

INDIGO

Written by

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BLACK.

Distant children's LAUGHTER and WHISPERS are the only sounds. Growing louder and constant until finally--

FADE IN:

EXT. PARK - WEST BALTIMORE - DAY

Ushering us into the scene is Marvin Gaye's *Inner City Blues*.

One of the forgotten and neglected areas and communities of America. Signs of decay and heavy police presence abound.

Seemingly unaware are TWO CHILDREN. They are on a park bench laughing and pointing at something... in a newspaper.

Behind them is a huge MURAL of a woman. Dressed in purplish colors, illustrated in the pose and grandeur of a **super hero**.

She is THE GHOST.

INT. RIJKSMUSEUM - NETHERLANDS - NIGHT

A soft tune slowly rises until it is deafening: L'amant Anonyme: *Ballet No. 6 by Joseph Boulogne* (The Black Mozart).

TITLE: TWO MONTHS EARLIER

A GUARD patrols the hallways with a SECOND GUARD. They are on edge. Extremely nervous.

Patrolling. Ever watchful. The first guard turns to a hallway. Strangely darkened in a way no other is. He creeps. Peers into it--

HE IS YANKED INTO THE DARKNESS--

The Second Guard whips around, having heard the noise. He draws a walkie-talkie.

SECOND GUARD
(in Dutch; subtitled)
I think he's here. The Ghost.

Another guard's voice comes over the walkie:

GUARD OVER WALKIE
(in Dutch; subtitled)
He's just a story. Do your job--

The guard is cut off amid a YELP.

The Second Guard takes out a taser. Wheels around in a circle looking for movement, until he finally sees it.

A figure maneuvering like a shadow around cameras, approaching the guard with catlike agility.

The figure leaps at the Second Guard as he lets out a terrified YELL.

INT. RIJKSMUSEUM - HALLWAY TWO - SAME

A THIRD and FOURTH guard are already on their way when the scream happens. They stop moving when they hear the scream.

They pull out their tasers. They follow the sounds of movement to a labyrinthine exhibit.

They separate. The Third Guard steps softly, more worried about being seen himself than seeing anyone.

He stops when he sees something in a glass case. He approaches it, puzzled. Two bright rubies.

His eyes go wide. It is a reflection. Of EYES.

He turns to find a figure HANGING ABOVE HIM. The Third Guard is lifted off his feet and disappears into the darkness.

The Fourth Guard comes around the corner just as this happens. He BOLTS. Wants no part of this.

He sprints through the museum. Rushing to the exits when the figure LANDS IN FRONT OF HIM. Eyes fire red.

He swings and punches. The figure bobs and weaves effortlessly like Ali. And does a swift FOOTSWEEP to land the Fourth Guard on his ass.

FOURTH GUARD
Please. Don't hurt me.

The figure steps over him. The Fourth Guard closes his eyes. Braces for the worst.

GHOST
(in Dutch; subtitled)
Because you asked nicely.

The figure raises a sleeve. A puff of gas comes out that puts the Guard to sleep. The figure removes night vision goggles, which made her eyes look red, and removes a face covering.

Revealing Ghost, who takes out earpods, which had the classical music playing.

INT. RIJKSMUSEUM - MOMENTS LATER

With the guards tied up, Ghost moves deliberately through the museum collecting *specific* pieces including a DIAMOND. When he sees what Ghost is stealing, he's horror-stricken.

A FIFTH GUARD grunts in pain. Slowly waking.

FIFTH GUARD
You have no idea what you're doing.

Ghost looks at a label on the loot: ON LOAN FROM PRIVATE COLLECTION.

FIFTH GUARD (CONT'D)
He's not a man you steal from.

Ghost shrugs. Points to the loot.

GHOST
You're with him.

FIFTH GUARD
La Fogna doesn't like competition.
(then)
When he finds you...

GHOST
I'll have to find him first then.

Ghost drops an elbow on the guard's head, knocking him out.

She takes a FIGURINE from her loot. Leaves it with the guard.

GHOST (CONT'D)
He can keep this one for his trouble.

EXT. AMSTERDAM - STREET - NIGHT

An INDONESIAN WOMAN exits a building. She waits. A few moments later, a taxi-van pulls up.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

The taxi starts driving. The driver (Ghost) shrouded in shadow.

The taxi hits a bump in the road, causing it to bounce. And along with it, several crates in the back of the van. The Indonesian Woman looks at them, puzzled.

INDONESIAN WOMAN
You missed the turn.

The driver doesn't respond.

INDONESIAN WOMAN (CONT'D)
Hello? Where are you going?

GHOST
Relax, Mariama.

INDONESIAN WOMAN
Do I know you?

GHOST
(in Indonesian; subtitled)
Indeed not. But I know you. Special Advisor to the Minister on Socio-Cultural Affairs and Indonesian Diaspora Empowerment.

Beat. The woman is instantly scared for her life.

INDONESIAN WOMAN
Please don't hurt me. I'm no one--

GHOST
(firm)
You're a queen. Never think otherwise.

INDONESIAN WOMAN
What do you want with me?

GHOST
The content of those boxes are artifacts and art stolen centuries ago from the Indonesian people. Generously taken from Rijksmuseum this evening.

Police cars, sirens blaring, rush no doubt towards the Rijksmuseum.

INDONESIAN WOMAN
It's you... the Ghost.

GHOST
I do hate that name.

The Indonesian Woman looks at the boxes. Awestruck.

INDONESIAN WOMAN

The Rijksmuseum? These are
treasures of my people...

GHOST

In two minutes, I will exit this
van, at which point you'll take it
and continue on to the airport.
Return them to your country. To
your people.

INDONESIAN WOMAN

You're leaving it to us?

GHOST

Of course. It is yours.
(then)

For the obvious, I'd recommend your
government not divulge that you
have them or from whom they came.

The Indonesian Woman considers.

INDONESIAN WOMAN

What should I call you?

GHOST

(heroically)

The Maiden of Repatriation.

She looks at Ghost quizzically: this woman is weird.

GHOST (CONT'D)

I'm working on it.

Ghost parks and steps out. Her face still not visible.

The Indonesian woman tries to follow but Ghost has vanished.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - VAULT - DAY

Art goes into a massive VAULT.

The vault is full of ART and priceless ARTIFACTS.

Pire oversees AGENTS bagging and tagging pieces before they
go into the vault. All give him a wide berth.

He's a man whose reputation and austerity are legendary. A
red-blooded patriot. Strapping. White. A Young Harrison Ford.
The kind of guy who would usually be the hero of a film.

Even speaking in a hushed tone, he's terrifying and menacing.

PIRE
McMullen, I'd rather you drop your
newborn than that piece. Careful.

An arrogant YOUNG AGENT approaches Pire. Other agents try to discourage the young man with head shakes.

He goes to Pire anyway. Woe unto him.

YOUNG AGENT
Good work on the bust, sir.

Pire doesn't acknowledge the Young Agent. He doesn't like or want praise. Least all from this guy.

YOUNG AGENT (CONT'D)
It's an honor to--

PIRE
Mhmmm.

An awkwardly long beat passes.

YOUNG AGENT
Local dealer? Private collector?
Guys looking to make a score?

PIRE
Heirs.

Beat. Pire says no more.

YOUNG AGENT
No one explained in training why
all this stuff just stays here.

The Young Agent watches the pieces going into the vault with great fascination and bewilderment.

YOUNG AGENT (CONT'D)
I'm in the new class. The Bureau
recruited me out of college.
(proudly)
I was top of my year at Dartmouth.

Dartmouth = he's obviously a pretentious and arrogant asshole. So don't feel bad for what's about to happen...

PIRE
You chose to be here?

YOUNG AGENT
Excuse me?

PIRE
In art crimes. You chose this?

YOUNG AGENT
Yes, sir.

Pire looks the agent over. Knows intuitively the agent is full of shit. Pire smiles. Adopts a warm demeanor.

PIRE
See these pieces. This family had them for generations. Didn't know a relative stole them after killing the original owner. Guy had no family so it all comes here.

(whispering)
Who the hell gets into the FBI to find art? So come on.

The Young Agent relaxes. Seeing Pire open up, he follows.

YOUNG AGENT
Truthfully?

Pire nods. Encouraging.

YOUNG AGENT (CONT'D)
Seemed like an easy stepping stone to counterterrorism.

Bingo. Pire grins and nods. Baited the Young Agent into digging his own grave.

PIRE
Said you were top of your class?
(off the agents nod)
You might be overqualified. I bet you already know what that is.

Pire points to the vault.

YOUNG AGENT
(showing off)
The vault. Everything the Bureau's art crimes department seizes is catalogued and stored here. It's the most comprehensive collection of pieces from around the world. Due to cross jurisdictional issues and legalities, they're kept here.

Pire gives a look of impress. Claps thunderously and points to the Young Agent. Lauding him to everyone.

PIRE
Got a genius here!

Other agents passing by look on nervously. The Young Agent is all smiles... completely oblivious he's entered a lion's den.

PIRE (CONT'D)
And I know you already know what this job entails, but I want to hear that Ivy League phrasing.

(then)
Everyone, listen up. We got a prodigy here. He's going to explain what our mission is.

Everyone stops. Listens and watches.

YOUNG AGENT
The art crimes department confiscates--

PIRE
No.

Pire motions him to try again.

YOUNG AGENT
Our job is to find art that--

PIRE
NOPE. Try again.

Pire motions him to try again. He's no longer smiling at the Young Agent. But Spartan in his seriousness.

YOUNG AGENT
We -- I... We--

PIRE
I'm waiting...

YOUNG AGENT
I'm-- I'm sorry. Our -- our job is to find and prosecute crimes--

PIRE
NO. WRONG!

Pire's voice raises to a yell. The Young Agent shakes. The eyes of his colleagues on him make it all the worse.

PIRE (CONT'D)

This "stuff" is here because it's
property of the American
government. Because we are best
equipped to ensure its survival.

The Young Agent is practically wetting himself.

PIRE (CONT'D)

There's a reason why we talk about
the same art five hundred years
later. When counterterrorism fails
and war breaks out, the first thing
people do is hide art. Paint over
it to protect it. Art lives long
after us. It matters. It's *power*.

(and)

And some people will stop at
nothing to possess it.

The Young Agent is trembling. Seeing Pire's intensity.

PIRE (CONT'D)

There's nothing more important than
our work. We guard that power. We
shepherd the past.

(then)

Our job is to protect the future.

The Young Agent nods. Leaves with his tail between his legs.

PIRE (CONT'D)

Guess no one told him some stepping
stones are sharp.

(then)

Back to work, folks.

Pire returns to his stoic focus and resolve.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Pire is seated alone, going over a table littered with notes
and photos. He stands dutifully when the FBI DIRECTOR enters.

PIRE

Director Wright. I appreciate you--

FBI DIRECTOR

Let's get this over with. I've read
your... many reports on the matter.

The Director browses the table. Scanning the articles from around the world about the "Ghost" that Pire has laid out along with scattered surveillance camera photos on the table.

FBI DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
You've dedicated a lot of time to
this side hobby.

PIRE
As you know, for months this
"ghost" thief had been terrorizing
Europe with significant thefts.

FBI DIRECTOR
Had been?

PIRE
He went silent four weeks ago.

The Director's face shows a declining lack of interest from what was already very little.

PIRE (CONT'D)
My research shows he is *highly*
trained. Skills likely acquired in
one or more intelligence agencies.
And before he--

FBI DIRECTOR
Ghosted?

Pire forces a laugh at the Director's old white male humor.

PIRE
The grandeur of the thefts had been
escalating. Showing a growing
brazzeness and theatricality. I
think those thefts were an opening
act for something much bigger.

FBI DIRECTOR
What?

PIRE
I don't know yet.

FBI DIRECTOR
When you requested this meeting,
you said it was critical.

PIRE
It is. I want to assemble and lead
a task force to go after the ghost.

FBI DIRECTOR
Agent Pire, we have a Presidential
inauguration in a couple days.

PIRE
Yes. I know--

FBI DIRECTOR
And you want to divert Bureau
manpower and resources to go pursue
this clown who's already in the
wind when we have to be most alert.

PIRE
Sir--

FBI DIRECTOR
I understand how important this art
is to you.

He says "art" with a condescending tone.

FBI DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
But this ghost isn't part of our
jurisdiction or even your job. It's
an international matter. So, no.
(then)
It's not a Bureau priority.

PIRE
But sir, I believe he will strike
in America. Imminently.

The Director chuckles.

FBI DIRECTOR
I don't care how much of a flare
for the dramatic he has, we aren't
some second-rate Latvian government
with glorified mall cops for
officers that he's been eluding.
This is the United States.
(then)
He wouldn't dare try that here.

INT. WASHINGTON, DC - DUMBARTON OAKS MUSEUM - NIGHT

She would dare.

Several GUARDS are bound and unconscious on the floor. Ghost
stands over them, admiring her handiwork.

She takes out what looks to be a small remote. She presses a button on it. A HIGH-PITCHED whistling comes from it.

She turns it off. Within seconds, all the glass within a twenty foot radius CRACKS and then collapses.

Ghost grabs a collection of JEWELRY and MASKS and CLAY POTS. And *only* those items.

After she is done, she looks up and sees a surveillance camera that she has perfectly avoided.

EXT. MEXICAN EMBASSY - NIGHT

A YOUNG MAN, working at the Mexican Embassy, leaves the building. He walks into a courtyard area outside the main doors and takes out a cigarette. He's the only one around.

Ghost descends behind him from a quiet grappling hook.

She takes out the remote. Presses a button. The lights in the courtyard area all go out. It's pitch black.

People inside the building scramble.

GHOST

Don't turn around.

EMBASSY EMPLOYEE

What?

The young man jumps. Begins to wheel around. Ghost gives a gentle kick to the back of his knee. He falls forward. *

GHOST

What did I say?

EMBASSY EMPLOYEE

I don't have any money.

Ghost paces behind the young man.

GHOST

Aren't you too young to be killing yourself with that?

He tosses the cigarette. Ghost clears her throat. He gets the hint, picks up the cigarette and puts it in a trash can while not turning to face her.

Ghost takes a bag and places it in his hands.

GHOST (CONT'D)
Do you know what this is?

He looks inside.

EMBASSY EMPLOYEE
(shocked)
Yes.

GHOST
Now it's yours again. Return them
to your country. Do not divulge
that you have them or from whom
they came.

His eyes go wide. He excitedly begins to turn.

EMBASSY EMPLOYEE
You're the ghost?

Ghost gives him a soft smack to the head. He looks forward.

GHOST
I hate that name.

EMBASSY EMPLOYEE
You're just a woman.

GHOST
I would caution you never to put
"just" in that sentence.

EMBASSY EMPLOYEE
Is this what you do with everything
you've stolen? You give it away?

GHOST
I return them to where they belong.

EMBASSY EMPLOYEE
Why?

GHOST
For you.

Beat as he lets this settle in his mind.

EMBASSY EMPLOYEE
Who are you?

GHOST
(heroically)
The Villager Unpillager.

EMBASSY EMPLOYEE
What...?!

GHOST
I'm working on it.

He slowly turns-- there's a click sound. The lights all return. He shields his eyes from the blinding light.

When he finally looks up, Ghost is gone.

EXT. BALTIMORE HARBOR - NIGHT (ESTABLISHING)

The waters are calm along the Baltimore harbor.

INT. BALTIMORE - HOUSE - NIGHT

Ghost enters a home. The lights are all off. A sign on the wall reads: EMBERS SCHOOL AND HOME - *A place to grow.*

Ghost runs her fingers over the words. She quickly and preternaturally silently moves through the home.

She grabs picture frames, albums, and files. Strangely knowing where to find each and every item.

In a picture frame is a MAN surrounded by a class of children. She looks lovingly at the man in the photo.

She carefully sets it down and approaches the door but stops when she reaches it.

She turns to the stairs.

INT. HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ghost walks through a hallway, passing by various rooms. She quietly opens one and peers in.

Inside are several CHILDREN in bunk beds. Sound asleep.

Ghost watches them for a moment. A look of longing and sadness crosses her face.

The look then shifts to steely resolve.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Ghost walks away from the home through a garden. On either side of her are rows of purple-blue hued FLOWERS.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
I don't get it. You're not that
hard to catch.

Ghost freezes. Doesn't immediately turn around to face the voice behind her. A voice from the past.

GHOST
You're the only one that ever
could.

She lets her eyes meet his, revealing the man from the photo, JAMAL.

Ghost points to the many flowers.

GHOST (CONT'D)
These are new. I like them.

JAMAL
Since you left, I've had more time
on my hands. Started gardening.

A cheesy grin forms on Ghost's face.

GHOST
Gardening?

JAMAL
Yeah. I know. Surprised me too. I
saw these and...

A long pause from Jamal. The flowers wrapping him in a reverie of beauty and love. Conjuring a deep well of emotion.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
... They reminded me of you.

Beat. A clear love exists between the two. And a tension.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
What's the next heist?

GHOST
You know I can't tell you anything.

JAMAL
Right. The students used to ask me
about you. All the time. I'd make
up things. "Oh, she just had to
take care of some family stuff.
She'll be back." "Oh. She's away.
(MORE)

JAMAL (CONT'D)
She's not feeling well." I ran out
of things to make up so I just said
you're gone. They stopped asking.

GHOST
I'm thinking of you all everyday.

JAMAL
Then come home.

Ghost pauses. It's clear she wants that. To say more. But she
stops herself.

GHOST
I can't. I'm doing this for them.
For everyone like us.

JAMAL
You're doing this for you! An art
thief? Who asked for that?

GHOST
I'm not a thief.

He holds out his hands with an "if the shoe fits" expression.

JAMAL
You don't always have to try and
save everyone.

GHOST
Your place is here. Doing things
this way. Mine is out there.

Jamal looks down. Sees in her hand the old photos and
evidence of her past life. Their past. Her existence.

JAMAL
It's gonna be like you never
existed.

GHOST
It has to be.

Jamal relents. Seeing that Ghost won't let herself budge.

JAMAL
"Ghost." Man, I hate that name.

They share a laugh. Jamal holds his gaze on her. Taking her
in for what might be the last time. Then walks to the house.

GHOST
What are they?

Ghost gestures to the flowers.

JAMAL
Baptisia australis. An **Indigo**.

Jamal enters the house. Ghost tears herself from looking at the closed door and rests her eyes on the indigo flowers...

EXT. FBI OFFICE - DAY

It's a new day. Pire approaches the FBI offices with a peculiar sight in front of him. Standing in front of the offices are a handful of his colleagues. Waiting.

AGENT #1
The Director wants you to get over there right away.

PIRE
Where?

AGENT #1
Dumbarton Oaks. Didn't you hear?

PIRE
What?

AGENT #2
There was an art theft last night--

Pire rushes to his car before the agent can finish.

EXT. DUMBARTON OAKS - DAY

Pire arrives at the museum. NEWS REPORTERS and ONLOOKERS stand outside blocked by tape keeping them out. They yell questions at Pire.

REPORTER #1
Was this The Ghost?

REPORTER #2
Did the FBI not foresee this?

PIRE
We're investigating the matter and not jumping to any conclusions.

Pire ruminates. Sees an opportunity.

PIRE (CONT'D)

If this was the Ghost thief, the full weight of the FBI will bear down on this individual. I guarantee it. Thank you.

Pire enters into...

INT. DUMBARTON OAKS - DAY

The museum. A few empty cases and broken glass everywhere.

GHOST (O.S.)

Agent?

Pire turns to see Ghost. Disguised in a wig as the Curator: A nerdy, can't-be-bothered typically annoying DC type.

PIRE

Hi. I'm Agent Pire with the FBI.

GHOST (AS CURATOR)

I've already spoken to the police.

PIRE

Yes, well. We wanted to look into the matter ourselves. What was taken?

GHOST (AS CURATOR)

A collection of Aztec pieces.

Pire considers.

PIRE

I wonder if I might take a look at your surveillance footage?

Ghost sighs in faux exasperation. Totally put upon.

GHOST (AS CURATOR)

Sure. I'll go over this *again*. But this needs to be quick. I have a flight I need to catch.

The two go behind a desk. Ghost opens a computer. She makes chit chat while it loads.

GHOST (AS CURATOR) (CONT'D)

I love Inauguration time. Democracy at work. It's beautiful.

PIRE
I'm not much for politics.

GHOST (AS CURATOR)
That's a shame. I have my eyes set
on the White House some day.

PIRE
I'll keep an eye out for you.

She pulls up the security footage. It loads.

GHOST (AS CURATOR)
FBI? Wait. You don't think it's
that... what's the name?

PIRE
Ghost. Maybe. Art thefts are rare.
And it does fit a pattern. He only
takes foreign pieces.

GHOST (AS CURATOR)
Everything can be foreign depending
on where it is.
(and)
But I don't think this is your
person then.

PIRE
What makes you say that?

GHOST (AS CURATOR)
You'll see.

She plays the video.

It's grainy and dark. Impossible to make out faces. Pire
watches Ghost easily dispatch with the Dumbarton guards.

PIRE
Is that... this might be the first
recording of him. He's never let a
camera catch him.

Ghost (as Curator) grins as Pire is about to realize...

PIRE (CONT'D)
It's a woman. The Ghost is a woman?

Pire continues watching. Sees her take the treasure. And
then, continue searching.

PIRE (CONT'D)
What's that she's doing?

GHOST (AS CURATOR)

What?

PIRE

After she got the pieces. She could leave. But she's searching for something else.

Pire turns to her.

PIRE (CONT'D)

Is there anything, anything you can think of that was taken, touched, moved? Any information helps.

GHOST (AS CURATOR)

Well now that you mention it, the personal information pertaining to a collector was also stolen. We keep hard copies of files for all repeat buyers.

PIRE

Did this collector buy something recently?

GHOST (AS CURATOR)

A lantern.

Ghost becomes dramatically serious. Like in a movie where the main character tells you what the MacGuffin is.

GHOST (CONT'D)

It's said that this lantern has the power to raise an army.

Long beat of silence. Pire wants to get away from this weirdo. He's much too serious to believe in fairy tales.

PIRE

(anyway)

I'm going to need a copy of that video and information on that client.

Ghost plugs a flash drive into the computer. A few moments later, she unplugs and hands it to Pire.

GHOST (AS CURATOR)

If there's nothing else, I really do need to go.

PIRE

Where?

GHOST (AS CURATOR)
Italy. To acquire another piece.

Ghost heads to the door. She turns to Pire.

GHOST (AS CURATOR) (CONT'D)
Good luck catching her.

He nods and continues inspecting the crime scene.

INT. PIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

Pire hurries to his desk. Plugs the flash drive into his computer. Waits for it to load.

PIRE
What...

A picture of an indigo flower fills the screen. He tries clicking through, but that's all there is. The flower.

PIRE (CONT'D)
(yelling out of the door)
I need tech in here.

He takes off his jacket, rolling up his sleeve. Readyng to really get into this. That's when he sees it.

In his coat pocket is an indigo flower. Just like the one on the screen. He grabs a tissue. Uses it to grab the flower. A note is wrapped around the flower stem.

Pire unwraps the note. Reads it. His eyes go wide. Fill with rage.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Pire is in the conference room surrounded by agents.

The Director enters.

FBI DIRECTOR
What's happened?

Pire shows the director the note. Looks like it's written on a colorful postcard. It reads:

I was right under your nose, and you couldn't tell.

That's as close as you'll ever get.

~ Indigo

PIRE
It's the ghost. She calls herself
Indigo.

FBI DIRECTOR
She?

PIRE
It's a woman. I met her. She was
impersonating the curator.

AGENT #3
The actual curator got a phony call
saying to meet here. We interviewed
her. She has no clue who the woman
Agent Pire met was.

FBI DIRECTOR
What else do we have?

TECH AGENT
Not much. Empty flash drive with
only a flower on it. Flower and
note had no prints but Agent
Pire's.

AGENT #4
We're searching for her based on
Agent Pire's description. So far
nothing.

PIRE
She's taunting us.

FBI DIRECTOR
Does the press know about this?

PIRE
Not yet.

FBI DIRECTOR
Could Agent Pire and I have the
room?

The other agents leave.

FBI DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
So the robbery was really her? This
ghost. This Indigo character.

Pire nods.

FBI DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
If it is the Ghost, "the full
weight of the FBI will bear down on
this individual."

Pire stiffens.

FBI DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Do you understand the position
you've put the Bureau?

PIRE
I do.

FBI DIRECTOR
I'm struggling for a reason why I
shouldn't fire you.

PIRE
I know where she's going.
(off the Director's quiet)
I believe she is going to find a
collector in Italy who has a
lantern she's looking for.

FBI DIRECTOR
A lantern?

PIRE
I don't know more than that. But I
know this lantern is important to
her.

A long beat.

FBI DIRECTOR
Do you find the timing of this at
all curious?

Pire considers.

FBI DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
During what period in America are
the eyes of the world most on us?

PIRE
Inauguration.

FBI DIRECTOR
She came out of her cave and chose
to do this now to embarrass us. To
insult the United States on the
damn world stage. I refuse to let
this woman get away with that.

He says "woman" like it's a dirty word. Perhaps more pissed that the thief is female than anything else.

Pire looks to the Director excitedly.

FBI DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

She struck on our soil. We now have jurisdiction to pursue. You have permission to go to the ends of the world to get her. The full weight of the FBI is behind you.

(then)

You asked for this, Pire. If you fail...

PIRE

Understood.

Pire starts to leave.

FBI DIRECTOR

And Pire, one more thing. Make sure you get the bitch.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - DAY

Pire is flanked by a coterie of agents including AGENT CARSON (loyal to Pire but more interested in golf than being an agent). Pire is steering the ship.

PIRE

Take the museum curator back to Dumbarton. Find out if there is in fact missing information on a client.

AGENT #1

On it.

PIRE

I want a delay on all travel from BWI, Reagan, and Dulles. Especially anything going to Italy.

AGENT #1

Are you sure she wasn't lying about leaving the country?

PIRE

Yes. She wants us to know where she's going.

AGENT #3

But she knows we'll be there. It'd
be nuts to try and leave now.

PIRE

That's exactly why she's going to
do it. She doesn't think we can
stop her. She'll be there.

INT. WASHINGTON, DC - REAGAN NATIONAL - DAY

Passengers are searched by FBI agents. Aggressive screenings.
Search dogs out in full force. Law enforcement everywhere.

AGENT CARSON

We're sorry for the delays, but
please cooperate and we'll get you
moved through quickly.

A PASSENGER complains about the lines caused by the extra
search and security measures.

PASSENGER

Come on. I'm going to miss my
plane.

INT. WASHINGTON, DC - DULLES - DAY

It's the same thing at Dulles. Disgruntled passengers. Long
lines easily being cleared. Agents search but find nothing.

INT. WASHINGTON, DC - BWI - DAY

Pire oversees the search. The search is now a well-oiled
machine. But no sign of her. An agent approaches.

PIRE

Anything?

AGENT #2

Nothing. Traffic cameras in the
area couldn't ID her either. She
knew how to avoid them I guess.

PIRE

She'll be here. I know it. Double
the men we have on this.

AGENT #2

We already have more than enough--

PIRE

We are not letting her get away. I won't allow it.

The agent nods and walks away to carry out the orders.

INT. DC AIRPORTS - HOURS LATER

It's basically an army of FBI agents searching and heavily scrutinizing passengers as they enter the airport.

EXT. BWI AIRPORT - NIGHT

A NEWS ANCHOR speaks into a camera outside the airport.

NEWS ANCHOR

... We're continuing to see long delays at airports as the FBI continues its manhunt. While not officially confirmed yet, sources indicate that the search is for a woman suspected of being the notorious "ghost" thief.

INT. BWI AIRPORT - OFFICE - NIGHT

Pire is combing over pages and pages. A knock comes at the door. Pire is too wrapped up in the work to answer.

The Young Agent Pire chewed out before enters.

YOUNG AGENT

Agent Pire. Um-- I--

PIRE

We can't find her. I know.

Before the Young Agent can ask how Pire knows this:

PIRE (CONT'D)

She was a step ahead. That's the only way. I'm looking for a clue in the manifests.

YOUNG AGENT

I looked at everything going to or already left for Europe in the last six hours.

PIRE

And?

YOUNG AGENT

Nothing. There was a manifest with shorthand information for a private jet, but that's not unusual.

PIRE

Show me.

The Young Agent locates a paper.

YOUNG AGENT

It's going to Nice.

He pronounces it like "nice".

PIRE

It's Nice.

Pire says it correctly as "niece". The Young Agent looks at him skeptically.

YOUNG AGENT

See the pilot's name is abbreviated with just initials. T.Y.

Pire reads it. Realizes something. Closes his eyes in frustration. All he can do is let out an exasperated chuckle.

PIRE

The middle initial is "R".

YOUNG AGENT

So?

PIRE

T.R.Y. This pilot's name is "Try" on a flight headed to Nice. Get it?

YOUNG AGENT

"Nice Try."

PIRE

She was posing as a pilot, that's why we missed her.

Pire stands.

YOUNG AGENT

I thought she was going to Italy.

PIRE

Maybe eventually.

Pire rushes out.

YOUNG AGENT
I knew it was Nice.

Pronounces it like "nice".

INT. JET - COCKPIT - DAY

Drum roll.... introducing our four-quadrant heroine as we will come to know her. She is indecipherable. Enigmatic.

A flawless mosaic of mystery. A portrait of regality. Painted with a brush of unimaginable style and sophistication.

The next iteration in the line of icons: Grace Kelly. Audrey Hepburn. Jackie Kennedy. Beyonce. Michelle Obama.

And now her. The sum of them all.

Gone is the ghost. Meet INDIGO.

INDIGO
Bon jour.
(in French; subtitled)
We have reached Nice. My name is
Indigo. Thank you for letting me be
your pilot today.

Sporting a massive grin she's dressed as a pilot while flying a private jet into Nice. She brings it to a perfect landing.

EXT. NICE, FRANCE - AIRPORT - DAY

Indigo struts down the tarmac full of confidence and style. She spots a group of rich TEENS preparing to skydive.

Without slowing down a hair, she slides undetected behind them and grabs a parachute while their backs are turned.

And then is gone.

INT. UNIVERSITÉ NICE SOPHIA ANTIPOLIS - CLASSROOM - DAY

Indigo enters the back of a classroom dressed in her typically impeccable style. Along with three high-fashion shopping bags.

The professor speaking is charismatic and overly confident. Toxically masculine and aware of his brilliance. Fancies himself a real life Indiana Jones. And thinks that's a good thing. A self-absorbed archaeologist cowboy.

This is WALTER SMITH (40s).

His name is written on the board and on the textbooks. Yes. He's the kind of cocky ass who teaches from his own writings.

WALTER

What I discovered was a chamber under the doorway. And the locals had no clue what they were doing.

The students are enraptured. Indigo rolls her eyes.

WALTER (CONT'D)

And I was fortunate to make it out alive. And with this no less.

He displays an ornate vase. The class oooos and ahhhhhs.

WALTER (CONT'D)

This term I won't just talk about my adventures. But there'll be much of that. Instead we'll explore the intersection of art and community progress. Art as public health.

The class laughs.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Laugh if you must, but many falsely believe the most important detail of art is the art itself. The medium, the style, etcetera.

Indigo is more serious than we've seen her.

WALTER (CONT'D)

At its simplest, it's a tool of illumination. Take it away from a particular group and they collapse. Inevitably. Why? Because there is a mental and emotional toll to being alienated from oneself. The health of any population is dependent on their ability to see themselves. Where there's no vision, the people perish.

(then)

Art is that mirror.

Indigo savors every word.

EXT. NICE, FRANCE - TRAIN STATION - DAY

Indigo, wearing a large hat that hides her face along with a long trench coat, follows Walter from a distance.

He makes his way towards a train.

He struts with the unearned confidence of an old, white Republican. Complete with pretentious leather BRIEFCASE with perfect fading.

She spots that even though he is alone, he looks like he is talking to himself. Full on conversation.

She observes the people around him and sees what others wouldn't.

Strangely, there are ARMED MEN with their weapons hidden. All look formidable.

They assemble in a de facto wall around Walter. Meant to look like none of them know one another. They are his protection.

Indigo clocks this. Doesn't get too close.

The TRAIN arrives bound for Italy.

Walter and his secret protection enter the train.

Indigo begins to follow. A STATION CREW MEMBER comes up behind Indigo.

STATION CREW MEMBER
Excuse me, mademoiselle. Would you
like help with your bag?

At Indigo's feet is a massive suitcase.

She notices the near imperceptible rise in presence at the station: the FRENCH POLICE are searching the station for someone.

INDIGO
No. I think I'll need it.

She takes the suitcase and boards the train.

EXT. TRAIN - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

The train makes its way through scenic countryside.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

People roam about freely on the train car, stretching their legs and/or engaging in idle chatter.

Walter continues talking to himself. A FAN runs to him.

FAN

Professor Smith. Could I have an autograph?

WALTER

Of course.

FAN

I've read all your books. How you found that chest in Morocco.

Indigo, who is watching where he is and what he's doing, scoffs. Hard.

WALTER

Thank you. I try.

Walter signs the autograph for the fan and starts regaling him with a tale.

A SLEEPING MOTHER and her bored and wide awake DAUGHTER (6) are seated adjacent to Indigo who now has her attention focused squarely out a window, observing the evergreen view.

The daughter looks like a miniature version of Indigo. She stares at Indigo with an unflinching gaze. An almost awe.

Sensing the eyes on her, Indigo turns to the young girl.

GIRL

Wow.

Indigo smiles at the girl. The girl smiles back amid her clear fangirling enchantment.

Indigo saunters to the girl. She raises her hand slightly.

INDIGO

Do you know what this is?

Indigo holds her hands on either side of the girl's head.

GIRL

Hair?

And seeing Indigo's wonder at her, the girl beams even more.

INDIGO
Yes. That. But it's also a crown.
Wear it proudly.

The girl nods.

The train stops. The tender moment is cut short when Indigo spots officers boarding the train.

They are carrying a crude DRAWING of the curator – her. They begin searching the train cars checking passengers' identification and documents.

Walter stands, getting ready to leave the train. Indigo springs into action. She grabs her bags.

She moves with purpose but casually in his direction. Not drawing attention to herself.

The train doors open.

The outside station platform is littered with ITALIAN OFFICERS. Looking for Indigo.

She doesn't flinch. Doesn't react a hair. She calmly reaches into her pocket and pulls out a CHIP.

A member of Walter's protection inadvertently steps between her and Walter.

Indigo has no choice.

Walter is stepping off. She flings the chip...

Landing it in the briefcase as he steps off the train. She lets the train doors close.

She looks down the train car. OFFICERS make their way through the car, looking at passengers.

She opens the car door and enters into an outside gap that leads to...

INT. TRAIN CAR TWO – CONTINUOUS

Another train car that also has officers roaming. She reopens the door and remains...

EXT. TRAIN – DAY

Outside between the two cars. Nothing below her but tracks. Nothing above her but sky.

She climbs a ladder that leads to the roof of the train car, bringing her suitcase with her.

EXT. TRAIN CAR ROOF - DAY

She opens the suitcase and grabs a rope inside. She ties one end to the train. Then she takes out what the other end is attached to: the parachute.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

The officers hear the noise from above.

EXT. TRAIN CAR ROOF - DAY

She straps it on.

Two officers have just come atop the train car.

Only one thing left to do. She puts her hat away, and ties an indigo colored scarf around her head.

INDIGO

I hate what wind does to my hair.
Don't you?

She winks.

And pulls the cord (seriously! She's got flare) as the officers run at her. But it's too late. Whoosh.

The parachute deploys, sending her high into the air in seconds.

She's parasailing above the train as it chugs along pulling her. Absolutely loving the rush of wind and basking in the sunlight.

She's 100% unconcerned by the officers attempting to pull her back in by the rope. She takes out a small blade. AND--

Cuts the rope.

She goes sailing away over buildings and trees. Shops and cafes. Above the heads of everyone down below. Drifting gently by way of the breeze until she finally alights several meters (we're in Europe so gotta use the metric system) from a POLICE CHECKPOINT.

She ditches the parachute and sheds the trench coat.

Revealing an Italian police uniform. With that she slides right through the checkpoint with ease.

With none of the many officers there stopping her.

CHYRON: Milan.

INT. FBI PLANE - DAY

Agents wait restlessly. Some play cards. Others sleep.

Pire sits by a phone waiting for a call. He's completely alert. Wearing the same clothes we last saw him in.

The phone rings. The cabin gets quiet.

Pire answers.

PIRE
This is Pire.

He listens. His face inscrutable as he listens.

PIRE (CONT'D)
Thank you. We'll be there shortly.

Pire hangs up the phone with a slam.

PIRE (CONT'D)
Milan.

AGENT #4
I'll let the pilot know.

AGENT CARSON
I take it we don't have her?

PIRE
She parachuted. Off a moving train.

AGENT CARSON
What?! For someone on the run,
she's not trying very hard to be
low key.

PIRE
How are we doing on identifying?

AGENT CARSON
Just spoke to the boys back home.
There's nothing.

PIRE

And the missing contact from
Dumbarton?

AGENT CARSON

Belongs to a Professor Walter
Smith. We're trying to locate him
now. To tell him some crazy art
thief is trying to steal his
lantern to raise an army.

PIRE

Maybe phrase it differently.

Another agent calls out from the front of the plane.

AGENT #5

Look. She's all over the news.

Pire stands to see the TV news. It is in Italian but he
understands just by looking at the screen.

It's a compilation of cell phone videos taken by random
people of Indigo's parachute escapade. None getting remotely
close to capturing her face.

PIRE

She's not trying to fly under the
radar. She wants this. The fame.

(then)

Call down there. Tell them to stop
showing this footage. Don't tell
them why. Make something up. What
we're doing here will be on a need
to know basis.

AGENT CARSON

Kill the attention she wants. I
like it. What do you think she's up
to now?

PIRE

I made the error of underestimating
this person before. We have to
assume we're dealing with a
criminal mastermind. I'd assume
she's planning something right now.

INT. HOTEL - BATHROOM - DAY

Indigo soaks in a bubble bath with Rihanna loudly blaring
while sipping a glass of white wine.

INDIGO
Bitch betta have my money.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A discarded box on the floor shows an address label: To me. From me.

Showing that Indigo shipped things to Italy from Baltimore.

Indigo sits in the hotel room fiddling and tinkering with gadgets and tech that she's building herself.

She's her own quartermaster.

In the corner of the room is what looks to be a large DRONE.

She scrolls through television channels. Nothing about her escapade. She lets this sink in.

EXT. VESPA RENTAL SHOP - DAY

The music continues to play over this scene.

"... Pay me what you owe me, don't act like you forgot..."

Indigo, a large bag in hand, approaches a RENTAL AGENT.

RENTAL AGENT
Ciao, bella. What can I do for you?

INDIGO
Yes. I called about a rental. One I'd like adjustments to.

RENTAL AGENT
Ah, yes. We've been waiting for you. It's in the garage.

INDIGO
Perfect. And I won't be disturbed?

RENTAL AGENT
No. The area is yours for as long as you need.

Indigo leaves a generous tip and proceeds to the garage. Not at all dressed for mechanical work as evidenced by her heels and clearly expensive blouse. The agent clocks this.

RENTAL AGENT (CONT'D)
 Are you sure you wouldn't like some
 help?

Sensing the subtle male condescension under the guise of wanting to be "helpful", Indigo will not hold her tongue.

INDIGO
 Do you have an advanced background
 in mechanical engineering or
 propulsion dynamics?

He looks at her blankly.

INDIGO (CONT'D)
 Experimental or theoretical tech
 development?

RENTAL AGENT
 (Italiano what the fuck)
 Scusami?

INDIGO
 Oh. Just me I guess.

She shrugs and enters the garage. Slams the door.

INT. MILAN POLICE STATION - DAY

Pire, Carson, and the other agents enter the Milanese police station. It is the opposite of the FBI's sense of order. It's a mess where the officers seem more like models than police.

Pire is immediately seen by a greasy, gangly officer. The look and hustler charm of Fredo from the Godfather.

This is COSIMO.

COSIMO
 Agent Pire.

PIRE
 Are you our local attache?

COSIMO
 Yes. I heard you would be joining us. I'm Senior Inspector Cosimo.

PIRE
 I don't know how much you were told over the phone. We're trying to keep this operation close to the chest.

Pire regards the chaos and busy hustle and bustle of the tiny police station with a level of clear contempt.

COSIMO
Not what you were expecting?

PIRE
It's charming.

COSIMO
I have been trying for years to get you Americans to help us with La Fogna. Why now?

PIRE
La who?

COSIMO
La Fogna.

AGENT CARSON
Is that what you call the ghost?

Pire looks at him, puzzled. Cosimo scoffs.

COSIMO
La Fogna... The most notorious smuggler in the world. Drugs. Guns. Illegal art dealings.

AGENT CARSON
Did you say art dealings?

PIRE
We're not here for this.

AGENT CARSON
But she could be working with him.

COSIMO
We believe La Fogna operates out of Milan.

AGENT CARSON
Why haven't you caught him yet?

COSIMO
He's a mystery. He possesses the most sophisticated illicit trafficking network in the world. Thousands of people across the world helping him move his products. He's impossible to find.

Pire takes in Cosimo. Something about him he doesn't like or trust.

PIRE
 As fascinating as this is, it
 doesn't help. Our girl is a loner.
 She's not working with anyone.
 She's too arrogant for that. She
 needs the spotlight to herself.
 (firm)
 We're here about the ghost.

COSIMO
 This isn't about La Fogna?

Pire couldn't care less about Cosimo's sloppy policing.

PIRE
 Earlier today, there was a woman on
 a train--

Cosimo is yelled to in Italian over the noise of the station by another INSPECTOR.

COSIMO
 Excuse me.

Cosimo leaves.

PIRE
 Unbelievable.

The inspector gives Cosimo a postcard, cellphone, and something else.

Cosimo brings the items to Agent Pire.

COSIMO
 Agent Pire, this was addressed to
 you. My men found it on a train.

Cosimo hands Pire an indigo flower and postcard. It reads:

Agent Pire,

Toodle Loo. Looks like I missed you!

~ Indigo

Pire seethes. He looks at the cell phone.

PIRE
 There's a number programmed in it.

Pire shows them the contact name: "Call me? :)"

EXT. MILAN - DAY

Indigo wanders through Milan. Going through the picturesque and fashionable city with her head mostly down.

She is looking at her cell phone. On the screen is a tracker. Showing her where Walter is going.

INT. DALTON SOMARÉ GALLERY - DAY

Indigo ambles through an art gallery. Her phone rings. An upbeat K-pop song plays.

ONLOOKERS are noticeably annoyed. One shushes her.

INDIGO
(in Italian; subtitled)
This isn't a library. If you shush
me again, I will hurt you. Badly.

The onlooker scurries away. She answers the phone.

INDIGO (CONT'D)
I was beginning to think you'd
never call.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Pire sits. His brow furrows. He didn't actually expect her to answer.

He's quietly surrounded by FBI agents and the Italian police. They have the cell phone connected to a machine. Trying to track it.

PIRE
Indigo.

INDIGO
Yes! Isn't that such a better
moniker?

Pire says nothing. He's gritting his teeth so hard that they could break. Incensed by her nonchalance and audacity.

INDIGO (CONT'D)
You're not still mad about DC are
you? I left you a flower. Two now.
And you've given me none.

Pire says nothing.

INDIGO (CONT'D)
You can stay silent if you want,
I'm still going to hang up this
phone in exactly two minutes. So
let's not pretend I don't know
you're trying to track me this very
moment? It's called courtesy, Agent
Pire.

PIRE
I am going to find you. And when I
do, I promise I will--

INDIGO
What's your sign?

PIRE
Excuse me?

INDIGO
Well, if we're at the point in our
relationship of making promises, I
feel like I should know it.

PIRE
Scorpio.

INDIGO
Hmmm. That tracks.

PIRE
Now listen to me--

INDIGO
And your first name?

Pire is being terribly serious but it's all a joke to Indigo.

PIRE
Michael.

INDIGO
Michael? No. Really? Michael Pire?
M. Pire? Your name is empire.
That's almost painfully on the
nose. No wonder you became a fed.

PIRE

Why are you doing this?

INDIGO

Would you believe me if I said I
was looking for a strapping patron?
Someone to fund my ever growing
extravagant lifestyle and needs.

Indigo reverently walks through the African and Asian art section of the gallery. Now she's serious.

INDIGO (CONT'D)

Do you understand the tragedy it is
that *so much* history and culture
isn't owned by the people who
created them?

(then)

Of course you don't. You couldn't.

Pire gets a twinkle in his eye. A revelation.

PIRE

You're giving the things you steal
away. Like Robin Hood.

We can see the well of emotion growing inside Indigo.

INDIGO

No one wants to feel invisible or
possessed, Agent Pire.

PIRE

What do you want with the lantern?

INDIGO

I just told you.

She steadies herself.

INDIGO (CONT'D)

Speaking of, have you ever taken a
picture in some of these new social
media apps? They don't recognize
women with dark skin. And that kind
of technology is everywhere now.
It's very frustrating. I just want
to take a picture with bunny ears
like everyone else.

Pire disregards her playful musings.

PIRE

I am going to catch you.

INDIGO
I hope so.

The line immediately disconnects.

INT. POLICE STATION - SAME

Pire looks to the officers and agents. They shake their head. Couldn't track her.

PIRE
I want a list of all the museums in the city and the kind of art they carry.

Officers and agents carry out his wishes at once.

PIRE (CONT'D)
(to Cosimo)
Could I use your phone? I need to call back to the Bureau.

COSIMO
Of course.

Cosimo dutifully lets Pire use his phone. (**Remember this!**)

INT. DALTON SOMARÉ GALLERY - SAME

Indigo takes out the SIM card, crushes it beneath her heel. Takes out another. Plugs it in. Looks at the tracker on her cell. Follows it until she sees Walter admiring a small BUST. His clandestine protection keeping a respectful distance.

Indigo goes to admire the same AFRICAN BUST.

WALTER
(talking to himself)
Yes. I do.

He looks over at Indigo.

She quickly spots an earpiece in his ear. He's been talking to someone.

WALTER (CONT'D)
I've seen art from across the world and this one is my favorite. Sometimes I make up names for the pieces. This one I call the Helen of Troy.

Indigo barely hides a look of disgust.

INDIGO
Very European.

WALTER
This piece--

INDIGO
Inspired the Wolof people to war.

Walter looks at Indigo, impressed. There's no bio next to the art. She just knows this on her own.

INDIGO (CONT'D)
Guernica would have been a better reference.

(analyzing it)
Ironically, it was made as an antiwar piece. The cracks and chips were intentional to show the tragedy of battle. The piece showed the people themselves in a way they didn't want to be. Broken.

The two are doing a tango of words about the piece.

WALTER
It helped them realize who they were. And brought them years of prosperity as a result.

INDIGO
Which is why I believe the health of any group comes from art.

Unaware that she was in his class and is only paraphrasing his lecture words back at him, Walter is floored by her.

WALTER
Well said.

Walter makes eye contact with one of his clandestine heavys. A signal that it is time to go.

WALTER (CONT'D)
Enjoy. You'll never meet its equal.

Indigo stands in place admiring the piece. Noticing Walter's long final look at it.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Indigo stands in her hotel room more serious than we have ever seen her. She's looking over the things she took from her old home.

Drivers license. Photos. Etc. All the proof of her past life. She takes a beat. Reflecting over them. She reluctantly lets them go. Dropping them in a trash can.

She goes to the window and opens it. Returns to the trash can with a match in hand. She drops the match inside. Fire catches immediately. Smoke wafts out the window.

She changes into a dark, all purple cat-burglar-like ensemble. She covers her face with an indigo hued scarf.

With each new adornment, the person she was falls away. And something greater, necessitated by the world, is born. A spiritual and emotional metamorphoses occurring.

The flame has burned away all that was.

Now all that remains is Indigo.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

Indigo stands outside the gallery looking at it from the roof of a nearby building.

She looks up at a window. She takes out her grappling gun that is connected to a GAUNTLET on her arm. She shoots it.

A line deploys and HOOKS into the brick wall.

She is rocketed upwards by it.

INT. DALTON SOMARÉ GALLERY - NIGHT

A high-pitched whistling. The window glass shatters. Indigo steps inside.

She creeps her way through the gallery. Gliding past cameras and motion detectors. This is easy. Almost too easy.

She goes to the bust Walter was admiring.

PIRE (O.S.)
Don't even think about it.

Standing at another entry point to the exhibit is Pire. He has his gun out and is pointing it at her.

INDIGO

So good to see you, Agent Pire. I
need a hand with this. It looks
heavy.

PIRE

It's over.

INDIGO

How did you know I'd be here?

PIRE

Not too many museums in the city
with non-Western art sections.

Pire speaks into a walkie talkie.

PIRE (CONT'D)

I've got her.

Indigo listens. The sounds of police sirens is clear.

EXT. DALTON SOMARÉ GALLERY - NIGHT

Police and FBI agents have the building surrounded.

INT. DALTON SOMARÉ GALLERY - NIGHT

Indigo cracks a smile. Listens for agents coming up the
stairs.

INDIGO

You invited other people to our
party?

PIRE

I forgot to RSVP for my plus
twenty. Sorry.

Pire approaches slowly. Indigo steps backwards. Backing
herself away as he comes closer.

PIRE (CONT'D)

You've got no where to go.

Indigo rips a frame down from the wall. ALARMS blare. Red
lights flash. Security systems activate.

INT. DALTON SOMARÉ GALLERY - HALLWAYS - SAME

Metal barricades CLOSE OFF exhibits blocking agents from getting to Pire.

INT. DALTON SOMARÉ GALLERY - STARICASE - SAME

Doors lock, trapping agents and police in the stairwell.

INT. DALTON SOMARÉ GALLERY - DAY

With his attention momentarily taken, Indigo lunges at Pire. She kicks his gun out of his hand. It slides away just as the gate comes down, making certain it stays out of his reach as they are enclosed together.

Pire throws a HAYMAKER. It narrowly misses Indigo.

He throws several jabs. She dodges. She is toying with him. She sends him reeling with a well-timed kick to the chest.

She goes for the bust. Pire recovers and tries to tackle her from behind. She BACKFLIPS over him and kicks him in the ass, sending him crashing into a wall.

Sounds echo of police and agents fighting to get to the area.

Indigo grabs the bust and throws it into a bag and puts it on her back.

This is Pire's moment. He comes at her full force. Holding nothing back. With the bust holding her back, she isn't able to move as swiftly.

He lands a solid jab. Indigo FOOTSWEEPS him, sending him falling. Feeling the tides turning though, she takes a CUBE out of her belt. She throws it at the metal cage. It sticks there.

A moment later. BOOM! A MASSIVE EXPLOSION blows a hole in the cage. Agents get through the stairwell at the same time.

Pire tries to stop her, before she gets away. She levels him with a roundhouse kick to the dome.

She then takes out what looks to be a MARBLE from her belt.

She slams it on the ground. It releases an oppressive amount of SMOKE, making it impossible to see. Indigo's eyes glow red. She has her night vision goggles on.

She beats back officers and agents. It's pandemonium as they try to fight something they cannot see clearly.

Each punch, elbow and kick is precise and effective. John Wick ain't got shit on Indigo.

One by one, they drop like flies.

EXT. DALTON SOMARÉ GALLERY - NIGHT

Indigo uses her grappling gun from a window. It attaches to a nearby roof. She activates it. Cosimo jumps on her legs as she is flying out of the window.

He holds on to her legs as they are both suspended above the ground at least thirty feet.

COSIMO

Stop.

INDIGO

I don't think I will.

The extra weight drags them down. Indigo kicks Cosimo. He clings to her for dear life.

Below them are a crowd of officers and agents.

INDIGO (CONT'D)

Feels like you've been enjoying too much gelato, friend.

COSIMO

As will you in jail.

She kicks him once more between the eyes. Sending him falling onto his cohorts who break his landing.

Freed of him, Indigo goes flying to the opposite roof.

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Indigo goes jumping from roof to roof.

EXT. MILAN STREET - SAME

Pire runs out of the gallery onto the street, coughing from the smoke.

PIRE

Don't let her get away.

He hops into a car with Cosimo.

COSIMO
This is incredible. I've always
wanted to be in a chase.

He turns on the radio. An intense opera number comes on. He floors it!

They watch Indigo swinging from buildings with her grappling gun. Cosimo runs red lights and nearly gets T-boned at an intersection.

But they still have her in sight.

PIRE
Don't lose her.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

Indigo stops. Can see for blocks from where she is. Police are approaching in cars from all sides.

She takes out her remote. Presses a button.

CRACK! BOOM!

Fireworks explode overhead. One. Two. Ten. It's a colorful explosion in the air coming from various nearby places.

This section of Milan is lit up like the 4th of July.
BLINDING light.

INT. COSIMO'S CAR - NIGHT

Cosimo slams on the brakes as the light from the fireworks surprises him and temporarily obscures his sight.

COSIMO
She's quite theatrical, no?

PIRE
(into walkie)
Don't get distracted. Does anyone have eyes on her?

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

Using the fireworks as cover and distraction, Indigo shimmies down a chimney and onto the ground below.

EXT. MILAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Bringing her street level in front of a packed gelato stand.

INDIGO

Try the strawberry. It's
bellissimo.

A police car comes barreling down the street. Indigo sprints away through an alley.

INT. COSIMO'S CAR - NIGHT

Cosimo drives while looking up. Pire speaks into a walkie talkie.

PIRE

We lost her.

VOICE (OVER WALKIE)

She's on foot now.

PIRE

We're on our way.

EXT. MILAN STREETS - NIGHT

Indigo runs down the narrow alley, on her way to something in particular. Something special. She arrives.

In front of her is a red FERRARI GTS 812. Also known as the "superfast." She walks up to it. Because it's parked in front of what she actually came for...

A modified VESPA. Painted a lovely indigo hue (obviously!).

She scoots away at a supremely leisurely pace.

INT. POLICE SUV - NIGHT

Italian officers and agents are in a police SUV. They spot Indigo on her Vespa and pursue.

AGENT #5

We've got her.

Indigo is not on highway or even roads. She's gingerly rolling through walking paths and sidewalks.

AGENT #5 (CONT'D)

I don't know what she's doing.

ITALIAN OFFICER
She's on a Vespa?

AGENT #5
(to the driving officer)
Hurry. She's gonna get away.

They all share a laugh, thinking this will be easy.

EXT. VESPA - NIGHT

Indigo sees the SUV and others closing in. She looks at a switch on the Vespa. One of her own additions.

She flips the switch. The Vespa gets SUPERCHARGED. It shoots like a bolt through Milan.

INT. POLICE SUV - NIGHT

They all stop laughing.

AGENT #5
What the hell! What kind of Vespa
is that?

The driving officer has no words. He just gives the SUV all the gas.

INT. COSIMO'S CAR - NIGHT

Cosimo and Pire listen to the walkie.

PIRE
(into walkie)
What's happening? Where is she?

AGENT #5 (OVER WALKIE)
We're in pursuit. But losing
visual.

COSIMO
How?! She's on a scooter!

Indigo comes streaking past Pire's window in the opposite direction. She gives him a wink and waves as she flies by.

COSIMO (CONT'D)
Oh. Nevermind.

Cosimo throws the car in a U. Speeds after her.

EXT. MILAN ROADS - VESPA - NIGHT

Indigo hits the road. She has a narrow opening through traffic. She goes for it. Looks too tight with several cars crisscrossing in front of her.

She slips through by a hair.

The police SUV behind her CRASHES into the rear of a car in the crossing traffic.

INT. POLICE SUV - NIGHT

The agents and officers step out of the wrecked SUV.

AGENT #5
(into walkie)
She's heading down to the canal.

EXT. MILAN ROADS - VESPA - NIGHT

Indigo speeds down a hill to the canal. THREE very fast approaching cars come out of no where. Cosimo's among them.

PIRE (OVER MICROPHONE)
Pull the scooter over.

Indigo continues on with total nonchalance. She's loving this. She hits another button on the Vespa.

SEVERAL CUBES drop from behind it.

When two of the pursing cars hit them. KABOOM. A small explosion from underneath each car blows them onto their side.

INT. COSIMO'S CAR - NIGHT

Cosimo swerves HARD to avoid a high-speed collision with the now overturned cars.

COSIMO
Did you see that? This is
incredible. Who is this woman?

PIRE
Keep your eyes on the road.
(into walkie)
All units, don't get too close. We
don't know what kind of toys she
has.

COSIMO

I don't know why she's heading to
Naviglio Grande. There's no where
for her to go from there.

PIRE

We'll bottle her there at the
canal.

(into walkie)

Converge at the canal.

EXT. NAVIGLIO GRANDE - NIGHT

A preternaturally beautiful canal. Lit up with street lamps
reflected in the calm waters.

Indigo rockets past several couples on romantic dates and
strolls. She parks the Vespa and activates a timer on it.

Then flees into an alley.

EXT. CANAL DISTRICT - NIGHT

As there are no proper roads here, Pire and the officers and
agents park and head down to the canal on foot.

ONLOOKERS and TOURISTS point them into the alley where Indigo
fled. Cell phone cameras are out and recording.

Cosimo notices that Pire is unsettled.

COSIMO

We've got her.

PIRE

No. She's got a trick.

Pire looks around. There are at least fifty of them on their
side of the canal. Any exit is plugged.

But why did she come here?

He notices the Vespa is ticking loud now.

PIRE (CONT'D)

Get away from there!

Officers flee from it just as it BURSTS INTO FLAME. A half
beat later, while they are looking at the fire...

A low droning noise echoes throughout the canal.

INDIGO FLIES OUT OF THE ALLEY ON A DRONE.

It's a six foot version of a normal drone that she's standing upright on.

COSIMO
What the...

She sails over the officers, agents, spectators and gondola ROWER below. She flies over the waters of the canal to the other side where there is not a single law enforcement presence. She faces the other side. Her face still covered.

INDIGO
I am Carambada reborn! Towering over you. When you speak of this night, tell the masses you were stolen from by *Indigo*. Arrivederci!

And with that, she flies off into the night amid several photos of her being taken by people all around.

Pire is at a boiling point. Cosimo can only shrug.

COSIMO
She knows how to make an exit.

Pire walks away.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Walter is seated at a cafe reading a newspaper. His cell phone rings just as--

Indigo sits down in front of him. A large tote bag by her side.

She is wearing the all black jumpsuit with white-colored houses embroidered on it. Paired with sneakers.

INDIGO
Good morning.

Walter silences the phone.

WALTER
(to himself)
Yes. She's just sat down in front of me.

One of Walter's TOUGHS posing as another customer readies to intervene, but Walter gives him a subtle eye to remain seated.

WALTER (CONT'D)
 If you want an autograph, all you
 had to do was ask.

INDIGO
 You carry quite the entourage.
 (to the waiter)
 Cappuccino please.

The WAITER leaves the area.

WALTER
 I don't know to what you're
 referring.

Indigo grabs his knife and lifts it, lunges, and is about to stab him--

She stops. Just a test that proved her right.

She looks around. Several TOUGHS are there. Surrounding her.

Walter halts them with a wave.

INDIGO
 Gotcha!

She drops the knife. The toughs take a step back.

INDIGO (CONT'D)
 So shall we start again?
 (and)
 Who are you?

WALTER
 I'm beginning to feel that our
 meeting wasn't a happy coincidence.

INDIGO
 Is that a question?

WALTER
 An accusation. A surprise, if
 unusually a la mode new student
 sitting in my class is not enough
 to ring my alarm. I have many fans.
 But when that same young woman is
 on my train and at the same gallery
 I'm in, I begin to wonder.

Indigo looks momentarily caught red handed. Becomes stone faced.

Walter gets a phone call. He silences it.

INDIGO
You're not curious how I found you?

He shrugs at Indigo.

INDIGO (CONT'D)
A microchip in your briefcase. It's
a lovely bag. Brings out your eyes.

WALTER
Thank you. Here's your chip back.

He pulls out the chip from his jacket. He knew it was there all along.

INDIGO
No thanks. I can make another.

He crushes it between his fingers.

He points to his earpiece, a camera on his cuff links, and a contact lens only in one eye. The lens is electronic.
Recording.

WALTER
I have a watchful set of eyes and
ears on me at all times.

INDIGO
If you knew, why let me follow you?

WALTER
Seemed sporting. I was curious what
you want with me that you would go
to such lengths.

INDIGO
You have something I want. A
lantern.

WALTER
I don't know who you are, but if
you're planning on threatening or
intimidating me, I don't think it
will end well for you.

Indigo looks at the toughs. Considers. Walter studies her: is she really thinking about this?

WALTER (CONT'D)
I'm not what you call a giving
person. So if you'll excuse me--

Walter gives a signal. The toughs move in. Indigo grabs her tote and places what's inside on the table. The bust.

INDIGO
What about an exchange?

Walter is dumbfounded.

INDIGO (CONT'D)
I want the lantern.

WALTER
(to his earpiece)
Arrange a transport.

Walter looks over Indigo and the bust and can only utter one question.

WALTER (CONT'D)
Who are you?

INT. COSIMO'S OFFICE - DAY

Carson and Pire go over files.

PIRE
Where are we with Professor Smith?

AGENT CARSON
University said they've been trying
to reach him, but haven't yet.

Cosimo returns to the office.

PIRE
Nice of you to join us.

COSIMO
We have nothing. No leads on her.

Pire nods. Gives a knowing look to Carson.

PIRE
What I don't get is if she's after
the lantern, why steal the bust?
And ONLY the bust?

AGENT CARSON
It's not her m.o. to leave other
non-western pieces.

PIRE

Exactly. She would have taken them all. There was an entire Asian and African section untouched. Which means last night wasn't for her.

AGENT CARSON

Who would it have been for then?

PIRE

We might need to consider that she is working with this La Fogna.

COSIMO

I don't think--

PIRE

I want to see every file you have on him.

Cosimo nods and then is off.

AGENT CARSON

Are you sure about this?

PIRE

Very.

INT. VAN - DAY

Indigo and Walter are seated in a van. Going to some undisclosed destination. Walter is admiring the bust, which Indigo is holding tightly.

WALTER

How did you come by it? I can't be seen with something stolen.

INDIGO

You raid tombs and call it discovery. You don't have a moral high ground.

Walter cracks a smile. Endeared by her honesty.

WALTER

I just want to know if I can display it at dinner parties.

Walter listens to what the voice in his ear is saying.

WALTER (CONT'D)

(to the driver)

Don't take this road. There's some commotion ahead. Take the ramp to your right to avoid it.

INDIGO

Your friend is very helpful.

Walter is eager to change the subject.

WALTER

Once you have the lantern, that will conclude our transaction. Then we go our separate ways.

INDIGO

You'll never see me again.

EXT. UNDISCLOSED AREA - HELIPAD - DAY

A helicopter is ready to lift off. Blades spinning.

Indigo, Walter, and his toughs exit to find it waiting.

INDIGO

I don't know many professors who have helicopters.

WALTER

You're not the only one with surprises.

The group boards the helicopter.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

The helicopter choppers over the picturesque waters below. An ISLAND sits in view.

Walter's phone rings. He answers it. It's loud in the helicopter.

WALTER (INTO PHONE)

Hello.

(listening)

What? I can't hear you.

(listening)

I'll call you back.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Cosimo is behind the building, speaking on the phone.

COSIMO (INTO PHONE)
No. I've been trying to reach you.

WALTER (OVER PHONE)
What's happened? You know not to
call me.

COSIMO (INTO PHONE)
The FBI is here. In Milan. I've
barely had a moment to myself.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Walter becomes alert.

COSIMO (OVER PHONE)
They're after the ghost thief.
She's come looking for you. For a
lantern?

WALTER (OVER PHONE)
Really?

COSIMO (INTO PHONE)
And last night she stole a statue.

Walter eyes Indigo and the bust.

COSIMO (OVER PHONE) (CONT'D)
Now the FBI thinks she is working
with La Fogna. They're
investigating both.

WALTER (INTO PHONE)
I'll call you back.

Walter summarily hangs up.

He is casual. His tone and demeanor not revealing his
revelation.

He forces a smile at Indigo. She smiles back, totally unaware
that her identity is blown.

EXT. MANSION - DAY

The helicopter comes down on the helipad of a gorgeous ESTATE. The kind typically reserved for drug lords. It's even complete with armed SECURITY on the estate.

INT. MANSION - DAY

The interior reflects the exterior. Ornate and opulent. The kind of hideout fit for a Bond villain.

Walter walks ahead of Indigo. Security holds Indigo back from following.

Walter approaches a young woman [South Asian or Arab] who enters the foyer. Walter's unappreciated assistant. Seen as nothing by him.

She's distant owing to her single-minded, deeply earnest, and highly analytical nature. Very awkward. But unashamed by it.

This is NOORIA.

His conversation with her is not audible, but his gestures make clear he is angry.

Indigo pays close attention. To their lips. Almost as if she can read what's being said...

ON WALTER

WALTER

Did you hear what Cosimo said?

NOORIA

Yes--

WALTER

Why weren't you aware?

NOORIA

There's no electronic record for what the FBI is doing or that they're even here. I couldn't know about it.

WALTER

If you miss something like that again, I'll put you on the street.

Walter invites Indigo over. Security lets her proceed.

WALTER (CONT'D)
This way.

Indigo follows Walter and Nooria.

Nooria's face is buried in a tablet, scrolling through multiple videos and charts.

WALTER (CONT'D)
I'm curious. What interest do you have in the lantern?

INDIGO
Are you familiar with the legend around it?

WALTER
I don't put stock in fables. You don't seem the type to either.

INDIGO
It's the key to everything I want to do. Call me a cautious believer.

They arrive at a giant set of double doors.

INT. MANSION - ART ROOM - DAY

It is a personal fortune's worth of priceless art and artifacts FILLING A ROOM BIG ENOUGH TO BE A CATHEDRAL.

It's cavernous amounts of pieces.

WALTER
Call me a collector.

Indigo observes the expansive selection.

WALTER (CONT'D)
Almost exclusively pieces from Asia, Africa, and South America. Namibia to Ecuador. I suppose I like my art exotic.

He's dog-whistling "women." Nooria lets slip a look of abject disgust behind Walter's back.

WALTER (CONT'D)
But more than that. The most life-affirming creation comes from conquered civilizations. Their art is infused with, with such anguish.
(MORE)

WALTER (CONT'D)
 It's tangible. That raw emotion is
 magic.

INDIGO
 There's more to them than just
 their pain.

WALTER
 Maybe. But the pain is the best
 bit.
 (to Nooria)
 Where is it?

NOORIA
 In the study.

WALTER
 Is that where it should be?

Walter shows his extreme frustration.

WALTER (CONT'D)
 Tell our friend about the pieces.
 I'll be back.

Walter leaves.

INDIGO
 You're the Professor's assistant?

NOORIA
 Nooria.

With Walter gone, Nooria comes alive. She looks Indigo over.

NOORIA (CONT'D)
 Custom embroidery. Jumpsuit, Dior.
 Spring and Summer catalog. Page
 fifty seven.

INDIGO
 (to Nooria)
 Impressive. You really are a ray of
 light.

Nooria looks at Indigo, impressed.

NOORIA
 I was born that way.

Nooria keeps walking. Never looking up from the many tabs and
 things she's doing on a phone and tablet. She switches
 between the two like a speed machine. Somehow never seeming
 ruffled or rushed.

INDIGO
This is stunning.

Indigo points to a vase. Nooria does not even look up.

NOORIA
That's sixth century. Be gentle.

She already knows what Indigo is referring to.

INDIGO
How do you--

NOORIA
We're thirty-two steps from the door and I could see your head craned left seventy degrees at the vase.

(then)
It's just the way my mind works. I remember everything I see or hear.

She says it with nonchalance. Knows she's a fucking boss but doesn't think it's a big deal.

INDIGO
Is that all?

NOORIA
Yeah.

INDIGO
For the record, he's wrong. It's not your fault. The FBI can be tricky.

Nooria looks up: How did you know what he said?!

NOORIA
How did--

Indigo responds with a wink.

NOORIA (CONT'D)
He says a lot of things but he would never put me on the street. I know too much to be left alive.

Indigo looks at her, worried. Nooria looks back at her totally cavalier: c'mon now. Open your MF-ing eyes.

NOORIA (CONT'D)
Did you think he was a good guy?
(seeing something on her
tablet)
Oh no. Entertain yourself.

She begins walking away down a set of stairs.

Nooria looks at Indigo. Sees that she is still upstairs.
Pushes a book on a bookshelf.

A SECRET DOOR opens. It starts to close.

Indigo LEAPS onto nearby drapes, uses it as a swing
propelling her into the air...

She kicks her sneaker into the door wedge before it closes,
lands with a roll, and calmly walks into--

INT. NOORIA'S OFFICE - DAY

She grabs her sneaker.

NOORIA
Wow. That was cool.

Indigo looks around at a room covered in COMPUTERS.
Spreadsheets and dates are displayed on several monitors.

Cat Steven's *Moonshadow* plays over a nearby speaker.

NOORIA (CONT'D)
You should not be here though.
(then)
Whatever.

Nooria goes to a computer and gets to work at something.
Indigo watches over Nooria's shoulder.

INDIGO
What are you doing?

NOORIA
A shipment that needs to be in
Dubai tonight is going to be stuck
in New York because a Nor'easter is
forming. So I need to re-route it
to avoid it. The contents need to
be kept a certain temperature so I
have to account for that. And also
deal with seventeen other shipments
more complicated than that.

Nooria dances while she works. She's a hoot. A few seconds later... She is done. Like it was nothing.

NOORIA (CONT'D)
Wow. That was a tough one. What were you saying?

Indigo sees that a monitor shows everything Walter is seeing and next to it, a screen with satellite mapping showing where he is and where other people are in relation to him.

INDIGO
You're the voice in his head.

NOORIA
Just seeing and listening for things that he might miss.

Indigo picks up an ear piece.

NOORIA (CONT'D)
Satellite GPS. Sonar. Two way receiver.

Indigo looks at the incredible breadth of things that Nooria touches. Nooria looks on proudly that someone is seeing her work. This is rare.

NOORIA (CONT'D)
Professor Smith's business is massive. We move thousands of items every day with personnel on the ground in every country. Schedule. Accounts. Timing. Impediments. Monitoring law enforcement. Every facet. All run from here.

INDIGO
We? Seems like it's all you.

NOORIA
The setup is my own configuration.

INDIGO
What are you moving?

Beat. Nooria is silent. This speaks volumes.

INDIGO (CONT'D)
An entire operation this big controlled by one person.

Indigo offers it as compliment. Nooria just shrugs. Not used to recognition.

NOORIA

I like variables and logistics. I'm kind of an expert.

INDIGO

You chose an interesting field for your talents.

NOORIA

I started as Professor Smith's student. When he saw what I could do...

Nooria looks at the window at the security outside. She's a prisoner. She shrugs.

NOORIA (CONT'D)

At least I get to do work I'm good at.

Indigo looks at her with total sincerity and empathy.

INDIGO

You belong to no one.

Nooria just studies Indigo back. Unmoved by her charm.

NOORIA

So that's your thing? You like playing the hero?

Indigo is surprised silent by Nooria. Nooria looks at a nearby television monitor. On it is Indigo on the drone.

INDIGO

It's not about me.

With a look, she indicates that she knows about Indigo's moonlighting activities.

NOORIA

It's cool if it is. And you look pretty badass. Who's helping you?

INDIGO

The things that I'm trying to do are safest by myself.

NOORIA

Isn't that lonely?

INDIGO

(defensive)

Aren't you?

Long beat. Indigo clocks her own defensiveness.

INDIGO (CONT'D)
I'm doing this for people like us.
That's all that matters.

It is clear this is a heavy burden for Indigo.

INT. MANSION - ART ROOM - DAY

Indigo and Nooria return to the art room. A beat later, Walter enters with his security. They have guns out.

INDIGO
What's all this?

WALTER
Don't be alarmed. They won't hurt you. It's just, given who you are, I'm sure you can understand precaution. Indigo.

Indigo doesn't react.

WALTER (CONT'D)
I caught your act on the news.
Enthralling.

INDIGO
What do you want?

Walter snaps. A security guard brings him an object wrapped in cloth. Walter takes the cloth off.

It's the LANTERN. It is a thing of absolute beauty.

The security guard takes the bust from Indigo.

WALTER
Are you familiar with a person the locals here call La Fogna?

INDIGO
Only by reputation. He's a monster.

WALTER
With all he's involved in, he uses a model of vertical integration. Acquire and ship our products. But where art is concerned, acquisition is a great challenge. One you seem uniquely skilled at addressing.
(MORE)

WALTER (CONT'D)

(and)

He would like to offer you a job.

INDIGO

A job?

WALTER

With your talents, and his network,
you'll have not only the rarest
pieces, but you'll make a fortune.

INDIGO

He wants me to steal for him? Why
not ask me himself? Why send you?

Long beat.

INDIGO (CONT'D)

You're him. La Fogna.

WALTER

Me? No. I just work for him. He's a
private individual.

Indigo lets this news sink in. Seems genuinely dismayed.

INDIGO

No.

WALTER

Excuse me?

INDIGO

My answer is no.

Walter is floored. Cannot believe her rejection.

INDIGO (CONT'D)

Art should go back to the people
who created it. Not be owned by
people like you.

Walter's men stand at the ready. Waiting for Walter's orders.

It's tense. The standoff hovers in the air. Walter raises his hand. The men train their guns on Indigo. Then--

Nooria goes to Walter. Whispers in his ear.

He lowers his hand. The men drop their guns.

He picks up the bust and a PAINTING. And gives them to Indigo. It's apparent he wants nothing to do with her again.

WALTER

I think I'll be keeping the lantern
and returning this back to you. And
here is something for your trouble.

INDIGO

I need the lantern.

WALTER

The helicopter will take you back
to the city.

Walter's face shows how peeved he is. Security has their
hands close to their guns. Indigo is beaten.

WALTER (CONT'D)

And don't worry, your nightly
crusades secret is safe with me.

Indigo heads for the exit. Walter watches her. Scheming.

Nooria watches the scene play out. A worried expression on
her face.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Pire is speaking to a station full of agents and officers.
Pacing in front of a board of evidence.

PIRE

We know her aims. Returning
colonized art and artifacts to the
countries they're from. What we
need to figure out now is what this
has to do with La Fogna.

The Italian officers whisper and murmur. La Fogna is
notorious.

PIRE (CONT'D)

We believe they could be working
together.

AGENT CARSON

We've got men at every museum in
Italy and doubled our presence at
city exits. She's not leaving.

PIRE

You know what needs to be done.
Let's get to work.

The group disperses. An officer brings Pire books.

AGENT CARSON
Cosimo is gone again.

Pire gives Agent Carson a nod. Carson takes a headset out of his pocket and starts listening.

Pire starts reading the books. One of them is on *Mexican Legends*.

AGENT CARSON (CONT'D)
You getting some Summer reading in?

PIRE
Just looking into something Indigo said. "I am Carambada reborn. Towering over you."

Pire scrolls through.

AGENT CARSON
She was teasing us.

PIRE
Yes. But there's always a nugget in what she says. To give a clue what she's going to do. Daring us to stop her.

He finds a section on Carambada.

PIRE (CONT'D)
"Leonarda Emilia was an indigenous Mexican woman who dressed as a man to rob highway travelers during the nineteenth century under the name Carambada. Meaning amazing woman. She gave her spoils to the poor, with the systematic terror of the Mexican elite as her only reward. Every time she robbed someone, she would open her blouse and expose her breasts to shame her victims with the knowledge that a woman had attacked them."

AGENT CARSON
You have to admit, that's awesome.

PIRE
What is she planning?

INT. MANSION - LA FOGNA'S STUDY - DAY

From his study window, Walter watches Indigo board the helicopter. He makes a phone call.

WALTER (INTO PHONE)
She's on her way back to Milan now.
She rejected your offer, sir.

EXT. POLICE STATION - SAME

Cosimo fumes. Revealing he is La Fogna. He is alone. In the privacy of this moment, we see him as he truly is. Confident. Smart. Steely in his intensity.

COSIMO
And you let her go? She could lead them to me.

WALTER (OVER PHONE)
I had an idea. What if you tell the FBI you got an anonymous tip where La Fogna will be within the hour.

COSIMO
What?

WALTER (OVER PHONE)
There you'll find a woman who will have two pieces. One tying her to last night's theft and another from La Fogna's black market dealings. Showing definitively that this woman, Indigo, is La Fogna.

COSIMO
And the authorities will stop searching for me. For good. You've outdone yourself, Walter. Make sure Indigo does not walk away from this. I don't need her getting in my way again.

He hangs up the phone.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Cosimo bolts into the station. Says something in Italian. The station buzzes.

PIRE
What?

COSIMO
We got a tip. Indigo isn't working
with La Fogna. She is La Fogna.

Pire and Carson exchange knowing looks.

COSIMO (CONT'D)
And I know where she's going.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Indigo sits in the helicopter, seemingly unaware what's coming. Admiring the bust and the painting.

The helicopter lands. She hears sirens. Before she can react--

The PILOT pulls a gun on her. She kicks his arm sending his shot missing.

She SMACKS him in the head with the bust, knocking him out.

She takes the painting out of the frame, rolls it up and puts it in a bag with the bust.

Seeing forces mobilizing, she hops out of the helicopter.

EXT. HELIPAD - DAY

Indigo makes a run for it as agents and officers come sprinting in cars to the area.

INT. COSIMO'S CAR - DAY

Agent Carson answers a call.

AGENT CARSON
She got away. Should they pursue?

PIRE
Damn it. No. We don't know what tricks she has. We need to beat her at her game. Where is she going?

Pire concentrates. Letting the wheels turn.

PIRE (CONT'D)
"I am Carambada reborn. Towering over you."
(realizing)
Are there towers in Milan?

COSIMO

Many! Milan actually has the most towers in Italy. The first--

PIRE

I don't need a lesson. I think I know where she's going. We need to find the tower with...

AGENT CARSON

With what?

PIRE

Breasts.

Cosimo and Carson look at Pire: what the fuck?

EXT. MILAN - DAY

Indigo is on a tram. For the first time, she looks nervous. She looks behind the tram. No one is following.

She hops off a tram. She makes her way into PIRELLI TOWER. At the top of it is a flag with a painting of... breasts.

EXT. PIRELLI TOWER - ROOF - DAY

Indigo exits onto the roof. She lets out a sigh of relief. She's made it.

A SINGLE ENGINE PLANE with a ladder hanging is coming for her.

PIRE (O.S.)

Don't move!

Pire steps out of the shadows. Has a gun out. Facing her. Cosimo and Walter come up behind Indigo from the stairwell. Guns drawn.

The plane flies on past. It's over. Indigo can't hide her disappointment.

INDIGO

Well done, Agent Pire. Well done.

Pire approaches her with cuffs.

PIRE

Now you're Carambada in cuffs. I told you I'd catch you.

COSIMO

We've been searching for you for a long time.

Pire hands Indigo off to agents who now come onto the roof.

Pire is elated. Finally cracks a smile.

Cosimo takes Indigo's bag. Inside are the bust and painting.

COSIMO (CONT'D)

Thank you. To have finally caught La Fogna...

CLICK!

Agent Carson puts cuffs on Cosimo.

COSIMO (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

Pire reaches inside Cosimo's jacket pocket. Pulls out Cosimo's cell phone.

PIRE

Thanks for lending me your phone. I took the liberty of placing an FBI tap on all your calls.

Cosimo looks at Pire, puzzled.

PIRE (CONT'D)

I can smell a crooked cop. I knew you were a rat as soon as I saw you. We heard your calls with Professor Smith. La Fogna.

Agent Carson smiles at Cosimo.

PIRE (CONT'D)

And were able to track them.

EXT. LA FOGNA'S MANSION - DAY

Agents raid the place. And have Walter and his men arrested.

PIRE (V.O.)

Before anyone could get away.

They seize ALL of his art and artifacts. The mountain of pieces being handled by the FBI.

PIRE (V.O.)
And we now have the lantern.

EXT. PIRELLI TOWER - DAY

Pire is in the middle of an interview with ITALIAN REPORTERS.

PIRE
Once I discovered that Inspector Cosimo was working from inside the police station to sabotage efforts to catch La Fogna and hide his true identity, it was a matter of waiting for the right moment. In the process, we apprehended the criminal known as Indigo. Also known as the ghost.

INT. BALTIMORE - EMBERS BOARDING SCHOOL - DAY

Jamal watches the same interview from Baltimore. Sadness in his eyes. He shakes his head; he knew this would happen.

INT. PLANE - NIGHT

Pire interrogates Indigo.

PIRE
Is this a game to you? I WANT ANSWERS!

He pounds his fists. She laughs.

PIRE (CONT'D)
Who are you?

She stays silent. Fed up, he walks away. Her confidence and smile fade.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Indigo is fingerprinted and photographed.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

She sits in a holding room.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM - SAME

Pire watches her from behind a two-way glass. An agent approaches Pire. A COMPUTER CHIP in hand.

AGENT #5
Found this on one of the pieces.

He hands the chip to Pire. The FBI Director walks in.

PIRE
(hastily)
I'll look into it.

Pire quickly goes to the FBI Director. He shakes Pire's hand.

FBI DIRECTOR
Excellent work.

PIRE
Thank you.

FBI DIRECTOR
And the day before inauguration no less. You salvaged what could have been an embarrassment. The incoming administration sends their thanks.

Pire half-smiles. Not ready to fully celebrate.

PIRE
Tech is still working to get an ID.

FBI DIRECTOR
Go home. Let her rot. It's done.

PIRE
I still have some questions.

Pire appears unsettled. Bothered.

FBI DIRECTOR
What about the pieces?

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - VAULT - NIGHT

An army of FBI agents place the thousands of art, pieces, and artifacts into the vault.

PIRE (V.O.)
Seized all of them. *Including the lantern.* They're going into the vault as we speak.
(MORE)

PIRE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
They're the property of the
American government now.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

The Director nods. Quite satisfied. He looks at Indigo with total disdain and a clear attitude of superiority.

The Tech Agent runs in.

TECH AGENT
We got an ID.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Pire enters the interrogation room. Sits in front of Indigo. Has a swagger of confidence about him.

INDIGO
Marhaba, Agent Pire.

PIRE
What is that? Latin?

INDIGO
Arabic. You should learn. It's an incredibly illuminating language.

PIRE
Tomorrow we're transferring you to a local prison.

INDIGO
Do they just pay you all on commission at this point?

PIRE
Joke time is over, Makena.

Indigo doesn't react to Pire knowing her name.

INDIGO
I'd really prefer if you use my nom de guerre.

PIRE
Makena Press. Graduated top of your class at MIT in nano-cybernetics and mechanical engineering. You could have done something with that training to make a difference.

INDIGO

Like what? Making weapons? I know
how you all "make a difference."
The military industrial complex
isn't a good color on me.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Some agents laugh at Indigo's audacity.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Back in the room.

PIRE

The things you stole. Who'd you
give them to? We want names.

Pire slides a paper and pen to Indigo.

Indigo sees a blinking red light in the room corner.
Recording. She lets the facade of Indigo ebb. She's earnest.

INDIGO

In one of those cities you and your
colleagues like to spend most of
your time, I started a school.

PIRE

Let me guess. You taught art?

INDIGO

Every day it was the same. Stories
of this taken from us. That stolen.

PIRE

You could've changed your lessons.

INDIGO

The world needed to change.

Indigo slams on the table. Her passion evident.

INDIGO (CONT'D)

There's an effect on the mind and
soul of seeing a part of you owned.
Seen as property. And the stories
of men who "found" and raided those
parts, paint them as heroes. It
creates a sickness, Agent Pire.

PIRE

What would happen to these things
you care about otherwise? We are
preserving them. For you.

INDIGO

For us? I see the impact in my
students and everyone I care about.
I see the same thing in people like
them everywhere.

Pire folds his arms. Unmoved. But Indigo continues.

INDIGO (CONT'D)

This sickness doesn't go away on
its own. It's voices in our heads.
Telling us we're nothing. To hate
ourselves. To question our own
worth. To walk through the world
every day feeling less than. Until
we believe it.

(then)

The only cure is reclamation.

PIRE

Seems to me like you're using a
nuke where a scalpel would work.

INDIGO

Our art is our lifeblood. It's our
beating heart. That's why people
like you have tried to own it. If
you couldn't have us, you'd have
our spirit. But we know its value.

(sotto)

It is power. Our power. And it
doesn't belong to you.

Indigo sits back. Smiles.

PIRE

You make what you were doing sound
noble. It was a stunt. The taunts?
The chase? The drone? All a vanity
project for you.

INDIGO

Ideas sometimes need to be grand
and theatrical... and chic to make
a point and get attention.

PIRE

There you succeeded.

INDIGO

You're right. I did need this too.
It was for me and for everyone
watching right now who understands
my words and feels them.

(pointed)
I'm here.

Indigo looks through Pire. Like she's talking to someone else. He looks at the two-way glass. Smirks. Has no clue who she is talking to. It can't be the agents.

He shrugs away her continued games.

PIRE

So you're what? A symbol?

INDIGO

Hope. Inspiration. Healing.
Reckoning.

PIRE

This is your last chance. Where are
the rest of the stolen pieces?

Indigo takes the paper and pen. She writes on it and slides it back to Pire.

On the paper is a drawing of a flower made to look like a middle finger.

INDIGO

Where they should be.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Pire watches Indigo be placed in a high-tech cell by agents. It's imprisonment straight out of the 22nd century.

PIRE

In every city that she stole
something, see if there was a
diplomat from the same country as
the art.

AGENT #3

Yes, sir.

PIRE

Do we have the La Fogna interview
yet?

AGENT #3

Italian embassy said tomorrow. He's apparently broke. Can't even afford a lawyer. He's singing like a bird.

Pire takes this in. Strange.

PIRE

Stay on it. Good work, everyone.

Pire heads for the exit. He takes a final look at Indigo.

She smiles at him. Winks.

He leaves.

INT. PIRE'S HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

Pire wakes up at 6am to his alarm.

INT. PIRE'S HOME - SHOWER - DAY

Showers. And gets dressed for work.

INT. PIRE'S CAR - DAY

Pire is in the car. He seems genuinely relaxed. No worries.

He turns on the radio. Something refined like NPR.

LOCAL RADIO HOST (ON RADIO)

Inauguration road closures have created worse traffic than normal.

He turns on music. Something stuffy. It drowns out his vibrating phone, which he doesn't hear.

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - DAY

The city is prepared for inauguration. Red, white, and blue everywhere. Barricaded roads. People already gathering.

Pire drives by. He breathes in the fresh air of American tradition.

EXT. FBI OFFICE - DAY

Pire pulls into his parking spot. The Young Agent is there waiting for him. Looks terrified.

Pire rolls down the window. Sees a group of agents standing outside of the building.

YOUNG AGENT
We tried calling you. They said I
had to tell you...
(off Pire's stare)
She's gone.

Pire's eyes narrow.

YOUNG AGENT (CONT'D)
That's not all.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - VAULT - DAY

Pire is in front of the vault. It's almost entirely empty. All of the colonized art/artifacts in the vault (not just the pieces from La Fogna) are gone!

He's stunned silent.

PIRE
(immediately)
Where's the lantern?

AGENT CARSON
Gone. She kicked the guards' asses
to get in here for it.

Several other agents are around. Inspecting.

AGENT CARSON (CONT'D)
She got every foreign piece that
was here too.

Pire walks through the cleared-out vault.

AGENT CARSON (CONT'D)
Including everything we seized from
La Fogna.
(then)
Seventeen of our trucks are
missing.

Pire can only shake his head: fuuucccccck.

AGENT CARSON (CONT'D)
A virus on the system wiped all the
photos, fingerprints, and videos we
had on her from booking and
interrogation. So tracking her
again won't be easy.

PIRE
How?!

Carson gets a call. He answers.

AGENT CARSON (INTO PHONE)
(listening)
What?! Is this a joke?

The FBI Director arrives. Beelines to Pire.

FBI DIRECTOR
What the hell? How did this happen?

PIRE
We're trying to figure that out
now.

Carson hangs up the phone.

AGENT CARSON
She cleared out the Smithsonians.

PIRE
Which?

AGENT CARSON
All.

FBI DIRECTOR
She's just one woman! How is she
doing all this?

The Young Agent runs in.

YOUNG AGENT
We found her. She's on 495 driving
a semi.

FBI DIRECTOR
We need all available agents to go
after her.

PIRE
No. With Indigo, it's not this
simple. She wouldn't let herself be
seen unless it was part of her
plan.

FBI DIRECTOR
So we should let her go?

PIRE

Yes. Look at all that she's taken.
She's in a single truck.

YOUNG AGENT

It's a big truck though.

Realizing this is not the time, the Young Agent shrinks away.

FBI DIRECTOR

All agents, go after the suspect.
She's on 495.

The Director leaves. Pire has no choice but to follow.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A semi is cruising down the highway. Chased by police and FBI. An army of them.

INT. SEMI TRUCK - DAY

Indigo is in the truck. Whistling. She looks in her rearview. Sees the onslaught coming.

INDIGO

Haven't we done this already?

Indigo weaves through traffic. She's completely calm. Putting the pedal all the way to the metal.

She turns on the radio.

LOCAL RADIO HOST (ON RADIO)

-- a high-speed chase is happening right now on the Beltway. Law enforcement is in pursuit of the driver of a semi.

Indigo listens with a smile.

She pulls off onto an EXIT without warning, nearly causing an accident. Several FBI cars fly by.

INT. PIRE'S CAR - DAY

Pire PEELS out towards the highway. He gets stuck at an inauguration barricade. He flashes his badge.

PIRE

FBI. I need to get through here.

They remove the impediment. Pire ZOOMS. Collides into another vehicle merging onto the highway.

He keeps going. No time to stop.

INT. SEMI TRUCK - DAY

Indigo gets back on the highway. She looks at her clock. Two agents flank her on either side. They wave her to pull over.

INDIGO
Not yet. Keep chasing.

She drives into both with little taps. Little taps from a semi, which nearly drive them off the road.

They continue on her tail.

INDIGO (CONT'D)
That's it.

Out of nowhere, a thunderous sound starts. An FBI helicopter overhead.

INDIGO (CONT'D)
All this fuss for me.

INT. PIRE'S CAR - DAY

Pire joins the army of cars going after Indigo.

PIRE
How are you all still here?
(understanding)
She's going in a big circle.

Pire grabs his walkie.

PIRE (INTO WALKIER) (CONT'D)
She's stalling!

No response.

PIRE (CONT'D)
Damn it!

He throws the walkie. Takes an exit off the highway.

INT. SEMI TRUCK - DAY

Indigo gets onto a BUSY road. She drives the truck on the shoulder of the sidewalk.

She makes another sudden swerve. Pire drives up to Indigo from another direction.

She barrels into him. He pulls away from her.

She looks at her watch. Sees a LARGE CROWD of people entering a DC METRO (train) station. She FLOORS it.

FBI agents are far behind, slowed by pedestrians on the sidewalk.

She slams on the brakes. Hops out of the car.

She sheds her overalls and puts on a wig and glasses and disappears into the crowd.

Several seconds later, agents arrive. Pire and the FBI Director among them.

FBI DIRECTOR

Open it.

Pire opens the truck's trailer and finds... it is empty. The Director is shocked. Pire is decidedly not.

FBI DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Search the crowds.

The only thing inside is an indigo flower and a note.

Pire reads the note:

Agent Pire,

Are you even trying?

~ Do I even need to say who this is? Probably not.

P.S. - It's Indigo. Obviously.

PIRE

A search won't work. There are thousands of people here. It's inauguration.

The FBI Director thinks on this.

FBI DIRECTOR

Exactly. You're right.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - INTELLIGENCE OFFICE - DAY

Pire watches many agents watching live videos in a room that is covered with monitors feeding them surveillance footage.

It's pandemonium here. Everyone is frazzled. The Tech Agent approaches Pire and the FBI Director.

FBI DIRECTOR

We have cameras all over the entire city right now. We should have found her.

TECH AGENT

I've never seen the system behave like this. We're getting mis-ID's every few seconds.

FBI DIRECTOR

Is everyone wearing her face on a mask? Figure it out!

The Tech Agent scurries off.

FBI DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Why can't we find her?

Beat.

PIRE

Social media apps.

Pire laughs. He has a thought. Puts a piece together.

PIRE (CONT'D)

Their cameras can't recognize women with dark skin. And that technology is everywhere. Even here.

FBI DIRECTOR

How do you know this?

PIRE

She told me.

An ASSISTANT comes to the Director and whispers something to him.

PIRE (CONT'D)

What did she do now?

FBI DIRECTOR

The President is asking for you.

Pire and the Director share "oh shit" expressions.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Pire enters the White House. It is NOT a celebratory scene for the new administration. The atmosphere is beyond dour.

It's quiet. GUESTS, STAFF, and SECRET SERVICE stand by silently as Pire makes his way inside.

The CHIEF OF STAFF comes down the hall.

CHIEF OF STAFF

Pire?

PIRE

Yes.

CHIEF OF STAFF

This is not the first day we envisioned.

PIRE

I know, sir.

CHIEF OF STAFF

Do you have any idea what she did here?

The Chief of Staff beckons Pire to follow him.

CHIEF OF STAFF (CONT'D)

She took a bevy of priceless items, including several paintings, and replaced them with these.

As Pire walks through the hallowed halls he sees indigo flower paintings.

CHIEF OF STAFF (CONT'D)

And she did this to the rest.

She painted large Xs and wrote messages on all the paintings and busts of slave-owning Presidents because... obviously.

The Chief of Staff leads Pire to a set of doors. Pire takes a deep breath.

PIRE

Not in there too?

CHIEF OF STAFF

She hit *everywhere*.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Pire makes his way inside the Oval. The room is just as solemn as the rest of the White House. The President and Vice President are there as are several other OFFICIALS.

PIRE

Mr. President. Madam Vice President.

No one says a word.

Pire makes his way to the famed RESOLUTE DESK. The desk of ten Presidents.

Inside is an opened, and emptied, SECRET COMPARTMENT.

VICE PRESIDENT

Whatever she was after, she got.

CHIEF OF STAFF

I talked to the staff both current and prior. No one knew there was a compartment hidden in the Resolute.

Pire examines it. Bewildered.

To his greater confusion, under the desk is the LANTERN. The object Indigo was allegedly after.

PRESIDENT

You were leading the investigation into this Indigo character. How did this happen, Pire?

Pire picks up the lantern. Contemplates it.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - PIRE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Pire is watching a videotaped deposition from Cosimo.

COSIMO (OVER VIDEO)

I don't know. Walter received it. A gift from a fan. When she asked for it, he thought it was important and played along.

ITALIAN OFFICER (OVER VIDEO)

Okay. Well tell us about the trafficking operation. How does it work?

COSIMO (OVER VIDEO)
Nooria, handled the details. Talk
to her.

ITALIAN OFFICER (OVER VIDEO)
You keep mentioning this alleged
person, but we can't find her.

COSIMO (OVER VIDEO)
She's real!

Pire makes a note of this.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

A room full of geriatric, self-important men: the SENIOR
BRASS of the FBI, including the Director, White House AIDES,
and MILITARY LEADERS.

All waiting. Pire enters with the lantern in hand. An IT
INTERN with him.

The IT intern quietly sets up a projector. Connects it to a
computer. All eyes are on Pire during the interminable setup.

No one saying a word.

Pire looks out the window. It's a FRENZY of reporters and
news trucks gathered outside the building.

Finally done, the intern leaves.

DOUR FBI AGENT
Agent Pire, I trust the last few
hours have given you clarity and
insight to explain exactly what the
hell transpired today.

PIRE
Yes, sir.

Beat.

DOUR FBI AGENT
Well...

FBI DIRECTOR
Get on with it.

Pire dithers. He's deep in thought. Processing.

WHITE HOUSE AIDE

(get it out)

Agent Pire, we have a hungry press out there. To manage this situation and our response, we need to know the facts.

PIRE

The facts lay out a straight line explaining everything. But I'm finding it hard to grasp still.

OLD MILITARY JERK

And why is that?

PIRE

Because what happened today was no less than Machiavellian in its intricacy and flawless in its execution.

In the tradition of great detective movies and books, Pire is about to break down the wonder of Indigo's heist in true Agatha Christie murder-mystery-like form:

MUSIC CUE: Nina Simone - *Sinnerman*.

(Seriously. Play that track as you read this.)

NOTE: As Pire narrates to his team in voiceover, we see the events play out in *italicized* flashback.

PIRE (CONT'D)

Let's start with how she escaped.

INT. DUMBARTON OAKS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Indigo hands Pire a flash drive.

PIRE (V.O.)

When she posed as the curator at Dumbarton, she gave me a flash drive.

INT. PIRE'S OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Pire hurries to his desk. Plugs the flash drive into his computer. A picture of an indigo flower comes on screen.

PIRE (V.O.)

The folks in tech found that it
downloaded a virus into the entire
FBI system.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Indigo smiles at GUARDS watching over her.

INDIGO

Can you tell me what time it is?

GUARD #1

*Two twenty-nine. Why? You going
somewhere?*

Suddenly, the door to her cell becomes unlocked--

INDIGO

Yes, in fact.

PIRE (V.O.)

Programmed to release the cell
doors at Two-thirty am.

She kicks absolute ass. Levelling the guards.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - VAULT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

*Indigo goes to the vault. Sees more guards loading trucks
with art. She cracks her neck. Ready to dole out some hurt.*

PIRE (V.O.)

She went to the vault while pieces
were being loaded.

*Indigo takes out the guards and begins loading more pieces
into the truck.*

PIRE (V.O.)

After dispatching with some of our
best, she empties into several
trucks the entire collection of non-
Western pieces from the vault.
Including everything we obtained
from La Fogna.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

A raised hand.

GERIATRIC MILITARY JERK
Who was driving the other trucks?

PIRE
We'll get there.

DOUR FBI AGENT
Why were our men taking things out
of the vault to begin with?

Pire looks to the FBI Director.

FBI DIRECTOR
Inauguration.

PIRE
On Inauguration Day, the FBI allows
the incoming President to have
pieces from the vault to display in
the White House. As well as the
Smithsonians.

EXT. VARIOUS SMITHSONIAN MUSEUMS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

LOADING CREWS place pieces into trucks.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Another raised hand.

WHITE HOUSE AIDE
But why would museum staff help
with loading away pieces?

PIRE
Do you recognize this person with
the then-incoming First Lady? Only
photo we could find of her.

Pire turns on the projector. Standing with the FIRST LADY is Indigo wearing large shades and a scarf (that partially obscures her face). She's smiling at a security camera.

WHITE HOUSE AIDE
The First Lady was not part of
this. Was she?

PIRE
Not intentionally. Indigo spent
months as an aide to the incoming
First Lady.

(MORE)

PIRE (CONT'D)

An aide who chose the art from the Smithsonians that would be at the White House. All--

INT. FIRST LADY'S OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Indigo is seated with the FIRST LADY explaining which art to have in the White House:

INDIGO

-- colonized art from marginalized groups. It'll show the dedication of this administration to inclusivity and embracing different cultures.

FIRST LADY

I love it.

PIRE (V.O.)

The order for the pieces had the approval of the First Lady. She just didn't understand the breadth.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Indigo pulls up to the White House in a truck and disguise.

PIRE (V.O.)

And no one assumed anything because the art was supposed to be going to the White House.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Early morning escapades. Indigo leaves her mark on the White House. Strolling through the halls as if she owns the joint.

Taking art in a cart. Drawing on other pieces.

PIRE (V.O.)

It was practically empty due to the inauguration.

INT. DUMBARTON OAKS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Flashback to Pire meeting Indigo (as the curator).

PIRE (V.O.)
 From the first time I met Indigo,
 she told me what her plan was.

She looks at Pire.

PIRE (IN THE PAST)
I'm not much for politics.

GHOST/INDIGO (AS CURATOR)
*That's a shame. I have my eyes set
 on the White House.*

INT. PLANE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

*Pire is yelling at Indigo to speak. She just smiles. Proudly in her black jumpsuit with **embroidered white houses** on it.*

A subtle taunt.

PIRE (V.O.)
 Getting into the White House was
 her plan all along. She was after
 something in the Resolute Desk.

INT. DUMBARTON OAKS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Indigo heists the Aztec pieces.

PIRE (V.O.)
 Indigo came to DC with the purpose
 of getting on the FBI radar so she
 would be pursued.

INT. BWI AIRPORT - PLANE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Indigo, in her pilot's uniform, watches the FBI haphazardly looking for her.

EXT. LA FOGNA'S MANSION - DAY (FLASHBACK)

FBI agents take pieces of art out of La Fogna's mansion.

PIRE (V.O.)
 She used the FBI to collect all of
 La Fogna's art. Mostly pieces from
 Asia, Africa and South America. The
 sheer volume of which she couldn't
 handle alone and not while La Fogna
 was around.

EXT. PIRELLI TOWER - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Pire is arresting Indigo.

PIRE (V.O.)

All that was left was one thing. I thought I was being clever, but she wanted to be caught. Her plan rested on it. So she could heist the greatest collection of art in the world from the Smithsonians, a notorious black market art collector in La Fogna, and the FBI. All at once.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - VAULT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Indigo smiles while watching the FBI load pieces into the vault.

PIRE (V.O.)

And we were the perfect accomplice to her plan.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

The White House Aide scratches his head.

WHITE HOUSE AIDE

But how did she know how to find La Fogna.

PIRE

Excellent question!

Pire holds up the computer chip.

PIRE (CONT'D)

This was found on a figurine from the *Rijksmuseum*.

INT. RIJKSMUSEUM - NETHERLANDS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Indigo's opening heist.

She takes a FIGURINE from her loot. Leaves it with the guard.

GHOST

He can keep this one.

PIRE (V.O.)
A receiver. Hidden on the figurine.

INT. LA FOGNA'S MANSION - ART ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The figurine is in the art room. Walter speaks on the phone.

PIRE (V.O.)
So she listened. And what she heard
led her to Professor Smith who she
knew was her key to La Fogna.

Nooria is by his side.

PIRE (V.O.)
It's also how she first learned
about Nooria.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

The FBI Director interjects, now seeming quite defensive and
wanting to save face in this room full of judgment.

FBI DIRECTOR
The assistant? Who cares? We have
the lantern. That's what matters.

PIRE
Right on cue, Director. This...

Pire picks up the lantern. Displays the bottom. Shows a "Made
in China" engraving. It's no priceless work of art.

The room is stunned.

PIRE (CONT'D)
This is worthless. La Fogna didn't
understand why Indigo wanted it.

INT. UNIVERSITÉ NICE - WALTER'S OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Walter picks up an anonymous gift left at his door.

COSIMO (OVER VIDEO) (V.O.)
I don't know. Walter received it. A
gift from a fan.

PIRE (V.O.)
A gift from a fan. I can only
assume Indigo sent it.
(MORE)

PIRE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
When she asked for it, Walter
thought it was important and played
along. Eager to make a deal in La
Fogna's favor.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Back in the conference room.

FBI DIRECTOR
So she lied about wanting the
lantern.

PIRE
No. Indigo doesn't lie. She tells
you everything and expects you to
be on her level. She never cared
about this, but she was looking for
the lantern.

CLUELESS FBI AGENT
I don't follow.

PIRE
Indigo needed a lantern. A myth.
Powerful enough to raise an army.

DOUR FBI AGENT
But you said--

PIRE
Marhaba.

DOUR FBI AGENT
What?

PIRE
It's--

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - INTERROGATION - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Pire is interrogating Indigo.

INDIGO
Arabic. You should learn. It's an
incredibly illuminating language.

PIRE (V.O.)
Incredibly illuminating. She said.

INT. LA FOGNA'S MANSION - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Indigo meets Nooria.

INDIGO

You really are a ray of light.

NOORIA

I was born that way.

Indigo and Nooria exchange a knowing look. Both understanding the inside joke.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (PRESENT)

Pire drops on the table an Arabic-to-English dictionary.

PIRE

Does anyone know what Nooria is in Arabic?

(beat)

Light holder. Or lantern.

FBI DIRECTOR

OH SHIT!

PIRE

What Indigo wanted from La Fogna was Nooria. The true lantern.

INT. DALTON SOMARE GALLERY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Indigo and Pire are speaking on the phone.

INDIGO

No one wants to feel invisible or possessed, Agent Pire.

PIRE (OVER PHONE)

What do you want with the lantern?

INDIGO

I just told you.

INT. LA FOGNA'S MANSION - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Walter is yelling at Nooria while Indigo watches. Quietly seething.

PIRE (V.O.)

Nooria represented Indigo's mission statement. Freedom and liberation.

INT. LA FOGNA'S MANSION - NOORIA'S OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Nooria is at work. She and Indigo begin speaking.

PIRE (V.O.)

It was just a bonus that Nooria was also the key to La Fogna's operation. She, a logistics expert, made his entire trafficking network run. "The power to raise an army."

INDIGO

I'm doing this for people like us. That's all that matters.

(beat)

And I can't do it alone. I came here for you. And I need your help.

PIRE (V.O.)

I imagine she had to do quite some convincing to get Nooria on board with her goals of reclaiming art for people of color.

NOORIA

(immediately)

Hell yeah! I'm in.

Indigo gives Nooria clothing that she's kept in her jumpsuit.

EXT. LA FOGNA'S MANSION - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Nooria slips out of the mansion easily dressed as an FBI agent while the raid is happening.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - VAULT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Indigo waits by the seventeen trucks. Nooria speaks to Indigo via an ear-piece.

NOORIA (OVER EARPIECE)

Incoming...

PIRE (V.O.)

Nooria helped Indigo using her expertise to move the thousands of pieces of art Indigo now possessed.

(MORE)

PIRE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Because with La Fogna gone, Nooria
 was in control of the incredible
 manpower of his trafficking
 operations.

NOORIA (OVER EARPIECE)
Your army has arrived.

*Indigo welcomes additional MUSCLE (both men and women) who
 help her load the trucks and start driving them.*

INT. SEMI TRUCK - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Indigo is driving the semi.

INDIGO
Not yet. Keep chasing.

PIRE (V.O.)
 All Indigo had to do was distract
 us with a car chase.

INT. STARBUCKS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

*Nooria coordinates everything from a cell phone while
 ordering a chai latte.*

PIRE
 That gave Nooria and her network
 the time they needed to send
 everything out.

EXT. HARBOR - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The muscle load art into boats.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The muscle load art into planes.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

All mouths are agape. Very long beat.

WHITE HOUSE AIDE
 So what you're saying is... Indigo
 heisted all the Smithsonians, the
 White House...

DOUR FBI AGENT

... The FBI, acquired an expert
trafficker, and obtained something
kept secret in the President's desk
that even we had no clue about.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

*Indigo is in the Oval Office opening the secret compartment
from the Resolute Desk.*

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Pire looks to the group.

PIRE

There's one more thing.

INT. DALTON SOMARE GALLERY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Indigo is on the phone with Pire.

PIRE (OVER PHONE)

Why are you doing this?

INDIGO

*Would you believe me if I said I
was looking for a strapping patron?
Someone to fund my ever growing
extravagant lifestyle and needs.*

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

The night before. Pire discusses La Fogna.

AGENT #3

*He's apparently broke. Can't even
afford a lawyer. He's singing like
a bird.*

Pire takes this in. Strange.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (PRESENT)

Back to the conference room.

PIRE

Nooria cleared out La Fogna's
accounts.

(MORE)

PIRE (CONT'D)

Giving her and Indigo incredible resources that could fund their traveling and Indigo's inventions. And ensembles. For decades.

Long beat.

FBI DIRECTOR

Well, damn. Damn.

SENIOR FBI AGENT

Is there any chance of recovering the pieces?

PIRE

Little to none. We couldn't even get anyone to confirm that they received the stolen pieces from Europe. Now, it'll be the same.

INT. VARIOUS EMBASSIES - DAY/NIGHT

Various embassies from China to Ghana to Chile to Turkey to Bangladesh to Namibia etc. receive anonymous crates filled with their countries' art along with a note from Indigo:

RETURNING THESE HOME.

~ INDIGO

PIRE (V.O.)

I imagine right about now countries from the developing world are getting generous gifts.

Places from around the world all filled with joy seeing the creations of their culture.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

The music cue comes to a final triumphant end with Nina Simone bringing the heist breakdown to an end.

One-by-one the men get messages on their cellphones.

Someone plays a video from their phone. A banner at the bottom says:

LEAKED VIDEO FROM INDIGO.

It's the recording from the interrogation. Indigo's face is blurred and her voice distorted.

INDIGO (RECORDING)

Our art is our lifeblood. It's our beating heart. That's why people like you have tried to own it. If you couldn't have us, you'd have our spirit. But we know its value.

(sotto)

It is power. Our power. And it doesn't belong to you.

INT. EMBERS BOARDING SCHOOL - NIGHT

Jamal watches the news with his students. He sees that they are completely ENTHRALLED with Indigo's words and side footage of what she did in the White House. And Milan.

He smiles seeing his students' faces. Finally understands why she had to do this.

INDIGO (OVER RECORDING)

I did need this too. It was for me and for everyone watching right now who understands my words and feels them.

(pointed)

I'm here.

MONTAGE OF INDIGO'S GROWING MYTH - VARIOUS

We see a barrage of news reports from across the world in various languages. All about Indigo.

INT. BBC STUDIO - DAY

A BBC ANCHOR speaks about Indigo.

BBC ANCHOR

Indigo, the Queen of Return.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

Children run around dressed as Indigo for Halloween.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Details continue to emerge on the heists of... a lifetime.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - PRESS ROOM - DAY

The PRESS SECRETARY.

PRESS SECRETARY
I will not be answering any
questions about the criminal known
as Indigo.

The PRESS CORPS goes wild.

INT. TALK SHOW - DAY

A HOST and GUEST discuss Indigo.

HOST
The Culture Doctor. That's what I
call her.

GUEST
She's brought healing to our
communities. She's a real hero.

Images flash on screen:

- People making cards for Indigo.
- Indigo toys being sold in stores.
- People protesting that their country's art is possessed by colonizing countries.
- People on YouTube recreating Indigo stunts.
- Individuals' emotional testimonials of what Indigo's efforts mean to them.

INT. PIRE'S HOME - NIGHT

Pire, despondent, watches it all. He turns off the TV and then goes to bed. Defeated.

INT. LOS ANGELES - GETTY MUSEUM - DAY

Pire is wandering around the Getty. He's dressed in jeans and tee. Clearly off duty. Seems very unnatural at it.

He gets a headset from a STAFF MEMBER.

MUSEUM STAFF MEMBER
Welcome to the Getty. Enjoy your
visit.

He walks through an exhibit. Turns on his headset. Just white noise. He turns it off and on. Still nothing. Until--

INDIGO (OVER HEADSET)
Agent Pire.

Pire's eyes bulge. He can't believe it. He looks around.

PIRE
Makena?

INDIGO (OVER HEADSET)
It's been too long. How are you?
What brings you to Los Angeles?

PIRE
Forced time off.

INDIGO (OVER HEADSET)
Rest does the mind well. And the
weather here is beautiful.

PIRE
Where are you? What are you doing
here?

Pire wanders the museum.

INDIGO (OVER HEADSET)
You don't think it'll be that easy.

PIRE
I know who you are. Once I'm back,
I won't stop chasing you, Makena.

EXT. GETTY - CONTINUOUS

Pire exits to the outside

INDIGO (OVER HEADSET)
Why do you keep calling me-- this
is embarrassing. I feel embarrassed
for you, Agent Pire. Don't tell me
you never figured that one out?

PIRE
(to himself)
Makena Press. M. Press.
(putting it together)
Empress...

He's frustrated. How is she still beating him at game he
didn't know he was playing?

INDIGO (OVER HEADSET)
Good one, right? It took a long
time to make those fake records.

PIRE
Who are you really?

INDIGO (OVER HEADSET)
Someone you'll never understand.

PIRE
What do you want with me?

INDIGO (OVER HEADSET)
To thank you. You chased me around
the world. You put my work front
and center for the people. Without
you, relentless FBI agent, none of
it would have been possible.

(and)
You helped me make the art I always
wanted to see.

Pire sighs in frustration. Looking intently at people. Trying
to find her. Thinks he sees what could be her, everywhere.

INDIGO (OVER HEADSET) (CONT'D)
So to return the favor, I'm giving
you another chance to catch me.

Pire's spirits lift sky high.

INDIGO (OVER HEADSET) (CONT'D)
Did you wonder what I got from the
White House? It was a clue.

PIRE
To what?

No answer.

PIRE (CONT'D)
Hello. Hello?

Nothing. Indigo flowers fall from the sky like rain.

The MUSEUM alarms activate. It's ear-splitting sirens. Then
the sounds of intense commotion. GETTY SECURITY rushing.

GETTY GUARD
Thief!

Pire sprints after the security.

And that's when he sees her. Indigo. With a bag full of rolled up paintings. Her fresh loot.

NOORIA (OVER EARPIECE)
It's waiting for you. Anytime now.

Indigo sees Pire in the crowd. She subtly drops something. Only he notices. She winks.

GETTY GUARD
Stop!

Pire shakes his head. Knows some shit is about to happen.

NOORIA (OVER EARPIECE)
Indigo! Now.

She falls backwards off the balcony. The crowd GASPS.

A beat later she rises.

And begins to... fly? She is wearing a WINGSUIT.

She glides through the air down below. Guards follow on foot.

Pire makes his way to what she left him. A DOUBLOON. He studies it. His fire and resolve burning hotter than ever.

EXT. GETTY - STREET - DAY

But we end on the bad ass with the indigo-colored scarf ditching a wingsuit and hopping into a CONVERTIBLE.

She plays the perfect track for the moment.

MUSIC CUE: Duke Ellington and Barney Bigard - MOOD INDIGO.

“...Now you have been blue, yes, but you ain’t been blue...”

She turns back to us. Smiles. Then drives into the sunset.

“...Till you’ve had that mood INDIGO.”

THE END.