

Six Ways from Sunday

by

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FADE IN:

SUPER: BELFAST, NORTHERN IRELAND, 2007

EXT. A WELL-TO-DO SUBURB - DAY

Your typical police investigation. Yellow tape surrounds an old estate on a tree-lined street. Police cars, security officials and news vans crowd the area. A BBC reporter, SIMON KINCAID begins to speak.

SIMON KINCAID

In an act of sheer bravado, two unarmed men walked into the Kilpatrick Estate here in Belfast and made off with Edward Munch's most famous work of art, "The Scream."

Security camera footage rolls, showing two men running out with a painting toward a parked, black Volvo station wagon.

SIMON KINCAID (CONT'D)

The painting, valued at over 70 million pounds, was on loan from Oslo's Pedersen Museum to the United Kingdom. Scotland Yard's famous Art and Antiques Security Branch was in charge of securing the exhibit. Inspector BERNARD "BUZZ" DUNLEVY, supervising the security efforts, was stymied by the simple audacity of the heist. Mr. Dunlevy, when questioned, refused to comment.

BBC footage of Kincaid approaching Inspector Bernard Buzz Dunlevy.

SIMON KINCAID (CONT'D)

Inspector Dunlevy, can we have a word?

BUZZ

Bugger off...

He bats the microphone away from his face.

BACK TO THE LIVE REPORT

SIMON KINCAID

Is this a case of a well-coordinated robbery or is it a matter of total incompetence by a top British official? Those and many more questions are surely to be answered in the coming weeks. This is Simon Kincaid reporting.

More security footage rolls. The black Volvo station wagon burns rubber and drives away from the site.

INT. VOLVO - SAME

The two thieves laugh through ski masks. The driver's arm is exposed, revealing he's black. The passenger is white. The passenger lights a match from a matchbook and lights up a Dunhill cigarette. He confidently exhales a plume of smoke.

SUPER: THREE YEARS LATER

EXT. A TYPICAL FOGGY NIGHT IN LONDON - NIGHT

A Victoria Secret semi-truck barrels through heavy fog at high speed, while being chased by three London police cars.

INT. TRUCK - SAME

At the wheel is DANNY WELLS, a thirty-seven year old British man of African descent. He chugs a packet of instant coffee grounds and bangs the back of the cab with his hand.

DANNY

Hold on mate. CORNER!

He takes a sharp turn, the trucks sways violently to one side, almost tipping over.

INT. TRUCK - SAME

In the back of the truck, E.B. SUNDAY, a 43 year old Caucasian American is tossed around like a rag doll. He wades through piles of women's lingerie, while trying to make his way to the back of the truck. He tries in vain to close the cargo door.

SUNDAY

I'm drivin' next time!

Sunday slowly makes his way to the door. He begins to throw various panties, bras, pajamas and nighties at the pursuing police cars. One of the nighties manages to stick to a police car windshield wiper, blinding the driver temporarily and causing the car to crash into a fire hydrant.

Sunday flips off the other two cop cars and finally manages to shut the rear sliding door.

MATCH CUT

INT. AN ABANDONED LONDON WAREHOUSE - LATER

An aluminum warehouse door slams down. Two black marketers, KAREEM and HASEEM KANOOZ, walk over to the Victoria Secret truck.

KAREEM

You're late...AGAIN!

Danny gets out of the cab and throws the keys to Kareem.

DANNY

You're lucky we even showed up. Had half of Scotland Yard after us, we did.

He makes his way back to the rear of the truck. He opens the bay door and finds Sunday, buried beneath a mountain of Victoria Secret garb.

They all crack up laughing.

DANNY

Hey mate. You alive in there?

Sunday pops his head out. He has a pink, lacy g-string stretched across his face.

SUNDAY

I'm getting too old for this shit. What the hell were you doing up there?

DANNY

I was getting us out of another one of your cocked-up plans. The Bobbies were waiting for us.

SUNDAY

You're welcome to go back to Barclay's any time.

He puts up his hand as Danny pulls him out of the debris.

DANNY
(smiles) And, give up stealing
knickers for a living. No thanks.

SUNDAY
That's what I thought.

He looks at the black-marketers.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)
You boys have the cash?

KAREEM
Of course.

HASEEM
What do we look like, crooks?

He throws Sunday a brown paper bag. Sunday looks inside.

SUNDAY
No... you look like shoe bombers.

Haseem and Kareem look at each other, shake their heads and laugh. Sunday pats each man on the back in a kidding manner.

HASEEM
You're lucky we're friends Sunday
or we would have taken that as an
insult.

DANNY
The only insult is the size of this
take.

KAREEM
Sign of the times my friend.

HASEEM
We'll see you next month then?

SUNDAY
Nope. We're on to greener pastures.

Haseem looks at Danny for clarification. Danny makes a twirling "crazy" sign with his finger.

DANNY
Don't mind him. Latex in the bras.
We'll be back. Sure as shit.

Danny and Sunday walk out of the warehouse and through a parking lot.

SUNDAY

What do you say? You want to head over to my place?

DANNY

I could use a drink.

SUNDAY

Good... Cause I've got somethin' you're gonna want to see.

Danny looks into the intensifying rain.

DANNY

Great. This night's becoming a real rotter.

SUNDAY

Not for long compadre. Not for long.

Danny's about to get into the driver's side. Sunday taps his arm.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

(smiling) I think you've driven enough tonight.

EXT. A WAREHOUSE ALONG LONDON'S DOCKS - LATER AT NIGHT

A fog horn blows. Sunday and Danny walk across a gravel parking area in the dock yard of London. It's misty and drizzling. Steam rises from industrial chimneys in the distance.

They approach a warehouse that looks abandoned. There hasn't been a hint of business there in forty years. The decrepit building is right at home in the soggy London weather.

INT. THE WAREHOUSE - SAME

Sunday and Danny walk freely into the warehouse and across to an old series of gutted, inter-connected offices.

Sunday leads Danny through a locked door and into an old gated elevator from the turn of the century.

INT. THE ELEVATOR - SAME

The mahogany wood and brass inside the elevator have been painstakingly refurbished. Sunday uses an old-fashioned brass key to shut the grate and power up the elevator. As it starts moving, Danny notices an antique love seat upholstered in crushed red velvet.

SUNDAY

Make yourself comfortable.

DANNY

I know we're mates, but you're not going to try and shag me are you?

SUNDAY

RE-LAX Danny. After what I'm about to show you, you're gonna WANT to shag me.

Danny has a goofy look on his face.

DANNY

What is this place? I thought we were going to your flat?

A ding. The door opens to the third floor, revealing a beautiful modern day two-story loft. Every inch is decorated with pristine detail.

SUNDAY

Here she is.

DANNY

Jesus man.

Danny looks at him in amazement.

Sunday leads Danny over to a bar.

SUNDAY

Bushmills?

DANNY

Straight up.

Sunday pours him a drink in a Waterford glass. Danny slugs it down. He pours Danny another round.

SUNDAY

Come on. The panty raid wasn't that bad.

Sunday pours himself a draft Guinness from his own temperature-controlled tap.

DANNY

Filching Maribeth Yost bras isn't worth doing time in the bucket.

Sunday throws him his cut of the take. Danny counts it and shakes his head.

DANNY

Seven-thousand quid?

He holds up the wad of money.

SUNDAY

So, it isn't as much as we thought. Things'll pick up.

DANNY

They better - and fast. My Jag was repossessed.

SUNDAY

Oh, man, not the convertible! I loved that car.

DANNY

So... why now? You've never asked me over before.

SUNDAY

You know Rule Number One in our game; security. But, seeing how the economy has taken a shit and we've gotten more desperate, I thought I'd get your professional opinion.

Danny follows Sunday across the living room where various paintings are displayed. They turn left into a large open den area. The concrete floor has been highly polished and beautiful leather furniture adorns the room.

Danny notices a 8 foot by 10 foot collage of the Mona Lisa.

DANNY

That's incredible mate.

He walks toward the artwork and discovers it's put together with different colored matchbooks.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Christ. So, that's why you're always grabbing those bloody matchbooks. This must have taken forever.

SUNDAY

Three years. But, that's not what I wanted you to see. I've been working on something better.

DANNY

Let me guess, a Monet paint-by-number?

SUNDAY

Nope...Our ticket to retirement.

He hits a button and the couch near Danny moves, revealing an iron staircase.

SUNDAY

Follow me.

They walk down the stairs and enter a 450 square foot bunker. Sunday turns on the lights, illuminating a small art collection, complete with professional lighting and climate control. It's state of the art.

Danny walks over to a painting.

DANNY

"The Storm on the Sea of Galilee?"

SUNDAY

What can I say. I love Rembrandt. It was a sound investment.

DANNY

So, you nicked it?

SUNDAY

No...I purchased it in 1990.

DANNY

You devil.

Danny moves on to another picture.

SUNDAY

That's my favorite.

DANNY

Cezanne's "Boy in the Red Vest."

Danny moves to the next painting.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Picasso's "Glass and Pitcher"?
Jesus man, how much is all this
worth?

SUNDAY
Enough. But, they're not for sale.
They're just for me to enjoy.

Danny moves on to another painting.

DANNY
This is what you wanted me to see,
huh? I'm glad you got a retirement
plan while I'm stuck driving around
in that bloody FIAT. I can't
believe this!

SUNDAY
Turn around Danny.

Danny turns around and sees Sunday holding The Mona Lisa,
authentic frame and all.

DANNY
Piss off. You didn't...

SUNDAY
Nah, not YET.

Danny takes a close look at it.

DANNY
This is good. This is really
fucking good mate.

SUNDAY
Of course it is. What do you think
I've been doing for three years?

DANNY
I don't know. Watching Benny Hill
reruns?

Sunday pushes a button and opens another door, revealing an
artist's studio. Danny walks in and looks at two more Mona
Lisa copies.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Okay. Does this mean we're back in
business?

SUNDAY

You bet your ass we are.

INT. STRIP JOINT - EARLY MORNING

CHIEF INSPECTOR SANDY MCDERMOTT of Scotland Yard enters a dimly lit strip joint in London. Two patrons are being entertained by two middle-aged strippers. In the stripper world, they're fondly referred to as the "B Team."

Sandy approaches a BARTENDER who's polishing glasses.

BARTENDER

Can I help you governor?

Sandy flashes his badge.

SANDY

Chief Inspector McDermott. I'm looking for Bernard Dunlevy. You seen him?

BARTENDER

You mean ole Buzz Bomb?

SANDY

(shakes his head)
Buzz Bomb. Right... Where is he?

The Bartender points to the VIP area.

BARTENDER

He's been at it all night mate.
Runnin' up quite a tab with the birds.

SANDY

Delightful. Mind if I have a peek?

BARTENDER

God Save the Queen.

He toasts the air and takes down a shot.

Sandy follows the sound of music through a heavy velvet curtain.

He finds Buzz seated in the rear stripper booth. He's holding a gigantic bottle of Moet Chandon with one hand and a celluloid-eaten butt cheek in the other.

Three naked strippers dance around and on him with full champagne glasses. "Anarchy in the UK" plays loudly.

One of the strippers sees Sandy enter. She walks over to him, grabs his tie and strokes it sexually.

STRIPPER#1

Come to join the party love? It's
50 quid a head.

SANDY

Some other time. I'm here for him.

He points to Buzz who is being suffocated by two very large saggy breasts.

STRIPPER#1

That's okay. We're AC/DC. Let's
party baby!

SANDY

(yelling) BUZZ!

Buzz peeks out from behind a breast.

BUZZ

Fuck off!

SANDY

Bernard...I need a word. Now!

Buzz looks at him again. He ignores him.

Sandy grabs a glass of champagne from a girl and douses it in Buzz's face. He grabs him and wrenches his right arm behind him.

BUZZ

Sandy?

STRIPPER#2

Leave him alone you wanker or we'll
call the cops.

Sandy pulls out his badge with his left hand, while still holding Buzz's arm.

SANDY

WE are the cops. Scotland Yard.
Party's over ladies.

He drags Buzz through the curtain. He can barely stand up. The strippers trail behind.

STRIPPER#1

(yelling) Hey! He hasn't paid yet!

BARTENDER

What about the tab boys?

Sandy hands him his business card.

SANDY

Charge it to the Yard.

INT. A QUAIN RESTAURANT - LATER

An OLDER WOMAN serves coffee and tea to Buzz and Sandy who are seated in a booth.

OLDER WOMAN

You gentlemen ready to order?

SANDY

Give me a Fry-Up. Thanks.

She turns to Buzz who is swaying back and forth and looking really green around the gills.

OLDER WOMAN

And, what about you sunshine?

Buzz brushes past the woman and barrels through several waiting customers. He doesn't make it outside.

He sticks his head in a potted plant and vomits. People are outraged.

A WOMAN looks at Sandy.

WOMAN

Oh my God!

WOMAN#2

That's disgusting.

SANDY

No ma'am. Just one of London's finest.

Sandy shows them his badge.

Buzz sits on the ground, semi-conscious.

INT. THE RESTAURANT - LATER

Buzz tries to recover from his hangover. He and Sandy eat their breakfast.

SANDY

Good news. You're finally off probation.

BUZZ

What dead end corner of the Yard am I being cubby-holed to this time? Airports and Terminals?

SANDY

No...You're back on Arts and Antiques.

BUZZ

Don't fuck with me Sandy. I'm not working for that bastard, again.

SANDY

I'm not boyo. Kensington failed his physical last week.

BUZZ

Bollocks. Everyone knows he's a fitness nut. What's the real score?

SANDY

(low voice) Is this off the record?

BUZZ

(yells) Of course.

SANDY

Turns out the old goat has an affinity for school boys.

BUZZ

Really? Moonlighting as a priest was he?

SANDY

Very funny. Officially he's being medically retired. You'll be back to your stomping grounds. Just like the old days.

BUZZ

Yeah, the old days. I don't want it. Not after the way I was treated three years ago. I'm not playing Humpty Dumpty again.

Sandy angrily slams his knife down on his plate and points at him.

SANDY

Listen to me you sanctimonious son of a bitch. After the Goddamn Scream debacle, I fought tooth and nail to keep you at the Yard when everyone and I mean everyone wanted your head on a silver platter.

Sandy stands up and grabs his coat.

SANDY (CONT'D)

You've got til noon to give me an answer. If I don't hear from you by then, consider yourself on permanent furlough...Buzz Bomb! And, for God's sake, clean yourself up man!

Sandy throws down money on the table. He storms out. Buzz realizes he's gone too far.

INT. AN OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY

A smiling secretary, GRACIE, pours a fresh cup of tea. She opens a file cabinet and grabs a file.

Gracie knocks once on a door and opens it. She enters an office where a man is typing on a computer.

GRACIE

Tea time Inspector.

Buzz turns around and looks at her.

BUZZ

Thanks Gracie.

She hands him a mug of tea and places a manila folder in front of him.

GRACIE

Here's the file you requested sir on the Pedersen/Kilpatrick Case.

BUZZ

Ah yes, a haunting reminder.

She pats him on the back.

GRACIE

It's good to have you back sir.

BUZZ

Thank you. It's good to be back.

She exits. He opens the file and extracts a CD from a holder. He puts it in the computer.

INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN

A surveillance picture of Sunday with a beautiful woman and Prince Charles. They're drinking champagne and laughing after a polo match.

BUZZ (V.O.)

Bastard...

Next to the picture is Sunday's case number, 3214762 and a rap sheet. He's a listed suspect in three unsolved art thefts: Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, Boston, USA, 1990, Drumlanrig Castle, Scotland, UK, 2003, Kilpatrick Estate, Belfast, Northern Ireland, UK, 2005.

BUZZ (V.O.)(CONT'D)

I know it was you...you son of a bitch.

Another surveillance picture comes up of Sunday sitting side by side at a piano with Sir Elton John during a concert.

A surveillance picture of a smiling Peter O'Toole and Sunday clinking whiskey shot glasses inside a pub. They're both wearing tuxedos.

Another surveillance picture of Sunday at charity event. He's sitting at a table and holding court with Anthony Hopkins, Helen Mirren, Sean Connery, Michael Caine, Kate Winslet and Rachel Weisz.

BUZZ (V.O.)(CONT'D)

Brash bastard. You've got 'em all fooled, don't you?

The screen changes to Danny's file. A surveillance picture of Danny appears. Danny is dressed in a nice suit, while entering the headquarters of Barclay's in London.

Another surveillance shot of Danny - this time he's doing yoga. He's the only man in the class, surrounded by twenty-five women.

BUZZ (V.O.)(CONT'D)

Wake up mate. Sunday's using you.

A beep on the intercom.

BACK TO SCENE

Buzz presses the intercom button.

GRACIE (V.O.)

I have a MEREILLE DUMONT from the French Surete. About the Queen's Art Exhibit...

BUZZ

Right. Put her through.

EXT./INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - DAY

It's the first day of the Queen's Art Exhibit at Buckingham Palace. A line of people slowly filter into the exhibit.

EXT. A STREET A BLOCK FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE - SAME

A van marked, "Wolfe Windows and Siding" is parked in the street.

INT. THE VAN - SAME

Danny takes a nervous bite out of large Snickers and cues up two monitors in the back of the van. One monitor shows a POV of the old man from his sunglasses and another from a small video camera inside the chair's armrest.

The POV camera suddenly shifts to a beautiful woman's behind and begins to zoom in.

DANNY

You're supposed to be focusing on the art.

SUNDAY (V.O.)

That is ART Danny.

The POV camera pans over to another woman's breasts. It zooms in closely.

INT. THE EXHIBIT - SAME

From the front of the wheelchair, we realize Sunday is disguised as an old man. He's been aged 40+ years. He wears a tweed cap. His hair is white and he has a white moustache. He's wearing a blue blazer with a military patch. His hands and face have been altered with state of the art movie makeup. A blanket covers his legs.

DANNY (V.O.)

Hang a right. We need to cover the entire exhibit.

SUNDAY

Got it.

Sunday turns right in the wheelchair. He maneuvers close to a wall of paintings. He stops and a small periscope type camera slowly emerges out of the wheelchair's steering stick . It rotates in a complete circle.

DANNY (V.O.)

Good mate. I'm getting it all. I'm gonna activate the glasses now. Make sure you hit every point we discussed.

SUNDAY

Roger. Light 'em up.

Sunday flips down his blue blocker sunglasses and starts to look around the room. The depth of field is completely changed as he can see through walls and other items in the room.

A young blonde woman walks across the room. Through the glasses, he can see her bra and panties.

DANNY (V.O.)

You're letting the little head do all the thinking mate.

Sunday turns and looks at an older couple staring at a painting. The glasses reveal that she's not wearing any underwear and he's wearing just a thong.

Sunday has a first class view of two senior citizen derrieres.

SUNDAY

Uhh... talk about a blessing and a curse.

Sunday focuses the glasses on the Mona Lisa. A morass of wiring runs out in all directions on that wall.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

It's a rat's nest back there.

Danny cannonballs some instant coffee grounds with hot chocolate.

DANNY (V.O.)
Standard security issue. Let me
worry about it. Just get me the
coverage. Now show me the cameras.

Sunday pans over to a corner camera and focuses the glasses
on it. He rotates around at the remaining six cameras in the
exhibit room.

DANNY (V.O.)
Zoom in. I need to know what I'm
dealing with.

Sunday zooms in on a corner camera.

INT. BREAK ROOM - SAME

Buzz stands in the room, arguing with Mereille DuMont, a
French police officer in her thirties. In the background, on
the TV monitors, Sunday can be seen moving around the exhibit
in his wheelchair with the rest of the patrons.

BUZZ
For the last bloody time, we're not
moving the exhibit. Her Majesty
specifically requested that the
painting be displayed in her
favorite wing.

MEREILLE
With all due respect, Inspector
Dunlevy, Queen Elizabeth isn't the
one who's responsible for the
painting and she knows nothing
about security.

BUZZ
And, apparently neither do you.
Putting the painting in another
room doubles the risk.

MEREILLE
So does putting all your eggs in
one basket...

BUZZ
The location is non-negotiable. I
already cleared it with your
superiors.

MEREILLE
This painting is the property of
France.

(MORE)

MEREILLE (cont'd)
 You better hope that nothing
 happens. And, with your track
 record, something probably will!

She lights up a cigarette and storms out, wiggling her
 bottom.

BUZZ
 There's no smoking in the palace!

A beat.

BUZZ (CONT'D)
 Bloody Frogs.

INT. PETRUS RESTAURANT, LONDON - SUNDAY NIGHT

Sunday and the beautiful JAMAICA SINCLAIR, the Duchess of
 Pinecrest have finished dinner. They've been dating off and
 on for years.

They rise from the table, ready to leave.

GORDON RAMSAY, the restaurant owner walks over to Sunday and
 Jamaica.

GORDON RAMSAY
 How was your meal sir?

SUNDAY
 Fantastic. Please give my
 compliments to the chef. He has a
 real career ahead of him. Make sure
 he doesn't become a cooking show
 hack.

GORDON RAMSAY
 I'll let him know, you cheeky
 bastard.

They shake hands.

GORDON RAMSAY (CONT'D)
 Jamaica, great seeing you again. I
 trust I'll see you on Friday?

JAMAICA
 Of course.

GORDON RAMSAY
 Goodnight.

He moves away from the table. Sunday and Jamaica exit.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Jamaica and Sunday walk out of Petrus. The paparazzi shout at them as they get into a Jaguar.
- The Jaguar arrives at a posh townhouse in London's Chelsea neighborhood. Sunday and Jamaica exit the car and walk into the townhouse.
- Sunday and Jamaica showering. They're pressed up against the steamy glass.
- An empty bedroom scene. A large wicker chest sits in front of the bed. Suddenly, the top pops open and Sunday peeks his head out. He's only wearing a necktie.

BACK TO SCENE

SUNDAY

Whooo...That was a first for me.

Jamaica pops up for a second and grabs his tie.

JAMAICA

Good. How about a second?

She pulls him down as the top falls.

INT. JAMAICA'S BEDROOM - LATER

They're both entwined under the covers. She rests her head on his chest and looks into his eyes.

JAMAICA

E.B. have you ever thought of making an honest woman out of me? It's been three years.

SUNDAY

Has it been that long? I feel like I just met you.

JAMAICA

Very funny.

She hits him in the chest.

SUNDAY

Of course I've thought about it. But, I think we should take our time.

JAMAICA

Well, don't take too long. My
clock's ticking.

He puts his head near her breasts.

SUNDAY

Really, I don't hear anything.

A beat.

JAMAICA

I want you to meet my aunt.

Sunday knows where this is going. He feigns surprise.

SUNDAY

Wow! You're bringing out the big
guns. You're not messing around.

JAMAICA

A girl's gotta do what a girl's
gotta do.

SUNDAY

I'd love to meet her. Let me know.

JAMAICA

Since you're an art lover, I
assumed you'd want to escort me to
the Queen's Exhibit.

SUNDAY

Of course.

JAMAICA

How's Friday sound?

Sunday is taken aback.

SUNDAY

This...Friday?

JAMAICA

Yeah, we just have to be at the
security checkpoint at seven.

SUNDAY

I wouldn't miss it for the world.

They kiss.

INT. DANNY'S APARTMENT - EARLY NEXT MORNING

Three knocks on a door. No answer. Three more knocks. No answer. Three more knocks...

DANNY
What the hell!

Danny climbs out of bed and opens the door suddenly. He looks up at a perfectly attired Sunday, who's wearing the same clothes from the night before and holding a tray with two cups of coffee.

SUNDAY
Nice to see you too...MATE.

Sunday brushes past Danny. Danny scratches his head, looking around in confusion.

DANNY
It's six AM Sunday. Can't this wait?

SUNDAY
No, it can't. Get out your firecrackers. The plan's a go.

Sunday opens the curtains. Light filters in. The apartment is a techy's wet dream. Computers, hard drives, monitors, speakers, TV's, surveillance equipment and boxes are strewn everywhere. A pizza sits on a coffee table with a bottle of Coke and some opened packets of instant coffee.

Danny sips his coffee and tries to wake up.

DANNY
Jesus man, when?

SUNDAY
Friday.

DANNY
FRIDAY? How the hell we gonna get in? Security'll be tighter than the Queen's arsehole.

Sunday smiles.

SUNDAY
Nice visual Danny. But, I've taken care of that. Jamaica asked me to escort her to the exhibit.

DANNY

Really? Then all we have to worry about now is what to do while you're inside.

SUNDAY

Exactly. Get dressed. We've got a lot of work to do.

Sunday picks up a shirt off a small table. Underneath it is a Stanley Gibbons Stamp Catalogue, an open stamp album and a magnifying glass. He pauses for a second looking at it.

Sunday throws the shirt to him.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - AFTERNOON

A security dress rehearsal. Buzz and Mereille watch as the Beefeater Guards walk the red carpet to simulate the Queen's arrival. Plain clothes agents flank each side.

BUZZ

For Christ's sake MCKAGEN, is this your first day on the job lad? Get your men to spread out more. We need 110 percent coverage.

MCKAGEN

Right sir. You heard him. Let's do it again boys.

The Beefeaters and the plain clothes security go to the bottom of the entrance and start over.

BUZZ

(looks at MEREILLE) It'll be a miracle if she even makes it up the bloody stairs.

INT. SUNDAY'S APARTMENT - SAME

A detailed mock-up of the Queen's Exhibit and surrounding areas around London, sits on the kitchen table.

Sunday points a laser at various points along the model.

SUNDAY

Shock and Awe Danny; we need explosives, here, here, here and here.

DANNY

I'm one step ahead of you. Follow me.

EXT. A PARKING LOT - LATER

Danny extracts a Coke can from his backpack and hands it to Sunday.

SUNDAY

I'm not thirsty.

DANNY

Just watch.

Sitting in the middle of the parking lot is an identical Coke can.

Danny pulls out a remote control and pushes a button. A cacophonous boom ensues. Smoke billows from the can.

SUNDAY

That's good. We don't want anyone getting hurt.

DANNY

Of course not. It's all smoke and mirrors mate. Smoke and mirrors.

Sunday smiles.

INT. VAN - LATER

Danny drives the van into a small village. In the backdrop is a local rugby game being played under lights.

SUNDAY

We've got to cut the power for at least ten minutes. Is that gonna be a problem?

DANNY

I can guarantee you at least one grid.

SUNDAY

Is that enough to take care of the palace?

DANNY

The palace and ten city blocks. -- Follow me.

The van stops. They exit. Danny is carrying a pneumatic air-compressed gun.

SUNDAY

Oh boy, more show and tell?

DANNY

You'll see.

They stop in front of a chain link fence, surrounding a small town electrical power generator. Power lines stretch across a field and into a valley.

Danny aims the gun and fires a spider-web like fabric the size of a bath towel. It lands across several different high power wires.

SUNDAY

That's it?

DANNY

Trust me you pessimistic sod.

They get in the back of the van, which has been transformed into the most technologically advanced vehicle around. Sunday is amazed.

SUNDAY

Jesus, I guess you HAVE been busy.

DANNY

Bloody right. Our panty-raiding days are over.

He points out the back window to the village and illuminated rugby field.

DANNY (CONT'D)

It's show time.

Danny pulls out another remote the size of a Blackberry. He pushes some buttons.

EXT. POWER LINES - SAME

The spiderweb substance starts smoking and begins to melt. The copper wiring underneath becomes exposed, shorting out each line.

EXT. THE VILLAGE AND RUGBY FIELD - SAME

Danny and Sunday stand on a rise and observe the lighted village and the bright rugby field stadium lights.

INT. A PUB IN TOWN - SAME

A crowded pub. Manchester United is playing Chelsea. It's a shootout of penalty kicks. The player goes to kick the ball and the place goes pitch black.

MAN#1

For Christ's sake. Didn't you pay
the bill?

MAN#2

Get it on!

MAN#3

It's a penalty kick man!

MAN#4

Free pints on the house!

The men in the bar shout insults to the owner who's frantically fiddling with a circuit box.

EXT. THE VAN - SAME

The valley below them is now pitch black. Whistling and hisses come from the stadium. Sunday and Danny high-five.

SUNDAY

I'd say London's in for an
interesting night.

EXT. A VAN - NIGHT

A white early 90's van with the markings, "DURHAM'S PEST CONTROL - WE DON'T DISCRIMINATE, WE EXTERMINATE," sits parked on a side street. Underneath the motto is a cartoon of a dead cockroach with a "D" stamped on its chest.

INT. THE VAN - SAME

Danny sits inside his high tech world, looking at several monitors and eating Chinese food out of a carton with chopsticks. He then takes some tea leaves in his hand, swallows them in a gulp and then cannonballs it with a bottle of Green Machine.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - SAME

A long line of well-dressed people wait to enter Buckingham Palace for the Queen's Exhibit.

Sunday, wearing a black tuxedo, escorts a stunning Jamaica Sinclair. They're catnip for the rabid paparazzi.

In a corner, Chef Gordon Ramsay prepares a masterpiece display of hors d'oeuvres.

They finally enter the security area and pass through a metal detector without any problem.

Buzz Dunlevy spots Sunday and his eyes widen.

BUZZ

Son...of...a...bitch.

Buzz walks over to Sunday at a hurried pace.

BUZZ (CONT'D)

(to security) I want him checked again.

JAMAICA

We just went through the machine.

SUNDAY

It's okay baby, why don't you get us some champagne. The inspector's just doing his job.

He kisses her on the cheek.

A SECURITY GUARD checks Sunday with a wand and pats him down.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

It's good to see you too Bernard.

A beep emanates from the direction of Sunday's waist.

Sunday opens his jacket, revealing a belt buckle.

BUZZ

Why you wearing a belt with a tuxedo?

SUNDAY

It's obvious one of us lost a few pounds since we last met. (grins)

BUZZ

(to security) Check it out.

The Security Guard wands the belt buckle. It beeps.

SECURITY GUARD

It's clean sir.

BUZZ
Right. (to security) That's all.

SECURITY GUARD
Yes sir.

He walks over to the entrance.

BUZZ
(in Sunday's face) You've got some nerve showing up here.

SUNDAY
I'm an art lover. You know that Buzz.

BUZZ
BOLLOCKS! I love quiff but you don't see me down at a whorehouse.

After a beat.

BUZZ (CONT'D)
I've got my eye on you Sunday. Remember that. We all do.

Buzz points to the ceiling.

Jamaica arrives with two flutes of champagne and hands one to Sunday. He toasts the cameras.

SUNDAY
Thank you darlin'. (a beat) Oh, how rude of me. Bernard, this is the Queen's niece, Duchess Sinclair.

She puts out her hand.

BUZZ
Pleasure to meet you Duchess. Enjoy the exhibit.

She smiles.

JAMAICA
You too.

Buzz points to the ceiling again. Sunday toasts him. Buzz walks away.

Jamaica sees a woman and a man enter past security.

JAMAICA (CONT'D)

Lady Emilee's here with her new husband. I must say hello.

SUNDAY

Sure, sure, go ahead. I'm gonna get a closer look at the Van Gogh.

JAMAICA

He's one of your favorites isn't he?

SUNDAY

Yep, a misunderstood neurotic genius. Just like me...

He kisses her.

JAMAICA

(laughs) Hardly...

He winks at her as she walks away. He strolls over to the Van Gogh.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

You hear the old man sniffing my crotch?

An ECU of Sunday's ear reveals a tiny ear piece.

DANNY (V.O.)

Yeah, you two are real chummy.

SUNDAY

We all set?

DANNY

Everything's wired and ready to go. On your signal and Bob's your uncle. You remember the word right?

SUNDAY

How could I ever forget.

An OLD WOMAN walks over and looks at the painting too.

OLD WOMAN

Oh, what a lovely painting...

Trumpets sound in the palace, indicating the Queen's arrival.

SUNDAY

Kind of reminds me of Munch's THE SCREAM, but I can't see that well.

(MORE)

SUNDAY (cont'd)

I've been fighting cataracts all my life.

Sunday puts a pair of sunglasses on.

OLD WOMAN

Oh, you poor thing.

SUNDAY

There's so much pain in every brush stroke. Just like THE SCREAM!

INT. THE VAN - SAME

Danny, caught off guard, drops his chopsticks, and his chop suey into his lap. He then turns on a device that resembles a power strip with a dozen buttons. Each button is fully lit. He presses each button one at a time.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- Two explosions go off in two cans in front of Buckingham Palace.

- An explosion rings out in a trash can in the middle of Trafalgar Square.

- Three explosions detonate in three trash cans placed on both ends and in the middle of London Bridge.

- An explosion goes off in a trash can in front of the House of Commons.

- An explosion rings out in a trash can next to the Tower of London.

BACK TO SCENE

Danny cheers loudly as he watches the harmless explosions on the monitors. In the distance sirens blare.

He hits a button on his laptop.

EXT. POWER STATION - SAME

The spider webbing begins to glow. The power wires begin to short each other out.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - SAME

Total chaos; explosions can be heard and the power suddenly goes out.

The doors slam shut and lock tight. People run around in a panic state.

BUZZ (O.S.)
Get the bleeding emergency
generator on!

Officials attempt to open the front doors.

OFFICIAL
The damn doors are locked. We can't
get them open!

Sunday pulls on both ends of his bowtie and several mini canisters of knockout gas are ejected from his belt buckle.

Sunday quickly rips off his cumberbun, which hides a small gas mask, sewn to the inside. He ties the cumberbun/gas mask over his face.

Smoke from the canisters wafts thickly through the area, causing everyone to be quickly incapacitated.

Breathing heavily into his mask, he sees the palace in a green infrared hue. Through the smoke, Sunday walks over to the Mona Lisa.

DANNY (V.O.)
Four minutes left mate. You know
where to find me.

SUNDAY
You bet.

Sunday easily pulls the Mona Lisa off the wall and quickly cuts the picture out of the frame. He hears more sirens blaring in the distance as security reinforcements are on the way.

Sunday walks toward the back of the exhibit and over to an unconscious Queen Elizabeth who is lying on the floor.

SUNDAY
Priceless... Sorry, to crash your
party ma'am.

Sunday walks over to Gordon Ramsay's table. The chef is passed out in his own souffle display.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)
Bon appetit Gordon.

Sunday pockets several appetizers.

INT. THE VAN - SAME

Sirens wail in the distance, getting closer - a lot of sirens.

DANNY
Stop fucking around. We've got to
get out of here.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - SAME

SUNDAY
This'll only take a second.

Sunday walks toward the back door and sees Buzz sitting propped up against a wall, also unconscious.

INT. THE VAN - SAME

Popping some tea leaves.

DANNY
We don't have time for this Sunday.
Every Tom, Dick and Harry with a
badge is headed our way.

SUNDAY (V.O.)
Don't get your panties in a
bunch...It's cool.

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - SAME

Sunday pats Buzz on the head. He smiles widely.

INT. THE VAN - SAME

DANNY
Forty-five seconds and I'm driving
away!

INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - SAME

Sunday looks at Buzz, although we can't see Buzz now.

SUNDAY

See you around Buzz.

Carrying the Mona Lisa, Sunday runs down the back hallway and out a back door that is already propped open. Two security guards lie unconscious on the floor. As Sunday makes his way past them, one makes a feeble attempt to grab Sunday's foot. The guard passes out again.

Sunday climbs inside the side door.

INT. THE VAN - SAME

Sunday arranges the painting under a tarp as Danny hauls ass out of the parking lot.

DANNY

What are you crazy messing around in there?

SUNDAY

Of course I am. WE just stole the Mona Lisa.

EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - TWO HOURS LATER

Simon Kincaid, the BBC reporter, stands in front of Buckingham Palace.

SIMON KINCAID

I'm here at Buckingham Palace, where just two hours ago, thieves ran off with the world's most famous painting, the Mona Lisa. The culprits set off planned diversionary explosions across London and then blacked-out a two miles radius around the palace. Scotland Yard is also reporting that the villains used some type of knock out gas, which rendered all of the guests unconscious. The Queen is in stable condition after being rushed to London General Hospital.

File footage rolls of an ambulance and entourage rushing the Queen inside an emergency room.

BACK TO THE LIVE REPORT

SIMON KINCAID (CONT'D)

Another high-profile victim was Britain's top chef, Gordon Ramsay, who ended up ass over teacup into his own display.

INSERT PICTURE

Two paramedics pull Gordon Ramsay out of his own display. His face is smeared with souffle.

BACK TO SCENE

SIMON KINCAID (CONT'D)

Experts say that the well-coordinated theft is eerily similar to the infamous Scream heist three years ago. Ironically, Inspector Bernard Buzz Dunlevy was recently recalled back to the Arts and Antiques Squad and put in charge of security for the exhibit. Top officials are already questioning the wisdom of that decision. This is Simon Kincaid reporting.

EXT. SUNDAY'S APARTMENT - SAME

A black van with a white and pink magnetic business logo that reads "Blanche's Boutique" pulls up in front of Sunday's apartment.

INT. VAN - SAME

Danny keys a cell phone.

DANNY

I'm out in front mate. Let's go for Christ's sake.

SUNDAY (V.O.)

I'll be out in two. I'm just finishing up.

Danny pops a couple Tums and shakes his head.

INT. SUNDAY'S APARTMENT - SAME

The place is now barren except for the Mona Lisa matchbook mural which still hangs on the wall.

Sunday takes out the white matchbook from the Kilpatrick Estate heist and strikes a match. He lights the bottom of the mural on fire. It begins to spread.

He turns around and heads quickly for the stairs. At the other end of the living room; twenty gasoline drums are neatly stacked.

EXT. SUNDAY'S APARTMENT - SAME

Sunday gets into the van and they speed off. We see fire blazing inside the building. A window blows out. The flames curl around the building, engulfing it.

As the van drives further down the road, a huge explosion can be seen and heard in the distance.

INT. THE VAN - SAME

Sunday calmly lights a Dunhill cigarette with a matchbook from Buckingham Palace.

SUNDAY

What do you say Danny? A Monet mural next time?

He shows him the matchbook.

DANNY

For fuck's sake mate. Can we get out of the country first?

SUNDAY

I hope you've been brushing up on your Italian.

DANNY

Oh no...

SUNDAY

Si...(smiling)

INSERT NEWSPAPER

The front page of the Daily Mail. A headline reads, "Queen Framed While Scotland Yard Sleeps."

Underneath the headline are two pictures: one of Queen Elizabeth, unconscious with a Mona Lisa frame around her crumpled, elderly body.

Next to that picture is a shot of Buzz passed out against a wall with a walkie-talkie in his hand. On top of his head is a large Beefeater hat.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. PRESS CONFERENCE BUCKINGHAM PALACE - NEXT DAY

In the courtyard of Buckingham Palace, a large press conference takes place. TV stations from around the world are covering the event. Buzz stands at a microphone taking a verbal lashing from the press corps.

REPORTER #1 holds a Daily Mail in his hands.

REPORTER #1

Her Majesty is enduring total humiliation in front of the world's eyes because of your incompetence, Inspector Dunlevy.

BUZZ

As I already stated and because of the sensitive nature of the Queen's health, I will not comment until further investigation.

REPORTER #2

(speaking English with French accent)
Would you care to comment Inspector, on the fact that you're directly responsible for the loss of two of the most valuable pieces of art on earth?

Sandy McDermott steps in.

SANDY

That's enough. There will be no more questions.

In the background several HOOLIGANS yell and start throwing projectiles at Buzz and Sandy.

HOOLIGAN #1 (O.S.)

You fucking wanker Dunlevy!

Buzz is hit in the head with a tomato. Sandy keys his radio.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Get us out of here. Now!

They run to a waiting police SUV as the hooligans yell at them and throw more tomatoes and eggs.

The SUV drives away hurriedly as the local police break up the raucous and arrest some of the rebel rousers.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- Buzz sits in a tiny chair wearing earphones. French government officials in powdered wigs and robes sit on a high platform grilling him. A large French flag hangs in the background. They urgently pepper him with questions.

- Buzz stands in front of a microphone inside the House of Commons. The now famous picture of the Queen with a frame around her body is flashed on a huge presentation screen. A near riot ensues as the members of parliament shake their fists and yell at him.

BACK TO SCENE

SUPER: VENICE, ITALY

EXT. VENICE, ITALY - DAY

A panoramic shot of the city.

EXT. BAUER HOTEL - SAME

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAME

The doorbell rings.

Danny looks at Sunday.

SUNDAY

I ordered us some breakfast while
you were in the shower. We've got a
long day ahead of us.

Danny answers the door. A HOTEL WAITER enters with a cart of steaming food and coffee. He looks at his order form.

HOTEL WAITER

Uh...Senor Doyle? Popeye Doyle?

SUNDAY

Right here.

The waiter pulls off some lids revealing a full course breakfast for two.

Sunday tips him generously.

HOTEL WAITER
Mille grazie senor.(thank you sir)

The waiter exits.

DANNY
What's with the French Connection
rubbish?

SUNDAY
I'm a movie buff. Cream or sugar
Danny?

Sunday hands Danny a cup and saucer.

Sunday and Danny watch the news. Simon Kincaid reports...

INSERT TV SCREEN

SIMON KINCAID
Things went from bad to worse
yesterday during a press conference
at Buckingham Palace. The source of
the anger stemmed from the Daily
Mail's shocking front page picture.

The Daily Mail front page is seen on the screen.

BACK TO SCENE

SUNDAY
Poor old Buzz...

DANNY
Oh shit! So that's what you were
doing. That's my queen mate.

SUNDAY
Sorry, I couldn't resist. The old
bag was just laying there.

INSERT TV SCREEN

SIMON KINCAID
Scotland Yard has put out an
international APB for Ernest
Beaufort Sunday, an American and
his accomplice, Danny Wells of the
United Kingdom.

BACK TO SCENE

DANNY
Ernest Beaufort?

SUNDAY
Watch it... That was my
granddaddy's name from Lubbock,
Texas.

INSERT TV SCREEN

The TV shows pictures of both men. Sunday is shown in a picture with his arms around Princes William and Harry at Wimbledon. Danny's photo shows him and Bill Gates.

SIMON KINCAID
Police confirm that Mr. Sunday was at the exhibit as the guest of Duchess Jamaica Sinclair, the Queen's niece. Mr. Wells is suspected to have been driving the getaway vehicle. Both men are believed to be hiding out somewhere on the European continent. Scotland Yard and Interpol are working around the clock to retrieve the Mona Lisa and close the book on this devastating royal scandal. From London, this is Simon Kincaid reporting.

SUNDAY
I love that guy.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - SAME

Buzz, Sandy and Mereille stand in an operations room at Scotland Yard. Maps dot the walls and other agents answer phones. The manhunt is on.

The Simon Kincaid report plays.

BUZZ
I hate that guy.

MEREILLE
I just got off the phone with the Foreign Minister. The British government has one week to locate the Mona Lisa, otherwise the French government is taking over the investigation.

SANDY
(to Buzz) You hear that boyo?

BUZZ
I hear you. I'll get the painting
back. Trust me. Just let me do this
my way.

Mereille lights a Gauloise cigarette, looks at Buzz, laughs
and blows smoke in his face.

MEREILLE
You are so full of it. Do you know
that? We're in this situation
because of you, you buffoon. (to
Sandy) And, you trust him to
successfully recover France's
greatest treasure?

SANDY
Yes, I do. I have the utmost
confidence in Inspector Dunlevy's
abilities.

MEREILLE
I'm glad to hear that... We have a
name for the both of you in France,
LES INCOMPETENTES.

She storms out.

BUZZ
Leave it to the French to call an
Italian painting their own.

Sandy grabs his sleeve.

SANDY
Listen to me boyo, I really don't
like the Frogs much either, BUT,
I've got everyone from the Duke of
Bainbridge to the Queen's toilet
valet on my ass. Hell, half of
Europe wants to have a go with you.
You better dig up the Mona Lisa and
you better dig it up yesterday! Or,
else I'd start looking for a flat
in Zimbabwe.

EXT. MANSION IN VENICE, ITALY - SUNSET

Sunday and Danny pull up in an Alfa Romeo convertible in front of a mansion. A beautiful sunset is seen in the background.

Sunday looks at Danny and rings the bell. They're both wearing white pants with blue sport coats. Sunday holds a long aluminum tube in his hand.

SUNDAY

We've got to start coordinating our outfits from now on, this is ridiculous.

DANNY

We look like we're sailing on the bloody Love Boat.

After a beat.

SUNDAY

Speaking of love, you sure you're ready for this? You look a little peeked.

DANNY

I'll manage mate. It's been three years.

The door opens. A BUTLER opens the door.

BUTLER

Good evening gentlemen.

SUNDAY

Good evening. Senors Sunday and Wells to see Senora Volare.

BUTLER

She's been expecting you. Right this way.

They walk inside. It's a beautiful home, decorated in Italian marble. The place screams excessive wealth.

ISABELLA VOLARE, 65 and still gorgeous walks down a flight of stairs. Her dark hair hangs past her shoulders. Her ample breasts accentuate her tight dress. A Bond girl would be jealous.

ISABELLA

Sunday and Wells how are you?

Sunday moves to greet her. She blows past him and grabs Danny, kissing him on both cheeks and smothering him with her bosom.

Isabella has Danny in a lip lock. He pulls himself away.

Sunday coughs. She walks by him.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
Drinks by the pool shall we?

She leads them outside to a beautiful terrace with a pool and a magnificent view of Venice. Sunday grins at Danny who looks emotionally shell-shocked.

Isabella walks over to a wet bar.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)
What can I get you lover?

DANNY
Campari on the rocks please.

SUNDAY
(grinning) Better make it a double.

Danny scowls at him.

ISABELLA
And you Sunday?

SUNDAY
Mmm...I'll take an Andy Warhol.

ISABELLA
A what?

SUNDAY
An Andy Warhol - you know tomato juice, vodka and Kentucky bourbon. And, don't forget the olive.

ISABELLA
You going to drink that or light it on fire?

SUNDAY
Take a look at our offer.

She hands Danny his drink and prepares Sunday's, while opening an envelope.

She gives Sunday his drink.

ISABELLA

It's reasonable, I think,
considering the only two people who
will see it are me and my husband.

SUNDAY

Oh yeah, how is good ole Giovanni?

He smiles at Danny.

ISABELLA

He's away on business as usual. He
won't be back for another week.

SUNDAY

Really? (looking at Danny) How
convenient.

She waves the envelope.

ISABELLA

Sunday, we shall finalize the deal
after our usual consummation.

Danny coughs up his drink.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

If you'll excuse me, I'll be in the
powder room. Enjoy the sunset.
Danny...

She winks at him and exits.

DANNY

I can't. I promised myself I
wouldn't this time.

SUNDAY

Ever hear of "taking one for the
team, Danny?"

DANNY

She's crazy. Last time she kept me
up for 48 hours straight. I almost
went into a coma.

ISABELLA (O.S.)

Danny, I'm ready...

Danny's eyes widen.

At the top of the stairs, Isabella is dressed in a see-through nightie. She holds a bottle of champagne.

SUNDAY

(bad British accent) For Queen and country, mate. For queen and country.

Danny gets up and storms off.

DANNY

Fuck off.

EXT./INT. EURAIL TRAIN - NEXT DAY

A high speed train zips through the patchwork quilt French countryside.

Danny holds on desperately to a glass. His hand is visibly trembling. Sunday grabs a bottle of Bushmills and fills the glass.

Danny takes a big swig as Sunday watches him.

SUNDAY

Sounds like you had a hell of a night.

DANNY

I thought I was home free until she broke out the pleasure chest.

SUNDAY

Pleasure chest?

Danny takes another big swig. He looks like hell.

DANNY

She's into it all mate; gag balls, handcuffs, whips, chains, swings and that's not all; she made me wear a... bloody Hitler Youth uniform.

SUNDAY

A Hitler Youth uniform? (smiling)

Danny takes the bottle and takes a big swig.

DANNY

I don't want to talk about it. Do you know how exhausting it is to shag while you're sieg-heiling for two hours?

SUNDAY

I always knew she was a fascist
bitch.

DANNY

It gets worse mate. She tastes like
battery acid south of the border.

Sunday cringes and pours more Bushmills into Danny's glass.

SUNDAY

Disinfectant Danny. Drink up amigo.

EXT. MONTE CARLO - DAY

Sunday and Danny ride on a launch and approach a giant yacht.

As they pull up to the yacht we see its name, THE POMPADOUR.

They board the yacht. Sunday carries an aluminum tube in his
hand. They're greeted by LES MARCINI, a 50-ish self-made
millionaire holding a cigar.

LES

Gentlemen, welcome aboard.

They all shake hands and then follow Les. They walk over to
four gorgeous women who are sunbathing topless.

LES (CONT'D)

Fellas, let me introduce TRACY,
STACY, LACEY AND CASEY.

GIRLS

Hi...

Danny's eyes light up like a Christmas tree.

DANNY

(whispers) Thank you God.

SUNDAY

Redemption at last.

LES

Let's go inside shall we. You guys
had lunch yet?

SUNDAY AND DANNY

No.

LES

Good. Cause I'm starving.

He takes a puff of his cigar.

LES (CONT'D)
JEAN-CLAUDE's prepared something
really special for us . I think
you'll like it.

INT. THE POMPADOUR - LATER

They finish the last course of a lavish four-course meal. A waiter pours coffee and drinks.

Danny refuses the coffee.

SUNDAY
What's wrong? You're a coffee
freak.

DANNY
Got a little stomach raucous mate.
Must be the water.

Les reaches into his own pocket and throws Danny two travel size Alka Seltzer packets.

LES
Use a couple of these. Does the
trick every time.

DANNY
Thanks.

Les lights up a cigar.

LES
So, tell me how you guys pulled it
off.

Sunday and Danny look at each other.

SUNDAY
That's a trade secret Les. We tell
you and we're knocked out of the
equation. You don't ask Jean-Claude
how he makes his truffles do you?
You just enjoy it.

LES
Point well taken...You boys should
be glad to hear that the Queen has
fully recovered from your little
fireworks display.

SUNDAY
Fireworks display?

LES
Aside from a urinary tract
infection, she's ship shape.

Danny winces in fake pain at the visual.

SUNDAY
Since you've been a good customer
over the years, we've decided to
give you a little bit of a
discount.

Sunday pulls out an envelope and pushes it across the table
to Les. Les opens it and reads.

LES
Ten million is a discount?

DANNY
Dollar's weak now. If you'd prefer
to pay in pounds go right ahead.

Les holds up his hand.

LES
Relax. I'm just busting balls. Have
I ever let you two down before?

SUNDAY
Has your collection grown since our
last transaction?

LES
(smiles) I thought you'd never ask.
Come with me.

They exit and walk outside past the girls who are sunbathing.
Sunday puts on his SUNGLASSES. They walk down a flight of
stairs and then below deck.

INT. A CABIN - SAME

They enter a cabin and Les turns on the lights, revealing a
room that resembles the set of Masterpiece Theater minus
Alistair Cooke. Sunday and Danny look around.

SUNDAY
This is nice, really nice. (mock
Ricardo Montalban) Corinthian
leather?

LES
Very funny.

Danny examines the books.

DANNY
First editions are they?

He is holding a copy of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

LES
Every one.

Les pulls out a copy of The Old Man and the Sea. There's a "click" sound and Les then pulls open the bookcases revealing a steel door with a security access pad. Les quickly enters the access code and the door unlocks.

INT. THE GALLERY - SAME

Les leads the way inside and again he turns on the lights. A half dozen of the world's rarest stolen paintings line the walls.

Sunday stares at them.

DANNY
Is that the Picasso self-portrait that was stolen from New York this year?

LES
Bingo, you were always my favorite connoisseur Danny.

DANNY
That was Robinson who filched it? He's a bloody good thief.

LES
Bastard charged me a premium.

SUNDAY
I heard that was on the market.

LES
I beat that whore Isabella Volare to the punch by 12 hours. You guys ever work with her?

SUNDAY
No, she's not in the market. Tax problems or something like that.

LES

Whatever you do, don't fall for her charms. She's spread more cases of the clap than a pack of Saigon whores.

Danny turns white.

SUNDAY

We keep hearing that. Last time we saw her, she tied Danny up for hours trying to seduce him.

Danny gives him a dirty look.

LES

I gotta give her credit. She has a pretty extensive collection.

Danny looks at a display of stamps underneath a glass case.

DANNY

Nice stamp collection Les. Those Graf Zeppelins are worth a fortune.

LES

My dad bought those when he was a kid. (runs hand along glass) This baby's temperature-controlled and water-tight. So, you dabble in stamps too?

DANNY

Just recently, fascinating hobby.

Les points.

LES

I bought the Mauritius singles and the Hawaiian Missionary plate blocks last month in New York.

DANNY

Sweet...

Sunday gives Danny a wink.

Les cuts the lights and they walk out and back up to the deck.

EXT. THE DECK - SAME

The girls are sunbathing and diving off the boat into the turquoise water.

SUNDAY

You've got a hell of a collection.
But, I did notice an empty space on
the wall. Do we have a deal?

LES

God damn right we do! PIERRE!

PIERRE comes out with a tray holding a bottle of Moet Chandon champagne and three glasses. He pops it open and pours three glasses.

LES (CONT'D)

Cheers.

SUNDAY

Cheers.

DANNY

Cheers mate.

LES

(to the girls) What do you say
girls? Shall we hit the mainland
tonight?

The girls cheer.

MONTAGE: MONTE CARLO NIGHT LIFE

- Les, Sunday and Danny enter the casino with the ladies.
- They play a variety of casino games: roulette, baccarat, craps, etc. One of the girls wins big. - Les hits big on roulette and the croupier pushes over a huge stack of chips to him.
- They all dine outside, with a spectacular view of the ocean.
- They walk into a five star hotel and into the elevator all the way up to the penthouse.
- They enter a beautiful penthouse suite. Three concierges are holding sterling silver buckets of champagne.
- Sunday and Les pair off with a girl. Danny is the lucky winner. He shuffles two girls into his room.

Before closing the door he looks to the sky and mouths the words, "Thank You."

BACK TO SCENE

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - SAME

Buzz Dunlevy makes a half-ass peanut butter and jelly sandwich. He takes a bite, and a glob of jelly lands on his shirt. He sips a cup of tea. The public and private pressures have begun to wear him down.

An AGENT enters.

AGENT

Excuse me inspector. We just got word from Interpol that they may be in Italy.

BUZZ

Give me a list of known black-market buyers in Italy.

AGENT

Yes sir.

BUZZ

Also, track down JACQUES CABOT in Nice. When you get him on the horn, patch him through.

AGENT

Yes sir.

BUZZ

Have Gracie brew up another batch of Earl Grey. We're going to be here all night.

INT. HOUSE IN NICE, FRANCE - NEXT MORNING

Inside a large living room with hardwood floors, exercise mats, a pink exercise ball and the damndest view of Nice you've ever seen.

Jacques Cabot, a 43 year old flamboyant French gay man wears a purple warm-up suit with black leg warmers. A pink sweat band is around his head. He is furiously exercising to a Richard Simmons video. "Physical" blares throughout the house.

RICHARD SIMMONS (T.V)
 Blow it out. Blow it out. That's
 right honey. You've got it now!
 One, two, three, four!

BRUNO, Jacques' buffed-up lover walks into the room, wearing nothing but an apron. His chest is bare and he's yelling to Jacques with a phone in his hand.

BRUNO
 (French) Telephone Jacques.

Jacques either cannot hear him or ignores him.

BRUNO (CONT'D)
 (yelling)(French) Jacques, it's
 Inspector Dunlevy from London!

Jacques turns his head, annoyed and mutes the TV. He runs over like a drama queen and rips the phone from Bruno.

JACQUES
 Allo?

SPLIT SCREEN

Buzz sits in the corner of a pub. A waitress takes away an empty pint glass and replaces it with a fresh Guinness.

BUZZ
 Thanks SUSIE. Jacques, I understand
 you have some information for me?

JACQUES
 I do baby...There's been some
 unusual chatter lately from a
 couple bottoms I know who work for
 Les Marcini...

BUZZ
 Go on...

JACQUES
 Your two boys were seen
 gallivanting around Monte last
 night with a few of his whores.

BUZZ
 Did they see or hear anything?

JACQUES
 Nothing unusual expect Sunday was
 carrying a protective tube when he
 boarded the yacht.

BUZZ

Is that right? Are they still there?

JACQUES

No, they stayed at the L'Hotel Shoup last night. I don't where they are now...I'll leave that up to you.

BUZZ

Thanks Jacques, you've always been my favorite French girl.

JACQUES

Oh Buzzy you're so crass, but I love you. Send my check to the usual address. Now, can I go back to my exercising?

BUZZ

Is that what you people call it now - "exercising?"

JACQUES

Au revoir Buzz.

Jacques clicks the mute button on the remote and Laura Branigan's "Gloria" booms through the house as Jacques returns to his convulsions.

EXT. GREEK ISLANDS - DAY

A single engine pontoon plane flies over the gorgeous Greek Isles. The plane makes a perfect landing and pulls up to a dock.

Sunday and Danny exit the plane, carrying their luggage and an aluminum tube. They are met by a man in an Arabic dish-dash and follow him up a grand staircase that leads to a white, stucco mansion.

INT. MANSION, GREEK ISLANDS - SAME

Sunday and Danny enter the mansion. It's decorated in an Arab style and looks like it belongs on the set of Lawrence of Arabia. Two LACKEYS, MALEEK and TARIQ take their baggage.

MALEEK

Meeester Al-Naj will join you soon, please follow me.

He leads them into a large sitting room that is decorated with the finest decor. Beautiful art, Ming Dynasty vases and several gold statues catch Sunday's eye.

INT. SITTING ROOM - SAME

Sunday and Danny sit down on the floor and are served dates, apricots, and tea by two beautiful women in Arabic traditional garb.

DANNY

She's a looker.

SUNDAY

How do you know? I can't see a damn thing.

DANNY

The Arabs got it right. Skinny ankles and beautiful eyes mate. That's all a bloke needs.

SUNDAY

Speak for yourself. I've banged plenty of fat chicks with skinny ankles in my time.

DANNY

That's your own fault. Those trailer parks are a mother fucker mate.

Sunday grins.

The Lackeys enter with trays of lamb, fowl and rice. Sunday and Danny help themselves greedily.

Danny takes a bite from a drumstick.

DANNY

Wow! That's bloody good chicken.

TARIQ

Oh, no, no, no, that is not chicken sir. It is pigeon, from the personal collection of Meeester Al-Naj.

Sunday bursts out laughing and Danny spits out the food into a napkin.

MALEEK

(To Sunday) And I see you're enjoying the goat testicles sir?

Sunday cringes and spits them out.

SUNDAY

Shit, I thought they were Swedish Meatballs.

SAFWAN AL-NAJ, a thirty year old Saudi billionaire enters the room.

SAFWAN

You must forgive my tardiness gentlemen. I was on the phone with my father. You've come highly recommended.

They greet each other and shake hands.

SUNDAY

No problem, we were just enjoying some appetizers. E.B. Sunday. This is my partner, Danny Wells.

DANNY

Pleasure to meet you. You've got a beautiful place here. Thank you for having us.

SAFWAN

Oh no... it is you I must thank. You gentlemen are providing me with something I have desired my whole life. Shall we?

They follow him into a large sunlit living room adorned with dozens of expensive paintings.

SUNDAY

(whistles) You've got some beautiful pieces.

Safwan points to a large Monet landscape.

SAFWAN

Yes, that was recently purchased from MISTER WINTER. Are you familiar with him?

SUNDAY

Yeah, we know ole Dax. He's got one of the greatest collections in North America.

DANNY

He's a good bloke.

SAFWAN

He's a camel thief, but he has an impeccable eye for art.

SUNDAY

So, are you taking us to "THE gallery"? (Sunday makes a quote sign with his hands.)

SAFWAN

That gallery is for my eyes only. I am taking you to the cleansing room and then we shall do business.

Sunday and Danny look at each other and shrug their shoulders.

They walk into a darkened room with Persian rugs and pillows. Several WOMEN sit on the floor.

A large HOOKA sits on the floor as well, in the middle of the room.

SAFWAN

Sit down gentlemen. We can't possibly make such a large business transaction without clearing our conscience.

Sunday slaps Danny on the back. He sits down.

SUNDAY

When in Rome, Danny...

SAFWAN

Exact-ly my friend.

Safwan takes a big puff from the Hooka. He hands it to Danny.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- Danny takes a puff and falls back into the pillows.

- Sunday takes a puff and his eyes slowly roll back.

- Safwan takes a puff and then claps his hand three times. Three beautiful Arab women walk in and attend to each man.

- Danny crawls down a hallway. He stops and stands up in front of a large mirror. He's scared of his own image. He sees a "Scream" distorted vision. He runs his hands across his face, as if it was Play-do.

- Sunday reclines on pillows, smiling like a goof as two women massage his feet.

- Danny skips across the roof of the mansion like a schoolgirl, holding his arms out like he's flying. He walks to an edge and looks over, seeing a pool below. He swan dives off the roof and drops two stories into the pool.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. THE POOL - SAME

Danny surfaces, gasping for air.

DANNY
(yelling) Sunday!

Sunday comes out on a balcony. He looks at Danny quizzically.

DANNY (CONT'D)
I'm swimming in my own blood!

Two naked Arab women come up from behind and pull Sunday back into the bedroom.

INT. L'HOTEL SHOUP - SAME

Four FRENCH POLICEMEN burst into a hotel room. The room is empty and yawns back at them. They look around the room and find a matchbook tucked into the corner of a standard hotel painting.

POLICEMAN #1
(French) I've got a matchbook here.

POLICEMAN #2
(French) Give it here. (looks at it)
It's from Buckingham Palace. Get me
Inspector Dunlevy in London.

INSERT MONITOR

"BBC Special Report" flashes on the monitor.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. SCOTLAND YARD PRESS CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

Simon Kincaid stands in the back of the conference room as worldwide reporters and cameramen filter in.

SIMON KINCAID

This is Simon Kincaid with breaking news from Scotland Yard. We've just received word that within moments, Inspector Bernard Buzz Dunlevy will be making an announcement regarding the theft of the Mona Lisa. We can only speculate as to the reason for this urgent press conference. But, this reporter has learned that the incompetent and embattled Bernard Dunlevy could in fact be resigning his position today. If this is the case, it will be welcome news to many in the UK.

Buzz Dunlevy enters with Sandy McDermott behind him.

SIMON KINCAID (CONT'D)

Standby, looks like the Inspector has entered the room.

Buzz walks over to the microphone.

BUZZ

Good afternoon. I would like to thank you all for attending on such short notice. But, I wanted to inform the media and assure the public that the Mona Lisa is in fact safe.

Reporters start shouting at him and cameras flash.

REPORTER #1

Who recovered it?

SANDY

Please hold your questions until the end of the conference.

BUZZ

The current suspects, Mr. Sunday and Mr. Wells were also suspected of stealing The Scream three years ago.

(MORE)

BUZZ (cont'd)

We had good intelligence that their next target was the Queen's Exhibit and the Mona Lisa. Therefore, with Her Majesty's and the French Government's cooperation I was given permission to display a FAKE Mona Lisa during the opening of the Queen's Exhibit.

The reporters go ballistic with questions. Buzz holds up his hands.

BUZZ (CONT'D)

We knew this would be a highly controversial operation. But, I'm happy to report that its paying dividends. We are well on our way to arresting two of the most notorious art thieves and returning Edward Munch's The Scream to the Pedersen Museum in Oslo.

SIMON KINCAID

Inspector is this some kind of last ditch effort to salvage your dying career?

BUZZ

Is that a fact? (louder) You know, I've had about enough of your badgering you sanctimonious little prick.

SIMON KINCAID

Really...

Buzz points at him and is now yelling.

BUZZ (CONT'D)

Yes, really! You're a spineless little worm who distorts the facts in order to placate your massive ego.

A beat. The audience is in shock.

SIMON KINCAID

I'm simply giving the public what...

BUZZ

Enough! I ought to knock you on your arse right now, you son of a bitch!

Buzz comes after him, but is stopped by several policemen.

SANDY
Get Kincaid out of here!

Simon Kincaid is escorted out of the area by the police. Buzz returns to the podium.

BUZZ
(now composed) Excuse me...

REPORTER #2
If the thieves didn't make off with
the real painting, where is the
Mona Lisa?

Buzz indicates to someone off stage.

BUZZ
Open it up Steve!

The curtains open, revealing the REAL MONA LISA encased in glass and surrounded by half a dozen London police brandishing Heckler and Koch MP3 submachine guns.

The crowd oohs and ahhs in disbelief.

BUZZ (CONT'D)
I'll be happy now to answer any
questions you may have.

The reporters go into a feeding frenzy of questions.

TRIPLE SCREEN

- Les has sex doggie style with one of his women. He watches the BBC Special Report.

- Isabella sits on a chaise lounge at the pool, ordering around a young pool boy dressed in a Hitler Youth uniform. She turns on a small flat screen TV and sees the BBC Special Report.

- Safwan is at a polo match. He walks to a concession stand and sees the BBC Special Report playing.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. MARCINI'S CABIN ON HIS YACHT - SAME

LES
Goddamnit!

Les pushes the woman off the bed and walks over to a phone.

EXT. BEACH, CAPRI, ITALY - SAME

Sunday and Danny sit on the beach, soaking up the sun, watching the babes, reading and sipping drinks.

DANNY

I'll be back. Too much coffee. Runs right through me mate.

SUNDAY

Yeah...Hey, can you get me an Andy Warhol while you're over there?

DANNY

Right.

Danny walks across the beach and into the Men's Room. He sees a TV on the wall, pays no attention to it and begins to urinate.

TV (V.O.)(O.S)

(Italian) This is GAETANO TRILLA in London with breaking news on the Mona Lisa.

Danny continues to piss like a racehorse. His ears perk up at the words Mona Lisa. Then he hears the voice of Buzz Dunlevy.

TV (V.O.)(O.S.)

Therefore, with Her Majesty's and the French Government's cooperation I was given permission to display a fake Mona Lisa during the opening of the Queen's Exhibit.

Danny's eyes widen, he turns to look at the TV and he accidentally urinates on his leg and foot.

DANNY

Bloody hell!

Danny runs out of the bathroom at high speed toward Sunday and the beach.

INT. A HOSPITAL IN CAPRI - LATER

Sunday and Danny enter a hospital in medical attire. Danny pushes an empty wheelchair. Danny looks down at his ID badge.

DANNY
NIGEL RUTHERFORD, R.N.? Why do I
have to be the bloody nurse?

SUNDAY
A good doctor always needs a pretty
nurse.

Sunday pats him in the ass.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)
Follow me sugar pants.

Danny looks at Sunday's ID badge.

DANNY
DOCTOR DUNLEVY? You're a sick fuck.

They enter a room marked, "X-Rays."

INT. X-RAY ROOM - SAME

Danny unscrews a long thick security pipe attached to the
back of the wheelchair. Out comes the "Mona Lisa".

Sunday powers up a radiograph used for bone density scans.
They lay the painting down flat and turn on the machine.

INSERT MONITOR

In the middle of the painting is a painted hand with the
middle finger up in the "Fuck You" position. The hand and
finger are painted in an Union Jack motif.

SUNDAY
That son of a bitch. I didn't think
he had it in him.

DANNY
Our problems just went from bad to
worse.

They leave the painting, turn out the lights and shut the
door.

INT. CABOT ART GALLERY, NICE - NEXT DAY

A crowd of art lovers and critics stand inside your typical
high end art gallery sipping wine, eating hors d'oeuvres and
chatting. Pieces are displayed everywhere and in a corner is
a table where a silent auction is being held.

Jacques Cabot approaches his lover, Bruno who is wearing a tight black shirt, white linen shorts, black socks and sandals. Bruno chats with two patrons. Jacques grabs his arm and pulls him away.

JACQUES

I will not stand for this.

BRUNO

What? What?

JACQUES

I don't care how bad you think your bunions are. You cannot wear black socks with sandals! You need to change now. You're affecting business.

Flustered, he prances over to the silent auction table and sits down next to two associates.

Les Marcini approaches him.

LES

Trouble in the hen house?

JACQUES

Ahh... He's such a Neanderthal sometimes. If I don't watch him every second...

After a beat.

JACQUES (CONT'D)

Monsieur Marcini, I trust you are enjoying yourself.

LES

Not exactly Jacques. It hasn't been a good week.

He slides an envelope of money toward Jacques who looks at in awe.

LES (CONT'D)

I need you to tell me everything you know about E.B. Sunday, Danny Wells and the Mona Lisa.

Jacques cringes.

JACQUES

I hate to pour salt into the wound as you would say, but unfortunately you're not the first to inquire about Monsieur Sunday today.

LES

Is that a fact? Let's take a walk.

INT. CABOT ART GALLERY, NICE - LATER

Les walks over to Isabella who's talking to Safwan.

LES

Isabella you look lovely as usual.

ISABELLA

And, you as handsome as ever Les.

He kisses her cheeks. Les looks at Safwan.

ISABELLA

Les, this is Safwan al-Naj. I think you know his father.

They shake hands.

LES

Yeah, I know your pop. He's got a fine collection.

SAFWAN

He does and he taught me everything he knows.

LES

He could have taught us all a lesson in the risks of black market art.

They give him a "look."

LES (CONT'D)

I do believe we have a common interest in a couple of scumbags; Sunday and Wells. Perhaps we can discuss our mutual AFFECTION over lunch on my yacht?

ISABELLA

Of course.

SAFWAN

I will summon my driver now.

EXT. DECK OF LES MARCHINI'S YACHT - LATER

Les, Isabella and Safwan dine on lobster. Pierre fills Isabella's and Safwan's glasses with champagne. He fills Les' glass with water and Les drops an Alka Seltzer into it. He watches it fizz for a second.

LES

Merci Pierre.

Pierre scurries away. The deck is empty and the only sounds that can be heard are motorboats in the distance and water lapping against the boat.

ISABELLA

Are you okay cherie?

LES

What do you think? I got a hole in my stomach and now a ten million dollar hole in my pocket.

Marcini swigs the Alka-Seltzer.

ISABELLA

Ten? They swindled me for fifteen. And, the bastard stole back "The Scream" right under my nose.

FLASHBACK

INT. ISABELLA'S HOUSE - EARLIER

Sunday sits by the pool. He rises from the chaise lounge and walks underneath a balcony. He can hear Isabella and Danny engaged in ecstasy.

SUNDAY

Don't be a two-pump chump. I need twenty minutes buddy.

Sunday smiles, shakes his head and makes his way to the cellar.

He finds a breaker box and cuts the power in the basement.

Using a penlight, he traces the wall of a wine cellar. He pulls out a bag of industrial chalk from his pocket and tosses it into the air. Nothing happens. He continues to search the walls with the penlight.

He tosses more chalk into the air and it blows back at him. He uses his hand to find a crease in the wall. He extracts a credit card and then jimmys open a hidden door.

Sunday enters Isabella's stolen art gallery. He sees "The Scream" and smiles.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. LES MARCINI'S YACHT - AFTERNOON

LES

So, (to Isabella) it's safe to say
you got fucked three times?

She gives him a dirty look.

SAFWAN

I paid 20 million Euros! I trusted
them. They seemed so affable, so...

LES

That was your first mistake pal.
Never trust anyone. Especially
those two bums.

SAFWAN

I never even considered that it was
a fake. I have disgraced my family
name.

LES

I gotta give those sons of bitches
credit, I haven't seen that good of
a forgery since WILLY TROMBONE
flooded Manhattan with counterfeit
greenbacks in '77.

ISABELLA

I want his head on a spit.

Les holds up his hand like he's directing traffic.

LES

Take it easy toots. We're not going
to wack anyone. That's the easiest
way to have Scotland Yard crawling
up your ass. But, in your case, you
might enjoy that.

ISABELLA

Fuck you Les. Don't forget you were bent over the table as well.

SAFWAN

(laughs) Well, I need to get my money back. For the sake of my family name and...

LES

We're going to get our money back, don't worry about that.

ISABELLA

And, just how do you propose to do that Lester?

LES

Here's what we do --

INT. PUB, LONDON - SAME

Sandy and Buzz enjoy a lunch of pub grub and pints of ale.

SANDY

So, boyo, what do you have for me?

Buzz pulls three 8 x 10 pictures out of a shotgun envelope.

INSERT PICTURE

It's Les Marcini playing craps with several hot babes around him.

BUZZ (V.O.)

This is Les Marcini. He's a multi-millionaire; a Yank art collector who lives the life of Riley in Monte Carlo.

BACK TO SCENE

SANDY

Any record with the coppers?

BUZZ

He's been Mr. Clean, up to now.

INSERT PICTURE

A picture of Isabella shopping in a bikini.

BUZZ (V.O.)
 Isabella Volare, of Volare
 Vineyards. She's got a voracious
 appetite for two things; art and
 sex. She's the biggest whore in
 Northern Italy - a free one at
 that.

BACK TO SCENE

SANDY
 Those are the best kind aren't
 they, boyo? She doesn't look a
 shade over 40.

BUZZ
 She just turned 65.

SANDY
 Jesus, Mary and Joseph. Slapped
 together with botox and band aids
 is she?

INSERT PICTURE

A picture of Safwan falconing in the desert.

BUZZ (V.O.)
 This is Safwan al-Naj, he's a rag
 head billionaire who lives in the
 Greek Isles. Like the others in
 this lot, he's an addict of sorts.
 When he's not swooping up a lot
 expensive art, he's shooting up or
 smoking H.

BACK TO SCENE

SANDY
 Dealer?

BUZZ
 Only a user. We checked him out.

SANDY
 Right, so where did you get these
 names?

BUZZ
 From Cabot.

SANDY
 The little pansy from Nice. You
 think he's reliable?

BUZZ

He's a good man. I've had him on the payroll for ten years. He's working as a double now. Says that all three of these characters paid him serious quid to locate our friends.

SANDY

Really? That means Sunday must have actually painted three fakes.

BUZZ

And, after they dumped them, they were going to ransom the real one, or so they thought. (laughs) I'm going to try and put the squeeze on one of them. Get them to make a plea deal, give evidence against Sunday and Wells in court.

SANDY

Bloody good. Now, I've got something for you.

Sandy extracts a black and white 8 x 10 from his briefcase.

INSERT PICTURE

A shot of Sunday carrying the Mona Lisa into the white van behind Buckingham Palace.

BUZZ

Where did you get this?

SANDY

Our blokes ran it down. By the time Sunday got out of the palace, the power was slowly being restored in London. This shot is from a park security camera two blocks away. The lads did a fine job of enlarging it, don't you think?

BUZZ

Bloody good. With this and a little help from our friends, we'll have them collared within 48 hours. I'm flying to Nice tonight.

SANDY

Good...just don't spend your time looking at topless birds all day.

The WAITRESS walks over to them.

WAITRESS
Anything else gents?

BUZZ
Just the bill love.

WAITRESS
There is none today. Those ladies
over there have paid for your lunch
inspector. You're quite the hero in
London, you are.

Buzz and Sandy look over at four elderly ladies out on the
town. Buzz waves to them.

INT. NICE AIRPORT - NEXT DAY

Sunday and Danny stand in front of an ATM machine.

INSERT ATM SCREEN

"Insufficient Funds"

BACK TO SCENE

SUNDAY
It happened again. What the hell's
going on? I had the 7 g's from the
heist in there.

Frustrated, Danny pulls out his card.

DANNY
Let me try. We gotta catch that
plane.

Danny inserts his card into the machine. He watches for a
moment.

DANNY (CONT'D)
I've got a zero balance too.
Someone's hacked us hard mate.

SUNDAY
Goddamnit! Let's go.

They follow four people into a revolving door. As it spins
around, Sunday sees Buzz on the other side, going the
opposite direction.

Sunday and Danny emerge from the door.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)
Get that cab! That was Dunlevy!

DANNY
Where?

SUNDAY
In the door!

They jump into a cab. Just as Danny is shutting the door, Buzz looks over to them. But, by the time he does, the door has shut and the cab speeds away.

EXT. LES MARCINI'S YACHT - SUNSET

Les sits on the top deck of his yacht, looking out at a brilliant sunset painted on the horizon. A fishing line extends into the water. He sips a cool drink and dials a number on his cell phone.

EXT. GRASS HUT IN NIGERIA - SAME

A grass hut in the middle of nowhere. On the roof of the hut is a crude, late model satellite stand. Behind the hut, a generator hums. In the background, wild animals graze.

INT. NIGERIAN HUT - SAME

A messy room filled with a lava lamp, a bong, bags of Cheetos, Fungions and Count Chocula boxes. In the corner is a sophisticated computer set up. A TV plays an episode of "The A Team" in Swahili.

INSERT TV SCREEN

B.A. Barracus is yelling at George Peppard.

TV (V.O.)(SWAHILI)
I ain't flying Hannibal. You know...

Face walks up behind him and cold cocks him with a leather sap. He falls into George Peppard's arms.

TV (CONT'D)(V.O.)(SWAHILI)
I love it when a plan comes together.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. NIGERIAN HUT - SAME

A cell phone rings, triggering a computer program that traces the call and scrambles the signal to somewhere else.

A NIGERIAN MAN, DIJI BABATUNDE, notices that it's Marcini calling.

DIJI
762, this line is secure.

INTERCUT: LES/NIGERIAN MAN

LES
Hey, cut out the security shit.
What's the status on our friends?

DIJI
My plan worked as promised. They're
bone dry...

LES
That's fantastic!

Another cell phone with the Ojays' "Money, Money, Money" ring tone interrupts their conversation.

DIJI
Les, hold on for one moment. I must
take this.

A beat, as he picks up the phone.

TRIPLE SCREEN:

Les sitting on his yacht, Diji inside a thatched hut and an old Jewish woman, MRS. MARKOWITZ. She's sitting in a wheelchair watching The Price is Right inside an assisted living home.

DIJI (CONT'D)
Hello, Bank of Nigeria...Ah, Mrs.
Markowitz. How is Boca Raton today?
(a beat) I see you got the email
about my sick cousin, Azi...YES,
you certainly can help. All I will
need to process the payments are
your bank accounts and routing
numbers.

LES
Hello? Diji, what the fuck? I'm
still here.

DIJI
Ma'am can I please call you back?
My cousin Azi just fell out of his
bed. I must assist him.

TRIPLE SCREEN ENDS as Mrs. Markowitz hangs up.

DIJI (CONT'D)
(to Les) Hello?

LES
So, we're good?

DIJI
No, no. You misunderstood. I was
able to clean out their savings and
money market accounts, but their
Swiss accounts are locked up
tighter than a gazelle's ass.

A giraffe sticks its head in the window of the hut. It
stretches its neck across the room and into a bag of Cheetos.
Diji is oblivious to what's going on behind him.

LES
Let me get this straight. So, they
still have our money?

DIJI
Unfortunately, they do.

LES
What the fuck am I paying you for?
I need those accounts douched now!

DIJI
I can't. It's the newest code. As
of now, it's unbreakable. The Swiss
bastards must of put in a whole new
system. I'd have to start from
scratch.

LES
How long are we talking?

DIJI
A month, maybe two. Sorry, Les, I'm
doing my best.

LES
Your best ain't good enough you
Ethiopian prick!

DIJI
I'm Nigerian!

LES
Whatever! Get me my money!

Les hangs up and tosses his cell phone into the water.

INT. YOUTH HOSTEL, NICE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Sunday and Danny sit on the tops of bunk beds across from each other.

SUNDAY
I think we've reached a pinnacle in our careers Danny.

DANNY
Maribeth Yost is looking better every day.

Sunday throws a wad of paper into a basket.

SUNDAY
How the fuck did he do it?

Danny is surfing through a myriad of French TV channels. He locates the BBC.

DANNY
Hey, it's your boyfriend.

Simon Kincaid stands poised in front of a well lit Louvre.

INSERT TV SCREEN

SIMON KINCAID
As the French would say "La Joconde Est Retournée!" Today The Mona Lisa was restored to it's former glory here at the Louvre. Meanwhile, celebrity inspector and national hero, Bernard "Buzz" Dunlevy continues his relentless pursuit of notorious art thieves E.B. Sunday and Danny Wells. Inside sources claim that both villains are hiding out on the European continent and that their arrest is only a matter of time. This is Simon Kincaid reporting from Paris.

BACK TO SCENE

Sunday switches off the TV.

SUNDAY

I hate that guy.

Both men lie back in their bunks.

DANNY

How much cash do you have on you mate?

SUNDAY

I don't know, maybe ten pounds at the most. You?

DANNY

About eight Euros. Who was it that said crime doesn't pay? I was just starting to feel better.

Danny lies back on the bunk.

SUNDAY

Start praying that things get better.

The door opens and two hot, twenty-something blond women, enter, carrying over-sized backpacks. Both women are dressed in skimpy summer attire. They're both speaking French and giggling.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

That was fast.

Sunday and Danny look at each other and then back at the girls.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

Bonjour.

EXT. BEACH, NICE - EARLY MORNING, NEXT DAY

Buzz strolls along the beach. He's wearing dark shorts, white tube socks with gym shoes, a cheap polyester Hawaiian shirt and a straw hat with sunglasses.

He watches the topless babes parade by and frolic in the water. He looks at his watch and changes direction, walking away from the beach toward the city center.

INT. CABOT ART GALLERY, NICE - LATER

Buzz enters the gallery. Bruno saunters over, dressed in a purple tank top, a Speedo and clogs. One hand is limp, the other holds a coffee.

BRUNO
Oui, monsieur?

Buzz pulls out his badge.

BUZZ
Inspector Dunlevy, Scotland Yard. I want to speak with Jacques. Is he here?

BRUNO
Ah...yes, one moment. I'll get him. Please sit down. Would you care for an Evian ?

BUZZ
No thanks.

Bruno beckons Buzz to a modern style couch. Buzz sits down and can hear Bruno and Jacques speaking behind a screen.

BRUNO
Jacques, a man from the police is here to see you, an Englishman, dressed like a scarecrow. Things are getting risky. What are we going to do now?

Jacques slaps him across the face.

JACQUES
Shut-up and get control of yourself!. And, what are you wearing? I thought we talked about this?

BRUNO
I'm really getting tired of your mood swings. You know that?

JACQUES
Quel dommage! You haven't seen anything yet!

Jacques walks out from behind the screen, all smiles.

JACQUES (CONT'D)
My dear Bernard how long has it
been?

BUZZ
I believe during the Renoir
debacle, about four years ago.

Jacques embraces him and kisses him on each cheek. Buzz
stands erect, embarrassed.

JACQUES
Sit down.

Buzz sits on the couch. Jacques plops down next to him, a
little too close for comfort. Buzz moves over.

JACQUES (CONT'D)
I take it you're on holiday.

BUZZ
No...I'm here to close the books on
our mutual friends - permanently.
I've almost got enough to put them
away, but I still need a few pieces
to the puzzle.

JACQUES
Almost?

BUZZ
You're quick on your feet today
Jacques. That's why I like you.
That's why the Yard will continue
to pay you, because you're a
realist, aren't you?

JACQUES
I'm a survivor.

BUZZ
EXACTLY.-- Now, you're going to
testify in court against Sunday and
Wells. You're going to tell the
judges everything you know.

Jacques rises from his seat and walks over to a wet bar where
he pours himself a sherry. He drinks it fast and looks over
at Buzz.

JACQUES
You realize what you're asking me
to do is suicide.

BUZZ

Don't be a drama queen. Plus, you have no choice in the matter.

JACQUES

I most certainly do.

Buzz gets in his face.

BUZZ

You're going to do everything I tell you, or I'm going to turn you over to the Frog coppers. After they work you over, you'll get three to five. And, I know you don't want Bruno running the gallery while you're getting dick-jammed by some randy Moroccan sharing your toothbrush. You beginning to get the picture?

Jacques nods slowly.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY, NICE - LATER

Sunday and Danny sit down in front of a computer. Sunday logs on to his Swiss bank account.

INSERT SCREEN

"Welcome to Swiss International Bank"(In English, French, German and Italian)

SUNDAY

Whoo! It's still there. Every penny.

DANNY

Let me log-in.

Danny logs in to his account.

DANNY

I'm okay too. We're lucky...But, for how long?

SUNDAY

We're going to have to dump some of this to stay afloat and then transfer the rest to another place. Let's grab some chow and make the calls from the cafe.

DANNY

Right.

They exit the library.

EXT. NICE - SAME

As Sunday and Danny exit the library, they are surveilled by Isabella. She's across the street, behind flowers, watching them through big sunglasses. She reaches for her cell phone and makes a call.

ISABELLA

It's me. They just left the library. They're heading west on the Boulevard Victor Hugo.

She hangs up and walks away in the opposite direction, avoiding Sunday and Danny.

Sunday and Danny continue walking down the street for a block. They turn right and into a quiet, small side street. Suddenly, out of nowhere, a white van cuts them off. They turn around and a black Mercedes comes up behind them.

Maleek and Tariq jump out of the van, brandishing pistols.

MALEEK

Ah, gentlemen, so nice to see you again. Get in.

They hustle Sunday and Danny into the van.

SUNDAY

I have a feeling that they want their money back Danny.

Tariq slams the van door shut and they drive away with the Mercedes following behind.

INT. THE VAN - SAME

Maleek and Tariq sit against the opposite side of the van guarding Sunday and Danny with pistols.

Danny looks at Sunday. Sunday shakes his head "no chance."

SUNDAY

Let me guess. We're heading to the Louvre?

TARIQ

Oh, no, no, no sir. You have an appointment with Meester al-Naj.

Laughing and showing blackened teeth.

DANNY

Lovely...

SUNDAY

Whoa, look out. Doesn't ole Safwan have you guys on a dental plan?

The two Lackeys look at each other.

DANNY

Floss, that's the key, floss.

Sunday looks out the back window of the van. He sees the Mercedes following behind them as they drive into the hills above the city.

EXT. THE ROAD - SAME

The van and Mercedes pull into a luxurious estate, overlooking the Mediterranean Sea.

Sunday and Danny are led out of the van and directed into the house.

INT. THE ESTATE - SAME

Under guard, Sunday and Danny walk into a beautiful living room with a spectacular view.

Isabella and Safwan sit in chairs facing them. A laptop computer is set-up on a desk in front of them.

SUNDAY

Isabella, Safwan, nice to see you again.

DANNY

(to Isabella) Hey, baby.

Danny winks at Isabella. She walks over to Danny and slaps him in the mouth.

SUNDAY

Ouch...

SAFWAN

My first instincts about you two were correct.

SUNDAY

And, what was that?

SAFWAN

That you're both scoundrels, blackguards...scum.

SUNDAY

Whoa, whoa, slow down hoss. You think you're any better bending everyone over with your hiked up oil prices?

SAFWAN

That's business.

DANNY

So is this mate.

SUNDAY

You ever read any Balzac, Safwan?

He shrugs his shoulders.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

French writer. He said that behind every great fortune is a crime.

LES (O.S.)

You guys never cease to amaze me.

Sunday and Danny turn around. Les has entered the room.

LES (CONT'D)

Here you are, being held at gunpoint, about to be bankrupted and you're standing around quoting BALLSACK like nothing ever happened.

DANNY

That's BALZAC, Les, B-A-L-Z-A-C.

LES

(yelling) I don't care how he spells his name. What I do care about is our money.

(MORE)

LES (cont'd)

You guys are going to sit down there (points to computer) and transfer your money or securities or whatever the fuck it is back to our accounts. Capiche?

Sunday and Danny look at each other.

LES (CONT'D)

Who's first?

Sunday walks over and sits down in front of the laptop. He begins to log-in.

Safwan walks over to him.

SAFWAN

These are the numbers. Don't even try to fuck us over this time, Sunday...

Sunday continues to type.

EXT. COURTYARD OF THE ESTATE - LATER

Sunday and Danny are led by gunpoint back into the van. Les, Safwan and Isabella watch them get in with Maleek and Tariq.

Safwan answers his cell phone.

SAFWAN

The transaction has been completed.

LES

Nice doing business with you guys.

Isabella looks at Danny with sad eyes. Safwan flips off Sunday and Danny.

LES (CONT'D)

By the way...who painted those Forgasis? They were damn good.

SUNDAY

I did.

Les looks shocked. The van door slams shut.

Les walks over to Maleek who's driving. Les cuts his throat with his finger. Maleek nods and smiles.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - LATER

The van stops in a remote area, several miles from the coast. The van door opens and Sunday and Danny jump out.

Sunday gives Danny a LOOK.

Sunday and Danny look around. Maleek and Tariq step in front of them, training their guns on them. THE DRIVER looks puts his head out the window.

DRIVER

Make it quick. I'm going into town to get some petrol.

SUNDAY

What? You're not staying for the picnic?

DRIVER

I'll be back in ten minutes.

The van drives away.

TARIQ

You two camel thieves have crossed Mr. Marcini for the last time.

DANNY

I thought you fellas worked for the Arab.

MALEEK

We go where the work is.

SUNDAY

Ohh.... I get it. You guys are couple mercenaries.

MALEEK

Professionals, Meester Sunday. Nothing more, nothing less.

Sunday looks around. He glances at Danny who catches his look. Danny covertly pops an Alka Seltzer into his mouth.

SUNDAY

Whoo. It's pretty hot out here. I hope you boys brought some water.

Danny's mouth starts foaming and he drops to the ground like a discarded rag doll.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

Danny! Danny! You all right?

Sunday gets on his knee and looks at Danny who's putting on an Oscar-winning performance.

MALEEK

What's wrong with him?

SUNDAY

He's having a seizure. He's an epileptic.

TARIQ

What?

SUNDAY

Just get over here and help him.

Maleek slings his gun over his shoulder and stands over Danny. Tariq points his gun half-heartedly at Sunday, while he's watching Danny twitch and convulse on the ground.

Danny spits out the foam into Maleek's face and sweeps the back of his leg, knocking him down.

Sunday makes a move on Tariq, tackling him. Both Lackeys are quickly disarmed by Sunday and Danny.

Sunday and Danny grab the weapons and take off through a thick forest.

DANNY

(running) That was easier than I thought.

SUNDAY

(running) Professionals...(laughs)
Let's get the hell out of here.

EXT. A FRENCH VILLAGE - MINUTES LATER

A quaint village. People shop and sit at a local cafe, sipping Pernods and wine. Sunday and Danny emerge from the woods and look around.

They toss the sub-machine guns into a dumpster and walk towards the cafe.

SUNDAY

Man, I think Les officially hates us.

DANNY

Yeah...

EXT. CAFE - MINUTES LATER

Sunday and Danny sit at a cafe sipping coffee.

Danny sees the van heading towards them through town.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Oh no!

A hail of submachine gun bullets are sprayed in their direction. People start yelling, screaming and scattering.

Sunday and Danny run in the opposite direction as the Lackeys turn the van around.

The van rolls down the street slowly, searching for them. It passes a house and suddenly, Sunday and Danny peel out of a garage in a tiny Citroen Deux Chevaux. They haul ass in the other direction, out of town.

INSIDE THE VAN

The Lackeys scream at each other inside the van and desperately adjust course.

THE RURAL ROAD

Sunday and Danny haul ass in the little Citroen Deux Chevaux. They pass a sign that says, "Nice - 7 Km."

The van comes after them at a frantic speed. They're half a mile behind the compact car.

A police car over-watching a speed trap pulls out with its lights on, in pursuit of the van.

INSIDE THE VAN

Maleek, driving, spots the cop behind them. He motions for Tariq to take him out. Tariq reaches out the window and opens fire on the cop car with the submachine gun.

The cop car swerves and is then hit in the tires. It drives uncontrollably over a grass berm, into the air, over a farmer on a tractor and finally plows into a house where an old woman is sitting in a bathtub. The cop and lady look at each other.

THE ROAD

The van pursues the Deux Chevaux wildly as they enter Nice.

INSIDE THE DEUX CHEVAUX

Sunday drives as Danny looks back and sees the van closing in.

DANNY

(yelling) Can't this damn thing go any faster?

SUNDAY

(yelling) It's only got two cylinders!

DANNY

It's bloody Frog crap, that's what it is!

IN THE ALLEY

A hail of bullets rip into the street next to them. Sunday hangs a sharp left, into a narrow alley. The car tears through a line of laundry as old ladies yell at them. They narrowly avoid hitting a group of kids playing soccer.

The van hauls after them and the kids flee as bullets ring out around them.

The Deux Chevaux screams down the alley, covered in laundry. Danny frantically pulls off the sheets that are partially obstructing the windshield.

ON A STREET IN NICE

Sunday turns the Citroen on to a busy four lane road through Nice. The van is only thirty yards behind.

INSIDE THE VAN

SUNDAY

See if there's anything in the back.

Danny bends over the seat, looking.

DANNY

There's a case of cognac.

SUNDAY

Perfect...

As the chase continues, the van comes up to their right side. More bullets are fired at Sunday and Danny. A couple rounds narrowly miss Danny's head.

DANNY

Bastards!

Danny lights a Molotov Cocktail with a handkerchief inserted into a cognac bottle. As the cars race down the street side by side, Danny throws the Molotov Cocktail into the lap of the driver, Maleek.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Cheers mate!

The Molotov Cocktail explodes, engulfing Maleek in a sheet of fire.

The van loses control and careens into a street cafe.

INSIDE THE DEUX CHEVAUX

Danny takes a chug from another bottle of cognac and hands it to Sunday, who takes a giant swig. Sunday spits it out.

SUNDAY

Jesus, what is that, 500 Proof?

DANNY

No...a bloody good year.

Sunday gives him a "look."

AT THE CAFE

Tariq climbs out of the car, brushes himself off and clothes-lines a motorcyclist. He tears off in the direction of Sunday and Danny.

EXT. A STREET IN NICE - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Sunday and Danny sit in the Deux Chevaux at a stoplight.

SUNDAY

We got to ditch this car as soon as possible.

A torrent of bullets shatter the rear window.

DANNY

Get us out of here!

Sunday looks in the mirror and sees Tariq coming up behind them on the motorcycle.

SUNDAY

I thought he was dead!

Danny turns around. More bullets are fired at them as they race through Nice again.

Sunday takes a sharp right turn and drives into a hotel parking garage. The motorcycle follows.

INSIDE THE HOTEL PARKING GARAGE

The chase continues through the parking garage. The Deux Chevaux drives through some open doors and into the front lobby. People look on as the motorcycle barrels in behind the Deux Chevaux.

INSIDE THE HOTEL

The Deux Chevaux turns down a hallway and barrels down it as Tariq gives chase on the motorcycle. He fires a few more rounds at the Deux Chevaux.

INSIDE THE DEUX CHEVAUX

DANNY

How much ammo does that bloke have?

Sunday points to a large door entrance.

SUNDAY

That looks promising.

The Deux Chevaux goes through the doorway as the motorcycle follows fifty feet behind.

They enter an area covered in darkness. Sunday turns on the headlights and keeps driving straight ahead. He crashes through a curtain.

INSIDE THE HOTEL BALLROOM

A fashion show is being held in a large ballroom.

DANNY

Holy shit mate.

Sunday guns the car down a ramp as models dive off in all directions. They fly off the ramp and crash into the floor as the motorcycle follows them.

Sunday looks out the window.

SUNDAY

Eat something ladies.

The Deux Chevaux goes out another door and exits the hotel. Sunday guns the car and red-lines the RPM's as it flies down a Nice street.

DANNY

There, take the coast road.

Sunday accelerates into a turn on to the coastal highway. They merge on to the highway as Tariq keeps up his pace, fifty yards behind them.

Sunday looks in the mirror.

SUNDAY

That guy's really starting to piss me off.

Sunday downshifts and passes two cars. Tariq does the same. Sunday sees a huge semi-truck coming at them.

With only a fraction of a yard to spare, he merges into the right lane.

Tariq isn't so lucky. The truck hits him head on. Tariq and the motorcycle are catapulted into the air and over the side of a steep cliff.

Danny looks back.

DANNY

He's done.

Sunday sees a plume of smoke in the rear view mirror.

SUNDAY

Adios...

Sunday turns off the highway and emerges on to a placid tractor path. He continues down it. Suddenly, the Deux Chevaux hiccups erratically and dies.

DANNY

Christ, I knew we should've stolen a Mini. These French pieces of shit.

SUNDAY

Come on. Let's go. Let's go.

Sunday and Danny hop out and begin to walk along the road.

EXT. THE COUNTRY ROAD - LATER

SUNDAY

You think I'm on the outs with
Jamaica by now?

DANNY

Yeah, you could say that. She's the
least of your problems. What the
fuck are we going to do?

SUNDAY

I don't know. We just need a safe
place to lay low and figure things
out.

DANNY

Safe.(laughs) Is any place safe
right now?

They walk down the road a few more feet. Sunday sees a sign
along the right side of the road.

It reads, "Sunshine Nudist Resort - 1 KM." (French)

Sunday and Danny look at each other.

DANNY (CONT'D)

No.

SUNDAY

Yes.

DANNY

No bloody way.

SUNDAY

We don't have any choice.
And, we don't have any money.

DANNY

When was the last time we paid for
anything?

SUNDAY

Exactly.

Danny gives him another look.

EXT. FENCE ON BOUNDARY OF NUDIST RESORT - LATER

Sunday and Danny climb over a six foot high, chain-link
fence.

Sunday and Danny walk toward a pool area.

They look at each other.

DANNY
I'm outta here.

SUNDAY
Come on man. Don't be such a pussy.
We can get three hots and a cot
here.

Danny sees two, naked gay men holding hands and walking in the distance. Sunday has his back to the men.

DANNY
More like three hots and a cock
mate.

SUNDAY
What are you talking about?

DANNY
Turn around.

Sunday turns around.

Suddenly, the whole pool area is flooded with naked gay men walking out of a building toward the pool.

Two other gay men, FRANCOIS and MICHEL, walk up behind them.

FRANCOIS
(French) Necking in the bushes,
boys? No need to hide it, your
secret's safe here. (to Danny)
What's your name Pumpkin?

DANNY
(French) I'm Danny. This is my
boyfriend, E.B.

FRANCOIS
(French)(to Sunday) I hope E.B.
doesn't have E.D. because he looks
delicious.

DANNY
(French) He doesn't speak French.
He's an American.

MICHEL
We speak English. Welcome to the
Sunshine Resort.

FRANCOIS
You two just arriving?

SUNDAY
Yeah, you could say that. We were told there weren't any more rooms available.

FRANCOIS
Nonsense, I'd be honored to have the two of you as my guests. Follow me.

INT. RESTAURANT, NICE - LATER

Les, Safwan and Isabella enjoy a celebratory lunch at a beautiful restaurant over-looking the ocean.

They hold up their glasses in a toast.

LES
Here's to never having to deal with Sunday and Wells again.

ISABELLA
Here! Here!

SAFWAN
Cheers!

A waiter appears with a cart full of five-star seafood.

ISABELLA
Oh, I just love the crab salad here.

LES
I would've thought oysters would be more your speed darling.

She smiles at him.

ISABELLA
You're so crass Les and I love it.

Safwan gets a sour look across his face.

SAFWAN
I hate to break up the party, but the police are here.

They all turn around and see a French Police boat pulling up to the dock next to the restaurant. Buzz hops off the boat with two armed policemen.

Buzz and the policemen walk toward the restaurant.

BUZZ

You lads stay here.

They nod and wait by the door. Buzz enters the establishment, still dressed in his goofy summer attire.

He spots Les, Isabella and Safwan and walks over to their table.

BUZZ

Inspector Dunlevy, Scotland Yard.

Buzz flashes the badge. Buzz sits down.

ISABELLA

A drink perhaps?

BUZZ

Just a shorty. I'm on duty love.

She pours him a glass of champagne from the ice bucket.

SAFWAN

How can we be of assistance,
Inspector?

BUZZ

I'm going to make this short and sweet. I have evidence that each one of you was involved in the theft of the Mona Lisa.

The other three make innocent-sounding sounds.

SAFWAN

We had nothing to do with that.

BUZZ

Shutup!

A beat.

BUZZ (CONT'D)

Under normal circumstances, the three of you would be looking at 3 to 5 at Dartmoor for purchasing stolen art.

Isabella nervously pours herself a drink. Buzz eyes her.

BUZZ (CONT'D)

But, I could care less about you three fucking jet-setters. What I do care about is capturing Sunday and Wells.

LES

We're listening.

BUZZ

Here's the deal. You agree to testify in court and we won't press charges. You don't and I'll have you arrested and chopping rocks within 24 hours. Do I make myself clear?

He gets up and throws three business cards on the table.

BUZZ (CONT'D)

You can reach me on my mobile. Good day.

Buzz grabs a bottle of champagne from a holder and exits.

EXT. POOL, NUDIST RESORT - SAME

Sunday, Danny, Francois and Michel lie on chaise lounges at the pool.

FRANCOIS

Sunday, would you mind rubbing some sunscreen on my derriere. I don't want to burn. It's so sensitive.

He turns over, revealing a purple thong and cheese white buttocks.

SUNDAY

I'll take a rain check.

DANNY

Oh, honey give me that. (he grabs the sunscreen from Sunday) I'll take care of that. He's very monogamous you know.

Sunday gives Danny a WTF look.

FRANCOIS

If you guys aren't doing anything today, I'll show you around the resort. They've got some fabulous activities here.

SUNDAY

Activities?

FRANCOIS

Don't worry, I've taken care of everything.

DANNY

Sounds great.

Sunday gives him a dirty look. Danny slurps the last part of his Daiquiri.

MONTAGE: "The Time of My Life" by Bill Medley and Jennifer Warnes

- Danny and Francois shoot down a huge water slide together. Michel signals that it's his turn with Sunday. Sunday shakes his head "no" and rides down himself with his arms crossed.

- The four participate in nude salsa dancing. An instructor barks out steps. Danny is a natural.

- The four ride in bumper cars. Danny is really enjoying himself. Sunday spots Danny and guns the car, crashing violently into Danny. Francois and Michel look on in horror.

- The four dine at an outdoor restaurant. Francois pulls out all the stops for them. A waiter arrives with a cart. On top of the cart is a huge birthday cake for Danny. Danny blows out the candles. Everyone claps. Sunday eyes Danny wearily.

BACK TO SCENE

FRANCOIS

Happy Birthday!

DANNY

It's the big three eight mate.

MICHEL

(to Sunday and Danny) You must accompany us to the Masquerade Ball tonight.

FRANCOIS

What a splendid idea! I almost forgot.

(MORE)

FRANCOIS (cont'd)

It's the resort's biggest fund raiser and THE social event in Nice. Anyone who's anyone on the Cote D'Azur is there. What do you say? It's the perfect way to celebrate your big day.

SUNDAY

That sounds lovely Francois. We'd be honored to attend. Wouldn't we honey?

DANNY

Right. I can't wait.

Francois claps his hands together gleefully.

FRANCOIS

Excellent. We shall shop for our costumes after lunch. Mais oui?

SUNDAY

Oui...

INT. A HOTEL ROOM AT THE RESORT - LATE AFTERNOON

Sunday and Danny hang out in their room before the masquerade ball begins. Danny plays solitaire. Sunday prints something off his laptop.

SUNDAY

I thought your birthday was in January.

DANNY

It is. But, you know Francois, he's so impetuous. So, I just thought...

SUNDAY

I'm starting to worry about you Danny. You're playing the fag gag a little too well. I mean if you really are and never told me, to each his own, but...

DANNY

Don't worry mate. I'm just acting.

SUNDAY

Well, put yourself down for an Oscar cause you're scaring the shit out of me.

Sunday walks over to the door, opens it, ensures no one is listening and walks back over to the table in front of the screen door.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

I've got some good news. Our gay days are coming to a quick end.

DANNY

Huh?

SUNDAY

You did hear what our buddy Francois said. Anyone who's anyone in Nice will be at the ball.

DANNY

Marcini...

SUNDAY

Exactly. We're gonna hit Marcini's floating Louvre tonight while half of Nice is partying with their dicks out. What do you say?

DANNY

Does this mean there's no more nude dancing?

Sunday gives him a dirty look. Danny puts his arms out.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Kidding, kidding. I'm in. I'm in.

SUNDAY

Good, now here's what we need to do. --

INT. MASQUERADE BALL - LATER AT NIGHT

A huge crowd parties inside an ornate Louis XIVth style ballroom. Standing inside the ballroom are: Jacques Cabot dressed as Snow White, Bruno as The Hunchback of Notre Dame, Isabella as a bottle of wine and Safwan as John Lennon.

Sunday and Danny enter with Francois and Michel. Francois and Danny hold hands and Michel takes Sunday's arm. Sunday is dressed as a gorilla, Danny as a French maid, with a masquerade mask on. Francois as a cowboy and Michel as a rabbit.

Sunday looks at Danny.

SUNDAY

Anyone ever tell you, that you've got some great legs Danny.

FRANCOIS

This is going to be so much fun. Look Michel, there's Arno Winkler from Vienna. We must say hello to him and his fiancée, Helmut.

Several feet away, two men chat while eating hors d'oeuvres.

MICHEL

Excuse us for a moment. We'll be back.

SUNDAY

You two go and enjoy yourselves.

Danny gives Francois a very gay wave. Sunday looks at him again.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

Alright, you know the deal. We hang here until we see ole Les, then we cut out.

DANNY

Got it. But, what if he doesn't show?

SUNDAY

Then we spend some more time with our lovable boyfriends.

Danny quickly turns around.

DANNY

Oh shit.

SUNDAY

What?

DANNY

If I'm not mistaken, that tall bottle of Beaujolais is "gag ball Volare."

Sunday looks over at Isabella on the other side of the room.

SUNDAY

It's a shame you're not in uniform tonight. Who's she talking to?

DANNY
That's Safwan.

SUNDAY
I don't think they can recognize
us. Just stay cool and mingle sugar
pants.

INT. ENTRANCE TO BALL - TEN MINUTES LATER

Buzz enters the ball, dressed in a another cheap Hawaiian
shirt with a pair of flood pants and black tie shoes.

He strolls in like he owns the place. An ATTENDANT stops him.
The attendant is dressed like Cleopatra.

ATTENDANT
Excuse me sir. You can't go in
unless you have a costume and a
mask.

BUZZ
I'm police on official business.

Buzz flashes his i.d. The attendant laughs.

ATTENDANT
Please, don't insult my
intelligence with that fake badge.
Although, if you want to play good
cop/bad cop I'm all yours.

He winks at Buzz.

BUZZ
Just give me a mask, you fruity
bastard!

MOMENTS LATER

Buzz enters the ball room in a garden dwarf hat and white
beard. He looks around, spotting no one he recognizes. He
walks over to the bar.

BARTENDER
Monsieur?

BUZZ
Guinness.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Sunday notices Buzz.

SUNDAY

Shit, look who's sniffing around.

DANNY

Great...

Sunday starts to walk over in his gorilla suit.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Don't do it mate.

Sunday walks over to the bar and starts making gorilla noises at Buzz. He starts patting Buzz on the head. He starts to mock box with him.

BUZZ

Get the fuck out of here.

Sunday continues with his gorilla routine. The bartender is laughing as well. Sunday takes Buzz's beer and walks away.

BUZZ (CONT'D)

Hey, that's my beer you bloody ape!

Sunday walks away and disappears into the crowd. He walks back over to Danny.

DANNY

You're insane.

SUNDAY

Let's get out of here.

DANNY

Right.

They walk out of the ballroom. As they do, Sunday bumps right into Safwan.

SUNDAY

Excusez-moi monsieur.

Safwan has no idea who Sunday is behind the gorilla costume. Sunday and Danny exit.

DANNY

Shit, you're gonna get us killed.

Sunday shows Danny a wallet.

SUNDAY

Looks like ole Safwan won't be needing this tonight.

He opens it and counts the money.

DANNY

How much?

SUNDAY

Three-thousand Euros. Not bad huh?

He tosses the wallet into a garbage can and pockets the cash.

Before they get to the main entrance/exit, they spot Marcini fighting with the attendant at the door. They duck into another room and watch Les at the entrance.

AT THE ENTRANCE/EXIT

LES

Look, you pinhead I thought I explained it. I just need to speak with Cabot for a minute, capiche?

ATTENDANT

I most certainly do, but the rules clearly state that all attendees must wear at least a mask.

Les opens his hand. The man hands him a Big Bird vest and mask.

LES

Big Bird, that's all you got?

ATTENDANT

That's it. You're either Big Bird or shit out of luck. Take your pick.

Les snaps it from his hand and walks toward the ballroom.

Sunday and Danny watch the ballroom from another room and observe Marcini.

THE BALLROOM

Les enters the ballroom and grabs a glass of white wine from a waiter. He spots Cabot and walks over to him.

LES

Thanks for fucking me, Snow White. Dunlevy's on my ass like poison ivy.

Jacques turns around.

JACQUES

Les?

LES

Well, it ain't SNUFALUFAGUS.

Les pulls off his mask.

JACQUES

Believe me, I had no choice.
Dunlevy has me by the balls too.
There's nothing we can do.

LES

I ain't knuckling under that
easily. You know me.

Les says nothing. He walks away.

A beautiful woman, MADELINE DE MILANO walks over to Marcini.
She wears nothing more than a little mask she holds.

MADLINE

You are Monsieur Marcini?

Les, turns around and is taken in with her beauty.

LES

YES, I AM.

MADLINE

Madeline de Milano.

They shake hands.

MADLINE

I'm a collector of Toulouse-
Lautrec. I hear you also have an
appetite for great art.

LES

Really? I just happen to own one.
Care for a drink?

MADLINE

I would love a drink.

Sunday and Danny continue to observe them from the other
room.

SUNDAY

Jackpot.

DANNY
Whoo, she's good.

EXT. A SPEEDBOAT - LATER

Sunday, dressed in his gorilla outfit sits at the wheel of a fast speedboat as it bounces across the waves. Danny sits next to him.

A fishing boat goes past them and Sunday waves. The fishermen do a double take.

Sunday maneuvers the boat at high speed until they spot Marcini's yacht. Green and red safety lights twinkle on both sides of the yacht.

SUNDAY
Looks like no one's home.

They slow down and pull up alongside the yacht. Carefully, they climb aboard and listen for anyone or anything.

EXT./INT. MARCINI'S YACHT - MINUTES LATER

Sunday makes his way toward Les' art gallery.

He gets to the cabin and picks the lock in seconds. He enters and shuts the door, locking it again.

Sunday pulls off his gorilla mask and puts on his "sunglasses".

Sunday pulls back the Old Man and the Sea and the bookcase moves, revealing the steel doors and computerized security access control.

Sunday scans the control with his IR sunglasses. He sees two main wires leading into the box.

Danny enters.

SUNDAY
You take care of everything?

DANNY
Sure did. No one's on board.

SUNDAY
Good...

Danny extracts two small wads of white phosphorus connected to detonation pencils.

He places them on the area where the wires are. He then places the other on the door latch and tumblers. He activates the timers.

DANNY

(quietly) Move back mate. This stuff is bad news.

They huddle behind a couch on the opposite side of the room.

The WP ignites and burns a hole in seconds through the steel. Sunday and Danny walk over and look at the wires. Danny cuts the wires to the alarm.

Then, Danny turns the burned latch, opening the door to the gallery. They look at each other and smile.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- Sunday and Danny take each painting out of their frames.

- Sunday and Danny remove the glass case housing Marcini's stamp collection. With tweezers they remove THREE of the stamps from the display and replace them with excellent, imitation miniature photo copies.

- They neatly put the expensive stamps in baggies and place the glass case back as if nothing had happened. They exit.

- Sunday and Danny load the speedboat with Les' art. They cover the art with a tarp and speed off into the night, away from Nice and Les Marcini.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. THE BALLROOM - LATER

Les chats with Madeline de Milano. He's smitten.

LES

Why don't we go out on the balcony and get some fresh air?

MADELINE

That sounds lovely.

They walk out on the balcony which overlooks the harbor. In the distance, the lights of the Pompadour and hundreds of other yachts twinkle like Christmas lights.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Look at all the yachts down there.

LES
 (pointing) See that beauty right
 there - that's my baby.

MADELINE
 She's beautiful.

LES
 Why don't I give you a tour
 sometime?

He touches her arm.

MADELINE
 I'd love that. How about tonight?

She gives him that "knowing" look.

LES
 You're going to love the Pompadour.

Suddenly, the harbor is lit up with a brilliant fireworks
 display as the Pompadour explodes in a cataclysmic explosion.

LES (CONT'D)
 (yelling) My yacht!

INT. THE HOTEL - MUCH LATER THAT EVENING

Les's crew and bimbos are inside a suite. He's holding court.

LES
 So no one saw anything! Anything! --
 Ladies?

TRACEY
 We were with you tonight. Don't you
 remember? Or were you too busy with
 that whore?

LES
 What are you talking about?

STACY
 She's one of the biggest
 prostitutes in Southern France.

Marcini pauses for a moment. He realizes he's been totally
 set-up by Sunday and Danny. He puts his head in his hands for
 a second.

LES
 (shakes his head)(yelling) Get out
 of here. Get out!

The girls and Pierre scramble away from Marcini. After they leave, he reaches into his pocket and finds Buzz's business card. He dials a number on his cell phone.

LES
 Inspector Dunlevy.

INT. RUNDOWN HOTEL ROOM - SAME

INTERCUT: LES/BUZZ

BUZZ
 Yeah, who's speaking?

LES
 It's Marcini.

BUZZ
 It's three AM for God's sake! This
 better be good.

LES
 Your boys torched my yacht tonight.
 I want their asses in a sling.

BUZZ
 I'll be right over.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - NEXT DAY

A salvage operation is underway. Marcini sits in a powerboat with a couple of his bimbos and Pierre. A SCUBA DIVER emerges from the deep and lifts off his mask.

LES
 Well?

SCUBA DIVER
 We found the vault nearly intact.

LES
 My art?

SCUBA DIVER
 It's gone. Just empty frames.

LES
 And the stamps?

SCUBA DIVER

They're okay.

With both hands, the scuba diver hands Les the waterproof, sealed case. Les opens the sealed hatch and gazes inside. The stamps are still inside and intact.

LES

Thank God.

Les kisses the case.

INT. A COUNTRY INN - LATER

Sunday and Danny enjoy a cup of coffee on a terrace. Danny reads a local newspaper. A WAITER approaches Sunday.

WAITER

Anything else monsieur?

SUNDAY

No thanks.

The waiter walks away.

DANNY

What do you think Les' collection will bring?

SUNDAY

The stamps will get us about 200. The art...five to ten mill - you never can tell in this market.

DANNY

I can live with that.

SUNDAY

I bet you ole Les shit and went blind when he saw his yacht blow up.

Sunday's phone rings. He looks at it.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

Speak of the devil.

DANNY

(excited) Francois?

SUNDAY

No, no, Les. (into phone) Hello.

EXT. HOTEL PATIO - SAME

Les sits at a table on his cell phone. Next to him, monitoring the conversation is Buzz Dunlevy. Buzz signals to Les to start talking.

LES
Sunday, it's Marcini.

INTERCUT: LES/SUNDAY

SUNDAY
What's up Big Bird?

LES
I want my art back you son of a bitch.

SUNDAY
Someone stole your art? That's awful! I hope you were insured. I'm a little busy now, maybe we can catch up over lunch sometime.

LES
Listen to me you little prick. I know it was you who blew up my yacht. I know you have my art and I want it all back. NOW!

SUNDAY
No, you listen to me asshole! You do whatever we say or else I'm sending back your Picasso self-portrait as a bag of confetti.

Marcini has a look of horror on his face.

LES
Alright. Calm down.

SUNDAY
You want your art back - you're going to have to buy it like everyone else, capiche?

LES
Fine. What do you want - a million?

SUNDAY
(laughs) You've got some balls you arrogant SOB. Those six paintings are worth a fortune. Nice talking to you...

LES

Hold on! Five. That's it.

SUNDAY

Ten, Les. Or, I'm calling Cabot and he'll find some buyers. He hates you anyways.

LES

(shocked) Seven for everything and that queen can go fuck himself.

SUNDAY

Done. Seven million cash.

LES

Seven million dollars?

SUNDAY

Nope, Euros.

LES

(yelling) You heartless fuck!

Silence.

LES (CONT'D)

(calmer now) Where's the drop?

SUNDAY

Saint Etienne.

LES

Where the hell's that?

SUNDAY

Google it. There's a park in the center of town. Be there tomorrow with the cash at five p.m.

LES

Why so late?

SUNDAY

Cause I'm getting waxed. What the fuck does it matter to you? Saint Etienne, five PM. And, Les?

LES

What? (yells)

SUNDAY

Come alone. We see anyone with you
and Danny goes to town with his
matches.

Click.

Both parties hang up.

HOTEL PATIO

Buzz turns off a tape recorder.

BUZZ

We got 'em. Good job Marcini.

LES

Thanks. And, my part of the bargain
again?

BUZZ

I gave you my word didn't I. You
sing and you're free. One more
thing, two of Al-Naj's lads were
found dead yesterday after a high-
speed chase. You wouldn't know
anything about that would you?

LES

Really? How unfortunate.

BUZZ

Uh-huh...

EXT. CITY PARK, SAINT ETIENNE - LATE AFTERNOON

Sunday and Danny arrive at the park in a Peugeot sedan. They
stop and shut the engine off.

DANNY

Looks quiet. What do you think?

SUNDAY

No one out here but old ladies and
poodles. Let's go.

They exit the car. As they do, Marcini rolls up in his
Mercedes. The car parks next to them. Marcini steps out. He
carries an attache case.

SUNDAY

Beautiful day Les, huh? Do you ever
do any bird watching?

LES

Save the small talk for someone who gives a shit. Where are they?

Danny opens up the trunk and reveals a cello case. He opens it and there are six steel tubes inside.

DANNY

Ta-da!

Les walks over and peers inside the trunk.

LES

Where's the Picasso?

SUNDAY

It's in there.

Wearing latex surgeon's gloves, Sunday pulls it out from the tube.

LES

There's my baby. Alright. Danny, load up the paintings in my trunk.

SUNDAY

Wait a minute. Where's our money?

LES

Yeah...

Les pops open the attache case. Sunday looks at it.

SUNDAY

Nice. I trust that's seven mill.

LES

You want to count it, go ahead.

Les hands the case to Sunday. As he does, Buzz and six French Policemen dash out of the woods and run toward them with guns drawn. Three police cars come wailing into the park with sirens blaring.

BUZZ

(yelling) Hands up boys, game over.

Sunday and Danny look around. They're surrounded. They raise their hands.

SUNDAY

Alright, alright.

Sunday suddenly decks Les right in the nose. He immediately puts his hands back up. Les holds his bloody nose.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

Sorry, had to do it. Inspector Dunlevy, how's it going? Didn't think you had it in you Buzz.

DANNY

Shut-up! Just shut-up for once!

Buzz grabs Sunday, spins him around and pushes him into the car. He begins to frisk him and cuff him.

Another cop does the same to Danny.

BUZZ

Get these two hooligans out of my sight. Marcini you're free to go. We'll be in touch.

SUNDAY

We'll see you around Les.

LES

Not where you're going. Don't drop the soap boys.

Sunday and Danny are shoved into a police car.

Les loads his art into the Mercedes as the procession of police cars drives away with sirens blaring.

INT. COURTROOM, LONDON - TWO MONTHS LATER

A typical British courtroom scene. Sunday and Danny sit at a table with their lawyers. Also present in the courtroom are: Les, Isabella, Safwan, Jacques Cabot, Buzz and Sandy.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Buzz sits on the witness stand.
- Les, Isabella and Safwan testify against Sunday and Danny.
- Jacques Cabot is sworn in by the court.
- The judges return to the courtroom, ready to pronounce a sentence. Sunday and Danny await their verdict.

JUDGE

This court finds the defendants
Ernest Beaufort Sunday and Daniel
Jane Wells guilty on all counts.

Sunday looks at Danny. He mouths "Jane?"

JUDGE (CONT'D)

I sentence you to twenty years of
incarceration at Dartmoor.

Sunday and Danny look shocked.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

This court is adjourned.

He bangs the gavel. Sunday and Danny are led out. They walk past Buzz, who's enjoying his finest hour. Sunday smiles at him.

BUZZ

I'm going to personally escort you
two to the warden myself. We'll see
who's smiling.

Sunday and Danny are hustled away.

EXT. TWO POLICE CARS - NEXT DAY

Two British police cars drive down a rural country road with sirens blaring.

INT. POLICE CAR - SAME

Buzz sits in the passenger seat. Sunday and Danny ride in the back, handcuffed. The POLICE DRIVER speaks on the radio.

POLICE DRIVER

This is 57 to base over. Our ETA to
Dartmoor is ninety minutes.

RADIO (V.O.)

We copy 90 minutes.

Suddenly, a VICTORIA SECRET truck appears out of nowhere and blocks the road. The car Sunday and Danny are riding in jack-knives and slams into the truck. The rear police car slams into the first car. All inside are dazed.

Two sedans drive out from gravel roads and surround the police cars.

Eight men in ski masks jump out with automatic weapons. One man fires a burst into the air. It's Haseem Kanooz, from the Victoria Secret heist.

DANNY

Thank you Maribeth Yost!

HASEEM

Nobody moves, nobody gets hurt.
Unlock the door.

The door unlocks. Kareem Kanooz and other crooks surround the area.

SUNDAY

This is our stop. Thanks for the ride Buzz. (to Kareem) I'm assuming you guys got paid.

KAREEM

Right on schedule. Can we get going please?

RADIO (V.O.)

57, this is HQ. We show both vehicles stopped.

Danny grabs the radio as the black-marketers point the guns at the cops.

DANNY

HQ this is 57. We've got a bunch of sheep blocking the road. The shepherd's moving them into the field, over.

RADIO (V.O.)

Roger 57. Out.

Danny rips the mike out of the radio. He takes Buzz's keys and opens both pairs of handcuffs. Then Sunday and Danny grab both sets of car keys.

Sunday looks at Buzz and smiles.

SUNDAY

I told you I'd see you around.

BUZZ

You son of a bitch. I'll chase you around the world if I have to.

SUNDAY

Haven't you learned by now, it's too much work going after us Buzz. Use your energy on something more creative, like a pottery class; more your speed.

DANNY

So long Buzzy.

Sunday and Danny jump into one of the sedans. Both sedans turn around and drive off quickly.

EXT. 10 DOWNING STREET - A WEEK LATER

Simon Kincaid stands in front of 10 Downing Street.

SIMON KINCAID

A week after the spectacular breakout by renowned thieves Sunday and Wells, Scotland Yard is at a loss for words. Stu Pomerantz, editor of "The Daily Mail" has christened lead detective Buzz Dunlevy, INSPECTOR DUNCE-LEVY. His failure to recover Edward Munch's "The Scream", and his arrogant use of the Mona Lisa as bait has been labeled one of the biggest police blunders in modern British history. From 10 Downing Street, I'm Simon Kincaid reporting.

INT. BUZZ'S APARTMENT - SAME

Buzz sits in his apartment, on the couch, feet up on the coffee table drinking a beer. He watches Simon's report and looks over at his only friend in the world, a black Lab.

BUZZ

I hate that guy.

The dog barks in agreement. The doorbell rings. He pats the dog on the head.

BUZZ

Just a second.

The doorbell rings again.

BUZZ (CONT'D)

Coming damnit!

Buzz opens the door swiftly, ready to chew some ass. No one is at the door. On the mat is a Fedex aluminum tube with a French return address.

Buzz eyes the Fedex tube suspiciously.

BUZZ

Hello? Who's there?

He looks down the empty hallway again. He walks inside and shuts the door.

Buzz opens the tube and extracts a painting canvas.

There's a regular sheet of paper wrapped around it. He opens it up.

INSERT PAPER

"Buzz, good game pal. I hope there's no hard feelings..."

BACK TO SCENE

Buzz unravels the canvas and he sees that it's "The Scream". He shakes his head and smiles.

EXT. LES MARCINI'S NEW YACHT, THE POMPADOUR II - DAY

Les stands inside his cabin, speaking with a French electronics security expert.

LES

You're positive this is top of line?

SECURITY EXPERT

I just installed a similar set-up at the Swiss Bank.

LES

Alright, wire it up.

Pierre appears with the mail. Marcini takes it and shuffles through it until something catches his eye. He sees a postcard from Uganda. He looks at a picture of a Silverback Gorilla with the heading, "Greetings from Uganda."

LES (CONT'D)

What the hell?

He turns it over and there's nothing except his address and several stamps. One catches his eye in particular. It's a crudely Xerox'd copy of one of the Mauritius singles.

LES (CONT'D)

No, no, no!

Les sprints into the vault. From the interior of the vault, and outside the yacht and across the water, we hear:

LES (CONT'D) (V.O.)

(yelling) Sunday!...

SUPER: AMSTERDAM

EXT. PHARMACY, AMSTERDAM - DAY

Pedestrians walk down a busy Amsterdam street. Sunday and Danny exit the pharmacy.

Danny examines a big purple tube of cream. He itches his crotch.

DANNY

This better work, I'm doing the Texas two-step, 24/7.

SUNDAY

You should've learned by now to double bag it.

DANNY

I had no choice. The bitch raped me.

SUNDAY

Was that before or after she put the uniform on you?

DANNY

Bugger off...

Sunday grabs the cream and reads the label.

SUNDAY

Don't worry this stuff has killed crabs since Christ was a corporal.

DANNY

It better work or I'm spraying it down with a can of Raid.

Sunday laughs. He tosses the cream back to Danny as they round the corner.

Across the street they see a huge banner that hangs from a brick building. It reads, "IMPERIAL RUSSIAN FABERGE EGG DISPLAY, JUNE 2-5."

Sunday's eyes light up. He smirks.

DANNY

Oh shit...

He knows where this is going.

DANNY (CONT'D)

No, no, no; we're not --

SUNDAY

Oh yes we are...

DANNY

Come on mate. Can't we just lay low for a while? I'm tired and I've got an ant farm in my undies.

SUNDAY

(points) You know how much those things are worth?

DANNY

I know. I know.

A beat.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Fine... But, this time I get to wear the sunglasses.

SUNDAY

What do I know about computers? I max out with emails and porn.

DANNY

You'll learn. And, it's about time I get the nice birds. I hope you like Chinese take away.

Danny starts to walk away in a hurry.

SUNDAY

(yelling) Okay! Alright! You made your point. We're a team. I'll do it.

SUPER: A MONTH LATER

EXT. AMSTERDAM - DAY

Sunday sits in a moored, closed pontoon boat which has a colorful awning advertising "FREIBERG'S SMOKE SHOP"(IN DUTCH) In the picture a man with grey hair and a grey moustache, smokes a joint with a young woman. They float down an Amsterdam canal on a marijuana leaf.

Sunday feebly attempts to manipulate a series of electronic gizmos that are second nature to Danny.

Sunday watches as Danny arrives at the Sotheby's Gallery with a beautiful blonde model. Danny is disguised as a Jamaican rapper with dreadlocks and a Kangol hat.

DANNY

Why don't you grab us a drink luv?

Danny pats her on the ass as she makes her way to the bar. He puts the "sunglasses" on.

SUNDAY (V.O.)

Hey, Bob Marley, take it easy. I didn't pay her that much. Don't scare her off.

INSIDE THE BOAT

Sunday attempts to boot up a laptop screen. He starts to whack it like an old TV.

SUNDAY

What's wrong with this junk? I can't see anything.

INSIDE THE MUSEUM

Danny examines a majestic display of the world's most beautiful Faberge eggs.

DAX WINTERS, a forty-something Texan, enters, disguised as a waiter. He holds a tray with two flutes of champagne. He walks toward Danny.

DAX

Danny, how the hell are you? Care for a beverage?

DANNY

Shit...What are you doing here?

Danny takes a flute of champagne and gulps it down.

DAX
 (laughing)
 See anything you like?

DANNY
 What do you think mate?

INSIDE THE VAN

SUNDAY
 What? Who's that?

DANNY (V.O.)
 Hit F4.

Sunday punches up F4. Two monitors come to life and are filled with Dax Winter's face on a close up looking directly into Danny's sunglasses.

DAX
 How you doing Sunday? You guys here
 for the show?

SUNDAY
 What show?

Dax winks into the camera.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)
 (yelling)
 Danny, get out of there!

Dax reaches for a gas mask as Danny sprints across the room, grabbing the blonde woman and running toward the door with her. The sunglasses fall off of Danny's head and tumble to the floor.

POV Sunglasses - Total chaos: The lights go out and smoke begins to waft through the room. An alarm goes off and people begin to yell.

OUTSIDE THE MUSEUM

As the alarms blare and smoke billows from the windows, Danny and the girl run toward Sunday's pontoon boat. They leap on board. Sunday sits in the driver's seat.

DANNY
 Jesus what the hell was that? Get
 us out of here. Let's go home.

The boat moves out.

SUNDAY

Home? You think I'm going to let
Dax run off with OUR eggs?

Sunday guns the engine and heads up the canal. Danny puts his
head in his hands.

FADE OUT:

THE END