

EX-CONS

by

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**INT. THE LOUVRE - GEMS EXHIBIT - NIGHT**

A pedestal stands in the center of a rotunda. The room is empty. Lights are low. The moon shines down on the pedestal from the skylight above, illuminating: THE HOPE DIAMOND.

Pure, priceless beauty. The blue diamond glimmers in the moonlight like the true heart of the ocean.

**EXT. THE LOUVRE, PARIS - NIGHT**

WIDE ON the iconic glass pyramid of:

**SUPERIMPOSE: THE LOUVRE. PARIS, FRANCE.**

The famed museum glows under the French stars. A peaceful summer night. A beat. Suddenly, a FIGURE (male, all in black, face covered) sprints across the museum roof.

**INT. THE LOUVRE - NIGHT**

A long hall filled with priceless paintings. A SECURITY GUARD paces down it. Overhead, a forty-foot-long skylight spans the wing. Unnoticed by the Guard, we watch the Male Figure dash across the glass skylight.

As he does, a DING takes us to:

**INT. THE LOUVRE - GEMS EXHIBIT - NIGHT**

The ELEVATOR. The doors open revealing a SECOND FIGURE (female, all in black, face also covered). She's holding a small EMP DEVICE (looks like a walkman). She looks up at a SECURITY CAMERA and activates it as we CUT TO:

**SECURITY CAMERA FOOTAGE:** For a split second, we see the Figure in the elevator. Then, the feeds all GLITCH and she clears frame, looping the same footage of the empty hall.

**BACK TO SCENE:** She steps out of the elevator into an exhibit labeled: TEN CENTURIES OF FRENCH JEWELS. Cases filled with diamonds line the walls. Stunning pieces from across time.

The Female Thief rushes past them all, going straight to the pedestal housing the pièce de résistance: THE HOPE DIAMOND.

Quickly, she pulls out a device that looks like a LASER POINTER and aims it at the skylight above the pedestal. ZAP! The MOTION SENSORS along the window frames go dead.

A SHADOW crosses over the skylight and we MATCH TO:

**EXT. THE LOUVRE - ROOF - SAME**

The Male Thief steps up to the skylight on the roof. He looks down at the Female Thief who gives him the thumbs up.

With a GLASS-CUTTER, he quickly begins piercing the window, slowly carving out a wide hole.

Carefully suctioning the glass, he removes it as we CUT TO:

**INT. THE LOUVRE - GEMS EXHIBIT - SAME**

On a wire -- *Mission Impossible* style -- the Male Thief descends from above like an action hero.

He reels down, pausing over the glass-encased diamond.

The Female Thief takes out FOUR PRESSURE SENSORS and clips them onto each corner of the case. She activates them, bypassing the alarms as he slowly removes the case.

PUSH IN on the Hope Diamond, exposed to the air. A light emanates from it. An ethereal HUM rings in our ears. The diamond shimmers. A hauntingly beautiful sight.

Off this suuuper intense moment:

FEMALE VOICE  
(whispering)  
Did you make sure the stove was  
off?

MALE VOICE  
What?

FEMALE VOICE  
Before we left the house. Did you  
check that the stove was off?

The Male Thief, hovering on his wire, pulls off his mask, revealing: GEORGE. (40s, a charismatic beefcake with Clooney-vibes).

GEORGE  
I don't think I even know how to  
turn the stove on.

The Female Figure, juggling all her gear, pulls her mask off, revealing: ANGIE. (40s, an intense Laura Croft-esque brainiac with a no-nonsense energy).

ANGIE  
Try not to sound so proud of that.

George hangs from the wire, handing Angie tools off his belt as she uses them to remove the Hope Diamond from its setting.

GEORGE

Stop worrying. Jacob's with the babysitter. He's fine. Now let's focus on what's important here...

(then)

How badass did I look just now?

George checks himself out in the reflection of a glass case. Angie unclips his harness and WHAM! He hits the floor. Quickly, he bounces up to his feet.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna pretend that was an accident.

ANGIE

Just hurry up and help me before the guard circles back and I have to chloroform our way out of here.

GEORGE

I gotta tell you, Angie, you have to calm down with the chloroform. The chloroforming has gotten out of hand.

ANGIE

One guard goes into a coma after he sniffs too much and somehow that makes me the bad guy?

GEORGE

YES. You are the bad guy in that scenario.

ANGIE

You're ruining date night.

Angie holds back the chain of the necklace. George grasps the diamond with a set of tweezers. Oh-so carefully, he lifts the diamond out of its setting. They stare at it in awe. A beat.

GEORGE

How depressing is it that to pay for Jacob to go to a decent private school, we literally have to steal the Hope Diamond.

ANGIE

At least this way we get him out of the family business.

Angie reaches into her suit, pulling out a FAKE version of the Hope Diamond from her cleavage. She hands it to George, who gives it a look. It's nearly identical to the real one.

GEORGE

Your brother did a good job on this fake... don't tell him I said that, though.

ANGIE

Never. I like to keep his self-esteem low so he works harder.

She puts the real diamond in a pouch on her belt as he resets the fake diamond in its place.

Carefully, George places the glass case back over it.

GEORGE

One last caper for the books.

Angie reengages the pressure sensors around the corners.

ANGIE

We had a good run.

George latches himself back onto the wire. He holds out his hand to Angie. She takes it, a sad intimacy to the moment as he hooks her to his waist.

GEORGE

How do you think he'll take it?

ANGIE

When we tell him about the divorce?

George nods. Angie looks at him. A sadness lingers between them. The spark that kept them together, dwindling away.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Let's escape this scenario before treading into that one.

George presses the button on his vest. They begin to ascend up the wire, when suddenly--

YOUNG JACOB (O.S.)

You're getting divorced!??

Angie and George both look up to see: YOUNG JACOB (a pockmarked and precocious preteen). He's staring down at them through the carved-out hole in the skylight above.

Angie and George both freak.

ANGIE  
Oh my god!! Jacob?!?  
GEORGE  
What the hell?! Jacob?!?

Jacob yanks the lever on George's device that tethers him to the roof and WHAM!! THE PULLEY GRINDS TO A STOP!

George and Angie are stuck, dangling fifteen feet in the air as they have a tense little family chat.

YOUNG JACOB  
I thought you guys were in couple's therapy?

GEORGE  
How did you know we're in therapy?

ANGIE  
How did you know we were here?!

YOUNG JACOB  
I overheard you guys talking about it on the phone.

GEORGE  
Did you hack our cellphones again?!

YOUNG JACOB  
No...

*He did.*

ANGIE  
And where's your babysitter?

YOUNG JACOB  
Someone chloroformed her...

*That was also him.*

ANGIE  
You are so grounded, young man!

GEORGE  
Yeah, we've been over this! You can't come on mommy and daddy's business trips!

YOUNG JACOB  
But are you really getting divorced?

Jacob looks down at them, big tears forming in his eyes. Heartbroken, Angie and George both melt.

GEORGE

We're sorry you had to hear it this way.

ANGIE

But we love you, buddy. That's not going to change.

They watch as the light in Jacob's eyes dims. His heart breaking in real time.

Devastated, he pushes back the lever. George and Angie begin to ascend. As they do, we PUSH IN on Jacob as A SINGLE TEAR cascades out of his eye and rolls down his cheek.

We go into SLOW MOTION, watching as the tear falls from his cheek and down through the skylight.

In HYPER SLOW MOTION, we follow the tear as it cascades like a cinderblock towards the glass case. TIME almost STANDS STILL as the tear closes in on the case *annnnnnnnnd-- SPLAT.*

BEEP!! BEEP!! BEEP!! ALARMS BLARE. THE LIGHTS SHOOT ON!

CUT TO:

**EXT. THE LOUVRE - ROOF - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER**

The Eiffel Tower glows in the distance. ALARMS BLARING, the three amigos run along the roof of the museum. Below them, GUARDS frantically run along the ground level in pursuit.

ANGIE

Why did I let you convince me this was a good idea?!

GEORGE

Why did I let you not convince me it was a bad one?!

YOUNG JACOB

Why did couple's therapy not work?!

CUT TO:

**EXT. PARIS - SIDE STREET - MOMENTS LATER**

CLOSE ON a department store window. Inside, three mannequins sit posed; a father, mother, and son having a happy dinner.

The street out front is quiet, dark. A beat. Suddenly, Jacob hops down off a fire escape, followed by Angie and George.

We STAY ON Angie and George as they run over to a parked car, arguing as they break the window and quickly hot wire it.

GEORGE  
This is all your fault!

ANGIE  
My fault?! You're the one who taught him how to hack phones.

GEORGE  
You're the one who taught him how to chloroform people!

ANGIE  
I was teaching him chemistry!

REEEV!! Angie and George get the car started just as SCREECH! WEE-WOO! WEE-WOO!! COP CARS race up! PANIC HITS THEIR EYES.

GEORGE  
Jacob??

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Jacob??

They turn around, looking for Jacob, but he's nowhere to be seen...

In QUICK CUTS: The COPS raise their weapons. Angie and George raise their hands. Cuffs get slapped on their wrists. They get shoved to the floor.

We PUSH IN on them as they share one final look, rage and resentment filling each other's eyes. A beat.

As they get pulled apart and shoved in different cars, we PUSH IN on the department store window in the BACKGROUND.

Blue and red lights illuminating the window, we see Jacob sitting in the place of the child's mannequin.

Frozen, he pretends to have dinner with his two well-adjusted mannequin parents.

A tear in his eye, we linger on the world's saddest tableau of a happy family as we: **SUPERIMPOSE TITLE CARD: EX-CONS**.

FADE TO:

**EXT. MEN'S PRISON - ESTABLISHING**

An inmate tries to escape, running for freedom as ZAP! He's tased and falls to the floor in a field.

**SUPERIMPOSE: FIVE YEARS LATER.**

**INT. MEN'S PRISON - AUDITORIUM - DAY**

CLOSE ON George in a jumpsuit. Bearded face. A bit older, but same charismatic energy. We STAY CLOSE ON him as he leans in, talking to a group of INMATES off-screen in a hushed tone like he's planning a jailbreak.

GEORGE

Listen carefully, boys. We've been planning this for years and our time has finally come. You ready?  
(an intense beat)  
Five-six-seven-eight!

PULL OUT to REVEAL we're in the prison auditorium. George directs a group of INMATES (dressed in cheap drag) rehearsing a performance of *Cell Block Tango* from CHICAGO.

PRISONERS

*He had it comin' / He had it comin'  
/ He only had himself to blame /  
If you'd have been there. If you'd  
have seen it / I betcha would have  
done the same!!!*

Their performance is truly horrendous. George sighs, watching them trip all over themselves.

GEORGE

Cut! Cut! Cut! Come on! For a group of murderers playing a group of murderers, that was atrocious.

A PRISONER wearing a mop as a wig raises his hand.

PRISONER #1

I never actually murdered anyone,  
it was only assault.

GEORGE

And it shows in your performance.  
Now let's take it from the top, and this time, really lean into the fact that you've all ended some lives, okay? Five-six-seven--

AGENT COLBY (O.S.)

George Weston?

GEORGE

This is a closed rehearsal!!

George turns, seeing two INTERPOL AGENTS. COLBY, (30s, surly white guy) and GARCIA (40s, a happy looking Latino).

Behind him, half the Prisoners start doing the routine while the other half trip over them.

PRISONERS  
*He had it comin'--*  
 (tripping over each other)  
 You're gonna have this comin'!

A brawl breaks out as the Interpol Agents walk up to George.

AGENT COLBY  
 Can we have a word?

George eyes them suspiciously. Off the SOUND of the brawling performers in the BACKGROUND, we CUT TO:

**INT. WOMEN'S PRISON - ANGIE'S CELL - DAY**

A little papier mâché Buddha statue. A poster of a penguin that says "chill out." There's a light *Ommmm* in the air.

Eyes closed, cross-legged, hands outstretched, Angie sits on the floor, meditating. A beat. CHOMP! CHOMP! CHOMP!

Her left eye opens, darting over to see: her CELLMATE (RHONDA, 40s, biker energy) snacking on a bag of chips.

CHOMP! CHOMP! CHOMP! Angie looks about ready to lose it.

ANGIE  
 Is it possible for you to shove  
 chips down your gullet at a lower  
 volume?

CHOMP. CHOMP. CHOMP.

RHONDA  
 I thought finding Jesus was  
 supposed to make people nicer?

Angie's eye twitches. She shoots up.

ANGIE  
 You want me to be nicer? Fine! I'll  
 do something nice for you!!

Angie grabs a spoon with a shaved-down handle off her side table. Looking like she's going to plunge it in Rhonda's eye, Angie rushes past Rhonda and over to the cell door.

She looks around the cellblock hall. The coast is clear. Angie jams the handle of the spoon in the lock on the other side of the bars and starts wiggling it around.

RHONDA  
What are you doing?

CLANK-CLANK! Angie unlocks the door, sliding it open.

ANGIE  
Setting you free.

A beat. Rhonda drops the chips and runs.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
Bye! Hope you never come back!

SLAM! Angie shuts the door behind her. Angie sits back down, getting into her meditation pose. She closes her eyes.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
Now, where was I? Ommm--

AGENT COLBY (O.S.)  
Angelica Weston?

Angie sighs, turning to see the two Interpol Officers, Garcia and Colby standing at her cell door.

AGENT COLBY (CONT'D)  
Can we have a word?

**INT. MEN'S PRISON - CELLBLOCK HALL - DAY**

The Agents walk George down the hall as he schmoozes with every criminal he passes.

GEORGE  
(to passing INMATES)  
Deathface! Leg day tomorrow! /  
Slasher! Ready for book club? Mrs.  
Dalloway isn't gonna read herself!  
/ Rusty Shankman! Keep it rusty!

An INMATE named RUSTY waves at George with a rusty shank in his hand as we CUT TO:

**INT. WOMEN'S PRISON - CELLBLOCK HALL - CONTINUOUS**

Angie, munching on the chips, follows Garcia and Colby.

RHONDA (O.S.)  
No! It was all her! She set me up!

From the other direction, two GUARDS drag Rhonda, kicking and screaming, back to her cell.

RHONDA (CONT'D)  
She did it for my chips!

Angie keeps walking, mean-mugging it into:

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY - [ANGIE]**

An interrogation room. Garcia and Colby sit down across from Angie. All business, Colby stares her down.

AGENT COLBY  
I'm Agent Colby and this is my partner Agent Garcia. We have something very important to discuss with you.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY - [GEORGE]**

The same Agents sit across from George. [He and Angie are interviewed separately as we intercut between them.]

AGENT GARCIA  
When you were casting for your production of *Chicago*, was it challenging to find your Roxie Hart?

Agent Colby kicks Garcia under the table.

AGENT COLBY  
(to George)  
There's been a series of museum robberies identical to the crimes you and your ex used to commit.

**ANGIE'S INTERROGATION:**

AGENT COLBY (CONT'D)  
The criminal leaves fake jewels in place of the real ones and by the time the authorities even realize a jewel has been swapped, the thief is long gone.

(then)  
So we came here to ask you to help us catch this crook.

Angie quickly dismisses the thought of helping out two narcs.

ANGIE  
Ask George to help you. I'm busy finding nirvana.

**GEORGE'S INTERROGATION:**

GEORGE  
Ask Angie to help you. I'm in the middle of tech rehearsal.

**ANGIE'S INTERROGATION:**

AGENT COLBY  
I don't think you understand. If you help us capture this new crime lord, we can shorten your sentence.

Angie pauses. Her attention peaked.

AGENT GARCIA  
You can be out of here and back home with your son...

ANGIE  
Jacob? How is he?

Agent Garcia pulls a photo out of his briefcase, sliding it across the table. Angie looks down at it as we CUT TO:

**GEORGE'S INTERROGATION:**

CLOSE ON a PHOTO of CURRENT DAY JACOB. He's tall and handsome -- a perfect mix of both of his parents. They flip through a couple pictures of him.

AGENT GARCIA  
He's a real estate agent in the Tri-State area.

They turn over the last photo of his face on a bus bench. PUSH IN on George. His eyes filled with emotions.

GEORGE  
He has my dimples...

**ANGIE'S INTERROGATION:**

PUSH IN on Angie, just as emotional.

ANGIE  
He has my entrepreneurial business acumen...

AGENT COLBY  
What do you say? Will you help us?

**SPLIT SCREEN** between Angie and George. Off them both contemplating, we CUT TO:

**MONTAGE - MEN/WOMEN'S PRISONS - VARIOUS - DAY**

--**MEN'S PRISON:** George changes out of his jumpsuit and back into his black burglar outfit from five years ago.

AGENT GARCIA (V.O.)  
Your objective is to find where this jewel thief is going to hit next and catch them in the act.

--**WOMEN'S PRISON:** Angie, in her black outfit, gets handed back all her devices and gear.

AGENT COLBY (V.O.)  
We believe this thief has been hacking our internal databases, so we are granting you permission to act independently as a special operations officer.

--**MEN'S PRISON:** Garcia clasps an ankle monitor onto George.

AGENT GARCIA  
We will be monitoring your location at all times.

--**WOMAN'S PRISON:** An ankle monitor gets clasped onto Angie.

AGENT COLBY  
If you tamper with it, we will track you down and send you back to prison.

--**OUTSIDE MEN'S PRISON:** The light of day hits George's face.

AGENT COLBY (V.O.)  
Here's all the information we've collected along with your travel stipend and temporary I.D.

--**OUTSIDE WOMEN'S PRISON:** Angie breathes in the fresh air while taking a file from Colby and Garcia.

AGENT COLBY  
We're counting on you. You were always the brains of the operation.

--**OUTSIDE MEN'S PRISON:**

AGENT GARCIA  
You were always the biceps of the operation.

George flexes. Garcia pets his arms, blushing as we CUT TO:

INT. INTERPOL VAN - DAY

Garcia is in the driver's seat. Colby is in the passenger seat with a tablet showing an ELECTRONIC MAP tracking Angie and George's ankle bracelets.

AGENT COLBY  
My money's on Angie.

AGENT GARCIA

AGENT COLBY  
You wanna bet?

AGENT COLBY (CONT'D)  
What?

AGENT GARCIA

Garcia hits the gas. The car skids off as we CUT TO:

EXT. BEST BUY - DAY

A bus drives past a Best Buy on Staten Island. As it CLEARS FRAME, we see Jacob's smiling face on a bus bench, selling some condos.

**INT. BEST BUY - SAME**

A stack of TVs are piled up on a push cart. Slowly shoving them down an aisle of electronics, we meet COUSIN BILLIE (21, an unimpressed computer genius). Baggy pants. Green streaks in her hair. Smacking her gum and bored out of her mind.

Billie pushes the cart around the corner only to see: Angie. A way-too-big grin on her face, Angie waves at Billie from across the aisle.

ANGIE  
Hi Billie! Long time no see!

COUSIN BILLIE  
Oh, fuck no!

At the sight of Angie, Billie freaks. She ditches her cart, running off towards the break room. Angie chases her down, acting calm and collected.

ANGIE  
Billie! It's me! Cousin Angie?!

Billie races into the break room. She throws the door shut as WHAM! Angie shoves her foot in the door.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
I thought you would be excited to see me! I even brought you a gift.

Angie holds up a thumb-drive with a smile.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
It's evidence that links you as the person who helped me hack into all those government security systems over the years.

Angie smiles at Billie. A beat. Billie smiles back, quickly changing her tune.

COUSIN BILLIE  
Oh, Aunt Angie! I didn't recognize you because you got so thin and gorgeous! Welcome to Best Buy!

CUT TO:

**INT. STATEN ISLAND DELI - BACK ROOM - NIGHT**

A GREASY looking GUY (30s) in a cheap suit gets slammed down on a metal table in the back of a deli with a THUD!

GREASY GUY  
No! I can pay! I swear!

The Greasy Guy gets tied down to the table by TWO GOON-ISH MOBSTERS (UNCLE VINNY and UNCLE PAULIE, 50s).

GREASY GUY (CONT'D)  
I just need more time.

One Uncle picks up a meat cleaver, one a baseball bat.

UNCLE VINNY  
We've been very patient. Some people have even said too patient.

UNCLE PAULIE  
I'm some people.

GREASY GUY  
No! No! No! Please don't kill me!

Vinny hoists up the baseball bat. Paulie lifts up the cleaver. They're both about to go to town when--

GEORGE (O.S.)  
Knock-knock! I brought macaroons!!

The mobsters freeze, turning to see George holding a box of cookies in the doorway. For a moment it looks like this could go really badly for him. A beat, then:

Vinny and Paulie both squeal, elated to see George.

The Greasy Guy sighs with relief as they throw down their weapons, rushing over to hug George.

GEORGE  
Uncle Vinny! Uncle Paulie! Sorry to  
interrupt your...  
(looks at Greasy Guy)  
*...business meeting.* But I'm in a  
bit of a pickle and looking for a  
little favor-oonie.

## INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BEST BUY - BREAK ROOM - DAY

Angie lays out Interpol's file in front of Billie.

ANGIE  
I figured if you still had friends  
on the dark web, you might be able  
to find where this thief is going  
next.

COUSIN BILLIE  
I know some perverts on there that  
might be able to help.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. STATEN ISLAND DELI - BACK ROOM - DAY

The Interpol file is laid out on top of the Greasy Guy who's still tied to the table, but looking glad to be ignored as they read the file.

## UNCLE VINNY

UNCLE PAULIE  
Or Slippery Joe.

GEORGE  
What about Pussy Cat Marino?

UNCLE VINNY  
Pussy doesn't burgle anymore. Pussy  
found Jesus.

GREASY GUY  
I hate to eavesdrop, but I might be  
able to help make some calls. That  
is if you agree not to kill me...

Off his smarmy smile, we CUT BACK TO:

**INT. BEST BUY - COMPUTER AISLE - DAY**

On a computer linked to a row of TVs in the center of the store, Billie types, searching through the dark web. Angie looks at the screens, reading some of the ads:

ANGIE  
Assassins for hire? Stolen kidneys?  
(glancing around)  
Should you be looking this up in  
the middle of a Best Buy?

Billie looks over, seeing her MANAGER, DOUG, on his phone.

COUSIN BILLIE  
Hey! Doug! I'm on the dark web.

Without picking his head up, Doug flips her off.

COUSIN BILLIE (CONT'D)  
(to Angie)  
This is a Best Buy in Staten  
Island. No one fucking cares.

Billie's eyes narrow in on the screen.

COUSIN BILLIE (CONT'D)  
I think I have a hit. This pervert  
I know knows another pervert who  
works for this other pervert who  
bought jewels from your thief. He  
says for some feet pics he'll tell  
me where your thief's headed next.

A beat. Angie sighs, untying her shoes as we CUT BACK TO:

**INT. STATEN ISLAND DELI - BACK ROOM - DAY**

The Greasy Guy, still tied up, talks into a phone that George holds to his ear. In the BACKGROUND, Vinny and Paulie share the box of macaroons.

GREASY GUY

(into phone)

Uh huh... uh huh... Oh, yeah! Send me those feet pics, they sound hot. Okay! Bu-bye now!

George hangs up the phone.

GREASY GUY (CONT'D)

My guy knows a guy who was the guy who bought stuff from some guy who knows where your guy's going next.

GEORGE

Where's he headed?

GREASY GUY

Have you ever been to Egypt?

*"Walk Like An Egyptian"* by THE BANGLES plays, taking us TO:

**EXT. CAIRO, EGYPT - ESTABLISHING**

An AIRPLANE soars over the bustling city of Cairo. Sailboats float across the Nile. TOURISTS surround the pyramids. THE BANGLES keep playing, taking us to:

**EXT. THE GRAND EGYPTIAN MUSEUM - SUNSET**

Dust in the air, pyramids in the distance, the enormous museum stands like a monolith in the desert.

**SUPERIMPOSE: THE GRAND EGYPTIAN MUSEUM. CAIRO, EGYPT.**

An obelisk out front marks the path towards a glass pyramid-shaped entrance twice the size of the Louvre.

A SECURITY GUARD walks the perimeter. As the guard rounds the corner... a MASKED FIGURE emerges.

The Figure runs towards the glass pyramid, sprinting up the façade when-- WHAM! He slips, slamming face-first on the glass. The MUSIC CUTS as SCREEEECH!

The Figure slowly slides down the glass wall and THUD! He hits the floor, taking off his mask to REVEAL it's George.

GEORGE

Ouchy, ouchy, ouchy. Worst part's over. Worst part's over.

George limps to his feet, hobbling off. As he goes, we PUSH IN on the glass entrance, DISSOLVING TO:

**INT. THE GRAND EGYPTIAN MUSEUM - NIGHT**

The massive foyer of the grand entrance. We weave through over to: DING! The maintenance elevator in the corner. The door dings, but it doesn't open. BAM. BAM. BAM!!!

Slowly, the doors to the elevator are pried open from the inside by none other than: Angie.

She looks up, noticing the elevator is stuck halfway in-between the floor below and this one (with only Angie's torso visible).

Angie tosses her gear out and starts to climb after it when the elevator suddenly starts moving again.

ANGIE

No! No! No!

THUD! Angie goes rolling out of the elevator, landing flat on her back as the door nearly shuts on her. DING! Quickly, Angie bounces back up to her feet.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Still got it... kinda.

Wiping off her butt, Angie grabs her gear and goes.

**INT. THE GRAND EGYPTIAN MUSEUM - EXHIBIT - MOMENTS LATER**

Angie slinks down the hall. Using her EMP device, she aims it at the security cameras and presses a bunch of buttons to short-circuit their feed.

The security camera jitters. The light on it blinks wildly.

ANGIE

Okay... fifty-fifty if that worked.

Suddenly, some FOOTSTEPS SOUND around the corner. Angie quickly ducks behind a forty-foot-tall statue of Tutankhamen.

From behind the statue, Angie glances around it to see: A masked FIGURE dashes past in the distance.

She whips back around. *That's not a guard. MUST BE THE THIEF!*

Thinking on her feet, Angie pulls her mask over her face and reaches into her bag, taking out a rag and some chloroform.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
(to the chloroform)  
Hello, old friend.

She hears something CLATTER on the floor. She looks down, noticing a SMOKE BOMB.

WHOOSH! SMOKE FILLS THE AIR!

We ANGLE on the MASKED FIGURE as he rushes around the statue to where Angie was, only to find: *no one's there.*

A beat. WHAM!! Angie leaps out of the smoke, wrapping the chloroform rag around his face. He rams his knee into her groin and uppercuts her arm, sending her rag flying.

She quickly counters, grabbing the Masked Figure by the groin and twisting as he screams!

GEORGE  
AHHHH!!! My balls!

Angie releases him, taking a step back.

ANGIE  
Those balls feel familiar...

GEORGE  
That chloroform smells familiar...

A beat.

GEORGE (CONT'D)	ANGIE
Angie?!	George?!

They both yank off their masks, outraged to be staring at each other's dumbfounded faces.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
What are you doing here?!?  
Shouldn't you be rotting in prison?

GEORGE  
I was thriving in prison! I was doing prison so well, they asked me to leave.

Angie sighs...

ANGIE  
Don't tell me. Interpol hired you?

GEORGE  
Yes! And I'm taking you in to  
answer for your crimes.

George rushes at Angie, grabbing Angie's wrists and cuffing them together behind her back.

ANGIE  
Really George? You're not getting?

GEORGE  
Oh, I'm getting! You broke out of  
prison and have been running a new  
crime ring.

Angie sighs again.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
How dumb can you be? Escaping  
prison only to go back to robbing  
museums... it's almost...

ANGIE  
Walk it to the finish line.

GEORGE  
...*too stupid...*  
(a beat)  
Interpol hired us both, didn't  
they?

ANGIE  
It's good to see you still have  
your wits about you.

Angie, freed from the cuffs by picking the lock, chuckles them at George. She picks up her EMP device.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
How'd you even get in here? I've  
had my eye on the security feeds  
for the past hour.

GEORGE  
I disabled the rear perimeter alarm  
and picked the lock on an employee  
entrance in the back. You?

ANGIE  
I disabled the rear perimeter  
cameras, climbed through the air  
(MORE)

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
duct and into the maintenance elevator.

GEORGE  
So we basically left the backdoor open...

A long beat.

Off them both sprinting down the hall, we CUT TO:

EXT. THE GRAND EGYPTIAN MUSEUM - REAR ENTRANCE - SAME

CLOSE ON the PERIMETER SECURITY CAMERA. THE REAL MASKED THIEF walks up to it. He taps on it. It slumps over, hanging down like a limp dick.

He shrugs, walking over to a rear entrance of the museum. The door is wide open. He glances around. Even with the mask covering his face, we can tell he's confused.

A beat. He shrugs again and continues in...

**INT. THE GRAND EGYPTIAN MUSEUM - CLEOPATRA EXHIBIT - SAME**

CLOSE ON a bust of Cleopatra. Blue headdress adorned in jewels. On her neck, a lavish row of white pearls, as valuable and ancient as time itself.

Slowly, we PULL BACK to REVEAL it's behind a bulletproof glass case. We keep PULLING BACK to REVEAL the case is in a bulletproof glass room with a high-tech transparent door.

Through the industrial-grade glass door, we see a complex array of bolting mechanisms locking the door shut. On the outside of the door is a touchscreen pad and a handle.

The Masked Thief rushes up to the door. From his utility belt, he pulls out a DEVICE the size of an average phone.

He attaches it to the touchpad, activating it. Slowly, the gears and bolts inside the door begin to shift and rotate: *the device is picking the lock electronically.*

CLICK. CLICK. WHOOSH! The door UNLOCKS! The Thief is about to go inside when: KSSSSSS! SMOKE BEGINS TO FILL THE AIR.

He turns around just as WHAM! A fist from a Masked Figure, (George), flies at his jaw, sending him to the floor.

A masked George stands over the Thief with a set of cuffs.

GEORGE  
Your crime spree ends here--

He's about to cuff the guy when another Masked Figure, (Angie), sweeps George's legs, dropping him on his ass.

ANGIE  
--by me! Your crime spree ends by  
me!

Angie goes to cuff him when George trips her, dropping her to the floor next to him.

GEORGE  
What are you doing?! I got him  
first!

ANGIE  
Not if I'm the one who cuffs him!

As they fight over who gets to bag the bad guy, the Masked Thief slips past them and into:

**INT. CLEOPATRA'S JEWEL ROOM - SAME**

Cleopatra's Jewel Room. The Masked Thief goes up to the glass case containing Cleopatra's pearls. Using his device, he deactivates all the pressure sensors and alarms on the case.

Quickly, he picks the lock on the case and opens it, EXPOSING CLEOPATRA'S JEWELS TO THE AIR.

Suddenly, WHAM! George and Angie both tackle the Masked Thief to the floor. George gets the feet, tying him down as Angie gets the hands, tying them back.

GEORGE  
I got him!  
ANGIE  
I got him first!

They both jump up, yelling at each other over the incapacitated Masked Thief.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
You only got his hands.

ANGIE  
The hands are way more important  
than the feet!

GEORGE  
He can't go anywhere without feet.

ANGIE  
He can't steal without hands.

GEORGE

ANGIE  
Well, let's ask him.  
(to the Thief)  
Which one of us do you feel  
captured you first? The non-de-aged  
version of Harrison Ford...

Angie takes George's mask off.

GEORGE  
Or Disney presents: Maleficent...

George takes off Angie's mask. The Masked Thief looks back and forth at them in disbelief.

## MASKED THIEF

Angie and George share a look. *No, it can't be.* Slowly, they both lean forward, yanking off the thief's mask to REVEAL:

GEORGE ANGIE  
Holy... ...shit.

THE THIEF IS NONE OTHER THAN THEIR SON, JACOB. Hog-tied, Jacob smiles up at them with a mischievous little grin.

JACOB  
About me not visiting you guys in  
prison... *work's been busy.*

Angie and George run over and hug him, both angry yet ecstatic to see him.

ANGIE  
This is not how this family reunion  
was supposed to happen!

GEORGE  
Please tell me Interpol hired you  
to catch a fourth person who's also  
breaking into this museum tonight?

JACOB  
You mean I made Interpol's watch  
list? Finally!

Angie and George pull back, going into parent mode.

ANGIE

I can't believe you're a criminal!

JACOB

I can't believe you're not still in  
prison for being that exact same  
thing!

ANGIE

Don't you dare pull the 'hypocrite'  
card!

GEORGE

Yeah! Not another word from you.  
You're in timeout, mister!

JACOB

I'm not a child, you can't--

RIPPP!! George tears off a piece of duct tape from his belt,  
taping it over his mouth as he mumble shouts at them.

ANGIE

Now you sit quietly while mommy and  
daddy figure a way out of this.

George and Angie step aside, arguing with each other.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

I can't believe him!

GEORGE

I know. I raised him better than  
this.

ANGIE

You raised him better? Like I'm the  
one to blame for him being a  
criminal?

GEORGE

You're the one who used to take him  
with you to rob banks in a baby  
bjorn!

ANGIE

You're the one who taught him how  
to crack safes for his talent show!

In the BACKGROUND, Jacob picks his cuffs, getting free.

GEORGE

The only reason he's rebelling is  
because you used to discipline him.

ANGIE

You think robbing museums is a  
product of too much discipline?!?

Angie and George get in each other's faces.

GEORGE

If anyone is to blame for this:  
it's you.

ANGIE

You take that back, old man!

GEORGE

Old man?! You wanna go, lady?

ANGIE

I will drop you like a sack of  
potatoes!

GEORGE

Bring it on!

Going full Mortal Kombat, Angie and George charge each other:

ANGIE

AHHHH!!

GEORGE (CONT'D)

AHHHH!!!

ANGLE ON Jacob who's swapping Cleopatra's necklace with a  
fake as his parents fight in the BACKGROUND. He whips around,  
sighing at the sight of them.

JACOB

Seriously?

Angie jumps on George's back, wrapping a rag around his face  
as she splashes chloroform everywhere.

ANGIE

Jacob! Help me chloroform your dad  
so we can pin your crimes on him!

JACOB

What?! No!

George yanks Angie off his back and tosses her down, getting  
on top of her and pulling out some duct tape.

GEORGE

Quick, Jacob! Help me tape Mommy to  
the floor so we can do that same  
thing but to her instead because  
you like me more!

Jacob sighs, watching as George tries to tape Angie to the floor while she keeps trying to chloroform him.

JACOB  
You've got to be kidding me...

ANGIE  
(to Jacob)  
When they get here, all we have to do is tell Interpol your father masterminded this all from prison and get you a cushy plea deal!

GEORGE  
(to Jacob)  
No! We tell them your mother did it! She's the smart one. That's more believable.

ANGIE  
No it's not! I'm a woman! No one believes in women!

Wrapping up the pearls, Jacob checks his watch with a sigh. His parents still rolling around, he motions to the door.

JACOB  
I got Cleopatra's pearls? You guys gonna do anything about it?

Angie and George keep rolling around on the floor. A beat. Jacob sighs, walking out of the exhibit.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
Okay... I guess I'll just go keep doing crime then.

Jacob stomps off. Not noticing him go, Angie and George keep fighting, pinning each other to the floor.

ANGIE  
Got you! GEORGE  
No! Got you!

In the BACKGROUND, a BATTALION of ARMED GUARDS RUSH IN.

GUARD  
Freeze! You're under arrest!

Angie and George freeze, turning to see DOZENS OF GUARDS pointing guns at them. Jacob is nowhere to be seen. A beat. They both sigh, putting their hands up.

GEORGE  
Not again... ANGIE  
Not again...

**EXT. THE GRAND EGYPTIAN MUSEUM - DAWN**

The sun rises over the pyramids in the distance. Angie and George are both sitting on a curb, handcuffed, surrounded by OFFICERS with guns.

Across from them stands Garcia and Colby. They shout over each other to the agents.

ANGIE

You were the ones who lied to us, playing us against each other. So consider this snafu to be payback for a lack of transparency.

GEORGE

When you said 'covert' I didn't know you meant don't get arrested again, so that's on you. But at least now we know.

A beat. Colby takes a deep breath, trying not to blow.

AGENT COLBY

Where's the thief?!

GEORGE

He got away.

ANGIE

Or *she*. We didn't get their mask off.

The Agents stare through them. *They know they know it's Jacob.* A beat. Colby plays it cool.

AGENT COLBY

So you failed? This thief must be too good. All the best skills of you both.

He eyes them, knowing all to well they all know it's Jacob.

AGENT COLBY (CONT'D)

I guess we have no use for you then. Oh well! Back to prison for you both.

The Agents dramatically turn and walk off. The minute they're out of earshot, George and Angie whisper-huddle.

ANGIE

They know it's Jacob! That's why they put us on this. It's all been a set up.

GEORGE

Well what do we do? We can't turn him in.

ANGIE

We also can't let him get caught.  
We just need to give Interpol  
enough info to keep us on the case  
while we track Jacob down and  
parent some sense back into him.

GEORGE

Then what? We go back to prison?

ANGIE

Yes. We set a good example for him,  
showing him how we're facing our  
judicial circumstances with aplomb.

(a beat)

Or we, you know...

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Go on the lam and have our  
faces reconstructed in  
Colombia.

GEORGE

Go on the lam and have our  
faces reconstructed in  
Colombia.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Deal!

ANGIE

No more turning on each other. No  
more double-crossing. We do this,  
then go our separate ways.

George nods, holding out his hand from behind his back with  
the cuffs to shake on it. Angie twists her arms around from  
behind her back and shakes his.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Now follow my lead.

ANGLE ON Garcia and Colby, still dramatically walking off.

AGENT COLBY

Walk slower.

AGENT GARCIA

How much slower?

AGENT COLBY

Slow enough for them to formulate a  
plan that involves helping us hunt  
down their son since we have no  
other leads on how to catch him.

Garcia happily complies, taking a monumentally slow step.

AGENT GARCIA

Should we go see the pyramids after  
this?

Angie shouts after them:

ANGIE

Hey narcs! Wait.

AGENT COLBY

Oh, thank god.

Garcia and Colby both turn around, putting on their best poker faces as they walk back up to Angie and George.

AGENT COLBY (CONT'D)

What is it?

ANGIE

We know how to catch this guy.

(then)

Back when we were in the business, we had some reliable contacts that helped... 'consult' on our own crimes.

George picks up where she's going.

GEORGE

It's a small network of people who know the blackmarket trade for these kinds of jewels. They probably have a lead on where this thief is going to hit next.

Garcia and Colby look intrigued.

AGENT COLBY

Who are these contacts?

ANGIE

We can't tell you. The first sign of you guys sniffing around, all leads will go silent.

GEORGE

But if you let us stay on the case, we'll speak to our contacts. We'll do the field work. And we'll report back.

Colby and Garcia share a look. They turn to each other, whispering out of earshot from Angie and George.

AGENT COLBY  
(whispering to Garcia)  
Say something to me so it looks  
like we're debating this.

AGENT GARCIA  
(whispering to Colby)  
Do you ever think about the time we  
kissed on that mission in Mumbai?

AGENT COLBY  
What? !?

ANGLE ON Angie and George watching them whisper-fight.

AGENT COLBY (CONT'D)  
Now's not the time to talk about  
that!

AGENT GARCIA  
It's never the right time!

Colby whips back around with his poker face on. Garcia stands  
there looking pissy with his arms crossed.

AGENT COLBY  
We discussed it and decided to keep  
you on the case.

Angie and George both light up.

AGENT GARCIA  
But!! We'll be monitoring your  
locations at all times. You never  
touch a plane unless we're on it  
with you. And if I find out you're  
hiding a single piece of  
information from us, or  
compromising our mission at all,  
you'll never see the light of day  
again. Got it?

Angie and George both nod, a united front.

AGENT COLBY  
Now where do these contacts of  
yours live?

George looks at Angie. Angie looks at George. They both sigh.

GEORGE  
Staten Island.

ANGIE  
Staten Island.

CUT TO:

**MONTAGE - STATEN ISLAND - DAY**

--**STATEN ISLAND FERRY:** The Statue of Liberty in the rearview, the big yellow ferry floats along the Hudson.

--**BEST BUY:** Cousin Billie plays video games in the middle of the store when suddenly Angie and George cut in front of her.

ANGIE

Have you ever helped Jacob trade  
black market jewels?

Billie's eyes go wide. Angie stares her down while George smiles, lifting up a box of cookies.

GEORGE

Answer her and I'll give you some  
macaroons!

--**DELI BACKROOM:** Uncle Vinny and Paulie hold each end of a garrote, wrapping it around the Greasy Guy as he struggles to breathe. George and Angie rush in.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Have you two been selling black  
market tech gear to our son behind  
our backs?

George crosses his arms, looking disappointed in them while Angie smiles, pulling out a thumb-drive.

ANGIE

Answer him and I'll give you this  
hard drive filled with embarrassing  
photos of you two doing the  
Macarena at our wedding.

A beat. They let the wire go slack. The Greasy Guy slips away, bolting out the door.

--**BEST BUY:** Billie takes a bite of a macaroon.

COUSIN BILLIE

I may have taught him how to hack  
into government issued centralized  
surveillance infrastructures... but  
only because he asked nicely.

--**DELI BACKROOM:** Vinny takes a hammer to the hard-drive.

UNCLE VINNY

We might've sold him some stolen  
government weapons and black market  
gear over the years.

UNCLE PAULIE  
But don't worry, we gave him the  
family discount.

--**BEST BUY:** Angie sighs.

ANGIE  
And you didn't think to share that  
with me when I came here last time?

COUSIN BILLIE  
I was kinda hoping you'd die in  
Cairo so I wouldn't have to...

--**DELI BACKROOM:** George sighs.

GEORGE  
Have you seen or heard from him  
recently?

Vinny and Paulie share a look.

UNCLE PAULIE  
He might've come by yesterday...

Angie and George both react.

GEORGE  
He's back in town?!?  
ANGIE  
What did he want?!?

--**BEST BUY:** Billie polishes off another macaroon. Hesitantly,  
she opens up.

COUSIN BILLIE  
He came by asking for me to help  
him upgrade his wireless security  
override software.

GEORGE  
And in English that means?

COUSIN BILLIE  
Basically it's a small tablet that  
he can use to hack into any  
building's security and control the  
cameras and alarms.

Angie and George look concerned.

COUSIN BILLIE (CONT'D)  
But I wouldn't worry. Any place  
nowadays with diamonds valued over  
a hundred million uses AI backed  
protective firewalls. So in order  
(MORE)

COUSIN BILLIE (CONT'D)  
to hack into their security he'd  
have to like... glitch the power to  
the entire building.

--DELI BACKROOM: Paulie cleans off the garrote.

UNCLE PAULIE  
All we sold him was a portable  
power glitch generator.

UNCLE VINNY  
It's only powerful enough to surge  
electricity and battery operated  
devices across a small area. Like  
barely even a neighborhood.

Angie and George share another look. Even more concerned.

--BEST BUY:

COUSIN BILLIE  
And even if he does gain control of  
a building's security, vaults  
nowadays are reinforced with so  
much steel, he'd never be able to  
physically break into one.

--DELI BACKROOM:

UNCLE VINNY  
We also sold him a laser beam gun  
that silently cuts through  
reinforced steel. But that was it.

UNCLE PAULIE  
That was it!

END MONTAGE ON:

**EXT. STATEN ISLAND FERRY - DAY**

Angie and George stand silently on the ferry. A wide-eyed  
look on both of their faces.

GEORGE  
We turned him into a supervillain,  
didn't we?

ANGIE  
That seems to be an apt assessment  
of where his trajectory is going.

A beat.

GEORGE

With that gear, the jewel he must  
be after...

A thought comes to Angie.

ANGIE

Wait... *the jewel*. That's it!  
(then)

If he's gonna do this heist, he  
needs a fake diamond. And who do we  
know that makes the best fakes in  
the business?

GEORGE

You don't think?

ANGIE

Yep! My fucking brother...

Off Angie looking pissed, we CUT TO:

**INT. ANTIQUE STORE - DAY**

Trinkets, glassware, dusty tchotchkies. Behind the counter stands a fabulously dressed gay man, EVERETT BOUVIER (30s).

He haggles with an OLD LADY, trying to sell her a plate that he delicately handles with white gloves.

EVERETT

This is a one of a kind 14th century porcelain serving dish eaten off of by Marie Antoinette herself, just hours before her beheading.

OLD LADY

I'll give you 600 bucks for it.

EVERETT

600? One of the last things her face did before it was severed from her body, was lick this plate. It's worth at least 10K.

The DOOR CHIMES. Everett looks up, seeing Angie and George walk in. In shock, the plate slips out of his hands and-- CRASH!!! IT SHATTERS ALL OVER THE COUNTER.

The Old Lady grabs her purse, rushing to the door. Angie walks up, smirking at Everett.

ANGIE  
We're not paying for that.

Everett smirks at her.

EVERETT  
Don't worry. I can make a new one.

Everett rushes over, wrapping her up in a hug. She hugs him back, sharing a sweet moment.

EVERETT (CONT'D)  
What are you doing here? Did you Shawshank it out of prison? Please tell me you burrowed out of a hole in the wall behind a poster of Raquel Welch.

ANGIE  
We're here legally.

GEORGE  
Yeah, after that movie, they stopped letting people have posters in prison.

Everett smiles at George, wrapping him up in a giant hug.

EVERETT  
Georgie!! It's so good to see you!  
(while hugging George)  
Oh, hello shoulders! Someone's been hitting the weights in the slammer.

GEORGE  
Thank you so much for noticing. Out of all of your parent's children, you were always my favorite.

He smirks at Angie who smirks back at his dig.

EVERETT  
How'd you guys get out then?

ANGIE  
It's all thanks to our friends at Interpol.

Everett freaks at the sound of that.

EVERETT  
Interpol?! Are you guys narcs?! Is this a sting?  
(talking to Angie's boobs)  
(MORE)

EVERETT (CONT'D)  
 No crime being done over here! None  
 whatsoever!

ANGIE  
 Stop shouting at my boobs! I'm not  
 wearing a wire!

EVERETT  
 Is George?  
 (to George)  
 Quick! Take off your shirt!

No follow-up questions, George rips his shirt off, proudly presenting his toned torso. Angie and Everett both stare.

ANGIE (under her breath) EVERETT (CONT'D)  
 Whoa. Should we check the pants?

George smirks at Angie.

GEORGE  
 Did you just 'whoa' me?

ANGIE  
 What? No! No 'whoa'. No 'whoa-ing'  
 whatsoever. I was just admiring  
 that you didn't lose any buttons.

Angie picks up his shirt, playing it off.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
 Look at that. Not a single tear.  
 Good stitching. American made.

She shoves it in his hands. George keeps smirking. Angie blushes. It's a weirdly intimate moment. A beat, then:

EVERETT  
 Either of you do any gay stuff in  
 prison?

*That kills the moment.* Angie turns back to Everett, getting down to business.

ANGIE  
 We came here because we have a  
 question for you.  
 (then)  
 Have you been helping Jacob commit  
 heists by making him fake jewels?

EVERETT  
 What!?!?

Everett puts on a show, really overselling his shock.

EVERETT (CONT'D)  
I would never! And how dare you  
accuse me of such heresy! Heresy, I  
say. Heresy. Her-es-y.

A beat, then: *Everett sprints off.*

ANGIE  
You little shit!

Angie leaps over the counter, dragging Everett to the ground as he screams.

EVERETT  
No! I'm gay! This is a hate crime!!

As Everett and Angie squabble, we ANGLE ON George who's still shirtless, flexing in an antique mirror.

GEORGE  
That prison lighting really didn't  
do me any justice.

ANGLE ON Angie and Everett. Angie pins Everett to the ground, hocking up a loogie and letting it dangle out of her mouth down towards his face. He squirms, shouting at her.

EVERETT  
If your prison spit gives me  
hepatitis, I'll kill you!!!

George, shirt now on, rushes over, yanking Angie off Everett.

GEORGE  
Children! Behave yourselves.

EVERETT  
She started it!

ANGIE  
No! You did by helping our son  
become a felon!

GEORGE  
Angie, that's not fair. We ALL  
helped Jacob become a felon.

Angie pulls away, taking a breath. George helps Everett up.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Has Jacob been in contact with you  
recently?

Everett hesitates. *He has.* A beat. George leans in.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
What's his next mark? Please. I  
just want to protect my son.

George bats his eyes at Everett, turning on the charm.  
Everett sighs, caving.

EVERETT  
Come with me. My studio's upstairs.

**INT. EVERETT'S STUDIO - DAY**

Mixed throughout his mid-century modern furnishings is an array of synthetic diamond crafting gear. All intricate machines that are the size of small cars.

EVERETT  
He called me last night...

Everett leads them through the studio over to a lounge area with a GIANT SALT WATER FISH TANK.

EVERETT (CONT'D)  
...and asked for a fake version of  
a *particular* necklace that I keep  
on hand.

He presses a button on the side of the fish tank and all the fish suddenly disappear, REVEALING it's all a projection on a glass wall.

EVERETT (CONT'D)  
Just don't shoot the messenger.

He hits another button. The lights in the apartment dim. The glass case lights up, revealing a REPLICA OF THE HOPE DIAMOND.

*"My Heart Will Go On"* by CELINE DION starts to play as we PUSH IN on George and Angie's slack-jawed faces.

CELINE DION (MUSIC)  
*Near, far, wherever you are / I  
believe that the heart does--*

Everett cuts the MUSIC and turns up the light.

EVERETT  
Sorry. Built-in feature.

In disbelief, George and Angie stare at the fake.

ANGIE

Are you telling me our son is going  
to try to steal...

GEORGE

...the Hope fucking Diamond?

Astounded, speechless, stunned, agog, Angie and George stand there, processing, feeling like parents of the year.

ANGIE

That spiteful little jerk-face.

GEORGE

I know... he really is your son.

Angie turns to Everett.

ANGIE

Where do they even keep the Hope  
Diamond nowadays?

EVERETT

After you two lunatics got your  
hands on it in Paris, the American  
government reclaimed it and pulled  
it from the exhibition. They now  
keep it at the Smithsonian in D.C.  
It's secured there in an  
underground vault with a bunch of  
other national treasures.

Angie and George take in the gravity of that mission.

GEORGE

The Smithsonian? That's not just a  
museum. That place is a government  
fortified research center.

EVERETT

I know. He didn't tell me what he  
has planned, but I told him there's  
no way he's getting near that  
diamond.

ANGIE

Well that's not gonna stop him from  
trying, which is why you need to  
destroy this.

Angie points to the fake. Everett gasps, clutching it.

EVERETT

No!! It's a near perfect replica!

ANGIE

If we stop Jacob from getting this fake, we stop his heist.

GEORGE

Or at least delay him enough to talk some sense into him.

ANGIE

So chuck it in the ocean, I don't care. But he can't get ahold of it.

She eyes Everett with an intimidating glare. He sighs.

EVERETT

Fine... I'll get rid of it and cancel the meetup.

ANGIE

You have a meetup planned?

EVERETT

Yeah, he messaged me with an address he's staying at. But I'll tell him I won't be coming by.

Angie's brow crinkles up, an idea coming to her.

ANGIE

No... don't cancel it. Tell him you'll be there with the necklace... tonight.

(then, to George)

We're gonna pay our son a little surprise visit.

Angie smirks, a Machiavellian glare in her eyes. George leans over to Everett, pointing at her face.

GEORGE

See. Spiteful.

Off the fake Hope Diamond's shimmering blue glow we MATCH TO:

#### EXT. NEIGHBORING ROOFTOP - SAME

Through the LENS of a CAMERA, we see George and Angie in Everett's studio as SNAP! SNAP!

REVERSE ON THE CAMERAMAN to REVEAL it's Jacob. He's on the rooftop of the neighboring building taking photos of his parents through Everett's window.

JACOB

You two think you're one step ahead  
of me? I'll show you...

Jacob starts laughing maniacally.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Muhahh hahh hahhh--

Suddenly, a NEIGHBOR leans out of his window.

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

Hey, douchebag! Shut the fuck up!

JACOB

You shut the fuck up! I'm laughing  
maniacally over here!

NEIGHBOR

You call that a maniacal laugh? You  
sound like Count Chocula!

JACOB

Muhahh Hahhhhh Hahhhhh HAHHH!

NEIGHBOR

More diaphragm! Laugh like you're  
really about to ruin some lives.

JACOB

MUHAHH HUAAAH HUAAAH HUAAAH!

NEIGHBOR

Better.

CUT TO:

**EXT. NYC - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT**

Night falls over the city. Lights and sirens illuminate the sea of cars and PEOPLE below.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

A cramped and crappy hotel room. There's a living room area with a separate bedroom on the other end. Agent's Colby and Garcia lead Angie and George in.

AGENT COLBY

So you spent an entire day talking  
to your 'connections' and have no  
leads to show for it?

Angie and George share a look, quickly obfuscating.

ANGIE

They have some leads.

GEORGE

Leads are on their way.

ANGIE

And when leads arrive, said leads  
shall be given to you.

GEORGE

Said leads shall be shared.

A beat.

AGENT COLBY

Alright... Well, George is in here  
with me. Angie you're in that room.  
Door open.

Garcia plops down on the couch.

AGENT GARCIA

And I'll be on the couch because  
Colby doesn't want to share a bed  
anymore, even though we were once  
stranded in Siberia and slept naked  
in the same sleeping bag for over a  
week. But whatever. *Boundaries*.

*Uhh...* Angie and George stare as Colby whisper shouts at Garcia.

AGENT COLBY

That information is Top Secret!

AGENT GARCIA

It's no secret that you're not a  
top!

As they bicker, George leans back, whispering to Angie.

GEORGE

How are we gonna sneak away from  
them?

ANGIE

I have an idea. Follow my lead.

They turn back over to the Agents who are still arguing.

AGENT COLBY  
You're hangry. Eat some trail-mix.

AGENT GARCIA  
No! There's raisins in it!

ANGIE  
Excuse me?

The Agents look over at them.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
George and I would be fine in the  
bedroom just... *the two of us.*

Angie sidles up to George, extra flirty.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
Right, George?

Angie grabs his butt. George, caught off guard, doesn't know what to say. Nervously, he starts petting Angie's hair.

GEORGE  
Yes! We would very much love some  
alone time together... in the same  
room... alone... together.

George's finger gets caught in her hair. She smacks him as he yanks it out, both trying to look sexy while doing it.

Colby stares at them, confused.

AGENT COLBY  
Aren't you two divorced?

A beat.

GEORGE  
A hole is a hole.

ANGIE  
I haven't seen a penis in  
years.

AGENT GARCIA  
Let them make love! Someone should!

Garcia storms off to the bathroom. **SLAM!** He locks himself in. A beat. Colby sighs, shaking his head.

AGENT COLBY  
You have an hour. Go.

CUT TO:

INT. GEORGE AND ANGIE'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON the BEDFRAME. The lights are dim. The RADIO is on. Smooth JAZZ plays. The bed rocks back and forth as we hear George and Angie whisper sweet nothings to each other:

ANGIE (O.S.)  
Lift your leg higher.

GEORGE (O.S.)  
This is as high as it goes.

ANGIE (O.S.)  
Ouch! My hand's stuck.

GEORGE (O.S.)  
Pull it out.

ANGIE (O.S.)  
Relax!

GEORGE (O.S.)  
Be gentle!

ANGIE (O.S.) GEORGE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Uhhhh!! Ooooh!!

PULL BACK to REVEAL a fully clothed Angie yanking the ankle bracelet off of George. A beat. Angie lifts up her leg, putting her ankle bracelet in George's face.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
Okay, now do me.

TIME CUT TO: A bedsheet is tied like a rope to the end of the bed frame and out the window. Their ankle bracelets flash on the duvet. In the BACKGROUND, Angie and George climb out of the window, repelling down.

The force of them hanging on the bedsheets makes the bed frame jolt, knocking the radio off the night stand.

It hits the floor, switching over to NPR as we CUT TO:

**INT. NYC SUBWAY - NIGHT**

The subway rattles along. George and Angie stand in the back, holding onto the overhead straps.

ANGIE  
Great acting back there. You're a  
real thespian.

GEORGE

You caught me off guard! My butt  
hasn't been grabbed by a woman  
since... well... you sadly.

ANGIE

But it's been grabbed since?

GEORGE

I mean, of course. You felt it.  
It's pretty irresistible.

Angie chuckles. George smiles at her. The mood grows a bit more tender.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I can't believe Jacob's going after  
the diamond that sent us to prison.

ANGIE

I know. And did you hear what  
Everett said?

GEORGE

About how they keep it in a secret  
underground government bunker now  
because of us? I know. We have a  
legacy!

They both smile, way too excited by that. They share a look.  
Nostalgia in the air.

ANGIE

We made a good team.

GEORGE

We really did.

The subway jolts. They lean closer together. It's an intimate moment as they look into each others eyes. A beat.

Quickly, they both turn away, changing the subject.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

So what's the address of this place  
Jacob's been hiding out at? Is it  
like a mafia den? Or a crack house?

ANGIE

Not exactly...

CUT TO:

**EXT. NYC UPPER EAST SIDE - NIGHT**

A delightful little three story townhouse. Flower boxes in every window. A *Live-Laugh-Love* welcome mat.

REVERSE ON George and Angie standing across the street.

GEORGE

His secret lair is a townhouse on  
the Upper East Side?

ANGIE

This is the address Everett gave  
me.

They both stare at it. The downstairs lights are on. A beat.

GEORGE

Wanna sneak in through the back?  
And scare the shit out of him?

ANGIE

You bet.

They high-five, slipping back into the darkness.

**INT. TOWNHOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

CLOSE ON a locked window. We watch as a tiny wire instrument slips through the opening. With razor sharp precision, the wire loops up through the latch on the lock and POP!

The window cranes open. George and Angie both cram a leg through. Angie swats him. He chivalrously lets her go, following behind.

They look around. They're in an expansive, ornate dining room. Giant gaudy chairs. A gilded table.

A light shimmers from the TV in the other room. They slowly step towards it.

OLD ROSE (ON TV, PRE-LAP)

I was just wondering if you had  
found the heart of the ocean yet,  
Mr. Lovett?

**INT. TOWNHOUSE - SITTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

A dim room. Lots of floral patterns. An 80s aesthetic. In the corner is a boxy TV playing the movie TITANIC. It's facing an arm chair with the back turned to George and Angie.

BILL PAXTON (ON TV)  
 Alright, Rose. You have my  
 attention. Can you tell us who the  
 woman in the picture is?

George and Angie look at each other. *Jacob must be in that chair.* They nod, ready to ambush. 3... 2... 1...

OLD ROSE (ON TV)  
 Oh yes! The woman in the picture is  
 me--

George and Angie leap around the chair, shouting:

GEORGE	ANGIE
Surprise!	Gotcha!

They both freeze. The chair is empty. A fresh martini on the side table. Lipstick on the glass. A beat.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 Is that a dirty martini?

FIGURE (O.S.)  
 AHHHHHHHH!!!

A FIGURE in the shadows screams, chucking a vase at them. Angie ducks as CRASH!!! IT SHATTERS ON GEORGE'S HEAD!

Angie shoots up to her feet and grabs a fireplace poker as--- WHAM!!! SHE GETS SMACKED IN THE FACE WITH A BOTTLE OF VODKA.

Angie falls to the floor next to George. The lights shoot on.

FIGURE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Don't move or I'll shoot!

Angie and George both look up to see: MARTHA WESTON (60s, Lucille Bluth energy) wearing a feathered Chanel robe, holding two pistols aimed at them both.

A beat. Martha pauses, realizing she knows these intruders:

MARTHA  
 George?

ANGIE  
 Martha?

MARTHA  
 Angie?

GEORGE  
 MOM?!?

George shoots up, knocking over the martini with a CRASH. Martha sighs, holstering her guns.

MARTHA

Well, well, well... look who finally decided to pay a visit to the woman who birthed him.

GEORGE

Mom, I've been in prison.

ANGIE

Wait. This is your place? Has Jacob been staying with you?

MARTHA

I'm doing well, thank you for asking.

ANGIE

(shouting off)  
Jacob!!

Angie jumps up to her feet, shouting as she rushes upstairs.

MARTHA

No shoes upstairs!

Angie's shoes go rolling down the stairs as she keeps racing up them. Martha stares at George.

GEORGE

You have a lovely place here.

MARTHA

It's only five bedrooms. I had to downsize to pay your lawyer bills.

GEORGE

Sorry, mommy.

George kowtows like a little boy. Martha mixes herself a new martini as she glares at him.

MARTHA

You know the Feds were all over me because of you two. Probing all of my accounts, accusing me of funding your escapades.

GEORGE

But you *did* fund my escapades?

MARTHA

Your father and I, god rest his soul, worked hard for that money and you almost cost me all of it.

GEORGE

Everything you have you guys stole from people in a ponzi scheme.

MARTHA

And not getting arrested was hard work!

She finishes making her martini. She takes a sip. A beat.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

You're thin. Want me to put in a lasagna?

GEORGE

I missed you, too.

George bear hugs her like a little boy as she pats him on the back, trying not to spill her drink.

ANGIE (O.S.)

George!! Come see this!

CUT TO:

**INT. MARTHA'S TOWNHOUSE - JACOB'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

A nautical-themed guest bedroom turned supervillain lair. Seashells on the bedsheets with blueprints to a bank vault on the wall. A cute little secretary desk covered in gear that looks like a homemade bomb.

Angie stands in her socks, staring at SOMETHING OFF CAMERA. George rushes in, staring at the same spot.

ANGIE

He's been watching our every move.

REVERSE ON: A wall covered in photos of Angie and George over the last day. Them with Billie and Vinny and Paulie. Them on the ferry. Them bickering at Everett's. Under it, he left a note that reads: Hope you're enjoying your family reunion.

GEORGE

This is kinda... *sociopathic*.

ANGIE

I know...

She fans a tear out of her eye, looking way too proud.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
He double crossed our double  
crossing of him.

GEORGE  
Please stop looking so proud of  
that.

Angie turns to the door.

ANGIE  
Come on. If we get to my brother's  
in time, maybe we can stop him from  
getting the fake.

GEORGE  
But Everett said he'd destroy--

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. EVERETT'S STUDIO - NIGHT**

The JULIE ANDREWS version of "*I Feel Pretty*" plays as Everett, dressed in drag and wearing tons of his fake jewelry, including the Hope Diamond, lip-syncs along:

EVERETT  
*I feel pretty / Oh, so pretty I  
feel pretty, and witty, and bright  
/ And I pity / Any girl who isn't  
me tonight!*

Jacob walks in unnoticed.

EVERETT (CONT'D)  
*I feel charming / Oh, so charming  
It's alarming how charming I-- AHH!*

Everett jumps, coming face-to-face with Jacob. He pulls a remote out of his bra, turning off the music.

EVERETT (CONT'D)  
Well, this is embarrassing.

JACOB  
I thought you were pretty good.

EVERETT  
Oh, I know. I was talking about you  
catching me in a ploy with your  
parents to stop your heist.

JACOB

Well just hand over the necklace  
and all will be forgiven.

Everett takes a step back.

EVERETT

I told your mother I wouldn't. And  
frankly, she scares me more than  
you do.

JACOB

Does she now?

Jacob walks up to Everett, an intimidating glare in his eyes.  
It's a serious moment, until--

JACOB (CONT'D)

What if I tie you up so it looks  
like you put up a fight?

Jacob pulls out some rope. A beat. Everett shrugs, giving in.

EVERETT

Okay, fine... but you're also gonna  
have to give me a black-eye to  
really sell it.

JACOB

Okey-dokie!

WHAM! Jacob punches Everett who squeals.

EVERETT

Ahhh! What was that?! I meant with  
makeup!

Everett picks up a makeup palette and a brush.

JACOB

Oh... whoops.

Off Everett and his black-eye, MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAME**

CLOSE ON a security camera photo of Everett. Colby is on his computer, scrolling through images of the family. *Everett, Uncle Vinny, Uncle Paulie, Cousin Billie, Martha.*

Meanwhile, Garcia munches on trail-mix with an eye mask on, pressing his ear up to the adjoining door where Angie and George are supposed to be in the throws of love making.

AGENT COLBY

I bet they're all in on this, the  
whole family. One big group of--

AGENT GARCIA

--*perverts*.

Colby looks over at Garcia who's listening to the door.

AGENT GARCIA (CONT'D)

I mean, what kind of sick freaks  
make love to Ira Glass doing an  
exposé on Gaza?

CUT TO:

**INT. GEORGE AND ANGIE'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

CLOSE ON the ankle bracelets blinking on the bed as WHAM!  
Colby bursts through the door.

He rushes over to the bed, seeing the ankle bracelets. Rage  
in his eye, he picks up his phone, making a call.

AGENT COLBY (INTO PHONE)

Fugitives on the loose. I want SWAT  
teams picking up every known  
associate.

(then)

We're gonna hunt down the entire  
family!

Colby rushes off. Garcia follows him.

AGENT GARCIA

But my eye mask still has 15  
minutes left!

Off the red lights of the ankle bracelets, we CUT TO:

**EXT. NYC STREETS - NIGHT**

Red brake lights flash as a Rolls Royce speeds through  
traffic, weaving in and out of cars as everyone HONKS.

**INT. ROLLS ROYCE - SAME**

Angie drives with George in the passenger seat. In the back,  
Martha sips her martini, not spilling a drop.

ANGIE

I still don't understand how Jacob thinks he's going to blip the electrical at the Smithsonian without triggering any suspicion.

GEORGE

Yeah, he'd need some sort of distraction for the guards.

MARTHA

Like a firework show?

They both turn back to Martha, looking confused.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

They don't give you calendars in prison do they?

(then)

This weekend is the Fourth of July. The biggest firework show in the country happens in D.C. outside the museum that night.

Angie and George process that, putting together his plan.

GEORGE

And if he blips the power during the firework show...

ANGIE

They might think it's just a surge to the system from the explosions.

GEORGE

There will be thousands of people at that festival, though. Security will be so amped up, there's no way he can get past them.

MARTHA

But on the flip side, there will be so much security, it'll be easy to blend in as one.

George perks up at the sound of that.

GEORGE

Wait?! You think he's gonna infiltrate the museum in character?

MARTHA

I know so. He used my credit card to buy the fabric for his outfits.

George clutches his imaginary pearls, melting with emotion.

GEORGE

He designs his own costumes?!? He's a thespian! Just like his father.

ANGIE

He's an idiot is what he is! He's gonna break into a federal building in the center of D.C. during the 4th of July while thousands of armed guards are outside!

George starts fanning his eyes, looking way too proud.

GEORGE

I know! It sounds like something I would do.

OFF Angie hitting the gas, we CUT TO:

**INT. EVERETT'S STUDIO - NIGHT**

Everett, with his black-eye, ties himself up to the heater while Jacob packs up the fake Hope Diamond.

JACOB

Thanks for all the help, Uncle Everett.

EVERETT

Don't mention it. Like literally...  
*don't mention it to anyone.*

SCREECH!! The both hear a CAR pull up outside. Jacob looks out the window.

JACOB'S POV: In alley next to the building, Angie and George rush out of Martha's Rolls Royce.

JACOB

It's my parents.

EVERETT

Take the backdoor. Up to the roof.

Jacob gives Everett a quick hug.

JACOB

Thanks, love you!

EVERETT

Love you, kid!

CLOSE ON Everett with a loving smile, watching Jacob run out the back door. A quick, beat, then: Angie and George burst through the front door.

On a dime, Everett starts groaning and gasping for breath like he just got beat within an inch of his life.

EVERETT (CONT'D)  
That little monster!

Angie and George rush over to Everett.

ANGIE  
Where is he!?

EVERETT  
He ransacked me as I was obediently  
destroying the jewel!

Angie and George stare at him.

EVERETT (CONT'D)  
I put up a fight, though, as you  
can tell by my -- *very real* --  
black eye.

A beat. Angie fake lunges at him. Everett screams.

EVERETT (CONT'D)  
Ahh!! He went that way!

Angie and George rush off through the back door as we CUT TO:

**EXT. BUILDING ROOF - NIGHT - SAME**

Jacob races out of the stairwell door and onto the building's rooftop. He runs to the ledge. It's a forty-foot fall straight down into the street. He looks at the fire-escape ladder, but it's rusted to bits and disintegrating.

Thinking quick, he whips off his backpack, pulling out a GUN-SHAPED device with a HOOK and WIRE attached to it. He aims at the next building over and BANG!!

THE HOOK LAUNCHES OUT OF THE GUN AND SMASH!! It cements into the building across the alley. He tethers the wire to the top of an overhead awning.

He clips a small handlebar onto the wire and starts running, ready to zip-line across the street when--

GEORGE (O.S.)  
Jacob!

ANGIE (O.S.)  
Jacob!

He freezes on the ledge, turning to see his parents rushing out the stairway door.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
You get down from that ledge right  
this instant! We are very  
disappointed in you, right George?

George smiles at Jacob, a proud gleam in his eye.

GEORGE  
Have you ever done improv classes  
or does your character work come  
naturally when in costume?

Angie swats him.

ANGIE  
We're disappointed in him, George!

GEORGE  
Right, sure.  
(to Jacob)  
Yeah, we're really, really, not  
super proud of you at all.

JACOB  
If you came here to try to talk me  
out of this heist... it's not going  
to work.

We PUSH IN on Jacob, giving him his super-villain glamour shot as he hoists up the fake Hope Diamond.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
I got the fake. I have my gear.  
So the only way you'll stop me, is  
if you steal the diamond yourself.

Jacob grabs the wire and leaps off the edge of the building just as George shouts at him--

GEORGE  
Let me help you!

ANGIE  
WHAT?!

ZIIIPPP!! Jacob halts himself, stopping mid-air. He turns back, hanging in mid-air over the street.

JACOB  
I'm sorry. Can you repeat that?

George runs to the ledge, shouting off to Jacob.

GEORGE

Let me help you! We can laser gun  
our way into the museum vault  
disguised as father/son security  
guards. Our backstory can be that  
you're following in your old man's  
footsteps, hoping to take over the  
family's nighttime-security-guard-  
business, while secretly holding  
onto your own dreams of being in  
the pictures!

Jacob looks caught off guard as Angie rushes over to the  
ledge, shouting at George.

ANGIE

Have you lost your damn mind?!  
First of all, how dare you turn on  
me. And second of all...  
(to Jacob)  
If anyone can be a value add to  
this heist it's me.

George gasps.

GEORGE

Double-double crosser!

Angie shoves past George, shouting to Jacob who's still  
hanging from the wire.

ANGIE

Your plan to glitch the power  
during the fireworks show is very  
intuitive, but once you hack the  
security feeds, you need someone  
like mommy to help monitor them.

GEORGE

No! Don't listen to her! Daddy can  
handle that while also being more  
fun to be around!

ANGIE

Two brains are better than one  
brain plus your father!

PUSH IN on Jacob as his eye twitches with frustration while  
they argue with each other.

GEORGE

At least my brain is capable of processing human emotions!

ANGIE

I'm not a sociopath! I've been tested.

GEORGE

The results were inconclusive!

JACOB

Can you two shut the hell up!?

George and Angie both freeze, taken aback by his tone. Jacob pulls himself back up onto the ledge, at his breaking point.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Why would I possibly want help from either of you?!

(then)

All you guys do is fight and bicker, trying to act like you're the better parent, but you're both just washed up, good for nothing hacks who should have turned me in when you had the chance.

(then)

Now don't follow me!

With that, Jacob grips both hands back on the handlebar and WHOOSH!!

Looking like a badass action hero, he zips across the street, tucks and rolls, landing on a neighboring building, and parkours down the side of it, disappearing off into a CROWD of unsuspecting pedestrians.

A beat. Angie and George both stand there for a second, then:

ANGIE

Wait for mommy!

GEORGE

Daddy's coming!

They run for the wire, both going to follow him! Trying to get a grip on it, they push off the edge of the building, holding onto it as-- SNAP!!!

The hook on the building across the street untethers under their weight!

ANGIE AND GEORGE PLUMMET OFF THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING!

GEORGE (CONT'D)

AHHHHH!!!

ANGIE (CONT'D)

AHHHHH!!!

**INT. EVERETT'S STUDIO - SAME**

Everett makes martinis with Martha at his wet bar.

EVERETT

Angie for sure lez-ed out in the  
slammer.

MARTHA

I could see George dropping the  
soap and staying down there.

In the BACKGROUND, out the window, Angie and George plummet  
from the sky as they sip their martinis, unbothered.

**EXT. EVERETT'S BUILDING - SAME**

BACK ON GEORGE AND ANGIE'S PLUMMET.

GEORGE

AHHHH!!!

ANGIE

AHHHH!!!

Holding tight to the wire, they're six feet away from  
splattering on the cement when the wire, still tethered to  
the awning on Everett's roof, goes taut.

They hold on for dear life as the momentum swings them back  
to towards Everett's antique store annnd-- CRASH!!!

**INT. ANTIQUE SHOP - CONTINUOUS**

ANGIE AND GEORGE GO FLYING THROUGH THE WINDOW!

Their bodies hurl across the store, SHATTERING shelves full  
of ANTIQUES and CHINA. A beat. In a daze, they both slowly  
crane themselves up.

ANGIE

You dead?

GEORGE

No... you?

ANGIE

No.

GEORGE

Well, shit.

SCREEECH!!! A SQUADRON OF COP CARS pulls up out front. Angie  
and George scamper to their feet. We follow them to:

**EXT. ANTIQUE SHOP - BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS**

Angie and George limp out of the backdoor. They look to the right. COP CARS! They look to the left. MORE COP CARS!

ANGIE GEORGE  
Shit! Shit!

They both look down, seeing a sewer manhole cover.

No other way out, they yank up the manhole cover. Off them jumping into the sewer, MUSIC TAKES US TO:

**EXT. BEST BUY - STATEN ISLAND - SAME**

COP CARS flood the parking lot of the Best Buy. In QUICK CUTS we see the POLICE escorting Billie out in handcuffs.

COUSIN BILLIE  
If this is about my manager's  
coffee being laced with arsenic, I  
know nothing about that!

Off her getting shoved in the back of a cop car, we MATCH TO:

EXT. STATEN ISLAND DELI - SAME

Vinny and Paulie get shoved in the back of a police car.

UNCLE VINNY  
If this is about those guns that  
fell off the back of that truck, we  
know nothing about that!

In the BACKGROUND, the Greasy Guy runs off with his feet and hands tied together. Off him happily escaping again, CUT TO:

**EXT. EVERETT'S BUILDING - NIGHT**

Colby and Garcia pull up, getting out of their van as COPS escort Martha and Everett out of the building.

MARTHA

Everett passes Garcia. They both do a double-take.

EVERETT  
Cute eye mask.

AGENT GARCIA  
Thanks, it's Goop.

EVERETT  
Is it vagina scented?

AGENT GARCIA  
As if I know what that smells like.

They eye-fuck each other, sparks flying. Colby rushes past them, going over to the LEAD OFFICER.

AGENT COLBY  
Where are the parents?

LEAD OFFICER  
Witnesses spotted them crashing into this store, but they got away.

AGENT COLBY  
And the son?

LEAD OFFICER  
No signs. But we're looking.

The Lead Officer walks off. Colby turns to Garcia.

AGENT COLBY  
Come on. They picked up the rest of the family in Staten Island. Let's see what we can get out of them.

Garcia follows, peeling off his eye mask and tossing it to the floor as they go.

We FOLLOW THE EYE MASK, watching as it slips through a SEWER GRATE--

**INT. NYC SEWER - CONTINUOUS**

--and LANDS with a PLOP on George's shoulder. He sniffs it.

GEORGE  
I think it *is* vagina scented.

Angie shushes him. They're knee deep in a GUSHING stream of water, hiding out in the sewer. She motions for him to follow her, leading them off into the surging water.

Off a RAT scurrying past we MATCH TO:

**EXT. NYC POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

A rat scurries past a Police Station.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MONTAGE - DAY**

Colby and Garcia sit down in an interrogation room. They look up, staring into the CAMERA as they announce:

AGENT COLBY

We know that Jacob is an  
international jewel thief.

AGENT GARCIA

And we know that you've been  
helping him.

AGENT COLBY

So cut the bullshit and tell us  
what he's after next.

We INTERCUT between Martha, Everett, Billie, Vinny, and Paulie all getting separately questioned by Colby and Garcia.

**EVERETT'S INTERROGATION:**

EVERETT

Little Jacob is a jewel thief?!?

**MARTHA'S INTERROGATION:**

MARTHA

Shocked! Shocked and appalled!

**PAULIE'S INTERROGATION:**

UNCLE PAULIE

Wait. Who's Jacob?

**BILLIE'S INTERROGATION:**

COUSIN BILLIE

I never 'helped' Jacob hack into  
any security systems. I only helped  
teach him how to help himself.

**VINNY'S INTERROGATION:**

UNCLE VINNY

It's not like I *made* all the  
blackmarket weapons he has, I only  
sold them to him.

**MARTHA'S INTERROGATION:**

MARTHA

I would have never funded Jacob's crimes if the government didn't leave him in my custody, so that's on you.

**PAULIE'S INTERROGATION:**

UNCLE PAULIE

(dead serious)

No, really. Which one's Jacob?

**BILLIE'S INTERROGATION:**

COUSIN BILLIE

Martha once drunkenly hit me with her car, so if anything you should be sending her to prison.

**MARTHA'S INTERROGATION:**

MARTHA

You should really be locking up that girl. She once keyed the hood of my Porsche with her braces.

**VINNY'S INTERROGATION:**

UNCLE VINNY

I don't trust the gay one. He's obsessed with my sausage.

**EVERETT'S INTERROGATION:**

EVERETT

They have four meat grinders in their deli but they don't serve sausage? Like... what are they grinding up back there?

**ANGLE ON:** Garcia and Colby looking frustrated.

AGENT COLBY

Look. If you don't want to spend the rest of your life rotting in prison, tell us right now what Jacob is up to next!

**EVERETT'S INTERROGATION:**

EVERETT  
 (winking at Garcia)  
 I can't help you there, but I will  
 help myself to your phone number.

**BILLIE'S INTERROGATION:**

COUSIN BILLIE  
 My brain is still foggy from  
 bouncing off of Martha's Porsche.

**MARTHA'S INTERROGATION:**

MARTHA  
 I don't drink to forget. I drink to  
 have plausible deniability.

**PAULIE'S INTERROGATION:**

Paulie suddenly catches up, realizing:

UNCLE PAULIE  
 Oh, Jacob! The one who's trying to  
 steal the Hope Diamond!

Colby and Garcia light up, sharing a triumphant look.

UNCLE PAULIE (CONT'D)  
 Sweet kid. I'm rooting for him.

Off Paulie, smiling and oblivious, we CUT TO:

**INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING ROOM - DAY**

ON TV Billie Zane puts "The Heart of the Ocean" around Kate Winslet's neck. The big blue diamond shimmers.

Paulie gets escorted into a white-walled holding room where the rest of the family sits. *Titanic* plays on a small TV in the corner as everyone eats chips out of a vending machine.

UNCLE PAULIE  
 Hey!! It's a family reunion!

Vinny, Martha, and Billie shush him while watching the movie. Meanwhile, Everett is on his phone as DING! DING! He gets some DICK PICS, hearting them.

We SLOWLY PULL BACK through a two-way mirror and into a small dark room where Colby stands watching them. Garcia is next to him, sending more dick pics to Everett.

Colby looks over at him, noticing...

AGENT COLBY  
Are you sexting with the enemy?!

AGENT GARCIA  
Are you jealous much?

AGENT COLBY  
(to a GUARD, pointing at  
Everett)  
Someone take that man's phone!

Incensed, Colby rushes off. Garcia follows him with a smirk.

AGENT GARCIA  
O.M.G. The last thing I need right  
now is a love triangle...

**EXT. POLICE STATION - HELIPAD - MOMENTS LATER**

A HELICOPTER readies itself as Colby and Garcia get on. Colby shouts off to some OFFICERS as he boards.

AGENT COLBY  
Get the family in a van. I want  
them to meet us in D.C. Maybe we  
can waterboard some info outta them  
to learn more about Jacob's plan.

AGENT GARCIA  
And Angie and George?

AGENT COLBY  
I'm sure they'll wash up somewhere.

CUT TO:

**EXT. NYC - SUTTON PLACE PARK - DAWN**

A COUPLE sits on a bench overlooking the iconic Queensboro Bridge. It's the quintessential New York rom-com tableau.

The Couple goes to kiss, a perfectly romantic moment, when suddenly Angie and George shoot out of the East River!

GEORGE  
HUAHHHH!!

ANGIE  
HUAHHHH!!

Gasping for air, they crawl up the fence and out of the river, looking like two zombie sewer monsters.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
Garbage was in my mouth!

GEORGE  
Sewer alligators are real! One  
licked my face!

The Couple runs off as Angie and George plop down on the concrete path, catching their breath. A long beat. George turns to Angie. His big eyes softening.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Sorry I turned on you back there  
with Jacob.

Angie looks over at George. She shrugs, letting it go.

ANGIE  
It's okay. I'm sorry I immediately  
did the exact same thing.

A beat.

GEORGE  
That boy hates us, doesn't he?

ANGIE  
Oh yeah. No respect whatsoever.

George turns to Angie, seeing the vulnerability in her eyes.

GEORGE  
You know, he'd be lucky to get his  
mother's help on a heist like this.

Angie shakes her head, dismissing his kind words.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
No! I mean it.

George cranes himself up.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Out of all the psychopathic  
criminals I know, you're the one  
I'd bet on to steal the Hope  
Diamond and get away with it.

Angie takes that to heart. A beat. She cranes herself up, pulling out a sincere sentiment for him.

ANGIE  
And out of all the overly confident  
straight white guys with deltoids  
objectively larger than their own  
craniums, I'd want you on my side.

George smiles, looking touched.

GEORGE  
That's the kindest thing you've  
ever said to me.

The tension between them calming, they sit down on the bench,  
overlooking the water. Silently, they contemplate.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
So Interpol has our entire family  
in custody...

ANGIE  
And the entire police force looking  
for us...

GEORGE  
And in a day's time, our son is  
going to steal one of the most  
valuable jewels in existence.

ANGIE  
All just to spite us.

GEORGE  
Yeah... we really screwed the pooch  
on this one.

ANGIE  
The pooch has been euthanized.

A beat. George thinks, an idea coming to him.

GEORGE  
You know... crime got us into this  
mess, maybe...

ANGIE  
Maybe what? We 'crime' our way out?

George shrugs, a gleam in his eye. Angie looks at the gleam,  
knowing exactly what he's thinking.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
No... You're not suggesting?

GEORGE  
We're the best in the biz! Why  
not?! And we already did it once.

ANGIE  
Last time we had tech and  
preparation.

GEORGE  
And this time we literally have  
nothing to lose.

ANGIE  
What about our lives?

George shoots her a look like "come on".

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
Yeah... you're right.

Angie pauses, processing the idea.

GEORGE  
You said it yourself. When it comes  
to crime, we make a great team.

Slowly, WE PUSH IN on them as they both crack a smile.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Let's go stop our son from stealing  
the Hope diamond...

ANGIE  
...by stealing it first.

Off them both cracking a smile, UPBEAT MUSIC TAKES US TO:

**INT. PENN STATION - DAY**

Angie and George, both wheeling a suitcase, strut out of the bathroom in a fresh pair of clothes. Hats on low, they mutter to each other while moving through the busy train station.

GEORGE  
If we get the diamond, we can use  
it as leverage to free our family.

ANGIE  
And stop Jacob from potentially  
going to prison himself.

GEORGE  
If we do this, though, the odds of  
us ending up in prison for life are  
pretty close to one hundred.

ANGIE  
Look at you being the logical one.

GEORGE  
Look at you making bad decisions.

They wheel the suitcases over to a sleeping COUPLE, leaving them next to their feet. The guy wakes up, seeing George and Angie walking off. He taps the girl next to him.

MAN WHO JUST GOT ROBBED  
 Look! We have those same outfits. I told you we were fashionable enough to fit in in New York.

**INT. PENN STATION - TRAIN PLATFORM - DAY**

Angie and George carry on their conversation as they discreetly pick-pocket their way through the crowd.

ANGIE  
 We know Jacob will glitch the security when the firework show starts. So we just need a way to get into that vault before him.

GEORGE  
 Well, we have no tech, no time, and no budget. So we're gonna have to do it old school.

ANGIE  
 Disguise. Distract. Deceit.

GEORGE  
*Dimples.*

George smiles with his dimples as he swipes some guy's train ticket. Angie winks back as she swipes some lady's purse.

They rush onto the train as *Party in the U.S.A.* by MILEY CYRUS starts to play, taking us to:

**EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - ESTABLISHING - DAY**

Lincoln in his giant chair. A big house that's all white. That place that got insurrected that one time. We pass over it all until we land on the pillared portico of:

**SUPERIMPOSE: THE SMITHSONIAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.**

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

RADIO blasting, eye mask on, wearing nothing but tighty-whities, Jacob does his Patrick Bateman morning exercise routine to MILEY CYRUS.

Singing to the music, Jacob pops up from a set of crunches and throws open his blinds. Outside is a perfect view of the Smithsonian Museum.

JACOB  
*Yaaaaahh, it's a party in the USA!*

**SUPERIMPOSE: FOURTH OF JULY.**

**MONTAGE - WELCOME TO THE SMITHSONIAN**

--**SMITHSONIAN MUSEUM - ROTUNDA:** Henry the taxidermied Elephant stands posed with his trunk in the air in a three-story rotunda. CROWDS of tourists fill the museum.

Slowly, we PUSH through the CROWD to find: Agents Colby and Garcia. Sunglasses on, looking like the Men in Black, they walk in, all business.

The HEAD OF SECURITY, GENE, (50s, face tats, Jason Statham vibes) walks up to them.

SECURITY GUARD GENE  
 I'm Gene. Head of Security. I can take you through the museum and reassure you that no one is getting near the Hope Diamond on my watch.

Off Miley Cyrus continuing to play, we INTERCUT WITH:

--**BEAUTY STORES:** George fills up a shopping cart with make-up and beauty supplies. He gasps, excitedly grabbing a can of prosthetic modeling clay.

--**HARDWARE STORE:** Angie casually fills up a basket with different chemicals. She gasps, excitedly grabbing a bottle of her favorite liquid ever: Chloroform.

--**WALMART:** An aisle full of hospital supplies, Angie (wearing a stethoscope) spins George around in a wheelchair (who's wearing swim goggles and playing with Silly Putty). They both laugh, having too much fun. Off their big smiles, we CUT TO:

--**SMITHSONIAN - GROUND FLOOR:** Gene leads Colby and Garcia down a flight of stairs to the bottom most floor where there's a cafe and gift shop.

SECURITY GUARD GENE (CONT'D)  
 Since the last robbery attempt, we keep the diamond down in our vault.

He leads them past a T-Rex skull to a set of metal doors labeled: RESTRICTED AREA. He inserts a KEY in the lock while

placing his THUMBPRINT on a pad. It scans for a moment and CLICK! The door unlocks as we MATCH TO:

--**MOTEL ROOM:** The door swings open. Angie and George get to work. IN QUICK CUTS we see Angie tinker with the wheelchair, reengineering it to collapse into foldable pieces.

--**SMITHSONIAN - RESTRICTED AREA - HALL:** The door to the restricted area leads to a long, white-walled hall. Gene leads Colby and Garcia through.

SECURITY GUARD GENE (CONT'D)  
This hall leads to the vault, so we  
secure it after hours with state of  
the art infrared lasers.

--**MOTEL ROOM:** George pops the eyes out of a set of goggles, putting red and blue gel filters on them.

--**SMITHSONIAN - RESTRICTED AREA - HALL:** Gene leads Colby and Garcia to a giant steel vaulted door with a combination dial lock on the front.

SECURITY GUARD GENE (CONT'D)  
A quadruple tumbler, steel  
reinforced, mechanical combination  
lock. Virtually impenetrable.

--**ALLEY:** A LASER BEAM sears a hole through a steel dumpster. Slowly, the laser circles around and CLANK! The steel plate falls out of the hole, REVEALING Jacob's smiling face practicing with his laser gun.

--**SMITHSONIAN - VAULT:** Gene leads them into the vault.

At the entrance is a temperature controlled air-chamber. A glass door separates it from the main room that's filled with a treasure trove of artifacts.

A sarcophagus. The original Sesame Street Muppet. A door from the Apollo 13. Priceless pieces of history.

On a pedestal in the center of it all is a locked box. Gene opens it REVEALING: *The REAL Hope Diamond*.

Garcia and Colby both look down at the shining gem in awe. A beat. Garcia pokes the diamond. Gene smacks his hand away.

AGENT GARCIA  
What? I was just checking that it's  
still real.

END MONTAGE ON:

**INT. SMITHSONIAN MUSEUM - SECURITY HUB - DAY**

Gene leads Colby and Garcia into a room filled with DOZENS of GUARDS watching HUNDREDS of SECURITY CAMERA FEEDS.

**SECURITY GUARD GENE**

You can post up here and watch for yourself, but trust me, no one would be stupid enough to try to steal from the U.S. government, especially on the Fourth of July.

PUSH IN on a CAMERA FEED of an ELDERY COUPLE as we MATCH TO:

**EXT. SMITHSONIAN MUSEUM - DAY**

CLOSE ON a wheelchair rattling around. Colostomy bag attached to it. Nursing shoes. A diaper tote.

We SLOWLY PAN up to REVEAL Angie and George dressed like an ELDERLY COUPLE. George is in the chair with a wild grey wig on and prosthetic makeup making him look like he has jowls.

Angie, with a wig and makeup on, hobbles behind him, pushing the chair while squinting through a pair of bifocals.

They pause outside of the museum. The massive colonnade towering above them.

George looks up at Angie. Angie looks down at him. No nerves. No doubts. They share a smirk. *The dynamic duo is back and ready to do some crime.*

CUT TO:

**INT. SMITHSONIAN MUSEUM - ROTUNDA - SECURITY - SAME**

Inside the rotunda. Blending with the crowd, elderly Angie wheels ancient George up to the security checkpoint. The SECURITY GUARD steps up to them with a metal detector wand.

He fans it over them as it BEEPS like crazy. BEEP!!!

GEORGE  
Pins in my wrist.

BEEP!!!

ANGIE  
Metal hip.

BEEP!!!

GEORGE  
Pace maker.

BEEP!!!

ANGIE  
Another metal hip.

BEEP!!!

GEORGE  
Colostomy bag.

The guy looks curious by that last one...

ANGIE  
His diet is high in mercury.

A beat. The guy waves them through. Hobbling off, they high-five each other as we CUT TO:

**INT. SMITHSONIAN MUSEUM - GROUND FLOOR - DAY**

The T-Rex skull. Elderly George and Angie pretend to admire it while actually eyeing the door to the Restricted Area.

ANGIE  
Two-factor access with a key and  
fingerprint.

Over in the cafe, they catch a glimpse of Security Guard Gene patrolling people's lunches. Angie and George share a look.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
I'll get the keys, you get the  
fingerprint?

GEORGE  
Deal. Now wheel me over.

George lifts up a box of chicken nuggets. We DRAMATICALLY PUSH IN ON HIM as he pops one in his mouth.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
It's time for the performance of a  
lifetime.

**INT. SMITHSONIAN MUSEUM - CAFE - DAY**

Gene walks around, shaking strollers and taste testing people's food. He grabs some fries from a COUPLE.

SECURITY GUARD GENE  
(while chewing)  
Official museum security. Those  
fries are safe. Commence eating.

Gene turns to go when he suddenly hears a cry for help:

ANGIE  
(sounding elderly)  
Help! My husband's choking on a  
chicken nugget!!

Gene whips around to see: ELDERLY GEORGE TUMBLES OUT OF HIS WHEELCHAIR, CLUTCHING THIS THROAT.

WE PUSH IN on Gene. He's been training for this moment his entire life.

SECURITY GUARD GENE  
Your story doesn't end here!

Gene races into action. He shoves Angie out of the way and grabs George, heaving as he gives him the Heimlich maneuver.

SECURITY GUARD GENE (CONT'D)  
Don't go towards the light!  
(Heimlich-ing)  
HUUUUUH!

GEORGE  
HUAHHH!!

Looking like a rabbit during mating season, Gene Heimlich's George from behind while Angie swipes the KEYS off his BELT.

ANGIE  
Save him! Save him!

Using the commotion as a distraction, we ANGLE ON Angie as she covertly presses his keys into one of the SILLY PUTTY EGGS and uses it to make molds of them.

Quickly, she pulls out a bottle of PLASTIC RESIN, pouring it into the putty molds and closing the EGG CONTAINERS.

Meanwhile, as Gene gives George the Heimlich, we ANGLE ON George's hands as he pulls out a piece of PUTTY and slips it under Gene's thumb, GETTING HIS PRINT WITHOUT HIM NOTICING.

SECURITY GUARD GENE  
Damn you, chicken nuggies!  
(heaving)  
HUUUUH!!

GEORGE  
HUAHHHH!!

Quickly, Angie goes to hook the keys back on Gene's belt, but she gets blocked by a CROWD of people forming around them.

Gene, still Heimlich-ing, looks at George, surprised he's still alive and choking.

SECURITY GUARD GENE  
You still alive, sir?

Angie shouts over from the other side of the crowd.

ANGIE  
He is! Keep going!

George shoots Angie a look to hurry up. Gene goes back to Heimlich-ing as Angie pushes her way through with the keys.

GEORGE SECURITY GUARD GENE  
HUAHHH!! HUAHHH!! HUAHHH!! HUUUUUH! HUUUUUH! HUUUUUH!

CLICK! She gets the keys back on his belt and--

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
HUAAAAAAHHHHHHGH!!

GEORGE SPITS OUT A CHUNK OF CHICKEN NUGGET! It flies across the room and SPLAT: IT LANDS RIGHT ON AGENT COLBY'S SHOE!

The crowds part as Colby and Garcia walk up.

Angie and George both freeze, taken aback. The Agents look down at them, not recognizing them in disguise. A beat.

GENE AGENT COLBY  
You okay, sir?

George hams up his old man voice, trying to keep up the ruse.

GEORGE  
I'm gonna live, sonny boy! Not much  
longer, 'cause I'm obviously old.  
But today's not my day, reaper!

Colby stares at them, a hint of recognition in his eyes. Quickly, George settles back in his chair, motioning to Angie to get them out of here.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
(to Angie)  
I think that's enough history for  
one day, dear. I almost became  
(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 history!  
 (to Gene)  
 Thanks for saving my life.  
 (to the crowd)  
 Ya'll chew your nuggies now, ya  
 hear!  
 (whispering to Angie)  
 Wheel me off set! Wheel me off set!

Angie wheels George into the elevator. Colby and Garcia watch them go, a bit perturbed. Gene smiles, waving goodbye to them as the elevator doors shut. A beat.

SECURITY GUARD GENE  
 I saw God in that man's eyes.

Off the SOUND of a JAIL CELL DOOR SLAMMING SHUT, we CUT TO:

**EXT. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - DAY**

A giant, bleak, imposing structure. A grandiose colonnade. A little American flag over the embellished doors. Lady Justice is carved into the front, blind and holding those scales.

**SUPERIMPOSE: THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE. WASHINGTON, D.C.**

**INT. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - HOLDING CELL - DAY**

A concrete holding cell. Behind bars, Everett, Martha, Billie, Vinny and Paulie all sit chained together.

A GUARD passes by. Once he's gone, Martha turns to the group.

MARTHA  
 We can't just sit here and let  
 those narcs get my grandson.

UNCLE PAULIE  
 Well, what are we gonna do?

EVERETT  
 They know Jacob's after the Hope  
 Diamond, but they don't know when  
 he's doing the heist.

COUSIN BILLIE  
 So if we can keep them distracted  
 during the firework show, maybe  
 Jacob can actually pull it off.

UNCLE VINNY  
 And how are we gonna do that?

Martha thinks for a second, an idea coming to her.

MARTHA  
I have an idea...

Off the SOUND of an ELEVATOR DING! We CUT TO:

**INT. SMITHSONIAN MUSEUM - SECOND FLOOR MEZZANINE - SAME**

The doors to the elevator open. Out rushes elderly Angie wheeling ancient George. They mutter to each other, panicked.

GEORGE  
Colby's on to us. We need to hide.  
Somewhere without cameras.

Angie spots the sign for the MEN'S ROOM.

ANGIE  
Bathroom!

They round the corner into the Men's room, passing a DOCENT who's shouting into the CROWD.

DOCENT  
The museum will be closing in ten!

**INT. SMITHSONIAN MUSEUM - MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The Men's room. A couple GUYS finish flushing and washing their hands as Angie and George rush in. Angie waves to everyone as she wheels him over to the handicap stall.

ANGIE  
Sorry, boys! He needs help wiping!

GEORGE  
(under his breath)  
No one was questioning you...

**IN THE STALL:** They get in the stall, locking the door.

The second it's shut, George leaps out of the chair. They both rip off their clothes, revealing they're wearing sleek black outfits with utility belts containing all their gear.

Angie collapses the reengineered chair. She folds it into a LARGE RECTANGULAR SHAPE as George rips off his prosthetics.

**OUTSIDE THE STALL:** The last MAN in the bathroom finishes drying his hands, walking out.

**INT. SMITHSONIAN MUSEUM - SECOND FLOOR MEZZANINE - CONTINUOUS**

We FOLLOW the MAN as he passes Colby and Garcia, who step out of the elevator, on the lookout.

AGENT COLBY

They didn't look like Angie and George to you?

AGENT GARCIA

You mean the gross old people? No. They looked like gross old people.

Garcia's PHONE starts to RING. He hangs back, answering it as Colby walks up to the Docent.

AGENT COLBY

Have you seen an elderly couple around here?

The Docent points to the Men's room.

PUSH IN on Colby. Tensions mounting, determination in his eye, he rushes towards the door, throwing it open to see:

**INT. SMITHSONIAN MUSEUM - BATHROOM - DAY**

COLBY'S POV: THE ROOM IS EMPTY. Just a row of open stall doors with a big trashcan at the end near the sink.

A beat. Colby checks all the stalls. Pushing the doors open one-by-one. They are all empty... including the handicap stall at the end where Angie and George just were.

Sensing something is off, he looks over at the oversized trashcan in the corner.

*There's something odd about that trashcan.* He walks over to it, about to open the lid when:

AGENT GARCIA (O.S.)

They're ready to talk!

Colby turns around. Garcia rushes in, hanging up his phone.

AGENT GARCIA (CONT'D)

The family. They're at the D.O.J. building across the street and they're ready to spill everything.

Colby turns away from the trashcan.

AGENT COLBY  
They better not be fucking around  
with us or I'll fuck them back!

AGENT GARCIA

AGENT COLBY  
I heard it!

Colby and Garcia rush out.

A LONG BEAT, then: ANGIE AND GEORGE'S HEADS POP OUT OF THE TRASHCAN. *They turned to wheelchair contraption into a trashcan disguise.*

Faces inches away, bodies pressed against one another, they share an awkward smile. A beat. The moment gets intimate.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
Now we just hide here til the  
firework show starts.

GEORGE  
Great...

Maybe it's the thrill of the caper, or the intimacy of their confinement, but it looks as though Angie and George are about to kiss. Just as their lips move to touch-- BAM!

A BIG DUDE THROWS THE DOOR OPEN! Angie and George quickly duck down. Stomach grumbling, the Dude runs into a stall, slamming the door shut.

GEORGE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
And when does this show start?

ANGIE (O.S.)  
(whispering)  
Not soon enough.

off the Dude destroying the moment (and the toilet), CUT TO:

**EXT. NATIONAL MALL - ESTABLISHING - SUNSET**

HOT CHILI splatters on a hot dog. The sun sets as Fourth of July festivities carry on. Thousands of PEOPLE fill the National Mall. It's a red, white, and royal blue madhouse.

**INT. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT**

Colby and Garcia walk in. The family all sits in a line looking poised and patient.

AGENT COLBY  
Speak. Now. Quickly.

MARTHA  
We'll tell you everything we know about Jacob and his heist--

AGENT GARCIA  
Yay!

MARTHA  
But we have some requests first.

AGENT GARCIA  
Oh no... I 'yay-ed' too soon.

Uncle Vinny pulls out a piece of paper, reading from it.

UNCLE VINNY  
We'd like some hot dogs. One with mustard. One with ketchup and mustard. One with mustard and relish. One with ketchup and mayo.

COUSIN BILLIE  
And we'd like those all served with diplomatic immunity and apple pie.

EVERETT  
We'd also like to eat our dinner while watching the firework show.

MARTHA  
And the minute it's over we'll tell you everything you want to know.

Martha smirks at Colby, a devious glint in her eye. Suspicious, Colby stares her down. A beat.

Garcia leans over to Colby, whispering to him.

AGENT GARCIA  
Wanna do that thing where we pretend to talk about this first? Or should I just start grabbing some wieners?

Colby sighs. Off him giving in, an instrumental version of "Firework" by KATY PERRY begins to play, taking us to:

**EXT. SMITHSONIAN MUSEUM - 9TH STREET - NIGHT**

Whistling along to the tune, WE FOLLOW a SECURITY GUARD from behind as he walks the exterior of the building.

Another GUARD passes the Whistler, waving at the guy as he goes. The Whistler turns, waving back to reveal it's JACOB.

He checks his watch as we MATCH TO:

**INT. SMITHSONIAN MUSEUM - SECURITY HUB - NIGHT**

The WALL OF CAMERAS. We see Jacob posed as a guard with a hat on. Nondescript. Unnoticed.

We PAN over to see the CAMERAS in the VAULT. Four different angles highlight the case with the Hope Diamond in it.

As the lights in the vault dim, we MATCH TO:

**INT. SMITHSONIAN MUSEUM - RESTRICTED AREA - HALL - NIGHT**

Gene doublechecks that the vault door is securely locked. Satisfied, he walks down the hall. Slowly, the lights shut off behind him. He walks out of the door of the restricted area, tapping in a code on a panel on the wall.

Suddenly, ZHMMMMMM! A RED GLOW fills the hall. The SOUND of the unseen lasers humming over the room.

**EXT. NATIONAL MALL - NIGHT**

Thousands of SPECTATORS take a seat in the grass, staring up at the night sky, waiting for the show. Off a KID eating a hot dog, we MATCH TO:

**EXT. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - ROOF - NIGHT**

A view of the National Mall down below, the B-team stands on a rooftop balcony of the D.O.J., all eating their hot dogs.

Garcia shares Everett's hot dog, Lady and the Tramping it with him to make Colby jealous. Colby shakes his head, impatiently checking his watch.

**EXT. NATIONAL MALL - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT**

SLAM! SLAM! Fireworks are packed into their chambers. A TECHNICIAN places his hand on a switch.

**EXT. SMITHSONIAN MUSEUM - 9TH STREET - SAME**

Jacob recedes into the bushes, placing his POWER GLITCH GENERATOR against the side of the building. He uncovers the switch, putting his hand on it.

**EXT. NATIONAL MALL - NIGHT**

AERIAL SHOT ON the CROWD below. Silence falls across the thousands of spectators. A beat.

KATY PERRY (MUSIC)  
*'Cause baby, you're a firework!*

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! FIREWORKS LIGHT UP THE NIGHT SKY.

**EXT. SMITHSONIAN MUSEUM - 9TH STREET - SAME**

BOOM! BOOM! ZAAAPPP! Jacob flicks the switch.

**INT. SMITHSONIAN MUSEUM - SECURITY HUB - SAME**

BOOM! BOOM! FLICK! For a second all the CAMERAS and equipment glitch, but fires right back up. Two GUARDS swap looks.

GUARD #1  
 What was that?

GUARD #2  
 Maybe interference from the fireworks?

They look over at Gene for guidance, but he's too busy watching the fireworks out the window.

SECURITY GUARD GENE  
 God bless America.

We ANGLE ON the CAMERA FOOTAGE of Jacob outside. Unnoticed by anyone, we watch as BLIP! HE'S GONE. The footage looping.

**INT. SMITHSONIAN MUSEUM - SAME**

Around the museum, we see security cameras all go limp.

**EXT. SMITHSONIAN MUSEUM - 9TH STREET - SAME**

Jacob uses his tablet to loop camera footage, making sure he's in the clear. Once he's done, he slips it in his bag,

walks over to a window, crams a tool into it and POP! Jacob opens the window, sneaking right in.

**EXT. POLICE STATION - ROOF - NIGHT**

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! CLOSE ON Martha. She watches the FIREWORKS, as stoic as can be. We slowly PAN DOWN the line to Billie, then Vinny, and Paulie, to Everett (who's arm-in-arm with Garcia) to Colby.

Suspicious, Colby looks down the line at the family. BOOM! BOOM! PUSH IN ON Colby as it dawns on him...

AGENT COLBY  
(under his breath)  
It's happening...  
(then, screaming)  
FUUUUUCK!

Colby runs off. Garcia cuddles up on Everett, thinking Colby's upset about them two vibing.

AGENT GARCIA  
He's so in love with me. It's embarrassing.

The BOOMS in the night sky take us to:

**EXT. SMITHSONIAN MUSEUM - GROUND FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER**

BOOM! BOOM! DING! The elevator doors open. Inside, we see nothing but a trashcan. A beat, then: the trashcan slowly begins to shuffle out of the elevator and along the wall.

It stops next to the T-Rex skull as a GUARD passes. Once the Guard is gone, Angie and George pop out of it and rush over to the restricted area doors.

Angie takes out the Silly Putty Eggs from earlier. She cracks them open, REVEALING the RESIN has solidified into hard plastic keys.

She finds the one that fits the door while George places his putty with Gene's thumbprint on the pad.

CLICK-CLICK-DING! The light scans green. The door opens.

**INT. SMITHSONIAN MUSEUM - RESTRICTED AREA - HALL - CONTINUOUS**

Angie and George walk in, closing the door behind them. The long, dimly lit hall stretches out in front of them. A beat.

Before taking a step forward, they pull out their makeshift infrared goggles.

As they put them on, we shift into their INFRARED POV, seeing: THE HALL IS ALIGHT WITH LASERS. HUNDREDS OF THEM CRISSCROSS THROUGH THE HALL. A NEAR IMPOSSIBLE FEAT.

Angie and George share a look. Off them nodding, ready to traverse the minefield, we CUT TO:

**INT. SMITHSONIAN MUSEUM - FOSSIL WING - SAME**

Jacob walks through a hall of fossils. Still humming along to Katy Perry, he stops next to a Stegosaurus and looks down at the floor plans on his tablet.

ON THE TABLET: We see that where he's standing is directly above the underground vault.

Pulling out his laser gun, he aligns it with the tiles and begins to ZAP THE FLOOR!

ZHZZZZ!!! OFF THE LASER shooting out of Jacob's gun, we DISSOLVE down, through the floor, seeing--

**INT. SMITHSONIAN MUSEUM - VAULT - SAME**

--the vault is right below him, protected by two feet of metal. The CAMERA KEEPS moving through the vault, DISSOLVING through the door where we see--

**INT. SMITHSONIAN MUSEUM - RESTRICTED AREA - HALL - SAME**

--Angie and George. They're contorted, precisely navigating the laser hall.

The MUSIC CUTS as we watch in a NORMAL POV as they maneuver around with swim goggles on. Grunting and groaning, they look like they're playing a high stakes game of Twister.

Without us being able to see the lasers, they look extra ridiculous, but they've never been more in-sync.

GEORGE  
Watch your boob!

ANGIE  
Cup it! Cup it!

George cups Angie's boob, lifting it for her as she (presumably) gets over another laser.

GEORGE ANGIE (CONT'D)  
I'm cupping! I'm cupping! I consent! I consent!

Angie and George clear the invisible laser, falling into each other as they make it to the vault door.

Out of breath, adrenaline racing, hearts pulsing, they look at each other. Angie pulls out two stethoscopes, handing one to George. Facing each other, they put them on.

ALL SOUND FADES OUT. LUB-DUB. LUB-DUB. Their hearts beat in unison as together they press their bodies up against the steel vault door, feeling it in their palms.

Hand over hand, they hold onto the dial. LUB-DUB. CLINK-CLINK. LUB-DUB. CLINK-CLINK.

Together, they listen to the SOUNDS of the SAFE DOOR. The tumblers, the motions of the locks. Eyes closed, they attempt to free-hand crack the safe.

Their bodies and minds in-sync. Their adrenaline pulsing.  
*It's honestly more intimate than a full sex scene...*

## INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SMITHSONIAN MUSEUM - FOSSIL WING - AIR DUCT - SAME

LUB-DUB. CLINK-CLINK. LUB-DUB. CLINK-CLINK.

The SOUND from the other scene rings in our ears as Jacob crawls beneath the floor and inside an air duct. On top of the vault, he precisely lasers his way through the steel.

INT. / EXT. SMITHSONIAN MUSEUM - SERIES OF SHOTS - SAME

--LUB-DUB. CLINK-CLINK. Angie and George both close their eyes, feeling the lock. The energy between them palpable.

--LUB-DUB! CLINK-CLINK! Jacob keeps lasering. Sweat on his brow. Sparks illuminating his face.

--LUB-DUB! CLINK-CLINK!! Colby races in his van down the street towards the museum, his phone to his ear.

--LUB-DUB! CLINK-CLINK!!! Gene sees his phone ringing. It's Colby. He reaches for it...

--LUB-DUB!! CLINK-CREAK!!!!

CUT TO BLACK.

**INT. SMITHSONIAN MUSEUM - VAULT - NIGHT**

The vault. It's cast in darkness. The air-chamber quietly hums. Not another SOUND to be heard.

A beat, then: ZHHHZZZZP!!! CLANK!!! The ventilation grate overhead swings open.

Delicately, Jacob drops down.

He takes in the room. A sarcophagus in the corner. Door to the Apollo 13. The governments most priceless artifacts scattered about.

He turns to the pedestal. A smile on his face, he slowly opens the metal lock box.

CLOSE ON Jacob as the smile gets wiped off his face.

REVERSE ON: SITTING IN THE PLACE OF THE HOPE DIAMOND IS A CANDY CHAIN NECKLACE WITH A RING POP CANDY DIAMOND.

JACOB

What the--

CREEEK! Jacob whips around. Like he's in a horror movie, the sarcophagus opens up and from it, out rises: HIS PARENTS.

GEORGE

Looking for this?

George points to Angie who flourishes out THE HOPE DIAMOND. Jacob goes white. In disbelief, he takes a couple steps back.

ANGIE

We had to go pretty DIY with this heist, but I don't think it's that noticeable that that's a fake. Do you, George?

GEORGE

Not at all! But then again, I'm a washed up old man, so my vision isn't the best.

ANGIE

Yeah, same. I'm a hack. So what would I know?

GEORGE

What we do know, though, is we have the jewel so you should probably crawl back through your air duct.

ANGIE  
And go home. Because you're  
grounded.

George and Angie high-five. A beat. Jacob looks at them.

JACOB  
Are you guys--

GEORGE  
The best in the business?

ANGIE  
Your unrivaled superiors?

GEORGE  
The opposite of washed up?

JACOB  
--done?

Angie and George share a look, perturbed by his question. Jacob takes out his tablet while stepping backwards into the air-chamber. With a smirk, he winks at them:

JACOB (CONT'D)  
Good.

Jacob clicks a button on the tablet and-- BEEEP!! BEEEP!! BEEEP!! ALARMS BLARE. RED LIGHTS FLASH. CLANK! THE GLASS AIR-CHAMBER DOOR SLIDES SHUT WITH JACOB INSIDE.

Angie and George run up to the air chamber door, pounding on the glass. But Jacob calmly stands there, looking at his parents with a peaceful gaze.

GEORGE  
Did you just set off the alarms?!

ANGIE  
Why would you do that?!

JACOB  
It's okay. It's all part of my  
plan...

Angie and George's faces drop. Jacob looks at them through the glass, his eyes filled with conflicting emotions.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
When you guys went to prison, I  
decided to become a thief like you  
two. Exactly like you two, leaving  
Interpol a trail of evidence that  
(MORE)

JACOB (CONT'D)  
only you two could decipher, in  
hopes that one day they'd offer you  
a deal... to capture me.

Angie and George hang on his every word, unable to process the gravity of it all.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
And there you were in Egypt. My plan had finally worked. Interpol took the bait, and I was ready to let you turn me in and take the fall for it all. But you guys were too busy fighting.

(then)

So I thought I'd have a little fun with you, and make you steal the diamond that sent you to prison. It was easy, too. All I had to do was play to your egos and I knew you'd try to stop me by stealing the it yourselves.

Angie and George stare at him in disbelief.

Jacob nods with a sorrowful smile.

JACOB  
Including the part where I let you  
take the 'diamond' a couple minutes  
ago without knowing that I had  
already stolen the real one.

FLASHBACK TO: Jacob in the vault. He swaps the Real Hope Diamond with a fake. Then quickly hops up on a table and climbs back into the air vent just as Angie and George make it through the vault door.

BACK TO SCENE: Angie and George look at Jacob, who places the REAL Hope Diamond necklace around his neck.

Angie pulls out theirs from her pouch.

ANGIE  
So this is a fake?

She and George look at it, still trying to process it all as POUND! POUND! POUND! On the other side of the vault door, right behind Jacob, the GUARDS POUND ON IT.

JACOB

(to Angie, re: fake  
diamond)

I recommend hiding that so you can  
look like clean, law abiding  
informants for Interpol.

The realization quickly settles in.

ANGIE

No... Jacob!

GEORGE

Jacob... please!

Tears in their eyes, his parents plead with him. But he doesn't listen. He takes out a roll of duct tape, taping his ankles together, then his wrists. From his back pocket, he pulls out a rag and a small canister of chloroform.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Don't do this!

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Jacob! No!!!

Angie and George both scream at Jacob, filled with dread. But Jacob is resolute in his decision.

JACOB

It's okay. You going to prison...  
you getting divorced... It was all  
my fault.

Jacob breathes out. All the guilt that he's carried over these years, the blame and regret, it all exhales out his body, leaving him with a sense of peace. POUND! POUND! POUND! Jacob looks his parents in the eyes for the last time.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Just... be nice to each other.

With that, Jacob inhales against the rag as SMASH!!! THE VAULT DOOR FLIES OPEN! GUNS DRAWN, COLBY RUSHES IN WITH A SQUADRON OF POLICE OFFICERS SCREAMING AT A TIED-UP JACOB.

AGENT COLBY

Freeze!!!

Jacob holds up his taped wrists, muttering to Colby as he loses consciousness.

JACOB

They caught me...

THUD! Jacob hits the floor, passing out. As he drops out of FRAME, Colby sees Angie and George behind him, looking like they were the ones who captured Jacob.

CUT TO BLACK.

**INT. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - HOLDING CELL - DAY**

Angie and George silently sit in a darkened holding cell. After a long moment, the door opens. Colby and Garcia walk in. Not looking happy, Colby mutters to them.

AGENT COLBY  
You two are...  
(super mumbly)  
...free to go.

GEORGE  
What?

ANGIE  
Did he just say?

AGENT COLBY  
(again, super mumbly)  
You're free to go.

GEORGE  
I'm sorry, what?

ANGIE  
Yeah, I'm still not clear...

Colby elbows Garcia forward to explain.

AGENT GARCIA  
After he came to, Jacob told us how you two captured him and agreed to a full confession, taking sole accountability for all his crimes in exchange for us honoring our deal with you.

GEORGE  
So then...

ANGIE  
We're, like...

AGENT COLBY  
(super mumbly)  
...free to go.

Colby steps to the side, leaving them space to leave. A beat.

ANGIE  
And Jacob?

GEORGE  
What's gonna happen to him?

AGENT COLBY  
(loud and clear)  
Fifty years in prison.

Angie and George's stomachs both drop. Sickened at the thought of their son in prison for the rest of his life.

AGENT GARCIA  
In a week from now he'll be transported to a Supermax prison in the Rockies. You can visit him there. But right now...

Garcia points to Colby.

AGENT COLBY  
(super duper mumbly)  
...you're free to go.

Off Angie and George, both looking despondent, we CUT TO:

**EXT. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - DAY**

George and Angie walk out of the building. Heads low, they traverse down the stairs. At the bottom of it, stands their motley crew: Martha, Billie, Vinny, Paulie, Everett.

All sharing the same somber look, they stand for a moment. No one knows what to say, so none of them say anything.

Slowly, they all dissipate, walking off in different directions. Angie and George look at each other. A beat.

They both turn, walking away from each other.

**EXT. NEW YORK CITY - ESTABLISHING**

The sun rises over the city. Life carries on.

**INT. ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY**

The shop still in shambles, Angie sweeps the floors, helping Everett clean. After a long moment, Everett takes the broom.

EVERETT  
I don't like this. You're being way too nice and accommodating.

Angie turns away from him, straightening up some shelves. Everett cuts her off, forcing her to look at him.

EVERETT (CONT'D)  
 Jacob's gonna be okay. If he's  
 learned anything from this family,  
 I'm sure he'll find a way to break  
 out of jail in no time.

Angie turns to the door, not wanting to hear it.

ANGIE  
 I'm gonna go for a walk.

Angie walks out, shutting the door behind her. As she does, the shelves she reorganized CRASH to the floor.

**INT. MARTHA'S PENTHOUSE - DAY**

Titanic plays on TV. It's the last scene where the old lady tosses the Hope Diamond into the ocean. We PAN around to the couch where George lies, watching the movie.

Martha walks in, shutting off the TV.

MARTHA  
 George, I know you're upset, we all  
 are, but I'm worried.

GEORGE  
 I'm okay, mom.

MARTHA  
 I meant I'm worried about my couch.  
 I don't want a depressed divot of  
 you pasted in my velvet cushions.

George sighs, getting up. A beat. Martha walks up to him, comforting.

MARTHA (CONT'D)  
 Jacob's a strong boy. And the way  
 the government is going, I'm sure  
 it's only a matter of time before  
 there's some sort of revolution  
 that causes the collapse of society  
 and all the prisoners escape and  
 run loose in the streets.

GEORGE  
 Thanks, Mom...

George leaves. Martha watches him go. A beat. She turns back on the TV, finishing the movie. Off the Old Lady in Titanic tossing the diamond in the ocean, we CUT TO:

**EXT. NYC - SUTTON PLACE PARK - SUNSET**

The Queensboro bridge in the foreground, Angie stands against the railing, staring out at the water as a thought comes to her. She reaches down, into her boot, pulling out: the Fake Hope Diamond that Jacob told her to hide.

She holds it over the water, staring down at it.

GEORGE (O.S.)  
Hollowed out boot heel?

George walks up behind her.

ANGIE  
They didn't check it.

She hands the diamond to George. He puts it up to his eye, staring through its glinting blue façade.

GEORGE  
It's a good fake.

ANGIE  
Best of the best.

A beat. Slowly, Angie opens up.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
When Jacob was a kid, I was always afraid that he would turn out like you...

George listens to her words, taking them in.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
I think that's why I fought so hard to tame him. To discipline him, to keep him in line.

(then)  
And I really thought I was fighting to keep him safe, but it turned out all that fighting was what pushed him away... and drove us apart.

Angie looks at George.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
And in the end, his kindness... his empathy... all the things that he got from you... are the things that I love the most about him.

George smiles back at Angie. Slowly, he, too, opens up.

GEORGE

I always thought that if I gave him a childhood that was fun, that if I got him to think of me as a friend, that I could stop him from turning into you.

(then)

But it didn't work. Because he's so much like you. He's smart. He's determined. He's so filled with grit and perseverance. He wouldn't be the man he is if it weren't for you.

They both look each other in the eye, years of resentment and animosity dissipating in that singular moment.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You're a great mom.

ANGIE

He's lucky to have you as a dad.

George puts his hand on hers. She grips it, gently leaning her head against him. A beat. They stand there for a moment. Their pain and unresolved feelings fading along with the sun.

A beat, then:

ANGIE (CONT'D)

You're thinking what I'm thinking, right?

GEORGE

I'm not not thinking it.

ANGIE

We'll probably end up actually dead this time.

GEORGE

Or in prison for life. But when has that ever stopped us?

ANGIE

Literally never.

Angie looks up at George. George looks down at her.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Let's go save our son.

A newfound resolve pulsing through their veins, we CUT TO:

**INT. MARTHA'S PENTHOUSE - DAY**

Vinny, Paulie, Everett, Billie, Martha. They all sit in their socks on the couch. In front of them, George and Angie stand.

ANGIE

Thank you all for coming.

UNCLE VINNY

Thank you for the invite.

COUSIN BILLIE

I was told I didn't have a choice.

UNCLE PAULIE

I was told there'd be charcuterie.

All business, George and Angie dim the light, starting up a POWER POINT presentation projected onto the wall with slides reflecting images of their words.

ANGIE

Jacob is currently being held in the Department of Justice.

GEORGE

In five days time, he will be transferred to a SuperMax prison.

ANGIE

And we don't intend on allowing that to happen.

She hits the next slide that says, "Jacob's Jailbreak" with little heart emojis all around it.

GEORGE

In order to break him out, we first need to create some mass extinction level power surge across the entire city of D.C. to override the D.O.J.'s security and hack into NSA's databases--

ANGIE

--where we'll be using some form of A.I. quantum computer to wipe Jacob's digital footprint off the face of the earth.

GEORGE

From there, we need to infiltrate the building using a series of disguises, lasers, and illusions.

ANGIE

We have less than a week to plan  
this with a margin of error of  
zero.

GEORGE

And any mistakes meaning certain  
death.

Everyone blankly stares at them.

ANGIE

We know what we're asking of you is  
unreasonable and...

GEORGE

...stupidly dangerous.

ANGIE

But it's for Jacob. And if we're  
gonna succeed, we need you guys.

GEORGE

So what do you say?

A beat. Nonchalant, the entire family nods along.

EVERYONE

Sure! / Okay! / I got nothing goin'  
on! / You had me at *certain death*.

Off George and Angie's mischievous grins, MUSIC TAKES US TO:

#### MONTAGE - PREP - VARIOUS

--**WAREHOUSE:** Angie and George hit the lights. A massive empty warehouse illuminates. They both nod, ready to get to work.

--**WAREHOUSE:** Paulie and Vinny roll a CROP DUSTER PLANE into the warehouse, towing a MASSIVE CLOUD MACHINE behind it.

We WHIP PAN over to Billie who drives in a taco truck. She hops out, opening up the back to REVEAL it's FILLED WITH COMPUTER SERVERS.

We WHIP PAN over to a TRASHCAN. A beat. Suddenly, it falls to pieces as Everett stands up out of it, revealing it's another one of Angie's disguised contraptions.

--**QUICK CUTS:** Wearing the Fake Hope Diamond, we see Martha slap cash down in people's hands.

Vinny holds a bunch of giant silver pipes.

UNCLE VINNY  
Lightning rods.

He takes some cash as Billie walks up with a humanoid looking ROBOT. The Robot waves at Martha.

COUSIN BILLIE  
AI sex robot.

She takes some cash as Paulie walks up with a plastic bag filled with cockroaches.

UNCLE PAULIE  
Cockroaches.

He takes the rest of the cash.

--**WAREHOUSE:** Angie and George walk the warehouse, overseeing their family at work on a plan we can only imagine is even more insane than it seems.

Off Angie and George's proud grins, UPBEAT MUSIC TAKES US TO:

**INT. AGENT COLBY'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

Agent Colby hops out of bed and throws open the blinds. WIND hits the windows. A TROPICAL STORM rages on outside, but nothing can wipe the giant smile off of his face.

AGENT COLBY  
What a beautiful day!

A pep in his step, he rushes off and we CUT TO:

**EXT. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - DAY**

Spinning an umbrella while whistling, Agent Colby waltzes down the street in the rain like he's Gene Kelly.

We see him walk past an EXTERMINATOR VAN parked out front of the dreary building. On the roof of the van is a giant dead-looking roach figurine, its legs in the air.

Off the big dead roach, we MATCH TO:

**INT. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - OFFICE FLOOR - DAY**

A cockroach runs across the floor as WHAM! A boot slams down on it. We PAN up to see it belongs to Garcia. He's in the center of an open office filled with cubicles.

AGENT GARCIA  
This place is disgusting.

Colby strides in looking way too chipper.

AGENT COLBY  
Hello, Justice Department! Everyone  
excited to do some justice today?!

The dozen of EMPLOYEES, including the EXTERMINATOR in the corner all look at him, less than enthused. Colby keeps waltzing through the cubicles and into:

**INT. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - COLBY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

His office. It's filled with computer monitors that show a live security feed of Jacob in a white-walled cell. Colby's ASSISTANT hands him a coffee and leaves as Garcia walks in.

AGENT COLBY  
It's off to prison for the Weston boy today! I can taste the victory.

He sips the coffee and cringes.

AGENT GARCIA  
The new girl is still learning her way around the coffee machine.

AGENT COLBY  
It's fine. Let's go strap Jacob to the back of the van and get moving!

As they turn to leave, the Assistant stops them at the door.

ASSISTANT  
Before you go, there's two people out front asking to see you.

Off their inquisitive looks, we CUT TO:

**INT. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - FOYER - DAY**

Two figures in raincoats stand facing the doors, their backs to Colby and Garcia who walk up to the security gate.

Rain rattles against the windows. Wind whistles from outside. The figures turn around as BOOM!! LIGHTENING STRIKES! IT SOUNDS LIKE IT'S RIGHT OUTSIDE!

THE LIGHTS GO DEAD FOR A SECOND, only to rev back to life, revealing: Angie and George.

ANGIE

We'd like to have a word with you.

GEORGE

If it's not too much trouble.

Colby tries not to look rattled by their presence as we CUT TO:

**INT. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - HOLDING ROOM - DAY**

Posturing, Colby leans against the wall, trying to look calm, cool, and collected. He and Garcia look down at Angie and George who sit across from them, hat in hand.

AGENT COLBY

You two have a lot of gall showing up here.

GEORGE

Gall? No gall.

ANGIE

Yeah, no gall here. Just remorse.

GEORGE

Remorse. Sorrow. Regret.

ANGIE

No gall, though.

GEORGE

We're gall-free.

AGENT GARCIA

I missed you guys.

Colby jumps in, shouting at them.

AGENT COLBY

Jacob is locked away in a padded cell with video feeds on him from seventeen different angles! I don't know what you think you're up to, but he's not going anywhere.

A beat. Angie and George share a super innocent look.

GEORGE

We just want to say goodbye to our son. That's all.

They both softly stare at Colby as Garcia's heart melts.

AGENT GARCIA

Awwww...

CUT TO:

**INT. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - HALL - MOMENTS LATER**

Colby spins out. He and Garcia sidebar in the hallway.

AGENT COLBY

Something stinks. It stinks bad!

AGENT GARCIA

That's probably just all the dead cockroaches.

BOOM!! Lightening flashes. The power dims, then comes back.

AGENT COLBY

Is this weather unusual to you? Do you think they're behind it?

AGENT GARCIA

You think they're controlling the weather?

AGENT COLBY

Get extra eyes on Jacob. Actually, no get less eyes on him. We can't trust anyone, like that new assistant. Do you think the coffee tasted like pee because she peed in it?

Garcia tries to calm Colby down.

AGENT GARCIA

Everyone here's been vetted by NSA. Jacob's secure. We're fine. But if you're worried, why don't you just tell Angie and George to leave?

Colby thinks about that for a second.

AGENT COLBY

No... That's what they think I'll do. I have to do what they think I'll never think to think to do...

AGENT GARCIA

Which is?

CUT TO:

**INT. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - HOLDING ROOM - DAY**

Colby walks back in, smiling at Angie and George.

AGENT COLBY  
Let's go visit your son!

Off Angie and George trying not to look shocked, we CUT TO:

**INT. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - HALL - DAY**

MILITARY PROCESSIONAL MUSIC plays as Colby and Garcia lead Angie and George down the hall. As they walk, the number of GUARDS and OFFICERS joining their phalanx slowly increases.

Together, they all pile into a freight elevator. Showing no emotion, Angie and George stay calm as DING!

**INT. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - BASEMENT HALL - DAY**

The elevator takes them down to the basement. A windowless hall. Concrete walls. Pipes dripping rusted water onto the bodies of dead cockroaches.

Colby keeps leading them down the dreary hall. He looks back at Angie and George who don't seem to be breaking a sweat.

They all come to a halt in front of a metal-reinforced door.

A beat. Colby nods to the GUARDS. One of them unlocks the door as another cranes it open. Colby turns to Angie and George, a snide look on his face as the door swings open.

AGENT COLBY  
Don't worry. We've been taking good  
care of--  
(looks in the cell)  
WHO THE FUCK IS THAT?!?

COLBY'S POV: Chained to the wall in an orange jumpsuit is the GREASY GUY from earlier. The same one Vinny and Paulie kept trying to murder.

He looks at Angie and George. A beat. For a moment, we don't know how anyone is going to react, until:

GREASY GUY  
Mom?! Dad?!

Acting as if this is Jacob, they run towards him, bear-hugging him.

JACOB! ANGIE GEORGE  
Bring it in son!

Angie and George hug the Greasy Guy. All three of them put on the performance of a lifetime, acting like a family torn apart. Colby and Garcia stand at the threshold of the cell looking flabbergasted.

AGENT GARCIA

AGENT COLBY  
That's not Jacob!  
(to Greasy Guy)  
WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU?!?!?

Angie, George, and the Greasy Guy look over at him, feigning confusion.

GREASY GUY  
What are you talking about? I'm  
Jacob Weston...

AGENT COLBY  
(to the Guards)  
Lock down the building and arrest  
those two!

Guards rush over to Angie and George, putting them in cuffs and dragging them off.

ALARMS SOUND as Angie and George are thrown in a holding cell nearby and SLAM!! They're locked away.

Livid, Colby turns to his battalion.

AGENT COLBY (CONT'D)  
SOMEBODY FIND ME THIS MAN!

Colby grabs Jacob's file from a file holder on the wall next to his holding cell. He takes out Jacob's photo and holds it in the air. A beat.

A Guard points at the Greasy Guy in the cell.

GUARD  
Found him.

Colby turns over the photo only to notice: JACOB'S FACE HAS BEEN REPLACED BY THE FACE OF THE GREASY GUY.

Colby stares at it, utterly confused.

AGENT GARCIA (O.S.)  
Umm, you might want to see this...

Colby turns to Garcia, who's looking at his tablet.

AGENT GARCIA (CONT'D)  
It's Jacob's file...

He shows it to Colby, REVEALING THAT EVERY PICTURE in JACOB'S FILE IS OF THE GREASY GUY: *Jacob's mugshot. Photos of him being arrested at the Smithsonian. Footage of him confessing to Colby and Garcia.*

IT'S ALL BEEN DOCTORED WITH A.I. TO LOOK LIKE THE GREASY GUY.

PUSH IN ON Colby as the realization settles in...

AGENT COLBY  
*They swapped him with a fake!*

FLASHBACK TO:

**MONTAGE - THE SWAP**

--OUTSIDE THE WAREHOUSE: Angie, George, Martha, Everett, Billie, and Vinny stand in a field outside of the warehouse. They all stare up into the sky as Paulie soars through the air in his crop duster plane.

From the back of the plane, machines pump cloud vapor into the air, blanketing the sky.

**SUPERIMPOSE: FIVE DAYS EARLIER.**

ANGIE  
Huh. Look at that. He's actually changing the weather...

UNCLE VINNY  
A couple more days of this with the eastern winds, we got ourselves a thunderstorm.

GEORGE  
And that thing?

George points OFF SCREEN at something. Uncle Vinny smirks.

UNCLE VINNY  
That's made out of pure silver, the most conductive metal there is. So consider it a big lightning rod.

We PULL OUT to REVEAL the exterminator van with the big metal cockroach figurine on the roof of it.

UNCLE VINNY (CONT'D)  
With that thing parked out front  
during a thunderstorm, all we need  
is one hit and boom! Extinction  
level power surge!

COUSIN BILLIE  
And I bypass the D.O.J.'s security.

ANGIE  
And how are we supposed to have  
that parked out front without  
causing concern?

EVERETT  
That's where *Deidre* comes in.

Off Everett's smile, we CUT TO:

--DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE: CLOSE ON a sensible kitten heel walking through the Department of Justice. She pauses for a second. From her chinos, out shakes a cockroach, running off.

H.R. MANAGER (O.S.)  
Deidre, your background check came  
back from NSA. Your credentials  
cleared, so you're hired!

We PAN UP "Deidre", doing a toe-to-head glam shot to REVEAL: IT'S EVERETT IN FULL DRAG PLAYING THE PART OF AN ELDERLY OFFICE ASSISTANT.

--WAREHOUSE: Billie rewires the A.I. robot, hooking it up to her computer servers in the Food Truck.

ANGIE  
So this illegal A.I. sex robot is  
powered by--

COUSIN BILLIE  
--government stolen quantum  
computing software. So once I hack  
into NSA's records, I can use it to  
alter Jacob's digital footprint.  
I.D. pictures, security footage.  
It'll be like he never existed.

GEORGE  
We can't just wipe Jacob's record,  
though. We need a fall guy.

Vinny and Paulie share a smile.

UNCLE PAULIE  
We know just the person.

--**STATEN ISLAND DOCKS:** Vinny and Paulie yank the Greasy Guy out of the water. He has on cement cinder block shoes.

GREASY GUY  
Oh god!!! Thank you so much for--  
(noticing it's them)  
Oh, it's you two. Just drown me  
already.

George and Angie walk up to him.

GEORGE  
How would you like another chance  
at life?

Off the Greasy Guy looking intrigued, we CUT TO:

--**WAREHOUSE:** The Greasy Guy eats dinner with them as the family talks him through the perks.

ANGIE  
You take the place of our son. You  
stick to your script. You go to  
prison in his place.

GEORGE  
And in return, your family never  
has to worry about anything again  
in your lifetime.

The Greasy Guy thinks about it. A beat.

GREASY GUY  
Toss in a night with the sex robot  
and I'm in.

**QUICK CUT TO:** The Food Truck is a-rocking. The family stands outside as they hear the Greasy Guy in there with the sex robot, unable to tell if he's enjoying himself or in harm.

GREASY GUY (CONT'D)  
Ahh, ahh... AHHH! Help me! Wait,  
no... uhhhh... mhhh. Do that again.

Off him SCREAMING, THUNDER takes us to:

--**THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE:** Rain pours down.

**SUPERIMPOSE: HEIST DAY.**

**--THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE:** We REPLAY a scene from earlier, except this time, we're ANGLED on Colby's "Assistant" who is Deidre (AKA Everett in drag). She walks up to Colby, stating:

EVERETT (AS DEIDRE)  
Before you go, there's two people  
out front asking to see you.

We **SPLIT SCREEN**. Watching in tandem as George and Angie calmly head into the D.O.J., while the family frantically does the heist.

Vinny and Paulie fight next to the exterminator van.

UNCLE VINNY  
This better work!

## UNCLE PAULIE

Vinny and Paulie start wrestling in the rain as BOOM!!! A LIGHTNING BOLT STRIKES THE VAN!

--WASHINGTON D.C.: Across the city, the power surges, going dark for a couple of seconds.

**--NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY:** Parked out front of NSA, we see Billie's food truck. The lights in the parking lot flicker as we CUT TO:

**--INSIDE THE TRUCK:** Martha hovers over Billie as she hacks away at her computer. On her screen, IMAGES OF JACOB begin to flood the screen. Quickly, we watch as they're distorted and replaced by the face of the Greasy Guy.

## COUSIN BILLIE

Billie hits her headset, talking into a walkie-earpiece:

COUSIN BILLIE (CONT'D)  
Billie to Deidre. The basement  
security is looped.

MARTHA  
Go get our boy!

--DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - BASEMENT HALL: Everett, now dressed like a Guard, walks out the bathroom. Behind him, out walks the Exterminator, who lifts his hat to reveal the Greasy Guy.

The coast clear, he and Everett run up to Jacob's cell. Everett pulls out Jacob's safecracker, sticking it to the door lock. THUD-THUD! The door unlocks, opening to REVEAL:

--JACOB'S CELL: A hungry and haggard-looking Jacob.

JACOB

Everett? What are you doing here?  
And who's that?

GREASY GUY

I'm the new you! And you're the new me! You don't live within a hundred feet of a public park, do you? Otherwise, you will have to move.

Everett and the Greasy Guy work to get Jacob out of the chains as the earpiece crackles.

COUSIN BILLIE (ON EARPIECE)  
Everett! Colby's headed your way.

EVERETT

Shit... we don't have enough time.

Jacob gets unchained from the wall. The Greasy Guy puts himself in his place as they rush out of the cell.

--DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - BASEMENT HALL: DING! The elevator is about to open. Everett and Jacob freeze, caught in plain view. Adrenaline racing, it looks like they're about to be caught as we SMASH BACK TO:

**INT. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - BASEMENT HALL - DAY**

THE PRESENT. Colby standing there, piecing it all together.

AGENT COLBY

*They swapped him with a fake.*

Colby crumbles up the photo of the Greasy Guy from his file and throws it in a trashcan in the hall. He turns to the Guards who all stare at him confused.

AGENT COLBY (CONT'D)

Go!! Find him! We can't let them get away with this!

We STAY ON the trashcan as Colby, Garcia, and the Guards rush off. A beat.

We PUSH IN on the trashcan as the hall goes quiet.

Another beat. The trashcan starts to jostle around as POP: EVERETT AND JACOB POP THEIR HEADS OUT OF IT!

EVERETT  
The trashcan works every time.

They duck back down. The trashcan shuffles towards the exit as we CUT TO:

**INT. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - HOLDING ROOM - DAY**

George and Angie sleep on the floor of the darkened holding room. Hands in cuffs, feet in shackles, they're held hostage. A beat. A GUARD walks in. They both pick their heads up.

The Guard looks down at them. A tense moment as we CUT TO:

**EXT. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - DAY**

The sun breaks through the clouds as Angie and George walk out the front door.

AGENT GARCIA (O.S.)  
We held them as long as we could,  
but by all accounts Jacob is the  
man in that cell.

Off Angie and George waltzing down the street, we MATCH TO:

**INT. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - OFFICE FLOOR - DAY**

Colby, looking like a haggard mess, stands by the window, watching Angie and George walk away with their freedom. Garcia stands next to him, patting his back.

AGENT GARCIA  
I'm sorry, but this doesn't have to  
end here--

AGENT COLBY  
Wanna go have sex in my office?

Colby -- *broken, battered, and sooo over this job* -- looks at Garcia, dead serious. A beat. SMOOCH!!

COLBY AND GARCIA START SUCKING FACE! Passion and heat boiling to the surface, they start ripping each other's clothes off.

Shirts off, they tumble into Colby's office and SLAM the door shut. As they do, Deidre (AKA Everett in drag) hops up out of her cubicle, pretending to look appalled.

EVERETT (AS DEIDRE)  
Homosexuals in the workplace! I  
quit!!!

Grabbing her purse, Deidre snaps some quick pics of Colby and Garcia going at it, and she rushes off.

CUT TO:

**EXT. PARIS, FRANCE - THE SEINE - DAY**

The Eiffel Tower in the distance, a beautiful two story cruise boat sails across the Seine.

**SUPERIMPOSE: PARIS, FRANCE... AGAIN.**

**EXT. CRUISE BOAT - DAY**

CLOSE ON Jacob as he roams the upper deck of the boat.

He pauses, passing two men who are reading newspapers. They lower them to REVEAL it's Vinny and Paulie. They wink at Jacob who smiles back at them as WHAM!

Someone with headphones and a hat on runs into him. He looks over, realizing it's Billie. She hands him a wallet.

COUSIN BILLIE  
I think you dropped this.

Jacob opens it, seeing a PHOTO I.D. The picture on it is of Jacob with the name: Leslie Vanderbilt.

JACOB  
Leslie Vanderbilt?

Everett walks up behind him.

EVERETT  
Sorry we couldn't find someone with  
a cooler name for you to swap  
identities with.

He hugs Jacob. It's a sweet moment. As Jacob pulls back, something catches his eye...

**EXT. CRUISE BOAT - FRONT OF THE SHIP - MOMENTS LATER**

Water churning below them, Angie and George lean against the railing of the front of the boat. Suddenly, Jacob rushes up to them, wrapping them up in a hug.

They hold him tight. Emotions surge as they take in this moment. A broken family -- reunited. A long beat, then they pull back, looking at Jacob.

GEORGE  
No more crime, got it kid?

ANGIE  
Yeah. We're in agreement on this.

JACOB  
I'll give it up if you guys do.

GEORGE  
Do as we say.

ANGIE  
Not as we do.

Angie and George smile at him. He smiles back. A bit hesitant, Jacob opens up to them.

JACOB  
Since we're starting over with a  
fresh, no-crime lifestyle. I should  
tell you one thing.

(then)  
Remember at the museum when I told  
you the diamond you guys had was  
fake? Yeah... I never swapped it.

George and Angie's faces both drop.

ANGIE GEORGE  
Are you saying we stole... ...the real Hope Diamond?

Jacob smiles at them, a big guilty grin. Angie and George shoot each other a look, both freaking out.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
What did you do with it!?

GEORGE  
I thought it was fake, so I gave it  
to my mother!

JACOB  
Where is she? !?

CUT TO:

**EXT. CRUISE BOAT - BACK OF THE SHIP - DAY**

Barefoot, in a flowing dress, Martha walks to the back of the boat. The Hope Diamond in her hand, she steps up on the railing. She takes a deep breath and--

MARTHA

Ooop!

She tosses the diamond over. PLUNK! It splashes into the water. CLOSE ON her big smile. A beat.

Slowly, we PULL BACK to see the entire family (Vinny, Paulie, Billie, Everett, Angie, George, Jacob) stands behind her, mouths all agape. She looks back at them.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

What?

JACOB

That. Was. Real...

She looks down at the water, processing. A beat.

MARTHA LEAPS OFF THE BOAT AND INTO THE WATER! SPLASH!!!

Uncle Vinny, Paulie, Billie, and Everett follow after.  
SPLASH!!! SPLASH!!! SPLASH!!! SPLASH!!!

Angie and George run to the railing, watching their family dive for the necklace. Chuckling, they share a look.

Angie holds her hand out to George.

ANGIE

One last caper for the books?

George takes her hand. Passion swirling, he pulls her in close and together they finally share a kiss. Their spark, reignited.

After a triumphant moment, they pull back. Love in their eyes, hand in hand, they jump off the boat with a SPLASH!

As they CLEAR FRAME we REVEAL Jacob, having watched it all.

WE PUSH IN ON Jacob. He smiles, a mischievous, mastermind-y grin on his face, as if everything, including his parents getting back together, worked out exactly as he planned...

He looks into the CAMERA and WINKS as we--

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.