

# **Selling Mona**

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Master of Arts (by research)

University of York

Theatre, Film, Television and Interactive Media

December 2022

# 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. *What's happening?*

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 handedness, 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. Obligated.

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.

VINICIO

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.

VINICIO

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.

VINICIO

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.

VINICIO

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  
crocery 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--

MIA

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 CLOSSES 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 stares Francesco down. Enraged. Public betrayal.

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--



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.

THE GUEST BEDROOM door (THE ONE ADJACENT) flies open. Henri  
and Mia exit, deep in an argument. Vinicio, Alec and  
Francesco slowly follow. THE MONA LISA in the latter's grasp.

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...

Mia, scrunching her face, slowly turns around. It's Alec. Gun drawn. Blood drips off his clothes.

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 Montpellier.

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  
AGHHHHH!

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

Yves and Alec sit, makeshift handcuffs across their wrists and feet. Rope, ties and laces. Henri paces. Fast. Gun drawn.

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)

Don't try and win. Just. Give. Up.

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?

BRAIT  
... 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**