Selling Mona

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Abstract

This screenplay has been written as part of my Master of Arts in Screenwriting (by research).

*Selling Mona* is a mystery thriller script set in 1913 within a large English manor house. It follows the story of an undercover police operation into a private auction for the *Mona Lisa*, two years after its theft. Our protagonist, Evelyn Meyer works as a secretary within the police force, when one day, she receives a tip off about a police officer working in a criminal conspiracy to sell the stolen artwork. Terrified at this knowledge becoming known around the force, Evelyn becomes Miss Stone and is placed undercover in the heart of the operation to join prospective bidders and rescue the iconic painting.
Declaration

I declare that this thesis is a presentation of original work and I am the sole author. This work has not previously been presented for an award at this, or any other, University.
SELLING MONA

Written by

Owen Pow
OVER BLACK:

Words begin to fill the screen. They dissolve in and out...

"In August 1911, The Mona Lisa was stolen from the Louvre... The theft only magnified its notoriety around the world... For 834 days its location was a mystery. This is day 835"

FADE IN:

EXT. MANOR HOUSE. ESTABLISHING SHOT. NIGHT

A bespoke AGATHA CHRISTIE style venue. Grand. Impressive. It's a quiet night. Still. Perfectly normal... UNTIL--

EXT. MANOR HOUSE. DRIVEWAY. NIGHT

A CAR, demonstrably loud, makes its way towards the house.

TITLES UP: "DECEMBER, 1913. BEDFORDSHIRE, ENGLAND"

INT. THE CAR. NIGHT. (DRIVING)

A woman sits on the back seat, face covered in a bag, arms tied behind her. She wriggles. Furiously.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO THE HOUSE. MOMENTS LATER

The CAR parks up. A FIGURE emerges as THE CAR DOOR opens. He's broad, 30s, in a suit. He's THE DRIVER. He opens the BACK DOOR, YANKS out the passenger and a single BRIEFCASE.

PASSENGER
No, no! Excuse me! Where--where is this? This is not what we agreed.

INT. MANOR HOUSE. FOYER. MOMENTS LATER

Calm. The lights are on, but it appears to be empty. THEN--THE FRONT DOOR FLIES OPEN. The Driver and Passenger enter.

PASSENGER
What are you doing? What is this?

The Driver shoves her forward, nearly knocking her to the floor. She regains composure as he hurls the BRIEFCASE across the floor. It slides by her. She turns... what was that?

A silence descends. Her breathing quickens.

PASSENGER (CONT'D)
Hello?... Is... is anyone here?

THEN-- a voice, off-screen, answers--
VOICE (O.S)
Miss Stone--
(she looks around, searching)
Welcome. We're glad you're here.

ALEC GAINES [40]. A smiling, clean-shaven, tuxedo-wearing BRIT, approaches and rips the HOOD from the Passenger's face.

ALEC
I do apologise for all the theatrics. But one cannot be too careful when it comes to our whereabouts.

Our Passenger, dark-haired, petite, mid-20s, is MISS STONE.

ALEC (CONT'D)
I'm Mr Gaines, it's a pleasure to meet you.

He removes the ties, shakes her hand, holds it loosely.

Stone takes a breath...

STONE
Mr Gaines...
(gathers herself)
This is not where we were told we'd be meeting. Your driver grabbed me from the previous house and hauled me in the back of a motor car!

ALEC
Yes, as we instructed him to do.

Stone stares back, he seems to not see this as an issue--

ALEC (CONT'D)
I see it might be quite jarring, but our previous spot was merely a pickup location. Releasing the legitimate venue address under these circumstances would be dangerously reckless... And as for our driver's heavy handiness, I can only sympathise. But, if he were to be graceful in his work, he'd hardly be a driver now, would he?
(Off her frustration)
I'm sure you can understand.

She can't. She's still furious. Alec points next door--
ALEC (CONT'D)
May I show you through? The others are expecting you.

He grabs the CASE, takes the lead. Stone follows on. Obliged.

INT. MANOR HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. MOMENTS LATER

Spotless beige sofas. Exotic hardwood furniture. Victorian section in the IKEA catalogue. FOUR OTHER GUESTS (who we'll meet soon) fill space around the room. Alec leads Stone in--

ALEC
Everyone...
(they all turn)
... this is Miss Stone.

Stone, timidly, smiles towards them...

ALEC (CONT'D)
Please... make her feel welcome.

No response. They just drink, smoke and stare. Stone then looks to one guest in particular. A VOICE rings out--

VOICE (PRE-LAP)
It was this beautiful brass ram.

INT. MANOR HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. TIME CUT. MOMENTS LATER

Stone stands with said guest, GEORGE ROWLAND [42]. A large, bulky man, barely contained within his tight waistcoat. He's talking about himself, cigar in mouth. Accustomed to both.

GEORGE
A nine-by-four-inch door stop designed by Thomas Thornycroft back in 1856. My father had it made months before his death because the commercial stop he'd been gifted the year before kept collapsing.

Stone isn't listening, her eyes span around the room. She nervously scratches at the skin around HER WATCH. Stressed.

George, unaware he has no audience, continues. He loves the sound of his own voice too much.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
After my father's funeral, I had it proudly stored on the top floor of my London apartment. My neighbour, Gareth, was incandescent and green with envy...

(MORE)
GEORGE (CONT'D)
That was until he had his own
Evelyn De Morgan mythological
landscape produced.

Stone slowly turns, attention grabbed. She listens now...

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Not only was it bigger and more
impressive... it also had a much
higher valuation. And then--to
compound my misery--my eldest son
returned home from a summer evening
of overzealous inebriation to find
his bedroom door locked. Terrified
at the idea of having to sleep on
one of the seven available settees,
he grabbed the Thornycroft, placed
it under the door handle and ripped
it clean off. Yes--he gained
access, but the stop was sadly no
longer recognisable.

Stone smiles, unsure where this is actually going...

GEORGE (CONT'D)
For years now, we've both tried to
gain the upper hand. I buy a
Rembrandt, he purchases a Picasso,
I acquire a Vermeer he finds a
Raphael, it's a never-ending cycle
of one-upmanship... But now, the
most infamous painting in the
world, one the entire world is
searching for. I don't believe he
can beat--

STONE
(had enough of the story)
I'm sorry, Mr Rowland. I just... Do
you know where we are?

George, annoyed he's been stopped mid-flow, looks around.

GEORGE
Well, I believe we're in a drawing
room.

STONE
Of course... but--

GEORGE
Or maybe an old dining quarters--
STONE
I was referring to--

GEORGE
Mr Gaines explained--

STONE
Mr Gaines did explain, but he also gave us strict instructions. We were told there would be no weapons, we were asked to bring our chosen funds and we were given a location.

GEORGE
Well--

STONE
--if he didn't commit to the last of the requests, how can we be confident about the first?

George takes another puff, it is a fairly good point.

GEORGE
In their defence, the location did mention the United Kingdom.

STONE
Mr Rowland--

GEORGE
I checked them for weapons, as did Mr Romero. We all had that right.

STONE
Yes, but--

GEORGE
It's a highly illegal auction, Miss Stone. If we're being honest--

He's interrupted, a VOICE takes over, off-screen--

NEW VOICE
You want to bring in honesty?

HENRI MOREAU [29], a tall, wide-shouldered FRENCHMAN shuffles over. Champagne in hand. He smiles to George--

HENRI
As you say, this is far from a legitimate auction. The last thing we need is honesty.
The two men stare each other down. Who has the upper hand?

GEORGE
(smiling, then gestures)
Miss Stone... this is Henri Moreau.

They shake hands. Share smiles. George continues the intro--

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Mr Moreau is a gallery proprietor
from Toulouse.

HENRI
Montpelier. The gallery is from
Toulouse. I myself am from
Montpelier.

GEORGE
He hates The Louvre--

HENRI
No--

GEORGE
--hates everything about it.

Henri takes a deep breath. That's not what he said...

HENRI
I never said 'hate'. I used
'hideous', 'obnoxious' and
'classless'...
(a long beat)
But I never said 'hate'. That's a
very different thing.

George smiles, 'clearly'. Henri takes a beat, turns to Stone:

HENRI (CONT'D)
And you, Miss Stone?
(OFF her hesitancy)
What should we know...?

STONE
Well... I'm--er--I'm an
intermediary.

That's all she's got. The others stare back. They want more.

STONE (CONT'D)
I work on behalf of a client.
(MORE)
STONE (CONT'D)
(they still want more)
They own a large collection of
well-known artwork that they're
looking to substantially improve on
with one of the now most iconic
pieces in the world.

That was very politician-like. Pre-approved. 100% prepared.

HENRI
I see... does that mean--

STONE
--should we be looking at
postponing this?

Henri takes a sip, then a pause, ignores the question--

HENRI
How does one become an art
intermediary?

STONE
If we all convey our concerns to Mr
Gaines--

HENRI
--Is there a school you can go to
learn?

STONE
Mr Moreau--you may not be
interested, but I want to grasp
where we've been taken and I
believe we shouldn't continue under
these circumstances.

Henri smiles-- she's not going to give this up...

HENRI
Altering venues is a perfectly
understandable decision, Miss
Stone. If you, I, Mr Rowland or
anyone else for that matter found
something as small as a change of
location an injustice, I hardly
think we'd be here.

Stone takes a beat... chooses her words carefully...

STONE
We had a location and I made
arrangements for that location...
MEANWHILE—across the room—FRANCESCO ROMANO [29], wearing a bow-tie-less black suit, approaches Stone. With pace.

We hear her thoughts along the way.

STONE (O.S) (CONT'D)
We should make it clear to Mr Gaines that it's unacceptable to change that and we would all like to postpone—

Francesco arrives, cuts Stone off with his Italian accent.

FRANCESCO
Good evening, apologies for the interruption, gentlemen—

The three guests stare him down, he focuses on Stone—

FRANCESCO (CONT'D)
I see everyone else has a drink, Miss Stone. Perhaps you and I should join them...

He stares, eyes wide open. Stone nods. A good plan.

INT. LIVING ROOM. TIME CUT. SECONDS LATER

Francesco leads Stone across the room. His voice is loud.

FRANCESCO
--I'm Francesco. Francesco Romero.

As Francesco's smile turns to concern. He swiftly whips Stone's watch from her wrist. Totally unnoticed.

STONE
Mr Phillips--

His speech turns softer, his accent turns English--

FRANCESCO
I need to introduce myself... shake my hand.

Stone does so as they arrive at a drinks tray.

FRANCESCO (CONT'D)
(back with an Italian accent)
It's lovely to meet you, Miss Stone. What can I get you?

Francesco crafts a drink, Stone moves closer, speaks quietly.
STONE
Mr Phillips--where are we?

FRANCESCO
Don't use my real name.

STONE
Ok... where are--

FRANCESCO
(even quieter)
You also wouldn't ask a question like that.

STONE
Mr Phillips--

FRANCESCO
Yes, Miss Stone--

Stone takes a deep breath. As she looks for a reply, she spots VINICIO PERA [33], sitting at the back of the room, moustache above his lip, smoking hard.

She snaps out of it, focuses back on Francesco.

STONE
We. Need. To. Go.

FRANCESCO
... We need to go?

STONE
This whole situation is too volatile--

FRANCESCO
--do not start with this. You've barely been through the door ten minutes.

STONE
Leaving, when we know the results aren't realistic, isn't quitting.

FRANCESCO
We're not leaving.

STONE
The plan needed us there. I don't know if you've noticed, but this is a very different house--

FRANCESCO
Miss Stone--


STONE
I'll give you the benefit of the doubt, is it dark out there--

FRANCESCO
Don't talk to me like that--

STONE
Francesco--

Francesco passes Stone a drink. Forcefully.

FRANCESCO
Stop it. Take a sip.

She does as instructed. Francesco takes his own advice.

FRANCESCO (CONT'D)
This is not how we do things. You listen to me, you do as I say.

STONE
Mr Romero--

FRANCESCO
We need a telephone. We need to communicate with Luton--

STONE
We need to go!

FRANCESCO
(ignoring her)
This is a sizeable home, there will be a telephone somewhere.

STONE
With all due respect, sir--

FRANCESCO
Look for an office, Evelyn--maybe a private study.

STONE
Sebastian, if we go now, it won't look--

FRANCESCO
--do not use my real name!

STONE
You just used mine!

Francesco takes another sip... Stone takes a beat to calm.
FRANCESCO
I'll find a way to keep everyone within reach. You just do as I ask.

STONE
Mr Romero, if there is someone working for these guys--

FRANCESCO
It's not 'if'--

STONE
There will be alternative ways to find them.

FRANCESCO
Miss Stone--

STONE
There's no shame in deciding to try another day.

FRANCESCO
There's shame in just mentioning it.

STONE
Mr Romero--

FRANCESCO
We continue as instructed! We can't speculate, we can't alter and we especially can't leave. (beat)
This isn't a usual office day, Evelyn. The normal rules don't apply.

Stone backs up, takes a sip of her drink. A BEAT LATER--

FRANCESCO (CONT'D)
Now, go and mingle. It looks peculiar if you only speak to me.

He hands Stone her watch. She takes it, shocked.

FRANCESCO (CONT'D)
Sorry. I had to practice. Haven't done that in a while.

She stares back in confusion.
FRANCESCO (CONT'D)
I need to get into the room. Mr
Gaines will have the keys... Let's
pray he doesn't notice.

Stone slowly puts the watch on her wrist as Francesco leaves.

[Note: For ease, we will refer to these characters as
FRANCESCO and STONE throughout the rest of the screenplay].

INT. FOYER. NOT LONG LATER

Francesco leaves the LIVING ROOM. From the doorway, he loudly
calls back into the room. A parting enquiry.

FRANCESCO
Up the stairs, on the left.
Perfect. Grazie, Mr Gaines.

He closes the door, theatrically pulls keys from his pocket.

INT. MANOR HOUSE. KITCHEN. MOMENTS LATER

Francesco storms in, moves straight for the far CABINETS. He
opens anything with a hinge. Inspecting. On the search.

He opens a nearby window, then a CUTLERY DRAWER. He grabs a
KNIFE, pockets it, then swoops up a basket from the drawer.

He throws the contents out into--

EXT. MANOR HOUSE. BACK OF THE PROPERTY. GARDEN. CONTINUOUS

A litany of KNIVES and FORKS drop to the grassy ground below.
As well as... A NEW SET OF KEYS. Small ones. Probably vital.

INT. MANOR HOUSE. DINING ROOM. MOMENTS LATER

Another decadent room. Francesco darts in but stops almost
immediately. An EASEL sits alongside a table. A WHITE SHEET
covers an object atop it. Francesco stares it down...

TIME CUT. DINING ROOM. MOMENTS LATER

Francesco carefully grabs both the OBJECT and the SHEET. As
he goes to move it-- AN ENVELOPE falls and floats under the
TABLE... after placing the OBJECT back on the EASEL--

--he bends down, looks under the table, grabs the ENVELOPE.
BUT-- it's not the only thing there. A GUN is taped to its
underside. Francesco's mouth drops. Shock.

This auction clearly isn't what it seems...
FEMALE VOICE (PRE-LAP)
It belonged to my ancestors.

INT. MANOR HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

MIA NGUYEN [29], in a flowing gown, pristine WHITE jacket and matching CHURCH BOWLER HAT chats to Stone. Our final guest. She sips a glass of wine. Stone fakes attention.

MIA
Well, it was supposed to be.
(she takes another sip)
My great-grandmother married into the family. But two hundred years before, Miss Lisa and her husband commissioned the work themselves.

Stone's eyebrows lift. Everyone would recognise that name.

MIA (CONT'D)
Technically Lisa Giocondo if we're being fully outright. Leonardo agreed to the request and worked on it for years up until his death... The family waited all those years. They even went so far as to relocate to France when Mr DaVinci did, just to make sure they had no problems receiving it. But... when he died, Mona was immediately snapped up by The Louvre.
(she takes another sip)
They wanted it for their new son. It was a gift that never arrived...
Now... they lived in a twenty-seven-acre villa with more space, money and decadence than anyone would ever need--they're hardly due any sympathy. But, if we're talking rights and where it should be kept. I feel they're the only correct answer.

Stone silently ponders... but... BEFORE she can reply, Francesco, across the room, walks in. They all turn to him.

He casually smiles and closes the door. After a small pause, Alec clears his throat, speaks loudly to the group--

ALEC
Right... now that Mr Romero has returned... I think it's now time we make our way through.

Drinks are finished, looks are shared, excitement brews...
INT. MANOR HOUSE. FOYER. NIGHT

Alec leads the group through this marbled-floored, echo-heavy space. Francesco, just behind, casually slides the keys into Mr Gaines' trouser pocket. Undetected.

Stone, walking steps away, takes a chance to look at THE FRONT DOORS. Her best escape. MEANWHILE--

Vinicio walks alongside Henri, having their own private chat.

The LIGHTER the former holds is bold. Silver plated.

VINCIO
It was a small painting and a large white jacket, Mr Moreau. I just walked out.

HENRI
... That's--er--that's not how it was reported.

VINCIO
It's not a flattering story.
   (beat)
Would any Frenchman really be anxious to tell the world The Louvre was outfoxed by its own uniform?

Henri chuckles as they FOLLOW THE GROUP into--

INT. MANOR HOUSE. DINING ROOM. CONTINUOUS

Their chat continues as they straggle behind the others.

VINCIO
Mr Moreau--I hope you don't mind me saying... but I--um--I believe this painting should be sent back to Italy where it belongs... I can only assume that is not your er... ambition?

Vinicio stops. Henri does the same. Eye-to-eye right now.

HENRI
No, no it's not.

VINCIO
It's er--it's a piece of work with great historical importance. It's Italian history. No one else's.

Vinicio moves towards the group once again, Henri stalks--
VINICIO (CONT'D)
I do wish you luck in the auction,
Mr Moreau. It's there to win...
But... please forgive me for
desperately hoping you don't.

They reach the group in silence. Henri blinks in surprise.
AFTER A SLOW BEAT-- Alec's voice takes over--

ALEC (V.O)
The auction will follow the usual
format.

INT. MANOR HOUSE. DINING ROOM. NIGHT

Alec, surrounded by FIVE SUITCASES, unlocks THE CUPBOARD.

ALEC (V.O)
Each of you will be given an
opportunity to bid.

TIME CUT. MOMENTS LATER

Alec takes a SUITCASE. Places it inside the CUPBOARD.

ALEC (V.O)
The instalments will start low.

TIME CUT. MOMENTS LATER

A SERIES OF SHOTS. The SECOND, THIRD and FOURTH CASES are
slotted inside. A tower is forming.

ALEC (V.O)
With the agreed starting value.

TIME CUT. MOMENTS LATER

THE FINAL CASE, a rather extravagant one, is slotted in.

ALEC (V.O)
Our increments will then increase
in line with the progress of the
bidding.

INT. MANOR HOUSE. DINING ROOM. NIGHT

WE MOVE towards the WHITE SHEET covering the easel.

ALEC (V.O)
Auctions are of course, subject to
moments of contention.

We go so close... THE SHEET becomes our only sight.
ALEC (V.O) (CONT'D)
However, my word will be final.

INT. MANOR HOUSE. DINING ROOM. NIGHT

A LARGE, VARNISHED TABLE plays host to the five bidders.

ALEC
So, without further ado...

Alec moves over and RIPS the sheet down, revealing **THE MONA LISA**. The guests sit up straight, lean forward. Excited.

Vinicio, from the back, watches on closely.

ALEC (CONT'D)
Now... as explained prior to your arrival--

Alec grabs the ENVELOPE that sits alongside the PAINTING.

ALEC (CONT'D)
This here is a certified letter of authentication by Alfredo Geri, an art dealer from Florence working under the recommendation of Giovanni Poggi from the Uffizi gallery.

Alec moves down the lengthy table, hands the letter to Henri along the way.

ALEC (CONT'D)
Now, for obvious reasons he cannot publicly declare this to be authentic, but his work here is fully transparent and entirely truthful.

Henri, happy with the letter, passes it to George. He nods around the room. *It's legit.* Eyes turn back to Alec.

ALEC (CONT'D)
Right, fantastic... So... if we're all ready--

He goes to reach under the table... BUT-- he's interrupted--

GEORGE
I don't like the frame.

ALEC
You... you don't like the frame?
GEORGE
No--no I don't. Before I bid, I want to know if it's possible to change it.

Alec gestures to Vinicio-- the group turn-- he responds--

VINICIO
Yes... it's perfectly possible.

GEORGE
Well, I don't mean to be rude, Mr Pera, but I'll need to know how.

A beat. Vinicio doesn't like being questioned. As he responds, Stone stares directly at the EXIT DOOR. Her target.

VINICIO (O.S)
There are four small pins installed on each corner. To successfully remove it, you remove the pins...
It's as simple as that.

Stone blinks back to attention, looks to Vinicio, listens on.

VINICIO (CONT'D)
The painting has travelled extensively. We had to be able to check the wood for damage.
(beat)
Or you can always rip it off if you really needed to.

George smiles before turning back to Alec. He nods, happy.

ALEC
Wonderful.

Alec places his hands under the table. They start to shuffle, they get quicker and quicker--

ALEC (CONT'D)
It's... well... that should be everything...

He turns to Vinicio, whose hands are equally searching under his chair. He shakes his head to Alec. The others notice...

FRANCESCO
(fully aware of the answer)
Mr Gaines, is everything ok?

Alec turns back, smiles through the panic.
ALEC
Of course... Who can start me off with one thousand?

INT. MANOR HOUSE. DINING ROOM. [FLASHBACK]. DAY

Sunlight fires through the window. The first we've seen so far. Alec paces. He speaks to a group--

ALEC
I really don't think it's that much of an issue.

Vinicio sits alongside, HAN [28], and YVES [35]. Both Dutch-born with light blonde hair and strong, sharp jaws.

They're mid-disagreement.

HAN
You should at least start the bidding first.

YVES
No, just get it done first.

HAN
You want them distracted. You don't want to attack when they're watching you.

YVES
They're going to be watching anyway--

HAN
If the guns don't work--

Alec, bored of the bickering, shouts above them--

ALEC
If the guns don't work the timing of the first shot is hardly our biggest concern.

A beat falls. A sober one.

YVES
Well... I still don't know why we're trying to be so elaborate.

ALEC
Yves--
YVES
No, it's overly confusing and difficult to understand. It needs clarity. We're talking about timing and secondary ideas. Without some cohesion--

ALEC
--f'goodness sake, it really isn't that complicated. We have the five bidders come in, they bring the money we told them to provide, we buy their trust by being unarmed, take the money and place it in the cupboard. We then, using the hidden guns under the table--
   (gesturing towards it)
--and Vincenzo's chair, take them out.

YVES
Andrew--

ALEC
(not stopping)
We then create a scene that points the blame to Sebastian for the plot and for Miss Meyer's and the guest's death. Then we're free to take our money, jump on the train and find ourselves in a different country by the next morning--

YVES
Yes, but--

ALEC
We have the poison if the guns don't work and we hide the cases and pretend they're lost if, for some reason, the drink fails us as well. And then, if everything is still going wrong, even after everything we've put in place, we have you two as our plan c.
   (a long beat)
How is that so hard to understand!?

Yves has been put in his place... he stares back, quiet.

ALEC (CONT'D)
These are contingencies. We can't do this without them.
No response. The plan seems as water-tight as possible. Vinicio, however, slowly raises his hand.

ALEC (CONT'D)
Vinicio, you don't need to--
(it's not worth it)
What is it?

VINICIO
If the guns don't work. How do I get to the kitchen?

A weird question. One Alec didn't expect.

ALEC
Well, I think the door would be my first suggestion. (OFF Vinicio's stare)
You just need an excuse.

VINICIO
Ok... but is that not something we'd need to know?

Alec huffs, tries to think on the spot...

ALEC
Well, it's a kitchen--why else would you go to a kitchen--

YVES
Andrew, they're bidding on a near-priceless painting--they're not going to want to stop mid-way to snack.

Alec huffs again, it's a rather good point.

ALEC
Ok... well... if it's not that--

HAN
(a brainwave)
--a nosebleed.

ALEC
... a nosebleed?

HAN
Yeah. He carries a small pot of sauce, dips it in a handkerchief, claims he has a condition.

A pause... Alec tries to find the holes in the plan...
ALEC
But why would you go to the kitchen for a nosebleed?

YVES
The bathroom's upstairs... Where else would you find a sink?

The other three share looks. It's not a terrible idea. Vinicio nods to Alec, confirmation.

ALEC
Ok, fine, you fake a nosebleed and make your way into the kitchen--

--WE END OUR FLASHBACK AND SMASH TO--

INT. MANOR HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT [REAL TIME]

Vinicio exits the DINING ROOM-- a handkerchief held to his nose. Red blotches everywhere. He speaks back to the room.

VINICIO
I'll be absolutely fine. It's--er it's happened before...

As the door shuts he SPRINGS into action and turns to A LARGE CABINET by the wall. He grabs it and shuffles it forward. The crockery inside shakes with each inch he makes. BEHIND IT--

--sits a small, crude, handmade secret door. Vinicio smiles.

INT. KITCHEN. MOMENTS LATER

FIVE SUITCASES sit by the door as Vinicio slides the CUPBOARD back. He then bolts to the far corner. AS HE MOVES, he walks across a LOOSE TILE. It creaks, but... he didn't hear it.

He approaches the CUTLERY DRAWER, whips it open. His face immediately drops, the BASKET is empty. He FORCES the drawer back shut-- SLAMS the worktop in front of him. Furious!

INT. DINING ROOM. LATER

A calmer Vinicio returns. Nose clean. Handkerchief in his pocket. He takes a seat as an argument rages on around him--

GEORGE
I am well within my rights--

Mia, opposite George, gesticulates her heart out.

MIA
--this is not a conversation about rights.
GEORGE
It's quite clearly a conversation about rights.

MIA
Mr Gaines established the customs from the start. He said--

GEORGE
I know what he said--

MIA
--he said he'd be responsible for the increases in value. You can't hike the price by eight thousand yourself!

The argument continues, but Stone doesn't listen. She's too busy eyeing Francesco, trying to get his attention at the end of the table. She's having no luck...

GEORGE (O.C)
He said there would be moments of contention.

MIA (O.C)
This is evidently a moment of contention.

Stone keeps trying as Alec tries to play peacekeeper--

ALEC
Miss Nguyen--

GEORGE
If no one else has the money then that's just the harsh realities of what an auction is.

Stone finally gets Francesco's attention. He quickly turns away, avoiding suspicion. Stone scorns.

MIA (O.C)
The realities of an auction are that the auctioneer sets the increments--

Henri, sitting alongside Mia, finds his voice--

HENRI
She's right. It should be done incrementally.

GEORGE
No, she's not right--
We should at least look to restart.

George HITS the table. Forcefully. A silence descends...

GEORGE
I have made a bid of twenty thousand. It is larger than the previous bid and it's well within the amount I've brought here today. There is no reason Mr Gaines cannot accept it. So please, if you have a higher offer, feel free to make it. If not, I suggest you sit silently and let the proceedings finish.

Said silence falls... It lingers... No bids are coming...

GEORGE (CONT'D)
(turning to Alec)
Mr Gaines--

All eyes turn to Alec--

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I'd argue this is the moment you declare it sold.

George smiles, the other's scorn. Alec, after a beat, nods.

INT. MANOR HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT

A CHAMPAGNE FLUTE is poured to the brim. FOUR, already full ones, wait behind. Alec carries the tray of drinks INTO--

ANOTHER FLASHBACK--

INT. DINING ROOM. [FLASHBACK]. DAY

Alec enters, a tiny bottle in hand instead. Han, Yves and Vinicio watch as he places the BOTTLE atop the TABLE.

HAN
Is... is that it?

ALEC
It's arsenic.

HAN
I know what it is--but it's... it's tiny.

As Han replies, Vinicio looks towards the KITCHEN DOOR. The conversation becomes a blur... we only hear fragments--
HAN (O.C) (CONT'D)
It's got to serve five people's drinks.

ALEC (O.C)
Well, I don't think you quite know just how potent it really is.

Vinicio's focus SWELLS... UNTIL WE-- SMASH TO--

INT. MANOR HOUSE. THE KITCHEN. LATER

Vinicio creeps towards the far side, over to the CUTLERY DRAWER. He reaches into his jacket, places a set of keys in THE BASKET, under a series of knives.

He slowly looks behind him, down the HALLWAY. Alec, Han and Yves sit by the house's main FRONT DOOR. They chat away, unaware of what he's doing.

He closes the drawer, turns to the exit, and leaves. Job done. No one's the wiser...

... WE THEN-- END OUR FLASHBACK.

INT. DINING ROOM. [BACK TO REAL TIME]. NIGHT

Alec, holding the tray of GLASSES walks in. He heads towards the guests. AS HE REACHES George, he waits, patiently. BUT-- Mr Rowland doesn't notice. He just stares at THE MONA LISA.

Alec clears his throat, failing to get George's attention. The OTHER GUESTS loiter as Alec tries once more--

ALEC
Mr Rowland--
    (George finally notices)
May I offer you a celebratory drink?

GEORGE
... A celebratory drink?

ALEC
Yes. It's generally accepted--

Stone, from across the room, interrupts--

STONE
Mr Gaines--

ALEC
(ignoring Stone)
--once the auction has finished--
STONE
Mr Gaines--

Alec turns, frustrated--

ALEC
I'm sorry, Miss Stone--

STONE
--I'd like to use the bathroom.

ALEC
Well... as I said, it's generally accepted that after an auction, those present will congratulate and celebrate the auction and winner... It's customary.

All eyes are on Stone--

STONE
... But needing the bathroom isn't?

Francesco tries to catch her eye, but Stone keeps her focus on Alec... who... eventually... sighs, giving in.

ALEC
... Do you know how to find it?

INT. MANOR HOUSE. FOYER. MOMENTS LATER

Stone rushes out, looks STRAIGHT AT... THE FRONT DOOR.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE. ENTRANCE. NIGHT

Stone opens the door, BUT-- immediately shuts it. The driver hasn't left. He's still outside. In a car that won't start...

INT. THE CAR. MOMENTS LATER

The driver angrily works the key in the ignition. It STUTTERS and STUTTERS but doesn't fire. He SLAPS the WHEEL in anger.

INT. MANOR HOUSE. FOYER. NIGHT

Stone, back to the wall, needs a new plan. She rushes off--

INT. MANOR HOUSE. GROUND FLOOR. OFFICE. NIGHT

Stone opens the door, turns on the light. There's a wide desk, a series of seats and some shabby-looking bookshelves. Stone flies over, starts searching anywhere and everywhere.
INT. MANOR HOUSE. GROUND FLOOR. PANTRY. NIGHT

Stone continues to search. If there's a space, she looks in it... BUT-- she doesn't find what she's looking for.

She turns back around and exits. Stressed. Flustered.

INT. FOYER. NOT LONG LATER

Stone takes a few deep, slow breaths-- then heads back into--

INT. DINING ROOM. CONTINUOUS

Voices are raised, tensions are high. Stone creeps in.

GEORGE
I just spent twenty thousand pounds, Mr Gaines. I'll be having the bottle.

ALEC
Mr Rowland, this is for everyone. I am more than happy--

GEORGE
The five glasses and the bottle. They can be brought individually--

ALEC
Mr Rowland--

GEORGE
--or you could put them into one large pitcher.

ALEC
Mr Rowland--

--he SNAPS!

GEORGE
NO MR GAINES, I AM THE ONE OUT OF POCKET!

(a tense beat)
In what situation, would they or I want to celebrate together? I won this auction. Rarely do those who fail enjoy post-contest drinks with the winner. I deserve that drink and I deserve the rest of that bloody bottle

Stares from around the room. It's awkward...
ALEC  
(clearly uneasy)  
That is perfectly understandable,  
but--maybe we could--  

GEORGE  
--PUT THEM ON THE GODDAMN TABLE AND  
FETCH THE BOTTLE!  

A brutal silence. AFTER a long ANGRY STARE between both men--  
Alec brandishes his best customer service smile.  

ALEC  
Of course... I'll do that now.  

INT. DINING AREA. TIME CUT. NOT LONG LATER  

The FLUTES are empty. The BOTTLE is pressed to George's lips.  
After his last gulp, he loudly SLAMS it down! It brings a  
tense beat with it... one broken, finally, by Mia.  

MIA  
Excuse me...  

(eyes dart to her)  
I don't mean to be boorish, but I  
really can't see the point of me  
being here any longer than  
absolutely necessary. I'd like my  
money and I'd like to leave.  

Alec looks towards Vinicio, Mia gestures to THE CUPBOARD.  

MIA (CONT'D)  
May we--  

Alec moves his gaze to the CUPBOARD, then back to Mia.  

ALEC  
Of course.  

Alec removes keys from his trousers, approaches the CUPBOARD  
and starts to unlock it. Stone, Francesco and Mia watch on.  
Henri, irked, sits as George tipsily smiles at his new prize.  

Alec unlocks the door, opens it up... REVEALING-- AN EMPTY  
SPACE. The money's gone. Faces drop, mouths open, gasps ring  
out. George, noticing, nearly drops the painting in shock.  

GEORGE  
Oh my goodness...  

WITH THAT... WE THEN... SMASH TO BLACK...  

OVER BLACK:
A MELEE of angry voices. All shouting and screaming for supremacy. Mia's objections, A BEAT LATER-- pierce through--

MIA (V.O)
Where is our money, Mr Gaines!?

WE QUICKLY give way and-- FADE BACK IN:

INT. MANOR HOUSE. DINING AREA. NIGHT

George, Henri, Mia and Francesco form a furious semi-circle enclosing both Vinicio and Alec. Stone, however, hangs back.

ALEC
Miss Nguyen, if I knew where the money was I would take you to it.

HENRI
How can you have lost it?

ALEC
I don't believe we have.

George, slurring and struggling to remain still, speaks up--

GEORGE
You don't believe you have?

ALEC
I couldn't tell you what happened and I don't see how this can be seen as my wrongdoing.

A stunned silence... does he actually think that?

ALEC (CONT'D)
I led an auction. You all watched as I locked your suitcases away and took note of bids. How could I have tampered or done anything with your money whilst being fully visible?

A beat. He makes a good point. Henri turns to Vinicio.

HENRI
Alright... but what about you?

VINICIO
...(playing ignorant)
... What about me?

HENRI
During the auction you suddenly find yourself bleeding from the nose. No injury, no wound--
VINICIO
You don't need an injury for--

HENRI
--it gave you a reason. It was convenient. It gave you an exit.

VINICIO
Blood was rushing from my face. I would not describe that as convenient.

HENRI
Mr Pera--

VINICIO
You think I swiped five suitcases of money from a different room in the time it takes to clean up--

HENRI
That's exactly what I think!

ALEC
Mr Moreau--

Mia places her hand across Alec's chest. Stops him replying--

MIA
It's a perfectly fair enquiry.

VINICIO
No--no it's not. It's absurd.

HENRI
You lost our money!

VINICIO
I did no such thing!

As the fight rages on, Stone creeps towards the door. Slowly, silently. She then grabs the DOORKNOB-- opens it, undetected.

HENRI (O.C)
You were in charge of it, now it's gone. How is that not losing it?

INT. FOYER. CONTINUOUS

She's made it out. She wastes no time and heads to the nearest window. Sadly, outside, THE CAR'S still there.

She breathes away her frustration-- BEFORE-- darting to the STAIRCASE. AS SHE DOES-- WE FALL INTO A MONTAGE...
- Stone checks a series of rooms on the FIRST FLOOR.  
  - The first is filled with VICTORIAN decor and RENAISSANCE art. No phone.  
  - She scours through a GUEST BEDROOM. No phone.  
  - She finds a library. Books, books and more books... but... No phone.  
  - She looks through a variety of drawers and cabinets. Still no phone. AS SHE CLOSES A DRAW, ANGRILY--

WE-- END OUR MONTAGE.

INT. FIRST FLOOR. HALLWAY. MOMENTS LATER

Stone exits a room. BUT-- she immediately starts to hear FOOTSTEPS. Panicked, she heads straight back inside.

George, holding his mouth, rushes up from the STAIRCASE and smashes his way into the BATHROOM. A BEAT LATER--

Stone emerges, slowly. The sound of George's gagging and coughing intrigues her. She approaches the BATHROOM. BUT--

--before she opens it, a PHONE RINGS. It comes from a ROOM. One down the hallway... one right at the end...

INT. ALONG THE HALLWAY. MOMENTS LATER

Stone creeps away from the BATHROOM. George's struggling softens with every step. As she reaches the UNKNOWN ROOM-- THE PHONE goes silent. She grabs the handle. It's locked.

BEFORE she can try again-- she hears a loud THUD. BACK in the BATHROOM, just where she came from.

She turns and looks back down the hall. That was loud...

INT. MANOR HOUSE. BATHROOM. MOMENTS LATER

Stone slowly opens the door... it reveals... George. Unconscious, slumped on the floor.

She bends down, immediately checks his neck. No pulse. She turns him onto his BACK, feels his wrists... still nothing.

STONE  
No, no, no, no!

She jumps up-- JUST as Francesco enters the room. Stone halts, looks to George...

STONE (CONT'D)  
No, no--this--this is how I found him.
FRANCESCO
Evelyn--

STONE
He was like this when I arrived!

FRANCESCO
You found him... you found him unconscious on the floor?

STONE
Mr Phillips--

FRANCESCO
--you checked his pulse?
    (OFF her worried look)
Jesus Christ!

STONE
No--no--do not start! This is why I said we needed to leave. I tried to find a solution, I came searching for a phone. I tried to go, but--

FRANCESCO
--you tried to go?

STONE
... Well--

FRANCESCO
You were going to endanger me and everything we're doing here because you didn't like the situation.

STONE
You shouldn't like the situation!

FRANCESCO
I don't like the situation!

STONE
Right--

FRANCESCO
But my solution wasn't to run off and leave someone behind.

STONE
No, your solution was to do nothing and wait for things to deteriorate!

A beat... Francesco's face tightens in anger. HE THEN--
--starts to approach, removing a gun from each pocket.
FRANCESCO
There was never going to be an auction, Evelyn. They told us we couldn't be armed. They said they'd do the same. But no one else thought to check that maybe, just maybe, they'd hide weapons not on their person!... I located them, removed them, threw away anything that could be used as a weapon and I did it all without being caught. You didn't make any bids, tried to leave and GOT MIXED UP WITH A DEAD BODY! Do not talk to me about what I've been doing!

Another silence... a long one... Stone tries to win favour-

STONE
There is a telephone.

FRANCESCO
Evelyn--

STONE
I can get to it!

FRANCESCO
A man is dead!

STONE
A man is dead, but I'm not asking him to find it.

FRANCESCO
You think you--!

Francesco stops himself, takes a fiery beat. He starts to pace. Furiously. Once calmed-- he starts a response--

FRANCESCO (CONT'D)
I argued for you, were you aware of that? I argued for you multiple times. 'Listen, Sebastian' they said, 'you will need to be on guard. She will get worried, she will want to quit'. But I said no. I said that they should trust you--

STONE
Mr Phillips--

FRANCESCO
They're not going to be generous about making that fact clear.
STONE
Look--

FRANCESCO
You cannot imagine the situation we're now in.

STONE
How could I injure, let alone kill a man who is, quite frankly, twice my size?

FRANCESCO
I don't know, but I could imagine why you might endeavour to.

Stone takes a beat. Unsure exactly what he means.

STONE
You could imagine why I might endeavour to?

FRANCESCO
Well, you find yourself here, generate some noise, take a few people out with you. You all of a sudden look rather impressive--

STONE
I didn't choose this--

FRANCESCO
Constable Evelyn Meyer.

STONE
That is not what I'm doing.

FRANCESCO
You'll get a new uniform and all.

STONE
I'm not physically capable!

FRANCESCO
I don't care!

STONE
You should care.

FRANCESCO
(louder)
I care how it looks, Evelyn! I care that you both left the room yet he's not coming back. That's what I care about!

(MORE)
FRANCESCO (CONT'D)
And it's exactly what you should care about too!

A new long pause. Francesco's pacing slows. He needs a plan.

FRANCESCO (CONT'D)
I'm going to blame you...

STONE
... I'm sorry?

FRANCESCO
Blame. I'm going to blame you.

STONE
Sebastian--

FRANCESCO
I'm going to say I found you here and that we shouldn't trust you.
(Off Stone, concerned)
One of us needs to gain trust here until we can get word of where we are.

STONE
You have no idea what they will do with me!

FRANCESCO
Of course I don't, but we will use it to buy some space. It will occupy and distract. The more attention on you the more opportunity I have to act.

Stone's face fills with terror. Francesco approaches. Gently.

FRANCESCO (CONT'D)
You have to trust me on this.

STONE
... You need me to trust you?
(he nods)
Do you trust me?

He passes one of the firearms to her, places it in her hand.

FRANCESCO
Keep this under your dress... use it if you get desperate.

She nods, hiding her fear. Francesco starts to exit.
STONE
You didn't... you didn't answer my question!

Francesco turns and looks at her. A mix of guilt and sadness.

FRANCESCO
Well... I know you wouldn't like the answer.

(he opens the door, shouts below)
MR GAINS. WE'RE GOING TO NEED YOU HERE!

Stone closes her eyes, takes a deep, worried breath...

STONE (PRE-LAP)
As I said--I heard him walk to the bathroom.

INT. MANOR HOUSE. DINING ROOM. NIGHT

ROPE ties Stone's hands to a chair, her FEET to each other. THE GROUP (the bidders, Vinicio and Alec) line up in front.

STONE
He fell and made a loud clang--I, therefore, went in to verify he was alright. But--by the time I got there, he was already gone.

There's a beat. The GROUP look to each other. Not convinced. Mia moves out from the line, takes charge--

MIA
Why did you leave?

STONE
I... I was looking for the bathroom.

FRANCESCO
You were looking for a bathroom? You'd already been once. Why would you need to search again?


STONE
I became overwhelmed--

HENRI
--so you didn't need the bathroom?
STONE
I became overwhelmed and I just wanted--

MIA
--to take our money?

STONE
No, of course not!

Henri’s voice raises, he approaches her, slowly.

HENRI
You saw that Mr Rowland drank too much, you knew he’d need to excuse himself, and you waited for your opportunity.

STONE
No, absolutely not--

MIA
Were you going to go through each of us individually until it was just you left?

STONE
No!

MIA
Then why did you leave?!

Stone takes a breather, gathers composure...

STONE
I sat in this room, like the rest of you, during the auction. How could I possibly--
(tries to calm)
I could barely push the man over let alone physically kill him. He drank too much with a body that’s hardly running at full speed. None of us are cardiologists here, but, money on the line, who really put him on that floor? Me or his heart.

Looks are shared. Sighs are taken. These aren’t bad points.

Alec, ruining the silence, speaks quietly across the line.

ALEC
Do we need to discuss the possibility of removing, Miss Stone--
MR GAINES--

FRANCESCO
No, no, no!

FRANCESCO
I am happy to go on record as a
criminal tonight, Mr Gaines. But I
draw the line at murder.

Silence. What do they do now? No one really knows... THEN--

--the group disperse and languidly fills the room. Mia,
catching sight of MONA, has a sudden thought...

MIA
... The painting should be mine.

Eyes turn to Mia. Alec, close to the painting, picks it up.

MIA (CONT'D)
Mr Rowland obviously won't be
leaving here with it tonight.
  (she approaches Alec)
I made the second-highest bid.
Basic sanity would say I'm the new
rightful owner.

She reaches Alec, puts out her hand, wants it handed over...

ALEC
Miss Nguyen--we can't--

MIA
Mr Gaines, with all due respect,
the Mona Lisa was commissioned by
my family. The fact I even have to
spend a penny on it is offensive in
itself.

Henri approaches Mia-- gets between her and the PAINTING.

HENRI
You made a bid of twelve thousand.
Mr Rowland's winning bid was
practically double that. To assume
that none of us could've made a bid
between those is naive.

MIA
You didn't make those bids.

FRANCESCO
We weren't given a chance.

MIA
That's not my fault.
FRANCESCO
I didn't say it was.

MIA
But I made the second-highest bid!

HENRI
That doesn't matter!

MIA
OF COURSE IT DOES!!

A new beat. It's long, it's awkward. Henri paces around--catches Vinicio's eye--holds it as an idea SWELLS--

HENRI
You should show us the house.

He has the whole room's attention now...

ALEC
... I'm sorry?

HENRI
You and Mr Pera should show us the house.
   (everyone looks confused)
The house. Take us around. You know it, we don't. If you had nothing to do with our money disappearing... show us. Show us every nook and every cranny there is. If we don't find it, well... it's going to be hard not to accept your innocence. But... hide anything... our outlook will not be so understanding.

Vinicio and Alec look to each other. As they contemplate... Mia chuckles, gestures towards both men...

MIA
Mr Moreau--I can't, with any conscience, trust either of these men.

HENRI
I agree, neither do I--that's why I would argue it's probably best not to leave them alone.

Mia can't fight the logic. Francesco then looks to Stone.

FRANCESCO
But what about her? We just leave her here?
HENRI
Well... it's a nice room, Mr Romero. She has a chair, a fire and the place to herself. I'm sure she'll be fine.

Stone glares back. Furious. The others nod, a plan decided.

INT. MANOR HOUSE. DINING AREA. MOMENTS LATER

The DOOR closes. Stone is now all alone. She urgently starts to wriggle... the bounds are hard to break...

She moves her hands across to the leg of the chair, rubs the rope along them. Again and again... After a few vigorous beats-- she feels the rope with her fingers. No dent at all.

She then scans the room... spots something promising.

TIME CUT. OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM. A MINUTE OR SO LATER

A SMALL GLASS STATUE sits atop the FIREPLACE. It rocks from side to side. Stone bashes her weight into the wall below. Repeatably. Her chair a makeshift battering ram. THE STATUE--

--THEN collapses OFF the ledge and SMASHES on the floor!

TIME CUT. MOMENTS LATER

Stone's CHAIR swings once, twice, THEN-- falls to the ground!

She shimmies close to a LARGE piece of glass and ROTATES around until her back faces it. She slides the glass into her hands, STARTS TO RUB, with pace.

INT. DINING ROOM. TIME CUT. LATER

Stone continues to SLASH away at the rope. She's made little progress. She needs a breather. She needs a new plan.

She starts to gaze around. First to the DOOR, then to the WINDOW, then to the-- NO... she turns back. The DOOR...

TIME CUT. BY THE DOOR. MOMENTS LATER

Stone lies below, back on the floor, legs in the air. She swings and latches her feet over the doorknob, PULLS her legs side to side, loosening the KNOT. UNTIL--

THE KNOT opens. Her legs are free. She jumps up!

TIME CUT. DINING ROOM. NOT LONG LATER

Stone furiously uses the edge of the LARGE CUPBOARD to tear the rope behind her. JUST AS SHE FINDS MOMENTUM--
--she hears voices through the walls...

INT. MANOR HOUSE. FOYER. MOMENTS LATER

The group walk up the staircase. Mid-conversation. Vinicio meanwhile, hangs back. Not involved in the discussion...

HENRI
Am I taking a left or a right at
the top of the stairs?

MIA
We'll take each side individually--

HENRI
Miss Nguyen--

MIA
There's no reason we all need to
convene in the same place!

HENRI
That's not how we're doing this!

MIA
Mr Moreau, we do not have the time
to be checking everywhere as one
whole group!

Vinicio pauses as said group enters the FIRST FLOOR. As their voices fade, he does a 180, looks to the DINING ROOM below...

INT. DINING ROOM. CONTINUOUS

Vinicio enters, finds Stone sitting in the heart of the room. Almost exactly where they left her. Unsecure rope barely around her feet.

Her hands are untied behind her. She holds them together. Faking it. ACROSS THE ROOM--

THE ROPE she's removed rests under the CUPBOARD. One look and the facade is over. Fortunately, Vinicio turns, exits fast.

The door shuts... Stone breathes a massive sigh of relief...

INT. MANOR HOUSE. FOYER. NOT LONG LATER

Vinicio takes the final steps onto the FIRST FLOOR. BELOW--

Stone exits THE DINING ROOM, strides to the nearest window.

OUTSIDE, the driver continues to work on the car. She reaches into her dress, removes the GUN. She looks to the door, then to the stairs, then back outside... unsure what to do.
INT. MANOR HOUSE. FIRST FLOOR. STAIRWELL. MOMENTS LATER

Stone quietly climbs the stairs. AS SHE DOES-- SHE PASSES-- --a small desk. An EGYPTIAN VASE sits on it. It's expensive. It's delicate.

INT. FIRST FLOOR LANDING. MOMENTS LATER

Stone pops up, gun ready. She stares down the hallway.

INT. MANOR HOUSE. FIRST FLOOR. HALLWAY

Stone walks along... BUT-- doesn't get far, VOICES boom from her right side. She panics, charges to the room on her LEFT.


MIA
Mr Moreau--I really don't have the appetite to be here in the morning.

HENRI
We won't be here all night.

MIA
We will be here all night.

FRANCESCO
(butting in)
Miss Nguyen--

MIA
(to Henri)
Let's split into two groups. I will go with Mr Pera and Mr Romero, you can go with Mr Gaines.

HENRI
Absolutely not!

MIA
Henri--

HENRI
If we don't know what others are doing we have no control over anything. How would we choose who has the painting? How could we keep accountability? How could--
MIA
--we can stay nearby. Each group can work in the adjacent room. There's no need to work on different floors, we can still collaborate.

HENRI
Ah, parfait, what a lovely idea. I'll go next door and we can pass each other information through the thick walls. You're right. That's genius.

Henri, sick of this, walks away. Francesco, Vinicio and Alec follow. Mia, however, stays put... a brain wave strikes her.

MIA
Did we check the kitchen?

The four men stop, rotate and stare.

ALEC
Yes, it was the first place we--

MIA
--directly adjacent to the dining room... Did we check behind the cupboard?

Vinicio chuckles through the wave of panic--

VINICIO
Yes, we looked through it thoroughly. The cases weren't there. Just plates and pans.

A beat...

MIA
I didn't say through. I said 'behind'.

Henri looks to Francesco, how did they miss that? THEY THEN--march towards the STAIRCASE, passing Mia along the way.

ALEC
What--what--where are you going?

INT. ADJACENT ROOM. SAME TIME

Stone, ear to the door, listens on. The voices start to move.
FRANCESCO (O.S)
You know exactly where we're going!

VINICIO (O.S)
We've already checked it!

FRANCESCO (O.S)
We clearly haven't!

The dialogue starts to fade in volume. They're getting further away. WHEN it fully subsides... Stone grabs the DOOR.

INT. FIRST FLOOR. HALLWAY. CONTINUOUS

Stone, gun drawn, exits. The hall is empty, she's safe. She approaches the FAR room. The one WITH THE PHONE.

INT. FIRST FLOOR. THE FAR ROOM. MOMENTS LATER

The door's still locked. Stone reaches into her hair, removes a PIN. She starts to pick at the lock. Over and over.

BUT-- she fails, dropping the pin in the process. She sighs in frustration, picks it up and places it back in her dress.

She stands, looks around... then catches sight of something--

OVER BLACK:

WE HEAR a squeak, METAL stretched to breaking point. Stone grunts, uses all her might to OPEN THE DOOR.

AS IT ROCKS OPEN-- It reveals--

Her silhouette. She holds a DOOR STOP. A BRASS ONE. WE'RE IN:

INT. FIRST FLOOR OFFICE. CONTINUOUS

Stone closes the door and immediately switches the lights on. A grand room greets her. BY THE FAR WINDOW, a DESK sits facing her. A PHONE on top.

STONE (V.O)
Hello--hello, yes! Can you hear me?

INT. MANOR HOUSE. DINING ROOM. NIGHT

Henri springs the door open, immediately halts in shock. As the others arrive-- we find out why...

STONE (V.O)
I er--I need to be put through to--
Stone is gone. The rope and chair lie on the floor. Alec and Vinicio, looking over Henri's shoulder, bow their heads to the floor. This wasn't the plan...

STONE (V.O) (CONT'D)
(trying to remember...)
--the... the Luton police station, I believe?

INT. OFFICE. NIGHT

Stone sits by the desk, phone to her ear. A CHAIR now sits under the DOOR HANDLE. She's locked herself in.

The **FEMALE OPERATOR** on the other line responds, calmly--

OPERATOR
Luton police station?

STONE
Yes, my name is Evelyn Mayer. The officer on duty will know who I am.

OPERATOR
Ok, does that--

STONE
I'll need to be put through to Detective Lieutenant Levitt.

OPERATOR
And he'll also be aware of--

STONE
Yes, he'll know why I'm calling.

OPERATOR
Ok, one moment, hold the line, please.

Silence from the other end. Stone takes a breath-- BEFORE--
--making the short trip, phone still on her ear, to the WINDOW. She looks out at the entrance of the HOUSE. The car and the driver are gone. As SHE STARES-- WE HEAR-

VOICE
(through the phone)
Evelyn?

Stone makes her way back to the DESK. A VOICE responds--

STONE
DI Levitt--?
VOICE
Evelyn, yes, it's me. Is everything ok? What's--what's happened?

BEFORE SHE ANSWERS-- THE SOUND OF GRAVEL, ridden over, fills the air... IT TAKES US TO-- A NEW FLASHBACK--

EXT. MANOR HOUSE. [FLASHBACK]. DAY

But this isn't the ABODE we're accustomed to. It's smaller in stature but no less impressive. A CAR approaches, parks up.

INT. THE CAR. DAY

Stone, in the passenger seat, sits next to DETECTIVE LIEUTENANT LEVITT [45] (The VOICE). An imposing yet handsome figure. He removes his driving gloves, gestures outside--

LEVITT
It has eight bedrooms. Four bathrooms. Two living rooms and a fencing hall... Why you need an entire hall for fencing I don't know.

Stone chuckles, clearly edgy. He smiles, disarmingly.

LEVITT (CONT'D)
There's a small police station, fifteen minutes from here. In a town called Luton.
(Stone nods, understood)
There will be twelve officers. Only myself and Superintendent Hall will know the true meaning of why they're there.

STONE
... What do the others think they're there for?

LEVITT
A training exercise.

Stone takes a beat, then looks THE MANOR HOUSE up and down.

STONE
... And Mr Phillips will be with me?
(Levitt nods)
Does he believe it's a training exercise?
LEVITT
No. He's fully aware of what's happening.

STONE
And he's--he's ok with it all?

LEVITT
Well... this is what he does. He's an unmarried man with no children in his late twenties. He's the most trained, the least recognisable and unfortunately, the man with the least to lose. So, yes, he's ok with it.

(Stone isn't convinced)
This isn't his first time, Evelyn. He knows how to keep people safe... There's a lot of very knowledgeable, very capable officers waiting just outside the property. We know who will be there, we know where to be watching and we know what to look out for. It's as close to a flawless plan as we can get.

STONE
... I'm a secretary.

LEVITT
As I said, it's as 'close'--

STONE
Sir--

LEVITT
They don't know who you are.

STONE
There is no genuine way this ends successfully.

LEVITT
Evelyn--

STONE
Can you not prevent this from the source--

LEVITT
Look--
STONE
--stop it before the auction itself.

LEVITT
This is the plan, Evelyn. There is no B. This is A and A is all we have... We send a regular officer in there and we have a strong belief they will be recognised... But, because you're--

STONE
A secretary.

LEVITT
Yes, because you're a secretary--

STONE
And because--

LEVITT
And because you found the tip you had to be the one in there. Obviously, we'd rather you weren't the one stuck in the mess. But that's out of our hands now.

A long beat... a tense silence...

STONE
So if Alice, Tina or Grace found it--

LEVITT
Then they'd be the ones in this car....
  (OFF Stone's despair)
But this was my call. I'm not going to let it end badly.

Stone takes it all in... chuckles slightly...

STONE
Well... you're sending an underqualified, under-trained woman who's only worked in an office into a live operation based simply on the fact that she found an anonymous tip about an undercover agent. With all due respect, sir, I don't think even you can stop this ending badly.
Levitt takes his own beat, tilts his head. Point well made. A MOMENT LATER-- he reaches to the back seat, grabs a FOLDER.

LEVITT
(opening, reading aloud)
Miss Evelyn Mayer. Twenty-six. A graduate of the London School of Medicine for Women, before graduating with a second degree from the University of Oxford and a three-time officer training award recipient at Castle Combe.

Stone looks down, rather embarrassed by that...

LEVITT (CONT'D)
Except, I'm wrong with that, aren't I? You left your medical degree in the final year, you never made it to Christmas at Oxford and you didn't complete the training despite starting it multiple times.
(beat)
You're not underqualified Evelyn, you're just terrified to fail.

Stone turns and faces Levitt--

LEVITT (CONT'D)
We know this--or some version of it--is clearly something you want.
(beat)
There's no reason this couldn't be that opportunity.

A beat...

STONE
... It's in Adlington.

LEVITT
I'm sorry?

STONE
Basic Training is in Adlington. Not Castle Combe.

Levitt chuckles slightly, he didn't know that.

LEVITT
Adlington?... As in, in Lancashire?
(Stone nods)
Do you have a car?
(MORE)
LEVITT (CONT'D)
(she shakes her head)
Ok, I grant you that. Adlington is in the middle of nowhere. I'd not want to trek all the way there.
(beat)
Why they couldn't train recruits in a town or city within normal reach baffles me...
(OFF Stone's look)
... but the rest of my points stand.

--this time, he starts the CAR. Stone stares forward, no less terrified. As the car starts to drive AWAY-- WE HEAR--

LEVITT (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)
Where are you? Do you have a location?

END FLASHBACK--

INT. MANOR HOUSE. OFFICE. NIGHT [REAL TIME]

BACK IN THE OFFICE. Stone and Levitt's phone call continues--

STONE
No--we could, we could be anywhere.
They--
(it hits her)
--none of this is... we have no idea who we're looking for, the money is gone and one of the... one of the bidders was killed...

LEVITT
... someone was killed?

Stone takes a beat, composing herself slightly.

STONE
Yes. Someone was killed and... and they think it's me.

LEVITT
They think you tried to kill the guest?

STONE
Yes! But--I... I tried to help him.
I did everything I--

Stone looks down, emotions consuming her. A moment later--
STONE (CONT'D)
I really need a way out, sir--

LEVITT
Evelyn--what is Sebastian doing?

STONE
I can't stay much longer.

LEVITT
Evelyn--where is Sebastian?

Stone takes a moment, gathers the strength to explain...

STONE
He's separated and distanced himself from me. He couldn't show any allegiance. It would've been too suspicious. They tied me up and they left me in a room. I was able to get out but--but I can't stay here any longer. It's--it's too out of control, sir. I'm leaving now.

Levitt doesn't reply instantly. He takes his time...

LEVITT
Talk to me about Sebastian. His behaviour. Has it been... unusual? Does he seem relaxed? Flustered? Overly anxious?

STONE
Sir--I really can't--

LEVITT
--was he the one who instigated getting you tied up?

Stone's expression shifts, dramatically.

STONE
... How would... has he spoken to you?

A long beat. It's tense. Levitt takes an audible breath--

LEVITT
We couldn't let you know the suspicion we had of him. The evidence wasn't concrete, but we were sure the tip off was about him... We need him there when we arrive. Putting him in play makes us look ignorant.

(MORE)
LEVITT (CONT'D)
We need him at ease, to think we're
out of touch.

STONE
He... he was my protection, sir.

LEVITT
... I know, but... it was a risk we
were willing to take.

STONE
A risk you were willing to take?

LEVITT
Evelyn--

STONE
You told me this was my
opportunity--

LEVITT
Where have you been taken?

STONE
But you've put me in a situation
where I am even more vulnerable
than I was to begin with--

LEVITT
Where have you been taken, Evelyn?

STONE
You set me up to fail!

LEVITT
Evelyn, please--where have--

STONE
I don't know where we are! We were
driven. It can't have been longer
than fifteen, twenty minutes. It's
a large manor house. It's got
twenty-seven bedrooms, nine living
rooms and a fencing paddock!

Stone's tone was harsh and loud. Levitt takes a loud sigh.

LEVITT
There are people searching, Evelyn.
There's hardly a fleet of manor
houses within the area so we should
be with you in no time.

Stone's too angry to reply. Levitt fills the silence.
LEVITT (CONT'D)
Where are you in the house? Are you safe?

STONE
... I'm in an upstairs office.

LEVITT
Right, fine. Now, don't stay in one place. That won't help you. Put the telephone down, find somewhere new. Switch as often as you can.

STONE
Right, great, I'm sure one of the eight living rooms will be free.

LEVITT
Evelyn--

STONE
Either that or I'll try each of the four bathrooms.

LEVITT
EVELYN!
(a tense beat)
You're in a very complicated situation, but there are still right and wrong ways to talk to superiors... We are trying to find you. Getting frustrated won't--

--THUD! A strong sound grabs Stone's attention. It comes from outside. She gasps, loudly. Levitt notices...

LEVITT (CONT'D)
... Evelyn--?

STONE
I have to go.

LEVITT
What--Evelyn... what's--

--Stone hangs up and slowly moves to her feet. She approaches the door, places her ear to it... opens it partially.

INT. MANOR HOUSE. FIRST FLOOR. HALLWAY. CONTINUOUS

A STRUGGLE is in full force. Vinicio tries to walk forward, THE MONA LISA in his arm-- Mia holds onto his other bicep, slowing him. His face is bruised. His SUIT ripped.
He knocks her to the floor. She, in turn—yanks his leg—bringing him down alongside her...

MIA
Vinicio! Stop!

BEHIND THEM--

INT. STAIRCASE. CONTINUOUS

--Alec races up the stairs. Henri and Francesco chase on.

INT. FIRST FLOOR. HALLWAY. CONTINUOUS

Alec, at full pelt, jumps past Mia. He tries to do the same to Vinicio—BUT—Mia grabs his leg. He falls to the floor.

Francesco bounds over, knees Alec down. Vinicio meanwhile, knocks Mia's hand from his leg. He just about gets back to his feet WHEN--Henri tackles him and MONA to the floor.

HENRI
Drop it!

Vinicio holds on—BUT...Mia jumps up, approaches and rips the painting away. Both hosts are stuck. Movement is a no-go.

ALEC
--this was not a setup!

MIA
Oh please, Mr Gaines. There's a hand-cut door in your wall into a cupboard. Do you really think--

ALEC
It was not a door--

Henri, with his hand on Vinicio's neck, turns, viciously!

HENRI
--what did you put in Mr Rowland's drink?

ALEC
Mr Moreau--

HENRI
You wanted us all to drink it. You wanted us all out of the picture. This was all a front. Do not try to deceive us!

Alec doesn't respond. A brief moment of calm falls. The TWO hosts incarcerated. Francesco, after a beat, takes control.
FRANCESCO
We can't keep them here.

INT. OFFICE. ACROSS THE HALL. SAME TIME
Stone watches on. Careful not to open the door too far...

FRANCESCO (O.S)
We need to move them!

INT. FIRST FLOOR. HALLWAY. CONTINUOUS
Alec tries to squirm his way free... he fails--

ALEC
No, please, continue to talk to us as if we're not present.

FRANCESCO
Mr Gaines--

Vinicio, from below Henri, joins in--

VINICIO
(re: the painting)
None of you have any right to this!

MIA
YOU STOLE IT!

VINICIO
I SAVED IT!

Henri pushes Vinicio down, stops him responding.

HENRI
Are you working with Miss Stone?

VINICIO
Of course not!

HENRI
Then where is she?

ALEC
We don't know--

HENRI
--is she with our money right now?

FRANCESCO
Henri, we need to secure them!

Alec, still held, suddenly looks behind him. He and Francesco are only yards from the staircase. Dangerously close.
FRANCESCO (CONT'D)
We can't continue with them like this. We need to--

--BANG! He smashes his leg into Francesco's knee. It buckles, forces Francesco to fall. He grabs hold of Alec AS THEY--

--tumble down the stairs.

THE OFFICE ACROSS THE HALL. SAME TIME

Stone gasps, immediately close the door. Pure shock.

INT. MANOR HOUSE. FOYER. MOMENTS LATER

The two men SLAM to the floor. The 'ITALIAN'S' head bounces off the floor. Alec lands atop him, cushioning his fall.

Blood begins to pool below Francesco. He blinks twice before his eyes become heavy. They roll back. White, lifeless spheres. He's gone.

INT. FIRST FLOOR. HALLWAY. SAME TIME

As Henri looks behind, concerned at what happened, Vinicio takes his chance. He lifts his head and collides it with Henri's. The FRENCHMAN recoils, clutching his nose.

HENRI
Agghh!

Vinicio tries to escape, but Henri grabs and stops him. They start to brawl. A real wrestle. Vinicio shoves Henri towards the stairs. The Frenchman pushes in return. HE THEN--

--totally stops, upright. Mia is gone... with the painting.

INT. FIRST FLOOR. GUEST BEDROOM. NIGHT

As the door opens, the dark, bare space is pierced by the hallway's glow. Mia hastily enters, painting under her arm.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE. MOMENTS LATER

Mia, through the window, drops her legs out, dangles them over the edge. She then leans back in, grabs the painting, hauls it outside. She looks up and down, gauging the height.

She can't do this with the ARTWORK. So, after a deep breath... she DROPS THE MONA LISA to the floor.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE. ENTRANCE. DRIVEWAY. CONTINUOUS

THE PAINTING SLAMS to the ground. A VISIBLE DENT consumes the bottom of the FRAME.
OUTSIDE THE FIRST-FLOOR WINDOW

Mia looks to the ground, starts to shuffle lower.

She holds on with one hand, spins and turns to the wall. She lowers herself as much as she can... BEFORE-- letting go!

EXT. MANOR HOUSE. ENTRANCE. DRIVEWAY. CONTINUOUS

BAM! Mia's feet touch down. She squats low, taking the force of the fall. A perfect landing. She moves fast, grabs MONA.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE. CONTINUOUS

Mia runs into the DARKNESS. She sprints with all she has. BUT... she DOESN'T GET FAR! A VOICE behind her shouts--

VOICE (O.S)
Miss Nguyen...


ALEC
I'm going to need you to return inside.

She looks at the gun and sighs in defeat... UNTIL-- Lights begin to shine behind her. She turns, covers her eyes.

MIA
Oh god...

Cars have arrived. They approach. She looks to Alec--

ALEC
Drop the painting, Mia! Drop it!

She hesitates, he doesn't! BANG-- a bullet pierces her shoulder. She drops the painting, screams in agony.

INT. MANOR HOUSE. OFFICE. SAME TIME

Stone watches from the window. She recoils-- stunned!

EXT. MANOR HOUSE. CONTINUOUS

Alec shoots again. This time, he misses. Mia rushes to the side, into the foliage nearby. Alec's sight is poor. He can't see her. He continues to aim as Mia runs into the night.

As she gets further and further away... he lowers his gun.
INT. MANOR HOUSE. FIRST FLOOR. HALLWAY. NOT LONG LATER
Stone creeps along. The FOYER below is silent, UNTIL--

INT. FOYER. NIGHT
THE DOORS fling open. TWO 'POLICE OFFICERS' push Alec and THE PAINTING inside. Their voices are loud. They walk in hard!

BUT, WE KNOW THEM. It's Han and Yves. The former holds a gun, Yves wields a BATON. Their FAKE ENGLISH accents ring out.

HAN
Stay on the floor!

Yves lays his weight on top of Alec. Keeps him contained.

HAN (CONT'D)
Is there anyone else here?

Han charges towards Francesco, still on the floor. He bends down, checks his pulse. Nothing.

HAN (CONT'D)
(louder)
Is there anyone else here!?

INT. FIRST FLOOR. HALLWAY. SAME TIME
Stone looks around the corner and smiles. Help has finally arrived. AS SHE STARTS to move--

INT. FOYER. SAME TIME
--A FIGURE staggers from the LIVING ROOM. Bloodied nose. Hand on his head. It's Vinicio--

VINICIO
The girl is gone.

Han lowers his gun-- Yves lowers his BATON--

YVES
You lost the girl!?

INT. FIRST FLOOR STAIRWELL. SAME TIME
Stone, meters from being visible, quickly jumps back. Shit! She hides behind the SMALL DESK. Uses it as cover.

INT. THE FOYER. CONTINUOUS
Alec knocks Yves away, leaps to his feet.
YVES
How did you lose her?...

Vinicio grabs the PAINTING off the floor. Frowns at the dent.

ALEC (O.C)
We didn't lose her. The guns vanished and the champagne failed. All we could do was keep her contained.

Han chuckles, mockingly... You clearly succeeded there... Alec turns and stares. Furiously.

ALEC (CONT'D)
We had a group of five people to focus on. Including two officers. One of which was armed!

YVES
... You armed them?

ALEC
The gun I had--

--where is the gun he had...? He gestures toward Yves. He removes said gun from his pocket, hands it over to Alec.

ALEC (CONT'D)
--the gun I had was from Sebastian's pocket. He must've taken them... he might have given Evelyn the other.

INT. FIRST FLOOR STAIRWELL. SAME TIME

Stone removes the gun from her dress... stares it down...

YVES (O.S)
Ok, fantastic, so she's both missing and armed!

INT. FOYER. CONTINUOUS

Alec stares daggers towards Yves. His patience is slim now.

ALEC
She's a secretary. I really wouldn't concern yourself.

HAN
Andrew--
ALEC
--do not use my real name. We're not done here.

They share a tense stare... UNTIL-- Alec turns to Yves--

ALEC (CONT'D)
The documents. Where are they?

Yves reaches into his pocket, removes a set of papers, passes them over to Alec. He, in turn, places them in his jacket.

Vinicio, a moment later, breaks the current silence--

VINICIO
What about Henri?
(OFF Alec's stare)
I hit him... but it was the last I saw of him.

ALEC
That's... that's the last you saw of him? You didn't try to ascertain if he'd actually left the building?

VINICIO
He ran. I tried to follow, but he was gone before I could catch up.

ALEC
Oh gosh--of course--I forgot. Alongside being a seasoned criminal and fake art gallery owner, he's also a world-class runner!

VINICIO
Andrew--

ALEC
So--we have no idea if he's in here?

Vinicio nods, warily. Alec returns a chuckle. Great news!

ALEC (CONT'D)
Well, I suggest you go and look for him them...

VINICIO
... well... I don't have a weapon.

Alec clicks his finger, straight to Yves. He begrudgingly hands over his pistol. Vinicio opens the gun, it's loaded.
VINICIO (CONT'D)
And what about the woman?

ALEC
Which woman, Vincenzo?

VINICIO
... You said no real names.

Alec snickers before approaching Francesco--

He takes the papers out and plants them all over the undercover officer, using any pocket available. He then responds, not paying full attention to what he's doing.

ALEC
Miss Stone is not here and Miss Nguyen bolted as soon as Han and Yves appeared.

INT. FIRST FLOOR STAIRWELL. SAME TIME

Stone takes a deep breath, looks and raises her gun--

HAN (O.S)
(from below)
Do we know if she's still here?

ALEC (O.S)
Yes, she'll still be here--

--But Stone lowers the gun... the risk is too high.

ALEC (CONT'D)
We'll finish here and look for her.

However-- as Stone turns to leave-- she bumps into THE DESK, knocking THE EGYPTIAN VASE to the floor. It smashes. Loudly.

INT. THE FOYER. CONTINUOUS

The conversation stops. The men turn to each other. Alec shifts away from Francesco, speaks confidently up the stairs.

ALEC
Miss Stone?

ON THE STAIRWELL. SAME TIME

Stone looks to the ground. Shit! With no turning back, she takes a deep breath, aims her gun and jumps out!

STONE
STOP!
She emerges on the LANDING. Gun aimed. It shakes in fear. From below, eyes dart to her. They smile, they're confident.

STONE (CONT'D)
Drop--drop your weapons. Put them on the floor.
(they stare, disobeying)
I said the floor. Get on the floor.

Han, Yves, Vinicio and Alec look to each other. Confused.

ALEC
Would you like us on the floor? Or did you want the guns on the floor?

STONE
Your weapons... and you--you get both on the floor!
(they do nothing)
Put it on the floor. That is a direct order!

ALEC
A direct order? From a secretary?

Her expression turns... how does he know that?

STONE
Mr Gaines--

ALEC
Miss Meyer, we have three guns and four men against you. I'm unaware of your arms training but I doubt it went this far.

Stone's expression shifts... even more concerned now...

STONE
How do you--

ALEC
Put the gun down, Miss Meyer, we can discuss this like adults.

STONE
You shouldn't know that!

ALEC
Well, I can attempt to forget it if you'd like--

STONE
GET ON THE FLOOR! PUT THE GUNS DOWN!
Vinicio, meanwhile, lets a small, hidden smile slip. An idea.

ALEC
Where do you think you've gathered this authority from?

STONE
(taking one step down)
I'm an officer of the law--

ALEC
You're a secretary.

STONE
For the police service of the United Kingdom.

ALEC
Evelyn, I would have full faith in a lawyer, but I'd hardly put my freedom on the line to his typist.

STONE
Mr Gaines--

Alec snaps--

ALEC
YOU HAVE NOTHING HERE!
(OFF Stone's shock)
You have a gun, yet you have no intention of using it. We can continue this charade or--

STONE
You don't know that.

ALEC
Ok... fine, please, take the shot.

STONE
I cannot shoot if there isn't legitimate danger.

BANG! Alec shoots adjacent to her-- she jumps in fear!

ALEC
There you go. I shot at you. Now you can. No issue.

Stone stares back, she just can't do it. Vinicio puts the painting down, starts to climb the stairs. Menacingly.

VINICIO
Put the gun on the floor, Evelyn.
Stone turns the gun to him. Han raises his to her. Vinicio, keeping stride, gestures towards him. Don't shoot.

STONE
Go back down, Mr Pera--

VINICIO
(not stopping, to Stone)
Let's not do this.

STONE
GET BACK!

He gets ever closer. Stone retreats back to the LANDING.

VINICIO
We really don't want any more shouting now, Miss Meyer.

STONE
I WILL SHOOT YOU!

VINICIO
I'm sure you will...

STONE
THIS IS YOUR LAST--!

Vinicio pounces! He jumps and knocks Stone back to the floor. He grabs her neck. Tight. She claws back, gags for air.

Alec, from below, shouts up to him--

ALEC
Vinicio--don't make her suffer.
(he keeps going)
Vinicio!

Vinicio doesn't slow up. Alec shouts again.

ALEC (CONT'D)
Vincenzo, stop, just use the gun--

VINICIO
No! I'm fine!

As Alec shrugs to the others, Vinicio moves closer to Stone. He talks to her. Almost silently.

VINICIO (CONT'D)
I'm going to let go. Don't inhale.

Stone looks on, in pain, in bewilderment.
VINICIO (CONT’D)
Close your eyes. You need to fake it... trust me.

Stone slowly does so. As her eyes close, WE-- FADE TO BLACK.

OVER DARKNESS:

We hear shuffling and muted conversation, THEN-- a closing door. A BEAT OF SILENCE descends... UNTIL--

VINICIO (V.O) (CONT’D)
Evelyn--you can open your eyes now.

AS HER EYES OPEN-- WE-- FADE BACK IN:

INT. MANOR HOUSE. SECOND FLOOR. GUEST BEDROOM. NIGHT

Yet another huge, immense space. Stone awakens, back on the floor. She sits upright as Vinicio scrambles around the room.

VINICIO
I apologise. I realise that was a lot. I needed to improvise.

He starts to close the curtains. Stone feels her neck--

VINICIO (CONT’D)
Plan one was completely ruined.

Vinicio, now by the bed, looks to Stone--

VINICIO (CONT’D)
I have a car, parked at the back of the property. In the outhouse shed. It was my escape.

STONE
... I’m sorry?

VINICIO
To get to it. I’m going to need your help.

Vinicio turns to the BED, reaches under it, grabs something. Stone looks on, confused... still gathering composure.

STONE
Mr Pera, I--

--Stone stops herself. Her mouth falls open. Vinicio removes a painting-- THE MONA LISA. A second one. A copy...?

STONE (CONT’D)
Is that--
Vinicio takes the painting, walks across the room--

VINICIO
The keys are gone, Evelyn. I don't know how and I don't know why but the keys to my car are gone. And, obviously, I can't leave without them and I can't take the painting back without them.

He places THE MONA LISA by the DOOR. Stone gets to her feet.

STONE
You're taking the painting?

VINICIO
Miss Meyer, without me, you wouldn't be here. You wouldn't be conscious and you wouldn't be having this conversation. Let's keep that in mind.

STONE
... You strangled me.

VINICIO
Well--

STONE
Mr Pera--

VINICIO
It's appropriation... an Italian painting, painted for an Italian by an Italian has no place residing anywhere else.

STONE
Mr Pera, this makes no sense--

VINICIO
--When your jewellery is taken, you don't criminalise the person who retrieves it.

STONE
That's not the same--

VINICIO
I am the only reason you and your colleagues have a sniff of it. I think I've earned the opportunity to decide its fate.
STONE
I'm not helping you.

VINICIO
I appreciate your input, but this is not a request.

STONE
Look--

Stone stops, she missed something. As Vinicio grabs a nearby lamp by the BED, she responds--

STONE (CONT'D)
What do you mean 'you're the only reason'?

VINICIO
I don't have the time nor the chance to swap the frames.

STONE
You're the only one how?

VINICIO
There's a dent in the real painting's frame.

He hands her the lamp. She takes it, hesitantly.

VINICIO (CONT'D)
All I can do is risk it and hope they don't notice.

STONE
Mr Pera--

VINICIO
You will take the lamp and you will drop it from the window opposite. I, when hearing the commotion, will gather the others to the kitchen. You will then make your way down the stairs, through the foyer to the outside world. It's your opportunity to run. To flee. To--

STONE
No--no! I won't help you take--

VINICIO
Where do you think the tip came from, Evelyn?... This was not going to be a one-time deal.

(MORE)
VINICIO (CONT'D)
There's a lot of greedy people in this world with too much to spend... But I can't have that. I need to take it home.

Cogs turn in Stone's mind...

STONE
But--I'm sorry... wait...
(beat)
So, why have a fake?

Vinicio sighs, bored of explaining already.

VINICIO
No one will buy it, Miss Stone. I've contacted buyers from Rome to Pisa to Milan. If they won't take it. I will.

STONE
But, why go through an auction? Just keep it.

VINICIO
Miss Meyer, I travelled for two years trying to find a buyer. It requires transport, it requires places to stay and it requires time. I haven't been able to work and I want to go home. Apartments aren't cheap. Transport isn't cheap. Security isn't cheap.

STONE
Mr Pera--

VINICIO
They came to me. It wasn't my idea. They knew I was struggling, they knew I needed money at some point. They pitched their plan. I hardly had the option to dismiss it.
(beat)
I let them have their auction, and I get the financial help I need to take the real one home.

STONE
... You swap and run?

He gestures towards her. You've got it...
VINICIO
The corrupt individual with what they believe is the real painting isn't going to advertise its new location. I don't care if a fake exists... as long as the real one sits where it belongs.

He starts to tidy the bed, as if no one was ever here--

STONE
But, you would've let me die...

VINICIO
As I said, the only reason you're not--

STONE
The plan was to have me killed.

VINICIO
I don't know who you are Evelyn. Forgive me for not caring.

STONE
Strong words for a man who needs my help.

VINICIO
They will kill you, Evelyn. Make no mistake. I haven't, but they will. Do as I say. Don't try to be a hero.

He takes a gun from his pocket, opens it up--

--he removes a series of bullets from inside, pockets them.

VINICIO (CONT'D)
I need that car... if they're looking for you, they won't be watching me.

He leaves one bullet inside-- hands it to STONE.

VINICIO (CONT'D)
... In case they catch up.

STONE takes a beat. Looks VINICIO up and down.

STONE
But what if I--
VINICIO
--Miss Meyer, with all due respect. You're not going to shoot me. You really don't want to leave yourself a three-against-one scenario with an empty gun? Your zero per cent success rate with a loaded one gives me sufficient confidence.

She takes another beat, churns through another thought--

But Vinicio doesn't have the time--

VINICIO (CONT'D)
You depart in two minutes.

STONE
No--you can't be serious.

VINICIO
I need you there on time. Don't delay me.

Vinicio heads for the exit.

STONE
... I haven't said yes.
   (he ignores her)
I HAVEN'T--

VINICIO
--You are so far out of your depth, Miss Stone. Your yes is basically guaranteed.
   (beat)
I'm giving you the one thing you want more than anything, a chance to bow out... A chance to end it.
   (beat)
Of course you'll say yes.

He opens the door, grabs THE MONA LISA and walks out. Stone sits in the silence. The wind ripped from her sails.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE. DRIVEWAY. NIGHT

Han and Yves place the STOLEN BRIEFCASES in the back of the 'POLICE' car. They're getting ready to leave...

ALEC (V.O)
We have thirty minutes until the train leaves--
INT. MANOR HOUSE. DINING AREA. NIGHT

Alec packs up the EASEL. He carries it out the room.

    ALEC (PRE-LAP)
    Let's be gone in fifteen--

EXT. MANOR HOUSE. ENTRANCE. NIGHT

Alec is shouting across to Han and Yves, by the car. He takes the EASEL behind the property.

    ALEC
    --we can't afford to miss it!

INT. MANOR HOUSE. FIRST-FLOOR STAIRWELL. NIGHT

Vinicio peers around the corner. Everyone's gone. His chance.

INT. FOYER. MOMENTS LATER

Vinicio approaches THE REAL MONA LISA by the door. In one fluid motion, he swaps it with the copy. THEN dashes to--

INT. THE KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS

Vinicio, with MISS LISA, darts for the far corner...

INT. THE FOYER. MOMENTS LATER

Vinicio strides out, his work in the kitchen all done. He approaches Francesco's body as Alec enters from outside.

    VINICIO
    I don't think he's here.

    ALEC
    Henri?

    VINICIO
    I left Miss Meyer on the second floor. Didn't spot him on the first and he's not around here.

    ALEC
    He won't have stayed.

    VINICIO
    Well, I can imagine if--

--SMASH, Vinicio is interrupted, a crash erupts from the BACK GARDEN. He turns, faking surprise. Alec's fear is real--

    VINICIO (CONT'D)
    Where's Han? Where's Yves?
ALEC
They're--they're in the car.

VINICIO
Send them around the back.

ALEC
Vinicio--

VINICIO
--send them around the back!

A tense stare. Alec, a beat later, yields-- heads outside--

INT. SECOND FLOOR. HALLWAY. NIGHT
Stone emerges, checks her periphery, the coast is clear.

INT. FIRST FLOOR. HALLWAY. LATER
She continues on cautiously-- she aims towards--

FIRST FLOOR STAIRWELL. CONTINUOUS
She looks down, THE FOYER is empty. She moves onto--

STAIRCASE. CONTINUOUS
She descends, quickly. BUT THEN-- stops as she sees
Francesco's lifeless body. She stares deeply...

... a sadness washes through her. BUT-- SHE HAS TO MOVE...

INT./EXT. MANOR HOUSE ENTRANCE. MOMENTS LATER
Stone slowly peaks her head outside. Her eyes widen... Alec
is waiting by the car. Guarding it.

Stone looks to the sky. Barely contains a furious scream!

VINICIO (V.O)
Where is he?

INT. MANOR HOUSE. SECOND FLOOR. BATHROOM. NIGHT
Stone enters and marches to the window across the ROOM.

HAN (V.O)
He's with the car.

She slides the pane open, looks out into THE GARDEN--

VINICIO (V.O)
He's with the car?
HER P.O.V:

It's pitch black, there's little to see. The only light comes from THE KITCHEN inside. People must be in there.

    HAN (V.O)
    There's hundreds of thousands of pounds and a priceless painting in it. Of course he's with the car.

END P.O.V.

She leans as far forward as she dares, checks the area out.

    VINICIO (V.O)
    We need him here--

Small reflections bounce off the KNIVES below. They're faint. Stone can't make out what they are...

    YVES (V.O)
    We don't need him here!

She takes a defeated breath-- makes her way back inside.

    VINICIO (V.O)
    If he's still here we need all the assistance we can get!

INT. MANOR HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT

Vinicio scans out the window, watching the garden. Han and Yves frantically pace. Their patience fully gone.

    HAN
    We, do, not, have, time!

    VINICIO
    Han, if Henri--or anyone else for that matter--is in this house--

    YVES
    There's no one here.

    VINICIO
    --we need to deal with it properly!

    YVES
    We deal with it by getting in the car.

    VINICIO
    Let's take two more minutes--
YVES
Vincenzo--

VINICIO
--two minutes to make sure.

Han starts to walk to the DOOR--

HAN
I'm not tarrying around to have this ruined.

VINICIO
Han--

YVES
(following)
We'll see you in the car.

Han walks straight out. Yves lingers in the doorway--

VINICIO
Yves, please--

YVES
We're playing with fire waiting, Vincenzo. Andrew wants us gone. If you're not there in two minutes, I'm telling him to leave.

(beat)
Don't be reckless here.

Yves exits. Vinicio takes a deep, discouraged breath...

STONE (PRE-LAP)
Yes--I--um I spoke to you earlier-- I'm Evelyn Meyer.

INT. FIRST FLOOR. OFFICE. NIGHT

Stone's back on the phone. She frantically taps the desk.

OPERATOR
Of course, one moment, please hold the line.

Now we wait. AFTER we sit in SILENCE for a few BEATS--
Stone's face drops. She's spotted something out the window.

LEVITT
(picking up)
... Evelyn?

She gazes out. Han and Yves approach Alec and the CAR.
STONE
No, no, no!

LEVITT
Evelyn, what's wrong?

STONE
I'm sorry sir--

LEVITT
No, Evelyn! Stay on the phone!

She spins, 360 degrees. BUT STOPS in shock. She's speechless.

Henri stands in the doorway. In his hand--

--THE PARTIALLY BROKEN STATUE from the DINING ROOM in hand.
Blood pours off the end. He stares menacingly towards her.

HENRI
Put the phone down, Miss Stone.

Levitt continues, confused by the silence--

LEVITT
Evelyn... Evelyn-- are you still there?

Stone cautiously moves herself to the DESK, slowly places the phone down on its hook. Henri's gaze intensifies...

HENRI
Who were you talking to?
(she says nothing)
Miss Stone, who were you talking to?

STONE
Mr Moreau--

HENRI
Who were you talking to?

Stone says nothing, looks at the GUN on the desk instead. Henri notices-- she REACHES for it--

HENRI (CONT'D)
No!

He can't get across fast enough. Stone grabs it. Aims.

HENRI (CONT'D)
Whoa, whoa, whoa, Miss Stone--
STONE
Keep your distance.

Henri takes a step back, doing as he's asked.

HENRI
Ok, c'mon now... let's keep it calm here.

STONE
Let's keep it calm here? You came in with a weapon, Mr Moreau. That's hardly inciting calm.

HENRI
(staying on topic)
Who were you on the phone to?

STONE
Do not try to change--

HENRI
--WHO WERE YOU TALKING TO?

STONE
I WAS GETTING HELP!

A beat... Henri gathers confidence, slowly approaches Stone.

HENRI
... You were trying to get help?
(she nods)
Are you aware of what's outside? Four... four men, all criminal, all armed. You cannot think--

STONE
Five.

HENRI
Miss Stone--

STONE
You're armed and clearly not a gallery owner from Toulouse.

HENRI
The gallery is from Toulouse, I said I was from Montpelier.

STONE
Mr Moreau--
HENRI
I'd already included me. When I mentioned four armed out front. I'd included myself.

STONE
Mr Moreau--

HENRI
Of course I'm not a gallery owner. I go there on holiday. They have galleries. It made sense.

STONE
Mr Moreau--you cannot--

Stone's expression shifts again. Something's just hit home.

STONE (CONT'D)
What happened...? Who else is hurt?

HENRI
The Italian was coming for you. I basically saved you, feel free to thank me.

STONE
Vinicio?

HENRI
No, the sous-chef from Tuscany. Obviously Vinicio!

STONE
Look--

HENRI
Miss Stone, I need your help...

(OFF her surprise)
I want my money, I want the Mona Lisa. I'm very aware I cannot do that alone. You have a gun and I might genuinely do something with it. Work with me here, get your money back.

STONE
No...

HENRI
Well, bien, take more than just your money. Take as much as you can haul!
STONE
Absolutely not!

HENRI
Miss Stone--

STONE
NO!!

That's the loudest we've heard Stone shout. Henri stops.

STONE (CONT'D)
No one--no one in this building deserves that painting. Not our hosts, not me and especially not you. The only person, the only one with any genuine connection to the artwork was chased out of here with violence.

(beat)
So, Mr Moreau, you can offer me the moon, this house and all the money I can carry... but I will not help you.

Henri takes a beat-- then sits on the nearby chair...

HENRI
Ok... what would it take?

INT. THE CAR. NIGHT
Han and Yves sit, front seats, waiting. Fully ready to go.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE. DRIVEWAY. SAME TIME
Alec leans on the car. He looks at his watch. He huffs in frustration-- THEN-- galvanises... it's time to act.

INT. MANOR HOUSE. FOYER. CONTINUOUS
Alec walks in-- stops in his tracks. There, lying on the ground is Vinicio. Head beaten. Blood below. Alec sighs...

HENRI (PRE-LAP)
Miss Nguyen is gone. We cannot leave the painting with these men!

INT. FIRST FLOOR. OFFICE. NIGHT
Henri sits in the chair. Stone stands opposite, gun drawn.

HENRI
They are thieves and they have no right to it.
STONE
And your solution to them being thieves is to steal it from them.

HENRI
I am not a thief--

STONE
Well--

HENRI
You've had plenty of time to shoot me, Miss Stone--so please let's not pretend you have any desire in doing so. I will use it and we'll need that if we have any aspirations to leave tonight.

Stone takes a beat... has no response...

HENRI (CONT'D)
We're getting our money back. You're taking what is yours and I am taking what is rightfully mine--

--BANG! Henri is interrupted! A BULLET SMASHES into the DOOR. Both Henri and Stone duck-- then dive for the DESK!

INT. MANOR HOUSE. FIRST FLOOR. HALLWAY. CONTINUOUS

Alec, gun aimed, moves along. HE THEN-- SHOOTS AGAIN-- right where the DOOR HANDLE once was. The DOOR flies open.

Alec stops. We sit here, UNTIL--

ALEC
Henri!... Come on--come away from there.

INT. THE OFFICE. CONTINUOUS

Henri holds Stone still. Their backs to THE DESK. They say nothing. Stay quiet. The open DOOR frames Alec perfectly.

ALEC
Henri... Please don't leave me chattering to myself.

Henri gestures to Stone. Give me the gun. She shakes her head. He doesn't care. He rips it off her. Forcefully.

HENRI
That's not going to work, Mr Gaines.
WE THEN INTER-CUT between the OFFICE and THE HALLWAY.

ALEC
Of course it can. The door's already open. You don't even need to force it.

HENRI
You shot at us.

ALEC
And I missed. Do I get no credit for that?

HENRI
We will walk through the doors when your gun is on the floor.

ALEC
Mr Moreau, I don't want to make promises I can't keep.

HENRI
And Mr Gaines, I really don't want to be shot at.

Alec chuckles, it's a very fair point. Henri continues--

HENRI (CONT'D)
I'll need you to lower and or throw away your gun.

ALEC
I hardly feel you're in a position to be making demands.

HENRI
Well, I hardly feel you're in any moral position to be dictating terms yourself.

A long beat, the first for a while...

ALEC
I can give you my word. I will not shoot. Come away from the office and I will not shoot.

HENRI
You give me your word?

ALEC
Yes--I give you my word.
HENRI
Is this the same word that made it clear to me that we'd be taking part in a legitimate auction?

Alec's expression instantly switches--

ALEC
Did you say 'we' will walk through?

HENRI
The same word that orchestrated fake police officers to get rid of us? The same word that poisoned another guest?

ALEC
You said 'we', Mr Moreau... who did you mean by that?

HENRI
... Me and Miss Stone.

Alec chuckles, unable to believe his bad luck.

ALEC
Ok...

   (he needs a plan)
Well--to answer your query--the police were a contingency plan if you survived that long. We then had two sets of guns--

HENRI
Mr Gaines--

ALEC
We were to shoot you all moments before the auction. It was an entire facade. A lie. A ruse.

HENRI
... and this is your defence?

ALEC
I'm telling you this to bring some weight behind my word. Yes, we lied, but I'm not deceiving you now. Walk on out and we can figure this out.

Henri takes a moment. He's genuinely considering it. Stone, noticing, starts to shake her head viciously. Don't do it...
STONE
No, Henri, no. You can't!

Henri ignores Stone, shouts back over--

HENRI
I would need to know that your gun isn't on you.

STONE
Henri, you really can't--

Henri STRIKES her across the face with the gun. Her look turns from fear to rage. The IMPACT knocked something from her dress... HER HAIRPIN. She quickly grabs it.

Henri, attention back to Alec, doesn't notice.

HENRI
Throw it into the room next door. I hear it land, I bring us out.

ALEC
Mr Moreau--

HENRI
Throw it into the room next door.

Alec, begrudgingly, opens a nearby door and theatrically chucks the GUN inside. Stone, meanwhile, uses the distraction to shift the pin into her palm.

ALEC
Right--it's in another room...

Henri, reassured, presses the gun to Stone. Leads them into--

INT. THE HALLWAY. CONTINUOUS

Alec stands, waiting, unarmed. Henri peers out, Stone in front. They all take a beat, sizing each other up.

ALEC
Mr Moreau... Miss... Stone.

They stare daggers at each other. Henri continues--

HENRI
Mr Gaines, I want the painting.

ALEC
You'd... you'd like the painting?

HENRI
Correct.
ALEC
And which painting would that be?

Henri's not in the mood for jokes.

HENRI
Make no mistake Mr Gaines, I have no issue with violence against Miss Stone here. I want the painting and I'm sure you understand the consequence of not doing that... And considering I didn't even know her before tonight, I doubt the mourning process will be too long.

Alec laughs, takes a second to himself. Seemingly smug.

ALEC
Well, Mr Moreau, I think you're slightly confused.
(OFF Stone's despair)
Your bargaining tool, Miss Meyer, isn't as powerful as you think.

Henri's expression shifts... this is not going to plan--

ALEC (CONT'D)
This orchestrated affair was exposed after an anonymous tip was picked up by a small-time secretary.
(beat)
Now, if it were up to me--

HENRI
--a secretary for who?

ALEC
--I'd happily let you take the painting. But, unfortunately, it's not.

HENRI
A secretary for who!?

ALEC
I'd even wrap it for you--

HENRI
A SECRETARY FOR--

Henri quickly shifts, aims his gun behind Gaines. Han advances up the HALLWAY, his own weapon raised...
HENRI (CONT'D)

No! Get back!

Alec turns, holds his arm out. Don't do anything.

ALEC
Han--Han, please, don't shoot!
Everything is fine!

HAN
He has a gun!

ALEC
And so do you. You can't claim it's unfair.

HAN
Alec--

As Alec responds, we watch Stone. HAIRPIN in her hand. She moves it into her fingers, ready to pounce.

ALEC (O.S)
--let's not immediately descend into violence. Mr Moreau was merely trying to negotiate.

WE TURN BACK TO Alec-- Henri and Han's guns remain aimed.

ALEC (CONT'D)
He deserves to be heard out.

HAN
If we take the girl he has nothing to negotiate with.

HENRI
Mr Gaines--

Stone eyes frantically switch side-to-side. She has to act.

ALEC
Gentlemen, please. This is no way to deal with this.

Stone closes her eyes, gathers all the courage she can--

ALEC (CONT'D)
If Mr Moreau kindly agrees to lower his gun, I'm sure we can--

BAM!-- Stone JAMS the PIN into Henri's leg-- shoves him down!

HENRI
AGHRRRRR!
Stone, now free, dives behind the wall's edge and makes her escape. Han shoots-- but misses her. HE SHOOTS AGAIN-- BUT-- CATCHES Alec's shoulder instead, blood spurts out!

ALEC
AGGHH FUCK!

Alec falls and grabs his wound. He presses on it firmly as Henri hobbles into the OFFICE.

Han runs straight past both him and Alec. Stone his target.

ALEC (CONT'D)
HAN!... HAN!!

Henri shuffles forward, grabs the gun. Alec doesn't notice--

ALEC (CONT'D)
HAN! What--!

Alec jumps to his feet-- looks up to find--

--Henri, standing in the OFFICE doorway, gun drawn. Alec looks to the sky. Shit...

EXT. THE CAR. NIGHT

A calm silence. Yves, behind the driver's seat, looks around. Where is everyone? He takes a beat before opening the door--

--leaving his BATON on the BACK SEAT.

INT. MANOR HOUSE. SECOND FLOOR. HALLWAY

Han slowly wanders along. He grabs a nearby door, quickly aims inside. It's empty. He moves next door, looks in--

--BUT, it breeds the same result. It's just a room. No Stone.

INT. LIBRARY. SAME TIME

It's dark. The faint outline of bookshelves is illuminated by the outside LIGHT. Stone desperately looks around, searching. She storms to a CUPBOARD by the window. Drawers fill the front. She opens each one-- UNTIL-- she finds what she needs.

INT. MANOR HOUSE. SECOND FLOOR. HALLWAY. SAME TIME

Han approaches a door, grabs the handle, opens it up...

INT. LIBRARY. CONTINUOUS

A creak welcomes him. As he walks in-- SMASH-- the door SWINGS back and SLAMS him into the adjacent wall. He falls to the ground...
Stone, behind the door, runs past and BOLTS it shut.

INT. SECOND FLOOR. HALLWAY. CONTINUOUS

Stone emerges, a cluster of keys in hand. A small RED LEATHER tag dangles from them. She locks the door. He's stuck now.

HENRI (PRE-LAP)
Now, I do recognise the irony of this statement.

INT. DINING ROOM. NIGHT


HENRI
But... I'd like to think of myself as an honourable man.

Alec and Yves just stare back. Incensed.

HENRI (CONT'D)
However, I want the painting and I want my money.

Neither Alec nor Yves says a word. Henri huffs. Patience low.

HENRI (CONT'D)
Is it just the five suitcases you have in the car?
(still no response)
Mr Gaines... other man... if I don't feel I'm being properly co-operated with, I will quickly lose any slim honour I once had.

Alec and Yves remain silent. Henri takes a deep breath--

HENRI (CONT'D)
Answer the question.
(still nothing)
Answer, the, question!

Henri's about to burst-- Alec, arrogantly, responds--

ALEC
Could you repeat it, please?

--BANG! Henri, furious, shoots up at the ceiling.

HENRI (forcefully)
Is it just the five suitcases you have in the car??
Alec, livid inside, does his best to answer calmly...

ALEC
Yes, there are five suitcases in the car.

HENRI
And is one of those mine?
(Alec nods, confirming)
Right then, here is my proposal. I remove four of the five suitcases and I swap those for the painting. Your money remains yours, mine remains mine, and the painting is no longer your problem to deal with.

Henri gestures to them. Confident. Yves and Alec share a not-so-keen look. Hardly convinced by the deal at all...

YVES
So, you get what you want and we partially get what we want.

HENRI
You can't keep the painting.

ALEC
That's not what he said--

HENRI
That's exactly what he said.

ALEC
No, he's saying that you're taking money from us. Money that we--

HENRI
--Money you stole!...

They don't respond this time... he's not wrong there...

HENRI (CONT'D)
Gentlemen, I am fully capable of walking away here tonight with absolutely everything. But, I'm not doing that. I'm leaving you four suitcases. Four whole suitcases full of money is not a bad night's work. All I ask, in exchange, is that you don't look for me and you don't look for the painting. We draw a line past this whole ordeal. Eighty per cent of your earnings tonight is hardly nothing.
They still look unhappy...

HENRI (CONT'D)
... Is that not fair?

Alec and Yves share one final look. No options left. Alec, unhappily, starts to nod. Henri's face lights up--

HENRI (CONT'D)
Parfait.

Henri goes to leave-- but turns back almost immediately--

HENRI (CONT'D)
Ah--no, ok--one more thing... how er... how do I start the car?

INT. FIRST FLOOR. GUEST BEDROOM. NIGHT

Stone opens the door, quickly makes her way inside. She sprints across the room, to the WINDOW... opens it--

EXT. MANOR HOUSE. CONTINUOUS

Stone sets her feet out on the ledge. It's just wide enough for her to stand. She clings to the door frame, looks to the GRAVEL FLOOR below.

She sits down on the ledge, steadies herself to jump-- BUT--

--just as she springs into action. Henri exits the FRONT-DOOR. She stops herself. Holds back on the ledge. Tightly.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE. ENTRANCE. SAME TIME

Henri, the gun and MONA approach the car. The ONE WITHOUT A DENT. The fake. He approaches the CAR, opens the door.

He places the painting in the FRONT PASSENGER SEAT. THEN-- FINDS A SACK. A BLACK ONE. The SUITCASES sit inside.

EXT. ON THE LEDGE. MOMENTS LATER

We're back WITH Stone. HER P.O.V:

Henri carries four SUITCASES inside. AS HE WALKS IN-- Stone takes her chance, draws a deep breath-- AND-- jumps down!

END P.O.V.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE. ENTRANCE. CONTINUOUS

She rolls as she lands, cushioning the fall. She immediately rushes to THE CAR, glances towards the two back seats before walking around the FRONT.
On the PASSENGER seat is Henri's SUITCASE and the FAKE PAINTING. THE STARTING HANDLE sits in the FOOTWELL.

EXT. THE CAR. MOMENTS LATER

Stone, using all her might, tries to get the car going with the HANDLE. However, it's not budging. She goes to try again. However-- she's out of time. The FRONT DOOR starts to open.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE. ENTRANCE. MOMENTS LATER

Henri exits, heads for the car. No Stone to be found.

INT. THE CAR. MOMENTS LATER

Henri looks inside. Searching. Where's the handle? He moves around the vehicle, finds it lying by the engine.

He grabs it and uses his BULKY strength to turn THE CAR into life. He removes the ROD-- chucks it to the floor--

INT. THE CAR. CONTINUOUS

Henri sets the car in motion. WE MEANWHILE-- LOOK behind. The BACK SEAT FOOTWELL is covered in the JET-BLACK sack.

UNDERNEATH it... is Stone. Fully covered. Invisible.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE. NIGHT

The CAR drives away... into the distance. Into the night.

INT. CAR. (MOVING). CONTINUOUS

Henri's smile is wide, a perfect result... THAT IS-- UNTIL-- his expression shifts... lights move towards him.

He stops the car and removes his jacket. He lays the gun inside it and covers the MONA LISA. He then chucks the SUITCASE behind him, narrowly missing Stone.

EXT. THE DRIVEWAY. CONTINUOUS

Another car sits opposite. Engine running. A FIGURE emerges. They approach the DRIVER SIDE WINDOW... It's DI Levitt.

LEVITT
Good evening, sir.

HENRI
(smiling through fear)
Good evening.

Levitt stares. Piercing.
LEVITT
Where are you going tonight? If you don't mind the enquiry?

INT. THE CAR. THE BACK SEAT. CONTINUOUS

Stone remains statue-like under the cover. All she hears is white noise. No idea what's being said. Or who's saying it.

EXT. THE FRONT OF THE CAR. CONTINUOUS

The conversation continues--

LEVITT
So, it's not your property?

HENRI
... Correct.

LEVITT
Is there anyone else inside?

HENRI
Well... you'd have to look. I didn't take a head count as I left.

Levitt's STARE intensifies, he chuckles away his frustration.

LEVITT
Well, I'll be heading inside, sir, and there's only one track out of this estate. You'll need to turn around for me.

HENRI
... And what if I refuse?

Levitt removes a BADGE from his JACKET POCKET. A POLICE one.

LEVITT
I've been asked to keep the area locked down. So, I'm sorry, but you can't refuse.
(taps the car)
I'll follow you over.

Levitt heads for his own vehicle. Henri sighs... so close.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE. NIGHT

Henri drives up. Levitt closely follows on. They park up.
INT. CAR. MOMENTS LATER

Levitt approaches the house on foot. Henri, however, stays inside. As Levitt walks past, he gestures. "Get out the car".

Henri doesn't move. Defiant. Levitt's frown deepens--

LEVITT
I'm going to need you to step out of the car. 
(Henri doesn't)
I really don't want to be walking in alone.

Henri just stares back. He doesn't budge. Levitt, frustrated, reaches into his pocket, removes a gun.

LEVITT (CONT'D)
I won't ask again.

Henri, finally, exits the car... A BEAT LATER--

--he points towards the passenger seat.

HENRI
May I grab my jacket?...
(beat)
... It is December after all.

OFF Levitt, slowly nodding to the request--

EXT. MANOR HOUSE. NIGHT

Levitt leads Henri inside. The Frenchman walks slowly. They make their way in silence. It's tense. It's nervy. AND THEN--

--Henri WHIPS around, grabs his gun and SHOOTS... but... nothing comes out! Henri's face drops. Shit! HE IMMEDIATELY--

--rushes into the HOUSE. Levitt follows on. Gun by his side.

INT. THE CAR. CONTINUOUS

A GUNSHOT from inside the HOUSE strikes Stone into gear. She lifts from underneath the BAG, takes a beat and turns as--

HER P.O.V:

The FRONT DOORS open. Levitt pops out, looks left and right. The perimeter is all clear. He closes the door. Quickly.

END P.O.V.

A relieved Stone starts to smile. He's here...
EXT. MANOR HOUSE. NIGHT

Stone runs to the FRONT DOOR. Finally safe. She arrives, goes to open it, BUT-- overhears shouting inside. It's Levitt.

    LEVITT (O.S)
    How in god's name is Evelyn still alive?!

Stone stops. Her shoulders slump. Oh god...

INT. MANOR HOUSE. FOYER. MOMENTS LATER

Levitt berates Yves and Alec. They stand opposite, handcuff-free. Francesco, Henri and Vinicio's bodies lie behind.

    LEVITT
    Of all the small details, all the ridiculous details, Evelyn was the biggest... So, please, quickly and thoroughly, explain how the fuck this happened!

Silence, neither Yves nor Alec have the courage to respond.

    LEVITT (CONT'D)
    No please, stand in silence, say nothing in return. That's extremely helpful.

    ALEC
    It's quite difficult to be quick and thorough--

    LEVITT
    ... Are you really--

    ALEC
    --things got convoluted. It's what happens when you allow two officers inside a risky plan.

    LEVITT
    Andrew--

    ALEC
    --You seem to forget that it was a tip sent to your office--

    LEVITT
    It was an anonymous letter, to the station.

    ALEC
    You run the station!
LEVITT
Andrew--

ALEC
She raised the alarm because of it, and it forced her here.

LEVITT
It shouldn't matter. She's useless. She can't do anything! She's a fucking invertebrate!

They look back. Confused. Unsure what that means...

LEVITT (CONT'D)
It means she has no backbone, she's--you know--spineless! Am I really the only one--

ALEC
The plan changed because of the tip. The scope changed, the risk changed. It wasn't an easy task.

LEVITT
It was hardly a tough ask. You had to keep track of one person. One single human. How on earth do you lose a living, breathing woman?

ALEC
Well, in my experience sir, pretty easily.

Levitt is not in the mood for humour. He approaches, his tone turns harsher, his eyebrows lower...

LEVITT
We had contingency plans. If the guns don't work, we use the champagne. If the champagne doesn't kill them, we have the 'police' and if the police don't work then we have me. Now, please, with a nice witty joke or interesting wordplay tell me how you could royally fuck up with three different safety nets.

Alec takes a beat... finding a response-- MEANWHILE--

EXT. MANOR HOUSE. GROUNDS. NIGHT

Stone's heard enough. She runs into the night sky...
ALEC (V.O)
Vinicio had told us she was dead.

LEVITT (V.O)
Well, I hate to break it to you Andrew but your source here is wrong.

INT. MANOR HOUSE. FOYER. SAME TIME
Alec stares Levitt down... it's an edgy beat...

ALEC
Clearly...

Levitt takes a moment to calm. His pacing echo's heavily in the now silent space. He then looks to his watch--

LEVITT
Where's Han?

ALEC
He went after Stone.

LEVITT
He--he went after Stone? Why didn't... you didn't think this would be information I might be interested in?

ALEC
We were taken as soon as he went after her. Forgive us for not searching for him tied to a chair!

They share a toxic stare. A real standoff.

LEVITT
The rest of the force is five minutes from here.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE. GROUNDS. NIGHT
Stone continues to run. Panting hard. Arms pumping.

LEVITT (V.O)
By the time I get back here, we're looking at ten minutes max.

BUT THEN... she starts to slow down... to a complete stop.

LEVITT (V.O) (CONT'D)
Find her, find Han.

She stares back at the HOUSE. A determination consumes her.
LEVITT (V.O) (CONT'D)
We can't leave loose threads.

Does she really want to quit again...?

INT. MANOR HOUSE. FOYER. SAME TIME

Yves responds, concerned.

YVES
Well... what if they're not here?

LEVITT
They will be.

YVES
But what if--

LEVITT
--we are basically only accessible by car. If she's somehow escaped and made the half-hour walk to the nearest town, without me, Han or any of us spotting her, then she's more capable than I thought.

ALEC
Right... so we're leaving the success percentage on finding her up to your ability to search in the dark?

Levitt's had enough, he storms to Alec and gets in his face. He draws his gun, presses it on Alec's forehead.

LEVITT
You have ten minutes, Andrew. You have to find her and the man chasing. That's not a lot of time... I really wouldn't waste any of it talking back to me.

Alec stares back. Not giving an inch.

LEVITT (CONT'D)
I don't care how, but you find that woman... You find that woman now.

Levitt holds for a beat before WHIPPING the gun away. He turns, walks away, makes his departure. Alec scorns, furious.

EXT. MANOR ESTATE. NOT LONG LATER

Levitt drives away... Stone, hiding around the house, moves across the GRAVEL DRIVEWAY, towards the EMPTY CAR.
EXT. ENTRANCE. CONTINUOUS
Stone grabs the STARTING HANDLE, throws it into the HEDGES.

INT. THE CAR. MOMENTS LATER
Stone snatches the SINGLE SUITCASE Henri left-- THEN moves to the front seat, whips the fake MONA LISA away.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE. GARDEN. MOMENTS LATER
Stone emerges from the front of the house. She HEADS for the BACK DOOR-- completely missing the KNIVES on the grass below.

INT. KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS
Stone, through the rear, carries the MONA and the CASE together. As SHE cautiously walks through the ROOM-- a faint SQUEAK grabs her attention... the slightly loose TILE...

She steps on it again, it squeaks again. She places her cargo down, pulls the loose piece of floor. It reveals--

AN UNDERGROUND HATCH-- one filled with a variety of food and ingredients. She grabs the FAKE painting, places it in...

She then jumps to her feet, turns and rushes to THE CUTLERY drawer. She whips it open to find... spoons... just spoons.

TIME CUT. A FEW SECONDS LATER
Stone searches every cupboard-- finds nothing but POTS and PANS. She takes one, practices hitting someone. It won't do. She then grabs a WHISK. It's better, but still not enough.

She then reaches A THIN CUPBOARD by the wall. She opens it... immediately stops, removes--

--THE REAL PAINTING. The dent fully visible. Stone stares in awe before turning it over. THE FOUR frame pins sit on its back. She pulls one, it comes off like a dream--

YVES (PRE-LAP)
I'll take the second floor--

INT. FIRST FLOOR. HALLWAY. NIGHT
Alec and Yves power through-- men on a mission--

YVES
--and you can take this one. I highly doubt she would've been able to--

--Yves stops. Alec takes a sharp turn into a nearby room.
YVES (CONT'D)
What... Andrew?

Alec returns, with his GUN. He storms past Yves, clearly not partaking in this search expedition.

YVES (CONT'D)
Andrew... where--where are you going?

INT. FIRST FLOOR STAIRWELL. CONTINUOUS

Alec powers down, Yves does his best to keep up--

YVES
Andrew--we need to find Han.

ALEC
We don't need to find Han.

YVES
But--

ALEC
--the arithmetic is simple. There are four cases and two of us. Why add him and Levitt into this?

They start to MOVE DOWN--

INT. THE STAIRCASE. CONTINUOUS

Yves' expression shifts... he can't be serious...

YVES
No, no, no! Andrew, if we leave this unfinished he will look for us.

Alec continues on, ignoring Yves' plea.

YVES (CONT'D)
We can't have a vengeful Levitt on our backs and we can't leave Han here alone!

ALEC
Of course we can.

YVES
Andrew--

They arrive to--
INT. FOYER. CONTINUOUS

Yves darts forward. Stands between Alec and the FRONT DOOR.

    YVES
    Levitt was right--Stone will be here.

    ALEC
    Maybe she is--

Alec tries to get past-- Yves stops him--

    YVES
    Exactly--and if she is--

    ALEC
    Yves--what do you think will happen when they arrive? The girl will either be here, alive and well, or she'll be lined up alongside them. We'll have no money to take and we'll leave in the back of their car!

INT. MANOR HOUSE. KITCHEN. SAME TIME

Stone slowly peers her head out, listens to the conversation.

    ALEC
    (from the FOYER)
    We have no future in this building. None at all. However--we have our money, our car, a painting and a train we can still catch.

INT. FOYER. CONTINUOUS

Yves still isn't budging.

    YVES
    He will look for us!

    ALEC
    Then let him! As soon as he does, we show our hand and his front is broken. He needs our silence like we need his.

        (Yves nods, a good point)
    I have been shot at and threatened all within the last fifteen minutes... I'm done, frankly--and I suggest you join me.

A beat. Yves still isn't totally convinced.
YVES
If there's no painting, he'll come for us regardless. He needs it.

ALEC
He doesn't need it--

YVES
Andrew--

ALEC
He wants it, Yves. He doesn't need it. He wants it here for the acclaim. I agreed to give him a cut and the rescue that followed, but I won't keep that promise after being threatened.

Yves takes a deep breath, mulling his options...

YVES
We have one look for Han.
    (Alec rolls his eyes)
We take a floor each--

ALEC
Han is gone, Yves. He's fled, dead or locked in some cupboard. It's been ten minutes since Henri tried to leave and it's really not that big of a property.
    (beat)
I can't speak for both of us, but I really don't want to end tonight with the same fate...
    (beat)
It's time to go.

OFF Yves... he needs to decide. He takes a long beat--

EXT. MANOR HOUSE. ENTRANCE. NIGHT

Alec and Yves, cases in hand, march towards the car. THEY barely get halfway BEFORE THEY HEAR-- A WINDOW SMASH!

They both turn, look around. Yves then catches Alec's gaze--

ALEC
Yves--no! Don't!

Yves turns, heads back for the house. Alec can only watch--

YVES
It could be him!
ALEC
It won't be him--

YVES
We have to at least check!

ALEC
No Yves! You're a liability to me. If you go back in there I cannot trust you. You know who I am!

Yves doesn't stop-- he keeps going-- with purpose--

YVES
And that's exactly why we all need to be together--

BANG! In a flash, Yves falls to the floor. Shot in the back.

Alec, holding the smoking gun, wastes no time. He approaches Yves' lifeless body, bends down, grabs the cases.

INT. CAR. MOMENTS LATER
Alec scrambles around, searching high and low. He starts to fluster, the starting handle... it should be here...

INT. CAR. TIME CUT. MOMENTS LATER
He checks the back seats, the FOOTWELL, anywhere in sight.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CAR. MOMENTS LATER
He now scans under, around and above the vehicle. Nothing. He looks to the sky in frustration-- lets out a loud--

ALEC
Fuccckkkk!

He fumes-- THEN-- looks into the distance. His only option?

EXT. MANOR HOUSE. GROUNDS. MOMENTS LATER
Alec, FOUR CASES in his arms, runs into the night sky. THE MANOR HOUSE in the backdrop gets smaller with each long step.

INT. MANOR HOUSE. FOYER. NIGHT
Silence. Calm silence. We sit here for a few beats. UNTIL-- THE DINING room door opens, slowly. It's Stone.

She takes a good look around, makes sure she's alone, THEN-- approaches Henri, grabs the gun in his hand.
She then strides to Francesco, bends down alongside him, places the gun by his head. A melancholy consumes her-- BUT--

--it soon turns to intrigue. She spots A SET OF DOCUMENTS in his pocket. She REMOVES them. Sebastian's face is plastered all over it. His name and details, however, don't match.

THEY READ: FLORIEN MARGOT, BORN 1872. STRASBOURG.

Stone reaches into another pocket. She FINDS A WALLET, PHOTOS inside. There's one of a CHILD, another shows a WOMAN in a wedding dress... None of this adds up.

But then, underneath those, she finds more PAPERS. This time, it's a picture of Alec. His real name, ANDREW HOLT. It has all his details. Everything he'd need to flee the country.

BEFORE SHE CAN READ ANY MORE-- THE FRONT DOORS SMASHES OPEN. It's Alec. He's returned. Stone shifts around, spots the gun in his hand, the suitcases lie on the floor beside him.

ALEC
Give it to me, Evelyn.

She tries to hide the paper... she's unsuccessful...

ALEC (CONT'D)
Don't...

She freezes. Alec moves forward, fast, gets perilously close.

ALEC (CONT'D)
Hand it over.

Stone hesitates, Alec forces the gun towards her.

STONE
... No.

ALEC
Miss Stone--

STONE
I won't do it.

Alec takes a beat, breathes deeply in frustration--

ALEC
Don't punish me for making an accidental switch. This is the end. This is your opportunity to be done. Once I leave with that document--you're more than welcome to follow.
STONE
... I know who you are.

ALEC
You know my face. It's a large world, Miss Stone. You're not finding it.

STONE
I know your name.

ALEC
Do you understand what you're doing? A man is holding a gun to you and you're giving him reason to shoot.
(beat)

She shakes her head. Defiantly. Alec takes an annoyed beat--

ALEC (CONT'D)
Don't force a decision out of me, Evelyn. You're in a fight you never signed up for. One you were vastly incapable of dealing with. It's time to accept that.

Stone stands. She's not breaking. Alec shrugs--

ALEC (CONT'D)
Alright, I'm sorry... but there's very little I can do now.

He raises his gun-- before he can fire-- Stone, grabs it, tries to point it to the floor. BUT--

--BAM! The SHOT goes off. She wasn't fast enough.

Stone's face drops, eyes twitch in fear. She trembles and falls as blood pours from her stomach.

ALEC (CONT'D)
You made good points. You know my name and my face.

Alec reaches down, grabs the paper from her, pockets them without looking.

Vinicio, meanwhile, on the floor, starts to open his eyes.

ALEC (O.S) (CONT'D)
You should've just let it happen.

Alec turns, begins to walk away. He heads for the FRONT DOOR.
ALEC (CONT'D)
All you had to do was wave the white flag.

Stone, scrambles and shuffles for the gun by Francesco--

ALEC (CONT'D)
The local station has lost an extremely valued member of its team.

Stone, mustering everything, grabs the gun. As Alec goes to leave-- she SHOOTS!... But-- it's empty. She tries again and again... but nothing comes out.

Alec, hearing the clicks of the trigger, slowly turns back. He starts to chuckle as he catches sight of Stone.

ALEC (CONT'D)
The weight of a loaded gun.

He waves his own gun towards her.

ALEC (CONT'D)
The kind of knowledge a trained constable might have.

Stone drops said gun, lowers her head in defeat--

ALEC (CONT'D)
I know I have three left. And I know I'll need them. So, I'm sorry I can't put you out of your pain. (he starts to leave) Goodbye, Miss Meyer.

Alec walks out the door, SUITCASES in hand, leaving Stone all alone, blood flowing around her... slowly dying.

THEN-- Vinicio, a few feet away, slowly sits up. He groggily looks around the room and locks eyes on THE FRONT DOOR.

INT. MANOR HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT

Vinicio and his wounded head, pace straight for the far corner. He lowers himself down and opens the THIN CUPBOARD.

INT. FOYER. MOMENTS LATER

Vinicio, painting in hand, marches through. HOWEVER... as he reaches THE EXIT... lights start to fill the room.

Vinicio, slowly now, opens the FRONT DOORS.
INT./EXT. MANOR HOUSE ENTRANCE. CONTINUOUS

The cavalry is here. CARS. Lots and lots of them. POLICEMEN jump out, guns raised. More gather from the distance.

POLICE
Stop! Freeze! Don't move any further.

With nowhere to go, Vinicio just chuckles.

POLICE (CONT'D)
Raise your hands...

He takes a long beat, mulling his options. THEN-- FINALLY--

He drops the painting to the floor, places his foot in its centre and rips the bottom FRAME from the wood.

POLICE (CONT'D)
Stop that!

He picks it back up and reaches into his pocket. He takes his lighter, flips the LID OPEN...

POLICE (CONT'D)
STOP! Put your hands in the air--

He THEN sets the MONA LISA on FIRE before dropping it to the floor. THEN-- EVENTUALLY... raises his arms up. A surrender.

ON THE PAINTING. LYING ON THE GROUND

The BOTTOM may be on fire, but the top remains framed. In the top right-- a PIN is missing. BELOW, on the discarded FRAME--

--we see the dent... does this make it the real one? AFTER A BEAT of STARING-- WE SMASH TO--

EXT. MANOR HOUSE. ENTRANCE. LATER

Police officers go about their work. Gathering evidence, taking notes. One of them covers Yves' body with a sheet.

AN OLDER OFFICER, wearing cotton gloves, carries the MONA LISA. Bottom quarter torched. Fully extinguished. THEN--

--Stone is rushed away on a stretcher, the MEDICAL TEAM carry her past the getaway CAR into the distance. BUT THEN--

--she drops something out of her hand. It flows softly to the ground. No one sees it as it comes to rest.
INT. MANOR HOUSE. FOYER. NIGHT

Police look around. Inspecting what they can.

INT. FOYER. TIME CUT. MOMENTS LATER

Pictures are taken of Francesco with a HUGE, enlarged 1910s CAMERA. They remove a KNIFE from his inner JACKET POCKET.

EXT. THE GARDEN. NIGHT

Han's body lies face down in the grass. GLASS surrounds him. Officers circling the area, pick up CUTLERY THEY find...

INT. POLICE CAR. NIGHT

Vinicio sits, handcuffed. Alec perches opposite. His face cut, his suit scuffed and ruined.

HALL (PRE-LAP)
When did the rules change?

INT. MANOR HOUSE. DINING AREA. NIGHT

Levitt, surveying the scene, listens to SUPERINTENDENT HALL [50s], a large, aged man, wearing an arrogantly large coat.

Officers pass around them, doing the usual police work.

HALL
You give someone a job. You train them, you move them up in rank all while covering the expenses they so nonchalantly throw around.
(best)
But that ironically doesn't bring much in return.

Hall huffs, Levitt stays quiet... A BEAT LATER--

HALL (CONT'D)
Do we know how he got involved in the first place?
(Levitt shakes his head)
Do we have any idea who these bidders are?
(Levitt shakes his head)
Do we know if there's a larger conspiracy here?

Levitt shakes his head for a final time. Hall chuckles.

HALL (CONT'D)
Is there anything we are aware of?
LEVITT
Well... we believe the property belongs to a Mr and Mrs Langherth. An Australian couple, currently with their extended family in Chicago until the new year.

Hall stares back, curiously...

HALL
Right... so we know who owns the house, we know that they are on holiday and we know with whom... but we don't know who the people are in this building?

LEVITT
... That's correct.

HALL
Right... maybe we don't advertise that quite yet.

They share a laugh. It's that or you'd cry... A BEAT LATER--

HALL (CONT'D)
Actually... I'm er--I'm sorry. (OFF Levitt's curiosity)
This... this really is a resounding success. I shouldn't be berating you about some holidaying Australian family.

LEVITT
Sir--

HALL
--you did everything we could've asked for.

LEVITT
That's very kind of you, but I can hardly claim--

HALL
Yes, you can.

LEVITT
The painting is seriously damaged.

HALL
There are people who can fix it.

LEVITT
Sir--
HALL
We found a rogue officer, secured a stolen painting and have people in custody. It's as perfect as we're ever going to get.

There's a beat... THEN-- Levitt looks out the window. An ambulance waits outside, Stone is being looked after--

Hall notices Levitt's stares, he turns, looks himself--

LEVITT
I'm unsure how we explain that though...

HALL
Well... she wanted an opportunity to join the force. All we did was give her that chance.
(beat)
I'm amazed she stayed as long as she did.

Levitt stares for A FINAL LONG BEAT... behind him, Hall approaches, places his hand on his shoulder. Levitt turns.

HALL (CONT'D)
Congratulations. Genuinely.

Hall reaches out a hand, Levitt shakes it...

LEVITT
Thank you, sir.

Hall starts to leave. He exits out into--

INT. FOYER. CONTINUOUS

Hall walks over to Francesco. An officer, DC BRAIT [28] stands adjacent-- watching the body.

Hall removes a cigarette from his pocket, lights it up. AS HE puffs smoke into the air--

--Levitt exits the DINING ROOM, darts for the FRONT DOOR--

LEVITT
I'm going to head to the car. I'll check on Evelyn then speak to the three of them. See what they have to say. Andrew won't be able to stay quiet for too long.

HALL
Thank you, I appreciate it.
Levitt reaches for the door-- JUST AS-- A YOUNG NURSE peaks her head in. ELOISE [24].

ELOISE
Excuse me, sir--

Levitt stops, Hall listens on...

ELOISE (CONT'D)
--It's Evelyn... She's awake.

Hall smiles. Levitt hides his internal panic. He grins through it, opens the FRONT DOOR FULLY--

LEVITT
Well... let's go and see her.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE. DRIVeway. MOMENTS LATER

Eloise and Levitt approach the ambulance waiting in the distance. They walk and talk, passing the chaos around them.

LEVITT
How do you rate her chances?

ELOISE
Well, there's an entry and exit wound, she's lost a lot of blood and we're at least forty minutes to the nearest hospital that can help.

Her despondent expression tells all. Levitt fakes sadness as they arrive outside the ambulance, they look inside.

Stone lies on an external bed pulled out from the back. The MEDICAL team work frantically, blood is everywhere.

LEVITT
Thank you, Evelyn. You did all you could.

She looks to Levitt, musters all the anger she can. She then turns to her nearest MEDIC, NURSE MAY [60s], and speaks softly into her ear...

Nurse May, voice raised, relays Stone's whispers--

NURSE MAY
She says the bullet went all the way through.

LEVITT
Yes, the doctor here said that. But don't worry. It often happens with this.
He shares a quick look with Eloise, trying to be optimistic. Stone turns to Nurse May once again.

NURSE MAY
(replying once more)
She says it's the one good thing about being an invertebrate.

Levitt's expression remains statuesque. But inside his world crumbles. He and Stone share a look BEFORE--

ELOISE
We have to go, I'm sorry, sir.

Eloise moves past a speechless Levitt, closes the back doors and hits the side of THE AMBULANCE. Time to go.

Levitt takes a beat, watches the AMBULANCE drives away. A BEAT LATER--

--he looks to the police car meters away (the one with our arrested men) and reaches into his pocket, retrieves his papers... EXCEPT--

The front page is ripped. His I.D. picture and basic information is gone. A mere slice of the bottom edge remains. A rush of concern crashes through him. This is bad...

EXT. MANOR HOUSE. BY THE FRONT DOOR. SAME TIME

Hall takes a final drag of his cigarette, then flicks it onto the floor. As he does--

--a gust of WIND throws an object into the air. The paper Stone dropped moments before. Intrigued, Hall approaches it.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE. DRIVEWAY. MOMENTS LATER

Hall reaches down, grabs the paper. He stretches it out and reads it. It's the top half of Alec's documents.

Fake name, fake I.D.

Hall's mind starts to rush. Things hit differently all of a sudden. A BEAT LATER--

--Brait walks past. Hall grabs his jacket, stops him.

HALL
What did he call him?

BRAINT
... I'm sorry?
HALL
When DI Levitt went to speak with those outside. He mentioned a name.

BRAIT
Yes...

HALL
What--what was the name--
(Brait doesn't know)
... How would he know any name?

A beat. It's a good question.

BRAIT
... He wouldn't.

Hall is struck with a wave of fear... AND AT THAT MOMENT--

--A CAR in the distance revs into life. The ONE WITH THE PRISONERS. Hall starts to SPRINT-- shouts along the way--

HALL
Stop them moving! Shoot the tyres!

Every officer nearby grabs and aims their gun. Shots fire, over and over. Lighting the car (and surrounding area) up!

EXT. MANOR HOUSE. GROUNDS. CONTINUOUS

THE CAR screeches along, gaining speed with each second. Shots continue to fire. But they're getting away... UNTIL--

--BAM! One tyre is taken out. The car slides sharply but keeps moving. They're getting closer. BEFORE--

--BAM! A second tyre is hit. The car is really starting to slow now. It's wounded.

INT. POLICE CAR. SAME TIME. (MOVING)

Levitt looks around, the interior shakes hard. The flat wheels make each yard a struggle.

LEVITT
No! Come on!

He puts his foot down. As far as it can go.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE. GROUNDS. CONTINUOUS

Hall, gun aimed into the distance, stares the CAR down. He waits and waits, biding his time-- UNTIL--
--he takes the shot, DESTROYING a THIRD WHEEL. The car now slides and slows. It trundles along for a beat or two, but it's a fatal hit. AS IT GRINDS to a HALT-- WE MOVE INTO--

INT. POLICE CAR. NIGHT

Levitt, in the driver's seat, can't regain control. He bows his head in defeat and looks around to both Vinicio and Alec. The CAR is quickly surrounded. Their game is run.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE. GROUNDS. SAME TIME

Hall watches as Alec, Vinicio and Levitt are ripped out the car ahead. He pockets his gun, starts to walk over.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE. ESTABLISHING SHOT. NIGHT

The madness of the scene in full view. As Hall makes his journey to the newly arrested gang...

... the night sky starts to turn brighter... ALL THE WAY TO--

EXT. MANOR HOUSE. A NEW DAY

Daylight... finally. An extremely pleasant morning. A light, early-day fog flows, the place is deserted... UNTIL--

A CAR APPROACHES, its engine roars, churning gravel below.

TITLES UP: NEW YEAR'S EVE, A FEW WEEKS LATER

THE CAR heads for the HOUSE, comes to a stop just outside.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE. FRONT DOOR. DAY

Keys enter the lock, ones with a familiar RED LEATHER TAG.

INT. MANOR HOUSE. THE FOYER. MOMENTS LATER

Stone, alive and well, walks in. The place is spotless. As if none of the carnage before ever happened.

INT. MANOR HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY

Stone's footsteps echo around the space. She heads over to the loose TILE, moves it aside, opens THE HATCH-- INSIDE--

--sits a SUITCASE and the REAL MONA LISA. She smiles.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE. ENTRANCE. MOMENTS LATER

Stone exits, painting in one hand, SUITCASE in the other. She walks towards THE CAR. A well-dressed man sits in the front.
INT. THE CAR. CONTINUOUS

Mia, arm in a sling, sits in the back. Stone opens the CAR DOOR, slides the painting and suitcase alongside.

STONE
... You'll--um you'll get it over there alright?

MIA
We have people helping.

STONE
I checked the case, but, feel free to--

MIA
--It's fine. I trust you.

Stone smiles. Mia reciprocates.

MIA (CONT'D)
I can't thank you enough.

STONE
... It's--it's no problem at all.

Stone goes to shut the door. Mia springs forward, stops her--

MIA
Miss Stone--

Stone halts, peers her head back through, contains a smile.

MIA (CONT'D)
Were you really who you said?

STONE
(hearing it perfectly)
I'm sorry?

MIA
Are you really an... art intermediary? I ask, as this, this gesture here, doesn't really ring true to that.

Stone takes a moment... the gig is up.

STONE
No... I was a police... a police secretary.

Mia takes a beat, absorbing the info--
STONE (CONT'D)
And--if we're being fully transparent--Francesco, as you knew him, was a... quote unquote real officer.

MIA
Right... so, do I need to be worried?

STONE
No. The force themselves never knew the identities of the other bidders... No one will be looking for you.

(beat)
You're in the clear. I promise.

Mia takes a second, unsure what to say...

MIA
And what does a secretary do exactly?

STONE
I'm sorry?

MIA
What is your--what does the job entail?

STONE
Well... correspondence, note taking, filing... general office tasks.

MIA
Right...

(finding the words)
Well... you survived, I have my painting, my money and your superiors are none the wiser... I'd probably argue you're past the note-taking portion of your career...

Stone smiles, warmly.

MIA (CONT'D)
There's no shame in walking away to find something more of your worth.

STONE
... Thank you, that's... that's very kind.
They share a gracious final look, Mia gestures to the driver.

MIA
You don't want us to take you back?

STONE
No, it's fine. It's quite a trek. Equally, being told you can't walk for two weeks makes you miss it.

MIA
Ok...
(beat)
Well, thank you again.

Mia smiles, Stone waves goodbye, grabs the door, closes it.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE. DRIVeway. CONTinuous

Stone watches as the car starts to drive away. She's now totally alone. She takes a moment, turns to the house--

INT. MANOR HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY

Stone opens THE CUTLERY DRAWER and picks up THE BASKET full of cutlery. She then looks up, through the window...

EXT. MANOR HOUSE. GARDEN. MOMENTS LATER

KNIVES fall to the ground, landing all around us.

TIME CUT. GARDEN. A FEW SECONDS LATER

Stone wanders through, gazes around. She uses the knives as a guide... it takes a beat or two, but she FINDS-- Vinicio's car keys. Hidden in a muddy footprint.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE. GROUNDS. DAY

Stone walks timidly through the impressive garden. She spots a SMALL SHED in the distance and starts to smirk.

INT. MANOR HOUSE. GROUNDS. SHED. DAY

A large CLOTH is removed. It reveals, A CAR. Stone looks it up and down, feels the BLACK EXTERIOR with her finger.

INT. THE CAR. MOMENTS LATER

Stone, behind the driver's seat, looks across. A piece of paper sits underneath the passenger side.

She grabs and opens it. It's a purchase receipt. One for K.H. Franklin Motor Car Company. AT THE BOTTOM--
--a name, printed and signed. Under Vincenzo Pera.

Stone smiles, folds the receipt and swaps it with a map from inside her jacket pocket. She opens the large pages fully.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE. DRIVEWAY. DAY

THE CAR emerges from behind the property. It drives along--down the PATH-- into the distance...

INT. THE CAR. (MOVING). MOMENTS LATER

Stone drives, a huge grin on her face.

THE MAP sits on the passenger seat. It's folded, facing up. A SMALL RED circle is drawn around a location... ADLINGTON.

Training here she comes. Fourth time must be the charm...

A BEAT LATER-- we start to hear BULBS... SMASHING...

INT. THE LOUVRE. DAY

A red wall. Filled with paintings. Different shapes, different sizes. Lights flash at a shocking speed as AN EMPLOYEE carries the MONA LISA. Its bottom half refurbished.

PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS, cordoned off a few yards away, capture every second. As the painting is hung back in its original, worn spot--

WE FOCUS ON IT... move closer and closer... UNTIL-- it fills the entire FRAME. WITH ONE FINAL FLASH OF A BULB-- WE--

--FADE OUT:

THE END