

UNTITLED HLAVIN HEIST

Written by

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**INT. BANK - VAULT - NIGHT**

Sparks fly, reflected in the welding goggles of MICHAEL KITSON (35). What we can see of his face is a mask of seriousness.

Reveal: TEN FOOT HIGH ROUND VAULT DOOR. Michael drills a FOURTH hole - about the width of an aerosol can. There are several dead DRILL BITS on the ground around him. We are in the VAULT ANTEROOM.

A SECOND MAN - JUDE CHAVRON (33), also wearing goggles, feeds water into the spinning drill, cooling it.

On the ground, well behind them, are two GUARDS, bound, gagged and unconscious - EYES TAPED SHUT.

Michael pulls the glowing RED drill bit out of the hole, rolling back the drill on it's casters...

Michael examines the hole, turns to Jude, nods. Jude shuts off the water, opens a LARGE BLACK CASE containing FOUR IDENTICAL CHROME TUBES -- each one individually wired.

**EXT. LA BANQUE DE PALLION - PARIS - NIGHT**

Two CITY SEWER WORKERS stand over a FLAGGED man hole, their CITY TRUCK parked to protect them from LIGHT traffic.

A POLICE CAR rolls up, lights on. One of the construction worker, FINN LOWRY (29) stands - COOL AS A CUCUMBER. The other worker, JEAN-LUC PINOT (45) speaks low...

JEAN-LUC  
(French)  
*It's nothing. Keep the plan.*

As the POLICE OFFICER gets out, Jean-Luc waves to him.

JEAN-LUC (CONT'D)  
(French)  
*Appreciate the lights, almost been killed here tonight.*

The Officer waves.

POLICE OFFICER  
(French)  
*Fucking sewers again? My wife is always complaining about the toilet. If she cleaned it, maybe...*

The men laugh. Jean-Luc produces a cigarette, offers one.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)  
(French)  
*I shouldn't.*

He takes it. Jean-Luc lights it.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)  
(French)  
*How much longer?*

JEAN-LUC  
(French)  
*Who knows? Don't kill the job, right?*

Finn smiles, turns back to the man hole...

POLICE OFFICER  
(French)  
*Not so friendly, huh?*

JEAN-LUC  
(French)  
*He's mad about the shift, he has a girlfriend...*

Off the Police Officer's interest...

#### **INT. BANK - VAULT - SAME**

Michael and Jude carefully slide the fourth CHROME TUBE into the hole in the safe. It's a perfect fit.

Michael wires it to the others - all the tubes now connected - creating a perfect square around the center of the VAULT. The wires running to a hand-held detonator.

They stand back, Jude nods, ready. Michael detonates - FOUR QUICK POPS - followed by a HISS - as the SQUARE FROSTS OVER --

After a beat - Michael inspects it, turns to Jude, nods. Jude CLICKS HIS WALKIE --

#### **EXT. LA BANQUE DE PALLION - NIGHT**

-- Finn hears the double click on his walkie.

FINN  
(French)  
*Hey, I smell something funny...*

**BY POLICE CRUISER**

The officer chuckles...

POLICE OFFICER  
(French)  
*It's a sewer, dummy.*

Jean-Luc knows why Finn is calling.

JEAN-LUC  
(French)  
*I better get over there. They'll  
be shit running in the streets.*

The Police Officer gets in his cruiser as Jean-Luc looks to Finn - nods curtly. Finn removes a small detonator.

REVEAL: Small C4 PACKAGES dot the sewer line under the street.

Jean-Luc turns to wave at the Police Officer. Flicks his cigarette butt into the open sewer.

Finn presses the detonator - THE STREET EXPLODES --

**INT. BANK - VAULT - SAME**

Under the cover of the explosion - Michael and Jude, each holding a SLEDGE HAMMER - SMASH the FROSTED PART of the safe - CHUNKS of THICK METAL BREAK AWAY --

**EXT. LA BANQUE DE PALLION - NIGHT**

The fires runs the length the bank -- A BUS STOP DESTROYED. The Police Officer gets up...

POLICE OFFICER  
(French)  
*What the hell?*

Jean-Luc, panic --

JEAN-LUC  
(French)  
*Call the fire department, we hit a  
gas line...*

The Police Officer stumbles to his feet - Finn PRESSES the detonator again, a SECOND ROUND of EXPLOSIONS strikes further down the street - CARS SCRAMBLE to avoid colliding.

**INT. BANK - VAULT**

The center of the VAULT DOOR smashed out - they work quickly, efficiently - Michael mounts a HEAD LAMP - Jude places a small ladder --

-- Michael shimmies through the hole into the dark vault --

**INT. VAULT**

-- Michael's head lamp illuminates stacks and stacks of EURO CURRENCY - neatly wrapped on two long risers. He moves right past them --

-- Back wall of vault contains a SERIES of SMALLER SAFE DOORS - DIGITAL PADS - Michael finds the one he's looking for --

-- Lifts the back of his glove, reads a number, enters the code, the SAFE DOOR POPS OPEN --

-- Michael removes TWO 100 EURO PLATES - this is what he came for, he slides them into his jacket --

**EXT. LA BANQUE DE PALLION - NIGHT - BY MAN HOLE**

Several FIRE TRUCKS and more POLICE CARS block the area. Hoses spray water on the burning BUS STOP. Jean-Luc examines a map of the SEWER SYSTEM with a FIREMAN.

JEAN-LUC

(French)

*The gas line was to be shut off.  
We told them three times.*

FIREMAN

(French)

*We've got a call into them.*

JEAN-LUC

(French)

*Those sons of bitches will be home  
in bed.*

**EXT. LA BANQUE DE PALLION - NIGHT**

A large crowd has gathered to watch the FRENCH FIRE BRIGADE put out the "gas" fire. Between the noise and the commotion, MICHAEL and JUDE quietly exit the bank -- now both wearing BANK SECURITY GUARD UNIFORMS.

Finn catches them slipping away - spots the POLICE OFFICER APPROACHING THEM -

POLICE OFFICER  
(French)  
*Hey, you two --*

Michael and Jude stop, turn to face the officer --

MICHAEL  
(French)  
*Bank Security, just making sure  
we've covered the perimeter.*

POLICE OFFICER  
(French)  
*ID, now.*

MICHAEL  
(French)  
*It's not problem, of course. We're  
fine here.*

Michael PRODUCES his papers. Jude reaches for his, the SILVER GLINT of a SIDEARM showing inside his jacket -- Michael SEES IT, moves to step in front of Jude, taking his papers to hand them --

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
(French)  
*Alarms got tripped. Motion  
detectors go off if a cockroach  
gets to close, let alone --*

Michael waves to the commotion, drawing the Officer's eyes from them.

The Officer reviews the papers, gives Michael and Jude a long stare - Michael takes it in stride, Jude not so much...

POLICE OFFICER  
(French)  
*I gotta call it in.*

MICHAEL  
(French)  
*Sure. Of course.*

The Police Officer moves away, using the WALKIE TO call in the names - a SEDAN PULLS UP in the distance - A MAN (60s) gets out - SUIT AND TIE - rushes to the nearest UNIFORM.

JUDE  
That's the bank manager.

Michael sees him...

MICHAEL  
Everything is fine. Breath.

The BANK MANAGER GESTURES wildly at the bank, Michael watches him, steals a GLANCE AT JEAN-LUC -- something passes between them - Jean-Luc sees the BANK MANAGER --

JUDE  
I don't like this.

The Uniform finds the POLICE OFFICER - they trade information, the Police Officer turns to LOOK DIRECTLY AT MICHAEL and JUDE -- Jude, steps out - UNZIPS HIS JACKET --

-- Jude, PULLS his .45 -- Michael realizes a moment too late.

-- Jude FIRES -- MISSES WIDE - CHAOS as POLICE SPIN --

-- FINN PRESSES his DETONATOR - a THIRD EXPLOSION LIFTS A FRENCH POLICE CAR OFF THE GROUND - SHOP WINDOWS SHATTER --

-- A SECOND and THIRD OFFICER raise MP5s FIRING as ONLOOKERS SCREAM and run in all directions -- Jude, FIRES AGAIN, BLINDLY THIS TIME for cover - RUNS --

-- Jean-Luc and Finn disappear, - Michael and Jude separate, ALL FOUR RUNNING in OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS --

#### **EXT. PARIS STREETS / ALLEYS - NIGHT**

As Michael RUNS - taking LEFTS and RIGHTS quick, determined --

-- TWO POLICE OFFICERS behind - THEY FIRE THEIR GUNS - BRICK CHIPPING as Michael drops and DODGES - cutting down an alley while STRIPPING OFF HIS JACKET --

-- He PRESSES himself against a DOOR FRAME as TWO POLICE CARS FLY BY - LIGHTS & SIRENS -- Michael waits a beat --

-- Bolting across the STREET to an alley, down in the darkness -- UP AND OVER A FENCE --

#### **EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT**

-- And HE CRASHES into a PILE OF WOOD CRATES - TWISTING HIS KNEE as he SLAMS into the GROUND --

Michael MOANS as he CLUTCHES his leg - finally stands - checks the GROUND, makes sure he hasn't lost anything...

WALKS / LIMPS out of the alley a MAIN STREET --

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

Busy with TRAFFIC, no one notices him - Michael's LOOK now different as he pulls a HAT on - the SECURITY OUTFIT dumped - under it he wears a DARK PULLOVER --

-- Michael LIMPS, the NOISE of the CARS and BUSES drowning out his pain.

**INT. TOWNHOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT**

Michael, with great effort, pushes open the thick glass doors to his townhouse - searches for his keys as the INTERIOR DOOR of the townhouse opens --

-- Revealing a DARK HAired BEAUTY, her face a mix of ANGER and CONCERN. This is ELISE BOUTIN (30s), Michael's WIFE.

ELISE  
(French)  
My God, what happened?

Michael smiles weakly, falls to her...

**INT. KITSON TOWNHOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Michael slouches in a chair, Elise enters with scissors.

ELISE  
Can you bend it?

Michael lifts his leg, BITES DOWN ON THE PAIN -- Elise kneels in front of him, CUTS THE PANTS AWAY - REVEALING A VERY BRUISED KNEE -- SCRAPED and BLEEDING --

She addresses it, her hand carefully working the tendon...

ELISE (CONT'D)  
What happened?

Michael reaches into an INTERIOR POCKET, removes the TWO 100 EURO PLATES, each WRAPPED for protection.

MICHAEL  
We were clear. Jude got...  
Stupid.

Michael sets the EURO PLATES down on the kitchen table.



MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
What's the prognosis, doc?

Elise gently BENDS his LEG, Michael catches his breath.

ELISE  
You need an MRI.

Michael moves the leg, checking it.

MICHAEL  
You know that's not going to  
happen, baby.

She sits back, looks at her husband.

ELISE  
We could say you slipped.

MICHAEL  
First thing they check is hospital  
records.

Elise pulls a ICE PACK from the freezer, places it gently on  
Michael's leg - opens a DRAWER looking for a DISH TOWEL,  
utensils INCLUDING FORTY MISMATCHED ESPRESSO SPOONS...

ELISE  
Couple of days, maybe we'll revisit  
this...

Michael takes her hand, holds it...

ELISE (CONT'D)  
Gonna need to stay off it...

MICHAEL  
Just have to do the drop and pay  
them out, then you'll have me all  
to yourself.

Elise smiles, knows it's bullshit.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
I'm not kidding.

With some effort, Michael gets up, Elise steadies him.

ELISE  
What are you doing?

MICHAEL  
Be right back, don't go anywhere.

He exits the kitchen into the dining room, opens the CABINET and takes something. Limp back to the LARGE WOOD BLOCK KITCHEN TABLE and sets the envelope down.

Elise stares at it.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Go ahead.

She waits a beat, then opens the envelope, inside TWO PLANE TICKETS, BROCHURE on a RESORT...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Five years late. Our honeymoon.

Elise studies the tickets...

ELISE

These tickets have an open return.

MICHAEL

That's right.

She turns to him, not understanding.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Before this happened...I had already decided. I was going to surprise you.

Elise locks eyes with her husband and then she jumps too him, literally KNOCKING HIM OVER - kissing him.

#### **INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Michael in bed, eyes open. Elise slips into bed next to him...

She rolls over to face him. He keeps his eyes pinned on the ceiling. She moves closer, puts her hand on his chest. He covers it with his own.

ELISE

(French)

*You make me happy.*

MICHAEL

(French)

*I love you, too. Wife.*

**EXT. LA BANQUE DE PALLION - VAULT - MORNING**

The VAULT ANTEROOM, busy with FRENCH POLICE and INVESTIGATORS - some DUST for prints, others scan the GROUND with HI-TECH CAMERAS searching for FIBERS or CLUES.

PHILIP RENLOW (30s), H. Huntsman suit, handkerchief elegantly placed in his breast pocket, makes his way through the SECURITY - BADGE OUT, confident --

The 10 FOOT DOOR now open, YELLOW TAPE across the front to prevent entry. Renlow glances around, sees REMAINS of the THIEF'S WORK (Drill, spent drill bits, water system, etc).

A 2nd UNIFORM stops Renlow, he FLASHES HIS BADGE. CAPTAIN HENRI LENZ (50s) a BEAR OF A MAN, thick MOUSTACHE yellowed from years of smoking, waves him over.

LENZ

Philip.

Renlow allows a small smile, folds his badge and slides it into his jacket.

RENLOW

Thank you for the call, Henri.

LENZ

You would have gotten it anyway.  
Were you already in Paris?

RENLOW

Flew in this morning.

They walk to the VAULT DOOR - the GAPING SQUARE SHAPED HOLE all Renlow can see...

LENZ

Liquid nitrogen is our guess.

RENLOW

How was it delivered?

Lenz waves to a TECH who hands him one of the SILVER CANISTERS - now EXPLODED OPEN. Renlow examines it.

LENZ

Electric detonation, four in total.  
Timed, no doubt. Very  
sophisticated.

RENLOW

Had to - needs an even  
disbursement.

(MORE)

RENLOW (CONT'D)  
(re: the vault)  
What's inside?

Lenz lifts the tape, they ENTER THE VAULT.

**INT. VAULT**

Now, lights on, we SEE THE HUGE AMOUNTS of CURRENCY lining the walls - neatly stacked and bound.

LENZ  
Whatever they were after, they left  
a lot behind.

Renlow PULLS ON LATEX GLOVES.

RENLOW  
Currency is big...and heavy. And,  
sequential. Hard to wash. They  
were using a cover, the sewer  
company? Couple of guys with big  
bags would draw attention.

Renlow walks to the back of the VAULT - a FULL WALL of small digital SAFES - one open. He taps it.

RENLOW (CONT'D)  
Just this?

Lenz nods.

RENLOW (CONT'D)  
What was inside?

LENZ  
Bank is withholding that  
information until its lawyers have  
reviewed the subpoena, citing Euro  
banking privacy laws...  
(off Renlow's look)  
All they'll say is they have no  
rental information on the box.

RENLOW  
Something they shouldn't have had?

Lenz shrugs.

LENZ  
Or something they didn't want  
anyone to know they had.  
(re: busted vault)  
What do you think?

RENLOW

I think it's an awful lot of work.

Renlow steps back, examines the hole in the VAULT DOOR.

RENLOW (CONT'D)

That's a two foot thick titanium alloy, with a Miller-Cross locking mechanism and three separate timed locks - CAD designed down to the width of the chrome plating. Not that it matters, but it's the same technology that protects nuclear warheads from showing up at international flea markets.

Renlow steps forward, runs his hand over the RIDGES of the SQUARE HOLE --

RENLOW (CONT'D)

You can't pick it and you can't blast it. And, there are only a handful of places which you can drill, all of them meaningless. Unless--

LENZ

--Unless you tied them together with a purpose. Like spraying the interior of the door with liquid nitrogen.

RENLOW

Effectively changing the alloy to glass block.

Renlow nods, WATCHES as Lenz' team works the BANK - gathering as much information as they can of the limited CLUES.

RENLOW (CONT'D)

The drill bits alone probably cost more than my yearly salary. I don't even have to examine them to know they were machined by hand. Takes time, dedication, patience. These gentlemen did everything right. Except one thing.

Lenz nods, looks up to the street level...

LENZ

The shooter.

Renlow takes a final look, turns to Lenz.

RENLOW

It's a start. INTERPOL would like  
to offer it's full cooperation.

It's presented as help, but Lenz knows what he means.

**EXT. RUE DE HENRI REGNAULT - LA DEFENSE - PARIS - DAY**

Michael USES A CANE to support his INJURED LEG, exits a  
SUBWAY stop and heads to a REFINED THREE STORY BUILDING -  
ORNATE columns and THICK WOODEN DOORS.

Michael passes TWO FRENCH POLICE - MP5s SLUNG low, eyes  
watching the street.

REVEAL: A BRASS PLACARD identifying the building as the BANK  
OF MUNICH - PARIS.

**INT. BANK OF MUNICH - PARIS - MOMENTS LATER**

Michael crosses the large impressive marble lobby to a MODERN  
CONCIERGE DESK - the marriage of old and new perfectly  
aligned.

MICHAEL

(German)

*Michael Kitson to see Mr. Jurgen  
Becker, please?*

The ATTRACTIVE ATTENDANT smiles as she types.

ATTENDANT

(German)

*One moment...*

**INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - BANK OF MUNICH - MOMENTS LATER**

Michael enters the office led by ANOTHER ASSISTANT - behind a  
LARGE DARK WOOD DESK, JURGEN KITSON (40s) - slight like a  
cobra, he stands - welcoming Michael.

BECKER

Michael, so good to see you.

MICHAEL

Jurgen.

They do not shake hands. They are not friends.

BECKER

Coffee?

Michael casually glances behind him, sees the door is closed. He reaches into his jacket, carefully removes the TWO EURO PLATES - WRAPPED IN CLOTH. Sets them on the desk.

Becker opens the cloth, examines them.

BECKER (CONT'D)  
I understand you had a problem.

MICHAEL  
I'm handling it.

Becker places the PLATES in his LEATHER ATTACHE. Turns to his COMPUTER, types...

BECKER  
Account numbers?

Michael hands Becker a small piece of paper. Becker types while he talks.

BECKER (CONT'D)  
I have something for you.

MICHAEL  
A bonus?

BECKER  
Of sorts.

Becker reaches into his attache, pulls out a RED FOLDER, places it in front of Michael - finishes typing.

Michael looks at it, doesn't touch.

MICHAEL  
What is it?

Becker HITS RETURN - faces Michael.

BECKER  
A job. The French Blues.

Michael shakes his head.

MICHAEL  
Mythical diamonds stolen from a private collector and lost to history. That's not a job, that's a white whale.

Becker waits, a man used to using patience as a tool. Michael finally picks up the folder.

BECKER  
They've resurfaced.

Michael flips PAGES OF DATA quickly.

MICHAEL  
One of these houses belongs to  
Garlon Vance.

BECKER  
You know him?

MICHAEL  
I met him once, years ago. They  
think he has the Blues?

Becker shrugs.

BECKER  
It's an initial inquiry. After you  
accept the job, I'll do a full work  
up.

MICHAEL  
Pretty thin. One of three places,  
limited time frame. You're gonna  
need housing plans from owners who  
shoot architects, guard schedules,  
at least three escapes - from each  
location until you nail it. And,  
if the French Blues really are out  
there, they aren't going to be  
sitting on the bureau in the dining  
room. That means vault doors,  
motion alarms, heat sensors, laser  
arrays, the air moves and it brings  
the weight down on me. These guys  
are showing off the box when they  
bring out the shoes.

Michael hands the folder back.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Pass.

BECKER  
Fourteen million Euro.

MICHAEL  
Pass.

BECKER  
You don't even want to consider it?



MICHAEL  
Consider what, how much a cloud  
weighs? It's a lottery ticket,  
forget it.

Becker smiles pleasantly.

BECKER  
It's a Gordian knot, your favorite  
kind.

MICHAEL  
Not anymore.  
(beat)  
I'm retiring.

Becker, a man whose face rarely reveals his true emotion,  
let's his surprise escape.

BECKER  
Really?

MICHAEL  
Yes.

Becker continues to stare at Michael, who holds his gaze.

BECKER  
I do not know what to say.

Michael glances at the RED FOLDER, his mind wandering.

MICHAEL  
My wife and I are going to travel.

BECKER  
Sounds lovely.

A moment between them. Michael finally stands.

MICHAEL  
Yeah, well...take care, Jurgen.

Becker comes around the desk, extends his hand. Michael  
takes it.

BECKER  
Take care of yourself, Michael.

Michael nods, walks out...

**EXT. RUE DE MARTIN - PARIS - MORNING**

The day just beginning for the various business and cafes as PEOPLE walk their dogs and head to WORK.

Michael heads to a door, fishes out his keys - UNLOCKING the GATE, he slides it aside - unlocks the INTERIOR GLASS DOOR and enters - pulling the GATE CLOSED and locking it.

REVEAL: the STOREFRONT - KITSON MOTORS - two LARGE PLATE GLASS WINDOWS reveal --

**INT. KITSON MOTORS - MOMENTS LATER**

The interior of Kitson Motors is MOSTLY A SHOWROOM - white tile to better reflect light onto the 1965 MIDNIGHT BLUE CHARGER GTO - Cherry in every way.

Parked next to it, A 1956 THUNDERBIRD COUPE - METALLIC BRONZE paint highlighting it's design. Michael barely registers them.

Michael heads to the back - through a DOOR into ---

**INT. KITSON MOTORS - BACK GARAGE - SAME**

1969 FORD MUSTANG sits on a LIFT - undergoing a serious RENOVATION - Michael unlocks the GARAGE DOOR - PUNCHES a THICK BUTTON on the wall and the GARAGE opens -

- revealing Jean-Luc, Finn and a contrite Jude standing in the alley. Jean-Luc carries two coffees. They enter and Michael CLOSES the door behind them.

MICHAEL  
Any trouble?

JEAN-LUC  
No.

Michael looks to Finn, he shakes his head. Finally let's his gaze settle on Jude, who avoids eye contact.

MICHAEL  
Look at me.

Jude does.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
We're finished.

JUDE

Michael, we were pinned, if that  
bank manager --

MICHAEL

-- Stop talking. You've been on  
this crew for a long time, don't  
play ignorant, makes you a liar and  
an idiot.

JUDE

Michael--

Michael steps forward, his anger now apparent. Jean-Luc sets  
his coffee down, ready for anything.

MICHAEL

What did I tell you?

JUDE

I was trying to help --

MICHAEL

-- No guns. In all the time you've  
known me, you ever see a gun my  
hand?

Jude refuses to answer, the pride of an outlaw coming  
forward.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

And, you've never seen me in jail.  
They're connected.

(beat)

Don't let me hear you're dropping  
me or this crew as a hole card when  
you get pinched. And you will get  
pinched, sure as I'm standing here.  
As a courtesy I paid you out. You  
see me again, you go the other way.

Michael punches the GARAGE BUTTON - the door OPENS. Jude  
spits.

JUDE

Eight fucking years.

Jean-Luc steps in between Jude and Michael - his eyes flat  
but his intent clear. Jude recognizes the look, steps back.

JEAN-LUC

(French)

*Time to go.*

Jude smirks, shakes his head, turns and walks out. The door closes behind him. Finn waits for the tension to deflate.

FINN  
How's your leg?

MICHAEL  
I'll live. Package survived, not a scratch. Check your accounts by close of business.

Jean-Luc lights a cigarette.

JEAN-LUC  
What's next?

Michael sets his coffee down, leans on a TOOL CHEST.

MICHAEL  
Go on vacation. Get lost.

JEAN-LUC  
For how long?

MICHAEL  
(beat)  
Forever.

Jean-Luc laughs. Finn studies Michael's face.

FINN  
What's on your mind, boss?

Ten years he's known these guys, the words come hard.

MICHAEL  
I made a decision, I'm hanging up my cleats.

Jean-Luc stops laughing. Michael sips his coffee.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
We've done well. Smart money leaves the casino when it's up.

For a moment, the words and Jean-Luc's smoke hang in the air.

JEAN-LUC  
Just like that?

MICHAEL  
You're hearing it fast, it wasn't easy.

For a moment, the men simply regard each other.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
I put something extra in your  
accounts. Call it severance.

JEAN-LUC  
If there's nothing we can say...

FINN  
We had a good run.

Michael smiles...

MICHAEL  
Take care of yourself.

Michael hits the GARAGE DOOR BUTTON...

**EXT. KITSON TOWNHOUSE - DAY**

Michael, carrying fresh groceries, enters the townhouse. Out of habit, he uses the glass of his door to scan the street. Enters..

**INT. KITSON TOWNHOUSE - KITCHEN - LATE DAY**

SOFT MUSIC plays as Michael prepares dinner. He CHOPS expertly, occasionally stopping to sip WINE.

He glances at his watch, picks up his CELL, dials.

MICHAEL  
Hey, it's me. They got you  
changing bedpans again? Follow the  
smell of garlic soaked in browned  
butter, asparagus tips and filet.  
I'm even baking bread. Yeah, it's  
like that tonight. Get home, I  
need someone to set the table.

He sets the cell down, pours a refill...

**EXT. ST. MARY'S ASSISTED LIVING - MORNING**

Michael jogs up the steps to the GLASS DOORS - hits the BUZZER. Waits.

Marianne approaches, sees Michael, unlatches the door.

MARIANNE  
(French)  
*Good evening?*

MICHAEL  
Hello, Marianne. Is my wife here?

Marianne gives Michael a quizzical look.

MARIANNE  
She left at her regular time,  
six...

Michael considers.

MICHAEL  
Did she...give any indication where  
she was going?

Marianne shakes her head.

MARIANNE  
I'm sorry. You want me to check  
with the rest of the staff?

MICHAEL  
If you wouldn't mind.

He enters...

**INT. KITSON TOWNHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Michael paces, cell pressed to his ear - he's been at it for awhile.

MICHAEL  
--if you see her, will you tell her  
to call? --

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
(French)  
-- *They said around six. I left  
several voice mails* --

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
(French)  
-- *Twenty four hours before they'll  
do anything* --

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
-- All right, if you hear  
anything...

**INT. KITSON TOWNHOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT - TIME CUT**

Michael sits, CELL PHONE on the wooden butcher block table.  
He never takes his eyes off it. IT VIBRATES IT --

REVEAL: Call from ELISE

Michael SNATCHES the phone --

MICHAEL  
Elise, my god where have you--

Elise, GREAT STRAIN in her voice--

ELISE  
Michael....

A MUFFLED NOISE - and then:

DIGITAL VOICE  
Michael Kitson.

Michael STANDS, RUNS to the BUREAU, GRABS PAPER - NOTES THE  
TIME --

MICHAEL  
Who is this?

DIGITAL VOICE  
The French Blues. You will do the  
job.

Michael strains to take in every sound - the background, the  
voice, can he hear traffic? He scribbles everything...

MICHAEL  
I want to speak with her. Now.

DIGITAL VOICE  
Do the job, get her back. Don't do  
the job, get her back in pieces.

CLICK - the TRANSMISSION is cut. Michael GRABS HIS JACKET  
AND RUNS --

**EXT. KITSON TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT**

-- Out the FRONT DOOR and DOWN THE STREET --

**EXT. STREETS - PASSY DISTRICT - PARIS - NIGHT**

-- Paris' wealthiest DISTRICT, multi-million Euro CHATEAUS line the street, VARIETY OF EXPENSIVE cars dot the neighborhoods.

-- A MAN, smoking, CURBS HIS DOG - behind him, silent as SMOKE, Michael slips into the neighborhood.

**EXT. FRENCH CHATEAU - PASSY - NIGHT**

A FRONT DOOR, lock JIMMIED --

**INT. FRENCH CHATEAU - PASSY - SAME**

In the FOYER - a COMPLICATED SECURITY PANEL - OPENED with WIRES YANKED out --

**INT. KITCHEN**

Jurgen Becker CLOSES the REFRIGERATOR, having just poured himself a glass of MILK --

-- He DRAINS the GLASS setting it down and NOTICING one of HIS KNIVES is MISSING FROM WALL MAGNET.

-- Suddenly he becomes VERY AWARE of his SURROUNDINGS - moves SLOW --

BECKER

Was the plan to stab me in the back?

REVEAL: Michael behind him, EYES - EXPRESSIONLESS - a DARKNESS in them...

MICHAEL

Where is she?

BECKER

Where is who, Michael?

Michael steps forward, WIELDING the BLADE like a PROFESSIONAL, he holds the POINT at Becker's jugular.

MICHAEL

My wife. Where is she?

BECKER

I have no idea.



MICHAEL  
Your wife is upstairs, perhaps I  
should ask her...

BECKER  
I can assure you she will give you  
the same response.

Becker TURNS carefully, no sudden movements - he faces  
Michael.

BECKER (CONT'D)  
Elise is missing?

MICHAEL  
Taken.

Becker processes that.

BECKER  
Did you receive ransom  
instructions?

Michael lowers the blade a bit.

MICHAEL  
The French Blues.

Becker sighs.

BECKER  
They will have my wife next.

MICHAEL  
I don't give a shit about your  
wife, Becker. I care about Elise.  
I want her back.

BECKER  
I do not know the client.

MICHAEL  
This is the wrong time to lie to  
me.

BECKER  
I am not lying and you know it.  
The request came through a fence in  
London. I assume there is another  
fence behind that one. I will make  
discreet inquiries.

Becker does not shift his gaze, Michael lowers the KNIFE,  
sets it on the nearest table.

BECKER (CONT'D)

What now?

MICHAEL

They'll call. Tell them I want proof of life, everyday at eight AM. They can use different phones, change her location, I don't care. But, it's her voice or I bring the whole thing down. The call comes at 8:01, I bring the whole thing down. She's hurt and I bring the whole thing down. I've kept detailed notes on multiple jobs. Am I being clear?

Becker nods.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

When I have it figured I'll reach out. I need the file and everything else you have.

BECKER

It will be delivered to your home tonight.

Michael nods, turns --

MICHAEL

I want her to tell me the story of how we met, only she knows it.

Michael walks out.

**INT. KITSON TOWNHOUSE - BASEMENT - WORK ROOM**

In a WINDOWLESS room which operates as Michael's PRIVATE WORK AREA, he sits - The FILE OPEN - various PAPERS SPILLING OUT on a table - MICHAEL has already MADE COPIOUS NOTES -- He WORKS to keep his mind clear --

-- MAPS on the wall, UNMARKED.

MICHAEL STARES at a DIGITAL CLOCK - it HITS 8:00 -- His PHONE VIBRATES - Michael GRABS the PHONE --

MICHAEL

Elise, baby?--

Strained breathing, and then his WIFE'S VOICE - she's clearly had the worst night of her life.

ELISE (O.S.)  
We met...at Leon's birthday party.

Michael JUMPS UP - a MIXTURE of ANGER and FEAR.

ELISE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I was drinking...apricot brandy...  
you made fun--

The LINE IS TERMINATED. Michael STARES at the PHONE. Gently sets it down like it's a TALISMAN.

He SWEEPS EVERYTHING off the table --

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - TWO NIGHTS AGO - FLASHBACK**

-- The LIGHT on the night table CRASHES to the FLOOR as MICHAEL and ELISE make love -- moments LATER THEY BOTH FALL off the bed, Elise laughing --

-- They continue on the floor, animal attraction draws them together but something deeper bonds them - it's the way Elise looks into Michael's eyes...

ELISE  
(French)  
*Kiss me...*

He does, his hand cupping her neck and face. Elise opens her mouth to speak, Michael kisses her again, not letting her talk.

MICHAEL  
I think you broke my other knee.

She rolls on top of him, playfully holds his hands back.

ELISE  
Good, then you can't run away.

He leans forward, kissing her again, she wraps her arms and legs around him --

ELISE (CONT'D)  
(French)  
*I want to please you...*

She is pleasing him and she knows it. He kisses her again, strong, passionate - a finish - she collapses on him, heavy breath --

After a moment, she gets up, walks to the bathroom, a slight turn of her head to see if Michael's watching - he is - a smile and the door closes.

ELISE (CONT'D)  
(French)  
*Now that you are retired I assume  
you can cook for me every night?*

Michael laughs, crawls back into bed. The bathroom door opens --

-- Elise slips into bed next to him...(this is the tail end of a moment we already saw).

She rolls over to face him. He keeps his eyes pinned on the ceiling. She moves closer, puts her hand on his chest. He covers it with his own.

ELISE (CONT'D)  
(French)  
*You make me happy.*

MICHAEL  
(French)  
*I love you, too. Wife.*

#### **INT. EMPTY OFFICE BUILDING - 12TH FLOOR - MORNING**

Michael STANDS by a FLOOR TO CEILING WINDOW, looking out - piles of DRYWALL and construction TOOLS dot the large empty space...

REVEAL: Michael watches as A BLACK LIMOUSINE stops in front of the building across the street. AN OLDER MAN gets out, everything about him: POWER and CONFIDENCE. This man is GARLON VANCE (60s).

Behind Michael -- ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN - Jean-Luc and Finn exit.

JEAN-LUC  
*Let's kill the son of a bitch.*

Michael turns, almost smiles.

MICHAEL  
*I wish it were that easy.*

Jean-Luc gives Michael a hug.

JEAN-LUC  
(French)  
*She's strong and she's smart.*

Michael, TOUCHED, Jean-Luc releases him, peers out the window  
- sees VANCE.

JEAN-LUC (CONT'D)  
Who is that?

MICHAEL  
Garlon Vance.

JEAN-LUC  
He has the diamonds?

MICHAEL  
No. He has Elise.

Jean-Luc turns to Michael, eyes INCREDULOUS --

JEAN-LUC  
What are we waiting for?

MICHAEL  
I don't know where he has her or  
under what circumstances. I can't  
risk hitting him.

JEAN-LUC  
How do you know it's him?

MICHAEL  
Because he asked me to steal them  
years ago and when I refused he  
took it poorly.

JEAN-LUC  
He asked you to steal them?

MICHAEL  
It was before your time.

Michael steps to a CONSTRUCTION TABLE, unfolds a HAND DRAWN  
DIAGRAM - it's a CRUDE IMAGE of the FRENCH BLUE DIAMOND and  
ACCOMPANYING JEWELRY.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
The French Blues are the rarest set  
of diamonds in the world. My  
calculations puts it around twenty  
plus carats.

FINN

Twenty carats? Seems like a lot of trouble...

MICHAEL

It's not the weight. It's the cut and color - The Hope Diamond was cut from them. Fell into private collection and then disappeared.

(re: another diagram)

Three possibles, Vance included himself as a decoy. His network is as deep as it is vast - Elise could be anywhere. We have to get the stones.

JEAN-LUC

So, which of the other two?

MICHAEL

I'm working on it.

(beat)

Yesterday it was a fourteen million job, today it's nothing. I'll give you everything I have, the apartment, all my money. I need your help.

Jean-Luc takes a careful step forward, he can see the WEIGHT on his FRIEND.

JEAN-LUC

(French)

*Money? What the hell are you talking about? It's Elise. We'll do it. No questions.*

Michael, in so much as he can express gratitude, accepts that. Finn nods.

FINN

All in.

Jean-Luc lights a cigarette, shaking out the match. He keeps his eyes pinned on the Michael's hand drawn diagrams.

JEAN-LUC

We're gonna need a fourth.

The subtext is clear - Michael crosses his arms.

MICHAEL

If you're thinking Jude, forget it.

JEAN-LUC  
I wasn't thinking Jude.

Michael takes a long beat...

MICHAEL  
I don't want to misunderstand you--

JEAN-LUC  
Charlie.

A long beat as the men remain locked on each other - something flickers behind Michael's eyes, he buries it.

MICHAEL  
No.

JEAN-LUC  
He's the best option we have. He knows how you work and you're going to need a number two. You can trust him--

MICHAEL  
--Forget it, we'll do it with three.

FINN  
You guys want to fill me in?

Michael turns back to the window, Jean-Luc studies him, ignores Finn.

JEAN-LUC  
He'll do it.

MICHAEL  
You've spoken with him?

JEAN-LUC  
No, but I know him. So do you. And, we can't do this job with three. I don't even need to see the inside of any of these houses to know that. Two at the vault and there's no time to train either of us.

FINN  
Guys, hello?

Jean-Luc glances at Finn.

JEAN-LUC  
Charlie. Michael's brother.

FINN  
You have a brother?

Off that...

**INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING**

CHARLIE KITSON (30s), rakish good looks complimented by the always present twinkle in his eye, he smokes a cigarette in bed, sheets tossed about as he stares at the ceiling.

Next to him, face down, the THIN CURVE of a WOMAN'S BACK - she sleeps.

Charlie's cell phone vibrates - he glances at it, finally picking it up.

CHARLIE  
Yeah?

For a moment, silence, then...

MICHAEL (O.S.)  
Charlie. It's Michael.

Charlie sits up in bed, flicking his cigarette out the open window. The WOMAN moans a complaint, pulls the SHEET UP.

CHARLIE  
Jesus, Michael, how are you?

**INT. KITSON MOTORS - SHOWROOM - SAME**

INTERCUT

Michael sits at his desk - lights off, the showroom is closed.

MICHAEL  
I need your help.

**EXT. STREET - PARIS**

Michael sits in his SEDAN, waiting, his EYES LOCKED onto a FRONT ENTRANCE OF A LUXURY APARTMENT BUILDING - and then, GARLON VANCE exits, TWO BODYGUARDS - Russian, by their look.



Michael raises a SMALL DIGITAL CAMERA - snaps off several shots and then records VANCE and his men getting into a BLACK LIMOUSINE - Michael focuses on the LICENSE plate - snapping off a few shots before it pulls off...

**INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - DARK**

Elise, dirty, face swollen from crying, wakes to a BANGING - she orients herself:

The ROOM, small, concrete, two SLATS for LIGHT, the DOOR METAL. TWO MORE BANGS --

VOICE  
(French)  
*Face the wall.*

Elise tries to stand, falls, tries again - the BOLT IS THROWN, the DOOR OPENS HARD - someone is ON HER - PULLING A DARK BURLAP SACK OVER HER HEAD --

-- A CELL PHONE IS PRODUCED...

ELISE  
Please...

VOICE  
(French)  
*Shut it.*

The PERSON CHECKS the time, dials - HOLDS THE PHONE TO ELISE'S EAR - through the sack --

MICHAEL (O.S.)  
Elise?

Elise, HOLDING IT TOGETHER but BARELY --

ELISE  
You made fun of my apricot brandy.  
You told me a joke...about nuns and  
priests--

THE PHONE IS PULLED AWAY, the call terminated.

VOICE  
*Face the wall.*

She is SPUN to the wall, FOOD IS DROPPED ON THE GROUND - the SACK RIPPED OFF - the DOOR SLAMS SHUT - and then silence.

Elise breaks down --

**INT. MICHAEL'S SEDAN - MORNING**

Michael closes the phone, processes the sound of his wife's voice --

**EXT. CHARLES DE GAULLE AIRPORT - PARIS - MORNING**

-- He's at AIRPORT PARKING, he heads into the airport.

**INT. CHARLES DE GAULLE AIRPORT - PARIS**

Michael waits as PASSENGERS EXIT through CUSTOMS. CROWDS OF PEOPLE pass him, his eyes scan - and then a TAP --

-- He turns, CHARLIE smiles, leather jacket, jeans, unlit cigarette in his mouth.

CHARLIE  
Brother, been a long time.

MICHAEL  
Yes.  
(beat)  
You look good, Charlie.

Charlie hugs Michael, who finally hugs back - then pulls back.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Bags?

Charlie motions to AN OLD KNAPSACK on his shoulder.

CHARLIE  
Just this.

MICHAEL  
Come on...

**INT./ EXT - MICHAEL'S SEDAN - DRIVING**

Michael keeps his eyes on the road, Charlie pulls out a smoke -- lights up without asking.

Michael cracks his window...

CHARLIE  
You hear anything?

MICHAEL  
She calls every morning.

CHARLIE  
They let you talk to her?

MICHAEL  
Not exactly. You have any problem getting over?

CHARLIE  
Not at all. Easy peasey. You got any ideas who put you in this jam?

MICHAEL  
Turns out rich guys don't like the word "no." She's out there and I've made sure he doesn't hurt her, but I'm gonna have to deliver.

For a moment, they drive in silence.

CHARLIE  
Nine fucking years, man.

Michael doesn't comment.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
I see you're still the great communicator.

MICHAEL  
I got a lot on my mind.

CHARLIE  
Sure. You get the picture?

Michael nods.

MICHAEL  
You got my cards, right?

Charlie finishes his smoke. Michael hangs a left, Charlie's tries to gauge him...

CHARLIE  
Are we going to fucking talk about it or not?

Michael PULLS THE CAR over hard, screeches into a parking spot, tosses the gear shift into park - turns to Charlie.

MICHAEL  
I appreciate you helping me, I do.  
But, this isn't a family reunion.  
We're blood, that still means something to me.  
(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
But, I'm not the forgetting type.  
I only have one rule --

CHARLIE  
-- I did it for you --

MICHAEL  
-- And, you broke it in the worst possible way.  
(beat)  
I need your help, Charlie. I'm counting the people I can trust on one hand. They have my wife...do you understand? My wife.

CHARLIE  
Hey, I'm here.

MICHAEL  
You are, and I appreciate it. Maybe on the other side of this, we'll work out our shit. Until then, I need to know I can trust you.

Charlie fishes out another cigarette, Michael takes from him before he can light it. In another place, Charlie is an ALPHA, but not here.

CHARLIE  
Fine.

MICHAEL  
Say it.

CHARLIE  
(beat)  
You can trust me.

Michael hands the cigarette back.

MICHAEL  
You should quit.

Charlie lights it - exhales hard - tension streaming out with the smoke...

CHARLIE  
That a rule, too?

Michael drops the car into gear.

MICHAEL  
No. I just worry about you.

He pulls back into traffic...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
I got to run some errands, I'm  
gonna drop you with Jean-Luc.

Charlie says nothing, smokes his cigarette. Michael turns to look at him...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
I'm glad you're here, Charlie...

Off that --

**INT. POLICE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - PARIS - DAY**

Amidst the coffee mugs a full ashtrays - Philip Renlow works - the walls covered in MAPS and DATA regarding the HEIST.

Lenz enters, fresh coffee, lit cigarette in his mouth.

LENZ  
Marx says you got something. On  
the shooter?

RENLOW  
Not yet. But, take a look at  
this...

Renlow hands Lenz a document. Lenz scans it as Renlow takes his coffee.

LENZ  
Plates?

RENLOW  
Brand new, latest anti-  
counterfeiting technology. Bank  
didn't record it to the box because  
they were trying to contain it.  
Loose lips and all that.

LENZ  
Appears they didn't contain it  
enough. How many people knew?

Renlow shuffles some pages on the table.

RENLOW  
That's the interesting part, only a  
handful of high level banking  
execs.

(MORE)

RENLOW (CONT'D)  
(finds the document)  
Seven to be exact.

Lenz stabs out his cigarette.

LENZ  
Did you set up interviews?

RENLOW  
I was waiting for you.

LENZ  
That was polite.

RENLOW  
I am British.

Lenz smiles.

LENZ  
You want to surprise them, eh?  
You're going to make a lot of  
important people upset.

Renlow gathers his things, slips his WALLET into his jacket.

RENLOW  
You'd be surprised how fast my  
identification mollifies me against  
caring about that sort of thing.

Lenz follows him out.

LENZ  
British...

**EXT. PARIS LOCATION - DAY - FLASHBACK**

Michael walks counting his steps, he makes a mental note.

ELISE (O.C.)  
You said we were going to the  
market?

MICHAEL  
Forty seven...

Reveal Jean-Luc heading towards them.

JEAN-LUC  
Fifty six across, I count four man-  
holes.

Michael OPENS a TOURIST MAP - adds the DATA in the margin.

MICHAEL

Let's get some pictures.

At this, Elise perks up. Michael hands Jean-Luc his CAMERA.  
He POSES with Elise - Jean-Luc SNAPS AWAY.

ELISE

Do you find it odd?

MICHAEL

What's that, dear?

ELISE

That every photograph we have of  
each other, one of your jobs is  
behind it?

REVEAL: They are STANDING in front of LE BANC DE PALLION -  
the same bank Michael and crew robbed in the opening.

Michael smiles.

MICHAEL

Say fromage.

Jean-Luc snaps more, the BANK, the ENTRANCE, the TWO GUARDS,  
the MAN HOLE COVERS, the AREA...

**EXT. STREET BY PARK - WALKING - FLASHBACK**

Michael and Elise walk, holding hands. Jean-Luc smokes a  
cigarette.

ELISE

(French)

*When are you going to get a wife,  
Jean-Luc?*

MICHAEL

(French)

*He gets a lot of wives...*

ELISE

(French)

*I meant one of his own.*

JEAN-LUC

(French)

*I like being single. No one tells  
me what to do.*

ELISE  
I don't tell Michael what to do.

JEAN-LUC  
Not with words, no...

Elise laughs, playfully slaps Jean-Luc's arm.

ELISE  
How dare you...

Jean-Luc smiles, flicks his butt.

JEAN-LUC  
I gotta go to work.

MICHAEL  
You meeting Finn?

Jean-Luc nods.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Make sure he measures twice, I  
don't want him blowing up half of  
Paris.

JEAN-LUC  
Of course.

He kisses Elise on the cheek and with that, crosses the  
street and disappears down a subway stop.

ELISE  
We need to find him a woman.

MICHAEL  
No, we don't.

ELISE  
He'd be happier.

MICHAEL  
He's plenty happy.

They CROSS at a LIGHT...

ELISE  
How long to plan?

MICHAEL  
(beat)  
It will be a little over five  
months all in. Three to go...



ELISE  
Seems like a lot of work.

MICHAEL  
Rather do five months than five  
years.

Elise WINDOW SHOPS as they walk.

ELISE  
Look...

They STOP AT A TRAVEL AGENCY WINDOW - Elise scans the PHOTOS  
of CITIES. She points at ATHENS.

ELISE (CONT'D)  
Never been, you?

Michael shakes his head.

ELISE (CONT'D)  
We never had a proper honeymoon.

MICHAEL  
What about Rome?

ELISE  
You mean when you stole the  
Raphael?

MICHAEL  
It was a Caravaggio.

Michael kicks an invisible stone. Elise takes his hand.

ELISE  
Rome was lovely.

They walk off, hand in hand...

#### **INT. KITSON MOTORS - SHOWROOM**

Michael stares at a THE PICTURE of HIM AND ELISE by the BANK.  
He can hear CHARLIE LAUGHING in the other room with Jean-Luc  
and Finn. Michael grabs a water, heads back...

#### **INT. KITSON MOTORS - GARAGE**

Michael enters, closes the door to the showroom. Charlie and  
Jean-Luc have slipped right back into their old relationship.  
Finn regards them, an outsider.

MICHAEL  
Everyone caught up?

CHARLIE  
Son of a bitch hasn't aged a day.

JEAN-LUC  
(French)  
*French living. Women, real butter,  
wine.*

Finn laughs. Charlie smiles, not understanding.

CHARLIE  
Fucking French...

Michael pulls A HIDDEN CHAIN - releases the WALL OF TOOLS -  
he GENTLY SWINGS THE false wall aside --

REVEAL: COMPLICATED DIAGRAMS and BLOWN UP GOOGLE IMAGE  
PHOTOS of the three separate houses - each one with DATA  
written underneath.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Yow.

MICHAEL  
It's not as bad as it looks. The  
first one belongs to Vance. This  
other one belongs to Dr. Rene Bell,  
import export specializing in  
antiquities. He was a leading  
candidate until I found him in  
hospice. Cancer. That leaves --

He points at a LARGE TUDOR in the CENTER - FLAT GRASS IN ALL  
DIRECTION, long ASPHALT DRIVEWAY - GUARD GATE clear as day.

Michael reads out of a LEATHER BINDER...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
-- Sir Gregory Winston, British ex-  
pat now living in Lyon, made his  
money the old fashioned way, he  
stole it. Started out at MI-5 and  
went private, took his rolodex of  
bad guys and began trading them  
like baseball cards.

Jean-Luc takes in the board, the complexity of Michael's  
notes, all done in a short period of time.

JEAN-LUC  
How did you isolate it?

MICHAEL

In a second. Becker is getting me the real plans, but according to sat photos avail online, Sir Gregory's house sits in the center of five kilometers of grass and flat land. I don't need to see the specs on the house to know he's got infrared and sonar out in that field. No way we can come in anywhere but the road.

Charlie steps forwards, studying the long asphalt.

CHARLIE

Line of site looks like a thousand yards.

(beat)

How much you want to bet all the guards are rated for sharpshooting.

FINN

Speaking of guards, how many?

Michael makes a notation in HIS LEATHER BINDER.

MICHAEL

I'm going to find out, but it's at least six. Probably double for special occasions.

CHARLIE

How do you know this is the house?

Michael pulls A FRENCH NEWSPAPER, open to the SOCIAL PAGE.

MICHAEL

Because he's throwing a party.

REVEAL: Article about Sir Gregory Winston and his wife's anniversary party.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Just because he makes his money illegally doesn't mean he's not trying to be legit.

Jean-Luc examines the article.

JEAN-LUC

Son of a bitch.

FINN

What do you get for the lady who  
has everything?

MICHAEL

The French Blues are unique, there  
is only one set in the world. You  
don't obtain them unless you're  
planning on showing them. He's  
throwing a party for his wife, but  
the guest of honor will be the  
diamonds.

Everyone remains silent, waiting. Jean-Luc lights a  
cigarette.

JEAN-LUC

How hard is it to get invited to  
that party?

Michael turns back to the wall...

MICHAEL

It's going to be impossible.

**INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - DAY**

Elise, food barely touched, bangs on the thick door. She  
sees it's made of thick wood - something carved into it from  
long ago...

No one responds to her banging. She surveys the rest of the  
room - STONE walls, thin mattress on the floor - high window,  
out of her reach or view.

She HEARS FOOTSTEPS...

ELISE

(French)

*Hello? Is anyone there?*

Nothing. She examines the room again, listens INTENTLY. In  
the DISTANCE she can hear WATER, a river? She can't be sure.

She finally leans against the stone wall, begins humming a  
song...

**INT. HALL OUTSIDE ELISE'S DOOR - SAME**

A MAN, MASK pulled down, listens...

**EXT. BANK OF MUNICH - PARIS**

Michael LIMPS up the STAIRS as RENLOW and LENZ are EXITING - Renlow holds the door as Michael enters...

RENLOW  
(French)  
*Futball?*

Michael looks up, takes in Renlow - the tie, the suit, the expensive shoes...

MICHAEL  
(French)  
*Icy steps, it's a few years old.*

Michael enters, the door closing behind him -- Lenz lights up another cigarette.

RENLOW  
You realize you probably already  
have cancer.

LENZ  
Then no reason to quit, eh?

Renlow can't help but smile, his eyes looking back at the door.

RENLOW  
Let's get a list of Herr Becker's  
clients and see what we can see.

**INT. BECKER'S PRIVATE OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

The door CLICKS shut, Becker stands by a BUREAU, his back to Michael.

BECKER  
How's Elise?

MICHAEL  
Who was the cop?

Becker turns.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Interpol?

BECKER  
How did you know?

MICHAEL

He wasn't French. And his Huntsman suit was frayed by the lapel, I assume from pulling his badge out.

BECKER

He did seem rather fond of it. His name is Renlow, he was here about the thing from the other day.

MICHAEL

Yeah?

BECKER

Not to worry. It was a fishing expedition. And, it was expected.

Becker removes a THICK rolled SCHEMATIC from his bag. Both men approach his desk. Becker rolls it out as Michael pulls MEASURING TOOLS from his jacket.

REVEAL: It's a DIAGRAM from SIR WINSTON'S HOUSE.

MICHAEL

Where did you get them?

BECKER

They're real.

Michael scans the DIAGRAM.

MICHAEL

I see Sir Winston spares no expense. Looks like a Bradley.

Becker peers at the diagram.

BECKER

That's unfortunate.

Michael studies the rest of the layout, pays close attention to the kitchen.

BECKER (CONT'D)

How will you get in?

MICHAEL

I'm working on it. May I keep these?

Becker nods, Michael rolls the DIAGRAM.

Michael fishes out a THIN ENVELOPE from his jacket - hands it to Becker.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
I need you to get into this. Full  
work up, mainly the guys in his  
inner circle.

Becker opens the envelope, glances at the info -- PHOTOS OF  
GARLON VANCE, HIS TEAM, HIS SUV, LICENSE PLATE, ETC..

-- folds it and places it inside his jacket.

BECKER  
I'll have it in forty eight hours.

MICHAEL  
Use the drop. If Interpol is  
fishing, they might get lucky.  
Better if we don't do the face to  
face for a bit.

Michael turns to leave. Becker walks him to the door.

BECKER  
Will you be able to pull this off?

MICHAEL  
Do I have a choice?

Off that...

**EXT. BANK OF MUNICH - PARIS**

Michael hobbles down the steps, Jean-Luc and Charlie share a  
smoke at the car. Finn sits in the driver seat.

JEAN-LUC  
What'd we find out?

MICHAEL  
A Bradley.

CHARLIE  
Fucking hell, why not just swallow  
them?

Jean-Luc spits, Finn gets out of the car...

FINN  
What's a Bradley?

MICHAEL  
Bradley safe, each one individually  
cut - no plans, no design.

JEAN-LUC  
No way to know what we're dealing  
with until we see it.

CHARLIE  
And even then...

A pregnant beat.

MICHAEL  
We can't pack for a trip like this.

JEAN-LUC  
We could wait for them to be on  
display, he's gonna show them...

MICHAEL  
Too many people, lots of semi-  
automatics with the safeties off.  
Being afraid is part of the  
display.

CHARLIE  
For Elise...maybe it's worth it.

Michael gets suddenly irritated --

MICHAEL  
Worth it how? Pulling back to back  
life stretches? Guy's got a  
terabyte of pipeline running from  
his house you don't think he's  
streaming every square inch to  
several locations? Even if we shot  
our way out of there we wouldn't  
get to Belgium before our faces  
would be on every watchlist in six  
countries.

CHARLIE  
Jesus, man, relax...it was an idea.

MICHAEL  
That's not an idea, it's a death  
sentence. When you're a gun every  
solution is a bullet. The guy's  
British Intelligence, not some  
liquor store. Use your head. We  
can't cowboy our way in there.  
(beat)  
I gotta think. I'll meet you guys  
at the pub later.



Michael limps away, Jean-Luc and Charlie share a look. Charlie and Finn get into the car, Jean-Luc jogs after to Michael...

**EXT. STREETS - PARIS - VARIOUS**

Michael is easy to catch, Jean-Luc makes no effort to stop him, instead matching his stride.

JEAN-LUC  
(French)  
*I'll keep you company.*

Michael keeps moving.

JEAN-LUC (CONT'D)  
He doesn't know any better.

Michael shakes his head, incredulous.

MICHAEL  
Who are you talking to?--

JEAN-LUC  
--He's impulsive. And, with Jude gone, we need him.

Michael studies the PEOPLE as they pass him - he spots a BAKED GOODS SHOP, lets his eyes stay on it for a beat...

MICHAEL  
I'm not mad at him. Charlie is who he is...I don't expect anything from him. When it counts, he'll be there, I know...

JEAN-LUC  
Then what? The Bradley? We've dealt with worse.

MICHAEL  
No, we haven't. Not with so much to lose. Two weeks to plan a job I wouldn't take if I had a year.

JEAN-LUC  
You're going to get your wife back. You have my word.

Michael stops at a corner, waits for traffic.

MICHAEL  
 (French)  
 Appreciate that, Jean-Luc.  
 (English)  
 I'll see you at the pub at nine.

Jean-Luc nods, heads off.

**INT. LE TRAIN BLEU AT GARE DE LYON TRAIN STATION - NIGHT -  
 FLASHBACK**

Perhaps the most refined restaurant in PARIS, Le Train Bleu was built for the 1900 World's Fair and still contains the elegance of the time --

-- Large beveled MIRRORS and HUGE WINDOWS frame the room, the VIEW OF THE TRAIN STATION, lit for the night, give the evening a MAGICAL FEELING.

Elise, GORGEOUS in her SIMPLE WEDDING DRESS, lights the room with her smile.

JEAN-LUC (O.C.)  
 (French)  
*You are a lucky man.*

Michael, several steps away, elegant in his BLACK TUXEDO, perfectly at home in a bow tie, sips his CHAMPAGNE and watches his NEW WIFE work the room.

MICHAEL  
 Yes. The luckiest, I think.

Jean-Luc, also in a tuxedo and ever present CIGARETTE, holds a ROCKS GLASS.

JEAN-LUC  
 So you told her...everything?

MICHAEL  
 Yes.

JEAN-LUC  
 And she stayed?

MICHAEL  
 You see her there, right?

Jean-Luc chuckles, Jude and Finn approach. A FEW OTHER BLACK TIE GUESTS offer their CONGRATULATIONS as they pass. Michael, all smiles...

JUDE

We should rob this place, there  
must be ten bottles of Romanee-  
Conti behind the bar.

Michael chuckles.

JUDE (CONT'D)

What? They're worth like twenty  
thousand Euro a piece.

Jean-Luc stabs out his cigarette into an ashtray.

JEAN-LUC

What do you say, Michael, want to  
take down a quick score before  
Rome?

MICHAEL

I was already planning on skipping  
on the check, so...

Finn raises his glass.

FINN

To Michael and Elise...not sure who  
stole whose heart, but I'm glad for  
both of you.

JEAN-LUC

I thought the Irish were supposed  
to be poetic?

Michael raises his glass, the men do the same.

MICHAEL

Fellas, couldn't imagine it without  
you. Cheers.

They drink.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Where are we with the uniforms?

JEAN-LUC

Done, they'll be waiting for us at  
the hotel.

MICHAEL

Double check the route when you get  
there, I'm worried about timing.  
Six blocks from St. Peters the  
police tend to --

JEAN-LUC  
-- Michael, it's your wedding.  
Forget it, we work tomorrow.

Michael sets his glass down, sees Elise motioning for him.

MICHAEL  
Thanks.

Michael, happy as he's ever been, goes to his wife.

JUDE  
And so it begins...

**INT. LE TRAIN BLEU - MAKE SHIFT DANCE FLOOR**

Michael and Elise dance, unaware of the fifty BLACK TIE GUESTS watching them. Elise keeps her eyes locked on her husband.

ELISE  
This is too much...

MICHAEL  
Now you tell me.

She hugs him as they dance.

ELISE  
I know it's too much to ask that it  
always be like this...

MICHAEL  
Be like what?

ELISE  
Safe. With you...

Michael kisses her cheek, holds her...

MICHAEL  
I won't let you go.

ELISE  
(French)  
*I love you.*

MICHAEL  
(French)  
*I love you, too. Wife.*

She kisses him as the GUESTS APPLAUD - lights FLASH AS WE --

**INT. KITSON TOWNHOUSE - BASEMENT**

Michael's PRIVATE work area - the SOLID STEEL DOOR is AJAR - letting AIR in...Michael dials a LAND LINE...

MICHAEL

Hey, it's Michael...yes, thank  
you...thought maybe I'd come visit.

(long beat)

Then I guess you know how important  
it is...tomorrow, and I'm bringing  
a guest. Don't get your hopes up.

He hangs up.

We SEE: MAPS AND DATA covers the WALL - a FEW AREAS  
HIGHLIGHTED IN BELGIUM - the NEIGHBORING COUNTRIES also  
present.

A LARGE X through the U.K.

Michael MACHINES something, a LONG CHROME TUBE, FIVE  
CENTIMETERS in DIAMETER - he BRUSHES an END, blowing the dust  
away - checks to see if a THIN METAL ROD will fit inside -  
the MEASUREMENT is EXACT.

He sets it down next to THREE MORE. Picks up his LEATHER  
BINDER, makes a NOTATION - we SEE MICHAEL'S NOTES for the  
first time, written in SOME SORT OF CODE.

Michael turns to STARE AT THE WALL, he studies the map.  
Stands, runs his fingers over various locations. Finally,  
settling in LYON, represented by a SMALL PHOTO of SIR  
WINSTON.

He sets those thoughts aside, checks on an EPOXY he's been  
mixing - it's the color of WET SAND. He uses a ROD to test  
it's THICKNESS. It's too SOUPY, he rechecks his calculations  
and begins mixing a NEW BATCH...

**INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION**

Elise opens her eyes, GLASSY AND RED, she rolls over, there's  
FRESH FOOD - a HUNK OF CHEESE, some BREAD. She picks up the  
bread, eats it.

She PICKS UP THE CHEESE block, removes a TORN PIECE OF  
WRAPPER - EXAMINES IT, as she BITES THE CHEESE.

**INT. FRENCH PUB - NIGHT**

Charlie, Jean-Luc and Finn are all drinking when Michael arrives. He walks right to Charlie.

MICHAEL  
Sorry about today. As you can  
imagine--

CHARLIE  
-- Forget it, forget it. You love  
her. I shouldn't open my big mouth  
before thinking.

Michael hugs CHARLIE - Charlie surprised, HUGS HIM BACK.  
Jean-Luc takes it all in.

JEAN-LUC  
(French)  
*Two Americans hugging in a French  
bar...*

Finn laughs. Michael releases Charlie, slapping his back,  
pulls a HAND WRITTEN NOTE from his pocket - hands it to Jean-  
Luc who reads it.

JEAN-LUC (CONT'D)  
I'll have it by the weekend. What  
are you going to do?

MICHAEL  
Charlie and I are taking a trip.  
Make sure you get him to the Orly  
at nine.

Jean-Luc, surprised...

CHARLIE  
Where we going?

MICHAEL  
Dublin.

Finn perks up.

FINN  
Really?

JEAN-LUC  
Bad call, Michael.

MICHAEL  
I don't have a choice.

CHARLIE

Dublin?

MICHAEL

I'm sure Jean-Luc will fill you in.  
Don't stay out too late tonight.  
Nine am, see you tomorrow.

With that, Michael exits. Jean-Luc studies him as he leaves, his face darkening...

**EXT. AIR FIELD - MORNING**

A PRIVATE PLANE SITS, stairs down. Michael, alone, EAR BUDS IN, LISTENING to something...

ELISE

(recorded)

You made a joke, your friends  
laughed...but I didn't. I asked  
you where you were from --

\*CLICK\* the call cuts off - Michael taps his phone, the recorded call replays...

ELISE (CONT'D)

(recorded)

You made a joke, your friends  
laughed...but I didn't. I asked  
you where you were from --

Jean-Luc's BLACK BMW pulls up, Charlie gets out with Jean-Luc. Michael waves Charlie to the plane, Jean-Luc approaches.

JEAN-LUC

Let's find another way.

MICHAEL

This is no other way and we need  
what he knows.

JEAN-LUC

O'Shea is a liar, a thief and a  
killer.

MICHAEL

And what are we?

Michael heads to the plane. Charlie catches up to him.

CHARLIE  
This O'Shea, I'm getting the idea  
Jean-Luc ain't a fan.

Michael glances back, Jean-Luc looking the other way,  
smoking.

MICHAEL  
O'Shea and Jean-Luc were partners,  
back in the old days...

CHARLIE  
So?

MICHAEL  
O'Shea accused Jean-Luc of ripping  
him off, they had a...disagreement.  
(beat)  
Jean-Luc shot him.

CHARLIE  
And you still work with him?

MICHAEL  
It was before my time.

Michael gets in the plane. Charlie looks to Jean-Luc who is  
finishing a smoke. He flicks the butt and heads back to his  
car.

**INT. POLICE STATION - LOBBY THROUGH TO CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Renlow picks up Lenz as he's adding SUGAR to his morning  
coffee.

RENLOW  
I brought you one.

Reveal: Renlow carrying two coffees.

LENZ  
I take it a certain way.

Renlow tosses it in the trash.

RENLOW  
Got the banker's list.

LENZ  
And?



RENLOW

Usual boring rich guys, a Saudi prince, heiress to something or other...and one used car salesman.

Beat.

LENZ

You have a thing about teasing out information, anyone ever told you that?

RENLOW

Michael Kitson, American Ex-Pat, runs a car dealership if you can believe it. Kitson Motors.

LENZ

And...

RENLOW

Sells American muscle cars, my favorite to be honest. Only thing Americans do truly well, besides blowing things up.

LENZ

So, Becker has a client who's American, so what?

RENLOW

Kitson has a record.

Renlow hands Lenz a file, Lenz scans it...

LENZ

It says here it was expunged.

RENLOW

Membership has its privileges. I wouldn't even have found it except I did a cross check for family and discovered it through his brother.

Another beat...Lenz rolls his eyes, waves his hand.

RENLOW (CONT'D)

Charlie Kitson, lives in New York, arrested nine years ago, assault with intent, security guard, gold depository.

Lenz stops, finishes reading the file.

LENZ

Doesn't say anything about a robbery here.

Renlow produces a COMPUTER PRINT OUT from the NEW YORK TIMES. The headline: DIAMOND HEIST DISRUPTED BY OFF-DUTY GUARD.

RENLOW

That's because they didn't get to rob it. Guard forgot his lunch pail. You have to love that, four million dollars in bullion saved by an empty box. Anyway, he surprised them, everyone scattered but not before the guard got a look at Michael Kitson. He files a report, three days later he gets his face kicked in by Charlie Kitson. Recants the whole thing. Michael's indictment expunged, Charlie gets charged, does a week in the pen and the security guard disappears.

Lenz sets down his coffee, lights a cigarette - Renlow DRAMATICALLY OPENS A WINDOW begins waving air in...

LENZ

Pretty thin. Young guy makes a mistake, moves to Paris to start over, runs a respectable auto dealership, pays our outrageous taxes on time, even says here he's married.

Renlow flips the file, points. Lenz reads --

LENZ (CONT'D)

Left his tools behind, so...  
(then)  
Oh.

RENLOW

That's right. Hand made drill bit, signature stuff. Recognize the signature?

Lenz PULLS A PHOTO of the LARGE DRILL BIT, PINS IT to a PUNCH BOARD. Takes a PHOTO FROM THE BANK OF PALLION, places it next to the OLD PHOTO - THEY'RE THE SAME DRILL BIT.

LENZ

(French)  
*Jesus Christ.*

RENLOW  
Want to see dessert?

Renlow holds up his SMART PHONE - Lenz looks at the picture -  
a STILL FROM AN AIRPORT SECURITY CAMERA - IT'S CHARLIE.

RENLOW (CONT'D)  
Charlie's in Paris.

**INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN**

SEVERAL COPS are GATHERED -- Renlow stands in front --

RENLOW  
Round the clock surveillance on  
everything he does, who he talks to  
and who they talk to--

FRENCH CHIEF  
(French)  
*And who is paying for this?*

RENLOW  
(French)  
*INTERPOL will cover all overtime  
and additional expenses.*  
(English)  
Soon as we locate the brother we  
run the same set up on him. These  
jobs are complicated and I've  
already IDed several more he might  
have had a hand in - I expect it  
will be a tight crew, probably no  
more than four. We need them all,  
they won't all be as smart as him.

A FRENCH POLICEMAN raises his hand, Renlow nods.

FRENCH POLICEMAN  
(French)  
Says here the wife works at a  
retirement home?

RENLOW  
Yes, let's get a body on her as  
well. No way he's been doing this  
for this long without her consent.  
Wives make good wedges, trust me.

A FEW CHUCKLES --

RENLOW (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, everyone regards the Parisian Police as some of the best in the world. Michael Kitson has been living here for eight years stealing what he wants, when he wants. That makes him smart and pragmatic. He makes us, he'll be gone. Let's be invisible. That's it.

The ROOM breaks up. Lenz catches Renlow as he's packing up his presentation.

LENZ

Best in the world?

RENLOW

Sometimes you have to see them for who they want to be.

**EXT. TEMPLE BAR REGION - DUBLIN - DAY**

Amidst the COBBLESTONE streets and 18th century houses, Michael and Charlie get out of an AUDI A8, Michael driving.

Michael heads for an OLD WOODEN DOOR -- Charlie right behind...Michael PRESSES a BUZZER - the BOX CLICKS --

VOICE

Yes?

MICHAEL

It's me.

The DOOR BUZZES --

**INT. DUBLIN HOUSE - SAME**

If the outside is 18th century, the INSIDE IS 22nd. Smooth concrete floors, glass partitions - and RAMPS instead of stairs...everything white and pristine.

CHARLIE

O'Shea into roller blading?

At that, DOUGLAS O'SHEA (50s) rolls out in his WHEELCHAIR. Even though he's older, his HAIR BLACK AS NIGHT, SLICKED and trimmed.

Michael walks right to him, hand out - O'Shea takes it.

MICHAEL  
Good to see you.

O'SHEA  
Where's the marksman?

MICHAEL  
In Paris.

O'Shea looks to Charlie.

O'SHEA  
And whose this?

Michael steps back.

MICHAEL  
My brother, Charlie.

At this, O'Shea smiles -- rolls close to Charlie for a closer look.

O'SHEA  
He's better looking than you,  
Michael. Keep your eye on him.

Charlie smiles...

CHARLIE  
I've heard a lot about you.

O'SHEA  
Oh, I doubt that.

O'Shea spins his chair, faces Michael.

O'SHEA (CONT'D)  
No time for chit chat, I assume.  
Follow me...

He ROLLS down a LONG RAMP - the men follow...

**INT. O'SHEA HOUSE - COMPUTER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

After everyone is inside...

O'SHEA  
Michael, close the door, would ya?

Michael does - the CLOSED DOOR FORMS A SEAL and all the  
COMPUTERS COME TO LIFE --

-- Michael takes in the room, the clean lines, nothing wasted. Walks to a GLASS TABLE, low to the ground for O'Shea.

CHARLIE  
Nice set up.

O'SHEA  
Cell and radio blocker, nothing  
getting in or out. Let's see it.

Michael rolls out the DIAGRAM of SIR WINSTON'S HOUSE --  
O'Shea studies it...

O'SHEA (CONT'D)  
Where did you get these?

Michael doesn't answer. O'Shea points to the LAND, examines  
the LINES leading back to the house.

O'SHEA (CONT'D)  
He lit the lawn.

CHARLIE  
Meaning what?

O'SHEA  
By the looks of the it I'd say he's  
got it wired every three feet or  
so. Means unless you can do the  
geal-ruith you're taking a  
different way in.

CHARLIE  
Geal-ruith?

MICHAEL  
We're going in a different way.

O'SHEA  
How?

Michael ignores the question, points to the KITCHEN.

MICHAEL  
What can you tell me about this?

O'SHEA  
It's a kitchen, I assume for  
cooking.

Michael points more directly...

MICHAEL

The box underneath it, three meters south. The Bradley.

O'Shea takes a closer look, pulls back LOCKING EYES with MICHAEL. Opens a drawer, removes a SMALL MAGNIFYING GLASS, PRESSES it over the spot.

O'SHEA

Sonofabitch, a Bradley. When was the house built?

MICHAEL

Oh-five.

O'SHEA

Any work since?

MICHAEL

Not that I can find. It's in France, Lyon.

O'SHEA

Who owns it?

MICHAEL

I'd rather not say.

O'SHEA

All you have is a year? That's not giving me much.

MICHAEL

He's British.

O'Shea types, the computer hums...

O'SHEA

Sir Gregory Winston.

CHARLIE

Jesus, how did you do that?

O'Shea chortles.

O'SHEA

Kiddo, when you spend all day in a chair, you find ways to amuse yourself. The data is out there, all of it. Trust me.

(to Michael)

(MORE)

O'SHEA (CONT'D)  
 Winston was MI-5, means he's  
 think's he's royalty and that makes  
 him a snob. Means he'd use someone  
 he knows...and it will be someone  
 from the Ilse.

O'Shea spins back, takes another look at the BLANK SPOT on  
 the diagram.

O'SHEA (CONT'D)  
 Thomas Kaide. Works out of  
 Kensington, did a Bradley about  
 this size for Astin of Astin  
 Martin. I imagine with a bit of  
 digging you can place him in Lyon  
 around the time of construction.

Michael MAKES NOTATIONS IN HIS LEATHER NOTEBOOK.

MICHAEL  
 Kaide...you're sure?

O'SHEA  
 You do your thing, I do mine...

MICHAEL  
 Where do I find him?

Beat.

O'SHEA  
 Tennyson Cemetery, plot G 54. Died  
 of lung cancer two years ago.

Michael let's that sit, his mind processing. Charlie,  
 clearly dejected...

CHARLIE  
 This keeps getting better and  
 better.

O'Shea leans back, takes in Charlie.

O'SHEA  
 Cheer up, dear boy. It's not the  
 end of the rainbow. Safe builders  
 are artists...

Michael locks eyes with O'Shea...

MICHAEL  
 When you master oils, you don't  
 switch to watercolor.



CHARLIE  
Fellas, I don't mind saying, I  
don't know what the hell you're  
talking about. Do we have a way  
through the Bradley or don't we?

O'Shea smiles...

MICHAEL  
You knew him? Kaide?

O'SHEA  
Not particularly...but I knew his  
work. In detail.

For a moment, nothing but the humming of the computers.  
O'Shea gives Michael an amused look.

MICHAEL  
-- How much?

O'Shea's eyes flicker to Charlie. Michael opens the DOOR -  
the COMPUTERS ALL SHUT off...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Charlie, you mind?

Charlie gets it.

CHARLIE  
Sure, was gonna have a smoke  
anyway.

O'SHEA  
Take it outside, if you please. A  
minute of pleasure leaves me a  
day's worth of smell.

Charlie exits, Michael pulls the door closed...

**INT. DUBLIN HOUSE - FROM COMPUTER ROOM TO FRONT DOOR**

Charlie LIGHTS his CIGARETTE in the house, exhaling SMOKE as  
he does...he drops the extinguished match on the floor,  
exits...

**INT. COMPUTER ROOM - SAME**

O'Shea looks to Michael.

O'SHEA  
So, the Bradley.

MICHAEL  
The Bradley...

**EXT. O'SHEA'S HOME - DUBLIN - LATER**

Michael finds Charlie smoking, leaning against the Audi.

CHARLIE  
I can see why Jean-Luc shot him.  
(beat)  
How much the cripple bastard  
charging us?

MICHAEL  
Ten points --

Charlie whistles...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
It was worth it, trust me.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Quarter plate, titanium skin  
wrapping half a meter stainless  
spikes. Six, possibly eight.

CHARLIE  
Timed?

Michael nods.

MICHAEL  
If previous work holds up, multiple  
cell and hard lines - but, no heat  
sensor.

CHARLIE  
Means we can work hot.

MICHAEL  
And fast.

CHARLIE  
Great, let's get started.

MICHAEL  
I gotta work solo for a bit, half  
the supplies need to be collected  
by hand.

CHARLIE  
Let's use the G-5.

MICHAEL  
Can't. Flight plans, airfields,  
security personal...might as well  
leave bread crumbs.  
(beat)  
And, we have no time to spread it  
out.

Michael tosses Charlie the keys.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
The jet will take you back. I'll  
fly commercial. I've got a few  
passports, I can keep it  
interesting. I'll phone if I get  
in a jam. Jean-Luc will have a few  
things to do, he'll need your help.

Michael's already walking.

CHARLIE  
When are you getting back?

MICHAEL  
When I get back...

Off that...

**INT. POLICE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM**

Renlow stares out the window at the CITYSCAPE - his mind  
chews something...Lenz and a FRENCH DETECTIVE (HANNAH NOEN,  
30) enter.

LENZ  
Philip?

Renlow turns, charm turning on for Hannah...

RENLOW  
Yes?

LENZ  
Detective Noen, go ahead.

HANNAH  
I paid a visit to the wife's job,  
acting as a concerned daughter  
looking for a home for my dad.

Renlow smiles warmly...

RENLOW

Clever.

Lenz rolls his eyes. Hannah continues...

HANNAH

Told them I'd heard good things about the staff, particularly Mrs. Kitson. I asked to meet her. Turns out she hasn't been around for a few days. One of the nurses confided that her husband even came by looking for her...

Renlow stops smiling--

RENLOW

Looking for her, as in she left him?

HANNAH

It was girl talk, but the nurse said he was very concerned. And, according to her, this is not a guy who gets concerned.

Off Renlow considering....

#### **INT. PUB - DUBLIN**

The late day PUB crowd thin -- Michael works in a corner, DARK STOUT parked on his table - SMALL EURO MAP open in front of him - he works without taking notes.

ELISE (V.O.)

...I didn't laugh. You complained about the food. I thought you were rude, but cute...

-- Michael folds the map, puts it in his pocket --

#### **INT. MEN'S ROOM - LATE DAY**

Michael changes clothes in the stall -- stuffs the dirty clothes into his PACK - reviews VARIOUS PASSPORTS - settles on a GERMAN ONE --

#### **INT. DUBLIN AIRPORT - LUFTHANSA DESK**

Michael steps to the counter - presents his passport --

MICHAEL  
 (German)  
*Six fifteen have any seats?*

The GERMAN DESK CLERK types --

DESK CLERK  
 (German)  
*Yes, Mr. Franks. Returning?*

Michael hands SEVERAL HUNDRED EURO --

**INT. LUFTHANSA AIRLINE - FLYING - EVENING**

Michael, EAR BUDS IN - listens to ELISE'S VOICE - the small bits of her voice comforting --

He WRITES A LIST in his LEATHER BINDER --

**EXT. EAST BERLIN - MORNING**

Michael jumps off a CITY BUS, walks a short distance -

ELISE (V.O.)  
 ...It was already late, I was  
 tired, but you were persistent.  
 Your friends disappeared...it  
 seemed like it was just you and  
 I...

He PASSES SHUTTERED STORE FRONTS, garbage litters the street  
 matched only by the unreadable graffiti on the walls--

**INT. HEIFLER METALS - DAY**

Michael enters on a BELL - the VERY OLD SHOP, every square in  
 covered in METAL PARTS and JUNK - barely any room to find the  
 counter.

IVAN HEIFLER, 27, ARMS COVERED in TATOOS, EARRINGS, SILVER  
 SPIKE through one EYEBROW --

IVAN  
 (German)  
*You lost?*

Michael takes Ivan in -

MICHAEL  
 (German)  
*Looking for Jan.*

IVAN  
American?

Michael nods. Ivan switches to fluent English, with almost no accent...

IVAN (CONT'D)  
He's dead.

MICHAEL  
I'm sorry to hear that.

For a moment, Michael considers his options.

IVAN  
Something I can help you with?

MICHAEL  
Maybe, I have a welding question.  
Specifically burn ratios on a Denzo  
welding rod.

IVAN  
What's the metal?

Michael opens his LEATHER BINDER, spins it so Ivan can see.  
Ivan takes a long look.

MICHAEL  
Titanium alloy.

IVAN  
Vault?

MICHAEL  
Does that matter?

IVAN  
Plates can run thick, but usually  
nothing behind it, you get weld  
drips in there might seal up a gear  
head, makes the vault hard to open.

Michael shifts, uncomfortable. Ivan notices.

IVAN (CONT'D)  
It's a family business.  
(then)  
I wouldn't use the Denzos for this.

MICHAEL  
I need a fast burn.

IVAN  
How fast?

MICHAEL  
Hundred and twenty seconds.

Ivan lets up a low whistle.

IVAN  
You're talking twelve hundred  
degrees, maybe more. Hope there's  
no paper inside.

Michael says nothing, waits --

IVAN (CONT'D)  
How many you need?

MICHAEL  
Three, plus a backup.

IVAN  
When?

Michael takes a beat.

MICHAEL  
Five days.

Ivan closes the binder, hands it back.

IVAN  
I'm going to have to make them by  
hand. Ten thousand a piece.

MICHAEL  
Send the account number here,  
you'll have the money in twenty  
four hours. Ship them to the  
address on the back. Discretion is  
appreciated.

IVAN  
Like I said, it's a family  
business.

Michael stuffs the LEATHER BINDER INTO HIS JACKET, exits as  
the BELL RINGS above the door--

**INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT - RAINING - FLASHBACK**

Michael enters quietly, Elise sits in the living room, glass of wine and a cigarette. Michael leans against the door-frame.

MICHAEL  
I figured you'd be gone.

Elise nods. He looks down, sees HER SUITCASE.

ELISE  
You said you had something to ask me.

Michael shifts, water puddling up on the floor by his feet.

ELISE (CONT'D)  
Well?

MICHAEL  
It can wait.

ELISE  
Can it?

Michael sets his things down, approaches her cautiously, sits across from her.

MICHAEL  
It wasn't fair to lie to you and I apologize. It's not the kind of thing you print business cards for.

Elise stabs out her cigarette.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
I've never told anyone before --

Elise looks up at him.

ELISE  
-- That you're a thief?

MICHAEL  
I don't have any sort of jail yard philosophy about it and I'm not Robin Hood. It's a job...and I'm very good at it.

ELISE  
What happens if you get arrested --



MICHAEL

-- I won't.

ELISE

Or shot. Maybe you can outsmart the police but you can't outsmart a bullet.

MICHAEL

(beat)

I can.

For a moment, the only noise is the rain.

ELISE

I don't know what hurts me more, that you lied to me or that you didn't trust me.

MICHAEL

Elise...

ELISE

You made an assumption about me, that I wouldn't love you...that I would leave you. It makes me feel like you don't know my heart.

MICHAEL

I told you because I am in love with you. I told you because *I trust you*.

Elise gets that, softens a bit at hearing it.

ELISE

What was the question?

MICHAEL

It can wait. Really.

ELISE

Michael, ask me the question...

Michael exhales slowly, reaches into his jacket and produces a small velvet box - he slides off the chair onto one knee. Elise covers her mouth - afraid she might scream...

MICHAEL

I wanted to know if you would do me the honor of being my wife.

He opens the box - a VINTAGE RING, CARAT and A HALF, nothing flashy but QUITE BEAUTIFUL. Elise stares at it for a long time.

ELISE

Yes.

She falls into his arms, KNOCKING HIM OVER, KISSING HIM --

**INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER - FLASHBACK**

Wrapped up in the SHEETS, Elise rests her head on Michael's chest, she admires the ring now on her finger.

Michael strokes her hair, his eyes on the rain splattering the window pane.

ELISE

It's a beautiful ring.

A long beat.

MICHAEL

It's not stolen.

They both laugh. She KISSES HIM - holds his face.

ELISE

No more secrets, okay?

Michael nods. Elise puts her head back on his chest.

MICHAEL

You're going to be okay with this?

ELISE

My mother would have preferred a doctor, but...yeah, I will be okay with it. As long as you don't lie to me about it...I don't want to be married to a spook.

Michael slides her off and reaches for a GLASS OF WATER, drinking. He leans up on the headboard...

ELISE (CONT'D)

Is there something else?

MICHAEL

Yes. If we're going to do this. If you're going to know who I am and what I do, and people are going to know you're my wife...

Michael takes a moment, trying to find the correct way to phrase it...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Because of what I do, there is a chance, however small, that someone might use you to get me.

(bear)

Someone might take you, do you understand?

Beat.

ELISE

Yes.

MICHAEL

Good. Then we're going to need a story.

ELISE

A story?

MICHAEL

Yes, a story you can tell me...so I can come find you.

Off that...

#### **INT. AIRLINE - BOARDING - NIGHT**

Michael, in FIRST CLASS, LEATHER BINDER open - we now understand the MAPS - he's trying to find ELISE -

Key words are written - APRICOTS, NUNS & PRIESTS and then "MONASTERY?" circled -- the word ALONE, EMPTY and the "DANCING?"

-- SIX hour circumference from Paris makes for a lot of choices --

#### **INT. AIRLINE - EXITING**

Michael gathers his things, the PA ANNOUNCEMENT welcomes the passengers to PARIS.

#### **INT. CHARLES DE GALLE AIRPORT - CUSTOMS**

Michael, HAT PULLED down, keeps himself a bit turned from the various cameras -- gets to his AGENT.

FRENCH CUSTOMS  
 (French)  
*Passport?*

Michael hands him his FRENCH PASSPORT - the Customs Officer runs it, hands it back.

FRENCH CUSTOMS (CONT'D)  
 (French)  
*You mind stepping over there, sir.*

MICHAEL  
 (French)  
*Problem?*

FRENCH CUSTOMS  
 (French)  
*Step to the side, sir.*

Michael, exhausted, collects his passport, heads TO WAITING CUSTOMS AGENTS.

**INT. PARIS HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Lenz, having just been awoken himself an hour earlier, raps on a door - he HAS TWO UNIFORMS WITH HIM.

He RAPS AGAIN, hears RUSTLING, then -- RENLOW, boxer shorts and a T-shirt.

RENLOW  
 Yes?

LENZ  
 Sorry about the hour, Philip.  
 Something happened. We need you at the airport.

Renlow rubs his eyes. Lenz remains standing...

RENLOW  
 What is it?

LENZ  
 Tell Detective Noen her presence is not required.

Renlow shifts his head, we SEE A WOMAN'S LEGS on the bed. Off that --

LENZ (CONT'D)  
 I'll wait for you downstairs. Soon as you can.

INT. AIRPORT CUSTOMS - VIEWING ROOM

Renlow studies MICHAEL through the TWO WAY MIRROR --

INT. AIRPORT CUSTOMS - INTERROGATION

Michael sits, resting heart rate very low - lets his mind drift - he's aware he's being watched.

INT. AIRPORT CUSTOMS - VIEWING ROOM

Lenz hands Renlow MICHAEL'S LEATHER BINDER -- Renlow flips through it...

RENLOW

My God.

LENZ

We had his name flagged, we're holding him while we check his naturalization papers. We've only got a few more minutes before he realizes--

RENLOW

He knows right now. Look at him, I've never been that relaxed in my life.

Renlow turns to the BINDER --

RENLOW (CONT'D)

Rudimentary code, probably for public writing. This is definitely a vault door, man sized - small shop, maybe even a home.

(then)

Maps too, all hand drawn, he's got a six hour radius from Paris.

LENZ

Maybe he's scouting.

RENLOW

You don't go looking for a door like that - besides, he has three locations pinpointed.

LENZ

How can you tell?

RENLOW  
The code is simple, it's the  
Freemason's cypher. We studied it  
in school.

LENZ  
He's a freemason?

Renlow watches as Lenz places a cigarette in his mouth.

RENLOW  
Do you mind? I don't want to have  
to shower again today.

Lenz considers, puts the cigarette away.

RENLOW (CONT'D)  
What'd you have on the brother?

Lenz hands Renlow NEW DIGITAL PHOTOS, Charlie, Jean-Luc and  
Finn heading into LE DOUX MAISON--

LENZ  
Yesterday morning. We sent a team  
in after, manager was roughed up  
but no one else.

RENLOW  
Who are the other two?

LENZ  
I'm on it, nothing so far.

RENLOW  
Anything taken?

LENZ  
No one would talk.

RENLOW  
Put a pin in it.  
(back to leather binder)  
Have we copied this?

LENZ  
Yes.

Renlow hands THE BINDER to Lenz.

RENLOW  
Then let him go.

Renlow exits.

**INT. KITSON TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT**

Michael drops his bag, grabs a bottle of wine -- a TAP at his door --

He opens it, Jean-Luc enters.

MICHAEL  
Where's Charlie?

JEAN-LUC  
Left him at the hotel a couple  
hours ago.

MICHAEL  
You get the stuff.

JEAN-LUC  
Yes, it's under the bench.

MICHAEL  
How many?

JEAN-LUC  
Four, like you asked. I left the  
measurements, too.

Michael nods, uncorks the wine, pours Jean-Luc a small glass,  
one for himself.

JEAN-LUC (CONT'D)  
You were gone a couple of days.  
Any problems?

MICHAEL  
Not at all. Lot to put together in  
a short time.

JEAN-LUC  
Can we do it?

Michael drinks.

MICHAEL  
Yes. Still working out the exit.  
The others ready?

JEAN-LUC  
Finn would follow you into the  
fires of hell.

MICHAEL  
Let's hope that doesn't happen.  
Charlie?

CHARLIE  
He's ready.

MICHAEL  
Anything else?

Jean-Luc finishes his wine.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Two days. We meet at the  
warehouse. Have Finn get the van  
as late as he can...

Michael opens the door, Jean-Luc passes...

JEAN-LUC  
It's almost over.

Off that...

**INT. KITSON TOWNHOUSE - WORK ROOM - LATER**

Michael pulls the door shut, sealing the room - he FLIPS ON MONITORS, SECURITY CAMERAS around his TOWNHOUSE come to life - he KEEPS HIS EYE ON A BROWN SEDAN parked three cars down off his front door.

Michael pulls on LATEX GLOVES, CAREFULLY opens HIS BAG, letting the LEATHER BINDER SLIDE OUT, with OTHER BOOKS and MAGAZINES - onto his clean work table.

He STARES AT IT for a LONG TIME, his mind turning it over.

DIGS under his table, PULLS OUT A METALLIC FLASHLIGHT - SHUTS off the overhead and flips on the flashlight --

-- A BLUE BEAM, he RUNS IT OVER THE BOOKS - it's DIRTY WITH FINGERPRINTS, they can be clearly seen.

-- Michael shifts the LEATHER BINDER to the front - SLOWLY RUNS THE LIGHT UP AND DOWN , nothing --

-- FLIPS IT OVER and DOES the SAME, and at the EDGE he sees it - NOT A SINGLE PRINT -- it's been WIPED --

**INT/EXT. BROWN SEDAN - IN FRONT KITSON TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT**

Renlow and Lenz sit.

LENZ  
What do you think he's doing?



RENLOW  
If he's smart, he's burning  
everything in his house which might  
tie him to the job.

Lenz looks at the townhouse--

LENZ  
And why are we sitting out here?

RENLOW  
Because we're smart, too. We can  
arrest him but all that's going to  
get us is intent, maybe. We know  
who he is and what he is. Soon as  
we figure out the target, we're  
gonna know where he's going to be  
at the exact moment he's taking the  
score.

LENZ  
What's to stop him from walking  
away?

RENLOW  
That's what we're here to find out.

LENZ  
You can tell all that from reading  
his Masonic code?

RENLOW  
No, I can tell all that from the  
fact that he doesn't need the money  
and he still does it. His bank  
records show wealth, in the last  
eight years he hasn't had so much  
as a parking ticket.

(beat)  
And, if he did the bank job a week  
ago and is already setting on  
another one, then he's doing it for  
a reason. And I think I know what  
it is...

A long beat as Lenz examines Renlow, then:

LENZ  
I'm just gonna wait this time for  
you to tell me, I don't want to  
seem over eager.

RENLOW  
The missing wife.

Lenz sips is coffee.

LENZ

You already slept with Hannah, you don't need to support that theory anymore.

Renlow doesn't take his eyes on Michael's townhouse.

RENLOW

Completely unrelated, but noted. This fellow's life is textbook perfect, he's been pulling scores for at least nine years, probably longer and his wife decides to leave him a week ago?

LENZ

Just because your wife is in the dark doesn't mean Kitson's was.

Renlow turns, locks eyes with Lenz.

LENZ (CONT'D)

You're not the only detective in the car, Philip.

RENLOW

(shifting)

We set up on the German banker?

LENZ

Yes, everything but the computer. Couldn't get a warrant.

Renlow nods.

RENLOW

Then we wait...

**INT. KITSON TOWNHOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING**

Michael, dressed for the day, hair wet from showering, he sips his coffee, waits...

**INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - SAME**

Elise, the OPPOSITE in every way - hasn't seen a shower in over a week, underfed, exhausted - she stands, facing the wall - a SACK PULLED over her head, handed a phone -- she hears it ringing --

**INT. KITSON TOWNHOUSE - SAME**

Michael stares at the vibrating phone, finally picks it up.

ELISE (O.S.)  
Michael?

Michael hears RUSTLING - then, MUFFLED TALKING in FRENCH.

MICHAEL  
Elise? Baby?

ELISE (O.S.)  
-- You kept saying fromage because  
you thought it was a funny word.  
You made me laugh, Michael. I  
think that's the reason why I  
married --

The call cuts. Michael holds the phone a moment, closes it slowly. Opens the LEATHER BINDER, flips to a page and makes a note --

**EXT. KITSON TOWNHOUSE**

Renlow and Lenz watch as Michael exits his house and walks (still using his cane) towards a METRO STOP.

RENLOW  
Looks like we do this on foot.

Renlow gets out, Lenz slides over.

RENLOW (CONT'D)  
Keep your cell on, I'll call if I  
get anything...

Renlow moves off towards the same Metro.

**INT. METRO STOP - MOMENTS LATER**

Michael waits for the train. Renlow comes down the stairs, NEWS HERALD under his arm, he picks a spot, reads until the train comes.

Moments later, the TRAIN ARRIVES - Michael boards, Renlow boards a different car --

**INT. METRO CAR - MOVING**

Michael sits, rubs his knee --

-- Through the GLASS, Renlow stands, still "reading."

**INT. DIFFERENT MRTRO STOP - LATER**

Michael moves SLOWLY UP the stairs, people PASS --

-- Renlow, FORCED TO PASS or be seen, does so, splitting off to the right of the LARGE UNDERGROUND STOP --

**INT. METRO STOP - PLAZA - MOMENTS LATER**

Crowded with HUNDREDS of PEOPLE, Michael limps towards an EXIT - Renlow purchases a CANDY BAR, follows - the CROWD crossing in front - Michael coming and going from Renlow's VIEW --

**EXT. METRO STOP - MOMENTS LATER**

Renlow pops up to the street, head on a SWIVEL, no Michael anywhere. He SCANS, sees a CAB PULL OFF, makes a judgement call - moves after it --

**INT. METRO STOP - BOTTOM OF STAIRS - SAME**

Michael watches RENLOW head away, he turns back to the SUBWAY, NOT LIMPING AT ALL...

**EXT. BANK OF MUNICH - PARIS - MORNING**

Jurgen Becker gets out of a BLACK CAR, morning paper folded under his arm --

-- TWO PHONE UTILITY MEN work a STREET BOX, they bullshit to each other, but WEAR SMALL LISTENING DEVICES in their EARS --

Becker, oblivious, dials his PHONE as he walks to the entrance - GETS BUMPED by a SHABBILY DRESSED MAN --

SHABBY MAN  
(French)  
Sorry...

He keeps walking, Becker shakes his head in disgust, enters the bank -

**INT. BANK OF MUNICH - PARIS - LOBBY**

The MOMENT HE'S INSIDE the empty lobby, he looks to his HAND to what Michael placed in it...

Reveal: SMALL NOTE which reads: YOU'RE GREENLIT.  
Underneath it, A SIM CARD.

Becker walks straight to his office, his ASSISTANT takes his jacket --

**EXT. BANK OF MUNICH - PARIS - SAME**

Michael (the SHABBILY DRESSED MAN) walks right past the TWO DETECTIVES acting as UTILITY MEN --

-- They DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION to him as he PASSES...

**INT. BECKER'S PRIVATE OFFICE**

Becker closes the door, walks right to his desk, opens a PRIVATE SAFE --

-- Removes THREE CELL PHONES, all BRAND NEW, POPS the SIM card into the PHONE, DIALS --

**EXT. ALLEY - PARIS**

Michael drops the DIRTY CLOTHES into a DUMPSTER as he PASSES - he now wears what we saw him in earlier...HIS CELL BUZZES - he holds it to his ear as he walks.

INTERCUT

MICHAEL

Don't speak, assume your office is bugged, your computer, your phones, everything. I don't know how they got onto me, but if they have me, they have you. Keep this phone on you at all times, the SIM is clean. Job falls as planned, I don't have a choice. Anyone calls this number going forward you answer it Le Doux Maison and you vouch for whatever you are asked.

(beat)

I'll check the drop at midnight tonight for the Vance data.

(beat)

It's almost over.

Michael hangs up, removes the SIM, SPLITS IT IN HALF - toss it in TWO DIFFERENT trash cans as he PULLS OUT HIS CANE and STARTS LIMPING...

**EXT. KITSON TOWNHOUSE - ROOFTOP DECK - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

Michael has gone all out, CANDLES around the deck, speakers SOFTLY PLAYING music - Paris, CITY OF LIGHTS, framing the evening --

The meal, finished, Michael pours Elise ANOTHER GLASS OF WINE.

ELISE

You do realize I've been drinking this since I was nine...so if your plan is to get me drunk...

Michael pours himself a refill.

MICHAEL

I'm not big on re-corking bottles.

Elise sips her wine...

ELISE

An American in Paris.

MICHAEL

Sort of a cliché, I know.

ELISE

You cook like a native. Where did you say you were from?

MICHAEL

Boston, originally. But, really all over the east coast.

Elise studies Michael over her wine.

ELISE

Does pretending to be mysterious usually work for you?

Michael keeps her gaze.

MICHAEL

So far.

ELISE

Do you miss home?

MICHAEL  
This is home now.

ELISE  
No "Mrs. Mysterious" back on the  
east coast?

Michael laughs...

MICHAEL  
No. Just a brother somewhere. We  
don't keep in touch.

ELISE  
What's his name?

MICHAEL  
Charlie.

For a moment, the sip their wine in silence.

ELISE  
It's getting late, isn't it?

Michael doesn't reply...he keeps his eyes on Elise. She  
looks around at the dinner...

ELISE (CONT'D)  
Can I help you with this?

MICHAEL  
I'll take care of it.

They stand, an awkward moment, Michael offers his hand - they  
walk to the ROOF TOP DOOR --

**BY DOOR - FLASHBACK**

Michael pulls the HANDLE - it DOESN'T MOVE - he YANKS IT  
AGAIN --

ELISE  
Clever, lock us on the roof, keep  
me longer.

MICHAEL  
Much as I'd like you to stay  
longer, this isn't the way I'd do  
it.

Michael looks around, looks at Elise.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
May I?

He REMOVES ONE OF HER HAIR BARRETTES - her hair falls a bit, she actually looks better, more relaxed...

Michael bends over to address the lock.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
You should wear it like that.  
Frames your face nicely...

She UNCONSCIOUSLY touches her hair, watches as Michael use the BARRETTE, THREE QUICK adjustments inside the LOCK - OPENS THE DOOR.

He hands the barrette back, she holds his hand - a LONG MOMENT - he LEANS FORWARD, KISSES ELISE.

She KISSES HIM BACK, HARDER, more URGENT --

**INT. KITSON TOWNHOUSE - WORK ROOM - LNIGHT**

The VANCE FILE from BECKER, OPEN on MICHAEL'S WORK STATION --

-- IMAGES of VANCE, ADDRESSES, PHOTOS OF HIS HOUSE, CAR -- a PHOTO OF VANCE with his WIFE AND YOUNG SON.

-- HIS BODYGUARDS - TIGHT SHOTS of the HARDWARE they CARRY.

Michael WORKS on A BADGE - carefully DESIGNING and INKING IT -  
- SEALS THE BADGE with a SMALL PASSPORT PHOTO of himself --

REVEAL - an INTERPOL ID with the name HARRY LIME.

-- Michael UNROLLS the PACKAGE FROM BERLIN - FOUR LONG DARK RODS, GROOVED at one end --

-- HE SLIDES them into CHROME TUBES, PLACES A PIN to HOLD THEM on both sides --

-- PLACES the FOUR CHROME TUBES off to one side --

**INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT**

Elise, eyes open, waits -- THE DOOR UNBOLTS, FOOD is SLID IN, DOOR PULLED SHUT, BOLT THROWN -

Elise gathers herself, gets the food - PEELS THE SMALL PLASTIC PIECE of WRAPPER OFF THE CHEESE, carefully carries it to her "bed" --

-- She LIFTS THE MATTRESS, slides out a TORN PIECE OF BEDDING.



REVEAL: Elise has been collecting the BITS OF WRAPPING from the CHEESE, she's been piecing it together. She places the piece next to the others, HANDS SHAKING --

-- the WRAPPER ASSEMBLES to REVEAL: FRENDALE'S GROCERY

**INT. KITSON MOTORS - GARAGE - NIGHT**

LIGHTS OFF --

Michael PULLS out the BAGS from LE DOUX, reads a handwritten LIST OF NUMBERS...gathers it all and loads it into his RUNNING SEDAN located OUTSIDE THE OPEN BAY DOOR --

-- Goes back in GARAGE - opens a TRUNK, PLACES A LARGE VELVET BOX inside, slides it back, UNDER PAPERS --

-- Closes the trunk, replaces it under the work bench --

-- Shuts the bay door on his way out...

**INT. SEDAN - STREET - PARIS - MORNING**

Michael sits, his PLAIN SEDAN (never seen before) on a TREE LINED STREET - the VANCE FILE open on the passenger seat.

He holds his PHONE - it VIBRATES, he accepts the call --

ELISE (V.O.)  
...I'm not s..s..sorry, Michael,  
that I met you that night. You are  
my best...friend...

The CALL CUTS -- Michael sets the phone down, makes a note in his binder --

-- WATCHES as a BLACK MERCEDES PULLS into a DRIVEWAY --

-- Michael GLANCES at the FILE - PULLS THE CIGARETTE LIGHTER, gets out of his car and HEADS TOWARDS THE HOUSE --

**INT./ EXT. SEDAN - KITSON TOWNHOUSE - MORNING**

Renlow waits in his car, Lenz gets in with TWO COFFEES.

RENLOW  
Just got here, he's been in all  
morning.

LENZ

Nothing on his phones, nothing from  
my people on his showroom.

**EXT. KITSON TOWNHOUSE - BACKYARD**

Michael WALKS the TALL BRICK WALL in his NEIGHBOR'S YARD - he  
keeps to the THICK VINE - OPENS an obscure door which lets  
him into a THIN BACK alley behind his home -

-- Invisible from the street on all sides, he is easily able  
to enter the basement of his house --

**INT. KITSON TOWNHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Michael peers out the KITCHEN WINDOW, sees a PLAIN SEDAN,  
PLACES a NEW SIM card into a phone, dials.

BECKER (V.O.)

Le Doux Maison?

MICHAEL

It's me. Do me a favor and double  
check the Winston address, use your  
landline...do you understand?

BECKER (V.O.)

(beat)

You're sure?

MICHAEL

Yes.

Michael cuts the connection - removes the SIM, drops it into  
his garbage disposal - GRINDS IT --

**INT. BECKER'S PRIVATE OFFICE**

Jurgen places the phone back into his jacket, picks up his  
regular line - dials.

BECKER

(German)

Good morning, remember that buyer I  
called you about? He's interested  
but is concerned the --

(English)

Of course my apologies. The  
interested party for that real  
estate transaction? Sir Winston's  
estate in Lyon, correct.

(MORE)

BECKER (CONT'D)  
He was wondering if the plans had  
been altered? Could you double  
check for me. Thank you.

Jurgen hangs up. Stares at the phone for a beat.

**INT. KITSON TOWNHOUSE - WORK ROOM**

A LAPTOP - HARDWIRED to a COMPLICATED FIREWALL/SCRAMBLER -  
search engine page open (in FRENCH) - list of RESULTS - the  
word "fromage" prominent among them...

Michael SEWS, by hand, pulling THREAD THROUGH a WHITE JACKET.

His eyes never leave his WALL MAP, the FOCUS now FRANCE and  
BELGIUM --

-- Finishes the SEWING -- his eyes ZEROING in on a SPECIFIC  
LOCATION --

**INT. KITSON TOWNHOUSE - DAY**

Michael GATHERS EVERYTHING HE NEEDS - ALL LOADED into a LARGE  
CANVAS BAG --

-- He GRABS A PICTURE OF ELISE from the MANTEL, gives it a  
look and TOSSES it in as well.

-- Picks up ANOTHER PICTURE, it's OLDER - MICHAEL & CHARLIE,  
10 years ago - BOTH SMILING AND HAPPY, he stares at it for a  
LONG TIME - sets it back on the mantel...

-- AS HE ZIPS THE BAG we see - STACKS AND STACKS of SHRINK  
WRAPPED EUROS under the TOOLS --

-- Michael slips out the back door, one last look around --

**EXT. KITSON TOWNHOUSE - BACKYARD**

Back out THROUGH THE obscured door to the NEIGHBORS YARD -  
across to another WALL, this time up and over...

**EXT. DOWN THE STREET FROM KITSON TOWNHOUSE**

The STONE ALLEY for garbage cans and utility poles - Michael  
PLACES THE CANVAS BAG in the TRUNK of his waiting plain  
sedan.

OVER A BLOCK away, the PLAIN SEDAN sits, Michael doesn't even  
GLANCE at it --

-- Gets in and pulls away --

**INT. SEDAN - STREET IN FRONT OF KITSON TOWNHOUSE**

Renlow looks at his watch, back at the house. Lenz sips his coffee...

Renlow opens his door, exiting--

LENZ  
Be patient.

RENLOW  
He hasn't so much as made a peep in  
twenty hours.

Renlow exits, Lenz shakes his head, gets out --

**EXT. KITSON TOWNHOUSE**

Renlow RAPS on the front door - no response. He PULLS HIS BADGE -- Lenz notices.

RENLOW  
You smell that?

LENZ  
Smell what?

RENLOW  
Smells like smoke? Better make  
sure Mr. Kitson is okay --

Renlow kicks the door jam, it SPLINTERS open -- Renlow steps back...

RENLOW (CONT'D)  
Interpol are not allowed to carry,  
as you well know.

Lenz pulls his WEAPON, enters first --

**INT. KITSON TOWNHOUSE**

Lenz and Renlow look around, no one there --

**INT. KITSON TOWNHOUSE - KITCHEN**

Empty, food still in the refrigerator, fruit in a bowl.

**INT. KITSON TOWNHOUSE - LIVING ROOM**

Nothing out of place --

**INT. KITSON TOWNHOUSE - BASEMENT - WORK ROOM**

Renlow pokes his head around, sees the LARGE STEEL DOOR, unbolts it, YANKS IT OPEN --

-- Completely BARE, some DIRTY TOOLS - all of MICHAEL'S WORK is gone. Renlow takes a quick glance, sees nothing suspicious, exits --

He heads up the stairs - missing the FURNACE, bits of PAPER STILL BURNING inside of it --

**INT. KITSON TOWNHOUSE - KITCHEN**

Lenz grabs an apple, bites into it. Renlow enters.

RENLOW  
He's not here.

LENZ  
I'd be surprised if he was ever here.

Lenz cell CHIRPS - he picks it up --

LENZ (CONT'D)  
(French)  
Lenz...when? Gather the staff, canvas the area, he couldn't have gotten far.  
(beat)  
It's probably nothing, I'll check it out.

RENLOW  
What?

LENZ  
They lost the brother. He went into the cafe rest room and never came out.

Renlow looks around the house, puts it together...SLAMS THE KITCHEN TABLE --

RENLOW  
They're going...it's happening today.

LENZ

My guy on the German banker's phone  
said he made a strange call.  
Something about housing plans for a  
Sir Winston? Mean anything to you?

Renlow processes it.

RENLOW

Let's go find out.

Off that...

**INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY**

The WHITE LE DOUX MAISON VAN, back open --

Jean-Luc and Finn PULL CATERING TABLES APART - UNSCREW the  
LEGS - MICHAEL loads FOOD (uncooked) into the SIDE DOOR --

-- Jean-Luc LOADS the last of the catering tabless --

-- Finn replaces the PHONE NUMBER on the SIDE OF THE VAN --

-- Michael tosses them their UNIFORMS from the LE DOUX bag.

-- Everyone undresses, pulls on the new clothes --

-- Jean-Luc and Finn, finish --

-- Charlie's JACKET is too small -- sleeves are a bit short -

CHARLIE

Hey, Mom, we got a problem.

Michael comes over, checks the JACKET, gives it a gentle  
YANK, pulls the back - HIS HAND BRUSHES UP AGAINST SOMETHING.

Michael steps back.

MICHAEL

What the fuck, Charlie?

Jean-Luc recognizes the tone, steps out of the van. Charlie,  
all smiles.

CHARLIE

Take it easy, Michael. We're a  
long way from the reservation on  
this one.

MICHAEL

We had a deal.

CHARLIE  
My deal includes not going to jail.

MICHAEL  
Give it to me.

Charlie steps back, pulls his JACKET OFF - the GUN TUCKED into the back of his pants.

CHARLIE  
No. I'm not taking any chances.

MICHAEL  
Are you out of your mind? You're gonna bring a gun into a house where I personally guarantee you will be frisked, probably more than once?

CHARLIE  
I've talked my way out of worse.  
Hell, I could probably get through airport security with--

MICHAEL  
We're not going through airport security - you aren't gonna miss your flight if these guys catch you with that. You're gonna get us all killed.  
(never taking his eyes off Charlie)  
How much time you done working with me, Jean-Luc?

JEAN-LUC  
None.

MICHAEL  
Finn?

FINN  
Never.

Charlie stands, defiant.

CHARLIE  
You willing to risk never seeing your wife again if it's between the diamonds and a bullet?

MICHAEL

These guys carry the big iron - and  
they're not going to stop to check  
the rest of us before they shoot.  
We'll be sitting ducks.

Charlie doesn't like it, but he's seeing Michael's point of  
view.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I'm not going to hang my brother  
and two best friends out if the  
heat comes down. I'll take it, all  
of it. She would understand,  
believe me.

(beat)

You need to trust me.

For a long moment, no one says anything, Charlie pulls the  
gun, flips it and hands it butt first to Michael.

CHARLIE

I better be able to.

Michael walks to his jacket, tosses it to Charlie.

MICHAEL

You were wearing my jacket, that  
one is yours.

Charlie pulls it on, perfect fit.

CHARLIE

Let's get this over...

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

The LE DOUX VAN PULLS INTO TRAFFIC and heads towards the  
FREEWAY --

**INT. BECKER'S PRIVATE OFFICE**

Renlow and Lenz (with TWO UNIFORMS) burst into Becker's  
office--

-- Becker stands, TWO CLIENTS in his sitting area.

BECKER

Gentlemen?

His assistant behind Renlow, her face pleading...



RENLOW  
Time to go, Herr Becker.

BECKER  
Go where?

OTHER AGENTS SWEEP IN, the assistant ushers out the CLIENTS - Becker's computer, effects are taken - Renlow CUFFS him.

RENLOW  
Let's talk somewhere more appropriate.

**INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION**

Becker sits, looking BEMUSED by his surroundings - Renlow sits in front of him, FILE open. Lenz stands, unlit cigarette in his mouth.

Becker smiles at him.

BECKER  
Feel free to smoke, Captain. It won't bother me.

Lenz puts the cigarette away.

RENLOW  
How long have you been working with Michael Kitson?

BECKER  
Almost eight years.

RENLOW  
And what do you do for him?

BECKER  
Handle his business accounts, mostly. Some checking. I got him a rate on his mortgage --

RENLOW  
Mr. Becker, we know who Michael Kitson is.

BECKER  
Who is he?

Renlow shifts gears.

RENLOW  
Which client was interested in Sir  
Winston's home in Lyon?

Becker smiles pleasantly.

RENLOW (CONT'D)  
Mr. Becker you realize terrorism  
laws have made my job quite a bit  
easier.

BECKER  
I would have thought terrorism  
would have made everyone's job  
quite a bit harder.

Renlow shuffles paper, pulls ONE --

RENLOW  
International banking oversight, in  
particular. Recognize this?

He slides the document to Becker, he glances at it.

BECKER  
Looks like a bank transaction?

RENLOW  
One point two million euro into  
your account and then dispersed  
three ways into numbered accounts.

BECKER  
It is a bank, after all.

RENLOW  
You approved these transactions,  
the day after the Bank of Pallion  
was robbed.

BECKER  
I assure you I approved hundreds of  
transactions that day, I am bank  
manager. Half of them I don't even  
see. I'd be happy to investigate  
further if you think a crime has  
been committed.

RENLOW  
Which one of your clients asked  
about the Winston house in Lyon?

BECKER

If you are as well versed in international banking law as you pretend, you know I am not going to answer that. I will tell you it was not Mr. Kitson, if that will expedite things...

RENLOW

Maybe we'll send a few men to his house just to let him know he has an interested buyer.

Becker shrugs -- Off Renlow's frustration --

**EXT. ROAD TO SIR WINSTON'S - DAY**

The Le Doux Van pulls up to the GUARD STAND at the OUTER RIM of Sir Gregory Winston's Summer home...

Michael rolls the window down, hands over paperwork - the CHEERLESS GUARD takes it, another GUARD walks the VAN, using a mirror to see underneath it --

GATE GUARD

(French)

Open it.

Michael gets out, walks to the back, OPENS the REAR of the VAN -

**BY REAR OF VAN**

CATERING TABLES STACKED neatly to one side, some STERNO CANS and HOLDERS - FOOD, NEATLY STACKED IN CARTS --

-- The Guard looks it over --

GATE GUARD (CONT'D)

(French)

Close it.

Michael does as he's told. Comes around the front of the van.

Michael gets back in front.

MICHAEL

(French)

All good?

The Gate Guard says nothing, GETS a PHONE from the Guard Stand, reads the number on the VAN under the restaurant name - dials --

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
(French)  
We're a few minutes late, he's  
gonna know we fudged the time card,  
can you give us a break --

The Gate Guard's look tells Michael to SHUT UP -

# **INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION**

Becker sits, same pleasant smile on his face...Lenz finally lights his cigarette. Renlow leans in --

RENLOW  
You know, once I go all in, I'm  
going all in. I'll get into your  
personal finances, your wife's,  
anyone you've ever met. I'll be  
like a tick and it will be  
unpleasant for you.

BECKER  
More unpleasant than this?

Renlow smiles, he knows he's not going to crack Becker today.

RENLOW  
Okay, Mr. Becker, do me a favor and  
turn in your passport on your way  
out. Hate to have you leave --

Becker's CELL PHONE CHIRPS. Renlow pauses, Becker makes no effort to answer it.

RENLOW (CONT'D)  
Go ahead.

BECKER  
I'm sure they'll call back.

It chirps again--

# **EXT. GUARD STAND - SAME**

The Gate Guard hangs up.

GATE GAURD  
(French)  
No one answered. You have another  
number?

Michael smiles, shakes his head.

MICHAEL  
(French)  
Probably not open yet.

The Gate Guard re-dials --

**INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION**

Becker's PHONE CHIRPS again - Renlow studies him.

RENLOW  
Answer it. Please.

Becker pulls the phone from his jacket, holds it to his ear.

BECKER  
(French)  
Yes?

Listens.

BECKER (CONT'D)  
(French)  
Le Doux Maison, yes. Four.  
Correct. Thank you.

He replaces the phone.

BECKER (CONT'D)  
Confirming a dinner reservation.

Lenz opens the door, Becker walks out. Lenz waits as Renlow gathers his things.

RENLOW  
Might as well pay a visit to Sir  
Winston, find out if he's holding  
anything someone might want to  
steal.

Renlow passes Lenz --

RENLOW (CONT'D)  
You eat yet? We can grab something  
on the way...

LENZ

Le Doux?

RENLOW

I think that might be a bit pricey  
for road food, but --

Lenz puts his hand on Renlow's arm.

LENZ

Le Doux...Charlie Kitson, remember?  
They were there a few days ago,  
gave the manager a tune-up?

Renlow's EYES GO WIDE - he dashes out of the Interrogation  
room --

**INT. POLICE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM**

-- Renlow SHUFFLES PAPERS on the conference table, Lenz and A  
DETECTIVE COME in behind him --

LENZ

What are you looking for?

Renlow shuffles, finds a NEWSPAPER --

RENLOW

This.

He opens it, two pages in - folds it, holds it up --

RENLOW (CONT'D)

Sir Winston is throwing a party for  
his wife today. Want to bet whose  
doing the catering?

Lenz turns to the Detective -

LENZ

(French)

Get Sir Winston on the phone, tell  
him to detain--

RENLOW

No!

Lenz turns.

RENLOW (CONT'D)

He has to do the job.

LENZ  
Have you lost your mind?

RENLOW  
Until he does the job, we don't  
have anything. How far is Lyon?

LENZ  
By helicopter? Twenty five  
minutes.

Renlow grabs his PHONE --

RENLOW  
Call the Lyon police, tell them to  
call everyone in and be ready to  
move on a dime. I'm going to call  
INTERPOL and get us some air cover  
for the raid?

LENZ  
Air cover?

RENLOW  
Winston was MI-5, I'm not taking  
any chances on this one...

Off that --

**INT. SIR GREGORY WINSTON'S HOUSE - SERVANT ENTRANCE**

Michael first, carrying a TRAY OF CHICKEN - the service  
entrance has a METAL DETECTOR wrapped around it -- it goes  
off.

Michael holds up the METAL TRAY, the GUARD LIFTS THE LID -  
RAW CHICKEN in SAUCE -- The GUARD WAVES HIM THROUGH -

Jean-Luc and Finn carry tables, Charlie carries MORE FOOD. A  
GUARD STANDS at the door, observes...all WEAR VISIBLE EAR  
PIECES...

Charlie MAKES A TURN -

GUARD  
(French)  
That's the closet.

Charlie turns toward the GUARD, holding food - unsure.

GUARD (CONT'D)  
(French)  
Are you stupid, it's the other  
side.

Charlie turns back towards the closet, the GUARD STEPS  
TOWARDS HIM --

Jean-Luc steps past-

JEAN-LUC  
(French)  
Excuse me, sorry.

GUARD  
(French)  
Your friend doesn't listen very  
well.

JEAN-LUC  
(French)  
That's because he's deaf.

Jean-Luc motions for Charlie to follow him, he does. The  
Guard retakes his post.

**INT. KITCHEN - SAME**

Jean-Luc walks through, voice low as he passes Michael --

JEAN-LUC  
Charlie is deaf.

Michael turns to Charlie - motions with his hands - Charlie  
sets the food down on a nearby counter -- turns to see if the  
GUARD is FOLLOWING, quick shake of his head.

Michael presses his mic --

MICHAEL  
(French)  
We're going to set up fast in the  
kitchen. Jean-Luc can use you in  
the dining room.

**EXT. SIR GREGORY WINSTON'S HOUSE**

Finn, listening, heads off towards the dining area --



**INT. KITSON TOWNHOUSE**

Michael and Jean-Luc work fast, pulling LEGS off the bottom of the CATERING TABLE, Michael removes the pin - one of the WELDING RODS SLIDES OUT --

Jean-Luc reattaches the leg as Michael turns to the second one --

**INT. DINING ROOM - SAME**

Finn, moves CHAIRS, sets up the heating dishes - begins placing STERNO CANS - one of them, a SMALL RED DASH on the lid, he places it off to the side...

**INT. HELICOPTER - FLYING**

Renlow sits in front with the pilot, Lenz in back - they speak over their headsets.

RENLOW

Did you get the Captain?

LENZ

He's ready when you are. I didn't tell him why, just said we were going to need everyone he had.

Renlow scans the MAP --

RENLOW

No evidence of their presence until I give the word.

**INT. SIR GREGORY WINSTON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN**

Michael COOKS - the kitchen, restaurant big, gives Michael lots of room to spread out - Charlie hands him raw food, prepares CHICKEN CUTLETS --

-- Sir Winston walks through, Michael turns, gives a quick nod.

SIR WINSTON

Everything okay?

MICHAEL

(French accent)

Very good, sir.

SIR WINSTON  
It's an important evening. No mistakes.

MICHAEL  
(French accent)  
No, sir. No mistakes.

Michael turns back to the various working POTS and PANS. Sir Winston walks out...

The MOMENT HE'S GONE - Michael OPENS THE DUMBWAITER - the FOUR RODS and ONE OF THE COOKING POTS, COVERED -- Michael nods at CHARLIE -

-- Charlie crawls inside, Michael closes the door - hits the button, the small elevator drops slowly --

#### **INT. DINING ROOM**

Jean-Luc, table set, heating plates and sternos lit, he places the finishing touches on the table -- Finn unfolds chairs --

They work quietly. Two CLICKS on the radio, Finn heads to the kitchen --

#### **INT. KITCHEN**

Michael waiting by the empty dumb waiter - Finn hands him the RED STERNO, reaches under his shirt and PULLS TWO SETS OF BLACK GOGGLES -- hands them as well.

Michael crawls in the DUMB WAITER - Finn sends him down.

Moments later, Sir WINSTON enters the kitchen again -

SIR WINSTON  
Where's the chef?

FINN  
(French accent)  
At the truck, getting fresh basil,  
something I can do?

Sir Winston, pats his pockets.

SIR WINSTON  
I need a drink.

Finn smiles, holds out his arm -

FINN  
(French accent)  
Then you've found your man, right  
this way, sir.

Off that --

**INT. SIR GREGORY WINSTON'S HOUSE - BASEMENT**

Michael gets out, hands a SET OF GOGGLES to CHARLIE --  
Charlie carries the rods, they turn a corner and there is THE  
BRADLEY --

-- The VAULT DOOR is impressive, REFLECTIVE CHROME, TINTED  
GOLD, LARGE WHEEL at the center - DIGITAL KEYPAD on the FACE.

When they talk, it's in low tones.

CHARLIE  
Keypad and a combination lock?

MICHAEL  
The wheel is for show, the digital  
keypad controls the bolts.

The "COOKING POT" now open - HOLDS VARIOUS TOOLS FOR THE JOB.

Michael moves very quickly, addresses the Bradley, using a  
DIGITAL MEASURING TOOL, he PULLS the distance he needs, makes  
a MARK - pulls to another spot, makes another MARK and  
finally a THIRD spot.

Charlie POPS the STERNO - they LIBERALLY APPLY A BROWN PASTE  
to the base of each WELDING ROD -

Michael PULLS HIS GOGGLES DOWN - holds the ROD - CHARLIE  
(goggles on) uses a hand-held PROPANE GUN, IGNITES THE FIRST  
WELDING ROD - MICHAEL LEANS FORWARD, PRESSING THE FIERY ROD  
into the first SPOT -

IT BURNS RED as it ENTERS THE VAULT DOOR - LIQUID METAL  
RUNNING DOWN the vault door -

**INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME**

Finn hands Sir Winston his drink from a STANDING BAR - Jean-  
Luc finishes setting the dining room --

-- GUARDS move about the space.

**INT. BY VAULT DOOR - SAME**

The THIRD WELDING BAR BURNS through the door -- the TWO OTHER HOLES still RED HOT --

Michael PUSHES THROUGH, when the ROD is BARELY LONG enough to HOLD, he pulls back, sets the SCORCHING ROD on the CONCRETE FLOOR --

-- Michael NODS to CHARLIE, using INDUSTRIAL OVEN MITTS - CHARLIE SPINS the WHEEL, the DOOR UNSEALS - HE PULLS and it SLOWLY OPENS - SOME BLACK SMOKE WAFTS OUT --

Michael waves the SMOKE AWAY - pushes the VAULT DOOR WIDE (we SEE THE SCORCHED HOLES on this side as well - clean through --

MICHAEL  
(into walkie mic)  
We're in - two minutes.

Charlie PULLS A FLASHLIGHT from his KIT - they ENTER the SMALL VAULT ROOM --

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

Finn and Jean-Luc heard the call - exchange brief glances, Jean-Luc heads into the kitchen, MOMENTS LATER he CARRIES out a TRAY OF COOKED FOOD, sets it on one of the HOT PLATES, COVERS it --

An LAND LINE RINGS - one of the GUARDS picks it up, listens for a moment, hands the PHONE to SIR WINSTON -

-- Finn watches as he WIPES DOWN THE BAR - Sir Winston turns to LOOK DIRECTLY at FINN and JEAN-LUC. He sets the phone down, whispers to a GUARD who takes a PLACE at the FRONT DOOR.

Sir Winston approaches Finn - Jean-Luc PALMS A KNIFE, gets ready to TAKE SIR WINSTON if necessary --

SIR WINSTON  
Young man...

Finn looks up --

SIR WINSTON (CONT'D)  
My wife is here, she takes her martinis dry with two olives.

Finn nods curtly. Begins to make the drink, THE GUARD opens the FRONT DOOR and MRS. WINSTON enters, younger than he deserves, she CARRIES A SMALL DOG --

SIR WINSTON (CONT'D)  
My dear, welcome...

**INT. VAULT ROOM**

Michael and Charlie clear away the SMOKE - a PAINTING is COMPLETELY CHARRED THROUGH, SEVERAL THOUSAND in CURRENCY now bits of burnt paper --

-- the BACK WALL contains a SINGLE SMALL SAFE, COMBINATION LOCK --

CHARLIE  
Should we use the fourth rod?

MICHAEL  
Safe is too small, don't know what the French Blues are kept in, it might melt it all together...

Charlie steps to the safe --

CHARLIE  
Guess we do it the old fashioned way.

MICHAEL  
Make it fast...

Charlie spins, listens, spins - a LIFETIME OF STEALING has made him quite good -- Michael studies him, turns to make sure they aren't going to have any company.

Charlie spins again, CLICK - the last tumbler falls --

CHARLIE  
That's it--

He THROWS THE HANDLE, PULLS the SAFE DOOR OPEN --

-- THE SAFE IS EMPTY, Charlie reaches in, feeling around, NOTHING. He TURNS TO MICHAEL --

-- MICHAEL POINTS HIS GUN AT CHARLIE --

-- FOR A MOMENT, the BROTHERS REGARD EACH OTHER - Charlie SEES it's HIS GUN --

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
How did you get it in?

MICHAEL  
Under the chicken.

Another moment.

CHARLIE  
How'd you know?

Michael holds the gun, laser sharp focus --

**INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - THREE YEARS AGO - FLASHBACK**

We JOIN THE END OF THE SCENE --

MICHAEL  
Because of what I do, there is a  
chance, however small, that someone  
might use you to get me.  
(beat)  
Someone might take you, do you  
understand?

Beat.

ELISE  
Yes.

MICHAEL  
Good. Then we're going to need a  
story.

ELISE  
A story?

MICHAEL  
Yes, a story you can tell me...so I  
can come find you.

Off that...

Elise rolls to face him...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
A code...the story of how we met,  
but made up. No one knows it, but  
you and me - so anything you say  
will sound right.

ELISE  
Won't they be listening.

MICHAEL  
Yes, but, I'll teach you how to  
talk without giving anything  
away...

ELISE  
You're good at that.

Michael smiles, his love for her showing...

MICHAEL  
Yes...you will be too. And the first thing I want you to tell me, just so I know you're okay, is that we met at a concert in the park.

ELISE  
Concert in the park, got it.

Michael kisses her.

MICHAEL  
We're probably never going to need it...

**INT. KITSON TOWNHOUSE - BASEMENT - WORK ROOM - FLASHBACK**

His PHONE VIBRATES - Michael GRABS the PHONE --

MICHAEL  
Elise, baby?--

Strained breathing, and then his WIFE'S VOICE - she's clearly had the worst night of her life.

ELISE  
We met...at Leon's birthday party.

Michael JUMPS UP - a MIXTURE of ANGER and FEAR.

I was drinking...apricot brandy...  
you made fun--

The LINE IS TERMINATED. Michael STARES at the PHONE. Gently sets it down like it's a TALISMAN.

He SWEEPS EVERYTHING off the table --

-- REVEAL, a FRAMED MEMORIAM CARD - LEON BOUTIN 1979 - 1999, beloved BROTHER of ELISE BOUTIN.

**INT. VAULT ROOM - BACK TO SCENE**

Charlie stares at Michael --

MICHAEL  
You let her see you.

CHARLIE  
I didn't think she knew what I  
looked like.

**EXT. OUTSIDE ELISE'S JOB - EVENING**

Elise comes down the steps listening to Michael's MESSAGE on  
her cell phone --

MICHAEL'S VOICE  
...Follow the smell of garlic  
soaked in browned butter, asparagus  
tips and filet. I'm even baking  
bread...

CHARLIE  
Elise?

Elise looks up, for a moment she can't place the face, and  
then a SMILE GROWS --

-- and SOMEONE PULLS A BAG over her head as she's STUFFED  
into a VAN, Charlie PULLS THE DOOR CLOSED and WALKS OFF --

-- The Van pulls away --

**INT. VAULT ROOM - BACK TO SCENE**

MICHAEL  
She knew, your picture, the one you  
sent...and because I talked about  
you all the time. Her brother died  
when she was young, she was always  
telling me to make things right  
with you. And, now I will --

Michael steps back, Charlie FLINCHES -- thinking he's going  
to be shot -- realizing he's not --

CHARLIE SECRETLY PRESSES THE MIC on his WALKIE --

CHARLIE  
So, the diamonds, they were never  
here?

MICHAEL  
No.

CHARLIE  
Then the job, the prep, the entire  
thing...



MICHAEL  
Theater.

**INT. O'SHEA'S HOME - COMPUTER ROOM - FLASHBACK**

O'Shea watches on a MONITOR as Charlie lights cigarette, flicks the match on the ground - he turns to Michael:

O'SHEA  
You do realize this isn't a  
Bradley?

MICHAEL  
Of course. It's a store bought  
Jenson & Cohen, mostly for show - I  
could open it with a credit card.

O'SHEA  
And Sir Winston keeps something  
valuable in a Jenson & Cohen?

MICHAEL  
I have no idea.

O'SHEA  
But you want your brother to think  
he does?

MICHAEL  
He took my wife. He doesn't know I  
know. He wants me to steal the  
French Blues.

O'SHEA  
And can you?

MICHAEL  
I need him to believe it until I  
can find her.

O'Shea nods, smile growing.

**INT. VAULT ROOM - BACK TO SCENE**

Charlie, STILL PRESSES THE MIC - stares at his brother.

MICHAEL  
I stole them yesterday, they're  
sitting in the trunk under my work  
bench. You were five feet from  
them and didn't even know it.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME**

Finn's EYES ARE WIDE, listening to the conversation, Sir Winston WAITS FOR HIS WIFE'S DRINK - Finn is FROZEN -

SIR WINSTON  
Young man?

Jean-Luc sets down a TRAY OF FOOD, heads to the front door --

GUARD  
(French)  
Yes?

JEAN-LUC  
(French)  
Something from the truck...

The GUARD STEPS ASIDE - Jean-Luc heads out --

Finn watches him, nothing he can do - he HANDS Sir Winston his drink -

FINN  
(French)  
I'm sorry.

**INT. VAULT ROOM - SAME**

Michael steps out --

CHARLIE  
You're gonna try and lock me in  
here? It won't work, we already  
broke the lock --

The DOOR CLOSES - Charlie MOVES TO IT QUICKLY - it's STILL HOT TO TOUCH --

**INT. VAULT**

On the other side, MICHAEL PULLS HIS GOGGLES DOWN, LIGHTS THE END of the FOURTH WELDING ROD and WELDS THE DOOR SHUT --

**INT. VAULT ROOM**

Charlie realizes what's HAPPENING - HE SLAMS INTO THE DOOR to get it open - it won't budge --

**EXT. GUARD STAND - SAME**

Jean-Luc fires up the van and pulls it to the CLOSED GUARD STAND - the GATE GUARD comes around --

GATE GAURD  
(French)  
Where you going?

JEAN-LUC  
(French)  
Idiot chef forgot his cooking wine,  
I have to haul ass to Le Doux and  
back before the chicken reduces --

The Gate Guard considers, waves to the other GUARD to open the gate --

JEAN-LUC (CONT'D)  
(French)  
You're a life-saver, thank you.

Jean-Luc pulls away - in the DISTANCE THE ROTORS of a HELICOPTER can BE HEARD -

**INT. BASEMENT**

Michael WIPES THE GUN DOWN, puts it in the FAKE TOOL BOX - REMOVES HIS WHITE LE DOUX JACKET - PULLS THE SLEEVES out, REVERSING IT --

-- Puts the JACKET back on - now he's wearing a SUIT -- He HEARS THE HELICOPTER LANDING --

**INT. HELICOPTER**

Renlow turns to Lenz -

RENLOW  
Call them in, now - nothing in or  
out.  
(to pilot)  
Don't go anywhere.

Renlow POPS out, GUARDS RUSHING OVER - Renlow's BADGE ALREADY OUT --

RENLOW (CONT'D)  
I need to see Sir Winston  
immediately...

**INT. KITCHEN**

Michael, UPSTAIRS, LYON POLICE ARE BLOCKING THE ROAD - FIVE MORE CARS ROLLING BEHIND THEM -

-- All of Sir Winston's GUARDS are ACTIVE --

Michael PASSES THROUGH the KITCHEN, CHAOS ERUPTING --

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

Finn still at the bar, sees Michael - NODS TO SIR WINSTON whose at the FRONT DOOR heading out --

Michael WAVES Finn to him --

FINN  
What's going on? Jean-Luc left in  
the van, the police -

MICHAEL  
I'll explain in a bit, you have to  
trust me. Come on --

They enter the KITCHEN --

**EXT. SIR GREGORY WINSTON'S HOUSE**

Sir Winston gets to Renlow and Lenz --

SIR WINSTON  
What the hell is going on?

RENLOW  
Sir Gregory Winston?

He nods --

RENLOW (CONT'D)  
Do you have a vault in your home?

Off Sir Winston --

**INT. KITCHEN TO SERVICE ENTRANCE - SAME**

Michael and Finn head to the back entrance - the GUARD TURNS TO THEM --

GUARD  
(French)  
Where do you think --

Michael SWIFTLY PUNCHES him in the ADAM'S APPLE - the GUARD CHOKING as MICHAEL STRIKES HIM AGAIN, KNOCKING HIM OUT --

He reaches down, pulls a SET OF CUFFS off the GUARD and his KEYS -- Michael turns to FINN --

MICHAEL  
Turn around.

Finn, not moving.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Finn, do as I say.

Finn turns, Michael CUFFS HIM -

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Come on --

He GUIDES Finn around the house - MICHAEL'S DEMEANOR shifting to CONFIDENCE -

**EXT. SIR GREGORY WINSTON'S HOUSE**

Renlow, Lenz and Sir Winston enter the front door --

-- Michael watches from the side of the house and then MARCHES FINN, CUFFED forward --

**INT. BASEMENT - TO VAULT**

Sir Winston, Renlow and Lenz - with TWO LYON UNIFORMS round the CORNER --

SIR WINSTON  
I highly doubt anyone could have  
broken into --

And then THEY SEE IT - the BURNT VAULT DOOR - the THREE HOLES still smoking - the TOOLS.

SIR WINSTON (CONT'D)  
My god...

Renlow rushes to the VAULT - sees the HARDENED WELDED SEAM --

RENLOW  
It's been welded shut?

CHARLIE (O.S.)  
Hello?

Sir Winston JUMPS BACK. Renlow BENDS OVER, peers through a HOLE - sees CHARLIE PEERING BACK --

RENLOW  
Hello?

CHARLIE  
Some guy knocked me out and locked  
me in here.

A long pause.

RENLOW  
Charlie Kitson?

Silence...

**EXT. SIR GREGORY WINSTON'S HOUSE - BY HELICOPTER**

Michael MARCHES Finn to the HELICOPTER, PULLS the rear door -  
the PILOT SHIFTS -

-- Michael HOLDS UP HIS FAKE INTERPOL ID --

MICHAEL  
(French)  
We got him. Say hello to Michael  
Kitson.

The PILOT LOOKS at FINN who does his BEST TO LOOK TOUGH.

FINN  
(French)  
Fuck you.

PILOT  
(French)  
I was told to wait.

MICHAEL  
(French)  
And I was told to get him back to  
Paris before these Lyon assholes  
take the credit. Renlow will drive  
back with Sir Winston.

Michael shoves Finn in, gets in behind him, PULLS THE DOOR  
SHUT.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
(French)  
Let's go. Now.

The PILOT FLIPS some switches, pulls the COLLECTIVE and the HELICOPTER lifts off --

**INT. HELICOPTER - OVER WINSTON ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER**

Michael SEES the MANY POLICE CARS and ROADBLOCKS as the HELICOPTER SAFELY lifts off --

**EXT. KITSON MOTORS - EVENING**

Jean-Luc walks from the LE DOUX CATERING VAN, he's stripped off his JACKET and removed his tie...

Arrives at the FRONT DOOR - using his OWN KEYS, opens the GATE and ENTERS --

**INT. KITSON MOTORS - SHOWROOM**

Jean-Luc moves quietly through the SHOWROOM to the GARAGE DOOR, OPENS IT, entering -

**INT. KITSON MOTORS - GARAGE**

Working in the dark, he LOCATES the TRUNK AND SLIDES IT OUT, OPENS IT, DIGS AROUND until he FINDS THE VELVET CASE --

-- PULLS IT OUT, OPENS IT --

-- EMPTY --

-- THE GARAGE LIGHTS FLIP ON --

-- Jean-Luc turns to see O'SHEA, in his WHEELCHAIR, LARGE GUARD NEXT TO HIM --

JEAN-LUC  
What the hell?

He QUICKLY DARTS TO THE DOOR - BUT GETS WALKED BACK IN by ANOTHER GUARD, HOLDING A GUN --

O'SHEA  
Jean-Luc, good to see you again.

Jean-Luc realizes...

JEAN-LUC  
How did he know?

**INT. EMPTY OFFICE BUILDING - 12TH FLOOR - MORNING - FLASHBACK**

Jean-Luc lights a cigarette, shaking out the match. He keeps his eyes pinned on the Michael's hand drawn diagrams.

JEAN-LUC  
We're gonna need a fourth.

Michael crosses his arms.

MICHAEL  
If you're thinking Jude, forget it.

JEAN-LUC  
I wasn't thinking Jude.

Michael takes a long beat...

MICHAEL  
I don't want to misunderstand you--

JEAN-LUC  
Charlie.

A long beat as the men remain locked on each other - something flickers behind Michael's eyes, he buries it.

**INT. MICHAEL'S SEDAN - MORNING - FLASHBACK**

Michael listens...

ELISE (V.O.)  
You made fun of my apricot brandy.  
You told me a joke...about nuns and  
priests--

The call terminated. Michael closes the phone, processes the sound of his wife's voice -- as he WATCHES --

**EXT. CHARLES DE GAULLE AIRPORT - PARIS - MORNING - FLASHBACK**

Jean-Luc's BLACK BMW pull up in front of the airport -  
MICHAEL SEES Jean-Luc, window down, cigarette -

-- SEES CHARLIE get out of the passenger side - heads inside  
the airport --

**INT. KITSON MOTORS - GARAGE - FLASHBACK**

Michael watches Charlie and Jean-Luc --



MICHAEL  
Everyone caught up?

CHARLIE  
Son of a bitch hasn't aged a day

**INT. O'SHEA'S HOME - COMPUTER ROOM - FLASHBACK**

The tail end of the Michael / O'Shea conversation...

O'SHEA  
And what do I get in exchange for  
helping with this charade?

MICHAEL  
Jean-Luc.

O'Shea laughs.

O'SHEA  
I could get him anytime I want.

MICHAEL  
And, why haven't you?  
(beat)  
Because it's not enough to get him.  
He has to know it was you.

O'SHEA  
You'd give up your best friend?

MICHAEL  
He ate at my table. He knew her.  
He made his choice when he threw in  
with Charlie.

O'Shea studies Michael...

O'SHEA  
Remind me never to double-cross  
you.

**INT. KITSON MOTORS - GARAGE**

Jean-Luc stares at O'Shea...

JEAN-LUC  
Tell him it was not personal.

O'Shea nods, one of his men opens the BAY DOOR - a VAN parked  
outside...

O'SHEA

I believe for Michael it was. And  
it certainly will be for me...

Jean-Luc BOLTS through the open door - the GUARD strikes HIM  
as he PASSES, knocking him down - KICKS HIM in the GUT -  
O'Shea rolls to him...

O'SHEA (CONT'D)

That will likely be the last time  
you use your legs. I hope you  
enjoyed it.

O'Shea nods at his MEN, who PICK UP JEAN-LUC and DRAG him to  
the van...

### **INT. VAULT**

Renlow watches as TWO WELDERS finish CUTTING THE LAST of the  
DOOR WELD away - Lenz and Sir Winston (and OTHERS) watch from  
a safe distance.

Lenz PULLS HIS WEAPON as the DOOR IS OPENED --

### **INT. VAULT ROOM**

Charlie LEANS AGAINST the FAR WALL, Lenz enters first, the  
RENLOW and finally Sir Winston.

Sir Winston let's out a GASP, picks up the BURNT FRAME.

RENLOW

Something valuable?

SIR WINSTON

Portrait of my wife, I was planning  
on giving it to her for our  
anniversary...

Charlie BURSTS OUT LAUGHING.

CHARLIE

That's what you were keeping in  
here? A fucking portrait?

Renlow turns to address Charlie, Lenz stands him up, CUFFS  
HIM.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I'd like my lawyer.

RENLOW

Certainly, just wondering what  
you're doing in Sir Winston's  
vault?

CHARLIE

My brother told me he needed help  
on a catering job, so I helped. I  
had no idea he was going to steal  
anything. He locked me in here.

RENLOW

What did he steal?

CHARLIE

(beat)  
The French Blues.

SIR WINSTON

The what?

CHARLIE

Michael got away with them. He's  
probably not far.

Renlow nods, seemingly accepting the story - he gets CLOSE TO  
CHARLIE, runs his hand over the JACKET SEAM - YANKS DOWN,  
RIPPING IT --

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Hey, what the--

BLUE DIAMONDS FALL from Charlie's JACKET on to the floor - NO  
ONE MOVES -- Charlie sees them, starts laughing...

TWO COPS walk him out - Lenz pulls Renlow aside --

LENZ

How did you know?

RENLOW

It was in the leather binder.  
Right down to which pocket.

**INT. SEDAN - STREET - PARIS - MORNING - FLASHBACK**

Michael sits, his PLAIN SEDAN (never seen before), sits on a  
TREE LINED STREET - the VANCE FILE open on the passenger  
seat.

-- BLACK MERCEDES PULLS IN --

-- Michael GRABS THE CIGARETTE LIGHTER --

**EXT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Michael skirts AROUND THE CLOSING GATE, comes up QUIETLY BEHIND THE DRIVER AS HE GETS OUT OF THE MERCEDES --

-- HOLDS THE CIGARETTE LIGHTER TO HIS NECK as GARLON VANCE EXITS HIS HOME - he FREEZES --

-- AS MICHAEL reaches around the DRIVER, PULLS HIS GUN out, pockets the LIGHTER and POINTS THE GUN at VANCE --

VANCE

You won't get fifty meters--

Vance STOPS when he SEES MICHAEL...

VANCE (CONT'D)

You?

MICHAEL

The French Blues.

VANCE

What about them?

MICHAEL

I need them back.

Vance considers.

VANCE

You realize there are three men inside. They'll be out here momentarily.

MICHAEL

There's no one inside, you just came from your trainer and you're meeting your wife for breakfast in thirty minutes at Foulin, probably to discuss Henri's football game which you attended yesterday. Your son's team won, three to one.

Vance can't help but smile.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Your guard is a lefty and I'm standing on his lame side, I'll hit him twice in the back before he completes his turn. I need those diamonds.

VANCE

I paid you quite a bit to steal  
them for me.

MICHAEL

You'll get them back, I promise.  
Consider it a favor. I think you  
know I'm good for it.

Off Vance, considering...

**INT. KITSON TOWNHOUSE - WORK ROOM - FLASHBACK**

Michael SEWS, by hand, pulling THREAD THROUGH a WHITE JACKET.

-- MICHAEL POURS the FRENCH BLUES into the OPEN SEAM, SEWS IT  
UP, SEALING IT -- Marks the JACKET with a SMALL RED DOT on  
the inside collar --

**INT. WAREHOUSE - FLASHBACK**

Charlie tries his jacket --

CHARLIE

Hey, Mom, Hey, Mom, we got a  
problem.

TIME CUT --

Michael walks to his jacket - WE NOW SEE THE RED DOT, tosses  
it to Charlie.

MICHAEL

You were wearing my jacket, that  
one is yours.

**INT. VAULT ROOM - BACK TO SCENE**

Renlow shakes his head, walks out with Lenz.

LENZ

Something funny?

RENLOW

He's really good.

LENZ

He couldn't have gotten far on  
foot. The place is surrounded and  
there's only one road out.

Sir Winston, still taking in his damaged vault.

SIR WINSTON  
Who is going to pay for this  
portrait?

Renlow looks around, shakes his head, exits --

**EXT. SIR GREGORY WINSTON'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Renlow, Lenz, Charlie and POLICE stare at the SPOT THE  
HELICOPTER was sitting.

RENLOW  
I told you, he's really good.  
(to Police)  
Put Mr. Kitson in a car, I'll be  
right with you.

They WALK CHARLIE away. Renlow turns to Lenz.

RENLOW (CONT'D)  
You got a cigarette?

Lenz, surprised, fishes one out, hands to Renlow, lights one  
himself.

RENLOW (CONT'D)  
He planned the whole thing, right  
down to which pocket we'd find the  
diamonds in. It was a set up, from  
the beginning. Probably even used  
his real passport at the airport so  
we'd have a chance to review his  
plans.

Lenz exhales, thinks...

RENLOW (CONT'D)  
What?

LENZ  
Nothing. Just makes me wonder what  
he was really stealing.

Off that --

**EXT. POLICE STATION - ROOF TOP**

Michael and Finn get out - Michael walks Finn to the roof  
door, the HELICOPTER flies away. Michael waits a beat, un-  
cuffs Finn.

MICHAEL

Get lost. Like really lost.  
They're gonna be all over  
everything you know in less than a  
day.

FINN

What happened? How?

MICHAEL

They took my wife. Jean-Luc and  
Charlie. They took her for the  
French Blues.

FINN

Jean-Luc? How do you know?

Michael regards Finn.

MICHAEL

The same way I know you weren't  
involved. Now get lost.

Finn accepts that, turns, Michael puts his HAND on HIM --

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Almost forget...

Takes Finn's HAND - PUTS A BRICK OF CASH in it.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Stay out of trouble.

Finn closes his hand.

FINN

Thanks.

MICHAEL

And I wouldn't use the elevator, if  
you know what I mean...

Finn nods, sees a FIRE ESCAPE at the edge of the building,  
disappears down them. Michael waits a beat, OPENS THE DOOR  
to the POLICE STATION - enters...

**EXT. POLICE STATION - PARKING GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER**

Michael exits into the parking garage - INTERPOL BADGE  
hanging out of his BREAST POCKET -

- spots the MOTOR POOL, gets in the first UNMARKED POLICE CAR  
HE SEES, starts it and PULLS OUT --

**EXT. STREETS - PARIS**

Michael drives the HIGHWAY, gets on --

**EXT. HIGHWAY - TO ROADS TO LOCATION**

Michael replays the ELISE conversations in his head.

ELISE (V.O.)  
...you brought me Apricot Brandy...

Michael passes a SIGN on the FREEWAY -- BRANDINE UNIVERSITY,  
EXIT HERE --

**ROAD**

Michael DRIVES - PASSES THROUGH A SMALL TOWN - a MOVIE  
THEATER MARQUEE - TITLE with a TAG: #1 FRENCH COMEDY...

ELISE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
...You made a joke, your friends  
laughed...but I didn't...

**ROAD**

Michael SEES A ROADSIDE DINER - SMALL shack of a place...

ELISE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
...You complained about the food...

**COUNTRYSIDE**

Michael drives, no light around, no houses, no other cars...

ELISE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
...Your friends disappeared...

Michael consults a MAP, makes a RIGHT TURN...

**SMALL VILLAGE AREA**

A TINY town, couple of STORE FRONTS, everything dark and  
QUIET...

ELISE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
...You kept saying *fromage*...you're  
my best frenchal..friend...

Michael EXAMINES his PRINT OUT - he FOUND FRENDEL'S GROCERY  
and MAPPED IT --

Michael PASSES FRENDEL'S GROCERY - CHEESE and WINE -- he sees  
a SIGN up ahead --



**SIGN**

Simply reads - ST. CROIX HISTORIC MONASTARY -

ELISE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
...You told me a joke about nuns  
and priests...

Michael makes the TURN - heads down the drive...

**EXT. ST. CROIX MONASTARY**

Michael PARKS, FLICKS HIS LIGHTS TWICE -- gets out...

**INT. ST. CROIX MONASTARY - FRONT DOOR**

The PLACE IS DESERTED, what was once a TOURIST ATTRACTION is  
now just OLD...

Michael enters, CAUTIOUS -

VOICE  
Jean-Luc?

Michael turns - sees JUDE COMING OUT OF THE DARKNESS.

Jude FREEZES when he sees MICHAEL, PULLS A GUN --

JUDE  
Motherfuck.

Michael, calm as a summer day...

MICHAEL  
It's over, Jude.

Jude points the gun.

JUDE  
Fuck that.

MICHAEL  
I know Jean-Luc talked you into it.  
I know you took care of her. I  
understand, it's okay.

JUDE  
I want to talk to Jean-Luc.

MICHAEL  
He's already running...and he has  
the French Blues.

Jude processes the information, blinks rapidly.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

In the end, he couldn't live with killing her. He told me where to find you. He double crossed you, too.

Jude can't believe what he's hearing.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I know you took care of her. I know that. Put the gun away. Let me get her, make sure she's safe. I'm gonna need a new crew, you understand?

Jude takes a beat, lowers the gun.

JUDE

I never touched her.

MICHAEL

I know.

JUDE

It was Jean-Luc's idea. He said your brother made the deal. Offered me...

MICHAEL

It's fine. I just want my wife. This is all fixable.

Jude puts the gun in his belt...

JUDE

Follow me...

**INT. ST. CROIX MONASTARY - HALLWAY**

Jude leads, Michael follows, his eyes taking in everything - the stop at a THICK DOOR, Jude FUMBLES with the KEYS - finds the CORRECT ONE --

-- REACHES FOR THE DOOR - MICHAEL REACHES FOR THE GUN --

JUDE

No --

BANG - single SHOT - JUDE'S EYES LOCKED ONTO MICHAEL'S.

MICHAEL  
Think about it, Jude: If you didn't  
have a gun, you'd still be alive.

Jude falls BACK, BLOOD POOLING around him. Michael WIPES THE GUN - tosses it - opens the door --

**INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION / ELISE'S ROOM**

Elise sees him, but can't believe it - for a MOMENT the STARE and then RUN INTO EACH OTHER'S ARMS -- MICHAEL HOLDING HER FOR DEAR LIFE...

ELISE  
(French)  
*You came. You came.*

MICHAEL  
(French)  
*I love you. Wife.*

Off that...

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**FADE IN...**

**INT. KITSON MOTORS - DAY - FIVE YEARS AGO**

Michael wipes down the GTO (now CANDY APPLE RED) as he HEARS THE DOOR open --

-- Turns to see ELISE BOUTIN (late 20s) enter, followed by DR. EVIN YOUNG (40s)....her current boyfriend who seems more interested in the cars than her...

MICHAEL  
(French)  
Good afternoon.

YOUNG  
(French)  
Hello.

Elise looks around, Michael watches her. Young steps to the 1968 SHELBY MUSTANG -- whistles - Elise admires the car, steals a glance at Michael.

MICHAEL  
(French)  
You like American cars?

ELISE  
You're American?

Michael nods.

MICHAEL  
Guilty. What gave me away?

Elise smiles, not giving it up. Young, oblivious...

YOUNG  
Beautiful. How much?

Michael steps to the opposite side, speaks to both of them.

MICHAEL  
It's not a dishwasher, the value  
isn't based on a number. You have  
to experience it.

YOUNG  
Yes, yes...I'm sure. And, what  
will the experience cost me?

Michael looks at Elise, something electric passes between  
them...

MICHAEL  
Hard to say. Everybody's  
experience is different. Some  
people appreciate it more than  
others.

Elise looks away, lets her hand run the HIGHLY POLISHED body  
of the car...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
You might want to give it a run,  
put her through the paces.

Young glances at his WAFER THIN WATCH...

YOUNG  
We have dinner reservations at  
L'Arpege.

MICHAEL  
I hear it's wonderful.

Young gives Michael a condescending smile.

YOUNG  
(French)  
It's just dinner.

Michael, eyes never leaving Elise...

MICHAEL

Is it?

Young takes her hand, Michael walks them to the door. Young exits first...

Michael extends his hand, Elise takes it...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Michael Kitson.

ELISE

Elise.

MICHAEL

(beat)

Nice to meet you...

Off that...