

MONA LISA'S SECRET

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Based on the novel by
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FADE IN:

INT. MUSEE DU LOUVRE - SALLE DES ETATS - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "July 26th, 1981"

BERNARD Martino, 40, overweight, holds a mineral water bottle in his left-gloved hand. A line of TOURISTS queue to see the *Mona Lisa* painting. Bernard sweats, stops to take a breath. A rude hand gesture is made towards the security camera.

BERNARD

You destroyed my life. 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 a cream cover plate on the wall, flips it open, inserts a gold key and turns it clockwise, causing the large bulletproof glass panel to rise and expose the *Mona Lisa* painting. Tourists react with surprise and excitement.

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 earpiece as he listens.

LEAD GUARD
I'll shoot if you continue!

Bernard prepares to vandalize the painting.

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...

Lead Guard fires one bullet into Bernard's abdomen. Bernard drops and the water bottle spills 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 (CONT'D)
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 BEACH CLUB PENTHOUSE - BALCONY - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "Santa Monica, CA. 35 years later"

JOEY Peruggia, 27, rich, American surfer type, blue eyes, sun-bleached hair, a tattoo of the Vitruvian man present on his wrist, enjoys the California ocean breeze with a quick set of fifty pushups without breaking a sweat.

He enters the bedroom.

INT. JOEY'S BEACH CLUB PENTHOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

MARIE Martino, 36, attractive, intelligent, European with olive skin, honey brown hair and hazel eyes. Lies in bed reading a thick book titled, *Art in Renaissance Italy*.

Joey approaches his girl. He stops to the sound of SCRAPING metal coming from behind the bookcase feet away.

JOEY
What the hell is that?

MARIE
What's wrong, babe?

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

INT. JOEY'S BEACH CLUB PENTHOUSE - LOUNGE AREA - DAY

Marie and Joey walk up to the dark-mahogany floor-to-ceiling bookcase with built on slide ladder. 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
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 searches the bookcase, pushes and pulls, nothing.

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 navigates the shelves, his attention is drawn to a conspicuous Bible nestled amongst a collection of books on boats and yachts on the top shelf. The dark brown cover stands out in contrast to its surroundings.

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 climbs the ladder to reach the top shelf and finds a difficult-to-move Bible, upon moving books next to it he discovers a hinge-like metal device on it.

JOEY (CONT'D)

You're right, the Bible's a lever.

Joey pulls the Bible toward him until it clicks into place. A MUFFLED sound from a mechanism comes from behind the wall. A section of the bookcase opens slightly to reveal a hidden entryway with dust flying out.

MARIE

Shit, you found it.

JOEY

I wonder what's stashed inside?

MARIE

One way to find out.

Joey opens the door to the entrance, light filters through the dust.

INT. JOEY'S BEACH CLUB PENTHOUSE - SECRET ROOM - DAY

Joey and Marie enter the room, an automatic sensor light turns on. They find themselves in a cold steel-lined room with an array of old books. The bookcase is made of dark-mahogany with paneling that covers the walls.

JOEY

Looks like he built a panic room.

MARIE

It feels like a vault in here.

A desk with a high-backed leather chair sits to one side covered with architectural plans of the 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 scans the room, then looks down to the floor.

MARIE

There's an open safe.

Marie grabs two letters and places them on the desk.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Interesting... one is from 1917 and the other 1964. Not in English.

Marie discovers a button under the desk and pushes it, revealing a hidden panel. A painting in a glass chamber slides out from the wall and a light shines on the painting.

JOEY

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

MARIE

The colors are amazing.

Marie studies the artwork, runs her hands over the glass.

JOEY

What do you think, you're the art expert.

MARIE

The brushstrokes are perfect, in the old sfumato technique. The flesh tones are rich and vibrant. This is Flawless...

JOEY

What are you saying?

MARIE

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

JOEY

What the hell was dad involved in?

MARIE

God knows, but 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'm careful, babe, relax.

Marie 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 this painting?

JOEY

Vincenzo Peruggia was my great-grandfather.

MARIE

You've got to be kidding! The man who stole the *Mona Lisa* back in the day was your great-grandfather?

JOEY

Yep.

MARIE

But, 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 a fake that escaped detection. Is that even possible? Maybe the letters will explain.

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

MARIE (CONT'D)

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

JOEY

She was my grandmother, Vincenzo's daughter.

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*.

MARIE

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

Joey 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 (CONT'D)

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 close friend of the family. He 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've never met.

JOEY

I certainly do owe him.

INT. JOEY'S BEACH CLUB 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. I hate the stigma my family name has brought me.

Marie places the call and puts the phone on speaker.

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

PIERRE Savard, 75, powerful, respected, middle-eastern man with gray beard, sits at one end of a long wooden table.

Three armed French GUARDS wear blue cargo pants, short-sleeved shirts and black combat boots.

FREDERIC, 62, 6', tattoo on his neck depicting his high military ranking and twins LAMOND and THIERRY, both 38, 6'3", shaved heads, square-jawed, and unshaven, stand guard.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

PIERRE

Hello Marie.

JOEY

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

A moment of silence ensued on the other end of the line.

PIERRE

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

JOEY

Peruggia.

PIERRE

Never expected to hear that name again.

JOEY

Did you know my great-grandfather, Vincenzo?

PIERRE

I didn't, but my father sure did. He hated your great-grandfather.

JOEY

So do you know why I'm calling and what I have in my possession?

PIERRE

Yes, my boy I do. I've heard the story from my father so many times. Peruggia took away the *Lisa*. Then it was returned. Then, to my father's disgust, he found out the returned painting was a forgery and now here we are. I've been waiting for this call to come.

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 all these years have gone by and 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 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

If you knew my father had the real *Mona Lisa* all these years why didn't you come get it.

PIERRE

Your dad was a dangerous man, he'd kill me if he had the choice.

JOEY

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

Yes, 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've 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 based in America.

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

Yes, sir.

PIERRE

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

JOEY

No problem. That won't be too hard.

PIERRE

Excellent, 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 carry case holding the painting 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 so 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 (CONT'D)

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.

Joey removes the painting from its wooden case and walks to the bathroom.

INT. HOTEL DU LOUVRE - PENTHOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Joey opens a pantry filled with linens and conceals the painting under folded towels.

EXT. NAPOLEON'S COURTYARD - DAY

With coffee in hand, Joey follows Marie into Napoleon's courtyard where the Louvre is located.

MARIE

Hey, since we're here, let's go inside.

JOEY

But we're supposed to meet Pierre tonight at seven.

MARIE

We have heaps of time before then. Don't you want to see the fake *Mona Lisa*? Come on, lets go.

Marie pulls Joey's arm.

JOEY

There's a massive line.

MARIE

Yes, but, I'm no tourist.

EXT. MUSEE DU LOUVRE - ENTRANCE - DAY

Marie strode purposefully to the front of queue, scanned her white VIP card and they enter the enormous revolving doors.

INT. MUSEE DU LOUVRE - DAY

Joey gazes at the view inside the glass structure.

JOEY

Did i ever tell you you're amazing.

Marie flashes him a smile.

MARIE

The *Mona Lisa* is this way.

INT. MUSEE DU LOUVRE - SALLE DES ETATS - DAY

Joey and Marie join the Tourists waiting to see the famous *Mona Lisa*. They smile, then are pushed along after fifteen seconds and continue to view the painting from a distance.

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. 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, 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 when it was used
on entry. 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.

MARIE

Hello.

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

Lamond and Thierry walk in behind Joey and Marie, acknowledge
Frederic with a nod. Lamond and Thierry guard the doors.

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, Pierre turns to Joey.

PIERRE (CONT'D)

You must be Joey.

Joey strolls over and strongly shakes Pierre'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. It's 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 do. 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 (CONT'D)

Please sit.

MARIE

Is that a duplicate of The Virgin and Child with St. Anne? It's absolutely magnificent.

PIERRE

Yes, my dear, painted by an unknown artist who was never truly recognized for his incredible work. He was obsessed with Leonardo da Vinci. His name was Raphael Chaudron. Have you heard of him?

Joey stiffened and Marie's eyes darted over to meet him.

PIERRE (CONT'D)

So where's my painting?

JOEY

It's in a safe place back at the hotel. 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 being 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 in, hands now hovering over 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've 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
Oh, I think you will. Maybe you just need a little incentive. Have you met the twins, Lamond and Thierry?

Lamond saunters in Marie's direction, grabs her hair and forces her to the ground. SCREAMS. Lamond pushes his gun 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 faces Joey.

FREDERIC
A warning to you. Thierry can sprint a mile without stopping. 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 gun 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
No, I'm serious. I really need to go.

Thierry locks the door behind him.

THIERRY
Get the painting.

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

THIERRY
Make it quick.

Joey hobbles over to the bathroom.

Thierry scans the room, finds a wooden carry case box under the bed, brings it out and opens it to find it's empty.

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

THIERRY (CONT'D)
Stop!

EXT. HOTEL DU LOUVRE - PENTHOUSE - BALCONY - NIGHT

Joey climbs down from balcony onto lower levels, while holding the *Mona Lisa* and Thierry shouts from above.

THIERRY
What are you doing you idiot?

Thierry takes out his firearm and aims it at Joey.

JOEY
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. He jumps down to next level. CROWD below watches and shouts.

THIERRY
No, don't, the landing is too
small.

Joey jumps and falls to his side protecting the painting. He gets up, climbs onto a pipe and looks up to see Thierry closing in.

EXT. HOTEL DU LOUVRE - VERTICLE PIPE - NIGHT

A flock of pigeons fly by and Joey loses his grip on the pipe. He falls. The Crowd yells. Joey grabs onto a small groove in the building, catching his fall. His legs hit the window ledge below.

With his left hand on the painting, Joey maneuvers down to safety and checks the painting for any damage.

THIERRY

Stop! Stay there.

Joey looks down at the long Greek-style columns that run the rest of the way to the ground. Joey scans the Crowd below then across at an awning of Cafe de la Comedie.

JOEY

God help me.

Joey jumps toward the awning clutching the painting to his chest. He bounces off the awning onto the pavement, feet first and rolls onto his back, elbows bleeding.

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!

EXT. AVENUE DE L'OPERA - NIGHT

Joey carries the *Mona Lisa* in one arm. A few drops of rain fall. Joey spots a '68' bus, knocks on the door. BUS DRIVER ignores him.

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 (CONT'D)
Connard...

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

Joey enters the bus and witnesses a teenage GANG bullying two girls, touching them inappropriately. He sits away as the bus drives away.

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

GANG LEADER (V.O.)
Enlever le pantalon.

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 to a parked Police car.

Joey turns slightly to see 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. Gang Leader closes the space on Joey.

JOEY (CONT'D)
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
Trust me kid, today you messed with
the wrong fucking guy.

Joey punches the Gang Leader in the face, physically fights off the group and helps the girls escape from the bus. However, a few members of the gang grab hold of Joey's legs.

GANG LEADER
Attrape le.

Joey is tackled to the ground and beaten up by the Gang Members. Joey blocks his face.

A TEEN with stains on his shirt and fingers finds and grabs hold of the *Mona Lisa*.

GANG LEADER (CONT'D)
Donnez-moi la peinture!

Teen throws painting to the Gang Leader, who pulls out pocket knife and holds it close to the painting, while Joey raises his hands.

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 (CONT'D)

Shit!

Joey runs off the bus after the Gang Leader.

EXT. AVENUE DE L'OPERA - NIGHT

The Gang Leader glances over his shoulder, trips over a pot hole and falls down, the *Mona Lisa* flies out of his arm and falls onto the middle of the street facing upward.

A semi-trailer heads toward it.

Joey holds his breath as the Semi-trailer drives over the *Mona Lisa* leaving it unharmed. Joey scoops up the painting, inspects it to find minor damage and hails down a taxi.

The Police Officer pins down and arrests the Gang Leader against a parked car.

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 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.

The telephone rings and Pierre picks it up.

RECEPTION (V.O.)

I'm sorry sir, but there is a Joey on line one, who demands to speak to you.

PIERRE

Yes, put him threw.

Pierre presses '1' and then turns on the speaker.

PIERRE (CONT'D)

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 finds and picks up a pile of pamphlets found on the coffee table, flips through them and finds a Paris map.

JOEY (CONT'D)

One minute...

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 (CONT'D)

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, Thierry, Lamond and Frederic continue to listen.

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

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

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

Marie twists the broken piece of wood off the frame and uses it to try break out, but gets interrupted by Pierre who 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 did 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 the 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

Believe me, you didn't want to cross them, if you valued your life.

MARIE

So you waited for your opportunity?

PIERRE

Yes... Well, after both men miraculously died, I knew it would only be a matter of time before Joey would find the painting.

MARIE

And when you get her back you'll
kill me and Joey.

PIERRE

Yes... Well, this secret needs to
be kept a secret.

MARIE

You would kill for it?

PIERRE

There's more to this painting than
you'll ever know.

MARIE

What do you mean?

Pierre Chuckles.

PIERRE

Not today, my dear. Not today.
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 - NIGHT

Joey walks along the river and bumps into a confident, well
spoken, 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.

JOEY

I have a proposal for you.

INT. HOTEL DE LA JATTE - LOBBY - NIGHT

Joey spots nine easels in the hotel lobby.

EXT. SEINE RIVER - DOCK - MORNING

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 a toy box.

JOEY

Good morning, Boy. Relax, your boat is in good hands.

BOYCE

One thing I must tell you, if you run away with my boat, Marcel will come looking for you.

Joey cracks a smile and hands the walkie-talkie to Boyce.

JOEY

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

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

JOEY (CONT'D)

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

Joey gets behind the wheel, puts a key into the ignition, winks at Boyce and steers 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

Thierry drops Marie and Pierre off and drives away.

I/E. VAN - PONT DE LEVALLOIS - DAY

Thierry stops at a bridge, sets up safety cones, opens the hood of the van, pulls out a sniper rifle and aims it out the open back 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 sees Frederic hiding behind a tree and Lamond in the bushes on the right side of the 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 walks behind Marie, puts his finger on his earpiece.

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, gets off, sets down the bike, takes out a walkie-talkie from his pocket.

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 (CONT'D)

Hey, you forgot your bike.

Marie presses the button on the walkie-talkie.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Hello? Joey?

JOEY (V.O.)

Hello, beautiful, nice day for a
bridge walk, ain't it?

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 her hand, 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 directs Marie away from the bridge.

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

Even louder static. Pierre quickly turns with Marie in his arms, to the river. 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 starts to scan the boats. Pierre presses the walkie-talkie button.

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

Frederic sees Joey's head bobbing in the coach-house boat.

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.)
Target is 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 holding a large white box that is attached to a rope.

FREDERIC (V.O.)
I see him.

THIERRY (V.O.)
Give me the go and he's a goner.

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

THIERRY (V.O.)
He's placed a white box in the
water.

A polystyrene box floats behind the boat and moves further and further away in the current. 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.

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 five times. I'll be able to hear the tones, I tried it yesterday.

MARIE

What about 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.

(MORE)

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

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 clever.

Glancing up at the bridge, Joey sees Marie jog to the bicycle, clips the walkie-talkie to her pants and pedals fast along the riverbank.

Pierre kicks a rock across the ground.

PIERRE (CONT'D)

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 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.)

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 and attempts to paddle to the box.

The walkie-talkie on Joey's coach-house floor emits static. The rope tied to the box tightens. The wake wave 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. CLANK. The wind blows alarmingly fast, and a loud THUNDERCLAP erupts, makes them all jump.

Pierre stands on the bridge overlooking the boat.

Joey feels first spatter of water from 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!

Frederic turns to look up river at the next bridge.

FREDERIC (V.O.)

Take the shot!

Lightning cracks. Thierry, prepares for a shot in extremely windy conditions. He concentrates as he breathes out and pulls the trigger three times.

Joey drops to the ground, the rope in hand becomes light as a feather. The box is adrift. Joey peers over the port side to see the white box drift toward Frederic.

Frederic carefully lifts the box from the water on to the kayak, 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 lets loose on Joey's boat. The top half of the canopy is blasted. Wood fragments chip everywhere, glass panels smash. Thierry grins.

Joey crawls to the steering wheel, drops the accelerator handle, sets the boat in motion toward the oncoming gunfire.

Pierre waits in the cold rain for Frederic to disembark the kayak. Pierre takes the box and runs for shelter.

FREDERIC

Thierry, don't you fucking let him
escape this time!

INT. BOAT - DAY

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

JOEY

Holy shit!

The boat goes under Thierry's bridge, and Joey cautiously lifts his head to steer the boat. A dozen bullets pass right by Joey's head from the starboard direction.

FREDERIC (V.O.)

Shit!

INT. BOAT - FORK IN THE RIVER - DAY

Glancing ahead through the heavy rain, Joey sees the river break off into two channels. He veers to the right. Rain falls through the boats bullet holes as thunder ROARS.

The boat passes under the next bridge, much lower than the previous. Thierry leaps off, lands on bow with a loud THUMP.

Thierry charges through the window legs first and tackles Joey to the ground.

Joey gets up and swings back at Thierry missing each punch.

Thierry smiles and punches Joey twice in the nose and knocks Joey back, he almost falls. The boat scrapes against the stone walls bordering the river.

Thierry loses his balance.

Joey punches Thierry and he falls down in a daze.

Joey turns around to the noise of PROPELLERS from a tourist riverboat coming toward them. 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'll be 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 searches for a weapon. He feels something hard and boxlike in one of Thierry's pocket, and pulls out a radio transceiver. He swings it at Thierry's face.

Thierry's grip loosens.

Joey pulls him to the ground, brings a fist to his nose and quickly wraps a mooring rope around Thierry's leg.

Thierry reacts and slams Joey to the edge of the boat, both men hold on to each other.

JOEY

You wanna dance? ... Mother --

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.

Thierry is suddenly yanked up legs first toward the enormous spinning blades of the riverboat, his hands still holding onto Joey's jeans.

Joey shucks them off and kicks hard toward the surface.

Thierry lets go of Joey, his hands move to the rope on his feet. Thierry's legs snap out of place as they make contact with the riverboat's blades ending his life.

Joey gasps for air, swims to the wall, hoists himself out of the river, catches his breath, then jogs away into the rain.

INT. TAXI BOAT - SEINE RIVER - DAY

Lamond pulls up to the wharf where Pierre and Frederic stood waiting. A DEAD MAN lies face down, his eye oozing blood.

Pierre holds the *Mona Lisa* copy and proceeds inside the vessel sitting opposite Marie huddled in a corner.

LAMOND

I intercepted Marie, 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, there's no way the American would have got the better of Thierry.

A tear trickles down Marie's cheek, she looks at the *Mona Lisa* painting as the rain falls over it.

MARIE

Peter? The painting... The rain...

PIERRE

What are you talking about.

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

MARIE

Where is the real *Mona Lisa*?

PIERRE

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

Marie tries to hold back a smile but fails.

Lamond steers the boat up to the debris from the fishing 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. Marie bites her lip.

Frederic pulls on the rope, struggles.

Lamond flashes the boat light on Frederic as he lifts Thierry's mangled body to the surface. Thierry still has his boots on.

FREDERIC (CONT'D)

A body.

LAMOND

Is it 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.

Marie glances over at the Police in the distance.

PIERRE

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

Pierre grabs Marie's hair, forces her off the side of the boat, holding her head under the water.

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.

FREDERIC

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

Pierre lets go and Marie brings her head to the surface gasping for air.

FREDERIC (CONT'D)
Get yourself onto the boat.

Marie hauls herself into the boat. She curls into a ball, shivers uncontrollably, her teeth chatter.

Pierre meets her gaze. Her eyes filled with utter hatred.

INT. HOTEL DE LA JATTE - LOBBY - DAY

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 can see, I've had a rough
day, and seem to have lost my
pants.

Female Employees giggle and hand over a second key.

Waiting for elevator to arrive Joey witnesses angry women, MARGET Francois, 78, complain to a STAFF member that her oil painting was stolen. Joey, guilty glances uncomfortably away.

INT. HOTEL DE LA JATTE - ROOM 20 - DAY

Joey enters his room. Boyce follows him inside.

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

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.

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 end up with that boat? 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

Okay. So what's the plan, boss?

JOEY

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

Joey retrieves a credit card from his safe, hidden in the closet, and hands it to Boyce.

JOEY (CONT'D)

My pin is twenty-six-zero-four. Don't think about running away with it. If you do, I'll cancel the card immediately and you'll get no boat, no money. Do you understand.

BOYCE

I do.

JOEY

While you're there, boy, buy yourself some new clothes, too. We are partners now. I need you to look the part.

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

INT. HOTEL DE LA JATTE - HALLWAY - DAY

Joey walks up to a BUSINESS MAN in a suit and offers him fifty-dollars to borrow his phone for a few minutes.

The Business Man hands Joey the phone and retrieves the bill.

Joey researches the 'Louvre' on search engine and dials the Louvre. He is transferred to Pierre.

PIERRE (SUBTITLE)

(French)

Hello.

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 because of you.

With a burst of rage Joey kicks a bin in front of him.

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

PIERRE (V.O.)
I want my painting back.

Joey didn't reply and hung up the phone.

INT. HOTEL DE LA JATTE - COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

Joey and Boyce in matching clothes, sit at a computer
terminal. Joey types in 'Bernard Martino' in the search
engine.

Joey clicks on first link, the article shows a picture from
the early 1980's of Bernard Martino and YOUNGER EDNA MARTINO
holding BABY MARIE, 2, in front of an old church renovated
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 I
have to find a way to rescue Marie.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

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

A Mercedes exits the gate and Joey and Boyce slide under the roller door before it shuts. The vast parking lot is full of expensive vehicles. Joey walks up to an OLDER CAR.

JOEY

We're going to steal this car.

BOYCE

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

Joey rolls up the towel around his right arm and elbows the driver's side window. The glass SHATTERS. Joey wipes away glass and sits on the driver's seat. He jams the screwdriver into the ignition, 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. Before Boyce 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 a Female Employee 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

Ah, yes the underwear man.

Female Employee flashes a smile.

PIERRE

I'm Pierre Savard, the curator of the Louvre, and I have important business with him.

(MORE)

PIERRE (CONT'D)

His name is Joey Peruggia. Can you please tell me what room he's in.

FEMALE EMPLOYEE

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

PIERRE

Did he pay in cash?

FEMALE EMPLOYEE

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

Female Employee points to computer room.

FEMALE EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)

He was using our free internet service, before he left.

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.

FREDERIC

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

PIERRE

He's heading to Switzerland. He is going to meet an old friend there. The town is Romainmotier-Envy. You need to find a 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. ROMAINMOTIER-ENVY - CHURCH - NIGHT

Joey parks the car on a gravel lot and removes the screwdriver from the ignition. He steps out with the pillow case covering the *Mona Lisa*.

Boyce and Joey 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 (CONT'D)

No other access points.

Joey gazes up at the smoke curling from the chimney.

JOEY

Someone is here. Look.

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

JOEY (CONT'D)

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, 75, greets them with an English accent.

INT. ROMAINMOTIER-ENVY - CHURCH - NIGHT

Edna gestures to a couch. The layout is open, warm and comfortable. A fireplace is lit.

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 (CONT'D)
You're dating my daughter?

BOYCE
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
Your 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 so hard to restore?

EDNA

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 (CONT'D)

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.

(MORE)

EDNA (CONT'D)

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

And?

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. It was signed by Leonardo da Vinci himself.

JOEY

What was on the document?

EDNA

Vincenzo found a paragraph of a long-lost treasure and how it could be found. It 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 (CONT'D)

'Look underneath the *Mona Lisa's* hands to be guided on your quest, but only once placed under a red light.

(MORE)

EDNA (CONT'D)

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

So he organized artist 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 anyway?

EDNA

The treasure of all treasures... Tomb of all tombs ... The resting place of the greatest general who ever lived: Alexander the Great.

Joey and Boyce gawk at her.

EDNA (CONT'D)

Alexander wanted an Egyptian-style burial. He requested that the most secret doctrine from the Library of Alexandria to be buried with him. His cult of followers collected scriptures dating to the fourth century and the beginning of

(MORE)

EDNA (CONT'D)

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 cutout 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 (CONT'D)

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 path. Edna aims at his chest.

EDNA (CONT'D)

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 so I 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 we will. Imagine the gold we could discover.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Joey watches the road, keeps half an eye on Boyce 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 (CONT'D)

Go faster, and try to stay calm.

Boyce flashes his eyes at his rear-vision mirror.

JOEY (CONT'D)

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

Headlights blind them, the truck hits! The impact forces Joey and Boyce forward in their seats. Boyce regains traction and careens back onto the highway.

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.

Joey and Boyce duck and protect their faces as best they can.

Boyce fights to control the car with a shot-out tire, causing it to swerve and lose speed. Another tire is lost as the rims scrape against the road.

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 (CONT'D)

Hit the gas!

Boyce accelerates, pushing the car to its limits, plowing through the Cane field.

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 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 (CONT'D)

Get us out of here.

They're on an old dirt track that skirts the edge of the steep MUDDY hill. The Renault's two flat tires allow Boyce to traverse the mud.

The Chevy's larger tires anchor deep in the mud. The more Lamond pushes it, the more the car doesn't go anywhere.

JOEY (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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

BOYCE

He won't be able to catch us.

Boyce stops car at 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. Joey could see the lights of a small town across the dark lake below.

JOEY

We need to go down this hill and across the lake 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 (CONT'D)

Now!

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

BOYCE

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. 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!

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.

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

BOYCE
It's not gonna stay afloat for long.

EXT. HILL - NIGHT

Frederic surveys the scene from the top of the hill as the car glides halfway across the small lake and slowly descends into the abyss.

INT. RENAULT - LAKE - NIGHT

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

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. 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 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 timber.

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. The Renault is completely submerged. Boyce takes off his shoes and dives into the water. 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 carefully, tucking the strut under his left arm while holding the pillowcase in his free hand. Boyce, on the opposite end of the strut, pulls and swims to the opposite shoreline.

BOYCE
I can't feel my legs. So cold.

JOEY

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

Boyce struggles as he swims and pulls the strut.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Hey, so do you have a girlfriend.

BOYCE

What kind of question is that?

JOEY

Humor me.

BOYCE

No, I don't.

JOEY

So you're still a virgin.

BOYCE

If you're trying to make me feel better, stop, because you're not.

JOEY

Keep kicking.

BOYCE

You better make it up to me when you buy me my new boat.

JOEY

IF we get out of this, I promise, I'll look after you.

BOYCE

What do you mean IF we get out of this?

JOEY

What are we going to do when we reach the edge?

BOYCE

We run free. What do you mean?

JOEY

Those men are soldiers.

BOYCE

So?

JOEY

When the painting is on dry land,
they'll take us out. Lamond is up
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

We use the *Mona Lisa* as a shield.
We need to stick together. If we
separate, we die.

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.

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 (CONT'D)

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

FREDERIC (V.O.)

Smart. 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, it's 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. ROMAINMOTIER-ENVY - 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. On the porch, muddy footprints: two sets. Pierre knocks on the door three times.

PIERRE (SUBTITLE)

(French)

Open up Edna!

(MORE)

PIERRE (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)
You're not 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. Pierre kicks open the door and steps inside.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Pierre enters and spots Edna hiding behind the couch.

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

EDNA
What do you want, Pierre?

PIERRE
Please sit.

Edna sits down on the couch.

PIERRE (CONT'D)
Can't I visit and old girlfriend?

EDNA
That was a long time ago.

PIERRE
It feels like it was only
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 *Mona Lisa* safe and away 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 (CONT'D)

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 near 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)

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. Joey and Boyce watch the Van Driver go inside the pub.

BOYCE

I need to get out of these clothes.

Boyce digs into his pants pocket with a shaky hand.

BOYCE (CONT'D)

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 a lively street where music plays in every venue, and businesses are open late. Joey stops at a Banque Cantonale Vaudoise ATM and withdraws 800 euros.

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 red bulb from its fixture.

EXT. BROTHEL DOOR - 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 (CONT'D)

Wait here and I'll be right back.

Joey follows the Blonde inside 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, wearing 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. BROTHEL - BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

INT. BROTHEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Joey swaps the light bulb in the fixture above him and takes out the painting from his bag, 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.
(MORE)

JOEY (CONT'D)

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 a cell phone protruding from the pocket of a pair of jeans. Joey swipes the phone and leaves in a hurry.

INT. MUSEE DU LOUVRE - UNDERGROUND CELL - NIGHT

Pierre descends the stone steps of the underground chamber with flashlight in hand and steps up to face 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 let me go?

PIERRE

No!

Pierre steps closer. Flashes light in her eyes.

MARIE

Why? Can't I at least have my 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 (CONT'D)

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 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?

PIERRE
Yes.

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.

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. Da 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 still 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 will die.

Marie spits in Pierre's face.

MARIE

You're not my father. Get the fuck out of my face!

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

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.

(MORE)

BOYCE (CONT'D)

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 the Akamas region, thirty miles north of Paphos is the site where she supposedly came to bathe.' That would explain the stream of water in the painting.

BOYCE

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

EXT. GARE DE LYON - NIGHT

Lyon train station. 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 (CONT'D)

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 fucking 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 burn. Do you 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. Pierre sits at the desk, motions for them to sit.

PIERRE

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 SQUEAKY 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 glass doors. Frederic looks worrisome at the wagon Joey pulls and quickly talks into his earpiece. 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.

A few yards away Joey lights a match, 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 (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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 can 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 (CONT'D)

Let Marie go.

Joey lowers the painting toward the heat of the fire.

PIERRE

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

JOEY

Marie, run to your left under the passage and head toward the Seine River.

Frederic nudges his hostage forward with his Glock.

Marie steps forward, stares into the *Mona Lisa's* eyes one last time, then flees through the plaza, past the equestrian statue and the castle walls. Her shoes splash in puddles as she runs through the arched passage.

PIERRE

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

Pierre moves closer followed by an armed Frederic.

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 (CONT'D)

One kill 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

I promise.

The gun makes a loud SPLASH and sinks to the dark tiles.

PIERRE (CONT'D)

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.

(MORE)

PIERRE (CONT'D)

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.
Boyce jumps out from behind a tree and 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 (CONT'D)
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

At the edge of the bridge Boyce stops and turns back.

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
He's gaining on us.

BOYCE
Run.

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

Lamond reaches the end of a bridge, stops, closes his eyes
and listens. He hears a boat engine start, flips forward his
M-16 machine gun and proceeds down a path.

EXT. PONT DES ARTS BRIDGE - COBBLESTONE PATH - NIGHT

A small timber boat pulls out. Lamond, gets down on one knee
and fires a hail of bullets. Wood fragments go everywhere.
Bullets hit the engine. KABOOM! The boat explodes.

Lamond stands and smiles, turns to leave.

Marie and Boyce step out of a houseboat. Marie holds a
shotgun. 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 (CONT'D)

Don't.

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

That's my friend's boat. 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 does the unthinkable and throws the *Mona Lisa* into the flames. The flammable oils caused the fire to flare up.

Pierre tries to retrieve the painting from the fire.

PIERRE

No!

The fire is too strong.

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 is to the Officers, he grabs Joey's neck and squeezes.

FREDERIC

You 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, releases Joey who falls to his knees and gasps for air.

SENIOR OFFICER leads ATHLETIC OFFICER over to Joey.

JOEY
You speak Anglais?

SENIOR OFFICER
Non.

JOEY
shit.

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 to him. 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 the Senior Officer in the face.

Angry Athletic Officer arrests Joey.

Suddenly, Frederic goes behind Athletic Officer, and snaps his neck. Then turns to SENIOR OFFICER with the same deadly maneuver killing them both.

PIERRE
 What have you done?

FREDERIC
 You want Joey, don't you?

Frederic forces Joey to his knees. Frederic adjusts his earpiece.

FREDERIC (CONT'D)
 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 face and presses on his earpiece.

FREDERIC (CONT'D)
 You just killed you boyfriend.

INT. MUSEE DU LOUVRE - SPIRAL STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Joey lies unconscious at the top of the staircase. He wakes up, confused.

Frederic pulls on Joey's hair, drags him down the stairs and throws him 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.

Joey spits out blood.

PIERRE

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
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.

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 his pistol to the ground. Joey runs towards the darkness of the Denon Wing.

FREDERIC (CONT'D)
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

The lights turn on one by one in his direction. Joey turns to a Caravaggio painting, grabs the frame, pulls it free from the wall and 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

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: 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.

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.

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 (CONT'D)
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 (CONT'D)
I'll catch up with you guys later.

Older Officer and Fat Officer leave.

YOUNGEST OFFICER (CONT'D)
How many?

PIERRE
Two.

YOUNGEST OFFICER
Armed?

PIERRE
Yes.

YOUNGEST OFFICER
Lead the way. Turn off the alarm.

Youngest Officer takes out his 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 turns off the alarm. Lights in other wings come on and security gates retract.

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

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

YOUNGEST OFFICER (CONT'D)
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 (CONT'D)
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 (CONT'D)
I need assistance --

Frederic lashes out, retrieves his pistol 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 shoots Pierre twice in the chest, he falls and before he dies sees an angel, the eight-foot-tall winged headless Greek goddess, Nike.

Frederic then raises his Glock at Joey.

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

Tell me and I will not shoot you.

INT. MUSEE DU LOUVRE - UNDERGROUND CELL - NIGHT

Joey helps Frederic move the two dead Officers inside the cell. Joey tries to step out, but Frederic stops him.

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 you.

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

FREDERIC (CONT'D)

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 will burn down the Louvre.

FREDERIC

No, I won't. The fire will not be able to penetrate the stone walls down here. Time for you to die.

Frederic flicks the lit match into the cell. The mountain of canvases burst into flame and the fire spreads fast.

Frederic disappears into Pierre's room, emerges with a notebook, bolts upstairs and destroys the lock mechanism.

Joey searches the dead Police Officers' pockets. He rips off a piece of fabric from his shirt and covers his face.

Joey spots the shiny silver bullet then turns to look for Frederic's weapon. He finds the pistol, quickly loads and fires at the lock. It breaks, the cell door opens and he hurries into Napoleon's Secret Room.

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

Joey rips down decorative curtains, barricades the door, but smoke still seeps through the 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. Joey removes a large tapestry revealing a carved eagle with red eye and scepters, smoke draws to the edges of the carving.

Joey pushes hidden button in the red eye, revealing a tunnel. He grabs a lantern on Pierre's desk and 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 (CONT'D)
On the ground!

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

INT. DGSE BUILDING - CORNER OFFICE - NIGHT

Direction générale de la sécurité extérieure (DGSE). A very presidential office. Photos of Nelson Mandela, John Paul II. 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 sun rays.

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 (CONT'D)
I'm the 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 lions head. The same sun shape that is on his wall.

JULIEN
Major Frederic Dubois. Until recently we thought 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.

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 (CONT'D)

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 does exist?

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 on your journey. 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 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 (CONT'D)
Yeah, we survived.

Overjoyed, Joey embraces his young friend.

JOEY
Thank you. I couldn't have got
through this 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
Is it 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, come on, 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.

INT. MERCEDES - NIGHT

Paphos, Cyprus. Joey parks the rented Mercedes-Benz E-class with Navman in front of their amazing white Greek villa.

JOEY

Lets get some rest. Tomorrow we go find history.

They go inside.

INT. MERCEDES - APHRODITE CULTURAL ROUTE - 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

The "Baths of Aphrodite" is an area between Polis and Cape Arnaoutis.

(MORE)

MARIE (CONT'D)

It's on the Aphrodite Cultural Route, and that's where we are going, people.

EXT. BATHS OF APHRODITE - DAY

Joey pulls into the gravel road and parks the Mercedes.

Joey opens the trunk and takes out his backpack.

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.

JOEY

Is that it? I was hoping to find an enormous waterfall.

BOYCE

On the bright side, it sure beats swimming across that freezing lake.

MARIE

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 are shocked, turn slowly to Frederic.

FREDERIC (CONT'D)

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

JOEY

How did you find us?

FREDERIC

I installed a tracking device in your 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 you little shit!

JOEY

What's stopping you?

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

JOEY (CONT'D)

Stop.

FREDERIC

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

Joey nods.

FREDERIC (CONT'D)

This is what's going to happen.

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

FREDERIC (CONT'D)

I assume this shit hole 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.

(MORE)

FREDERIC (CONT'D)

Pierre told me the tomb would make Tutankhamun's look insignificant. Either you help or I'll kill you all right now and search for it by myself. Understand?

JOEY

Okay. If we help you 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, climbs over the wooden fence and enters the murky water. Joey glances back at them, reluctantly dives under.

EXT. 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 plucks a duffle bag from the bushes, retrieves a mini-scuba tank from it, military snorkel gear, two underwater flashlights, flares, rope and a handful of underwater LED flash sticks.

Frederic tosses the anti-fog snorkel and an underwater flashlight to Joey, who catches the items and replaces the mask. He switches on the flashlight and goes under again.

EXT. BATHS OF APHRODITE - UNDERWATER - DAY

Joey finds a man-made cut in the wall, obscured by tree roots, leading to a narrow tunnel. He enters but runs out of air and comes back 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.

EXT. 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 out 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 (CONT'D)

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 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.

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, gasps for air, floats on his back,
seeing large Greek-style columns surrounding the pool.

Boyce swims to a small stone ledge, pulls himself out, lights
a flare and sees a large dome ceiling with perfectly aligned
columns dropping deep into the water.

BOYCE
Wow.

Boyce uses a light stick to explore and finds twelve
spherical stone tablets circling the perimeter, perfectly
placed and alike, rising eight inches from the ground.

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.

Soon after, the entire party emerges to join Boyce. Frederic climbs out of the water with 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 now.

Frederic gazes into the dark water.

FREDERIC (CONT'D)

The light stick. It's deeper than I expected. The one I threw in earlier? I can't even see it.

Frederic throws a light stick it in the water, they all watch it drift, lighting up the columns running 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!

Frederic kicks sand. He drops the mini-tank in front of
Joey's feet and points his razor-sharp blade at Marie.

FREDERIC (CONT'D)

Grab the tank and find my gold,
before I slice up this pretty face.

Joey reacts and kicks the canister into the water.

Frederic lunges and jabs Joey in the nose.

Marie screams as Joey drops to the ground with blood pouring
from his nose. 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 (CONT'D)

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
Wait, 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 (CONT'D)
If we push the right one down, an
entrance might reveal itself.

FREDERIC
Or a death trap... 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 (CONT'D)
Zeus, King of all gods.

She walks over to the dove tablet.

MARIE (CONT'D)
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 (CONT'D)
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.

FREDERIC

Doesn't the sun shape represent
Alexander the Great?

MARIE

It does.

JOEY

What's the lion connection?

MARIE

Archeologists found coins in Egypt
that show Alexander's face. They
depict the king with the lion's
scalp on the head. The Macedonian
lion in that time was a sign of
power.

JOEY

This must be it.

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.

Marie grabs Joey's hand and they both stand on the stone, but
still there is no movement.

MARIE

Let's jump on it.

On their third attempt, a loud GRINDING sound, the tablet
subsides until it's flush with the ground. Behind them, one
of the columns pushes inwards.

BOYCE

You found it!

Joey picks up flare. At the indented column there is a narrow
cavity. He sidesteps through the cobwebs, 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 (CONT'D)

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)
(MORE)

FREDERIC (CONT'D)

'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 for 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 the 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 symbol, the sun god.

MARIE

Don't be stupid, Frederic. We can come to an arrangement.

(MORE)

MARIE (CONT'D)

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 (CONT'D)

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.

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 (CONT'D)

Go, go, go!

INT. UNDERWATER CAVE - DAY

Joey and Marie reach the cave.

MARIE

Where's Boyce?

JOEY

He must have escaped. That's what
we're going to do now. You first.

Marie dives into the water and claws her way along the rope.

Joey is about to dive in when a bloody and arrow-riddled Frederic tackles him. They fall onto the trident, god of water tablet, it is pushed all the way to the ground.

Joey and Frederic are separated by the force of rising water. They both kick to stay afloat as water fills the cave, fast.

FREDERIC

If I'm going to die in this shit
hole, 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.

Joey takes one last deep breath, kicks his feet off ceiling and swims downward towards faint light source of 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.

Frederic struggles to breath wanting nothing but revenge.

Joey does the unthinkable and ignores the exit tunnel and continues to swims frantically downward.

Frederic's eyes widen. He opens his mouth and water enters his lungs. He suffocates, his heart stops beating.

Joey looks up to see Frederic's limp body floating still. He can see four light sticks on the floor of the pool. Joey swims to the bottom and spots the glistening mini scuba tank.

Joey quickly uses the regulator, picks up a light stick and spots an old steel engraved war tag that was left behind, puts it on his neck and begins his 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 puts his shoes on and picks up his bag. Marie puts on her sneakers and they descend the 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 back down or drained out. There is a loud BANG and it stops.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Looks like it's been reset to the next clown who decides to enter it. Can't believe my great-grandfather knew about this place?

MARIE

Yes. He must have been entrusted with keeping the secret safe.

JOEY

What secret? We found nothing but a gold throne that maybe belonged to Alexander the Great. Wow. Big find.

MARIE

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.

Marie gave Joey a joyful smile as they approach the car park, only to find their car wasn't there.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Joey and Marie walk down the country road. A throbbing sound of two helicopters 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 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 hints a smile.

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 are sitting in front of Julien, all of them clean and wearing fresh clothes.

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 (CONT'D)
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.

JOEY
I might pay him a visit one day and
return him his tag.

JULIEN
I'm sure he would want to see you.
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 (CONT'D)
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 (CONT'D)
In that case, say your good-byes.
Your new life starts now.

Boyce gets up and gives Joey a big hug.

BOYCE

JP, at first, meeting you was like hell... But, also the best thing that ever happened to me. Thank you for everything.

JOEY

No thank you. Keep in touch, I still owe you a new boat.

Marie hugs 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.

MARIE

For now, forget all about that, we're alone in the Mediterranean. Lets not rush home. We deserve a holiday and some fun.

Joey gives her a smile, pulls her in close, kissing the top of her head, lovingly.

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 results are in.

The Pope does not react and walks with his head down to the exit. Julien shuts the laptop.

ARCHBISHOP

Is it true, padre?

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 fulfill
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. Alexander the Great's Symbol. The truth was in plain sight all along.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END