

"THE ITALIAN JOB"

Screenplay by

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Based on the 1969 screenplay by

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**FADE IN:**

**EXT. THE PORT OF GENOA, ITALY - NIGHT**

and  
Forklifts RUMBLE. Workers WIPE FRAME. All the bustle  
cacophony of a major seaport.

carries  
We FIND ourselves focusing on ONE LARGE CRATE. With the  
GRINDING of gears, a crane lifts it off the dock and  
it onto a ship.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME**

watches  
crew  
Through night-vision binoculars, CHARLIE CROKER, 28,  
the mysterious crate. Charlie is young to run his own  
but he's a born leader.

**CHARLIE**

Lyle?

fingering  
SWISH PAN TO: LYLE, 21, brilliant and punctilious,  
the keyboard of his strap-on supercharged laptop.

**LYLE**

I've got the orbital data and SV  
clock corrections for each satellite  
that gets the signal. That'll make  
my reading as solid as the Precise  
Positioning Service that only the  
D.O.D. can use. We're talkin' 100  
meter horizontal accuracy, 156 meter  
vertical accuracy, .340 nanoseconds  
time accuracy.

SWISH PAN TO: STEVE, 30, bearded. Steve has an arrogant confidence mixed with the hint of a smile.

**STEVE**

Why can't he talk like a person?

**CHARLIE**

...Because he's not.

**LYLE**

I do need one more thing, Charlie.

**CHARLIE**

What's that?

**LYLE**

Someone to turn the goddamn homing device on. No signal, no score.

**CHARLIE**

(to Steve)

Where're the Italians?

**STEVE**

Patience.

**INT. HUMVEE (MOVING) - SAME TIME**

EAR,  
Rebel.  
and a

The driver is HANDSOME ROB, 30. Riding shotgun is HALF-35, immersed in a book: Albert Einstein Creator & Half-Ear is a large black man with a Southern accent hearing aid.

**HANDSOME ROB**

What's that shit?

**HALF-EAR**

A book. It's called reading. You should try it some time.

Handsome Rob holds up three fingers.

**HANDSOME ROB**

You wanna read something. Read between the lines.

**HALF-EAR**

Well here's something even you can relate to. Albert got a lotta trim. That genius thing is a babe magnet.

**HANDSOME ROB**

Lemme see that book.

**INT. HOTEL JEWELRY SHOP - SAME TIME**

tasteful  
number on  
The final member of the crew, JOHN BRIDGER, 50s, is a man buying a very tasteful, and very expensive, diamond necklace. The saleswoman wraps it up as he dials a his cell phone.

**STELLA (V.O.)**

Hello?

**JOHN BRIDGER**

Hi, sweetie.

**INT. STELLA'S CONDO - PHILADELPHIA - INTERCUT**

stepped  
towel.  
STELLA BRIDGER, 27, crushingly attractive, has just out of the shower, hair still wet, body wrapped in a towel.

**STELLA**

Daddy. How are you?

**JOHN BRIDGER**

I'm sending you something.

**STELLA**

Really? Does it smell nice?

**JOHN BRIDGER**

No. But it's sparkly.

**STELLA**

Does it come with a receipt?

**JOHN BRIDGER**

I'm having it sent to you from the store.

**STELLA**

(toweling her hair)  
Why not bring it by yourself? We could have dinner.

He leaves the store and heads for the HOTEL ELEVATOR.

**JOHN BRIDGER**

Be a long trip. I'm in Genoa.

She doesn't like the sound of that.

**STELLA**

Let me guess. Checking out the birthplace of Christopher Columbus.

**JOHN BRIDGER**

Something like that.

**STELLA**

With your parole officer's approval.

He steps into the elevator. Rides up.

**JOHN BRIDGER**

I think I've paid my P.O. my last visit. I liked the guy, but we never really connected.

**STELLA**

What are you into, Dad? Don't break my heart. You told me you were through.

**JOHN BRIDGER**

After this, I swear to you, I am.

**STELLA**

You promised me. Daddy, don't do this.

down  
The elevator door opens, Bridger steps out and starts  
the hall.

**JOHN BRIDGER**

Everything's going to be fine. I've got to go now. I love you. Bye.

He clicks off then uses his card key to step into the -

-

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

He eyes Charlie, who looks pretty tense.

**JOHN BRIDGER**

Italians?

**CHARLIE**

Not yet.

**STEVE**

Don't worry, they'll come through.  
You can trust these guys.

**JOHN BRIDGER**

I trust everyone. It's the devil  
inside them that I don't trust.

(then, to Charlie)

Got a sec?

**CHARLIE**

My office.

**INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT**

They step inside, Charlie closing the door.

**JOHN BRIDGER**

How you feeling, boss?

**CHARLIE**

Fine. I'm fine, fine.

Bridger seems amused by that answer.

**JOHN BRIDGER**

You know what fine, stands for, don't  
you? Fucked-up, Insecure, Neurotic,  
and Emotional.

**CHARLIE**

You've become quite the philosopher  
since you quit drinking.

**JOHN BRIDGER**

You don't like me sober?

**CHARLIE**

No, I'm glad. Makes you a better  
thief.

hands  
Bridger pulls out a fine cigar, still in its wrapper,  
it to Charlie.

**JOHN BRIDGER**

For after the haul.

**CHARLIE**

Hope I get to fire it up. If Steve's Italians are a no-show, it's three months prep down the shitter and I've dragged you out of retirement for nothing.

**JOHN BRIDGER**

This is kinda nice. You being the boss with all the worries, me just along for the ride.

**CHARLIE**

Ain't you sweet...

From the other side of the door, they HEAR --

**STEVE (O.S.)**

Charlie!

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

ITALIAN

Charlie takes the binoculars from Steve. He SEES TWO CUSTOMS INSPECTORS climbing onboard the ship.

**CHARLIE**

Your Italians.

**STEVE**

Yup. Dixie cups.

**CHARLIE**

Dixie cups?

**STEVE**

I toss 'em away if there's a problem down the road.

**EXT. SHIP - NIGHT**

about

In ITALIAN, the Inspectors quiz the NERVOUS CAPTAIN the mysterious crate.

strips

One Inspector takes a crowbar and yanks out several of plywood, REVEALING unmarked cardboard boxes inside.

The

open. other Inspector pulls out one of the boxes and tears it

It is filled with tomatoes. He takes a bite out of one.

Nods. Everything seems to be order. The Captain looks relieved. The inspector closes the cardboard box but...

power Watch carefully now, because as he does this, he hits a  
the button on a small HOMING DEVICE and stuffs it in with  
tomatoes...

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME**

BEEPING, On Lyle's computer screen, a pulsating dot appears,  
sending out precise longitude and latitude.

**LYLE**

For those about to rock, we salute  
you.

Charlie dials his cell phone.

**INT. HUMVEE (MOVING) - INTERCUT**

Handsome Rob answers.

**HANDSOME ROB**

Yeah.

**CHARLIE**

Let's get rich.

see Handsome Rob pulls over. They're at the port. They can  
hold. the mysterious crate being lowered into the ship's

him. Half-Ear climbs out, taking a large duffel bag with

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SHIP (DOCKED) - LATER, NIGHT**

OUR The Captain is doing his final checks before launch.

CAMERA DROPS to --

**BENEATH THE WATER**

Nitramon where we FIND Half-Ear, in scuba gear, applying explosive primer to the hull of the ship.

**INT. HUMVEE (MOVING) - NIGHT**

secluded Plowing through thick brush that breaks out onto a beach. Handsome Rob is still behind the wheel but now Steve is in the passenger seat. Lyle, in the back, is still on the laptop, legs fidgeting like a drummer on meth. POP goes his bubble gum.

**HANDSOME ROB**

Can you chill out back there? You'd make a hummingbird nervous.

**EXT. UNDERNEATH THE SHIP - NIGHT**

his Half-Ear finishes up. Speaks into the headset inside gear.

**HALF-EAR**

I'm done. Over.

**LYLE (V.O.)**

Copy that. Enjoy the ride, cowboy.

bolted Half-Ear grabs onto the bottom rung of a ladder that is into to the side of the ship as it launches off the dock and deeper water.

**CUT TO:**

**TWO BRIGHT CIRCLES IN A SEA OF DARKNESS**

John Coming closer... becoming clearer... It's Charlie and Propulsion Bridger, in scuba gear, riding torpedo-shaped Dive Vehicles (DPVs) that pull them through the deep blue sea at

a good 5 m.p.h. Both DPVs drag equipment bags.

Lyle's  
the

A Global Satellite Positioning Device is mounted on the handlebar of Charlie's DPV, being fed information via laptop. A circle pulsates on the monitor, a beacon to crate in the ship.

**EXT. UNDER THE BOAT - NIGHT**

Half-Ear still clings to the ladder. It's a wild ride. Through the headset inside his gear, he HEARS:

**LYLE (V.O.)**

Get ready. 3. 2. 1. Drop.

speed

Half-Ear lets go of the ladder. The ship's propellers by just above his head. WHOOSH.

button.

He removes a radio-controlled detonator. Hits the

**EXT. SHIP - ON THE CUT**

The hull of the boat EXPLODES.

**INT. SHIP'S HOLD**

crate  
through

A very neat hole on the bottom of the boat beneath the is opened. Water RUSHES IN and the crate falls right the cavity, vanishing.

**UNDERWATER**

bottom.

The huge, heavy crate drops down... down... hits the

**ON THE SHIP**

her.

Chaos rules. She's taking on water fast. No way to save The captain orders the dinghy lowered into the water.

**INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT**

out to

Parked in the sand at the top of the bay. Steve looks

the bay through infrared binoculars.

The ship is going down. The crew on the dingy head back to the port, which is in the opposite direction of this beach.

**EXT. THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA - NIGHT**

The DPVs are now attached by a tether to an underwater lifting bag that is used to move heavy loads through water.

The crate is surrounded by our three diver-bandits.

Using crowbars they pull apart the plywood. The cardboard boxes of tomatoes dump out, tomatoes spilling everywhere.

And now we see what was hidden between the boxes...

A large safe.

They move like clock-work. Half-Ear aims an underwater light at the dial. Charlie drills a small hole near the dial.

John peers inside a horoscope and lines up the three wheels of the combination lock... until the door pops open.

As they stare at what's inside, they speak into their headsets, heard by all.

**CHARLIE**

Sweet Jesus.

**JOHN BRIDGER**

"That for which all virtue is sold.  
And almost every vice -- gold."

And now we see the contents of the safe: 160 glistening GOLD BRICKS. Made in Singapore, they weigh 25 pounds and each one is decorated with the face of an exotic Balinese girl. We're talking thirty million dollars worth of gold.

**INT. HUMVEE (PARKED) - NIGHT**

to be They holler and high-five and it's just a great moment  
alive. Steve takes another peek through his infrared  
binoculars and sees --  
then The last vestiges of the ship hang above the waterline,  
disappear.

**EXT. UNDERWATER - A LITTLE LATER**

a The gold is now stacked and secured on the lifting bag.  
valves They attach an underwater parachute to the bag and hook  
hose from an air tank into press of a pressure release  
which cause the parachute to INFLATE.

thing Looking like a hot-air balloon underwater, the whole  
side, floats up about fifteen feet. Half-Ear holds onto its  
going along for the ride.

which Then Charlie and John Bridger speed off on the DPVs  
through are tethered to the inflatable bag. As they glide  
the water towards the secluded beach, we...

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. MOUNTAINOUS ROAD - FIRST LIGHT OF DAWN**

The Humvee climbs into the mountain ranges of the Alps.

**INT. HUMVEE (MOVING)**

are in The gold is in three crates in the cargo bay.  
They are Handsome Rob and Steve are still up front. The others  
who the back seats, the divers out of their scuba gear.  
pouring champagne into paper cups; except for Bridger  
abstains. He holds up his empty cup.

**JOHN BRIDGER**

My name is John and I'm a very rich

alcoholic. And I'm going to live my  
life one very rich day at a time.

**THE CREW**

Alright, John!

the  
As  
They laugh and pound their fists against the roof of  
Humvee. Charlie pulls out the cigar Bridger gave him.  
Bridger lights it for him --

**JOHN BRIDGER**

You planned this one down to a t,  
kid. It's a gift. You saw the big  
picture, made contingencies, covered  
the angles...

Hearing this, Steve looks a little jealous.

**JOHN BRIDGER**

Shit, you made thirty million dollars  
in gold drop out of sight without  
holding a gun. Who else could've  
pulled that off?

**CHARLIE**

You could've. I had big shoes to  
fill.

**JOHN BRIDGER**

Fill the shoes but don't follow the  
footprints.

**CHARLIE**

What're you talking about? You've  
lived the life.

**JOHN BRIDGER**

My life's been nothing but fake IDs,  
fake business cards and divorce  
papers. This is the only thing that's  
real.

in  
Bridger shows him a photograph of Stella that he keeps  
his wallet.

**CHARLIE**

Stella's a beautiful girl.

**JOHN BRIDGER**

She's amazing. And I spent half her childhood in prison. This is a once in a lifetime haul, Charlie. Bring down the curtain after this one. Make a new life. Find someone amazing and be there for her.

As the advice escapes Bridger's mouth --

**EXT. MOUNTAINOUS ROAD**

blocks  
A Jeep thunders out of a hiding place in the trees and the road. The Humvee brakes to avoid running into it.

**HANDSOME ROB**

Shit.

pressed  
Click. That's the sound of a gun cocking as it's against Handsome Rob's temple.

**STEVE**

Anyone acts stupid and his brains go on the windshield.

Jeep, AK-  
They see the two Italian Inspectors jump out of the 47s leveled at the crew. Steve has double-crossed them.  
ON THE CREW: shocked would be a good place to start.

**CHARLIE**

What the hell do you think you're doing?

**STEVE**

Sorry Charlie. But I want the box of Cracker Jack all to myself.

the  
The Italians pull the crates of gold out of the back of Humvee.

**CHARLIE**

You're not thinking this through. It's a stupid move.

**STEVE**

Think so? Well you're the brilliant one. The Master Planner. Isn't that so, John?

Rob,  
Steve climbs out of the Humvee, gun still on Handsome  
the AK-47s aimed at the others.

**STEVE**

You bet on the wrong horse.

**JOHN BRIDGER**

We'll hunt you down. You're gonna  
regret this.

**EXT. HUMVEE**

Safely outside, Steve turns his gun on Bridger.

**STEVE**

No regrets, Dixie cup.

BOOM. He shoots Bridger in the head. Just like that.

of  
The Italians follow suit, AK-47s SCREAMING out bursts  
full automatic fire at the crew.

**INT. HUMVEE**

gunfire.  
They duck for cover as the vehicle is riddled with

epicenter  
Glass shatters. Bullets ricochet. They're in the  
of hell.

gas.  
Handsome Rob jerks the steering wheel and stomps the

Driving blind.

**EXT. MOUNTAINOUS ROAD**

it,  
The Humvee hits the side of the Jeep, grinds alongside  
metal tearing against metal.

cliff  
The Humvee's right side tires precariously hover by the  
and the raging water below.

tires.  
The gunners keep FIRING. Bullets rip into the Humvee's

**EXT. HUMVEE**

It almost escapes, but it can't make it on shredded rubber.

It careens off the road and --

**SERIES OF SHOTS**

The Humvee plummets through the air and plunges into the raging river.

**INT. HUMVEE**

Water cascades in through the open windows. They're thrown around as the Humvee rides the rapids. WHAM. The passenger door caves in as the Humvee rams into a large rock then is swept further downstream. Through the foam and spray, Charlie looks over to Bridger. He's dead. The torrent ROARS. Only their chests and heads are above water. And that's not all. There's a WATERFALL AHEAD.

**EXT. WATERFALL**

The Humvee is palmed in its deadly embrace and hurled over.

It cartwheels into the pool below, sending up a huge geyser of water.

It sinks out of sight.

**EXT. MOUNTAINOUS ROAD - SAME TIME**

The crates of gold are now inside the Italians' Jeep. Steve climbs in, leaving the crew for dead.

**UNDERWATER - SAME TIME**

The Humvee strikes the surface bottom with an ominous thud.

**EXT. MOUNTAINOUS ROAD - DAWN**

of the  
The Jeep jerks to a stop. A door opens and the bodies  
two Italians, shot dead, are dumped out into the mud.  
Steve is alone now. Just him and the millions in gold.

**INT. HUMVEE - SAME TIME**

gunshot  
The water entombs them. Blood from Bridger's fatal  
mists the water red.

out but  
They manage to get the door open. They start to swim  
body  
Charlie won't go without Bridger. He grabs his friend's  
and pulls it up with him.

**EXT. RIVER - SUNRISE**

Charlie  
grieved,  
embankment,  
They drag themselves ashore, Handsome Rob helping  
pull Bridger's corpse. Charlie is shocked, tormented,  
and angry beyond description. Against the rocky  
he holds Bridger. Not wanting to ever let go.

**CHARLIE (V.O.)**

If you would have told me that I  
would spend the next three years  
searching for Steve Bandell, I would  
have said that was nothing. Cause I  
would have spent a lifetime looking  
for that bastard if I had to.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. OFFICE - DAY**

in the  
SOMEONE'S POV. A top of the line safe. The only light  
office is the beam of a penlight on the dial.

points",  
GLOVED HANDS spin the dial, feeling for "contact  
areas on the dial where a slight resistance can be felt  
--  
if you have the touch.

while

NEW ANGLE. A woman holds the penlight in her teeth  
trying to crack the safe. It's Stella Bridger, now 30.

**SUPERIMPOSE:**

Three Years Later Philadelphia

lever

mixture of

LIGHTS

She manipulates the dial. Click. She grabs the safe's  
and swings the heavy steel door open, her face a  
pride and relief. But before we see what's inside --

**TURN ON.**

TWO COPS lurk at the doorway.

**FIRST COP**

You always work in the dark?

**STELLA**

Buzz of the fluorescents throws me  
off. She's all yours.

they're

The cops come closer and only now do we realize that  
on the same team.

**SECOND COP**

Damn. Chris Perley couldn't crack  
it. Neither could Michael Hoyt.

**STELLA**

Now you know who to call first.

**FIRST COP**

You're expensive, Stella. Those guys  
cut us a break on subpoena jobs.  
Goodwill, community service...

**STELLA**

Well I do it for the money. I'll  
send you the bill.

**SECOND COP**

Don't you want to see what's inside?

**STELLA**

I never look. Bye, guys.

And as she walks off, they do look -- at her.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

Mini  
crouches low  
gives  
  
doesn't  
automobile

A car RISES INTO FRAME on a bustling street: a 1960 Cooper S., a worldwide motoring icon. Its shape to the ground and its tiny 10-inch wheel-at-each-corner it the legendary Mini look.  
  
If when you see its headlights and classic grille it bring a smile to your face, then you've got no soul.

**INT. MINI (CRUISING) - DAY**

behind  
Carlo  
the  
  
SUVs.  
  
between two  
  
with

Stella takes on the road like someone who loves to be the wheel of a car that claimed victory in the Monte Carlo Rally three times. She passes a minivan, a breeze with Mini's quick, go-kart-like handling.  
  
She searches for a parking space on a street lined with  
  
Sees a spot, it's not really a space, just a gap gas guzzlers, there's no way any car could squeeze in. Brake. Shift. Hard turn. She parallel parks the Mini ease. She's right in front of --

**HER SHOP**

with  
BRIDGER  
With a

Antique keys and locks dominate the storefront window the name of the shop stenciled across the glass:  
LOCK AND SAFE COMPANY. Stella hops out of the Mini.  
poised walk she heads inside.

**INT. SHOP - DAY**

along

It is filled with old cast-iron safes she has rebuilt

with some new models. Stella's RECEPTIONIST greets her.

**RECEPTIONIST**

How long?

**STELLA**

Four minutes, forty-three seconds.

High-five.

**RECEPTIONIST**

You're the man.

**STELLA**

So what's on the line-up?

**RECEPTIONIST**

2:00. Home safe in Fairmount Park. Owner died and the wife never knew the combination. And Todd Milliken called. He has a prototype combination lock he wants you to test out tomorrow morning. Says he added two false contact points on the tumbler.

**STELLA**

Tell him if I don't have it opened in six minutes flat, breakfast is on me.

**RECEPTIONIST**

And there's a Charlie Croker in your office. He said you two know each other.

(an aside)

And he looks pretty fine for a white boy.

Without a response, Stella heads over to --

**HER OPEN OFFICE DOOR**

and sees him fiddling with her collection of safe doors  
that  
line the shelves.

**STELLA**

Charlie Croker.

He turns around. Smiles. Charming.

**CHARLIE**

Hi, Stella.

She steps inside.

**STELLA**

Refresh my memory. After you came to see me and told me what happened to my father, I told you I never wanted to see you again, didn't I?

**CHARLIE**

Yeah. You did.

**STELLA**

So I'm a little confused.

**CHARLIE**

I found him.

on  
At first it seems that Charlie's words have no effect  
her, but then he notices that her hands are trembling.

**CHARLIE**

I can tell you where he is.

**STELLA**

I don't want to know.

**CHARLIE**

Are you sure?

She doesn't answer.

**CHARLIE**

He's in Los Angeles.

ask  
She doesn't respond. Doesn't ask him to go on, doesn't  
him not to. So he goes on...

**CHARLIE**

The gold bricks he stole from us were minted in Singapore and decorated with the face of a Balinese girl. I've had my tentacles out and got a call from a friend of mine and your father's, Philly Steak.

Stella remembers him.

**STELLA**

When I was little he would play poker at the house and drop quarters under the table for me to find.

**CHARLIE**

He got word from an L.A. connection named Skinny Pete that a gold dealer has been buying bricks with the Balinese girl on them, three or four at a time.

**STELLA**

You ever heard the expression, cut to the chase?

**CHARLIE**

I tracked Steve down to an address in the Hollywood Hills. He's changed his last name to Frezelli. And get this: he had a Worthington 1000 installed in the house before he even moved in. We both know that you don't install a Worthington 1000 unless you have something precious to guard.

**STELLA**

Precious or not, I don't deal with ill-gotten goods.

**CHARLIE**

We boosted that gold from a terrorist group that was about to trade it for bio-weapons. Now that doesn't exactly make us Robin Hood, but maybe in our own little way we were doing a good deed. Problem is, no one in my crew can handle that safe. And I need someone I can trust.

**STELLA**

And you think that's me? Haven't you heard that I work for the other side?

**CHARLIE**

What I heard is that you have your father's touch. And he was the only safecracker I knew who could open a Worthington 1000.

**STELLA**

I'm not a safecracker. I'm a

professional safe and vault technician.

**CHARLIE**

You're John Bridger's daughter. And this is our chance to set things right.

That sets her off.

**STELLA**

Our chance? Who do you think you are coming in here? Stealing the gold isn't going to bring my father back to life.

**CHARLIE**

No, it won't.

**STELLA**

Then get out.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

sidewalk. Charlie comes out of her shop and starts down the

walking Suddenly, Handsome Rob appears out of the crowd and is next to him.

**HANDSOME ROB**

How'd it go with the chick?

**CHARLIE**

I'm working on it.

**HANDSOME ROB**

I don't want her on the crew, Charlie.

**CHARLIE**

Gotta have her. Important piece of the puzzle.

**HANDSOME ROB**

There has to be someone else. What about Bill Huchins?

**CHARLIE**

Doing ten long at Levinworth.

**HANDSOME ROB**

Red O'Reilly?

**CHARLIE**

Chemo.

**HANDSOME ROB**

Martin Hernandez?

**CHARLIE**

Found Jesus.

Handsome Rob stops Charlie.

**HANDSOME ROB**

I don't want a civilian to screw this up.

**CHARLIE**

She has the skill. And the motivation.

**HANDSOME ROB**

Exactly. She's emotional. You know what happens when emotion gets into it.

**CHARLIE**

It's emotional for all of us at this point. Don't kid yourself.

**INT. EXPENSIVE RESTAURANT/BAR - NIGHT**

blood  
a

RICHARD WORTH has his back to the bar. He's a blue trial lawyer with an ego that has more horsepower than Ferrari.

**RICHARD**

It's all in my patented sideways glance. Like this...

He gives a sideways glance to Stella; it's their first date.

**RICHARD**

I hit each woman on the jury with one of these. We make contact. And I know exactly what they're doing. Undressing me with their eyes.

**STELLA**

I see...

What a nightmare. Someone bumps into Stella, a mumbled, "Excuse me." Nightmare continues...

**RICHARD**

The case is all but won. That's why in jury selection I choose as many women as possible. Except lesbians, of course. I can tell in sixty seconds if they're a lesbian. Want to know how I know?

**STELLA**

If they don't undress you with their eyes?

**RICHARD**

Precisely. Like that waitress right there. See? She's looking at me right below my belt. Definitely not a lesbian.

Stella  
zipper

A waitress is indeed looking below Richard's belt. But notices that she was only looking because Richard's is all the way down. She smiles.

**STELLA**

Your fly.

**RICHARD**

I am fly. And I'm da bomb. Just wait until later tonight.

soaking

Suddenly a BUSBOY stumbles and a tray of drinks fall, Richard's suit in red wine.

**BUSBOY**

Oh, man. I'm sorry.

**RICHARD**

You should be. Moron. What the hell's wrong with you?

**BUSBOY**

It was an accident. I'm very sorry.

**RICHARD**

Where's the manager? Richard Worth is not paying to have his suit

cleaned. Damn.  
(to Stella)  
I'm going to... I don't believe this.

he He starts off to the bathroom and as soon as the space  
was occupying empties, Charlie fills it.

**CHARLIE**

I think your date's going pretty  
well, what do you think?

warming. She shoots him a look that could reverse global

**STELLA**

What are you doing here?

**CHARLIE**

What do you mean? I come here all  
the time.

**STELLA**

I don't think so.

**CHARLIE**

Sure. Lawyers, Judges, my kind of  
crowd. See that gentleman there, he  
sentenced me to 90 days in county  
once. We need to talk.

**STELLA**

No, you need to listen. I want you  
to leave. Got it?

**CHARLIE**

Hey, I paid valet parking prices to  
get in here, not to mention a twenty  
spot to the busboy to spill that  
drink on Mister Zipper.

**STELLA**

You -- I don't believe this. You  
paid someone to spill that drink?

**CHARLIE**

Actually, you paid for it.

Charlie returns her wallet.

**CHARLIE**

Didn't notice it was me who bumped

into you earlier, did you? Anyway, I was hoping we could get to know each other a little better before we leave for Los Angeles. I already booked your flight.

**STELLA**

You truly are a fatuous, odious man.

**CHARLIE**

I have no idea what you just said, but I like the sound of it.

**STELLA**

Well maybe you'll understand this. Hit the road, Jack --

**CHARLIE**

Charlie --

**STELLA**

Or you'll be sorry, Charlie, cause I'll kick you in the nuts so hard that your voice will be as high as my heels.

She means it, too.

**CHARLIE**

I'm beginning to worry about this whole relationship.

**STELLA**

I'll let you in on a secret. You can't have a relationship with a pickpocket, gold robber, or any kind of thief.

thing  
he  
Charlie looks away, lets her have her point. This whole  
is getting pretty heated so when he turns back to her,  
uses a whole new approach. His emotions are genuine.

**CHARLIE**

John wasn't just a man I crewed up with, he was my friend, he was the closest thing to a father I ever had. I wish to God I could bring him back. But all I can do is go after this guy, the guy that killed him, and hit him where he lives.

reply,  
She feels the honesty in his words but before she can  
they're interrupted by --

**RICHARD**

Everything alright, Stella?

He's back, red wine splashed on his suit.

**STELLA**

Fine. Richard. Charlie. Charlie was  
just saying goodbye.

into  
But for now, Charlie is just staring at Richard, boring  
to him...

**RICHARD**

Can I help you with something?

**CHARLIE**

Oh, sorry. I was just undressing you  
with my eyes.

smile.  
And with that, Charlie goes. Stella can't help but

**EXT. STELLA'S CONDO - NIGHT**

She comes home, having shed her date.

**INT. STELLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

hasn't  
She goes through a drawer and pulls out a package she  
looked at for years. She opens it.

her  
Inside is the beautiful necklace that her father bought  
in Italy. It brings tears to her eyes.

**INT. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

up.  
He lies in bed, can't sleep. His phone rings. He picks

**CHARLIE**

Hello.

**INT. STELLA'S BEDROOM - INTERCUT**

She's on the other end of the line.

**STELLA**

I'm in this for one thing, Charlie, and one thing only. I want to see the look on his face when his gold is gone. He took my father from me, I'm taking this; it's the best I can do.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. STREETS - DAY**

She Stella's Mini passes, weaves, tucks in between cars. drives like a madman.

**INT. MINI (SPEEDING)**

Charlie feels like he's inside a video game.

**CHARLIE**

I see Drive Defensively is your motto.

**STELLA**

Don't worry. Jack Daniels never let me down.

She slaps the dashboard of her car.

**CHARLIE**

By the way you drive, I'm not surprised you named your car after a bottle of whiskey. Left.

**STELLA**

Jack Daniels was chief engineer of the Mini. And I drive it exactly the way it was meant to be driven.

She whips down the avenue.

**CHARLIE**

Another left.

She hangs a left.

**STELLA**

We're going in circles. Who's tailing you this week?

**CHARLIE**

The possibilities are endless.

**EXT. STADIUM PARKING LOT - DAY**

that  
The Mini parks in the middle of the huge, empty lot  
surrounds Veterans Field, home of the Philadelphia  
Phillies.

**INT. MINI**

She looks around...

**STELLA**

Where are they?

**CHARLIE**

We're a little early. I didn't expect  
us to get here quite that fast.  
There...

Lyle.  
A Vespa pulls into the lot, headed their way. It's

Charlie starts the introductions.

**CHARLIE**

That's Lyle. Gearhead. He's who really  
invented Napster...

**CUT TO:**

**QUICK**

**INT. DORM ROOM - NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY - 1999 - NIGHT**

Below a Metallica poster, Lyle has fallen asleep on his  
desk.

His roommate, Napster creator SHAWN FANNING,  
recognizable in  
his trademark baseball cap, sneaks a peek at Lyle's  
computer.

**CHARLIE (V.O.)**

At least that's how Lyle tells it.

**BACK TO:**

**CUT**

**INT. MINI - DAY**

the  
And now they see a monster pick-up truck bouncing into  
lot, MUSIC THUMPING from its Alpine at ear-bleeding  
levels.

**CHARLIE**

Half-Ear. Explosives. He lost fifty percent of his hearing in the fifth grade.

**QUICK**

**CUT TO:**

**INT. GRAMMAR SCHOOL BATHROOM - 1990 - DAY**

A 10 year old boy stands in front of a toilet in the stall.

BOOM! Water geysers out of the bowl and soaks him.

**CHARLIE (V.O.)**

One M-80 in the toilet bowl too many.

Some kids in the bathroom saw the whole thing.

**KID**

That was rad!

**HALF-EAR**

Wha'?

**CUT**

**BACK TO:**

**INT. MINI - DAY**

a car  
waves  
Mustang.  
serious  
And now a RUMBLING in the distance. Stella looks. Sees streaking their way, almost like a mirage in the heat coming off the pavement. Closer. Faster. A classic Its engine rumbles like a jackhammer. It's had some custom work done to it.

**CHARLIE**

Handsome Rob. Premier wheel man. He once drove all the way to L.A. just so he could set the record for longest freeway chase.

**QUICK**

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. L.A. FREEWAY - 1999 - DAY**

butt out

Handsome Rob's behind the wheel, flicks a cigarette  
his open window --

behind  
filled

We watch it hit the pavement, ashes spark, and then  
the fallen butt we see that every lane of the 405 is  
with cop cars in pursuit.

**CHARLIE (V.O.)**

Smashed the mark by twelve minutes.

We now see Handsome Rob through the lens of a TV news  
helicopter camera.

**CHARLIE (V.O.)**

He got a hundred and ten love letters  
sent to his jail cell from women who  
saw him on TV.

**CUT**

**BACK TO:**

**INT. MINI - DAY**

As the cars converge in the parking lot...

**STELLA**

And what about you?

**CHARLIE**

I've been a thief since I had baby  
teeth.

**QUICK**

**CUT TO:**

**INT. GRAMMAR SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY**

fence

SEVEN YEAR OLD CHARLIE is shoved against a chain link  
by a SIXTH GRADE BULLY.

**BULLY**

Cough it up, Charlie!

it in  
off,  
his 2nd

Charlie hands the bully a dollar bill. The bully puts a wallet that is over-stuffed with cash and saunters laughing it up with his bully pals. Charlie turns to grade classmate who sports a fresh black eye.

**CLASSMATE**

So much for lunch.

**SEVEN YEAR OLD CHARLIE**

You need a dollar?

**CLASSMATE**

I thought he took your last one.

**SEVEN YEAR OLD CHARLIE**

He did.

pickpocketed

Charlie holds up the over-stuffed wallet that he from the bully.

**SEVEN YEAR OLD CHARLIE**

But I got lots more now.

**CUT**

**BACK TO:**

**EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY**

Stella.

Doors open simultaneously. Everyone out. The crew eyes Charlie gets right down to business.

**CHARLIE**

This is Stella. She's working with us on this one. IDs?

Handsome Rob hands out fake driver's licenses.

**LYLE**

(reading his)  
Melvin Lisp? Could I -- just once -- have a cool name?

**HALF-EAR**

(also complaining)  
220 pounds? Try 180.

**HANDSOME ROB**

Try 'Deal A Meal'.

**LYLE**

I don't even have a cool nickname.

**CHARLIE**

Enough of this sewing-circle shit.  
Phones.

Half-Ear hands out new cell phone to everyone and takes  
their old phones.

**HALF-EAR**

Philly Steak says these are clean as  
a whistle. He also got us four dozen  
internal chips with different numbers.  
Change out the chips twice a day.

As Charlie hands out airline tickets --

**CHARLIE**

We travel to L.A. separately.

**LYLE**

You still haven't told us the most  
important thing. What exactly is the  
job, Charlie? And who exactly is  
she?

Lyle and Half-Ear have been kept in the dark until now.

**CHARLIE**

This is Stella Bridger. And we're  
finishing the job that we started in  
Italy.

They're a little stunned at first.

**HALF-EAR**

Holy shit. It's about time.

**CUT TO:**

**MONTAGE - LAX - NIGHT**

The crew deplane from five different airplanes,  
different air carriers.

Avis, They disperse in separate vehicles. See Charlie at  
renting a car.  
See Handsome Rob renting a U-Haul panel truck.  
See Stella on a hotel shuttle bus.

Red See Half-Ear on the underground Metro Rail, taking the  
Line.  
See Lyle in a taxi, headed south on Figueroa Street. He  
eyes notices a YOUNG WOMAN HITCHHIKING. For a moment, their  
connect. She is a beautiful waif and the feeling sweeps  
through Lyle: if only... But the taxi passes by.

house Charlie checks into Shutters, with its Victorian beach  
feel and oceanfront view.

opulent Stella's at the Peninsula in Beverly Hills with its  
lobby.

and Handsome Rob's at the Standard, with its kitschy decor  
the ironic style. He stares at a huge empty aquarium behind  
spins front desk where a performance artist writhes and a DJ  
out rhythmic throbs. Very L.A.

adjacent Half-Ear's at the new Renaissance Hollywood Hotel  
to the dramatic Babylon Gate and the Kodak Theatre.

glass And Lyle's at the Downtown Bonaventure, riding up the  
elevator. Perfect gearhead hotel.

**EXT. SHUTTERS HOTEL - BALCONY - SUNSET**

hotel The five of them sit in chairs on the balcony of his  
room. There's a sweeping view of the Pacific.

**CHARLIE**

We need an in to get a video blueprint  
of the interior. We're not going  
into this place blind. Half-Ear, you

take the first surveillance shift.  
Who goes in, who goes out, levels of  
security, you know the drill.

**HALF-EAR**

You got it.

**CHARLIE**

I also want audio surveillance on  
his phone.

**LYLE**

I'll hack into the phone company's  
central office remote observance  
monitoring system and fool it into  
thinking there's a legal tap on the  
line. Reroute the digital copies of  
his calls to our own listening post.

**CHARLIE**

How long?

**LYLE**

I'll burn through the night, have it  
up and running before morning.

**CHARLIE**

(to Handsome Rob)

We need to know how long to get from  
the house to Union Station downtown.

**HANDSOME ROB**

No problemo.

**CHARLIE**

Stella. How much time will you need  
with the safe?

**STELLA**

I'll have it open in five minutes  
flat.

**HANDSOME ROB**

It's not the same as opening a safe  
for the cops. Your heart will be  
pounding in your ears. Perspiration  
on your fingertips. It's a whole  
different ball game.

**STELLA**

You get me to the safe, I'll open  
it.

bruising Out over the ocean, the sun is in its death throes,  
the sky a coiling purple and orange.

**EXT. STEVE'S HOUSE - MORNING**

the Nestled at the end of a cul-de-sac on Oporto Drive in  
Hollywood Hills. Chrome. Glass. Carved wood.

**EXT. MARAVILLA DRIVE - MORNING**

road The U-Haul panel truck is parked on the side of the  
that overlooks Oporto Drive and Steve's house.

**INT. U-HAUL - MORNING**

the It's been converted into their surveillance vehicle,  
equipment. back outfitted with monitors and surveillance

into a Half-Ear peers through binoculars and says his notes  
fence micro-cassette recorder. His binoculars focus in on the  
that surrounds the perimeter of the property.

**HALF-EAR**

(into recorder)

We've got an anti-scaling fence.  
Hardened, electroplated steel. Hacksaw  
won't work. We'll need Nitramon.

keeps The binoculars SWISH PAN TO a guard booth where a guard  
an eye on the gate.

**HALF-EAR**

Armed guard. 9MM semi-automatic in  
the holster. Security booth is  
accessible and ideal for a triple  
charger chemical grenade.

the The binoculars SWISH PAN TO four Rottweilers prowling  
grounds.

**HALF-EAR**

Shit. Dogs. Why do black men hate

dogs? I'll tell you why, Charlie.  
Because dogs are racist. That's a  
natural fact. Someone else deal with  
'em.

**EXT. 101 FREEWAY - DAY**

of the  
A sea of cars, gridlock in L.A. Crammed in the middle  
traffic meltdown is Handsome Rob's rental car.

**INT. RENTAL CAR (CRAWLING)**

on the  
going  
Timing out the getaway route. He's got a Thomas Guide  
passenger seat and a stopwatch ticking away but he's  
nowhere fast. He futilely leans on the car horn.

**INT. U-HAUL - DAY**

a  
front  
Lyle's surveillance shift. He takes digital photos with  
telephoto camera. ZOOMS IN on a security pad on the  
door.

**LYLE**

(into micro cassette  
player)

Advent Home Navigator Hybrid System.  
Monitors 132 points for intrusion,  
fire, and environmental hazards.  
Best way around it is to get a back  
door password, trip the alarm during  
the heist, then call it in as a false  
alarm.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. STEVE'S HOUSE - OFFICE - DAY**

vault  
A HAND turns the dial to a Worthington 1000 vault. The  
opens and voila: stacks and stacks of gold bricks.

**EXT. STEVE'S HOUSE -DAY**

VIEW  
The same hand clutches a very heavy duffle bag. OUR

last

BOOMS UP to see Steve, three years older than when we saw him, his beard shaved away.

**INT. U-HAUL - SAME TIME**

walk

Through his digital camera lens, Lyle watches Steve towards his car: a Ferrari 550 Barchetta Pininfarina.

It's

the first time he's seen Steve in three years.

**LYLE**

(into micro cassette recorder)

15:25. There he is. He's gained 15 to 20 pounds living off our money. And Handsome Rob, you're going to be pissed when you see his wheels.

guard

Lyle watches the security guard hit a switch in the booth. The gate rises like the blade of a guillotine in reverse. The Ferrari zooms away.

**EXT. FIGUEROA STREET - DAY**

turn

Another route. Handsome Rob's rental car is in the left lane waiting for the light to change.

**INT. RENTAL CAR**

front of

The light finally is a green arrow but the lady in Handsome Rob is so preoccupied with applying her make-up that she doesn't go until he honks but by then it's too late as she makes it through the light but he doesn't.

up

He checks his stopwatch. Simmers.

late

**EXT. PENINSULA HOTEL - POOLS SIDE - DAY**

cabana,

In a bikini, Stella lies on a lounge chair under a reading a copy of Vogue magazine.

reading

But as we take a closer look, we see that she's really

she's

the owner's manual for the Worthington 1000 safe which  
inserted in the fold of Vogue.

**INT. U-HAUL - DAY**

her

Charlie's shift. He sees a Latina housekeeper get into  
car.

**CHARLIE**

(into micro cassette  
recorder)

Housekeeper leaves at 17:30.

**EXT. COIN & BULLION STORE - EVENING**

covers

Ukrainian

dealer

Steve bangs a fist against the steel security door that  
the closed store. The steel door rises up and a  
named YEVHEN unlocks another door. He is the gold  
that Philly Steak told Charlie about.

**YEVHEN**

You're right on time.

**INT. COIN & BULLION STORE - EVENING**

isn't a

their

Yevhen is 50 and like many in the gold trade, there  
conspiracy theory that he doesn't embrace. As they make  
way to a back room, he keeps his mouth in overdrive --

**YEVHEN**

All those poor bastards out there  
putting their life savings in banks  
and S&Ls and mutual funds. What do  
they think -- that when the collapse  
comes they can depend on the  
government? I don't think so.

them.

Steve motions to a security camera that looms down on

**STEVE**

Is the camera off?

**YEVHEN**

Of course. Just like you said. I

never tape you, you can see for  
yourself.

on a Steve sees the red light is off. He lays the duffel bag  
with table, unzips it, pulls out three 25 pound gold bricks  
Yevhen the face of a Balinese Girl stamped on each one. As  
inspects them --

**YEVHEN**

Governments are nothing more than  
puppets on the strings of the  
Trilateral Commission with their  
twisted gods.

Steve Yevhen retrieves a briefcase, opens it, presenting  
with stacks of Ben Franklins: \$100,000 worth. As Steve  
inspects the cash --

**YEVHEN**

I mean, it's so obvious that in a  
world where NAFTA can overturn the  
Supreme Court, not to mention  
Microsoft's nefarious financial  
machinations, this, is our only  
refuge; gold.

Steve closes the briefcase.

**YEVHEN**

Plus a little walking around money.

**EXT. 7TH STREET - NIGHT**

traffic A fender bender in the middle of an intersection has  
backed up for miles.

**INT. RENTAL CAR**

Handsome Rob checks the latest time on the stopwatch.

**INT. U-HAUL - NIGHT**

(different) Through night-vision binoculars Charlie sees a  
security guard open the gate as Steve returns.

windows,

He watches Steve go inside his house. Through the  
he sees him use a remote to turn on a TV.

**EXT. 101 FREEWAY - THE NEXT DAY**

A freeway sign says: UNION STATION 1/2 MILE

**INT. RENTAL CAR**

so  
hundred  
L.A.

HANDSOME ROB can see the exit up ahead, but traffic is  
backed up and going nowhere that it feels like it's a  
miles away. And it's not even rush hour. Just life in

cars  
Street  
nose.

Idling on the freeway, he looks at the drivers in the  
beside him. He sees a businesswoman reading the Wall  
Journal. Sees a man with his finger deep, deep up his

**HANDSOME ROB**

Where's a grenade launcher when you  
need one?

**EXT. YAMASHIRO RESTAURANT - DAY**

that  
view  
the

Our crew walks along the pathways of Japanese gardens  
wind along outside the restaurant. It's a breathtaking  
from high in the Hollywood Hills. Some tourists take in  
vista.

**HANDSOME ROB**

Doesn't matter what time it is. It's  
either bad traffic, peak traffic, or  
slit-your-wrists traffic.

**HALF-EAR**

You gotta ride the Metro-Rail, man.

**HANDSOME ROB**

I'm sure it's ideal for carrying a  
ton of gold, genius.

**CHARLIE**

What's your guesstimate?

**HANDSOME ROB**

If we had all green lights, fourteen minutes. But in the twenty times I've done it, the average is thirty-two minutes, with a top time of fifty minutes.

**CHARLIE**

Then we'll travel like Rockefeller.

They don't know where Charlie is going with this, but they've been around him long enough to know it's going somewhere.

**CHARLIE**

When cars first started catching on, workers on tall ladders would use these swiveling colored boards for traffic signals. Now whenever Rockefeller would take the drive from his mansion to his office on Wall Street, the workers would make sure that he got green boards all the way.

**HANDSOME ROB**

How do we get all green lights?

**CHARLIE**

Lyle?

**LYLE**

Let me see what I can do.

**HALF-EAR**

Did you know that the first traffic signal to be patented was invented by a black man named Garrett Morgan?  
(to Charlie)  
You're not the only one who watches the History Channel.

**HANDSOME ROB**

We still need an in to get the video blueprint.

**LYLE**

Carpet cleaners? Gutter cleaners?  
Flower delivery?

**CHARLIE**

We'll never get by the guard unless they're certain it's legit. I'm thinking cable TV. We cut his cable, he calls the cable company. We show up. Send a cable technician into the house with a pinhole video camera while we get a feed through an RF antenna.

**HANDSOME ROB**

Who plays cable technician? Steve thinks we're all dead.

think  
But Stella knows that's not exactly true. He doesn't  
Stella is dead; he doesn't know her at all.

**STELLA**

If you're all dead, I guess I'm the man for the job.

**CHARLIE**

Are you up for it?

**STELLA**

In for a penny, in for a pound.

**EXT. ADELPHIA CABLE - PARKING LOT - EVENING**

getting  
Service trucks pull into the lot. Technicians are  
out, finishing their shifts.

**INT. RENTAL CAR (PARKED NEARBY)**

Handsome Rob behind the wheel. Lyle shotgun, aiming his digital camera at the exiting workers.

**LYLE**

I'm telling you. He claims he named it Napster because his hair is so nappy underneath that cap of his. But I know the real reason. It's because I was NAPPING when he stole the idea from me. I should've been on the cover of Wired magazine.

**HANDSOME ROB**

Would you clam up. You'd give a woodpecker a headache.

**LYLE**

I'm the Napster.

**HANDSOME ROB**

Okay. You're the Napster. Heads up:  
cable chick.

truck. They see a female service tech getting out of her work

work Lyle zooms his camera lens in on her Adelpia Cable  
shirt. It has BECKY sewn in above her right breast.

**LYLE**

Becky. Nice name. I wonder what she  
calls the other one.

**HANDSOME ROB**

And it's such a mystery why you don't  
have a girlfriend.

**LYLE**

I had a girlfriend. Unfortunately  
even though the relationship ceased  
in an objective reality, it's still  
going on in my mind.

(tapping his head)

That woman's lived in here rent-free  
for four years.

Lyle takes a few more pictures of Becky.

**LYLE**

Okay. All we need now is a work shirt  
like this one and a service truck  
like that one. You think Stella will  
be able to pull it off?

**HANDSOME ROB**

I have my doubts, but there's no  
talking to Charlie.

**LYLE**

Maybe he's been inserting his hard  
drive into her software. Clouds the  
judgment.

**HANDSOME ROB**

He knows better than to mix business  
with pleasure.

(getting out of the

car)  
Only I'm allowed to do that.

**LYLE**

Where you going?

**HANDSOME ROB**

To get a work shirt and a service truck.

Lyle watches him stroll over to Becky and strike up a conversation in the parking lot. Lyle can't hear what's being said, but Becky smiles, and lest we forget, his name is Handsome Rob for a reason.

**INT. BECKY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

OUR CAMERA FOLLOWS a trail of clothes, hastily littered, that lead to the cable chick's bed. Lit candles are on the bedside table. The couple is asleep under a tangle of sheets. Handsome Rob has clearly mixed business with pleasure. His eyes flash open.

He slips out of bed. Pulls on his pants. Reaches into her pants and removes her key chain.

He selects the key to her service truck and does an old trick: he blows out one of the candles and presses the key against the warm wax, making a clear impression of the key's ridges.

He returns the key chain. Takes a couple more steps, past her panties, past her bra and.

He snags her work shirt. Then he's gone.

**INT. HANDSOME ROB'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Using locksmith equipment, he cuts a key that matches the impression on the candle wax.

**EXT. ADELPHIA CABLE PARKING LOT - DAWN**

other  
the  
Stella, wearing Becky's work shirt, arrives before any  
workers. Using the key Handsome Rob made, she unlocks  
door to the cable truck and gets in.

**EXT. NEARBY STREET - MORNING**

the  
The cable truck pulls over. Charlie and Lyle climb into  
back where they can't be seen.

**EXT. OPORTO DRIVE -MORNING**

street  
The cable repair truck pulls over, parking down the  
from Steve's house.

a  
cable  
pliers  
Charlie gets out. He quickly uses a crowbar to lift up  
sidewalk cement grate that says CABLE on it. Inside are  
wires that feed the street. He crouches over and uses  
to disconnect one of the cables.

**INT. STEVE'S HOUSE - MORNING**

the  
nothing but  
He drifts into the kitchen for a cup of coffee. He hits  
remote control for a TV. It turns on but there's  
snow.

TV.  
He goes into the living room and checks out the plasma

intercom  
The cable's not working in here, either. He hits an  
button on his telephone.

**INT. GUARD HOUSE - INTERCUT**

A SECURITY GUARD answers the intercom.

**SECURITY GUARD**

What can I do for you, Mister  
Frezelli?

**STEVE**

The cable's out. See if you can get

someone over here to fix it'.

**SECURITY GUARD**

Yes, sir.

He finds the number and dials.

**INT. CABLE TRUCK (PARKED) - MORNING**

call  
his

Lyle monitors a digital copy of the security guard's that's being routed to his laptop. Then he takes off headphones and tells Charlie and Stella:

**LYLE**

Whoa. I've never heard the Muzak version of Purple Haze before.

**CHARLIE**

When's the appointment?

**LYLE**

Thursday between 9 a.m. and 3 p.m.

Charlie dials a number on his cell phone.

**INT. GUARD HOUSE - INTERCUT**

The security guard answers the phone.

**SECURITY GUARD**

Hello.

**CHARLIE**

Yes, I'm calling from Adelpia Cable. I understand your service is out and an appointment was set up for Thursday.

**SECURITY GUARD**

Yes.

**CHARLIE**

Well we have a technician working in your area who finished with an appointment earlier than expected. Will someone be there for the next hour?

**SECURITY GUARD**

Sure. That'd be great.

**CHARLIE**

Our technician will see you then.  
Have a nice day.

**SECURITY GUARD**

You too.

Charlie hangs up.

**CHARLIE**

Let's check the camera.

**LYLE**

Stella, you're going patriotic today.

he  
monitor  
Lyle puts an American flag pin on her work shirt. Then  
hits keys on his laptop and an image pops up on his  
via an RF antenna: the POV of the pin.

**CHARLIE**

He's got cable lines in the kitchen,  
living room, bedroom and a cable  
modem on the computer in the office.  
Try to get a 360 look at each room.  
And walk slowly or the image will  
streak.

Lyle hands her some papers.

**LYLE**

I printed these up to look like  
paperwork from Adelphia. When you're  
done, ask him to sign and date the  
bottom.

Stella looks very tense.

**CHARLIE**

How you doing?

**STELLA**

Fine. I'm fine.

Charlie seems amused by that answer.

**CHARLIE**

You know what fine, stands for? Fucked-  
up, Insecure --

Stella joins in with him...

**STELLA & CHARLIE**

Neurotic and Emotional.

They look at each other a moment... and smile.

**INT. RENTAL CAR (MOVING) - DAY**

Half-

While the others deal with the cable, Handsome Rob and Ear drive down Sunset.

**HALF-EAR**

Here's our spot.

They pull up in front of a strip joint.

**HANDSOME ROB**

Girls girls girls.

it in

questioning

Half-Ear pulls a switchblade out of his boot and puts the glove compartment. Handsome Rob gives him a look.

**HALF-EAR**

Philly Steak said we'd be frisked.

**INT. STRIP CLUB - DAY**

BURLY

crotches.

Outside the doorway of a back room they're frisked by a MAN. He's very thorough, digging hard into their

**HANDSOME ROB**

(scowls)

Y'got a great job.

**BURLY MAN**

Pays the rent, asshole. You got a problem, talk to Skinny Pete.

He opens the door to the --

**INT. BACK ROOM**

YOU'VE

Where we meet SKINNY PETE, who is the FATTEST MAN

the  
EVER SEEN. He takes up an entire couch in the rear of  
room.

closer.  
His catcher's-mitt-sized hands motion them to come

**SKINNY PETE**

Philly Steak sent you?

effort  
His voice is raspy, it's like a climbing-ten-floors-  
just for this guy to get out the words.

**HALF-EAR**

That's right.

**SKINNY PETE**

So was I right-on about the gold  
bricks or what?

**HALF-EAR**

That's really not what I'm here to  
talk about. Philly Steak said you  
could get us some supplies.

triple-chins  
The fattest man you've ever seen attempts a nod,  
colliding like a train wreck.

**SKINNY PETE**

What do you need?

**HALF-EAR**

A four inch can of Nitramon. Nitramon  
primer. Detonating cord. Two triple  
charger chemical grenades. Launcher.

**SKINNY PETE**

Nine p.m.

**HANDSOME ROB**

Should we hang here? Check out the  
dancers?

**SKINNY PETE**

Nothing's going down here. I don't  
shit in my own yard, do you?

**HANDSOME ROB**

No, but I take a whizz off the deck  
sometimes.

glazing  
With his distended belly and bursting shirt, his eyes  
with repletion, Skinny Pete writes down an address.

**SKINNY PETE**

Five thousand dollars. And don't be  
late.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. SECURITY GUARD BOOTH -DAY**

sees  
a  
Looking at a monitor, one of Steve's security guards  
the Adelpia repair truck pull up to the gate. He hits  
button and the gate rises, beckoning it inside.

**INT. CABLE TRUCK (MOVING)**

her  
Stella heads up the driveway, apprehension painted on  
features. Lyle is hidden in the back.

surrounded  
teeth  
attention  
She parks next to the Ferrari and finds herself  
by the four Rottweilers. They snarl and flash their  
outside her door until a shrill WHISTLE yanks their  
to --

**EXT. STEVE'S HOUSE**

dogs  
where Steve has just stepped out the front door. The  
immediately back off.

smiling at  
her.  
Stella gets out of the truck as Steve walks over,

father.  
She comes face to face with the man who killed her

**STEVE**

It's all right. They won't bother  
you now.

this

She's not sure she's going to be able to speak or pull off.

**STELLA**

It's okay. I'm used to running into all sorts of dogs on my job.

He holds out a hand.

**STEVE**

I'm Steve.

**STELLA**

Becky.

touch

there a

She shakes his hand. She hates this, feeling his skin hers, but she can't betray her feelings. He stands moment.

**STELLA**

You want to show me the problem?

**STEVE**

Yeah. Course. This way.

**INT. STEVE'S HOUSE - SAME TIME**

a

She enters, moving her body to give the pinhole camera full sweep of the entryway.

**STELLA**

I'd like to check the cable modem first.

**INT. BACK OF THE CABLE REPAIR TRUCK - SAME TIME**

pinhole

Lyle watches Stella and Steve on his laptop via the camera and hears them talking through his headphones.

**INT. HALLWAY - INTERCUT**

Steve leads Stella down the marbled hall...

**STEVE**

I'll show you.

They step into the --

**OFFICE**

She turns her body so the mini-lens can stare at the gleaming black Worthington 1000 safe. Then she goes up to his desk and pretends to work on the cable line that feeds into his computer.

He stares at her as she bends down...

**STEVE**

The cable guy who hooked this up weighed about 300 pounds, didn't wear any underwear, and his pants slung a little too low if you know what I mean.

his She tries her best to ignore his flirtatious stare and words.

**STELLA**

There we go. Now onto the TVs.

**INT. BACK OF THE CABLE TRUCK - DAY**

walks Lyle sees a perfect view of the main hallway as Stella down it.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

connection to He escorts her inside. She works on the cable the plasma TV. Finishes.

**STEVE**

Is it fixed?

**STELLA**

Turn it on and see.

**EXT. OPORTO DRIVE - SAME TIME**

Lyle -- Back at the spot where Charlie disconnected the cable. Wearing a headset with a mic, he gets the word from

**LYLE (V.O.)**

Now.

Charlie reconnects the cable just as --

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

Steve turns on the TV and the picture is --

**STEVE**

Perfect.

**STELLA**

Then it looks like you're all set.

Steve stares at her a moment.

**STEVE**

Have we met before?

She's hoping to get out as quickly as she can.

**STELLA**

I don't think so. Sign here, please.

She hands him the paperwork and a pen. He signs it.

**STELLA**

Date.

**STEVE**

You read my mind.

**STELLA**

Oh, no. I meant that I need you to put the date by your signature. It's the 26th.

**STEVE**

I know what you meant.

(he smiles)

This might seem a little sudden, but... would you like to have dinner with me?

**STELLA**

I don't think that'd be a very good idea.

**STEVE**

Why? Is there some kind of cable-rule against dating customers?

**STELLA**

No, it's my rule. I don't accept dates from men I've just met. I've only known you five minutes.

**STEVE**

Then I guess I'll have to sabotage my cable over and over again until you get to know me better.

being He's being charming, and she has to act like he is charming, but she really wants to throw-up.

**STEVE**

Look, I'm just talking about dinner. Friday night. It's no big deal. If you don't like me, you never have to see me again. You know I'm not going to stop until you say yes.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CABLE TRUCK (MOVING) - DAY**

Lyle Stella drives in heavy traffic down Sunset. Charlie and are in the back.

**CHARLIE**

I know it was tough in there.

**STELLA**

He touched my hand. And he came-on to me. That slimy, disgusting man came onto me and I had to pretend that I liked it.

and Stella keeps her eyes forward, on the road, so Charlie reflection Lyle can't see her face. But Charlie catches her her in the rearview mirror and watches a tear glide down cheek. She wipes it away.

**STELLA**

You do know what this means... I've created our window of opportunity.

**CHARLIE**

I know. When Steve leaves Friday

night, we go in. By the time he realizes you've stood him up, we'll be long gone with the gold.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. HOUSING PROJECTS - NIGHT**

the  
A different world. A different vibe. That feeling in  
gut: you don't belong here.

**INT. RENTAL CAR (MOVING)**

Handsome Rob drives, Half-Ear in the passenger seat.

**HALF-EAR**

Skinny Pete.

**HANDSOME ROB**

The guy makes Jabba the Hut look like a spokesman for the Subway Sandwiches' diet.

Pete  
They pull over in front of the apartment building that sent them to.

**HALF-EAR**

What do you think?

**HANDSOME ROB**

I'm trying not to.

**EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

the  
in  
Half-Ear hits the buzzer for the apartment number on paper from the fat man. The door to the building buzzes response and they go inside.

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

babies,  
them a  
doorway.  
Climbing stairs. From behind closed doors: TVs, crying violent yelling. They start down a hallway. Ahead of door opens and a suitcase is put in front of the doorway.

whomever is

The door closes. They don't even get a glance at  
inside.

for

They go to the suitcase. Half-Ear clicks open the lock  
just a peek. He sees the goods.

the  
the

Handsome Rob starts to slide an envelope of cash under  
door frame. Its sucked out of his hand by someone on  
other side of the door and disappears.

**EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

of

Half-Ear carefully deposits the suitcase into the trunk  
the rental car. Handsome Rob closes the trunk.

**HALF-EAR**

Drive slow. We crash and we're a  
crater.

They get into the car.

**INT. RENTAL CAR**

Handsome Rob keys the ignition.

MORE

passenger's

The beam of his headlights illuminate TWO HOMEBOYS. TWO  
step out of the shadows, one right up to the  
door window. That one taps a 9 MM against the glass.

against

clutches

Half-Ear lowers the window. The homeboy pats one hand  
the faux-leather inside of the door, his other hand  
the weapon.

**HOMEBOY**

What'd you put in the trunk?

**HALF-EAR**

Suitcase.

with.

The homeboy, bugging on crank, is not one to be fucked

**HOMEBOY**

Just gimme the keys before I pop a  
cap in your head.

Handsome Rob takes the trunk key off the chain and  
passes it over to Half-Ear... who nervously drops it onto the  
carpeted floor.

**HOMEBOY**

Hurry up!

Half-Ear reaches down for the key... but in the flash  
of an eye... moving so fast it almost doesn't register... we  
see him yank his switchblade from his boot, unleash its  
blade, and stab it down into the homeboy's hand. The knife  
goes through his hand and lodges into the faux-leather  
interior of the door.

The homeboy suffers as Half-Ear whacks the gun out of  
his other hand -- while Handsome Rob keys the ignition and  
guns it.

The other homeboys are already POPPING OFF SHOTS at the  
car with semi-automatic handguns. Half-Ear hits the deck.  
Glass shatters.

**INT. TRUNK OF THE CAR**

Bullets slam into the trunk, illuminating the darkness  
with streaks of light from the bullet holes. They barely  
miss the suitcase filled with explosives.

**EXT. RENTAL CAR (MOVING)**

The homeboy is still attached to the car door by the  
knife.

His legs scurry to keep up with the moving vehicle but  
it's

Bullets going too fast so pretty soon he's being dragged.  
the whiz by him. He cries out in agony until Half-Ear has  
on the time to yank out the knife and the homeboy rolls away  
pavement.  
over. The car makes a sharp right at the next block and pulls

The U-Haul is waiting for them.  
Half-Ear They get out of the rental car and open its trunk.  
inch sees the bullet holes that surround the suitcase. An  
closer and they would've been a crater.

**HALF-EAR**

Christ.

**INT. U-HAUL - NIGHT**

wheel, They get in with the suitcase. Charlie is behind the  
off, he's been waiting for them. He hits the gas. They take  
leaving the shot-up rental car behind.

**CHARLIE**

Looks like that went without a hitch.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CHARLIE'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

house An edited loop of the exterior and interior of Steve's  
plays on Lyle's laptop. The crew is huddled around.

**CHARLIE**

Lyle, what's the distance from the  
front door to the vault?

Lyle doesn't answer.

**CHARLIE**

Lyle?

Handsome Rob leans over to Charlie.

**HANDSOME ROB**

He only answers to The Napster now.

**CHARLIE**

I'm not calling you The Napster.

**LYLE**

You call him Half-Ear.

**HALF-EAR**

That wasn't my idea.

**LYLE**

And him, Handsome Rob.

**CHARLIE**

That's only cause he is Handsome Rob.

**LYLE**

And I'm The Napster.

**CHARLIE**

How far?  
(sighs, gives in)  
The Napster.

**LYLE**

Five hundred yards.

**CHARLIE**

So here's the riddle. How do we get over a ton of gold from the vault to the getaway car?

**STELLA**

How wide is the hallway?

The video that Stella got of the hallway plays on the laptop.

Lyle calculates:

**LYLE**

Only six feet.

OUR VIEW PUSHES IN FAST on Stella.

**CUT TO:**

**QUICK**

**MINI COOPER (MOVING) - DAY**

She's driving. Pure concentration. Then:

Tires spinning over a marble floor. Then:

The sideview mirrors scraping wallpaper. Then:

STEVE'S

The thin car is like a missile firing RIGHT DOWN

HALLWAY, a hair-raising fit.

**CUT**

**BACK TO:**

**INT. CHARLIE'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

Her idea brings a smile to her face.

**STELLA**

Jack Daniels, straight up.

**CHARLIE**

Minis?

**STELLA**

We could rumble right up the front steps, bring the getaway car right to the vault, and then straight to Union Station.

Handsome Rob likes it.

**HANDSOME ROB**

We'll need three to hold the gold.

**EXT. CAR RENTAL COMPANY - DAY**

Coopers,  
and

Parked in the lot are shimmering Supercharged Mini  
a new model that still captures the legendary Mini look  
feel.

Half-Ear climbs in one Mini. Lyle into another.

**INT. CAR RENTAL COMPANY - SAME TIME**

In the background, a large window overlooks the lot.  
Handsome Rob fills out the paperwork on the Mini he's  
renting

while flirting with a petite COUNTER BABE.

**HANDSOME ROB**

I'd say you're a Maserati 250 S.  
Just 4 cylinders but can go 0 to 60  
in 4.2.

**COUNTER BABE**

As long as it's a convertible -- I  
always like to have my top down.

Half-  
RIGHT  
At the same time, in the background, we see Lyle and  
Ear's Mini pull out of their parking spaces and BACK  
INTO EACH OTHER. Just a little bumper hit.

**COUNTER BABE**

Do you know them?

other.  
They get out of their cars and start yelling at each

**HANDSOME ROB**

Never seen 'em before in my life.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. YEVHEN'S COIN & BULLION STORE - NIGHT**

covers  
again  
Steve bangs a fist against the steel security door that  
the closed store. The steel door rises up and once  
Yevhen unlocks another door.

**YEVHEN**

You're early.

**STEVE**

And I'm in a hurry, okay?

**INT. YEVHEN'S COINS & BULLION STORE - NIGHT**

Yevhen  
room.  
It doesn't seem to matter if Steve's in a hurry or not,  
still runs at the mouth while heading into the back

**YEVHEN**

Of course the Florida vote rigging

was a CIA and Mob operation.

**STEVE**

(with total disinterest)  
That a fact?

**YEVHEN**

You want facts? Fact: CIA officials  
were allowed free -- and illegal --  
access to official election material.

Once  
25  
Steve puts his duffel bag down on the table. It THUDS.  
again, he pulls out three gold bricks that each weigh  
pounds.

**YEVHEN**

Now given the sordid history in Miami  
of joint ventures between Central  
Intelligence and the Mob, which led  
to the unsuccessful attempts to kill  
Fidel Castro and the successful  
assassination of your President John  
F. Kennedy, this conjunction raises  
numerous red flags.

**STEVE**

And I'd love to hear more about it,  
but like I said...

**YEVHEN**

Don't worry, we'll have you out in  
no time. The cash is on its way.

right.  
Steve cocks his head, as if he could not have heard

**STEVE**

On its way?

**YEVHEN**

My cousin is bringing it over.

**STEVE**

Your cousin?

**YEVHEN**

Yes. Cousin Mashkov.

**STEVE**

He's on his way?

**YEVHEN**

Don't worry, he will be here any minute.

Steve looks up to the security camera.

**STEVE**

The tape's off?

**YEVHEN**

Of course. Believe me, he doesn't want to be on video, either.

**STEVE**

Yevhen. Didn't I tell you, many times, that I never wanted to meet with anyone but you?

Yevhen sweats a bit.

**YEVHEN**

I know. But it's his cash. He uses me to launder money. I'm just a middleman.

**STEVE**

And a middleman is supposed to stay in the middle.

**YEVHEN**

But you were early. Please. Don't worry. It will be fine. My cousin's a cool guy. Like I am.

**STEVE**

What you are, is a Dixie cup.

Yevhen smiles quizzically, not sure if he's being complimented or insulted.

**YEVHEN**

Dixie cup?

Before the words are out of Yevhen's mouth, Steve grabs one of the 25 pound gold bricks and slaps it across Yevhen's face, shattering his jaw.

again  
Yevhen's falls to the floor and Steve lifts the brick  
and rams it down onto his head with an ugly THUD.

And again.

And again.

and  
He then takes the gold brick -- slathered in blood --  
places it back in his duffle bag.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. YEVHEN'S COINS & BULLION STORE - TEN MINUTES LATER**

corpse.  
Yevhen's Ukrainian cousin, MASHKOV, stares down at the  
Steve is long gone.

Mashkov kneels down by the body and starts sobbing.

**INT. HOUSE - NIGHT**

a  
Mashkov walks through a living room, past some lighting  
equipment and a video camera and we get just enough of  
look to realize that a porno is being shot here but he  
couldn't care less as he makes his way into the kitchen  
where --

a  
His boss, DANYA, 60, the owner of this house, is eating  
bowl of Frosted Flakes at the kitchen table. They speak  
in a colloquial Ukrainian tongue that we SUBTITLE.

**MASHKOV**

My cousin Yevhen was beaten to death.

**DANYA**

By who?

**MASHKOV**

That's what I'm going to find out.

"ACTRESSES"  
They stop talking for a moment as one of the  
comes in, plops herself down next to Danya and pours  
herself

She's  
she's  
Figueroa

a bowl of cereal. She puts her hand on Danya's leg.  
young and it's a disturbing image and we RECOGNIZE HER:  
the HITCHHIKER who Lyle passed in the taxi ride down  
Street when he first arrived in L.A.  
Danya goes back to speaking SUBTITLED UKRAINIAN.

**DANYA**

And what will you do when you find  
this piece of shit who killed your  
cousin?

**MASHKOV**

I'll hack off his limbs and bury him  
while he's still alive.

**DANYA**

Okay. But now we should stop talking  
Ukrainian, it's rude to my girl.  
(switching to accented

**ENGLISH)**

How are you tonight, Karen?

**KAREN**

Hungry.

**DANYA**

Then eat your Frosted Flakes.

**KAREN**

(like Tony the Tiger)  
They're grrrreat!

Danya laughs pleasantly.

**DANYA**

Such a perfect girl.

on

But as she eats her cereal, we see a troubled, sad look  
her face.

**INT. RENTED WAREHOUSE - DAY**

one  
under

The three Minis are parked inside: one red, one white,  
blue. Handsome Rob and Stella are doing custom work

typing  
into the

the hoods. Lyle is wearing the strap-on laptop and  
away. Half-Ear squeezes silver Haliburton suitcases  
Minis' trunks as Charlie enters --

**CHARLIE**

How are our matchbox cars?

**HANDSOME ROB**

Souped.

**STELLA**

Don't let their size fool you. These  
were rally cars back in the day. 135  
mph, 155 horsepower --

**LYLE**

Do I get to drive one?

**HANDSOME ROB**

No.

**LYLE**

Why not?

**HANDSOME ROB**

Because you can't navigate your way  
out of a parking lot. Here's your  
ride.

Ear.

He pulls a blanket off a Vespa. Lyle points at Half-

**LYLE**

But he ran into me.

**HANDSOME ROB**

He's not driving either.

(to Stella)

You ever got a speeding ticket?

**STELLA**

Let's put it this way: I can only  
get insurance through companies that  
advertise on TV at 3:00 in the  
morning.

**HANDSOME ROB**

You drive. I drive. Charlie drives.

**CHARLIE**

I got us spots for three cars on a car carrier and five first class seats. Train 59 from Union Station to New Orleans.

**HALF-EAR**

That's N'Or'lins, Yankee.

**CHARLIE**

What's the word on Rockefeller?

**LYLE**

The Traffic Control Center is on the top floor of a building on Olympic and Grand. They get their data from pavement loop detectors and video image vehicle detectors. That info is fused together by specially designed algorithms to predict traffic conditions and control the traffic lights. So all I have to do now is change the data by creating my own algorithm.

**CHARLIE**

What can I do to help?

**LYLE**

I need to hard-wire into the mainframes.

**EXT. TRAFFIC CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT**

and  
to the  
the  
of

Housed in a towering building on the corner of Olympic Grand in the heart of downtown L.A. OUR VIEW RISES UP rooftop, where WE FIND Charlie and Lyle.  
OUR VIEW MOVES IN CLOSER on Charlie, who adroitly picks lock to an access door and they climb down a short set steps into the

**INT. MAINTENANCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS SHOT**

drill

From an equipment bag, Charlie pulls out a silent power and uses it to remove an access panel from the AC vent.

**INT. AIR-CONDITIONING VENT - NIGHT**

path  
Charlie leads, crawling through this tight space, his illuminated by the thin beam of a penlight.

**INT. TRAFFIC CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT**

overseeing the  
multiple  
A high-tech setting with a half-dozen workers large traffic information monitors that display images.

OUR CAMERA PUSHES IN on the wall of monitors and then BLACKNESS as OUR VIEW CROSSES to the --

**OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL**

running.  
Charlie  
Where the 70" tall mainframe computers are housed and We see that the AC vent to this room is now open since and Lyle have already snuck inside.

into the  
computers. The laptop's screen lights up.

the  
filing  
nearby  
panels.  
Charlie fits two false panels where the rear panels of mainframes used to be. Lyle pulls an innocent looking box out of his equipment bag. He places the box on a shelf where it enjoys line-of-sight to the false

the  
with  
guiltwork of  
He punches a key on his laptop and the false panels and filing box quietly clicks into action, communicating his laptop via infrared. His laptop now shows a thumbnail views from the traffic information monitors. Typing commands, Lyle is clearly operating on a higher bandwidth than the rest us.

**LYLE**

B4 X TTratio, where Bi are Fisher's linear discriminant function

coefficients, SpdRat is the speed ratio, and TTratio is the travel time ratio.

**CHARLIE**

I have no idea what you're doing.  
Just do it fast.

There.

He hits the ENTER button.

**LYLE**

We own this place.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE PANTRY RESTAURANT - DOWNTOWN L.A. - DAY**

The  
also a  
the OLD  
where  
slides

Their motto: "Never closed. Never without a customer!"  
place has the same decor as it did 75 years ago. It's  
spot where everyone minds their own business. One of  
TIME WAITERS leads OUR CAMERA to a table in the back  
Mashkov sits across from a LAPD HOMICIDE DETECTIVE. He  
over an envelope of cash and a photograph of Karen.

**MASHKOV**

\$2000. And this is the new girl.  
Fresh off the bus. One of Danya's  
guys picked her up hitchhiking  
downtown.

The detective checks out the photo.

**DETECTIVE**

Those tits'd make Dracula rise from  
his coffin at high-noon.

**MASHKOV**

They're all yours Saturday. You can  
do whatever you want to her. Her  
name is Karen...

**DETECTIVE**

You're too generous.

**MASHKOV**

I needed a fast answer.

**DETECTIVE**

And I'm the Shell Answer Man. A guy who works the counter at your cousin's shop told me that someone named Skinny Pete had been asking around about gold bricks with the face of a Balinese girl on them. Same gold bricks your cousin was buying.

**MASHKOV**

You talked to this Skinny Pete?

**DETECTIVE**

I thought you'd want a shot at him first.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. RENTED WAREHOUSE - DAY**

Handsome Rob does some final tune-ups on the Minis.

Half-Ear loads a triple charger chemical grenade into a launcher.

Charlie steps into the U-Haul which is parked in here...

**INT. U-HAUL**

Lyle is fixing glitches on his computer program. Stella is doing her nails. Charlie looks at her.

**STELLA**

You want the safe cracked, don't you?

**CHARLIE**

Yeah.

**STELLA**

Then I have to have perfect nails. Square tips have a more even surface area. Better grip, no slipping.

**CHARLIE**

Are you making this shit up?

**STELLA**

I just let you in on a valuable trade secret.

**LYLE**

Charlie.

**CHARLIE**

Yeah?

**LYLE**

Steve called to confirm a 7:30 reservation at Ago's. And as for your getaway, not even Rockefeller had it so good.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. STEVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

way he  
is a  
He's getting dressed for his date. We can tell by the preens in front of the three sided full length mirror, adorning himself in the most expensive fashion, that he is a vain and arrogant man.

**EXT. RENTED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

down  
The three Minis pull out of the warehouse and head off the road. The U-Haul follows.

**INT. CHARLIE'S MINI (MOVING) - NIGHT**

Leading the pack. He wears a headset and mic.

**CHARLIE**

Radio check.

**INT. HANDSOME ROB'S MINI (MOVING) - NIGHT**

He drives, Half-Ear in the passenger seat.

**HANDSOME ROB**

Got cha, boss.

**INT. STELLA'S MINI (MOVING) - NIGHT**

She follows behind Handsome Rob's Mini.

**STELLA**

Loud and clear.

**INT. U-HAUL (MOVING) - NIGHT**

his  
Lyle drives. His Vespa is parked in the cargo bay with  
equipment.

**LYLE**

Check.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. STEVE'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT**

Looking sharp, Steve gets into his Ferrari.

**EXT. OPORTO DRIVE - NIGHT**

mile  
winding  
The U-Haul is idling on the side of the street about a  
down from Steve's house. The Vespa is parked behind it.  
From up ahead, we see the Ferrari cruising down the  
road. As it passes by.

**INT. U-HAUL**

Lyle speaks into his headset:

**LYLE**

For those about to rock, we salute  
you.

**EXT. OPORTO DRIVE - NIGHT**

head  
From side streets, the Minis converge on the road and  
up towards Steve's house.

**INT. CHARLIE'S MINI (MOVING) - NIGHT**

through  
He can feel the adrenaline already starting to course  
is body.

**CHARLIE**

This is it, guys. Moment of truth.

house  
expression  
He takes a sharp curve... and the moment that Steve's  
should come into view... he hits the brakes, his  
turning to complete surprise.

**HIS POV**

cars  
gate,  
Steve's  
The neighbor across the street from Steve is having the  
biggest party in town. The road is filled with parked  
and arriving guests. Ain't no way they're blowing the  
launching chemical grenades or in any way robbing  
house in the midst of this.

**CHARLIE'S FACE**

turns.  
As he takes this in, there's a KNOCK on the window. He  
Sees a uniformed VALET. Rolls down the window.

**VALET**

Are you hear for the Baxter party,  
sir?

**EXT. OPORTO DRIVE - NIGHT**

the  
We see the three Minis pull tight U-turns and head back  
way they came.

**INT. CHARLIE'S MINI (MOVING) - NIGHT**

He slaps his hand against the steering wheel, fuming.

**CHARLIE**

Shit. Stella?

**INT. STELLA'S MINI (MOVING) - INTERCUT**

She already knows what he's going to say.

**STELLA**

I know. I've got a date tonight.

**CHARLIE**

You'll have to fake it. Laugh at his

jokes. You need him to ask you out again.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. AGO RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Steve, she  
through the  
date. They're sitting at an intimate table.

**STELLA**

You really make laugh.

think  
He takes the lie like the compliment she wants him to  
it is.

**STEVE**

So here's what I have lined up for after dinner. We'll go to Club Deep. The Ferrari always gets me to the front of the line. We'll do a little dancing...

**STELLA**

Not tonight. I don't want to be out late.

**STEVE**

Why the curfew?

**STELLA**

Let's just say I've made some wrong calls in the past. I like to take things slow, cautious. Next time...

**STEVE**

I understand. You have nothing to worry about. You can trust me.

**STELLA**

I trust everyone. It's the devil inside them that I don't trust.

That saying strikes Steve.

**STEVE**

That's an interesting saying.

**STELLA**

What?

He looks at her closely, really closely.

**STEVE**

There's only person I've ever heard say that. Used to say it all the time.

it This worries her. Because of course, she used to hear from her father.

**STELLA**

Who was that?

like Under the table, he grabs her by the wrist, squeezes it a vise.

**STEVE**

A man named John Bridger. Where did you pick up that phrase?

**STELLA**

Ow. I don't remember. You're hurting me.

**STEVE**

John Bridger was a thief. And he had a daughter. About your age. He told me that she took over a safe and lock company that he used as a front.

**STELLA**

Let go of my wrist. What is wrong with you? It's just a saying.

you'd Steve's voice is calm, so at ease that watching them think this was pleasant dinner conversation.

**STEVE**

No wonder I liked you right away. Just like I liked your old man, right up until the moment I shot him in the head. Now tell me who you're working with and tell me the plan. Do it now or we'll go for a ride and I'll break every bone in your body.

shatters Stella intentionally knocks over a glass of wine. It  
on the floor. An emergency signal...  
the Charlie, Half-Ear, Handsome Rob and Lyle appear around  
table.  
years Steve is shocked to see the men he left for dead three  
ago standing before him, very much alive.  
for a They pull up chairs from another table, encircling him  
tense and pointed talk.

**CHARLIE**

Something wrong, Steve? You look  
like you want to call Ghostbusters.

boot. Half-Ear furtively slides the switchblade out of his

**HALF-EAR**

She's coming with us. You got a  
problem with that?

**STEVE**

Fine by me. But it's you that has  
the problem.

**LYLE**

How do you figure?

**STEVE**

You've just blown the one thing you  
had going in your favor, the element  
of surprise. And I was surprised.

(he laughs unpleasantly)

Jesus Christ when I saw all you guys  
come out of the woodwork. For a minute  
I thought maybe you were ghosts. But  
you're screwed now.

(an arrogant sneer a  
Half-Ear)

Did you figure out how to take care  
of my security guard? I'll hire five  
more.

(at Lyle)

You know how to bypass my alarm  
system? I'll have a new one installed

tomorrow.

(at Handsome Rob)

Does it tear you up inside seeing what car I drive? I'll buy a matching one in red.

(at Stella)

You think you can crack my safe? You'll end up the same way as your dad.

(then to Charlie, all smiles)

Looks like Good Time Charlie's got the blues.

**CHARLIE**

You can wear that shit-eating grin on your face, but I know under that Versace shirt you're in a cold sweat. And you're not going to sleep a minute tonight. Cause you thought you'd gotten away with it free and clear. You thought you'd gotten rid of us. You're the one who's screwed. Right to the wall.

**STEVE**

Give it your best shot. I'll outsmart you every step of the way. And this time, I'll bury you myself.

**CHARLIE**

(taking the challenge)

Get more guards. Change the alarm. Buy a dozen Ferraris. We'll still be here. Sleep tight.

others Charlie grabs a bread stick off the table and goes. The follow.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. STRIP CLUB - BACK ROOM - NIGHT**

MAC- The door bursts open as the burly man we met earlier is works. dragged inside at gunpoint. Five Ukrainians armed with 11 machine pistols storm the room where Skinny Pete

bag. He

Mashkov walks behind the posse. He carries a duffel  
takes in the sight of the fattest man he's ever seen.

**MASHKOV**

(in accented English)  
Do you know who I am?

**SKINNY PETE**

You work for Danya.

**MASHKOV**

Yes. And you are gonna be straight  
with me and everything's gonna be  
okay. You fuck with me, I will be  
ruthless.

**SKINNY PETE**

I understand.

**MASHKOV**

I don't want you to understand. I  
want you to overstand.

**SKINNY PETE**

Overstand... Okay.

**MASHKOV**

Because if you don't overstand, I  
will use this.

a

blade.

Mashkov nonchalantly opens the duffel bag and pulls out  
short-handled ax. Skinny Pete sees dried blood on the

**MASHKOV**

Someone was asking about gold bars  
with a Balinese girl's face on them.  
I want the name of this man.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SHUTTER'S ON THE BEACH - MORNING**

The sun shines over the ocean and the hotel.

**INT. CHARLIE'S HOTEL ROOM**

The crew is gathered. Lyle, monitoring digital  
surveillance

on his laptop, takes off his headphones.

**LYLE**

Well we scared him alright. He's flying the coop. His security guard called Brink's Armored Car Service to confirm a 5 p.m. pick up at his house, then JetClub to confirm a MD11 cargo plane departing from the Imperial Terminal at LAX at 8 p.m.

**CHARLIE**

Confirmed? How'd we miss the first calls?

**LYLE**

They must have been cellular. The cargo plane is being chartered to Mexico City.

**HANDSOME ROB**

Only place with worse smog and traffic than L.A.

**STELLA**

Once the charter's in the air, he could change the flight path to anywhere. And good-bye gold.

**CHARLIE**

Not so fast. This is good news for us.

**HANDSOME ROB**

Good news?

**CHARLIE**

Sometimes when you're up to your ass in alligators you forget that you started off trying to drain the swamp.

**HANDSOME ROB**

Meaning what the fuck?

**CHARLIE**

We've been trying to get to the gold in the safe. Now the safe is coming to us. We'll boost it in transit.

before  
He might as well have said they'll steal the Holy Grail  
sunrise.

**HANDSOME ROB**

Charlie. He could take a dozen different routes to the airport and we have no idea which one. We can't take out an armored truck during rush hour.

**CHARLIE**

We're already set to do it. Napster: how would you like to create the biggest traffic jam in the history of Los Angeles?

**LYLE**

Keep talking.

**CHARLIE**

You gridlock every route except the one we choose. Force the truck to go exactly where we want it to go.

**HANDSOME ROB**

But where do we want it? We can't shoot it out with armed guards in a Brink's. We'd lose. And even if we pulled it off, the cops would be all over us, chasing us all the way to Union Station. We're outmanned and outgunned.

**CHARLIE**

But not outsmarted.

in  
and  
That

Charlie hums with focused energy. There's a term for it horse racing. When a thoroughbred is at peak condition, twitching with eagerness to run, he is "on the muscle." describes Charlie right now.

**CHARLIE**

We'll do it like the Italian job. We'll make thirty million in gold drop out of sight.

This

They're interrupted by Charlie's cell phone RINGING. throws them all off.

**CHARLIE**

Who else has this number?

**HALF-EAR**

No one but us.

It's still RINGING. Charlie decides to answer it.

**CHARLIE**

Hello?

**INT. OFFICE - PHILADELPHIA - INTERCUT**

Meet PHILLY STEAK. Or at least meet the back of his neck.

Because that's where he has a tatoo that says PHILLY STEAK.

**PHILLY STEAK**

Why'd you do it?

**CHARLIE**

(informing the crew)

Philly Steak.

(then into phone)

Do what?

OUR CAMERA TRACKS AROUND to Philly Steak's face which is weathered and as leathery as a football. An old school crook.

**PHILLY STEAK**

Yevhen. The Ukrainian gold, dealer. You didn't, have to clip him, for Christ's sakes.

**CHARLIE**

Clip him?

**PHILLY STEAK**

Listen to me. You've gotta get out of L.A. Now.

**CHARLIE**

What're you talking about? We didn't clip anybody.

**PHILLY STEAK**

Well Skinny Pete just called me. Yevhen's cousin is under the distinct impression that you did.

**CHARLIE**

Why does he think that?

**PHILLY STEAK**

Because you wanted, to know about  
the gold with the Balinese Girl.  
Plus I guess Pete was under duress.  
This Ukrainian thinks he's Paul  
Fucking Bunyan.

**CHARLIE**

Do you know how to get in touch with  
him?

**PHILLY STEAK**

Yeah but...

**CHARLIE**

Maybe there's a way we can play this  
to our advantage.

**PHILLY STEAK**

Are you out of your mind? Listen to  
me, Charlie. Get out of L.A. Now.  
Cause if there's one thing I know,  
it's that you never mess with Mother  
Nature, mother-in-laws, or mother-  
fucking Ukrainians.

**INT. SAFE HOUSE - MORNING**

11

room

Speaking of -- Five Ukrainians lock 'n load their MAC-  
machine pistols plus an M4 carbine with a 40mm grenade  
launcher mounted beneath the barrel. Mashkov enters the  
and tells the others in SUBTITLED UKRAINIAN.

**MASHKOV**

He's going to be on Train 59 for New  
Orleans.

**UKRAINIAN**

You sure your source is good?

**MASHKOV**

I'm sure.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. DANYA'S HOUSE - MORNING**

backpack  
kitchen

The home where the porno was made. Karen, wearing a stuffed with her only belongings, creeps into the kitchen with two 3/4" videotapes in hand.

on  
tapes  
level

She sets them down on the counter. They say MASTER TAPE the labels. She opens the microwave oven. Puts the inside. Sets the timer for 60 minutes at the highest and presses the start button.

out the

As the videotapes start to cook, we watch Karen flee door.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. HOLLYWOOD AT HIGHLAND - DAY**

congested  
side of

The U-Haul is parked on the side of the noisy, boulevard. A large metal sheet is now mounted on the panel truck.

Minis  
busy  
really

HIGH ANGLE. Parked behind the U-Haul are two of the and Lyle's Vespa. We see traffic flowing through the intersection next to the vehicles. Then WE BOOM DOWN, fast, right into the black pavement and --

now

THROUGH THE DARKNESS and out the other side, so we are underground in the middle of the --

**METRO RAIL TUNNEL**

the

where Half-Ear is at work, mounting Nitramon primer to tunnel walls, Charlie assisting. They both wear orange jumpsuits, plus headsets and mics.

**HALF-EAR**

Did you know Einstein's 7th grade

teacher told him he was a moron who'd never amount to anything? Same as mine.

**CHARLIE**

Still hope for that Nobel Prize.

**HALF-EAR**

Not me, man. But I did get my college diploma.

**CHARLIE**

No shit. I thought you dropped out of high school.

**HALF-EAR**

Got my GED after Italy then just kept going.

**CHARLIE**

How'd you manage that, all the jobs we've been pulling?

**HALF-EAR**

Quit going to strip clubs. Went to night school instead. City college is all.

**CHARLIE**

Good for you. That's a real feather in your cap.

**HALF-EAR**

I didn't want to say anything to the guys.

There's a RUMBLING SOUND in the distance.

**CHARLIE**

Secret's safe with me.

The RUMBLING grows unbearable as a Metro roars closer, headlights gobbling up the dark tunnel. They press themselves into a crevice in the wall.

With a ROAR and a gust of wind, the Metro howls by. It makes their jaws clatter.

**INT. U-HAUL (PARKED) - DAY**

laptop.  
HEARS

Stella's in the cargo area with Lyle who's working his  
It's monitor displays a string of computer code. He  
over his headset:

**CHARLIE (V.O.)**

Napster. How goes it up there? Over.

**LYLE**

Working on the Metro Rail system.  
Almost ready.

**EXT. MARAVILLA DRIVE - SAME TIME**

winding  
at

Handsome Rob's Mini is parked on the side of the  
road. Using binoculars, he looks down onto Oporto Drive  
Steve's house. Into his headset:

**HANDSOME ROB**

Everything's quiet here. Over.

**INT. METRO RAIL TUNNEL - DAY**

Charlie

The Nitramon is applied. Half-Ear closes his eyes.  
observes him a moment.

**CHARLIE**

You okay?

**HALF-EAR**

Ah huh. Just need a moment's  
meditation.

**CHARLIE**

Now?

**HALF-EAR**

I'm about to insert a wire into a  
detonator tube and if the wire touches  
the sides of tube, we'll be blown to  
Kingdom Come. Best to be at one with  
yourself.

**CHARLIE**

Take all the time you need.

holds a

Another moment, then Half-Ear sets to work. Charlie

Very  
wire

mini-flashlight, illuminating the intricate detonator.  
carefully, he inserts a wire into a tube. Remember, the  
must not touch the sides.

his

The wire is half-way in when a LARGE SPIDER drops onto  
hand. Frozen, he ponders this.

just

Charlie sees the spider, doesn't know what to do.

then --

Half-Ear studies the spider... then he closes his eyes  
a moment... relaxes... breathes in, breathes out... and

over

He leans forward, opens his mouth and clamps his lips  
the spider, comes back up. Finishes inserting the wire.

hairy

Job done, he calmly opens his mouth. The spider puts a

plucks

leg out and delicately explores his cheek. Half-Ear

wall.

it off just as delicately, depositing the spider on the

Charlie just shakes his head in disbelief.

**HALF-EAR**

My work here is done.

**EXT. OPORTO DRIVE -DAY**

flanked

A Brink's truck climbs the road towards Steve's house,  
by two BMW K1200LTA motorcycles.

**EXT. MARAVILLA DRIVE - SAME TIME**

eye on

Through binoculars, Handsome Rob is still keeping an  
Steve's house from the higher vantage point.

**HIS POV**

are

The front gate rises. The Brink's truck and motorcycles  
let inside and head up the driveway.

guarded

But then he sees a SECOND ARMORED truck drive up, also  
by two motorcycles. And a third Brink's followed by  
motorcycles turns into the driveway.

**EXT. STEVE'S HOUSE**

It's a convoy of matching armored trucks...

**EXT. MARAVILLA DRIVE - DAY**

He

Witnessing the twist of events through his binoculars.  
speaks into his headset mic --

**HANDSOME ROB**

Problemo.

**INT. U-HAUL - INTERCUT**

manning

The rest of the crew is now all in the U-Haul. Lyle's  
the laptop.

**CHARLIE**

What is it?

**HANDSOME ROB**

He's brought in three identical  
armored trucks.

**CHARLIE**

Shit. Decoys. It's like a shell game  
on wheels.

**LYLE**

How can I reroute the truck if I  
don't know which truck to reroute?

**EXT. STEVE'S HOUSE - (TIME CUT) - DAY**

down

The caravan of armored trucks and motorcycles now head  
the driveway. The Ferrari follows behind.

**EXT. MARAVILLA DRIVE - DAY**

reports

Handsome Rob sees the vehicles head east on Oporto. He  
into his mike:

**HANDSOME ROB**

Three Brink's trucks are leaving  
with motorcycle escorts, plus Steve  
in his Ferrari.

**INT. U-HAUL**

Maddening frustration.

**LYLE**

How're we going to figure out which  
truck has the gold?

always  
Charlie is just as frustrated... but in a tight spot he  
comes up with an idea.

**CHARLIE**

You can monitor the traffic video  
cameras from your laptop, right?

**LYLE**

Yeah.

**CHARLIE**

Where's the first camera the trucks  
will go past?

of  
driving  
Lyle hits a command key and we now see the intersection  
Woodrow Wilson Drive and Cahuenga where vehicles are  
under the traffic signal that a traffic video camera is  
mounted to.

**LYLE**

Cahuenga Boulevard. They all have to  
cross that.

**CHARLIE**

The weight of the gold will lower  
the suspension on the truck.

**EXT. CAHUENGA BOULEVARD - DAY**

light.  
The first armored truck makes its way through the green

**INT. U-HAUL**

across  
Lyle hits the keyboard and lines of measurements appear  
the image of the Brink's truck. He strikes another key,

of  
Boulevard

momentarily FREEZING the image. He makes a visual check  
the top of the armored truck against the Cahuenga  
street sign.

**LYLE**

Lines up with the top of the sign.  
Next...

the  
truck  
sign.  
He unfreezes the first image just in time to check out  
next armored truck in line. FREEZE. The top of this  
also lines up perfectly with the top of the street

**LYLE**

First two are the same.

**EXT. CAHUENGA BOULEVARD - SAME TIME**

The third Brink's truck makes its way through the  
intersection, the Ferrari behind it.

**INT. U-HAUL - SAME TIME**

FREEZE.  
The third Brink's comes into the monitor's view.

sign.  
The top of the truck is below the top of the street

**LYLE**

That's our truck! License plate  
**AWP82092.**

**EXT. CAHUENGA - SAME TIME**

OUR  
the  
three  
fourth  
We see the truck with the California plate AWP82092.  
VIEW RISES UP until we're looking at an AERIAL VIEW as  
three armored trucks and their motorcycles fan out in  
different directions, with the Ferrari going in a  
direction.

**EXT. HOLLYWOOD AT HIGHLAND - DAY**

other

Handsome Rob pulls up in his Mini and parks behind the Minis.

**INT. U-HAUL - SAME TIME**

Charlie gives the command.

**CHARLIE**

Gridlock time.

Lyle executes, hitting a series of keys and --

**INT. MAINFRAME COMPUTER ROOM - SAME TIME**

into

HUM

inconspicuous on a shelf, the dummy file box CLICKS action. In response, the false panels on the mainframes to life and in the adjacent --

**TRAFFIC CONTROL CENTER**

The mosaic of traffic screens SPIRAL INTO DARKNESS.

again. But

The workers can't believe it. They start hitting their keyboards trying to get the system up and running it's useless since --

**INT. U-HAUL**

loads his

Lyle controls the system now. A single mouse click new algorithm into the computer and --

**SERIES OF RAPID-FIRE SHOTS**

All the traffic signals in Hollywood turn green simultaneously.

**EXT. INTERSECTIONS**

rear-

See cars collide into each other. See a domino line of end crashes. A motorcycle tumbling over.

**INT. TRAFFIC CONTROL CENTER**

The stymied workers watch helplessly.

**INT. U-HAUL**

Lyle quickly types out some words and

**INT. TRAFFIC CONTROL CENTER**

The workers see the words form on the giant screens:

**YOU'LL NEVER SHUT DOWN THE REAL NAPSTER!**

**EXT. MORE INTERSECTIONS**

turn  
The traffic lights turn RED simultaneously. Then all  
GREEN. Then RED again.

Cars  
It's demolition derby time. Daisy-chains of wrecks.  
spinning like hockey pucks. Total traffic meltdown.

**INT. KNX-AM 1070 TRAFFIC HELICOPTER - DAY**

jam  
She  
Sweeping over a panoramic view of the greatest traffic  
in L.A.'s history is traffic anchor CHRISTINA GRIEGO.  
reports what she sees:

**CHRISTINA GRIEGO**

This is Christina Griego with your  
drive-home traffic report on KNX.  
I'm looking down on Hollywood  
Boulevard and this is definitely a  
CIG alert.

**INT. FERRARI**

They're blocked in solid ahead and behind.

**STEVE**

What the hell?

He turns on the radio as --

**INT. U-HAUL**

Lyle's fingers dance across the keyboard.

**LYLE**

Opening up a space on North Highland.

**INT. GOLD TRUCK**

armed,  
Stuck in the middle of it. The driver and guard, both  
are as confused as everyone else.

**GUARD**

Get us out of here.

**DRIVER**

I'm trying.

He sees a way out, a sudden opening on North. Highland.

**INT. U-HAUL**

gold  
onto  
Via a traffic video camera, Lyle sees on his laptop the  
truck, followed by two motorcycles, making the turn  
North Highland.

**LYLE**

He's taking it...

Lyle hits more keys.

**LYLE**

I now command you to turn left.

**EXT. GOLD TRUCK**

on  
No  
It comes to the next intersection. Every light is stuck  
red -- except the left turn only signal which is green.  
choice. The truck takes it.

**INT. U-HAUL**

his  
audience.  
He's striking keys, an orchestral conductor, the crew

**LYLE**

I've got it on Hollywood Boulevard.  
Time to slow down.

**EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD**

enough  
Signals turn green, but only for three seconds, long  
for one car to gun through it at a time.

and  
Mini.  
At the same time, we see Charlie get out of the U-Haul  
climb into the first Mini. Stella gets into the second

Half-Ear joins Handsome Rob in the third.

**INT. FERRARI - DAY**

it.  
Steve gets the scoop over the radio. He can't believe

**CHRISTINA GRIEGO (V.O.)**

According to the police, the computers  
at the Traffic Control Center are  
down.

Steve knows who did that.

**STEVE**

Sonovabitch.

**INT. CHARLIE'S MINI -DAY**

truck  
Through his rearview mirror, Charlie eyes the gold  
creeping closer.

**CHARLIE**

Gentlemen, start your engines.

**THREE SHOTS**

Charlie;  
Starting their engines-with souped-up, throaty roars:  
Handsome Rob; Stella.

**CHARLIE**

Give us the flag when you're ready.

**INT. U-HAUL**

Starts  
Lyle has hacked into the Metro Rail's Control System.  
his magic.

**LYLE**

Shutting down the rail as we speak.

**INT. METRO RAIL TUNNELS - SEVERAL SHOTS**

Suddenly A Metro is speeding through the Blue Line tunnel.  
it loses power and comes to an inglorious stop.

Another Metro stops on the Red Line.

confused Inside a Metro on the Westside Corridor as it stops;  
passengers stare out the glass.

**INT. U-HAUL**

represent the His laptop shows a group of still circles that  
stalled Metros.

**LYLE**

Tunnel's clear. Go!

**EXT. WALK OF FAME**

star- The three Minis jump the curb and drive right over the  
their lined sidewalk... Pedestrians throw themselves out of  
turn path... The cars run over Marilyn Monroe's star and the  
platform. flowers and candles left by fans... They make a sharp  
down the cement stairs that lead to the Metro Rail

At the same time --

**EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD**

parked U- The creeping gold truck is just about alongside the  
Haul.

**INT. U-HAUL**

the Through his sideview mirror, Lyle eyes the progress of  
gold truck. He gives the word:

**LYLE**

Coming into position...

**INT. METRO RAIL STATION**

stairs. The Minis roughly bounce down the second flight of

handrails. The sides of the cars scrape against the metal

Tourists, workers, all scamper away.

**INT. U-HAUL**

The gold truck getting closer.

**LYLE**

Five... Four...

**INT. METRO RAIL STATION**

waiting for The Minis land on the platform where everyone is  
the next Metro.

by. Heads turn at the sight of these half-cars streaking

**INT. U-HAUL**

The gold truck is almost alongside the U-Haul.

**LYLE**

Three...

**INT. METRO RAIL STATION**

rail Charlie's Mini flies off the platform and lands on the  
line. The car's shocks take the hit.

rails. The other Minis follow suit, off the platform, onto the

**LYLE (V.O.)**

Two... One...

**THE MINIS**

explosives. Drive past the spot where they put the Nitramon

**LYLE (V.O.)**

Do it.

**INT. STELLA'S MINI**

She brakes to a stop and braces herself as --

**INT. HANDSOME ROB'S MINI**

a  
Half-Ear pulls out his hearing aid, hits the remote to  
detonator and --

**EXT. HOLLYWOOD & HIGHLAND**

splits  
as  
The section of pavement that the gold truck sits on  
apart. The road surface drops away. Smoke billowing up  
The BRINK'S TRUCK FALLS...

**INT. METRO RAIL TUNNEL**

come  
Suddenly the street, the armored truck and daylight  
crashing down at us in a cloud of smoke and debris.  
The truck's windshield implodes.  
The Minis come to a stop. Half-Ear jumps out. Aims the  
grenade launcher. FIRES.

**INT. GOLD TRUCK**

the  
driver  
under  
The triple charger chemical grenade sails in through  
windshield and explodes, knocking out the guards. The  
slumps against the steering wheel, the horn BLARING  
his weight. At the same time:

**INT. U-HAUL - ON THE CUT**

Lyle hits a button on a remote control and --

**EXT. U-HAUL**

side  
gaping  
Clamps unlock, releasing the heavy steel sheet from the  
of the U-Haul. It SLAMS DOWN, neatly covering the  
hole in the road like a huge manhole cover.

**EXT. HOLLYWOOD & HIGHLAND**

stop. The motorcycles following the Brink's come to a sudden

armored The motorcycle guards watch the smoke clear. The  
truck has vanished! Vaporized in the gridlock! Gone!  
Pandemonium. People scatter. A man jumps out of his BMW  
and sprints away from the explosion.

vehicle: Lyle gets out of the U-Haul and runs to his getaway  
him... the Vespa. He's about to hop on, but something stops

parked The sight of the vacant, shimmering, 2002 BMW 750iL  
just ahead, keys dangling from the ignition.

bikes. At the same time, the motorcycle guards climb off their

Bystanders Draw semi-automatic handguns. Result: more madness  
flee.

The BMW tears out of there, Lyle behind the wheel.

**INT. METRO RAIL TUNNEL - DAY**

The rear door to the Brink's is open. Our crew sees the Worthington 1000 inside.

**CHARLIE**

Nice work.

**HALF-EAR**

Well like Einstein almost said: genius  
is ten percent inspiration, ninety  
percent detonation.

**CHARLIE**

Let's get our gold.

Stella goes up to the imposing safe. Gives it a look of  
momentary respect, then sets to work...

**INT. KNX-AM 1070 TRAFFIC HELICOPTER - DAY**

Christina Griego telling her radio audience:

**CHRISTINA GRIEGO**

I've seen earthquakes, mudslides,  
fires, riots, but this... Let me try  
to paint a picture for our listeners.

**INT. FERRARI**

Hearing the news over the radio.

**CHRISTINA GRIEGO (V.O.)**

There's been some kind of an explosion  
and a Brink's truck has just dropped  
down into the Metro Rail Blue Line.

passing  
Steve slams the car into gear and jumps the sidewalk,  
the gridlock. He hollers into a walkie-talkie --

**STEVE**

The truck's in the Metro Rail. Where  
does the Blue Line go back above  
ground?

**EXT. STREETS - SERIES OF SHOTS**

trucks  
rubber,  
The motorcycle guards who were escorting the decoy  
hear Steve over their walkie-talkies. With squeals of  
they turn around as one of the guards answers --

**MOTORCYCLE GUARD**

It comes out at Flower & Pico.

At the same time --

**INT. METRO RAIL TUNNEL - DAY**

--  
Stella works the dial, feeling for contact points. And

**EXT. HOLLYWOOD & HIGHLAND - DAY**

steel  
The two motorcycle guards fervently try to lift off the  
sheet that dropped down from the U-Haul.

**INT. METRO RAIL TUNNEL - DAY**

steel  
They see daylight start to stream in from above as the  
sheet slides a little.

**CHARLIE**

Stella?

**STELLA**

Shhh...

We HEAR Stella's heart pounding in her ears. See the perspiration on her fingertips.

**STELLA**

You know when you said this wouldn't be the same as opening a safe for the cops?

**HANDSOME ROB**

Yeah.

**STELLA**

Did you have to be right?

**EXT. HOLLYWOOD & HIGHLAND - DAY**

steel  
The motorcycle guards strain, managing to shift the sheet enough so they can see the armored truck below.

**INT. METRO RAIL TUNNEL - DAY**

SHOTS  
door  
CLOSE SHOTS on Stella's eyes, pure concentration. CLOSE on each number on the dial. Finally: CLICK.  
She grabs the safe's lever and swings the sturdy steel open. She instinctively looks away.

**CHARLIE**

Don't you want to see what's inside?

**STELLA**

I never look.

**CHARLIE**

Trust me. You wanna look.

So she does. Inside is a mountain of gold bricks...

**EXT. HOLLYWOOD & HIGHLAND - MOMENTS LATER**

the  
The motorcycle guards heave, strain, finally getting steel plate off. But it's too late as --

**INT. MINIS - SERIES OF SHOTS**

Engines REV. Exhaust jets. Hands slam stick-shifts.

**INT. METRO RAIL TUNNEL**

The cars streak off deeper into the Metro Rail tunnel, headlights bouncing off the walls.

**INT. CHARLIE'S MINI (MOVING) - DAY**

Line. It's a rush cruising down the tunnel. Taking the Blue

Leading the pack. But they're not home free yet.

**EXT. 101 FREEWAY - DAY**

cylinder the massive 210 hp engine bellows as it hits 120 m.p.h. in the breakdown lane.

wailing. A Highway Patrol car starts chasing after it, siren

**INT. FERRARI (HAULING ASS) - DAY**

in hot Merging onto the 110 South, Steve sees the patrol car pursuit.

the He shifts into sixth and suddenly this car is a rocket blasting off, doing a 1/4 mile in 1.3 seconds, leaving patrol car far behind. At the same time --

**INT. SAFE HOUSE - GARAGE**

into a of Mashkov and the other heavily armed Ukrainians climb SUV. The garage door opens and the vehicle charges out there. And at the same time --

**INT. METRO RAIL TUNNEL**

streaks of The three Minis speed by UNDERNEATH OUR CAMERA in red, white, and blue.

**INT. CHARLIE'S MINI (MOVING)**

tunnel.  
He spots the proverbial daylight at the end of the

**EXT. FLOWER & PICO - DAY**

platform,  
after  
just as two motorcycles come flying around the corner  
them.

man  
giving  
out of  
Picture this: two guards on each motorcycle with each  
seated behind the driver holding AK-47s in each hand,  
them the appearance of having submachine guns growing  
their shoulders.

SHOT  
after SHOT at the Minis. BAM-BAM-BAM.

**INT. CHARLIE'S MINI**

back  
his  
In the teeth of gunfire. Bullets explode through the  
window in a cacophony of CRASHING GLASS. A shot wings  
door. POP! Into headset:

**CHARLIE**

Split up!

**EXT. FLOWER & PICO**

other  
clear  
coming  
They head off in different directions through congested  
downtown rush hour traffic.  
One motorcycle takes off after Charlie's Mini. The  
goes after Handsome Rob's Mini. So Stella's free and  
except that Steve's Ferrari is barreling down Pico and  
after her.

**INT. LAPD HELICOPTER (FLYING)**

police  
An LAPD PILOT swoops in, barking out instructions to cars converging on the scene.

**EXT. CHARLIE'S MINI**

Turning onto Exposition, the motorcycle in pursuit, the chopper overhead.

pedestrians  
His red Mini jumps a curve, now on a wide sidewalk, accelerating full throttle for the horizon while flatten themselves against a high-rise in fear.

**INT. CHARLIE'S MINI**

He sees someone give him the finger. Mutters:

**CHARLIE**

If you don't like how I'm driving,  
get off the damn sidewalk.

Meanwhile:

**INT. HANDSOME ROB'S MINI**

GUNFIRE  
He's got the other motorcycle on his tail, RELENTLESS dogging his every move.

passing  
trying  
He shifts smooth as silk, squeezing between a car he's and an oncoming car in the other lane. Half-Ear is his best to remain calm but Jesus, that was close.

takes  
of  
Suddenly, Handsome Rob veers off the road and WHAM. He down a chain link fence and is now in the parking lot the:

**EXT. CONVENTION CENTER**

motorcycle  
His white Mini catapults across the asphalt, the still right behind.

**INT. HANDSOME ROB'S MINI**

Convention

Up ahead, he eyes the open door entrance to the  
Center. Stomps the gas.

**HALF-EAR**

What are you doing?

The turbine howls.

**HALF-EAR**

What -- are -- you -- doing?

**EXT. CONVENTION CENTER**

The Mini squeezes through the doorway and into the --

**INT. CONVENTION CENTER**

It's the STAR TREK GRAND SLAM 2002 convention in full  
swing.

Display tables are lined up in the cavernous hall and  
the

Mini snakes through the maze and the Trekkies as --

The motorcycle follows right behind and the chase is  
really  
on now.

THUDA THUD THUDA, the Mini's wheels climb a flight of  
steps.

Waves of people flee the path of the little car and --

THUD, THUDA, THUD, the motorcycle follows right behind.

The Mini zips down the wide Concourse Hall -- travels  
from  
underneath banners of Star Trek characters that hang

the ceiling -- the motorcycle keeps up, tires tearing  
into  
the carpeting.

**INT. HANDSOME ROB'S MINI**

He shifts, swerves, avoiding people, obstacles.

**HALF-EAR**

Go that way!

Handsome Rob turns, taking them down the --

**WEST HALL**

that stretches out toward the Staples Center.

WHIZ. The Mini goes by. WHIZ. The motorcycle goes by.

Then --

The Mini steamrolls through the exit doors and --

**EXT. CONVENTION CENTER/STAPLES CENTER**

It bounds down outdoor steps and ramps onto the outside entrance to the Staples Center, fitting snugly between

cement  
out.

pillars that are designed to keep regular-sized cars

**INT. STAPLES CENTER - DAY**

The Mini bulldozes through glass doors. Across the

lobby.

Down an aisle that leads right to --

**CENTER COURT**

where OUR L.A. LAKERS are in the midst of practice. The  
do look like matchbox cars next to these towering

Minis  
players.

The car's tires leave a streak of rubber on the parquet  
The team clears a path. The car is off the court before  
they  
know it.

floor.  
they

But now the players see the motorcycle coming down the

aisle.

See the guns. See security guards running after it.

KOBE BRYANT picks up a basketball.

The motorcycle charges across center court.

Kobe aims... hurls the ball. It RAMS into the  
handlebars. The bike spins out of control and into a  
fall, spitting off the riders while --

motorcycle's  
nasty

**EXT. STAPLES CENTER**

glides  
escaping  
The Mini crashes out the opposite side of the arena and  
right through the L.A. Sports Arch of Fame before  
onto Figueroa. Meanwhile:

**EXT. SOUTH ALAMEDA - DAY**

after  
The Ferrari is eating up the pavement as it hounds  
Stella. Two police cars are roaring after them both.

**INT. STELLA'S MINI**

around  
Jack  
She slaps the gears into action, maneuvers tight turns  
the cars in her path, just like she does at home with  
Daniels.

**EXT. SOUTH ALAMEDA**

corkscrew --  
A cop car tries to pass the same car as the Ferrari but  
smashes into an oncoming vehicle. As it spins like a

**EXT. FERRARI**

missile  
The rear tires spin smoke and it launches like a  
after the Mini.

**INT. STELLA'S MINI**

customized  
She keeps flooring it... the gauge rising... the  
engine screaming...

menacingly  
But the Ferrari, like an unstoppable force, hangs  
in her rearview mirror.

**I/E FERRARI**

bumper  
about  
Steve RAMS into the rear bumper of the blue Mini. The  
tears off, rolls across the pavement. The Ferrari is  
to make another charge.

**INT. STELLA'S MINI**

finds  
yanks

She yanks the wheel left to avoid the hit. Suddenly herself in the path of an ARROWHEAD WATER TRUCK. She the wheel right to avoid a collision.

**INT. ARROWHEAD WATER TRUCK**

he

The truck driver hits the brakes, over compensating as turns away from the Mini and --

**EXT. SOUTH ALAMEDA**

jugs  
the  
wash.

The truck falls over onto its side, sending those big all over the road, water exploding into the air and -- The Ferrari crashes through the jugs, one rolling up hood and over the windshield, dousing it like a car

turn.

The lane is blocked by the wreck. Steve makes a right

It

The police cruiser hits the brakes but not fast enough. slams into the water truck.

**EXT. 5TH STREET**

wrong  
both

Steve turned onto a one-way street and he's going the way. A Jeep Wrangler almost runs into him head-on but cars stop just in time.

jumps

The DRIVER of Wrangler, a muscular fire plug of a guy, out, furious.

**FURIOUS DRIVER**

What's wrong with you, you stupid-ass, son of a bitch, dickhead...

Ferrari

As more invectives are hurled, Steve gets out of the and walks towards the furious driver.

**FURIOUS DRIVER**

What? You want a piece of me? C'mon,  
dumbshit. Bring it on. I'll be pulling  
peanuts out of your asshole --

BANG. Steve shoots the guy's foot.

**FURIOUS DRIVER**

Shit! Shit! You shot me in the foot!

While the furious driver hops on one leg, Steve gets  
into the Wrangler and takes off, abandoning the Ferrari. At  
the same time --

**INT. BMW 750IL (MOVING) - SUNSET**

Lyle's coasting down Exposition Boulevard towards Union  
Station. Clear sailing for him.

And he sees a young woman thumbing for a ride. It's Karen.  
he recognizes her: she was hitchhiking when he first  
arrived in L.A. He pulls over. To Lyle, she might be an angel  
in the empyrean if she wasn't, so completely, a woman.

**LYLE**

Where are you going?

**KAREN**

Away.

**LYLE**

How about far, far away?

**KAREN**

The farther the better.

**EXT. FIGUEROA & OLYMPIC - DAY**

Charlie's still having a helluva time getting rid of  
the motorcycle. It screams like a Banshee as it streaks up  
pointed alongside the Mini. Charlie suddenly sees an AK-47  
right at him.

**INT. CHARLIE'S MINI**

He jerks the steering wheel and swerves off the street, driving through the parking lot of the historic Hotel Figueroa.

the  
with  
towers

With the motorcycle dogging his heels, he looks up at building. It has three towers that rise up 12 stories, a giant mural of Albert Einstein covering one of the

(it's an ad for Apple Computers: Think different.)

parking  
the

Suddenly the LAPD helicopter swoops down towards the lot, shattering the air, blowing up dirt and discarded newspapers in a rush of turbo-wash, trying to box in Mini.

**INT. CHARLIE'S MINI**

He's got no place else to go...

**INT. HOTEL FIGUEROA**

lobby  
catapult  
potted

The Mini squeezes through the entrance and into the with its exotic Moroccan decor. Horrified guests out of the way. The Mini drives past wooden statues, palm trees.

the

The motorcycle follows the car as it streaks towards elevator. Charlie looks back, sees the motorcycle. The elevator door opens. Some tourists step off.

**CHARLIE**

Going up?

**INT. ELEVATOR**

reaches  
rubber

The Mini darts right in, not an inch to spare. Charlie out the window, presses the button for ROOF. He sees the motorcycle charging after him, burning across the beautiful tiled floor. Closer, closer.

The door closes just in time.

people

A second elevator opens, the motorcycle zooms inside, screaming at the sight of the guns.

**EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY**

it is  
narrow

The doors open, PING, and the Mini reverses out, spins. LOOKING DOWN onto the building's rooftop, we see that shaped like a capitol E, three towers connected by a strip. Each tower has its own elevator.

**INT. CHARLIE'S MINI**

a big  
red  
even

He wants to drive across the rooftop strip but there's a problem: the giant sign that exclaims HOTEL FIGUEROA in red and white neon lights blocks so much of the strip that the Mini couldn't squeeze through.

and  
he's not

In his rearview, he sees the second elevator door open out comes the motorcycle. He's trapped up here. But about to abandon ship.

**EXT. ROOFTOP**

of the

So he floors it, slaps the gears, hurtles to the edge first tower and in --

**EYE-POPPING CGI SLOW MOTION SHOTS**

ground

His car hurls into the wide blue empty space... The deliriously distant... Spiraling through the air like a football...

**NEXT TOWER - ROOFTOP**

rattled,  
rising

The Mini lands right-side-up with a THUD. Charlie, looks over his shoulder and sees the LAPD helicopter

over the rooftop, turbines SCREAMING.

of  
it  
And here comes the motorcycle. Flying from one section  
the rooftop to the next. It lands and the driver REVS  
forward --

**I/E CHARLIE'S MINI**

towards  
going to  
He speeds toward the edge of the roof and launches off  
the third tower some twenty feet away. Lands. Keeps  
the last elevator, skids to a stop.

over his  
He reaches out, punches the call button. Then looks  
shoulder to witness --

**THE MOTORCYCLE**

rooftop  
going full throttle to make the final rooftop to  
jump.

kilter...  
But its front wheel hits the edge slightly off-

It soars but with a slight downward trajectory...

Towards a large window on the top floor...

Then lower...

And the look on the driver's face says it all as...

of  
The front wheel of the motorcycle SMACKS into the side  
the building, just below the window.

CRASH  
The guards are flung off the bike and their bodies  
through the window as --

the  
A hunk of exploding metal imbeds itself in the side of  
LAPD chopper and --

**INT. HOTEL FIGUEROA**

glass  
The guards land in the Tangier Suite in a hailstorm of  
shards.

**I/E. LAPD HELICOPTER**

pilot  
Smoke billows out where the hunk of metal hit. The  
WHINING keeps it under control but it's time to go. With a  
THROB, the injured chopper banks away.

**INT. HOTEL FIGUEROA LOBBY - DAY**

out  
PING. The elevator door opens. Charlie's Mini shoots  
then skids out the lobby's exit. He made it.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. STELLA'S MINI (SPEEDING) - DAY**

She checks the rearview mirror. No sign of the Ferrari.  
Just a Jeep Wrangler back there.  
Stella looks relieved. Feels like she's home free.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. UNION STATION - SUNSET**

carrier  
Stella's Mini pulls up to the ramp of the enclosed car  
at the end of Amtrak Train 59, bound for New Orleans.  
gets  
She can see the other two Minis are already inside. She  
out and hands the cargo loader a ticket.

**EXT. UNION STATION - NIGHT**

system.  
The "All Aboard" announcement goes out over the PA

quickly  
Then the Superliner train pulls out of the station,  
picking up speed.

**INT. FIRST CLASS CAR - NIGHT**

crew.  
gets  
The outside streaks by through the window. It's a happy  
Champagne is poured. Charlie holds up his glass and  
their attention.

**CHARLIE**

I want to make a toast. Cause there's  
somebody missing here today, and we  
all know who it is.

They all raise their glasses.

**CHARLIE**

To John Bridger. The most brilliant  
master planner of them all. We wish  
he was with us.

odyssey  
loved.  
We PAN ACROSS their faces. It's been a three year  
for them. They got the gold, but they lost someone they

**ALL OF THEM**

To John.

Clink.

**INT. CAR CARRIER - NIGHT**

Wrangler.  
around.  
OUR CAMERA MOVES past the three Minis parked inside...  
And STOPS at the last car in the carrier -- the Jeep  
Its rear hatch rises and Steve creeps out. Looks  
It's safe.

REVEALING  
exotic  
He walks over to Stella's Mini. Pops open the trunk  
a silver Haliburton suitcase. He unzips the case.  
It's filled with stacks and stacks of gold bricks, the  
face of a Balinese girl on each one.

gold.  
Steve pulls out a brick, embraces it. He knows his

These bricks are real.

trunks  
But as he has a moment with his gold, BEHIND HIM, the  
of the other two Minis RISE in unison.  
Then Mashkov RISES out of the trunk of the white Mini.  
Another Ukrainian RISES out of the trunk of the blue  
Mini.  
Four more Ukrainians slide out from underneath the  
Minis.  
They cock their M-11s.

**CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK.**

to  
Steve hears the sound from behind him. He turns around  
see the weapons pointed at him.

**MASHKOV**

Take out your gun and drop it on the  
floor.

Steve has no choice.

**STEVE**

Who are you?

**MASHKOV**

You knew my cousin. Yevhen.

**STEVE**

I never knew anyone named Yevhen.

**MASHKOV**

Get in the trunk. Not that trunk,  
this one. That gold is for us. A  
gift from some old friends of yours.  
They said to tell you that they didn't  
mind sharing the box of Cracker Jack,  
as long as you didn't get any. Not  
even the toy surprise.

Mini.  
The Ukrainians force Steve into the trunk of the white  
Mashkov,  
And for the first time, he's scared. Looking up at  
he begs.

**STEVE**

Please. Don't shoot me. Please...

**MASHKOV**

Don't worry. That wasn't the deal.  
I'm not going to shoot you.

**STEVE**

Thank you. Thank God.

**MASHKOV**

(to the others)  
He really thought I was going to  
shoot him.

The Ukrainians laugh. Steve tries to laugh.

**MASHKOV**

No. No. I'm not going to shoot you.  
I'm going to hack off your limbs and  
bury you while you're still alive.

of a  
And with that, he closes the trunk. THUD. Like the lid  
coffin. And for Steve, the world falls into BLACKNESS.

**INT. FIRST CLASS CAR - SAME TIME**

silver  
We  
Underneath the crew's seats, we see the other two  
Haliburton suitcases filled with the rest of the gold.  
BOOM UP to our five thieves...

**CHARLIE**

New IDs.

when  
Handsome Rob passes out new fake driver's licenses for  
they arrive in New Orleans.

**LYLE**

(re: his fake license)  
Simon Quackenbush? Could I -- just  
once -- have a cool name?

**HALF-EAR**

(also complaining)  
250\_pounds?

They're interrupted by the RING of Charlie's phone. He  
answers.

**CHARLIE**

Did you get what you wanted?

**INT. CAR CARRIER - INTERCUT**

Mashkov is on the other end of the line.

**MASHKOV**

I'm happy.

During this, Lyle types commands into his laptop that  
is connected to a phone jack in the car.

**CHARLIE**

It was good doing business with you.

Lyle hits a final command and --

**INT. ENGINEER ROOM - SAME TIME**

signal box receives the command and --

**EXT. CAR CARRIER - SAME TIME**

The coupler between the car carrier and the rest of the  
train is electronically disengaged.

This causes the train to separate from the car carrier.  
The train speeds on without it at 100 miles per hour.

The car carrier slowly comes to a stop in the middle of  
nowhere.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. DINING CAR - NIGHT**

The Dining Car features crisp white linens and extended  
windows for scenic dining. Lyle walks over to a table  
where

Karen is waiting for him. She looks resplendent.

**LYLE**

Is this seat taken?

**KAREN**

It is now.

embark on

He sits. And as OUR CAMERA HOLDS ON Lyle, ready to  
a new life, we --

**CUT TO:**

**THE COVER OF WIRED MAGAZINE**

himself,

It fills THE SCREEN. And beneath a photograph of Lyle  
we read the headline:

**WILL THE REAL NAPSTER PLEASE STAND UP**

How The Laptop Fugitive Pulled It Off

**CUT TO:**

**INT. PARLOUR CAR - NIGHT**

books in

And as OUR CAMERA FINDS Half-Ear, checking out the  
the library, feeling like the wealthy man he is, we --

**CUT TO:**

**THE COVER OF PHILADELPHIA CITY COLLEGE'S ALUMNI NEWS**

and

And beneath a graduation photo of Half-Ear in his cap  
gown, we read the headline:

**"HE WAS ONE OF M'S BEST STUDENTS"**

Professor Relives Memories of Erudite Fugitive

**CUT TO:**

**INT. LOUNGE CAR - NIGHT**

caught

And as OUR CAMERA FINDS Handsome Rob, who's already  
the eye of a woman at the bar, we --

**CUT TO:**

**THE COVER OF THE ADELPHIA CABLE INSIDER NEWSLETTER**

the  
And beneath a photo of Becky the cable chick, we read  
headline:

**"HE TOOK THE SHIRT OFF MY BACK AND I'D GIVE IT TO HIM  
AGAIN!"**

Thief  
Feds Say Technician Admits to Encounter With 'Handsome'

**CUT TO:**

**INT. FIRST CLASS CAR - NIGHT**

Charlie and Stella drink from glasses of champagne.

**CHARLIE**

We did it.

**STELLA**

We sure did.

**CHARLIE**

There's something I've been meaning  
to ask you, Stella. But I've just  
been so busy lately, what with the  
explosion, car chase, Ukrainians and  
all.

**STELLA**

It has been a hectic day.

**CHARLIE**

It's about that thing you said to me  
back in Philadelphia.

**STELLA**

That thing?

**CHARLIE**

You said that you can't have a  
relationship with a pickpocket, gold  
robber, or any kind of thief.

**STELLA**

Oh... That thing.

**CHARLIE**

Do you still believe that?

**STELLA**

Yeah. I do.

**CHARLIE**

Well I was wondering... What about a retired pickpocket, gold robber, thief?

**STELLA**

Now that's an entirely different question.

And as an enigmatic smile settles across her face, we -

**CUT TO:**

**THE COVER OF CONDE MAST TRAVEL MAGAZINE**

we  
And beneath a photo of sunbathers on a glorious beach,  
read the headline:

**LIVING THE GOOD LIFE ON THE PINK SANDS OF BERMUDA**

cover...  
And OUR VIEW SLOWLY PUSHES IN CLOSER ON the magazine

their  
CLOSER on the line of sunbathers... PANNING ACROSS  
faces -- and you'd never notice unless you were really,  
the  
really, looking for them... is it them?... CLOSER on  
lounge  
pixels... and yes, it sure is... Charlie & Stella in  
chairs, living the good life.

**FADE**

**OUT:**

**THE END**