

**PRICELESS**

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**"The 50-Million Dollar Bikini"**

**TEASER**

FADE IN:

**EXT. THE HAMPTONS, LONG ISLAND - DAY**

Fescue-covered beaches. Windswept countryside. And 25-million dollar estates. It's a beautiful summer day. AN ARMORED TRUCK lumbers through farmlands and takes a turn past a signpost:

**MAIDSTONE BEACH**  
***Members Only***

THE ARMORED TRUCK pulls to a stop, beach-side. The doors swing open and out steps A CREW dressed in black suits. Good or bad, we don't know yet. Weapons inconspicuous, but close at hand. Collectively, they are big and bad-ass. They are led by an intense man in his 30s. Let's call him RIPLEY. A quick check of his watch. Then...

RIPLEY  
We're on a tight clock. 15 minutes, in  
and out.

His team unlocks the back door. Ripley scans the landscape, clocking everything he sees. A FOURSOME on the first tee. TROPHY WIVES sunning on the beach. A JOGGER.

The back door is opened and A MYSTERIOUS WOMAN emerges. The crew immediately ushers her off towards the beach.

**EXT. MAIDSTONE BEACH, LONG ISLAND - DAY**

Ripley and his crew escort the mystery woman under the ropes of a cordoned off portion of beach where A PHOTO TEAM waits. The tight circle of men opens, and THE MYSTERY WOMAN emerges.

Meet Supermodel LIZZY POTTS. Think Gisele Bunchhen. All lips and eyes. Lizzy is covered with a robe.

Ripley takes her by the arm over to the photographer, KRISTIAN BESALT (30), light hair, dark shades, a rock-star in the world of high-fashion.

RIPLEY  
You have ten minutes.

KRISTIAN  
Let's get to work.

Everyone goes into motion.

Lizzy slides out of her robe and, we're not only struck by her incredible figure, but by the bikini she's wearing.

It's made of hundreds of Old Mine cut, pink diamonds setting off a 77-CARAT DIAMOND of flawless quality, strategically set on the breastbone of the bikini.

A TEAM OF STYLISTS move to Lizzy and spritz her with baby oil.

LIZZY  
How do I look?

KRISTIAN  
Like 50-million bucks.  
(then)  
Let's get you in the water.

Lizzy adjusts the bikini and moves towards the shore.

Kristian grabs his CAMERA, with TELEPHOTO LENS attached, from his ASSISTANT.

Lizzy goes into Supermodel mode, posing in and out of the gentle surf. She knows how to work her body and show off the bikini all at once.

Sunlight reflects off THE 77-CARAT DIAMOND, letting us know it is the main event.

Kristian shoots away, filling the flash memory on his digital Nikon. He is loving his muse.

Ripley is not far, watching everything.

Kristian motions for Lizzy to go deeper into the waves. Lizzy does what she's told and swims out. Her body is soon submerged.

Kristian wades in up to his waist, working his Nikon.

Lizzy pushes the hair off her face, pouting for Kristian's lens. After a minute, she moves back towards shore. She slinks through the surf, revealing more and more of herself. Pure sex.

Ripley checks his watch, nods to his men.

The crew moves towards Lizzy. They throw the robe over her and whisk her away towards A BEACH-FRONT HOUSE. Kristian keeps shooting. Lizzy throws a look over her shoulder and winks, continuing to vamp for Kristian's camera.

#### **INT. BEACHFRONT HOUSE - DAY**

Ripley leads Lizzy and his team inside.

LIZZY  
I'll be right back.

Lizzy heads towards A BEDROOM with her FEMALE STYLIST.

RIPLEY  
I'm going to have to come with you.

LIZZY  
No privacy?

RIPLEY  
 Sorry, can't let that swimsuit out of  
 my sight.

Lizzy measures him with a look. Then, Lizzy unsnaps the top of the diamond bikini and hands it over.

Un-phased by her nudity, Ripley doesn't take his eyes off hers and hands the bikini off to one of his men, who places it into A HEAVY-DUTY LOCKBOX.

LIZZY  
 You want the bottoms, too?

Ripley nods, stoic. Lizzy slips out of the bikini bottom and hands it over. Again, Ripley doesn't let his eyes drift off hers and hands the bikini over to his man.

Lizzy is completely nude for all to see.

RIPLEY  
 Thank you for your cooperation.

Ripley leaves with his men.

**EXT. ROADWAY - DAY**

ON THE ARMORED TRUCK, driving on the outskirts of East Hampton.

**INT. ARMORED TRUCK - DAY**

Ripley rides shotgun. He takes nervous swigs off a lukewarm cup of coffee. Silence, but for the clapped-out motor noise.

The driver sees SOMETHING through Ripley's window.

THE DRIVER  
 What the hell...

Ripley turns as AN 18-WHEEL MACK TRUCK T-bones Ripley's side of the truck like a prehistoric beast. The glass implodes.

AND...THE ARMORED TRUCK FLIPS!!!

**EXT. ROADWAY - DAY**

In an awesome vehicular ballet, THE ARMORED TRUCK is steamrolled into a storm ditch by the ghostly machine. It rolls several times, tumbling down the steep slope in a ball of tortured steel before grinding to a hard stop in the shallow water.

**INT. ARMORED TRUCK - DAY**

Smoke, dirt and gas settle into a fine mist. Radiator steam whistles hot. RIPLEY is splayed akimbo across the dash, pinned by the crushed door, with a bloody gash on the side of his head. He's fighting for consciousness. THE DRIVER is out cold.

Ripley looks through the mist of gasoline and radiator steam.  
SEVERAL SHAPES can be seen coming down the slope outside.

**EXT. STORM DITCH - DAY**

SEVERAL HEAVILY-ARMED THIEVES surround the truck.

The thieves rig a shape-charge on the armor-plated back door of the armored truck using suction cups. They stick the detonator into the C4 explosive and attach the fuse wire.

The wire is unspooled to a safe distance, and the shape-charge is detonated. The armored truck is lifted off its chassis, as the inward blast tears the door apart.

**INT. ARMORED TRUCK - DAY**

Ripley is rocked by the blast.

**EXT. STORM DITCH - DAY**

The thieves jump inside the back of the armored truck.

**INT. ARMORED TRUCK CARGO BAY - DAY**

Ripley's men are dead from the blast. The thieves move through the wreckage with shotguns drawn and quickly grab THE LOCKBOX holding the priceless bikini.

And just like that, they're gone.

**INT. ARMORED TRUCK - DAY**

Ripley gropes for his sidearm and fires a "Hail Mary" burst of gunfire.

**EXT. ROADWAY - DAY**

The thieves pile into the Mack truck about to make their getaway when gunfire peppers the truck. The thieves turn, laying down a bed of firepower in answer to Ripley's gunfire.

**INT. ARMORED TRUCK - DAY**

Ripley ducks back inside the cab, as gunfire ricochets off the armor like sparks in a cave.

Ripley flinches and drifts into unconsciousness.

**EXT. ROADWAY - DAY**

THE THIEVES throw THE LOCKBOX inside the Mack truck and get inside. The big-rig rumbles into the distance, as OUR MAIN THEME KICKS IN, and we SMASH CUT TO...

**OPENING CREDITS.**

A highly stylized visual mosaic of all things expensive and extravagant. PAN ACROSS rare items including: *Da Vinci's "Mona Lisa," The Crown Jewels of England, The Taco Bell Chihuahua, U.S. Mint's Double Eagle gold coin, Larry Ellison's 244-foot yacht "Katana," The Spoonmaker's Diamond, An Astronaut's Spacesuit, The Liberty Bell, King Tut's Sarcophagus, Siegfried & Roy's "White Tigers," Picasso's "The Dream," A 1st edition Babe Ruth Baseball Card, Leona Helmsley's Maltese "Trouble", A Bottle of Pasion Azteca Tequila, Damien Hirst's Diamond Encrusted Skull, and Princess Diana's wedding day Tiara,* to name only a few.

Welcome to the wonderful world of...

**PRICELESS.**

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

**INT. JULIAN'S BILLIARD ACADEMY - DAY**

One of New York's legendary pool halls. A smoke-filled den of iniquity with old-time hustlers. We don't know if it's day or night. It's always dark in here. A game of "Nine-Ball" in the back of the hall is getting some action.

A CROWD gathers around A RUSSIAN, with a Stalinesque moustache and a Sobranie cigarette dangling from his lips. The Russian chalks his cue, downs a shot of vodka and lines up the 9-ball. And he sinks the game-winning shot. He looks to the shadows where his OPPONENT sits.

The Russian turns to his group of THUGS.

THE RUSSIAN

This is crazy! I'm never this good.  
(pure hustler)  
My hand is hot, what can I say?!!

His opponent just sits there. Then, he comes into the light. And it's not a HE. It's STEVIE PARKER. The hall falls quiet. Stevie's presence takes the air out of the room. Just turning 30 today, Stevie is beautiful to be sure, but her beauty is only half the story. We will find out she is smart and complicated and tough as shit. Stevie lays down \$10,000 cash on the table.

STEVIE

Let's go again. Fifty-thousand this time.

THE RUSSIAN

Fifty thousand?

STEVIE

You want more?

THE RUSSIAN

Lady, the balls are rolling funny. I think you should quit.

STEVIE

I didn't ask what you think.

The Russian looks at her, smiles.

THE RUSSIAN

Two out of three?

STEVIE

One game. Nine-Ball.

The challenge hangs there for a beat. Then:

THE RUSSIAN

Loser breaks.

STEVIE  
Rack 'em.

The Russian racks the balls in a diamond formation, burying the 9-ball in the middle.

Stevie chawks her cue and approaches for the break.

THE RUSSIAN  
Good luck.

Stevie smiles and fires the cue ball. It slams into the diamond formation and scatters the balls around the table. Two balls drop off the break, the 6 and the 4.

Stevie eyes the 9-ball. No shot. Instead, she sinks the 3-ball with a two-rail shot. Six balls left.

Stevie moves around the table like a pro, quickly pocketing the 1, 2 and 5 balls.

The Russian pulls on his cigarette.

Stevie easily drops the 7 and 8 with one shot.

Stevie sets up on the 9-ball when a cellphone CHIRPS. Stevie stops, as A YOUNG MAN emerges from the crowd. He is JACK "SHEP" SHEPHERD (23), mixed-heritage, tatted-up, with careless hair and a peace patch dropping from his lower lip like an exclamation mark. He's a Staten Island tough guy. Shep's the little brother Stevie never had.

SHEP  
It's Sonny.

Stevie nods, turns to the Russian.

STEVIE  
Excuse me, I have to take this...  
(into cell-phone)  
Hey, Sonny.

**INT. VAN GAULDER INSURANCE GROUP - DAY**

SONNY VAN GAULDER, a nervous Swedish underwriter, who makes his living pricing risk of the most expensive things in the world, paces in his corner office. INTERCUT.

VAN GAULDER  
I need you in my office now.

STEVIE  
I'm busy.

Stevie moves away from the Russian's glaring eye.

VAN GAULDER  
This is a big-time payday.

STEVIE  
I'm listening.



VAN GAULDER  
 Five-percent of fifty-million.  
 (beat)  
 Still busy?

STEVIE  
 Seven percent gets me there in one hour.

VAN GAULDER  
 Our deal is five plus expenses.

STEVIE  
 Six percent. All in. Blackberry me the details.

**INT. JULIAN'S BILLIARD ACADEMY - DAY**

Stevie clicks off her cellphone and tosses it back to Shep. She moves back to the table and the Russian, who is steaming mad.

THE RUSSIAN  
 You done?

Stevie chalks her cue and shoots the cue ball.

STEVIE  
 Yes, I'm done.

The cue ball knocks the 9-ball into the side rail.

Stevie starts to break down her pool cue.

The ball ricochets off the back rail.

Stevie turns her back on the table and puts her pool cue in its case, which is held by Shep.

The 9-ball gets delivered into the side pocket on its very last revolution.

THE CROWD is impressed. A few hoots and hollers.

Stevie shuts her pool-cue case and turns. No muss. No fuss.

The Russian stabs out his cigarette.

THE RUSSIAN  
 You're a helluva hustler, lady. And I know, 'cause I'm a helluva hustler.

STEVIE  
 The table fee's on me. You're welcome to stick around and have a drink on my tab. Just pay up, and you can scratch me off your Christmas list.

The Russian's face darkens, and he pulls A 9MM BERETTA from his waistband. The crowd reacts. THE RUSSIAN'S THUGS surround him.

THE RUSSIAN  
 My money stays.

STEVIE

What is it with Russians and their guns?!  
You're so quick to pull them, and even  
faster to shoot them off...

(the Russian grimaces)

I'm going to let you in on a little  
secret. Half the guys in here have guns,  
and here's the FYI...

(a smile)

I've got the home-court advantage.

The Russian does a quick assessment of the situation. Shep and several of THE PATRONS, who look like HARD-ASSES ready for this fight, close in (this is STEVIE'S CREW who we'll come to know).

The Russian realizes he's overmatched and tucks his gun away.

THE RUSSIAN

No harm, no foul.

STEVIE

Let me guess, you don't have the money?

THE RUSSIAN

I got the ten thousand you gave me plus  
twenty more.

The Russian lays the \$10,000 STACK on the pool table. He nods to one of his thugs, who lays A \$20,000 STACK next to it.

THE RUSSIAN

Thirty's all I got. Take it or leave  
it.

STEVIE

I don't settle short.

THE RUSSIAN

What do you want, the shirt off my back?

Stevie eyes the diamond-encrusted ROLEX PRESIDENTE watch peeking out from under the Russian's cuff.

STEVIE

No, but I will take the watch off your  
wrist, that's good for ten.

THE RUSSIAN

My wife gave it to me.

STEVIE

Ooops!

The Russian takes off his Rolex and puts it on the pool table.

Stevie notices THE RUSSIAN is also wearing A PINKY RING with A RUBY embedded in the gold.

STEVIE

That leaves us ten short...

(beat)

How about the "just in case ring" on  
your pinky finger?

THE RUSSIAN  
Just in case?

STEVIE  
Yeah, just in case you go broke, you  
have that ring. It's for times like  
this.

The Russian pulls off the ring and tosses it to Stevie. Stevie  
pockets the ring. Smiles.

STEVIE  
Thanks for the game.

And Stevie's out the door. Shep grabs up the cash and the Rolex  
and follows.

**EXT. JULIAN'S BILLIARD ACADEMY - DAY**

Stevie and Shep step onto East 14th and move up the sidewalk.

SHEP  
That was a real Gong Show.  
(Stevie smiles,  
nonplussed)  
What do you want me to do with your  
winnings?

STEVIE  
Keep ten and pay off your student loans.  
Give the rest to Children's Hospital.

SHEP  
What about the watch and ring?

STEVIE  
Keep the watch. The ring is spoken for.

And Stevie drops THE RUSSIAN'S RING in the cup of A PANHANDLER.  
Just then, THE RUSSIAN'S THUGS step out of the alley, blocking  
Stevie and Shep. It's FOUR RUSSIANS against TWO NEW YORKERS.

THE RUSSIAN  
You have something of mine. I'd like  
it back. All of it.

The Russian moves through his men.

STEVIE  
Why am I not surprised?

Shep speaks an aside to Stevie.

SHEP  
Can you handle the two on the right?

STEVIE  
I'll give it a try.

SHEP  
Let's do it.

And Stevie pulls something off her belt and with the flick of her wrist sixteen inches of chrome steel flashes through the air. THE RUSSIAN THUGS wade in, fists fly. Stevie swings the rigid steel shaft down, SMASHING one thug across the face.

He goes down, but his partner clocks Stevie with a hard shot. Stevie takes the hit and whirls like a dervish, drilling her adversary not once, but twice in the gut. He buckles and she finishes him off with an uppercut.

Meanwhile, Shep makes quick work of the other thugs with what can only be described as pure street fighting. And just like that, the four RUSSIAN THUGS are down on the sidewalk.

Stevie whirls on THE RUSSIAN, who thinks about pulling his gun. Stevie is ready to strike if he does.

STEVIE  
Are we done here?

THE RUSSIAN  
For now. I will see you again.

STEVIE  
Looking forward to it.

The Russian gives a nod and moves off up the street. Stevie collapses her weapon (which we now recognize as A COLLAPSIBLE BATON). It is abundantly clear, Stevie is not a woman to be messed with. AND WE CUT TO...

#### **INT. VAN GAULDER INSURANCE GROUP - DAY**

Stevie steps off the elevator. Shep is in tow.

STEVIE  
Wait here. I'll be out in ten.

Shep holds back, as Stevie moves past the secretary and through the Byzantine office space like she owns the place. All the cube-dwellers stare. Some even dare to say hi.

#### **INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Van Gaulder sits opposite BARTON FANTHORPE (49), a blue-blooded WASP. He's also a Manhattanite real-estate power player and collector of all things beautiful and expensive. By his side is his close friend, PETR BARCIN, a butch Belgian diamantaire with a full-sleeve of tattoos and multiple piercings. He looks more like a metro-sexual hair-stylist than a jeweller.

Fanthorpe checks his watch, impatiently.

VAN GAULDER  
I can assure you, Mr. Fanthorpe, she's worth the wait. Ms. Parker is the best claims investigator I have working in the field today...  
(selling, stalling)  
Graduated top of her class at Princeton.  
Two years abroad at La Sorbonne...

BARTON  
Is she always late?

Just then, Stevie steps inside.

STEVIE  
Not always. I would say, I'm often late. I'm on time when it counts.

VAN GAULDER  
Stevie, play nice.

Barton is immediately taken by her beauty. Stevie has a way of making every man in a room feel like a teenage boy.

STEVIE  
I'm curious, Mr. Fanthorpe. What kind of idiot mounts a priceless diamond on the breastbone of a bikini for a one time Sports Illustrated shoot?

BARTON  
Not much in the way of a bedside manner, are we?

STEVIE  
What can you tell me about the diamond?

BARTON  
It's one of three diamonds known as the "Ladies In Waiting." When Mary Tudor married Louis XII she became Mary Queen of France for a brief tenure. During her time on the throne, she gave each of her ladies in waiting a diamond as a gift...

STEVIE  
I know. I read the file. This one was a gift to Anne Boleyn in 1516.

PETR  
Lady Anne is more than a diamond. She is a piece of history.

STEVIE  
You must be the jeweller who created this bikini?

Petr might be butch, but he still blushes like an ingénue.

PETR  
Yes. I am Petr Barcin.

BARTON  
Petr is a trusted friend, and one of a handful of world class jewellers.

STEVIE  
Where are Lady Anne's sister stones?

BARTON  
 Lady Kate and Lady Elizabeth belong to a reclusive French art collector named François-Bernard. He's contacted me over the years with more than generous offers. Well over fair-market value. I just can't seem to let her go.

STEVIE  
 She seems to have let you go.

BARTON  
 I suppose she has.

STEVIE  
 So Bernard's the prime buyer on the black market. Big whoop. I want to know where exactly the diamond is right this very second.

BARTON  
 That's the 50-million dollar question.

VAN GAULDER  
 I like "*The Silver Fox*" for this.

The mention of this name gets Stevie's attention.

STEVIE  
 Richard Gammon? He hasn't been active in years.

VAN GAULDER  
 He's due for a comeback. And this job is right in his wheelhouse.

Stevie makes a mental note and hones in on Barton.

STEVIE  
 You have the most to gain, Mr. Fanthorpe. A large insurance settlement and hefty capital gain on the black market. Did you make some kind of an off-ledger deal with Bernard to defraud my client?

VAN GAULDER  
 Stevie...

STEVIE  
 Did he hire the smash-and-grab crew or did you?

Barton laughs a nervous laugh and turns to Van Gaulder.

BARTON  
 Is she for real?

Before Van Gaulder can answer, Stevie puts it down.

STEVIE

Let me tell you what is for real. You're close to broke and leveraged to the hilt. This economic meltdown has called your margin. Then, there's that pesky little divorce from wife number four. You look polished on the outside, but your life is circling the drain. Yes, I'm for real. And if you're on the wrong side of this deal, I'll catch you.

Barton can't help but smile at the absurdity of his life. And Stevie's out the door.

**INT. VAN GAULDER INSURANCE GROUP - DAY**

Stevie moves for the elevator where Shep waits.

STEVIE

I need you to get a surveillance warrant at U.S. Customs for François-Bernard. I want to know every piece of junk mail this guy gets. If there's a stamp on it and it's comes from New York or the surrounding area, give it an X-Ray.

They get in the elevator and head down.

**EXT. VAN GAULDER INSURANCE GROUP - DAY**

Stevie and Shep move up the street.

SHEP

What're we looking for?

STEVIE

The Lady Anne Diamond. 77 flawless carats. Perfect cut and color.

SHEP

Hot rocks, sounds fun.

STEVIE

We don't have much time. The first 48 hours are the most...

SHEP

(finishes her thought)  
...important hours we have. I know, you've said it to me a thousand times.

STEVIE

This diamond is in play for us starting right now. Until we find it, it is your life, your only thought. We can't let it leave New York. Check every fence, snitch, and low-life you know. Somebody out there knows something.

SHEP

Gotcha. Check you later.

Shep goes inside A SUBWAY STATION, as Stevie moves to her SILVER '63 PORSCHE, and opens the door. As she's getting in, she spots A NOTE tucked under the wiper on her windshield.

Stevie unfolds the note: "*THE MET, 4pm.*" Stevie does a scan of the streets, knowing exactly who left the mysterious message. Then, she gets in the car and takes off.

**EXT. WATERFRONT RAIL YARD - DAY**

The Jersey side of the Hudson. The Mack truck from the heist, with the mangled front grill, has been abandoned. A FORENSIC'S TEAM works the inside and outside of the big-rig.

**INT. '63 PORSCHE - DAY**

Stevie watches THE FORENSIC TEAM work the crime scene from the other side of the street. A BEAR-CAT POLICE SCANNER crackles with chatter from her dash.

Stevie gets out of her car and enters a liquor store.

**INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY**

Stevie approaches THE CLERK (43), heavy-set.

STEVIE  
Hey there. You happen to catch any of what happened across the street?

THE CLERK  
Some. I already told the cops.

Stevie smiles, flirting the information out of him.

STEVIE  
Can you tell it again?

THE CLERK  
Bunch a guys parked the rig and took off in a black Buick four door.

STEVIE  
Buick? You sure on that make?

THE CLERK  
Used to sell 'em.

STEVIE  
You get a plate?  
(head shake)  
How about the direction? East, West?

He points out the window to a sign for THE HOLLAND TUNNEL.

THE CLERK  
They took the Holland Tunnel into the city.



STEVIE  
You catch the time?

THE CLERK  
Last night, 'round eleven.

Stevie flips open her cell and hits a stored number.

**INT. SUBWAY - DAY**

Shep is riding the subway uptown when his cellphone rings.

SHEP  
(into cellphone)  
Hey Stevie, what's up?

**EXT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY**

Stevie comes out of the liquor store walks down the sidewalk.  
INTERCUT AS NEEDED.

STEVIE  
I need you to get inside the traffic-  
video database at the D.M.V. and get me  
the license plate of a black Buick hit  
the Holland Tunnel last night at  
approximately 11 pm headed eastbound.

SHEP  
You got a warrant or is this dirty work?

STEVIE  
What do you think?

SHEP  
I'll hit you back when I got something.

**EXT. WATERFRONT RAIL YARD - DAY**

LT. JAMES "JIMMY MAC" McELROY (35), circles the Mack truck  
clocking everything he sees. Jimmy Mac's an Irish Catholic  
Major Crimes detective. NYPD credentials on his pocket.

A uniformed SGT. SERRANO (45), Puerto Rican, seen it all, was  
on the scene first and by procedure took command. It's his  
crime scene. He moves to Jimmy Mac.

JIMMY MAC  
Hiya, Richie. Whoever these guys are,  
they're not high-line. This was real  
meat-and-potatoes work.

SGT. SERRANO  
No doubt, they left us a bunch of guns  
and explosives. Ballistics is tagging  
them for processing.

JIMMY MAC  
Anything exotic?

SGT. SERRANO  
 Nope, standard stuff. Maybe we'll get lucky and get a hit from the firearm's database.

JIMMY MAC  
 Prints? Witnesses?

SGT. SERRANO  
 Clerk working the night shift in the liquor store across the street saw 'em ditch it. No I.D.'s. No plate. Five guys took off in a Buick four door.

JIMMY MAC  
 Where'd the truck come from?

SGT. SERRANO  
 Stolen outta Jersey City yesterday.

JIMMY MAC  
 Hit all the high-line fences, and I mean throw a wide net. If this rock hits the street I want to know the when and where. Stick with forensics on all the physical evidence. And find me the black Buick...  
 (to Stevie)  
 Hey, can I help you?

Jimmy Mac notices Stevie walking under the police tape and moves towards her. Sgt. Serrano follows.

Stevie turns, makes Sgt. Serrano immediately.

STEVIE  
 Hi Richie, how's the wife?

SGT. SERRANO  
 She's still looking to better deal me.

STEVIE  
 (teasing)  
 Smart girl.

JIMMY MAC  
 What am I missing?

STEVIE  
 You're new around here.

JIMMY MAC  
 Just came over from the Bronx.

STEVIE  
 Eastchester?

JIMMY MAC  
 No. City Island.

STEVIE  
 One Police Plaza brought over a Bronx boy. They must really be hard up.

SGT. SERRANO  
This is Lieutenant James McElroy. He's  
with the Major Crimes Division.

STEVIE  
Major Crimes...  
(beat)  
Impressive.

Jimmy Mac extends his hand.

JIMMY MAC  
Jimmy Mac...

STEVIE  
Irish Catholic?

JIMMY MAC  
Who are you exactly?

STEVIE  
Stevie Parker.

JIMMY MAC  
You're not bridge-and-tunnel. My guess  
is upper east side...  
(pegging her)  
And that makes you insurance.

STEVIE  
Not bad. Reinsurance actually. The  
company who hired me bought the policy  
on the Lady Anne diamond.

JIMMY MAC  
OK. So whadd'ya got for me, Stevie?

STEVIE  
That's not how this works.  
(a smile)  
You're supposed to flirt, act macho and  
prove to me you're in control by  
telling me what you've got.

JIMMY MAC  
Oh, it's like that?

STEVIE  
Yeah, it's like that, Jimmy Mac.

JIMMY MAC  
I've got a stolen truck.

STEVIE  
And?

JIMMY MAC  
And some rich up-island boy with too  
much money, pissed off about some  
stolen diamond.

STEVIE  
77 carats goes missing you'd be pissed  
off too.

JIMMY MAC  
Only if it was on your finger.

STEVIE  
We just met.

Jimmy Mac shrugs, smiles.

JIMMY MAC  
It was a cowboy job. Pure smash and  
grab. That's my end of it.

Stevie smiles, busts his balls.

STEVIE  
Wow, that's a real revelation. We're  
talking top notch detective work. I can  
see why the brass called you up from the  
minor leagues.

JIMMY MAC  
(a smile)  
I'm just that good.

STEVIE  
Yeah, I see that. Thanks for sharing.

Stevie starts to walk away.

JIMMY MAC  
So I guess we're done here?

STEVIE  
For now.

Jimmy Mac decides to take a shot.

JIMMY MAC  
How 'bout we get to know each other?  
Grab lunch or something.

Stevie looks over Jimmy Mac. There's chemistry here.

STEVIE  
Bronx boys aren't my thing.

JIMMY MAC  
Yeah, I never go for the skinny ones.

This gets a smile out of Stevie, then:

STEVIE  
See you around, Lieutenant.

**INT. THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - DAY**

Stevie moves through the modern gallery. A group of PATRONS led by A DOCENT are gathered around "*FIRST STEPS*" by Pablo Picasso. It's a cubist interpretation of a mother helping her child walk. The Docent leads them to another painting, leaving behind just one PATRON.

Stevie's stopped in her tracks when she sees...

STEVIE

Richard?

THE PATRON turns, smiles. Meet RICHARD GAMMON (65), aka "*THE SILVER FOX*." He is one part Ernest Hemingway and two-parts Richard Branson. He is the most preeminent thief-for-hire of all time. Think Sean Connery. Silver beard. Longish hair. Maybe a cap. Incognito.

There's a lot of history here.

GAMMON

Hello, Stevie.

HARD OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

**INT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - DAY**

Stevie and Gammon stand in front of the Picasso. Gammon carries A CARDBOARD POSTER TUBE from the gift shop.

STEVIE  
The beard suits you.

Gammon just looks at her, smiles.

GAMMON  
(omniscient)  
How was pool this morning?

This draws a reaction from Stevie.

STEVIE  
The table went my way.

GAMMON  
You had a problem with the Russian.

STEVIE  
He flexed his muscles.

GAMMON  
Never gamble with Russians. They don't lose well...  
(he looks at the Picasso)  
We used to come here when you were just a girl. This was always your favorite.

STEVIE  
It's simple.

GAMMON  
Walk with me.

Gammon and Stevie walk through the gallery. His eyes are never at rest, constantly checking for a way out. He makes a note of the cameras embedded in the ceiling. A fugitive's habit.

STEVIE  
Where have you been?

As you're about to find out, everything is vague with Gammon.

GAMMON  
Here and there...  
(then)  
You got a new guy?

STEVIE  
I just got rid of the last guy.

GAMMON  
What happened?

STEVIE  
He brought me coffee in bed, kissed  
with his eyes closed, read the New  
York Times on Sunday.

Gammon knows the score and calls her on it.

GAMMON  
You got rid of him because he was  
getting too close.

STEVIE  
Something like that.

GAMMON  
You got to let somebody in sometime,  
Stevie.

STEVIE  
That hasn't worked out very well for  
me.

GAMMON  
In time it will, I suppose.

Stevie and Gammon pass by A TEAM OF RESTORATION SPECIALISTS, who  
pull A PAINTING off the wall and carry it through A DOOR marked:  
MET RESTORATION. Gammon clocks it all. Through this:

STEVIE  
Your name came up today on a case I'm  
working.

GAMMON  
The Lady Anne Diamond?

STEVIE  
Yes.

GAMMON  
An ambitious mark. I'm surprised they  
pulled it off.

STEVIE  
They haven't pulled it off.

Gammon checks his watch.

GAMMON  
Tick tock! You're running out of clock.

STEVIE  
(point-blank)  
Was it you?

GAMMON  
Let's just say, if you do your job and  
find the diamond, it wasn't me.

Stevie stops him with a soft hand and makes him face her.

STEVIE  
This isn't just a casual visit.

GAMMON  
As you know, your father asked me to look out for you. I know I haven't done a very good job. But this is one promise I couldn't break. It was his wish for me to give you this on your 30th birthday.

Gammon reaches into his coat and pulls A SMALL BOX with a string holding it together. He discreetly places it in Stevie's hand.

STEVIE  
What's is it?

GAMMON  
Your past, I suppose...  
(then)  
Put it away.

Stevie surreptitiously slips the small box into her coat pocket. Gammon turns to Picasso's canvas "FIRST STEPS," and we realize they've come full circle.

GAMMON  
I've never stolen a Picasso.

STEVIE  
What's stopping you?

GAMMON  
You better go.

STEVIE  
What're you up to, Richard?

GAMMON  
Nothing.

STEVIE  
Something.

Gammon changes the subject.

GAMMON  
Time is not on your side, Stevie. Go find the diamond. I'll be in touch.

Stevie kisses his cheek and turns to go. As she's walking off, she turns back. Richard Gammon is already gone.

#### **INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - DAY**

Stevie rides uptown, looking at THE SMALL BOX Gammon gave her. A million thoughts race through her mind. Something keeps her from looking inside. Then, the subway comes to a stop. Stevie pockets the small box, saving this mystery for another time.



**EXT. BROOKLYN, NEW YORK - DAY**

A working-class neighborhood. Stevie crosses the street and moves down a staircase to a walk-down apartment.

**INT. SHEP'S WALK-DOWN APARTMENT - DAY**

Part forensics lab, part ballistics lab, part gym, part college dorm room. A jerry-built stacked server WHIRS, sending millions of gigabytes to dozens of computer monitors positioned all over the room. Shep's doing pull-ups on an exposed pipe. A power burn. A KNOCK.

Shep drops to the floor and opens the door for Stevie.

STEVE  
How'd it go at U.S. Customs?

SHEP  
The mail surveillance is in place.

STEVE  
Give me some good news.

Shep leads Stevie over to a computer monitor, where AN IMAGE of A BLACK BUICK FOUR-DOOR is frozen on the screen. A TIME-STAMP in the upper right-hand corner yields the date and time.

SHEP  
Check it. I've got a lead on the Buick from the Holland Tunnel traffic cam. I isolated the image, ran the plate, and it popped on the D.M.V. database. Can you believe it? Parking violation, timed-out meter. It's on Canal.

STEVE  
In Tribeca?

SHEP  
(a nod)  
If we go in strong we need backup.

STEVE  
Call the boys.

SHEP  
Giddyup.

**EXT. CANAL STREET - NIGHT**

Stevie is staked out across the street from the black Buick, in A BUS-STOP KIOSK.

She's dressed for street work. Jeans, boots, a leather jacket. She casually, yet expertly, fidgets with her COLLAPSIBLE BATON, snapping it open and closed. Over and over. Stevie is lost in the rhythm, deep in thought.

Shep approaches with a couple cups of coffee. We also notice A WIRELESS HEADSET wrapped around his ear.

SHEP  
 Everybody's in place...  
 (beat, then)  
 You all right?

STEVIE  
 Yeah, why?

SHEP  
 When was the last time you had some  
 fun?

STEVIE  
 I have fun with you everyday.

SHEP  
 That's like having fun with your little  
 bro. He's cute, and he makes you  
 laugh, but you have to put the time in  
 because he's family.

STEVIE  
 That's not true. I put the time in  
 'cause I like him, and I trust him, and  
 he works his butt off for me.

Then...Stevie spots A GROUP OF FIVE MEN, moving up the sidewalk  
 towards the black Buick four-door. They are THE THIEVES from  
 the heist, and they are pure Euro-trash

THE LEADER OF THE THIEVES carries THE LOCKBOX.

STEVIE  
 We've got some action.

SHEP  
 Give me the word, and we'll take 'em  
 down.

Stevie's eyes are fixed on THE THIEF WITH THE LOCKBOX.

STEVIE  
 See the one with the lockbox?

SHEP  
 Yeah.

STEVIE  
 He's the objective. The rest are a  
 luxury.

SHEP  
 Gotcha.

Stevie watches THE THIEVES. THE LEADER grabs THE PARKING TICKET  
 off the window and throws it into the street. His gang of four  
 surround the car, waiting to climb in.

Stevie throws a nod to Shep.

STEVIE  
 Do it.

And Shep is on the move with Stevie close behind.

SHEP  
(into radio; whispered)  
Take 'em now.

**STEVIE'S "BOYS"** move from out of the shadows. These are tough guys, yoked from a lifetime of busting heads in the streets of New York. We see A BIG-ASS TOUGH GUY, DANE, with cornrows move out of a door and fall in step with an equally bad-ass dude stacked with gym muscles, SETH. TWO MORE TOUGHIES, MIKE and GIL advance from the other direction (these are the same faces we recognize from the pool hall).

Shep and Stevie close in, moving through traffic.

A CABBIE turns the corner fast and brakes hard right in front of Shep and Stevie. He leans on his horn, pissed.

Shep kills him with a look.

THE LEADER OF THE THIEVES' head comes around like a cat. Call it sixth sense. After all, what's A HORN in New York City?

THE LEADER makes Shep and Stevie and bolts.

And Shep takes off after him.

Stevie does, too.

THE OTHER THIEVES SCATTER.

But they soon run head-on into DANE, SETH, MIKE and GIL.

Stevie's Boys make quick work of the French thugs with a hard and fast attack.

Four down on the sidewalk, subdued.

The leader, LOCKBOX FIRMLY IN HAND, runs through traffic.

HORNS BLARE. CARS SKID.

Shep and Stevie give chase, cutting through traffic, crossing storefronts and driveways.

The leader of the thieves slides over the hood of A PARKED CAR, knocks down several PEDESTRIANS and shoots down a cross-alley.

Shep and Stevie SPLASH through a puddle and enter the...

**EXT. CROSS-ALLEY - NIGHT**

Dead end. Fenced off. NO ONE IN SIGHT.

Shep pulls A CUT-DOWN .357 from his waistband, hugs the wall, leading Stevie.

A STRAY DOG eats Chinese food from a trash-can.

They inch further into the alley.

Then, THE LEADER OF THE THIEVES comes out of A DOORWAY and SLAMS Shep in the face with THE LOCKBOX. Shep reels back. Goes down. His gun slides away.

THE THIEF charges Stevie.

Stevie drops to one knee and pulls her COLLAPSIBLE BATON. SNAP. She swings her weapon, CRACKING the thief square in his balls. Unfortunately for him, he goes down in sheer agony.

Stevie pops up and kicks him over onto his stomach. She shoves her boot to the back of his head to make sure he stays down and collapses her baton on the wall. Clockwork.

Shep drags himself up and cuffs the thug with PLASTIC TIES.

Stevie goes for THE LOCKBOX.

THE THIEF looks up at Shep defiantly...

THE THUG  
(in French)  
Tu m'emmerdes!

SHEP  
I don't speak French.

And Shep pistol-whips the French thief into submission.

**INT. NYPD, MCU OFFICE (MAJOR CRIMES UNIT) - NIGHT**

PHONES ringing. DETECTIVES working. THE FIVE FRENCH THIEVES are processed. Jimmy Mac and Stevie walk and talk across the precinct towards the coffee machine.

JIMMY MAC  
I gotta say, I don't like your methods,  
but you live up to your hype.

STEVIE  
My methods work for me.

JIMMY MAC  
We have procedures to follow, Stevie.

STEVIE  
No, you have procedures to follow. I  
get things done however I can.

JIMMY MAC  
Wild, wild west, huh?

STEVIE  
Exactly. And I'm wearing the white hat.

Jimmy Mac gives her a look.

JIMMY MAC  
Next time, call me in or I'll cite you.

STEVIE  
For what, felony "doing my job?"

JIMMY MAC  
You can't just run around the streets  
playing good guy, bad guy.

STEVIE  
No offense, but I don't have to play by  
your rules. Judges don't write me paper,  
and I don't call the cops for backup.  
I've got a good crew.

Stevie throws a look at Shep and her boys waiting by the door.

JIMMY MAC  
They're thugs. Most of 'em never made  
it past the eighth grade.

STEVIE  
They deliver for me, that's all that  
counts. Look, you gotta lighten up.  
This is Manhattan, and I just handed  
you a solid bust. It'll look good on  
your resume...  
(working him)  
With a little luck, the boys upstairs  
might even give you a gold watch and  
promote you to Captain one day. Then  
they'll throw a big block party back on  
City Island and all those popular  
girls, with big hair and too much  
eyeliner, that didn't give you any play  
in high-school will throw you a second  
look.

Jimmy Mac can't help but laugh.

JIMMY MAC  
You're a piece of work.

STEVIE  
You just figured that out?

Jimmy Mac and Stevie stop at the coffee machine, as Sgt. Serrano  
rolls by.

SGT. SERRANO  
Nice bust, Stevie.

This chaps Jimmy Mac.

JIMMY MAC  
Why do I get the feeling, you're getting  
a kick out of making me feel like a  
chump?

Stevie gives him a sexy smile.

STEVIE  
'Cause I do.

JIMMY MAC  
 Next time you got something going down  
 that might get rough. Give me a call,  
 I might surprise you.

Then, the precinct's doors fly open.

Van Gaulder hurries in with BARTON FANTHORPE and Petr Barcin.  
 Van Gaulder sees Stevie and approaches.

VAN GAULDER  
 Where's the diamond?

And we HARD CUT TO...

**INT. EVIDENCE LAB - NIGHT**

Petr looks up from his 10X MAGNIFYING LOUPE, having just  
 inspected the diamond.

PETR  
 This is not Lady Anne.

Barton visibly deflates.

BARTON  
 Are you sure?

PETR  
 To an absolute certainty? Yes. There  
 is no doubt it's a high-quality  
 replica, but it's a fake. The creator  
 of this would-be diamond went so far as  
 to have a serial number laser inscribed  
 on the girdle.

Jimmy Mac moves in on Petr, checks the diamond.

JIMMY MAC  
 Who can do that kind of work?

PETR  
 There's a Chinaman down the street who  
 can write the Constitution on a grain  
 of rice...  
 (then)  
 It's not hard work if you have the  
 proper equipment.

JIMMY MAC  
 So these Euro-thieves stole a fake?

PETR  
 It appears so.

STEVIE  
 François-Bernard wanted us to track  
 them. I'm guessing, they thought they  
 were holding the real thing. Probably  
 on their way to a phony drop site.

VAN GAULDER  
 Are you telling me somebody stole the  
 bikini before they stole the bikini?

JIMMY MAC  
 These guys were a decoy...  
 (aside to Stevie)  
 Who's the chump now?

Jimmy Mac walks out, leaving Stevie's mind racing. Van Gaulder  
 crosses to her.

VAN GAULDER  
 Now what?

STEVIE  
 Back to work.

Van Gaulder is fighting his nerves, edgy.

VAN GAULDER  
 Can I be candid?  
 (Stevie's nod)  
 You have to recover the diamond, Stevie.  
 I personally underwrote this claim, and  
 the suits back in Stockholm would be  
 less than happy with me if they had to  
 write a 50-million dollar check.

STEVIE  
 Your job is on the line?

VAN GAULDER  
 Yes. And if I don't have a job, you don't  
 have a job.

STEVIE  
 I'll find the diamond.

And Stevie's out the door.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

**INT. BAR - NIGHT**

A cop bar. NYPD's finest blowing off steam. Blue-collar COPS and their girls with too much eye shadow and lip gloss. Stevie and Jimmy sit at the bar, a couple beers in hand.

JIMMY MAC  
What's your next move on this diamond?  
Any ideas?

STEVIE  
Some. You?

JIMMY MAC  
None of the fences are talking. If somebody's selling it, they're new to the game or out-of-town.

Jimmy Mac tosses A MANILA ENVELOPE on the bar top.

STEVIE  
What's this?

JIMMY MAC  
I was hoping you could tell me.

Stevie opens the envelope and pulls out some surveillance pictures of her and Gammon from the Met earlier today.

STEVIE  
Who took these?

JIMMY MAC  
They're stills pulled off the surveillance tape at the Met. You want to tell me about him?

STEVIE  
He's a family friend.

JIMMY MAC  
Some friend. He's got seventeen outstanding Federal warrants in multiple jurisdictions.

STEVIE  
I know his resume. Why do you have these?

JIMMY MAC  
They hit my desk just before shift ended. Turns out about 30 minutes after this picture was taken...  
(pulls a photo from the bottom of the stack)  
This guy strolls in the place and steals a Picasso right off the wall.



Stevie can't help but smile. She looks at the photograph of Gammon dressed like A MET RESTORATION WORKER, stealing the priceless painting right off the wall.

STEVIE  
(knowing)  
First Steps?

JIMMY MAC  
Yes. He somehow got access to the restoration lab and posed as an employee...  
(then)  
So how do you figure in?

STEVIE  
I don't.

JIMMY MAC  
No complicity?

STEVIE  
When my parents died Richard Gammon raised me.

JIMMY MAC  
I know. I ran a background.

STEVIE  
Then you know all my dirty laundry.

JIMMY MAC  
I know you got hit with five years in the Federal lockup for Grand Larceny...  
(beat)  
Stiff price to pay for a Rembrandt.

STEVIE  
It was a Chagall.

JIMMY MAC  
It was knocked back to a year and a half, plus probation. Judge got soft. Now you hunt what you used to covet.

STEVIE  
It takes a thief.

JIMMY MAC  
You expect me to believe you're clean and Gammon worked this score alone?

STEVIE  
I don't expect you to believe anything. Richard Gammon is family. Period. He does what he does, I don't condone it, but I understand it. What he and others like him get pleasure out of taking, I get the pleasure in finding.  
(beat)  
There is no professional connection.

Jimmy Mac really looks at Stevie.

JIMMY MAC  
Where is he now?

STEVIE  
He doesn't leave a return address.

JIMMY MAC  
If you knew, would you tell me?

STEVIE  
No...  
(holds his look)  
Don't even think about.

JIMMY MAC  
What?

STEVIE  
I see that look in your eyes. I've seen it a hundred times in cops and FBI agents with more to gain from his bust than you. You're thinking, you'll put a tail on me 24-7, and when he shows, you'll grab him. Jimmy Mac lands the Golden Goose.  
(a smile)  
Make some calls, DOJ, FBI, US Marshals, ask 'em how that strategy worked for them. He's uncatchable.

JIMMY MAC  
Is he?

STEVIE  
I think so. Give it try if you want. He'll become an obsession for you I'm sure.

Jimmy Mac is undeterred and keeps coming.

JIMMY MAC  
I reviewed the museum tapes. He gave you something. What is it?

STEVIE  
A birthday gift.

JIMMY MAC  
It's your birthday?  
(a nod)  
What did he give you?

STEVIE  
I don't know, I haven't opened it.

JIMMY MAC  
When it comes to Richard Gammon you're full of "I don't knows," aren't you?

Stevie pulls THE SMALL BOX out of her coat pocket and lays it on the bar.

STEVIE  
 You want it? Take it.  
 (small silence)  
 I've spent the better part of the last  
 fifteen years trying to forget my past.  
 You'll be doing me a favor.

THE SMALL BOX sits between them. Jimmy Mac thinks, doesn't take his eyes off her.

JIMMY MAC  
 Are you always such a hard ass?

STEVIE  
 I've known Richard Gammon my whole life.  
 You I just met.

Jimmy Mac knows this is a dead end. He throws a few bucks on the counter and...

JIMMY MAC  
 Happy Birthday, Stevie.

And he's out the door.

STEVIE sits there a moment looking at THE BOX. Then, THE MAN on the bar-stool next to her turns. It's RICHARD GAMMON. He's obviously overheard Stevie's conversation with Jimmy Mac. His hair is shorter, beard shaved, working-class clothing. He is a master of disguise. A true chameleon.

GAMMON  
 Can I buy you a real drink?

Stevie looks at him, a little shocked at first, then she almost laughs at the surprise.

STEVIE  
 Yeah, I'd love one.

GAMMON  
 This place is a little loud. I know a  
 cozy spot just up the street.

**EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT**

Stevie and Gammon walking, sharing a bottle out of a brown bag.

STEVIE  
 This is cozy?

GAMMON  
 Central Park in the late summertime, it  
 doesn't get any cozier.  
 (then)  
 I like your cop friend. He's a little  
 unrefined, but sharp enough to be  
 interesting.

STEVIE  
 He thinks he's going to catch you.

GAMMON  
You? Maybe. Him? Never.

STEVIE  
You stole the Picasso just for fun,  
didn't you?

GAMMON  
Even a thief needs to stay relevant.

STEVIE  
What're you going to do with it?

GAMMON  
Give it to a friend.

They walk in silence. Then:

STEVIE  
You ever miss him?

GAMMON  
Your father?  
(a nod)  
Everyday.

STEVIE  
I feel him watching me sometimes. In  
crowded places. I actually stop and  
look for him.

GAMMON  
We've been through this, your parents  
are gone, Stevie.

STEVIE  
Are they?

GAMMON  
I believe so, yes.

STEVIE  
But no one can say for sure?

GAMMON  
The coroner signed the certificate of  
death and put it in the books.

STEVIE  
Yes. But the bodies were never found.

GAMMON  
An airplane goes down in the Atlantic,  
and the bodies are lost to the sea.  
It's not unusual. Suspicious maybe, but  
not unusual. So, if you're looking for  
a conspiracy, I can't help you. Sorry.

STEVIE  
I always feel like you're keeping  
something from me.

GAMMON

Your father made some terrible choices, not the least of which was leaving you. He is not your burden to carry.

STEVIE

And you weren't involved with what he did?

GAMMON

I was his friend. That's all. Your father loved you very much. I know I was a poor substitute and for that I'm sorry. I'm not a "white-picket fence" kind of guy.

STEVIE

We had some good times.

GAMMON

You deserved more than good times. You deserved a father.

Stevie's tough exterior softens and for the first time and we get a glimpse of the vulnerable woman.

STEVIE

Sometimes I feel like I'm all alone in the world.

GAMMON

I'm never far away.

STEVIE

You're always far away. I get you for an hour here, an hour there. It's crazy when you think about it, the only person I trust...the only family I have is somebody I'm constantly trying to catch.

GAMMON

One day you might. And then you can see me all the time.

STEVIE

(making a joke)  
Yeah, from behind bars.

Gammon smiles, nods, then:

GAMMON

Stevie, I do what I do because it's who I am and what I'm good at. I keep only one thing constant in my life...and that is you. The rest I can walk away from in thirty seconds. It's too late for me to find another paycheck...

(then)

But you're life is out in front of you. Don't let what's in your past define who you are today. Your father wouldn't want that. I don't want that. There's others you can trust. Others you can love.

Gammon gives Stevie a hug. Stevie holds on, not wanting this moment to end, but she knows it already has.

STEVIE  
You're going now, aren't you?

GAMMON  
Your hour's up.

This gets a smile from Stevie.

STEVIE  
I'm running out of time on this diamond.  
I need your help.

GAMMON  
(cryptic)  
Go back to the beginning. Like great  
art, true crime comes to life in shades  
of grey. It's rarely in the obvious.

Gammon gives her a paternal kiss on the forehead.

STEVIE  
Back to the shadows.

And with that, he nods and disappears into the trees.

#### **INT. STEVIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Stevie's in bed, surfing the web on her laptop. CLOSE ON THE MONITOR - a photograph of the brilliant Wall-Street Tycoon and white-collar criminal, CLAYTON PARKER. Stevie's father. The accompanying headline reads:

**"CLAYTON PARKER: AND THE 47-BILLION DOLLAR PONZI SCHEME!"**

Scanning further down the page, we see A PRIVATE AIRPLANE, as it's hauled out of the waters of Martha's Vineyard by A SALVAGE BOAT. Some of the words that pop off the page are:

***"convicted, guilty, no bodies found, mysterious deaths..."***

Stevie's eyes shift from her laptop to THE SMALL BOX Gammon gave her. She hesitates and lifts the lid. Inside, AN OLD KEY and a note: *"Top Of The World. Vermont."*

Stevie stares at THE KEY, knowing exactly what it unlocks.

#### **EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY**

The hurly-burly of morning in Manhattan.

#### **INT. KRISTIAN BESALT'S LOFT STUDIO - DAY**

MODELS and STYLISTS get ready for another shoot.

KRISTIAN works his computer, clicking through the digital proof sheets of the bikini shoot on Maidstone Beach with Lizzy Potts. Each picture is more beautiful than the next.

Stevie searches each photograph for anything that looks remotely unusual.

Shep's in the background working on his iPhone.

KRISTIAN  
This girl's unbelievable. The camera loves her.

STEVIE  
You didn't notice anything or anybody unusual?

KRISTIAN  
I was a little tight on time. Other than that it was a normal shoot.

STEVIE  
Do you always put your models in the water?

KRISTIAN  
It's different every time. The ocean gets the girls hopped up, makes their bodies look sexy.

Something catches Stevie's eye.

STEVIE  
Stop. Go back.

Kristian clicks back to the previous picture.

ON THE COMPUTER, WE SEE A PHOTOGRAPH OF LIZZY IN THE SURF.

KRISTIAN  
What are we looking for?

STEVIE  
The fishing boat.

In the background, A FISHING BOAT can be seen. Too distant to make out markings.

KRISTIAN  
It's a favorite fishing spot for the tourist charters.

STEVIE  
Can you punch in?

Kristian boxes the area around the fishing boat and makes a few key strokes. The boxed area increases twenty fold. The pixels become grainy, unable to hold the magnification.

KRISTIAN  
My software's not strong enough.

STEVIE  
Burn me a copy of the digital files  
and let me have a crack at it.

KRISTIAN  
I'm sorry, but these photographs are  
extremely valuable. This isn't high  
school. I can't just burn you a CD.

STEVIE  
Sure you can.

KRISTIAN  
Yes. I can...  
(catty)  
With a court order.

**EXT. KRISTIAN'S BESALT LOFT STUDIO - DAY**

Stevie and Shep step onto the street and move to her Porsche.

STEVIE  
Please tell me you got them.

SHEP  
This wing-nut didn't even have his WiFi  
network password protected. It was the  
easiest hack job I've ever done.

Shep shows Stevie THE IPHOTO J-PEG FILE on his iPhone. He's  
downloaded all **LIZZY POTTS' BIKINI PHOTOGRAPHS**.

STEVIE  
Can you I.D. the fishing boat?

Shep's fingers fly across the touchscreen.

SHEP  
Working on it.

**EXT. GARDINER'S BAY, SAG HARBOR - DAY**

Shep and Stevie make their way down the docks, slip after slip.

STEVIE  
What are we looking for?

SHEP  
Slip 26. A guy named Erik Kelso runs  
the charters.

They reach THE FISHING BOAT moored in SLIP 26. The name on the  
tail reads: "**Shades Of Grey**." This stops Stevie cold.

STEVIE  
Shades Of Grey?

SHEP  
Yeah, what about it?



Stevie remembers GAMMON'S WORDS of advice...

STEVIE  
*"A true crime comes to life in shades  
of grey."*

SHEP  
I'm not following you.

A DECKHAND interrupts Stevie and Shep.

KELSO  
Can I help you?

STEVIE  
Erik Kelso?

The deckhand nods. ERIK KELSO is a preppy-ish local boy. Navy blue yacht-club shirt, khaki shorts, flip-flops, sunglasses hung from a string on his neck.

KELSO  
Yeah, you looking for a charter?

STEVIE  
Not really. I'd like to ask you a few questions if you got a minute.

KELSO  
I'm real busy right now. There's a tourist information center in town.

Stevie ignores him and steps onto the boat with Shep.

STEVIE  
I'll only be a minute. I was wondering what you were doing anchored off Maidstone this past Monday?

KELSO  
I ran a day-trip for a couple looking to hook some blues and stripers.

STEVIE  
You keep a log of your charters?

KELSO  
You a cop?

STEVIE  
No, but I know a bunch.

KELSO  
What's this about?

STEVIE  
Fifty-million dollars.

KELSO  
 Wish I could help, but I just run the  
 boat and collect a nine to five. Our  
 books are pretty loose...we don't log  
 every charter...  
 (anxious)  
 Anything else? I've got a booze cruise  
 and need to hit the liquor store.

STEVIE  
 Sounds fun.

KELSO  
 If you're not working.

Stevie cuts her eyes down the length of him. Kelso becomes  
 visibly nervous.

STEVIE  
 That's it. Thanks for your help.

KELSO  
 Not a problem.

Stevie turns to go when she notices **EXOTIC SCUBA GEAR** on the  
 deck along with **A TWIN-MOTOR DIVER PROPULSION VEHICLE (DPV)**.

STEVIE  
 (turning back)  
 One last thing, Erik. I'm not much of  
 a fisherman, but I know enough to know  
 this scuba gear has absolutely nothing  
 to do with light-tackle bass fishing.

Kelso's mind races. He doesn't have enough bandwidth to get out  
 of this tight spot.

KELSO  
 Do I need a lawyer?

STEVIE  
 I don't know. Do you?

Kelso is buckling under the pressure.

STEVIE  
 OK, let me call some of my cop buddies,  
 and we'll ask these questions downtown.  
 They won't be as gentle as I am.

Stevie pulls her phone. Kelso's eyes start to flash, searching  
 for a way off the boat. Then, he bolts, running up the bulkhead  
 and jumping off the port side onto the docks.

Shep takes off after him.

Kelso cuts through some **BIG YACHTS**, knocks down a fellow **SKIPPER**  
 tying off his boat.

Shep runs hard, gaining ground. Stevie's not far behind. Kelso  
 skips over the deck of **A SAILBOAT**, redirecting the footrace.

Shep follows, shadowing his every move.

Kelso swings A MAST at Shep. Shep ducks and THE MAST glances off him. He lunges at Kelso, driving him backwards. Together, they tumble off the starboard side of the sailboat and smack down on the docks. Hard.

Shep levels Kelso with one punch and puts a knee in his chest.

Stevie runs up, kneels down.

STEVIE

You have two choices, Erik. You tell me what you know right now, that's the smart play...

(or)

If that's not the way you want this to go, I'll leave you alone with Shep and he'll beat it out of you.

KELSO

Can you cut me a deal?

STEVIE

Depends on what you have for me...

Kelso softens, and WE SMASH CUT TO...

**THE HEIST...**

**AND HERE'S HOW IT GOES...**

**FLASHBACK: EXT. FISHING BOAT - DAY**

ON KELSO wearing A SEA CAMOUFLAGE DIVE-SUIT and SCUBA GEAR. He grabs A TWIN-MOTOR DIVER PROPULSION VEHICLE and hits the water.

**FLASHBACK: EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY**

Kelso is propelled forward at a good clip by his DPV. From his POV, we creep along the sandy bottom, stealth-like.

**FLASHBACK: EXT. MAIDSTONE BEACH - DAY**

Lizzy is in the water, posing for Kristian's camera. He tells her to go further into the waves, which she does.

**FLASHBACK: EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY**

Kelso glides across the bottom, continuing his underwater trek. Ahead, he can see LIZZY POTTS' LOWER HALF dancing in the water. THE PINK DIAMONDS on the bikini refract the sunlight, throwing off streaks of color.

Lizzy backs up, submerging herself.

**FLASHBACK: EXT. MAIDSTONE BEACH - DAY**

Kristian wades into the water up to his waist. Lizzy is neck deep in water, still working her Supermodel magic.

**FLASHBACK: EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY**

Kelso SHUTS OFF his DPV and reaches for THE LOBSTER BAG, clipped onto his dive belt. He pulls out A FAKE BIKINI TOP. He taps Lizzy. She immediately unhooks HER BIKINI TOP. Drops it.

Kelso snatches it out of the water and puts the fake top in her hand. Lizzy snaps it on. Fast.

Kelso puts THE REAL BIKINI TOP into his lobster bag.

**FLASHBACK: EXT. MAIDSTONE BEACH - DAY**

Lizzy adjusts her bikini strap, making it look perfectly organic to the work she's doing. And she swims back towards shore, as Kristian continues to photograph his subject.

**FLASHBACK: EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY**

ERIK KELSO fires up his DPV and makes off with A 50-MILLION DOLLAR BIKINI in his lobster bag. And we SNAP BACK TO...

**EXT. GARDINER'S BAY, SAG HARBOR - DAY**

ON KELSO, wracked with remorse.

STEVIE

Who brokered the deal with you and the model?

KELSO

I've never seen him before. He had some kind of accent. French, I think. The switch was a random site. I handed over the bikini and got greased with two-hundred grand in cash.

STEVIE

Who owns the boat?

KELSO

I'm paid by corporate check. I don't know the owners. I was referred, all the paperwork goes through an agency...  
(then)  
I knew it was too good to be true.

STEVIE

If it's too good to be true, it's too good to be legal...  
(oh yeah)  
And the answer to your question is yes.

KELSO

Yes what?

STEVIE

You need a lawyer.

SHEP

A good one.

**EXT. LIZZY POTTS' BROWNSTONE - DAY**

Stevie pulls her Porsche curb-side and jumps out in front of a refurbished BROWNSTONE.

**INT. LIZZY POTTS' BROWNSTONE - DAY**

Stevie moves up the switchback stairwell. She passes A COUPLE coming down, arm-in-arm. The man is **LAFUER**, elegant, serious, totally in control. The woman is every bit as lethally-chic as LaFluer. Her name: **VERA KITTS**. Vera gives a nod to Stevie.

Stevie does a double take, bothered by the chic-looking pair. She reaches THE PENTHOUSE and KNOCKS. The door is ajar.

**INT. LIZZY POTTS' PENTHOUSE - DAY**

Stevie lets herself in. There's money here. It's modern, clean, hip.

STEVIE  
Hello...Lizzy...

No answer. Stevie moves through the penthouse into the bedroom. And there, motionless on the floor, is LIZZY POTTS. She has a deep ligature furrow encircling her neck.

HOLD ON Lizzy Potts. She's dead.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

**INT. LIZZY POTTS' PENTHOUSE - DAY**

A 35mm CAMERA FLASHES over the dead body of Lizzy Potts. PULL BACK TO FIND: Jimmy Mac and Stevie standing with the CSIs.

JIMMY MAC  
OK, get to work.

The CSIs start working the body. Jimmy Mac pulls Stevie aside.

STEVIE  
I saw a couple coming down the stairs  
just before I got here...  
(then)  
Something about 'em didn't feel right.

JIMMY MAC  
I want you to back off this thing.

STEVIE  
I'm close, Jimmy.

JIMMY MAC  
I don't care how close you are.  
These guys have taken it to the next  
level. It's time to step away.

Stevie's cell phone VIBRATES. She checks the LCD screen. It's a SMS text from SHEP: *"I'm outside. Got news."*

STEVIE  
I'm not letting this diamond walk.

Jimmy Mac waves SGT. SERRANO over.

JIMMY MAC  
Take her into custody.

STEVIE  
You've got to be kidding me.

JIMMY MAC  
My authority supersedes your ambition,  
Stevie. You're not backing off, so  
I'll push you back...  
(to Sgt. Serrano)  
Mirandize her. Take her to MCU. Make  
sure she's comfortable and don't let  
her out of your sight.

STEVIE  
Don't do this to me. I won't move on  
anything without letting you know.

Jimmy Mac holds a beat struggling with his sense of right and wrong. Then, he nods to Sgt. Serrano, who moves off.

JIMMY MAC  
 I want to know every move you make.  
 Every lead you turn.  
 (off her nod)  
 And if the deal goes down and you're  
 working it, I want a phone call. Deal?

STEVIE  
 (reluctantly)  
 Deal.

JIMMY MAC  
 Get outta here before I change my mind.

Stevie nods, and she's out the door.

**EXT. LIZZY POTTS' BROWNSTONE - DAY**

Stevie hits the street to find Shep leaned against her car.

STEVIE  
 What's new?

SHEP  
 The fishing boat operated by Kelso is  
 owned by an LLC.

STEVIE  
 That does nothing for me.

SHEP  
 No, but this will. Guess who holds a  
 partial interest on the title?  
 (Stevie's attention is  
 piqued)  
 Barton Fanthorpe.

**EXT. OYSTER BAY, LOCUST VALLEY - DAY**

Stevie's Porsche roars up the driveway of BARTON FANTHORPE'S  
 ESTATE, sitting on Oyster Bay.

Stevie sets the brake and heads for the door.

**INT. BARTON FANTHORPE'S STUDY - DAY**

The walls are lined with an eclectic and expensive collection of  
 fine art. Barton Fanthorpe sips from a tumbler of scotch, while  
 working at his desk. Stevie's led in by A BUTLER.

Barton stands, surprised to see Stevie.

BARTON  
 Ms. Parker, this is a surprise.

STEVIE  
 Yes, it is.

BARTON  
Can I offer you a drink?

STEVIE  
No. This is business.

Barton waves off his BUTLER, who closes the door behind him.

BARTON  
Did you find my diamond?

STEVIE  
It was never lost.

BARTON  
What are you saying?

STEVIE  
I'm saying, you've orchestrated this whole thing to defraud the insurance company.

Barton smirks, this is funny to him.

BARTON  
You sound like my ex-wife, Ms. Parker.

STEVIE  
Which one?

BARTON  
Number two. She was always making these crazy accusations with nothing to back it up.

STEVIE  
You own a fishing boat called "Shades Of Grey?"

BARTON  
I retain a small stake. Yes.

STEVIE  
Your employee, who runs the boat, was instrumental in stealing your diamond. How's that for backup?

Barton disarms her with a self-effacing even tone.

BARTON  
If your investigation has led you back to me, Ms. Parker, then I'm being used for a setup. The logic is easy to see, even for an untrained rube like me.

While he is speaking, Stevie's eye catches A FRAMED PICTURE. It's BARTON, and A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN on the deck of "SHADES OF GREY" cruising the Long Island Sound.

Stevie's eyes flash with recognition, and WE CUT TO...



**FLASHBACK: INT. LIZZY POTTS' BROWNSTONE - EARLIER TODAY**

Stevie passes the chic-looking couple coming down the switchback stairwell. It's VERA KITTS and LAFLUER. Vera smiles politely, and we're BACK TO...

**INT. BARTON FANTHORPE'S STUDY - DAY**

ON STEVIE, as the memory of Vera coalesces in her mind.

STEVIE  
Who is this woman?

Barton glances at THE PHOTOGRAPH.

BARTON  
Vera Kitts. Soon to be ex-wife number four, as you so eloquently put it when we first met.

STEVIE  
How was your split?

BARTON  
Ugly. She signed a ironclad prenuptial and left with what she brought...  
(annoyed)  
I don't see how this pertains.

STEVIE  
She has motive and opportunity.

BARTON  
Are you saying she's involved in some way?

STEVIE  
I'm saying she's involved in every way.

Barton chuckles, the idea is absurd to him.

BARTON  
I have a hard time believing she's the architect behind this elaborate scheme.

STEVIE  
Where is she?

BARTON  
She stays at the Four Seasons Hotel.

**INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT**

A playground for the rich. Throaty laughter. Clinking glasses. Stevie enters the lobby and quickly spots SHEP sipping a beer in the lobby bar. His nod says it all. He has her back.

Stevie goes to the lobby phones and dials the hotel operator.

STEVIE  
Vera Kitts please.

Stevie is patched through. She's listening to the ringing phone when she sees VERA KITTs and LAFLUER come off the elevator.

Stevie makes them as the chic-couple from the stairwell in Lizzy Potts' brownstone. They pass by Stevie, who hangs up the lobby phone and follows discreetly, giving Shep a nod.

Shep throws money on the bar and joins the hunt.

**EXT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - NIGHT**

LaFluer and Vera walk briskly down 57th Street to Lexington and head uptown two blocks.

Stevie and Shep are close behind.

STEVIE  
Take point.

Shep nods and crosses the street to tighten the surveillance.

**EXT. LEXINGTON AVENUE - NIGHT**

LaFluer and Vera get to 59th Street and Lexington, and duck into the subway station.

Shep is closer to them and, by proximity, follows first.

Stevie hits a stored number on her cell phone.

**INT. NYPD, MCU OFFICE (MAJOR CRIMES UNIT) - DAY**

Jimmy Mac is on his way home when Sgt. Serrano calls to him from his desk.

SGT. SERRANO  
Yo Jimmy...  
(on his turn)  
Line one.

Jimmy Mac goes to the nearest desk and punches line one.

JIMMY MAC  
MCU, this is Jimmy.

**EXT. LEXINGTON AVENUE - NIGHT**

Stevie hurries towards the subway station. INTERCUT AS NEEDED.

STEVIE  
I think I have your killers.

JIMMY MAC  
Where are you?

STEVIE  
I get the diamond, right?

JIMMY MAC  
Fair enough.

STEVIE  
Can I trust you on that?

JIMMY MAC  
Give me a chance, you'll find out.

Stevie hesitates.

STEVIE  
Subway station, 59th and Lexington.

JIMMY MAC  
On my way.

Jimmy Mac hangs up and hits the exit.

**INT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT**

Stevie moves down the stairs and through the turnstile. She sees LaFluer and Vera in THE MAIN TERMINAL, sitting on a bench. Waiting.

Shep thumbs through a magazine at A NEWSPAPER STAND.

Stevie falls in beside him, one eye on LaFluer and Vera, one eye on the crowd.

Then, SOMEBODY catches her attention.

STEVIE  
Check it out. Three o'clock.

It is PETR BARCIN, Barton Fanthorpe's obviously not so trusted friend. He makes his way towards LaFluer and Vera.

SHEP  
The big guy?

STEVIE  
Dark hair. Tattoos...  
(to herself)  
I can't believe I didn't catch on to this guy.

Meanwhile, ACROSS THE STATION, Petr sits down next to LaFluer and Vera.

VERA  
Is this public enough for you?

Petr eyes LaFluer.

PETR  
I wasn't about to let him get the  
drop on me.

LAFLUER  
(scoffs)  
You Americans watch too many movies.

PETR  
Maybe, but I know what you did to the  
model. Overkill, don't you think?

When LaFluer speaks it's with a heavy French accent.

LAFLUER  
The model was being typically difficult.  
She wanted a bigger cut.

Petr looks at LaFluer with disdain. Then:

PETR  
Let's do this.

Petr gets up and moves across the terminal towards A BANK OF  
LOCKERS. LaFluer and Vera follow.

STEVIE  
This is it.

Stevie and Shep follow at a distance, discreetly.

Petr opens A LOCKER, revealing A SMALL VELVET POUCH. He pulls  
the string, and LADY ANNE falls into his hand.

LaFluer pulls A LOUPE from his coat and inspects the diamond.

LAFLUER  
Monsieur Bernard will be very happy.  
(dialing his cell-phone)  
I'll have the monies released. Do you  
have your account number?

Petr hands him a slip of paper with a scribbled ACCOUNT NUMBER.

Satisfied, Petr slips the diamond back inside the velvet pouch  
and cinches it tight. Vera gives Petr a cheek kiss.

VERA  
Nice work.

Stevie appears behind them. Shep backs her.

STEVIE  
Yes, it was...  
(then)  
You played well, Petr.

Petr's eyes darken. He is no longer Petr the blushing ingénue.  
In true "Ripley" fashion, he becomes a calculating tough guy  
right before our eyes.

PETR  
How did you know?

STEVIE  
Shades Of Grey.

Vera looks Stevie up and down as only a woman can.

VERA  
Who is this?

STEVIE  
You'll have time to chat about that in  
prison...  
(then)  
Now give me the diamond, and I'll make  
this painless on all of us.

LaFluer and Vera are, in a word, shocked.

Petr clutches onto THE VELVET POUCH holding the diamond.

PETR  
What's behind door number two?

STEVIE  
You don't want to find out.

Petr matches Stevie's stare. Then...

A GROUP OF COLLEGE KIDS, cut between them lost in conversation.

Petr exploits this opportunity. He shoves THE COLLEGE KIDS into Stevie and Shep, knocking them back.

AND...PETR TAKES OFF!!

LaFluer pulls his 9mm and grabs Vera.

But Shep springs forward like a cat, pile-driving them into the wall. They go down. Hard.

SHEP disarms LaFluer and quickly zip-strips him and Vera.

Stevie goes after Petr.

Petr knocks down COMMUTERS, as he races through the terminal. He throws a look back, assessing his lead time.

Stevie is closing the gap.

It's an exciting chase. Petr cuts to his right, taking a flight of stairs leading to THE GREEN LINE PLATFORM.

Stevie goes after him, pulling her COLLAPSIBLE BATON.

**INT. GREEN LINE PLATFORM - NIGHT**

It's less crowded down here. Stevie hits the platform.

Petr is nowhere to be seen.

Stevie stops, looks both ways. Only way out. Behind her.

PETR appears from around A COLONNADE and attacks, wrapping his forearm around her neck. He squeezes, gaining leverage on the colonnade.

Petr whispers in Stevie's ear, biting out the words.

PETR  
The diamond is going to Europe where  
she belongs. You cannot stop this...

SNAP! Stevie periscopes her COLLAPSIBLE BATON and swings back, driving the butt of her baton into Petr's rib-cage. Not once. Twice. Three times. A rib audibly FRACTURES.

Petr buckles in pain, but he's running on adrenaline. He wraps his arm tighter around her neck, choking Stevie.

Stevie swings her BATON, wildly. It just misses PETR'S HEAD and rips a hunk out of the colonnade.

THE INCOMING TRAIN IS NEAR. TRACKS RATTLE.

Petr squeezes harder now, his forearm and biceps crushing down on Stevie's windpipe. Stevie fights back, but she is on the losing end of this fight. THEN...

JIMMY MAC appears on the platform, gun drawn, Webster stance.

JIMMY MAC  
Let 'er go. Right now.

Petr meet Jimmy Mac's eyes. One alpha dog sniffing another. And as Petr's luck would have it...

THE INCOMING SUBWAY TRAIN ARRIVES. DOORS FLY OPEN.

Petr backs towards THE SUBWAY TRAIN, using Stevie as a shield.

PETR  
Put your weapon down, detective. Her  
life means nothing to me, but I know it  
means something to you.

Stevie meets Jimmy Mac's eyes, throwing him a signal. He nods. And Stevie drives the butt of her BATON back again. It connects with the same CRACKED RIB. A shot of pain rips through Petr. As an involuntary reflex, he releases Stevie. She ducks.

And Jimmy Mac fires several hammered-on shots.

Petr is winged in the shoulder. He sprawls back, slamming into THE SUBWAY TRAIN. He slips to the ground, gripped with pain.

Jimmy Mac safeties his weapon and goes to Stevie, who's catching her breath.

JIMMY MAC  
You OK?

Stevie nods. Jimmy Mac moves to Petr and quickly cuffs him. He digs into Petr's pocket and finds THE VELVET POUCH, holding the diamond.

Jimmy Mac tosses it to Stevie.

JIMMY MAC  
Looking for this?

Stevie catches the velvet pouch. The look between them says it all. Trust has been earned and respect garnered.

**INT. VAN GAULDER INSURANCE GROUP - DAY**

Stevie snaps open A BRIEFCASE, revealing THE "LADY ANNE" DIAMOND (secured in a foam cutout) to Van Gaulder and Barton Fanthorpe.

VAN GAULDER  
Good work, Stevie.

BARTON  
Yes, I must say, I'm very impressed.

STEVIE  
You should be.

BARTON  
What's next for you?

STEVIE  
An island in the sun.

VAN GAULDER  
Turks and Caicos?

STEVIE  
Maldives. And don't try to find me. I won't take your call.

BARTON  
Ms. Parker, I know this is indiscreet, but could I repay you with dinner when you return?

Stevie shuts him down with a smile.

STEVIE  
Your hands are full with Lady Anne, Mr. Fanthorpe...  
(as she's leaving)  
And pick a better wife next time.

With an over-the-shoulder wave, Stevie is out the door.

**INT. JFK AIRPORT - DAY**

THE RUSSIAN (the one Stevie hustled in pool) moves through THE AIRPORT METAL DETECTOR at the International Terminal. THE T.S.A. AGENT manning THE CARRYON X-RAY MACHINE notices something suspicious on her screen. She checks her INTERPOL LIST of stolen art and sees a listing for a Picasso taken from The Met. She double-checks her X-ray machine. Punches in. The briefcase on her MONITOR shows something folded and flat with a small and unreadable SERIAL NUMBER in the corner.

THE T.S.A. AGENT gives THE RUSSIAN a look and signals to AN ARMED GUARD, who grabs A BRIEFCASE off the conveyer belt.

T.S.A. ARMED GUARD  
Excuse me, sir. Come with me.

THE RUSSIAN  
Is there a problem?

T.S.A. ARMED GUARD  
Just follow me please.

The T.S.A. Guard leads the Russian to a secure area. He sets the briefcase on a table and pops it open. Inside, he retrieves a small canvas. He unfolds it revealing, Pablo Picasso's "*FIRST STEPS*." This is the painting Gammon stole from the Met.

THE RUSSIAN  
That is not mine.

T.S.A. ARMED GUARD  
Please turn around and put your hands on the back of your head.

THE RUSSIAN  
This is a mistake. I have done nothing.  
Nothing.

The T.S.A. Guard handcuffs the Russian and takes him away.

As he does, they pass A MAN reading. THE MAN looks over the top of his magazine, and we see it is RICHARD GAMMON! He smiles and moves off to catch a flight to some distant point on the globe.

#### **EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - DAY**

The Vermont mountains reach for the sky. Stevie's Porsche winds up a steep, two-lane road, lined with evergreens.

#### **INT. '63 PORSCHE - DAY**

Stevie downshifts and turns off the main road. The Porsche whizzes past a signpost reading:

**"TOP OF THE WORLD!"**

#### **EXT. MOUNTAIN HOME - DAY**

A beautiful home overlooking the entire Mad River Valley. It is literally sitting on the peak of a mountain, a shining beacon of isolation and serenity.

Stevie's Porsche pulls up out front, and she gets out.

Stevie looks at the home for a moment. Then, she opens her hand and looks at THE KEY her father left her.



STEVIE  
 (sotto voce)  
 Top Of The World.

Stevie heads up the path to the front door. She inserts the key and turns.

The tumblers disengage, and the door pushes open.

**INT. MOUNTAIN HOME - DAY**

Stevie steps inside, slowly at first. The home is exactly how she remembered. Seemingly untouched. Same furniture. Art. It's very tastefully done and extremely expensive.

She strolls from room to room, taking in the memories. Then, an odd feeling overcomes her. Something's out of place. She wipes her hand across an armoire. No dust. It's impeccably clean.

As she's processing this, her cell-phone rings. Stevie pulls it from her purse. Only it's not her phone ringing.

Stevie turns, eyes scanning.

AND...she sees A RINGING CELL-PHONE on the marble counter across the great room.

Stevie crosses, hesitates and answers the phone...

STEVIE  
 Hello.

MAN'S VOICE  
 (filtered)  
 Hello, Stevie.

THE MAN'S VOICE hits her like a punch to the gut.

STEVIE  
 Dad?

SMASH TO BLACK.

THE END