

MONA LISA'S SECRET

Written by

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Based on the novel

By

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FADE TO BLACK.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Fact - Vincenzo Peruggia was the man who stole the *Mona Lisa* in 1911 and kept it hidden away in his Paris apartment for two years. Arrested in 1913, he served only seven months in jail."

FADE IN:

INT. MUSEE DU LOUVRE - SALLE DES ETATS - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "*Sunday, July 26th, 1981, 15:17 PM*"

BERNARD Martino, 40, overweight, enters the chamber. He holds a mineral water bottle in his left gloved hand. A cluster of TOURISTS stand in queue to see the *Mona Lisa* painting. Bernard sweats, stops to take a breath. His eyes dart up to the security camera, gives a rude hand gesture.

BERNARD

You destroyed my life today. That's why I'm going to destroy yours.

Suddenly, a message is played over the Louvre's PA system.

PIERRE (SUBTITLE)

(French, PA filter)

This is an announcement for Mr. Bernard Martino. Stay where you are and we will come collect you. Stay where you are. Thank you.

Bernard sprints to the front of the Tourist queue. He goes to a cream cover plate on the wall and flips it open. Bernard inserts a gold key into the key hole, turns it clockwise. The bulletproof glass tilts upward and moves up until it exposes the *Mona Lisa* oil painting. Tourists gasp and murmur.

BERNARD

Today I reveal the lie. No more lies! Behold the famous painting. Painted by the famous Leonardo Da Vinci. You all have been deceived. I will show you the truth. Your Louvre Curator, Pierre Savard, a man I thought was my friend, has betrayed you, as he betrayed me.

Three LOUVRE GUARDS run toward Bernard. LEAD GUARD, 45, blows a whistle. Tourists move to the side. With his gloved hand, Bernard carefully untwists the cap from the water bottle. The three Guards stop with weapons raised. Lead Guard aims his gun at Bernard's chest. Tourists panic and scream.

LEAD GUARD  
Stop! Put the bottle down now!

BERNARD  
He doesn't want you to know *Mona Lisa's* secret.

Lead Guard touches his ear piece as he listens.

LEAD GUARD  
I'll shoot if you continue!

BERNARD  
Pierre Savard, the man in your ear, wants to keep me quiet, because he doesn't want the world to know that the *Mona Lisa* is a...

Bernard motions his arm back, holds the bottle ready to splash it on the painting. Lead Guard fires one bullet into Bernard's abdomen. Bernard drops and the water bottle rolls across the waxed timbre floor, emits a strong, sharp smell.

LEAD GUARD  
Acide!

Tourists scramble to exit. Lead Guard positions himself above an injured Bernard with his weapon trained on him.

LEAD GUARD  
Target is down.

Bernard's bloody hands hold his bleeding torso wound. He fades out, eyes close, whispers just before he dies.

BERNARD  
It's a fake.

EXT. JOEY'S PENTHOUSE - BALCONY - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "Santa Monica, CA. Monday, October 17th 2016 - 35 years later"

JOEY Peruggia, 26, blue eyes, sun-bleached hair, jeans, does a set of one-arm pushups with his right arm, then does a set with his left arm, does not break a sweat. Switches off, repeats two more sets. He looks at his wrist, admires the tattoo of the Vitruvian Man, labeled "L'Uomo Vitruviano". Enters the bedroom.

INT. JOEY'S PENTHOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

MARIE Martino, 36, 5' 3", honey brown hair, hazel eyes, olive skin, British, Swiss and French mix, lies in bed, naked.

MARIE

Hey, my sexy athlete!

Joey admires her legs. He is stopped by the sound of two pieces of scraping metal coming from behind the bookcase.

JOEY

What is that?

Marie sits up and listens, puts on a summery gown.

INT. JOEY'S PENTHOUSE - LOUNGE AREA - DAY

In the center is a sunken lounge area with four custom-built white leather couches. All face each other around a marbled mosaic floor and a billiard table, which backs onto a custom-built dark-mahogany floor-to-ceiling bookcase with a built on slide ladder. Marie and Joey walk in and up to the bookcase. A 'whop' noise emits from behind the bookcase and then stops.

JOEY

Did you hear that? I think there's something behind this wall.

MARIE

What? Like a Harry Potter bookcase thing? See if you can find an opening.

JOEY

My dad spent millions on this place. It wouldn't surprise me if he built a panic room. The question is how do we get inside?

Joey looks around the bookcase. He pushes and pulls, but it will not budge.

MARIE

If there's a door, there has to be some kind of access point like a lever, or a button that opens it.

JOEY

Marie, I think you've seen too many movies.

Joey takes encyclopedia volumes off the middle shelf and piles them on the floor. Dust from the books circulates. Marie sneezes and backs away. Joey finishes taking books off the shelf and moves to the next shelf up to take books off. He looks up to the right hand corner of the top shelf. Spots a dark brown, large, wide, out-of-place Bible surrounded by books on yachts and boats.

JOEY

Hang on. Could it be? It makes sense now.

MARIE

What does?

JOEY

Before my father died, he told me I'd find answers I seek in the Bible. I thought he meant I should turn to religion. He was a staunch Catholic. Now, I wonder?

Joey slides the ladder and climbs up toward the top shelf. He pulls the Bible, jiggles it but it will not move. He moves books to the left of the Bible and notices a hinged metal device built into the center of it. Joey pushes the Bible back and forth on it's hinges.

JOEY

You're right, the Bible's a lever. The book only tilts back and forth.

MARIE

Try moving it all the way down.

Joey nods, pulls the Bible toward him until it clicks into place. A muffled sound from a mechanism comes from behind the wall. A part of the bookcase opens slightly outward exposing a slit from an entrance. Dust flies.

MARIE

Shit, you found it.

JOEY

I wonder what's stashed inside?

MARIE

One way to find out.

They struggle, pull, and then with much effort get the door open to the entrance. Some light filters through the dust.

INT. JOEY'S PENTHOUSE - SECRET ROOM - DAY

Joey steps in followed by Marie. An automatic sensor light turns on. The room is cold and large, ceiling and walls are reinforced with sheets of steel. A dark-mahogany bookcase unit with wood paneling wraps around the room with an array of old books: Da Vinci, Michelangelo, Botticelli, and more.

JOEY

Looks like he built a panic room.

MARIE

It feels like a vault in here.

A mahogany desk with a high-backed leather chair sits to one side. The desktop is covered with architectural plans of a California Bank and Trust and the LAPD Headquarters. A framed picture of Joey's brother Phil, 35, sits on the desk. Next to the picture is an empty bottle of tequila and a 9 mm pistol.

JOEY

This must have been my dad's place of solace after my brother died.

MARIE

That's not your life now, you've moved on.

Marie scans the room, then looks down to the floor.

MARIE

There's an open safe on the floor.

Marie takes out two folded letters. She opens and scans them.

MARIE

They look interesting. Two letters not in English. One from 1917 and one from 1964.

Marie leans back on a chair, focuses on a push button underneath the desk edge. She pushes it. On one wall, a hidden panel slides open and a painting moves forward. It sits on a retractable ledge encased in a thin glass chamber. A single LED light on the ceiling angles down, switches on.

JOEY

Isn't that the...? It can't be... I don't understand.

MARIE

Looks real, the colors are Amazing.

Marie studies the art work, runs her hands over the glass.

JOEY

Tell me what you think.

MARIE

Brushstrokes are perfect, in the old sfumato technique. A smoked sense is felt when staring at the painting. Flesh tones are rich and vibrant. Her eyes are filled with a  
(MORE)

MARIE (CONT'D)

story. She's perfect. I can't see any flaws.

JOEY

What are you saying?

MARIE

Joey... I can't believe it. I don't think this is a fake.

JOEY

What the hell was dad involved in?

MARIE

God knows. I think you might have yourself a genuine Leonardo da Vinci painting of the *Mona Lisa*.

Marie opens the glass casing and air releases out. She carefully turns the painting upside down. Joey holds out his hands as if to catch it.

JOEY

Be careful.

MARIE

I am careful, babe, relax.

She scans the back of the panel. Finds a small red stamp mark on the lower right side.

JOEY

What are you looking for?

MARIE

This.

Joey looks at the red mark.

JOEY

What is it?

MARIE

That seal proves this painting once resided in the Louvre in Paris. Why would you have the painting?

JOEY

Vincenzo Peruggia was my great-grandfather.

MARIE

You've got to be kidding! The man who stole the *Mona Lisa* was your great grand-father?

JOEY

Yep.

MARIE

He was caught and the Louvre took back the painting in 1913.

JOEY

This painting and the one in the Louvre can't both be genuine. What if that's not what happened?

MARIE

If we're right, your great-grandfather exchanged the real painting for an exceptional fake that escaped detection. Is that possible?. Maybe the letters will explain.

Marie picks up the letters from the desk, hands them to Joey.

MARIE

One is addressed to your father and the other is to a Celestina?

JOEY

My grandmother, Vincenzo's daughter. Because of her, I have the Perugia name. Her son, my father, should have taken his father's name. But pregnant out of wedlock she kept the family name.

MARIE

Can you read them?

JOEY

Didn't I tell you I'm fluent in Italian?

MARIE

Read the oldest one first and translate.

Joey reads the letter dated August 20, 1917, then explains.

JOEY

Celestina lost all communication with her father the day he was sentenced to jail, and then he'd gone to war. He was eager to see her again. Said he had something to give her that cannot be named in the letter. He set up a meeting.

Joey puts the letter down beside the *Mona Lisa*, and feels an unexpected lump in his throat.

MARIE

That explains the link from your great-grandfather to your grandmother. See if the other letter explains the rest.

JOEY

Why would he go to all this trouble?

MARIE

Your great-grandfather felt the painting belonged to Italy. Felt it was stolen by Napoleon. He must not have known Da Vinci took the painting as a gift for Francis I when he moved to France to become a painter in the sixteenth century.

JOEY

Lucky I have an art and history major by my side.

Joey kisses her, picks up the 1964 letter and reads.

JOEY

This is to my father from his mother, Celestina. She left him the original *Mona Lisa* his grandfather stole in 1911. The one in the Louvre is a replica, a fake. Dad's grandfather commissioned a master painter, Raphael Chaudron, who took two years to complete.

They look at the *Mona Lisa*. Joey puts the letter down.

MARIE

What are you going to do with her?

JOEY

Hang it on my wall.

MARIE

Over my dead body! Don't be stupid.

She stands in front of the *Mona Lisa* to block it.

MARIE

We need to return it to the Louvre. If we perform an altruistic act, they'll throw us keys to the city. We'll be famous, recognized all over. My art studio will flourish, and so will your club. We'll be the heroes who brought the *Mona Lisa* back to her rightful home.

JOEY

It sure will help my public image. It's taken hard work to remove my father's tainted image from the club. I wonder why my family kept it hidden all this time?

MARIE

Perhaps they feared retribution for Vincenzo's theft, or that their own reputations would be tarnished? I can't see any reason why we shouldn't do the right thing now.

JOEY

Okay. How do we contact the Louvre?

Marie fetches her cell phone, goes to contacts for 'Savard'.

MARIE

I have the curator's number. Pierre Savard. He's like an uncle and very trustworthy. Friend of the family. Gave me my first job in the Louvre when I was fresh out of university. Started my career and my passion for art. You owe him, too.

JOEY

What are you talking about?

MARIE

If it hadn't been for Pierre funding the charity event at your club to promote my new art studio, we would have never met.

JOEY

I certainly do owe him.

INT. JOEY'S PENTHOUSE - LOUNGE AREA - DAY

Joey carries the *Mona Lisa* and leans the painting upright against one of the four couches. They sit and admire it.

JOEY

How much you think she's worth?

MARIE

In 1962 the *Mona Lisa* was valued at a hundred million. You're looking at ... Around seven today?

JOEY

Seven hundred million? Insane!

MARIE

I'm sure the curator will give you a small fee when you return it.

JOEY

I have enough already. But ... It would be nice to bring some closure for my family.

After brief chat with Pierre's PA, Bradley. Marie gets a call back. Joey indicates he will take the call. Marie nods. Joey answers and puts the phone on speaker.

JOEY

Hello, Mr. Savard.

INT. MUSEE DU LOUVRE - NAPOLEON'S SECRET ROOM - NIGHT

PIERRE Savard, 75, middle-eastern, gray beard, sits at one end of a long wooden table. Three French GUARDS wear blue cargo pants, short-sleeved shirts and black combat boots. In their holsters are Glock 19 pistols.

FREDERIC, 62, 6', and twins LAMOND, scar on his lip, and THIERRY, both 38, 6'3", shaved head, square-jawed, and unshaven, stand guard.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

PIERRE

Marie?

JOEY

No it's Joey, Marie's boyfriend. I have news for you, and it seems fitting I be the one to deliver it.

Silence for a moment at the other end of the line.

PIERRE

Do you? Can you do me the honor of telling me your last name, Joey?

JOEY

Peruggia. ... Are you there?

PIERRE

Never expected to hear that again.

JOEY

Did you know my great-grandfather, Vincenzo?

PIERRE

I didn't, but my father did. He hated your great-grandfather. I've heard the story so many times. Peruggia took away the *Mona Lisa*. Then it was returned. Then, to my father's disgust, he found out the returned painting was a forgery. This is something I've never told anyone, but I have a feeling you know about it.

JOEY

Why the cover-up?

PIERRE

Because, soon after its return, World War I began and everyone was on edge. People wanted hope. *Mona Lisa* gave it to them. Coming out to the press would not have done any good, especially for my father, having health issues at the time. So he kept it secret and passed it on to me.

JOEY

I don't understand how in all these years no one worked it out.

PIERRE

That's not entirely true. A close friend of mine, Bernard, who I employed to restore the painting, knew. He was the only one allowed to work on the *Mona Lisa*. One day he turned on me and wanted to reveal it to the world. We were lucky to stop him. If the acid he planned to throw had hit, it would  
(MORE)

PIERRE (CONT'D)

have revealed the painting's true identity when it showed the reused painting from underneath.

JOEY

What happened to Bernard?

PIERRE

Shot dead at the scene. Hasn't Marie told you about Bernard? I'm sure she would be glad to tell you his story.

Marie waves her hands at Joey.

MARIE

I'll tell you later.

JOEY

It seems my family had the real *Mona Lisa* in our possession all these years. I'd like to make things right and bring it back.

PIERRE

It puts a smile on my face to hear that, Joey.

JOEY

All Marie and I ask is to receive credit for doing the right thing. Maybe you can arrange a press conference or something?

PIERRE

Of course. I'll organize my personal jet to pick you both up.

JOEY

I can't believe my first flight anywhere is going to be on a private jet.

PIERRE

You have never visited Paris?

JOEY

My father invited me many times to join him when he visited. I now find it sad that I have a passport that has never been stamped.

PIERRE

Since it's your first visit to Paris, I'll make it worth your while and organize a suite at the HOTEL DU LOUVRE. I have a private plane on standby already based in America. When it arrives at LAX, I'll have Frederic call you.

JOEY

Thank you, sir. I'm looking forward to meeting you.

PIERRE

No, thank you, Joey. May I ask one thing of you both?

JOEY

Of course.

PIERRE

Please tell no one what you possess, for safety reasons.

JOEY

No problem. That won't be too hard.

PIERRE

Excellent, I'll instruct Frederic to call you before he lands. See you in Paris.

INT. HOTEL DU LOUVRE - PENTHOUSE - DAY

The CONCIERGE escorts Joey and Marie inside the Pissarro suite. Marie's jaw drops as they step inside the open-plan room. The Concierge refuses a tip from Joey, leaves. Joey takes a glance outside the balcony, then places the painting carry case beside the king-sized bed and lays down, his eyes close. Marie jumps onto the bed and straddles him.

MARIE

No! Wake up, don't sleep. You need to adjust to French time.

JOEY

But I'm so tired.

MARIE

It's lunchtime. I'll buy you a real French coffee. No crap American coffee. Come on, let's go, we have places to see. Sleeping is overrated.

JOEY

Yeah, coming from someone who snored on the plane the entire way.

Joey climbs wearily out of bed runs a hand through his hair.

JOEY

What about the painting?

MARIE

It'll be safe. Leave it.

JOEY

Are you for real? It's a seven-hundred-million-dollar painting.

MARIE

That nobody would look twice at. Everybody thinks the real one is in the Louvre. If You're worried, hide it. We can come back for it tonight when we meet Peter.

JOEY

Who's Peter?

MARIE

Peter is Pierre. I'm the only one who calls him that.

INT. HOTEL DU LOUVRE - PENTHOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Joey walks in. He opens a white storage pantry filled with Egyptian-cotton towels, robes, blankets, and toiletries. Joey removes the painting from its wooden case and gently places it inside the bathroom pantry, moves folded towels over it.

INT. MUSEE DU LOUVRE - SALLE DES ETATS - DAY

Joey and Marie enter. All TOURISTS face the *Mona Lisa*. Marie holds his hand as they join the Tourists waiting to see the painting. They reach the front. Joey grins. Marie grins. After fifteen seconds of viewing, they are pushed along by Tourists. They gaze from afar over the heads of Tourists.

JOEY

It's impossible to tell them apart. This one looks a little newer.

MARIE

It's been restored and looked after for years. Yours has been neglected for years. That's why it needs to be returned for proper care.

JOEY

Tonight they can have it back. Can we head back to the hotel? I've seen enough. I'm so tired.

Joey turns, Thierry's hand weighs on his shoulder.

THIERRY

Excuse moi, Monsieur Peruggia, Mademoiselle Martino? Come with me, please. Mr. Savard instructed me to invite you to see him.

JOEY

How does he know we're here?

THIERRY

Marie's Louvre VIP card, we were instantly notified. Please, Pierre doesn't like to be kept waiting.

Marie nods, and they follow Thierry into a lift.

INT. MUSEE DU LOUVRE - NAPOLEON'S SECRET ROOM - DAY

Frederic appears in the doorway, a tattoo on the back of his neck: three sharp-looking arrows that point upward above a five-pointed star, below which are three curved arrows. Lamond and Thierry walk in behind Joey and Marie, acknowledge Frederic with a nod. Lamond and Thierry guard the doors.

MARIE

Hello, Frederic.

Frederic smiles. When Marie averts her gaze his smile falls from his face. Joey notices and feels a shiver of fear.

PIERRE

Welcome, my American friends.

Pierre sits at the end of a long table, half his face in shadow in the softly lit room.

MARIE

Peter, it's been such a long time.

PIERRE

Dear Marie, lovely to see you again.

Pierre rises and holds his arms wide open. Marie rushes into his embrace. When they pull apart, Savard turns to Joey.

PIERRE

You must be Joey.

Joey strolls over and strongly shakes Savard's outstretched hand. He scans the room.

JOEY

Yes, sir. Sorry to say, but this place gives me the creeps. Don't mean to offend.

MARIE

Joey!

PIERRE

He's right, it does, that's why I like it. There's a lot of history in this room. It once belonged to Napoleon. His secret room.

Joey glances upward to the detailed moldings on the walls, which support a row of old French rifles.

JOEY

Nice collection. Any of them work?

PIERRE

All of them. They're from the late 1800s. This is an 1890 Meunier and this is an 1886 Lebel.

Classical oil paintings dot the room and a large ten-by-six-foot carpet on a wall depicts Napoleon on a horse with his army marching through the Arc de Triomphe.

PIERRE

Please sit.

Joey and Marie sit on the same side of the wooden table. Marie gazes at a gold-framed painting behind Pierre.

MARIE

Is that a duplicate of *The Virgin and Child with St. Anne*?

PIERRE

Yes. The artist was never truly recognized for his incredible work. Raphael Chaudron. He was obsessed with da Vinci. Where's my painting?

JOEY

Safe. Thought we were going to discuss this at dinner? Have you organized the press coverage?

PIERRE

There will be no such thing. The world cannot know about the cover-up. It needs to stay secret.

MARIE

You're unreasonable, Peter.

JOEY

We had a deal.

PIERRE

No deal. Why should I give you credit for returning a painting taken by your thieving family?

JOEY

I came to clear my family name.

PIERRE

Fermer la porte!

Lamond and Thierry slam the large wooden doors shut, block them, hands at their holsters. Pierre eyeballs Frederic, who steps toward Joey.

JOEY

Open the effin' door!

Frederic unleashes a knee into Joey's stomach. Joey drops to the cold floor, gasps for air. Marie leaps to her feet.

MARIE

Stop! We're practically family, Peter! We'll gladly give you the painting and not tell anyone. There's no need for this.

Pierre walks toward Marie. She takes a little step backwards.

PIERRE

I want my painting back. My father and I have gone through hell to keep the fate of the *Mona Lisa* a secret. You idiots could jeopardize it all.

MARIE

I wouldn't do that, I promise.

PIERRE

That's what your father said. We were friends, and he tried to betray me.

Joey holds his stomach as he gets to his feet.

JOEY

What's he talking about?

Marie lowers her head. Pierre laughs.

PIERRE

Bernard Martino was her father, shot dead in the Louvre thirty-five years ago. He tried to throw acid on the *Mona Lisa* because he knew the truth.

MARIE

(tears on her cheeks)

You were like an uncle to me. Why are you doing this?

PIERRE

I have been a great uncle, haven't I? After your father died, I promised your mother I'd help with your career. I think I did a good job, don't you? This is what needs to happen. Joey is going to retrieve the painting and then I put you both on a flight back to America.

JOEY

I ain't getting shit!

PIERRE

Have you met the twins, Lamond and Thierry?

Lamond saunters in Marie's direction. Marie steps behind Pierre, Lamond grabs her hair and forces her to the ground. Screams. Lamond pulls his Glock, switches the safety off and pushes it against Marie's temple. She squeezes her eyes shut.

JOEY

Stop! I'll get it.

Pierre approaches Joey and stands toe-to-toe with him.

PIERRE

Peruggia. If you knew how much my father hated that name. Get my painting, and I'll release you both. Thierry, take him. If he tries anything, kill him.

FREDERIC

A warning to you. Thierry can sprint a mile without stopping. A parkour expert. His aim is unmatched, even by his brother. I'd think twice about trying to escape.

INT. HOTEL DU LOUVRE - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Joey opens the door, Thierry holds his Glock on him. Joey does a little dance, holds his hands over his privates.

JOEY

I need to go to the toilet. The bathroom is just here.

THIERRY

Shut up and move!

Thierry pushes him forward with his free hand.

JOEY

I'm serious. I really need to go.

Thierry locks the door.

THIERRY

Get the painting.

JOEY

I'll get it, relax. I need to go, man. You want me to leave a puddle on the penthouse your boss paid for?

THIERRY

Make it quick.

Joey hobbles to the bathroom. Thierry scans the suite, spots luggage, still packed, near the bed. A strap sticks out under the bed. He pulls it, finds a wooden box attached to it. Thierry removes the carry case and places it on the duvet. He unclips the latches and the lid swings open to an empty box.

THIERRY

Baise!

Thierry turns toward the bathroom, catches a movement in his peripheral vision outside on the balcony, moving quickly. Thierry sees the painting, followed by Joey's blue eyes that stare back at him. He points the Glock at Joey.

THIERRY

Stop! Je vais te tuer!

EXT. HOTEL DU LOUVRE - PENTHOUSE - BALCONY - NIGHT

Joey looks from the balcony as Thierry opens the balcony door from inside. Joey climbs down the balcony onto the next 4th level below using his right hand while his left hand carries the *Mona Lisa*. Joey continues descending onto lower levels. Thierry yells down from the balcony.

THIERRY

What are you doing you idiot?

Thierry takes out his firearm and aims it at Joey. Joey looks up at Thierry as he holds on to a ledge on the wall.

JOEY

Wait. If you shoot and I slip, da Vinci's masterpiece will be destroyed.

ONLOOKER below points and yells to PEOPLE. Joey maneuvers down using the window frames of another room. He jumps down to next level of balcony. CROWD below watches and shouts. Joey prepares to hoist down to next level of the balcony.

THIERRY

Don't. The landing is too small.

Joey jumps off the balcony down onto the third story balcony and lands on his hand that holds the *Mona Lisa*. Joey checks to see if its broken. He gets onto his feet. Joey looks at a pipe on the hotel that goes down to the second level.

Thierry descends down the balcony after Joey. Joey gets onto the pipe and crawls across and looks up and sees Thierry gaining on him. Joey reaches the vertical pipe and crawls down.

EXT. HOTEL DU LOUVRE - VERTICLE PIPE - NIGHT

Joey climbs down the pipe. A flock of pigeons fly by Joey and he loses his grip on the pipe. He falls. The Crowd yells in fear. Joey notices a small groove in the building and grabs onto it, catches his fall. His legs hit the window below.

With his left hand on the painting, Joey grabs onto a window ledge. Joey's legs scramble to find footing on the window

ledge. He maneuvers down to the next level of the balcony. Joey sighs with relief checks painting for any damage.

THIERRY

Stop! Stay there.

Joey looks down at the long Greek-style columns that go to the ground. He looks for open windows. Joey looks at the Crowd below then across at an awning of Cafe de la Comedie

JOEY

God help me.

Joey jumps off the balcony toward the awning as he clutches the painting to his chest. Joey bounces off the awning onto the pavement, feet first. He rolls onto ground, hits his elbows hard. Joey rolls onto his back and looks up as CUSTOMERS stand in shock and yell. The MANAGER walks outside angry and screams. Joey gets up, runs away down the street.

MANAGER

Fils de pute! Connard!

EXT. AVENUE DE L'OPERA - NIGHT

Joey sprints up the street toward the Opera Garnier, carries the *Mona Lisa* in one arm. A few drops of rain fall. Joey looks around in a panic, sees a '68' bus. The bus pulls over. Joey knocks on the door. BUS DRIVER ignores Joey.

JOEY

Open the door.

BUS DRIVER

Non.

JOEY

Please, let me in.

BUS DRIVER

Non.

Joey looks down the street, panicky. He knocks on the door again hard, and the glass cracks a little. The Bus Driver throws his hands in the air then opens the door. The Bus Driver shakes his head.

BUS DRIVER

Connard....

INT. 68 BUS - AVENUE DE L'OPERA - NIGHT

Joey walks onto the bus and sits at an empty row of seats. He looks behind him at a teenage GANG harassing a group of

GIRLS. The Gang messes with the Girls' pigtails and touches them inappropriately. The Bus Driver drives the bus away.

JOEY  
I don't believe this.

Joey faces forward and holds tight on the *Mona Lisa*. He wipes sweat off his forehead and looks out the window.

GANG LEADER (V.O.)  
Enlever ses pantalons.

AUSTRALIAN GIRL (V.O.)  
No! Please don't do that.

Joey makes a fist and punches the seat in front of him.

BUS DRIVER  
Arretez ca!

Bus Driver pulls the bus over and gets out. He runs down the street a little to a parked Police car. Joey turns slightly to see the Girls. The Girls try to fight the Gang away.

GIRL  
No, stop! No, please! No!

Joey leaves the *Mona Lisa* on his seat and stands up and faces the Gang. His hands clench into fists.

JOEY  
Let the girls go.

GANG LEADER, muscular with spiky hair and studs in his nose, looks at Joey.

GANG LEADER  
Mind your own business, American.

JOEY  
Let them go or they'll be consequences.

Joey clutches the seat handles in front of him. All of the Gang Members look at Joey and the Girls move away from the Gang. Gang Leader closes the space on Joey.

JOEY  
Why are you not in school?

GANG LEADER  
Why are you not in America?

Gang Leader pokes Joey's chest.

JOEY  
Touch me again and --

Gang Leader shoves Joey.

GANG LEADER  
... And what?

JOEY  
What's your name?

GANG LEADER  
Rocky Balboa.

JOEY  
You like raping Girls, do you?

GANG LEADER  
Screw you.

Gang Leader spits in Joey's face. Joey wipes the saliva from his face.

JOEY  
Today, you messed with the wrong  
guy.

Joey punches the Gang Leader in the face. He punches left and right at the rest of the Gang Members. Joey kicks and knees them. They fall to the ground, cry in pain. Joey guides the Girls toward the front. The Girls exit the bus. A Gang Member's arms wrap around Joey's torso. The Gang Leader grabs Joey's legs to knock him down.

GANG LEADER  
L'emmener.

Two other Gang Members charge toward Joey knocking him down. Gang Leader and Gang Member punch and kick Joey. Joey blocks his face. The Gang Leader kicks down on Joey's groin. Joey gasps for air. A male TEEN with stains on his shirt and fingers grabs the *Mona Lisa* and walks off with it. Joey heaves the thugs away then gets onto his feet.

GANG LEADER  
Donne moi la peinture!

The Teen throws the Gang Leader the painting. Gang Leader takes out a pocket knife and opens it in one fast single move. Joey puts his hands up and Gang Leader puts the knife blade a millimeter from the *Mona Lisa*.

JOEY  
The painting is a gift for my wife.

GANG MEMBER

Police!

POLICE OFFICER escorts the Bus Driver toward the bus.

JOEY

Go. I will not come after you. Just leave my wife's present behind.

GANG LEADER

Fuck your wife's present.

The Gang Leader puts the knife up to the *Mona Lisa*.

JOEY

No! I paid a hundred American dollars for it. I'll give you half now to walk away.

GANG LEADER

No.

JOEY

Okay here.

Joey takes out a hundred-dollar bill and puts in front of the Gang Leader. The Gang Leader snatches the hundred-dollar bill, tucks the *Mona Lisa* under his arm and runs off the bus.

JOEY

Shit!

Joey runs off the bus.

EXT. AVENUE DE L'OPERA - NIGHT

The Gang Leader with the *Mona Lisa* runs down the street in the opposite direction of the Police Officer. Joey runs after the Gang Leader, weaving in and out of traffic. The Gang Leader glances over his shoulder at Joey, trips over a pot hole. He twists his ankle and falls down, the *Mona Lisa* flies out of his arm. Joey loses his breath.

The *Mona Lisa* falls onto the middle of the street facing upward. Joey rushes toward the painting. He looks up as a semi-trailer heads toward the painting. Joey covers his eyes and holds his breath as the Semi-trailer drives over the *Mona Lisa*. The *Mona Lisa* is unharmed and Joey bolts to it. He scoops up the painting with his right hand and darts to the other side of the road.

Joey scans the *Mona Lisa*, flips the painting over. There are scratches and dents on the back. The Police Officer pins down

and arrests the Gang Leader against a parked car. Joey waves down a coming taxi cab and gets into the back seat.

INT. MUSEE DU LOUVRE - NAPOLEON'S SECRET ROOM - NIGHT

Thierry barges into the room and closes the door behind him. He startles Frederic and Lamond at the table.

LAMOND

What happened?

FREDERIC

Where's Joey? And most importantly,  
the painting?

Thierry peers over at Pierre at the end of the table as he writes in a notebook. Pierre writes for a minute then puts the book down. He gets up and walks over to Thierry.

PIERRE

Tell me, son, what happened?

Thierry puts his shaky hand over his forehead.

THIERRY

I'm sorry, boss, Joey got away.

LAMOND

What? How did you let this happen?

THIERRY

I let him go to the bathroom. How was I supposed to know he had the painting in there? He snuck out the window and climbed down the hotel. What was I supposed to do?

LAMOND

Shoot him.

THIERRY

I couldn't shoot him while he was carrying the painting. He would've dropped and destroyed it.

PIERRE

You were right in not doing so.

Pierre taps Thierry on a shoulder, leads him to a chair.

FREDERIC

He'd better not contact the  
authorities. You know we need to  
(MORE)

FREDERIC (CONT'D)

keep a low profile. We're meant to be dead, remember?

THIERRY

Fuck!

PIERRE

Don't worry, no one is going to find out about you three. If he wants his girlfriend back, he'll call. In due time we'll find him and take back what is ours.

Bradley speaks from the speakerphone.

BRADLEY (V.O.)

Joey is on line one.

Pierre picks up the phone and presses '1'.

PIERRE

Joey, what have you done?

JOEY (V.O.)

Is Marie okay? I want to hear her voice.

PIERRE

She's fine, relax. If you had done as asked, both of you would be free now. I don't understand why you decided to run.

INT. HOTEL DE LA JATTE - ROOM 20 - NIGHT

Joey talks on phone.

JOEY

That's a load of crap. There's too much at stake, and too many people know the truth. You weren't going to let us walk.

PIERRE (V.O.)

What do we do now?

Joey walks with the phone to a window and looks out at the boats on the river as he thinks.

PIERRE (V.O.)

Are you there?

JOEY

Let Marie go and I'll give you the *Mona Lisa* back. I don't care about the stupid painting. I don't even like it. All I care about is Marie's safety.

PIERRE (V.O.)

I can't do that.

JOEY

If you can't, I'll burn it.

PIERRE (V.O.)

No! Don't be so melodramatic. You Americans are all the same. Okay, an exchange. Name the place I'll be there. The painting for Marie.

JOEY

Hang on.

Joey walks away from the window, goes to his night table and picks up a pile of pamphlets and flips through them. He finds a Paris map and unfolds it on the bed.

JOEY

One minute...

PIERRE

What?

Joey points to the 'Hotel De La Jatte', circles it and traces his finger northeast to the Place De La Jatte Bridge half a mile away.

JOEY

Okay. Drop Marie off at Quai Michelet, at the bank of the Seine River at ten tomorrow morning.

INT. MUSEE DU LOUVRE - NAPOLEON'S SECRET ROOM - NIGHT

Pierre holds the phone and listens. Thierry, Lamond and Frederic watch intently.

JOEY (V.O.)

Walk with her across the Place De La Jatte Bridge. When I see she's safe, I'll return your painting. You have my word.

PIERRE

No funny business.

JOEY (V.O.)  
The same goes for you.

Pierre hangs up the phone.

PIERRE  
Tomorrow morning a swap is in play.

Pierre grabs a map of Paris and outlines with his fingers the Place De La Jatte Bridge.

PIERRE  
I want you three to formulate a plan to get my painting back and only then kill them both.

THIERRY  
This time, Sir, he's not getting away. I promise you that.

INT. MUSEE DU LOUVRE - UNDERGROUND CELL - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: "Wednesday, 22:00 PM"

Marie stands in a damp, dingy cell, in deep thought. Marie walks to a stack of old canvases in the cell connected to hers. She looks through the bars. Marie slides a painting through the bars and is disappointed by it's water damage.

Marie sits on the painting. It snaps into pieces. Marie quickly stands. She twists a broken piece of wood off the frame. Marie wraps the canvas around the wood, and looks for holes in the crumbling wall.

Marie is about to hit the crumbled wall with her piece of wood when a door opens, and light comes in through the corridor. Marie drops the wood and kicks it over with the broken painting. Pierre emerges in front of the cell bars.

PIERRE  
You know, during war times, Napoleon filled these cells with naked women for his own pleasure.

MARIE  
What do you want?

PIERRE  
I just want to thank you for bringing me back the *Mona Lisa*.

Marie moves closer to Pierre and grips the cell bars.

MARIE

You used me this whole time. You knew Joey had the painting and that's why you insisted I have my launch event at his venue. Tell me I'm not wrong.

PIERRE

You're not wrong. I never had proof the Peruggia family had it, but everything pointed to it. It was worth the gamble, wasn't it? I knew Joey wouldn't be able to resist your beauty and once you found the *Mona Lisa* you'd call me.

MARIE

How'd you know?

PIERRE

I have known for quite a while, my dear. My suspicion started when Joey's father visited our museum with an engineer friend. He claimed he purchased a rare Picasso and wanted to preserve it. He said he was constructing an air controlled environment and wanted to know the optimal temperature needed for its longevity. At first, I thought nothing of it, until I realized he was the grandson of Vincenzo Peruggia, the man my father despised. The man who stole the *Mona Lisa*, and replaced it with a fake.

MARIE

That's when you knew?

PIERRE

No. To be sure, I sent one of my men undercover. He stayed a couple of nights at Joey's Beach Club. I had him ask about the Picasso Alexander said he owned. To my joy, there was no such painting. That's when I knew.

MARIE

Why didn't you go after it?

PIERRE  
 You obviously never met Joey's  
 Gangster father and his crazy son  
 Phil, did you?

MARIE  
 Never had the pleasure.

Pierre glances at his watch.

PIERRE  
 Okay, my dear. It was nice  
 chatting. I'll see you in the  
 morning. Sleep tight and don't let  
 the rats bite.

Pierre walks away and light from the doorway goes away.

EXT. SEINE RIVER - DOCK - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "Thursday, 09:00 AM"

Joey walks along the river. He bumps into a teenage boy, 15,  
 BOYCE, working on a classic 1956 Fisher twenty-four-foot boat  
 in need of a paint job.

BOYCE  
 Would you like a trip down the  
 river? I'm much cheaper than the  
 taxis and can offer a history  
 lesson on the way, too.

JOEY  
 Is your father or the captain here?

BOYCE  
 No, Sir. This is my father's boat,  
 but I'm looking after it for him  
 this week.

INT. HOTEL DE LA JATTE - LOBBY - DAY

Joey looks around the hotel lobby at nine easels stacked in  
 the corner of the room. He exits the room.

EXT. SEINE RIVER - DOCK - DAY

Boyce waits alongside his moored boat, holds the handlebars  
 of an old bicycle. Joey steps on board the boat and pulls out  
 a set of red-and-blue walkie-talkies from inside the white  
 box he carries. He hands one to Boyce.

JOEY

Good morning, Boy. Relax, your boat will be in good hands.

BOYCE

One thing I must tell you, if you run away with my boat, Marcel Couraud will come looking for you. He's the gangster my father won this boat from.

Joey cracks a smile and steps onto the boat. He takes out a set of inexpensive walkie-talkies from a box and hands one to Boyce.

JOEY

This is yours. Don't forget to do what we discussed.

Boyce hands Joey the boat keys with a shaky hand. Joey takes out five one-hundred dollar bills and hands them to Boyce.

JOEY

Don't worry, I'll treat her like my own.

Joey gets behind the wheel, puts a key into the ignition. Joey winks at the boy and drives the boat away.

INT. BOAT - SEINE RIVER - DAY

Joey drives the fishing boat down the river. He talks into the walkie-talkie.

JOEY

Can you hear me, boy?

BOYCE (V.O.)

Yes, I can hear you. But can you do me a favor and stop calling me Boy?

Joey chuckles.

JOEY

Roger that, Boy, over and out.

INT. VAN - QUAI MICHELET STREET - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "Thursday 10:00 AM"

Thierry drops Marie and Pierre off at Quai Michelet, a beautiful tree-lined street facing the white pedestrian bridge Joey instructed them to cross. He drives the van further down the street.

I/E. VAN - PONT DE LEVALLOIS - DAY

Thierry pulls up to a bridge crossing and parks the van on the side of the road. He puts on his hazard lights. Thierry, with an ear piece, gets out of the van, opens the back door and takes out safety cones. He places cones around the van.

Thierry opens the engine hood of the van, then slides open the door that faces the river. He goes inside the van and pulls a sniper rifle from under a blanket in the back and places it to face out the open door.

Thierry focuses the scope at Pierre and Marie who are about to cross the Place De la Jatte Bridge. Several boats move across the river. Thierry moves his scope over to Frederic hiding behind a tree near the Place De la Jatte Bridge. Lamond crouches down in the bushes on the right side of the Place De La Jatte Bridge.

THIERRY

I'm in position, locked and loaded.

FREDERIC (V.O.)

Roger that. No sign of him yet.  
Lamond, you see anything?

LAMOND (V.O.)

Not yet.

EXT. PLACE DE LA JATTE BRIDGE - DAY

Pierre follows behind Marie as they walk toward concrete steps. Pierre puts his finger on his ear piece.

PIERRE

Thierry, can you see me?

THIERRY (V.O.)

Yes, Sir, don't worry. I have you covered.

FREDERIC (V.O.)

Take your finger off your ear, Sir.  
You don't want him to know we are here. Hang on. I have movement.  
Thierry, are you seeing this?

Boyce rides his bike and stops at the end of the bridge. He gets off his bike, puts it down and takes the childish walkie-talkie out of his pocket, not visible to all around him.

THIERRY (V.O.)  
 It's a boy, Sir. He's holding  
 something in his hand. He's staring  
 right at you.

PIERRE  
 Is it a gun?

THIERRY (V.O.)  
 No. I can't make it out, but it's  
 not a gun, Sir.

Pierre turns his head and sees Boyce staring at him. Pierre  
 squeezes Marie's arm as they approach Boyce.

BOYCE  
 Bonjour. I was told to give you  
 this.

Boyce hands Marie the childish walkie-talkie.

MARIE  
 Thank you.

Boyce jogs away.

MARIE  
 Hey, you forgot your bike.

Static noise comes from the walkie-talkie. Marie presses the  
 button down on the walkie-talkie.

MARIE  
 Hello? Joey?

Joey on the walkie-talkie.

JOEY (V.O.)  
 Hello, beautiful, nice day for a  
 bridge walk, ain't it?

Pierre is displeased. Marie presses the button down on the  
 walkie-talkie.

MARIE  
 Joey, I hope you know what you're  
 doing.

JOEY (V.O.)  
 It will...  
 (static)  
 Be okay...  
 (static)  
 Trust me.

PIERRE  
Where is he?

MARIE  
Joey, they're going to kill you  
after you return the --

Pierre slaps Marie across the face. Marie tries to slap him back, but Pierre grabs Marie and holds tightly with one arm. He snatches the walkie-talkie from Marie's hand and holds down the button and talks into it.

PIERRE  
Where are you, Joey?

JOEY (V.O.)  
You touch her again, and I'll --

Static hisses.

PIERRE  
... You'll what?

Pierre holds down the walkie-talkie button. Pierre directs Marie away from the bridge quickly.

JOEY (V.O.)  
I...  
(static)  
When...  
(louder static)  
Hold...

Even louder static. Pierre quickly turns with Marie in his arms, to the river. Pierre then moves Marie back to the spot where they were.

JOEY (V.O.)  
You touch one hair on her head.

Pierre scans the boats on the river.

PIERRE  
I think he's on a boat somewhere on  
the river.

THIERRY (V.O.)  
I'm on it. ... Baise... I can't see  
inside the boats.

Frederic comes out from the tree and scans the boats on the river. Pierre presses the walkie-talkie button and talks into it.

PIERRE

Okay, Joey, are you going to show yourself or what?

Frederic scans the boats. He squints, looks inside the boat, and sees Joey's head bobbing in the coach-house.

FREDERIC (V.O.)

It's him.

LAMOND (V.O.)

Which boat is it?

FREDERIC (V.O.)

The one with the oak cabin.

Thierry moves his scope to the boat. He sees the man driving the boat hunched low, so he can't get a clear shot.

THIERRY (V.O.)

I have the target in range, just waiting for him to stick his head up.

LAMOND (V.O.)

Can you take the shot, brother?

PIERRE

Wait, can you see the painting anywhere on that boat?

Pierre stands with Marie at the side of the river not far away from Frederic's position.

THIERRY (V.O.)

Hang on. I don't see the painting, but Joey is out in the open. I have a shot. Permission to shoot?

Joey is seen by all holding on to a large white box attached to a rope.

FREDERIC (V.O.)

I see him.

THIERRY (V.O.)

Give me the go and he's a goner, sir.

PIERRE

Something's not right. It's too easy.

THIERRY (V.O.)

He's placed a white box in the water.

The polystyrene box floats behind the boat and moves further and further away in the current. Joey holds the rope secured to the box as it bobs in the water. A gust of wind blows the lid off. Thierry aims his scope at the box.

THIERRY (V.O.)

Holy shit! The *Mona Lisa* is inside the box, floating on the river. Do I fire, sir?

PIERRE

Don't fire! What are you doing, Joey? I brought you Marie, what's with the games? If any water touches the painting --

JOEY (V.O.)

... Good. I'm glad I have your attention. If your men try anything foolish, the *Mona Lisa* will go into the river.

PIERRE

All right. What do you propose?

JOEY (V.O.)

This is what's going to happen. First, give the walkie-talkie to Marie.

A few moments of silence, and then Marie's voice through the walkie-talkie.

MARIE

Joey, it's me. What's the plan?

JOEY (V.O.)

Hey, gorgeous, listen to me carefully. Grab the bike left by the boy, turn to your right and ride it all the way down river. I have a taxi boat waiting to pick you up and take you someplace safe. Listen, Marie, this is important. I will not be able to communicate with you once you reach a certain distance. But when you board the boat, to let me know you made it there safely, I need you to press the button on the walkie-talkie

(MORE)

JOEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
five times. I'll be able to hear  
the tones, I tried it yesterday.

MARIE  
What about you? I can't just leave  
you.

JOEY (V.O.)  
Don't worry, I'm fine. Is Pierre  
listening?

MARIE  
Yes. Here.

JOEY (V.O.)  
Pierre, when I get the sign that  
she is safe, I'll continue to  
release the rope from my end, so  
that you can pick up the painting  
from the bridge you just walked  
over. There's a ladder in the  
middle of the bridge on one of the  
piers you can use to get down to  
the water. One more thing. If you  
or your men try anything funny, I  
promise you I will yank the rope  
and tip da Vinci's greatest  
masterpiece into this water. Do we  
understand each other?

PIERRE  
You Americans, you think you're all  
fucking MacGyver.

Glancing up at the bridge, Joey sees Marie jog to the  
bicycle, clips the walkie-talkie to her pants as she goes.  
Within seconds, she pedals fast along the riverbank. Pierre  
kicks a rock across the ground as his hostage escapes.

PIERRE  
I can't believe we have given this  
American total control.

FREDERIC (V.O.)  
I have an idea, Pierre. I overheard  
everything through your earpiece.  
Now it's our turn to take control.  
Listen up, everyone, change of  
plans. Lamond, you go after the  
Girl. I'll give you further orders  
when you have her in your  
possession. Thierry, I'm going to  
enter the water. When I'm in  
position I'll give you the order to  
(MORE)

FREDERIC (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
shoot the rope that is tied to the  
box. Then you can take the American  
out. Are we clear?

LAMOND (V.O.)  
Roger.

Lamond takes off across the bridge.

THIERRY (V.O.)  
Roger that. It'll be my pleasure.

PIERRE  
The painting must NOT hit the  
water.

FREDERIC (V.O.)  
Don't worry, I'll intercept it  
before it does.

Frederic runs to the edge of the bank where two fishing kayaks are secured. He grabs one and rushes into the water. The paddle in his hands digs into the water from both sides. Frederic attempts to paddle to the box.

The walkie-talkie on the floor of the coach-house emits static. Frederic pulls away from the bridge to keep a safe distance. The rope tied to the box tightens. The wake waves of another vessel causes the box to wobble jerkily.

PIERRE  
Don't get too close, Frederic.

Frederic backs off and the boat stops. Two minutes later the walkie-talkie emits "Clank. Clank. Clank. Clank. Clank." The box floats between them. The wind blows alarmingly fast, and a loud thunderclap erupts, makes them all jump. Pierre stands on the bridge overlooking the boat. Joey feels the first spatter of water from the thick clouds above.

FREDERIC (V.O.)  
JOEY! Don't be stupid. The painting  
is now at risk from the weather.

PIERRE  
I can't believe this. Whatever you  
have planned, Frederic, do it NOW!

Joey scans the river for other threats. Frederic turns to look up river at the next bridge.

FREDERIC (V.O.)  
Take the shot!

Lightning cracks. Thierry cracks his neck, reveals a dragon tattoo, prepares for a shot in extremely windy conditions. He concentrates as he breathes out and pulls the trigger three times and gunshots crack.

Joey drops to the ground, right hand on the rope. The rope becomes as light as a feather. The box is adrift. Joey peers over the port side of the boat to see the white box drift toward Frederic, who paddles over to collect it.

Frederic carefully lifts the box from the water in to the kayak, takes off his waterproof jacket and lays it over the painting. Frederic pulls a nine-millimeter semi-automatic pistol and empties a cartridge at the stern of the boat.

Joey crawls inside the canopy and curls on the floor. Thierry points his twenty-inch barrel and lets loose on the bow of Joey's boat. The top half of the canopy is blasted. Wood fragments chip everywhere.

Three glass panels smash into pieces and fall on Joey. Thierry grins. Joey covers his head. He crawls to the steering wheel, drops the handle to the accelerator, sets the boat in motion. It heads toward the oncoming gunfire.

Pierre waits in the cold rain for Frederic to disembark from the kayak. He takes the box out of the guard's hands and runs for shelter under large trees. Frederic reloads from his knee pocket. He sprints along the bank beside the boat.

FREDERIC

Thierry, don't let him escape this time!

INT. BOAT - DAY

Joey grabs a nearby frying pan and ducks under the steering wheel for cover. He shields his face with the frying pan. A rain of bullets hit the boat.

JOEY

Holy shit!

The boat goes under Thierry's bridge, and Joey sighs in relief. Joey cautiously lifts his head to steer the boat, and a dozen bullets pass right by Joey's head from the starboard direction, as he exits from underneath the bridge.

FREDERIC (V.O.)

Shit!

INT. BOAT - FORK IN THE RIVER - DAY

Joey ducks back down. Glancing ahead through the heavy rain, Joey sees that the river breaks off into two channels. He veers the boat to the right. Rain falls through the bullet holes in the boat as thunder roars.

The fishing boat approaches the next lower bridge and passes underneath. Thierry leaps off the bridge and lands on the bow. Joey hears a loud thump from above and looks in the direction of the noise.

Joey watches as Thierry appears on the bow of the boat. Thierry charges through the window with legs first and tackles Joey to the ground. Joey gets up and swings back at Thierry but misses him.

Thierry smiles and punches Joey twice in the nose and knocks Joey back and he almost falls down. There is a sudden shaking and loud scraping noise as the boat makes impact with the side of the stone wall.

Joey is about to make a move when the boat hits the wall a second time and shakes it. Thierry loses his balance from the impact, and Joey punches Thierry. Thierry falls down in a daze.

Joey turns around to the noise of propellers from a tourist riverboat coming toward the fishing boat. There is little space for the river boat to pass. The riverboat blasts its horn. Joey is about to jump off the stern before the riverboat collides when Thierry tackles him.

JOEY

Stop, you fool, we're going to get squashed.

THIERRY

You're not getting away from me this time.

Thierry throws a punch at Joey.

JOEY

We're going to die.

THIERRY

No, you're going to die.

Joey pummels Thierry's body with his hands, searches for a weapon. He feels something hard and boxlike in one of Thierry's pockets, and pulls out a radio transceiver. He swings it at Thierry's face.

Thierry's grip loosens. Joey pulls him to the ground and brings a fist to his nose. Thierry slams Joey to the edge of the boat, both men hold on to each other.

JOEY

You wanna play? Okay let's play.

Joey pushes Thierry off the boat and goes off with him.

EXT. SEINE RIVER - DAY

Joey and Thierry fall into the cold, murky green darkness in a rolling struggle, their flailing feet and twisting arms hidden amid a cloud of bubbles. The vibrating hum of the two boats' engines echo under the water. Thierry is pulled up legs first.

Bubbles exit his mouth as he is yanked toward the enormous spinning blades of the riverboat. The mooring rope is tangled in the boat's paddles. Thierry's hands flail as he tries to stop from entering the mouth of death. Joey undoes his belt.

Thierry still grips his jeans, Joey shucks them off and kicks hard toward the surface. Thierry lets go of Joey and his hands move to the rope on his feet. Thierry's legs bend inward and snap out of place as they make contact with the riverboat's blades.

Joey gasps for air, swims to the wall hoists himself out of the river. Joey collapses and catches his breath. He looks around frantically and jogs away into the rain and fog.

INT. TAXI BOAT - SEINE RIVER - DAY

Lamond drives the taxi boat as Frederic and Pierre stare down at Marie huddled in a corner. Pierre holds the *Mona Lisa* copy. A DEAD MAN lies face down, his eye oozes blood.

LAMOND

I intercepted Marie hostage, I pressed the walkie-talkie receiver five times, just like you told me.

FREDERIC

You did good, Lamond. It worked. Have you heard from your brother?

LAMOND

Last thing I heard was him on the boat fighting, then it went dead.

FREDERIC

I got that, too. They must have gone in the water. Don't worry,  
(MORE)

FREDERIC (CONT'D)

there's no way the American would  
have got the better of Thierry.

A tear goes down Marie's cheek, she looks at the *Mona Lisa*.

MARIE

Peter? The painting. The rain. The  
board will warp.

PIERRE

What are you talking about.

Pierre picks up the *Mona Lisa* and turns the back toward Marie. No Louvre stamp, a new board. A Mont Marte sticker and the words Renée's Art Academy at the top. A name: Margret Francsois. Pierre throws the painting onto the Dead Man.

MARIE

Where is the real *Mona Lisa*?

PIERRE

Your boyfriend has been playing  
games with us the whole time.

Marie tries to hold back a smile but fails. Lamond drives the boat up to the debris from the fishing boat and riverboat collision. Broken timber floats on the river. Dozens of POLICE OFFICERS with flashlights search the river.

Marie notices Frederic turn his eyes to a torn piece of rope, one end of which is pulled tight into the abyss. It's far enough away from the wreckage that the Police hadn't noticed.

FREDERIC

Lamond, stop the engine a second.

Lamond turns off the boat engine. Frederic, Marie and Pierre go out on the bow of the boat. They stand on the bow and Marie bites her lip. Frederic pulls on the rope, struggles. Lamond flashes the boat light on Frederic as he uses all his might to pull on the rope and lifts Thierry's mangled body to the surface. Thierry still has his boots on.

FREDERIC

A body.

LAMOND

Joey?

FREDERIC

Stay there, Lamond.

Lamond approaches the edge of the boat and his face collapses. He falls to his knees as Marie watches tears flow unchecked from his eyes. A look of pure rage overcomes him.

LAMOND

I'll kill him. He's fucking mine.

Police cars drive down the street nearby.

PIERRE

Scream all you want, they won't be able to hear you over this rain.

Pierre charges toward Marie, grabs her hair and forces her off the side of the boat with his momentum. Pierre holds Marie's head under the water. She tries to release his grip from her head. Marie screams, as she gulps for air.

MARIE

Help!

PIERRE

I told you they can't help you.

He shoves her head back into the water. She loses strength.

FREDERIC

Boss, we need her. She's our bargaining chip. Now's not the time.

Pierre lets go of Marie and she brings her head to the surface and gags for air.

FREDERIC

Get yourself onto the boat, Marie.

Marie hauls herself into the boat, her limbs shake with the effort. She curls into a ball, shivers uncontrollably and her teeth chatter. Pierre meets her gaze. Her eyes are filled with utter hatred.

INT. HOTEL DE LA JATTE - LOBBY - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "Thursday, 12:00 Noon"

Joey walks into the lobby, shoeless, wears only his sodden underwear and red shirt. Two FEMALE EMPLOYEES behind the desk gape at the bloodied, beaten and unsightly Joey. GUESTS stare curiously and point. Joey walks up to the desk.

JOEY

Can I please get another room key?  
As you see, I had a rough morning,  
and seem to have lost my pants.

INT. HOTEL DE LA JATTE - ROOM 20 - DAY

Joey enters his room. Boyce follows him.

JOEY

How did you find me?

BOYCE

I followed you the entire time. I  
can't believe you destroyed my  
boat. I trusted you. Now I have no  
home ... No job ... Nothing.

JOEY

If you know what happened, why are  
you here? I could be dangerous.

BOYCE

Dangerous men don't walk the  
streets in their underwear. Plus  
you owe me money. And a new boat.

JOEY

Okay. Give me a minute.

Joey grabs a towel from the bathroom, dries his hair, wraps  
the towel around his waist. He grabs two sodas from the mini  
fridge, hands one to Boyce then sits and drinks his soda.  
Boyce puts the soda down on the table then folds his arms.

BOYCE

I'm waiting.

JOEY

Relax, boy. I have lots of money.  
I'll buy you and your father a new  
boat. A better one.

BOYCE

My name is Boyce. Stop calling me  
boy. And why should I trust you?

JOEY

Look, Boy. Give me a break, kid.  
I'm tired, and was nearly killed  
not so long ago. You just have to  
trust me.

BOYCE

I'm not leaving your side until I get my money back.

JOEY

Not a good idea. Go home, kid.

BOYCE

I have no home to go to. That isn't my father's boat. I live alone. My mother was a junkie and died when I was eight. My father is a criminal doing time. That boat was my home.

JOEY

Ah. You know we aren't so different after all. -- how did you get your boat in the first place? And how come you speak such fluent English?

BOYCE

I won it in a poker game. My English is good because my father is British. He moved to Paris when he fell in love with my mother.

JOEY

Okay, boy, a brand-new boat, fully equipped, plus five thousand dollars cash if you help me around town while I'm here. But you need to listen to what I say. Deal?

BOYCE

Deal. So what's the plan, boss?

JOEY

I need blue jeans, size 32, medium sweater. US-size-nine sneakers.

Joey goes into the closet and takes out a credit card from his wallet from the safe. He hands the credit card to Boyce.

JOEY

My pin is twenty-six-zero-four. Don't think about running away with it. And, while you're there, boy, buy yourself some new clothes, too.

Boyce gives him a smiling salute, and leaves the room.

INT. HOTEL DE LA JATTE - HALLWAY - DAY

Joey in hotel robe walks up to a BUSINESS MAN in suit. He shows the Business Man a \$50 bill.

JOEY

Sir, would you mind if I borrowed  
your phone for a few minutes?

The Business Man hands Joey the phone and retrieves the bill. Joey steps a couple yards away, then researches the 'Louvre' on search engine. He dials the Louvre and is transferred to Pierre.

PIERRE (SUBTITLE)

(French)

Hello, how can I help you?

JOEY

Hello, Pierre, it's Joey.

PIERRE (V.O.)

My favorite American. When are you  
going to learn? I have someone who  
would like to talk to you.

MARIE (V.O.)

Joey!

JOEY

Marie, are you okay?

PIERRE (V.O.)

Marie will be sleeping with the  
rats tonight.

JOEY

If you harm her I will come for  
you, Pierre!

PIERRE (V.O.)

I want my painting back.

INT. HOTEL DE LA JATTE - COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

Joey and Boyce in matching clothes, dark blue jeans and a white shirt underneath a navy-blue sweater, Italian leather shoes, brown and pointy sit at a computer terminal. Boyce next to him. Joey types in, 'Bernard Martino' into the search engine.

Many sites on 'Bernard Martino' populate the screen. Joey clicks on the first link, and there is an article about Bernard Martino. A picture from early 1980's of Bernard

Martino and YOUNGER EDNA MARTINO holding BABY MARIE, 2, in front of an old church turned into a home. 'Romainmotier-Envy' is under the photo.

JOEY

Do you know where this place is?

BOYCE

Why, do you want to go there?

JOEY

We need to find out more about Bernard. Maybe his wife can help us. I know I'm clutching at straws, but she might know something about Pierre. She's Marie's mother. I have to find a way to rescue Marie.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Raining. Joey carries the *Mona Lisa* inside a pillowcase. He carries a clean white towel and a flat-head screwdriver. Joey and Boyce jog up to the parking garage gate and wait for a car to exit.

An expensive car exits the gate and Joey and Boyce slide under the roller door before it shuts on them. The vast parking lot is full of expensive BMWs, Mercedes and Porches. Joey walks up to an OLDER CAR.

JOEY

We're going to steal this car.

BOYCE

Why don't we rent a car?

JOEY

If we rent a car we have to fill in paperwork and give names, which will be stored on a database somewhere. We don't have the time to organize a fake ID.

BOYCE

Why are you stealing this car, when there's a Porsche over there?

Joey rolls up the towel around his right arm and elbows the driver's side of the window. The glass shatters. Joey wipes away glass and sits on the driver's seat. He takes out a screwdriver from his pocket and jams it into the ignition, then turns it like a key and the engine starts.

JOEY

On new cars the screwdriver-in-the-ignition trick doesn't work. Which is why I chose this shit box.

Joey reaches across and unlocks the passenger door. Boyce climbs in, swipes away shattered glass from his seat. Before he has time to put on his seatbelt, Joey plants his foot on the gas, leaves the underground parking lot in a hurry.

INT. HOTEL DE LA JATTE - LOBBY - NIGHT

Frederic and Pierre walk up to the two Female Employees behind the desk.

PIERRE

Good evening ladies, I'm looking for a friend. I believe he checked in here. Mid-twenties, long blondish hair and blue eyes. Can you help me?

FEMALE EMPLOYEE

It must be the underwear man.

PIERRE

I'm Pierre Savard, the curator of the Louvre, and I have important business with him. His name is Mr. Joey Peruggia. Can you please tell me what room he's in.

FEMALE EMPLOYEE

Mr. Savard, I'm sorry we didn't recognize you. The name you mentioned is not what we have on file.

PIERRE

Did he pay in cash?

FEMALE EMPLOYEE

Yes, Sir. You just missed him. He left about an hour ago. We don't know where, but he's in room twenty.

Female Employee points to computer room.

FEMALE EMPLOYEE

He was using our free internet service.

PIERRE

Thank you.

INT. HOTEL DE LA JATTE - COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

Pierre sits down at the computer and Frederic watches over his shoulder.

PIERRE

Let's see your history.

Pierre pulls up the computer history. After a few clicks, information on Bernard Martino flashes up on the screen. Pierre taps the desk distractedly, thinks.

FREDERIC

Why was he researching Bernard?  
Wasn't he killed in the Louvre?

PIERRE

He's heading for a church in Switzerland. He is going to meet and old friend there. The town is Romainmotier-Envy. You need to find the church situated high on the hill. Take the pickup.

FREDERIC

What about you?

PIERRE

I have a meeting I can't postpone. When I'm done I'll take the helicopter. Make sure the painting is safe before you kill them.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Joey parks the car on a gravel lot and removes the screwdriver from the ignition. He gets out with the pillow case covering the *Mona Lisa*. Boyce gets out. Joey and Boyce walk up to the front doors of the church. Joey knocks on the old wooden doors. He waits then knocks again. Joey calls out.

JOEY

Mrs. Martino, I'm a friend! Are you here?

BOYCE

I'll go around the back and see if there's another entrance.

Boyce hops off the porch and runs around the side of the building. Boyce reappears around the other side.

BOYCE  
No other access points.

Joey gazes up at the smoke curling from the chimney.

JOEY  
Someone's here. Look.

Joey points to the chimney, walks back to the doors.

JOEY  
Mrs. Martino, I need your help. I'm desperate. I saw a picture taken of you in nineteen-eighty-three with a little girl on your lap who is thirty-five years old now. That girl is my girlfriend. Can you please open the door? Your daughter needs your help.

Joey sighs. A key turns in a lock, a scraping noise from a wooden beam lifted on the inside. The door opens and EDNA Martino opens the door. She has an English accent.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

High ceilings, pitched roof and stained-glass windows. The layout is open, warm and comfortable. A fireplace is lit, surrounded by fabric lounges. Edna gestures to a couch.

EDNA  
Take a seat.

Joey and Boyce sit next to one another. Joey holds the *Mona Lisa* under his right arm. Edna looks Joey up and down.

EDNA  
You're dating my daughter?

JOEY  
Yes, Mrs. Martino.

EDNA  
Call me Edna. What's your name?

JOEY  
Joey Peruggia.

EDNA  
Your being here is fate. I assume your great-grandfather left you something special? A painting?

Joey reaches into the pillow case and takes out the *Mona Lisa*. Edna's eyes glisten in the light. Her mouth falls open.

JOEY

You're daughter's in trouble. Pierre, the Louvre curator, has taken her hostage and will kill her if I don't give back the *Mona Lisa*.

EDNA

You can't give it back.

JOEY

If I don't they'll kill her.

EDNA

You still don't get it, son.

JOEY

I don't get why so many people have died because of this painting. Why it has caused so much pain and suffering. That I don't get!

EDNA

Believe me, I know of pain. My husband died because of it.

JOEY

Why would he want to destroy the painting he'd worked to restore?

EDNA

Okay, great-grandson to Vincenzo Peruggia. Because of a secret that lies within the painting, a secret kept hidden for centuries.

JOEY

What secret?

EDNA

A secret your great-grandfather found working inside the Louvre. The reason he stole the painting in the first place. A secret Pierre is obsessed with, and has spent all his life in search of.

JOEY

Do you know the secret? Does Marie?

EDNA

Marie doesn't. I didn't want to put her in harm's way. I feared if I did, she'd end up like her father.

JOEY

Well she is. If you want to help her you need to tell me everything.

Edna stares at Joey in deep thought.

JOEY

Okay, start with my great-grandfather. Why is he so significant?

EDNA

Vincenzo was branded a thief.

JOEY

Yes, we know that.

EDNA

You know what he did before that? He worked in the Louvre in the early nineteen-hundreds. He was one of five men enlisted to work in the underground chambers.

JOEY

I know of the place. So what?

EDNA

His job was to scour through thousands of paintings piled on top of each other, in search of gems.

JOEY

Did they find anything?

EDNA

After months of searching and cataloguing art too damaged to be repaired, but too old and valuable to be thrown away, Vincenzo came across a document stuck to the back of an old canvas.

JOEY

What was on the document?

EDNA

The signature at the bottom was Leonardo da Vinci.

JOEY

What was on it?

EDNA

A paragraph of a long-lost treasure and how it could be found. The greatest treasure of all mankind. Da Vinci's document alleged that the location was secretly concealed in his most loved painting.

JOEY

Come on, Mrs. Martino, that's a big claim. Whose treasure is it? And how come no one has found it yet?

BOYCE

Like a treasure map? The *Mona Lisa*?

EDNA

Correct. I memorized the contents of that document long ago. Would you like to hear the translation?

Joey and Boyce nod.

EDNA

Look underneath the *Mona Lisa*'s hands to be guided on your quest, but only once placed under a red light. The man known as the great one will be revealed, and the location of his tomb and all his prized possessions. But be prepared for what you might find, as many have killed to keep this a secret.

JOEY

A red light. Da Vinci must have created ink that was visible under some kind of infrared light.

EDNA

A man ahead of his time. Seems Leonardo was toying with the idea over four hundred years earlier than the American military.

BOYCE

That explains why your great-grandfather stole the *Mona Lisa*. Trying to keep the secret safe. He wasn't a thief after all. Only in the literal sense.

EDNA

Your young friend is right. After Vincenzo read the letter he felt he had to protect da Vinci's secret.

JOEY

After discovering this long-lost secret, my great-grandfather organized Raphael Chaudron to duplicate the painting to keep the secret hidden in the real one? I wonder if he ever went to find the treasure? Whose treasure is it?

EDNA

Treasure of all treasures. Tomb of all tombs. Resting place of the greatest general who ever lived: Alexander the Great.

Joey and Boyce gawk at her.

EDNA

Alexander wanted an Egyptian-style burial in a tomb with gold. He requested that the most secret doctrine from the Library of Alexandria be buried with him. His cult of followers collected scriptures dating to the fourth century and the beginning of Christianity. They placed them in his tomb. Some believe Jesus had written his own bible, which had been rejected by the church and placed in the tomb. Can you imagine what the Vatican would do if such documents came to light? What if they portrayed Jesus in a bad light, or showed him to be something different from what they claim he was? Now do you understand why your great-grandfather's actions were so important? Why my poor husband was part of a plan to maintain the Chaudron *Mona Lisa* in the Louvre until the real one was returned, and why he was murdered? That's why I took a vow to never speak of it again.

JOEY

Until now. How did you find out about all this?

EDNA

When Pierre's father handed the curatorship of the Louvre to his son, he entrusted him with the secret and da Vinci's document. Pierre knew he needed to restore the fake *Mona Lisa* to the highest of standards, to protect the secret and his father's reputation. He hired his trusted friend Bernard to do it. That's how I found out.

JOEY

How do you think da Vinci knew about the tomb?

EDNA

I believe it was passed down through his cult to pagan leaders of the time who were stonemasons. The secret finally penetrated the secret Priory of Sion. Leonardo was known to have been the head of the group. After discovering the location of the tomb, Leonardo began working on the *Mona Lisa*.

JOEY

What a story. Who is she, exactly?

EDNA

Now that I know the truth about what resides in the *Mona Lisa*, I believe Leonardo painted Alexander the Great in female form to conceal his identity. If you cast your eyes over to either side of the figure in the painting, there are two cut-out columns, clear signs of a man who lived as a king in his kingdom. Leonardo knew the greatest general that ever lived would never be identified in his painting.

JOEY

I can't believe after all this time they still haven't found it.

EDNA

They're searching in the wrong place. They think it's in Egypt. I don't. Maybe somewhere close. I think the background of the *Mona Lisa* is part of the map.

Joey holds up the painting, studies it. Boyce looks closer.

EDNA

The road, the mountains, the bridge which has numbers on it and the waterfall have to be part of the location. There's a good chance the landscape is part of the clue. The location to the tomb has been hidden for hundreds of years and it needs to be kept that way.

JOEY

What?

EDNA

You need to throw it in the fireplace right now.

Joey lays the painting down on the couch away from Edna.

JOEY

Can't do that. It's the only bargaining chip we have to get your daughter back.

Edna pulls a gun from underneath the cushion and aims at Joey.

EDNA

You leave me no choice. People stare at the *Mona Lisa* and all they see is beauty. All I see is death. Stand up and move away from the painting.

Joey and Boyce raise their arms and stand.

JOEY

We're not the bad guys. I don't care about the tomb or treasure. I just want to get Marie back, and the painting is the key. She's worth the risk of the secret coming out.

EDNA

I thought if I told you, it would convince you to destroy it. Perhaps you won't reveal the secret, but what if you decided to find the tomb and happened to find documents that suggest my faith is entirely made up? What would you do then?

JOEY

People have the right to know the truth.

EDNA

Wrong answer. I can't let you destroy what I believe in and what half the world believes in. That makes you a bad guy.

BOYCE

You want to destroy da Vinci's most beloved work to protect what you don't know. What we might or might not find inside a tomb that we don't even know is real. Absurd!

EDNA

Too much is at stake. Stay there.

Edna moves in to pick up the *Mona Lisa*. Boyce blocks her. Edna aims at his chest.

EDNA

You're a brave boy, also a stupid boy. Move any closer and I'll kill you.

Edna's hand trembles. Boyce reaches for the gun. She squeezes the trigger. Click. Nothing. Boyce snatches the gun out of her hands and pushes the old lady back on the couch.

JOEY

You are one crazy mother. Lucky you're not dead.

BOYCE

The de-cocker lever was on and took the gamble.

Joey takes the gun out of the youngster's hands. Edna sits hunched on the couch.

EDNA

Promise me you'll destroy the painting. The information it contains needs to be kept a secret.

JOEY

I promise your daughter's safety. That's all I care about.

EDNA

I'm grateful, and I'll pray for her safe return. But I need to know, will you look for Alexander's tomb?

BOYCE

Of course. Imagine the gold we could discover.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Flat green sugar cane farm territory. Joey watches the road, keeps half an eye on Boyce's driving. A dark Chevy pickup truck passes them at high speed. Joey turns to see it do a 180-degree U-turn in their direction.

JOEY

Shit! It's Frederic and Lamond!

The pickup catches up with the Renault with ease.

JOEY

Go as fast as you can, and try to stay calm.

Boyce flashes his eyes at his rear-vision mirror every couple of seconds.

JOEY

I killed his brother. We need to lose them somehow.

The sound from the beast behind them increases. The headlights blind them, then the truck hits them! The impact forces Joey and Boyce forward in their seats. The car hits the side of the road. Boyce regains traction and careens back onto the highway.

Joey braces himself against the dashboard with one hand and clasps the grip handle above the window with the other. Boyce ducks and weaves to avoid the monster behind them. Lamond grins. Frederic climbs out of his window and enters into the Chevy's cargo box at the back.

Frederic holds a Heckler & Koch M27 IAR machine gun in his hands. Machine-gun fire is let loose. Bullet sparks explode all around. The back window shatters the inside of the car with glass. Joey and Boyce duck and protect their faces as best they can.

Boyce struggles to keep the car on the road as it veers to one side. One of the tires is shot out. The car wobbles and slides, losing speed as the rims scrape against the road. They lose another tire.

BOYCE  
We're going to die, this is it.

JOEY  
Hang on, change of plan.

Joey grabs the wheel and yanks hard to his right. The Renault skids off the express road and into a field of sugar cane.

JOEY  
Hit the gas!

Boyce puts his foot flat to the floor. Cane leaves pound like thunder on the hood as they plow through. Lamond comes in at high speed.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - NIGHT

They emerge into an open field. Visibility is low, but when they reach the end they face a treacherous hill in front of them. Very steep, it leads down to the freezing lake below.

JOEY  
Turn left!

Boyce hooks the steering wheel. The battered Renault skids. Joey jerks forward, his forehead collides with the windscreen. The back tires feel the lip of the hill as the car skims the edge. Joey sees no solid ground, only the lake below.

JOEY  
Get us out of here, Boy.

They're on an old dirt track that skirts the edge of the steep muddy hill. The damaged car bounces in and out of potholes. Lamond's truck picks up speed at a great rate.

The Chevy's larger tires anchor deep in the mud. The more he pushes it, the more the car doesn't go anywhere. The Renault's two flat tires allow Boyce to traverse the mud. Joey pats Boyce on the back of his head.

JOEY  
God job. They're stuck. Keep going.  
There's got to be a way out of here  
somewhere.

Boyce pushes the Renault on along the narrow path.

JOEY  
We're not out of this yet.  
Frederic's on foot.

BOYCE

He won't be able to catch us.

Boyce stops. A red-and-black sign ahead: "DANGER ne pas entrer". In front of them, nothing but the end of the muddy track. The land drops steeply all around them. Nowhere to go. The lake below is ink-black in the dark. Joey could see the lights of a small town across it.

JOEY

Down this hill and try to get across into that town. If we stay here we die.

Boyce taps his thumb on the steering wheel and tries to stop from hyperventilating. A bullet ricochets off the car frame, then another hits the side window.

BOYCE

That's suicide, it's too steep!

JOEY

He'll kill us if we don't.

Bullets rain down on them more vigorously. Frederic is close. Joey and Boyce duck.

JOEY

Now!

Joey grabs the *Mona Lisa* in pillow case and shelters it carefully with his arm.

JOEY

Hold on. It's going to be a bumpy ride.

The Renault drops on a sharp thirty-degree angle, and then picks up speed alarmingly as it descends the hill.

JOEY

Ahhh. Shit!

INT. RENAULT - HILL - NIGHT

The Renault drops down the hill. Joey grits his teeth. Boyce grapples with the steering wheel, no use. He slams the brakes. Wheels lock and lose traction. Front tires bounce, back tires scrape and dig into the hill. The one undamaged side window now shatters.

BOYCE

We're not stopping!

JOEY  
Brace yourself.

BOYCE  
We're heading for the lake. The  
painting is going to get wet!

The Renault flies off a ledge and lands on the ground below  
and continues full speed toward lake straight ahead.

JOEY  
Shit, we're going in.

Joey lifts the *Mona Lisa* in the pillow case high above his  
head. The rocky terrain decreases the speed of the Renault  
and it enters the lake almost gracefully and floats.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

Joey and Boyce break into relieved laughter. The Renault  
drifts toward the middle of the lake.

JOEY  
Holy shit! I can't believe we made  
it. What a ride.

Water trickles into the vehicle from below and sprays through  
bullet holes and cracks.

JOEY  
It's not going to stay afloat for  
long.

EXT. HILL - NIGHT

Frederic looks down from the top of the hill at Joey and  
Boyce. They have glided about halfway across the small lake,  
and the car slowly dives into the abyss.

INT. RENAULT - LAKE - NIGHT

Joey and Boyce panic and shiver as the Renault fills up  
quickly.

BOYCE  
It's filling up quick. Get on the  
roof.

JOEY  
I'll pass you the painting when you  
get there.

Boyce climbs out onto the roof. Joey hands the *Mona Lisa* in  
the pillow case out the window to Boyce

EXT. RENAULT - LAKE - NIGHT

Joey climbs onto the roof with Boyce as the car sinks. Frederic stands on the shore looking at them. The Renault suddenly jolts against something in the lake. Boyce loses his balance. He flings the painting to Joey before he falls into the water.

EXT. LAKE - SHORELINE - NIGHT

Frederic looks around, finds a hexagon-shaped wooden strut from an old bridge and rolls it to the waterline. He enters the water with the giant piece of wood.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

Boyce climbs back on top of the roof of the Renault. He shivers and rubs his hands together to warm himself.

JOEY

Shit, Frederic's coming.

BOYCE

I'm a good swimmer. Gimme the painting. I can hold it above the water with one hand and swim to the other side.

JOEY

I'm a good swimmer too. But it's too risky.

BOYCE

We're out of options.

The vehicle is almost completely under water as Frederic comes closer on the wooden strut.

JOEY

Frederic, stop! Stay there.

FREDERIC

I'm trying to help you!

JOEY

No! You're trying to save the painting. You don't give a damn about us.

FREDERIC

Don't be stupid.

JOEY

Just push that strut over here,  
we're running out of time.

Frederic gets off the wooden strut and pushes it toward Joey.

FREDERIC

Make sure you keep the painting  
above the water.

Joey faces Boyce.

JOEY

Here's the plan. When the log  
reaches us, I'll grab it with my  
left arm and keep the painting  
above my head with the right. Your  
job is to swim and push us back to  
safety. Can you do that?

Boyce nods. Boyce and Joey turn and face the wooden strut  
gliding toward them. The Renault is completely submerged.  
Boyce takes off his shoes and dives into the water. He  
retrieves the strut and positions it in front of Joey.

Joey takes off his shoes and grabs the wooden strut. Frederic  
swims to shore and picks up a walkie-talkie, faces the hill.  
Joey follows Frederic's gaze and sees a shiny object. Lamond  
lies prone behind a rifle on a tripod.

Joey enters the water slowly. He tucks the strut under his  
left arm. He holds himself as high as he can, pillowcase in  
his other hand. Boyce, on the opposite end of the strut,  
pulls and swims towards the other side of the shoreline.

BOYCE

My legs hurt.

JOEY

Mine do too, boy. I'm sorry I  
dragged you into this. We need to  
get across before hypothermia sets  
in. Push, we're not far.

Boyce is losing energy the more he swims and pulls the strut.

JOEY

What are we going to do *if* we reach  
the edge?

BOYCE

We run free. What do you mean *if*?

JOEY  
Those men are soldiers.

BOYCE  
So?

JOEY  
When the painting is on dry land,  
they'll take us out. Lamond is on  
the hill and he's armed.

BOYCE  
Fantastic! If we don't get out of  
this water we die. If we do get  
out, we die.

The strut wobbles as their feet find solid ground.

JOEY  
Relax, boy. I have a plan.

BOYCE  
What is it?

JOEY  
Use the *Mona Lisa* as a shield. We  
need to stick together.

EXT. HILL - NIGHT

Lamond adjusts his telescope and digs his feet into the mud.  
Joey and Boyce are about to come out of the lake. Lamond  
speaks into his earpiece.

LAMOND  
I have a shot.

FREDERIC (V.O.)  
Not until the *Mona Lisa* is on dry  
land. Wound them in the leg first.

LAMOND  
Roger that.

Lamond watches through the telescope. Joey and Boyce shiver  
as they stagger through the shallows. Lamond puts his finger  
on the trigger. Joey quickly holds the *Mona Lisa* in front of  
them and shields their faces as they back away.

LAMOND  
What is this? They're using the  
painting as a shield.

FREDERIC (V.O.)  
Smart boy. He must know you're  
there.

LAMOND  
Do I aim low? Shoot them in the  
leg?

FREDERIC (V.O.)  
No! It's too risky. If you hit the  
painting, its all over.

LAMOND  
Fuck, Fuck, Fuck! I can --

FREDERIC (V.O.)  
... Back away, soldier. That's an  
order. I know you want revenge, but  
now is not the time.

EXT. LAKE - OTHER SHORELINE - NIGHT

Joey and Boyce huddle and walk backward as Joey uses the *Mona Lisa* as a shield. Frederic screams at them from across the lake.

FREDERIC  
I have a message for you, Joey. You  
have until midnight to return the  
painting or your girlfriend dies.  
Do you hear me?

Joey and Boyce walk backward, they duck behind some trees.  
Joey shouts back.

JOEY  
I know the secret in the painting.  
About the secret tomb she is  
hiding. You're not going to kill  
anyone, Frederic, or I destroy the  
painting and no one will ever find  
it. Go tell Pierre that.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Late evening. A heavy downpour greets a black AS350 Eurocopter landing in the empty parking lot. The PILOT gets out with an umbrella and opens the door to help Pierre out.

Pierre sees fresh imprinted tire marks to his right. On the porch, muddy footprints: two sets with different shoe sizes. Pierre knocks on the door three times.

PIERRE (SUBTITLE)

(French)

Open up! Are you still playing hard  
to get after all these years?

Pierre pulls out an 1892 French revolver from his pocket and shoots two rounds at the door lock. Edna whimpers inside. Pierre kicks open the door and goes inside.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Pierre enters and spots Edna hiding behind the couch.

PIERRE

Well, well, well. It's been a long  
time.

EDNA

What do you want, Pierre?

PIERRE

Please sit.

Edna sits down on the couch.

PIERRE

Can't I visit and old girlfriend?

EDNA

That was a long time ago.

PIERRE

It feels like it was yesterday. ...  
The reason I'm here. You've had  
visitors. I need to know exactly  
what you told them.

EDNA

I don't know what you're talking  
about.

PIERRE

Don't play games with me, Edna. You  
never were the best liar.

Edna looks at the gun.

EDNA

They told me you kidnapped my  
daughter. Let Marie go, Pierre. I  
mean it, or I'll --

PIERRE

... Do what? You know how important the *Mona Lisa* is.

EDNA

Haven't I suffered enough? You killed my husband, and now you hold my daughter hostage.

PIERRE

Your husband was my best friend. I trusted him to keep the truth about the *Mona Lisa* secret. She was his to restore. Then, one day out of the blue, he decided he wanted to out me. Why?

EDNA

You're surely not that stupid? I can't believe you still don't know.

PIERRE

Know what?

EDNA

The day you had Bernard shot was the day I told him about our affair. He did it to punish you.

PIERRE

Tell me you didn't tell Joey and his friend about the tomb.

EDNA

I told them everything.

Pierre kicks the coffee table and Edna jumps.

PIERRE

Why the fuck did you do that?

EDNA

I wanted them to know the truth, so they could keep the *Lisa* safe from you.

PIERRE

Are you happy now?

EDNA

I beg you. Let Marie go.

PIERRE

I wouldn't worry about what I'm going to do with *her*.

Pierre positions the revolver at Edna's chest.

EDNA

After all we've been through you're going to end my life, too. Before you do, there's one more thing you should know.

PIERRE

And what's that?

EDNA

The next time you face my daughter, look into her eyes.

PIERRE

Why?

EDNA

Because they're yours.

PIERRE

What?

EDNA

I was pregnant with your child. That is why he did what he did.

Pierre tries to contain his rage. He points his revolver at Edna's head. She closes her eyes

EDNA

Oh, Lord. Forgive me for my sins.

PIERRE

Sorry, love. God's not going to save you.

Pierre pulls the trigger.

EXT. VALLORBE - COBBLESTONE STREET - NIGHT

Small town. Joey and Boyce, bedraggled and drenched, wander barefoot up the street. Bodies shiver and teeth chatter. Joey holds the *Mona Lisa* away from his wet clothes.

A speeding yellow Swiss post van skids to a halt feet in front of Joey and Boyce. A middle-aged VAN DRIVER with bald head and beer belly gets out and goes to nearby bushes and urinates. Joey whispers.

JOEY

Let's go.

Boyce follows Joey into the back seat of the van, ducks down.

EXT. SWISS VAN - PUB - NIGHT

The Van Driver pulls up in front and parks. He gets out of the van. Joey and Boyce watch the Van Driver go inside the pub. Joey and Boyce get out of the van and shiver.

BOYCE

I need to get out of these clothes.

Boyce digs into his pants pocket with a shaky hand.

BOYCE

I still have your credit card.

JOEY

I wonder if it still works. There has to be an ATM here somewhere.

EXT. VALLORBE - STREET - NIGHT

Joey and Boyce walk down the street. It's a party town with music playing in each venue. All shops, cafés, restaurants and bars are open for business, even at 22:00 PM.

Joey and Boyce walk and shiver. Joey spots a BCV Automatic Teller Machine positioned outside the Banque Cantonale Vaudoise. Joey puts the card in the machine and his pin number in. He requests '800 euros' and waits.

JOEY

Come on, please?

Euros dispense from the money slot. Joey sighs.

BEGIN MONTAGE - SAFE AT LAST

The next hour goes by exceedingly fast.

Joey and Boyce have a bite to eat.

They go on a shopping spree.

They purchase new clothes and shoes.

Obtain a waterproof dark-blue carry bag for the *Mona Lisa*.

Joey and Boyce walk down the street.

Joey pauses as he looks at red neon lights.

END MONTAGE

JOEY  
Red neon lights.

BOYCE  
What about them?

JOEY  
Maybe we could use the neon lights  
to read the map.

BOYCE  
I thought you said it needed to be  
under infrared lights.

Joey gives Boyce a side glance.

JOEY  
In da Vinci's letter he said the  
text must be read under red light.  
No matter how advanced da Vinci  
was, he was unlikely to have  
developed infrared four hundred  
years before anyone else.

BOYCE  
Only one way to find out.

EXT. VALLORBE - BROTHEL - NIGHT

Joey and Boyce approach the club. MEN exit the building, head  
in the opposite direction, stagger while singing out of tune.

BOYCE  
How are we going to read the map  
without looking suspicious?

JOEY  
I have a plan, boy. Come with me.

Joey approaches the red door and uses a terracotta pot found  
resting against the building to step up and unscrew the bulb  
from its fixture.

INT. VALLORBE - BROTHEL - NIGHT

A young Swedish BLONDE, black spandex and high heels, hair  
piled high, opens the door to greet Joey and Boyce.

BLONDE (SUBTITLE)  
(Swedish)  
Hello. You are looking for a good  
time?

JOEY

Yes... Ja.

Joey to Boyce.

JOEY

Wait here and I'll be right back.

Joey follows the Blonde into the brothel.

INT. BROTHEL - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Joey follows the Blonde with a killer backside. At the top of the stairs, five similar blonde-haired GIRLS stand. They all wear hardly any clothing, each one hotter than the next. An OLDER WOMAN, 52, introduces herself to Joey.

OLDER WOMAN

(Swedish)

Hello. You are looking for a good time?

JOEY

Do you speak any English?

OLDER WOMAN

I speak little.

Joey offers a \$100 bill. Older Woman plucks it from his hand.

JOEY

I need a room to make a phone call.

OLDER WOMAN

Yes, pick one of this girl.

JOEY

No girl. I just need a room.

Older Woman points to an empty room.

OLDER WOMAN

Make quick.

Joey enters the room and shuts the door.

INT. VALLORBE - BROTHEL - BEDROOM - NIGHT

In the center of the room is a king-sized bed surrounded by mirrors, including the ceiling. Joey goes into the bathroom.

INT. VALLORBE - BROTHEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Joey takes out his red light globe and uses the steps that lead to a bathtub to swap the bulbs in the light fitting above his head. Joey takes out the painting from his carry bag and lays it face-up on the sink.

White cursive Italian writing appears just underneath the *Mona Lisa's* arms. Joey reads the words.

JOEY

'The great son of Zeus was buried with treasures not just of wealth, but of information. But be warned of what you might find. Start the journey at the sacred place of Cyprus and continue past the winding road that will lead you to the goddess of love and beauty. The baths will take the quest to an underwater cave. In it you will find the answers you seek.'

After committing the passage to memory, Joey turns off the light, leaves the red bulb in place. He puts the *Mona Lisa* back in the carry bag and leaves the room.

INT. BROTHEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Joey spots some clothes thrown over a chair outside another room. A cell phone protrudes from the pocket of a pair of jeans. Joey quickly swipes the phone and leaves in a hurry.

INT. MUSEE DU LOUVRE - UNDERGROUND CELL - NIGHT

The underground chamber door opens and light comes in. Pierre descends stone steps. Marie puts down the broken frame she uses to break the wall around the rusted bars. Pierre with a flashlight appears in front of Marie.

MARIE

Did you get what you're after?

Marie grips the cell bars and looks at Pierre.

PIERRE

I did. More than I bargained for.

MARIE

Glad to hear it. Now can you let me go?

PIERRE

No!

Steps closer to Marie.

MARIE

Why? Can I at least have my tennis shoes back?

PIERRE

Do you know about the map?

MARIE

What map?

PIERRE

I saw your mother tonight. She told me why your father tried to destroy the *Mona Lisa*.

MARIE

Why did he?

PIERRE

You don't know, do you? Your mother wasn't faithful. She told your father about it the day he died.

MARIE

What! It was with you, wasn't it?

PIERRE

I was in love with your mother. We shared everything. I even told her about the map.

MARIE

What map?

PIERRE

It's amazing what people will say when they're life is in jeopardy.

MARIE

Did you kill my mother?

Pierre stares emotionless down at the ground.

MARIE

I'm going to kill you! You said you loved her!

She reaches through the bars to grab his suit, he backs away.

PIERRE

She's dead cause she had a big mouth. Your boyfriend knows all  
(MORE)

PIERRE (CONT'D)

about the secret map. The location of the greatest treasure mankind has ever seen.

MARIE

What treasure could be worth killing for?

PIERRE

How about the lost tomb of the most famous military general of all time? A man who created one of the largest empires in history.

MARIE

Alexander the Great's tomb? It's never been found.

PIERRE

Yes. His body became one of the most venerated objects in the classical world.

MARIE

What has this got to do with the *Mona Lisa*?

PIERRE

The cult of Alexander kept his resting place a secret for centuries, passing it down from stonemason to stonemason, until it reached the secret societies of men in power and knowledge.

MARIE

The Priory of Sion.

PIERRE

Yes, and into Leonardo da Vinci's hands. Soon after he went to work on the *Mona Lisa*.

MARIE

You're telling me Leonardo da Vinci's painting La Joconde is linked to Alexander the Great?

Pierre gives a cold smile.

PIERRE

The *Mona Lisa* is not the king's wife, Lisa Gherardini, or a self portrait of da Vinci as a woman. Da  
(MORE)

PIERRE (CONT'D)

Vinci wanted to conceal Alexander's identity. Since rumors circulated that both men had homosexual encounters, da Vinci disguised Alexander the Great as a woman, as a personal joke and also as a way of keeping his secret.

Marie let's out a long breath.

MARIE

I have heard a lot of stories in my lifetime, but this one's a first.

Pierre looks away then back to Marie.

PIERRE

There's one more story you've never heard. Your mother told me something she kept from me. Your mother was pregnant ... With my --

A lone tear trickles down his face

MARIE

No ... It can't be.

PIERRE

It's true. You are my daughter.

MARIE

No!

PIERRE

I should have seen it. My eyes, my intelligence, my love of art and history.

MARIE

If this is true, are you going to kill your own daughter?

An expression of rage and despair and frustration crosses Pierre's face.

PIERRE

When I have back what belongs to me, I'm sorry, my dear, you die.

Marie spits in Pierre's face.

PIERRE

You're not my father. Get away from me!

Pierre grabs a handkerchief from his pocket and wipes his face. He turns on his heel and leaves her to the darkness.

INT. TRAIN - SEAT SECTION - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: "Thursday, 23:30 PM"

Vallorbe to Paris. Pierre and Boyce sit across from one another. The *Mona Lisa* sits in the bag against a window seat. Boyce takes Joey's phone, reads a Google search of 'Cyprus'.

BOYCE

'Cyprus is a country smack dab in the middle of the eastern Mediterranean. Countries such as Egypt, Syria and Turkey surround it. It's had many different rulers over the years, including Alexander the Great' --

JOEY

... A country many conquered including the Knight's Templar. What were they trying to find?

BOYCE

They could have easily moved Alexander's body to a place where no one would have ever looked. And now we know where to look.

Joey takes back the phone.

JOEY

It says here, 'the goddess of love and beauty was the Greek goddess Aphrodite. In Cyprus, up in the hill in the Akamas region, thirty miles north of Paphos is the site where she supposedly came to bathe.'

(whistles)

That would explain the stream of water in the painting.

BOYCE

Maybe Pierre will let your girlfriend go when you tell him the location?

EXT. GARE DE LYON - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: "Friday, 03:30 AM"

Lyon train station. Joey and Boyce sit. Joey dials a number. The phone rings three times then Pierre, groggy, picks up.

PIERRE (V.O.)  
Joey, is that you?

JOEY  
I lost count how many times you tried to kill me. And, I know where the location of the tomb is.

A long moment of silence.

JOEY  
Are you still there?

PIERRE (V.O.)  
What do you want?

JOEY  
All I want is Marie. You've pissed me off, and I don't care about what happens to the painting. I should burn it right now.

PIERRE (V.O.)  
No! Don't be stupid. I'll give you Marie. Just don't damage the painting. Please, I beg you.

JOEY  
Okay, I'm only going to say it once. Meet me in front of the glass pyramid in an hour and bring Marie.

PIERRE (V.O.)  
Will you bring the painting?

JOEY  
Promise me that when you let Marie go she'll not be followed like last time. Keep your soldier on a leash, or I promise your La Joconde will be destroyed. Understand?

PIERRE (V.O.)  
I understand. No funny business this time. Make sure you bring me the real painting.

Phone clicks dead. Immediately after ending the call, Pierre sends Frederic a text message: "It's game time, my office."

INT. MUSEE DU LOUVRE - NAPOLEON'S SECRET ROOM - NIGHT

Frederic and Lamond enter the office in a panic. Pierre sits at the desk, motions for them to sit.

PIERRE (V.O.)

I just got the call. He'll be here in an hour. We have no choice, we need to swap the painting for his girlfriend. It's unclear what he might do if we don't.

EXT. MUSEE DU LOUVRE - REVOLVING DOORS - NIGHT

Joey pulls a beat up wagon and holds the *Mona Lisa* in his other arm as he walks closer to the Pyramid. Marie is restrained by Frederic and Pierre outside the doors. Frederic looks worrisome at the wagon Joey pulls and quickly talks into his ear piece. Lamond hides in the bushes.

FREDERIC

Lamond, you in position?

LAMOND (V.O.)

I have a laser on his head. Give me the order and he's gone.

FREDERIC

Not until I give the order. Can you see what's in the wagon? He's definitely up to something.

LAMOND (V.O.)

No positive ID. He's pulling on that handle hard. Suggests something heavy. The painting in his hand has the Louvre seal on the back.

Joey approaches Frederic, Pierre and Marie a few yards away. He lights a match. Pierre flinches. Joey flicks it into the wagon. Fire logs drenched in spirits ignite. The site in front of the glass pyramid glows and reflects the fire.

FREDERIC

This kid is smarter than I anticipated. Stand by, Lamond.

PIERRE

What is this, Joey?

Joey holds the *Mona Lisa* high above the fire.

JOEY  
My insurance plan. Tell Lamond if  
he shoots me, the painting burns.

FREDERIC (SUBTITLE)  
(French)  
Don't fire! Don't fire!

Frederic lifts his Glock up against Marie's temple. She  
whimpers, shuts her eyes.

MARIE  
Joey!

JOEY  
It'll be all right, Marie, I have  
this under control.

Pierre's gaze is fixed on the painting in Joey's hands.

JOEY  
I forgot. This is the first time  
you've seen the real *Mona Lisa*.

Joey flicks the canvas carelessly around in his hands. Over  
and over he spins it.

JOEY  
The portrait of Alexander the Great  
and the clue to his resting place.  
I'm sure you don't want it to burn  
to a crisp before you find it?

PIERRE  
No, I don't.

Lamond clips on an X27 thermal FLIR sight to the rail in  
front of his scope. He scans the painting while Joey flips it  
in his hands. Lamond sees the hidden text.

LAMOND (V.O.)  
The *Mona Lisa* is real! I can see  
the hidden text under infrared. The  
map is real.

Frederic turns to Pierre.

FREDERIC (SUBTITLE)  
(French)  
The painting is real.

Pierre's eyes widen.

JOEY  
Of course it's real.

Red flames come close to the board's surface, Pierre sees a hint of glistening text appear.

FREDERIC  
What are you going to do when the flames die down?

JOEY  
These logs have a burn time of up to two hours. And, my man has a rifle pointed at the curator's head right now.

Pierre and Frederic peer around the perimeter of the courtyard, search for possible vantage points.

JOEY  
Let Marie go. Marie, run to your left under the passage and head toward the Seine River. I have a plan for you.

MARIE  
What about you?

JOEY  
I'll be fine, trust me.

Joey lowers the painting toward the heat of the fire.

PIERRE  
Stop! Let her go. I'll do as you wish.

Frederic nudges his hostage forward with his Glock. Marie steps forward, stops halfway between them. She stares into the *Mona Lisa's* eyes one last time.

Marie makes a run for it across the plaza, past the equestrian statue and the castle walls. Her tennis shoes splash in puddles as she runs through the arched Denon Wing passage.

PIERRE  
You got what you wanted. I let Marie go. Now it's your turn.

Pierre steps closer followed by Frederic with his gun by his side. Joey drops his right hand away from the painting as his left hand strains to hold the weight. He lowers it slightly.

JOEY

This is my weak hand. Stop and put your gun down, Frederic.

FREDERIC

I should just shoot you in the head.

Frederic aims his gun between Joey's eyes.

FREDERIC

One killer shot and you could miss the fire entirely.

JOEY

That might be true. Are you willing to gamble?

FREDERIC

I haven't decided.

Joey lowers the painting a little more.

PIERRE

Stop playing games. Frederic, put it away.

JOEY

Listen to your boss. Throw your weapon in the pool. I need to know that when you get what you want, no harm will come to me.

PIERRE

Of course.

Pierre nods toward the pool. The gun makes a loud splash and sinks to the dark tiles.

PIERRE

Okay, your move.

JOEY

I came to Paris with the knowledge that I had the real *Mona Lisa*. I was going to return it. All I asked was to be acknowledged, so I could clear my family's name.

PIERRE

But it can't be --

JOEY

... Shut up, and let me finish. Since we met, you threatened me and took my girlfriend hostage. I have climbed and jumped off a five-story building. Fought a gang of thugs. Been relentlessly chased and shot at. Been in a boat accident. Fought a marine and nose-dived a car off a cliff. During all this James Bond shit, I find that the painting in my possession contains the locations of a tomb that has been sought for centuries.

FREDERIC

Welcome to Paris.

Joey looks at the *Mona Lisa*.

JOEY

This is where it ends. Edna was right. The painting needs to be destroyed. Some things are never meant to be found.

PIERRE

Don't believe anything that bitch said. She's the reason Bernard was killed. Did you know we had an affair? When Bernard found out, he tried to destroy me by destroying the painting.

JOEY

So you killed him? People like you don't deserve to know a secret like this.

PIERRE

I need that painting.

Sirens wail in the distance.

FREDERIC

Police. Looks like our little friend wants to get arrested.

JOEY

You think I would trust you, after what you put me through? I'd rather take my chances with the police.

PIERRE

Smart boy. The police will keep you safe. Hand over the painting.

JOEY

You don't deserve to know.

Frederic moves in closer to Joey.

FREDERIC

Enough --

JOEY

... Take one more step.

Joey lowers the canvas closer to the fire.

PIERRE

Stop, Frederic! Wait.

EXT. SEINE RIVER - VOIE GEORGES POMPIDOU - NIGHT

Marie runs down the road parallel to the River Seine. Suddenly Boyce jumps out from behind a tree onto the path in front of Marie, startles her.

MARIE

No! ... I know you. The boy from the bridge?

BOYCE

Yes, a friend of Joey's. Boyce.

He takes Marie's hand.

BOYCE

This way. Quick. I'll explain later. You need to trust me.

Marie and Boyce jog down the road until they reach the Pont des Arts pedestrian bridge.

EXT. SEINE RIVER - PONT DES ARTS BRIDGE - NIGHT

This bridge links the Institut de France and the central square of the Palais du Louvre. At the edge of the bridge Boyce stops and turns back to face the direction they just ran from.

MARIE

We need to keep running!

Boyce looks down the path. Lamond in the shadows runs towards them from the direction in which they came.

BOYCE

Trust me. Here he comes. Just as planned. He's seen us. Okay, move!

Boyce and Marie run across the wooden boards. Marie looks back as Lamond reaches the bridge.

MARIE

He's gaining on us.

BOYCE

Run.

Boyce leads Marie by the hand. They run down a flight of stairs below the bridge, to a cobblestone walkway along the riverbank into the fog.

Lamond reaches the end of the bridge and stops. He closes his eyes and listens: the wind, birds flying overhead and ones that land in the river below. A boat engine starts. Lamond flips forward the M-16 machine gun strapped to his back. He points it forward as he goes down the path.

EXT. PONT DES ARTS BRIDGE - COBBLESTONE PATH - NIGHT

Lamond leads with the M-16 through the dense fog to a small timber boat that just left the jetty. It pulls out sixteen, then thirty-two feet. Lamond, on one knee. A muzzle flash leads a hail of bullets. Wood fragments everywhere. Bullets hit the engine. KABOOM! The boat explodes in a cloud.

Lamond stands and smiles, turns to leave. Marie and Boyce step out of a houseboat. Boyce thrusts a shotgun into Marie's hands. She squares off, ready to fire.

MARIE

Drop it! It's my turn.

She pumps the shotgun. Lamond drops the M-16. He reaches for the 9 mm pistol wedged in his front belt buckle.

MARIE

Don't. You think you're faster?

Lamond does not listen. Marie shoots. He falls backwards near the edge of the river, dead. Marie walks up to Lamond. She gags as she takes the earpiece from his ear. Boyce watches pieces of the boat burn down the river.

MARIE

How did you know there was a shotgun?

BOYCE  
That's my friend's boat. He showed  
it to me. He's gonna freak when he  
finds out.

Marie smiles and puts the earpiece into her ear. Boyce helps  
her roll Lamond into the river.

EXT. MUSEE DU LOUVRE - REVOLVING DOORS - NIGHT

Joey throws the *Mona Lisa* into the flames. Pierre tries to  
retrieve the painting from the fire.

PIERRE  
No!

The fire is too strong, too hot. Sirens blare. A small white-  
and-blue Peugeot speeds up. Two tall uniformed police  
OFFICERS get out of the car. Frederic towers over Joey, his  
back to the Officers, he grabs Joey's neck and squeezes.

FREDERIC  
You little shit!

Joey struggles to breathe, tries to pry Frederic's hands  
away.

PIERRE  
Frederic. Let him go. He's the only  
one who knows the tomb's location  
now.

Frederic groans with frustration and releases Joey. Joey  
falls to his knees as he gasps for air. SENIOR OFFICER leads  
ATHLETIC OFFICER to Joey.

JOEY  
You speak Anglais?

SENIOR OFFICER  
Non.

Pierre steps in front of the Officers.

PIERRE (SUBTITLE)  
(French)  
Officers, Pierre Savard, Louvre  
curator, and this is my head of  
security, Frederic. We have a  
slight situation here, but are  
dealing with it. We're sorry to  
have caused any disturbance.

SENIOR OFFICER (SUBTITLE)

(French)

I know who you are, sir. A fire so close to the Louvre is not what I call a slight situation.

ATHLETIC OFFICER (SUBTITLE)

(French)

Thank you for your help, we'll take it from here.

He looks down at the burning logs.

FREDERIC (SUBTITLE)

(French)

I was a sergeant major in the army and served with your chief. We're good friends. I need you to do a favor and walk away. Let me deal with this arsonist, and I'll give you and your partner a recommendation.

JOEY

Don't listen. He wants to kill me. Please arrest me.

The two Officers look at one another, confused.

FREDERIC (SUBTITLE)

(French)

Ignore him. He just wants attention.

Joey punches Senior Officer in the face. Angry Athletic Officer arrests Joey and escorts him to the police car. Suddenly, Frederic goes behind Athletic Officer, and snaps his neck. Athletic Officer falls dead. Senior Officer tries to stem the blood from his face. Frederic snaps his neck.

PIERRE

What have you done?

FREDERIC

You want Joey, don't you?

Frederic forces Joey to his knees. Frederic adjusts his ear piece.

FREDERIC

Come in, Lamond.

MARIE (V.O.)

Sorry, Lamond can't come to the phone right now, he's at the bottom of the Seine. He messed with the wrong bitch.

FREDERIC

Fuck!

Frederic kicks Joey in the rib cage and presses the earpiece.

FREDERIC

You just killed you boyfriend.

INT. MUSEE DU LOUVRE - SPIRAL STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Joey lies unconscious, handcuffed at the top of the staircase. He wakes up, confused. Frederic uncuffs him, pulls on Joey's hair and drags him down the stairs. Frederic throws Joey onto the pile of dead Officers. Joey struggles to his feet. Pierre steps over to him.

PIERRE

Where's the tomb?

JOEY

If I give you what you want, I'm a dead man.

FREDERIC

You're going to die either way.

JOEY

Screw you. Who made you king?

Frederic punches Joey and almost knocks him out.

PIERRE

Make this easier. Tell me the location. You owe me, after you destroyed the one painting I have been searching for my whole life.

JOEY

I don't owe you shit.

He spits out blood.

PIERRE

You owe more than you think. You realize what's at stake? Alexander's tomb would be the greatest find in history. Treasures unimaginable.

JOEY

It's about money? Fame? Haven't you got both already?

PIERRE

No, its about much more.

JOEY

The manuscripts. Edna told me.

PIERRE

Imagine the manuscripts do exist and have been sealed away with this pagan god. What might they reveal? Tell me the location and let's find out the truth.

JOEY

Edna wanted to keep it secret so much that she nearly destroyed the painting herself, and would have sacrificed her daughter for it. That's the reason I destroyed it.

PIERRE

And like Edna, you will die.

JOEY

Fuck you!

PIERRE

That's no way to talk to your future father-in-law.

JOEY

What are you talking about?

PIERRE

Marie is my daughter.

JOEY

I don't believe it.

PIERRE

It's true, I'll give you one last chance. Tell me the location, I'll let you go.

Pierre nods toward the shadows and Frederic re-emerges. Joey steps back and bumps into a crowd control stanchion with a retractable band. He unhooks the strap and holds the pole like a bat. Frederic casually extracts his Beretta M9.

FREDERIC  
Enough of this crap.

Joey throws the pole at Frederic and knocks the pistol to the ground. Joey runs to the dark Denon Wing.

FREDERIC  
Bastard, I'm going to kill you!

PIERRE  
Relax, he's trapped. I'll turn on the lights.

INT. MUSEE DU LOUVRE - DENON WING - NIGHT

Joey runs down the hallway as the lights turn on one by one in his direction. He turns to a Caravaggio painting. Joey grabs the frame and pulls as hard as he can. The painting finally comes free from the wall and Joey falls backward.

An alarm rings out and a large security gate falls nearby, followed by another, it barricades the entrance and stops Frederic. Joey hides behind a Corinthian column. Police sirens wail outside. Frederic hastily drags the dead bodies out of sight.

FREDERIC  
You're going to pay for what you did to my men. If you think you're getting help, you're wrong. All you've done is delay the inevitable.

EXT. MUSEE DU LOUVRE - GLASS DOORS - NIGHT

Three armed Police Officers wait outside in the rain: OLDER OFFICER, FAT OFFICER, and YOUNGEST OFFICER. Youngest Officer bangs loudly on the front door. Alarm continues. Pierre opens the door. The Officers enter. All speak French in this scene.

PIERRE  
Hello, Officers. Come in, get out of the rain.

YOUNGEST OFFICER  
I know you. The curator?

PIERRE  
Yes. Sorry for the inconvenience, gentleman. A false alarm. My electrician triggered it by accident, but it's nice to know police response time is so good. I'll make sure your captain is  
(MORE)

PIERRE (CONT'D)  
aware of how well his Officers  
respond.

OLDER OFFICER  
Fantastic, it seems everything is  
under control.

PIERRE  
Thanks again, Officers.

Older Officer and Fat Officer walk toward the doors and  
Youngest Officer remains.

YOUNGEST OFFICER  
One more thing. Have any other  
Officers come to see you tonight?

PIERRE  
Why?

YOUNGEST OFFICER  
There's an empty police car  
outside, at Place du Carrousel.

Pierre avoids eye contact.

YOUNGEST OFFICER  
Sir, wink if you're in any trouble.

Pierre winks at Youngest Officer. Youngest Officer calls back  
to the other Officers before they walk outside.

YOUNGEST OFFICER  
Remi, Destin. I'll catch up with  
you later.

Older Officer and Fat Officer leave.

YOUNGEST OFFICER  
How many?

PIERRE  
Two.

YOUNGEST OFFICER  
Armed?

PIERRE  
Yes.

YOUNGEST OFFICER  
Lead the way. Turn off the alarm.

Youngest Officer takes out his 9 mm pistol. Pierre takes the elevator while Youngest Officer discreetly takes the stairs.

INT. MUSEE DU LOUVRE - DENON WING - NIGHT

Pierre boots up a computer terminal and enters his access code. The alarm is switched off and the lights in the other two wings come on. Iron security gates retract. Pierre walks toward Joey, followed by Youngest Officer.

YOUNGEST OFFICER (SUBTITLE)  
(French)  
Police! Come out, hands up.

Joey shows himself. He approaches Youngest Officer, then stops.

YOUNGEST OFFICER  
Put your hands up.

JOEY  
Pierre is the criminal, don't trust him.

Frederic runs down the corridor with his pistol drawn and is shocked when he sees Youngest Officer with his weapon drawn.

YOUNGEST OFFICER (SUBTITLE)  
(French)  
You, stop!

His gun pointed at Frederic.

YOUNGEST OFFICER  
Show me your hands!

FREDERIC  
Pierre, tell the Officer who I am.

YOUNGEST OFFICER  
Who is he?

PIERRE  
He used to be my head of security. These two men are trying to rob the Louvre. They have me hostage.

FREDERIC  
What the hell are you doing? I've been loyal for years. Why are you betraying me?

PIERRE  
He killed the two Officers from the  
police car outside.

Frederic steps closer to them.

YOUNGEST OFFICER  
You need to stop.

Youngest Officer, pistol trained on Frederic, takes out his  
radio with his other hand.

YOUNGEST OFFICER  
I need assistance --

Frederic lashes out and retrieves the pistol from Youngest  
Officer and shoots the Officer between his eyes. Youngest  
Officer falls back dead.

PIERRE  
You have to understand. I had no  
choice.

FREDERIC  
No, boss, you always have a choice.  
You picked the wrong one. Looks  
like you'll never see inside the  
tomb after all.

PIERRE  
Don't be stupid. I made a mistake.

FREDERIC  
Yes, you did.

Frederic nearly empties his 9 mm into Pierre. Pierre falls.  
He turns his head to the side, and sees an angel at the end  
of the Wing, the eight-foot-tall winged headless Greek  
goddess Nike. Frederic raises his Glock and Joey freezes.

JOEY  
Wait. I'll tell you where it is.

FREDERIC  
I don't care about the tomb.

JOEY  
You should. You'll be wanted soon.

FREDERIC  
I'm trained to disappear. Won't be  
a problem.

JOEY

True, but you could be rich on the run. We're talking millions in gold, emeralds, diamonds. I can tell you the location. If you let me go.

Frederic lowers the gun.

FREDERIC

OK. Tell me and I will not shoot you.

INT. MUSEE DU LOUVRE - UNDERGROUND CELL - NIGHT

Joey follows Frederic through the hallway. Frederic pulls Pierre and Youngest Officer into the cell and stacks them on Senior Officer and Athletic Officer. He steps out of the cell.

FREDERIC

Inside.

JOEY

You said you would not kill me.

Frederic pushes Joey into the cell and shuts the door.

FREDERIC

Where is the tomb?

JOEY

If I tell you, what guarantee do I have that you'll let me live?

FREDERIC

Since you've been a worthy adversary I promise I won't shoot.

He ejects the last bullet and throws the empty pistol into the cell.

FREDERIC

Where is the tomb?

JOEY

The painting doesn't give the location. It gives half the clue. I can tell where to find the other half.

FREDERIC

I'm listening.

JOEY

Da Vinci painted two of them. *La Joconde* and the *Isleworth Mona Lisa*. She was the prequel to the famous *Mona Lisa*. She's a much younger version owned by the Swiss consortium in a London bank vault.

FREDERIC

What's in the painting?

JOEY

If you examine the real *Mona Lisa* you find the letter 'S' in the left eye, and 'L' in the right eye. A number seventy-two is found under the arched bridge in the background.

FREDERIC

So what?

JOEY

In the *Isleworth Mona Lisa*, in the same places, you find two other letters and two other numbers. See where I'm going?

FREDERIC

GPS coordinates.

Joey nods. Frederic takes out a box of matches, lights a match.

JOEY

Stop! You're going to burn down the Louvre.

FREDERIC

I won't. Fire will not be able to penetrate stone walls down here. Time to die.

Frederic flicks the lit match into the cell. The mountain of canvases burst into flame and the fire spreads along the cells. Joey holds on to the bars, a safe distance away from the heat. Frederic disappears into Pierre's room, emerges with a notebook. He bolts upstairs, shuts the only exit door.

Frederic destroys the door's lock mechanism. Joey dives to the floor and searches the dead Police Officers' pockets. Their holsters are empty. Joey rips off a piece of fabric to cover his face. He finds an aluminum LED flashlight, 6.5 inches long.

Joey sees a small hole in the wall, and chip marks in the sandstone. Joey chips at the hole with the flashlight. Small pieces of sandstone fly. The flashlight's head breaks off and rolls outside the cell. Blazing hot flames are encroaching.

Joey is weak, injured and exhausted. He lets the fabric fall to the floor, slumps against the wall. The shiny, silver bullet is three feet outside his cell. Joey looks for the weapon. He finds Frederic's 9 mm pistol.

Joey picks it up and feels the heat in his palms. He reaches out through the cell bars for the bullet, inches out of reach. Joey grabs the broken flashlight between his fingertips, knocks the bullet close enough to grab.

Joey loads and fires the weapon at the lock, breaks it. He opens the cell door and hurries into the corridor. Low to the ground he moves, opens one of the wooden doors and slams it shut. He gulps deep breaths.

INT. MUSEE DU LOUVRE - NAPOLEON'S SECRET ROOM - NIGHT

Joey rips down some old decorative curtains and wedges them under the door. His barricade helps a little, but wisps of smoke still get in through the smaller holes and cracks in the old timber doors. Joey sprints to Pierre's desk and picks up the phone receiver but there is no dial tone.

JOEY

Fucking hell. I'm going to die.

Trailing lines of smoke drift toward the south wall where a ten-by-six-foot tapestry hangs. He yanks it off the wall to see a carved image of an eagle in side-on profile. With a bright red eye on top and two scepters across each other. Smoke is drawn to the edges of the carving.

Joey pushes at the wall several times. Nothing. He pushes at the red eye. A three by three foot stone under the carving moves back and to the side to reveal a tunnel. Joey grabs a lantern on Pierre's desk and turns it on, enters the tunnel.

EXT. MUSEE DU LOUVRE - RUE DE RIVOLI EXIT - NIGHT

Joey runs outside. A dozen COMMANDOS circle Joey with M-16s.

LEAD COMMANDO

On your knees!

Joey drops to his knees.

LEAD COMMANDO

On the ground!

Joey drops down on his stomach. He is handcuffed and escorted to the back seat of a black SUV. The vehicle drives away in a hurry.

INT. DGSE BUILDING - CORNER OFFICE - NIGHT

Direction générale de la sécurité extérieure (DGSE). A very presidential office. Photos of Nelson Mandela, John Paul II, and Zahi Hawass. On the walls, war medals and rifles from WWI. A framed papyrus image of the sun. The ornate yellow image has sixteen separate pieces forming the sunrays.

JULIEN

Sorry to keep you waiting, Joey.

Julien, a man of about seventy, thick snow-white hair and a distinctive scar on his temple.

JULIEN

I'm general in charge here. Julien Bonnet.

JOEY

I'm sorry, sir. I think there's a misunderstanding.

JULIEN

Relax, son, you're not in trouble.

Julien takes a seat behind his desk in his high-backed leather chair.

JOEY

Then, why am I here?

Julien rolls up his long shirtsleeve to reveal a tattoo on his wrist: a lion with wings and a sun shape that hovers above the lion head. The same sun shape that is on his wall.

JULIEN

Major Frederic Dubois. Until recently we thought he was killed with his team five years ago. One of his men was found dead, suspiciously, in the Seine River.

JOEY

Thierry?

JULIEN

Yes.

JOEY

Please tell me my friends are safe.

JULIEN

How do you think we knew where you were?

JOEY

Thank God. Then why am I here?

JULIEN

As soon as we're done, a car will take you to them and you're all free to go. Would you happen to know where Frederic might be going? Any intel to help us catch him? We believe he might become a security risk and wants to harm his country.

JOEY

Sir, I watched him kill three Officers and the Louvre curator. But, Pierre Savard is to blame for all this. He's why they were after me. He was after a painting, I --

JULIEN

... I know. I was informed by Marie. Did Frederic say where he was going?

JOEY

I believe he's going to London to see the Isleworth *Mona Lisa*. He thinks he'll find GPS codes in the painting like in the *Mona Lisa*. Coordinates to the location of a lost tomb.

JULIEN

Whose?

JOEY

Alexander the Great.

JULIEN

GPS. I can't believe he, of all people, fell for that.

The general picks up the phone and speaks quietly in French.

JULIEN

With any luck Frederic will be detained and you'll be safe. Let's talk off record, like old friends.

JOEY

Okay. About?

JULIEN

How you survived these past few days. Do you know where the tomb is? And do you believe such a tomb exists?

JOEY

I didn't until I reached Paris.

JULIEN

I believe some things are never meant to be found.

JOEY

I think you're wrong, sir. I'm involved because of my great-grandfather. It's my destiny to learn the secret he protected all those years.

Julien saunters around his desk and offers a handshake.

JULIEN

I wish you well. But, be warned, if you find what you seek, remember: to sit on the throne of the great king, you need to bow down and worship his pagan symbol, the sun god.

Then, after a quick wave of the old man's hand, two COMMANDOS step in and take Joey away.

INT. HOTEL DU LOUVRE - PENTHOUSE - DAY

The two Commandos and Joey enter. Marie runs into his arms. The Commandos leave. Joey squeezes her tight and closes his eyes, whispers in her ear.

JOEY

One thing is true.

MARIE

What's that?

Joey holds her shoulders gently.

JOEY

I'll never forget Paris.

Marie laughs and cries. A cheerful Boyce behind Joey.

BOYCE

JP!

Joey turns to Boyce, who waits with open arms.

BOYCE

Yeah, we survived.

Overjoyed, Joey embraces his young friend.

JOEY

Thank you. I couldn't have got through without you.

Marie searches for the painting.

MARIE

Hang on, where is she?

JOEY

Sorry, babe, I had no choice. I threw it in the fire so they would not get their hands on the secret.

MARIE

What? Leonardo's legacy is gone?

JOEY

That wasn't his legacy. His legacy is the location of the greatest tomb yet to be found. Fate handed me the painting and I'm going to finish what my great-grandfather started. I want you both to come with me. Find if this tomb exists.

MARIE

It's true? Pierre is dead?

JOEY

He is. The bastard got what was coming.

MARIE

What about Frederic? I'm not going anywhere if he's still out there.

JOEY

Taken care of. The DGSE will be waiting for him when he lands in London.

MARIE

Why is he going to England?

JOEY

He thinks the Isleworth *Mona Lisa* holds the final clue to the tomb's location.

MARIE

Clever boy.

JOEY

See, when you talk history, I do listen. We're in the clear, Marie. Let's make history together.

MARIE

Okay. Let's do this.

JOEY

Hey, Boy, you in?

BOYCE

Of course. I was in the day you blew up my boat.

Using the computer terminal in his penthouse, Joey books accommodation in Cyprus and three tickets on a flight leaving the following morning at 9 am.

EXT. MERCEDES - VILLA - NIGHT

Paphos, Cyprus. Joey drives a rented Mercedes-Benz E-class with Navman through the town.

With Marie in the passenger seat and Boyce in the backseat. Marie takes in the views.

Marie stares in awe at the homes. Joey slows down and stops in front of his villa. He parks. Joey, Marie and Boyce get out of the rental and look at the villa in awe. They go inside.

INT. MERCEDES - APHRODITE CULTURAL ROUTE - DAY

Morning. Joey drives through the Akamas region. Boyce looks on in amazement at the landscape. Marie extracts a tourist map from the glove compartment and reads aloud from map.

MARIE

This area is named after Akamantas, Athenian warrior and son of Theseus, who arrived here after the Trojan war. ... The "Baths of Aphrodite" is an area between Polis and Cape Arnaoutis. It's on the

(MORE)

MARIE (CONT'D)  
 Aphrodite Cultural Route, and  
 that's where we are going, people.

EXT. BATHS OF APHRODITE - DAY

Joey pulls into the gravel road at the entrance and parks the Mercedes. Joey, Marie and Boyce get out of the car. Joey opens the trunk and takes out his backpack. He puts the car keys inside the front slip and shoulders it. A Tourist Pavilion provides info. Boyce leads the way up the steps to the baths.

The cave is surrounded by a fig tree. Two TOURIST JOGGERS in orange running gear leave. Frederick wears a blue baseball cap to cover his face, walks up the steps. Joey and Marie lag behind. Boyce laughs at them. They reach the site.

BOYCE  
 Let's wait until this guy leaves  
 and then you can go in.

Joey scans the area and two large "No Swimming" signs, both in Greek and English.

JOEY  
 Is that man still here?

Frederic is right behind them.

FREDERIC  
 I'm still here.

Joey, Marie and Boyce, shocked, turn slowly to Frederic.

FREDERIC  
 You didn't think you could outsmart  
 me, did you?

JOEY  
 How did you find us?

FREDERIC  
 I installed a tracking device in  
 you girlfriend's sneakers.

Marie glances down at her sneakers.

MARIE  
 How could I be so stupid? They took  
 my shoes when I was in the cell. I  
 thought it was to punish me.

JOEY  
 You could have never known.

FREDERIC

You almost had me convinced. I was on my way to England when I worked out your lie. I should kill you right now!

JOEY

What's stopping you?

Frederic grabs Marie and puts a blade against her cheek. Joey, holds up his hands in surrender.

JOEY

Stop.

FREDERIC

If I'm going to kill someone, Joey, you'll be the last. Understand?

Joey nods.

FREDERIC

This is what's going to happen.

He moves the blade to Joey's chest and lets go of Marie.

FREDERIC

I assume this shithole is the site. You're going to enter the baths and find me the entrance of the tomb.

MARIE

Why do you want to find Alexander's tomb? This was Pierre's obsession.

FREDERIC

Because of your boyfriend, I need to disappear. To do this I need money. Pierre told me the tomb would make Tutankhamun's look insignificant. Either you help or I'll kill you all right now and search by myself. Understand?

JOEY

Okay. If we help find the gold, you have to let us go free.

Frederic tucks his knife in the back of his pants.

FREDERIC

OK. Where do we start?

JOEY

The clue I found in the *Mona Lisa* led us to these baths of Aphrodite.

FREDERIC

Why is it in Cyprus? I thought Alexander was buried in Egypt.

JOEY

I have no idea. Maybe that's why no one has found it.

FREDERIC

Remember, try anything, I'll slit her throat. Got it?

Joey nods and takes off his shoes. He retrieves his snorkel mask from his backpack and puts the goggles over his eyes. He climbs over the wooden fence and enters the murky water. Joey glances back at them, reluctantly dives under.

INT. BATHS OF APHRODITE - UNDERWATER - DAY

Joey hunts the cave's perimeter. He can hardly see through the gloom. Along the walls, overgrown tree branches with large root systems run down into the water and create a wall.

EXT. BATHS OF APHRODITE - DAY

Joey resurfaces from the pond.

JOEY

I can't see anything.

FREDERIC

Hang on, use this.

Frederic walks down the hill and plucks a duffle bag from the bushes. He retrieves a mini-scuba tank from it. He takes out military snorkel gear, two underwater flashlights, flares, a rope and a handful of underwater LED flash sticks from it.

Frederic tosses the anti-fog snorkel and an underwater flashlight to Joey. Joey catches the items and replaces the mask. He switches on the flashlight and goes under again.

INT. BATHS OF APHRODITE - UNDERWATER - DAY

Joey scans the wall for about five minutes. He spots a square man-made cut, low to the ground on the northern side obscured by tree roots. He shines the flashlight through a gap in the root system into a narrow tunnel that disappears into the darkness. Running out of air, he comes to the surface.

EXT. BATHS OF APHRODITE - DAY

Joey resurfaces, moves the goggles to the top of his head.

JOEY

I found a tight entrance in the wall with too many roots in the way. I'll need help to cut them.

FREDERIC

Okay, everyone in the baths.

MARIE

I'm not going in there! There could be snakes, and the water is filthy.

Frederic squeezes the back of Marie's neck.

FREDERIC

Get in the baths!

JOEY

Let her go.

BOYCE

Come on, Marie, it'll be all right.

Frederic lets go. Boyce leads Marie away, hands her one of the snorkels. They all take off their shoes. Frederic has high tech snorkel gear and a blue rope loosely coiled around his neck.

He wears a belt with his knife, a flashlight, and a group of clip-on LED light sticks. And a cone-shaped waterproof mesh backpack strapped around his shoulders.

INT. BATHS OF APHRODITE - UNDERWATER - DAY

Frederic, Marie and Boyce enter the water and approach Joey. They work on removing the roots from the man-made hole. Joey braces his feet against the wall and yanks, tears some roots out. He goes up for air, Frederic dives under. He looks over his shoulder, sees six legs treading water as he searches.

Frederic cuts thick roots growing over the hole with his knife. He cracks one of his LED light sticks on, tosses the stick down the hole. The green light drifts down for about twenty seconds, then disappears into the darkness.

EXT. BATHS OF APHRODITE - DAY

Joey, Marie and Boyce tread water on the surface waiting for Frederic to return.

MARIE

We can't trust him. When he gets what he wants, he'll kill us.

JOEY

Listen, right now we have to do what he says.

Frederic surfaces and removes his mask. He clips his flashlight onto his belt, stares at the three wary pairs of eyes. Without a word, he pulls his knife.

FREDERIC

A reminder. Nobody messes with me.

JOEY

Did you see the entrance?

FREDERIC

Yes. Just big enough to swim through. Boyce, you're the smallest, you go first. Take Joey's flashlight and mask, a flare and a couple of my light sticks.

Joey and Frederic hand Boyce the gear. Frederic lifts the blue rope up and over his head.

FREDERIC

Lift up your leg.

BOYCE

What's that for?

FREDERIC

For when you get through. Tie this rope inside and give three strong tugs to indicate you're okay.

Boyce lifts up his leg. Frederic takes the rope from his neck and ties it around Boyce's right leg with a handcuff knot.

BOYCE

You mean if I'm still alive.

Joey clasps Boyce's shoulder.

JOEY

You'll be OK. You can do this, ...  
*Boyce.*

Boyce smiles at Joey for saying his name for the first time, takes three deep breaths and dives through the tight opening and into the tunnel.

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

Boyce holds the flashlight and kicks forward through the tunnel. Boyce keeps swimming, struggling from holding his breath. He reaches the end of the tunnel and exits.

INT. UNDERWATER CAVE - DAY

Boyce, breaks the surface of the water and gasps for air. He floats on his back, props the flashlight on his chest. He sees large Greek-style columns. As he turns around 360 degrees, he sees columns everywhere, circling the pool.

Boyce swims to a small stone ledge with three steps. He pulls himself out of the water, takes out his flare and fires it above his head. It lights up a large dome ceiling. The perfectly aligned columns drop deep into the water below.

BOYCE

Wow.

Boyce cracks a light stick, tosses it on the ground, lights up the area. He cracks open his last stick to guide his walk of the perimeter. He stares at twelve spherical stone tablets circling the ledge. They are strategically placed and perfectly alike, rising eight inches from the ground.

He sees a chiseled drawing on each tablet: a trident, bolt of lightning, dove, owl, lyre, skull, war helmet, caduceus, peacock, lion with sun shape, columns and a bow and arrows.

Boyce removes the rope from his leg and ties it around one of the columns, tugs it three times. Later, Joey emerges by the tunnel exit, followed by Marie then Frederic. Joey helps Marie out. Frederic climbs out with his knife in his mouth.

FREDERIC

Where's my tomb? And my gold?

MARIE

You didn't think it was going to be that simple, did you? The tomb and treasures have been hidden for thousands of years. If you were expecting to find his fortune after a short dive, you were mistaken.

Frederic shoots Marie an angry look.

BOYCE

Marie, check out these tablets. I counted twelve, each one is carved with a different image.

Marie walks over and studies the nearest one.

MARIE

Impressive. They're pictures that depict pagan gods. ... This was long before the time of Christ. The Greeks believed in many gods, like the god of the sea and of the sun.

FREDERIC

I don't give a rat's ass about Greek gods! If you don't find my gold, you all die in this shithole.

Frederic gazes into the dark water.

FREDERIC

The light stick. It's deeper than I expected. The one I threw in earlier? I can't see it.

Frederic takes a light stick from his belt and cracks it open. He throws it in the water and they all watch it drift slowly down, lighting up the columns that run all the way down. The light fades to a small dot until it's gone.

BOYCE

Far out, that's deep. Like there's no end to it.

Frederic takes off his mesh backpack and places it on the ground. He retrieves a small scuba-diving canister.

FREDERIC

Unless you think of something else, someone is going down there.

JOEY

That's suicide. The canister only holds ten or so minutes of air. We're not equipped to go down today. I suggest we come back tomorrow with larger tanks. You don't need Marie or Boyce. I promise, I'll come back with you and we can search for the tomb.

FREDERIC

No!

Frederick kicks sand. He drops the mini-tank in front of Joey's feet and points his razor-sharp blade at Marie.

FREDERIC

Grab the tank and find my gold,  
before I slice up this pretty face.

Joey and Marie look at one another for a moment. Joey kicks the canister into the water. Frederic lunges and jabs Joey in the nose. Marie screams as Joey drops to the ground lifelessly near the edge of the water. Joey awakens with blood pouring from his nose. He goes to his feet. Frederic kicks Joey in the stomach, and Joey falls to his knees. Boyce steps in front of Joey.

BOYCE

Stop!

Frederic grabs Boyce and throws him against a column. Boyce uses his hands to minimize impact. He falls awkwardly on the trident stone tablet and it moves down a little.

BOYCE

Ahhh! Fuck, it hurts, my back!

Marie runs over and drops to her knees to comfort Boyce.

FREDERIC

If there's no gold, there's no  
point in keeping you all alive.

Frederic grabs Marie's hair and pulls her to the edge of the platform. Marie squirms and cries out. He slaps her cheek.

JOEY

Stop it! Let her go.

Joey charges and Frederic punches him to the ground again.

MARIE

The tablet moved!

FREDERIC

You're lying!

MARIE

They're not decoration. They're  
some kind of test.

Frederic forces Marie's head back more.

MARIE

If we push the right one, the  
entrance might be revealed.

FREDERIC

Or a death trap.

(lets go of Marie)

Okay, you seem to know more than all of us, I hold you responsible. You have ten minutes to find an entrance, or one of you dies.

Marie goes around and studies each of the twelve tablets.

MARIE

Greek gods and their symbols. The trident is Poseidon, brother of Zeus and god of the sea.

She walks over to the bolt of lightning tablet.

MARIE

Zeus, King of all gods.

She walks over to the dove tablet.

MARIE

Dove is Aphrodite, Goddess of love and beauty.

Marie looks at the other tablets and mumbles their meaning to herself but pauses at the tenth tablet, a lion with wings.

MARIE

What are you doing here?

Joey struggles to his feet and ambles over to Marie. He looks at the tablet, puzzled.

JOEY

This can't be. I've seen it tattooed on the wrist of the DGSE commander. I have a bad feeling.

FREDERIC

Doesn't the sun shape represent Alexander the Great?

MARIE

It does.

JOEY

What connection with the lion?

MARIE

Archeologists found coins in Egypt that show Alexander's face. They depict the king with the lion's  
(MORE)

MARIE (CONT'D)

scalp on the head. The Macedonian lion in that time was a sign of power. It's been documented on mosaics with warriors hunting the lion.

JOEY

This must be it. The sun and the lion are both symbols for Alexander the Great.

Marie examines the last two tablets, comes back to the tenth.

MARIE

It has to be. It's the only one that has nothing to do with the twelve Greek gods.

FREDERIC

Step on it and find out.

Joey takes a deep breath and puts all his weight on the lion tablet, but it doesn't move. Marie grabs Joey's hand and they both stand on the stone, still there is no movement.

MARIE

Let's jump on it.

On their third jump, a loud grinding sound, then the tablet subsides until it's flush with the ground. Behind them, one of the columns pushes inwards, and dust clouds the air.

BOYCE

I can't believe you found it!

Joey picks up the flare Boyce had left on the ground and ignites it. At the indented column there is a narrow cavity to his left. He sidesteps through the cobwebs to a tight and wet tunnel with droplets echoing inside it. Joey, Marie and Frederic disappear in the tunnel. In pain, Boyce goes into the water, submerges.

INT. SMALL ROOM - DAY

Joey enters the room, ten feet wide by thirteen feet long. A large gold throne sits up on a high pedestal. Joey steps up to the throne. Marie and Frederic enter the room.

FREDERIC

What the hell joke is this? Where's the gold?

JOEY

You're looking at it.

Joey holds the flare to the walls rendered smooth and curved at the corners and looks at hundreds of small coin-sized holes in the wall. He walks behind the throne and freezes at two skeletons clinging to the back of the throne.

JOEY

I think this throne belonged to Alexander the Great.

FREDERIC

It doesn't matter who it belonged to. There's no way to get it out of here. What a disappointment.

Joey walks to the front of the throne. He points to a lion and sun carving. Marie scans the arm rests carved with hundreds of pigeons and a Greek inscription on the seat.

MARIE

There's an inscription on the seat. But, its in Greek.

JOEY

Can you read it?

Marie shakes her head 'no'. Frederic moves to the throne and pushes Joey out of the way.

FREDERIC

Move, let me try.

JOEY

I didn't know you could read Greek.

FREDERIC

My father was Greek.

(reads the inscription)

'In honor of our great general, and the exchange that secured his final resting place.' What does it mean?

Frederic steps onto the pedestal and sits on the throne.

MARIE

The tomb of Alexander the Great, filled with gold that we've been looking for, doesn't exist. This is a clue to how to find his bones.

FREDERIC

Who cares about his bones?!

Joey and Marie exchange a glance.

MARIE

It's not like you found nothing.  
This throne is solid gold.

Frederic sits back deep in the throne and shakes his head.

FREDERIC

It's better Pierre didn't live to  
see this. All his years of  
searching would have come to  
nothing.

Joey looks back at a large boulder next to the entrance. He  
points behind the throne.

JOEY

Don't touch anything, just in case.  
Did you notice these skeletons? Ask  
yourself how they died?

FREDERIC

You should be worried about how  
you're going to die.

Joey remembers Julien's last words to him.

JULIEN (V.O.)

I wish you well on your journey,  
Joey, but be warned, if you do find  
what you seek, then remember this:  
to sit on the throne of the great  
King, you need to bow down and  
worship his pagan symbol, the sun  
god.

MARIE

Don't be stupid, Frederic. We can  
come to an arrangement. We have  
money. What good will killing us  
do?

FREDERIC

It will give me great pleasure.

Frederic slowly lifts himself off the throne.

JOEY

Stop! Don't move.

Frederic stands and takes out his knife.

JOEY

No! Marie, get down!

Joey and Marie duck down as hundreds of stone arrowheads suddenly whip, whip, whip out of the holes in the walls and hit Frederic's unprotected body.

Then a second round out of the small holes hit his upper torso. Explosions of blood flare out of the major's forearms and neck, and a dozen arrows stick out from his chest. Joey and Marie quickly get up and run for the entrance door.

JOEY

Go, go, go!

INT. UNDERWATER CAVE - DAY

Joey and Marie reach the outer cave.

MARIE

Where's Boyce?

JOEY

He must have escaped. That's what we're going to do. You first.

Marie dives into the water and claws her way along the rope. Joey takes a deep breath and is about to dive in when a bloody and arrow-riddled Frederic tackles him. They grapple and fall onto the trident tablet, pushing it all the way to the ground.

Water from the pool rises quickly over the ledge. Joey and Frederic are waist deep in the risen water and separated from the water force. Joey and Frederic float and kick to stay afloat as water keeps filling the cave.

FREDERIC

If I'm going to die in this shithole, you're going to die too.

Frederic grabs onto Joey's neck and forces his head under water. Joey kicks Frederic off and comes up for air. Joey and Frederic rise with the water up to the dome ceiling. Frederic grabs Joey's head and forces him under the water again.

Frederic lets go of Joey as the water is a half inch from the ceiling. Joey takes a last breath of air before water completely fills the room. Joey kicks his feet off of the ceiling and swims downward toward the faint light source that shows the location of the exit tunnel.

INT. UNDERWATER CAVE - BELOW WATER - DAY

Joey swims toward the light of the tunnel. He glances backwards and recoils in horror at Frederic's bloodied face

feet away, one hand scrabbling to catch hold of Joey's feet. Joey swims frantically forward downward from the opening.

Frederic's eyes widen. He opens his mouth and water enters his lungs. He suffocates, his heart stops beating. Joey looks up as Frederic floats away then looks down. Four light sticks on the floor of the pool. Joey swims to the bottom and spots the glistening mini scuba tank.

Joey, hurting, jams the regulator into his mouth and exhales. He turns on the valve and inhales. Joey grabs a light stick and spots a sparkling old steel engraved war tag on the ground. He picks up the tag and puts the chain around his neck. Joey swims upward.

EXT. BATHS OF APHRODITE - DAY

Marie waits at the edge of the water. She watches the baths turn a green glow. Joey swims to Marie. Marie grabs his hand and helps him out of the water. He falls into her arms and she kisses him passionately.

MARIE

Thank God you're safe. I thought we were all going to die.

JOEY

So did I. Let's get out of here. Where's Boyce?

MARIE

I don't know. When I got here his shoes were gone. Is Frederic dead?

JOEY

Yes.

Joey unzips his backpack, finds a dry T-shirt, gives it to Marie. Joey picks up and puts on the shirt he had thrown onto the ground before he entered the water. Joey puts his shoes on and picks up his bag. Marie puts on her sneakers and they descend down the pathway of steps to the car park.

A deafening gurgling sound comes from inside the cave, and they turn back. Sprays of water shoot out of the cracks in the rock wall. Large bubbles erupt on the surface, like something is being sucked down or drained out. There is a loud bang and it stops. They continue down the pathway.

JOEY

Closed up again. Do you believe my great-grandfather knew about this?

MARIE

Yes. He must have been entrusted with keeping the secret safe, just like Leonardo da Vinci was.

JOEY

What secret? We found nothing but a gold throne that maybe belonged to Alexander the Great. Wow. Big find.

MARIE

Sarcasm? The exchange that secures his final resting place? The lion image with wings?

JOEY

And? What about them?

MARIE

The tomb of Alexander the Great, which is supposed to be amazing, filled with gold and emeralds and all his prized possessions like Tutankhamun's, does not exist.

JOEY

We found that out the hard way.

MARIE

Joey, the symbol of the lion with wings does not represent Alexander the Great. It represents St. Mark, apostle of Jesus. That's why we're in Cyprus. St. Mark came to preach the word of God here. I never understood why da Vinci pointed us to Cyprus. Now it all makes sense.

JOEY

Not to me. Spell it out to me.

MARIE

It's like the inscription on the throne said: it's the exchange that secured his final resting place.

JOEY

What exchange? ... Are you telling me the body of the greatest general that has ever lived was swapped with the body of St. Mark, one of the apostles of Christ?

MARIE

Exactly! This place is like a shrine that tells the true story of something that happened over two thousand years ago.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Joey and Marie walk down the road toward their villa. They look up at the throbbing sound of two helicopters which swoop in and hover overhead. Two SUVs pull up. Joey raises his hands, Marie ducks behind him. Julien exits the first SUV.

JOEY

What's going on?

BOYCE (V.O.)

It's okay, Joey.

Boyce comes out of the second SUV.

MARIE

Thank God.

BOYCE

I went for help.

JOEY

Straight to the top, I see. How did you find the DGSE general?

BOYCE

I didn't. I saw a helicopter. I flagged it down and explained you were in trouble.

JULIEN

Where is Frederic?

JOEY

Frederic is dead, Sir.

JULIEN

Don't bullshit me, son.

JOEY

No, Sir, I wouldn't do that to you.

JULIEN

What happened?

JOEY

He forgot to bow down and worship  
at the feet of the sun god once he  
sat on the throne.

JULIEN

Let's go back to your villa, kids,  
we have a lot to talk about.

INT. VILLA - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Joey, Marie and Boyce washed and in clean clothes sit in  
front of Julien who sits on a deep couch.

JOEY

Let me get this clear. All these  
secrets and conspiracy were about  
hiding the fact that Alexander the  
Great's body was swapped with the  
apostle St. Mark's?

Julien nods his head.

JOEY

Who are you? Don't bullshit us now.  
Why do you have the exact same  
symbol that was on the throne  
tattooed on your wrist?

JULIEN

I am the last living representative  
of the old Priory of Sion. The  
secret has been passed down over  
the years to many people, one of  
whom was your great-grandfather.

JOEY

If it was a secret, why did you let  
me go in search of it, knowing I  
knew where to look?

JULIEN

I am not getting any younger, Joey.  
And given that your family has  
played such a vital part in all  
this, I felt you deserved to know  
the truth.

JOEY

I'm honored. What should I do with  
this knowledge?

JULIEN

Now that you all know the truth,  
the big question is, can I trust  
you to keep this secret?

JOEY

Yes, we can keep this secret.

MARIE

Yes.

BOYCE

Yes.

JULIEN

Good. That is the correct answer.

JOEY

By the way, Sir, do you know who  
Benjamin P. Fontaine is?

JULIEN

Why do you ask?

Joey shows the war tag wrapped around his neck.

JOEY

I found this war tag inside the  
underwater cave. Is he still alive?

Julien absentmindedly touches the scar on his face.

JULIEN

Yes, he's alive. We were in the  
army together and he saved my life  
more times than I can remember.

JOEY

Where is Benjamin now?

JULIEN

Egypt. Museum of Egyptian  
Antiquities.

JOEY

I might pay him a visit one day and  
return him his dog tags.

JULIEN

I have a picture of him in my car.  
I can give it to you.

Julien stands, walks toward the door, and they all follow him  
outside.

EXT. VILLA - DAY

Julien walks to his SUV. Marie, Joey and Boyce follow. As they pass the lemon tree in the front garden, Julien pauses and turns to face Boyce.

JULIEN

By the way, I have been meaning to talk to you, Boyce.

BOYCE

Yes, Sir.

JULIEN

You didn't have the best upbringing, did you, son? Your mother was a drug addict who died from an overdose, and your father is a criminal doing time.

Boyce quickly wipes away a tear.

JULIEN

I had my men run a background check. You're a fighter, son. I'm always looking for fighters like yourself to join my special unit team. You can start a new life for yourself.

Boyce turns to see Joey and Marie smiling at him. He nods.

JULIEN

In that case, say your good-byes.

Boyce gets up and gives Joey a big hug.

BOYCE

JP, at first, meeting you was like hell. Everything went wrong. But meeting you was also the best thing that ever happened to me. Thank you for everything.

Joey and Marie hug Boyce. Boyce gets into the back of Julien's SUV. Julien hands a photo from the SUV to Joey.

JULIEN

My friend, it has been a pleasure. Best of luck to you.

Julien gets into the back of the SUV and they set off, the two choppers follow. Joey looks at the photograph and laughs.

MARIE  
What's so funny?

JOEY  
I can't believe it. He's the  
spitting image of my father.

MARIE  
I thought your father died.

JOEY  
He did. I did wonder why Julien  
would give me a picture of the man.  
It seemed a little off. Now I know  
why, the resemblance is uncanny. I  
might have to do some digging when  
I get home to get to the bottom of  
this.

INT. VENICE ITALY - ST MARKS BASILICA - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "3 months later"

The church doors are shut. Boyce is on the second floor. He overlooks the POPE of Rome, ARCHBISHOPS, CARDINALS and PRIESTS waiting for the SCIENTISTS to run the DNA analysis on the remains of St Mark via a laptop which reveals findings. The Pope does not react and walks with his head down to the exit. Julien shuts the laptop.

ARCHBISHOP  
Is it true, padre? ... You  
orchestrated this event, Julien?

The Pope doesn't say a word and leaves with his SWISS GUARDS. Julien is bombarded by Priests, asking questions about: "They want to know the truth."

JULIEN  
Quiet please. You are men of God.  
It doesn't matter whose bones were  
left in that box. Go and fulfil  
your duties. All that matters, is  
that whoever was buried here was a  
great man.

Boyce smiles at Julien's comment. He returns his gaze to the shrine below the altar. In the marble floor is a sun symbol. The truth had been in plain sight all along.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END