

PRICELESS

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PRICELESS

"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.

STEVEIE
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.

STEVEIE
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.

STEVEIE
I'm busy.

Stevie moves away from the Russian's glaring eye.

VAN GAULDER
This is a big-time payday.

STEVEIE
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.

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