody stay back!

And with those words he *smashes* the glass covering an ALARM and yanks it down.

DEAFENING ALARMS split the echoing acoustics of the museum and everywhere STEEL GATES begin coming down in doorways.

Crown, outwardly shocked by the fast pace of events, nods, finding himself shouldered back by equally stunned museum patrons who are crowding to see what the hell is going on.

Once pushed to the fringes, however, Crown's expression changes.

All surprise vanishes, replaced by a laser-like intensity.

Walking quickly back to the Impressionist Room, he rolls easily under the heavy gate just before it reaches the floor.

INT. IMPRESSIONIST ROOM - DAY

Walks directly to the 150 million dollar Cezanne.

... removes from beneath the bench its MIDDLE LEG. Only, in clearer view, it is not a middle leg but the BRIEFCASE HE WAS CARRYING HIS SANDWICH IN THIS MORNING which, incidentally, looks identical to the solid D-shaped legs that support either end of the bench...

...klicks it open ...

...removes the Cezanne from the wall ...

...drops it inside the briefcase ...

...klicks it closed

... walks towards the other entrance ...

... where the GATE coming down there HITS the BRIEFCASE HE BROUGHT FROM WORK and set down in the doorway to check his watch when confronted by Teucer ...

KATHUNK! the heavy gate STOPS on the briefcase almost as if it were filled with a high-tensile tubular steel infrastructure rather than sensitive business documents ...

Crown rolls casually under the bucking gate ...

... and whistling a happy tune ...

... walks nonchalantly away through the throngs of panicking museum goers with 150 million dollars in his briefcase.

INT. METROPOLITAN - DAY

Teucer and Sinon, running for their lives, come skidding around the corner to find themselves faced with a half dozen SWAT-STYLE SECURITY aiming assault rifles down their throats ...

SWAT SECURITY
FREEZE MOTHER FUCKERS!

They spin only to find another SWAT-STYLE TEAM skidding up behind them. The jig is up ...

Hands up, they lay themselves face down on the floor.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

Several roof doors fly open simultaneously and in an instant, the roof is swarming with heavily armed security.

NESTOR and the helicopter pilot slowly raise their hands.

EXT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - DAY

While Thomas Crown walks lightly down the steps of the museum and steps into a cab.

INT. CAB - DAY

Sliding into the back seat, he gives the cabby a wink.

CROWN
44 W. 77th, please.

INT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - DAY

Situation now in hand, museum security including Proctor McKinnley waits anxiously as the security gates roll back up.

McKinnley's eyes move instantly to the BLANK SPACE on his wall. He nearly faints.

The Cezanne. It's gone. It rhymes.

INT. THOMAS CROWN'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

A beautiful pre-war building. Crown's manservant LENG CHENG waits to take his coat at the door.

CROWN
(re: briefcase)
Could you put that in the study,
Leng?

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Unlike the rest of Crown's life, his study is a complete mess. Papers scattered everywhere, paintings of every size stacked against every wall.

His inner sanctum. He pushes aside northern European Renaissance studies, placing the briefcase on the table.

We get a good look at the briefcase for the first time. Its sides have been fashioned of a polished mahogany - making the entire thing *identical* to the D-shaped legs that support the benches at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

He clicks it open. On either side of its inner space are rows of very COMPACT COILS and what appear to be TWO TINY FANS.

And the rest of the space - is occupied by the Cezanne.

He takes it out. Holds on to it for a moment.

Pressing a hidden switch, he causes a portion of the wall to revolve around. Revealing a SQUARE INDENTATION. Crown places the painting into it.

It fits perfectly.

He takes a seat in a comfortable chair, pours himself a small measured amount of bourbon into a shot glass.

Regards, for a moment, the picture.

He raises his glass to the painting. Drops the liquid down his throat in one motion.

THE CEZANNE - CLOSE

We back out of the painting... and

INTO THE IMPRESSIONIST ROOM - DAY - CLOSE ON

The CEZANNE, which is now merely a COLOR PLATE in an art book in the hands of...

A HANDSOME MAN in an impeccable suit. This is VINCENT SPECK, 38, New York City police, surrounded by other COPS and FORENSIC TECHNICIANS.

He's shaking his head in disbelief.

VINCENT

One hundred and fifty million dollars.

Something in his tone says "For that?"

He hands the book back to LENOX, 60, the director of the museum. Lenox is clearly in deep mourning, unable to believe this happened.

LENOX

That's only insured value. There is no actual monetary figure that could begin to compensate...

Something in his tone says, "You plebian."

Vincent blinks. Unbelievable. He looks at the blank space on the wall.

VINCENT

Well, I guess if you had to get one...

LENOX

It was an informed choice. The worst possible loss.

VINCENT

No. You're lucky. They wanted more.

Vincent stares up at the massive skylight 100 feet overhead.

VINCENT

They just never got to the chopper.

He turns to a couple of his men.

VINCENT

Each of the perps had a rappelling harness under his flak vest. Knew once the gates came down, nobody could get to them. Then they'd just ride out with the paintings.

Vincent's good at his job, and projects a basic decency absent in most cops.

Lenox is now talking to a young woman. Her back is to us; we only see the dimmest hint of a profile, but she might be his assistant, taking notes. She is dressed rather conservatively -- a museum employee?

LENOX

...Well, we'll have to file a claim... of course I'd rather we had a recovery, but I can't say I'm optimistic...

She scribbles dutifully. Vincent taps her on the shoulder.

VINCENT

Mr. Lenox -- Miss -- if you don't mind, maybe the letter can wait --? We've got a lot of ground to--

She turns around.

And Vincent gets the arrow in the heart.

Because she is shockingly pretty.

Her gaze is direct. Unflinching.

VERY PRETTY WOMAN
It's not dictation.

An awkward pause as she just stands there.

VERY PRETTY WOMAN
(bemused)
I'm not a secretary.

VINCENT
Oh--

LENOX
This is Vivian Banning. Miss
Banning is with Lloyd's.

VINCENT
... of London?

She nods. Vincent is gentleman enough to want to atone for his mistake.

VINCENT
--Ahh, sorry, sorry -- I don't
usually live in the 50's....
Vincent Speck.

He shakes her hand. Vivian smiles, willing to let it go. A COP passes holding a tray of coffee cups and a white paper bag.

VINCENT
Coffee--? Bagel--? Oh, you people
don't like bagels.

VIVIAN
I'm not English. So I'll let a
bagel pass my lips.

She smiles as she takes one. Vincent looks at her a moment too long as another inspector takes Lenox aside.

Vincent snaps his eyes away from Vivian, returns to business.

VINCENT
So... you're on the hook for 150
million?

They begin to walk, clearing the way for the forensic team.

VIVIAN
You tell me. Am I?

VINCENT
Not on my watch.

VIVIAN
What do you have?

VINCENT
We're just sifting through it.

VIVIAN
Mind if I tag along?

Her smile could knock you off your feet.

No. He doesn't mind.

MUSIC UP UNDER:

A QUICK MONTAGE follows:

INT. ANTEROOM OF IMPRESSIONIST GALLERY - DAY

A CROWD of PEOPLE watch cops putting up yellow crime-scene tape. The people are riveted, their backs towards the paintings, ignoring them.

INT. MUSEUM ELEVATOR - DAY

Vivian and Vincent and SEVERAL COPS inspect the remnants of the Trojan horse.

INT. MACHINE ROOM - NIGHT

The room is crawling with forensic technicians. A scaffold has been built from the floor up to the ceiling.

All laser security meshes have been deactivated. Vincent and Vivian look around as an Engineer takes them through.

Vivian points to a panel above them that bears the brown and purple flares of ELECTRICAL BURNS.

VIVIAN
What's this?

ENGINEER
Why they cared I don't know, but they shorted out the A/C.

Vivian looks at Vincent, who has no clue.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Vivian and Vincent stand with an FBI Technician who holds Crown's slightly crushed SECOND BRIEFCASE that has been recovered from beneath the now raised security gate.

FBI TECH
Average briefcase, right?

He pries its damaged lid open. Inside, a honeycomb ROLL CAGE of tubular aluminum struts.

FBI TECH
Except it could take 15 foot tons of pressure before it even bent.

VINCENT
Nice little door-stopper. Nobody'd notice it, but it keeps their escape route clear.

VIVIAN
I thought they wanted the doors closed... so they could escape through the skylight.

Vincent has no answer.

INT. MUSEUM CAFE - DAY

Vincent and Vivian finish a modest lunch. He looks at her.

VINCENT
You know, you could have told me you're an investigator.

She laughs.

VIVIAN
Did you think I wrote policies?!

VINCENT
Not after two minutes.

VIVIAN
I'm sorry. Look. No secrets, all right? -- I'm a free lance agent. I work for myself, I overcharge, and I've had very good luck. People bring me in when--

VINCENT
--When they don't think the cops can cut it.

There is a bitterness in his tone that she wants to dispel.

VIVIAN

For 150 million, wouldn't you hedge your bets?

She knows she's on delicate ground with Vince; she keeps her voice friendly.

VIVIAN

I'm not competing with you, Vince. I want to work with you. I won't blame you if you want your own show. But. I got Mrs. Astor her Degas back. So are you sure you don't want me on your team?

Her smile is breathtaking. Hard to resist.

VINCENT

I didn't say that.

EXT. A GOLF COURSE - DAY

The eighteenth hole at the Country Club. Crown's ball is embedded below the lip of the trap, almost entirely under the sand.

His friend, REYNOLDS, 45 and equally rich and dapper, visibly gloats.

REYNOLDS

You're in it now.

Crown stands over it, studying the shot, his CADDY outside the trap to his right.

CROWN

You think so?

The boy hands Crown the wedge. Crown slices a beautiful, upright explosion shot. It clears the bunker and heads for the flag. The caddies SHOUT in admiration.

The ball hits two feet beyond the hold, bites and stops six inches away.

REYNOLDS

Son of a bitch. Only you. Well, finish it off.

CROWN

Think I couldn't do it again?

REYNOLDS

You could never make that shot again.

CROWN

Mike, put another ball right there...

The caddy complies. Crown takes a second swing. This time the ball goes wild -- flying further out, into the pond. A complete failure.

CROWN

Mike, put another one.

Even in this recreational situation, we now see an intensity to Crown, a driven quality.

The worse the odds against him, the more excited he is.

INT. OPERATIONAL SECURITY - DAY

It's the technological edifice of the security control room with its endless walls of control boards.

Vincent and Vivian stand by as an OPERATING TECHNICIAN loads tape into the machine.

VINCENT

We'll need to look at the previous week -- who was in there, what they were looking at --

TECHNICIAN

Um... we don't have it.

(explaining)

It tapes over every eight hours, I mean... if there's no incident, there's no reason...

VINCENT

--All right, what do you have?

TECHNICIAN

Not much.

The technician hits "play." There is nothing but PURE WHITE STATIC on the screen.

OPERATING TECHNICIAN

That's all three cameras in the Impressionist room.

VINCENT

I thought they couldn't cut camera.

OPERATING TECHNICIAN

They can't -- and they can't black them out -- they're thermal. They see heat, rather than light.

VIVIAN

Right. So how did they do it?

OPERATING TECHNICIAN

The AC was out yesterday. So it was in the 90's.

Vincent and Vivian look at each other.

OPERATING TECHNICIAN

Thermatic's a relative reading. If everything's the same temperature...

VIVIAN

...the camera can't tell people from walls.

She looks to another surveillance tape running on another monitor. It is grey and grainy, but there is a discernible image.

VINCENT

Why do we have picture on that camera?

OPERATING TECHNICIAN

It was only 92 in that room.

VIVIAN

Are you telling me we can't see human forms in the Impressionist Gallery because it was precisely 98.6 degrees in there?

Incredibly, this seems to be true.

Vivian suddenly smiles, excited.

VIVIAN

Ohhhh, we do have a mind here, don't we?

It would seem that she's pleased by this. A worthy adversary.

EXT. THE OCEAN - A YACHT - DUSK

A GALA PRIVATE PARTY is in progress. Gorgeously-dressed rich people mill about on the deck.

One of them is THOMAS CROWN. He stands, one arm around the PRETTY GIRL -- the other hand holding the briefcase -- the one he used to transport the Cezanne.

A HUGE, MANY-TIERED BIRTHDAY CAKE is wheeled out to a DONALD TRUMP type. He beams.

The crowd starts to sing "Happy Birthday to Steve..."

Everyone's attention is on the host.

Crown casually drops his arm -- the one with the briefcase -- over the side.

When his arm reappears the briefcase is gone.

A home for crabs.

INT. IMPRESSIONIST GALLERY - NIGHT

Vincent and Vivian stand before the BENCH -- the one that sits silent witness to the empty space that held the Cezanne. Vivian takes one last look around.

VINCENT

Come on. I'll take you home.

She still doesn't move. She's staring at the bench.

VINCENT

What.

VIVIAN

How many legs?

VINCENT

What?

VIVIAN

On the bench. How many legs?

She points at the bench.

VINCENT

Two.

INT. OPERATIONAL SECURITY - NIGHT

Vivian and Vincent are back for a second look at the tape.

VIVIAN

Go back to before the temperature
went up.

As the camera goes back, the white static begins to resolve
as he winds backwards into a slowly recognizable picture of
tourists pixillating in and out of the room.

VIVIAN

Stop.

They both look at her. She is staring at the image on the
screen.

VIVIAN

Look.

They both look to the screen.

The bench beneath the Cezanne-space has THREE LEGS.

INT. VINCENT'S (UNMARKED) CAR - NIGHT

Vincent is driving, Vivian buzzing with her thoughts.

VINCENT

You want to share it with me?

She turns to him suddenly.

VIVIAN

Do you think this was just a
bungled heist?

VINCENT

What do you think it is?

She shakes her head. She doesn't know yet.

INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR

As the CAMERA MOVES, we see through the glass into THREE
INTERROGATION ROOMS, each containing NESTOR, AJAX, and
SINON.

Vincent and Vivian flick glances at them as they walk.

VINCENT

(sarcastic)

They're just art lovers. This was
all a horrible misunderstanding.

Vivian sifts through some paperwork.

VIVIAN
Art lovers with rap sheets.

VINCENT
Yeah, they're fun guys.
(reading over her
shoulder)
Arson, second degree murder, armed
robbery... rape...

VIVIAN
Just for variety.

VINCENT
Jesus, throw away the key.

At the end of the hall waits PARETTI, 50, Vincent's partner, who is more genial, paunchy and careless of his appearance.

PARETTI
The witness is here.

Vivian's eyes flash.

INT. THE LINE-UP - DAY

A room of one-way glass, on the other side of which several men of approximate height and color stand on a small stage.

WITNESS' VOICE (O.S.)
The man in the middle. Number 4.

The CAMERA turns around to reveal--

THOMAS CROWN

standing before the glass, carefully scrutinizing the suspect.

It is, of course, NESTOR.

In the back of the room stands Vivian, watching Crown.

So does the POLICEWOMAN next to her.

POLICEWOMAN
Who's Cary Grant?

Vivian smiles. Both women look at him appreciatively.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Vincent and Paretti are now interviewing Crown.

EXT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Vivian again, watching through the glass, listening discreetly to the earnest and helpful Mr. Crown.

CROWN

...No, there's no question. I saw him take the Cezanne off the wall... there was another man who put it in a case... I didn't get a good look at him, I'm sorry. You can't believe you're watching something like this, you just go into shock...

VINCENT

You'd be willing to testify?

CROWN

Of course. If you're referring to the fact that there might be repercussions involved in testifying against these kind of people -- it doesn't frighten me. The painting was one of my favorites. Somebody has to take a stand.

Is there a flicker of amusement in Crown's eyes? It's quickly, discreetly hidden as Paretto shakes his hand.

PARETTI

My hat's off to you, Mr. Crown. If more people were like you, we'd have a lot less crime in this city.

EXT. 1 POLICE PLAZA - STEPS - DAY

Crown skips down the steps, two at a time, buoyantly.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Nestor sits with his LAWYER, a practiced shark.

VINCENT

We've got the painting in your hands--

NESTOR

I never touched that fucking thing!

VINCENT

We have a sworn statement--!

NESTOR

If I had it, I'd have it, wouldn't I?!

VINCENT

Who'd you hand it off to?

NESTOR

WHO THE FUCK IS SAYING THIS?

We see the attorney whispering in his client's ear. Nestor swears under his breath. He feels trapped.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Vivian watches through the glass. She frowns.

INT. VINCENT'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Vivian sits beside Vincent; he's giving her a ride home.

VIVIAN

You know what? I believe him.

VINCENT

Believe what.

VIVIAN

He never touched the Cezanne.

VINCENT

His attorney doesn't believe him. They want a deal.

VIVIAN

It won't give us the painting.

(beat)

There's someone else.

Vincent pulls up to

EXT. VIVIAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A lovely old brownstone on the Upper West side.

INT. VINCENT'S CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

VIVIAN

Thanks, Vincent.

VINCENT

Tired?

VIVIAN

I wouldn't admit it.

VINCENT
Not tired of me, are you?

VIVIAN
No, you wear well.

He looks at her for a long moment.

VINCENT
Eaten anything?

VIVIAN
I...

VINCENT
They know me at Rao's.

This is obviously a point of pride with him.

VINCENT
We could relax for five minutes.
--More like an hour, thirty-five.
(as she hesitates)
Might be good for you.

She seems to seriously think it over.

VIVIAN
Might. But better not.

VINCENT
No?

He tries not to look too disappointed. She looks him right in the eye. Kindly:

VIVIAN
I can't go there when I'm working.

VINCENT
Hey, it was just dinner.

She gives him a skeptical smile. No, it wasn't. He shrugs. All right, maybe it wasn't. But he'll accept her refusal, albeit regretfully.

VINCENT
What, think you'd lose your edge?
Not much chance of that, but okay.

She smiles at the compliment. Then she's opened the door and gone.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Vincent sits with Nestor and his lawyer. Some sort of deal has been cut.

VINCENT

Let's go back. Who planned it.

A long pause. Nestor's attorney nods at him -- go on.

NESTOR

Some guy.

VINCENT

Not one of your crew.

NESTOR

No.

VINCENT

This guy... came to you?

NESTOR

Yeah. He had floor plans, electrical, time-tables--

VINCENT

He just approached you with a pre-packaged robbery?
(as Nestor nods)
What's his name?

NESTOR

I don't know. I never saw his face. We talked on the phone, his voice was filtered.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Vivian turns away from the glass. CLOSE ON her face as the beginnings of an idea take root.

Paretti watches with her, impressed..

PARETTI

Even if you're smart enough to steal it, how do you even fence a thing like that?

VIVIAN

Maybe you don't. Maybe you just want the painting.

PARETTI

What kind of person would go to that kind of crazy trouble, not for money?

Vivian thinks. An idea is taking root.

VIVIAN

Well, a Cezanne lover.

INT. POLICE STATION CORRIDOR - MEN'S ROOM DOOR - DAY

Vincent emerges from the Men's room. Vivian is waiting for him, practically jumps him.

VIVIAN

Okay. He comes in the morning, leaves a briefcase that looks like a third leg. What's in it?

Vincent can't believe she's still going like this. He smiles.

VINCENT

What.

VIVIAN

Space heater. Specially modified. --Because he knows his crew will shut the air off -- all he's got to do is raise the room temperature 8 or 9 degrees--

VINCENT

(realizing she's onto something)

--To 98.6.

They start back down the corridor.

VIVIAN

--Then, when everything goes haywire, and his guys get caught--

VINCENT

Wait, wait, wait. When his guys get caught--?

VIVIAN

Because it was meant to fail! It was a diversion. Make a lot of noise over there, so over here, in this room, you can take a hundred and fifty million dollar painting

(CONT'D)

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

off the wall and waltz out of the building!

(shakes her head)

It's not bad, you know. It's really a good one.

Her smile gets broader; she almost laughs. There is a gleam in her eye that Vincent doesn't quite understand.

VINCENT

You're saying he sold his own crew down the river.

VIVIAN

They said themselves, they weren't his crew -- they never knew him!

VINCENT

So that only leaves... who.

VIVIAN

Look.

She hands Vincent a piece of paper.

VIVIAN

A list. Of people who've bid on Cezannes at major auctions in the last five years. See anyone we know?

Vincent scans the list. His eyes come up, stunned.

VIVIAN

(smiles)

Mr. Thomas Crown.

INT. A MASSIVE STAINED GLASS SKYLIGHT - DUSK

LENOX (O.S.)

But there is one benefactor we have more than one reason to thank...

There is APPLAUSE as we TILT DOWN to see that we are in--

INT. THE NATIONAL ARTS CLUB - DUSK

LENOX, the Metropolitan Museum Director is on a dais.

A COCKTAIL PARTY is in progress. The rich wood-paneled room is filled with heavy-hitting businessmen, Prada-wearing, many-facelifted upper East Side divorcees, and

THOMAS CROWN,

at whom we now see all the applause is directed. He's "embarrassed," waves it away.

LENOX

...no, no, Tommy, come on up here...

Crown shakes his head, oh no.

LENOX

I won't let you get out of this.

The applause gets louder. Crown realizes he can't escape, makes his way up to Lenox.

LENOX

I see some of you already know...

The applause finally dies down.

LENOX

For those of you who don't, Mr. Thomas Crown has generously loaned us a Pissarro until our Cezanne is restored to us... as well as being personally involved in identifying several key suspects...

More applause.

Even Vivian applauds.

Vivian?

Yes, Vivian.

She is almost unrecognizable.

She looks spectacularly glamorous in one of "those" little black dresses -- tight, short, but mysteriously classy.

We haven't seen her like this. Not in stiletto heels, not with her hair a sleek mane.

She looks like she could get anything she wants.

LENOX

...I know that we ask a lot of our benefactors, but not usually "collaring" the armed and dangerous -- come up here, I won't go away...

To continued applause, Crown "reluctantly" mounts the dais steps.

VIVIAN
(softly)
Speech.

That's all it takes. The people around her take up the cry: Speech! Speech!

Crown is stuck with a speech.

CROWN
(charmingly "self-deprecating")
Well... I'm afraid my contribution to justice was strictly limited to pointing and shrieking for help...
(pointedly, to Lenox)
... much as you all do with us when it's donation time.

Laughter.

Crown waves away the final laughter and applause as he comes down the steps.

Vivian is waiting.

It seems natural that she would just start speaking to him.

VIVIAN
(impressed)
A Pissarro...

CROWN
Well, it seemed the right size for the space.

VIVIAN
Or maybe you were bored with it.

He gives her a good look; she has possibilities.

CROWN
Do we know each other?

VIVIAN
Not yet.
(extending her hand)
I'm Vivian Banning.

CROWN
Thomas Crown.

He smiles, pleased to be meeting a beautiful mystery woman. They walk a bit, out of the press of the crowd.

CROWN

Did you just marry someone?

VIVIAN

Oh, god, no. Why?

CROWN

I haven't seen you at these before.

VIVIAN

Well I have to admit: I crashed.

CROWN

Really.

VIVIAN

(laughing, lightly)
Do you have any idea how hard it was to get past Security?

CROWN

None.

VIVIAN

I thought of all these elaborate plots, but in the end, the simplest was just to walk right in.

Her tone isn't pointed at all. Just breezy. The content could be coincidental.

His eyes give away nothing.

CROWN

Drink?

They have arrived at the stunning, long mahogany bar. Vivian smiles at the bartender, orders.

VIVIAN

Vodka rocks, twist.

CROWN

Scotch neat.

VIVIAN

You and the Met seem to be symbiotic.

CROWN

How so?

VIVIAN
Your generosity to it... its
generosity to you.

CROWN
In what way do you mean.

VIVIAN
Giving you a plaque, that's a high
honor.

CROWN
How do you know about that?

VIVIAN
I've been reading about you.

CROWN
Where?

VIVIAN
In a file.

He's suddenly very curious about her.

CROWN
Who do you work for?

The bartender hands them their drinks.

VIVIAN
Oh, I'm in the art world.

CROWN
Dealer?
(she shakes her head)
Gallery Owner?

VIVIAN
(dropping the bomb)
Insurance.

She looks at him closely. Not a flicker of an eyelash.

CROWN
I'm covered.

VIVIAN
(correcting him)
Oh, no.

She leans forward, smiles.

VIVIAN
I investigate.

CROWN
What in particular?

VIVIAN
You.

CROWN
Me.

VIVIAN
You.
(extrapolating).
The painting.
(beat)
You don't expect us to cut a check
for a hundred and fifty million
just like that...?

Again, not the flicker of an eyelash. He just smiles as if
to say, "What?!"

Vivian looks at her watch.

VIVIAN
Well...

INT. THE NATIONAL ARTS CLUB - NIGHT

Vivian is walking across the lobby to the front entrance.

Crown catches up to her, catches her elbow.

CROWN
All right. I'm intrigued.

Vivian stops.

VIVIAN
Are you?

CROWN
Are you trying to... to imply that
I had something to do with--

VIVIAN
Trying? Trying? No, I wouldn't
call it an attempt.

She's accusing him outright.

CROWN
And you arrived at this...?

VIVIAN
Why would I tell you?

CROWN
Well, how can I respond if I don't
know what you've... fantasized?

VIVIAN
All right. I've fantasized... a
tiny little heater in a briefcase.

Crown now is openly impressed with her.

CROWN
What's your take for all this?

VIVIAN
Five percent of everything
recovered.

CROWN
A bounty hunter.

VIVIAN
If you like.

CROWN
Always get your man?

VIVIAN
Yes.

CROWN
Think you'll get me?

It's not an admission, but he's no longer playing the
innocent, either.

Vivian takes an appraising look at him.

VIVIAN
I hope so.

EXT. THE NATIONAL ARTS CLUB (GRAMMARCY PARK) - NIGHT

Crown and Vivian come down the stairs.

CROWN
My car's here; may I drop you
somewhere?

It might be any polite man's chivalrous question.

INT. CROWN'S LIMO - MOVING - NIGHT

They sit in the back, for the moment in silence, looking at each other.

VIVIAN
(to the driver)
It's up here. Stop. No. I'm
wrong. Next one.

CROWN
(observing)
New apartment?

She smiles, nods.

CROWN
New city?
(she smiles again)
Did you move here just for me?

VIVIAN
(evasive)
I like New York.

The car has pulled over.

CROWN
So. Tomorrow.

VIVIAN
Yes?

CROWN
Us. Dinner.

He looks at her. Is she going to be flustered?

Oh no. Not this woman. Vivian is amused, and a little
titillated by his total audacity.

VIVIAN
Why not?

CROWN
Eight o'clock.
(to the driver)
Stay there, Frank--

Crown gets out, walks around the back of the car and opens
her door for her. Himself.

She smiles.

INT. THE POLICE STATION - VINCENT'S OFFICE - DAY

Vincent confronts Vivian, trying to keep his anger in check.

VINCENT

You march in there, no word to me--!

VIVIAN

It was an impulse--

VINCENT

You tell him, balls out, he's a suspect--!

VIVIAN

It cut through the shit, all right?!

Vince is a bit taken aback. She sees this, sits on his desk, a few feet closer, modulates her voice in a friendly way.

VIVIAN

How long would it have taken you? Wiretaps, guys tailing him for days? I found out in ten minutes.

(smiles)

He's the one, Vince.

VINCENT

So what? You've compromised this investigation!

VIVIAN

I've jump-started it!

VINCENT

Oh? So tell me what you have.
--Besides a date.

There is a bitterness here that goes beyond professional, and Vivian knows it.

VIVIAN

Look. He thinks he's smart enough to mislead me--

VINCENT

What if he is?

She smiles like a sphinx. No. He isn't.

VINCENT

Don't tell me you never heard of protocol. Don't piss on the NYPD, Vivian.

A beat. Vivian realizes this is not a moment to argue.

VINCENT

You think I'm going to sit here on my hands?

INT. CROWN'S PENTHOUSE - MORNING

When Crown's Chinese butler (LENG CHENG) answers the door he is somewhat surprised to see VINCENT, looking very angry, standing at the head of a HALF DOZEN NEW YORK CITY COPS.

Vincent throws a piece of paper at him.

VINCENT

This is a warrant empowering me to search these premises. Please step aside.

LENG CHENG

(startled)

I should... I should notify my employer.

VINCENT

(pushing past him)

Do what you want, just don't get in our way.

He ushers the cops in behind him.

VINCENT

Luke, Paul, Sammy, take this and the dining room -- Jerry, Shane, Peter, get the bedrooms and study...

VOICE

Excuse me.

Everyone turns to see THOMAS CROWN, who has emerged from the kitchen with a man we may recognize as WALLACE, his attorney.

Both Crown and the Man are wearing aprons. Is some sort of cooking lesson in progress?

CROWN

Why are you in my house?

Vincent's eyes light to see him. He snatches the warrant out of the Houseman's hands and tosses it into Crown's.

VINCENT

Thomas Crown. I suggest you call your lawyer.

Crown doesn't bother reading the warrant, instead passing it on to his companion from the kitchen.

CROWN

This man to my left happens to be my attorney.

Vincent is surprised for an instant. But easily recovers.

VINCENT

(enjoying this)
Good. You're going to need him.

CROWN

You intend to search my house?

VINCENT

Yes.

Crown turns to his attorney.

CROWN

Wallace, I'm sorry to do this to you, but you're fired.

Everyone except his attorney stops dead. Looking surprised.

CROWN'S ATTORNEY (WALLACE)

Am I to understand that you are representing yourself in pro per from this point on?

CROWN

That's correct, Wallace.

VINCENT

(to Crown)
The second stupid thing you've done this week.

(to cops)
Get to it.

But Crown's ex-attorney raises his hands.

WALLACE

Now, just a minute. If this man is his own legal counsel, then it follows that these premises are, in effect, his offices -- am I correct in that assumption, Mr. Crown?

CROWN

You are, Wallace.

WALLACE

Then it also follows, as you should know, Detective...

(glances at warrant)

...Speck, that an attorney's records are constitutionally protected under the right to attorney/client privilege and confidentiality. That means, under the 5th amendment, the offices of the attorney of the accused can neither be searched nor seized.

Vincent stares at them for a second. Uncertain. Wallace pulls a CEL-PHONE out of his jacket, dials a number and tosses it to Vincent who reflexively catches it.

WALLACE

I just dialed the District Attorney's number. I'd discuss it with him. Before you do anything... stupid.

Vincent looks from one to the other for a moment. Crown merely looking back at him, the slightest of smiles on his lips...

To his NYPD bulls who stand around watching him with his dick in his hands...

Cornered, he puts his ear to the phone. Turns his back, speaking into the phone.

CROWN

So, Wallace. Why can't we just boil them alive?

WALLACE

Slow death makes them taste bad. You have to split their heads open.

CROWN

A hacking sort of motion--?

WALLACE
No -- pierce, then chop.

CROWN
(miming a knife)
Ka-chung.

WALLACE
Right.

Vincent slaps the cel-phone shut and turns back to them. He is grey and shaking slightly. He looks at the other two men for a tight moment.

Then tosses the phone back to Wallace and turns and walks out. A beat. His bulls follow him slowly out.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Vincent gets in; Vivian sits in the passenger seat, unable to resist an I-told-you-so smile. She pats the POLICE RADIO FREQUENCY SCANNER.

VIVIAN
I heard your phone call.

Vincent says nothing. There's nothing to say: Crown got the best of him. He starts the car.

VIVIAN
I can get into his apartment.

Vincent shoots her a look, irritated.

INT. VINCENT'S OFFICE - DAY

Vincent looks out the window, down at

EXT. VINCENT'S POV - 1 POLICE PLAZA - DAY

Vivian is getting into Crown's car.

INT. CROWN'S CAR - DUSK

Vivian greets him as she enters:

VIVIAN
How are you?

CROWN
Popular.

He turns around and nods behind him as

EXT. 1 POLICE PLAZA - CROWN'S POV DUSK

A none-too-subtle UNMARKED POLICE CAR (PARETTI'S) pulls out behind them.

EXT. THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM - DUSK - POV FROM

INT. A PLAINCLOTHES COP'S CAR - DUSK

As, through his windshield, he sees Crown's car pull up in front.

INT. VINCENT'S CAR - DUSK

Vincent talks into his short wave, pissed.

VINCENT

He took her to the fucking Met!

PARETTI (O.S.)

It's nice for a first date.

Vincent is not amused.

INT. THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM - IMPRESSIONIST GALLERY - DUSK

But Vivian is amused -- very amused -- as Crown leads her past the Degas ballet girls...

The balls of the man! The brass balls!

He catches her expression.

He smiles back as if to say, "What."

VIVIAN

I see they got the air back on.

Her sleeveless dress seems skimpy; she's holding her arms, clearly very cold.

Crown, ever the gentleman, takes off his coat.

CROWN

Please...

She accepts, lets him put the coat over her shoulders. His hand brushes her bare shoulder a moment longer than it needs to; both of them notice the sensation but don't look at each other.

VIVIAN

Let's go right.

As Crown turns right, Vivian puts

HER HAND

into Crown's coat pocket. We HEAR a JINGLE. Keys.

INT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM - IMPRESSIONIST ROOM - DAY

Vivian just smiles as they pass the space where the Cezanne used to be. Crown's Pissarro resides there now. Called "The Boulevard Montmartre at Night," it's a beautiful example of the Impressionist's disintegrating perspective and fits in perfectly with the rest of the exhibit.

VIVIAN

Your loaner?

CROWN

The least I could do.

She moves on; he follows.

VIVIAN

You know, if I had my pick in this room, I wouldn't have gone for that Cezanne.

CROWN

No? What would you take?

VIVIAN

For my personal collection?

She points.

It's a Van Gogh of a copse of trees -- Cypresses - relatively restrained, for Van Gogh. None of the tumultuous emotional violence of his other paintings.

CROWN

Awfully quiet for Van Gogh.

VIVIAN

Well, I like it.

CROWN

But do you love it?

VIVIAN

Yes. I do.

CROWN

Do you want it?

It's a curious question. His gaze is intense.

VIVIAN

Why? Will you get it for me?

CROWN

Anything's obtainable.

VIVIAN

Apparently.

A beat as they stroll on to other paintings.

VIVIAN

All right. Say you were me. What would you do to get it?

CROWN

I'd get a print.

Vivian smiles.

Crown moves on.

In the split-second he's ahead of her she TAKES THE KEYS OUT OF HIS COAT POCKET and, passing, puts them on a MARBLE PEDESTAL.

In two steps she's caught up with Crown, leaving the keys behind.

Moments later a MALE TOURIST (who has been subtly following them) GRABS the KEYS, pocketing them.

INT. VINCENT'S CAR - NIGHT

Vincent is listening to Piretti on his radio.

PIRETTI (V.O.)

They're going into Le Cirque.

VINCENT

Le Cirque...? They're supposed to go to Cipriani.

PIRETTI (V.O.)

(contemptuous)

Good luck.

(muttering)

...Le Cirque with no reservation...

INT. RESTAURANT - CROWN AND VIVIAN'S TABLE - NIGHT

Crown and Vivian are sitting at a choice table.

The Zagat's description of "Jetsons meets Buckingham Palace" isn't far wrong. It's a grand old hotel space, done up in ultra-modern style. Every table contains some sort of luminary -- political, societal, or show business.

Vivian sits, her hands empty as Crown peruses the discreet black folder.

VIVIAN

I don't get a menu?

Crown merely smiles.

The waiter appears. Crown orders.

CROWN

The rack of lamb for me and the tagliolini with white truffles for my...

Vivian wonders what he's going to call her.

CROWN

...pursuer.

Vivian smiles at the word's suggestiveness.

CROWN

(beat)

And I'm sure she'd like to have a glass of the Corton-Charlemagne.

The waiter goes. Vivian shoots Crown a look.

VIVIAN

You've been busy.

CROWN

I'm sure your files are thicker than mine.

VIVIAN

Surprised by anything?

CROWN

Lima, Ohio.

VIVIAN

Well you've erased Liverpool, you know how it's done.

CROWN

I'd love to've seen you typing for
a living.

He smiles at the thought.

VIVIAN

I'd love to've seen you selling
shoes.

His smile fades. She smiles back. Touche.

VIVIAN

Anything else you enjoyed about me?

CROWN

No.

(beat, wry)

Although I was amused by the actor.

Vivian looks him right in the eye, not embarrassed in the
least.

VIVIAN

And you've never had a diversion?

Crown smiles. Of course he has.

VIVIAN

That Belgian girl was only 19.
Tsk, tsk.

She takes a bite of her bread. Crown is enjoying this.

INT. (WE DON'T KNOW WHERE YET) - NIGHT

MALE HANDS are taking CROWN'S KEYS off the ring...

INT. LE CIRQUE - NIGHT

As their entrees are placed in front of Crown and Vivian,
Crown addresses the waiter.

CROWN

...We'd like to pre-order
souffles... and I'd like to send a
bottle of Burgundy to those two
gentlemen...

He points to

TWO MEN (PLAINCLOTHES COPS),

seated at the worst table in the restaurant. It's next to the kitchen, and waiters practically trip over them as they come and go. The two men snap their attention back to their food as Crown looks at them.

Vivian smiles.

CROWN

At least they look like midtown.
The ones yesterday looked like
flashers.

Vivian smiles.

VIVIAN

We do our best.

CROWN

(enjoying this)
I'm under glass. Soon you'll know
everything.

VIVIAN

Oh, there're things we don't know.

CROWN

Like what.

VIVIAN

Like, why.

She leans forward, looks at him penetratingly.

VIVIAN

Were you bored? Aquisitions and
mergers looking a little stodgy...?
Is it more fun getting it all than
keeping it?

CROWN

(right back at her)
And is this the fun part for you?

VIVIAN

How do you mean.

CROWN

The money's not it for you. You
like the chase.

She looks him back in the eye. It's a penetrating
observation, and she knows it.

CROWN

Not many women get to chase --
It's like poker -- we don't let you
in the game.

VIVIAN

You're right. My brothers wouldn't
let me play. They said I didn't
have the mind for it.

Crown laughs at this.

CROWN

And they're plumbers now.

VIVIAN

(smiles)
Something like that.

She laughs too.

INT. (WE DON'T KNOW WHERE) - CLOSE ON

A KEY-MAKING MACHINE

grinds as it duplicates a KEY.

INT. LE CIRQUE - NIGHT

Crown and Vivian are finishing souffles. The dinner is
winding down.

CROWN

Can I ply you with anything else?

VIVIAN

Nothing--

CROWN

--Cheese tray? Would you like an
espresso--?

VIVIAN

Would you like a deal?

This drops with a thud for a moment as she looks at him
penetratingly. Vivian picks up a chocolate stick off the
after-dinner tray and begins to suck at it. -- Although
her words are anything but sensual:

VIVIAN

You could make it easy on yourself.
We'll just get more warrants.
Searches. Mess up your
carpeting...

Crown leans forward on one elbow, looking into her eyes, smiling.

CROWN

I'm thinking...

A beat as she waits for him to respond to her offer.

CROWN

That girl was too young. I'm going to go more adult.

VIVIAN

Are you?

CROWN

Yes.

He's looking right into her eyes. She looks back. It's heady, but she holds her own.

VIVIAN

You might be a little short on time.

CROWN

I'm an optimist.

She smiles, gets up.

VIVIAN

Excuse me...

Crown watches Vivian as she goes, her hair catching glints from the overhead Halogens, her body all too clearly defined through its clingy mohair dress.

She looks very... touchable.

We TRACK VIVIAN from the table, around the corner to the

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE LADIES' ROOM - NIGHT

Vivian looks around, a bit anxious, obviously expecting someone. Who isn't here.

CROWN AND VIVIAN'S TABLE

Crown sits alone for a moment, looks with amusement at--

THE PLAINCLOTHES COPS' TABLE

The two cops are caught looking at Crown.

Crown smiles, gives them a little wave.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE LADIES' ROOM - NIGHT

The MALE TOURIST we saw earlier rushes up to Vivian, breathless, handing her the keys not a moment too soon. She quickly walks towards her table.

EXT. VIVIAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - VESTIBULE - NIGHT

Vivian is putting her key in the lock. Crown stands behind her, just a hair closer than he needs to.

She's very conscious of him. Trying not to be visibly affected.

VIVIAN
I'd invite you in...

CROWN
But the world is watching.

VIVIAN
Besides...

CROWN
You have no furniture.

She stares at him for a moment -- has he been in her apartment?!

But she recovers quickly.

VIVIAN
I'm waiting until I can afford
Chippendale.
(beat; playfully)
Won't be long.

She leans forward putting one arm around Crown in a casual embrace.

VIVIAN
Goodnight.

HER HAND

quickly slips his KEYS back in his coat pocket.

Crown takes measure of the embrace; it's that of a casual co-worker. Her head is tilted slightly, presenting only a cheek.

Which he does not kiss.

CROWN

Goodnight.

He'll wait for better things.

INT. VIVIAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Vivian enters a lovely, spacious brownstone most New Yorkers would kill for, with three big bedrooms and a study.

Vivian is not hurting for bucks.

But, aside from the lovely rugs on the floor and art prints on the walls, it's pretty bare. Boxes still unpacked. An armchair here, a tansu there -- but this woman is a hunter, not a shopper. She moves a lot, and she travels light.

Something draws Vivian to the front window. She pushes the curtain aside and looks down.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - VIVIAN'S POV - NIGHT

Crown is still standing outside his car, leaning against it. Looking up at her.

They just look at each other for a moment. She closes the curtains.

INT. VINCENT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A New York cop can't afford New York, so this is a modest Queens one-bedroom, the furniture better than we might expect. Vincent is not without taste.

Vincent is on the phone.

VINCENT

...alone...?

He gets the answer he wants and hangs up.

EXT. THOMAS CROWN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

It's a Sanford White, and it's glorious. We watch as:

LENG CHENG,

Thomas Crown's houseman, exits the building.

As soon as he is out of sight, VIVIAN and the MALE TOURIST (who will now be known as MALE ASSOCIATE) get out of a car.

INT. THOMAS CROWN'S APARTMENT - FOYER - DAY

A KEY turns in the lock. Vivian and the male associate are in!

INT. THOMAS CROWN'S APARTMENT - MONTAGE - DAY

We see every corner of place being discreetly taken apart:

RUGS lifted.

A BED moved.

CABINETS flung open.

The FLUE of the FIREPLACE prodded with a poker.

CLOSETS dismantled.

INT. CROWN'S STUDY - DAY

Vivian's men are running their fingers across the paneled walls, feeling the surface for irregularities.

MALE ASSOCIATE

There may be something back here.

Vivian tries every switch in the room. Finally her eye fall on Crown's desk. She feels under the lip of it...

BRRRR....! The wall starts to move... revealing...

INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR - DAY

Vivian and her associate make a triumphant entrance, carrying a carefully wrapped, CEZANNE-SHAPED PACKAGE.

APPLAUSE from the cops as she comes down the corridor.

Vincent, in his doorway, shakes his head. She catches his eye.

Well, her look says, I did what I had to do.

INT. FLUOROSCOPE LAB - DAY

The MUSEUM ART INSPECTOR, 60, is putting the painting under the light, examining it.

It is unquestionably the Cezanne.

Vincent and Vivian watch. She's intent on the painting; he's intent on her, simmering at what she's done.

VINCENT
 ...you know exactly what I am
 talking about: theft, illegal
 entry, trespassing--

VIVIAN
 I'm not a cop, Vince.

VINCENT
 No you're not! If you were you'd
 know this won't hold up. You don't
 even care if he goes up for this?!

VIVIAN
 My job is the painting.

Vincent now realizes: Vivian is a real piece of work.
 The museum art inspector peers closely at the Cezanne.

MUSEUM ART INSPECTOR
 You've got a ghost here.

VINCENT
 What's that?

MUSEUM ART INSPECTOR
 Another painting underneath.

VIVIAN
 Cezanne reused his canvases...

She and Vincent lean forward.

UNDER THE FLUOROSCOPE - CLOSE

Glowing from underneath the beautiful Cezanne is, indeed,
 ANOTHER PAINTING.

The very contemporary, in-your-face tastelessness of a
 BUNCH OF IRISH SETTERS playing POKER.

Vivian's face goes white.

And Vincent can't help himself. It's his first smile in
 days.

VINCENT
 Oh. Cezanne's unknown masterpiece.
 "Dogs at Cards."

INT. THE PIERRE - BALLROOM - NIGHT

A BANNER proclaims the symbol of the American Cancer
 Society.

This is their charity event of the season, and it's obviously \$50,000.00 a plate.

Huge velvet drapes frame the bandstand, on which sits a 40-piece orchestra.

Harry Connick sings, "I've Got You Under My Skin."

Among the gloriously dressed couples on the dance floor is Thomas Crown. He is with yet another BEAUTIFUL GIRL, beautiful with the distinction of upper-class cheekbones, not a prosaic model type.

A well-manicured FEMALE HAND taps her on the shoulder. She turns.

It's VIVIAN.

The girl has no idea what Vivian is doing.

BEAUTIFUL GIRL

Excuse me--?

VIVIAN

I'm cutting in.

The girl's mouth opens with indignation. She looks at Crown for a moment, who is looking at Vivian, amused.

CROWN

It's all right, Anna.

None too pleased, the girl goes.

Crown and Vivian look at each other for a moment.

He holds up his arms. Dance? She steps forward; they begin to move together.

VIVIAN

You laid yourself wide open.

CROWN

You're all flushed.

He's right. Her color is high, her eyes too bright.

VIVIAN

--How many people can forge a Cezanne? Five? Six?

CROWN

--Oh, you're excited now--

VIVIAN

--We'll find the artist. He'll
turn you over in a heartbeat--

CROWN

You think you're inches away--

VIVIAN

I am inches away. You think I'm
just going to peck up crumbs you
lay out for me? I can smell blood
on my own.

CROWN

You think that's what excites you?
This little dance we do? --I lead,
you lead, ahead by a nose, behind
again... is that the game you want
to play?

He looks in her eyes.

CROWN

Or do you really want to play
something else?

His eyes have caught hers and won't let go. It's the
hypnotic pull they've both had from the beginning.

A long moment as their bodies move together.

It's inevitable. He comes forward, suddenly, and catches
her in a WILD KISS.

She knew it was coming and couldn't stop it if she tried.
It's like a tidal wave, and she's kissing him back.

And it's unacceptable. No one else on that dance floor is
mashed together, kissing wildly.

Crown and Vivian don't notice the people staring.

They aren't about to stop.

He pulls away from her suddenly, grabs her hand and yanks
her--

BEHIND THE VELVET CURTAINS

--where he grabs her again -- the CAMERA circling wildly
around them as they kiss.

HIS HAND

moves down to her leg... up and under her dress.

INT. THE BALLROOM - NIGHT

We see the FAINTEST RIPPLES in the VELVET CURTAIN. What's going on back there?

BEHIND THE CURTAINS

Vivian is kissing him wildly. Crown pushes her against the wall--

INT. CROWN'S FOYER - NIGHT

--but the wall she hits is in his apartment. Her zipper is undone; he pushes her loose dress down off her shoulders... it starts to slide down her body...

The dress hits the floor, but we are in--

INT. CROWN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

--as she leans back onto the bed... inviting him... He's on top of her now, they roll over...

TIME CUT TO:

...and over... but now both are NAKED...

TIME CUT TO:

CLOSE ON -- VIVIAN'S FACE. She's on top of CROWN as she shudders and gasps.

TIME CUT TO:

Afterward. The bed is wrecked. They're dripping with sweat. Her head is on his chest.

CROWN

I think you know where the toothbrushes are.

Vivian smiles.

INT. CROWN'S BREAKFAST AREA - EARLY MORNING

Crown sits out at a beautifully-laid breakfast table. Vivian, wearing a fluffy white bathrobe, sits opposite.

She looks at a painting on the far wall.

VIVIAN
That's a nice Klee.

CROWN
Thank you.

VIVIAN
You live very well. It would be a
shame to lose all this.

CROWN
You'll live well, with 7 million.
--That is what you get.

VIVIAN
Seven point five.

CROWN
Take-home?

VIVIAN
Of course not, after taxes...

CROWN
(bemused)
You pay taxes.

VIVIAN
Yes, I pay taxes. Do you totally
avoid--?

Crown shrugs, smiles.

CROWN
Nice healthy number.
(beat)
What if...

She listens attentively.

CROWN
...I gave you ten.

This catches her off-guard. Her fork freezes halfway up to
her mouth.

VIVIAN
Million.

CROWN
Yours to take home.

VIVIAN
Hypothetically.

CROWN
Hypothetically.

VIVIAN
To botch it up.

CROWN
(nods)
Well, wouldn't it be sad to lose
me? This way, everyone's happy.

He's looking at her with absolute, fearless directness.

She has no idea if he's playing with her or not.

VIVIAN
How would I hide it?

CROWN
I'll teach you.

He has to be playing. He's the scorpion: it's his nature.

Changing the subject, Vivian raises her coffee cup.

VIVIAN
Is this Graffeo's?
(off his nod)
You sent to San Francisco for this?

He smiles.

VIVIAN
Ooh. I hate being a foregone
conclusion.

CROWN
Wasn't I a foregone conclusion for
you?

She actually doesn't know the answer.

INT. PARETTI'S OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE ON VINCENT'S HANDS
HOLDING--

One, two, three PHOTOS of Vivian on the dance floor with
Crown... kissing him...

In the third, Crown actually has his HAND on her BREAST.

In public!

Vincent throws the photos down, disgust mingled with rage.

Paretti knows better than to say a word.

INT. POLICE STATION - VINCENT'S OFFICE - DAY

Vincent is sitting behind his desk as Vivian comes in, coolly holding her head up, keeping her composure completely. She hands him a file.

VIVIAN

Forgers.

He just looks at her.

VIVIAN

You don't even need to bother with the rest of it -- you see? You find the forger, you'll find the painting.

She can see by his face that he knows.

She sits down opposite him.

VIVIAN

All right.

Vincent fixes her with a cold look, just shakes his head.

VIVIAN

Are you going to be a cliché?

VINCENT

Did you even think twice?

VIVIAN

No.

VINCENT

You knew what you were doing.

VIVIAN

My job!

(off his contemptuous
look)

He likes me. He'll keep liking me.
It'll keep me right next to him--

VINCENT

And you don't care what that makes
you.

VIVIAN

I know what I am.

She turns to go.

VINCENT

Think you do?

She turns and looks at him.

VINCENT

What if you don't. What if he's
not the one who likes you.

This might score a glancing blow if Vivian let it. But she won't allow this idea to penetrate -- not even for a moment.

VINCENT

There's a very fine line between
confidence... and delusion.

VIVIAN

This is about the money, Vince.

VINCENT

Either way. I wouldn't want to be
you.

INT. THOMAS CROWN'S OFFICE - DAY

Crown watches, bemused, as Vincent leads a swarm of COPS through the rooms, taking the place apart.

He obviously has a "revenge warrant." He doesn't really believe the painting is here, any more than he believes it's in--

INT. THOMAS CROWN'S SPECTACULAR HOUSE IN THE HAMPTONS - DAY

A MAID answers the door to Vincent and a sea of police.

VINCENT

This is a home, and not any sort of
office, belonging to Thomas
Crown...? We have a warrant to
search the premises...

INT. A WAREHOUSE - DAY

Vincent and more COPS poke through various CRATES.

PARETTI

I'm disappointed. These are very
minor Picassos.

Vincent is not in the mood for Paretti's joking around.

VINCENT

Shut up.

Okay. So this is what Vincent's doing. Meanwhile:

MUSIC UP UNDER:

EXT. THE SKY - DAY

A PRIVATE PLANE streaks across the sky.

INT. A PRIVATE PLANE - DAY - CLOSE ON

A HAND is on VIVIAN'S KNEE, stroking it. The camera RISES to show that the hand, of course, is CROWN'S. The camera turns, to catch a GLIMPSE out the window -- a sparkling CARIBBEAN ISLAND in the distance.

EXT. AN AIRSTRIP - THE BAHAMAS - DAY

The plane has arrived; the stairs have been pushed to the door. Several of Crown's BLACK SERVANTS are taking the luggage out of the hold.

Vivian comes down the stairs ahead of Crown. She notices--

A PICTURE-SHAPED CRATE comes out of the hold, too.

One servant shouts to the other to be careful with it.

It is exactly the size of the Cezanne.

Vivian looks at it for a moment, then makes herself look away, turning her attention to Crown, who has taken her arm, leading her towards the jeep.

The CRATE follows.

EXT. A TROPICAL COAST LINE (HELICOPTER SHOT) - MOVING - DAY

Down below us is the jeep carrying Crown and Vivian; ahead, jutting into the ocean on a small peninsula, is a HOUSE perched above the waves. Crown's.

EXT. THE HOUSE - DAY

The jeep pulls up. Vivian and Crown get out.

Vivian takes it in.

Yes, the views in every direction are drop dead, but the house isn't ostentatious. It's merely lovely: quaint, covered with flowering vines -- but it's very small -- not at all the lavish estate we were expecting.

It's a side of Crown we don't know at all.

Vivian breaks a gardenia off a bush, smells it appreciatively.

VIVIAN

This must really go over.

CROWN

With whom?

VIVIAN

Whoever you bring.

He takes the gardenia from her, puts it behind her ear.

CROWN

I never bring anyone here.

He looks her right in the eye for a second -- a moment of directness, unguardedness?

Then turns and opens the door for her.

INT. CROWN'S COTTAGE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Crown and Vivian sit in front of the fire. His hand traces a delicate unseen pattern in the back of her neck.

Crown is looking at her.

The Cezanne crate is casually stacked beside the fireplace. Leaning against the wall. Just sitting there.

She's looking at it. Then back at him. No. Damned if she'll ask. He smiles at her, nudges her side.

CROWN

Want to see it?

VIVIAN

No.

CROWN

You sure?

VIVIAN

You think I'd believe you'd leave your hard-stolen painting lying around a CARIBBEAN hut?

CROWN

What if I did?

VIVIAN
--And that you'd tell me--?

CROWN
What if I trust you?

VIVIAN
You know you can't.

CROWN
I hold out hope.

VIVIAN
Just a sentimental guy.

CROWN
You don't believe it's possible
that I could ever trust you?

VIVIAN
Do you know how likely I think that
is?

Vivian smiles at him. Gets up. Crosses to the fireplace--

--And THROWS THE PICTURE CRATE INTO THE FIRE.

It catches at once ROARS and HISSES.

Crown cocks his head, impressed with her guts.

Vivian doesn't move.

But a BEAD of SWEAT is on her forehead. What if she just
burned up the Cezanne?!

But she couldn't have.

But she might have.

The crate has largely burned away now, and we SEE a GLIMPSE
of a GILDED PICTURE FRAME beneath.

Crown is damnably relaxed.

CROWN
Should I open another bottle?

VIVIAN
Please.

CROWN
I didn't like the '85, I'll see
what else we've got...

He starts to get up... leave. The crate is totally burned now, revealing....

Vivian has to look away.

VIVIAN

All right. What was it.

CROWN

It was a nice little Renoir.

She looks back at the fireplace. Yes, it's a FACE... a lovely woman... burning up.

Vivian is horrified. Has she just burned up a Renoir?!

But then she looks at Crown, whose eyes are twinkling. Wait a minute... he'd be upset... unless...

VIVIAN

Not a real one.

CROWN

We'll never know now, will we?

Vivian starts to laugh.

This man will never bore her.

INT. COTTAGE BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Vivian wakes up alone. She HEARS the low murmur of voices.

EXT. THE COTTAGE WINDOW - MORNING

Vivian's face appears, looking down.

EXT. COTTAGE PATIO - MORNING

Crown is having a meeting with several MEN in SUITS. She can barely hear their voices.

MAN #1

...complete discretion is assured...

MAN #2

...the accounts cannot be referenced anywhere off the island...

Vivian pulls her head back in before they see her.

Crown raises a screwdriver glass to the gentlemen.

They murmur toasts, clink glasses.

EXT. A TROPICAL HIKING TRAIL - DAY

Banana palms, wild orchids and flowering vines snake around the trail.

Crown and Vivian reach a clearing. Jagged rocks protrude from a crevice in the mountainside, water cascading down 200 feet, roaring, to a pool below.

Vivian and Crown edge out on one of the rocks, within touching distance of the falls.

CROWN

Put your hand in it.

She does. Is startled.

VIVIAN

It's hot!

A beat. She looks at him.

VIVIAN

They were bankers.

CROWN

Who?

Vivian doesn't buy his vagueness for a second.

VIVIAN

Regular people don't buy those ties.

Crown smiles. He's not going to tell her anything.

VIVIAN

(abruptly)
You wouldn't be transferring assets...?

He smiles, noncommittal.

VIVIAN

Getting ready to run because of me?
I'm flattered.

(beat)
You think I can do it.

Crown just smiles.

CROWN

I'll tell you something.

VIVIAN

What.

CROWN

If I made a run, I wouldn't live here.

VIVIAN

Where would you live?

CROWN

Anzier. An island... on the Seine...

VIVIAN

Isn't that too sleepy for you?

CROWN

(smiles)

Have you seen the light in Anzier?

She shakes her head.

CROWN

It's a kind of light.... the likes of which...

(sighs, it's almost impossible to explain)

It's spectral. Colors that can't exist... but they do...

VIVIAN

(softly)

I know the painting...

CROWN

But if you knew the place... there's a harbor, where if you half close your eyes... you're inside a Monet.

Vivian looks at him, his passion infectious. She, too, feels a longing.

VIVIAN

I'd like to live inside a Monet.

He looks at her, glad that it appeals to her.

CROWN

Anzier. That's where we'd go.

He said "we."

She's pleased, taken aback -- but then --
Vivian quickly recovers herself.

VIVIAN
Not that you'd really tell me.

She sounds a bit regretful about that.

EXT. IN THE WATERFALL - DAY

We can vaguely make out TWO NAKED FIGURES entwined in the cascading water...

EXT. THE OCEAN - THE HORIZON - MAGIC HOUR

A FIERY ORANGE BALL is at the perimeter of the sea, just about to disappear.

The beach is deserted except for two.

Crown and Vivian sit on towels, in bathing suits, their backs to us, side by side.

His hand is fingering the string on the back of her bathing suit.

CROWN
My offer still stands.

It takes her a second, but she makes the jump with him.

VIVIAN
The ten million.

He nods.

VIVIAN
Still hypothetical?

He shakes his head. No. It's real. She absorbs this, the enormity of it.

VIVIAN
It's still no.

CROWN
(regretful)
No?

Crown's hand moves up and down her bare back.

VIVIAN
I've never rolled over for anyone.

CROWN

Well. Neither have I.

He starts to pull at the string that holds up the halter top of her bathing suit.

CROWN

Now only one of us wins.

VIVIAN

I know...

The string is untied. The bathing suit is coming undone (although, of course, we still only see her bare back).

INT. POLICE STATION - CAFETERIA - DAY

Vivian sits with Paretto and TWO OTHER COPS, eating egg salad sandwiches off their trays, going over files.

Vincent, tray in hand, walks behind their table. Stops for a moment, looking down at Vivian.

VINCENT

Nice tan.

She doesn't even look at him. He keeps walking.

INT. PARETTI'S OFFICE - DAY

Vivian returns to find the second desk in there (her desk) covered with ORCHIDS.

INT. VIVIAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Vivian watches as TWO DELIVERY MEN uncrate...

A CHIPPENDALE SECRETARY.

A gorgeous piece -- once in a lifetime. One of the delivery men hands her a clipboard, to sign for it.

Vivian shakes her head, obviously torn. It is a museum-quality piece, a completely inappropriate gift to accept.

She turns around, looks again at

THE CHIPPENDALE SECRETARY - CLOSE

It gleams. It already looks like it lives in the room.

She sighs...

She's dancing with the devil already; what's the point in refusing his gifts?

She signs for it.

INT. CROWN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Crown and Vivian are in bed.

VIVIAN

All right. My offer. Return the painting.

Crown looks at her, amused.

CROWN

How? Leave it on the museum steps with a note?

VIVIAN

No. Leave it at a drop.

CROWN

How would I do that with 24-hour surveillance?

VIVIAN

I'd arrange a lapse.

CROWN

Oh, you would.

He's none too convinced.

VIVIAN

Yes. I would.

CROWN

A dereliction in duty.

VIVIAN

Who cares -- they'd have it back. They'd lose interest in you.

He smiles, looks away from her, clearly not willing to buy this.

VIVIAN

You know... I'm still wondering why. Is it just... to have it all to yourself? To pull it out and look at it once in a while..?

CROWN

I've rarely been moved by anything in my life.

He's looking into her eyes.

It's the closest he's ever come to an admission.

Then again, he could be talking about her.

VIVIAN

I understand that. I've been the same.

And she looks at him now, wondering if there's anything more to this than a game. He pulls her towards him...

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Vincent and Vivian sit on a bench, eating pre-packaged sandwiches -- a cop's lunch.

VIVIAN

He's as good as admitted it.

VINCENT

You think he's getting careless?

VIVIAN

The beginnings of it. Yes.

VINCENT

Why? Because you've drawn him into your web of passion?

(beat)

Want to know where he was after he left you last night?

He smiles, waves a FOLDER.

VIVIAN

(nonchalant)

No.

VINCENT

All right.

He starts to put the folder away.

VIVIAN

Let me see it.

Unwillingly, she takes the folder. Vivian opens it. Flicks a glance down. Obviously pictures. We catch GLIMPSES of the girl Vivian displaced on the dance floor. At a restaurant with Crown, laughing. Being embraced good-bye by him at the door of his apartment building, their cheeks against each other.

They make a lovely couple.

Vivian forces what she hopes is a wry smile.

VIVIAN
(offhand)
She's gone blonde.

VINCENT
...Third time this week...

VIVIAN
How does he find the time.

She looks at her watch. An ironic smile.

VIVIAN
Well. I'm meeting him.

She kisses Vincent's cheek, gets up, starts to walk.

The CAMERA keeps ahead of her, as we see the mask of her face begin to fall away, the further she gets from Vincent.

She's upset. Very upset.

EXT. TAVERN ON THE GREEN - DAY

Vivian is alone, having a quick glass of wine, still very upset.

And surprised with herself. How could she -- she -- be so unsophisticated?

She takes a deep breath. It would be fatal to cry, fatal to everything -- to her very idea of herself.

Vincent suddenly appears from behind her.

VIVIAN
Yes. I am.

VINCENT
What.

VIVIAN
Okay.

Her tone is pointed: please go. But instead he pulls up a chair, sits.

VINCENT

Now, I need to know if you're going to be able to pull this off for me. Otherwise I can get someone else...

VIVIAN

(interrupting)

I'm all right. Now leave me alone. I'll take care of this.

Vincent responds to the intensity in her voice.

VINCENT

You're getting much too personally involved in him. I think it's best...

VIVIAN

I said I'll be all right. Why don't you just let me handle it.

The anger in her voice comes close to tears.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

Now get out of here.

VINCENT

You've really got it bad for him don't you. You're getting all weepy over this guy. I think it's probably best if we let someone else take over.

She starts to pull herself together.

VINCENT

Let's look at this thing rationally. You're not going to be able to do your job if you have feelings for the guy. If you don't think you can control your feelings for him, we'll get someone else to do it.

VIVIAN

Fuck you.

VINCENT

All right, I'll see who else we might be able to get.

She leans in close to him, there's that smile again.

VIVIAN

For my sake? Or yours?

Her face is composed again. The mask back on.

VINCENT

Fuck me, think I haven't thrown in the towel? You think my days and nights revolve around a piece of work like you? I want people who can do the job. And you're acting like a junkie.

She gets up, walks quickly away.

Vincent finishes her wine.

INT. PARETTI'S OFFICE - DAY

Vivian is at the makeshift desk they've made for her. Paretto holds his hand over the phone, signals Vivian.

She takes a slight beat, thinking, before she picks it up, knowing it's Crown, keeping her voice as light as possible.

VIVIAN

(into phone)

Hi. No -- just couldn't get away.

--Oh, no, absolutely not.

(he's obviously said something risqué; dropping her voice)

I think about it too. Okay.

She hangs up. Paretto looks away, not meeting her eyes.

Which are ice cold. She may keep seeing this man, but her armor's back on.

And her desire to nail him has redoubled.

She turns to Paretto, all business. She looks at the files on his desk.

VIVIAN

Forget the briefcase -- forget finding who made that horse, that's months. There's a forger in his life. Go for the forger, John.

She hands him a file of her own.

VIVIAN

Let's get some of these names in here.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

A dignified-looking ponytailed European man, GOLCHAN, 60, is being questioned by Vivian and Piretti.

The fake Cezanne canvas is spread out in front of him. He looks at it.

PIRETTI

Look familiar, Mr. Golchan?

GOLCHAN

Of course it's familiar -- it's Mont Ste. Victorie.

VIVIAN

With perhaps your particular interpretive spin...?

GOLCHAN

I'm retired.

(shakes his head, smiles)

I'll tell you something. I wish I could do this. You know I'm not an impressionist!

He looks like they're silly for wasting their time with him.

VIVIAN

All right. Then who did it, Frederic?

GOLCHAN

It would have to be... Heinrich Knutzhorn.

INT. A MINIMUM SECURITY PRISON - VISITING AREA - DAY

HENRICH KNUTZHORN, 50's, gaunt, with the mad look of Van Gogh, is now being questioned by Vivian and Vincent.

He examines the painting.

KNUTZHORN

Frederic Golchan.

VIVIAN

He says you.

KNUTZHORN

I've been under observation.

(wry)

...materials a bit of a problem...

VIVIAN

Then who.

Knutzhorn would love to get out of prison. But he has no idea how to help them.

INT. TIFFANY'S - DAY

Crown stands before a SALESWOMAN, looking at a SAPPHIRE NECKLACE spread out on velveteen.

CROWN

Too flamboyant.

SALESWOMAN

(agreeing)

Too much insurance?

Crown smiles.

CROWN

Oh, she could insure it.

EXT. PRISON - DAY

Vivian and Paretto get into his car. Vivian is frustrated.

PARETTI

I thought there were two in Europe.

VIVIAN

They have alibis. It's someone here.

(beat)

It's someone we don't know.

(throwing up her hands)

How can there be someone we don't know that can fake a passable Cezanne?!

INT. TIFFANY'S - DAY

Crown is now looking at a very small choker of rubies. It is wonderfully delicate. He picks it up, runs it through his fingers...

INT. POLICE STATION - VINCENT'S OFFICE - DAY

Vivian is pacing, mind whirling. She and Paretto are excited, presenting their case to Vincent.

VIVIAN
 We're not coming at this right.
 (struck)
 I want to run a check on every
 artist he's ever known. Start with
 the day he was born.

The two men look at each other. They think she's going off
 the beam.

INT. TIFFANY'S - DAY

Crown is wrapping up his purchase.

SALESWOMAN
 --Cash or charge?

CROWN
 People pay cash?

SALESWOMAN
 (without batting an eye)
 I've gotten marked bills.

INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR

Vivian walks with Vincent, holding a file.

VIVIAN
 Look at this. He went to art
 school.

VINCENT
 Crown?

Vincent doesn't want to hear about it.

VIVIAN
 Goldsmith's, best in England. --Oh,
he can't paint, he didn't make it
 past the first year. But while he
 was there, one of his classmates...
 (holds up a piece
 of paper)
 ...was Ute A. Knutzhorn.

VINCENT
 The forger is Heinrich Knutzhorn.

VIVIAN
 It's his kid.

She's got Vincent's attention.

VIVIAN
Just never been caught.

VINCENT
And where's the kid now?

VIVIAN
(triumphantly)
New York.

She hands him the print-out sheet... and her hand, holding the rectangular paper FADES TO...

THOMAS CROWN'S HAND

handing Vivian a similarly-shaped RECTANGULAR JEWELRY BOX.

They are in:

INT. THE FOUR SEASONS - NIGHT

Perhaps the most over-the-top romantic of all New York restaurants. The fountain gurgles and gleams behind them.

Crown is looking into her eyes.

Vivian opens the box.

We don't even have to see what's in it. We can see from her expression that it's the ruby necklace.

Vivian's eyes are almost pained. Is he doing this to amuse himself? -- look how ardent I am, when I'm really cheating on you every other night--!

She musters a smile. Crown senses her hesitation.

CROWN
You're not going to say "I couldn't possibly."

Vivian tries to be breezy.

VIVIAN
Oh no. I could possibly.

CROWN
Good.

EXT. 72nd STREET DRIVE - CENTRAL PARK - DUSK

Crown's car streaks past, a gleaming shark among the yellow taxicabs.

INT. CROWN'S CAR - MOVING - DUSK

Vivian and Crown, dressed to the nines, sit in the back.
She is wearing the ruby choker.

Trying not to look miserable.

CROWN

...and I told him I wouldn't come,
but then it occurred to me that I
might be able to bear it if you
came with me.

VIVIAN

Tomorrow night?

CROWN

Is it all right?

VIVIAN

Three nights in a row.

CROWN

Too much?

VIVIAN

It's just unusual.

CROWN

For whom?

VIVIAN

For us.

CROWN

I sense hesitation.

VIVIAN

No...

CROWN

(teasing)

You find me monotonous?

VIVIAN

No..

CROWN

Because I'd hate to think you
could.

VIVIAN

--Be bored by you? --Require
variety?

Fuck. It just slipped out, that bitterness on the word "variety."

She's off her game.

And now he's looking at her. Intently.

CROWN

You're referring to Anna.

Vivian tries to recover herself. Coolly:

VIVIAN

It's your prerogative.

CROWN

Do you want to know why?

VIVIAN

No.

CROWN

I'll tell you why.

VIVIAN

I'd like to get out.

CROWN

I'll tell you why.

VIVIAN

Steven -- pull over --!

She's suddenly, wildly upset. Steven obeys. They are at--

EXT. THE BETHESDA FOUNTAIN - DUSK

Vivian jumps out, emotions careening, knowing now that she doesn't control -- can never control -- this relationship. Because she can't control her feelings.

She starts down the fountain's steps.

Crown follows her.

CROWN

Now ask me why.

VIVIAN

I don't want to know--

CROWN

You're upset about it--

VIVIAN

I'm upset that that's what you
wanted -- to make me upset--

CROWN

I needed you to be upset.

VIVIAN

Sadistic. I didn't know that, but
of course it makes--

CROWN

(cutting her off)
Did it ever occur to you that I
needed to know?

VIVIAN

Know what--?

CROWN

--Know whether all it was to you
was the fucking painting!

This stops Vivian cold.

It could be true. It makes sense in every way. How else
could he find out if Vivian has any real feelings for him?

Then again, it's also the explanation of a fiend. Someone
who knows how to explain anything.

CROWN

How often does it happen, Vivian?
Two like minds, and everything else
that goes with it? All the bells
and whistles? Has it happened to
you?

Vivian can't believe he's saying this. She shakes her
head.

CROWN

It can't happen to a man like me.
And I've tried to deny it, play
games with it, abuse it, treat it
like the sport it is, because I
know sport is all it can be.

(beat)

And yet. And yet.

(beat, softly)

And yet.

He grabs her shoulders, pulls her close to him.

CROWN

Do you want to be with me?

She looks into his eyes. And sees total sincerity.

Or very good acting.

In spite of herself, in spite of everything she knows, she is moved.

INT. A MANHATTAN LUNCHTIME RESTAURANT - DAY

Vivian sits with Paretto and Vincent. Her mind is back at that fountain, her eyes only dimly seeing the shapes before her.

PARETTI

--Well, Knutzhorn's here somewhere.
Right?

VINCENT

But he's not here.

(beat)

Legally, Ute A. Knutzhorn emigrated here in '95... and that's all. No apartment, no phone...

VINCENT

Check every call made from Crown's home and office. Trace every number. We know they've been talking.

Vivian suddenly tunes in, realizes that the ball she's set in motion is continuing to roll. Without her.

INT. CROWN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

They lie by the fire, propped up by cushions, her head on his chest.

VIVIAN

We're closing in on you.

CROWN

You think I'm not prepared?

VIVIAN

Prepared how.

She looks into his eyes, long past wanting to trap him, now wanting to know how he can possibly save himself. Save the two of them.

CROWN

I can leave here tomorrow.
(beat)
So can you.

VIVIAN

We'd be fugitives.

CROWN

Fugitives with means. All the
difference in the world.

She looks at him, wondering. Is this real?

And if it is, to agree to this--!

A long pause while she thinks.

VIVIAN

I can't tell you now.

He holds her tenderly.

CROWN

Well. As per your warning. Better
tell me soon.

They look at each other, each looking for something to
trust.

INT. VIVIAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Vivian sits at her Chippendale secretary, surrounded by
papers, looking out the window.

Doing no work.

Thinking about Crown's offer.

INT. A HIGH-RISE ACCOUNTING OFFICE - DAY

Vivian sits with her BUSINESS MANAGER, 40, balding and well
suited.

BUSINESS MANAGER

...total liquidity...?

VIVIAN

I'd like a number.

BUSINESS MANAGER

May I ask why?

VIVIAN

Just a 'what if?'

He punches some buttons on his computer.

BUSINESS MANAGER
Not including the stock?

VIVIAN
Including the stock. What could I
walk out of here with in an hour?

He is perplexed. Takes a good look at her.

BUSINESS MANAGER
I don't see you owing a loan shark.

VIVIAN
No.

He looks at her impassive face.

BUSINESS MANAGER
I don't see you telling me a damn
thing.

Vivian smiles gently.

VIVIAN
No.

INT. PARETTI'S OFFICE - DAY

Paretti is out of the office. Vivian has a LARGE HANDBAG and is discreetly cleaning out her desk -- too smart to use a box.

She quickly removes the large handbag from view as VINCENT appears in the doorway.

VIVIAN
(casually)
How're you doing? Any calls to
Ute?

VINCENT
Not a one.

Vivian is, of course, secretly relieved.

VINCENT
But.

Vivian doesn't like that "but." She looks at him, all attention.

VINCENT

Want to know something about me?

No, she doesn't, but she nods. What else is she going to do?

VINCENT

My real name. It isn't Speck.

VIVIAN

No?

VINCENT

No. It's Spechendowsky. First thing my father did when he got here was amputate.

VIVIAN

They usually do.

VINCENT

Right. They Usually Do.

There is a light in his eyes that Vivian doesn't like.

VINCENT

So what do you think Ute Knutzhorn did?

(smiles)

Became a nice American. He's 'Knudsen' now.

(waving a piece of paper)

338 Houston Street.

Vincent is watching her carefully for her reaction.

Vivian gives him what she hopes is a sly smile. Good for you.

And inside--? This is the end for Crown. Vivian feels it.

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - DAY

An UNUSUALLY AGGRESSIVE CAB SCREECHES around a corner.

INT. CAB - MOVING - DAY

Vivian, the occupant of the cab, leans forward, breathless, to the driver as they approach a YELLOW LIGHT.

VIVIAN

An extra 50 if you run it!

The cabbie floors it. Cars HONK, SWERVE to keep from hitting them.

INT. A SOHO LOFT - DAY

A HANDSOME PONYTAILED MAN, 40, opens his door to Piretti and a phalanx of COPS.

PARETTI

Ute Knutzhorn, we have a warrant to search the premises.

PONYTAILED MAN

I'm not Ute--

The cops push past him into the loft, obviously that of an artist. But the work on the walls is conventionally abstract. Splotches.

The cops go to work, tearing the place apart.

INT. CROWN'S PENTHOUSE - DAY

Leng Cheng opens the door to a distraught Vivian.

VIVIAN

--Is he here?

LENG CHENG

He is not here.

There is something evasive in Leng Cheng's tone. Vivian looks at him sharply.

VIVIAN

Are you sure? It's very important--

She starts into the living room.

Leng Cheng grabs her arm with unusual swiftness.

LENG CHENG

Miss! You must leave!

VIVIAN

Why?

Leng Cheng says nothing.

Vivian breaks away from him and starts through the apartment.

The CAMERA tracks, jittery, behind her, as she strides through the DINING ROOM... KITCHEN... and finally...

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Vivian throws open the door.

BLOND LEATHER SUITCASES -- not at all Crown's type -- sit packed next to the bed.

And then ANNA, the now-blonde GIRL from the dance floor and photographs emerges from the bathroom.

Crown comes in from the dressing room.

His black suitcases are out. And open on the bed. Half packed.

Anna looks at Vivian, quickly exits, shutting the door behind her.

Crown and Vivian are left regarding each other.

Vivian, heartbroken, is doing everything in her power to play it as cool as possible.

VIVIAN

We seem to have backtracked.

CROWN

(firmly)

No.

VIVIAN

Don't worry. I'm not going to say anything boring--

She starts for the door. He grabs her arm.

VIVIAN

--Like "Let me go," -- there's a rousing cliché, you want me to stand here --? -- I'll do it -- watch me do it, I won't run from you, EVER.

She shakes her arm free. But doesn't move. Just looks at him with contempt.

VIVIAN

What have you got that's fresh?
Who this girl is? Why she's always here when --!

-- when I thought you loved me.

Of course, she stops herself from saying anything so pathetic.

CROWN

Anna and I were together once. Now she works for me.

Vivian snorts with disgust. He takes a step closer to her, intent.

CROWN

She's here because I owe her money. And I want to pay her before I go.

Vivian bristles with wariness.

VIVIAN

What is it that she "does" for you.

CROWN

I would be compromising her to say.

VIVIAN

Stop it, you're going away together--!

CROWN

No--!

She tries to walk away. Again, Crown grabs her arm. Looks into her eyes.

CROWN

I'm going with you.

His eyes are compassionate. Vivian's eyes are cold. But in there... somewhere... is there a pinprick of hope? Could there be some explanation?

VIVIAN

...Of all the things in the world to take with a leap of faith... how I can possibly trust you?

CROWN

You don't have to. I'm going to trust you.

He's got her attention.

CROWN

Tomorrow afternoon, I'll put Mont Ste. Victoire back.

VIVIAN
"put it back?"

CROWN
Yes.

VIVIAN
-- Where?! Hanging back in the
museum?!

CROWN
Yes.

A long beat. These games are killing Vivian and she's trying desperately not to let it show.

VIVIAN
You know, I'm all checkmated out--

CROWN
I'm not playing. I'm going to do this. It's for us both -- if the painting's back we're free of it all ... we're only for each other.

She looks at him, wary.

VIVIAN
Back on the wall. In the museum.

CROWN.
Yes.

A beat.

CROWN
And you'll meet me -- at six o'clock -- at the helipad at the top of the Pan Am building. And we'll leave. Or...

She looks at him. Or...?

CROWN
Or you can have them at the museum, waiting for me.

She's beginning to realize he might be serious.

CROWN
I'm trusting you.

She just keeps staring. He steps closer to her, puts his hand on her hair...

CROWN

What will you do to me, Vivian?

She's letting him touch her.

She's letting him kiss her.

WHAT IS TRUE HERE?

She doesn't know. She pulls away, rushes blindly for the door.

He lets her go, his eyes never leaving her.

INT. UTE KNUTZHORN'S LOFT - DAY

Paretti knocks on a wall.

PARETTI

There's more space back here.

Vincent removes a HUGE CANVAS from the wall, revealing a DOOR. Vincent bursts through it, revealing--

INT. A FORGER'S STUDIO - DAY

All the materials one would ever need to produce a "lost" masterpiece -- or maybe copy one. Ancient, weathered canvasses, moldering old frames, tubes of paint that must be 100 years old.

Paydirt.

Paretti eyes the PAINTING in progress on the EASEL. It's of a beautiful young society woman.

She looks a lot like Anna, Crown's girl friend.

PARETTI

Hey -- you think she sat for him?

VINCENT

No.

(beat, realizing)

It's a self-portrait.

Looking around the room, we see, tacked to the bulletin board VARIOUS PICTURES of ANNA at various ages and with various men.

VINCENT

Ute Knutzhorn is Anna Knudsen.

EXT. CROWN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Vivian exits Crown's apartment. She stops at the bottom of the steps. In the middle of the sidewalk.

Shell-shocked she finds herself drifting down the sidewalk. Her shoulder grazes that of a person passing in the opposite direction ...

PEDESTRIAN

Watch it, why don'tcha?

VIVIAN

(blinks)

What ...

Her eyes fall on a phone booth. She stares at it - what seems an eternity.

Then enters it. Picking up the phone she starts to dial. Halfway through, she stops.

Closing her eyes, she leans her head against the phone.

EXT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - AROUND TEA TIME

A taxi cab pulls to the curb. A gentleman in a BOWLER, a TWEED OVERCOAT and holding a satchel-type BRIEFCASE, steps out onto the curb.

THOMAS CROWN

He looks up at the Greco-Roman edifice, flowing with tourists. Cannot help a small smile.

Man vs. Museum.

INT. SECURITY CENTER - DAY

A DOZEN NEW YORK LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS stand silently in the machine-crammed room watching the SURVEILLANCE MONITORS that flow with hundreds of tourists.

VINCENT looks to VIVIAN, who stands a few paces away, watching the monitors - face impossible to read.

She made the call.

She feels his eyes on her. Their eyes connect. There is a look in his that is difficult to decipher.

He nods.

VINCENT

You did the right thing.

She puts her eyes back on the monitors. It's clear - she's not so sure.

SURVEILLANCE TECHNICIAN

Got him!

All eyes turn sharply to the monitors. On the top screen, at the entrance of the museum, late-afternoon sun at his back, a MAN in a BOWLER hat and a tweed OVERCOAT stands, BRIEFCASE in hand...

VINCENT grabs the board-mike to his mouth.

VINCENT

He's in. Overcoat and hat. Grab him.

INT. MUSEUM PROPER - DAY

The PLAINCLOTHES DETECTIVE waiting discreetly in the wings of the museum entrance with his TEAM, shoves his walkie-talkie back into his pocket.

DETECTIVE

Go! Hat and overcoat!

They surge forward, fighting their way through the thick throng.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - DAY

On the surveillance screen, Crown himself starts forward into the droves of tourists ...

Watching the screen, Vincent remarks offhandedly to Vivian next to him:

VINCENT

By the way ...

He reaches into his breast pocket ...

VINCENT

Did I mention we got the forger?

... and hands her a PHOTO. As her eyes connect with the image held there in her trembling hands, her heart turns to stone.

It's one of the photos of CROWN AND ANNA.

What Crown said was true. Anna works for him.

In the photo his hand is on her shoulder. But now Vivian sees ...

This could just be a gesture of friendship. An old friend. That he can trust.

Vivian feels faint. But she must - must - conceal it from Vincent.

VIVIAN

Good work.

INT. MUSEUM ENTRANCE - DAY

Crown moves through the thickening crowd, negotiating unerringly, deliberately through ...

To a small, natural open space, the pinhole in the pinwheel swirl of the crowd, where the light from the oval skylight high above shines down like a spotlight ...

And where ...

Someone ...

Has, a moment before ...

Left of BRIEFCASE sitting on the floor.

Identical to his own.

It all happens very quickly.

The babble of a thousand voices and languages ...

Mingled with the grunts and shouts of police struggling to fight through the tide of the crowd behind ...

Stopping next to the briefcase, Crown quickly sets down his, picks up that one, and absorbs into the crowd.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - DAY

On the monitors, all eyes are upon him ... or the open space where he just was ...

WATCHING COP

What the hell ...

Abruptly, on-screen, ANOTHER FIGURE IN A BOWLER AND A TWEED COAT, fills the space Crown just vacated ...

Is it him or ..

THAT MAN sets down his own briefcase, picking up the one Crown set down.

VINCENT

Shit! He handed off the painting!

INT. MUSEUM ANTEROOM - DAY

The arresting officers break through the crowd, skidding up just as the second man melts into the crowd.

Vincent's voice screams at them over the radio.

VINCENT'S VOICE

Stay with the painting! Stay with the painting!

They plunge into the crowd where the second man disappeared.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - DAY

Every heart is pounding now.

VINCENT

That son of a bitch will not get away this time.

COP

What the hell ...???

Everyone's eyes follow his back to the monitors where a THIRD MAN in a bowler and an overcoat quickly stops by the briefcase, sets down his own, picks up that last one and moves on.

And then, startlingly ...

A FOURTH MAN. Identically dressed.

Now it's starting to get a little ... confusing ...

INT. MUSEUM ENTRANCE - DAY

The intended arresting officers break free into a small pocket in the crowds. Spin ...

It seems like everywhere they look ...

... literally ...

There is a tall man in a bowler and a tweed coat walking past ...

INT. SECURITY ROOM - DAY

Vincent stares at the screen, stomach knotting sickeningly as he feels the whole situation slipping out of his control.

His eyes arc to Vivian's.

Her features flushed. Is it at the idea of capturing Crown?

Or that he might get away.

Anger boiling up, Vincent whirls to the technician on the board.

VINCENT

The Impressionist Wing! It's sealed off!?!

TECHNICIAN

Like a tomb.

INT. IMPRESSIONIST WING - DAY

Empty. Silent. MASSIVE CHAIN-LINK GATES are down. Along with the cameras, a billion dollars worth of art the only witness to the room.

High above, STEEL SHUTTERS are closed over the skylight.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - DAY

Vincent looks back from the screen monitoring that room.

VINCENT

And you're positive there's no way to get in?

TECHNICIAN

Impossible. The gates are impregnable and the walls themselves are quarter inch steel. If he's putting the painting back, I guarantee you it won't be in that room.

INT. MUSEUM ANTEROOM - DAY

Meanwhile the arresting officers in the crowded museum anteroom can only stand and stare.

It is like they are at a John LeCarre convention, there are so many identical bowler hats and overcoats ...

The head detective jams his radio to his lips.

DETECTIVE

What do we do!?!

INT. SECURITY ROOM - DAY

Vincent stares at the confusion on the monitors for an indecisive instant. Pulls the mike to his lips.

VINCENT

I'm coming down.

INT. MUSEUM - DAY

In another part of the museum, away from the greater part of the crowds, away from the confusion ...

Between camera fields ...

A MAN in a BOWLER and TWEED OVERCOAT removes those items and, reaching to his satchel-type briefcase and removes a DARK BLUE COAT - which he dons.

THOMAS CROWN hangs his erstwhile items of clothing on the prodigious protruding anatomy of an African statuette.

And moves on ...

INT. MUSEUM ANTEROOM - DAY

Vincent skids up to the group of confused officers with Vivian and several other detectives.

Tall men in bowlers and overcoats still criss-cross everywhere in the crowd.

DETECTIVE

What the hell do we do???

VINCENT

Just start arresting people!

He grabs the nearest man in a bowler, wrenching the briefcase out of his hand and tearing it open.

Thrusting his hand inside, he pulls out ...

A handful of PHOTOS.

Black and white PUBLICITY STILLs of a SMILING THOMAS CROWN.

All identical.

Grabbing another man, he dumps out his briefcase. More photos ...

Vincent stares. Floor now carpeted ...

With pictures of Crown ...

Smiling back at him.

His eyes snap up to Vivian. She turns away from him so he won't see ...

The ghost of a smile on her lips.

INT. MUSEUM - DAY

In another, quieter part of the museum, Crown passes the closed gate of the IMPRESSIONIST WING ...

Casually tossing a 25 CENT SMOKE BOMB through the bars as he does so.

And *shattering* the glass on the FIRE ALARM as he passes ...

Activating the ALARM ...

INT. MUSEUM ANTEROOM - DAY

Alarms scream over the din of the crowd. Vincent and every other cop's eyes leap ceilingward.

And the same electric thought crystallizes in every brain at the same instant.

Oh shit.

Thomas Crown.

INT. IMPRESSIONIST WING - DAY

The alarms shriek. And the PAINTINGS all around the room, begin a mechanized tilt upward ...

Like this:

Rotating, rotating ...

Until they have turned 180 degrees right to left ...

And are now firmly and safely ensconced in the fire-proof wall.

All but one ...

That strains against an all-but-unnoticeable TINY METAL WEDGE someone has thoughtlessly pushed into the bottom seam of the panel.

The painting that refuses to move with the others is, coincidentally, Pissaro's *The Boulevard Montmarte at Night* which Thomas Crown thoughtfully donated to replace the *Mont Ste. Victoire* until it was ...

... either found or the case was closed ...

WHOOSH FIRE SPRINKLERS lower into place and begin dousing the room with a fine rain.

Drenching the unfortunate masterpiece ...

There is an ELECTRICAL POP! from behind the painting as the water drizzles down the wall ...

INT. MUSEUM CORRIDORS - DAY

A small army of law enforcement officers race through the museum towards the Impressionist Wing ...

INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Security Technicians peer at the monitors of the Impressionist Room, struggling to get a clear picture of something, anything, through the raining water ...

INT. IMPRESSIONIST ROOM - DAY

Like Pissaro's *Boulevard Montmarte* - whose surface ...

Under the spray of water ...

Seems to be ...

Seems to be ...

No. No, it can't be.

It must be merely the Impressionist stylings, right?

Because it really seems, actually seems ...

Like it's ...

Melting ...

Away ...

Revealing ...

INT. MUSEUM - DAY

Just around the corner from the Impressionist Wing, TWO NINE YEAR OLD BOYS watch curiously as a TALL MAN in a dark overcoat and a satchel-type briefcase ...

Stops at a MEDIEVAL STONE COFFIN - some forgotten Norman king carved in relief on its face - standing upright against the wall.

With a wink for the boys, THOMAS CROWN opens the oblong rock box, steps inside, shutting its heavy lid behind himself.

The boys exchange a glance. Cool.

INT. MUSEUM - DAY

Vincent, Vivian and the cops skid up to the massive gates guarding the Impressionist wing. Inside the room, the fire sprinklers are drenching the room.

Vincent spins, yells into one of the corridor surveillance cameras.

VINCENT

Get these gates up!

(adds)

And turn the goddam sprinklers off!

Immediately, there is a *thunk!* as the SPRINKLERS shut off and rise back towards the ceiling ...

Danger of fire passed, the PAINTINGS inside begin revolving back around to face inward ...

And the monstrous GATES start coming up.

DETECTIVE

This is ridiculous. He couldn't have put it back in there. He's still in the museum and we should be focusing all our energy on finding him.

Vincent just gives him a deadly look and ducks under the rising gate - quickly followed by the others.

INT. IMPRESSIONIST WING - DAY

One by one they enter.

And stop.

Mouths dropping agape.

For there ...

Hanging on the wall ...

Right where it should be ...

As if by magic ...

Is the *Mont Ste. Victoire*.

In the space presently occupied ...

By Pissarro's *Boulevard Montmartre* ...

On loan from one Thomas Crown.

A ringing, stunned silence.

A uniformed cop kneels, touching his finger to a THICK SWIRL OF COLOR that runs from the wall at the base of the painting out into the middle of the floor.

Feels it on his fingers.

COP

It's ... paint.

Everyone stares again at the *Mont Ste. Victoire* ...

Which we now see is under A THIN SHEET OF GLASS.

It was underneath the "Pissarro" the whole time.

She is in awe. As smart as she thought this man was, he is smarter.

Vincent stares, almost trembling. It couldn't be worse.

Then Vivian, gone pale, whispers:

VIVIAN

My God ...

And everyone follows her stunned eyes. To the opposite side of the room ...

Where on the wall ...

Where a painting should hang ...

Where Van Gogh's *Cypresses* should be ...

The painting that makes Vivian's heart beat faster ...

Is an empty space.

It's gone.

ANOTHER COP

Uh ... Sir ...

Vincent turns as if in a nightmare ...

ANOTHER COP

There's something you should see.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

They all stand in front of the MEDIEVAL STONE COFFIN, open. Inside, beyond where the back wall of the tomb should be - darkness.

Up above, a clever hidden compartment someone paid a top craftsman handsomely to construct into the inner wall ...

Open.

Inside, a HIGH-SPEED DIAMOND SAW ...

Covered with marble dust ...

Below, leaning against one of the inner walls, a PORTION OF MUSEUM WALL that has been cut away and set aside ...

And through a trap door built into the back of the tomb - a clear view where the wall has been cut away through to the BACK of the shared wall with the Impressionist Room.

The surface behind where Van Gogh's *Cypresses* hung, hiding out from the fire, not so long ago.

With trembling fingers, Vincent closes the stone door ...
Revealing the BRONZE DEDICATION PLAQUE.
No less than he would have expected.

Donated by Thomas Crown.

EXT. TOP OF PAN AM BUILDING - DAY

A SLEEK BLACK HELICOPTER sits on the helipad atop the Pan Am building. A pilot and crewman load luggage.

The doors of the heli-terminal open and THOMAS CROWN walks briskly out, still wearing his BLUE TOPCOAT.

He hands a traveling bag to a crewman who loads it into the hold of the copter.

INT. METROPOLITAN - DAY

Across town, slightly apart from the group of detectives discussing the theft, VIVIAN checks her watch.

5:30.

Heart pounding, she looks up. No one is looking her way.

Quietly gathering up her jacket, she fades unnoticed out through the exhibit door.

INT. METROPOLITAN ANTEROOM - DAY

Reaching the cathedral anteroom, she hesitates. There knotted near the doorway, is A LARGE NUMBER OF POLICE comparing notes.

VINCENT, talking to a forensic technician.

Steeling herself, she puts her head down ...

And makes for the door.

She walks right past the police ...

And reaching the door ...

VOICE
Where're you going?

She stops dead. Closes her eyes an instant. Then turns back. VINCENT. She composes herself.

VIVIAN
Office. Write up my report.

He looks at her a moment. Then approaches.

VINCENT
That painting ... the one he
took...

VIVIAN
The Van Gogh.

VINCENT
--Insured by Lloyd's?

She shakes her head. He nods again. Stands there,
considering.

VINCENT
Well ... I guess that lets you off
the hook then, doesn't it.

She looks at him, not sure ...

VINCENT
The Cezanne's back. Your job
here's done.

He looks at her for a coldly sober moment.

VINCENT
Congratulations.

He extends his hand. There is the slightest pause. She
takes it.

VIVIAN
Goodbye, Vincent.

VINCENT
Yeah, you take care.

She nods, turns and walks out.

EXT. CURB - DAY

She hits the curb, breaking into a sprint as she flags down
a cab.

INT. CAB - DAY

Jumping in.

VIVIAN
The Pan Am building! As fast as
you can!

She clocks her watch. 5:40.

EXT. THE PAN AM BUILDING ROOFTOP - DAY

Atop the gusty helipad, Crown watches as the last of his considerable belongings are loaded aboard the craft.

INT. CAB - DAY

They are stopped dead in traffic. Ahead, a sea of cars. And the PAN AM BUILDING - rising up not two blocks away.

Throwing money over the seat, Vivian jumps out of the car.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

And runs. Pinballing through the workforce crowd ...

INT. PAN AM LOBBY - DAY

Skidding into the cathedral lobby, she sprints to the elevators, slipping into one just as the doors are shutting.

Glances at her watch. 5:52. Heart pounding, she closes her eyes, tilting her head back against the elevator wall.

VIVIAN
(whispers)
Thank God ...

INT. HELI-TERMINAL - DAY

Bursting through the opening elevator doors, Vivian flies through the terminal, breaking out onto the helipad where ...

EXT. HELIPAD - DAY

... where there is nothing.

Just the wind.

And the vacant canyons of buildings that stretch out in each direction.

And in the distance, a black speck. It may be a helicopter, or ...

Then she sees him.

A MAN in a BLUE TOPCOAT. Waiting. His back to her.
She rushes up to him.

VIVIAN

Thomas --!

He turns.

She is instantly crushed.

Because it's not Crown.

But the stranger doesn't seem surprised to see her.

MAN

Ms. Banning?

Vivian nods, mute.

MAN

This is for you.

Gently, he places a package in her numb hands, tips his hat, and walks off.

She stares after the man for a moment. Then her eyes move to the SMALL ROLLED PACKAGE in her hands.

Numbly she finds her fingers untying the string, allowing it to unroll.

Van Gogh's *Cypresses*.

And a note with one word on it.

Goodbye.

And then she feels eyes on her. She turns and sees --

VINCENT,

standing there at the elevator doors with several police officers. He followed her - cagey to the very end.

He looks at her. A strange mix of satisfaction and pity.

She turns her eyes back towards the distant speck on the horizon of buildings.

And almost half smiles at the joke of it. A joke that is on her, to be sure. But a joke nonetheless.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

THOMAS CROWN sits, not really seeing the tops of the buildings that are passing at arm's length outside his window.

Behind his eyes a thousand thoughts, feelings, memories. A certain sadness.

But he'll survive.

He always does.

END