

THE TAKEAWAY

Written by

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EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

A GLOVED HAND presses a cellphone to the cheek of its owner.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
(through phone)
Metropolitan Police, what's your
emergency?... Hello?... Hello?

The face of the SPECTACLED MAN with the phone is obscured,
but he's 40s, posh, in a camelhair coat. His hand trembles.

SPECTACLED MAN
Listen carefully: there's a bomb in
the basement of the cathedral.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
Sir, what is your location?

The man cocks his head, looking up at:

AN ENORMOUS CATHEDRAL

An ornate Gothic dome flanked by spires, reaching to the sky.
Marble statues of robed saints stare down at the man.

SPECTACLED MAN
St. Paul's.

The surrounding square is bustling, packed with PEOPLE.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
(panicked)
Sir, I am transferring this call.
Do not hang up. Do not hang--

CLICK. The Spectacled Man steps off the curb, casual, and
drops the disposable cellphone into a rubbish bin.

EXT. BRONSON AND WEBB GALLERY - DAY

A tiny gallery nestled between brownstones on a quiet street.
Outside, a young MAN with TATTOOS, late 20s, a Formula 1 'F'
inlaid on a wreath on his bicep, smokes by a rubbish bin.

A MAN, late 30s, in an impeccable slate-gray-SUIT springs up
the steps of the gallery. Confident. Playful.

THE SUIT is our male lead, who we'll come to know later.

He moves past Tattoos, tosses a WATER BOTTLE into the trash.

SUIT

Pardon.

The odd thing is, the water bottle is full.

We'll never see his face, but we follow The Suit inside...

INT. BRONSON AND WEBB GALLERY - DAY

...past a few PATRONS trickling through the gallery's rooms. An aloof ASSISTANT clicks through e-mails. A rent-a-cop SECURITY GUARD paces the floor. A WOMAN works the coat check.

UPSTAIRS

The Suit wanders upstairs, past a second GUARD who reads the DAILY MAIL. He heads into a little room off the hallway.

The Suit is entranced by a large painting of a SUNSET over a craggy coastline. He pulls up his sleeve, checks the time on his rose-gold vintage Rolex. Tick, tick, tick...

EXT. LONDON STREET - ACROSS FROM ST. PAUL'S - DAY

The Spectacled Man sips a cappuccino at an al fresco cafe. He watches as COPS swarm St. Paul's cathedral across the street.

On his laptop, several windows are open: one is a PROGRAM rapidly scrolling through potential CODES. His eyes dart between this page and a BROWSER WINDOW. His fingers dance across the keyboard like it's a piano.

INT. BRONSON AND WEBB GALLERY - DAY

Upstairs, The Suit stands, looking at that sunset painting. Three SECURITY CAMERAS, two in the corners and one in the center of the room, are oriented towards him. But, like magic, the cameras TILT AWAY from where he's standing.

EXT. LONDON STREET - ACROSS FROM ST. PAUL'S - DAY

On the Spectacled Man's SCREEN we see a stream of each of the gallery's CAMERA FEEDS. He's manipulating the cameras. He presses a small BLUETOOTH earpiece, and speaks low:

SPECTACLED MAN

Perfect view from here.

INT./EXT. BRONSON AND WEBB GALLERY - DAY

A SERIES OF SHOTS in and around this unassuming gallery:

-Upstairs, The Suit pulls a thin satchel from inside his coat. He flicks it open, revealing an array of tools: knives, scissors, pliers. He chooses a thick blade.

-Outside, the Tattoos flicks his burning cigarette into the trash can. BOOM!!! An explosion, and the can catches fire: *it wasn't water in that bottle*. Tattoos ducks inside.

-In the gallery, PATRONS turn, concerned at the activity.

-Tattoos pulls the FIRE ALARM and it SCREECHES.

-Guard 1 rushes outside to find the flaming trash can.

GUARD 1
Call the police! Now!

-Guard 2, upstairs, drops his Daily Mail, grabs an EXTINGUISHER from the wall, and rushes downstairs.

-Outside, at this very moment, a TOUR BUS full of TOURISTS arrives on the street corner. Guard 1 watches, daunted, as a throng of people spill out and head toward the little museum.

INT. BRONSON AND WEBB GALLERY - DAY

The Suit grabs the SUNSET PAINTING hard. TEARS it from the wall, and SLASHES the suspension wires anchoring it to the sheetrock. He slices the frame and discards the wood.

In one fluid motion, he rolls up the canvas. He takes a plastic CYLINDER from inside his coat, and fights to wedge the canvas, a tight scroll, inside. But it won't quite fit...

EXT. BRONSON AND WEBB GALLERY - DAY

One guard struggles to evacuate guests as the tour group of people try to enter the museum, another douses the trash can. They're totally overwhelmed. The assistant rushes outside.

ASSISTANT
The police are coming as fast as they can, but they're strapped.

GUARD 1
What do you mean?

ASSISTANT
Some big emergency across town!

INT. BRONSON AND WEBB GALLERY - DAY

The Suit can't fit the painting in the tube. There's SHOUTING from downstairs... He freezes. Running out of time. Onto plan B:

The Suit wraps his scarf around his elbow like a bandage. Timed with the cry of the alarm, he SMASHES the window. Glass shatters, an external alarm SCREECHES. He HURLS the painting.

It SOARS out the window. The canvas unfurls, SCRAPES a ledge, SLAMS the lip of a dumpster, and BOUNCES twice on the ground.

From his pocket, The Suit pulls what look like a couple of black GOLF BALLS. He sets them on the ground, and they roll a ways before silently EXPLODING IN A PLUME OF DENSE SMOKE.

As he leaves, The Suit presses his tiny BLUETOOTH EARPIECE.

SUIT
Slight change in plan.

He shakes out his arm, and little shards of glass hit the floor. The face of that beautiful Rolex is now CRACKED.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE GALLERY - DAY

A black ROLLS ROYCE glides up the alley. The painting lies in an oily puddle, and a GLOVED HAND plucks it from the cement.

INT./EXT. BRONSON AND WEBB GALLERY - DAY

It's chaos downstairs. Guard 1 perks up at the sound of the new alarm. The Suit comes downstairs, joining the fold...

Guard 1 shuffles past the crowd to see, on the security monitor, the UPSTAIRS ROOM IS FULL of SMOKE. Holy shit.

Meanwhile, a CRANKY OLD LADY argues with Guard 2 as he ushers her out. But The Suit swoops in, takes her by the arm. What a gentleman. Guard 2 is grateful, glad to be rid of her...

But Guard 1 watches this, concerned. Did that man just come from upstairs? He fights the crowd to follow The Suit out...

OUTSIDE

The Suit deposits the old lady on a bench. She opens her umbrella. And when she turns to thank him, he's gone.

When Guard 1 emerges, he's met by the COPS and FIREFIGHTERS, who have just arrived. He looks over their shoulders...

The Suit walks briskly. He crosses the street and turns a corner... The ROLLS ROYCE waits for him. He gets in, and the car ZOOMS off, leaving the quiet street behind.

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

A hip, expensive part of town. Fine shops and restaurants.

EMMA DOYLE, 27, bundled up in a knit cap, long raven hair spilling over her shoulders, peers into the storefront of an art gallery. She's sweet-faced but serious. Smart. The belief that the world is her oyster -- that she can have it all -- has nearly been beaten out of her. But she can still dream...

She stares at a PICASSO drawing. Flecks of pencil, somehow so alive: two simple shapes intertwined. A man and a woman.

Her breath fogs the window. She wipes it with her mitten.

A group of ATTRACTIVE YOUNG PEOPLE practically plow over her as they rush into the BAR next door. They're drunk, laughing.

EMMA
(American accent)
Oh, sorry.

She watches them tumble inside. She heads past the bar, but then -- what the hell? -- changes her mind. She ducks in.

INT. COOL BAR - NIGHT

Emma peels off her winter coat. She's wearing the hell out of her little sale-rack dress, knock-off Missoni scarf, art deco earrings, and well-worn boots she's had forever. She peruses the cocktail list: £20 martini after £20 martini.

EMMA
I think I'll start with water.

She smiles at the BARTENDER, apologetic. He rolls his eyes. Emma watches the sea of PEOPLE dance, laugh, flirt.

MILQUETOAST GUY (O.S.)
Looks like you're having an
adventure.

Emma turns. He's sort of cute. He nods to her water glass.

EMMA

I'm easing into my adventure, okay?

She takes a gulp with a little smile. He laughs.

EMMA

I'm going to be very well hydrated when the adventure starts.

LATER

Empty cocktail glasses litter the bar in front of them. They're both drunk, and Emma talks a mile a minute.

EMMA

It's a crazy life. The travel's constant. Dinners with curators, parties, exhibits and openings. Sometimes I wake up in my hotel and I don't even remember what city I'm in. It's kind of fun -- I open the window and listen down to the street, try to hear what language people are speaking. Oh, man, I'm sorry, I'm going on and on, and--

MILQUETOAST GUY

No, no. It sounds incredible. Exciting. I don't... I mean, I'm just an account manager...

EMMA

It is. And the money's great. But there's nothing like the work. Today, I was restoring an actual Salvador Dali. You know, stunning, surreal, all about the gap between reality and illusion. But this painting's covered in craquelure: dense little spiderweb cracks in the paint. So I took a very fine brush we special ordered... and as I work, I'm thinking... How many people has this painting touched? It's a piece of history for sure, a huge influence on everyone from contemporary artists to graffiti crews... But...

(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)

how many, just, regular people have seen it and cocked their heads and thought 'what does it mean?' It has this pull, this power, and I got to be a part of that. Even just for a few hours. I got to make it beautiful again. Touching a piece like that, it's such a rush. It chills you, it terrifies you. You've never felt so alive.

The milquetoast guy is rapt when Emma's PHONE RINGS.

EMMA

Oh, sorry.

Her face falls when she checks the number. She considers.

EMMA

Shit. It's work. I'm sorry. And thank you for... this.

MILQUETOAST GUY

Don't apologize. Take it.

But he doesn't expect her to leave, which she does.

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

Emma answers the call and fights to sound cheerful.

EMMA

Janine? Thank you so much for calling back. I know I'm behind, I think I left like ten messages--

JANINE (O.S.)

Eleven.

EMMA

I'm wondering if maybe we can find a way to extend the forbearance.

JANINE (O.S.)

I've stretched it as far as I can, Miss Doyle. You need to start making your minimum payment.

Emma's heart sinks. Her voice is small.

EMMA

I can't.

Over a SERIES OF SHOTS their phone conversation continues:

-Emma heads home through foggy, cold, springtime London.

EMMA

I make minimum wage and pay UK taxes. I can't get a better job without experience and I can't get experience without a better job. It's a Catch-22. Janine, I'm... I need your help. If I can somehow just eek out another month, I can figure something out. Please.

A heavy sigh from Janine.

-Down one cobblestoned street, Emma can't help but stop. A STREET VENDOR sells TACKY paintings on the sidewalk.

JANINE

Here I see U Chicago and then the Academy of Fine Arts in London. Federal subsidized, Federal unsubsidized, and private loans...

Emma ponders a hideous hot-pink pop art PORTRAIT OF ELVIS PRESLEY. She puts her hand over her phone's mouthpiece.

EMMA

(into phone)
Yes, that's correct.
(to vendor)
Four pounds.

The vendor laughs and shakes his head. No way.

EMMA

(covering the phone)
Give me a break. What did you use on this, crayon and sidewalk chalk?

She touches the edge of the painting and her mitten comes back fuschia. She smirks at the vendor, who has no defense.

-Emma rides a double-decker bus over the London Bridge. Big Ben, the London Eye, the city illuminated in the distance. The Elvis picture takes up the seat beside her.

JANINE

So your total account balance is--

EMMA

Oh, do you have to say it? Please--

JANINE

Three hundred fifty-eight thousand dollars and ninety-six cents.

Emma looks as though she's going to vomit.

JANINE

I need a verbal response.

EMMA

Yes. That is my account balance. The sum of all my stupid ambition and unrealized dreams that will haunt me for the rest of my life.

Janine is quiet on the line.

JANINE

Is help from family an option?

EMMA

No... I can't.

-Emma trudges up the stairs of her modest building.

EMMA

There's got to be something we can do. An exception to the rules...

JANINE (O.S.)

I'm sorry. There's just no way around it. If you don't start making payments, you'll default.

Emma stops. She looks up to the water-stained ceiling.

EMMA

Thank you for trying.

INT. EMMA'S CRUMMY FLAT - NIGHT

Emma trudges into her studio apartment. It's a shoebox, but she's livened it up. Apple boxes for a coffee table with big melted candles; a scarf framed as a tapestry; a huge MURAL in progress on one wall -- a BANKSY recreation. A handcrafted MOBILE hangs from the ceiling, by Emma's only window.

It's vibrant... on a budget. If it wasn't clear before, it's obvious now: the story at the bar was a complete fantasy.

Emma considers the ridiculous Elvis picture with intensity. She sets it down on an easel. And cranks some HEAVY METAL.

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

-Emma's hands claw the surface of the canvas. Shards of paint chip away beneath her fingernails.

-Color drains from a section of the canvas as she holds it beneath a shower faucet.

-A pizza-cutter glides across the painting, slicing it.

-Emma blasts a corner of the canvas with her hair dryer.

-A spoon from a jam jar splatters the painting.

Emma licks the rest of the jam from the spoon. She considers the destroyed Elvis, turns up the music, and snaps open a toolbox. Inside: brushes, solutions, thread, cotton swabs. A mix between a doctor's kit and an artist's.

She chooses a small swab and begins cleaning the painting.

LATER

Morning. Pop-Art Elvis is fixed: restored to its original ugliness. Emma smiles through a yawn. Happy. Fulfilled.

She places Elvis on a ledge amongst other restorations: a giant pastel of an avocado, a watercolor of a whale, a Buddha statue with cracks in its enamel, now glued back together.

Her HANGING MOBILE catches the light pouring in her window, and casts a shadow of a HEART on the wall. It's a SUNDIAL.

She notices, checks the time on her iPhone. Shit! She's late.

EXT. DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY - DAY

Umbrella overhead, Emma runs across a vast lawn to a grand, sprawling Gothic museum. Spires and stone and history.

She taps an electronic keycard to enter.

INT. DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY - MAIN HALL - LATER

Cathedral ceilings, vaulted skylights, masterpieces on every wall. GUARDS, DOCENTS, and RECEPTIONISTS begin their morning.

Emma rushes through the halls. EDDIE, 70s, British, half-moon glasses and meticulous security guard uniform, passes her.

EDDIE

Look out. The shrew's on the prowl.

Emma nods and continues on. But she's intercepted by ISABEL BENSON, 50s, tiny, broken-in frown, towering stiletto heels.

EMMA

Good morning!

Benson slaps a heap of file folders into Emma's arms. Blueprints, notes. Emma clenches the stack with her chin.

BENSON

These go upstairs for approval.
Photocopy, file, originals back to me. Don't bend them, my god. And I'll take my tea in a quarter hour.

Emma forces a smile and readjusts her grasp. At a locked door, she punches in a security code. The door springs open.

INT. DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY - NEW WING - DAY

DRILLING and HAMMERING. Tarps hang over sheetrock and exposed beams. Plaster dust plumes. Emma walks past a sign that reads: "Don't mind our appearance. We're restoring."

The corridor spills into a vast room. WORKERS install light fixtures, moldings. Emma stands in the center for a moment.

EMMA

Wow. It looks amazing.

FOREMAN

What?

EMMA

It looks amazing!

He can't hear her. She passes him the blueprints.

INT. DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY - MAIN HALL - DAY

Emma leads different tour groups through the museum:

LOBBY

Wearing a docent's nametag, Emma meets a GROUP. A mix of FANCY RETIREES, BACKPACKERS, and STUDENTS watch her.

EMMA

Hi, everyone. Welcome to the Dulwich Picture Gallery.

ETHEREAL SCULPTURE

INT. DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY - 1966 - NIGHT

A DRILL BUZZES, slicing out a small panel of an old door. A very PETITE MALE THIEF squeezes through and into the museum.

INT./EXT. DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY - 1973 - DAY

A YOUNG MAN sprints through the museum with the PAINTING in a plastic grocery store bag. He runs down the steps outside...

EMMA (V.O.)

The second time, a kid just grabbed Jacob off the wall and threw him in a plastic bag. In broad daylight.

...and hops on his BIKE. He pedals away, legs pumping.

BACK TO EMMA

EMMA

Another time, men dressed as cops came in and stole him in the middle of the day. In 1983...

EXT./INT. DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY - 1983 - NIGHT

THIEVES dressed in black facemasks and catsuits climb a three-tiered ladder to reach the roof of the museum.

EMMA (V.O.)

...it was a bigger job. Thieves broke open a skylight and rappelled down into the gallery on cables.

One thief SINKS into the quiet museum on a wire. With a crowbar, he POPS the painting off of the wall. The ALARM BLARES, and the hanging thief ZIPS right up to the roof.

BACK TO EMMA

MUTTERING amongst the crowd.

EMMA

The painting's been found in some weird places. Under a bench in a graveyard. In a taxi. At an army garrison in Germany. Tied to the back of that bicycle. But he was returned each time.

A lanky BOY, 11, full of energy, pipes up.

BOY

Why'd they give it back?

EMMA

Why do you think they gave it back?

BOY

They didn't fancy it?

EMMA

No. They abandoned it. The thieves realized it wasn't worth the risk. You see, you can't take a priceless painting -- *a trophy for thieves* -- the most famous stolen painting in the world, and just sell it on the normal art market. It's too recognizable. Too "hot." And extorting a museum for ransom money is very complicated. None of these thieves had a plan. Some got caught, some got scared and had to backpedal. So, the painting survived, found its way home again. And that is why we call it "The Takeaway Rembrandt."

The group buzzes. One VOICE cuts through the rest.

LEO (O.S.)

(British accent)

1634, I believe.

EMMA

I'm sorry?

Emma has to stand on her toes to find...

LEO DESMARAIS, 40, piercingly handsome, confidence in spades. She sizes him up: pointed gaze, scruffy-cool appearance. He's both sophisticated and effortless. A paradox.

LEO

You said 1632.

EMMA

That's right.

LEO

It was commissioned in 1632.
Completed in 1634.

EMMA
No, it's 1632. You can check the
plaque, here...

LEO
The tag's wrong.

Emma, caught off guard, shakes her head.

EMMA
I don't think so. Rembrandt worked
fast during this period, and I--

LEO
You're saying it's impossible?

He turns to the eleven-year-old boy.

LEO
What do you think? Do you believe
everything you read?

The boy shrugs, looks to Emma. Leo glances at her nametag.

LEO
Emma, how about this? Let's bet.
Twenty pounds. We'll go look it up.

She looks at him. The plaque. Uncomfortable. Second guessing--

EMMA
I guess it *could* be a mistake.

LEO
No bet?

Emma shakes her head and leads the group down the hall. She glances over her shoulder at Leo. What a jerk.

LATER

Emma leaves the dispersing tour group, where Benson catches up and saddles her with a fresh stack of files.

BENSON
If you could make an effort not to
get your fingers *all* over these...

Leo watches Emma nod and take the blueprints.

When Benson leaves, Emma secretly makes a face behind her back. Emma punches the security code and enters the new wing.

Leo smiles, finding Emma funny.

INT. DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY - RESTORATION AREA - DAY

Emma and Eddie sit on a bench eating sandwiches. Through a window, they look into the museum's art restoration area, a sterile room where a RESTORER tends to a corner of a canvas. A RENOIR. She applies solution, dabs with a cotton swab.

EDDIE

Why don't you ask again?

EMMA

They won't promote me here. It'll never happen.

Eddie searches for something reassuring as this sinks in.

EMMA

I think I finally have to give up. Move back to Vermont. Call the time of death on the grand European adventure. God. I am such an idiot.

A RESTORER mists a painting with solution. Emma perks up.

EMMA

Ooh, ooh. See her? Cleaning that section? Oils collect a lot of particles that can damage the-- oh, man, look, she's going to have to touch up that water spot. Do you see it? That brown circle?

Eddie watches Emma, who's rapt as the painting comes to life.

EMMA

She'll have to go in with a fine brush. Match that aquamarine color.

EDDIE

Just ask one more time.

Off Emma, thinking.

INT. DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY - BENSON'S OFFICE - DAY

With shaky hands, Emma rests a cup of tea on the desk. A bit of liquid sloshes into the saucer. She pats it with a napkin. Benson doesn't notice, and Emma bites the bullet.

EMMA

While I have you, I was thinking... wondering... if I could follow up about my progress here.

(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)

(no response...)

I don't know if you remember, but I'm very interested in transferring into Restoration. I actually have a Master's in R&C, and I'd love to help with the chemical analysis, the dating process, prep.

Benson looks up at Emma, squinty-eyed. Emma soldiers on.

EMMA

I could work up to that, of course. Not trying to run before I can walk, you know, as they say! I could clean paintbrushes. Take notes. Errands. I'd do anything for the opportunity to be around the work, even just to observe--

BENSON

Emma.

Benson sets down her pen, softened. Emma brims with hope.

BENSON

People like your tours. And you know all the workers' names. I need you where you are. I've given you a lot of responsibility, do you not appreciate that?

EMMA

Yes, of course I do--

BENSON

Good.

Emma's crushed. She wants to protest, but what's the point?

INT. COVENT GARDEN PUB - EVENING

A pub quiz. Emma huddles with ALISON, 29, mature, dark-skinned, and BERNIE, 28, impeccable, drinking £2 beers. The M.C. holds up a bottle of GORDON'S GIN for all to see.

M.C.

The winning team will be going home with this saucy mistress, which retails at Sainsbury's for 7.99.

Emma stares at it, eyes burning with focus. All the day's disappointment pouring into this moment.

EMMA

It's ours.

Alison CLINKS her glass with Emma's.

M.C.

Will it be our reigning champions
or these upstart new challengers?

Bernie to the challengers, a table of BANKER GUYS in suits.

BERNIE

You got something to say? You've
got something to say about it?

The banker guys have nothing to say about it.

M.C.

Your sudden death question:

Bernie, Alison and Emma do a complicated good luck ritual:
table pounding, slapping five, handshakes.

M.C.

When creating the famous Mona Lisa,
painter Leonardo Da Vinci spent 12
hours on *which part* of his muse?

Emma smiles, she's got this. The BANKERS confer.

EMMA

It's her lips. Everyone thinks it's
her eyes, but I'm 100% positive.

Alison and Bernie, trusting, push her up.

EMMA

The lips!

M.C.

We have a winner!

The pub goes WILD. The M.C. holds up Emma's arm like a
boxer's. Bernie, Emma and Alison celebrate, victorious!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Emma holds their prized gin like a baby in her arms. Alison
and Bernie walk Emma to the mouth of the subway, LAUGHING.

EMMA

What if we did something crazy this weekend? Let's take the chunnel to Paris for a night!

BERNIE

I wish I could. Adam's got a work party, it's a whole thing.

ALISON

I'm buried. Brief to write. You should do it, though! Go alone, have some fun.

EMMA

No. I can't afford it anyway. I don't know what I was saying.

They've reached the tube.

EMMA

Okay, I better go. You guys take this. Pour one out for me, or whatever you do for miserable souls who have internships at age 27.

Alison pushes the bottle back into Emma's hands.

ALISON

No, you keep it. You deserve it.

Emma can't argue with that.

INT. DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY - NIGHT

Emma, hair up, in that same sale-rack dress, this time with cut-out tights, heels, and a thrift-store brooch-turned-necklace, sits behind a reception table lined with name tags. Glamorous BRITS trickle in, check their coats, sign in. Emma hungrily eyes a tray of canapes gliding by, for guests only.

Eddie, in his uniform, stands watch over the gallery.

A GROUP of gorgeous, laughing people saunter in. Emma smiles. The GUESTS find their nametags. Amongst them is LEO.

LEO

Oh, hello.

Emma remembers him instantly, but pretends not to.

EMMA

Hi.

LEO
You're the tour guide.

He unknots his scarf. His custom suit is perfect. He untucks a corner of his shirt to clean his thick-rimmed glasses. Emma glimpses a taught strip of flesh, just for a second.

EMMA
That's right.

Leo scans the nametags. His hands dance over the options.

LEO
Dr. Carleton Montgomery? Sounds like a stiff, don't you think? I don't want to be boring. Allastair Bradford. Prep school kid who needs his ass kicked.

Emma watches him, quiet, as he chooses another.

LEO
Sir Hans Berg. Don't think I'll ever be knighted. Maybe tonight's my knight? Do you like word jokes? I don't, typically, but that seemed a good opportunity, so I took it.

Emma can't tell if he's flirting or if he's insane.

EMMA
I'm sorry. Do you not have a ticket to this party?

Leo laughs. Benson rushes over and grabs him by the arm.

BENSON
Mr. Desmarais! We've been waiting.

Leo smiles over his shoulder as Benson whisks him away. Emma beckons urgently to Eddie, and he crosses to her.

EMMA
Who's that guy?

EDDIE
Leo Desmarais. Big-time art dealer. He helped pay for the new wing.

EMMA
Oh. Well. He's also an arrogant asshole.

Across, Leo holds court with Benson and some CRITIC types. When she looks up, she accidentally catches his gaze. The reality is, he's an extremely attractive arrogant asshole.

LATER

Only a couple nametags remain. Emma touches LEO DESMARAIS's. Picks it up. Puts it down, catching herself. She watches him, enjoying the party with his friends.

With a sudden burst of courage, she marches over to him.

EMMA

You were wrong about the date.

LEO

Excuse me?

EMMA

On my tour, when you felt the need to correct me. You can look it up if you want, I just did. I'm right.

LEO

Then I'm terribly sorry.

He means it, and it surprises her.

EMMA

I'm here to collect on the bet.

LEO

You didn't take the bet.

EMMA

Yes. That is true. I just thought maybe you'd appreciate the chance to redeem yourself. As a gentleman.

LEO

I look like a gentleman, huh? Tell me something. Why did you question yourself, on the tour?

Leo pulls out his wallet and thumbs through.

EMMA

I don't. I didn't.

LEO

You should be more aggressive.

He produces a 20. Emma decides to take his advice:

EMMA
The bet was 50.

LEO
It was 20.

EMMA
50. And... would you please steal
me a canape. I'm starving.

He knows she's hosing him. He sets down a 50. She takes it.

LEO
I like you.

EMMA
What?

LEO
Why don't you stay?

EMMA
I can't, I have to work. I'm
supposed to be over there.

She turns back to the reception table.

LEO
Sometimes in life, you can't worry
about 'can't,' you just have to
join the party.

EMMA
Wow. You should embroider that on a
pillow.
(as she goes...)
Things like that only sound good
because of your accent.

LEO
Does sound good though, doesn't it?

Fuck. It does...

INT. PARTY - NIGHT

Leo and Emma wander through the museum, drinking champagne.
Emma balances a little plate, eagerly eating canapes.

LEO
So you're moving home. What about
restoring art?

EMMA

I don't know. We'll see.

LEO

You're giving up?

That stings.

EMMA

It's not giving up if you've tried everything.

LEO

If you don't want the answer to be no, don't take no for an answer.

She laughs, sort of annoyed and delighted by him at once.

EMMA

Oh, no. You are one of those people! Do you send positive energy into the universe when you're hoping for the 57 bus to come?

LEO

I don't take the bus.

EMMA

Right, why would you?! You're...

Rich. Successful. Posh. Handsome. She doesn't finish...

LEO

I'm a lot of things. So are you, I can tell. But I'm serious. You're in charge of getting what you want.

EMMA

Another for the pillow collection! It's fun to dream that life is like that. I wish. But it's a fantasy.

They pause before a highly realistic painting of a GIRL sticking her nose in a deep glass of wine.

EMMA

"Woman Drinking Wine." Baroque. It's moving to your new wing.

LEO

Let's go see it. The new wing.

EMMA

Oh, it's not finished.

LEO
You can show me, can't you?

EMMA
Sorry. The whole construction
area's sectioned off.

LEO
Let's sneak in.

EMMA
We can't.

LEO
Come on. I paid enough for it, I
want to see. It'll be fun.

Emma peers down the hall, away from the party. A GUARD rounds
a corner, disappears. Eddie's preoccupied TALKING to a guest.

EMMA
Okay, let's go fast.

INT. DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY - NEW WING - NIGHT

Emma punches the security code in the door. It opens, and she
and Leo slip into the dark, barren space. It's quiet. Sacred.
Emma flicks on the light. The hardwood flooring is half set,
exposed beams run across the ceiling. Dust. Scattered tools.

LEO
Where will everything go?

His voice echoes. Emma shows him as though it's another tour.

EMMA
They're putting some Rembrandts
here, the Vermeers over on the
south wall. Jacob de Gheyn, there.

She crosses to the other side.

EMMA
But I would've put him here. With
the natural light, it'd be perfect.

Leo stands beside her, looking at the empty wall.

Their shoulders touch. He extends his fingers, brushes her
hand. Unintentionally? Emma's pricked with excitement.

LEO
I have a question.

She holds her breath, waiting. He turns to face her.

LEO

In my line of work, I acquire a lot of art that needs maintenance. I'll buy pieces that require attention before I can sell them again, and sometimes my buyers look to me to help keep their collections in perfect condition. I usually go through Hamilton & Perry, but they're too expensive and I want better quality control. No one wants to take a chance with a seven million dollar Picasso. So, I need someone to work directly for me. Exclusively for me.

EMMA

A restorer?

LEO

You should interview for the position.

He hands her his business card. Stark, with tiny printing.

LEO

Tomorrow, 3 p.m.

BENSON (O.S.)

Mr. Desmarais?

They turn to see Benson in the doorway.

BENSON

I wanted you to meet someone.

LEO

Oh, of course.

He hands his champagne glass to Emma. Benson shoots a look--

LEO

I asked your lovely docent here to show me around.

Emma's left -- two champagne glasses in one hand, Leo's business card in the other -- wondering what just happened.

I/E. TAXICAB - DAY

Stately. Rich. Belgravia. Emma peers out the window.

EXT. LEO'S HOUSE - DAY

A tall, posh building: pillars and manicured trees. Emma's dressed up for her interview in her nicest skirt and a white silk top. She walks up the steps. A gold placard above the buzzer reads: Desmarais. This entire massive place is Leo's.

Emma checks her reflection in the shiny gold doorknocker. Rings the bell. ALEXANDER, 50s, professorial, laser-focused, trouble with eye contact, answers the door with no fanfare.

He's the SPECTACLED MAN from the heist we saw earlier.

INT. LEO'S HOUSE - DAY

A palatial space. Cool, modern decor mixed with classical architecture. Paintings on every wall, sculptures around each corner. A Cezanne, a Warhol. Emma fights the urge to gawk.

ALEXANDER

I'm Alexander, Leo's associate.

He walks fast and doesn't turn around to shake her hand.

EMMA

Nice to meet you. Emma Doyle.

She spots one PAINTING and balks. Alexander looks back and catches her staring, open-mouthed. She tries to recover.

EMMA

Oh, I love Gauguin.

STUDY

A trendy twist on an old smoking room, with wrap-around shelves full of books and art. But no Leo.

In the center of the room is an easel with a canvas. On the easel: a colorful portrait of a woman's face. Staggering use of light, more whimsical than realistic in feeling.

ALEXANDER

Tools are in the cabinet to your left. Washes just below.

The painting is torn on one side. Cracks in the paint spread.

EMMA

I'm sorry?

Alexander fans open the doors to a built in cabinet: it's full of restoration tools. Brushes, solutions, chemicals.

ALEXANDER

Here's a list of the pigments used.
You've eight hours.

EMMA

I'm not sure I understand.

ALEXANDER

To restore it.

Emma's shocked. She looks from him to the painting. She freezes for a moment, then pulls off her coat. Determined.

A SERIES OF SHOTS: Emma's test

-She puts on a goggles. Pulls gloves over her shaky hands.

-She gingerly removes the painting from its frame and lays it on a table, atop another, stabilizing liner.

-With a wide brush, she applies a solution to the surface of the painting. She paints slowly, hardly breathing, determined to be gentle enough not to disturb the surface of the canvas.

-She sets a sheet of paper on top of the wax-coated canvas.

-Day becomes night. Emma throws her hair up in a bun. Hunched over the table, Emma mixes paint colors on a palette.

-She peels the paper from the canvas. It collects most of the wax; the rest is left in the valleys of the torn canvas.

-The woman's cheek, once torn, now appears to have white CRACKS across it. This is where Emma transitions from scientist to artist. She paints. Careful, slow, precise.

-Emma stands back, arms crossed, and looks at the painting. The woman is complete, void of any lines or cracks.

ALEXANDER

Finished?

Alexander appears and studies her work, judgemental.

EMMA

Is Leo going to look, or...?

ALEXANDER

He's busy.

Alexander snaps a photo of the painting with his iPhone. Emma's eyes flick from Alexander's face to the painting, searching for any indication of success. But there's nothing.

Alexander's phone rings and he answers immediately. Emma cracks her knuckles. She waits. Hopeful. Petrified.

ALEXANDER
Leo... Okay. Okay... Yes.

He hangs up and turns to Emma.

ALEXANDER
Thank you for your time.

She waits for more, but... that's it. He texts on his phone.

ALEXANDER
The car will take you home.

Emma pulls on her coat. She looks down and sees her nice white top is speckled with paint. Fighting tears, she goes.

INT. EMMA'S FLAT - NIGHT

Emma holds that silk top under the faucet. She scrubs. Hard. Finally she drops the sopping blouse into the sink.

She pours a shot of the pub quiz gin. Downs it. Grimaces. She takes a deep breath, gathers resolve, takes her phone.

EMMA
Hi, Mom. What're you up to?

INT. SMALL CAPE HOUSE - VERMONT - DAY

KATE and MARK, 60s, Emma's parents, sweet, down-to-earth, fleece and flannel, position something over their mantle.

KATE
Oh, you're going to laugh. We're hanging the picture, the Van Gogh. I know. We're provincial, we're cliché. But we love it.

INTERCUT EMMA'S FLAT AND SUBURBAN HOUSE

EMMA
The poster? From the gift shop?

KATE
We got it framed. We were headed out to the mall and I thought, they have a Michael's, let's do this right. It really looks great.
(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)
 And... it reminds us of you.
 Everything you're up to.

EMMA
 You guys aren't provincial. Or
 cliché. I miss you a lot.

Emma's voice cracks. Her mom hears it. In pep-talk mode:

KATE
 We miss you, honey. But we're so
 proud that you're over there--

EMMA
 You know, that's sort of why I
 called. Things here have become--

KATE
 (to Mark)
 Tip it up, sweetie, a little more.

EMMA
 This is hard, Mom...

Emma's intercom BUZZES. She startles. She covers her phone
 with her hand and presses the button to answer.

EMMA
 Hello?

LEO
 (through intercom)
 Come downstairs.

Emma's shocked when she places the voice.

EMMA
 Mom, I have to call you back.

EXT. EMMA'S FLAT - NIGHT

A Rolls Royce waits at the curb. Emma steps outside as Leo,
 in a tuxedo, opens the car's door. She can't believe it.

LEO
 Hurry. We'll be late.

Emma hesitates. She looks at his tux, then down at her white
 t-shirt and holey Levis, her old leather jacket...

LEO
 You're perfect. Come on.

He beckons, serious. Off Emma, confused but charmed--

INT. AUCTION HOUSE - NIGHT

DEALERS and WEALTHY BUYERS tote numbered paddles. BROKERS bark into phones. Emma and Leo have front row seats. Anticipation ripples as the AUCTIONEER returns to the stage.

It's glamorous and exciting, but Emma looks around, wondering what they're doing here. Is this a date?

EMMA

Did you ever look at my work?

But he's engrossed in his iPhone. Emma, tense, watches as an elevated section of the stage swivels, revealing the next item on the block, behind a wall. It's a PAINTING.

It's small, a portrait in a gold frame. Emma leans forward, realizing... it's the PAINTING OF THE WOMAN she restored.

AUCTIONEER

We'll start the bidding at 175,000.
Do I hear 175? 175 do I hear 200?
225? 225 from number 57 in the
back. Do I hear 250? I see 250.

The moment is electric. Maybe the best in Emma's life.

EMMA

Oh my god.

Leo reaches down and grabs her hand. She squeezes back.

AUCTIONEER

Going once, going twice. And...
sold to number 28 in the back
corner for 250,000 pounds.

Her mouth falls open.

LEO

I think you got the job.

Emma's speechless, exhilarated beyond words. This is a dream.

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

Leo leads Emma down the foggy sidewalk. She mumbles, half-talking to him, half to herself, as she processes this.

EMMA

What if I had screwed it up?

LEO

Some people just have it. You have it. I could tell.

EMMA

Thank you. This is crazy.

Their eyes lock. A charged moment between them.

LEO

Plus, it was only 250k. You'll handle much more valuable pieces.

Emma balks. Leo opens a door beneath a scalloped awning.

INT. POSH RESTAURANT - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

A private party in the back room -- a converted bank vault. A giant circular door with a wheel lock, thick mahogany tables, ice sculptures piled with oysters, the POP POP of champagne.

Leo introduces Emma to SIMON, 30, shaved head, the badass of the group... and the TATTOOED GUY from the earlier heist.

LEO

Simon's in charge of operations. He was a Formula 1 man when we snatched him up.

EMMA

Wow, really?

SIMON

Before I found Leo's finishing school for derelict art lovers.

LEO

We're still working on his manners, apparently...

Leo pulls Emma over to Alexander, who speaks to some GUESTS.

LEO

Alex you've met. My research consultant, organizational mastermind, my number two.

ALEXANDER

Yes. Hello again.

EMMA

Alexander, thank you so much. I want you to know, I'm just so grateful for the opportunity to work with you. So... thanks.

He nods, cordial but distant. Leo lifts his glass in a toast. As he does, his watch glints -- A ROLEX WITH A CRACKED FACE.

Leo is THE SUIT from the heist we saw earlier.

LEO

Let's raise a glass. To brilliant, resourceful, lovely Emma.

"Hear, hears"s and applause. It's incredibly bizarre. And also wonderful. Emma's glass knocks against Leo's.

LATER

The party has dwindled. Emma and the guys sit in armchairs.

SIMON

Did you ever want to become a real painter?

EMMA

I like to think I am.

ALEXANDER

He means an artist. Not a restorer.

EMMA

I like old things. I've always loved the idea of working on something that had been around for hundreds of years, something that would be around for hundreds more.

LEO

Something permanent.

EMMA

Exactly. Permanence. And becoming good enough to work on a Cezanne or a Chagall or a Vermeer, my god. To me, that was always the goal. I figure I could aim for that, instead of, I don't know, selling my oil paintings at coffeehouses.

ALEXANDER

You're ambitious.

EMMA
Yeah. Of course.

When she speaks, Leo's eyes don't leave her. Alexander clocks the energy between Emma and Leo. A little displeased--

ALEXANDER
How are your skills at dating pigments and techniques?

EMMA
They're good.

ALEXANDER
Anything you can't repair?

EMMA
What do you mean?

ALEXANDER
Grease damage? A burn? Acid?

Emma's unintimidated.

EMMA
Yes. Yes. And what kind of acid?

INT/EXT. HIRED CAR - NIGHT

The car winds down a street blanketed in early morning haze. Leo and Emma, drunk on champagne and scotch and the insanity of the night, ride in the back, looking out their windows. He passes her an envelope. She peeks -- it's thick with CASH.

LEO
5%. That work for you?

Emma gapes. Catches herself. Tries to act professional.

EMMA
Couldn't come at a better time.

A silence. Leo gazes at her, then out his window. Cooly--

LEO
Is there a boyfriend?

EMMA
(wry)
I don't like distractions.

LEO

Of course. You're in love with your work. That's why you're so good.

She steals a quick glance at him.

LEO

What about the Dulwich?

EMMA

Not so much that.

LEO

It's a good job, though. Prestigious place. Got your ear to the ground of the museum world...

EMMA

And I cannot wait to quit.

LEO

I was going to ask you about that.

EMMA

What?

LEO

With my relationships there, I'm a little nervous. I don't want them to come after me for poaching you.

EMMA

I don't think they'll miss me.

LEO

Perhaps cut back, but don't quit just yet. Let me figure out the politics of it all first.

EMMA

Okay.

The car arrives at Emma's building. She isn't sure whether to shake hands, to hug, or to let herself out. Leo leans in.

EMMA

Thank you for everything.

LEO

Thank you.

He kisses her cheek. Lingers. When he moves to kiss her other cheek, Emma tips her head and catches his mouth by accident.

EMMA

Oh my god, I am so sorry. I didn't mean to do that. Sorry.

She's halfway out the door, but Leo's unfazed.

LEO

You're always apologizing.

EMMA

What?

LEO

Even when you're not sorry. You're a phony apologizer.

Leo hovers there, challenging. His lips curve into a smile.

EMMA

No, I'm not.

LEO

Then you're sorry?

EMMA

Yes.

He moves closer to her...

LEO

You regret it?

She draws her face to his...

EMMA

I guess I'm not sure.

Just as he's about to kiss her, she pulls back. He's left hanging, and she laughs. He can't help but smile.

EMMA

Oh, now I'm *really* sorry.

LEO

Fine. Apology accepted.

He moves away. Emma hesitates. And then goes for it. Kisses him. It's spontaneous and intentional and hard and soft all at once. He didn't know she had it in her. Neither did she.

She pulls away from him and slips out of the car, feeling like she runs the fucking world.

INT. LEO'S HOUSE - DAY

Dressed for her first day of work, Emma quietly enters and walks down the hall, full of nerves and sober regret. No one appears to be home, so she moves down the hall to...

EMMA'S STUDIO

Leo's study has been completely transformed into a workspace. A couple large tables fill the center of the room. On a desk: a microscope with a feed to a large flat-screen computer monitor. And the tools: chemicals, brushes, paint.

It's a laboratory. And an artist's heaven. Emma's Shangri-La.

Emma absorbs it all. She's brought her own battered toolbox, but she tucks it out of sight, under a table. When she looks back, Leo's standing there.

EMMA

Oh, I thought I'd bring tools just in case, but, obviously, nevermind.

Leo opens his mouth to speak, but--

EMMA

I am mortified. I can't apologize enough. Last night, that was *not* me. I'm here to work and this is my dream job and I will do nothing to disrupt that. If you're okay being professional, so am I.

There's a part of him that disagrees, but he buries it.

LEO

Of course.

LATER

Emma wears gloves and a white coat as Leo shows her a painting stretched and blocked over an easel. It's faded and marred with brown clouds of damage. But below the damage: dots of paint. Pointillism. Barely discernible.

EMMA

I'll start researching. Pointillism needs to be so precise.

LEO

I want it in a week.

EMMA

Sorry... that's just not possible.

Leo raises an eyebrow at 'sorry.'

EMMA

Okay. You're right. I am not sorry. But that's not how I work. This has to be meticulous, precise. You wouldn't want me to do a rush job on this incredible piece.

LEO

Get it done right. Get it done fast. You have one week.

He turns and is suddenly gone. Emma's left, miffed at his curtness. Resolved, she slides on a pair of gloves.

INT. LEO'S HOUSE - EMMA'S STUDIO - DAY

A series of shots as Emma restores:

-Emma CLAMPS the pointillist painting to her workbench.

-One tiny section at a time, she applies solution. Blots each blemish with a swab, cleaning it.

-Emma makes a phone call as she pores over books. She thumbs through the pages of "A Pointillist's Toolkit."

EMMA

(into phone)

Janine? Yes. No... Actually, you're not going to believe it. I'd like to set up payments on my account.

-Under a special LIGHT, Emma inspects some moisture damage. She cringes. Coos to the painting like it's a baby animal.

EMMA

Oh, what happened to you?

-Over time, the film of grime and damage fades, and beneath, flecks of color, dots of the paintbrush, become clear. Leo walks by the door. She doesn't notice his longing look.

INT. DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY - BENSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Emma, looking exhausted but satisfied, checks in.

BENSON

The water boiler not working?

EMMA
No, it is, I think.

BENSON
Then are the tea bags not working?

Emma bites back the urge to react, forces a smile instead.

EMMA
I'll make you a fresh cup.

INT. LEO'S HOUSE - EMMA'S STUDIO - DAY

Emma mixes pigments with a mortar and pestel. She straightens when Leo leads JOHN HAYSWORTH, late 30s, icy good looks, a confident, entitled man-child billionaire. Haysworth's entourage -- KRONIN, 20s, beefy, tight black suit, and SAUL, 40s, tall, imposing, chiseled face -- silently trail them.

LEO
Right in here.

Haysworth's eyes scan each painting on the walls.

LEO
This is Emma, our obscenely talented restorer.

Haysworth tips his head, but he's focused on a piece nearby. A JACKSON POLLOCK. Ribbons of paint streaked across canvas.

HAYSWORTH
How'd you wrangle this one, Leo?

LEO
Isn't there something about it?
It's seductive without being garish. No novelty. If you like it, fine, if you hate it, fine. It's not trying to please you. It isn't beautiful by design, or for anyone's enjoyment. It just is.

Emma listens. Haysworth's poker-faced. Leo presses on.

LEO
So much green in this corner. You think it would upset the eye. But instead, it's just this incredible, bold, 'fuck you,' because it works.

HAYSWORTH
I don't need it.

LEO

But you want it. And it's here,
within reach. Why deprive yourself?
Where's the joy in that? Every day
it spends here is a tragedy. In two
hours, you could be having a Scotch
in your den, looking at this,
thinking, "that's exactly where
it's supposed to be."

HAYSWORTH

My breakfast room.

Leo catches Emma's eye, just as Hayswoth breaks.

HAYSWORTH

Fine, Leo. Pack it up.

INT. LEO'S HOUSE - EMMA'S STUDIO - DAY

Emma slides the painting under the microscope, magnifying it
on a flat screen monitor. Leo enters and she springs up.

LEO

Don't let me interrupt.

EMMA

You were great about the use of
green.

LEO

What?

EMMA

Sorry, I mean you were *right* about
the use of green. Also you were
great. Which I'm sure you know.

He hangs onto the eye contact for a moment.

LEO

There's a party tonight. Lots of
art people. Would you like to come?

Before she can object--

LEO

Strictly professional. I promise.

EMMA

Right. Okay. Thank you.

LEO
It's black tie. So take the car. Go shopping.

He can't be serious...

LEO
Go. Call your friends. Have fun.

INT. BOUTIQUE - DAY

Emma, Bernie and Alison pick through shimmery racks--

ALISON
Emma, this one!

She reveals a red strapless dress, draped at the top.

EMMA
Oh, wow. It's gorgeous. But no.

ALISON
You're kidding.

EMMA
That's a vintage Dior. I don't even have to look. I can't afford it.

ALISON
You earned it. You're making real money now. Bernie, help me out.

Bernie eats chocolate truffles from a tray. A HIP SALESGIRL tops off his glass of champagne. He is in heaven.

BERNIE
That. With your tits. Don't be stupid. Just try it on.

Emma, mortified at 'tits,' looks to the SALESGIRL, who's nonplussed. Alison pushes Emma into the dressing room.

BERNIE
Especially if you're trying to sleep with this guy.

Emma freezes, silent for a moment.

EMMA (O.S.)
I am not. That is not what this is.

DRESSING ROOM

Emma peels off her sweater, slips out of her leggings.

EMMA

This is my work. My life's work. I would never let that kind of thing get in the way. Plus, he's a snob, and he's impulsive. Temperamental. A know-it-all. Even if he *is* smart and charming and, yes, obviously, attractive, I still wouldn't jeopardize my career for that. And he would never want... that... with me either, anyway, I'm sure.

SHOP

Emma steps out. She's striking. Bernie CHEERS. Alison grins. Bernie drags her over to the mirror, but first pulls her hair out of its messy bun. The dress was made for her.

ALISON

You're Audrey Hepburn.

EMMA

With student loans.

Alison peeks at the tag. Cringes. From across the shop--

SALESGIRL

Oh. Your bill's been taken care of.

EMMA

What? No, that can't be...

SALESGIRL

You're to have whatever you want.
All of you.

Bernie, Alison, and Emma share a glance.

ALISON

Right. He definitely doesn't want to sleep with you.

LATER

Emma, Alison and Bernie burst out of the store, laughing. Emma's draped in shopping bags. They all wear fabulous hats.

INT. MANSION - CONSERVATORY - NIGHT

A sleek space filled with stunning PEOPLE. \$2000 heels click on Italian marble, a spired glass roof overhead, art on every wall. A JAZZ band plays. A typical party for this set. Emma, hair down, looking killer in her dress, talks to Simon aside.

EMMA

He bought a Pollock today.

Across the room, she indicates Haysworth, rapt in conversation with Leo and Alexander.

SIMON

That's Haysworth. Inherited Daddy's private equity billions a few years ago. Now apparently he's part of some contemporary Illuminati club, some Phi-Beta-Blue Blood power-hungry bullshit.

EMMA

Really? What do they do?

SIMON

Those creepy snobs? I don't know. Steal away and talk about culture while eating caviar off crystal? Well. He commissions a lot from us, so Leo's gotta kiss the ring.

EMMA

What do you mean 'commissions'?

Simon takes a sip of his drink, ignoring the question.

SIMON

That was pretty ballsy, how you told him off.

EMMA

What? Leo thinks I told him off? That's... Wow. What did he say? Tell me everything he said.

SIMON

He said that he thinks you're brilliant and sexy and perfect. And you told him to fuck off?

She absorbs all of this, completely surprised.

EMMA

That's not what happened. I just didn't want to screw up everything.

SIMON

Probably wouldn't work out, anyway.

EMMA

Why not?

SIMON

Leo's complicated. You'd try to fix him. He hates that.

EMMA

I would never try to fix him.

SIMON

Ah. So you do fancy him, then.

Emma shakes her head, caught. She tries to hide a smile.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Leo stands with Alexander and Haysworth as a waiter brings champagne. Leo can't help but notice Emma across the room.

HAYSWORTH

How's everything on your end, given the timeline?

LEO

We're on track. It's better we don't talk strategy in detail, but--

ALEXANDER

It's a development process, and--

HAYSWORTH

So we agree, then. Three months.

LEO

Four. Let's say four.

A note of tension in Leo's voice. Haysworth holds his gaze.

HAYSWORTH

Fine. Four.

Haysworth claps Leo's shoulder, which rattles Alexander. Leo cracks a smile and motions to the WAITER for another round.

INT. MANSION - GLAMOROUS PARTY - NIGHT

Emma plucks a flute of champagne from a SERVER's tray. Another. The server watches as she quickly guzzles three.

Emma gulps her last sip as she beelines to Leo. She motions for him to follow her. She leads him to... a WALK-IN-CLOSET.

EMMA

Look!

She flicks on the light to reveal a small PICASSO painting.

EMMA

It's authentic, I checked. A blue period Picasso. In their closet.

LEO

Probably an investment piece.

EMMA

But I mean, come on. What a waste. People would kill to have a painting like this, and look at it, it's hidden away with the shoes nobody wears anymore! You know my parents have a Van Gogh *print* over the mantle in their living room?

She catches herself rambling, but can't stop...

EMMA

It's actually a poster. Framed. You probably think that's pathetic, a poster from a museum gift shop.

LEO

I don't think that at all.

He turns to leave. Emma closes her eyes, gathers courage.

EMMA

I only said no to you before because I thought it would be bad, or dangerous, I don't know.

He stops. Listens. Bites back a smile. She soldiers on. Maybe she's making a terrible mistake, but...

EMMA

I want this job. I want you. I want everything.

She kisses him. Pushes his back against the wall. And it's like a knob that was stuck has been twisted, opened.

EMMA

Fuck me before I change my mind.

Emma presses into him with ferocity. Feeling his weight against her... tracing the muscles under his jacket... He touches her face, fills his hands with her long hair.

He picks her up, bites her neck, kisses her chin. Holding her. She reaches down and locks the door, shaking with excitement. She stretches one leg over his shoulder and he kisses her ankle, her calf, hungry...

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

PARTY GUESTS are close by, just in the hall. A scream of bliss from inside the door. One GUEST turns around.

INSIDE

Emma puts her hand over her mouth to muffle her cries. Then, VOICES and FOOTSTEPS. Just outside the door. They freeze.

EMMA

Keep going.

He does. They lock eyes, complicit in this amazing moment.

INT. EMMA'S CRUMMY FLAT - DAY

Emma wakes up in bed with Leo, tangled in her sheets. Her MOBILE casts a shadow of a BIRD on her wall...

LEO

What is that?

EMMA

It's a sundial I made. It works... sort of. A bird means it's 9ish.

His eyes turn to her ledge of "restorations."

LEO

Whoa. How much for Elvis?

She buries her face in his neck, embarrassed.

LEO

I'm serious.

EMMA
You're making fun of me.

LEO
I am absolutely not.

EMMA
What, are you moved by the color
scheme? The use of texture?

He reaches over to the nightstand for his wallet.

LEO
It's sexy.

EMMA
Elvis?

LEO
You. Your passion. All of this.

EMMA
Oh, man. Elvis, really?

He turns to her, sincere. He's serious, and she's touched.

LEO
I love it.

Shaking her head, Emma climbs out of bed. She crosses the room and carefully lifts Elvis off the wall. Hands it to Leo.

EMMA
Gratis.

LEO
Thank you.

Emma turns, but Leo pulls her back into bed. If earlier was the greedy lust, this is something different.

LEO
I'd like to take you out properly
tonight. Is that all right?

She nods yes.

INT. LEO'S HOUSE - EMMA'S STUDIO - DAY

Back to work. Books splayed open, Emma reads on pointillism. On her computer: a SLIDESHOW of pointillist paintings.

EXT. QUAIN TOWN - DAY

A quiet British town. Charming shop-lined streets. TOURISTS. The Rolls-Royce pulls over in a cobblestoned alley.

EXT. QUAIN TOWN - ROAD - DAY

An older ELECTRICIAN adjusts a switchboard by a phone pole. Alexander, wearing a trench coat, stands, watching his work.

ALEXANDER

This cable here, correct?

Alex slides a little ROUTER, a plastic clip, over one of the cables in the box. He hands the electrician a thick envelope.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Behind a cluster of shops, Simon reaches a particular basement window-well. The sill is marked in CHALK. He attaches a small DEVICE to the windowpane, and continues on.

INT. GALLERY - DAY

Walls full of antique art. Small, a bit cluttered, well-lit: a lush, longtime place of business. A bell DINGS. Leo walks in. A pretty SALES GIRL, 30s, notices him.

SALES GIRL

Good morning.

Leo flashes a smile. She watches him as he wanders, slow, looking at the collection. Leo waits another moment, then:

LEO

Di Rosa, is that right? Or no? I'm a total neophyte. Just getting into all this.

SALES GIRL

It's Combas, a contemporary of his. Good eye. We've got some Di Rosa's over here. Want to follow me?

LEO

Only if you're willing to be patient. Take it slow?

Leo glances down at his watch.

INT./EXT. ROLLS ROYCE - DAY

In the backseat, Alexander's laptop is open to an atomic clock. Simon sits beside him, holding a burner cell phone.

ALEXANDER

Now.

Simon hits a button on the burner phone.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

The device affixed to the window -- a little bomb -- EXPLODES with a BANG! It shatters the glass of the window.

INT. GALLERY - DAY

The salesgirl shouts, startled at the sound. Leo jumps.

SALES GIRL

What was that?

LEO

I don't know. It sounds like...
someone... Do you have a basement?

She nods. Concerned, she moves towards the back of the shop.

LEO

No. Wait. I'll go.

SALES GIRL

No! What if it's dangerous?

LEO

Fine, let's call the police. I'll
stay here with you.

She picks up her phone and dials.

INT. ROLLS ROYCE - DAY

Alexander's GOOGLE PHONE RINGS ON HIS LAPTOP. Simon hoots, excited. Alexander shoots him a look, and he quiets down.

ALEXANDER

(answering)

What's your emergency?

SALES GIRL
 (through Google phone)
 Hi, yes, send an officer to 213
 Standish Road. I'm afraid someone's
 breaking in.

Simon plays with a BASEBALL in his hands, full of energy.

INT. LEO'S HOUSE - EMMA'S STUDIO - DAY

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. Emma clicks through a SLIDESHOW OF POINTILLIST PAINTINGS on her computer screen.

She stops, landing on something. She perks up.

She looks over at the pointillist painting she's restoring. Then back to the computer screen. She squints at the screen.

ON THE SCREEN: a banner reads, "Our permanent collection."

INT. GALLERY - BASEMENT - DAY

Two POLICE OFFICERS enter the gallery with authority. Leo and the salesgirl look relieved. Beneath the badges, the uniforms, the hats, we see... they are SIMON and ALEXANDER.

SALES GIRL
 Thanks for coming so quickly--

SIMON
 Stay up here, both of you, and
 we'll check out the downstairs.

She nods, rubbing her forehead as they go...

DOWNSTAIRS

Simon and Alexander creep down the steps into the basement, the storage section of the gallery. They begin searching.

Moving fast, they thumb through boxes and hanging artwork. Tearing through racks. Simon wipes sweat from his forehead.

ALEXANDER
 Over here!

He's found it: a stack of abstract sketches.

INT. LEO'S HOUSE - EMMA'S STUDIO - DAY

Emma poises a brush over the pointillism. With quick, precise strokes, she paints, dotting a section in vibrant color. While the rest is dull and faded, Emma's corner is alive.

She paints faster. Staccato flicks of brush against canvas. She looks to the SCREEN. Back to the PAINTING. On the screen--

REVEAL: The SUNSET PAINTING from the earlier heist!

She touches brush to palette. Her hand trembles.

INT. GALLERY - UPSTAIRS - DAY

The Sales Girl paces, uncomfortable.

LEO
Whatever it is, they'll take care
of it.

He tries to make eye contact, but she's distracted.

DOWNSTAIRS

They carefully separate the sketches from the pile.

ALEXANDER
Check the signature.

Alexander's hands are shaky as he rolls up the sketches.

INT. GALLERY - UPSTAIRS - DAY

The Sales Girl peers over her shoulder towards the basement.

SALES GIRL
What's taking them so long?

She's already on her way, approaching the stairs, getting closer and closer. Leo's desperate. He needs to stop her--

LEO
Can I ask you something? Is there a
boyfriend?

She chuckles, surprised, but she doesn't stop. At the top of the stairs, though, she pauses, turns back to Leo, just as...

...Simon and Alexander emerge. The Sales Girl halts. They appear completely normal. Calm. Simon holds up a BASEBALL.

SIMON

Looks like some kids got carried away. Broken window. I'm sure your insurance will take care of it.

The Sales Girl smiles, relieved. Leo locks eyes with Simon.

INT. LEO'S HOUSE - EMMA'S STUDIO - DAY

The image on Emma's open computer browser is UNDENIABLY THE SAME as the painting she's restoring. Emma holds her cell phone to her ear, concern on her face--

EMMA

(into phone)

Yes. I see here on your website that you have "Copenhagen 37" in your museum, is that correct?

She listens. Her face falls.

EMMA

When was it stolen?

INT. GALLERY - UPSTAIRS - DAY

Leo checks his watch as the sales girl shows him options.

LEO

I just don't know. I might have to take your card and come back.

She chews her lips.

SALES GIRL

So, you asked if I was single--

LEO

Yes. Tell me: if your new sort-of-boyfriend got you one of these, would you think, too serious? Too much too fast? There's this girl I'm seeing...

The salesgirl deflates.

I/E. ROLLS-ROYCE - DAY

The Rolls Royce idles on a narrow side street. Leo hops into the back seat, next to Alexander. Simon hits the gas.

Alexander rolls up the cuffs of his pants and opens his jacket. Inside, attached to a system of strings and clips, they've affixed about a dozen rolled-up sketches.

Leo unlatches a sketch and inspects it. He smiles, content.

INT. DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY - DAY

A jittery Emma follows Eddie on his rounds.

EDDIE

Are you sure it wasn't a copy, what you restored?

She nods, positive. She's frantic, talking fast--

EMMA

I checked the Art Loss Register. How did we not hear about this? It was stolen three months ago.

EDDIE

Happens all the time, I'm afraid. Racks up something like six billion quid a year, stolen art.

EMMA

I know, but paintings like this, on the private market?

EDDIE

They sell 'em fast, and no one ever knows. After a piece changes hands a few times, no one bothers to check. Buyers, dealers, they don't know, or they look the other way. Not their fault if they didn't know. The law says so.

She nods, wheels spinning in her mind.

EDDIE

It's not like James Bond... laser beams, armed security systems... You know how it is here: art rich, endowment poor. We can only do so much, especially in this economy. Things slip through the cracks. I bet your boss had no idea.

EMMA

Sure. I'm sure you're right.

Off Emma, processing all of this.

INT. LEO'S HOUSE - EMMA'S STUDIO - DAY

Darkness. Emma inspects the pointillism under a blacklight.

EMMA

Oh my god.

EMMA'S POV: More damage and HANDPRINTS on the painting!

INT. LEO'S HOUSE - EMMA'S STUDIO - DAY

Emma sits at her workspace, deep in thought. Eyes glued to that pointillist. Leo bursts in, looking handsome and cool.

She turns to him, cold. She opens her mouth to speak and--

LEO

What do you say we go to Italy for the night?

Emma's taken aback. She considers this...

I/E. NAPLES - DAY

A series of shots as Leo takes Emma out properly:

-Emma, in a colorful sundress with a low-cut back and a big floppy hat, steps down the staircase of a private plane.

-Emma and Leo wander down a cobblestoned alley to a piazza. Some KIDS play soccer. When their ball bounces away, Leo kicks it high. Emma steals it, and kicks it back to the kids.

-The National Galleries. Emma pulls Leo over to a BAROQUE painting of a FEAST. A luscious roast, plump grapes, crusty bread, a wheel of cheese. Emma's stomach GROWLS. They laugh.

-Along the Lungomare seaside promenade, padlocks are chained to poles, marked with initials. Love knots. Emma tugs on one.

-The Pio Monte della Misericordia. Above an ornate altar hangs a dark, haunting, painting: Caravaggio's "Seven Works of Mercy." Two angles wrestle in the sky over human chaos below. Emma and Leo stand before it, debating MOS. She's in heaven.

-Leo leads Emma down the street, to a dock where a SPEEDBOAT waits for them. Emma turns to him and laughs, in disbelief.

-Dinner on the boat's deck. On a white linen table cloth is an EXACT RECREATION of the feast painting Emma liked at the museum, except it's made of real, delicious food. Emma GASPS.

EMMA

How did you do that?!

She circles the table, awed.

EXT. SPEEDBOAT - CAPRI - LATE AFTERNOON

Emma and Leo drink wine on the bow while the sun sets.

LEO

My dad was an alcoholic and a two-bit crook and my mum was always in her own world. Like... once she decided we were going to have a fruit stand, because she got a deal from some wholesaler on all these crates of apples and she'd found a shop to rent. I don't even know how, but it was quite fun at first, planning it. We got a chalk-board sign. But when it was the day to start we showed up at the storefront and the man we were supposed to meet never came. There was a big padlock on the grates. We waited on the sidewalk. Two hours. Three. Finally she said she'd changed her mind, and the fruit shop was a shit idea. As we were walking back I realized she probably dreamt the whole thing up, maybe walking by that empty storefront, maybe watching TV. We ate apples for weeks.

EMMA

Oh, Leo.

He shrugs it off and turns all of his attention back to her.

LEO

I want to hear more about Vermont. What your house looks like and what other framed prints are there.

Emma laughs.

EMMA

God. We bought that when they came to visit after I finished school... someday I'll get them a real one. My dad would go out of his mind. Once a month, when I was little, we'd go into Boston to the Museum of Fine Arts and see the exhibits, and they had these free Sunday art classes for kids so I'd do that... It was like a six hour drive each way. But. They taught me to love art. I'd bring home sand paintings and Popsicle-stick sculptures and my mom would put them up. Top shelf of the bookcase.

Emma takes a gulp right from the wine bottle.

EMMA

And they're both convinced I'm going to be an outrageous success! So it's like, you only want to call them when there's good news. How messed up is that? It's easier for me to *not* have a relationship with them until I can fly them out first class, announce I've met all my goals, and, you know, buy an original Van Gogh for my dad and a house on Nantucket for my mom.

LEO

Nantucket?

EMMA

It's an island off the East Coast. Massachusetts. When I was in fifth grade we took a week vacation there, rented a cottage. 3 Beach Street. Right on the water. My mom said it was heaven. And it was. I want to go back. Do you like listening to me drunk ramble?

LEO

I love it.

Leo leans in close, serious.

LEO

We can have all those things. We can buy Three Beach Street!

He raises the bottle and she clinks her glass in cheers. Leo stands up, and unbuttons his shirt. Undoes his pants.

EMMA
What are you doing?

LEO
Going for a swim.

EMMA
It'll be freezing.

LEO
So what?

She watches as he dives off the bow into the cold water. He HOOTS, laughing. Left alone in her blanket, Emma has no choice... She pulls off her clothes, shivering, and jumps in.

EXT. NAPLES - STREET - NIGHT

Emma, hair still wet from the swim, looks tan and freckled and happy as she guides Leo down a little side street.

EMMA
We might get mugged but this is worth it, wait til you see....

She stops him at a MASSIVE SURREAL MURAL. A huge robot turtle creature embraces a bird. It's totally bizarre and beautiful.

LEO
Wow.

EMMA
Kraser Tres. He's a genius.

They stand there in the moonlight, the manic energy of the night finally settling. And Emma takes a deep breath...

EMMA
The pointillist is stolen.

She searches his face for a reaction... any reaction...

EMMA
Let me try out a theory. You bought it at auction. You forgot to check the chain of custody... an oversight... you had no idea...

He looks at the ground, smiling slightly. Emma's jaw drops.

EMMA

Oh my god.

His smile fades as he registers the horror on her face. She turns and walks down the cobblestoned street, and he follows.

LEO

It's not what you think. It's very contained, what we do. Only small pieces, taken from places that won't notice or won't care. We sell to motivated buyers. The cheaper stuff goes off at auction, fast. Anything valuable is work for hire. We're careful, our clients are careful. People who actually want to enjoy the art. Someone who commissions the acquisition of a painting wants it because they love it. They want to look at it every day. They care. Stop. Emma, stop.

EMMA

'Commissions.'

She moves faster down the street, and he keeps up--

LEO

You know how many pieces are wasting away in galleries or disintegrating in some lawyer's office? 'Investments.'

EMMA

(biting)

You're a regular Robin Hood.

LEO

What I'm saying is, investors have insurance. Galleries have even more. We're just rearranging the money of the richest people and institutions in the world. And we're taking a cut. Everyone's protected. No one loses anything. We just gain. And our buyers, real art lovers, are happy.

EMMA

That logic... it's perverse.

She finally stops and turns to face him.

EMMA

How do you do it?

He seizes on this hint of curiosity. He moves closer, speaks into her ear, slow, his breath hot on her neck--

LEO

Confidence. Move quickly. Don't let anyone question you. Sometimes it's a smash and grab, sometimes a wink and a smile. Sometimes there's more planning involved. But it's easy.

It feels good, his lips so close to her skin, but she shirks away, angry. She stalks off, and Leo grows desperate.

LEO

Join me.

She stops in her tracks.

EMMA

What?

LEO

Join the team. Help us. I mean... really. Be a partner. I could sell the guys on it, we need another...

Over her shoulder, Leo wrestles with the fact that he has just played this card. He kneads his temples. Panicking.

EMMA

Help you steal? Who do you think I am?

She's turned away from him, and WE SEE, but he doesn't, a hint of a satisfaction from Emma, a crooked little smile.

LEO

I think... you're perfect for this.
(gaining momentum)
I think this is exactly who you are. You want to work with masterpieces. That's what you were put on this earth to do.

He stands up and approaches her, his eyes intense.

LEO

You want to have fun, and travel, and eat delicious food and discover new things. You want passion.

He presses against her back, runs his hands down her arms. She lets him. Just as she's getting chills he breaks away.

LEO

You could stick to the standard path, wait twenty years for one of the world's, what, *ten* successful art restorers to retire, and then make \$40,000 a year for the rest of your life and die frustrated and in debt. But that's not what you want. I know, because you're here right now. You want fun. You want excitement. You want everything.

Their eyes lock. A charged moment between them. He moves to her again, his eyes trace her lips, her cheeks...

LEO

Stop pretending you don't.

A wry smile creeps across Emma's face.

EMMA

You're right.

She steps close enough to kiss him but stops just short.

EMMA

I want in.

He's shocked, and she loves it, relishes it. She laughs.

EMMA

I told you. I'm meticulous. I didn't miss a dot on that pointillism, you think I didn't see the smudges, the tiny glass tears. Someone threw that painting out of a window. You, given the left-handed glove print in the oil. You should really be more careful.

He's never been more amazed or surprised or turned on by her.

EMMA

You made me sweat. Now we're even. And I want equal partnership, 25%.

Leo's frozen. And she gives him the sexiest kiss of his life.

EMMA

Now we have to trust each other. No lies. No secrets. Not like this.

LEO
This is a deal?

Emma can't believe it, she's never done something so crazy--

EMMA
Yes.

Leo moves to kiss her, but Emma takes his hand instead.

EMMA
Come on. We have more to see.
There's a Zilda over here, and a
Roa, oh, and a huge graffiti
wall...

Off Emma, eyes wild, high on the power of this moment.

INT. DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY - BENSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Emma sets down the cup. Turns to leave as Benson takes a sip.

BENSON
Sometimes I *really* wonder what's
wrong with you.

Emma spins around.

BENSON
This is ice cold.

EMMA
I'm so sorry. I got distracted.
I'll make you a new one.

BENSON
Do you think they offer a graduate
degree in boiling water?

Emma forces a breath. Her eyes water, anger bubbling over.

BENSON
If so, perhaps I'll endorse your
application.

EMMA
Ms. Benson.

Benson cranes her neck as though it's a great effort.

EMMA
For two years I've smiled. I've
kept my head down and done my job.
(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)

I've stomached your demeaning remarks because I thought working here was my dream. But guess what? This is bullshit. And I don't have to put up with it anymore.

Benson gapes. Emma pivots to the door.

EMMA

I quit.

Benson's jaw nearly hits her desk when Emma leaves.

INT. LEO'S HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

Emma hovers beyond the closed door. She cranes to listen in, touches her cheek to the door, but she can't hear anything.

INSIDE

Leo confers with Simon and Alexander.

ALEXANDER

25%?

LEO

I had to make it appealing. This was all ahead of schedule.

SIMON

When will you tell her?

LEO

When I have to.

INT. LEO'S HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - LATER

Emma has now joined Simon, Alex, and Leo at their meeting. Amidst papers and computers, cigarettes, coffee cups and wine bottles litter the table. The group has been at this all day.

LEO

Let's catch Emma up on this. We've tracked the ownership of this particular Manet for the last four years. Six months ago the Johnson family sold this to Edouard LeFevre at Sotheby's Impressionist/Modern.

ALEXANDER

Sold it cheap, too.

INT. SOTHEBY'S - NIGHT

Big business and fine art converge here. A banner announces the Impressionist/Modern sale. BROKERS and fancy BUYERS spill into the live auction. Alexander sits in the crowd.

AUCTIONEER

Do I hear six million?

Alexander clocks the bids as paddles pop up.

INT. LEO'S HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

Leo shows a blown-up image of the Manet on the screen. A round naked woman, lounging, chin tipped towards the light.

LEO

Our client is Murray Largman. The Largman family's generations-old collection of impressionistic and post-impressionistic art was looted from their Bucharest home during WWII, before they fled to France. We haven't been able to locate the Renoirs or one large Matisse, but we've got a window on this Manet.

EMMA

If we're talking about Nazi looting, can't he go to the police?

Leo, annoyed at the interruption--

LEO

No provenance or proof of ownership. Everything was destroyed. That's why he needs us.

EMMA

That's terrible.

LEO

And LeFevre's Paris apartment went on the market last week.

EMMA

How do you know the Manet is there?

SIMON

It's a small world, people talk. A contact who went to a salon at LeFevre's said she saw it.

INT. INDUSTRIAL LOFT - NIGHT

A vast, open apartment full of structural installation art. Simon talks to a HOT GIRL in a giant skirt made of feathers.

ALEXANDER (O.S.)

By contact, he means some socialite he used to shag.

INT. LEO'S HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

Simon shrugs. Leo clicks through EXTERIOR PHOTOS of LeFevre's flat, the penthouse of a historic downtown building.

ALEXANDER

More importantly, we went to the source. I had my broker get in touch with LeFevre's. Told him I was very busy, and asked if he'd sell the place furnished, and if so, what was included.

INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DAY

A well-dressed BROKER in an elegant office faxes a document.

ALEXANDER (V.O.)

As an art lover, I made sure I was clear that I was interested in any and all decoration. If we'd come to an agreement about the price, I'd wire the deposit.

CLOSER on the document: it's a list of accoutrements, pieces. A VICTORIAN CHAISE LOUNGE, A LOUIS XIV CLOCK.... A MANET...

INT. DIFFERENT REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DAY

Alexander sits across from a respectable looking REAL ESTATE BROKER, who passes him a document. Alexander peruses it.

ALEXANDER

Sadly, negotiations got sticky, and we couldn't come to an agreement.

INT. LEO'S HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - BACK TO SCENE

Emma listens, completely engaged.

EMMA

So you know the Manet is there.
It's so simple. But it's brilliant.

LEO

We don't know where it is, exactly.

SIMON

We can make educated guesses.

EXT. LEFEVRE'S FLAT - DAY

Simon snaps photos from across the street. He looks like just another hipster with a fancy camera, but...

THROUGH HIS LENS: Glimpses inside LeFevre's building. The first floor lobby, with the SECURITY DESK. Peeks at the penthouse itself. The public cameras mounted outside.

SIMON (O.S.)

By the way, security cameras in the lobby. Internal alarm system. Which won't matter because someone's going to let you in.

INT. LEO'S HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

They look at the exterior of the building on Google Earth.

ALEXANDER

CCTV on the street corner. We can't get into that system, so remember, when you get outside, keep walking.

EMMA

You mean you can get inside the security cameras?

ALEXANDER

If they stream online, which almost everything does.

She's amazed, but she tries to play it cool.

LEO

We expect the Manet is in the living room, but we'll have to locate it in the moment. Take it, and replace it with the print without alerting the broker.

Suddenly that doesn't sound so easy. Emma swallows.

EMMA
What will I do?

SIMON
You're our secret weapon.

Leo gives Simon a funny look. Simon hurries to clarify--

SIMON
What I mean is, we try not to adhere to any sort of pattern. No two thefts or sales can look exactly alike, and you... well, you're different. You're authentic and new and perfect for this. You going with Leo, you guys can play a couple. As long as you two aren't suspicious, you'll get your chance alone in the apartment.

Emma senses tension in Leo as Simon speaks. Jealousy? Leo looks to Alex, who pulls a PRINT of the Manet out of a file.

LEO
This is our decoy.

EMMA
We're going to replace the original with this?

LEO
They won't notice right away.

EMMA
But it's so flat.

She holds the paper further from her face, squinting.

EMMA
I can do better.

INT. THE BRITISH MUSEUM - DAY

Emma and Leo, hand in hand, consult a real life MANET.

EMMA
(taking notes)
See the shadow, here?

Leo kisses her neck. She laughs, loving this 'research.'

LATER

Down a hallway, Emma peers over each shoulder, mischievous. She drags Leo into a SUPPLY CLOSET, shoves him against a wall, undoes the button of his jeans. Leo, in disbelief--

LEO

What are you...? Oh my god.

She pulls up her skirt, leans back on a little ledge, and brings him close to her. Whispers something in his ear.

Someone BANGS on the door. A GUARD tears it open.

GUARD

What the hell is going on?!

Emma and Leo separate. On either side of the guard, they lock eyes, and then RUN FOR IT, laughing like crazy teenagers.

INT. LEO'S HOUSE - EMMA'S STUDIO - DAY

Emma mixes paint on her palette. Affixed to the window: an image of the Manet she's copying. The beautiful naked woman.

QUICK SHOTS of preparation:

-Emma prepares the forgery. She sketches, she paints, she shades. Adding texture.

-Alexander shows Leo the listing of LeFevre's property.

ALEXANDER

Adorable Holocaust angle, by the way. You're going straight to hell.

LEO

I'll see you there.

-Simon shows Leo and Emma a mock-up floor plan of the flat.

-Emma and Leo practice entering the study, with Simon playing the broker. Alexander watches, giving notes.

-Drinking a beer, Emma watches a HEIST MOVIE on Leo's couch.

-Day becomes night as Emma labors over the copy, obsessed.

-She dries her painting with a fan, considering her work.

INT. LEO'S HOUSE - DAY

Emma's dressed the part, and she's never looked better: thigh-high boots and a sheath dress, a diamond statement necklace. She pulls a pair of leather gloves from a Chanel box.

Simon lines her handbag with foam and cotton. He slides a crowbar inside.

EMMA

Oh, Jesus.

SIMON

Don't worry. You're not clubbing old ladies, it's just for Leo to wedge the frame off the wall.

EMMA

Uh huh.

SIMON

Want a drink?

EMMA

God, yes.

He produces whiskey and a glass. She undoes the cap and takes a pull straight from the bottle.

Leo rushes in, and he stops in his tracks when he sees Emma. She pulls on a beautiful tailored coat.

EMMA

What? Is it too much?

LEO

No. You look perfect.

EXT. LEFEVRE'S BUILDING - DAY

Emma and Leo look fantastic together: hip and sophisticated. Hand in hand, they approach the entrance. A DOORMAN stands outside. Simon idles in a PORSCHE behind them.

LEO

You'll be brilliant.

I/E. PORSCHE - STREET - DAY

Simon waits down the block from the apartment. He checks his rearview mirror: the building's entrance is clearly in sight.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. Simon startles. It's a COP, banging his knuckles on the window. Simon breathes, rolls down the glass.

COP
No standing here.

SIMON
Isn't this passenger loading? I'm just waiting for my boss.

COP
Not on Saturdays.

He indicates a sign.

COP
Move it along.

Simon slowly rumbles off, leaving the apartment behind him.

INT. LEFEVRE'S FLAT - DAY

A REAL ESTATE BROKER, 40s, blazer and pearls, shows Leo and Emma the penthouse. She walks them through the palatial living room. Emma's eyes scour every inch of the place.

BROKER
Are you married?

Emma's so tense she nearly jumps at the question.

LEO
Someday, if she ever lets me tie her down. What do you think, if I lived in a place like this? Maybe?

BROKER
You two are darling. Let me show you through to the master.

I/E. PORSCHE - DAY

Simon takes a turn and finds himself in a long line of traffic. Someone pulls up behind him. He's stuck.

INT. LEFEVRE'S FLAT - DAY

Through two pocket doors is another sprawling, decadently furnished space. Blue and white porcelain, oriental rugs.

Emma's POV: she scans the room, her eyes taking stock of each piece of art, each photograph on the wall, every shelf.

She looks at Leo, biting her lips. The Manet is nowhere to be found. Emma stalls, voice wavering--

EMMA

Is this Italian marble?

The Broker nods. Leo paces, also looking for the painting. Emma clenches her fists. Catches herself. Relaxes.

EMMA

Well... it's lovely...

BROKER

And the ensuite is just behind you.

Emma forces a smile. Playing her part, she peeks into the bathroom. Tile. Enormous tub. Emma JUMPS when she sees...

...THE MANET, hanging over the double vanity!

EMMA

Oh, honey...

Leo is preoccupied, retracing his steps in the bedroom, looking for the painting. He doesn't get the hint.

EMMA

Oh, honey. I really think you'd like this. Gorgeous mosaic work.

It clicks. Leo joins her in the bathroom. He sees the Manet. A shared glance of relief between them. The broker follows.

BROKER

The tile is all original.

EMMA

I love it. What do you think, baby?

Leo plays the pensive husband, thinking. No one moves. All of them trapped in the bathroom, Emma is suffocating, sweating--

EMMA

(quiet, to the broker)
I may have to twist his arm.

BROKER

I'll give you two a minute.

Smiling, the broker slinks out. Emma and Leo freeze, listen to her CLINKING footsteps on the marble. When she's gone...

...they move. Emma unsnaps her purse, produces the copy.

Leo peeks out the door. Coast clear. He pulls on gloves. Climbs onto the sink and dislodges the original MANET.

EMMA

In the goddamn bathroom.

Leo flips over the ORNATE FRAME of the original, unsnaps it.

EMMA

What a sick joke. It's gonna be saturated with water damage.

LEO

Emma, stop talking. Just go.

He slides the glass of the frame and Emma removes the painting. For a bated moment she is holding an original Manet inches from her face! She grins. Slides it into her bag.

Then: FOOTSTEPS on marble. The broker is coming.

Emma looks at Leo: what the fuck? The undone frame is still sitting on the counter, the copy beside it. CLICK-CLACK. CLICK-CLACK. She's getting closer. Emma thinks--

EMMA

(loud)

What aren't you telling me then?!

Leo balks, confused. But she motions, urging him on--

LEO

What?

EMMA

Is there someone else?

LEO

What are you talking about?

Emma places her copy under the glass. Leo affixes the frame.

EMMA

Is the business doing poorly?
Because you said we could afford
this place, and I want it.

MASTER BEDROOM

The broker overhears. Feeling awkward, she stops. Waits.

BATHROOM

Emma's loud enough to muffle the sound of their framing job--

EMMA

You promised me a certain type of life. Maybe I should just buy this place for myself! Without you!

Leo balances on the sink, setting the framed copy just so. He looks at it, adjusts it, angling it perfectly.

LEO

Please, love. I'm begging you.

MASTER BEDROOM

A moment of quiet from the bathroom. Weird. The broker moves.

BATHROOM

Emma grins. The copy looks perfect. She takes a step back, admiring it. Leo hops down, kisses Emma, ecstatic. Just as he does, the broker appears. She sees them kissing and laughs.

Emma holds her breath as the broker looks around the bathroom. Will she notice? Is everything perfect?

BROKER

Any questions?

Emma rubs Leo's arm, shaking her head.

EMMA

Sorry. Apartment hunting is so stressful! We need to sleep on it.

The broker smiles, making a big gesture of being supportive.

BROKER

I'll give you my card.

Emma picks up her purse and holds it tight against her body.

I/E. PORSCHE - DAY

Finally at the front of the line of traffic, Simon cuts a hard right. But he's thwarted by a ROAD CONSTRUCTION PROJECT. He pulls a U-turn and guns it back down the street.

EXT. LEFEVRE'S FLAT - DAY

Heart pounding, Emma steps onto the curb, her purse pressed tight against her side, ready to get out of there fast...

But Simon is no where to be seen. He's fucking gone.

Emma sees the terror on Leo's face as his eyes search the street. He swallows. They're frozen. Clenched by panic.

LEO
Don't stop moving.

He pulls her across the street.

I/E. PORSCHE - DAY

Simon zooms the WRONG WAY down a one-way street.

SIMON
Fuck fuck fuck.

When he pops out at the end of the road, he's met with another one way street, so he throws the car in reverse, just in time to pull up in front of the building.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Leo and Emma walk down the street, foot COMMUTERS pushing past them. Someone knocks into Emma and she instinctually clutches her purse. She's shaky. Leo pulls her along.

GUY
Sorry.

They walk past a MOUNTED COP. The HORSE whinnies. Emma looks down at the sidewalk. She can hardly breathe.

She grabs Leo's hand. Finally, up ahead, he spots Simon. He and Emma run across the street, cutting through cars in traffic. They throw themselves into the back seat, fast--

LEO
Where the fuck were you?

Simon hits it, peeling off the road. He's about to turn away from the traffic when, from behind them, SIRENS SCREECH. Simon checks his mirror. It's a cruiser. Right behind them.

SIMON
Maybe it's not for us.

He careens around a turn, guns it through a yellow light, and the COPS accelerate, on their tail. There's nothing to do...

SIMON
Fuck.

LEO
Just pull over!

He does, and the cruiser stops. They wait. Emma can hardly breathe. She clenches her purse between her legs.

EMMA
Does this normally happen?

Leo doesn't answer. Simon locks eyes with Emma in his rear-view. She sees the fear in him. The cop -- the same one who accosted Simon earlier -- approaches the window.

COP
What's going on with you, Sir?

SIMON
I'm a driver. These are my bosses.

Leo's jaw tenses. Emma grabs Leo's hand.

EMMA
Sorry, we were rushing him.

The COP cranes to get a look at her. She holds his gaze.

COP
I didn't stop you for speeding.

A sharp intake of breath from Simon. The cop rests his hands on the roof of the car, leaning over, eyes scanning everyone and every thing in the car. Each second is torture.

COP
Are you aware you traveled the wrong way down a one-way street?

INT. LEO'S PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Simon SCREECHES the car to a stop in Leo's parking space. He plucks Emma's purse from the backseat. As he moves around the car, he pulls a FAKE LICENSE PLATE cover off the back plates. Emma can barely move. She's stunned. In shock. About to cry.

LEO
It's not usually like that.

She bursts into adrenaline-fueled laughter.

The danger, the relief, the victory bubbling over. She hikes up her beautiful dress and straddles Leo, grabs his shoulders. Kisses him hard, with a crazy sense of power.

INT. LEO'S HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

Alexander inspects the stolen Manet. Leo appears in the door.

LEO
She'll touch this up for Largman.

Alexander looks at the painting, satisfied. But he's uneasy.

ALEXANDER
Sure you know what you're doing?

LEO
Relax. She's doing great.

ALEXANDER
Haysworth called. The drawings will
only tide him over for so long.

LEO
Tell him we're on track.

INT. LYLE'S PRIVATE CLUB - NIGHT

A speakeasy-style restaurant, straight out of the 20s. Dark, sexy, fancy. The kind of place that reeks of exclusivity. Alison and Bernie are a little uncomfortable and a lot under-dressed compared to Emma, but they're overjoyed to see her.

BERNIE
Can't believe you got us in here.

ALISON
I know, this is very cool.

EMMA
The food's okay. We mostly like the
cocktails.

Leo arrives with drinks for everyone. He passes them out.

LEO
She's got a very good palate. I'm
always learning from her.

He squeezes her shoulder, playful, and sits down. Alison and Bernie wonder if he's talking about their Emma.

LEO
I want to know everything about
each of you, and it's very
important you skip nothing. Loads
of detail. Alison, you first.

ALISON

Oh. Well, I'm a solicitor. It's very boring, I'm sure Emma told you... the biggest excitement in my week is our Thursday pub quiz.

EMMA

That's not true--

LEO

Wait wait wait. Thursday night is the quiz? Today's Thursday.

Leo looks around at all of them.

LEO

What are we doing here? Let's go.

EMMA

No, no. This is so nice.

BERNIE

It's really not important.

ALISON

Trust me, it's far from elegant.

But Leo's up in an instant. He makes the "tab" motion to a waiter in suspenders. Emma looks down, a little hesitant to leave. Alison notices and feels bad.

ALISON

We don't have to... are you embarrassed?

Emma doesn't answer. Leo's back, clutching everyone's coats.

INT. THE QUEENS' ARMS PUB - NIGHT

Two pitchers of beer, a basket of soggy fries, and all around drunken merriment. They huddle over a paper. Emma's intense:

EMMA

No, no, no. Listen. The fastest way to do it is the anagrams first, then we can discuss all the hard questions, leave more time. Leo knows football. I'll take history, obviously, you two politics and pop culture. Leo doesn't know pop culture. I'm sorry, but you don't!

ALISON

She's extremely competitive. She can't help it, it's compulsive...

BERNIE

Our secret weapon.

Leo watches Emma scribble away, in her own world. He can't help but smile at her furrowed brow, her pencil flying. Her passion. Emma looks up and catches him staring.

EMMA

Hey, hey, get to work!

They laugh. Emma does, too -- she feels like she has it all.

INT. LEO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Slow, languid sex on Leo's bed. Emma pushes his shoulders and flips on top of him, in control. He touches her face.

LEO

I'm in love with you.

Her mouth falls open a little. She covers it with her hand.

LEO

Don't look so surprised.

EMMA

I love you, too.

She sort of giggles, suddenly shy. He kisses her, then throws her down onto the bed and she screams with delight.

I/E. PRIVATE JET - DAY

Emma, next to Leo, sips a glass of wine. He reads from his iPad. Simon and Alexander sit behind them, talking MOS.

LEO

Will the museum mind that you're leaving for a while?

EMMA

The museum?

LEO

What will they do with your tours?

EMMA

What do you mean?

She gives him a strange look.

EMMA

I don't work there anymore.

LEO

I told you to keep that job.

EMMA

Well, I quit. I can't believe you didn't know that.

A flash of rage in Leo's eyes. He suppresses it.

INT. CHATEAU - DAY

Leo turns the key to a gorgeous CHATEAU. "Rustic chic" colorful, beautifully curated. Emma is floored. It's extravagant like nothing she's ever seen. She tries to conceal her giddiness as she explores each room.

ALEXANDER

A little much, don't you think?

From the other room, Emma yelps, ecstatic.

ALEXANDER

Glad we're spending our advance spoiling your girlfriend.

Leo gives Alexander a searing glance and then a little smile.

BATHROOM

Emma, in all her clothes, lies in a giant claw-footed tub. The bathroom has a sparkling chandelier *and* a flat screen TV.

EMMA

Maybe I want to look at the TV,
maybe I want to look at the
crystal.

BEDROOM

A lush canopied bed, a textured ceiling, giant gold tassels around the bedposts. Leo finds Emma admiring the opulence.

EMMA

Thank god you decided to spring for
the big tassels. What would we have
done without them?

She clocks the tension in Leo.

EMMA

Hey, are you upset with me?

He grabs her waist, tugs her close to him.

LEO

Of course not.

He kisses her neck, her collarbone.

EMMA

But you seem like something's
bothering you and I want to...

They tumble onto the giant bed and he sinks down, lower and lower. He pulls off her shoes... reaches up her dress...

EMMA

Okay, okay.

INT/EXT. FRANCE - DAY

A MONTAGE OF "ACQUISITIONS" IN FRANCE:

-At the chateau's grand table, over cigars and scotches and scattered documents, they plan their targets. Leo clicks through images of PAINTINGS on the TV screen.

LEO

We've got twelve targets in France.
Eight oil paintings, a small
sculpture, a drawing, two pastels.

-Alexander HACKS into what appears to be a GOOGLE CALENDAR.

-Dressed in business attire and holding briefcases, Emma and Leo ring a mansion's doorbell. A TIMID ASSISTANT answers.

LEO

Hello, we're the insurance
adjusters from Petersen's.

The assistant looks at a schedule on his iPhone.

EMMA

Monsieur Cote made the appointment.

Emma flashes a smile, assertive but sweet.

EMMA

Are you sure you don't see it?

ASSISTANT

Oh, oh, yes. Here it is...

-They're in. Leo and Emma, wearing gloves, pick through an over-stuffed vault. Some paintings are hung in neat, climate-controlled sleeves, others are stacked in cluttered corners.

EMMA

Got it.

Leo opens purse so she can slide a painting inside.

-Leo and Emma have a lovely picnic lunch amidst the tall grass, just over the hill from a little stone church.

-The country church. Light spills across the stone floor, the wooden pews, a simple altar, the stained glass. Leo and Emma use a BLOWTORCH to free a MADONNA painting that is bolted to the wall. Stone shards tumble.

-Emma restores the church painting, sewing a large tear. The Madonna's eyes are smiling slits. She seems to watch Emma.

-Spread across the chateau's table: the stolen paintings.

-At her easel, Emma paints a COPY of a WARHOL CAMPBELL'S SOUP piece, working from an image on an Ipad. She works with paper and an EXACTO KNIFE to create a stencil.

-A small, minimalist art gallery. A real WARHOL rests on a stand in the front window. No cables or tethers connect it. Leo and Emma, disguised, talk to the YOUNG GALLERY OWNER.

-When the men disappear into a back room, Emma snatches the Warhol and replaces it with her copy in one fluid motion. Simon pops in from the street and she hands off her purse. He trades her for an identical bag.

-Out at a smoky club in Paris, the team celebrates. A sexy BULESQUE DANCER pulls Emma on stage. Emma dances, losing herself, awash in the moment as Leo and the guys watch.

INT. CHATEAU - NIGHT

Leo, Simon, and Alexander work. Alexander gives Simon a nod, encouraging. Now's the time. Simon stands.

SIMON

Haysworth called again. Ten weeks.
We need to start preparing her--

LEO

We *have* been preparing her.

ALEXANDER

You said it yourself, and you were right. She's good. She's ready.

SIMON

You're afraid that if you tell her now, you'll lose her.

Leo explodes.

LEO

I'm afraid that if I tell her now, before she's comfortable, we'll lose her. And then, guess what? We're fucked. There is no Plan B.

Alexander isn't afraid. He gets in Leo's face.

ALEXANDER

You need to get things straight. You've let fucking this girl go to your head, and it's like you forget the whole reason she's here--

Leo lunges and GRABS Alexander's neck, MASHES his face against the window. Alexander coughs, reaches for Leo's fingers, trying to break free. He can't breathe...

LEO

(slow, quiet)
Don't talk like that.

Alexander GASPS for air. Simon's watches, silent, as Leo finally lets go. Alexander cowers and rubs his neck.

LEO

She's worth 1,000 times what you are, and we all know it.

Leo leaves them.

INT. CHATEAU - DAY

Emma blinks awake to find Leo's dressed, throwing clothes into a bag. She sits up on her elbows, bleary-eyed.

LEO

Let's go away for the night. Just the two of us.

EMMA

A new job? What is it?

LEO
Just come on.

She crawls out of bed, her interest piqued.

I/E. JAGUAR - DAY

With the top down on Leo's Jaguar, they cruise through the French countryside. Past farms, fields of lavender.

The wind blows through Emma's hair as they fly down a hill. She SCREAMS! Leo laughs and hits the gas even harder.

EXT. LA COLOMBE D'OR - DAY

A gorgeous boutique hotel. A terra cotta roof stretches over stone buildings, connected by terraces. Shuttered windows peer over the countryside. Emma and Leo leave the car with a VALET in a white tux, and Emma GASPS when they see...

INSIDE

The walls are papered in ART. Masterworks everywhere you look. It's like a museum, but more intimate, more rustic.

EMMA
Oh my god.

LEO
One of the biggest private collections in France.

Emma is awestruck.

EMMA
I can't believe this place is real.

LEO
I knew you'd like it. They have more art here than they can fit on the walls, so the collection's always rotating. There's a pool, too, and gardens. Wait until you see our suite....

She can't tear herself away from the paintings. She's lost in a cubist Picasso, flanked by a Salvador Dali, and a Rothko.

EMMA
Sorry, what?

INT. TERRACE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Tucked into a stone alcove, Emma and Leo eat by candlelight.

Wax drips onto the white tablecloth. Emma smears bread with salted butter. There's wine, leek tarts, marrow. And a giant Leger mural hangs across from them, nestled in the ivy.

EMMA

I'm shocked they leave that exposed. I guess it's designed for the elements. Did you know it's a Leger? It's completely ceramic. And there's a Calder mobile by the pool, did you see it? Incredible.

Emma looks up at him, catches him watching her.

EMMA

I am obsessed, I know.

Leo sets down his knife and fork.

LEO

I wanted to tell you something important.

She chews, mouth full, like a kid. Looks up at him. Leo searches for words, hesitant. As nervous as she's seen him.

LEO

I think we should change course. Not right now, but soon. I care about you, and I don't want to do this forever. At some point, we could have a real life.

Emma thinks this bout of seriousness must be a joke.

EMMA

Oh, come on. You? Get out?

LEO

One more big job, and we could set ourselves up. We'd have the money to live here, or the States even--

EMMA

You're really going soft on me. What happened to, "join the party!"

He's vulnerable, and doesn't know what to say.

EMMA
Let's order dessert.

INT. COLOMBE D'OR - SUITE - DAY

Leo and Emma are packed. Leo grabs their bags.

LEO
I'll take these and get the car.

EMMA
I can't believe there was really no job. I can't believe it.

LEO
I just wanted us to get away.

He leaves. Emma paces the room, wistful, even disappointed. On the bathroom sink she sees that he has left his silver razor. She puts it in her purse and leaves.

INT. LA COLOMBE D'OR - DAY

Emma walks down the hotel's grand staircase, eyes tracing the paintings that run down the steps. She pauses, accosted by one, tiny, whimsical little Chagall. It's weird and sweet: a brown-haired girl with striped tights soars in the night sky.

Emma's face lights up. She loves it. She wants it. And in that greedy, lustful moment, a crazy instinct kicks in...

...she looks over her shoulder. Scans the ceiling for cameras, the upper landing for people. Everyone below her is going about their business, and no one is coming up above. She bites her lip, reaches into her purse.

She clutches THE RAZOR. Hand concealed within the bag, she CLICKS its blade free. She wields it between her finger and thumb. One more breath, one more look over each shoulder...

She leans against the wall, shielding the painting with her body. She breathes hard. Her makeup melts on her skin. She brings her shaking hand to the canvas, and in four quick SLASHES, she CUTS THE CHAGALL OUT OF ITS FRAME.

She curls it in her hand and shoves it into her purse. Head down, Emma runs out the front door...

EXT. LA COLOMBE D'OR - DAY

...where Leo is loading the car. Emma hurls herself into the front seat, shaking, terrified but grinning like a maniac.

EMMA

Drive!

LEO

Just a second.

EMMA

I'm serious, Leo, go now!!!

She practically screams it, and he knows something is very wrong. He throws the car into gear and they blast away.

I/E. LEO'S JAGUAR - ON THE ROAD - DAY

Emma turns around in her seat, watching the road behind them.

EMMA

Faster.

LEO

What the hell happened, Emma?

She faces forward, unzips her purse and reveals the Chagall painting. A wry smile. She looks at him, proud...

...but Leo is absolutely horrified.

LEO

What were you thinking? Do you know how easily you could've gotten caught?

EMMA

But we didn't! I knew we wouldn't.

LEO

No. No. That was crazy. Stupid. That was an incredible waste.

She's jittery, wired, floored by his reaction.

EMMA

What's wrong with you? I just got us an original Marc Chagall. You said yourself they've got so much art they don't even display it all. They won't even miss it. They probably don't even care.

LEO

That's not what I said. Not at all.
Show it to me again.

She holds the painting on her lap. It's nearly destroyed.

LEO

Jesus Christ. You would've gone to
jail... for that? It's ruined.

He's screaming over the roaring engine, and his words sink
in. Emma looks at the sliced up painting. All of a sudden
it's real to her, tactile, and it's grotesque. Destroyed.

LEO

I meant what I said last night.

EMMA

I didn't realize you were serious.

He hits the gas and they plunge over the hills. Emma stares
out the window. The scenery flies by, a blur. She tries to
touch his arm but he pulls away. He won't even look at her.

INT. CHATEAU - NIGHT

Emma and Simon talk over whiskey as Leo sleeps on the couch.

EMMA

I'm messed up over it.

SIMON

We've all gone too far before. It
gets to you. Like a drug.

EMMA

I used to be afraid to stand too
close to paintings at a museum. I
wanted to touch them so badly that
I was scared I'd somehow do it by
accident.

SIMON

I believe the word for that is
'nerd.'

EMMA

Were you really a Formula 1 racer,
before you started working here?

SIMON

Hell, no. I was the mechanic for
the McLaren team for a while.

(MORE)

SIMON (CONT'D)

They let me hang around. I was never good enough to drive for them.

EMMA

Oh.

SIMON

I owe Leo a lot. I was a little lost when he found me.

He takes a puff of his cigar.

SIMON

I guess we all sort of were, huh?

Emma pulls her blanket around her, stricken.

EMMA

He said he wanted a "real life" with me. Do you think that's true?

SIMON

He said that?

Simon looks off, and Emma doesn't get her answer.

INT. CHATEAU - DAY

Leo bursts in and throws a newspaper at a groggy Emma who's still half asleep. He's fuming, pacing the room.

LEO

Wake up. Hey. Look at this.

EMMA

You know I can't read French.

LEO

The police are looking for the stolen Colombe D'Or painting, and their security camera got a photo.

Emma sits up, petrified. She flips to a photo in the paper.

LEO

Great work. I hope you're very proud.

THE PHOTO: it's grainy, their faces aren't completely clear. But the make and model of the car is totally discernible.

EMMA

Oh my god. I am so sorry.

Leo storms out of the room.

LATER

Everyone strategizes at the table. Simon tries to stay calm. Leo won't even look at Emma. Alex is enjoying her punishment.

SIMON

We can't drive back. We've got to ditch the car, destroy the plates. The photo barely shows your faces, I'm sure we can fly home.

ALEXANDER

But we can't ship the art. The plan was to drive because we don't have a trustworthy shipper here, that was the whole bloody point--

LEO

Fuck the paintings. We just need to get back to London.

SIMON

Who are you? Alex, who is he?

ALEXANDER

He's gone absolutely mad, like I said the other night.

Leo looks like he might maul Alexander.

ALEXANDER

Obviously we cannot afford to sacrifice the paintings.

Emma lights up with an idea.

EMMA

We'll take the paintings with us. On the airplane.

ALEXANDER

You see, there's this thing called customs? Nice idea though. Genius.

EMMA

We *conceal* them.

She has Simon's attention, and Leo is listening.

EMMA

I'll apply a wash. A facade. It wouldn't harm the painting underneath, just hide it. Then, they travel with us on the plane, we declare a total value of like two hundred euro. Tell customs that they're souvenirs. Street art.

Alexander opens his mouth to object. Leo holds up a hand.

LEO

You can do that? Fast?

EMMA

That's how I work.

Leo finally meets her gaze. She's resolved, he can tell.

LEO

Fine. We fly tomorrow.

INT. CHATEAU - DAY

A row of about ten STOLEN PAINTINGS line the table. At her easel, Emma paints over one of them. ON THE PAINTING: a very serious portrait of NAPOLEON. Finished, she sets it aside.

She turns to the Chagall. She runs a finger along its ravaged edges, the deep gashes in its paint. Tears in her eyes.

EMMA

What did I do to you?

I/E. TAXI - DAY

Emma stares out the window as they approach the AIRPORT. She clutches her bag at her side. Reminds herself to breathe.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Before the gate, Emma, Leo, Alexander and Simon watch CUSTOMS OFFICERS tear through their bags. Inspecting. Emma fidgets, eyeing a large TRUNK. One officer OPENS it. Emma looks ill.

She looks out the window, where the plane waits.

The officer unpacks each piece of stolen art, but Emma has PAINTED OVER THEM. There's Napoleon, a cat playing poker, the Eifel Tower, and a very serious still life of a fruit bowl.

Emma picks at her lips. The officers JOKE in French, making fun. Emma clocks Leo, who refuses to acknowledge her.

One officer's gaze hangs on Napoleon. He picks it up, holds it close to his face. Emma watches. Frozen. Petrified.

Finally, he scoops the paintings, throws them back into the trunk, knocking the canvases together. Emma, anxious, bursts--

EMMA

Careful!

Alexander clenches his fists. The officers give her strange looks. She smiles, recovers.

They roll their eyes and place the paintings back in the trunk just as roughly as before.

INT. PRIVATE PLANE - DAY

Emma watches out the window as they soar away, safe.

EMMA

I'm sorry.

LEO

I've been thinking.

Emma tenses, bracing herself for something awful.

LEO

What about Nantucket, for the summer?

EMMA

Really?

LEO

Your parents could come. Your friends, too. Maybe we stay a while. Get a break. If you want.

EMMA

What you said before, about things changing... about a *real* life... I want that, too. More than anything. I got out of control, but it's so clear now. This is it.

LEO

Good.

He looks back out the window. She closes her eyes, relieved.

INT. LEO'S HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

Leo ushers Simon and Alexander in and locks the door.

LEO
I'm getting out of the deal with
Haysworth.

SIMON
You cannot do that.

ALEXANDER
You can't fuck us, Leo, we won't
let you.

ALEXANDER
I won't do it to her. And I'll pay
you both. You'll get your share. I
don't care if I have to sell this
place, the cars, everything. I'm
not doing it.

Alexander moves to Leo, and this time Simon's with him.

LEO
This is what's happening.

Alexander is ready to kill him. Leo walks away.

EXT. BELGRAVIA STREET - NIGHT

Emma rushes out of Leo's house, dressed for dinner in a chic blazer and a sparkly little skirt. She hurries, running late.

A MAN rounds the corner and walks behind her, close, moving at exactly her pace. She looks back. He's vaguely familiar... and we'll recognize him as SAUL, one of Haysworth's guys.

She motions like, 'do you want to pass me?'

But he just STARES at her silently and continues walking.

It's chilling.

Emma breathes a little faster. She can feel him right on her heels, so she picks up speed. Turns left. Crosses the street.

When she peers back over her shoulder, he's gone.

INT. QUEEN'S ARMS PUB - NIGHT

Emma sits with Bernie and Alison at the bar.

They're cheerful, laughing and teasing, but Emma is rattled, tense from the walk, and she can't quite shake it off.

ALISON

I feel like we still haven't heard about the buying trip.

The BARTENDER delivers a cocktail to Emma. She looks at it.

EMMA

I can tell you right now there's too much St. Germain.

The bartender can't believe she's not even going to try it. Neither can Alison or Bernie. But Emma isn't kidding.

BARTENDER

I'll remake it.

Emma nods like, 'yes, you will.' She sighs.

EMMA

Anything more complicated than beer appears to be a problem here.

BERNIE

So the trip...

EMMA

Oh. You know. Buying art. It's kind of an esoteric thing. I don't want to bore you guys.

Bernie's stung by the condescension. Alison leans in.

ALISON

Hey, is everything all right?

EMMA

Yeah. Everything's great.

ALISON

Oh, okay.

EMMA

Why? What?

Bernie looks at Alison like, 'please don't do this.'

ALISON

I just get a funny feeling that something's a bit off. Like, maybe you're not so happy. Did anything bad happen on the trip? Is it Leo?

(MORE)

ALISON (CONT'D)

You wouldn't be the first person to fall headfirst into a new job, or a new love, and find that it's not--

EMMA

Hey. Don't be judge-y.

BERNIE

She's not, she's not.

ALISON

I'm not. Sorry. It's just, you were kind of snippy. The cocktail thing? I mean, come on...

She's trying to laugh about it, but this sets Emma off.

EMMA

Okay. Yeah, I'm under stress. And yes, things are changing. My work. My money. God forbid, better cocktails, better food, travel. Leo, who has been fantastic to me--

ALISON

Whoa. I didn't say... Look, I like Leo, you're the one who seems--

EMMA

I'm not the friend who doesn't have it together anymore. Sorry if that's a problem for you.

Bernie is positively paralyzed by the awkwardness of this.

ALISON

It's like you're having this conversation with yourself.

Emma's face falls. Over Bernie's shoulder, she sees the TALL MAN FROM THE STREET walk in and take a seat at the bar. He holds her eye contact. He wants her to know he's watching...

ALISON

Emma, I'm just trying to check in. I care about you.

But she's a million miles away. She gets up.

EMMA

I'm going to the bathroom.

INT. HAYSWORTH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The eerie, windowless bottom floor of Haysworth's ultra-contemporary \$30 million house. While he and Leo sit and talk, a meeting of Haysworth's private club is going on.

A dozen MEN in matching jackets drink whiskey and pore over an EXHIBIT OF PAINTINGS. Masterworks. Kronin hovers...

Aside, Leo sits across from Haysworth in an armchair.

HAYSWORTH

I'm very disappointed to hear this.

Leo's distracted by one of the paintings over his shoulder. It's familiar. He stares... and registers the image, shocked.

HAYSWORTH

Oh, do you recognize it? It's from the Gardner Museum, a little place in Boston. My friends have a big appetite for rare art, which is why I just can't accept that you're not willing to get me what I ordered.

LEO

I'll repay your advance. With interest. Name your rate.

HAYSWORTH

The problem is, I want what I ordered. We had a deal. We timed it perfectly. If we don't do it now, I'll miss my chance. I can't just go and find someone else in the next couple weeks. You said you could get it for me. But it seems I've been taken for a ride.

LEO

No, that's not the case--

HAYSWORTH

Maybe I haven't been sufficiently clear about how serious I am.

Haysworth motions to Kronin, who brings him a FOLDER. Haysworth takes a stack of PHOTOGRAPHS, slides it to Leo.

ON THE PHOTOS

Images of Emma: Alone on the street at night, walking out of Leo's house, getting into a cab, a close-up of her face.

HAYSWORTH

If you break our deal, there will
be repercussions.

Leo looks up at Haysworth, seething.

LEO

Fuck you, you pathetic child.

He stands up to leave, furious, but Kronin blocks him.

HAYSWORTH

We're still not understanding each
other, Leo. Look around you. Look
at all these fine, cultured
gentlemen, these leaders of
civilization. There's no version of
not giving us what we want, you
see, because... well, you won't get
away with it. You'll be destroyed.

(a fluttering laugh)

This is all so abstract! I should
prove my good faith. Why don't you
and Kronin take a walk?

Kronin GRABS Leo's arm and pulls him around the corner, out
of the party. Before Leo can react, Kronin SLAMS him in the
face, crushing his nose. Leo holds in a YELP of pain, throws
a fierce punch back, then an elbow to Kronin's jaw...

Wrong decision. Furious, Kronin UNLEASHES on Leo, pummeling
him. Blood and spit spackle the walls of Haysworth's home.

INT. TRENDY BAR - BATHROOM - LATER

Emma, in a stall, presses her phone to her cheek.

EMMA

(whispering into phone)

Leo. Call me back as soon as you
get this. It's an emergency, and...

She hears the SWISH of the door. Someone else has come in.

EMMA

(into phone)

Please. I'm serious.

Emma hangs up. When she emerges from her stall, she freezes.

The TALL MAN who followed her is standing at the sink.

He stares at her in the mirror.

He reaches up and flicks the faucet off.

Emma's chilled. She looks past him. Moving to the door--

TALL MAN
He won't call back.

Emma stops. The faucet DRIPS in the silence.

TALL MAN
I'm afraid he's indisposed.

Emma turns to him... immediately sensing how big he is... how alone they are... the menacing coldness in his eyes...

EMMA
What?

TALL MAN
People who don't do their jobs are usually terminated. You ought to know that, Emma. He's lucky we still need him. So are you.

EMMA
Where is he? What did you do to him?

The Tall Man dries his hands and moves to the door. Emma, terrified, takes a step back, away from him. He sees her fear, and he smiles. Moves toward her a little.

TALL MAN
He's getting a good night's rest at Charing Cross.

He leaves. Emma GASPS as the meaning of this sinks in.

INT. TRENDY BAR - NIGHT

Back at the table, Bernie and Alison soldier through dinner.

BERNIE
She'll be back soon. It'll be fine.

Emma rushes past their table. She doesn't stop to talk.

EMMA
I have to go.

BERNIE
No, no, don't leave.

ALISON
Oh, please, Emma--

Emma races off without responding.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Leo lies on a bed. His face is bloodied and bruised, his nose covered in bandages, stitches on one cheek. His left eye is so swollen it can't quite open. Emma sees him through the window in the hallway. She barrels in, tears in her eyes.

LEO

Told the doctors I got into a fight
over a pub quiz.

She's overwhelmed, absolutely not in a joking mood--

EMMA

What happened? Who did this? This
man, he knew you were here...

She's nearly crying. He takes her hand. She touches his face.

LEO

I'm fine.

EMMA

They followed me, I thought they
were cops, and--

LEO

I know.

EMMA

What? What do you mean, *you know*?

LEO

They're sending a message.

EMMA

The police?

LEO

No, worse.

She's had enough of this cryptic bullshit.

EMMA

What? Then who?

LEO

Haysworth. I'm in trouble, Emma. It
will be fine, but I need your help.

She doesn't move. She doesn't breathe. The fear, the waiting for the truth, is the worst part.

LEO

Haysworth hired us to steal a painting he's wanted forever. Simple deal, with a big advance because it's a little more complicated... more preparation, more obstacles. A bigger job--

EMMA

Spit it out.

LEO

He wants Jacob de Gheyn III.

EMMA

The Takeaway Rembrandt?

She's shocked. Leo confirms it with a nod, avoiding her eyes.

EMMA

That's impossible. It's a priceless painting. That's a suicide mission.

LEO

I tried to get out. I told him I couldn't do it, that I'm getting out of the business, that I'd repay the advance--

EMMA

And you've just been keeping this to yourself, this tiny facet of our business plan.

LEO

I was hoping I could make it go away. But I couldn't. I can't.

She paces, adrenaline coursing through her.

EMMA

It's just a painting.

LEO

No. That's not true. These guys, they're narcissists. It's about power... greed... Haysworth's got a whole network behind him. We're nothing up against them.

EMMA

Let's go to the police. Right now.

LEO

And say what, we've been threatened? We're criminals. We'd spend the rest of our lives in jail.

EMMA

What if we just disappeared?

LEO

Are you listening? Haysworth, these people, they run deep. He wants his painting now. The new wing... he knows this is his chance. The only way out is to give it to him.

EMMA

You said you wanted a real life.

LEO

I do.

EMMA

But you're asking me to help you forge and steal a Rembrandt.

Emma leans against the wall, mind spinning, searching--

LEO

He'll come after me if we don't get him his painting. He knows who you are. Where you are. He'll come after you too.

Emma's chilled to her core. The gravity of this sinks in.

LEO

If we can't pull this off...

...Leo will die. This hangs in the air between them for a long moment. But something strikes her.

EMMA

When did this start, this deal?

LEO

Since before you came on.

EMMA

Since before I came on. So... the funding of the new wing, the renovation, it was all for this.

LEO

Museums under construction--

EMMA

Are vulnerable.

Something CLICKS for Emma, but she doesn't reveal it.

EMMA

(quiet, with gravity)
Fuck you, Leo.

LEO

I'm sorry. You're the only one who can help.

Emma processes the implications of this. Reeling. He watches her, desperate, waiting for a response. She leans in:

EMMA

I won't let you back me into a corner. That's not how this works.

He closes his eyes. He's lost this battle, he's sure--

EMMA

I will help you. But listen to me, it's going to be on my terms. I'm planning this one.

He exhales deeply, accepting this.

EMMA

I'm going to fix everything.

Emma looks off, her mind ablaze.

INT. DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY - BENSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Emma sits in her old spot, opposite Benson's desk. Benson holds a copy of Emma's resume. She squints at it.

EMMA

Please, I'll do anything for a second chance.

BENSON

After how you behaved.

EMMA

I'm so sorry. I was brazen and disrespectful and wrong. You were right. Support staff is where I belong. I was trying to cut corners, and I shouldn't have.

(another angle...)

You must be drowning in work with the new wing opening. I can help. I already know how everything works.

Emma holds her breath, wondering if she's gone too far...

BENSON

Well. It'd be unpaid to start.

INT. LEO'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Emma, Leo, Simon, and Alexander eat dinner. She pitches them--

EMMA

I'll stay overnight at the museum. Linger at my desk, when everyone's gone, sneak in and steal it--

ALEXANDER

No way. She's not doing this alone.

EMMA

It's the simplest way.

She looks to Leo, expecting him to defend her idea.

LEO

We're doing this together, all of us. It's safer that way. Haysworth would never approve of just you... So... figure out something else.

Emma takes in this obvious distrust. She sips her wine.

INT. DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY - NEW WING - DAY

Emma is back in her old routine. She punches a code and walks down a corridor to the new wing. She delivers a set of forms to the CONTRACTOR. She assesses the room: the flooring is half-installed, the ceiling still covered in scaffolding.

She clocks the latest set of BLUEPRINTS on a table.

EDDIE (O.S.)

The rumors are true!

Emma jumps, startled, turns to find Eddie. She hugs him.

EDDIE

What are you doing back here?

EMMA

Believe it or not, I actually missed this place.

EDDIE

You've gone entirely mad. Come on, let's have lunch.

She steals another look behind her as he leads her off.

INT. LEO'S HOUSE - STUDY - DAY

Prep for the heist. A blown-up DIAGRAM of the NEW WING -- two large, adjoined rooms -- with points marked in RED.

The future location of the TAKEAWAY REMBRANDT is noted with an X, and the placement of the security camera is CIRCLED.

Emma leads this planning phase, the guys listen. Alexander is skeptical, Simon is patient but unsure, and Leo is tense.

EMMA

They move the paintings from the old baroque section to the new wing after closing on the 17th. But the new wing isn't scheduled to open to the public until the 19th. So we've got 24 hours when those paintings are sitting on their freshly painted walls, alone. No people.

SIMON

If it's closed, how will we get in?

EMMA

Leo, as a donor to the new wing, you'll request a private tour. I'll be happy to show you and a couple of your friends around before it's open to the public.

(continuing)

There will be a guard on rotation, but I'll make sure my friend Eddie's on the schedule so we can get him out. The security camera will be installed here... so we'll have to contend with that...

ALEXANDER

"We'll contend with that." Sounds like you have an airtight plan--

EMMA

I'm figuring it out.

ALEXANDER

Really? You're figuring it out. I'm so relieved. Leo, honestly, we should handle this part ourselves--

EMMA

No. This one's mine.

Emma looks at Leo, testing him, testing his promise...

LEO

She's right.

Alexander shakes his head. Even Simon looks nervous.

LEO

And what about our painting?

Emma looks at him, eyes leveled.

EMMA

It'll be done.

INT. LEO'S HOUSE - EMMA'S STUDIO - DAY

A series of shots over time as Emma creates her forgery:

-Emma has blown up a gigantic computer image of the Takeaway Rembrandt and separated it into quadrants.

EMMA (V.O.)

A forgery like this takes painstaking work.

-On a canvas, she delineates the same quadrants in pencil with brutal accuracy.

-Emma's canvas is covered in pencil markings: an incredible sketch copy of the Takeaway Rembrandt.

EMMA (V.O.)

It has to be so good that the museum won't notice for a long, long time. Maybe ever...

-Emma pores over books on Baroque portraiture. Her finger traces down the page, landing on a section: AUTHENTIC PAINTS.

EMMA (V.O.)

It's possible. Fake Rembrandts have passed for real ones, only to be discovered decades later...

-With a mortar and pestle, Emma grinds pigments.

-Using the giant photo as a guide, she begins painting.

EMMA (V.O.)

...but it requires almost divine-level precision.

INT. DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Emma sits on the edge of the security desk with Eddie, as they eat bagged lunches. The bay of screens before Eddie flicks through SECURITY FEEDS of all the museum's rooms.

EMMA

Do you ever get lonely in the museum at night?

EDDIE

Oh, I haven't worked a night shift in fifteen years.

EMMA

But when you used to?

EDDIE

Nah. Kinda nice here at night, actually. Quiet. You read... I like that Stephen King, did you ever read anything by him? And you can play whatever TV show you want, plus you have to go on rounds every three hours... makes the time go.

As he rambles she STUDIES the room... A white-board SCHEDULE. THE ROUNDS LOG, a clipboard mounted on the wall.

And the MONITORS: they show black and white surveillance footage, the images are crisp but VERY BRIGHT.

EMMA

It's so bright. The exposure...

EDDIE

What?

EMMA

Nothing. You have to go on rounds
every three hours, really?

She can't tear her eyes away from the monitors...

INT. DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY - MAIN HALL - DAY

Emma's face is inches from the Takeaway. She looks over her shoulder, moves even closer, inspecting it. She makes pencil dots on a PAD OF PAPER, held low against her side.

INT. LEO'S HOUSE - STUDY - DAY

Emma shades the face of Jacob de Gheyn with a fine brush. Now, it's less of a copying process and more of an intuitive one. The image bursts to life on the canvas. His eyes are eerily blank, those are next. She's about to begin when...

She stops. Pulls back. She realizes her hand is shaking.

The pressure of this is all so much. She clenches and releases her hand, terrified that she can't handle this.

INT. EMMA'S FLAT - DAY

Back at her old place, Emma looks through her art supplies. She finds what she needs: a special black TUBE for a canvas.

She stops and takes in her messy apartment. Her old home.

Something catches her eye: that sundial MOBILE, projecting a SMILING FACE onto the wall. Emma slumps... the irony of it...

And then... an idea strikes her.

INT. LEO'S HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

Emma is talking a mile-a-minute to Leo, Simon, and Alexander--

EMMA

We don't disconnect the security
camera: we outsmart it. The same
way artists use light to create a
shadow, a highlight, a bright spot,
we can use the light to disappear.

Leo locks eyes with Emma, impressed and curious.

INT. LEO'S HOUSE - EMMA'S STUDIO - DAY

Emma has built a homemade MINIATURE REPLICA of the Takeaway Rembrandt's room. Her computer is open to an application that shows the SUN'S POSITION IN THE SKY. She uses a FLASHLIGHT to represent the sun moving over the room and a piece of cardboard with a CUT-OUT SKYLIGHT for the ceiling.

EMMA

Sun pouring through a 3-foot-by-4 foot skylight will create a rectangle of light that moves across the room from 8:15 a.m. to approximately 6:52, according to sunrise and sunset times for the 18th. You see? This shaft of light will shift based on the position of the sun. So when the sun is here...

(moving the flashlight)

...from 12:58 to 1:01 or 1:02, the sun will hit the south wall, here. And we can harness it. Shoot it back to the camera. These security cameras, they're pre-set, they don't have an iris that adjusts automatically. If they receive a burst of light, they won't be able to read... Do you see? The sun will allow us to--

LEO

Steal the painting in plain sight.

The guys are rapt. Even Alexander is amazed by this.

EMMA

Totally undetected by the cameras. For a window of two, three minutes.

SIMON

Won't the guard, or whoever's watching the cameras, notice? I mean, if I just see some ghostly burst of light in the gallery...

EMMA

They might see it, and think, oh, well, tomorrow we should move the camera, or get a screen for the skylight. But remember, this is the first day there will even be paintings in this section. They won't notice before it's too late.

Simon considers this, content. He looks to Leo.

LEO
It's brilliant. You're brilliant.
But I know you. What's the catch?

EMMA
The skylight in the new wing... is
not quite big enough.

Alexander throws his hands up, about to object--

EMMA
Don't worry, I have a plan.

INT. LEO'S HOUSE - EMMA'S STUDIO - DAY

Emma works feverishly on something at the table. She's using a ruler, protractors, tracing paper. She's laser-focused...

EMMA (V.O.)
I'll create new blueprints, and
then swap them out.

She's creating an incredible version of the new wing's BLUEPRINTS, with one addition: THE SKYLIGHT.

ALEXANDER (V.O.)
How will that possibly work?

INT. DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY - NEW WING - DAY

Emma enters. On the workers' table are the REAL BLUEPRINTS. In one fluid motion, Emma SWAPS THEM with her FORGERY.

EMMA (V.O.)
First of all, my copy will be
perfect, except for the necessary
changes, of course.

INT. DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY - NEW WING - DAY

HAMMERING and SAWING. The construction team works away. A BIGGER SKYLIGHT is being built in the new wing.

EMMA (V.O.)
Second of all, they know me. They
trust me. They see me every day.

Emma stands below as sawdust flies. BENSON storms in, arguing with the CONTRACTOR, MOS. She points to the skylight. He shows her EMMA'S FAKED BLUEPRINT.

For an excruciating moment Emma watches, waits, wondering if this will satisfy Benson. Benson's eyes narrow on the page...

...she hands the BLUEPRINT back to the contractor, sheepish. She apologizes MOS for what is clearly a misunderstanding...

EMMA (V.O.)

They would never suspect me.

Satisfied, Emma turns and leaves.

INT. LEO'S HOUSE - EMMA'S STUDIO - NIGHT

A SERIES OF SHOTS over time as Emma finishes her painting:

-With a thick brush, Emma coats the painting in chemicals.

-She dries it under a special fan. The canvas is softer, more delicate. This process has aged the painting.

-She stretches the painting over a wooden frame and secures it. She consults the pad lined in dots. Turns on a DRILL.

Its rotating point is fine, a pinprick.

Her little PAD OF PAPER marked in DOTS is poised in front of her. She PUNCTURES the HER CANVAS in spots corresponding with the DOTS on the pad. The drill BUZZES, loud.

Emma is so focused she doesn't hear Leo come in behind her...

LEO

Looks fantastic.

Emma jumps, her hand slips, and the drill dips back to the surface of the painting. A HOLE, larger than the rest.

EMMA

Oh my god!

LEO

What?

EMMA

No! The wormhole. This is supposed to be tiny, a flaw, exactly like the original. Why would you sneak up on me? This needs to be perfect!

LEO
It is perfect.

EMMA
What'll happen if someone at the museum recognizes this?

LEO
They won't. You need to relax.

EMMA
Get out! Just let me work!

She's serious. He pivots and goes, leaving her alone.

INT. LEO'S HOUSE - EMMA'S STUDIO - DAY

Emma looks weary, like she hasn't left her workspace in weeks. But the painting's nearly complete, and it's stunning.

The DAYS marked off on her CALENDAR tell us its the 17th.

She looks at the enlarged photograph of the Takeaway, then at her forgery. They're identical. There's just one thing left.

REMBRANDT'S SIGNATURE. On a sheet of paper, she has practiced it dozens of times. Now it's time for the real thing.

Her brush hovers over the canvas's corner. She steadies her hand, steadies her mind. One wrong move and it's all over.

She signs. Fast. Confident.

ON THE PAINTING: Emma's Rembrandt signature is perfect.

She takes this in, all alone. After a moment, Emma gets up. She moves to the door, and with a decisive calm, LOCKS IT.

Emma ROLLS UP HER PAINTING. She slides it into the BLACK TUBE and puts the tube inside her purse.

INT. DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY - DAY

A series of shots as Emma goes about her day at work:

-She brings a perfect cup of tea to Benson, surrounded by paperwork. Benson, for once, doesn't bark at Emma.

-She walks up to the NEW WING. It's complete, but the walls are empty. Light STREAMS in through that skylight.

-She walks alongside Eddie on his rounds. A MUSEUM-GOER stops to ask Eddie a question, MOS, and Emma reaches into Eddie's loose blazer pocket... she STEALS his ID CARD.

-Emma puts Eddie's ID CARD in the BOTTOM DRAWER of her desk.

-Emma watches as WORKERS carefully move paintings, frames and all, from the walls of the main hall. She follows them...

-One worker gingerly carries the Takeaway Rembrandt...

-And sets it on the wall of the new wing.

INT. DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY - NEW WING - NIGHT

Emma intercepts a WORKER who is hanging a BAROQUE MIRROR.

EMMA

Excuse me? Hi. That piece goes on the south wall.

WORKER

Really? But my instructions say--

EMMA

No, no, no, listen to me, it absolutely must go on the south wall. It's too cramped on the north wall, come see-- over here-- it will totally open up the space.

(when he doesn't follow)

I can call Benson and she'll tell you herself, but she really doesn't like to be bothered this late...

The worker caves, brings the mirror to the south wall.

INT. DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Emma pokes her head in. A GUARD, TED, 30s, chubby, friendly, sits. Her eyes scan his ROUNDS LOG mounted by the doorway.

EMMA

Goodnight, Ted.

INT. DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Emma's back in her office. She slumps in her chair, cheek pressed to her desk. She falls asleep...

INT. DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY - NIGHT

The lights flick off in the different sections of the museum.
The lobby. The main hall. The basement. The new wing.

INT. LEO'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Early morning. Emma staggers in, wearing yesterday's clothes.

LEO
Where have you been?

EMMA
I stayed at my place.

LEO
Okay... I missed you.

EMMA
The painting's finished. I'll be
waiting for you guys in the lobby
at 12:45 sharp. I'm ready.

She unbuttons her shirt and slips out of her clothes. He
looks at her, betraying a bit of longing...

EMMA
It's not lost on me, you know. I
get it. Your whole plan.

LEO
What are you talking about?

EMMA
I was a mark. A pawn. Haysworth
hired you to steal The Takeaway
Rembrandt, you orchestrated the
timing perfectly, the whole plan.
But you needed someone you could
use. On the inside. And you got me.

He's speechless... exhausted... he has no defense.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Access to the museum. Knowledge of
the security system, the Rembrandt,
the new wing. Didn't hurt that I
could copy a painting. Most of all,
someone you could leave with the
smoking gun if things went to shit.

LEO
No, that part's not true.

EMMA
Everything was a con. You said you wanted a life together, that I was enough. Did you ever care about me?

LEO
When we chose you for this job I didn't know I'd fall in love.

She shakes her head as she pulls on her work clothes.

EMMA
I don't know what's real anymore.

LEO
Listen. After we survive this, you can leave. With me or without me. But you need to know that I meant everything I said. I didn't mean to love you, but I did. And I do.

Emma turns her back to him.

EXT. DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY - DAY

As Eddie approaches the Employee Entrance, he looks for his ID CARD. But it's not there. Benson struts in behind him.

BENSON
What's the problem, Eddie?

EDDIE
Sorry, Boss, I can't seem to find my ID Card...

Benson sears him with her glare. Eddie cowers.

BENSON
That's a major security breach.

EDDIE
I had it yesterday. It must be in the museum.

BENSON
Find it by the end of today or there will be serious consequences.

She opens the door for him. Off Eddie, terrified...

INT. LEO'S HOUSE - STUDY - DAY

Leo, Emma, Alexander and Simon stand before the easel, where the painting is affixed.

Leo has a LEATHER ENVELOPE inlaid in a special BRIEFCASE to transport the painting. Emma whimpers as he reaches for it.

EMMA

Careful...

INT. DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY - DAY

Emma rushes in, through the MAIN HALL, and straight to...

THE NEW WING

...where everything is perfect. The paintings hang on the pristine walls, the MIRROR is in place, and the sun cascades through the skylight.

Content, Emma eyes THE TAKEAWAY REMBRANDT.

But when she turns to leave, Emma's face falls...

A group of PEOPLE are huddled at the new wing's entrance.

INT. DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY - DAY

Emma trails Benson, who explains, to Emma's horror--

BENSON

...We always let our members see a new exhibit a day before the public. How do you think we get them to pay 100 pounds a year?

Emma's dumbstruck... practically shaking as she takes in the gravity of this... she has made a fatal mistake.

BENSON

Go on, they're waiting for you.

EXT. DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY - DAY

Emma meets Leo, Simon, and Alexander in the lobby. She moves close to Leo, speaks low, trying to contain her utter panic--

EMMA

We have a problem. They... I didn't know...

(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)
they let the museum members in for
tours a day early. I guess they do
that, and I didn't know--

SIMON
You mean people, in the new wing?

Leo's gobsmacked. Emma nods, she can barely form words.

ALEXANDER
This is over. I'm calling it off.
It's too big of a risk.

EMMA
(a spike of resolve)
No. We can't. This is our only
chance. In another day they'll
notice the glare from the light--
they'll move the camera. We have to
do this now.

Eyes wild, she means this with every fiber of her being.

LEO
How do you expect to--

EMMA
I'll distract them. You'll need ten
seconds... I'll find it somehow.

Leo looks at Emma, a pang of distrust in his heart.

EMMA
When we're in the room, I'll spot
you. You wait for my signal.

Emma stalks off. Leo's still, weighing this, considering...

ALEXANDER
This is insane.

LEO
I trust her. Let's go.

INT. DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY - NEW WING - DAY

Emma meets a group of about 25 PEOPLE outside the new wing.
Leo, Simon, and Alexander join the group, at the back.

EMMA
Hi, everyone. Welcome to the
Dulwich Picture Gallery.

As the crowd assembles to follow her, Emma sees Eddie--

EMMA

Eddie, Eddie-- I found your ID card, on the floor in the lobby.

EDDIE

Oh, thank god! Benson was going to have my head--

EMMA

Go get it, it's in my cube. On the bookshelf, I think.

He looks at the group. He's really not supposed to leave...

EMMA

Go ahead, I can handle this crowd.

He smiles, grateful, and rushes off.

Emma's eyes lock with Leo's as this part clicks into place.

She looks down at her watch: 12:51.

Her heart pounding like a drum, she leads the group into...

THE NEW WING

Emma's eyes scan the gallery. She's gut-punched when she realizes... there is NO LONGER ANY LIGHT IN THE ROOM.

THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT: gray clouds have obscured the sun.

Her eyes search the floor... but there's no strip of light, nothing... their whole plan... it's ruined...

EMMA

Okay, everyone... Let's start over here, with the Vermeers.

Over her shoulder, she shares a devastated glance with Leo. She looks at her watch -- 12:52. Time is slipping away...

...but she presses on, not knowing what else to do.

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

-MOS, Emma speaks before the VERMEERS.

-She showcases THE TAKEAWAY REMBRANDT. She looks at it, desperate, an almost crazed sense of longing in her eyes...

-Before a STILL LIFE, Emma's eyes flick to the skylight again. There's still no shaft of light, no light at all.

-On her watch: 12:59. Emma swallows a lump in her throat.

-Leo and the guys stay at bay at the back of the room. Emma looks at Leo. She shudders as if to say *it's all over*.

-At the back of the group, Alexander whispers to Leo.

ALEXANDER

We're dead, Leo.

Leo, steely, holds in a boiling flood of emotion.

INT. DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY - MAIN HALL - DAY

Eddie, rushing to Emma's office, crosses with Benson.

BENSON

What are you doing?

EDDIE

I found my card. Well, Emma did, it's in her office, I'm going to--

BENSON

You left your post?

Eddie's not sure what the right answer to this is...

BENSON

Go ahead, get that card. I'll make sure all's well up there.

Exasperated, Benson saunters off.

INT. DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY - NEW WING - DAY

Emma's watch reads 1:01. She's about to give up, when, just as she's turning to lead the group away...

...majestically, miraculously, those fickle London clouds part and SUN STREAMS in through the skylight.

A bright, CONCENTRATED SHARD OF LIGHT hits the mirror and shoots up to the CAMERA where it FLOODS THE LENS!

Emma's mouth falls open. Her head snaps to her watch. They have mere seconds to complete this, but she gives the signal to Leo -- an intense glare and a nod of her head. *NOW*.

He doesn't believe it at first, but then he sees-- they have a chance. His gloved fist TIGHTENS around his briefcase.

And the careful, painstaking dance begins:

Leo, Simon and Alexander retreat towards the back of the room where the Takeaway is mounted on the far wall. Emma corrals her tour over to a painting so that the crowds' backs are to the guys. Emma is facing the guys. Her eyes locked on Leo.

EMMA

Everyone, let's come over here to our old friend Rubens and talk a little about his depiction of femininity. Come on, closer.

Emma ushers everyone extremely close to a RUBENS PAINTING.

And right at this moment, BENSON walks into the room. She joins Emma's tour. Emma looks like she's about to vomit.

Benson faces Emma, but if she were to turn around, she'd see Leo, Simon, and Alexander hovering over the Takeaway...

EMMA

(hanging on by a thread)
We see in this representation... an obvious affection for the subject.

AT THE TAKEAWAY

Switchblades snap open from gloved hands. A TICK-TICK sound.

AT THE RUBENS

Emma hears that TICK. No good. She glares at Leo, frozen.

EMMA

The way that the light hits her...

Emma's heart is in her throat. She looks at the sun -- time is running out -- and at her group: EYES wander... SOMEONE looks off to the side... This isn't enough... she has to distract them... Can she do it? *Will she do it?*

Leo's stare burns into Emma. A bead of sweat drips down her face. She blinks hard. Breathes. Her lips dry and quivering.

Benson glances to the side, and is about to TURN AROUND WHEN--

EMMA

Hey.

Benson looks to the front, and Emma SCREAMS:

EMMA

HEY! Look up here, FUCKING LOOK UP
HERE, this is art--Do you not think
this is important? THIS IS FUCKING
IMPORTANT! You're lucky to be
standing here, at least fucking
LOOK AT IT!!!!

She's completely LOSING IT, and as she SCREAMS:

AT THE TAKEAWAY

A symphony of movements over mere seconds:

-Two FAST SLICES. Simon and Alexander, on either side of the painting, use their KNIVES to wedge open the frame.

-Without taking the painting down from its wire cables anchored to the wall, Leo SEPARATES the bottom of the frame.

-Alex peels Emma's FORGERY from its leather envelope.

-Leo slips out the ORIGINAL and inserts the FORGERY.

-Leo double-checks Emma's FORGERY ON THE MUSEUM WALL.

AT THE RUBENS

EMMA

I SAID THIS IS FUCKING IMPORTANT!!!

The people on the tour can't tear their eyes away from her... She's crazed, red-faced... She has completely lost herself...

When Emma looks up, shaking, panting, as though coming out of a trance, the guys are gone. The Takeaway appears untouched.

INT. DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY - LOBBY - DAY

Emma walks through the museum, scanning the area for the guys, who are nowhere to be found. Benson approaches...

BENSON

Emma!

Emma doesn't move a centimeter. She doesn't breathe.

BENSON

You're a very bizarre girl.
(Emma doesn't react)
And you're fired, obviously.

Emma quietly absorbs this. Benson walks off, annoyed.

EXT. DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY - DAY

Emma bursts out of the front doors, alone. She hurries down the museum's grand steps and into the courtyard...

She stops for a moment, taking in the PEOPLE around her.

TOURISTS move happily to the museum's entrance. A group of SCHOOL KIDS in uniforms eat lunch in the courtyard. A cute COUPLE sits on the steps and looks at the Dulwich pamphlet.

She's struck by all these people... all types, all walks of life. All connected to the museum. And she smirks to herself.

Emma continues on, leaving the Dulwich behind.

INT. HAYSWORTH'S PRIVATE VAULT - NIGHT

Mahogany, recessed lighting, and illicit art. The collection is incredible. There's a Degas statue, a huge Francis Bacon.

Leo and Haysworth sit while thugs Kronin and Saul enter. Kronin carries the briefcase. He snaps it open, unrolls...

THE TAKEAWAY REMBRANDT. Haysworth beams. He looks over the canvas... the image... the signature. He smells it.

And grins. As he does, Leo squints at the painting, too. In the center is that WORMHOLE.

It's just a little too big.

INT. DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY - NEW WING - DAY

Benson, Eddie, and another GUARD inspect the new wing.

BENSON

I don't understand. It's a brand new camera.

TED

Not the camera, Ma'am, the amount of light. Makes it hard to see.

BENSON

Fine. We'll fix it tomorrow. Nothing's been touched in here.

Eddie walks past the Takeaway. Its frame is slightly askew.

INT. LEO'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emma's suitcase is open. She packs clothes, jewelry, her old paintbrushes. Leo peeks in. He can't hide his wry smile.

LEO
How did you do it?

She sees that he gets it, and she loves that about him.

Their conversation continues over a SERIES OF SHOTS:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A familiar scene. Emma leans in, whispers in Leo's ear:

EMMA
I'm going to fix everything.

EMMA (V.O.)
You went too far. I had to stop it.
(thinking)
Haysworth will get a professional
pair of eyes on that painting soon.

INT. LEO'S HOUSE - EMMA'S STUDIO - DAY - FLASHBACK

Emma rolls up her copy and puts it inside the BLACK TUBE.

LEO (V.O.)
And when he does I'll take the
fall. He'll come after me.

INT. DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY - CONTROL ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Emma says goodnight to Ted, the night guard. She clocks his ROUNDS LOG and notes the time of the last entry -- 10:15 p.m.

EMMA (V.O.)
I know. That's why I suggest you
get out of the country. Now.

INT. DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Emma sleeps, head on her desk. An alarm on her phone wakes her: *ROUNDS, 1:15 a.m.* She takes the BLACK TUBE from her bag.

Emma stalks down the main hall, past the...

CONTROL ROOM

She peers in. On a monitor marked IMPRESSIONISTS, she can see Ted's figure on the screen. He's doing his rounds.

Emma disappears into the darkened museum.

INT. NEW WING - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Emma punches the code into the door's keypad, and moves into the new wing. She stands, alone, before the TAKEAWAY.

She opens the black tube and pulls out her FORGERY. Emma reaches up around the Takeaway's frame. She's wearing GLOVES, and she opens an Exacto KNIFE. She WEDGES the frame open.

And removes the ORIGINAL REMBRANDT, slow, careful, barely touching it as she does. Her body shaking. Breathing hard.

She calms herself. Rolls the ORIGINAL into the tube.

Emma slips her forgery into the frame. For a moment, she's mesmerized, looking at her masterpiece hanging on the wall...

BACK TO SCENE

LEO

I'll leave tonight. The question is, are you coming with me?

EMMA

No.

He's crushed, but he knows better than to fight her.

LEO

You said you'd fix everything, and you did. Thank you.

She's surprised to hear this... it's oddly touching.

DOWNSTAIRS

Emma crosses with Simon as she walks out.

SIMON

Hey. Good job, Emma. Brilliant.

She smiles sadly at him, this friend she'll never see again.

INT. EMMA'S FLAT - DAY

Lugging her suitcase, Emma flicks on the light. Her place is a depressing mess. Her phone RINGS. On the screen: MOM.

She silences it. She unzips her suitcase and dumps the contents on her bed. Starts unpacking. Her phone RINGS again. This time she answers.

EMMA

Hey, Mom, I'm so sorry we haven't talked, I've been so busy, I just--

INT. SMALL CAPE HOUSE - DAY

Kate runs into the living room, holding up the phone.

KATE

Mark! I got her! Honey, you haven't answered your phone in forever!

INTERCUT APARTMENT AND SUBURBAN HOUSE

Emma searches for the words to explain...

KATE (CONT'D)

Well... we love it. We don't know what to say. We're just ecstatic.

Behind Kate, their home is full of people.

KATE (CONT'D)

Your father's running a museum in our living room!

EMMA

What are you talking about?

KATE

What? The painting, the Van Gogh.

On the mantle where the poster once hung is a REAL VAN GOGH.

EMMA

When did you... I'm sorry, I...
When did you receive that? How?

KATE

The papers came first from a courier, then a delivery company brought it in an armored truck.

EMMA

It has its papers? It's... real.

KATE

Yeah, we know. Dad was so excited that he cried. I'll put him on.

Emma shakes her head... and something catches her eye.
Something in the pile of clothes she's just dumped out.

A piece of paper. A POSTCARD, slipped between her things.

ON THE POSTCARD

A drawing of a towel on the beach over a seal: NANTUCKET, MA.
The very emblem of a simple life.

On the back a message: "The key is under the mat."

There's no postmark.

KATE
You all right?

EMMA
Yeah, sorry Mom, I'm all right.

Emma closes her eyes. Drops the postcard back to the pile.

INT. MODEST APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Emma approaches a doorway with a wilted plant and a worn
welcome mat. She touches the door with the palm of her hand,
and carefully slips an ENVELOPE under the door.

She rings the bell. By the time Eddie answers, she's gone.

He picks up the envelope and looks inside. It's full of CASH.

INT. EMMA'S FLAT - NIGHT

A KNOCK at the door. Emma answers. It's Alison and Bernie,
and her whole body sighs in relief. She hugs Alison tight.

EMMA
You came. I can't believe you came.

ALISON
Had to see if you were truly alive.

EMMA
I am now. Somewhat. I promise.

EXT. FERRY - NANTUCKET - DAY

A small ferry glides over gray water.

On a bench at the back of the boat, LEO sits, suitcase at his feet, sunglasses on. An OLD LADY reads a book nearby.

OLD LADY
First time to Nantucket?

LEO
Yes.

OLD LADY
Looking for some peace and quiet?

He smiles, 'yes.' The horn BLOWS as they approach the harbor. He collects his bag and a lone PAINTING wrapped in paper.

Through a tear, we see... it's Emma's Elvis.

EXT. THREE BEACH STREET - DAY

A tiny cottage, weathered by wind and rain, built into the sand dune. Leo takes a breath of fresh air. He approaches the front door...

He peels up the sea-shell print mat, hopeful...

...but the spare HOUSE KEY is still there. Leo deflates.

INT. THREE BEACH STREET - DAY

Leo trudges inside. In the entryway, he freezes. Senses movement. He takes a careful step down the hallway. Another. Braced for danger... He hears, in the bathroom, a CLINKING...

He steps around the corner, tense...

...and finds Emma, in the bathtub, drinking a glass of wine.

EMMA
I decided we could call it even.
(off his look of awe)
Oh, I broke in. The back window's
loose, always has been.

Leo drops to his knees.

EMMA (CONT'D)
We'll have to fix that.

She gives him a long, luxurious kiss.

CUT TO BLACK.