

Final Draft
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INT. THE ROSETTA STONE BAR - BOSTON - TGIF

A mid-June evening. Chic bar. The bartender BRUCE, 30, stands out in artsy contrast to a fashionable crowd.

On the TV screens above the bar, MICHELLE, mid 30s, a reporter. A tenacious beauty who looks half her age.

MICHELLE

...A rare Shang dynasty vase that was stolen 2 years ago from the home of a private collector in Concord has been recovered by investigators following a curious incident. The thief became belligerent at a pawn shop when he was offered only 20 dollars for the valuable Shang vase...

Bruce is the life of the party. A flock of girls including SARAH and EMILY hang on to his every word.

BRUCE

I can prove both statements, right now.

EMILY

No way!

SARAH

You can't prove something like that!

BRUCE

Ah, ye of little faith, ye doubt my word?! Behold the first postulate-- that god does not exist--proven.

Bruce readies to perform a bar trick that involves balancing three identical pint glasses in a lopsided vertical tower.

BRUCE (cont'd)

Dear father who art in heaven, art thou really? If thou art, then let thine aspect divine reveal itself to this thy sassy flock.

Bruce puts a glass down. He takes the other two and positions them, still holding on.

Engrossed as he is in his trick, he's the only male in the bar who doesn't notice BETH enter the bar. Beth's eyes sparkle with intelligence and humor. Beth's a go-getter in her late 20s, has started up her own art gallery. She sits at the bar, amused by Bruce's antics.

BRUCE (cont'd)
 Give thy thirsty flock a sign, O great
 almighty, and let these our pint
 glasses be forever aligned in holy
 harmony!

Bruce removes his hands with a flourish. The glasses very obviously topple but he catches them before they hit the bar.

BRUCE (cont'd)
 (to the ceiling)
 Evidently, oh, almighty, thou existeth
 not.
 (to the girls)
 Quat Erat Demonstratum.

EMILY
 That's not a fair test!

BRUCE
 Proof is proof, be it fair be it foul.

SARAH
 There's no way those glasses won't
 fall.

BRUCE
 Imagine my sense of betrayal the
 first time I prayed for divine
 intervention! I remember, I was all
 of 19 and--

BETH
 (mischievous)
 Perhaps you're praying to the wrong
 god.

Beth grabs the glasses. This a bar trick she's familiar with. She readies the glasses as Bruce did. Beth then removes her hands with a flourish and the glasses stay amazingly balanced despite their lopsidedness.

There is an audible gasp of disbelief from the audience, as a nonchalant Beth returns to her stool.

BETH (cont'd)
 Perhaps god is a woman.

Cheers and applause.

BRUCE
 Then she made you in her likeness.

BETH
A regular charmer.

BRUCE
You walk in and steal my fire.

BETH
So I'm Prometheus now.

BRUCE
Undone by a stunning Titan.

BETH
Am I to be chained up then?

BRUCE
That's for Zeus to decide.

BETH
You mean Hera's husband?

A spark that might smolder here is all but forgotten as CYRUS BOREAS makes his move.

Cyrus the suave, early 40's, a study in elegance. His Southern Mediterranean looks bespeak money, lots of it.

CYRUS
(gracious)
What a coincidence, Ms. Bethany O'Brien!

Beth is suddenly all business--this is a big fish she needs to net for her art gallery.

BETH
Indeed, what a pleasant surprise!

CYRUS
It is certainly a pleasure running into you like this.

BETH
I thought you were in Europe.

CYRUS
I spend more time shuttling back and forth than I do on either continent, I'm afraid. But now that I am back in Boston, I do look forward to our meeting on Monday.

BETH

You've been much too kind in placing your trust with me and my gallery for such an elaborate venture.

CYRUS

You have been most highly recommended by Christopher.

BETH

Christopher?

CYRUS

Christopher Winters, the chief curator at the Museum of Fine Arts.

BETH

A gem of a chaperone. Without Dr. Winters' advice, I'd be out at sea.

CYRUS

I am quite sanguine about the prospects of a collaboration.

BETH

I'm daunted. My experience has been with drawings and etchings. But paintings--would you really want to trust originals to my care?

CYRUS

I am a man of instinct, Ms. O'Brien. Besides, I believe in a personal touch.

BETH

Please call me Beth, Mr. Boreas.

CYRUS

Could I offer to buy you a drink, Beth?

BETH

Offer away.

CYRUS

Pardon?

BETH

That would be lovely, thanks.

Cyrus turns to Bruce, who's listened in.

CYRUS
Bartender, I'll have your best single-
malt straight up.

BRUCE
(mimicking Beth)
Please call me Bruce, Mr. Boreas.

Bruce winks imperceptibly at Beth. She ignores him.

CYRUS
And a-

CYRUS AND BETH
Stoli Vanilla with diet Coke.

CYRUS
For the lady.

BETH
A mind reader?

CYRUS
I was within earshot at the MFA
reception when you were ordering the
very self-same drink. Should we get a
table?

BETH
We should.

Bruce watches as Cyrus guides Beth to a booth.

EMILY
Hey, what about the second proof?

BRUCE
What?

EMILY
You were going to prove--

JENNY, a waitress and Bruce's friend, puts the drinks on her
tray.

JENNY
What table?

BRUCE
16. Tell them it's with my
compliments.

JENNY

So. What's her name?

Bruce absent-mindedly mixes drinks, more intent on watching Jenny approach the booth as Cyrus lights up a cigar.

There is animated conversation and plenty of laughs.

Bruce's drink overflows as he's still dispensing coke.

EMILY

Hey!

BRUCE

Ooops! Sorry about that!

He re-fixes the drink with bartender flourish.

BRUCE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

There you go! It's on the house.

EMILY

Hey, thanks.

Jenny returns and places a Ben Franklin in front of Bruce.

JENNY

The gentleman says thanks.

BRUCE

(deflated)

Keep it.

Jenny flashes another c-note.

JENNY

I have my own.

Bruce picks up the c-note and stares at it, lost in thought.

EMILY

Hey, what happened to the second proof!

BRUCE

Postulate #2: Love does not exist.

EMILY

Prove it!

Bruce sees Beth and Cyrus have hit it off rather well.

BRUCE
(to Emily)
I get off at 2:30.

INT. '67 CONVERTIBLE MUSTANG - 2:45 AM

Bruce's pride and joy. He's cruisin', Emily's nuzzlin'-he should be happy but he isn't.

EXT. BRUCE'S NEIGHBORHOOD - STREET

Bruce cuts the music as he enters the garage.

She's hot, all over him. They make out.

BRUCE
Shh. Not here. It's the neighbor's garage.

He throws a cover on his mustang and pats it affectionately. They go out into the backyard, cross a picket gate into Bruce's backyard. It's a smaller house, no garage.

EMILY
Is that the neighbor's car?

BRUCE
You kiddin'? That's my Sally.

EMILY
What-

BRUCE
I've done their lawn as long as I can remember.

INT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - 4 AM

Bruce's room is plastered with fantasy art painted by Bruce himself--buxom vixens in the sexiest sword&sorcery garbs.

Bruce fucks Emily's brains out with single-minded purpose. Emily screams, ecstatic as she comes. Not our champ. He rolls over, still hard under the sheet.

Post-coital love is mixed with awe as Emily looks at his resilient hard-on.

EMILY
(purring)
Super! You're going to need a secret identity.

BRUCE
(sly)
Meet my boy Robin.

She goes down on him.

EXT. CHARLES RIVER SIDE - SUNDAY AFTERNOON

It's a glorious summer day in Boston. The Charles River bustles with activity: sailboats, joggers, strollers, etc.

Beth jogs by the river, gathering speed for a final burst. She's catching her breath, sees Bruce stripped down to his shorts and painting on a canvas.

He's painting fantasy art, outlining a curvaceous amazon being attacked by two winged monsters.

BETH
Capturing the moment?

Bruce is surprised, pleased to see it's Beth.

BRUCE
A sign of our times.

BETH
An artist.

BRUCE
Always needs a model.

BETH
I'm not sure I can stack up to your amazon.

Bruce starts to pack up his gear.

BRUCE
I'd say you're more the bewitching kind.

BETH
Is it always vixens and damsels in distress?

BRUCE
And swords and sorcery.

They walk along the riverside.

BETH
Ever paint landscapes?

BRUCE
Each and everyone of them.

BETH
I meant from life.

A gleeful toddler stumbles towards them, chasing a beachball. Bruce swoops him up in his arms, much to the toddler's delight. Beth grabs the ball.

BRUCE
Hey! Little Johnny! Where's your mommy?

Jenny's picnicking with friends, waves at Bruce.

BRUCE (cont'd)
Back you go!

Bruce puts Johnny down, takes the ball from Beth and rolls it towards Jenny and the gleeful toddler chases after.

BRUCE (cont'd)
You were saying?

BETH
I was? I don't know.

BRUCE
Something about life.

BETH
Oh, yes. Do you paint in any other styles?

BRUCE
You mean the kind of stuff you show in your gallery?

BETH
(surprised)
How do you--

BRUCE
(mimicking Cyrus)
I was within earshot at the Rosetta Stone when you were mentioning the very self-same gallery.

BETH
An actor?

BRUCE
What's your gallery called?

BETH
Antigone's Art.

BRUCE
(teasing)
Antigone the stubborn daughter?

BETH
Antigone the dutiful sister.

BRUCE
So it's Antigone's Art...because she
was the only one who could see her way
to the truth that really matters.

BETH
You're the first to make the
connection.

BRUCE
Suitor's luck.

BETH
I opened my gallery to show works that
capture the truth that matters.

BRUCE
A gallery graced by still-lives and
water lillies?

BETH
I'm receptive to all styles.

BRUCE
Maybe I could invite you to see my art
sometime?

BETH
You could.

A couple of JOGGERS give Bruce the thumbs up on Beth.

JOGGERS
BRUCE!

BETH
Popular.

BRUCE
It must be the company I keep.

BETH
Or is it the tricks you play?

BRUCE
That was meant to be magic.

BETH
So there's a difference?

BRUCE
The magic, you can feel.

BETH
Tricky customer.

BRUCE
It's all part of the art

BETH
Of?

BRUCE
Getting to know you.

They share a moment as suddenly music kicks in from the Hat Shell, where a summer rock concert has just gotten underway.

BRUCE (cont'd)
Those are my buddies playing today.
Should we grab a beer?

BETH
I can't think of a better way to put
back all those calories I spent the
last hour losing.

BRUCE
I might be able to think of a better
way to take them all off again.

BETH
And what might that be? More magic?

BRUCE
I say we worry about the taking off
part later.

A foghorn pierces the space. None other than Cyrus beaming on
prow of his luxury yacht. The yacht glides towards Beth and
Bruce. A young&sexy foursome lounges on the deck.

CYRUS
Beth O'Brien, what a pleasant surprise!

Dumbstruck, Beth simply smiles and waves.

CYRUS (cont'd)

Lovely day for a cruise, isn't it?!
We are in the process of taking a spin
around the harbor, and in fact were
just about to put out to sea for a
bit. My captain tells me it is the
perfect day for shark-sighting.
Wouldn't you and your friend like to
join us?

BETH

That would be lovely, thanks!

Beth looks sheepishly at Bruce.

BETH (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Would you like to come?

BRUCE

I don't swim with sharks.

BETH

Bruce, I'd really like to come to the
concert but--

BRUCE

Don't worry about it, Miss O'Brien.

Peeved, Bruce heads off towards the concert. Beth's soon
distracted by the yacht's approach towards the pier.

INT. ANTIGONE'S ART (BETH'S GALLERY) - NEWBURY STREET - NOON

A couple of weeks later. Beth and her receptionist TIFFANY
watch as a crew of 6, being supervised Cyrus' deputy SAALEM,
finishes bringing in the last of the crates. They start
uncrating--they're here to set up the show.

Tiffany, mid-20s, hungers for the right catch.

Saalem's dapper, with a pencil mustache and short gel-sculpted
hair. He might seem menacing except that he's also polite to a
fault, if not a little whiny.

Saalem's men make a tremendous noise and mess.

BETH

Please...! Be careful.

SAALEM

I will take care of it, Ma'am. No worries.

(barking, concerned)

A little care, for god's sake! These are originals we're dealing with!

Chastised, the men delicately pull out an original Monet. Beth gasps in awe. Consulting a plan, Saalem directs them to a specific space on the wall.

BETH

Excuse me, Mr...?

SAALEM

Saalem.

BETH

Mr. Saalem, Cyrus and I haven't finalized the floor plan for the exhibition.

Saalem hands Beth the impressively detailed floorplan with placements for the paintings neatly labeled. Beth studies it as the men continue working.

In addition to the original masters placed in the main hall, the floorplan shows the back alcove displaying paintings by an unknown artist named Aamos De Blannin.

BETH (cont'd)

Mr. Saalem, this isn't the plan. We were going to put the paintings by Aamos De Blannin together right at the entrance and keep the back alcove for the Monets.

In the blink of an eye, Saalem snatches back the plan.

SAALEM

I just follow directions, ma'am.

BETH

Then fasten your seat belt.

SAALEM

I beg your pardon, ma'am?

BETH

I direct you to stop right now.

An edge to Beth's voice momentarily freezes the men.

SAALEM

These are the chief's orders.

BETH

Why don't your men stay put for a second while I have a little pow wow with your chief.

Saalem signals his men to hold off further work as they watch Beth walk up a flight of stairs to her glass enclosed office.

Tiffany acts coy as Saalem flashes her a smile.

As Beth paces back and forth dialling various numbers, Beth's friend Michelle, the TV reporter, walks in and looks inquisitively at the crates, the men.

Beth walks down from her office, irritated, on the phone.

BETH (cont'd)

Perhaps I'm not making myself clear. Would you tell him this is Beth from Boston...Busy? Too busy for his Monets that are sitting in boxes in my gallery?...I see...Yes, please have him call me as soon as possible.

There is silence as she stares down a smug Saalem.

TIFFANY

He's just trying to do his job, Beth.

Beth comes to a decision.

BETH

Do your worst.

SAALEM

I beg your pard--

Beth taps Saalem's plan for emphasis.

BETH

Saalem see, Saalem do!

Saalem signals his team and they resume working with noise and gusto, speaking to each other in a foreign language.

BETH (cont'd)

(to Tiffany)

Michelle and I are going to get some lunch.

BETH(cont'd)

Call me if there's anything but I'm sure they'll be here raising hell all day.

TIFFANY

I'll keep my eye on him.

CUT TO:

INT. BRUCE'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON - FRONTDOOR

The doorbell rings insistently. We're looking through the security eye on Bruce's door to see a distorted version of what seems to be rather a sexy dame.

BRUCE

Who's there?

AISHA

Aisha.

Bruce opens the door. His sleepy eyes come alert as he takes AISHA in. A hot number, Aisha's got that salesgirl sexy-bordering-on-sleaze look, enhanced by silicon.

BRUCE

Aisha who?

AISHA

You must be Bruce Bannister.

BRUCE

"Aisha" hope you're free tonight.

AISHA

Excuse me?

BRUCE

Forget it. Wassup?

AISHA

Bruce, today's your lucky day.

Bruce suspiciously scans the porch.

BRUCE

Wait a minute, did Ryan send you?

AISHA

I've been sent here to tell you about an exciting opportunity, Bruce.

BRUCE

Are you gonna strip?

Aisha flashes a postcard in Bruce's face.

AISHA

This is a postcard you sent us saying you'd like to find out more about opportunities for collecting art.

BRUCE

Hey, that is my handwriting. Shit! I'm sorry--I really thought Ryan was settin' me up.

AISHA

I've been sent here to share information with you about a fabulous chance to collect genuine art. If we could just sit down for a moment, Bruce, I'll tell you all about it.

Having nothing better to do, Bruce opens the door wide and walks back into the living room.

BRUCE

Coffee?

Armed with her art portfolio, Aisha follows in.

AISHA

I'd love some.

CUT TO:

EXT. TERRACE OF DESIGNER RESTAURANT ON NEWBURY STREET.

Beth takes a sip from her exotic mimosa cocktail while Michelle sips a beer--they're studying the menu.

BETH

I've heard their chef makes authentic French cuisine.

MICHELLE

He's from Chile. Roberto.

The waiter approaches to take their order.

BETH

I'll have the steak tartare with a side order of green salad.

MICHELLE

I'll get the Chilean dish.

WAITER

Great choice. What dressing would you like on your salad?

BETH

Lite Italian.

CUT TO:

INT. THE ART MUSEUM, VENICE, ITALY - WINE CEREMONY

Cyrus is being celebrated amidst a select gathering of the Italian and European art connoisseurs and critics. The atmosphere has the aristocratic smugness of old money.

They are gathered to celebrate Cyrus' latest recovery of an original work of art lost during WWII. Cyrus addresses the audience from a makeshift podium.

CYRUS

...hundreds of original masters that were stolen during WWII are yet to be recovered. Some lie under cellars, in attics, many lie beneath a coat of paint, even as they hang on the wall in some unsuspecting church or home. Original masters that once were stolen by the war profiteers, today lie scattered about waiting to be recognized and recovered. It gives me pleasure today to present to you my latest recovery--

Cyrus gestures behind to the painting which is hidden behind rich velvet curtains. A PEON, dressed ceremonially and wearing white gloves, tugs on a heavy knotted golden rope to pull apart the curtains.

The painting shows a nude in distress, a couple of angels above her. Excited murmurs from the audience.

CYRUS (cont'd)

"The Rape of Europa" by Titian, or should I say, by
(perfect Italian)
Tiziano Da Cadore, circa 1560.

Genteel yet enthusiastic applause.

CYRUS (cont'd)

It gladdens my heart to finally see this masterpiece in its rightful place.

CYRUS(cont'd)

Most of you know, of course, that its more famous version resides at the Isabella Gardner Museum in Boston. The painting you see here is an earlier version Tiziano painted at the bequest of the most powerful of the Medici patrons, Georgio Luigi Borges. Let me recount, if I may, the fortuitous circumstances surrounding the recovery of this painting. My story begins five years back, in a sauna in Sarajevo...

BRUCE (V.O.)

That sounds like a crock of you know what.

CUT TO:

INT. BRUCE'S APARTMENT (CONT'D)

Bruce sprawled on the couch looking amused, while Aisha hovers, making her sales presentation. The living room is covered by posters of very recognizable works by Dali, Picasso, Chagall, etc.

Aisha's holding out a large-display catalog for Bruce to see.

AISHA

Excuse me?

BRUCE

You're telling me you're selling genuine Dalis?

AISHA

These are genuine lithographic prints.

BRUCE

"Aisha" think you're putting me on.

AISHA

Excuse me?

BRUCE

Anyone can make a lithograph--it's just a way of making copies.

AISHA

I appreciate your saying that, Bruce, but like I said, every art work comes with a certificate of authenticity.

BRUCE
Certified by whom?

AISHA
AAFGA.

BRUCE
AAFGA who?

AISHA
American Association For Genuine Art.

BRUCE
Sure...that the one with Uncle SCAM on
the board of trustees?

AISHA
We have offices in all 50 states.

BETH (V.O.)
Cyrus is global.

CUT TO:

TERRACE OF DESIGNER RESTAURANT - NEWBURY STREET (CONT'D)

The waiter takes away Beth and Michelle's plates.

BETH
He's such a gentleman.

MICHELLE
What's his company called?

BETH
I'm not sure, everything's under his
name. He's even got his own jet.
And, he's hinted he might fly me out
somewhere special when this is all
over.

MICHELLE
No, don't tell me...

BETH
Don't worry, nothing's happened.
We've been nothing less than
professional.

WAITER
Coffee? Dessert?

BETH
Decaf Capucino with skim milk.

MICHELLE
Espresso for me.

WAITER
Very well. Will that be all?

They nod, he leaves. Michelle looks at Beth expectantly.

BETH
Okay, there was this moment.

MICHELLE
A not so professional moment?

BETH
Nothing happened. But there was
this...vibe, you know what I mean?

MICHELLE
I don't know what you mean.

BETH
A couple of weekends back, I was out
on his yacht, there was this glorious
sunset, and--

MICHELLE
And the bubbly was flowing, I get the
picture.

BETH
It was just this moment.

MICHELLE
Question: how did you end up on his
yacht in the first place?

BETH
Just coincidence.

MICHELLE
There's no such thing as coincidence.

BETH
Don't get journalistic on me.

MICHELLE
Be careful.

BETH
I know, I know but it feels...right.

MICHELLE
Like with that Wall Street broker?
What was his name, Dick?

BETH
Richard Brickman.

MICHELLE
Dick Brickman. And let's not forget
Steve.

BETH
Will you ever let me forget?

MICHELLE
What are friends for.

BETH
Okay, so you were right. But I was
14.

MICHELLE
Yeah, and he was like 26?

The waiter returns with their coffees. They sip.

BETH
How're the babies?

MICHELLE
They're adorable. They're absolute
brats.

BETH
You're so lucky to have them.

MICHELLE
I know. Tell me about the show.

BETH
Are you really going to interview me?

MICHELLE
I'm bringing my crew tomorrow.

BETH
Wow, thanks.

MICHELLE
What are friends for.

Michelle takes out her notepad.

MICHELLE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 A couple of Degas jockey series in black ink and rose washes. Seven lithographs from no less a bender-vendor than Salvador Dali. Four water colors and a couple of charcoal studies by Claude Monet. A couple pastel angels from Chagall. Not exactly talking lillies here--worth how much altogether?

BETH
 17 million.

MICHELLE
 17 million dollars. Security?

BETH
 Cyrus is taking care of insurance and security.

MICHELLE
 So what are the security arrangements?

BETH
 I'm still working with Van Horn on this. He knows his stuff and Cyrus has given his approval. Van Horn said the paintings will have have this high-tech tracking system. And Cyrus said he'd provide a couple of guards.

MICHELLE
 How's the tracking system work?

Beth shrugs. Michelle is none too pleased by her friend's lack of information on this subject.

MICHELLE (cont'd)
 And your small-time gallery gets this show because?

BETH
 Antigone's Art gets this show because Cyrus has a protegé he wants to display along with the masters. Aamos De Blanin.

MICHELLE
 Who is?

BETH

(shrugs)

"His work is very special." You can quote Cyrus on that.

For the next series of questions, all Beth does is to shrug-she hasn't the vaguest idea about De Blanin.

MICHELLE

What's his style?...Where's he from?... Where does he live?...How old is he?

Michelle sits back and gives Beth a searching look.

MICHELLE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Do you know what the fuck you're doing?

BETH

(snappy)

His work is very special. I have to get back to the gallery.

Beth leaves in a huff. Michelle's on her cell phone.

MICHELLE

(on cell phone)

Jimmy. Let's get dig up some info on Cyrus Boreas. Sure--B-O-R-E-A-S. And Aamos De Blanin--A-A-M-

CUT TO:

INT. VENICE MUSEUM - WINE CEREMONY (CONT'D)

Amidst the animated buzz induced by fine wine and finger food, we find Cyrus surrounded by ADMIRERS.

CYRUS

...which I found highly reminiscent of that time I was in Tallin, Estonia purely to invest in real estate, but before I knew what was happening I was chasing up clues that led to the recovery of Boticelli's Kiss of Judas.

Cyrus is interrupted by RHEA SILVIA. Rhea is a journalist from Northern Italy, a striking blonde & blue-eyed teuton.

RHEA
 (in Italian)
 Excuse me, I must have a word with
 you.

She leads Cyrus to a private spot where the recovered painting
 is in the background.

CYRUS
 (in Italian)
 Rhea, you look lovely.

RHEA
 Enough. All that is over.

CYRUS
 (sneering)
 Could we finally be on the same page?

RHEA
 That was entertaining--how your story
 went from a sauna in Sarajevo to the
 church in St. Michel, France. I
 especially liked the part about the
 priest--what was his name again?

CYRUS
 Father Romapapovich. The best part of
 it all was--

RHEA
 That's strange--I thought the priest
 serving that church was called Father
 Pierre.

Cyrus is on alert--he has let slip vital information.

RHEA (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 I just wanted to let you know that I'm
 working on one last article about you.

Her tone puts Cyrus on doubly on guard. He changes his tune.

CYRUS
 Rhea, darling Rhea, you've done so
 much for me already. You were there
 for me when I needed it. You have my
 everlasting gratitude.

RHEA
 (threat)
 This article is not for you Cyrus,
 this article is going to be for me.

CYRUS

Look, I know I owe you. It is just that I've been inundated by work lately.

(in Italian)

Let me take you out for dinner tonight, our favorite spot? I miss seeing you.

Rhea glances at the recovered masterpiece.

RHEA

Congratulations on your latest "work."

A very concerned Cyrus watches Rhea Sashay out. He signals his deputy SAHAAR.

Sahaar is Saalem's identical twin except that he seems to have gotten more than his fair share of testosterone--nothing whiny here! He nods and slips out after Rhea.

CUT TO:

INT. BRUCE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONT'D

Seated next to Bruce, Aisha lays out paperwork.

AISHA

Now, Bruce, to get you started I'm going to need some information.

BRUCE

Such as?

AISHA

Just for our records. Date of Birth, address, credit card number, stuff like that.

BRUCE

What do you need my credit card number for?

Aisha holds up one of the lithographs, showing off her bust to advantage.

AISHA

This a one-time offer to collect genuine art, Bruce. I'm sure you wouldn't want to let this chance slip out of your hands, isn't that true?

BRUCE

I'm seeing a couple I'd like to get my hands on.

AISHA

I'll even give you this invitation to the grand opening of our featured artist Aamos De Blanin this weekend. I'll be there, too.

BRUCE

You're tempting. I'd like to help but I don't go for scams.

AISHA

It's not a--

BRUCE

Let me show you some genuine work.

Bruce leads her in to his bedroom. The afternoon sunlight streams in on the buxom fantasy vixens.

AISHA

They're beautiful.

BRUCE

They're genuine.

AISHA

How much do you sell them for?

BRUCE

I don't.

AISHA

You're so talented, you should have an exhibition.

BRUCE

That's a thought.

AISHA

I'd love to model for you.

BRUCE

Do you have what it takes?

Aisha pulls down her shoulder straps to reveal perfect silicon enhanced breasts.

AISHA
What do you think?

CUT TO:

INT. BOSTON/LA SPORTS CLUB - WORK OUT

Bruce and his buddy RYAN are working out. Ryan is large, jolly, an investment banker.

RYAN
GET OUTTA HERE!!! No fuckin' way!
Tell me it didn't happen like that!

Bruce and Ryan get onto the treadmills.

BRUCE
It didn't happen like that.

RYAN
Can never tell with you, pal!

Bruce begins his semi-sprint on the treadmill. Next to him, Ryan scans the TV channels.

We catch the last few seconds of the broadcast of Michelle's interview with Beth. Beth's face fills up the screen.

RYAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)
She's hot.

MICHELLE ON TV
Thanks, Beth. There you have it.
Original masters and new works by De
Blanin at Antigone's Art gallery on
Newbury.

Bruce's eyes light up. Ryan changes the channel.

BRUCE
(to himself)
But "Aisha" was given that invite.

Bruce continues his semi-sprint, seemingly indefatigable.

EXT. ANTIGONE'S ART GALLERY - MORNING OF GRAND OPENING

Beth's security officer VAN HORN disarms the security system. By the entrance, he unlocks a panel that encloses a console and punches in numbers on the key pads.

Tiffany checks herself out in the glass doors at the entrance. TWO HEAVIES stand guard by the door.

A loud, heavy click as the deadbolts retract.

VAN HORN
Don't go in yet!

Van Horn enters first. The gallery is covered by a criss-cross pattern of red laser beams.

Van Horn punches in codes on what looks like a remote control. The beams vanish.

VAN HORN (CONT'D) (cont'd)
All clear.

TIFFANY
Today's the big day.

EXT. ANTIGONE'S ART GALLERY - GRAND OPENING

Newbury Street on Friday evening. Much of the traffic is lined up to drop-off Boston's glitterati at Beth's gallery.

Bruce comes up the stairs of the subway station and makes his way toward Antigone's Art.

INT. ANTIGONE'S ART GALLERY - CONT'D

The gallery is buzzing with an elegant and self-important crowd. Cyrus has made sure that the evening has been well-catered for, with white-gloved waiters, plenty of bubbly.

Beth and Cyrus greet incoming guests, looking for all the world like a couple. Beth sparkles with the thrill of actually seeing her dreams for the gallery come true.

EXT. ANTIGONE'S ART GALLERY - CONT'D

Bruce approaches the gallery on foot as an elderly couple is helped out of their Bentley by a smartly uniformed chauffeur.

He's accosted somewhat abruptly by Saalem, who blocks his path. The two heavies stand guard.

SAALEM
I'm sorry, sir. This is by invitation only.

Bruce shows his invite. Saalem takes it out of the envelope, and looks suspiciously at Bruce before moving out of his way.

BRUCE
Aren't you going to stamp it?

INT. ANTIGONE'S ART GALLERY - CONT'D

From his vantage point behind two couples being greeted by Beth and Cyrus, Bruce's enchantment with Beth's beauty is tarnished only by seeing her in such proximity with Cyrus.

The first couple consists of the elderly and gracious Dr. CHRISTOPHER WINTERS, the chief curator from Boston's Museum of Fine Arts, and JUDY WILDER, mid 30's.

CHRISTOPHER WINTERS
Cyrus, my boy, a pleasure as always.

CYRUS
The pleasure is mine, Christopher.

Winters waits for Beth to give him a peck on the cheek.

CHRISTOPHER WINTERS
Beth O'Brien, seeing you always makes me want to be young again.

BETH
I can't thank you enough, Dr. Winters.

CHRISTOPHER WINTERS
Thank Cyrus, my dear. If you had given me a bit more time, Cyrus, I might have been able to convince the board at the museum to host your show.

CYRUS
It is all in the timing, Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER WINTERS
Judy, I'd like you to meet the world's champion at art recovery. We all owe him our gratitude.

They all smile and shake hands and GEORGE and ETHEL are up.

CYRUS
George, old chap, how have you been?
Ethel, you look fabulous as always.

GEORGE
I might say the same for this lovely young lady.

BETH
I'm Beth O'Brien.

CYRUS
The lady of the hour.

ETHEL
(patronizing)
Of course! So you're the one Cyrus is
setting up with all this. Make the
most of his generosity, dear.

CYRUS
George and Ethel are very special
friends.

And then Bruce is up, shaking hands with Cyrus.

CYRUS (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Good evening.

BETH
(laughing)
BRUCE!

BRUCE
Congratulations.

Impetuously, Beth gives Bruce a fierce hug.

BETH
I'm so glad you're here!

BRUCE
That makes two of us.

BETH
How did you--? I wanted to get you an
invitation but it's been crazy.

BRUCE
(shows invitation)
Magic.

Underneath the suave veneer, it's simmerin' Cyrus.

CYRUS
I'm afraid I have not had the
pleasure?

BETH
Cyrus, I'd like you to meet Bruce--?

BRUCE
Bannister.

BETH
Bruce, meet Cyrus Boreas.

BRUCE
Beth and I are very special friends.

CYRUS
Then I look forward to catching up
with you later this evening.

BRUCE
That makes two of us. By the way-

In a sleight-of-hand trick, Bruce pulls a c-note from behind
Cyrus' ear.

BRUCE (cont'd)
I think this belongs to you.

Bruce winks at Beth as he hands Cyrus the c-note. This time,
she positively beams back as Bruce , moves on

CUT TO::

EXT. VENICE - GONDOLA APPROACHES RHEA'S BUILDING

It is late at night. Rhea's apartment is the only one with
lights on. Rhea's at her computer. Her clock reads 1:15 AM.

Sahaar glides a gondola towards the building. He moors the
boat, and stealthily approaches the entrance, where an ultra-
modern lock system frustrates his expertise.

SAHAAR
Fucking locks.

He returns to his Gondola.

MICHELLE V.O.
Another dead-end.

CUT TO:

INT. MICHELLE'S OFFICE, BOSTON.

A frustrated Michelle is working at her computer. Behind her is
a table strewn with material on Cyrus. Her research assistant,
JIMMY OLSEN, looks over her shoulder.

Jimmy is a redhead with freckles (!) and if anything, looks
younger than even Michelle does.

JIMMY

We've got zilch on Aamos De Blatin but this Cyrus guy you're after--he's super respected on the international circuit.

MICHELLE

I'm not "after" him. Not yet.

JIMMY

Sure you are. But so far he's like the world champion for recovering art the last twelve years. They love him. I'd say he's legit.

MICHELLE

Grow up, Jimmy.

JIMMY

I'm just saying, everything's publicized. Spain, Italy, Yugoslavia, Estonia, Russia--the guy gets around.

MICHELLE

What're the rules, Jimmy?

JIMMY

From Michelle's Mandate for investigative journalism?

MICHELLE

If it's one thing you're going to learn as my intern it's the rules.

JIMMY

1) Things are never what they seem. 2) Easy info is false info. 3) If it don't get you dirty, don't bother. 4) Sometimes a cigar is just a ci-

MICHELLE

Allright, enough already!

CUT TO:

INT. ANTIGONE'S ART GALLERY - CONT'D

The party's at its peak. A radiant Beth is surrounded by admiring males. Her gaze crosses the gallery to find Bruce at the mercy of a couple of ELDERLY LADIES who have him firmly by the arms and are admiring a Monet.

ELDERLY LADY#1

Ooh...all the shapes do disappear as one gets closer.

ELDERLY LADY#2

Let me see, Mathilde...Oh! That's quite extraordinary, young man!

BRUCE

Don't thank me, thank Monet.

ELDERLY LADY#1

Now tell, sir, do all surrealist paintings disappear as you walk closer to them?

ELDERLY LADY#2

Tsk, tsk Mathilde! Expressionist!

Belabored, Bruce doesn't notice Beth's sneaked up.

BRUCE

The impressionists were most interested in seeing--how we perceive light, how everything in the world shimmers into our perception through the merry dance of interlacing colors.

Beth intervenes.

BETH

Didn't Monet say he painted with a camera eye?

BRUCE

He looked with a camera eye but I'm sure he painted with his heart.

BETH

Is that how you paint?

BRUCE

Sometimes, it's also how I look.

ELDERLY LADY#2

I say, Mathilde, this must be him!

ELDERLY LADY#1

Young man, you must be tonight's artist, let me see now-

She puts on her pince-nez to peer at the program.

ELDERLY LADY#1 (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Diablo--ah yes--Amis Doubloon...?

ELDERLY LADY#2
We have the artist, Mathilde!

BETH
I'm afraid not, ladies. Aamos De
Blannin isn't here tonight. He's ill.

ELDERLY LADY#2
Oh, the poor boy.

ELDERLY LADY#1
Do give him our regards.

BRUCE
The next time I see him.

BETH
Would you ladies allow me to steal
Bruce for minute?

ELDERLY LADY#2
Of course, my dear! Mathilde,
Mathilde, let us not-
(winks meaningfully)
Be impediments!

Mathilde is dragged away for another Monet inspection.

BRUCE
Thanks for the rescue.

BETH
You owe me.

BRUCE
Debt never felt this special.

BETH
See anything you like?

Bruce gives her a bemused look.

BETH (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Oh my god! I think I'm blushing.

BRUCE
Grannie says beware a blushing lass.

BETH
And why's that?

BRUCE
She's seen Cupid tie a knot.

Beth catches a glimpse of the two elderly ladies blissfully looking on at Bruce and her.

BETH
Grannies know best.

Our champ's at a loss for words. He picks up a couple of champagne flutes as a waiter passes by. He's still speechless as Beth looks on expectantly for a toast.

BETH (CONT'D) (cont'd)
To magic moments?

Before he can reply, Cyrus swoops in and whisks Beth away.

CYRUS
Ms. O'Brien, there is someone I would
very much like you to meet.

Bruce watches her disappear in the crowd.

BRUCE
To vanishing acts.

CUT TO:

INT. MICHELLE'S OFFICE, BOSTON - CONT'D

Michelle and Jimmy sit back to back, she at the computer, he at the table littered with info on Cyrus.

MICHELLE
All we have on him goes back to 1990.
He was 30. What was he doing before
then? Where?

JIMMY
It says right here, he grew up in
France.

MICHELLE
Says who? Let me guess, Rhea Silvia.

JIMMY
Right.

MICHELLE
Cyrus's publicist the way she gushes
over him. When's her last article?

JIMMY
Let's see...March 17th, 1998.

MICHELLE
Why did she stop?

JIMMY
I don't know.

MICHELLE
That's rhetorical. What's her email?

Jimmy studiously ignores her.

MICHELLE (cont'd)
(threatening)
Jimmy...

JIMMY
Oh, I'm sorry--I thought that was rhetorical.

CUT TO:

INT. RHEA'S APARTMENT, VENICE - CONT'D

Rhea's clock reads 2:30 AM. She's busy typing away.

CUT TO:

EXT. RHEA'S APARTMENT BUILDING (CONT'D) - ROOF

A masked Sahaar's on the roof, equipped with mountaineering gear. He rappels down the wall to Rhea's windows.

CUT TO:

INT. MICHELLE'S OFFICE - CONT'D

Jimmy's at the computer while Michelle's at the table.

JIMMY
Hey! She's online even!

In synchronicity, Michelle and Jimmy roll her chairs over. Michelle highlights Rhea's name and clicks the chat icon on the Instant Messenger (AIM).

MICHELLE ON AIM
 (typing)
 Hi, Rhea. This is Michelle from
 Channel 56, Boston.

CUT TO:

INT. RHEA'S APARTMENT - CONT'D

A beep interrupts Rhea's typing. She stares at the message.

MICHELLE ON AIM
 Hi, Rhea. Can we chat about Cyrus?
 Cyrus Boreas?

After a pause, Rhea begins typing back.

RHEA ON AIM
 Funny you should ask.

MICHELLE ON AIM
 I just read your articles on Cyrus.

RHEA ON AIM
 Forget them.

MICHELLE ON AIM
 ???

RHEA ON AIM
 Read my latest article. I will expose
 the real Cyrus.

MICHELLE ON AIM
 Who is Cyrus?

CUT TO:

INT. ANTIGONE'S ART GALLERY - CONT'D - ALCOVE

Cyrus is with a couple of Boston GLITTERATI LADIES.

The 8 De Blanins in the alcove are quite simply variations of a large circle painted on square and rectangular canvases. It's minimalism at its best (or worst--take your pick).

CYRUS
 Needless to say, there's the exquisite
 balance in this painting that the
 world will soon get accustomed to
 seeing--I would go so far as to say
 that it's already become his
 signature.

GLITTERATI LADY#1

Ooh, yes! It's so visceral.

GLITTERATI LADY#2

His palette is quite bold.

CYRUS

If you pay close attention to the harmony of the hues, the nuances of their interaction, then you get a feel for the tactile freedom of his brushstroke.

GLITTERATI LADY#1

Yes! It's so organic I can almost taste the brown.

GLITTERATI LADY#2

There's something about this that evokes memories of childhood.

GLITTERATI LADY#1

Tell me, Cyrus dear, where did you discover this genius of an artist?

CYRUS

My story begins three years back, in a little cafe in St. Michel, in France actually.

FLASHBACK TO

INT. LITTLE CAFE, ST. MICHEL, FRANCE, SUMMER 1998

Late morning. Typical cobble-stoned little French town. The church bells toll.

A fidgety Saalem is busy sketching in a pocketbook while his implacable twin Saahar reads the papers.

This is the first time the audience sees they are twins.

SAALEM

I don't like this waiting around.

SAHAAR

(reading from paper)

"The Federal Bureau of Investigation tells Argentina that the 1994 bombing of a Buenos Aires Jewish center in which 86 people were killed was most likely carried out with the help of Embassy officials from Iran."

SAALEM

I don't like all this traveling.

SAHAAR

"Police in England arrest 9 people in plot to bomb central London, recover sophisticated explosive devices. Suspects are believed to be members of dissident Roman-Catholic hardliners opposed to peace process in Ireland."

SAALEM

I don't like not having a home.

SAHAAR

"Arab leaders voice frustration over their own countries' vulnerability to Israel's nuclear arsenal, say nuclear imbalance is a threat to the prospect of lasting peace in the middle East."

SAALEM

I don't like this work.

SAHAAR

You want to go back to the streets and beg?

SAALEM

I didn't beg. I painted tourists.

Saalem show Sahaar his sketch—a caricature of Sahaar reading the newspaper. Sahaar isn't amused.

SAHAAR

Child's play.

SAALEM

I was happy.

SAHAAR

Old people with dentures are happy.

The twins find this impossibly funny and guffaw.

SAHAAR (CONT'D) (cont'd)

(mirthful)

"The civil war in Congo is threatening the survival of gorillas from the eastern lowlands. A recent study indicates that the gorillas are holding their own for the time being against poachers."

SAALEM

Hey! "France beats Brazil 3-0 to Win
World Cup." Who would have thought?!

INT. ST. MICHEL CHURCH - CONFESSION BOOTH

Cyrus is at the confession booth. FATHER PIERRE enters the cubicle.

Father Pierre, 75, has a leathery face and massive bulk that hint at experience in matters other than religious.

CYRUS

(in French)

In the name of the father, the son and
the holy ghost, bless me father, for I
have sinned.

FATHER PIERRE

(in French)

Yes, My son. How long has it been
since your last confession?

Cyrus switches to English.

CYRUS

This is my first confession, Father
Pierre. Or should I say, Father Ilych
Romapapovich.

After a pause, Father Pierre responds in perfect English.

FATHER PIERRE

And what sins have you committed?

CYRUS

I have had sinful thoughts about my
busty sister-in-law, and I have told
lies to my mother who worries too much
about my affairs.

FATHER PIERRE

Is that all, my son?

CYRUS

I have sold art forgeries as recovered
originals to the best museums of
Europe.

Pregnant pause.

FATHER PIERRE

I'm listening, my son.

CYRUS

I have sold art forgeries as stolen originals to the underground Nazi network.

Pregnant pause.

FATHER PIERRE

You bite the hand that feeds you, Cyrus Boreas. Why?

CYRUS

You are singularly well informed, Father Romapapovich.

FATHER PIERRE

I ask again, why?

CYRUS

The people of Montenegro continue to suffer from Nazi deception.

FATHER PIERRE

We did not--

(he coughs)

Montenegro switched loyalties to the allies. It is to them she owes her fate.

CYRUS

Montenegro knows no friend. Today she is being bled by Serbia. I have vowed to put Montenegro back on the map, Father Romapapovich.

FATHER PIERRE

It is not penitence that brings you to the house of our lord.

CYRUS

I have used information from the Nazi network, Father Ilych Romapapovich, to recuperate originals stolen during WWII from their hiding places in churches.

FATHER PIERRE

There is no expiation for stealing from the Lord's house.

CYRUS

I consider it cleansing the lord's house of stolen goods.

FATHER PIERRE

His house is pure, no mortal shall
sully it.

CYRUS

As pure as your altar boys, father
Romapapovich?

There is silence from Father Pierre.

CYRUS (CONT'D) (cont'd)

I have had to resort to cruelty
against men who have been unwilling to
cooperate.

FATHER PIERRE

Trafficking in the devil's work leads
to the damnation of the soul, my son.

CYRUS

Trafficking in the arts leads to a
whole hell of a lot of goddamn money.

Cyrus takes out his cell phone and calls Sahaar.

CYRUS (CONT'D) (cont'd)

(into phone)

Bring the van.

INT. ST. MICHEL COFFEE SHOP - CONT'D

SAHAAR

The priest is penitent.

The twins trot out of the cafe.

EXT. ST. MICHEL COFFEE SHOP - CONT'D

Rhea watches the twins trot out. She's there on a hunch,
tailing them to find out the truth about Cyrus.

She watches the twins get into the van, tails them to the church
but has to drive on.

END FLASHBACK CUT
TO:

INT. RHEA'S APARTMENT, VENICE - CONT'D

RHEA ON AIM

Fraud. Global. Dangerous.

As Rhea types, we see Sahaar's silhouette against the night as he swings by her window.

MICHELLE ON AIM
You have proof?

RHEA ON AIM
Suspicious.

MICHELLE ON AIM
???

RHEA ON AIM
I tracked down 3 priests he's
recovered art from.

FLASHBACK TO

INT. ST. MICHEL CHURCH, 1998 - CONT'D - LATE AFTERNOON

Rhea walks into a deserted church. She walks all the way up to the altar. The following conversation is in French.

RHEA
Allo? Anyone here?

Footsteps are heard as a tear-stained ALTAR BOY appears.

RHEA (CONT'D) (cont'd)
I would like to see the priest.

ALTAR BOY
I'm sorry ma'am, but Father Pierre has
been taken to the hospital.

RHEA
Why? What happened?

ALTAR BOY
Father Pierre had a stroke earlier
this afternoon.

END FLASHBACK, CUT
TO:

INT. RHEA'S APARTMENT, VENICE - CONT'D

Rhea's still typing away at her computer.

RHEA ON AIM
All three priests have had severe
strokes. They're alive but as good as
dead. Old age or coincidence?

EXT. RHEA'S APARTMENT - THE BALCONY

Sahaar is all stealth as he breaks into Rhea's apartment.

MICHELLE (V.O.)
There's no such thing as coincidence.

INT. RHEA'S APARTMENT - CONT'D

Rhea's oblivious that a maskless Sahaar has entered the room.

RHEA ON AIM
Exactly. The best part is that Cyrus
has interjkl;[\

With economy of motion, Sahaar renders Rhea unconscious. He dumps her on the rug, then scrolls through the record of Michelle's conversation with Rhea.

INT. MICHELLE'S OFFICE - CONT'D

Jimmy looks over Michelle's shoulder. They're both excited by their success at getting in touch with Rhea.

MICHELLE
(on AIM)
Cyrus has inter--?
(impatient)
Come on, come on! inter what? What
has Cyrus inter?
(on AIM)
Rhea? Are you there?

(SAHAAR FOR) RHEA ON AIM
Back

INT. RHEA'S APARTMENT, VENICE - CONT'D

Sahaar's at the keyboard, Rhea's passed out on the floor.

(SAHAAR FOR) RHEA ON AIM
Please give your name and address. I
will send you important info.

INT. MICHELLE'S OFFICE - CONT'D

MICHELLE
80 Beacon Street, Boston 02215.

Michelle's screen shows that Rhea is no longer online.

MICHELLE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Hey, wait a minute! Where'd she go?

JIMMY
That was easy.

MICHELLE
What do you mean?

JIMMY
Getting in touch with her. Getting
her to send you information.

MICHELLE
Fuck!

JIMMY
What?

MICHELLE
Too fucking easy! Something's wrong.
I just know it. Get me her number.

JIMMY
Give me a sec.

CUT TO:

INT. RHEA'S APARTMENT (CONT'D)

Rhea stirs as the phone rings. Sahaar knocks her out again.

RHEA ON MACHINE
(in Italian)
Hi, this is Rhea Silvia. I'm sorry I
can't speak with you right now, but I
will call you back as soon as I can.
Have a wonderful day!
(in English)
This is Rhea Silvia. Please leave a
message.

MICHELLE V.O.
Rhea? Rhea? This is Michelle from
Boston. Call me! 617 555 5151.

CUT TO:

INT. MICHELLE'S OFFICE - CONT'D

Michelle grabs her bag and rushes out of the door.

JIMMY
Where're you going?!

MICHELLE
To Beth's opening. I'll call.

JIMMY
Easy info is false info.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANTIGONE'S ART GALLERY - CONT'D

Tiffany brings out a selection of finger food for Saalem.

TIFFANY
I brought you some nourishment.

SAALEM
Thanks, you didn't have to.

TIFFANY
I want you on a full tank tonight.

SAALEM
Tonight is impossible.

Saalem squeezes her nipple. She moans softly.

SAALEM (CONT'D) (cont'd)
I'll make it up to you. How's the party?

INT. ANTIGONE'S ART GALLERY - CONT'D

Beth's talking to Cyrus and Van Horn.

VAN HORN
We're working with a system here for identifying and tracking valuable art objects.

From Beth's perspective, we see Bruce looking at a Dali.

BETH
Barcodes?

Beth sees Bruce approached by a sexy Aisha.

VAN HORN
No. We've implanted a color coded microchip into the paintings-- absolutely undetectable to the naked eye.

Beth sees Bruce and Aisha hitting it off real well.

BETH
A homing signal?

VAN HORN
No. Each of our chips has a unique
colorcode and each chip is
indestructible.

Beth watches Bruce and Aisha walk away into the back alcove.

BETH
But does that prevent someone from
walking away with an original?

VAN HORN
No. It's easily traceable as the chip
can be coded to contain information
such as the owner's name and address.

CYRUS
Come now, that is enough shop talk for
the evening, Mr. Van Horn. This is
not the time and place to burden Ms.
O'Brien with the sundry details of
your security operation.

A woman's scream is heard from the alcove.

AISHA (O.S.)
(screams)
AAAHH!

INT. ANTIGONE'S ART - CONT'D - ALCOVE

Bruce is lying doubled over on the floor. He appears to have
severe stomach cramps. Aisha watches on helplessly.

Beth rushes into the alcove followed by Cyrus and Van Horn.
Without a moment's hesitation, Beth kneels over Bruce.

Judy Wilder enters the alcove, unremarked by those present.

BETH
Bruce! What's wrong?! Talk to me!

She cups his face forcing him to look at her.

BRUCE
(weak)
I feel a powerful spell of
enchantment.

CYRUS
What happened here?

AISHA
I'm sorry, Mr. Boreas, sir. We were
looking at the paintings and he...

Helped by Beth, Bruce sits against a wall. He looks briefly at
two of the De Blanin paintings and then has to look away.

BRUCE
(nauseous)
Those paintings. I can't look.

BETH
(playful)
Don't be such a critic, Bruce.

BRUCE
You don't understand. They're making
me sick. I can't bear to look at
them.

Cyrus is greatly discomfited by Bruce's remark.

CYRUS
What kind of nonsense is this?! I
don't know what you are up to, but if
this ridiculous affectation is simply
to belittle Aamos De Blanin's fine
work, then I must say it is in
extremely poor taste.

BETH
I'm sure Bruce is being genuine,
Cyrus.

CYRUS
He could have caused irreparable
damage had he fallen any closer to
this precious work.

Bruce has recovered enough to stand up.

BRUCE
Genuinely, I think this amateurish
work's in extremely poor taste.

CYRUS
The genius of this work is obviously
beyond the ken of a man who pours
drinks for a living.

BRUCE
You mean I should be a peddler of
others' talents?

CYRUS
Perhaps I should warn you that a word
from me can make someone's life but it
can also break it.

BRUCE
Yap all you want but be careful where
you bite, pal.

There is a stare down. Beth's nonplussed. Judy watches on
intently.

CYRUS
I think Mr. Bannister had best leave
the premises.

BRUCE
I was just leaving.

Bruce makes his way towards the exit.

BETH
Harsh.

CYRUS
Come now, I think it is for the best
that-

Beth chases after Bruce. Cyrus takes a long look at the two
paintings. Judy follows Beth inconspicuously.

INT. ANTIGONE'S ART - CONT'D - MAIN GALLERY

BETH
Bruce! Wait!

BRUCE
I'm sorry. I didn't mean for this to
happen.

BETH
Bruce, you can stay. These are my
premises.

BRUCE
Really?

BETH
I own this gallery.

BRUCE
You sure?

BETH
Don't be a jerk.

BRUCE
I know when I'm not wanted.

BETH
Bruce, I want you to stay.

BRUCE
This isn't my scene.

BETH
What happened back there?

BRUCE
I don't know.

BETH
You said it was De Blatin's work.

BRUCE
Just those two pieces. It was like my
guts were being twisted out of me. I
don't know what it is but...there's
something.

Having heard enough, Judy discreetly makes a cell call.

JUDY WILDER
Lock. White male, 30, single,
stepping out now. Tail him.

BETH
Are you feeling better?

BRUCE
I've never felt more embarrassed. I
came here mostly to see you.

BETH
Mostly?

BRUCE
Can I call you?

BETH
Tell you what, I'll call you. I
promise.

Bruce writes his number and hands her the paper. With a smile, Beth stuffs it down her cleavage of her bodice.

BRUCE
Call me anytime, for...anything.

BETH
Anything.

BRUCE
(serious)
There's something.

And then Bruce heads out of the gallery.

EXT. ANTIGONE'S ART - CONT'D

As Bruce walks out, he finds Michelle and Saalem arguing. Michelle's gesticulating with her cell phone.

MICHELLE
She's not answering but I need to see her. I'm telling you again, it's urgent!

SAALEM
Sorry, ma'am. No entry without invitation.

MICHELLE
What are you, a parrot?!

Bruce shakes his head and keeps walking. He doesn't realize that he's being followed by a black sedan.

MICHELLE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Will one of you tell Beth it's Michelle, her friend. I need to speak with her now!

SAALEM
Sorry, ma'am. Chief's orders--no entry without-

MICHELLE
Oh, fuck it!

Michelle walks away in a huff.

EXT. SUBWAY STATION

As Bruce enters the station, SMITH leaps out of the black sedan and follows after.

Smith, late 40's, has a disgruntled air, like we just interrupted his Sunday breakfast.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - SUBWAY STATION - CONT'D

DRIVER
(on phone)
Smith's on him, on the T.

INT. MICHELLE'S CAR - NEWBURY STREET

Still in a fould mood, Michelle calls up Jimmy.

MICHELLE
(fuming, on cell)
Any news? Jimmy you know I mean
Rhea...Nothing, huh?...No Jimmy, no
news is not good news...Yes, I'm
fuckin' fine.

Michelle calls her mom.

INT. MICHELLE'S HOME

Michelle's mom AUDREY is babysitting Michelle's kids for the night. Audrey's doing crosswords in the living room. The phone rings.

SPLITSCREEN CONVERSATION

AUDREY
Michelle?

MICHELLE
Hi, Mom. I'm running late.

AUDREY
You promised. The kids miss you.

MICHELLE
I'm sorry, mom. It's important.
Don't stay up. Are they all right?

AUDREY
They're angels.

END SPLITSCREEN

EXT. SUBWAY STATION - BRUCE'S NEIGHBORHOOD.

Bruce comes up the steps, tailed by Smith, who makes a call.

SMITH
 (on phone)
 Elm and Beacon St.

INT. BLACK SEDAN

The driver looks across at Judy Wilder.

JUDY WILDER
 Let's go.

EXT. ANTIGONE'S ART - CONT'D

The party is winding down. The few hangers on left are of Cyrus's acquaintance. Alone, Beth's lost in thought as she stares at the Monet Bruce and the elderly ladies were looking at earlier. She doesn't notice Cyrus approach.

CYRUS
 Beth-

Beth jumps out of her skin from fright.

CYRUS (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 I am sorry, my dear. I hadn't the least intention of sneaking up on you.

BETH
 It's okay. I was just day-dreaming.

CYRUS
 The night is too young for day-dreams. It's time for us to adjourn to the party.

BETH
 Party?

CYRUS
 We are having a celebration on the yacht.

BETH
 Thanks, but I'm exhausted. I think I'll go home.

CYRUS
 Nothing a little sea breeze, moonlight, and a snifter of cognac won't cure.

BETH
 I'm sorry, Cyrus, but I can't-

CYRUS

Perhaps I'm not making myself clear,
Ms. O'Brien. This is the post party.
It is a tradition I am rather keen on.
It is only for select friends, all of
whom are very influential. It is
where you network your future.

BETH

I wish you'd told me about this
before, that's all.

CYRUS

Since when does the hostess need an
invitation?

EXT. BRUCE'S APARTMENT - PORCH

Smith watches as Bruce sits on the stairs to his porch. Bruce
sighs and looks up at the moon.

EXT. ANTIGONE'S ART - LIMO

As Beth and Cyrus walk towards the limo, Cyrus signals Saalem
for a private word.

As she waits by the limo, Beth looks up at the moon.

CYRUS

Bruce Bannister.

SAALEM

What?

CYRUS

(exasperated)
Find him!

SAALEM

Now?

CYRUS

I want him located as soon as
possible.

SAALEM

Why?

CYRUS

(if looks could kill)
Sahaar you are not.

As Cyrus returns, the CHAUFFEUR holds the door open for them.

CYRUS (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Saalem and Van Horn are going to lock
up and join us later.

BETH
Joy.

As the limo pulls out, Cyrus squeezes Beth's hand.

CYRUS
That was a great success.

Beth hastily withdraws her hand and crosses her arms.

BETH
A success. Congratulations.

CYRUS
Kudos to you, my dear, kudos to you.

Cyrus's cell phone rings. Beth realizes that she's forgotten to
bring her purse, and her cell phone's in it.

BETH
Feck! I left my phone behind.

CYRUS
I'll have Saalem bring it down.

CUT TO:

SPLITSCREEN PHONE CONVERSATION

It's Sahaar calling Cyrus from Venice. Behind Sahaar we see the
prone body of Rhea and a neat stack of files and disks.

CYRUS
Cyrus.

SAHAAR
She's asleep.

CYRUS
I'm very relieved to hear that.

SAHAAR
I've got all her paperwork in order.

CYRUS
Excellent. Did you remember to give
her the proper dosage?

SAHAAR
She was talking to her friend in
Boston.

CYRUS
I see. Why don't we catch up when you
get to Boston?

SAHAAR
When?

CYRUS
As soon as possible.

END SPLITSCREEN

INT. LIMO - CONT'D

CYRUS
My grandmother.

BETH
How is she?

CYRUS
She had a stroke.

BETH
I'm sorry. When did that happen?

CUT TO:

INT. RHEA'S APARTMENT

CYRUS (V.O.)
It happened quite recently, as a
matter of fact.

Like a doctor, Sahaar delicately taps the needle before
injecting a stroke-inducing drug between her toes.

Rhea shudders and shakes violently. Sahaar unties her.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - STREET

Bruce is still sitting just as he was on the porch.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - CONT'D

The driver and Judy have been joined by Smith.

SMITH
Who's our stargazer?

JUDY
Bruce Bannister. I'm waiting for a
background check.

SMITH
And?

JUDY
He cramped up at the show. Fell down
at the sight to two De Blannins. If
he's for real, he could be something,
Lock.

SMITH
Wow.

CUT TO:

EXT. PIER 38, BOSTON HARBOR - CYRUS'S YACHT

The yacht's lit up like a x-mas tree. The limo pulls up next to
some very pricey cars.

Cyrus and Beth are greeted by drunken joyous shouts. It seems
the group of young & sexy tanners has doubled.

CYRUS
I would say our timing is perfect, Ms.
O'Brien.

He gallantly offers Beth his arm as they walk up the plank.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRUCE'S STREET - PARTY CAR

Ryan and some of his buddies including Emily drive up in a
convertible with the music blaring.

EXT. BRUCE'S STREET - CONT'D - BLACK SEDAN POV

They watch as Ryan's car stops in front of Bruce.

RYAN & CO.
BRUUCE!!

RYAN
Hey, buddy! It's party time! You
comin'?

Emily jumps out and grabs Bruce by the arm.

EMILY
Let's go, loverboy!

BRUCE
you go ahead.

EMILY
I'm wearing something special.

BRUCE
I'll catch up with you guys later.

Bruce goes into his house. A befuddled Emily gets back in the car and they're off to paint the town red.

SMITH
Happy as a beached whale.

JUDY
The paintings weren't only things he
fell for tonight.

SMITH
Wow.

INT. YACHT - SALON

Beth's alone in the salon, looking out on the deck. There are half a dozen men of Cyrus' ilk, none of them from the gallery party.

EXT. YACHT - DECK - CONT'D

Cyrus is talking to RICHARD SUTTON. Richard's a heavy-set multi-millionaire whose demeanor brooks no contradiction.

CYRUS
All the arrangements are as they
should be.

SUTTON
It's been a long time since I've had
the thrill of anticipation.

CYRUS
There is, of course, the small matter
of the transfer.

SUTTON
Always the accountant.

CYRUS
Delivery upon transfer.

SUTTON
The funds will be transferred upon
delivery.

CYRUS
I find that unacceptable.

SUTTON
The Tiresome details. 10 percent as a
show of intent. 7 million, not a
penny more.

CYRUS
I suppose I can live with that.

SUTTON
When can you deliver?

CYRUS
The 4th of July.

SUTTON
I'll drink to that. Who's the
squeeze?

CYRUS
I'm using her gallery for a show.

SUTTON
She in?

CYRUS
(sneering)
She knows absolutely nothing.

Cyrus waves at Beth who's still looking from the Salon,
gesturing for her to join them.

INT. YACHT - SALON - CONT'D

A guy and girl from the Young & Sexy tanners rush into the
salon. In her drugged haze, the girl collides with Beth, while
the guy whoops as he disappears into the cabins below.

GIRL
Oh, I'm so sorry!

BETH
It's fine.

GIRL
I know you! Who're you?

The girl gets absorbed by Beth's dress.

BETH
We met a couple of-

GIRL
Hey--the colors are strobing--that's
so money--like art!

Beth steadies the girl by the shoulder.

BETH
How long have you known Cyrus?

GIRL
Who?

BETH
Cyrus. It's his yacht, remember?

GIRL
Oh, yeah. Nice daddy.

BETH
How do you know him?

GIRL
From the agency. You know what,
you're cute.

The girl kisses Beth full on the mouth, winks, then disappears
down below. Troubled, Beth goes out on the deck.

EXT. YACHT - DECK - CONT'D

Beth joins Cyrus and Sutton.

CYRUS
We were just talking about how useful
your gallery has been for my show.

BETH
Where are the others?

CYRUS
Pardon?

BETH
The other guests?

CYRUS

This is select company, Ms. O'Brien.

A car screeches to a halt. Saalem and Van Horn get out. No purse in sight for Beth.

CYRUS (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Finally. We can set sail so to speak.

BETH

What?

CYRUS

We are launching off on a midnight cruise to Provincetown.

BETH

I see. Excuse me.

Beth's heart is racing--she wants out. She goes to the gangway but runs into Saalem who's keeping guard. She enters the salon and goes down below.

INT. YACHT - CABIN - CONT'D

Beth peers in a cabin door to see two girls and a guy, interlaced and passed out, a nice nude composition.

Beth tries to wake the girl she was talking to earlier. No luck. She spies a handbag on the floor-bingo! Cell phone!

Beth pulls out the note with Bruce's number from her bodice, and stumbles as the engine of the yacht kicks in--the yacht's on its way out of the harbor!

CUT TO:

INT. BRUCE HOUSE - CONT'D

Bruce is working on the same canvas we saw him with earlier. He's filling in the face of the damsel in distress--it's Beth defiantly glaring down the two winged monsters. His cell phone rings.

CUT TO:

SPLITSCREEN PHONE CONVERSATION

BRUCE

Hello?

BETH
 (panicked whisper)
 Bruce!

BRUCE
 Emily?

BETH
 It's Beth.

BRUCE
 Hey, Beth! How nice of you to keep
 your promise. I wasn't expec-

BETH
 Shh, quiet!

BRUCE
 Beth? What's wrong?

BETH
 Bruce, I need you to come and get me.

BRUCE
 Sure. Where?

BETH
 I don't know. Pier...38, I think.

BRUCE
 Pier 38. When?

BETH
 Now, rightaway. I have to--

The phone connection breaks off.

END SPLITSCREEN

INT. YACHT - CABIN - CONT'D

Beth hears someone climbing down the steps, and with nowhere to
 hide, stands by the door.

Saalem opens the door, inadvertently hiding Beth behind it. He
 shakes his head disgustedly at the sleepers.

As he walks in the cabin to loom over them, Beth tiptoes around
 the door, heels in hand, and up the stairs.

Sound of slaps and protests from the cabin.

SAALEM (O.S.)
 You lazy bitches--you get paid to
 party.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD

Bruce comes out of the back porch and crosses into the neighbor's backyard and garage. He uncovers his Mustang.

CUT TO:

EXT. YACHT - AFT DECK

Beth slips out to the back of the yacht and looks towards Boston--the yacht's covered a lot of distance already.

BETH
 Oh, feck!

CUT TO:

EXT. BRUCE'S STREET - BLACK SEDAN POV

Agent Smith watches as a Red Mustang bursts out of the neighbor's garage and drives away from him. He can only see the driver in silhouette. Must be the neighbor's kid.

SMITH
 Punk.

He checks to see Bruce's house--still all lit up. He checks his watch.

CUT TO:

EXT. YACHT - AFT DECK - CONT'D

Beth gets up on the railing, hangs there for an instant then dives gracefully into the waters.

EXT. PIER 38 - CARS

Bruce's Mustang lights up the expensive cars that are parked at the pier. He comes to a stop, and gets out puzzled.

Bruce walks over to where the yacht was and looks out at the sea. There is nothing to be seen but the dark horizon.

BRUCE
 (hesitant call)
 Beth?

He uses the caller id to call the cell phone Beth used.

AUTOMATED RESPONSE
The number you have called is
temporarily unavailable. Please try
your call later.

Disappointed, Bruce heads back to his car and sits. He bangs the steering wheel in frustration.

BRUCE
Goddamnit!!

Bruce guns the engine, then changes his mind and kills it.

He returns to the edge of the water and looks up at the moon.

BRUCE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
(to the sky)
A little help?
(to the sea)
Hello? Hello?!
(bellowing)
BETH!!! ARE YOU THERE?! BETH!!

Hearing nothing, he turns back when he hears:

BETH (O.S.)
(faint)
...uuce.

All excited, Bruce runs back to the water's edge.

BRUCE
BETH?! WHERE ARE YOU?!

BETH (O.S.)
(faint)
...uuce, I'm coming!

BRUCE
BETH! I'M COMING!!!

Bruce dives into the water and starts swimming towards Beth.

EXT. SEA - CONT'D

Beth is swimming, much closer to shore and much fatigued. She looks at the dock, but it's too dark to for her to descry Bruce.

Beth treads water as she calls.

BETH

Bruce?!

There is no answer, then like a great shark Bruce explodes out of the water. Frightened, Beth backs away.

BETH (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Aaah!

BRUCE

I'm here, Beth, I'm here! Are you all right!

He looks around but sees no sign of Beth.

BRUCE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Beth? Beth?! BE--

He's sucked down under water by Beth who resurfaces with a whoop. Bruce comes up coughing up water!

BRUCE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

(coughing)

Beth! Beth! I came as fast as I could! Are you all right?

BETH

What are you doing here?

BRUCE

What?

BETH

What are you doing in the middle of the sea?

BRUCE

Chasing a mermaid.

BETH

I've drowned many a sailor.

BRUCE

I see you're proficient.

BETH

Answer my question, Bruce.

BRUCE

What?

BETH

Are you doing here?

BRUCE
I've come for you, Beth.

BETH
Have you then?

They're face to face in the sea and under the moon.

BRUCE
Beth...

BETH
Bruce.

BRUCE
I'm here to speak for you.

BETH
Speak for me.

They kiss.

BETH (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Speak for me again.

They kiss again.

BETH (CONT'D) (cont'd)
I've waited all my life to be spoken
for.

They look into each other's eyes. Bruce wants to kiss her again
but she holds him off lovingly.

BETH (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Bruce?

BRUCE
Beth?

BETH
Save the speech for later.

They smile, giddy with love.

BETH (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Bruce.

BRUCE
Beth?

BETH
I'd like to get my landlegs back.

As they start to swim, Bruce tries to maneuver himself into a life-saver hold on Beth.

BETH (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Hey, get your hands off me, buster!

BRUCE
I'm a certified lifeguard.

BETH
Don't get fresh or I'll give you some
hand to mouth, mister Bannister.

Fade out on Beth and Bruce swimming in tandem towards Boston.

EXT. PIER 38 - EDGE

Bruce gives Beth a hand to pull her up and over to the deck level of the pier. They catch their breath. Bruce strips of his t-shirt and sits down by the edge, feet dangling, facing the sea. Beth sits next to him. She's absolutely exhausted.

BRUCE
What are you doing here?

BETH
(exhausted)
This is the post-party.

BRUCE
Having fun?

Beth shivers. Bruce puts his arm around her.

BRUCE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
(serious)
There's something, I know there is.

BETH
I need a new dress.

Bruce and Beth walk hand in hand to the Mustang. Beth appreciates the convertible.

BETH (CONT'D) (cont'd)
A hair-dryer.

They get in. Bruce guns the engine and gives her an inquiring look. She yawns, cuddles up.

BETH (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Don't you have some art to show me?

EXT. BRUCE'S STREET - BLACK SEDAN POV

Agent Smith's alert as the Mustang returns. He catches a glimpse of the driver's arm around a babe.

SMITH

Score.

INT. NEIGHBOR'S GARAGE - CONT'D

As the car comes to a halt, we see that Beth's asleep on Bruce's shoulder. Bruce savors the moment.

BRUCE

(gently)

Beth...Beth...

As Beth stirs against Bruce, she looks content, safe.

BETH

Bruce...?

BRUCE

We're almost home.

BETH

Bruce...?

BRUCE

Wake up, Beth.

BETH

Promise to wake me always.

BRUCE

Promise.

JUMPCUT TO:

INT. BRUCE'S BEDROOM

Mostly asleep, Beth's standing with her arms raised straight above her head.

Stripped down to his boxers, Bruce is helping Beth undress. He manages to undress her into his oversize t-shirt while still preserving her modesty.

Beth's eyes open, twinkling with fatigue. They smile. She takes his hand and leads him to the bed. Casually, Beth divests herself of her panties with a toss.

They snuggle in an S-embrace as Bruce turns out the lamp.

EXT. BRUCE'S STREET - BLACK SEDAN POV

Agent Smith watches as the lamp goes out. Bruce's house is finally in complete darkness. He looks at his watch.

SMITH
Insomniac.

JUMPCUT TO:

INT. BRUCE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

We find Beth and Bruce just as we left them. The sound of insistent knocking is heard from the front door. Bruce stirs, happy to find Beth in his arms.

The knocking is persistent.

JUDY (O.S.)
Mr. Bannister?! Mr. Bannister?!

Bruce slips on a pair of shorts and goes to the front door. He looks through the hole to see Judy Wilder standing alone.

BRUCE
Who is it?

JUDY
Judy Wilder, US Customs.

BRUCE
US Customs who?

Bruce opens the door and finds that agent Smith has materialized next to Judy.

JUDY WILDER
Can We come in?

BRUCE
Who did you say you were?

JUDY WILDER
We're from the US Customs Art recovery team. I'm agent Wilder, this is agent Smith.

BRUCE
Can I see some ID?

They show their IDs. Bruce scans them carefully, knowing what to look for.

BRUCE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
These're genuine.

He Bruce the door wide and walks back into the living room. The agents follow after.

BRUCE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
What's this about?

JUDY
You were at Antigone's Art Gallery last night.

BRUCE
You too, that's where I saw you, right?

JUDY
What do you know about Cyrus Boreas and Bethany O'Brien?

BRUCE
She owns the gallery. He owns the paintings.

JUDY
What else?

BRUCE
What are you talking about?

SMITH
Answer the question.

BRUCE
I'm not going to answer shit, pal.

JUDY
We need you to cooperate with us.

BRUCE
About what?

JUDY
What can you tell us about Cyrus?

BRUCE
Cyrus is a pompous ass with extremely poor taste when it comes to promoting new talent. Those De Blanin paintings are great examples of art with an "F".

SMITH

What can you tell us about his gallery owner girlfriend, Mr. Bannister?

BRUCE

She's not--listen, I don't have to tell you anything. Why're you here?

JUDY

Let's begin with you, Bruce Bannister.

BRUCE

What about me?

JUDY

Our background check drew a blank until we realized that you were in code 3 witness protection.

BRUCE

I don't know what you mean.

JUDY

What do you want to tell us about the Isabella Gardner Museum Theft on March 18, 1990?

BRUCE

Not again. Coffee?

FLASHBACK TO

INT. GARDNER MUSEUM - NIGHT GUARD STATION - 3/18/90, 1 AM

We see Bruce and Ryan at age 20. They're the night guards, students employed by the pennywise pound-foolish museum. Their desk has several security monitors.

Bruce is working on a still-life--a fruit bowl--in his oversized sketch book. Ryan's reading Sports Illustrated.

RYAN

We could be at Murphy's, livin' it up with St. Patty's green brew.

BRUCE

Gotta think of next year's tuition, Rye.

RYAN

State of the art alarms, infra red and ultrasonic sensors, photo electric beams, video cameras--they don't need us here.

BRUCE

What if there's a fire?

RYAN

Who's going to start a fire?

They hear loud, insistent knocking on the side door.

EXT. GARDNER MUSEUM - SIDE ENTRANCE - CONT'D

Two cops are knocking on the side door of the Museum.

INT. GARDNER MUSEUM - CONT'D

Bruce and Ryan look at the side-door monitor.

RYAN

Cops.

BRUCE

I'll get it.

EXT. GARDNER MUSEUM - SIDE ENTRANCE - CONT'D

They continue knocking.

COP#1

Police. Open up!

The door swings wide open, they see Bruce.

BRUCE

Hi. What's this about?

COP#1

We're checking on a disturbance in the area.

BRUCE

It's real quiet in here, officer.

COP#1

Just doing my job.

Authoritatively, the cops walk by Bruce into the museum.

INT. GARDNER MUSEUM - SECURITY DESK - CONT'D

As they walk towards Ryan and the security desk, Cop#1 gestures Bruce to follow him towards the inner courtyard.

COP#2

(to Ryan)

Have you checked your monitors or are you guys goofin' on the job?

RYAN

All quiet on the Gardner front.

COP#2

Double check your monitors.

Confused, Ryan looks down carefully at the monitors. He doesn't see Cop#2 pull out a small canister.

INT. GARDNER MUSEUM COURTYARD - CONT'D

Cop#1 appears agitated, he absently rubs his temple with his thumb.

COP#1

You look familiar. What's your name?

BRUCE

Bruce.

COP#1

I have a warrant for your arrest, Bruce.

BRUCE

What?

COP#1

Do you have any ID?

Bruce fumbles with his wallet to retrieve his license. He too, fails to see Cop#1 point a cannister at him.

COP#1 (CONT'D) (cont'd)

(signal)

I said NOW!

Both cops spray the boys with a paralyzing nerve gas. The boys crumble on the floor, silent faces contorted in agony, reminiscent of Rhea's contortions.

The two cops handcuff their respective boys. Cop#2 drags Ryan by the collar towards Cop#1 and Bruce.

Cop#1 is looking at a map that shows the layout of the Gardner museum. The map is remarkably similar to the one Saalem and Beth were arguing over earlier in her gallery.

COP#1 (CONT'D) (cont'd)
(pointing)
Basement's over there.

The two cops drag away the boys' still paralyzed bodies.

END FLASHBACK, CUT TO:

INT. BRUCE'S LIVING ROOM - CONT'D

JUDY
Milk, one sugar.

SMITH
Black, two sugars.

They move into the kitchen as Bruce fixes coffee.

INT. BRUCE'S KITCHEN - CONT'D

The agents sit on the stools by the counter, their backs to the kitchen entrance.

BRUCE
I told the State Police and the FBI everything I know. There's nothing more to tell. Have you guys made a breakthrough? Is that why you're here?

JUDY
Nothing new.

BRUCE
I've never heard of you guys.

SMITH
US Customs Art Recovery.

JUDY
We're new.

BRUCE
I was questioned for over a year by the State Police investigators and the FBI after it happened.

JUDY

A 200 million dollar theft isn't easy to swallow.

SMITH

(accusing)

Make that 400 in today's market.

BRUCE

I told them everything I know. Why don't you get their records?

JUDY

We have.

BRUCE

Then why are you here?

JUDY

We're investigating Cyrus Boreas and Bethany O'Brien.

BRUCE

What's Beth got to do with it?

SMITH

We have reason to believe that Boreas and O'Brien are involved.

BRUCE

She's not.

JUDY

So you do have something to tell?

BRUCE

Cyrus is slime but I assure you Beth's not involved.

SMITH

What makes you so sure?

BRUCE

Call it a gut feeling.

SMITH

Our agent confirmed that the yacht left for Provincetown at 2:03 AM, with Boreas and O'Brien on board. Our agent in Provincetown confirms the suspects to not have disembarked the ship as of 0'800 this morning.

Bruce laughs, unable to contain his mirth.

JUDY
What's so funny?

BRUCE
Nothing.

He gives them coffee, pushes the milk & sugar towards them.

BRUCE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
I'll go to get a shirt on.

INT. BRUCE'S BEDROOM - CONT'D

Beth's still fast asleep as Bruce enters. He wakes her gently. She stirs. They kiss.

BETH
Hi. What's so funny?

BRUCE
Visitors you should meet. In the kitchen. Come quiet as you can.

He throws Beth his nightgown, wears a t-shirt and pauses at the door with a finger to his lips, winking as he leaves.

INT. KITCHEN - CONT'D

Bruce returns, fixes himself a coffee and pours a fourth mug without any comment, then sees Beth positioned to eavesdrop.

BRUCE
So. Beth's still on that yacht?

SMITH
Been there all night.

BRUCE
And that makes her a suspect?

JUDY
Chances are very high she's involved.

BRUCE
With what?

JUDY
Let us ask the questions, Mr. Bannister.

BRUCE

Bruce.

JUDY

Bruce. Is there anything you can tell us? Anything you found unusual last night?

BRUCE

You could call the way I found Beth last night unusual.

JUDY

What do you mean?

BRUCE

(to Beth)

Should we tell them?

On cue Beth walks in to stand by Bruce. Judy and Agent Smith look at her dumbfounded.

Bruce is loving the moment. He offers her coffee.

BRUCE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Milk, sugar?

BETH

Just milk, thanks.

JUDY

Lock, could I talk to you outside?

Judy and Agent Smith step out to the backyard. Bruce and Beth sit down at the counter and see the agitated agents talking, gesticulating, phoning.

BETH

And they are?

BRUCE

Confused.

BETH

Government.

BRUCE

US Customs Art Recovery.

BETH

It's about Cyrus, isn't it?

BRUCE
And you, seeing as you're on that
yacht.

CUT TO:

INT. CYRUS' YACHT, PROVINCETOWN HARBOR - SALON

CYRUS
(furious)
How can she have gotten away?!

SAALEM
She didn't leave the yacht.

CYRUS
Have you seen her lately?

SAALEM
No.

CYRUS
Then shut up!

SAALEM
I'll look again.

CYRUS
Stop! Is it not abundantly clear that
she is not on board?!

SAALEM
I don't understand.

CYRUS
You lumbering idiot! Of course you
don't understand. She jumped off the
yacht.

SAALEM
You told me to watch the gangway.

CYRUS
I told you, you big oaf, to makes sure
she does not leave the yacht!

SAALEM
Sorry, sir.

CYRUS
What about Bruce Bannister?

SAALEM

I haven't been able to find anything.
It's like he doesn't exist.

CYRUS

He bloody well exists--all six feet
and 180 pounds of him! It is quite
clear to me that only one of you got
the competence gene. What time is
your brother expected?

SAALEM

(sulky)

He's landing at Logan at 9 tonight.

CYRUS

Not nearly soon enough.

CUT TO:

INT. BRUCE'S KITCHEN - CONT'D

The agents are still conferring in the backyard.

BETH

Why are they here?

BRUCE

They haven't really said.

The agents return into the kitchen.

JUDY

When were you on to us?

BRUCE

What?

SMITH

When did you realize I was tailing
you?

BRUCE

About a second ago. You were?!

SMITH

You used to the neighbor's Mustang to
fool me last night.

BRUCE

That's my car. The Taylors let me use
their garage. Why were you tailing
me?

Realization dawns on the agents--Bruce was oblivious to Agent Smith during his night escapade.

SMITH

Dumb luck. Wow.

JUDY

There's been some misunderstanding.

BRUCE

You're free to go.

JUDY

This is a situation of urgency. We're going to ask both of you to come down with us to headquarters.

BETH

What's this about?

JUDY

I promise I'll level with you. Until then, please do not talk to anyone about this. Miss O'Brien-

BETH

Please call me Beth.

JUDY

Beth. I would like you to remain incommunicado as far as Cyrus is concerned, until after we have spoken. Do not answer your cell phone-

BETH

Easier done than said. I left it at Antigone's.

JUDY

And, do not visit your gallery until we give you clearance.

BETH

Great. I do need to go home.

JUDY

Lock will take you.

BRUCE

I can take her.

JUDY

Agent Smith will escort you. We'll be outside

SMITH

No more tricks.

INT. BETH'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM.

Beth enters her apartment, followed by Bruce and agent Smith. She checks her messages. All three gather around the machine.

MESSAGE#1 - MOM 10 PM

Hi, darling. Your dad and I are trying to find out about your gala night. Did you meet anyone nice? Call us. We love you.

MESSAGE#2 - DICK 10:30 PM

Beth? You won't believe it but it's me, Dick the Brickman! And I'm in Beantown for the weekend! Let's get toge-

Beth presses the delete button.

MESSAGE#3 - MICHELLE 11:30 PM

Answer your cell, Bethany O'Brien! I have to talk to you asap, Beth. It's about Cyrus, urgent! Cal me!

SMITH

Who's she?

BETH

Michelle. My friend--a reporter.

MESSAGE#4 - MICHELLE 3 AM

Where the hell are you?! I'm worried, Beth, call me! Don't even dare to tell me you're on the yacht! Call me!

Beth picks up the phone to dial Michelle but pauses as the next message kicks in.

MESSAGE#5 - CYRUS 5:45 AM

My dear Miss O'Brien, it seems that you left without saying goodbye. You will understand, of course, my solicitude insofar as your safety is concerned. Please call me at your earliest convenience.

BETH
I'll go get ready.

She makes to leave with the phone but agent Smith stops her.

SMITH
No phone calls.

BETH
I have to call Michelle back.
(she dials)
Michelle, it's me...I'm
fine...Michelle, I can't talk right
now...Yes, I'm absolutely fine...No, I
wasn't with Cyrus...I'll call you
later. Bye!

She plants the phone in agent Smith's hand and slams shut the bedroom door. Agent Smith settles down on the armchair.

BRUCE
She might have a phone in there, you
know.

Agent Smith tenses, is about to rise, then settles back.

SMITH
Punk.

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR

The Black Sedan with Agent Smith, Bruce & Beth speeds down the vast industrial stretch of Boston harbor and enters the parking lot of a big, non-descript building.

INT. US CUSTOMS ART OFFICE BUILDING

Agent Smith leads them in. Bruce & Beth find themselves in a vast interior space divided in two parts, half is storage facility for various art objects, the other half is partitioned and encloses hi-tech analysis office.

INT. US CUSTOMS ART OFFICE - ANALYSIS WING

Judy beckons her chief scientific officer, DWIGHT SLEDGE. Dwight bears a remarkable resemblance to Sean Connery.

JUDY
Welcome to the most sophisticated
facility for art analysis on the East
Coast.

BETH

You must have some budget.

JUDY

It's not nearly enough.

DWIGHT

Art trafficking is second only to drugs trafficking in terms of illicit cash flow.

JUDY

It's catching up fast and we don't get a tenth of the funding the drug enforcement agencies do.

BRUCE

Drugs kill people.

JUDY

So does stolen art. We're talking about transactions that involve millions of dollars for the shipment of arms or drugs. Original art has become the preferred method of payment.

BETH

Why?

DWIGHT

A ten million dollar canvas rolls up as easily as a 5 dollar poster. Easy to carry, easy to smuggle.

JUDY

And it's the most lucrative investment on the planet. Isabella Gardner bought her Vermeer at an auction for 6,000 dollars. Today, it would fetch over 70 million, and that's a conservative estimate. Dwight, have you set up the test?

DWIGHT

Archimedes is ready and waiting.

JUDY

Follow me.

Judy uses a code to enter the safe room. All follow.

INT. SAFEROOM - CONT'D

Inside, one wall is entirely covered over by a thick curtain. At the far end of the room is a giant projection screen.

JUDY

It's time for me to level with you. We've been keeping a close eye on Cyrus Boreas for the last 12 years. Interpol has a file on him, as do we, the CIA and the FBI. The problem is that we have only suspicions, and absolutely no evidence.

BETH

Evidence of what?

JUDY

Among other things, we suspect that he is the mastermind behind the Gardner Museum theft.

Bruce gets a dizzy spell and stumbles forwards but Beth reacts quickly to keep him from falling.

Beth helps steady him as Judy and Dwight shares a look.

JUDY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

What happened, Bruce?

BRUCE

I don't know. I just felt dizzy.

JUDY

Do you suffer from any medical conditions?

DWIGHT

Low blood pressure?

BRUCE

I'm fit as a fiddle.

JUDY

Have you ever had fainting spells?

BRUCE

Never.

JUDY

What about last night? The De Blanins?

BRUCE
What's going on?

JUDY
We'll find out in a moment. Do you
feel ready for a little test, Bruce?

BRUCE
As long as it doesn't involve a
unicycle.

JUDY
Let's run Archimedes, Dwight.

Dwight punches a key on the computer terminal.

JUDY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Bruce, I want you to look closely at
the paintings on the screen.

One by one, nine paintings--landscapes by Monet--flash on the
giant screen.

JUDY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Well?

BRUCE
Well what?

JUDY
See anything unusual?

BRUCE
They all seem to be Monets.

JUDY
Anything unusual?

BRUCE
What am I supposed to be looking for?

JUDY
Honestly, I don't know. Run it again,
Dwight.

The 9 paintings flash on the screen again.

JUDY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Well?

BRUCE
Well what?!

JUDY

I'd like you to direct your attention
to the wall, Bruce.

Dwight gets up and pulls a rope and curtain slides back.
Hanging on the wall are the 9 paintings that were just flashed
on the giant screen. They're all rather smaller than one might
expect, labeled 1 through 9.

JUDY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

These are the original paintings,
Bruce. Some of Monet's famous
landscapes in the paint. Why don't
you take a closer look?

Bruce walks up takes a look at the paintings. He pauses at
painting#6 longer than he does for all the others. He looks at
Judy, puzzled.

JUDY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Well?

BRUCE

Painting#6.

JUDY

(excited)

What about it?

BRUCE

I don't know but...there's something.

JUDY

There is something. It's a fake!

DWIGHT

It's a fake!

Dwight and Judy high five each other.

JUDY

I knew it! I knew it the moment I saw
him curled up on the floor in front of
those De Blanins.

BRUCE

Knew what?

JUDY

Bruce, you're a fakebuster.

BETH

A fakebuster?

JUDY

You're the first person we've tested here to show the Archimedes instinct.

BETH

Archimedes?

DWIGHT

Archimedes had to test the king's crown for genuine gold without damaging it in any way. He immersed it in a bucket of water, collected the displaced water, and from that he calculated the crown's density. It was fake gold.

JUDY

He's the original fakebuster.

BRUCE

Great, but I don't know displacement from density.

JUDY

You picked out the fake painting among 9 Monets. How did you do it?

BRUCE

I don't know. It's just this feeling I got when I looked at it. I can't explain it. It just felt wrong.

JUDY

Is that what happened when you reacted to the De Blainins last night?

BRUCE

A hundred times more intense but...yes, it's similar now that I think of it, but how did you know? What' all this--fakebuster stuff got to do with me?

JUDY

Fakebuster is jargon for those who dedicate their lives and expertise to busting the art fakes and frauds of this world. Over the years, we've discovered that there are also natural fakebusters--like you--who react to fakes viscerally. They have an instinct that defies science. Like yours, Bruce.

BRUCE

It could just be luck.

JUDY

What made you single out painting#6?

(MORE)

BRUCE

It just felt wrong.

JUDY

What about last night?

BETH

You think the De Blanins are fake?!
He's a no-name, his paintings are
valueless. Who would bother faking
them?

BRUCE

Those De Blanins aren't even art. I
could paint a dozen a day like them.
Besides, I've never seen one before,
so how would I know they're fake?

JUDY

What if it wasn't what the De Blanins
show but what the De Blanins hide that
made you react so violently?

They head out of the saferoom.

INT. ANALYSIS WING - CONT'D

Judy punches in the codes to arm the saferoom.

BETH

You have 8 genuine Monets in there?

JUDY

We recovered these about a year back.
They're in delayed transit. At this
very minute, our storage contains
about 15 million dollars worth of
recovered art.

They are now standing in the middle of the analysis lab.

JUDY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Dwight?

DWIGHT

Ah, yes. What you see before you are
the instruments of fraud detection.

DWIGHT(cont'd)

We have a carbon dating instrument that measures the age of paints based on loss of carbon content. For example, we know painting#6 is fake because the paints on it date back only five years. Over here we have polarized light microscopy for pigment analysis. My favorites are of course the infrared analysis of a canvas that allows us to detect earlier paintings on the same backing, and the conventional x-ray that shows us if there's a painting that's been painted over.

BETH

Conventional x-ray?

DWIGHT

We also employ techniques such as x-ray diffraction for crystalline components, x-ray fluorescence in which the object is immersed in radiation so that it begins to emit x-rays, and neutron activation for elemental analysis by measuring gamma ray patterns.

BRUCE

Sounds like rocket science.

JUDY

These methods are the fallout of rocket science. But art has a human dimension that no technology can account for. The most valuable art frauds and forgeries have been exposed by fakebusters, who react like you, Bruce. Nausea, dizziness, ringing in the ears, stomach cramps, depression-- these are symptoms of a fraud.

(to Dwight)

Thanks, Dwight.

Dwight shakes hands with Bruce and Beth and leaves them. Judy takes them to her office.

JUDY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Have a seat. I'm going to level with you. We've been watching and chasing Cyrus for 10 years. He's like a rock star in the art community. We know his family migrated from Montenegro to France after WWII.

BRUCE

Where's that?

JUDY

Montenegro became a province of Yugoslavia, and now belongs to Serbia. Cyrus's grandfather was exiled for collaborating with the Fascists.

BETH

An aristocrat.

JUDY

We suspect he's at the forefront of an arts for arms network. We suspect his clients are global--Ireland, middle East, the Balkans, Argentina. We suspect a lot but the sad truth is we can't lay a legal finger on him. He's avoided all our traps. But I have a plan now for which I need your help.

Judy looks questioningly at Bruce.

BRUCE

Sure. What can I do?

JUDY

You can paint. I need your help too, Beth.

BETH

Me? I'm no fakebuster.

JUDY

I need your cooperation, Beth. I need access to your gallery.

BETH

What for?

JUDY

I have a plan. Are you willing to cross the line?

EXT. BRUCE'S STREET - EARLY AFTERNOON

A black van pulls up in front of Bruce's apartment. Beth and Bruce get out of the passenger door, and pull out two large blank canvasses mounted on square stretchers (preliminary frames).

Bruce waves at the driver.

BRUCE
Midnight should about do it.

The van leaves.

BETH
Are you sure that's enough time?

BRUCE
Child's play. And acrylic dries up
real fast.

Beth and Bruce enter the house hauling canvas.

INT. BRUCE APARTMENT - CONT'D

As Bruce busies himself setting up the canvas and getting his
paints ready, Beth calls up Michelle on Bruce's phone.

INT. MICHELLE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD

Michelle and her mom Audrey are in the backyard. There's a
little rubber pool in which Michelle's daughter CALLIE is
splashing about with her rubber toys. Callie is a 3 year old
goldilocks, cute as can be.

Callie suddenly ceases all activity.

CALLIE
Clio! Clio!

MICHELLE
Clio's taking a nap, Callie.

CALLIE
I wanna play with Clio!

AUDREY
She's sleeping, sweetheart.

CALLIE
I wanna sleep!

MICHELLE
Don't be naughty, Calliope!

Callie pouts as a prelude to a bawl.

MICHELLE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Very well. I'm putting you to bed.

Michelle has barely picked Callie out of the pool when her cell
phone rings. She dumps Callie in Audrey's lap

MICHELLE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 Michelle here. Beth! Where the fuck
 have you been?! We need to talk,
 Beth! Where're you calling
 from?...Bruce? Who the fuck's Bruce?

CUT TO:

INT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - CONT'D

In the background, we see that Bruce has set up the canvas and has begun to prep it for painting.

BETH
 (on phone)
 Bruce, he's the one...I'm with.
 Michelle, listen...Michelle, listen to
 me, please. We're working on a rush
 project for the government--it has
 everything to do with Cyrus...I'm not
 allowed to say but it could be the
 scoop of scoops. I have so much to
 tell you! I'll call you as soon as I
 can. Bye!

Beth walks over to stand behind Bruce. He's completely engrossed in his work.

BETH (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 How long will it take you?

BRUCE
 How soon can you get me the specs?

Beth sits down at Bruce's computer terminal.

BETH
 How fast is your modem?

Beth accesses the De Blanin folders from her website. The screen shows digital images as well as all relevant details. She clicks the print icon and the printer gets busy.

BETH (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 Specs coming right up.

She hands Bruce the first print out. He considers it.

BRUCE
 Four hours tops, for each one.

BETH

That gives us an hour for warm-up exercises.

She sits down on his lap. They begin to kiss feverishly.

INT. ANTIGONE'S ART GALLERY

Saalem's at Tiffany's desk. There's the odd guest or two in the gallery, relatively quiet.

SAALEM

I have to get going. You're sure Miss O'Brien didn't leave a number where you can reach her?

Tiffany holds up a Beth's cell phone.

TIFFANY

She said she's going to come back for this but she didn't say when.

SAALEM

Where is she?

TIFFANY

She didn't say.

SAALEM

You let me know the minute you hear from Ms. O'Brien.

TIFFANY

Promise.

SAALEM

Now give us a kiss.

It's a passionate kiss alright, except for a sneaky Saalem hand that reaches out and pockets Beth's cellphone.

INT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

We see Bruce painting but we can't see what he's painting. Beth is eating take-out chinese with a chopstick and feeding Bruce as he works.

BETH

Three and a half hours. Pure genius.

BRUCE

This could be my calling.

BETH
Painting by numbers?

BRUCE
Worthy of display at Antigone's, last
time I checked.

BETH
Touché.

Bruce puts the finishing touch.

BRUCE
What d'you think?

We see for the first time what he's been painting--it's a copy
of one of the two De Blanins in the alcove at Antigone's Art
Gallery--a perfect circle in a square canvas.

BETH
This is crazy.

BRUCE
I think Judy's on to something.

Beth lovingly ruffles Bruce's hair.

BETH
That's because she thinks you're on to
something, Mr. Fakebuster.

He puts his arms around her waist.

BRUCE
There's definitely something.

BETH
Would you like to speak to me about
it?

BRUCE
I've been working on a thirty minute
speech.

BETH
You have a captive audience.

BRUCE
I shall wax eloquent.

Kissing, etc.

INT. LOGAN AIRPORT - INTERNATIONAL ARRIVALS - 9 PM

It's where the passengers exit into the arms of their near and dear ones after all the formalities are done. Sahaar emerges, pulling an overnighter.

EXT. LOGAN AIRPORT - TAXI STAND

Sahaar gets into a cab.

SAHAAR
Boston Harbor, Pier 38.
(on phone)
Thirty minutes or less.

CUT TO:

INT. ANTIGONE'S ART GALLERY - CONT'D

Tiffany is busy putting up signs on the glass door: "Antigone's Art will be closed for the 4th of July. HAPPY INDEPENDENCE DAY!"

SAALEM
(on phone)
See you soon.

TIFFANY
Who was that?

SAALEM
No one that concerns you.

TIFFANY
Is it a girl?

Van Horn emerges from the alcove.

VAN HORN
Ready when you are.

SAALEM
Let's go. Van Horn needs to set the alarms.

EXT. ANTIGONE'S ART GALLERY - CONT'D

Tiffany points to the 4th of July sign.

TIFFANY
I've the day off tomorrow. Call me?

SAALEM

I'm busy.

Van Horn enters the codes for the security system on a panel by the entrance.

SAALEM (CONT'D) (cont'd)

(cold)

Goodnight, Tiffany.

TIFFANY

It's not my fault that Beth didn't get in touch all day.

SAALEM

I said goodnight.

Tiffany slinks off, hurt. Van Horn finishes entering the codes and a there's a whirring noise followed by the loud click of dead bolts.

Van Horn points a remote control at the interior of the gallery and suddenly the criss-cross pattern of beams appear. Access seems impossible now.

SAALEM (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Pretty.

VAN HORN

That's art.

SAALEM

Better be, to earn your keep.

INT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - MIDNIGHT

Bruce places the two fake De Blanins side by side.

BETH

Pretty good.

There's an authoritative knock on the door. Bruce looks through the security eye to see Agent Smith.

BRUCE

Happy night shift, agent Smith.

SMITH

You ready, punk?

BRUCE

Two De Blanins ready to go.

BETH
Is Judy here?

SMITH
She's waiting at HQ.

EXT. BRUCE'S HOUSE

Bruce, Beth and agent Smith load the paintings into a black van. They all get in.

EXT. ANTIGONE'S ART GALLERY - VAN'S POV

It's just past 1 AM. Newbury street's busy with young party-goers who pass by intermittently. The van is parked across the street from the gallery.

Agent Smith dons a jacket, cap and badge and looks like a police officer. Bruce can't resist pulling his leg.

BRUCE
(faking alarm)
Whoa--cop!

SMITH
U.S. Customs uniform. You stay right here till we give you the signal.

BRUCE
That's a capisce, officer.

EXT. ANTIGONE'S ART GALLERY - CONT'D - ENTRANCE

Agent Smith and Beth are at the security console that Van Horn coded in earlier. They see the criss-crossing beam of lights inside the gallery.

BETH
I don't have the key for this.

SMITH
Surprise.

He takes out a tool from his utility belt and has it open in a jiffy.

BETH
You've done this before.

Agent Smith takes out an instrument that looks like a palm-pilot and wires it in to the security console. He types in stuff and soon enough, we hear a whirring and a loud click as the dead bolts retract.

BETH (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 (getting it)
 Lock Smith.

Agent Smith steps into the gallery but he can't take a further step without tripping the light beams. Beth steps inside and looks over his shoulder.

BETH (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 What are we going to do?

Agent Smith takes out a small cannister and sprays the light beam closest to him.

SMITH
 Curious.

He walks right into the gallery. Beth gasps and tenses for the alarms or something to go off. Nothing happens.

SMITH (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 Fake.

BETH
 What--How did you know?

SMITH
 They're just for show.

Agent Smith looks around the room for the light source.

BETH
 They told me they're installing state
 of the art photo-electric beams.

Agent Smith finds a little black box in a corner. He takes Tiffany's chair from the reception area, climbs on it to reach up to the box. His hands find the on/off switch. He turns it off and on a couple of times, then leaves it on.

SMITH
 Art of the con.

BETH
 Why install a fake beam?

EXT. ANTIGONE'S ART GALLERY - CONT'D - VAN

Bruce and Agent Smith unload the paintings and carry them into the gallery.

INT. ANTIGONE ART GALLERY - CONT'D

They walk in and put the paintings down by the reception area. Beth is searching around Tiffany's desk.

BETH
That's odd, Tiff told me she'd leave
my cell phone on her desk.

SMITH
I'm going to lock you inside and wait
in the van. I'll call if I see
anything. How much time do you need?

BETH
To unframe and frame, times two.
About an hour.

Agent Smith goes back out and they can see him as he arms the lock--then they hear the whirring sound and the loud click.

BETH (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Genuine dead bolts.

BRUCE
What's with the laser light show?

BETH
Ask Cyrus.

BRUCE
(mimicking Cyrus)
It does give the gallery a certain
segmented charm, Ms. O'Brien.

BETH
A wiseguy.

EXT. ANTIGONE'S ART GALLERY - CONT'D - ENTRANCE

Agent's Smith's POV as Beth and Bruce carry a canvas each towards the back alcove. They disappear into the dark and the gallery looks impenetrable.

SMITH
Wow.

INT. ANTIGONE'S ART GALLERY - CONT'D

Beth and Bruce approach the alcove.

BETH
I'm locked into my own gallery.

They are about to enter the alcove when Beth grabs Bruce.

BETH (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Stop!

BRUCE
What's wrong?!

BETH
You can't go in there! I mean, can
you?

BRUCE
I'm ready for the shock.

BETH
Don't move.

Beth walks into the alcove with both canvas. She puts them
against the wall then returns to take Bruce by the hand.

BETH (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Come on.

BRUCE
Yes, mommy.

INT. ANTIGONE'S ART GALLERY - CONT'D - ALCOVE

They walk in and Bruce gingerly turns to face the De Blanins
head on. He takes a deep breath.

BRUCE
(nauseous)
They're still sickening. But it's
okay. Let's do it.

They work together to take down one of the original De Blanins
from the wall.

BETH
Heavy.

BRUCE
Wonder why?

They busy themselves with their task--to unframe the original De
Blanins and frame up Bruce's fakes instead.

EXT. CHARLES RIVER - CYRUS' YACHT

Cyrus' yacht is heading up the very busy Charles River as boats are jockeying to get prime positions for the 4th of July festivities at the Head of the Charles.

INT. CYRUS' YACHT - CABIN

Cyrus and the twins are the only people present. Cyrus is holding Beth's cell phone.

MICHELLE'S VOICEMAIL

I've got some important news about Cyrus Boreas. We need to talk, Beth, asap. Call me.

SAHAAR

Same voice as Rhea's caller.

SAALEM

She was trying to get in without an invitation. Michelle.

SAHAAR

Michelle Holmes. I have her address.

CYRUS

Another pest of a journalist that's better informed than the interpol.

SAHAAR

TV reporter.

CYRUS

Same Parasite. We cannot afford loose ends.

SAALEM

I can take care of her.

CYRUS

(acerbic)

You cannot take care of as simple a task as watching Ms. O'Brien in the middle of the sea!

SAALEM

(petulant)

It's not my fault that-

CYRUS

Unless you have an update on her whereabouts, I suggest you hold your counsel.

SAHAAR

She didn't call the gallery all day.

CYRUS

So thanks to you we still have no idea where she is at the moment.

(to Sahaar)

The delivery's scheduled for 4 AM. Van Horn's equipped you? Directions?

SAHAAR

(nodding)

Two hours.

CYRUS

Let's do it. You have a one-inch margin.

They all get up purposefully. Sahaar is dressed in black--the same as he was when he took care of Rhea.

CYRUS (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Saalem, stay here and watch the yacht. I hope you will manage to not lose it.

They leave behind a snubbed Saalem.

SAALEM

Yes, sir, Mr. Boreas sir.

EXT. CHARLES RIVER - CYRUS' YACHT - PIER

The yacht's pulled up along one of the wooden piers on the Charles. Cyrus and Sahaar walk a short distance across the park to the closest underpass where Sahaar gets into a black van that looks very much like the one used by Agent Smith. The van takes off. Cyrus gets into a waiting limo.

INT. LIMO - CONT'D

CYRUS

(to chauffeur)

The Four Seasons.

INT. ANTIGONE'S ART GALLERY - CONT'D

One De Blanin is already up on the wall. Beth and Bruce mount the second De Blanin, then take a few steps back to survey their handiwork. It is impossible to tell that these are now fakes, not the originals, on the wall.

BETH
 Congratulations. Your work is now
 being shown in same gallery with
 Monets and Dalis.

EXT. ANTIGONE'S ART GALLERY - CONT'D - STREET

Agent Smith watches as the black van being driven by Sahaar parks right in front of the gallery. He calls Bruce on his cell phone.

INT. ANTIGONE'S ART GALLERY - CONT'D - ALCOVE

In the silence, both of them hear Bruce's phone vibrating.

BRUCE
 Hello?...We're com--what?!
 (urgent, to Beth)
 Company.

BETH
 Up in my office.

They each carry a painting and head towards the reception desk, behind which are located the stairs for Beth's Office.

EXT. GALLERY - CONT'D - ENTRANCE

Sahaar's got his mask on. He tries breaking open the security panel but he's not half as savvy as Agent Smith was.

SAHAAR
 (cursing)
 Fucking locks.

After some more fumbling, he gets it open. He too has a utility belt, from which he takes out an identical palm pilot like gadget and wires it into the console. He punches in the codes until he hears the whirring sound and the click of the dead bolts retracting.

Sahaar purposefully leaves the palm pilot hanging in the console box as he shuts the panel door--he's been told to stage a bonafide break-in.

INT. GALLERY - CONT'D - RECEPTION AREA

In the darkness, Beth and Bruce rush towards the stairs. They hear the whirring sound and the click of the bolts retracting just as they begin to rush up the stairs. They have enough time to lean the canvases against the wall of the landing and flatten themselves on the floor.

They peer over the ledge and see a masked Sahaar enter and trot through the criss-crossing lightbeams to the back alcove.

BETH
(doubtful whisper)
Saalem?

INT. GALLERY - ALCOVE - CONT'D

Sahaar enters the alcove. He takes out a box-cutter and very efficiently cuts out the (fake) De Blanins canvases from their frames and lays them on the floor.

After spraying them evenly with a cannister, Sahaar rolls up each canvas, tapes them. As he trots out toward the entrance with the rolls under his arm, one of the rolls bounces off the chair used by Agent Smith.

EXT. GALLERY - STREET - CONT'D

Agent Smith watches Sahaar emerge with the rolls, dump them into the van, then go to the security console to relock the gallery. As Sahaar then drives away, Agent Smith scrambles out of his van, getting in touch with Judy.

SMITH
(on Phone to Judy)
The gallery just took a hit. It's a black van, unmarked, heading down Newbury.

JUDY (V.O.)
Stay and finish operation.

He's already got his palm-pilot thingy ready as he opens the panel door for the security console but sees that Sahaar's instrument there, still wired. He compares the two instruments, holding one in each hand. They're identical.

SMITH
(surprised)
Get a hold of this.

He puts his instrument away, uses Sahaar's instead to retract the bolts.

INT. GALLERY - CONT'D

BETH
Think it's safe to get up?

BRUCE
Sure--you heard the bolts lock.

As soon as Bruce gets up, the whirring sound begins and he hits the deck in a hurry just as the loud click is heard.

Agent Smith bursts into the reception area.

SMITH
Hello! Come on out!

Beth and Bruce stand up at the top of the landing.

SMITH (CONT'D) (cont'd)
You got them De Blanins?

BETH
Right here.

SMITH
You've just been robbed. Hit the lights.

Beth finds the masterswitch at the reception desk. The entire gallery lights up. They walk towards the alcove, scanning the paintings as they go.

BETH
Nothing missing here.

INT. ALCOVE - CONT'D

The three of them walk in and stare at the wall. They see the two frames still hanging on the wall--empty as can be.

SMITH
Surprise.

BRUCE
He stole the fakes.

BETH
I think it was Saalem.

SMITH
Why?

BETH
Something--the way he moved.

SMITH
(on phone to Judy)
He cut out the two De Blanins--Beth
thinks it was Saalem...Right.
(to Bruce and Beth)
Agent Wilder wants us at HQ asap.

They head out of the gallery with the two De Blanins.

EXT. GALLERY - CONT'D

While Beth and Bruce load the paintings and get in, Agent Smith pulls open the panel door to lock the bolts, then leaves Sahaar's instrument as is.

The van heads up Newbury Street.

EXT. NEWTON SUBURBS - DESERTED CROSSROAD.

Still as a statue, Sahaar's seated in his van, waiting.

A sedan approaches from the opposite direction and high beams him three times. Sahaar High beams twice in response. The car stops opposite his van.

Sahaar gets out with the two rolls and lays them in the trunk of the sedan. He shuts the trunk firmly and the sedan takes off with the paintings.

Back in the van, Sahaar calls Cyrus.

SAHAAR
(on phone)
It's a done deal.

INT. US CUSTOMS BUILDING - ANALYSIS WING

Beth, Bruce, and Agent Smith are in Judy's office. Bruce is the exhausted one, drained out by the last 24 hours.

In the background we can see that the two De Blanins are being prepared for analysis by technicians supervised by Dwight.

JUDY
It'll take us 6 to 12 hours to
complete the analysis.

BETH
There's no rush to get them back now
that they've been stolen.

JUDY

We weren't the only ones using the 4th of July as a window.

BETH

What do you mean?

JUDY

Our intention was to get the originals back within 24 hours if the tests proved negative. No one would miss them since your gallery's closed today.

BETH

That's why he stole the paintings tonight--no one will miss them till the gallery opens up on the 5th.

JUDY

Who's there to open up on the 5th?

BETH

Tiffany's there at nine but Van Horn is the one to let her in.

SMITH

The thief left his XR-device wired to the security console.

JUDY

Clue for a break-in, to deflect attention from an inside job.

BETH

What am I supposed to do?

JUDY

We'll know how to proceed once we've finished testing the paintings.

BETH

You're not reporting the theft?

JUDY

(ironic)
Ours or theirs?

BETH

Touché.

JUDY

Both of you have been terrific.

BRUCE

So we can go? I'm exhausted.

JUDY

You've earned your rest. I'll be in touch as soon as Dwight's finished. Lock will take you home. Happy 4th of July.

They shake hands, then follow Agent Smith out of the office.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - CYRUS' SUITE

It is early morning and a perfect summer day in the making. A Room service WAITER wheels in champagne in a bucket and two flutes. Cyrus is in a very good mood.

CYRUS

You can set it right there, old chap. Glorious day, isn't it?

WAITER

Yes, sir. Will there be anything else sir?

CYRUS

Would you see to it that I am not disturbed in any way whatsoever until after noon?

WAITER

Certainly, sir.

The Waiter pops open the bottle and pours the bubbly into a flute. Cyrus picks it up, jubilant.

CYRUS

Today's a day to celebrate.

WAITER

It certainly is, sir.

Cyrus slips him a c-note as tip.

WAITER (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Thank you, sir.

Courteous, the waiter's at the door before he checks his tip.

WAITER (CONT'D) (cont'd)

(beaming)

Happy independence day, sir.

He leaves after fixing a "DO NOT DISTURB" sign but his parting words have twisted Cyrus's face into a rictus of hatred.

With unbidden fury Cyrus throws the flute into the wall, smashing it into smithereens.

CYRUS

Where is Montenegro's independence?

Composing himself, He pours another flute full of champagne, and raises a solemn toast, eyeing himself in the mirror.

CYRUS (CONT'D) (cont'd)

To glorious Montenegro motherland!
Your sons have vowed to crush the
tyranny
That fetters, rapes and chokes your
tender lands.
The tyranny that masquerades as
friend,
But serves the global domination goal
O' hyena-like self-righteous coterie,
Your sons shall extirpate at cost of
death.
To freedom, Montenegro Motherland!

INT. BRUCE'S HOUSE BEDROOM

Bruce and Beth are curled up in bed.

BRUCE

He had me fooled. He had this attitude, like he was the king and I was his vassal or something. I was just a sophomore pretending to be a security guard but that cop-fake cop-- had his routine down real good. They didn't mace us like the papers said. They used some kind of high-tech nerve gas. We were paralyzed. Dragged to the basement and handcuffed to the pipes. When the gas wore off, it was the worst thing that ever happened to me. My face was burning with a million ants and all I could think of was scratching out my skin. But I couldn't. The burning was driving me mad. I prayed, I made promises, I bartered my future happiness for one moment's freedom to scratch my face. It's all I could think of while they were robbing the museum.

BETH
What happened?

BRUCE
Nothing happened. There was no divine intervention. I passed out. Next thing, the janitor was shaking me awake in the morning.

BETH
Your prayers were answered.

BRUCE
Nothing happened. I woke up handcuffed just as I was.

BETH
Did you pray to scratch or for the burning to go away?

INT. US CUSTOMS BUILDING - ANALYSIS LAB

Dwight's looking at a corner of a De Blanin through a giant magnifying lens--he's using a surgical scalpel to scrape off a sliver of paint from the corners.

Meanwhile, Judy's looking at a backlit display of a dozen x-ray plates that show various sectors from the De Blanins.

JUDY
We have a painting hidden under a painting.

DWIGHT
The one inch border runs around both paintings.

JUDY
That's one way to smuggle in originals.

DWIGHT
The infrared report confirms two coats of paint.

Dwight finishes scraping a sample from the De Blanin. With Judy watching over his shoulder, he begins to scrape inside the 1 inch border to get a sliver from the hidden painting.

JUDY
(tense)
Be careful.

DWIGHT
I am blessed with a surgeon's touch.

JUDY
I'm sorry, Dwight. I'm nervous.

DWIGHT
Don't worry, it's a microscopic sliver
invisible to the naked eye.

JUDY
How long will the carbon dating take?

DWIGHT
An hour.

JUDY
Then we'll know how old it is.

INT. SUTTON'S MANSION - BASEMENT LAB

Sutton's lab has an uncanny resemblance to the US Custom's lab,
only it is smaller in scale.

The two fake De Blanins are mounted onto an x-ray machine.
PROF. JOHNSTON staring at the backlit x-ray plates. Johnston is
a foil for Dwight.

Sutton descends the stairs into the basement.

SUTTON
(brilliant mood)
What can't wait, doc? You done
restoring?.

PROF. JOHNSTON
(nervous cough)
There's nothing to restore, Mr.
Sutton.

Sutton takes a look at the x-ray plates. His joviality
evaporates.

SUTTON
What the hell do you mean?

PROF. JOHNSTON
There's nothing underneath these
paintings.

SUTTON

Impossible! I've paid a fuckin' fortune for these babies. Check again!

PROF. JOHNSTON

These are the second set of plates. I've double-checked. There's nothing here but the painting you see.

BETH (V.O.)

I was taken in by the Cyrus I first met.

SUTTON

(deadly)

Cyrus!

CUT TO:

INT. BRUCE'S BEDROOM

They're still curled up in Bed, Beth's head on his shoulder.

BETH

Cyrus came across as dignified, so gracious.

BRUCE

(sleepy)

Oh, yeah?

As Beth begins talking, he falls into deep sleep.

BETH

He was so flattering and then he gave my gallery the show, like he meant every word. That night when we met at the bar, he kept talking about our special destiny. He must have meant the De Blanins. Bruce?

She realizes he's fast asleep.

BETH (CONT'D) (cont'd)

I love you.

INT. FOUR SEASONS - CYRUS' ROOM

Cyrus comes groggily awake to the sound of someone pounding on his door. He checks his clock--it's 10:00 AM.

Intensely annoyed by the incessant knocking, he flings open the door ready to throw a fit.

CYRUS
(seething)
Can't you read the bloody sign?!

It's Sahaar, subdued and serious, with two rolled up canvases under his arm. He walks wordlessly past Cyrus. Puzzled, Cyrus shuts the door and follows behind.

SAHAAR
Sutton wants to know why we delivered fakes.

CYRUS
They are as genuine as they possibly can be.

SAHAAR
He wants to know why we delivered him fake De Blanins.

CYRUS
What are you talking about?! There is no such thing as a fake De Blanin! Make sense, man!

Sahaar unrolls the De Blanins. They look like scratch-off lottery tickets: paint has been removed in big patches revealing the white canvas below.

SAHAAR
He said I should tell you these paintings are no more than a week old.

Cyrus collapses on an armchair, uncomprehending.

CYRUS
Impossible.

SAHAAR
Sutton wants his money back by noon.

CYRUS
That is simply out of the question-- the arms have already been shipped to Montenegro. I need the rest of his goddamn money. What the hell is going on?! What is this?! Where are my De Blanins?

SAHAAR

What should I tell him?

CYRUS

Tell him nothing. I need to think.
Get Saalem and bring Van Horn.

Sahaar leaves. Cyrus looks at himself in the mirror.

CYRUS (CONT'D) (cont'd)

They are trying to rob me.

INT. US CUSTOMS BUILDING - ANALYSIS LAB

A sleepless Judy and Dwight are feeling giddy with their discovery.

JUDY

I don't believe it!

DWIGHT

Believe it, the dating confirms both paintings to be from the early to mid 17th-century.

JUDY

Dwight, it couldn't be the Vermeer or the Rembrandt, could it?

DWIGHT

The size is right but only the restoration will tell.

We see the paintings set-up for restoration.

JUDY

If it is what we think it is, Mr. Cyrus Boreas is going to be very upset. I had better talk to Lock.

Judy calls Agent Smith.

JUDY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Lock, we've hit paydirt. I'm calling a code-red alert for Bruce and Beth. Wait for backup, then move them to the Backbay safehouse.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - CYRUS' ROOM

Cyrus, Sahaar, Saalem and Van Horn are in conference. Van Horn's in the hot seat.

CYRUS

One last time--Have you sold out, Van Horn?

~~VAN HORN~~
VAN HORN

No. I've got nothing to do with it.

CYRUS

You divulged the code to no one.

VAN HORN

No. Even Sahaar doesn't know--I programmed it for him.

Sahaar prepares an injection behind Van Horn's back.

CYRUS

I do not like being robbed.

VAN HORN

All the paintings are microtagged except for the two in the alcove.

(comprehension)

The ones in the alcove got taken?

CYRUS

Is the yacht ready?

VAN HORN

Ready for fireworks.

CYRUS

Goodbye, Van Horn.

Saalem stabs the injection into Van Horn's neck. He falls to the floor convulsing, then lays still. Saalem looks queasy as he helps Sahaar lay Van Horn on the bed.

CYRUS (CONT'D) (cont'd)

One less loose end. The question is, what are we going to do about the others?

SAALEM

Nobody but us knew.

SAHAAR

Someone knew.

CYRUS

Bruce Bannister knew. At the time it seemed he knew without knowing.

CYRUS(cont'd)

But I am certain now. There is no other explanation.

SAHAAR

A fakebuster.

CYRUS

And your incompetent excuse for a twin has still not managed to find him.

SAALEM

(peevish)

He's not on the guest list, not in the phone book, no credit records, no DMV record, no social security number. I don't know where else to look.

SAHAAR

How did he get an invitation?

CYRUS

Not from Beth.

FLASHBACK TO

INT. ANTIGONE'S ART GALLERY - OPENING RECEPTION

It's the same scene but distorted by Cyrus's anger.

BETH

How did you--? I wanted to get you an invitation but it's been crazy.

BRUCE

(shows invitation)

Magic.

END FLASHBACK, CUT TO:

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - CYRUS' ROOM - CONT'D

CYRUS

We had 10 invites circulated through our AAFGA operation.

SAALEM

I didn't know that-

CYRUS

You did not think to ask, you bungling idiot!

Chastised, Saalem gets out onto the balcony, busy on his cell phone. The balcony overlooks the Boston Commons, where signs and crowds for the 4th of July can be seen.

CYRUS (CONT'D) (cont'd)
It's my life's work, nobody has the right to take it away from me. The liberation will not be compromised. I want those paintings back and I need Sutton's money. We have loose ends that must be tied up.

SAHAAR
Bruce Bannister, Beth O'Brien,
Michelle Holmes.

Saalem returns to the room, triumphant.

SAALEM
I have the address! Aisha had it all along!

CYRUS
I have a suspicion you will also find Ms. O'Brien when you find Mr. Bannister. Find my paintings, Sahaar.

The twins get up to leave.

CYRUS (CONT'D) (cont'd)
(to Saalem)
And where do you think you're going?

Saalem sits down, deflated. Sahaar waits, hesitant.

CYRUS (CONT'D) (cont'd)
We cannot afford to waste a single moment. Saalem, can I trust you to take care of the reporter?

Saalem is pleased at being given a chance for redemption.

SAALEM
Yes, sir!

CYRUS
I will not tolerate any more let downs. Rendezvous at the yacht. We proceed as planned.

INT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Agent Smith's pounding on the door. Bruce and Beth are fast asleep.

BRUCE
(mumbling)
Who's there.

He wakes up happily surprised once again to find Beth in arms. he throws on a pair of shorts.

INT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - ENTRANCE - CONT'D

Through the keyhole, Bruce sees an impatient Agent Smith.

BRUCE
Who-

He sighs, opens the door.

BRUCE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Good morning, Agent Smith.

SMITH
Get dressed.

BRUCE
Don't get shy on me, lock-meister.

SMITH
Don't be a punk. Agent Wilder wants
you guys outta here.

BRUCE
What? They find something?

SMITH
I'm waiting for backup. We leave
asap.

Agent Smith trots back to his car.

INT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONT'D

Bruce kisses Beth playfully awake. She puts his arms around him.

BETH
You were saying?

A hot passionate kiss.

BRUCE
Get dressed.

BETH
A tease?

BRUCE
An agent named Smith. Says an agent
named Judy wants us outta here.

BETH
News?

BRUCE
Didn't say.

EXT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD

A masked Sahaar's watching Bruce and Beth get dressed. He goes to the kitchen door, cuts the glass and lets himself in and walks towards the bedroom.

INT. BRUCE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Bruce is kneeling in front of Beth, playing with the zipper of her jeans, being rather naughty (!).

BRUCE
I think it's stuck. Lemme see here.

BETH
Bruce, stop. Stop it...

Sahaar pushes the door soundlessly open to face Beth. Bruce has his back to Sahaar and obliviously misinterprets her gasp and sudden tensing up.

BRUCE
Is that better?

BETH
Stop!

Bruce looks up at Beth, she looks at him then the door, communicating the intruder. Bruce springs up and around to face Sahaar.

BRUCE
Who the fuck are you?!

SAHAAR
Where are the paintings?

BETH
Saalem?

BRUCE
What paintings?

SAHAAR
Where are the paintings?

BETH
You're the one who stole the paintings
from my gallery.

SAHAAR
Tell me where the paintings are.

There's the loud knocking of Agent Smith on the front door. Sahaar's momentarily distracted and Bruce tackles him. They spill into the living room and Beth runs around them to open the door to let Agent Smith in. Bruce is no match for Sahaar and gets popped a few of times.

Agent Smith and AGENT WRIGHT burst into the room, weapons drawn.

Sahaar rises from the floor with Bruce in a necklock, a syringe pressing against his neck. But he's unmasked.

BETH
Saalem!

SMITH
Put down your weapon.

SAHAAR
Drop your guns or he gets it in the
neck.

The agents put their guns on the floor.

SAHAAR (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Slide the guns here and get down on
the floor.

The officers comply.

SAHAAR (CONT'D) (cont'd)
(to Beth)
Cuff them against the radiator.

Beth fumbles with the cuffs she retrieves from the agents, then manages to do as she's told.

SAHAAR (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 Get their phones.
 (to the agents)
 Identify yourselves.

SMITH
 Agent Smith and Agent Wright. US
 Customs.

BETH
 You're not Saalem.

SAHAAR
 Where are the paintings?

SMITH
 They're at my office, asshole. Why
 don't you come and get them?

Sahaar considers this info., weighs the possibilities and options.

SAHAAR
 (to Beth)
 We're going for a ride.

EXT. BRUCE'S STREET

Beth holds open the backseat door on Agent Smith's sedan.

SAHAAR
 Be very careful, Bannister. Any
 tricks and I'll plunge this into your
 carotid.

Bruce and Sahaar get in awkwardly, like spastic lovers.

SAHAAR (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 The Charles River Park, Ms. O'Brien.

EXT. MICHELLE'S HOME - BACKYARD

Audrey walks out of the house with Callie in her arms. Callie jumps out Audrey's arms and runs to pick up her beach ball.

AUDREY
 You should be ashamed, Callie, making
 grandma walk all the way back home.

CALLIE
 Wanna play with Clio!

AUDREY

(sighs)

Well come on then, back we go.

She gathers Callie in her arms and turns to leave but finds her way blocked by a maskless Saalem. Saalem's dressed the same way as Sahaar--black assault gear--but doesn't look half as convincing.

SAALEM

Where is Michelle Holmes?

AUDREY

Who wants to know?

Saalem holds up a syringe.

SAALEM

I'll ask one more time. Where is Michelle Holmes?

CALLIE

Bad man!

AUDREY

Hush, darling! My daughter's at the Charles River Park.

SAALEM

How far?

AUDREY

A fifteen minute walk.

SAALEM

Take me to her.

Audrey decides she has no better option than to comply. As she starts to walk around Sahaar, Saalem grabs her arm and holds the syringe close her waist.

SAALEM (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Leave the kid here.

AUDREY

(stern)

Most definitely not. And take your hands off me, young man!

SAALEM

(helpless)

Ok, but no tricks.

CALLIE

Callie doesn't like bad man.

EXT. CHARLES RIVER PARK - HALF A MILLION PEOPLE

It is the 4th of July madness along the Charles River Park. The crowd is surging, on its way to the annual build up of almost a million patriots.

The riverside is packed with friends, families and children. The PA-system is indefatigable as it plays American favorites.

An aerial shot would show that Cyrus' yacht is primely positioned along one of the piers on the Charles.

Amidst the crowd, we see Sahaar, Beth and Bruce, making their way through the crowd. Beth walks in between the men, Sahaar now holding her hostage with his syringe.

EXT. CHARLES RIVER PARK - HAT SHELL - CONT'D

This is the heart of it all--the concerts at the hat shell. This is where we find Saalem, Audrey and Callie stepping around the walking, sitting, lounging, tanning crowds.

Callie, Audrey and Saalem snake their way towards Michelle.

AUDREY

Michelle! We have a guest!

Callie sees her sister, playing with some other kids, and tries to wrench free from Audrey.

CALLIE

(Squealing)

Clio! I wan' Clio! Clio!

They are upon Michelle now. Michelle is none too pleased to see Saalem.

MICHELLE

Where's your invitation?

They're standing very close now, thanks to the surging crowd. Saalem reveals his syringe, it's pressing against Audrey. Saalem's looking very unhappy with his impending task.

SAALEM

(to Michelle)

Please step forward.

Michelle hesitates as she's barely out of arm's reach. Suddenly, Callie and Clio burst into the circle, grabbing Michelle by the legs.

You probably guessed it--Clio and Callie are the world's cutest identical twins.

CALLIE AND CLIO

Mommy! Mommy!

Michelle kneels down to grab her twins in each arm. Confronted by this, Saalem is tremendously affected. He loses what little resolve he had left.

His syringe hand shakes against Audrey. The reporter in Michelle notes his reaction to the twins.

CALLIE

Bad man!

CLIO

Bad man!

CALLIE

Mommy, is the bad man a doctor?

SAALEM

Mr. Cyrus Boreas wants to see you.

MICHELLE

Where?

SAALEM

On his yacht over there.

Saalem's still sticking the needle against Audrey. Michelle has no choice.

MICHELLE

I've been wanting to meet him.

She puts the twins down, holding each by the hand.

MICHELLE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Callie and Clio, be good. We're going for a walk.

CLIO

Wanna play with Callie!

SAALEM

Leave the kids here.

MICHELLE

I'm not leaving my kids behind.

Saalem fumes but signals in the direction of the yacht.

SAHAAR

To the yacht. You lead. No tricks.

They set off, three generations of Holmes, a beach ball, and Saalem.

INT. US CUSTOMS BUILDING - ANALYSIS WING

All the technicians are gathered, staring in awe at the De Blanin. Part of it has been restored, and reveals it to be Vermeer's The Concert--the most valuable stolen painting in the world.

INT. US CUSTOMS BUILDING - JUDY'S OFFICE - CONT'D

Judy is flushed with excitement while an imperturbable Dwight sits across from her, working on his laptop.

JUDY

(on phone)

I haven't heard back from Lock--Agent Smith. Our chief scientist has verified the recovered paintings as genuine. Sir, I'm requesting permission to contact Central Dispatcher at Langley. Thank you sir.

(to Dwight)

This is now a national emergency.

She gets busy on her computer.

JUDY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

What are the coordinates of Lock's car?

DWIGHT

It's still at 45'37" and 52'74. That right next to the Charles River Park.

JUDY

Great. What's a search without a haystack.

EXT. CHARLES RIVER PARK - WOODEN PIER NEAR YACHT

Back at the haystack, at opposite ends and converging on the pier are the teams led by each twin.

They get to the pier simultaneously. Cyrus' yacht is still moored right next to it.

Sahaar looks with disbelief at his twin with an entire family in tow.

CALLIE
Beth! Wanna play with Beth!

SAHAAR
What's with the family?

SAALEM
I can't do it.

CALLIE
Mommy, bad man is a twin.

SAHAAR
Why have you brought them here?

SAALEM
Why have you brought them here?

Cyrus appears on deck.

CYRUS
It gladdens my heart to see a reunion.
Ms. O'Brien, you have a strange way of
showing gratitude.

BETH
Your paintings are with US Customs,
Mr. Boreas.

BRUCE
You're busted, pal.

Cyrus absently rubs his temple with his thumb.

CYRUS
Bruce Bannister, I must owe this
debacle to your uncanny talent.

EXT. CHARLES RIVER - SKY - CONT'D

Four Choppers are approaching the yacht from various directions.

CHOPPERMAN#1
Target 2'oclock. Crescent formation.

The choppers begins to swoop down towards the Yacht.

EXT. CHARLES RIVER PARK - CONT'D

Due to the huge noise output, no one registers the noise of the choppers until they're practically surrounding the yacht.

BRUCE
You're finished.

CYRUS
I have barely begun. Nothing will
stop me.

MICHELLE
Stop you from what?

CYRUS
The nosy reporter speaks. You have
let me down again, Saalem.

Sahaar asks for instruction.

SAHAAR
Cyrus?

CYRUS
(nods)
Goodbye, Ms. O'Br--

There is a tremendous noise of the choppers as they swoop down on ground level. Three form a semi circle behind the yacht and above the Charles.

Chopper 1 rotors down above the pier.

CHOPPERMAN#1
(on megaphone)

DROP ALL WEAPONS! YOU ARE SURROUNDED!

Bruce takes advantage once again of Sahaar's momentary distraction to knock away his syringe-arm from Beth's body. Beth moves out of range. Sahaar attacks Bruce, wanting to inject him.

The crowd and boats around the pier panic and scramble away from the noisy choppers--including Michelle and her family. Saalem looks uncertainly around him, at his syringe.

Meanwhile, Cyrus's yacht bursts into motion, moving away from the pier at a rapid speed. Sahaar dumps Bruce and sprints for the yacht, reaching it with a gravity defying leap.

Commandos rappel down the chopper to the pier.

Bruce sees Cyrus rub his temple as he disappears below deck.

CHOPPERMAN#1
(on megaphone)

(MORE)
YOU ARE SURROUNDED. CUT YOUR ENGINES!

The yacht plows through towards the middle of the Charles as the choppers hover above it.

The commandos secure and handcuff a submissive Saalem.

EXT. CHARLES RIVER - CONT'D

The yacht blows up in a huge explosion, almost taking out one of the choppers with it.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. PETER'S PUB - A COUPLE OF WEEKS LATER

Beth and Bruce are sitting at the Bar. PETER O'BRIEN owns the bar and bartends. He is Beth's dad.

Beth and Bruce are very much in love, Beth's got the telltale rock on her finger.

They're watching Michelle on TV. Peter finishes laying the third pint glass atop a lopsided vertical tower and removes his hands with a flourish, triumphant.

PETER
Hey, Presto!

BRUCE
Magic.

BETH
A bonding.

MICHELLE ON TV
Authorities have been unable to confirm whether criminal mastermind Cyrus Boreas died in the explosion. The two recovered paintings which have been verified to be Vermeer's The Concert and Rembrandt's The Storm in Galilee, are expected to be returned to the Gardner Museum later this month.

MICHELLE ON TV(cont'd)

Authorities are questioning their only suspect as to the whereabouts of the other paintings but say they have made no progress. This concludes our special report--"To Bust a Fake."

Peter changes the channel to a sports telecast.

PETER

They didn't mention you guys.

BETH

Security cocerns.

BRUCE

The less publicity the better.

BETH

Especially for Mr. Fakebuster here. Or should I say, Agent Bannister?

BRUCE

This agent thinks you need a talking to.

BETH

Oh, goody! Have you prepared your speech?

BRUCE

Speech? It's going to be a downright filibuster!

THE END