

TARGET MONA LISA

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FADE IN

INT. LOUVRE MUSEUM - DAY

THE MONA LISA.

Soft DRONE of VISITORS congregating.

The DRONE steadily grows louder.

The DRONE reaches a crescendo and abruptly cuts off.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

EXT. DESERT FLOOR - DAY

Intermittent WIND BLOWS the desert sand.

A brown desert MOUSE appears in a depression in the sand. She twice tries to pull herself out of the depression, but falls back in each time. Her hind legs are obviously broken.

A BLACK SCORPION appears to the right of the mouse, a RED ONE to the left, and a larger BLACK ONE appears straight in front. The scorpions circle, then attack in unison.

As the larger scorpion comes forward a DOZEN BABY SCORPIONS scurry off her back and join the attack. The mouse is mauled.

The depression is revealed as but one TRACK in a series of TRACKS crossing the barren desert.

The tracks are followed at an accelerating speed. (Scored to MUSIC: classical, accelerating, with a slight hint of Arabia)

SUPER: "SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDDLE EAST AUGUST 2, 2011"

The tracks meander across open desert through the ruins of an ancient city, burned out TANK carcasses, oil fields, sand dunes, and more open desert.

Eventually, at the head of the trail of tracks, TWO MEN appear in the distance on CAMELBACK leading an additional CAMEL with full pack.

KHALID is thirty-eight, unshaven and has a commanding presence. ALI is twenty-six, bearded, short and awkward. They wear Afghan clothing and are dirt covered and sun-baked.

They enter a barren ranch at the foot of a mountain range and dismount from their camels. They depart on HORSES, a DONKEY follows with full pack.

They continue upward through foothills, then up a rugged and lifeless mountain path.

Khalid and Ali dismount from their horses and walk a narrow path. The horses and donkey led by rope follow.

MUSIC ENDS.

They proceed up a foreboding incline.

INT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT (1911 BLACK & WHITE)

A WHISTLE BLOWS and a plume of smoke rises from a BLACK TRAIN.

The train begins rolling away from the station.

SUPER: "NIGHT TRAIN TO ITALY - AUGUST 2, 1911"

VINCENZO, thirty years old, runs down the train station platform carrying a BICYCLE and a fraying SHOULDER BAG.

VINCENZO

Hold the train, hold the train.

The train slowly picks up speed.

A train STEWARD of African descent appears on the train steps.

STEWARD

Hurry, you can make it. Come on.

Vincenzo catches up to the train and hands the bicycle to the Steward who pulls it on board.

Just as Vincenzo is about to reach the handle to pull himself on board, he stumbles and loses a few yards.

The train gains speed.

Vincenzo makes a mad rush to catch up. The Steward holds his hand out to grab him.

STEWARD

Come on, you can do it.

Their hands clasp, Vincenzo hangs in the air precariously, then with a big pull the Steward pulls him on board.

INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - NIGHT (1911 BLACK & WHITE)

Vincenzo bursts into the compartment startling a STUFFY MAN reading stock quotes in a NEWSPAPER.

The Stuffy Man moves to the window seat to make room for Vincenzo.

Vincenzo lifts his bag to put it on the luggage rack above, he accidentally hits the Stuffy Man's newspaper. The man rolls his eyes in irritation.

Sitting across from them are a COUPLE in their 50's.

Vincenzo pulls out PLAYING CARDS from his pocket and holds them up for interest. The lady looks positively delighted, the Stuffy Man smirks.

INT. CIA HALLWAY - DAY (2011 COLOR)

JACK STRAW, forty-two years old, walks down the hallway. There is a dip of chewing tobacco evident in his lower lip.

SUPER: "JACK STRAW: CIA CHIEF OF COUNTER-TERRORISM"

SUPER: "AUGUST 2, 2011"

Jack comes to a door, throws it open and enters.

INT. CIA OFFICE - DAY (2011 COLOR)

There are dozens of DESKS with COMPUTERS spread about the room, only two are occupied.

LISA, thirty-six years old, is at the one on the left, and red-headed DANNY, twenty-eight years old, is on the right.

JACK

Fan-Fuckintastic. The sons of
bitches just cut our budget again.
All they talk about is China, China,
China.

LISA

Everyone and everything is being moved to the China desk, how can we operate like this?

Jack flips a wall switch that lights up an entire back area and wall.

On the wall are three large pyramids of PHOTOGRAPHS. The middle pyramid is set highest and reads "LEADERSHIP" above.

The left reads "TERRORIST OPERATIVES" and the right "MILITARY COMMAND".

Red X's are inscribed over a number of faces.

Jack picks up a thrashed blood-stained BAMBOO STICK leaning on his desk, and walks to the wall.

JACK

We don't know what's happened to their top assholes. And we've heard zilch in the last five years.

DANNY

They must be dead.

JACK

No, they're alive.

Red X's are drawn over most of the "Operative" faces.

JACK (cont'd)

We've killed or captured nearly all their top terror operatives. With their terror operations disabled, where will they strike?

The top face on the military pyramid has a large circle drawn around it. It is a blurry PICTURE of Khalid with beard and kaffiya.

JACK (cont'd)

Every time these SOBs are in trouble they go to their military command. And that means our old friend Khalid.

Jack TAPS on Khalid's picture with the bamboo stick.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PATH - DAY (2011 COLOR)

Khalid and Ali, with horses and donkey following, precariously walk a path with a treacherous death drop on their left.

The donkey steps on Ali's foot causing him to lose his balance and slip toward the drop off.

Khalid grabs him by the collar and pulls him up.

Ali looks relieved to see safer ground close ahead. Khalid shows no emotion.

Suddenly, an eighteen year old Arab fighter, AMIR, appears in their path with an AUTOMATIC WEAPON slung across his chest, but not aiming.

AMIR

(broken English)

Where the fuck do you think you're going, Jew?

Khalid looks at the death drop to his immediate left, then he looks to Ali and to Ali's WEAPON, as if to signal him to be prepared to use it.

Amir shakes his head sideways to say "no", then nods over his shoulder and upward as if to point.

Khalid follows his nod and sees THREE FIGHTERS with GUNS trained on them from above.

KHALID

Do I look like a Jew?

AMIR

What is your business here, infidel?
Are you CIA? Yes, I think you are.

KHALID

I'm looking for the road to Mecca,
and unless you are Mohammed himself,
peace be upon him, get the fuck out
of our way.

AMIR

You have spirit, Jew. Tell me more
before we burn you down.

Amir SNAPS the ammunition clip in place on his weapon.

KHALID

The road to Mecca is paved with the
bricks of New York and the bones of
infidels like you.

Amir stares coldly at Khalid. He slowly lowers his weapon.

AMIR

You are Kandahar Khalid?

KHALID

So I am.

AMIR

Legendary hero of the Kandahar
firefights?

KHALID

I'm no hero, but my bum leg proves
I was there.

Khalid pats his right leg.

Amir gives Khalid a traditional Arab hug.

AMIR

I am Amir. We have been waiting a
long time. We nearly gave you up
for dead.

(nodding toward Ali)

Who is he? Where is Ramdi?

KHALID

Ali is my guide. Ramdi never showed
at the meeting place.

Khalid motions Ali to follow.

KHALID (cont'd)

Come, Ali.

AMIR

No, he stays. My men will take
care of him.

The three fighters make their way down the hill and search
Khalid and Ali. They confiscate hidden WEAPONS.

Amir motions Khalid to walk ahead of him. Khalid has a
distinct right side limp. They pass the three Arab fighters,
and make their way around several bends of rugged rocks.

There are two short bursts of automatic GUNFIRE from behind.

Khalid quickly turns and looks back from where they came, then at Amir. Amir shrugs his shoulders and smiles back with several teeth missing.

AMIR

We find comfort if those we don't
know become dead. Come.

Amir and Khalid proceed toward another treacherous mountain path.

EXT. CLEARING WITH TREES - DAY (2011 COLOR)

Amir and Khalid approach.

TWO ARAB FIGHTERS with GUNS across their laps sleep against an oak tree, THREE more FIGHTERS are on the rocks above the clearing and many GOATS are scattered about.

AMIR

Wait.

Amir disappears behind a group of trees. Khalid is approached by the young boy ITCHY chasing GOATS.

KHALID

What's your name?

ITCHY

Samallah, but they call me Itchy.

Itchy pulls up his shirt sleeve and shows Khalid his irritated SPOTTY RED SKIN.

KHALID

I am Khalid. How old are you?

He pulls a piece of CANDY out of his pocket and gives it to Itchy.

Amir approaches with TWO ARABS. YUSEF, forty-four years old, in the center, obviously a respected senior figure.

ITCHY

Nine.

YUSEF

Kandahar Khalid, you'd dare show
your face again in my camp?

KHALID

My elephant-eared Yusef, I'm surprised you haven't mated with a pig by now and spend your time tending shit and whores.

Yusef stares at Khalid with cold, serious eyes and then lets out an enormous laugh and gives Khalid a big hug.

YUSEF

Praise be to almighty Allah for bringing you to us brother. It has been a long time indeed.

EXT. TAJIK CAVE COMPLEX - DAY (2011 COLOR)

Yusef leads Khalid along. Amir, the unnamed Arab, Itchy and the goats follow.

TWO ARABS come forward to meet Khalid at the cave entrance and hug him enthusiastically.

TWO ARAB GUARDS pull back the DRAPE covering the cave entrance. They enter and the drape closes.

EXT. ITALIAN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY (1911 BLACK & WHITE)

A WHISTLE BLOWS and the train appears with smoke billowing from the engine. The train crosses low rolling hills of high golden brown grass.

INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - DAY (1911 BLACK & WHITE)

Vincenzo sleeps leaning against the compartment wall with his black coat folded up as a pillow.

The Stuffy Man sits at the window reading his newspaper. The couple sitting across are grooming themselves.

The sliding compartment door bursts open awaking Vincenzo.

CONDUCTOR

Dumenza, next stop. Five minutes.

Vincenzo steps to the window, pulls it open, and sticks his head out. He sees Dumenza in the distance. He pulls his head back in and looks at the passengers.

VINCENZO

Dumenza.

STUFFY MAN

(wind RUFFLING his
newspaper)

Yes, we already heard that, thank
you.

VINCENZO

(rubbing a crucifix
dangling from his
neck)

Isn't this the most beautiful
countryside in the world, I just
wish it were snowing.

STUFFY MAN

In the summertime?

Vincenzo smiles and puts his head back out the window.

WHITE DANDELION FLOWERS start floating about the countryside.
Vincenzo excitedly holds on to the window with one hand and
hangs his upper body out the window as dandelions float by.

The silver CRUCIFIX dangles from his neck and a glint of
light reflects from it.

The dandelion flowers get thicker and thicker, soon he is
inundated with dandelions in his mouth and hair.

He pulls his head and body back in, closes the window, and
SPITS out dandelion flowers.

Vincenzo pulls his fraying shoulder bag down from above and
hits the Stuffy Man's newspaper again.

VINCENZO

My apologies.

INT. DUMENZA TRAIN STATION - DAY (1911 BLACK & WHITE)

Vincenzo walks from the train with his bag over his shoulder
and pushes his bicycle.

Hustle and bustle of people going to and from the train.

The Stuffy Man sees Vincenzo and turns the other way to avoid
him.

INT. CIA OFFICE - DAY (2011 COLOR)

Jack, Lisa and Danny stare at the picture of Khalid on the wall.

LISA
We've been scouring the Mid East
for him for years.

JACK
Kandahar, Tora Bora, you name it.
If it's a military operation, they
go to him.

Jack paces back and forth.

JACK (cont'd)
So where is he? How can this guy
disappear so completely? He is
indispensable to their operations.

Danny picks away at his lunch.

LISA
He may be the missing piece to the
puzzle, but what can we do if we
can't find him?

JACK
We better find him and I mean now,
otherwise we're gonna find ourselves
on the Chink desk.

Danny looks at his CHOPSTICKS and the CARTON of Chow Mein he is eating. He inconspicuously moves them under the table to be out of sight.

INT. TAJIK CAVE - NIGHT (2011 COLOR)

Khalid, an unnamed ARAB, Amir, Itchy sitting on a rock behind eating by himself, another unnamed ARAB, Yusef and the LEADER are spread about the dimly lit cave in a semi-circle.

They sit on ARABIAN RUGS with dishes of FOOD between and COFFEE in hand. A small fire burns in a circle of rocks.

The Leader's face is cast in shadow, his Bin Laden-like outline apparent.

The leader slowly runs his right hand back and forth from his distinct beard to slowly stirring his coffee. His fingernails are long, dirty, and menacing.

YUSEF

Time is short. The Bitch must burn
August Twenty-One.

KHALID

That's nineteen days, not a word in
six years, now you tell me...

YUSEF

The timing is Allah's.

Yusef uses the muzzle of his automatic weapon to poke at the wood in the fire.

YUSEF (cont'd)

Six years ago we sent out nineteen
sleeper cells, you were but one.

Yusef holds the gun with one hand and points the muzzle at Khalid to emphasize his point.

YUSEF (cont'd)

You are the Magnificent Nineteen,
the holiest number of the Quran and
you each will honor the tenth
anniversary of our nineteen martyrs
of September 11.

Yusef lays his weapon across his lap.

YUSEF (cont'd)

Each cell has a specific mission
unknown to any others. Many carry
swords of terror - nuclear and
biological. Our day of revenge is
near.

KHALID

The Bitch?

YUSEF

She is the long awaited signal.
You are the match that lights the
fuse Khalid. Nothing moves without
you first.

Yusef uses his weapon to poke at the burning wood.

YUSEF (cont'd)
 Queen Elizabeth makes a State Visit
 on this date, it hasn't been
 announced yet.

KHALID
 How can you be sure then?

YUSEF
 We have an ear in Buckingham.

KHALID
 You're gambling everything on the
 Queen, surely there's an easier
 way?

The leader slowly CLEARS HIS THROAT. Everyone falls silent.

LEADER
 The death of the Bitch is more than
 a signal Kandahar. Yours is the
 opening shot of a new Islamic
 onslaught against the West, and
 this one will make September Eleven
 look like camel fucking.

The Leader's hand trembles as it runs up and down his beard.
 His face remains shadowed.

LEADER (cont'd)
 Her disgusting face represents their
 Renaissance, a five hundred year
 crusade of infidels, apostates,
 decadence and evil upon our lands.

Itchy comes over and sits at the Leader's feet. The Leader
 fondles Itchy's hair as he speaks, a HANDGUN sits beside
 him.

LEADER (cont'd)
 The Bitch is the most recognized
 woman in their filthy world, but
 unlike the ships and buildings we
 have hit before, she is
 irreplaceable. Her death will signal
 the coming death of the West, and
 Allah's return to glory.

Everyone in the cave joins in Arab CHANTING.

A smiling Yusef pulls out a rumpled POSTCARD from his pocket,
 the picture is the Mona Lisa.

He dips the postcard in the fire and holds it up burning.
He drops it in the fire and flames consume it.

Yusef FIRES his gun into the fire as they CHANT.

EXT. DUMENZA CITY STREET - DAY (1911 BLACK & WHITE)

Vincenzo rides his bike down a cobblestone street full of shops and people, sporadically he tips his hat to the LADIES.

Vincenzo slows down to a flower shop with a CLOSED sign on the door. He pulls over and stops next door at PAULO's BAKERY & CAFE.

PAULO clears a table in front of his shop.

PAULO

I thought you were in Paris?

VINCENZO

I came to get Isabella. I miss her something terrible.

Vincenzo and Paulo embrace.

PAULO

It's always that way with women.
My Rosa drives me crazy most of the time, but I love her just the same.

Paulo and Vincenzo look into the shop and see the heavy set ROSA behind the counter pulling bread from the oven.

VINCENZO

Where's Amedeo?

PAULO

He had a delivery, you just missed him. You know Amedeo, those flowers and his women. I think he has a new lover, has he said anything to you in his letters?

VINCENZO

No, but I have something important to tell him.

PAULO

What is it?

VINCENZO

I'm going to ask Isabella to marry me. Today.

Vincenzo pulls a fancy bottle of FRENCH RED WINE from his bag and shows it to Paulo.

Vincenzo leans over the railing and pulls a handful of WHITE ROSES from a bucket sitting outside Amedeo's flower shop.

PAULO

That's wonderful. Rosa.

Vincenzo muzzles Paulo's mouth with his hands.

VINCENZO

Don't tell anyone. Wait till I ask her first, and Amedeo to be my best man, okay?

PAULO

Isabella is a real beauty. You are a lucky man.

VINCENZO

I found another in Paris that could be her twin. I work with her if you can imagine that. Every time I see her I think of Isabella.

Vincenzo pulls a picture POSTCARD from his pocket and hands it to Paulo.

PAULO

A strong resemblance indeed.

Paulo CHUCKLES as he hands back the postcard. The picture is not revealed.

PAULO (cont'd)

God be with you. And your bride to be.

Vincenzo pulls his silver crucifix necklace out from under his shirt and kisses it. He rides off.

EXT. ISABELLA'S FRONT DOOR - DAY (1911 B/W)

Vincenzo walks up to the quaint two story home with potted plants about.

He brushes off his suit with both hands.

He pulls out the wine bottle and flowers from his shoulder bag.

Vincenzo KNOCKS softly three times. He KNOCKS again, louder.

INT. ISABELLA'S PARLOR - DAY (1911 B/W)

Vincenzo slowly opens the front door and pokes his head in. A bouquet of RED ROSES are on the table.

Steam drifts upward from a cup of coffee.

VINCENZO

Isabella?

MUSIC (solo violin recording) comes faintly from upstairs.

Vincenzo slowly climbs the stairway.

INT. ISABELLA'S UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY (1911 B/W)

VINCENZO

Isabella?

He walks toward a half closed door.

INT. ISABELLA'S BEDROOM - DAY (1911 B/W)

Vincenzo enters.

On the bed facing the door and Vincenzo, ISABELLA is on her knees in the midst of sexual intercourse on top of an unidentified man. She is reversed facing the man's feet.

A skimpy blouse exposes her breasts, but bed sheets cover the lovers' loins.

Her eyes are closed as she fondles the base of her breasts and upper stomach.

Her eyes slowly open and she sees Vincenzo.

She halts the grinding motion.

Vincenzo's eyes well up with tears.

ISABELLA

Vincenzo?

Isabella and Vincenzo stare at each other.

RED ROSE PETALS are strewn about the bed.

ISABELLA (cont'd)

Bittersweet, isn't it my love?

Vincenzo steps to his left and sees her LOVER.

VINCENZO

Amedeo.

The white roses fall from his hands, then the red wine bottle falls and BREAKS.

Vincenzo exits.

EXT. ISABELLA'S FRONT DOOR - DAY (1911 B/W)

Vincenzo bursts out the front door, tears stream down his cheeks.

Vincenzo pulls the postcard from his pocket, it is the Mona Lisa. He RIPS it in pieces and throws them to the ground.

Vincenzo pedals away, then abruptly stops.

He gets off the bike and drops it on its side, runs over and picks up the postcard pieces.

INT. CIA OFFICE - DAY (2011 COLOR)

LISA

It's too personal for you Jack, you need to let the Khalid thing go.

JACK

Personal the fuck it is. That son of a bitch killed my two best men, and look what he did to me.

Jack lifts up his shirt and exposes an enormous scar on his stomach.

JACK (cont'd)

But he'll never forget me after what I did to his leg in Kandahar.

Jack looks distant in thought.

LISA
And that's why he taunted you all
these years.

Jack walks in front of the Military Command pyramid with his stained bamboo stick over his shoulder like a baseball bat.

LISA
He must be dead. Otherwise you
would have heard from him again by
now.

Jack looks at the circled picture of Khalid.

From Khalid's picture there is a horizontal black line to the far right, then six blocks arranged vertically.

The blocks read from top to bottom: "AFGHANISTAN 1990's", "USS COLE 2000", "KANDAHAR 2001", "TORA BORA 2001", "MADRID 2003", "LONDON 2005".

Jack follows the black line and taps on the blocks with his bamboo stick.

JACK
Bin Laden's military commander in
the nineties,
(tapping)
The Cole,
(tapping)
Kandahar where I stabbed him good,
(tapping)
The email from Tora Bora,
(tapping)
The telegram the morning of Madrid,
(tapping)
And the "L" scratched into my car
the night before the London bombings,
(tapping)

Jack picks up his spittoon and spits in it.

JACK (cont'd)
Then poof, six years, not a trace.

Jack taps the circled blurry picture of Khalid.

JACK (cont'd)

A blurry ten year old satellite photo ain't much good. Hell, he could be working at the McDonalds across the street and our people wouldn't recognize him.

EXT. TAJIK HILLSIDE - NIGHT (2011 COLOR)

Khalid and Yusef sit on top of a hill looking at a sky full of stars. GOATS roam about.

KHALID

What's with all these goats?

YUSEF

The goats act as decoys against the cowardly Americans. The infidels have eyes everywhere. If their satellites and drones come snooping, they see goats and Itchy chasing them.

Two goats approach. Yusef pulls some weeds from the ground and feeds them.

YUSEF (cont'd)

Your team, are they ready?

KHALID

We've been waiting for you, endlessly.

YUSEF

Nothing worthwhile comes quickly my brother. Is the half man still with you?

KHALID

Ahmed Point Five? Oh yes. He's my right hand.

YUSEF

Where'd you find him anyway?

INT. KHALID'S PARIS FLAT - DAY (2011 COLOR)

AHMED POINT FIVE, thirty-five years old, clicks on a computer mouse as he plays a computer combat game.

KHALID (V.O.)

He just appeared in Kandahar saying
he wanted to fight the infidel.
What was a cripple like him going
to fight, and with what? His
crutches?

Point Five contorts his body and face as his on-screen
character is about to be killed by an adversary.

He rapidly clicks and clicks and suddenly his character
escapes into a dark subway train tunnel.

KHALID V.O. (cont'd)

His parents were embarrassed by
him, kept him hidden. He escaped
by emailing a threat on King Fahd.
His parents were arrested, but he
fled. The House of Saud couldn't
even catch a cripple.

Point Five hobbles on crutches across the room.

KHALID V.O. (cont'd)

He has many useful talents though,
I trust him with my life.

EXT. TAJIK HILLSIDE - NIGHT (2011 COLOR)

YUSEF

And what of Yassin?

KHALID

Stuttering Yassin, he's still with
us. Why I have no idea.

EXT. CHAMPS-ELYSES - DAY (2011 COLOR)

YASSIN, twenty-eight years old and with dark sinister looking
features, walks along the sidewalk with a CIGARETTE dangling
from his lips.

A LADY laughing in conversation backs up and accidentally
bumps into Yassin.

He sneers, then forcefully pushes her causing her to trip
and fall into the gutter.

He walks on as the lady CURSES him in French.

Without looking back, he lifts his hand and flips her off.

EXT. TAJIK HILLSIDE - NIGHT (2011 COLOR)

Khalid pets a GOAT.

KHALID (cont'd)

The key to this operation is the Moroccan brothers. I found them in Algeria, two of the most talented fighters I've ever seen.

INT. LOUVRE MUSEUM - DAY (2011 COLOR)

ANTON and PHILIPPE, in their mid-thirties, patrol the halls of the Louvre as guards, the statue WINGED VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE is in the background.

KHALID V.O. (cont'd)

They speak French and Spanish fluently. The Louvre Director is convinced they are French nationals who grew up in North Africa. He regards them as his two best guards.

Anton and Philippe stand guard on both sides of the Mona Lisa.

KHALID V.O. (cont'd)

They are masters of guerrilla warfare and are perfectly placed.

EXT. TAJIK HILLSIDE - NIGHT (2011 COLOR)

YUSEF

Are you ready to make Allah proud?

KHALID

Nineteen days to finalize is cutting it close, but we'll be ready.

YUSEF

Your day of glory is near my brother. You must not fail. If the Bitch doesn't burn, our cells will not act. Do you understand?

Khalid smiles.

INT. TAJIK CAVE - NIGHT (2011 COLOR)

Amir and Itchy fold packs and organize. Yusef sips coffee by the fire.

AMIR

Will Khalid succeed?

YUSEF

He's the fiercest fighter I've ever known.

Yusef throws a piece of wood into the fire.

YUSEF (cont'd)

The Saudis brutalized his sister while interrogating his father. From that day Khalid swore an oath to fight the Saudis and Americans until his last breath.

AMIR

How old was his sister?

YUSEF

Seven, Khalid twelve. They forced him to watch while they hacked away at her with machetes.

Amir and Itchy turn somber.

YUSEF (cont'd)

Don't worry, he's our man. The Cole, Kandahar, Tora Bora, he never fails.

EXT. TUNNEL OPENING - DAY (1911 B/W)

Pitch black as the CLATTER of a train echoes.

A train WHISTLE BLOWS and a black TRAIN with smoke billowing exits a tunnel. The sky is overcast.

INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - DAY (1911 B/W)

Vincenzo sits alone in the compartment with his coat on, arms folded, and face leaning against the window.

INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY (1911 B/W)

A train CARGO HANDLER hands down Vincenzo's bike to him. The front tire is badly bent and unable to roll.

EXT. PARIS STREET - DAY (1911 B/W)

Vincenzo walks despondently with overcoat and shoulder bag. The Eiffel Tower is visible in the distance.

EXT. SPANISH DAGGER CAFE & BAR - DAY (1911 B/W)

Vincenzo walks toward the SPANISH DAGGER. It has a cherry wood facade with a large door. Above the door is a DAGGER pointing downward between the words SPANISH and DAGGER.

INT. SPANISH DAGGER CAFÉ & BAR - DAY (1911 B/W)

Vincenzo enters.

MAURICE

Back so soon, what can I get you?

VINCENZO

A new life.

Maurice hugs Vincenzo.

MAURICE

And your lovely lady of the Louvre?

VINCENZO

Just get me a whiskey.

Vincenzo sits at a corner table. While holding his crucifix, he chugs a whiskey.

He pulls the postcard pieces from his pocket and stares at them.

INT. CIA OFFICE - DAY (2011 COLOR)

Jack, Lisa and Danny sit at a large table sifting through Arab PHOTOS and stacks of FILES.

JACK

I don't want to leave one stone unturned, we must find Khalid. Press all our informants and intelligence sources, someone knows something out there.

LISA

Where do we start?

JACK

From the beginning.

DANNY

I'll pull up our database.

Danny turns to a LAP TOP COMPUTER with a screen savor PICTURE of a 1957 red Ferrari. He begins typing.

JACK

And I want a separate database to track every email address even remotely tied to the terrorists.

LISA

That'll take forever.

JACK

That's why we're working fifteen hour days until we get it done.

DANNY

Might as well, I can't get a date these days anyway.

EXT. TAJIK COUNTRYSIDE - DAY (2011 COLOR)

Khalid and Yusef TROT on HORSES side-by-side toward an open plain.

TWO BLACK CROWS pick at a wounded LIZARD on the ground.

KHALID

If you've ceased contact, how do you know some cells have nukes?

YUSEF

Because you and I are going to arrange their final delivery.

KHALID

What?

YUSEF

Vlad the Russian, you remember him?
He's done us well.

KHALID

That Russian pig.

YUSEF

Vlad's our key supplier. In turn,
we've made him very rich.

INT. CHECHEN WAREHOUSE - DAY (2011 COLOR)

SUPER: "AUGUST 4, 2011 - SEVENTEEN DAYS TO TARGET"

Intermittent BOMBARDMENTS echo in the distance, followed by slight SHAKING of the building and falling dust.

The warehouse is full of AMMUNITION and GUNS stacked in a disorderly manner.

VLAD, a burly bearded Russian, sits at the head of the table with THREE RUSSIAN ARMY BODYGUARDS standing behind him. Vlad wears a tight white t-shirt and camouflage pants.

Opposite Vlad is Yusef, with Khalid to his right. Both wear black leather jackets and black pants.

All smoke.

VLAD

My dear Yusef, as always, we will
get you what you want, where you
want it, when you want it. But
this is no mere RPG order. My
generals are ready to deliver, but
you are going to have to pay.

Vlad CRACKS a WALNUT with his hands.

VLAD (cont'd)

Your Arab rabble has not the muscle
for this one.

YUSEF

Just give me the price.

Vlad, eating the walnut, pushes over a piece of PAPER. Yusef picks up the paper and looks at it, then shows it to Khalid.

A loud bombardment SHAKES the building.

YUSEF (cont'd)

This is dollars?

VLAD

Euros, worth more and easier to hide from the Americans. Paris or Zurich, either will work.

Vlad CRACKS another walnut.

YUSEF

If you fuck it up, it will be your death warrant, your generals as well.

VLAD

And if any of this weaponry is used against Russians or Russian interests you, your family and anyone you have ever known will suffer a death not even seventy-two virgins will compensate for.

EXT. CHECHEN STREET - DAY (2011 COLOR)

Yusef and Khalid walk rapidly through a deserted bombed out urban neighborhood.

Distant GUNFIRE and EXPLOSIONS echo.

KHALID

What's in it for the Russians?

YUSEF

The enemy of my enemy is my friend.

A large EXPLOSION echoes.

YUSEF (cont'd)

New York, Washington, Los Angeles, London, Tokyo and of course the sewage in Tel Aviv will soon be no more. Under their very hook noses, our bombs will be guarded by their most trusted institutions.

INT. LONDON BANK VAULT - DAY (2011 COLOR)

An ENGLISH BANKER leads a distinguished RUSSIAN DIPLOMAT into a bank vault.

RUSSIAN DIPLOMAT

As discussed, this case is from our diplomatic pouch.

(handing over the case)

I can not express the importance that it does not leave this vault.

BANKER

Our vaults have never been robbed, you will not have a problem sir.

INT. SPANISH DAGGER - NIGHT (1911 B/W)

Maurice cleans glasses as he looks at Vincenzo sitting alone at a table in the corner. He shakes his head in sympathy, turns off the water and walks over to Vincenzo.

MAURICE

Vincenzo, you've been in here drinking all day, you best go home now, okay? You know who will soon be here, and he's gonna want to know everything.

VINCENZO

(with drunken slur)

Oh, I forgot, I didn't realize the time.

Just as Vincenzo utters the words the door opens and a giant of a man in paint splattered railroad style overalls and suspenders walks in.

It is BIG SEXY who looks like the large, jovial Skipper from Gilligan's Island. His sidekick, a frail little bespectacled man named LITTLE JOHNNY, follows.

MAURICE

Too late.

BIG SEXY

Hello, everybody. It's a great day to be alive.

A big smile spreads across Big Sexy's face. His rolled up shirt sleeve reveals a TATTOO on his forearm that says KNIT OR DIE.

THE CAFÉ CROWD

Hello Big Sexy.

BIG SEXY

Maurice, two whiskies at our usual table my good man.

TWO little MEN drinking at the named table scurry off, bouncing into each other and partially spilling their drinks.

LITTLE JOHNNY

Well look what we have over there Big Sexy, it looks like our little Italian Macaroni is back.

BIG SEXY

Where?

Little Johnny points toward Vincenzo, and Big Sexy throws his arms up in excitement.

BIG SEXY

Macaroni.

Big Sexy immediately walks toward Vincenzo (aka Macaroni).

VINCENZO

I'm not in the mood.

Big Sexy picks him up and gives him a great big bear hug.

BIG SEXY

Nonsense my little Italian Macaroni, I'll have none of that.

Big Sexy carries Vincenzo to his table, Vincenzo is unable to talk from the bear hug.

Maurice scurries behind with whiskies splashing about on his tray.

VINCENZO

I told you I don't want to be called Macaroni.

BIG SEXY
 (to the whole cafe)
 Everybody listen up. Is this man
 Vincenzo as he claims, or is he our
 little Italian Macaroni?

THE CROWD
 (chanting)
 Macaroni. Macaroni. Macaroni.

BIG SEXY
 My friend, it is democracy.

MAURICE
 Big Sexy, ease up on him, he's had
 a tough time of it.

Big Sexy ignores Maurice's appeal.

BIG SEXY
 Where is your lovely bride to be?

VINCENZO
 She's not coming.

BIG SEXY
 I can't hear you.

VINCENZO
 She left me.

LITTLE JOHNNY
 He made the whole thing up. There
 never was any girl, just that stupid
 postcard he carries around.

BIG SEXY
 You are like Johnny here, what woman
 would want either of you?

Vincenzo stands up, loses his balance and trips over a chair.
 He quickly gets up and storms out the door.

MAURICE
 Why couldn't you two piss-heads
 just give the kid a break?

Vincenzo stumbles back into the café. As he grabs his coat,
 he knocks down the coat rack.

THE CROWD
 Macaroni. Macaroni. Macaroni.

Vincenzo exits.

INT. VINCENZO'S FLAT - NIGHT (1911 B/W)

Vincenzo stumbles into his flat and sits at a small table. He opens a half BOTTLE of whiskey and pours a drink.

He pulls the postcard pieces from his pocket.

He slowly pieces together the Mona Lisa on the table, his crucifix necklace nearby.

VINCENZO

Isabella.

Vincenzo, teary eyed, looks out his window at the Eiffel Tower in the distance.

The Eiffel Tower and everything else slowly turns to color.

To the north an AEROFLOT RUSSIAN AIRLINER passes in its final descent towards Charles de Gaulle Airport.

Vincenzo's (Khalid's) flat is now in color and with updated furnishings and paint.

INT. KHALID'S FLAT - NIGHT (2011 COLOR)

Point Five sits on a couch over a LAP TOP COMPUTER on a coffee table with a blood stained TISSUE hanging from his nose.

Piles of blood-stained tissue are on the table mixed with soda cans and empty potato chip bags.

The flat is messy and the walls have few personal touches.

Two obscured PHOTOS are on the mirror.

A BLACK HANDGUN is beside him.

An empty SODA CAN sits on top of the inside doorknob.

The doorknob slowly TURNS, the soda can FALLS.

Point Five hears the can fall, looks to the doorknob, and reaches for his gun. He nervously grips the gun.

The door slowly opens and Khalid pokes his head in, Point Five sighs in relief. Khalid enters.

Khalid has dashing good looks and wears black pants and a white button down shirt. He has long, straight, silky black hair tied in a pony tail. He is clean shaven.

Khalid puts down his BAG and looks at Point Five.

KHALID

What happened to you?

POINT FIVE

It's just a shitty ass bloody nose.
What news?

Khalid pulls a Mona Lisa POSTCARD from his pocket, there is a black hand drawn target over her face.

He holds up the postcard for Point Five to see.

KHALID

Our time is at hand.

POINT FIVE

Allahu Akbar.

EXT. TUILERIES PARK - DAY (2011 COLOR)

Khalid slowly pushes Point Five in a wheelchair. Khalid wears an open white shirt with an ornate gold Spanish CRUCIFIX NECKLACE.

As they pass a crepe and flower stand along side each other, Khalid tips his hat to the LADIES. They continue down the path.

FLOWER STAND LADY

Handsome.

CREPE STAND LADY

That's the Spaniard Roberto Ramirez,
he owns the old Spanish Dagger at
the corner. He's a wonderful man,
walks his poor crippled brother
nearly every day, rain or shine.

As Khalid and Point Five come to a shrouded tree hidden part of the path, Anton and Philippe appear and walk along side.

KHALID

Game on, we meet at Old Man's tonight
to prep the menu.

Anton and Philippe nod and disappear, Philippe into the trees and Anton across a wide lawn.

EXT. JEFFERSON MEMORIAL - DAY (2011 COLOR)

Jack slowly walks with AVNER, an Israeli Mossad officer.

Avner is fifty-three years old, strongly built, curly black hair, and wears a short sleeve white shirt. He is smoking.

Jack has chewing tobacco in his bottom lip.

JACK

We're still looking for our lost "watch", have you heard anything?

AVNER

Khalid's trail has been stone cold for years, might be time for a new "watch" Jack.

JACK

Just the same, keep pressing.

AVNER

We'll double back on our sources. If he's still alive, we'd like to know as well.

JACK

Any other movement we should know about?

AVNER

Nothing concrete mind you, but there's word an important meeting went down recently. Supposedly something big was set in motion, I don't know what, where or who though.

JACK

That's not much to go on.

AVNER

I know. We'll keep digging.

INT. LOUVRE ENTRYWAY - DAY (1911 B/W)

Vincenzo rushes through the entryway and starts down the hallway.

DIRECTOR HOMOLLE (O.S.)
Macaroni. Macaroni, get over here.

Vincenzo looks over his shoulder and sees DIRECTOR HOMOLLE.

Vincenzo turns and walks toward Director Homolle.

DIRECTOR HOMOLLE (cont'd)
You're two hours late. I didn't become Director by hiring misfits like you. My cousin's letter may have gotten you this job, but this is your last warning. Next time you're on the street.

VINCENZO
But I was caught in the rain.

DIRECTOR HOMOLLE
I don't want to hear it. Get to the Mona Lisa room and help that beast everyone calls Big Sexy.

INT. MONA LISA ROOM - DAY (1911 B/W)

Vincenzo stops dead in his tracks as he sees the Mona Lisa.

There are a large number of WOMEN in front of the Mona Lisa congregating around an ARTIST sketching.

BIG SEXY (O.S.)
Okay, Don Juan. Enough wowing of the ladies today.

Vincenzo doesn't respond. Big Sexy approaches.

BIG SEXY (cont'd)
Macaroni.

Vincenzo startled, looks over his shoulder to Big Sexy.

VINCENZO
Who's the big shot?

BIG SEXY
That's Picasso, the latest cat's meow of the avant-garde. Come.

Vincenzo and Big Sexy approach and peek over PICASSO's shoulder. They see a pastel sketch in progress, it is Cubist style with a highly contorted face of the Mona Lisa.

VINCENZO
Blasphemy, look what he's done to
her.

The women turn and sneer at Vincenzo's obvious ignorance.

Big Sexy extends his large arm around Vincenzo's neck and quietly pulls him away to avoid a confrontation.

BIG SEXY
Ignore Picasso, he'll never amount
to anything.

They approach Johnny.

BIG SEXY (cont'd)
Help Johnny close off the area and
take those paintings to the racks
in the work closet.

INT. SAFE-HOUSE - NIGHT (2011 COLOR)

SUPER: "AUGUST 7, 2011 - FOURTEEN DAYS TO TARGET"

The safe-house is a large high ceiling garage with a white couch, table, and chairs spread about. A SOUVENIR ARC D' TRIUMPH REPLICA sits on the coffee table.

A life size POSTER of the Mona Lisa is on the wall.

Point Five scans the room with a SCANNING DEVICE.

Khalid types on a LAP TOP COMPUTER. He wears a WRIST WATCH with a Mona Lisa face.

RAMZI and SAMIR play chess and smoke.

Yassin rapidly assembles the parts of an automatic HANDGUN.

POINT FIVE
It's all clear.

A KNOCK from the door.

Khalid walks to the window and pulls back the curtain slightly.

Yassin finishes assembling, clears the action and inserts an ammunition clip. He lifts the gun in anticipation.

Khalid opens the door and Anton and Philippe enter.

KHALID

You weren't followed?

ANTON

We spent two hours changing trains.

Point Five scans Anton and Philippe and the scanner BEEPS at Anton's pocket. He pulls out two CELL PHONES. Then Philippe pulls ONE out.

PHILIPPE

They've been off since we left.

Point Five puts the cell phones in a small COOLER with a small RADIO playing hard rock MUSIC. (Song recommendation available upon request)

He closes the cooler top and the music cuts off. He puts the cooler into a larger metal COOLER and puts it in a closet.

He gives both of them a new CELL PHONE.

POINT FIVE

Don't use these for anything except to receive calls from us. Same passwords and the abort code is now "Mecca". Got it?

Anton and Philippe nod.

They all sit.

Yassin starts disassembling his gun.

KHALID

Game on, with date certain, August Twenty-One.

ANTON

Fourteen days?

KHALID

Our Heroic Leader activated us himself.

POINT FIVE

Allahu Akbar.

KHALID

Queen Elizabeth makes a State Visit on this date, the perfect diversion has arrived.

Point Five monitors the scanning device.

Yassin smiles and begins reassembling his gun again.

KHALID (cont'd)
Remember that whore Princess Di?
The French will do whatever it takes
to avoid another royal death on
their soil.

Khalid stands up, folds his arms, and pauses.

KHALID (cont'd)
One more thing, we're no longer
gonna burn the Bitch in place.
We're gonna do it under the
horseshoe.

Khalid looks down at the Arc d' Triomph replica.

KHALID (cont'd)
Then we detonate the horseshoe.

Everyone, except Yassin, looks utterly shocked.

POINT FIVE
Are you fucking serious?

KHALID
It wasn't my call, but we're gonna
get it done.

Yassin finishes reassembling his gun and clears the action again. Khalid rolls his eyes in irritation.

YASSIN
(stuttering)
Beautiful, we-we-we'll kill
thousands.

KHALID
That's your game, not mine. We
take out the targets and anything
in the way, nothing more.

Yassin scowls.

KHALID (cont'd)
Anton and Philippe, make damn sure
you're on duty on the twenty-first.
If not, have something bad happen
to those who are.

Anton and Philippe nod.

KHALID (cont'd)

Point Five, as soon as the Queen's visit is announced, coordinate with our people in London and Karachi. I want a trail of chatter so the Brits know an assassination is coming.

Point Five reaches for his coffee and accidentally knocks over Yassin's. He tries to wipe it up. Yassin scowls.

KHALID (cont'd)

Forget the coffee, this is important. On August Eighteenth I want more chatter to convince them the attack is coming in Paris. Be discreet or they won't buy it.

POINT FIVE

What if they cancel the State Visit?

KHALID

Leak the threat to the American press as insurance. The Brits won't dare cut and run if they know the world is watching.

POINT FIVE

(attempting an English accent)

Fucking brilliant mate.

KHALID

This, my brothers, will be our ultimate game of chess. We're giving the infidels the "when" and the "where", just not the "what". And what they think they know, will be their undoing.

Khalid sits, folds his hands, and rubs them together over the coffee table and souvenir Arc d' Triumph.

KHALID (cont'd)

Now, let's figure out how we're gonna blow the horseshoe.

INT. NEW YORK DIVE BAR - NIGHT (2011 COLOR)

Jack and Avner sit in a dark corner. Two half filled GLASSES and a BOTTLE of Black Label are on the table.

Avner lights a CIGARETTE and begins puffing.

JACK

You can't smoke in New York bars anymore Avner.

AVNER

Michael Bloomberg and his bullshit laws, and he's a Jew.

Avner blows a ring of smoke upward, then finishes his drink.

JACK

Any word on my "watch"?

AVNER

Not a trace, but we've picked up a lot of Arab chatter about Vlad the Russian.

JACK

That can't be good. Vlad doesn't make a move without the approval of Moscow.

AVNER

I know, that's why we're concerned. We'd appreciate hearing anything you come up with on this.

JACK

Certainly.

Avner picks up the bottle and fills their glasses.

INT. MONA LISA ROOM - DAY (1911 B/W)

Vincenzo paints the wall in a closed-off section of the Louvre, just down the hall from the Mona Lisa.

The background DRONE of the crowd congregating in front of the Mona Lisa echoes.

BIG SEXY

Hey Macaroni, me and Johnny are
going to lunch. Keep working, we'll
bring something back for you.

Big Sexy moves closer so Little Johnny can't hear.

BIG SEXY (cont'd)

I'll tell Homolle you worked your
butt off all day, that'll get him
off your back.

VINCENZO

Thanks Sexy.

Big Sexy and Little Johnny walk off.

Vincenzo paints while standing on a ladder. He comes down
to put more paint in his tray.

As he looks down the hall at the Mona Lisa, he sees Picasso
get up and leave, and the CROWD follows him. The Mona Lisa
Room is empty.

Vincenzo stares at the Mona Lisa's eyes, and she stares back.

ISABELLA (O.S.)

Vincenzo, I love you. Please dance
with me, will you?

Vincenzo puts down his tray and walks trance-like toward the
Mona Lisa, his wet PAINTBRUSH still in his hand.

The Mona Lisa's eyes stare lovingly at him.

EXT. LAKE COMO WATERFRONT - NIGHT (1911 B/W)

Vincenzo walks in black Italian formal wear along the cement
waterfront patio of Lake Como.

Vincenzo walks toward Isabella, her face shimmering in beauty
in the moonlight.

VINCENZO

May I have this dance, Mademoiselle?

Isabella curtseys.

ISABELLA

You may.

INT. MONA LISA ROOM - DAY (1911 B/W)

A middle-aged LADY museum visitor in a BLUE DRESS stands in front of Vincenzo. Vincenzo wears his paint clothing.

LADY
(surprised)
Well, why not.

VINCENZO'S DAYDREAM DANCE (Scored to MUSIC: Song recommendation available upon request)

-- Mona Lisa Room - Vincenzo bows, takes the Lady's hand and they begin to dance.

-- Vincenzo holds the wet paintbrush behind her back. They begin a turn.

-- Lake Como Waterfront - Vincenzo and Isabella continue the turn along the waterfront patio. Lake Como glistens behind in the moonlight.

-- Mona Lisa Room - Vincenzo and Lady dance.

-- Lake Como Waterfront - Vincenzo and Isabella dance.

ISABELLA
I love you so much, Vincenzo. Paris
is so far and I get so lonely.
Please don't go.

VINCENZO
Love is bitter and sweet my love.
I will send for you as soon as I
can.

-- Lake Como Waterfront - Isabella embraces him closer.

-- Mona Lisa Room - Lady shrugs and smiles in response.

-- Mona Lisa Room - Vincenzo and the Lady dance. She holds a museum MAP behind Vincenzo's back.

-- A large drop of white paint hangs precariously from Vincenzo's paintbrush.

-- Mona Lisa Room - Vincenzo and Isabella dance in the Mona Lisa Room wearing their Lake Como clothing.

-- Lake Como Waterfront - Vincenzo and Lady dance along Lake Como wearing their Mona Lisa room clothing.

-- Mona Lisa Room - Isabella's face morphs into the Mona Lisa's, then into Picasso's contorted Mona Lisa face.

-- Isabella's Bedroom - Isabella on top of Amedeo.

-- Lake Como Waterfront - Vincenzo pushes Isabella away.

VINCENZO

Get away from me you cheating bitch.

-- Lake Como Waterfront - Isabella looks at him in shock.

-- Mona Lisa Room - Lady looks at Vincenzo in shock.

MUSIC ENDS

LADY

I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to step
on your foot. I'm not a very good
dancer.

As he is about to curse her again, a hand comes from behind and covers Vincenzo's mouth. It's Big Sexy.

BIG SEXY

I'm so sorry, mademoiselle.

Big Sexy holds Vincenzo off the ground with one hand over his mouth and one around his waist.

BIG SEXY (cont'd)

Macaroni's head is a little bit
crazy. Thank you for dancing with
him. Truly, you are a beautiful
dancer.

The Lady scampers away in shock. Her map falls to the ground behind her.

As she quickly walks down the hallway, a number of white paint drips are visible on the back of her blue dress.

Once she is gone, Big Sexy releases Vincenzo.

BIG SEXY (cont'd)

Get a hold of yourself.

A CLEARING OF THE THROAT comes from behind.

Director Homolle stares at Vincenzo.

DIRECTOR HOMOLLE
Get out and don't come back.

Director Homolle turns toward Big Sexy.

DIRECTOR HOMOLLE (cont'd)
And if I see any more out of you,
it will be you as well.

Director Homolle storms away in a huff.

Big Sexy and Vincenzo sit on the nearby bench.

BIG SEXY
Oh Macaroni, what piss poor luck.
Boy, I really hate that guy.

A small CHUCKLE and smile comes across Vincenzo's face, then he looks down in despair. He pulls his crucifix out from under his shirt and rubs it.

BIG SEXY (cont'd)
That thing's gonna disappear if you
keep rubbing it so.

Vincenzo looks at the crucifix.

VINCENZO
It's been in my family four hundred
years, passed down to the oldest
son of every generation. It was
cast in Florence by Antoni
Brunelleschi.

BIG SEXY
Who?

VINCENZO
The greatest silversmith of the
Renaissance. He shared a studio
with Leonardo himself.

BIG SEXY
And maybe it was cast the same time
as the Mona Lisa.

VINCENZO

Make jokes if you want, but on my father's deathbed he told me that if I'm ever in trouble to rub it and pray. He said it has the power to do anything, so long as love is in my heart.

Vincenzo lifts up the crucifix so Big Sexy can get a closer look at the craftsmanship. It gives off a glimmer and a subtle CHIME.

BIG SEXY

Let's hope it can start off by getting you a new job.

INT. SPANISH DAGGER - NIGHT (1911 B/W)

Vincenzo stumbles from table to table with a whiskey in his left hand and his pasted-together Mona Lisa postcard in his right.

VINCENZO

Hello, my name is Vincenzo, and who might you be?

The TWO MEN ignore Vincenzo.

VINCENZO (cont'd)

Pleased to meet you.
(pulling up a chair)
Can I show you a picture of my fiancée?

BAR PATRON

Beat it.

The Bar Patron pushes Vincenzo. He stumbles off.

Big Sexy and Little Johnny come through the front door, scan the room and see the spectacle of Vincenzo.

Big Sexy and Little Johnny approach Maurice at the bar counter.

BIG SEXY

How's our little Macaroni doing?

MAURICE

Not good, he's been drinkin' all day again.

BIG SEXY
Let him drink, that's all he has.

INT. SLUDGE REPORT WEB PAGE - DAY (2011 COLOR)

INSERT - Sludge Report Web Page

Picture of Queen Elizabeth's head with crown at the center top. Below in big headlines, "QUEEN TO MAKE FIRST STATE VISIT TO PARIS IN EIGHT YEARS".

INT. KHALID'S FLAT - DAY (2011 COLOR)

SUPER: "AUGUST 11, 2011 - TEN DAYS TO TARGET"

Point Five types on his lap top computer as he mutters to himself in Arabic. The on-screen email text he is writing is a series of random LETTERS, NUMBERS & FOREIGN SYMBOLS.

A second LAP TOP COMPUTER is open next to him, the screen saver message crosses the screen, "GLOBAL THERMONUCLEAR WAR IS GOOD".

Open potato chip bags and empty soda cans are strewn about.

The Mona Lisa postcard, with hand drawn target over her face, is affixed to the top of the mirror.

The previously obscured pictures on the mirror are now visible. On the left is a rumpled PHOTO of Khalid's family (father, mother, Khalid, and sister).

On the right is a yellowing PHOTO of an American CIA combat unit with a hand drawn black circle around the face of a younger Jack Straw.

INT. CIA OFFICE - DAY (2011 COLOR)

Danny works at his COMPUTER as Jack and Lisa stand behind looking at the screen.

The screen displays Point Five's email with random LETTERS, NUMBERS and FOREIGN SYMBOLS.

DANNY

This encryption's gonna be difficult.
But it's definitely from the same
email address Khalid used in Tora
Bora.

They stare at the random coding.

JACK

Wow. Our first hint of Khalid in
six years. Could it be a
coincidence, like a reassigned email
address?

DANNY

No, I already checked that out.

JACK

Where'd it come from?

Danny types and clicks.

A small white 1965 SHELBY TOY CAR sits next to his keyboard.

LISA

That might take some time.

DANNY

No it won't.

JACK

That's my Danny boy. Nuke 'em,
Dano.

Jack massages Danny's neck while he types.

LISA

It's book 'em, not nuke 'em.

DANNY

It was sent from London and picked
up in rural Tajikistan.

Jack rushes to the wall with the terrorist pyramids. To the
far right is a thumbtacked WORLD MAP.

Jack picks up a black pen and draws a triangle extending
from Tora Bora (Afghanistan) to London to Tajikistan.

JACK

This is no coincidence.

DANNY
Khalid you filthy terrorist, your
room in the Red X Club awaits.

JACK
I want that SOB more than anyone,
but he's no terrorist, he's a freedom
fighter.
(with a hint of
admiration)

Jack turns to face Khalid's picture.

JACK (cont'd)
(to the picture)
What are you up to?

Then turning to Danny and Lisa.

JACK (cont'd)
He's the key. Break that encryption.

Danny gives a broad smile and turns back to his computer.

DANNY
Aye-aye sir.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - DAY (2011 COLOR)

SUPER: "AUGUST 13, 2011 - EIGHT DAYS TO TARGET"

Anton sits in a white tank top with a cigarette dangling
from his mouth as he cleans an AUTOMATIC WEAPON.

Philippe, in black jeans and black t-shirt, aims a large
AUTOMATIC PISTOL at the Mona Lisa poster.

He adjusts his gun-sites to infrared targeting lines
overlying the Mona Lisa.

GUNS and AMMUNITION are strewn about on a table.

On an adjacent table C-4 PLASTIC EXPLOSIVES and DETONATORS
are neatly piled with Roman numerals written next to each
pile, four piles noted as I, II, III, and IV.

INT. LOUVRE ENTRANCE - DAY (1911 B/W)

Vincenzo, with his hat dipped over his face and overcoat collar turned up, sneaks past the Louvre ADMISSIONS PEOPLE. Vincenzo is unshaven and disheveled.

INT. MONA LISA ROOM - DAY (1911 B/W)

Big Sexy is on a ladder painting as Vincenzo passes by attempting to hide his face.

Picasso is off to the side sketching alone. Vincenzo scowls at him as he passes, Picasso rolls his eyes.

Vincenzo sneaks up behind a CROWD of WOMEN admiring the Mona Lisa. He rocks back and forth as he looks at her with one arm crossed and his other hand at his chin.

VINCENZO

Isn't she beautiful?

WOMAN

She is.

VINCENZO

Until she betrays her true love,
the bitch.

Vincenzo puts his finger to his lips, then to the Woman's.

VINCENZO

Shall we dance?

He grabs the Woman and starts to dance with her in front of the crowd and the Mona Lisa.

WOMAN'S HUSBAND

Sir, I'd ask you to take your hands
off my wife.

VINCENZO

Beat it, flathead.

WOMAN

(to Vincenzo)
Get away from me.

TWO GUARDS grab Vincenzo from behind and drag him away.

Picasso, still sketching the Mona Lisa, makes a funny face at Vincenzo as he's dragged past.

The guards drag Vincenzo past Big Sexy on a ladder and Little Johnny cleaning paint brushes.

Vincenzo clutches at his crucifix as he's dragged away.

VINCENZO
(under his breath)
I just want to be with the Mona
Lisa.

Vincenzo suddenly disappears, the guards grab at thin air. They look left and right, but Vincenzo is gone.

Vincenzo suddenly appears next to the Mona Lisa down the hallway. He looks at the Mona Lisa, then back and forth. He glances at his crucifix.

Then he notices Picasso staring at him with a skeptical look on his face.

PICASSO
Now how in the world did you do
that?

Vincenzo, still holding his crucifix, stands speechless.

GUARD
(yelling from down
the hall)
There he is.

The guards run forth and grab Vincenzo.

EXT. LOUVRE ENTRANCE - DAY (1911 B/W)

FOUR GUARDS stand around Vincenzo with Director Homolle in the center.

DIRECTOR HOMOLLE
Macaroni, I mean Vincenzo, go back
to Italy. If we catch you here
again we will have the police on
you. Do you understand?

VINCENZO
I'm sorry.

Vincenzo's shoulders slump as he walks away despondently.

INT. CIA OFFICE - NIGHT (2011 COLOR)

Jack stands at his desk leafing through a stack of mail.

He comes to a hand addressed POSTCARD with only a "K" written in the text. He turns it over, it is a picture of Queen Elizabeth with a hand drawn knife sticking out of her head.

He turns it over again and sees the postmark "Paris, France".

INT. LOUVRE WORK CLOSET - DAY (2011 COLOR)

SUPER: "AUGUST 16, 2011 - FIVE DAYS TO TARGET"

Philippe stands on a ladder and pulls open a false ceiling.

Anton kneels below, opens a DUFFEL BAG and pulls out GUNS. One by one he INSERTS AMMUNITION CLIPS and hands them to Philippe.

Philippe gently puts the guns inside the false ceiling. They work quickly, but quietly.

Ladders, paint, paint supplies and such are stacked about on the left side of the work closet.

On the right side is a large set of built in wooden racks from floor to ceiling with DOZENS of PAINTINGS stacked on their sides.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - DAY (2011 COLOR)

Four heavy black BMW MOTORCYCLES are parked in a row.

Yassin, Samir and Ramzi strap SIDE BAGS on the motorcycles.

Point Five carries over another BAG, he trips and drops it.

POINT FIVE

Relax, shit asses, it can't explode
without a detonator.

INT. CIA OFFICE - DAY (2011 COLOR)

Jack, Danny and Lisa work at their desks.

The postcard of Queen Elizabeth with a knife in her head is in a plastic bag taped to a section on the wall marked "POSSIBLE TARGETS".

Other possible targets displayed are the EIFFEL TOWER, CHARLES DE GAUL AIRPORT, and the PRESIDENT of France.

DANNY
Holy mother of shit.

Jack and Lisa rush over and stand behind Danny.

DANNY (cont'd)
The encryption on the Tora Bora email is either unbreakable or random nothingness, so I decided to track the Tajik address instead. Do you know what these are?

Jack and Lisa shrug while looking at six encrypted EMAILS on the screen.

The Shelby toy car is on the keyboard.

DANNY (cont'd)
It's military encryption, Russian, and unbreakable.

JACK
Russians?

DANNY
That's not the alarming part. They're from an email address Vlad the Russian was using.

LISA
The arms merchant?

Danny nods.

JACK
Vlad again. That's one time too many. I think it's time for a sit down at the White House.

EXT. SPANISH DAGGER STREET CAFÉ - DAY (2011 COLOR)

Point Five sits in his wheelchair smoking at a roadside table with Yassin, Samir and Ramzi. Samir and Ramzi are playing chess. Khalid, facing the road, stands.

KHALID

Have you figured it out?

POINT FIVE

We're close, but we're gonna need more money for the van.

KHALID

Steal it if you have to.

A short distance away, next to the road with cars speeding by, a MOTHER walks holding hands with her five year old DAUGHTER.

Another WOMAN, appears from the other direction.

The two ladies embrace in front of the Spanish Dagger and begin talking. The girl plays alongside.

The ladies do not notice as the girl slowly wanders closer to the road.

Khalid's eyes move back and forth from the wandering girl to Point Five.

POINT FIVE

How we gonna do that? Roberto?

Khalid glances at Point Five, then away again, without answering.

The girl wanders between two parked cars toward the open road.

A PEUGEOT turns the corner and accelerates.

The mother GASPS as she sees her daughter enter the road.

As the Peugeot approaches, a hand grabs the girl and pulls her back to safety. It is Khalid.

The Peugeot speeds by.

The mother scrambles over and grabs her daughter by the hand.

MOTHER

Thank you sir, thank you.

The two women and girl scurry away.

Khalid is perspiring and slightly flustered.

Point Five stares at Khalid in admiration.

KHALID
(annoyed, to Point
Five)
Just get the van.

EXT. PARIS STREET - NIGHT (2011 COLOR)

SUPER: "AUGUST 18, 2011 - THREE DAYS TO TARGET"

Samir and Ramzi stand at a corner smoking cigarettes as a POLICE VAN stops at the traffic light. The POLICEMAN sips his coffee.

Samir nods to Ramzi and they fight. Ramzi pushes Samir against the police van knocking off the side mirror.

The startled policeman spills his coffee. He turns on the roof police lights and gets out to stop the fight.

As the policeman approaches, Samir and Ramzi run down the alley. The police officer runs in pursuit.

POLICE OFFICER
Halt.

They disappear down the alley.

Yassin rushes from the other side of the street, jumps in the police van and rapidly drives away.

EXT. LOUVRE ENTRANCE - DAY (1911 B/W)

Vincenzo looks both ways and enters the Louvre doors.

INT. LOUVRE ENTRANCE - DAY (1911 B/W)

Vincenzo ducks his head and tries to sneak past the Louvre guards at the entrance.

A GUARD recognizes him and quickly grabs him. TWO more GUARDS rush over and forcefully rush him out the doors.

EXT. LOUVRE STREET - DAY (1911 B/W)

The guards put Vincenzo in a HORSE DRAWN POLICE WAGON. Once in, the door is locked and a guard KNOCKS twice on the side of the wagon to signal the DRIVER.

The police wagon begins moving down the street.

Director Homolle stands on the sidewalk shaking his head.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY (2011 COLOR)

The White House.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY (2011 COLOR)

PETER HOWELL sits at a table.

SUPER: "PETER HOWELL - NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR TO THE PRESIDENT"

Peter is forty-eight years old, distinguished looking, and has a battle scar on his left cheek-jaw.

Jack and Lisa sit across from him.

JACK

We've picked up a slew of chatter pointing to an assassination of the Queen in Paris. I need you to get the President's ear on this.

PETER

If it's credible, cancel the State Visit.

LISA

We tried. The PM doesn't want to back down to the tabloids.

JACK

Forget that. We have something even more troubling. The terrorists have been exchanging emails with Vlad the Russian.

PETER

Vlad?

JACK

The most notorious arms merchant in the world. He has access to all Russian weapon systems.

LISA

The Israelis say he's in Damascus.

JACK

We need to take him.

LISA

Could cause a diplomatic ruckus.

PETER

You're really putting me in a spot here.

JACK

We've been in more fox holes together than I can count Peter, have I ever let you down?

Peter and Jack stare at each other in a way that speaks of a long history.

PETER

Do what you need to do. Run it through Strategic Support at Defense. And report directly to me.

INT. LOUVRE HALLWAY - DAY (2011 COLOR)

SUPER: "AUGUST 19, 2011 - TWO DAYS TO TARGET"

Anton, in security guard uniform, admires the Eugene Delacroix masterpiece, LIBERTY LEADING THE PEOPLE.

Philippe, in uniform as well, approaches with an annoyed look on his face and nods to Anton as if to say "lets go", then walks off.

Anton gazes at the painting for a moment longer, turns and follows Philippe.

INT. DUCT - DAY (2011 COLOR)

Anton and Philippe squeeze together in a narrow duct, both wear gloves and sweat profusely.

Philippe exposes a host of wires from a panel and splices them. Anton holds a flashlight.

PHILIPPE

When the alarm trips, this electrical surge will short out the cameras and safety gates for at least twenty minutes.

ANTON

Hurry up, before they miss us.

EXT. DAMASCUS SKY - NIGHT (2011 COLOR)

SUPER: "DAMASCUS, SYRIA"

The quiet moonlit skyline of Damascus appears with shadows of minarets and mosques. There is a faint THUD of approaching helicopters. The THUD steadily grows louder.

SIX ISRAELI HELICOPTERS appear approaching fast and at a low altitude. There are two larger Huey Cobras and four Apaches.

The two Huey Cobras descend and land in a large courtyard. ISRAELI SOLDIERS rush out and smash through doors into the adjacent buildings. The helicopter blades spin.

The four Apaches hover above.

The buildings light up with intermittent GUNFIRE from inside.

Intermittent GUNFIRE erupts from the helicopter GUNNERS.

Soldiers storm out of a building carrying a hooded PERSON. Avner and Jack, in camouflage clothing, walk briskly alongside.

Four more soldiers exit the building carefully carrying a CASE.

They board and the helicopters lift off.

As the helicopters depart, two pairs of ISRAELI F-16s appear providing close cover.

EXT. ISRAELI NEGEV DESERT - DAY (2011 COLOR)

A barren desert with a small dirt road winding through it.

SUPER: "ISRAEL - SOMEWHERE UNDER THE NEGEV DESERT"

INT. MOSSAD INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY (2011 COLOR)

AVNER sits at his desk. Jack and Lisa stand. A VIDEO CAMERA is propped up in the corner.

AVNER

Vlad, I can't tell you how much
I've enjoyed our time together. We
really are starting to connect as
friends, don't you think?

Silence.

Vlad slowly comes into view hanging stark naked from the ceiling, upside down, with piano wire wrapped around him haphazardly.

Vlad's mouth is wired open and he is dripping wet.

He is suspended over a vat of water.

TWO hardened MOSSAD AGENTS stand nearby holding the ropes that elevate / descend Vlad into the vat.

EXT. LOUVRE SERVICE ENTRANCE - DAY (1911 B/W)

Vincenzo looks both ways, pulls a KEY out of his pocket and quickly opens the service entrance door. He enters.

INT. LOUVRE HALLWAY - DAY (1911 B/W)

Vincenzo walks down the hallway, turns a corner and passes by Director Homolle walking in the other direction.

They both reflexively nod a hello.

As soon as they pass each other, both Vincenzo and Director Homolle look back in shock.

DIRECTOR HOMOLLE

Stay right there Macaroni. Guards,
guards.

Vincenzo turns and runs.

FIVE GUARDS converge on Vincenzo from two directions, he quickly darts down a third hallway and temporarily loses the guards.

He enters the Mona Lisa Room and sprints past Picasso sketching the Mona Lisa. He suddenly stops and backs up to approach Picasso.

VINCENZO
(pointing)
Look Picasso, naked women.

A startled Picasso looks to where Vincenzo is pointing.

Vincenzo uses the opportunity to grab Picasso's paper sketch of the Mona Lisa and runs off with it.

Picasso leaps to his feet.

PICASSO
Stop you scoundrel.

Vincenzo disappears down the hallway. He turns a corner and enters the MEN'S ROOM.

A guard sees Vincenzo enter the Men's Room. The guard SNICKERS to himself and approaches slowly as he waves over the other guards.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY (1911 B/W)

Vincenzo looks around frantically for an escape. He sees the fogged window, rushes to it and opens it. Steel bars cover the window from the outside.

He sees the Eiffel Tower in the distance from the window.

He pushes and pulls on the bars to no avail.

INT. LOUVRE HALLWAY - DAY (1911 B/W)

The five guards and Director Homolle walk toward the Men's Room door. A scowling Picasso follows.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY (1911 B/W)

Vincenzo hears the VOICES and FOOTSTEPS of the approaching guards.

He stands at the window and puts his face in his hands in despair.

Vincenzo puts his service door key on the sink and reaches into his pocket.

He pulls out his pasted Mona Lisa postcard and stares at her, then at Picasso's sketch. He scowls at the sketch.

He holds the postcard and sketch with his right hand while rubbing his crucifix with his left.

He looks out the window at the Eiffel Tower in the distance.

VINCENZO

Oh God, if only I could be at the
Eiffel Tower now.

The door bursts open and the guards pour in followed by Director Homolle.

They look around, but Vincenzo is not there. They check all three stalls.

The window is open, a guard tugs on the bars. They are secure. He finds Vincenzo's key on the sink.

GUARD #1

I saw him go in here with my own
eyes.

GUARD #2

Well, there's only one way out of
here my friend.

Guard #2 looks at the toilet.

Director Homolle glares unamused at the guard.

EXT. EIFFEL TOWER - DAY (1911 B/W)

Vincenzo stands on the grass below the Eiffel Tower holding his postcard, Picasso's sketch, and his crucifix.

He apprehensively looks around, then up at the Eiffel Tower in astonishment.

He faints.

A gentle wind catches Picasso's sketch and in sporadic fashion it drifts away across the grass.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT (2011 COLOR)

SUPER: "AUGUST 20, 2011 - ONE DAY TO TARGET"

Point Five sits at his lap top computer with a blood stained TISSUE hanging from his nose. The souvenir replica of the Arc d' Triumph is nearby.

The Mona Lisa poster, now with black target lines drawn over her face, is on the wall.

Khalid, Yassin, Ramzi, Samir, Anton and Philippe stand about.

KHALID
(to Anton and Philippe)
Is everything in place?

Anton smiles and nods a yes.

KHALID (cont'd)
Excellent. It's been a tough two weeks, but we're on target. You ready Point Five?

POINT FIVE
(pulling the tissue
from his nose)
Almost. Okay here we go.

They gather around as the computer simulation begins.

Four boxes labeled as TNT are placed alongside the four legs of the Arc d' Triumph.

Point Five clicks and the computer simulation shows four back to back explosions, reverberations on the Arch columns within, then the Arch collapses.

POINT FIVE (cont'd)
And voila, we have the Arc d' Defeat.
Any questions?

ANTON
Are you sure such a small amount of explosives will work? The thing is massive.

Point Five picks up the Arc d' Triumph replica and points to the arched legs.

POINT FIVE

Arch structures are extremely durable to top down stress because of weight and gravity. They are not designed for explosions within the support columns that bounce back and forth.

RAMZI

But the delivery, I don't know?

POINT FIVE

It's dangerous, but so is delivering a pizza you shit. Drive, park, no problem. Crash, well...

The computer simulation of the fallen Arch.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT (2011 COLOR)

Jack is alone in a mostly darkened office.

He is staring at the world map with the hand drawn triangle from Tora Bora to London to Tajikistan. Alongside is the Queen Elizabeth postcard in a plastic bag.

JACK

(to himself)

Something big is about to happen, I can feel it.

He draws a big circle around Paris.

JACK (cont'd)

And the secret is here.

INT. VINCENZO'S FLAT - DAY (1911 B/W)

Vincenzo stares at the reflection of his face in the mirror. He is disheveled and unshaven.

He stares at the Mona Lisa postcard on the mirror as he puts shaving cream on his heavily stubbled face.

Now clean-shaven with a Clark Gable style mustache, he puts on a dark suit.

He puts on a flowery yellow DRESS over his suit, a WIG, make-up on his moustache, and lipstick on his lips.

INT. NOTRE DAME - DAY (1911 B/W)

Vincenzo, dressed as a woman, kneels in a pew holding his crucifix.

EXT. NOTRE DAME - DAY (1911 B/W)

Vincenzo exits with a smile on his face.

He pulls his crucifix necklace from under his dress and kisses it. He notices he left a lipstick mark, wipes it with his dress, and walks on.

INT. KHALID'S FLAT - DAY (2011 COLOR)

Khalid, Point Five, Yassin, Anton, Philippe, Samir and Ramzi kneel in prayer toward Mecca.

The television silently plays footage of the September Eleven attack on New York.

Khalid, standing alone, pensively looks at the photos of his family and Jack Straw's CIA unit. He takes the photos off the mirror and puts them in his pocket.

He turns his attention to the Mona Lisa postcard. He attempts to mimic her smile.

EXT. BRIDGE NEAR NOTRE DAME - DAY (2011 COLOR)

Khalid walks with his crucifix dangling from his neck.

KHALID

(under his breath)

I won't be martyring myself with
the cross of the infidel.

Khalid grabs his crucifix necklace, rips it from his neck, and throws it off the bridge.

The crucifix twirls upward and outward in slow motion, then descends at regular speed into the Seine.

Small splash.

EXT. LOUVRE ENTRANCE AREA - DAY (1911 B/W)

SUPER: "AUGUST 20, 1911"

Vincenzo walks toward the entrance disguised as a woman. His fraying shoulder bag is slung over his shoulder.

INT. LOUVRE ADMISSIONS AREA - DAY (1911 B/W)

Vincenzo hands money to the ADMISSIONS PERSON and enters the museum. He quickly turns and comes back.

VINCENZO

(talking as a woman)

Sir, would you kindly tell me where
I can find the statue they call
Winged Victory?

ADMISSIONS PERSON

Follow this hallway until you reach
the staircase ma'am.

Vincenzo walks away smiling at the success of his disguise.

The Admissions Person turns to his CO-WORKER.

ADMISSIONS PERSON (cont'd)

That is one ugly woman.

INT. MONA LISA ROOM - DAY (1911 B/W)

Vincenzo in dress stares at the Mona Lisa along with a group of LADIES.

Big Sexy walks by and tips his hat to the ladies. He walks fifteen steps further, then stops dead in his tracks and looks back over his shoulder.

Vincenzo ducks his head behind the ladies. Big Sexy shakes his head and walks on toward his paint area.

A GUARD approaches Big Sexy who stirs a can of paint.

GUARD

One of the docents said they saw
Macaroni sneaking around again,
have you seen him?

BIG SEXY

No. I don't think he'd be dumb enough to come back.

GUARD

Keep your eye out just the same.

The guard scans the group of ladies mingling in front of the Mona Lisa, then walks on.

Big Sexy walks over to the group of ladies and finds Vincenzo hiding behind them.

BIG SEXY

Ms. Vincenzo? We found your lost necklace. Please come with me to claim it.

Vincenzo reluctantly follows Big Sexy down the hall.

Big Sexy puts a KEY in the work closet door, opens it and pulls Vincenzo in with him.

INT. WORK CLOSET - DAY (1911 B/W)

Big Sexy closes the door and pulls the hanging string to light the closet.

BIG SEXY

Are you crazy Macaroni?

VINCENZO

How'd you know it was me?

BIG SEXY

Get serious.

Big Sexy points at the make-up covering his moustache.

VINCENZO

She's mine, and I'm not leaving without her.

BIG SEXY

Who's yours?

VINCENZO

Isab..., I mean the Mona Lisa.

BIG SEXY

Not that again. They know you're here. The guards are searching for you now. Homolle will have you put in the crazy house this time.

Vincenzo becomes visibly distressed at the thought.

Big Sexy frowns, then smiles broadly.

BIG SEXY (cont'd)

Okay, okay, we'll hide you in the cubby closet. I have the only key.
(patting his pocket)
I'll come get you when it's safe.

Big Sexy ushers Vincenzo into the cubby closet at the rear, then exits the main work closet door and locks the door from the outside.

INT. MONA LISA ROOM - DAY (1911 B/W)

FOUR GUARDS usher everyone toward the exits.

A guard tries to open the work closet, but it's locked. He walks off.

A guard approaches Big Sexy and Little Johnny as they clean their paintbrushes.

GUARD

Closing time, big guy.

BIG SEXY

We'll just clean up a bit and be on our way soon.

GUARD

No, the Director wants a clean sweep of every room now. That nut Macaroni is sneaking around again, in a dress of all things.

BIG SEXY

Okay. I just need to get something from the work closet.

GUARD

Tell it to Homolle.

Director Homolle approaches.

BIG SEXY
 (to the guard)
 I guess it can wait till tomorrow.

Big Sexy, Little Johnny and the guards head for the exits.

INT. WORK CLOSET - NIGHT (1911 B/W)

All is silent.

Vincenzo makes his way into the main work closet. He tries the door, but it's locked. He turns and pulls aggressively, it won't budge.

He wanders back into the cubby closet at the rear.

Vincenzo crouches in the cubby closet and holds his crucifix.

EXT. LOUVRE GLASS PYRAMIDS - DAY (2011 COLOR)

SUPER: "AUGUST 21, 2011 - TARGET DATE"

Khalid walks with his distinct right side limp toward the Louvre entrance. PEOPLE mingle.

To his left is a carnival PERFORMER with a white mask, bright red lips and a white Russian NUTCRACKER HAT, doing his act with a small CROWD watching.

To his right is another street act, the Jamaican Tumblers, featuring THREE BLACK JAMAICANS and TWO PUERTO RICANS doing amazing gymnastic feats.

A huge CROWD is seated on the ground watching.

One gymnast stands with his knees bent and leans backward with his body parallel to the ground. From his knees, three gymnasts extend upward in a human pyramid.

As Khalid walks by, the muscular and shirtless black gymnast coordinating the human pyramid, waves Khalid over.

BLACK GYMNAST
 (Jamaican accent)
 Come on sugar daddy, have a seat
 and join the show.

Khalid shakes a "no" and plods on.

To the right of the small glass pyramid THREE STILT MEN in TOP HATS walk in haphazard form in the theme of the French flag: one blue, one white and one red.

As Khalid watches the stilt men he catches a glimpse of Yassin coming off a TOUR BUS and walking toward the Louvre entrance with a crowd of TOURISTS.

INT. MONA LISA ROOM - DAY (2011 COLOR)

Anton and Philippe slowly wander on duty near the Mona Lisa.

Khalid sits on a bench sketching a painting.

Yassin wanders at the other end, not blending in very well.

Khalid stands and walks to the south window and pulls out his CELL PHONE. The Eiffel Tower is visible in the distance.

KHALID

(on cell)

Point Five, begin the conference call.

EXT. EIFFEL TOWER - DAY (2011 COLOR)

French police SNIPERS are in place on the Eiffel Tower and on top of surrounding buildings.

A large presentation platform is in place with several thousand white chairs in rows.

The park is crowded with DIGNITARIES and is surrounded by French POLICE arm to arm. More POLICE patrol the perimeter, some with DOGS.

INT. EIFFEL TOWER COMMAND CENTER - DAY (2011 COLOR)

Jack and Lisa stand in a temporary fifth floor office adjacent to the Eiffel Tower. Danny works on his lap top computer.

They have a bird's eye view of the park behind the Eiffel Tower, and part of the front area.

The office has cheap POSTERS lining the hallway: Eiffel Tower, Arc d' Triomph, Versailles, Louvre, Rodin's Thinker, and at the end of the hall a weathered copy of the Mona Lisa.

Jack and Lisa look out over the crowd when Jack's CELL PHONE rings. Jack clicks the speaker phone feature, leaving the phone on the desk.

JACK

Jack here.

KHALID (V.O.)

Hello infidel. Remember Kandahar?

Jack clutches his nearby bamboo stick.

JACK

I do.

KHALID (V.O.)

Good. The bitch without eyebrows dies today.

A CLICK is heard, then vibrant punk rock MUSIC (Song recommendation available upon request) cuts in loudly over the speaker phone.

INT. MONA LISA ROOM - DAY (2011 COLOR)

No music.

Khalid closes his flip phone, walks back to the bench and picks up his SKETCH PAD.

EXT. SEINE RIVER - DAY (2011 COLOR)

The MUSIC continues.

Point Five stands on his braces on the walkway above the Seine with a CELL PHONE next to an IPOD playing the MUSIC.

Point Five pulls out another CELL PHONE and dials. He holds it awkwardly because of his braces.

EXT. EIFFEL TOWER FRONT - DAY (2011 COLOR)

The MUSIC continues.

TWO ARABS stand in the CROWD far outside the security cordon manned by French POLICE.

The DULL ROAR of the crowd is evident.

One of the Arabs answers his CELL PHONE, flips it closed, and nods to the other Arab. They part ways, reach into their coats, pull out SMOKE GRENADES and throw them.

Both disappear into the crowd.

Two back-to back smoke EXPLOSIONS rock the CROWD inside the cordon. Smoke rises, pedestrians SCREAM and scramble in panic.

INT. EIFFEL TOWER COMMAND CENTER - DAY (2011 COLOR)

The MUSIC continues from the cell phone.

LISA
What was that?

Jack grabs the binoculars and looks at the stage below. The QUEEN, BRITISH PRIME MINISTER and FRENCH PRESIDENT are panicked by the explosions.

Jack scans the area and sees two black clouds of smoke rising from the other side of the Eiffel Tower. PEDESTRIANS are scrambling in all directions.

JACK
Shit. Danny, trace my cell.

DANNY (O.S.)
Already on it.

Jack picks up a land line phone and dials.

JACK
(on phone)
Pierre. It's going down, get the Queen out of here.

LISA
(on cell)
Abort, repeat abort, get Her Majesty out of here, now.

A large security detail grabs the Queen, Prime Minister, French President, and scurries them away.

Three large military HELICOPTERS appear low over the buildings. One lands with blades in full spin as the other two helicopters hover.

The Queen and the other dignitaries are rushed on board, the helicopter lifts off and joins the two hovering helicopters. The helicopters rise and go over the buildings.

JACK
She's out of here, thank God.

Behind Jack, the helicopters fade into the distance.

JACK (cont'd)
How the fuck did he get my number,
and what was that about eyebrows?

LISA
The bitch without eyebrows dies, I
think.

JACK
What does that mean? Some sort of
taunt? Or is it a hint like before
the London bombings?

Danny quickly thumbs through a series of PHOTOS and pulls one out of the Queen. He hands it to Jack.

JACK (cont'd)
She has normal eyebrows.

Jack holds up the PICTURE of the Queen.

LISA
It's symbolic then. What do eyebrows
represent?

Jack catches a glimpse of the Mona Lisa poster at the end of the hall. He looks lost in thought.

JACK
Oh my God.

Jack rushes past the desk knocking over papers as he goes out the door.

INT. EIFFEL TOWER COMMAND CENTER HALLWAY - DAY (2011 COLOR)

The MUSIC continues.

Jack sprints down the hallway. Lisa and Danny follow. They stop and stand before the Mona Lisa in awe.

The Mona Lisa has no eyebrows.

JACK (cont'd)
Damn-fuckin'-nation. We've all
been played. The Queen's the
diversion.

Jack, Lisa and Danny run for the elevators.

EXT. SEINE RIVER - DAY (2011 COLOR)

The MUSIC continues to crank.

In the distance the Eiffel Tower and two rising clouds of
black smoke are visible.

Point Five presses "stop" on the Ipod, abruptly ending the
music.

He flips the phone closed, rips the batteries from both
phones, and drops the phones and Ipod into the Seine.

He turns and hobbles off toward the Metro.

EXT. PARIS STREET - DAY (2011 COLOR)

Jack, Lisa and Danny storm out of the building.

Jack carries a BACKPACK and pulls THREE HANDGUNS from it.
He puts one inside his backside waistband, then hands one to
both Lisa and Danny.

DANNY
(refusing to take
the gun)
I'm a techie, not a field agent.

JACK
You are now.

Jack spins Danny around, lifts his shirt, puts the gun in
his backside waistband, then pulls the shirt down to cover
it.

Jack's cell phone RINGS and he answers.

JACK
(on cell phone)
I don't give a shit, interrupt.
The Mona Lisa is about to be blown
to pieces.

INT. MONA LISA ROOM - DAY (2011 COLOR)

Khalid sketches, Yassin sits on a bench, and Anton and Philippe scan the room on duty. The room is full of TOURISTS including a large group of JAPANESE around the Mona Lisa.

INT. LOUVRE DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY (2011 COLOR)

The back of the MUSEUM DIRECTOR'S head is visible as he leans over his desk writing.

SECRETARY (O.S.)

An emergency call from the police.

The Director picks up the phone.

INT. MONA LISA ROOM - DAY (2011 COLOR)

The ALARM BLARES.

Khalid looks at his Mona Lisa watch with a half smile.

KHALID

(under his breath)

Very good Mr. Straw, quicker than I thought. Our game continues.

LOUDSPEAKER

Attention , we are evacuating the museum. Please head for the exits immediately.

Anton looks at the camera and the red light goes off. He smiles and nods to Khalid. Khalid returns the nod, signaling to proceed.

INT. LOUVRE CAMERA ROOM - DAY (2011 COLOR)

TWO GUARDS sit in front of a panel of twenty SCREENS showing live video footage from within the museum. Suddenly four of the panels go out and the pictures are snow.

The guard clicks a series of buttons trying to get back the picture.

GUARD

(picks up the phone)
Tell the Director the Mona Lisa
cameras just went out, we'll get
Max on it.

INT. LOUVRE HALLWAY - DAY (2011 COLOR)

The CROWD heads for the exit, Khalid and Yassin follow. As the crowd turns a corner, Khalid and Yassin back up and head the other way.

They converge with Anton and Philippe at the work closet, Anton opens the door, and they all enter.

INT. WORK CLOSET - DAY (2011 COLOR)

ANTON

Hide in here,
(pointing)
In the small closet at the rear.
We'll be back as soon as it's clear.

INT. MONA LISA ROOM - DAY (2011 COLOR)

Anton and Philippe patrol the Mona Lisa room.

LOUDSPEAKER

Please head for the exits
immediately.

The Museum Director (who looks just like Director Homolle of 1911, but with different clothing and hairstyle) appears with TWENTY GUARDS sweeping the area of visitors.

The Director approaches Anton and Philippe.

MUSEUM DIRECTOR

Make sure everyone is cleared out
from here to Winged Victory. I'll
call for you shortly, I have an
important job for you.

ANTON

Yes sir.

Anton and Philippe rapidly walk down the hallway herding visitors to the exits.

COMMOTION and VOICES come from behind them in the Mona Lisa room. They glance back.

EXT. PARIS STREET - DAY (2011 COLOR)

Jack, Lisa and Danny stand impatiently.

JACK
Where the hell is our car?

Lisa flips closed her cell phone.

LISA
The French sealed everything, our car can't get out of the garage.

Jack paces frantically.

DANNY
I'm on it.

Danny rushes off. Lisa rolls her eyes.

EXT. PARIS THOROUGHFARE - DAY (2011 COLOR)

Danny sprints down the street and approaches a FRENCH POLICEMAN standing by his parked POLICE CAR just inside the roadblock barriers.

DANNY
I need this car right away.

POLICEMAN
(in French)
What can I help you with?

Danny tries to open the driver's door, the policeman stops him.

DANNY
Your car, your car.

POLICEMAN
(in French)
Speak French you silly American.

DANNY
Oh forget it.

Danny runs further down the street to where traffic is moving.

He runs into the middle of the street and lifts his arms and motions a halt to an oncoming CAR. The car weaves around him and speeds on.

He tries to stop another CAR, but it HONKS and weaves past him as well.

Several more CARS are heading straight for him with HORNS BLARING.

DANNY

These crepe eaters are starting to piss me off.

Danny reaches into his back waistband and pulls out his gun and aims it directly at the oncoming traffic.

Cars SCREECH.

INT. WINGED VICTORY AREA - DAY (2011 COLOR)

Anton and Philippe stand on guard by Winged Victory while hiding lit CIGARETTES.

A GUARD appears waving them to come back.

GUARD

The Director wants you right away.

Anton and Philippe glance around for a place to dispose of their cigarettes, shrug, and drop them on the ground and mash them with their shoes.

They rush down the hallway.

INT. LOUVRE CLOSET HALLWAY - DAY (2011 COLOR)

Anton and Philippe approach the Director.

MUSEUM DIRECTOR

(to Anton & Philippe)

Guard this closet.

The Director hands each an ASSAULT WEAPON.

MUSEUM DIRECTOR

Don't use these unless you have to.
(he motions to the
paintings that could
be damaged)
We've been tipped to an armed
robbery. This is no drill.

The Director walks away.

The hallway and Mona Lisa room are now empty.

Anton uses his key to open the closet and they enter.

Anton pulls the string for light. He goes to the cubby closet
in the back and KNOCKS.

ANTON

Let's go.

Khalid and Yassin come out of the cubby closet.

KHALID

Who came in?

ANTON

No one, it was just the Director
talking outside the door.

YASSIN

(slight stutter)

No, s-s-s-someone was here.

Anton and Philippe look at the small assault weapons the
Director had given them, chuckle, and toss them aside onto a
closet shelf.

Philippe opens the false ceiling and hands down heavier duty
GUNS, then four DUFFEL BAGS.

Anton hands out MICROPHONE HEADGEAR to each.

They strap on AMMUNITION BELTS, WEAPONS over their shoulders,
PISTOLS in their waistbands and they each carry a bag.

Yassin attaches a GRENADE LAUNCHER to his back.

KHALID

Quick test. Point Five, do you
read?

POINT FIVE (V.O.)
(via headset)
Loud and clear.

KHALID
Just give me a check. Samir?

SAMIR (V.O.)
(via headset)
Check.

KHALID
Ramzi?

RAMZI (V.O.)
(via headset)
Check.

KHALID
Yassin?

YASSIN
(slight stutter)
Ch-check.

KHALID
Anton?

ANTON
Check.

KHALID
Philippe?

PHILIPPE
Check.

KHALID
Game on, let's go.

Khalid, Yassin, Anton and Philippe come out of the closet. Khalid and Yassin quickly move to the Mona Lisa with their bags and set EXPLOSIVES.

Anton heads north down the hallway to act as lookout.

Philippe heads to the south hallway intersection as lookout.

KHALID
Incoming, get down.

Khalid and Yassin run to the south intersection, go around the corner with Philippe, and all hunch down.

Anton goes around the corner on the north end and crouches.

BOOM, BOOM - Two powerful explosions rock the room. Debris and smoke go flying.

Khalid and Yassin run through the smoke and approach the Mona Lisa. Two large holes are in the wall and glass is everywhere.

The Mona Lisa is on the ground covered with dust and debris.

Khalid uses his right shirt sleeve to wipe off the painting, it is dirty but undamaged.

Khalid flips over the painting, rips it from its frame, and puts it in a grey BAG. He straps the bag on like a backpack.

POLICE SIRENS WAIL outside.

Philippe looks out the south window.

PHILIPPE (O.S.)

We got company on the south side.
We'll never make it this way.

KHALID

We go out the middle then. Samir,
get to the glass pyramids and give
us a field of fire.

SAMIR (V.O.)

(via headset)
Check.

Khalid quickly moves to the north window in the French Painting room and sets EXPLOSIVES.

Anton, Philippe and Yassin are in a triangle behind him, each on one knee aiming their assault weapons. Anton facing east, Philippe south, and Yassin west.

ANTON (O.S.)

We got company to the east.

Philippe and Yassin pivot to point east. A DOZEN GUARDS storm down the hallway.

ANTON

Wait for my fire.

The guards are coming fast and just as they see Anton aiming at them, Anton OPENS FIRE followed by Yassin and Philippe. All the guards are mowed down by the barrage.

Bullet holes rip through the ceiling as one guard SHOOTs upward on his descent. The heavy shooting ends, one last BURST from Yassin at a guard squirming on the ground.

Then silence.

The three men remove and drop the used ammunition clips and put in new ones.

KHALID

We're ready, move back.

Anton moves east, Khalid and Philippe south, and Yassin west.

BOOM - large explosion rocks the room.

EXT. LOUVRE COURTYARD - DAY (2011 COLOR)

The entire second floor window EXPLODES outward into the courtyard.

Throngs of people that have been evacuated into the courtyard SCREAM and scramble as glass and cement chips hail down on them.

INT. FRENCH PAINTING ROOM - DAY (2011 COLOR)

ROPES are out of the bags and hooked around a nearby pillar. Khalid and Yassin are ready to go out the window.

YASSIN

(turns and with
stutter)

I w-w-w-want the French to have s-s-
something to remember me b-by.

Yassin lifts his assault weapon and SHOOTs an entire clip at the nearby French masterpiece LIBERTY LEADING THE PEOPLE.

The painting and frame are shredded. After he stops firing, the painting falls sideways and barely clings to the wall.

ANTON

(to Yassin)

You'll be remembered all right, as
a stuttering fuckin' asshole.

Yassin glares at Anton and walks aggressively toward him with his finger on his trigger.

Khalid steps between them.

KHALID
We don't have time for this shit,
let's go.

Yassin and Anton back off.

KHALID (cont'd)
Samir, give me that field of fire,
we're coming out.

Khalid and Yassin throw the ropes out the window, grab their bags and climb out.

ANTON
(to Philippe)
What an asshole. You want to die
with that piece of shit?

The damaged painting loses its last support and CRASHES to the ground.

PHILIPPE
Not really, actually I like working
here.

Anton looks at the nearby camera and sees that the light is still off.

ANTON
Fuck it, they're on their own.
Let's get back to guarding that
closet.

They look both ways, drop their guns, and run.

EXT. PARIS STREET - DAY (2011 COLOR)

A 1969 CITROEN DS SCREECHES around a corner, speeds down the street, and SMASHES through the road blocks.

The French Policeman standing by his car does a double take as the Citroen zooms by him.

The Citroen SKIDS to a stop in front of Jack and Lisa.

The passenger side door flies open with Danny leaning over.

DANNY

Get in.

Jack jumps in the front seat, Lisa in the back.

JACK

Where'd you dig up this relic?

DANNY

A gun does have its advantages.

Danny pulls the gun from his front waistband and flips it into Jack's lap.

DANNY (cont'd)

And don't mock the wheels until you see what she can do.

Danny hits the accelerator and the Citroen fishtails as it SCREECHES away.

EXT. LOUVRE COURTYARD - DAY (2011 COLOR)

Samir, driving a black BMW, speeds into the courtyard at the Pyramide Inversee roundabout.

TWO MEN dressed as policemen get out and run full speed into the courtyard.

A large group of French POLICE come through the courtyard from the north wing.

Khalid and Yassin descend on ropes.

Samir's two men FIRE at the policemen coming from the north wing.

Khalid and Yassin reach the ground and join the fire-fight.

The French policemen drop like flies. TOURISTS scramble.

The three Stilt Men run by in a surreal look of terror.

Tourists scramble in all directions.

As the police come up from behind the glass pyramid, Yassin FIRES his grenade launcher at the pyramid.

The EXPLOSION unleashes a sideways shower of glass across the courtyard that blasts into the north wing.

A French military HELICOPTER appears and makes a steep descent into the courtyard. COMMANDOS pour out.

Khalid's men turn their FIRE toward the helicopter hitting several commandos as they exit.

The helicopter lifts off. The helicopter GUNNER FIRES on Samir's two men and kills them in a hail of bullets.

Khalid and Yassin scramble in retreat while FIRING at the commandos.

Samir speeds his BMW into the courtyard to rescue them.

TOURISTS scramble out of the way of the BMW.

As Khalid and Yassin reach the car, Yassin is hit by a bullet in his left shoulder. He stumbles into the front seat.

YASSIN
 (no stutter and
 crouching in the
 front seat)
 Fuck. I'm hit.

Khalid jumps in the back seat.

Bullets HIT the car. Khalid SHOOTs back taking out the rear BMW window.

Samir speeds away recklessly.

KHALID
 (via headset)
 Ramzi, prep the horse shoe.

RAMZI (V.O.)
 (via headset)
 Check.

Samir swerves as POLICE CARS from north of the Louvre roundabout appear and continues around the roundabout only to face more POLICE CARS closing in from the south side.

Samir swerves across the Pyramide Inversee center to avoid the police. TOURISTS scramble in all directions with many diving into the center pond.

Samir cuts across the roundabout and drives off the road past the Carrousel Arch and through the Carrousel Garden.

PEDESTRIANS scramble as Samir HONKS the horn repeatedly.

TWO CHESS PLAYERS jump back from a small table just as the BMW smashes through it. Chess pieces go flying.

POLICE CARS follow. SIRENS WAIL.

Samir proceeds into the Tuileries Gardens and barrels down the walkway.

The Arc d' Triomph towers directly ahead.

More POLICE CARS join the pursuit.

PEDESTRIANS scramble off the walkway.

The helicopter pursues from above.

EXT. PARIS STREET - DAY (2011 COLOR)

FOUR BMW POLICE MOTORCYCLES followed by a POLICE VAN rapidly pull out of a garage and accelerate weaving traffic. SIRENS WAIL.

EXT. ARC D' TRIOMPH - DAY (2011 COLOR)

The four motorcycles and police van reach the Arch roundabout, the motorcycles join the circling traffic.

The police van abruptly cuts across the roundabout causing HONKING horns and SCREECHING brakes.

The van SCREECHES to a stop at the black restraining chain that circles the Arch. The van's right side mirror is missing.

Traffic around the Arch congests. HORNS BLARE and drivers YELL.

A POLICEMAN in dark sunglasses and hat exits the van, opens the back door, and pulls out a RAMP.

He leans the ramp against the chain fence. He jumps over the chain and SCREAMS for people to clear the area.

The four motorcycles appear and one by one use the ramp to jump over the fence.

The first three clear it, the fourth CRASHES on its side. Though hurt, the driver gets up and drives on.

The motorcycles drive to the four interior corners of the Arch and park.

The motorcycle POLICE, in helmets and dark sunglasses, get off their bikes and SCREAM for everyone to evacuate the Arch.

TOURISTS scramble.

EXT. CHAMPS-ELYSES - DAY (2011 COLOR)

The black BMW barrels off the Tuileries Gardens and on to the Champs-Elyses weaving cars.

Police are in pursuit.

The helicopter pursues from above.

RAMZI (V.O.)
(via headset)
The horse shoe is ready.

KHALID
(via headset)
We're on the way.

EXT. PARIS STREET - DAY (2011 COLOR)

The Citroen barrels down the avenue weaving cars like a professional race car.

Jack, on his cell phone, puts a dip of chewing tobacco in his bottom lip.

JACK
(to Danny)
I thought you were a techie?

Danny lifts his right shirt sleeve revealing a TATTOO of two crossed checkered race flags.

DANNY
Two seasons NASCAR, then my depth
perception became a problem.

LISA
What do you mean a problem?

Danny smiles at Lisa in the rear view mirror.

Danny accelerates, almost rear ends a Mercedes, then narrowly weaves two large trucks.

Lisa looks like she's going to be sick.

Jack listens intently on his cell, then flips it closed.

JACK

They already have the Mona Lisa.
But I think I know where they are.
(pointing)
Look.

They see the helicopter flying low, fast and tilted over the Champs-Elyses.

JACK (cont'd)

Cut them off. Head for the Arc d'
Triumph.

Danny rapidly cuts across three busy lanes to reach a different avenue. SCREECHING brakes and HORNS BLARE. Danny accelerates onward.

EXT. CHAMPS-ELYSES - DAY (2011 COLOR)

The black BMW barrels down the Champs-Elyses weaving cars.

Samir takes a bullet to the head from the helicopter gunner.

The BMW goes out of control and sideswipes another car.

Yassin grabs the wheel and moves his leg over to drive.

Khalid pulls the Mona Lisa out of the bag. He stands through the sunroof holding the Mona Lisa up for cover. He puts his assault weapon to her face.

FRENCH POLICE CAPTAIN (O.S.)

(in pursuit)

This is Captain Beaumont, hold your
fire. Hold your fire. They have
the Mona Lisa.

The helicopter gunner halts firing.

The BMW proceeds toward the Arch.

As the BMW barrels into the Arch roundabout it SIDESWIPES two cars and CRASHES into an outdoor café. Tables and chairs go tumbling.

Khalid and Yassin exit the car. Khalid holds the Mona Lisa over them for cover.

Khalid and Yassin rush across the roundabout toward the Arch, weaving around the few CARS still driving in the roundabout.

Khalid stops under the Arch and holds the Mona Lisa in his arms with his gun aimed at her.

Yassin takes a position fifteen yards away.

The helicopter holds its position, the gunner in dark sunglasses targets Khalid.

The Citroen arrives SCREECHING to a stop. Jack, Lisa and Danny exit and rush to where the police lines are forming.

A small BLACK HELICOPTER lands and TWO MEN jump out. The helicopter immediately lifts off and disappears.

The two men run to the police lines, one is PIERRE RICHARD, head of French intelligence.

French POLICEMEN and MILITARY are everywhere with SNIPERS taking position.

Television news VANS appear.

KHALID
(via headset, holding
the Mona Lisa)
Point Five, do you read?

POINT FIVE (V.O.)
(via headset)
I read.

KHALID
(via headset)
Is everything in place?

POINT FIVE (V.O.)
(via headset)
Yes, check.

KHALID
(via headset)
Ramzi, fly the smoke and bring me
the detonator and lighter fluid.

The van policeman takes off his sunglasses and hat, it is Ramzi.

RAMZI
 (via headset)
 Check.

Ramzi throws three smoke GRENADES that EXPLODE. Red and black smoke permeates the area.

Ramzi runs to Khalid and gives him the DETONATOR and LIGHTER FLUID.

As Ramzi runs back he hits a clear pocket and a SNIPER takes him out with a single SHOT.

Ramzi's four motorcycle men disguised as policemen move out of the shadows and FIRE non-stop at the police.

In a BARRAGE of bullets the helicopter gunner kills all four men. A HAIL OF SHELLS falls onto the pedestrian CARS below.

Yassin turns and levels a long burst of GUNFIRE at the helicopter, HITTING it multiple times and forcing it to move away.

Khalid, crouching, squirts lighter fluid on the Mona Lisa. He pulls out his lighter and flicks off the cap, his finger on the igniter.

Out of the Arch stairway a group of uniformed SCHOOLGIRLS suddenly exits into the melee. SHRIEKING.

The CHAPERONS of the schoolgirls see the bodies and rush the children to the Arch walls for safety.

PIERRE RICHARD
 (with blowhorn)
 Everyone, hold your fire. Let's
 end this without more bloodshed.

Jack and Lisa stand beside Pierre. Jack aims his pistol at Khalid.

Khalid catches a glimpse of Jack and gives a sinister smile and nod of recognition.

YASSIN
 (ignoring the police)
 Khalid, I n-n-n-need cover.
 (with stutter)
 That fucking chopper is go-o-o-onna
 take me out when it comes-s-s-s
 around again.

The helicopter circles.

KHALID (O.S.)

Just stay in the smoke, you'll be
okay.

Yassin moves to his left and grabs a seven year old school girl. He puts his pistol to her head as he crouches behind her.

The helicopter gunner targets Yassin as he comes back into view, his finger on the trigger.

KHALID

(with his hand on
the lighter over
the Mona Lisa)

Let the girl go. We're dead anyway.

YASSIN

(no stutter)

She's nothing, forget her. You got
the painting, I need this little
slut.

The school girls crouch at the base of the Arch, next to the bomb-laden motorcycles.

Khalid looks at the crouching school girls, Yassin holding the girl, his lighter over the wet Mona Lisa.

YASSIN (cont'd)

(forceful, no stutter)

Do it.

Khalid looks at Yassin holding the crying girl, the crouching school girls, his detonator for the motorcycles.

YASSIN (cont'd)

(screaming in Arabic)

Do it.

Khalid looks at his lighter over the wet Mona Lisa, the detonator, Yassin holding the crying girl, the helicopter gunner.

The crying girl looks straight into Khalid's eyes.

Khalid is temporarily lost in thought.

He feels for the photos in his pocket.

Khalid looks Jack straight in the eye and holds it for a moment.

KHALID
 (via headset)
 Point Five, meet me in Mecca. You
 read?

POINT FIVE
 (via headset, looking
 through binoculars
 from a roof nearby)
 I read, you sure?

KHALID
 (via headset)
 Yes, go, now. We're dead, may Allah
 watch over you my brother.

POINT FIVE
 (via headset)
 Allahu Akbar.

Point Five's eyes well up with tears.

Khalid, still crouching, takes his finger off the lighter igniter and drops it.

Khalid again looks at the helicopter gunner targeting Yassin, then he looks at Jack for an extended moment.

Khalid discretely pulls the clip from his gun and drops it, no one is able to see this.

Khalid stands up holding the Mona Lisa and walks toward Yassin.

KHALID
 Let her go, Yassin, you pathetic
 stuttering freak. Now.

As Khalid walks toward Yassin, Jack is not sure who to aim at anymore. He alternates between Khalid and Yassin.

Khalid moves his gun from the Mona Lisa and points it at Yassin.

Yassin turns his pistol away from the girl's head and without hesitation SHOTS Khalid twice.

Jack and the helicopter gunner use the opportunity to SHOOT Yassin with back to back shots.

Yassin collapses dead.

The crying girl is standing frozen with fear. A POLICEWOMAN grabs her and carries her away.

Khalid is on his back. He holds the Mona Lisa with his outstretched left hand. Blood is all over his chest.

The French police grab the Mona Lisa and rush it to Pierre Richard.

Jack and Lisa crouch beside Khalid.

LISA
Bloody hell.

JACK
(to Khalid)
What were you trying to do?
(then in Arabic)
What were you trying to do?

KHALID
(in English, coughing
blood)
Is she okay?

JACK
The Mona Lisa's fine.

Khalid grabs Jack by his shirt collar and pulls him closer.

KHALID
(gasping)
The girl?

JACK
Yes, yes, she's fine.

Lisa picks up Khalid's gun and shows Jack that there is no ammunition clip in the gun.

Khalid's Mona Lisa watch face is shattered.

Khalid struggles to pull the two photos from his pocket.

He slowly hands the rumpled CIA photo to Jack.

Khalid holds his family photo tight, he gently touches the face of his sister with his bloodied index finger.

KHALID

She lives.

A small smile crosses Khalid's face as life slowly leaves him.

Multiple bodies are on the ground, police and military are scattered about, and black and red smoke rise.

INT. METRO TRAIN STOP - DAY (2011 COLOR)

Point Five, tears streaming down his face, stumbles down the last steps of a long staircase on his brace-crutches. He rapidly crosses the platform to a waiting Metro train.

As he approaches, the train door begins closing. He lunges with his outstretched right brace-crutch and stops it. The door bounces open and he hobbles in.

All the seats are taken. He looks a mess with sweat and tears pouring down his face.

A JEWISH WOMAN and her six year old SON wearing a yarmulke, stand and offer their seat to Point Five. He nods a thank you and sits.

Standing opposite him is a MAN and DOG wrapped in silver duct-tape with a HAT for tips on the ground. Point Five and the man stare at each other.

The train departs and disappears down the dark tunnel.

EXT. ARC D' TRIOMPH - DAY (2011 COLOR)

Jack stands with Lisa and Danny next to the parked Citroen. Smoke drifts about.

DANNY

(talking to Jack,
but with phone to
his ear)

Goat herdsman don't usually have
satellite hookups, do they?

JACK

Damn-fuckin'-nation, no. There's
our proof.

LISA

I'll go to the Tajiks for approval.

Lisa starts to dial her cell phone.

JACK

To hell with permission. Hit 'em now, and use the Russian missiles. Let 'em think it was that asshole in Moscow.

DANNY

(into cell phone)
Move on the target.

Danny listens intently.

DANNY (cont'd)

(to Jack and Lisa)
Strike in motion.

Danny hands the phone to Jack to take over. Lisa stands close by.

EXT. TAJIK AIRSPACE - NIGHT (2011 COLOR)

Two F-117 Nighthawk STEALTH BOMBERS glimmer in the moonlight as they speed low over the Tajik landscape.

INT. TAJIK CAVE - NIGHT (2011 COLOR)

Seven Arabs are around a fire with the shadow of the Leader in the middle, Itchy to his left, Yusef to his right and Amir beside.

A turned off TELEVISION, GENERATOR and SATELLITE DISH are in the corner.

Yusef stands and paces.

YUSEF

(to the Leader)
Your orders to our cells were to act only if our signal attack is successful. We are fucked.

LEADER

(shadowed)
We don't deserve Allah's blessings if we can't burn one filthy painting.

He runs his grotesque fingers through his beard.

LEADER (cont'd)
Khalid failed because living in the
decadent West made him weak.
Besides, we have a back-up signal.

INT. VATICAN SISTINE CHAPEL - DAY (2011 COLOR)

The soft CHANT of MONKS echo.

TOURISTS mill about, the dull DRONE of their conversations permeates the Chapel.

A handsome, twenty-five year old ARAB MAN is on his back on the floor. He has long, straight black hair and is dressed Bohemian style with sandals.

He sketches the scene of THE CREATION OF ADAM. His SKETCH PAD is rigged above him via a WIRE FRAME.

Another ARAB MAN sits alongside rubbing his WORRY BEADS.

Both men have smiles on their faces that say they know something no one else does.

INT. TAJIK CAVE - NIGHT (2011 COLOR)

The seven Arabs are still around the fire, the Leader remains in shadow.

LEADER (cont'd)
I want you personally to make sure
the fuse is lit this time Yusef.
Go, and take Itchy, it is time his
training begins.

EXT. TAJIK AIRSPACE - NIGHT (2011 COLOR)

The two stealth bombers close in on their target.

INT. STEALTH BOMBER - NIGHT (2011 COLOR)

PILOT
The target is painted, permission
to light her up?

EXT. ARC D' TRIOMPH - DAY (2011 COLOR)

JACK
 (into cellphone)
 As God Himself said, let there be
 light.

EXT. TAJIK AIRSPACE - NIGHT (2011 COLOR)

Multiple missiles launch from the stealth bombers toward
 their hillside target.

INT. TAJIK CAVE - NIGHT (2011 COLOR)

The Arabs are still in their same places around the fire,
 except Yusef and Itchy who are now absent.

LEADER
 (face in shadow)
 Let the blood of the infidels run
 in the streets.

The Leader lets out a demonic LAUGH, the others join in.

LAUGHTER and CHANTING engulf the cave.

Fire EXPLODES through the cave, the five Arabs are
 incinerated.

EXT. TAJIK AIRSPACE - NIGHT (2011 COLOR)

The hill EXPLODES into an enormous fireball.

PILOT (V.O.)
 Target obliterated. Beaches of
 Diego Garcia here we come.

The two stealth bombers make a sharp banking turn.

JACK (V.O.)
 Fan-Fuckintastic, the scotch is on
 me tonight boys.

EXT. ARC D' TRIOMPH - DAY (2011 COLOR)

Lisa and Danny stand quietly as Jack listens on his cell
 phone.

Danny leans against the Citroen. He uses his shirt to buff clean a smudge mark on the hood.

JACK
(flipping his phone
closed)
Vlad's story checked out. We're
moving on the nukes as I speak.

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY (2011 COLOR)

British POLICE and MILITARY evacuate and surround the GREAT BRITAIN ROYAL BANK. SIRENS WAIL and PEDESTRIANS scramble.

The Banker that placed the Russian Diplomat's case in the vault stands in shock as a DOZEN MEN rush by in RADIOACTIVE SUITS.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY (2011 COLOR)

SIRENS BLARE as POLICE CARS speed down multiple streets weaving through traffic. They converge on a prominent stone building and SCREECH to a stop.

POLICEMEN evacuate the area.

Multiple THUDS of helicopters come from above.

EXT. TOKYO STREET - NIGHT (2011 COLOR)

JAPANESE SOLDIERS surround a closed bank building. SIRENS WAIL.

A small TANK CRUSHES open the front door of the bank. The soldiers pour in.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY (2011 COLOR)

The White House.

Jack Straw walks toward the White House and enters.

He comes back out and walks to a TRASH CAN along the walkway. He looks both ways, pulls the chewing tobacco dip from his bottom lip, and drops it in the trash can.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a TIN of chewing tobacco and drops it in the trash can.

He wipes his mouth off and straightens his suit.

He takes one last glance at the tin in the trash can, as if it was an old girlfriend.

He turns and walks back toward the White House.

INT. WHITE HOUSE OVAL OFFICE - DAY (2011 COLOR)

A MARINE GUARD opens the door and Jack enters.

The PRESIDENT and Peter Howell shake Jack's hand and usher him in. They sit.

U.S. PRESIDENT

Jack, the citizens of this country, no, the citizens of this world, owe you a debt of gratitude that can never be repaid.

JACK

I was just doing my job, Mr. President.

U.S. PRESIDENT

It was one hell of a job. Six cities and untold millions would have been murdered. My family included.

PETER

I knew you wouldn't let me down old buddy. When the timing's right, we'll use Vlad's interrogation video to bring down the Russian President.

JACK

That'll be a relief.

U.S. PRESIDENT

Jack, I'd like to nominate you as the new Director of Central Intelligence. What do you say?

INT. LOUVRE DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY (2011 COLOR)

The Museum Director is in his office leaning back on his swivel chair. He is visibly distressed. The door is open.

His SECRETARY appears in the doorway.

SECRETARY
Director, you have a guest.

The Director ignores her and stares into space.

SECRETARY (cont'd)
An important one.

The PRESIDENT of France enters with Pierre Richard and TWO BODYGUARDS. More BODYGUARDS stand outside the door.

MUSEUM DIRECTOR
(standing up)
Mr. President, no one told me you...

FRENCH PRESIDENT
What a disaster Theo. At least we saved the Mona Lisa and the Queen.

The Director stands speechless for a moment.

MUSEUM DIRECTOR
Save your congratulations on saving the Mona Lisa, we didn't.

PIERRE RICHARD
What the hell are you talking about? I brought her back myself. She was doused with lighter fluid and dirty, but...

MUSEUM DIRECTOR
You don't understand, that was the copy we switched in.

The French President sits down in distress.

FRENCH PRESIDENT
What?

The French President leans over and pushes the door closed so no one else can hear.

MUSEUM DIRECTOR
As soon as we got the call from Pierre we scrambled to evacuate the Museum.

INT. MONA LISA ROOM - DAY (2011 COLOR)

SUPER: "THREE HOURS EARLIER"

TWENTY GUARDS come through the Mona Lisa room with the Director.

MUSEUM DIRECTOR V.O. (cont'd)

But because Pierre said it was a terrorist operation to destroy, not steal the Mona Lisa, we decided to switch out the real one. The glass casing may stop thieves and acid attacks, but enough plastic explosives could easily destroy her in place.

TWO GUARDS at the rear of the column inconspicuously carry a BURLAP SACK covering the shape of a PAINTING. (Note: This was not visible in the earlier view of this scene.)

Anton and Philippe walk down the hallway herding visitors.

Guards open the Mona Lisa glass case with two separate pass keys, disconnect the alarm wiring, remove the real Mona Lisa, and replace it with the fake one from the burlap sack.

INT. LOUVRE WORK CLOSET - DAY (2011 COLOR)

The Director and two guards enter the work closet.

The Director puts the burlap sack, holding the real Mona Lisa, behind two paintings in the stack of paintings in the rack.

INT. CUBBY CLOSET - DAY (2011 COLOR)

Khalid and Yassin hear voices and things being moved about in the main closet.

Yassin lifts his gun and starts to open his mouth to talk.

Khalid quickly covers Yassin's mouth with his left hand, and with his right motions a "shhh".

INT. LOUVRE WORK CLOSET - DAY (2011 COLOR)

The Director exits and locks the work closet door, and places Anton and Philippe with guns to guard the door.

MUSEUM DIRECTOR V.O. (cont'd)

The museum cameras shorted out when the alarm sounded and remained out for maybe fifteen minutes. My two best guards were at the door the entire time, and they never even knew the Mona Lisa was inside.

INT. MONA LISA ROOM - DAY (2011 COLOR)

Anton and Philippe stand guard outside the work closet. Though now without guns, no one notices.

MUSEUM DIRECTOR V.O. (cont'd)

When I went back to get the Mona Lisa,

The Director with two guards opens the closet and enters.

INT. LOUVRE WORK CLOSET - DAY (2011 COLOR)

Anton and Philippe follow and see their guns partially under a paint rag. They quickly grab them and sling them over their shoulders. No one notices.

The Director pulls out the burlap sack, and begins to pull out the PAINTING.

BACK TO THE PRESENT

INT. LOUVRE DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY (2011 COLOR)

MUSEUM DIRECTOR (cont'd)

This is what I found.

He reaches behind his desk and lifts up the painting, JESTER WITH A LUTE by Frans Hals.

MUSEUM DIRECTOR (cont'd)

A jester, this thief is taunting
us. The other clues we found include
this dress with lipstick all over
it and this wig,
(holding them up)
Plus the broken frame found in the
stairwell.

The Director points to the broken FRAME leaning against the wall.

Pierre Richard paces in distress.

MUSEUM DIRECTOR (cont'd)

In all our camera footage we haven't
found one lady wearing this yellow
dress, not this day or any other.

INT. LOUVRE WORK CLOSET - DAY (1911 B/W)

It is dark, Vincenzo crouches and rubs his crucifix in the corner of the cubby closet.

VINCENZO

Oh God, please help me escape this
wretched and cruel time, and awake
in a century when love is sweet,
not bitter.

Vincenzo kisses his crucifix with his eyes closed.

The light goes on in the main closet and shines under the door.

His crucifix shimmers as light hits it, a subtle CHIME is heard.

There is a RUFFLE of things being moved about. Vincenzo hears the DOOR CLOSE and a KEY LOCK it.

Vincenzo comes out of the cubby closet into the main closet. He turns the main doorknob, but it is still locked.

He looks under the door and sees Guard's SHOES. He tip toes backwards.

He takes off his dress and rubs off his lipstick and make-up on it. He puts the dress in front of the door to block the closet light. His wig is still on.

Two assault guns sit on the shelf beside him, he looks at them with disgust. With two fingers he gingerly picks up a nearby painters rag and drops it on top of the guns.

Vincenzo sees the paintings in the racks and quietly thumbs through them one by one. He shows intermittent faces of "like", "dislike" and "disgust".

He comes to a burlap sack, slowly opens it and pulls out the PAINTING inside. Vincenzo's face lights up. Only the back of the painting is visible.

Vincenzo looks at his crucifix.

FOOTSTEPS are heard scampering away. Vincenzo puts down the painting and looks under the door. The guards are gone.

He returns to the stack of paintings and quickly starts looking for something.

Vincenzo finds what he is looking for, a particular painting, and SNAPS his fingers in delight. He pulls it out and puts it in the burlap sack. The painting is not visible.

He grabs a painters PENCIL and PAPER and writes something short. The words are not visible.

Vincenzo puts the paper in the burlap sack with the painting, closes it, and puts it back on the shelf.

He straightens his suit and runs his hand through his hair, but catches it in the wig. He pulls off the wig and drops it.

Vincenzo finds a paint covered SCREWDRIVER on top of a paint can. He uses it to pry open the door, picks up the painting and his fraying shoulder bag, turns out the light, and exits.

INT. LOUVRE STAIRWELL - DAY (1911 B/W)

Vincenzo slowly descends a staircase as he uses the screwdriver to pry the painting from its frame.

Shouting VOICES and running FOOTSTEPS come from inside the museum.

The frame finally releases and he drops it on the stairs.

He speeds down the staircase with the painting sideways in his arms and now visible, it is the Mona Lisa. Her face in color, the rest in black and white.

Vincenzo comes to the exit door, but it is locked.

The VOICES and FOOTSTEPS in the museum get louder and closer. He is nervous.

He tries to pry the DOORKNOB with the screwdriver, but it won't budge.

Vincenzo proceeds to unscrew the doorknob. Once off, and not knowing what to do with it, he puts it in his pocket.

He puts the Mona Lisa in his shoulder bag, slings it over his shoulder, peeks out the door, and exits. The door closes.

INT. LOUVRE DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY (2011 COLOR)

MUSEUM DIRECTOR

The only other clue we found was
this cryptic note.

The Director hands the note to the French President.

INSERT - THE NOTE: "BITTERSWEET IT IS MY LOVE"

VINCENZO (V.O.)

Bittersweet, it is, my love.

MUSEUM DIRECTOR

We have no idea what it means. In fact, it may have nothing to do with this. It may have been in that old painting bag for decades.

FRENCH PRESIDENT

Oy vei. Until we sort this out Theo, don't tell anyone. Put the fake Mona Lisa on display, no one needs to know.

MUSEUM DIRECTOR

A terrorist may not notice the difference Mr. President, but I can assure you the Mona Lisa aficionados will. The Mona Lisa has over 500,000 unique cracks in her paint, those cracks are an impossible fingerprint to duplicate.

FRENCH PRESIDENT

Unbelievable.

EXT. PARIS STREET - DAY (2011 COLOR)

A sunburst breaks through the overcast day, exuding the feeling of Spring. (Scored to MUSIC: Song recommendation available upon request)

Vincenzo walks south towards Notre Dame. Vincenzo and everything are now in full color.

He looks dashing in his dark suit and Clark Gable style mustache. The fraying bag is slung over his shoulder. He walks happily and for the first time appears worry free.

He walks amongst throngs of PEOPLE and passes by Notre Dame with gargoyles in the foreground. He approaches the nearby bridge over the Seine.

As he crosses the bridge, Vincenzo looks back over his left shoulder and gives a half smile that says "victory over love". The silver crucifix on his neck glimmers briefly.

SUPER: "THE BEGINNING"

As he turns his head forward again, the left eye and nose of the Mona Lisa briefly appear through a rip in the bag on his back.

Vincenzo walks on and disappears into the wave of HUMANITY crossing the bridge.

EPILOGUE

On August 21, 1911 the Mona Lisa was in fact stolen from the Louvre.

Many were questioned about the theft including artist Pablo Picasso. The real culprit was museum handyman Vincenzo Peruggia, an Italian immigrant known as "Macaroni".

Director Homolle was forced to resign because of the theft.

The Mona Lisa was finally recovered on December 11, 1913.

How Vincenzo and the Mona Lisa were able to disappear without a trace for years, no one really knows.

Some suspect their escape may have had something to do with time travel, and of course, love.

FADE OUT