

MASTERWORK

Pilot Episode

by
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"History is history"

TEASER

EXT. BAGHDAD STREETS - NATIONAL MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES - DAY

Smoke. Looters. Lawlessness. 2003; streets of Baghdad, immediately after the invasion. A palpable sense of tension, as if anyone could die at any time.

Through the anarchy and misappropriation, borne on the shoulders of thieves, an anomaly--something not of the Middle East--a bronze statue, two-and-half feet high, European in craftsmanship. Salomé. Dancer. Temptress.

In her hand, a platter bearing the severed head of John the Baptist.

Pushing in on her face, beauty incarnate, framed by the smoky chaos of war...

EXT. FLATBED TRUCK / DESERT ROAD - DAY

The same face, now smudged with dust...widen...the statue now inelegantly swathed in underwear, t-shirts, rags...surrounded by CATTLE. We're in the back of a truck, waiting to cross the Iraqi/Syrian border. A BORDER GUARD, doing his rounds, moves to inspect the back. The truck's DRIVER nods quietly--re the cattle--

DRIVER (ARABIC)

They have had a long trip. They don't want to be bothered.

He presses a wad of US \$100s into the man's hand. Message is clear. Off the Guard, a moment later waving him through--CUT TO--

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

--a single campfire burning. The Driver, alone with the statue in the night. Eyeing her across the fire. The light flickering. Even beneath the dust, she is mesmerizing.

EXT. PORT - DAY

Money, again, trading hands...this time Euros, being slipped to the Driver. By a EUROPEAN--

EXT. SHIP - DAY

--who later deftly conceals Salomé within a large stereo speaker--which in turn is boxed up and loaded into a shipping container with hundreds of identical speakers.

As he walks away, sealing the container door, camera drifts down the back of the ship, sees the name *CRISTINA ROSE* there. Beneath that, the ship's registry...*SPAIN*...

FADE TO
BLACK/FADE UP:

INT. SPANISH MUSEUM - DAY

...to a BRITISH TOUR GUIDE, leading a group. Circling Salomé--once again polished, dignified--occupying a pedestal in a central position in the museum hall--

BRITISH TOUR GUIDE

...it's really the *story* behind this piece rather than the craftsmanship that makes it so compelling. Cast in 1333 by an unknown Italian artist, it was, a century later, given to Christopher Columbus on his 18th birthday.

Camera circles the piece as the tour group does--filling frame with her--something enigmatic about her--

BRITISH TOUR GUIDE (CONT'D)

Columbus had a real affinity for the piece. So much so, that when he went broke late in his career, it was the very last asset he'd part with. Just why he found it so indispensable is unclear--the artistry, while good, is unexceptional, and the subject matter--Salomé, carrying the severed head of John the Baptist, whose death she caused by seducing her uncle Herod Antipas--is maudlin to say the least.

As she talks, camera finds two young, MIDDLE EASTERN EUROPEAN STREET URCHINS--baggy pants, hoodies--materializing in the room--dividing, unnoticed--ostensibly just two more visitors to the museum--

BRITISH TOUR GUIDE (CONT'D)

Nevertheless, he ended up selling it to an Arab trader in Venice in 1503. From that moment forward, it was unaccounted for, lost somewhere to history in the Middle East, and has only just now surfaced--

MUSEUM SECURITY GUARD

Excuse me, sir, you cannot smoke here--

The Tour Guide and group turn to see the SECURITY GUARD calmly nodding to Middle Eastern European Urchin #1, who's for some reason decided to light up--

MUSEUM SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

--Sir, the museum--

And then it happens. MIDDLE EASTERN EUROPEAN URCHIN #2 steps rapidly to the Guard from behind--a gun suddenly out--PAP! The Guard goes down in a heap.

Screams from the tour group--everyone scrambling for cover. The two Urchins, however, are like clockwork, move immediately for Salomé. Grab her, triggering the motion sensor alarms. They turn then, make a beeline for the back emergency exit, shooting anyone that gets in their way.

3, 4, 5 unarmed people go down. A moment later, the Urchins are out the door--triggering that alarm as well--

EXT. MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

Back alley. Citroen skidding up in front of the Urchins, perfectly timed, door flying open. Inside, an accomplice: another Middle Eastern Euro-punk, with HORN-RIMMED GLASSES. The two Urchins quickly shove Salomé in the back. Move to climb in.

They pause a split second. Something's not right. And that something is the pistol in Horn-Rim's hand.

PAP PAP! The two Urchins collapse back into the street, dying as the Citroen, with their valuable cargo inside, roars off.

Museum Security Guards emerge a moment later. Find an empty alley--no sign of the Citroen or Salomé--just two lifeless bodies and the growing puddles of blood around them.

Over this we hear, strangely...sitar strings, Indian music...

EXT. INDIA - COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Helicopter shot. Establishing. The northern Indian state of Darjeeling. Old province of Rajas and wealthy British overseers. Opulent 19th century estates flit by, with tea plantations and pools and perfectly manicured properties. Some people, it seems, still live like Rajas here.

One estate, in particular...a black-tie party in full swing on the back patio...

The music continues, frolicsome--everything a lark here in Darjeeling--as we push in on the mansion itself, a second floor window...

INT. DARJEELING MANSION - DAY

--XCU of the fine Persian carpet. A golf ball dropping into frame. Two bare feet stepping to the ball, addressing it with a 6 iron. Music dying out. Golf. Time to *focus*...

We hear, o.s., MARCUS VANDERWOLD, 30s, iconoclast, libertine:

MARCUS

I feel for Renoir. I do. Art critics patronize him for being fluffy, for being the most bourgeois of the Impressionists.

Widen. Meet Marcus, unshaven, clad in a tuxedo, focusing intently on the ball.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Thing they don't understand is, it's kitsch. Renoir was being kitsch. You look at *Jeune Parisienne*--I mean, if it were still hanging in the National Museum of Stockholm, like it's supposed to be--you'd see it in the hair, the flowers--an operatic intensity. Sorta like Freddie Mercury was with Queen.

He takes a beat. Looks at the silver-haired man, also in tuxedo, seated 15 feet in front of him. Bound to a chair by electrical cord. Directly in the golf ball's flight path.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

So, Bartlett. What do you say? Where is it?

BARTLETT, upper crust English, is incensed.

BARTLETT

How dare you do this? The Bartletts and Vanderwolds go back generations. We are renowned worldwide as art *patrons*--

MARCUS

Not answering my question.

BARTLETT

Your great grandfather and my grandfather...they brought the Horus Obelisk out of Cairo...it's in our blood, art is in our blood...

MARCUS
Still not answering.

Bartlett, sensing Marcus is about to tee off--

BARTLETT
You cannot do this. You are a
Vanderwold!

MARCUS
Scratch golfer, too.

Wack! The ball zooms true, slams into the curtain a foot above and behind Bartlett's head. Bartlett goes apoplectic. Struggles. Turns his head to the window--to Marcus' cohort there--SEAN FETTERS, 20s--calmly playing lookout as he considers the party below--

BARTLETT
For God sakes! Do something, you
coolie!

FETTERS (UNFAZED)
Did he just call me a coolie?

MARCUS
He just called you a coolie.

Fetters shakes his head, bemused. Marcus lines up another shot. Bartlett is all spittle and frustration:

BARTLETT
You're fascists, both of you!

FETTERS
Coming from the guy living in India
playing 19th century feudal lord--
that's funny.

MARCUS
Besides, some might argue, art-
wise, I'm not a fascist but
actually a socialist. That I
believe everyone should have access
to our collective heritage, not
simply individual collectors. I
wouldn't argue that. But some
might.

FETTERS
Not one for blowhard speeches
usually. But as far as blowhard
speeches go, that one was pretty
good.

MARCUS

You think?

As Marcus lines up another ball--Bartlett grows increasingly frustrated, scared--

BARTLETT

You're not clean. The Vanderwolds have trafficked just as much as the Bartletts have. Cezannes after the First War, Klimts after the Second...none of that was clean...

Wack! Another shot, identical to the last. Bartlett screams.

BARTLETT (CONT'D)

GOD! JESUS!

(to Fetters)

You! *Coolie!* You're his subordinate, right! I'll give you a million dollars if you pull out your gun and shoot him right now! A million dollars! Any currency you want!

Marcus lowers the club, approaches the Bartlett. Stands right beside him, pushes the curtain aside so he can consider the impact zone of his shots. Fetters shrugs behind Marcus:

FETTERS

I don't know, Marcus. Million dollars is a lot of money.

Marcus knits his brow, considers the tight-grouping of his shots. Consistent if nothing else.

MARCUS

Yeah, but then you don't get the *accolades*. You come back with a stolen Renoir, you end up in Newsweek, Time, People magazine. Chicks dig guys in People magazine, Fetters.

Fetters nods. True. Marcus nods to the wall, deciding:

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Just a hair high. 5 iron oughta bring it down a little bit.

He lowers his finger slightly, mimicking the path of a ball struck by a 5 iron. His finger hovers briefly in front of Bartlett's forehead.

Marcus returns to the carpet. Grabs the 5 iron and a golf ball. Lines up the shot. Bartlett look positively horrified.

Tension as Marcus grips the club, broken finally, at the last minute, by Bartlett, blurting out--

BARTLETT

In the wine rack!

Marcus and Fetters meet eyes.

MARCUS

The wine rack?

Marcus crosses to the refrigerated wine rack. Looks inside. All bottles. Save for one bottle tube. Marcus retrieves it. Opens it as Fetters looks on. Slides the rolled up, 140-year-old canvas of Renoir's *Jeune Parisienne* out and into the light. He considers it appreciatively, smiles. To Fetters:

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Your first recovery a Renoir. God are you starting at the top. Old days it used to be Olmec pottery shards, pat on the back, cup of Yuban if you were lucky.

Fetters, the rookie, considers the Renoir, stars in his eyes.

FETTERS

People magazine, man. I can do some serious damage if I'm in People magazine.

MARCUS

If it's real.

BARTLETT

Of course it's real, you neanderthal. You think I'd buy a fake?

Marcus produces a magnifying glass and a portable fluorescent light. Waves the purple light over the painting, revealing an intricate pattern of blue tinted spider-web cracks covering the surface. Age cracks.

MARCUS

No, you're too studied to buy a fake. But you might make a *duplicate*. To throw off a guy like me. Or it to sell to someone else while you keep the original.

BARTLETT

How dare you accuse me of such...*skulduggery*.

MARCUS

Come on. You're a Bartlett.

He continues to scan the painting: microscopic blue blisters are in evidence on the canvas.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Surprised after all these years that you don't know that cool temperature is good for a painting, but high humidity--like you got here in this fridge--is a killer. You got blisters, Bartlett. Ought to be proud. If this is real--that's a 140-year-old piece of history you've damaged.

Bartlett looks like he'd like to spit out a fuck you, but decorum, even bound by electrical cord, prohibits this. Marcus, continuing his survey:

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Lead whites, mixed with chalk...azurite, smalt. Kind of pigments they used in the 1870s. Strokes are long, free, no sense of hesitation indicating the almost painful effort to reproduce instead of create.

(nods)

Got the genuine article here. Which means, unfortunately for you--

--and here he flashes a BADGE for the first time--

MARCUS (CONT'D)

--you're under arrest.

BARTLETT

You don't have the authority. This is Darjeeling. I am the authority.

Marcus looks to Fetters, impressed--

FETTERS

He just said that with a straight face. I couldn't say that with a straight face. Could you say that with a straight face?

There's a sound outside. Car doors closing.

BARTLETT

Laugh now.

Fetters goes to the window as Marcus re-boxes the Renoir.

MARCUS

Cops? They actually show?

FETTERS (KNITS BROW)

Crickets.

Marcus looks up. What? He crosses to the window. Sees below, a dozen BURLY-LOOKING INDIAN MEN, climbing out of cars in the back driveway, all clad in white cricket uniforms.

MARCUS

Cricketers.

BARTLETT

That would be, if I'm not mistaken, my workers returning from their three-day.

And suddenly Bartlett is yelling at the top of his lungs--in Hindi--and the Cricketers' heads snap up. They grab their heavy cricket bats, rush for the house.

MARCUS

This doesn't bode well.

FETTERS

You know Hindi. Tell them their boss is a scumbag--

The back door rumbles. The Cricketers trying to get in. Bartlett continues to yell in Hindi at them, egging them on.

MARCUS

Only Hindi I know is *two cups of tea, please, and I'll pay you double if they're hot.*

He quickly pulls on his shoes. The door shudders as the cricketers lay siege to it.

FETTERS

Don't think that's gonna help right now.

Bartlett eyes them.

BARTLETT

Leave the Renoir, I'll do my best to convince them not to castrate you. They're quite loyal that way.

Marcus and Feters meet eyes. Run for it. Bursting out onto a balcony--hopping down into the party--just as the Cricketers smash into the room--

EXT. MANSION / PATIO - CONTINUOUS

ON MARCUS & FETTERS -- running through the beautiful women and tuxedoed men of the opulent party--surprised guests parting as the two men hop down into the tea plantations below--

EXT. TEA PLANTATIONS - CONTINUOUS

Marcus and Fetters run for their life, the Renoir wine tube clasped in Marcus' hand.

Behind them, twelve large men--angry and athletic--wielding thick cricket bats--

They descend through the foliage--the cricketers gaining on them--these guys are fast--

FETTERS

I didn't know they ran in cricket!

MARCUS

Not that fast!

EXT. TEA PLANTATIONS / ELSEWHERE - MOMENTS LATER

Marcus and Fetters rip onward through the overgrowth--the Cricket posse gaining--

Marcus hears something to the right. A long low growl. He peels off in that direction.

MARCUS

Come on!

EXT. TEA PLANTATIONS / RAILROAD TRACKS - MOMENTS LATER

Marcus and Fetters emerge on a ridgeline above railroad tracks. A train--consummate 100-year-old Indian jobbie--careens past below.

Marcus looks back at the cricketers approaching--40 yards off--through the overgrowth, then looks back to the train.

MARCUS

Bet they're not *that* loyal.

Fetters, divining Marcus' intent re the train:

FETTERS

What? You don't mean...uh-uh.

Marcus looks back. No time.

MARCUS

You want People magazine...

He hefts the wine tube with the Renoir--tosses it down into one of the open cars on the train below as it speeds past.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

...People magazine's down there.

Fetters looks aghast. Marcus jumps. Thumps down on one of the flatbed cars.

Fetters grimaces. Sees the cricketers nearing. Jumps too--

EXT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

--landing with a pained oomph. Marcus scrambles up the car toward him. Grabs him.

They quickly move up the car to the next one--and the next one--

--until they arrive at the wine tube. They grab it, relieved...

...only to realize that they're surrounded. INDIAN TRANSIENTS. Riders of the rails. In entering this car, Marcus and Fetters have interrupted the small dinner that this dangerous group of rogues has been preparing themselves on a couple of coffee can stoves.

Not a good moment--not at all--as Marcus and Fetters look into the bloodshot eyes, the black betel-stained teeth.

Then Marcus says something slowly, in Hindi:

MARCUS (HINDI; SUBTITLED)

Two cups of tea, please...and I'll pay you double if they're hot.

The Transients take a beat. A white man, speaking Hindi. A moment later, they all roar in laughter. So does Fetters, after a moment, realizing that he just might survive this whole thing...

Widening then: 2 men, newfound amigos, a train hurtling away into the Indian landscape...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON DC CITYSCAPE - DAY

--the polished, buttoned-down bureaucratic world of DC--

INT. FBI / OFFICE OF OIO - DAY

XCU on a world map on an office wall.

CHYRON reads: "FBI Headquarters, Washington DC. Office of International Operations".

After a moment, there's a POP o.s. and the map perforates, a bb slamming through it. Somewhere in the jumble of nameless states in Western Africa.

Reveal Marcus, at his desk across the way, bb pistol in hand, cracking open one of his eyes, spotting the perforation on the map. In his other hand, a cell phone:

MARCUS (INTO PHONE)
Well, I've put a lot of thought
into this...
(nearing map)
...and I'm thinking Guinea Bissau.

WOMAN'S VOICE (OVER PHONE)
*First vacation together and you
want to go to Guinea Bissau? We've
known each other all of two weeks.*

Marcus wheels--okay--subtly fires at the map again--

WOMAN'S VOICE (OVER PHONE) (CONT'D)
*I'm just, not, you know, not sure
Africa's the best third date.*

MARCUS (INTO PHONE)
(surveying new strike on
map)
Paraguay then.

WOMAN'S VOICE (OVER PHONE)
What do they got in Paraguay?

MARCUS (INTO PHONE)
Oh it's a country of profound
cultural--and romantic--relevance--

He looks up. Fetters is at his door.

MARCUS (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
Can I call you back on this
Michelle?

WOMAN'S VOICE (INTO PHONE)
It's Michaela, Marcus--

MARCUS (INTO PHONE)
No, I know. Call you later.

He hands up. Fetters looks excited.

FETTERS
People.

MARCUS

What?

FETTERS

You're right. They're here.

He nods up the hall, where a REPORTER and PHOTOG are visible.

FETTERS (CONT'D)

They gonna take pictures? My coif--
I didn't know--I'd've gotten a
clipjob--

Marcus nods to Fetters' shaggy hair.

MARCUS

Unkempt plays. Einstein/Richard
Branson/international guy
thing...You'll be swimming in it.

RACHEL (O.S.)

Not evocative. At all.

They turn to see RACHEL WEST, 40, African American, good-natured, evenest of keels, long-time colleague of Marcus'.

MARCUS

You're not a man, Rachel. You don't understand.

RACHEL

One: hallelujah. Two: be all that
as it may--the media--
(re Fetters)
--and media-slut here--have to
wait. Deputy Director's here.

FETTERS

DD's *here*?

MARCUS

Didn't know he ever actually came
out of the ivory tower--

FETTERS

Didn't know it had a *door*--

RACHEL

Evidently there's a whale out
there.

Fetters meets eyes with Marcus.

FETTERS

Renoir wasn't a whale?

RACHEL
 Compared to this...Renoir was a
 guppy.

INT. FBI / OFFICE OF OIO / CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

IMAGERY from the Spain art heist plays--surveillance from
 various security cameras--showing the hoods, gunfire, double-
 cross at the van outside--

DEPUTY DIRECTOR LOU JOHNSON, 50s, addresses Marcus, Fetters,
 Rachel, and a few others.

DEPT. DIRECTOR JOHNSON
 ...this all went down in Granada
 yesterday morning. On the surface,
 bush-league: daylight snatch and
 bolt, no concern for surveillance.
 Since British citizens got hit, MI-
 5's gonna be involved. I want
 Legats there--Fetters and
 Vanderwold, you're boots on the
 ground--

Marcus, considering 8x10s of the Salomé statue--

MARCUS
 Gonna have to send Rachel. I got
 holiday time on the books--

DEPT. DIRECTOR JOHNSON
 India was good, Marcus. And
 illegal.

MARCUS
 Got the piece didn't I? Stealing
 from thieves isn't--

DEPT. DIRECTOR JOHNSON
 --'isn't theft', I know. You got to
 understand, Indian authorities are
 blowing O-rings over this. Press is
 making em look bad: American law
 enforcement operating on their soil
 without their knowledge.

MARCUS
 I called em, Lou. I did.

DEPT. DIRECTOR JOHNSON
 I could hang you out to dry, you
 know. OIO tracks stolen art, but we
 do it with full cooperation of host
 countries. You didn't even get your
 goddamn passport stamped.

FETTERS (THE BUREAUCRACY)
Visas, Lou.

DEPT. DIRECTOR JOHNSON
 They got you guys on their
 terrorist watchlist now. Both of
 you.

Marcus and Fetters click water bottles. Badge of honor.

DEPT. DIRECTOR JOHNSON (CONT'D)
 Point is, I'm covering; I'll take
 the heat. But I want something
 back. You two kumquats on the
 overnight to Spain.

Marcus meets eyes with Fetters. Hefts the 8x10 of Salomé:

MARCUS
 No offense, but we got a 14th
 century lost wax here, sculptor
 unknown; even with the Christopher
 Columbus provenance story, it's
 worth a million, million-two tops.
 10 cents on the dollar fence, we're
 talking a hundred grand. Some
 supermodels wouldn't even get out
 of bed for that.

DDJ nods--smart ass--then illuminates Marcus--tapping the
 images of the two dead perps on the board--

DEPT. DIRECTOR JOHNSON
 In going through these guys' hard
 drives...we got emails going all
 over the place on this piece in
 Arabic. Just a couple of the
 translations:
 (from a report)
*'The statue itself is just the
 beginning. It leads to power. To
 that thing beneath the Temple of
 Solomon. Which in turn leads to the
 Greatest Power.'*

DDJ lowers the paper.

DEPT. DIRECTOR JOHNSON (CONT'D)
 That 'thing' beneath the Temple of
 Solomon, I think you know, is a
 reference to King Solomon's
 Treasure. The greatest fortune the
 world has ever known. And has never
 found.

Marcus and Fetters meet eyes. Small potatoes just became big.

FETTERS

God, I mean, talk about tenuous--

DEPT. DIRECTOR JOHNSON

Given current geopolitics, given that these men were Arab, with very nebulous affiliations, we are interested in taking exactly zero chances, Mr. Fetters. Were there even a 1 percent chance something like the Temple Treasure get out there on the black market, it could generate a billion dollars, maybe three, five...be more than the GDP of Yemen, Panama. Numbers that could shift all sorts of balances. You could literally finance a country with it. An army.

(beat)

For 3000 years, it's eluded mankind. It may suddenly be in play again.

He eyes the men solemnly:

DEPT. DIRECTOR JOHNSON (CONT'D)

If King Solomon's treasure is out there, I want you to find it.

Off Marcus & Fetters--

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. WASHINGTON DC CITYSCAPE - DAY

Marcus, Fetters, and Rachel approach the front doors of the The Smithsonian Arts and Industry Building, with all its stately 19th century architecture. Marcus lingers ever so briefly. For the first time we have seen something other than the cavalier in him: hesitance.

RACHEL (KNOWINGLY)

Sure you want to do this?

Marcus nods after a beat, goes inside. Fetters, taking note:

FETTERS

What's that all about?

RACHEL

Still got a lot to learn, Sean.

Something somber in this. She follows Marcus inside.

INT. SMITHSONIAN - LATER

Marcus, et al., walk abreast of curator MARIE RETTERER, 55.

MARIE

...according to the Tanakh, Solomon built his First Temple in Jerusalem in 960 BC. Supposedly in that time he amassed 17000 talents in gold, concealed them in Kadosh Kadoshim, the Temple's Holy of Holies. 586 BC comes around, the Babylons invade Jerusalem, burn down the temple. But but by all accounts, they don't find the Holy of Holies. Because it's not *in* the Temple, but rather...under.

She motions to an old rendering of the temple, showing it in profile--an underground complex beneath.

MARIE (CONT'D)

70 years later, the Israelites reclaim Jerusalem and build a Second Temple not only atop the ruins of the first, not only atop the still-intact Holy of Holies, but the entirety of the treasure still concealed there.

She taps the underground complex for emphasis.

For a moment, we are with Marcus, who the entire time has been silent, considering this place.

Something haunting about it to him. Particularly an office, visible up through a tangle of hallways...

MARIE (CONT'D)

For two thousand years people have been doing excavations and have come up with nothing. Somehow, at some point, someone got it out of there. Which means to this day, it's in the world now, somewhere, still a secret. Inconceivable, isn't it?

FETTERS

17000 talents. How much is that?

MARIE

500 tons.

She motions to more imagery--more old renderings--lithographs, etc.--depicting ungodly amounts of treasure.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Of gold, platinum. God only knows.

A brief silence. Marcus' mind turning to something else:

MARCUS

Random question for you. Columbus--Christopher Columbus--he ever have any interest in the Temple?

MARIE

Not that I know of.

Marcus nods after a beat.

MARCUS

Thanks, Marie.

He kisses her on the cheek. The others nod to her. They turn to go. Marie calls after Marcus after a moment:

MARIE

Marcus, good to see you come in here again. Didn't think, you know, I ever would again.

Something melancholy in this. Marcus nods. Exits. Off Fetters--absorbing this--CUT TO--

EXT. SKIES - NIGHT

--a jet, high over the Atlantic--

INT. JET - NIGHT

--and Marcus, contemplative, at the window. Over this we hear a WOMAN'S VOICE:

EVELYN VANDERWOLD (O.S.)
*"Speak! speak I thou fearful guest
 / Who, with thy hollow breast /
 Still in rude armor drest / Comest
 to daunt me!"*

INT. SMITHSONIAN / **FLASHBACK** - DAY

A slow camera creep carries us toward the door of the office Marcus had lain melancholy eyes upon before...

EVELYN VANDERWOLD (O.S.)
 Wordsworth was onto something, I'm
 telling you.

INT. SMITHSONIAN OFFICE / **FLASHBACK** - CONTINUOUS

This comes from Marcus' mother--EVELYN VANDERWOLD--stately, a woman who once lived high on the hog, now living modestly as a Smithsonian docent.

She eyes Marcus, who just shakes his head good-naturedly.

EVELYN VANDERWOLD
 Allow an old woman her
 extravagances. All things being
 equal, I think a Vanderwold
 indulging in poetry is probably
 good for the world. There's nothing
 to buy in poetry. Nothing to steal
 or possess. Your father, were he
 still alive, you could arrest him,
 but not me.

Marcus nods. She considers him fondly as she goes about work:

EVELYN VANDERWOLD (CONT'D)
 Have I mentioned today that I'm
 proud of you?
 (considers him)
 You've resisted the impulses.
 You're painting your life with a
 bright palette. Not a dark one.

MARCUS
 Maybe you should write poetry
 instead of read it.

EVELYN VANDERWOLD
 Why, when there's the Wordsworths
 of the world doing the job for me?
 (MORE)

EVELYN VANDERWOLD (CONT'D)

To be honest, I'm more than a little obsessed with him. He wrote *Skeleton in Armor* about an actual skeleton, you know.

Marcus smiles. Has heard this sort of thing a million times. As she looks for a FILE she's compiled on the subject:

EVELYN VANDERWOLD (CONT'D)

I know you're big international James Bond guy and all...but I have my own little case, pathetic as it may be--

Finding a manila folder stuffed with various articles:

EVELYN VANDERWOLD (CONT'D)

Fall River, Massachusetts. 1832. A skeleton's discovered as they were clear suburbs for development. It was wearing a basinet helmet. Which were only made in the 14th century. The 14th century, Marcus...

Marcus grabs his things.

MARCUS

Gotta roll, Mom. Lunch your place next Thursday?

EVELYN VANDERWOLD (NODS)

Vietnamese. Make sure the nem--

MARCUS

--isn't deep-fried. I know.

He kisses her on the cheek, exits.

EXT. CITY STREETS / **FLASHBACK** - DAY

Vietnamese food, boxed up and in a bag, as Marcus carries it up the sidewalk toward his mother's brownstone. He pauses. Sees an unfamiliar face--a guy with Hawkish Eyebrows--emerging from his mother's front door.

Marcus, knowing instantly something is wrong, goes after him. The guy bolts.

Marcus follows him for a half block--too much distance between them--then stops. Runs back the way he came.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING / LANDING / **FLASHBACK** - DAY

Marcus enters. Sees Evelyn there on the ground. Dead by the mailbox. Her purse open, contents scattered. Off him, slowly kneeling by his mother--CUT TO--

INT. JET - NIGHT

--Marcus, in the plane, still looking out at the dark Atlantic. He averts his gaze after a moment.

EXT. GRANADA, SPAIN - DAY

Stock shots. Granada in all its romantic splendor--the Alhambra, cobblestone streets, two millennia of history at every turn...

INT. LEGAT OFFICE / HALLWAYS / GRANADA - DAY

...and two Americans afield, moving up the button-downed hallways of the Spanish Legat office. Fetters, first time in Spain, can't believe the SPANISH WOMEN that move past them. Uniformly dark and beautiful.

FETTERS
Gotta be *kidding* me.

MARCUS (COOLLY)
Ugliest girls in the whole country.

As they pass one of the women, Marcus puts his hands on Fetters shoulders, smiles at the woman--

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Just want you to know I am a
massive proponent of this man.

She smiles--the whole interface no more than a second or two-- and they're moving on--Fetters looking back at her--until--

MI-5 LIAISON (O.S.)
Gentlemen.

They turn to see a Brit there. Their first MI-5 LIAISON.

MI-5 LIAISON (CONT'D)
I trust you're the Americans.

Half beat from Fetters. Something judgmental in that. Is it the clothes? He nods, good-naturedly up to the condescension:

FETTERS
Two of them, yeah.

MI-5 LIAISON (REACHES OUT)
Passports. Spain requires they be held for any foreign law enforcement operating on their soil.

Marcus and Fetters meet eyes. Hand over their passports.

INT. LEGAT OFFICE / GRANADA / HALLWAYS - MOMENTS LATER

ON MARCUS & FETTERS--walking with the Liaison:

MI-5 LIAISON

Special Agent Harry Babbs from H Branch is going to be overseeing the investigation.

MARCUS (KNITS BROW)

Harry Babbs. Something impure about that.

MI-5

Additionally, you'll have Mo on board, who'll be a great compliment to you. Doctorate in Linguistics from Warwick, Master's in Mediterranean history from Cambridge--

FETTERS

Beauty. An *academic*.

The Liaison seems faintly bemused:

MI-5 LIAISON (FAINTLY BEMUSED)

Academic is not quite a germane term for Mo Murphy--

And we see her. MO MURPHY, 20s. Manchester through and through. Good-looking, working class, pub hound in her off hours.

FETTERS

That's a 'Mo'?

A look of recognition in Marcus' face.

MARCUS (KNOWINGLY)

That's a *Monica*.

(beat; chagrined)

Detective First Class Monica Murphy.

She turns to face them. Not enthused by the sight of Marcus:

MO MURPHY

Detective Second Class now, actually.

Fetters looks to Marcus--you know her?

MARCUS (CONFUSED)

Last time I saw you, you were all fast-tracked to be head of H-Branch-

MO MURPHY
That was before Naples.

Naples. It lands with Marcus. Sore subject.

MARCUS
Ah.

MO MURPHY
Ah is right. One zinger--one ort of
American wit--and I'll do it
Vanderwold. Right in the cranium.

She says this as she subtly places her SIDEARM on the desk.
Continues packing, not meeting his gaze. Marcus can only let
out a half-bemused, half-surprised whistle. She finishes
packing up.

MO MURPHY (TO FETTERS) (CONT'D)
Pleasure to meet you, Mr. Fetters.

Then she's gone. Fetters pauses, enthused by the sight of
Mo's lithe form as she moves away.

FETTERS
Not gonna lie to you. Wanna nail
her.

A voice sounds behind then:

HARRY BABBS (O.S.)
Given that she's my fiancée, I'll
try to take that as a compliment.

Both men turn to see...HARRY BABBS. 40s, put together,
Saville Row head-to-toe. He offers his hand.

HARRY BABBS (CONT'D)
Harry Babbs.

FETTERS
Which would make you...
(shaking hand, ashen)
...our boss.

EXT. LEGAT OFFICE / GRANADA - DAY

The foursome--Mo, Babbs, Marcus, Fetters--moving across the
parking lot to a car. On Marcus & Fetters--20 feet behind the
others--

FETTERS
You bed her? You bedded her, huh.
That's why she's so snapped.

MARCUS

Got to a piece same time she did.
One of Rembrandt's later self-
portraits. In Naples. Long story
short, I ended up being the one
that brought it home.

FETTERS

*Self Portrait's...*the one that got
you the cover of Art
Spectator...that's the one that
launched you...

Fetters pauses then, eyeing Mo, realizing this is all about
glory, or stolen glory...

FETTERS (CONT'D)

Ah...

MARCUS (NODS)

And for her...let's just say MI-5
doesn't like failure.

Babbs, arrived at the car, opens the door, looks back:

HARRY BABBS

Gentlemen?

Off Marcus--meeting eyes with Mo as he ducks into the car--
come on lighten up, his eyes say--*chug paint* hers say.

INT. HOSPITAL / HALLWAYS - DAY

Walk & talk--Marcus, Fetters, Babbs, Mo, moving up the hall--
Marcus and Fetters sorting through pix of the dead perps,
contents of their hard drives--things they've already seen--

HARRY BABBS

...considering the lack of
sophistication in the thieves'
histories--and all we've been able
to recover from their hard drives--
it's likely a pure money play.
Perhaps to finance other
operations.

MARCUS

'Other operations'?

HARRY BABBS

Taliban finances operations with
opium sales; there's no reason to
think that Islamofascists--

MARCUS

--if that's what these guys were--

HARRY BABBS

--if that's what they were--there's no reason radicals wouldn't resort to art theft to finance *their* operations. We've seen it with diamonds, bulk copper, just about anything you can commoditize. Even if it's the relatively small potatoes that this one is.

FETTERS

Don't know if I'd exactly qualify the Temple of Solomon as small potatoes.

HARRY BABBS

Americans. Everything the Hollywood movie.

MO MURPHY

Temple of Solomon, in all likelihood: a code word. 9/11 hijackers referred to that event as a wedding, you may recall.

Babbs, seeing the look of dubiety on Marcus' face:

HARRY BABBS

You disagree?

MARCUS

No offense...

(meeting eyes with Mo)

...but I find Brits often outthink themselves. Make things more complex than they need be. It may be provincial and simple-minded and American, but maybe when they're referring to the Temple of Solomon, they're actually referring to the Temple of Solomon.

MO MURPHY

Well, the Why usually illuminates the What. We know what the What is: a stolen statue worth 100 grand on the street.

(MORE)

MO MURPHY (CONT'D)

Now, which Why makes more sense:
radicals with little financial mean
grabbing whatever they can to fund
their organization--a Why which has
enormous precedent across the
Continent, I assure you--or, two
kids, utterly unsophisticated, with
little prospect of ever being
allowed into Israel, no recourse
for ever mounting an expedition,
nevertheless with designs on
somehow finding King Solomon's
treasure.

Up ahead, a door, a CORONER, waiting for them. Babbs nods to
the Coroner. As they open the door, Babbs looks to Marcus.

HARRY BABBS

She's right. It's the Why, Mr.
Vanderwold. Always.

INT. MORGUE - MOMENTS LATER

Marcus and the others consider the 2 dead Arab thieves on
their morgue slabs.

HARRY BABBS

Displaced immigrants, in Spain
since age two, no families, in and
out of foster homes their entire
lives. Textbook candidates for
radicalism, really.

Marcus, however, is considering the bodies closely.

MARCUS

Hate to tell you...but I think your
Why just went out the window.

On the nape of each corpses' neck--not visible until Marcus
rolls the head to the side--fresh tattoos, the script
foreign.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Coptic.

Mo, not to be outdone--

MO MURPHY

More specifically, the liturgical
language of the Coptic Orthodox
Church of Alexandria.

HARRY BABBS

Relevance?

MARCUS
 Relevance is...it's sort of hard to
 be an Islamofascist when you're
 Christian.

Babbs eyes the tattoos.

HARRY BABBS
 What's it mean?

Mo takes a beat, meets eyes with the others.

MO MURPHY
 'Saved'.

INT. FBI / OFFICE OF OIO - DAY

ON RACHEL--back in DC--synched up via videoconference with
 the Legats in Granada--

INT. LEGAT OFFICE / GRANADA - NIGHT

--Marcus, Fetters, Mo--burning the midnight oil--laptops,
 paperwork--

MARCUS
 Who knows, maybe we still got a
 fundamentalism streak going here.
 Just not the one we thought.

FETTERS
 There such thing as a Christian
 terrorist?

MARCUS
 People have been pretty radical
 about the Temple of Solomon over
 the years. Christians, Jews...they
 see the Temple Treasure, whatever
 their forebears actually put there,
 as their divine right.

He turns, motions to various images of the Salomé statue on
 his computer screen, including 3-D scans, X-Rays...

MARCUS (CONT'D)
 Big mystery is why they focused on
 Salomé. Museum accession scans are
 pretty clear. Nothing hidden
 inside. Nothing you don't see on
 the surface. Subject matter's Old
 Testament but otherwise not
 pertinent.

(MORE)

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Thus the headscratcher for the day--
what the hell was it about this
piece that made them think it led
to the Temple Treasure?

** INTERCUTTING WITH RACHEL AS NECESSARY **

Checking her computer screen--

RACHEL

Only commonality I'm finding in
these guys, Marcus, beyond their 50
IQs, is that address. The foster
home.

Mo sees the same info on his laptop screen.

MO MURPHY

Privately funded by a consortium of
benefactors--the Helping Hand Fund.

MARCUS

Major contributors are...
(beat)
...you seeing this Rachel?

Rachel, with the same info on her side of the Atlantic, nods
knowingly. Marcus shakes his head.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch. Ramon Apesteguía.

INT. ART GALLERY - DAY

Camera moves through art--from all over the world--Tatagatha
statues from Tibet, Moche works from Peru, Cubist canvasses
from right up the road. Mo and Fetters move through the place
as Marcus idles in front of a particular piece--a single
panel of a 16th-century triptych. The Hell-realm, by the look
of it, with legions of sinners--all men, all nude--being
consumed in hellfire and subjected to all sorts of
sodomasochistic torture by demons. Marcus considers the side
of the worn piece, the broken hasps that indicate it was once
conjoined with two similar pieces to its right.

MARCUS

Not like you, Ramon. Only a third
of a triptych?

Behind him, RAMON APESTEGUIA, bon vivant, scoundrel, lover of
art, Rioja, and boys, in no particular order.

MARCUS (RE: MISSING PANELS) (CONT'D)

Where's Heaven? The Garden of
Earthly Delights?

Ramon looks at all the writhing nude bodies. To him, an all-male revue of 400 years ago. A wry shrug:

RAMON
Thought that was the Garden of
Earthly Delights.

Marcus looks back at him, smiles.

MARCUS
Of course you did.

They size each other up. Old friends.

RAMON
Last time I saw you, you were under
a table in a Shanghai bar.

MARCUS
Jetlag.

RAMON (DUBIOUS)
Uh-huh.

For a long time the two friends just survey each other appreciatively.

RAMON (CONT'D)
Good to see you, amiguete.

MARCUS
Likewise.

RAMON
But the *law*, Marcus? Really?
You'd've made such a lovely buyer.
Your aesthetic sensibilities are
impeccable.

MARCUS
Salomé, Ramon. I'm here to talk
about Salomé.

RAMON
Tart shook her rump and got good
King Herod to lop off John the
Baptist's head. What else do you
want me to tell you?

MARCUS
The *piece*, Ramon.

Unbeknownst to the two men, their vibe wry and jocular--

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

--*someone watches* from across the street. The young Arab thug with the Horn-Rimmed glasses from the opening heist.

INT. ART GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

INSIDE, MARCUS, sensing Ramon's recalcitrance, what it means:

MARCUS

It's B-grade junk. It's not worth protecting.

RAMON

I don't have it.

MARCUS

I don't think you do. You're more of a marketmaker than a collector. But there's enough of a market for this piece that someone's willing to kill for it. And I think you know who that someone is.

As Mo and Fetters look on, behind them, framed by the window--

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

--Horn-Rim, crossing the street, approaching the gallery--

INT. ART GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

INSIDE, RAMON--taking a beat--his voice graven:

RAMON

This is not one the law can get involved in, Marcus. Trust me--

MARCUS

What's that supposed to mean?

RAMON

Sometimes yesterday needs to stay buried is what it means.

Right then, the plate glass window to the gallery shatters. Horn-Rim, tossing a PIPE BOMB through--

--which clatters on the floor and a beat later EXPLODES.

Chaos as ball bearings and shrapnel tear through everything. For a few beats, nothing but smoke and aftermath--

--then, the smoke clearing, we see the gallery and all its fine art shredded.

Marcus, bruised and bloody, sees Mo first. Same, but for the most part functional. Fetters is a different story. He lies bleeding, wounded.

Worse...Apestiguía lies near Marcus, dead.

Off Marcus, cradling his old friend in the smoking aftermath--

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Crime scene. Ambulance. Fetters getting loaded onto an ambulance. Marcus walks with him.

MARCUS

Only thing better than press...
scars. Really gonna clean up now.

FETTERS

Christ on a bike. Pandering to me
like I'm a rook.

MARCUS

You are a rook.

Time for Fetters to be loaded up. Final thought from him:

FETTERS

Try to swoop her, I'll kill you.

Marcus looks back to Mo across the crime scene. She meets his eyes briefly with the usual contempt.

A wry look between Marcus & Fetters. The ambulance doors close. A moment later, as the ambulance rolls off, Mo comes over. Marcus looks around at the devastation, runs his hand over his face.

MARCUS

Someone, somewhere...is bringing a
pro game to a minor league park.

EXT. VILLA - DAY

Begin on a throw wheel. Old hands, sculpting a bowl out of wet clay. In the b.g., the expanse of the Mediterranean. Gorgeous. Cerulean. We are in prime real estate. Italian FLUNKY steps into frame, obscuring the sublime view.

FLUNKY #1 (ITALIAN; SUBTITLE)

Law was there.

Reveal at the throw wheel RENATO POLI, 60s, Italian, richer than God, health failing from daily grappa and cigars--

POLI (ITALIAN; SUBTITLE)

To be expected.
(beat)
The Trader?

FLUNKY #1 (ITALIAN; SUBTITLE)

No more.

A nod from Poli. Flunky exits. Poli looks across the terrace to a young PRIEST. Sensing the Priest's thoughts, in English:

POLI

Your job is to provide me atonement, not judgment. I transgress, I confess, and you as an agent of God, forgive me. That is the beauty of the Christian faith. Retroactive forgiveness. Means one can do anything...as long as they say sorry afterward.

He nods vaguely to the two nubile young PARTY TROLLOPS in the pool across the way. The usual hangers-on--exchangers of sex for status--even if it's with an old wheezebag like Poli. (Who by all appearances is quite content with the insincerity of the arrangement.)

POLI (CONT'D)

Difficult *not* to judge me, I suppose. Nevertheless...as long as you provide me those Last Rites.

PRIEST

I am on call, as you know, signor. 24 hours a day.

POLI

No small comfort. We can't know when my failing health will once and all abandon me for good.

Poli takes a decent-sized pull of grappa.

POLI (CONT'D)

I empathize with you, though. You must feel like a whore.

PRIEST

You are the single greatest benefactor of our parish, sir. We look out for our flock. For their deliverance.

POLI

Your words are assiduous. But your eyes don't lie. I see the judgment.

He flips open a cell phone. As he begins dialing:

POLI (CONT'D)

The statue represents a great deal more than just artwork, you know. Not that you'd understand.

PRIEST

It's not my job to understand. Only
to provide atonement.

He says this with knowing self-deprecation. Poli flashes him a pleased smile. Good little whore. The other end of the line picks up:

POLI (ITALIAN; PHONE)

Our dancer, Enzo. Where is she?

INT. VAN - DAY

We see the other side of the conversation with creative framing--Salomé--in the rear of a van. Up front, out of focus, driving,..ostensibly 'ENZO', casually dressed in a red polo shirt, on the cell...camera pushing past him (delicately missing his face) as he responds to Renato:

ENZO (PHONE; ITALIAN)

Coming home.

--up ahead, visible through the windscreen, a sign:

Benvenuto in Italia
Welcome to Italy

INT. LEGAT OFFICE / GRANADA / WOMEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

ON MO--checking her bandages in the mirror--Marcus appearing behind her--

MARCUS

How's your Castilian?

MO MURPHY

Functional.

MARCUS

Go for a ride?

MO MURPHY

Rather kiss Hitler.

MARCUS

Man's dead.

She never taking her eyes off the mirror--refusing to make eye contact with him--

MO MURPHY

Even in his current state.

Marcus--well aware of her coldness--

MARCUS

Case you didn't notice, I'm down a partner. I need your language skills.

Getting no traction--switching tack--

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Tell you what. Sorry. Sorry for getting to Rembrandt before you did.

MO MURPHY

Before! I had it in my *hands!*

MARCUS

You were gonna get caught. I had a way out. So I took the piece. *I was thinking about the Rembrandt.*

She nearly has an aneurysm. The bloody nerve! He nevertheless offers her his hand--an olive branch--

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Bygones?

MO MURPHY (RISING TO IT)

Oh yeah, Vanderwold, bygones.

She shakes his hand. Big smile. Marcus nods, pleased.

MARCUS

Good.

As she grabs her stuff--

MO MURPHY

'Cept, just so you know, when we get to this piece--it can be all chips and vinegar until then--but when we get this piece, I'm gonna be the one to bring it back. Even if I got to shoot you.

MARCUS

Don't blame me because MI-5's a bunch of hardasses on their agents. You did good work in Naples. If it were me, I would've *promoted* you--

MO MURPHY

Thank God it's *not* you.

MARCUS (WHEELS TURNING)

Ah. That's what this Harry thing is.

MO MURPHY

It is not.

MARCUS

Always knew you were a glory hound.
Almost as bad as myself. But
marrying for *ambition*--

MO MURPHY

Ambition has nothing to do with it.

MARCUS

What's he offer then? What beyond
the ability to promote you?

MO MURPHY

He offers reliability. Loyalty.
He's a man of profound integrity;
not some self-centered juvenile.

MARCUS

Didn't realize you'd been dating
juveniles--

MO MURPHY

You're a tosser, you know that?

Marcus takes a beat. Nods with a faint smile. Enough.

MARCUS

Been coming around to that
realization over the years...yeah.

He approaches her, stepping into the rest room completely.
The other Woman up the way looks perplexed.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

I need your Castilian, Mo. I need a
translator.

MO MURPHY

Who you planning on talking to?

A beat from Marcus as he stops behind her, meeting her gaze
in the mirror. Deadpan.

MARCUS

Christopher Columbus.

Off her--CUT TO--

INT. CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

--Marcus and Mo...moving up the hallway toward the counter--

MARCUS
 ...as you know, only two
 motivations in black market art--

MO MURPHY
 --money and obsession--

MARCUS
 --either someone's trying to make a
 quick buck or someone wants a piece
 so bad they'll do anything to get
 it.

MO MURPHY
 Obviously, we're dealing with the
 second camp--

MARCUS
 Obviously, so, since at the moment
 we don't know *who* currently wants
 this piece so bad...we go back to
 the original guy.
 (beat)
 The guy that obsessed over it more
 than anyone else.

Camera holds on the central statue in the rotunda as they
 pass--CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS--

INT. CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS MUSEUM - MOMENTS LATER

Marcus hands his passport/credentials to the attractive young
 SPANISH CLERK.

MARCUS (SPANISH)
 Here for the journal archive.

She considers his passport/credentials. Something slightly
 shy in her voice. Recognition.

ATTRACTIVE SPANISH CLERK
 Marcus Vanderwold. Saw you in
Gente.

Marcus looks to Mo with faux-sheepishness.

MARCUS
 Spanish-language *People* magazine.

MO MURPHY (YOU CAD)
 I know what it means.

The ASC returns his credentials, nods to the archives--go
 ahead. She's more than a little smitten. Marcus gives Mo a
 look as they move on. What can I say?

INT. CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS MUSEUM - LATER

Crusty old tomes. Maps. Mo pours over Columbus' old writings. Marcus watches her face intently. She's absorbing it all in silence, her eyes and furrowed brow saying *Hmm. Wow. Enlightening.* Marcus, finally growing impatient:

MARCUS

Well?

MO MURPHY

Well what?

Marcus gives her a look. Quit dicking around. Read it aloud. Which makes her smile.

MO MURPHY (CONT'D)

Know what I love? How how utterly helpless you are right now. Should've gone to grad school, Vanderwold. Wouldn't have the absurd codependent look on your face like you do right now.

MARCUS

Read the damn text to me.

MO MURPHY

Be smarter just to keep it to myself. Find the statue on my own.

MARCUS

Could threaten your life like you threatened mine.

MO MURPHY

I'm a woman.

MARCUS

Be easier pickings.

MO MURPHY

Might be surprised.

MARCUS

Suppose I could tell Harry about the rest of Naples. The three bottles of Chateau Lafite. The naked kung fu in the surf--

She looks up from a tome. You wouldn't. His eyes say: I would. So read. Which she ultimately does, relenting.

MO MURPHY

Interestingly enough...our man Columbus was evidently a serious zealot. Third Order Franciscan Observantine. When he'd travel to Spain, he'd stay in Franciscan monasteries rather than the homes of noblemen. Very much an adherent of this guy--

(motions to a lithograph)

--Joachim of Fiore--12th century monk--predicted the end of the world would come mid-sixteenth century.

(under her breath)

Smidge off, old bean.

She sorts through various letters before her--

MO MURPHY (CONT'D)

All these letters to Ferdinand: Columbus is obsessed, urging the King to undertake a crusade to reclaim the Holy Land.

(on to wills)

And his last will, directing executors to set up a fund to help pay for the liberation of Jerusalem.

Marcus considers the navigational maps of Columbus' voyages.

MARCUS

If he's so interested in the Holy Land, why's he spend his entire life sailing West...in the opposite direction?

MO MURPHY

Listen to this...

(reading from journal)

"...for the execution of the journey to the Indies, I was not aided by intelligence, by mathematics...simply the fulfillment of what was prophesied."

MARCUS

Guy was using the Force to find America. Crew must've been elated.

MO MURPHY

Makes me think maybe it's not Salomé he was obsessed with, but rather John the Baptist.

(eyeing journal)

(MORE)

MO MURPHY (CONT'D)

Makes sense...navigator like
Columbus, spiritual guide like John
the Baptist, both interested in
direction...

She motions to various recurrences of a biblical phrase--in
Latin--Columbus had inscribed in his journal...

MO MURPHY (CONT'D)

*Missus a Deo ut viam
demonstraret...*It's all over the
journals. From John 1:9, referring
to John.

Marcus looks up at her. What's it mean?

MO MURPHY (CONT'D)

'Sent by God to point out the way.'

MARCUS

To what?

She meets eyes with him.

MO MURPHY

'The Light'.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

Absolutely radiance. The Light, indeed. The sun, filling the
sky. Camera drifts down to a solitary CAUCASIAN MAN
bushwhacking through dense foliage with a backpack. Chyron:
"Yunnan Province, China".

He finds a CHINESE FARMER ahead. Asks directions. As the
Farmer points further onward...up the hill...and the
Caucasian goes deeper into the unknown, the Farmer watching
him go with curiosity--CUT TO--

INT. LEGAT OFFICE / GRANADA - DAY

--Marcus and Mo--moving up the hall--

MO MURPHY

Got to admit, don't get it. Arab
kids. Temple of Solomon. Columbus
as some sort of apocalyptic
wingnut. None of it fits.

MARCUS

It all fits. We're just not seeing
the interstitials yet.

A whistle from a nearby door. The turn to see Babbs.

HARRY BABBS
 They found the bomber from this
 morning.
 (beat)
 What was left of him anyhow.

INT. LEGAT OFFICE / ELSEWHERE - MOMENTS LATER

Babbs motions to his laptop--the digital images of an hours-
 old crime scene. Horn-Rim is there is a pool of blood.

HARRY BABBS
 Same guy from the museum heist.

He motions to another monitor--the surveillance imagery of
 Horn-Rim in the van behind the museum in the original heist,
 killing the thieves as they delivered the statue to him.

Subtly rubbing Mo's back as he talks:

HARRY BABBS (CONT'D)
 Few things of note that should
 color your perception:
 (beat)
 One: they only found him because
 he'd shot himself in the head.

Marcus and Mo meet eyes.

HARRY BABBS (CONT'D)
 Two, more importantly: turns out he
 was from the same foster home as
 the two thieves that he killed at
 the museum.

He takes a deep breath, then delivers some unsettling news:

HARRY BABBS (CONT'D)
 And three...he was one of their
 brothers.

Off Marcus & Mo--looking at the image of Horn-Rim
 unceremoniously putting a bullet in his own brother's head--

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. SPANISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

A rental Fiat wends through pastoral countryside.

INT. FIAT - DAY

Marcus drives. Mo looks out the window, turning thoughts over.

MO MURPHY
Shoots his own brother, then shoots
himself.
(wryly)
Foster homes.

Speaking of which, up ahead, appearing around the bend...

EXT. FOSTER HOME - DAY

Marcus and Mo move through the expansive old grounds. CONSTRUCTION WORKERS labor in the far yard, digging some sort of structure with a deep and strong foundation.

They're greeted on the verandah by slightly creepy OWNER. Beyond him, a very OLD MAN in a wheelchair, half-lucid, catatonic for the most part, staring out into the forest.

Marcus nods to the bunker-like foundation:

MARCUS
What're you building? Pool?

FOSTER HOME OWNER
Storage.

Mo considers the thick walls:

MO MURPHY
For what? Spent uranium?

FOSTER HOME OWNER
(in no mood)
Can I help you?

MARCUS
(flashes badge)
Obviously you're aware of what's
transpired in the last few days.

A nod from the Owner.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
You got something in the water
here? How come your boys all end up
being terrorists?

FOSTER HOME OWNER

Please. We've lost 3 young men in the last week. A little compassion is the least you could bring here.

They're interrupted by the Old Man in the b.g., babbling almost incoherently:

OLD MAN

...La Guerra viene...La Guerra viene...

Marcus looks back to the Owner:

MARCUS

He says the war's coming. What war's he talking about?

FOSTER HOME OWNER

My father suffers from Alzheimer's. He was in the Spanish Civil War. He relives it in his head. All day every day.

Marcus looks around, notices an extraordinary amount of bulk beans. 50 lb. canvas bags. Dozens, if not hundreds.

MARCUS

Got a thing for frijoles. Could start a plantation.

Behind them, the Old Man continues his babble:

FOSTER HOME OWNER

La Guerra viene...Guerra Mundial Tres...

Marcus squints, itches his ear:

MARCUS

Swear that's World War III he's talking about. Not the Spanish Civil War.

The Owner says nothing. Marcus nods to Mo beside him:

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Do me a favor and see if there's a golf club around here. 6 iron is preferable.

Mo meets eyes with him: eat me. She nevertheless walks around the exterior, casing the place.

OWNER

If you'll excuse me.

As in, for a moment, as I move my father to a more fitting place. As he rolls his father inside, Marcus lays eyes on some of the art--all religious-themed--on the walls just inside the door. Something in particular catches his eye.

He approaches it. The right panel of a triptych--Heaven. Same style and weathered appearance as the Hell panel in Ramon's studio. Hasps indicating that it too had once been conjoined with other pieces. It depicts Jesus, the Heavenly Father, a cadre of saints and angels. Marcus' eyes focus specifically on the surface--a very faint milky haze there.

He subtly reaches up, *presses his thumbnail into it*, draws it downward, along the length of the piece--

OWNER (CONT'D)

Sir. I beg you. This is an antique.

Marcus turns to see that the Owner has returned. A sheepish shrug from Marcus:

MARCUS

Sorry. Art. Never really understood it.

(beat)

Other than, you know, what they tell me at the Bureau. That the 14th century lost wax statue your boys took is still missing. Wouldn't have any idea its currents whereabouts, would you?

OWNER

I have neither a clue nor a care where it is.

Mo returns. Marcus nods after a beat, pops one of the dry frijoles in his mouth:

MARCUS

But you do have beans.

He nods to Mo. Let's go. As they nod a faux-polite goodbye to the man--CUT TO--

INT. FIAT - MOMENTS LATER

--the twosome as they climb back into the car--

MO MURPHY

Pretty sure that's a fallout shelter out back. Guy's prepping for Armageddon.

MARCUS

Seems to be a theme these days.

MO MURPHY
Then why're we walking?

Marcus, meanwhile, is digging a baggie out of the glove box.

MARCUS
If there's one thing I recognize,
it's conviction. Men of conviction
don't talk.

He pulls out a pocket knife, very carefully dips the tip of the blade into the space just beneath his thumbnail--the one he dug into the triptych panel--

MARCUS (CONT'D)
But sometimes, you play it right...

He lifts out the tiny bit of the triptych's 'patina' wedged there--deposits it into the baggie.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
...their walls do.

INT. LEGAT OFFICE / GRANADA - DAY

Spectrographic equipment. Computer monitors with compositional data on the triptych's patina. Nearby, Ramon's section of triptych. Marcus surveys the results.

MARCUS
Foster home piece...Ramon's
piece...exact same patina. High
salt content in the craquelure.
(beat)
Which is unusual, only tends to be
found in pieces that have spent a
long time exposed to ocean air...or
in this case, because it's
interlaced with boron, which is
exceedingly unusual...it tells me
it's a composition unique to
Northern Italy. Specifically, if
I'm not mistaken, the Fossa delle
Felci Salt Mine.

Mo looks at him like he's on acid.

MO MURPHY
You can't possibly have just
figured that out.

Marcus gives her a look that at first says oh, yeah,
absolutely I did...but she's not buying. Finally:

MARCUS

It lines up with known information, that's all. See, World War II, 1944, bunch of triptychs, Genoese school like this, are hidden in a salt mine outside of Modena before the Allied advance. Whoever put em down there died during the assault, and the triptychs ended up being down there for 20 years. Accumulated a distinct patina by the time they were pulled out. Local guy, Enrico Poli, made a name for himself in the 60s bringing them up. Pretty much cornered the market on Genoese triptychs. If they existed, and they had this patina on them, you could bet they went through Poli's hands.

MO MURPHY

Don't see how it's necessarily relevant.

MARCUS

May not be. But I find the idea that two of these pieces, from the same triptych, are in the possession of two of our players...

He pauses as an ATTRACTIVE FEMALE SPANISH AGENT appears, handing him a sheaf of papers.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Thank you.

(to Mo)

Think, if nothing else, it warrants a look at Poli. See if either of them has been in contact with him.

MO MURPHY (RE PAPERWORK)

What's this?

MARCUS

Phone records for the foster home.

He watches as the Attractive Agent walks away.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Spaniards: so accommodating. In all the little ways.

Off Mo--you skirt-chasing lech--CUT TO--

INT. LEGAT OFFICE / GRANADA - LATER

--midnight--XCU of the phone records--ingoing, outgoing calls--
-Marcus' hand whizzing along in a fine frenzy, circling
similar numbers, drawing arrows, making connections--

Across the table, Mo, fried, stands:

MO MURPHY

Got to be an easier way to do this.
Putting me to sleep.

MARCUS

History doesn't sleep, Murph.

MO MURPHY

History isn't a coffee addict like
I am. Want something?

MARCUS

Just diligence, which I already
got. You on the other hand...might
be the reason you came in second in
Naples.

She shakes her head. Wanker. Exits. He smiles inwardly,
reveling in his ability to wind her up.

He looks back to his paperwork knowingly. He's got progress
he hasn't shared with her. Amongst the wild connective
scribbles: numerous instances of the same number, highlit...

INT. FBI / OFFICE OF OIO - DAY

RACHEL--on the phone--considering a laptop before her--

RACHEL (PHONE)

Number's mainland Italy. Portofino.
Residence of Renato Poli, just like
you said. Call volume spiked in the
days immediately before and after
the heist.

*** INTERCUT AS NECESSARY ***

Marcus moves through the legat office--

MARCUS (PHONE)

Surprised. Poli's pretty old to
still be at it. Most men at that
age give up acquisition, start
defining themselves by what they
can give away.

He casts a furtive glance around--

MARCUS (PHONE) (CONT'D)

If we're gonna drop a trap-and-trace on Poli's line, we're gonna need to do it now. Phone call's gonna happen fast--next half hour if it hasn't already happened--

(beat)

--somewhere in Granada or its suburbs. Public phone probably. Anonymous location.

RACHEL (INTO PHONE)

Bureaucracy's gonna be tough--DCSNet'll take hours just figuring out whether they want to upset the Italians--

MARCUS (INTO PHONE)

Lather em up. Tell em it's terrorists.

RACHEL (INTO PHONE)

Why Marcus, that would be deceitful.

MARCUS (INTO PHONE)

Lie, cheat, and steal, Rachel. Only way an honest man upholds the law these days.

As he talks--CUT TO--

INT. LEGAT OFFICE / GRANADA / ELSEWHERE - CONTINUOUS

--a POV of him--Mo, watching, hardly fatigued per her earlier claim--something duplicitous in her face. She slips into another room. Closes the door behind her. Off that door closing--CUT TO--

EXT. RURAL VILLAGE - DAY

--chickens. Children running around in crotchless onesies. Yunnan Province. Reveal the Caucasian--a medical case out--something very much Doctors-Without-Borders about him. He's mid-check-up with a family. Before him, the family's incredibly shy, but very beautiful 18-year-old DAUGHTER. By all appearances, the parents are ashamed of her.

DOCTOR

I understand your headwinds, trust me. Not only is she a second child, she's female.

FATHER

The government charge us 6 time taxes because her.

DOCTOR
Because of the *government*. Not her.

FATHER (RE: DAUGHTER/TAXES)
We cannot afford.

DOCTOR
Well...if it's any consolation,
she's in about as perfect health as
you can get.

Off the Chinese girl, eying him as he finishes up--CUT TO--

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

--Fetters, recovering in his hospital bed, phone to ear--

FETTERS (INTO PHONE)
Gotta see this nurse, Marcus. Built
like a butternut squash.

And indeed, we see what he sees, a SPANISH NURSE, beautiful
of course, squatting to retrieve something from a low shelf,
her form adequately contoured despite the staid uniform.

INT. LEGAT OFFICE / GRANADA - DAY

Marcus, phone to ear--

MARCUS (INTO PHONE)
But you're okay.

*** INTERCUT AS NECESSARY ***

--Fetters meets eyes with the NURSE--

FETTERS (INTO PHONE)
Positively shimmering.

Marcus' phone beeps. The other line.

MARCUS (INTO PHONE)
Gotta roll.

Fetters nods, hangs up. Marcus clicks over.

MARCUS (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
Rachel.

INT. FBI / OFFICE OF OIO - NIGHT

*** INTERCUT ONCE AGAIN AS NECESSARY ***

RACHEL (OVER PHONE)
 Got something cached here you might
 want to hear. Just like you said:
 public phone in Granada.

MARCUS (INTO PHONE)
 Fire away.

Rachel puts her receiver to the computer speaker--and we
 hear, along with Marcus on the other side of the Atlantic--
 the contents of a phone call between Spain and Italy:

ITALIAN VOICE (OVER PHONE)
Si.

FOSTER HOME OWNER (OVER PHONE)
There are more eyes in the game.

ITALIAN VOICE (OVER PHONE)
When?

FOSTER HOME OWNER (OVER PHONE)
*Hour ago. Maybe two. They have our
 phone records.*

A beat.

ITALIAN VOICE (OVER PHONE)
Disappear.

FOSTER HOME OWNER (OVER PHONE)
Do you have...the dancer?

ITALIAN VOICE (OVER PHONE)
End of the day. Disappear.

Click.

MARCUS (INTO PHONE)
 Email that to me, will you?

RACHEL (INTO PHONE)
 Already done.

MARCUS (INTO PHONE)
 You're a titan.
 (beat)
 Oh, and Rachel: airfare into hub
 closest to Portofino.

RACHEL (INTO PHONE)
 Be Milan, I think. How many? Two?

Marcus takes a beat, looks up the hall.

MARCUS (INTO PHONE)
You know...one'll suffice.

INT. LEGAT OFFICE / GRANADA / BREAK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Marcus hurriedly collects his stuff out of his locker. Pauses. Eyes falling across something. The coffee machine. He crosses to it. Empty. He pulls at the cord. Unplugged. He looks casually to the SPANISH AGENT across the way.

MARCUS
You seen Murphy?

SPANISH AGENT
Last I saw she was in the MI-5 intel room.

Beat.

MARCUS
There's an MI-5 intel room?

INT. LEGAT OFFICE / GRANADA - MOMENTS LATER

ON MARCUS--finding the room Mo had surreptitiously slipped in to before. He enters. The look on his face is one of a man that's been had.

Inside, an impressive array of computer screens. On screen, a 3-D map of the world--Mediterranean theater at the fore--with spidering lines signifying phone calls extending away from Spain to various locations near and far. It looks like an airline route map in the back of an inflight magazine. Marcus briefly marvels at it.

A single MI-5 TECH is lounging, feet up, chatting into his cell. By the look of the place--cups, food containers, etc.--there was a lot of activity earlier.

TECH (PHONE; OBLIVIOUS)
...so I left the Emirates in the car after we'd thrashed the Manc scum 3-0 when the old bill pull me over. The copper comes up to me and asks "Have you been drinking, sir?"

All this said as Marcus scans the screens. Finds that MI-5, with their advanced technology, has long ago arrived at the same information. Renato Poli in Portofino.

MARCUS
How long ago they figure this out?

TECH
 Processed it all, don't know, few
 hours ago.

Marcus grimaces. Shit! As he leaves, Tech returns his
 attention to the phone--

TECH (PHONE) (CONT'D)
*So, I was saying: he asks me if
 I've been drinking. I say "No, why,
 have I got a fat bird in my car?"*

INT. LEGAT OFFICE / GRANADA - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

ON THE MI-5 LIAISON--Marcus catching up to him--

MARCUS
 Need my passport.

MI-5 LIAISON
 Mo already collected it when she
 collected hers.

Marcus sets his jaw.

MARCUS
When.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
 Half hour ago. Said you two had
 some international travel ahead of
 you.

Off Marcus--son of a bitch--CUT TO--

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

--Mo, shoulder-bagged, phone to ear, hurrying for the gate--

MO MURPHY (PHONE)
 There's too much evidence, Harry.
 It's him. It's Poli.

INT. LEGAT OFFICE / GRANADA - CONTINUOUS

Babbs--on the phone--

** INTERCUT AS NECESSARY **

HARRY BABBS (PHONE)
 Cherub. You know how it works. We
 run it up the flagpole with
 Scotland Yard. Only then do we
 engage the Italians.

MO MURPHY (PHONE)
It'll be too late.

HARRY BABBS (PHONE)
I'm confused by this impulsiveness.
Is Vanderwold driving this thing?
Because if he is, that sort of
reckless unilateralism is only
going to be a detriment to this
case, I promise you--

MO MURPHY
Vanderwold's not gonna be a
detriment. He's gonna be staying
behind in Spain. He doesn't really
have an option.

Mo briefly considers something in her hand. MARCUS' PASSPORT.

MO MURPHY (CONT'D)
Call you when I'm on the ground.

She hangs up.

Babbs looks to one of his agents:

HARRY BABBS
Contact Italy. Get CTPC involved.

INT. AIRPLANE - MOMENTS LATER

Mo pardons her way onto the flight, one of the last aboard.
She sits down in first class. Takes a deep breath. Allows
herself a small inward smile.

CAPTAIN (INTERCOM)
*...should be on the ground in Milan
in 2 hours in 5 minutes. Cabin
crew, prepare doors.*

Just as the ATTENDANTS move to close the door--a very late
arrival appears--Mo's face pales--Marcus--

MARCUS
Hold up, sorry. Thanks.

Mo pales, sits up. As Marcus briefly confers with the
Attendant near the door, Mo turns, panicked, to the Attendant
in the aisle behind her.

MO MURPHY
No, no. Excuse me. He doesn't have
a passport. He can't get on this
plane.

Marcus materializes beside her. Flashes, curiously, a PASSPORT. He plops down beside her.

MARCUS

Backup. Always have a backup.

She can only gape at him. You a-hole. A moment later, the FORE ATTENDANT appears, presents them with two glasses of wine.

FORE ATTENDANT

As requested, two Chateau Lafites.

MARCUS (RECEIVING THEM)

Lovely. Thank you.

He hands a glass to a clearly chagrined Mo. Holds up his own in toast.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Cheers. To us. In Italy. Again.

As he clinks her glass--her stewing--him for the moment having won the day--

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. VILLA / BACK DECK - DAY

XCU--the middle panel of the triptych--hanging on the wall--
depicting The Garden of Earthly Delights--men and women, half
nude, interlocked in boozy Bacchanalia--right up Poli's alley-

And there he is, on the back deck, his Trollops in the pool,
the man himself, multi-tasking, putting a newly-formed clay
pot into the KILN, talking on the cell:

POLI (ITALIAN; PHONE)
What's the hold-up?

ENZO (OVER PHONE; ITALIAN)
*Traffic outside Torino. Overturned
tanker.*

POLI (ITALIAN; PHONE)
But you're close now.

ENZO (OVER PHONE; ITALIAN)
No later than 4 o'clock.

Poli hangs up. All the while, the Priest eyes the scantily
clad Trollops, smoking at the railing, looking at the sea.
Something in his eyes. Desire? Something deeper?

POLI
Beautiful, eh?
(re fake breasts)
A little augmentation. But then so
is makeup, yes?

PRIEST (CANDID NOD)
A corruption of the body, signor.
If I may be frank.

Poli smiles, bemused, moves on, leaving the Priest there,
subtly considering the women.

EXT. PORTOFINO - DAY

Mediterranean high-life. Mega-yachts. Cafes bustling with
wannabe's and even a few be's. Through all this wends a
rental sedan--Marcus and Mo inside--Mo at the wheel--

INT. SEDAN - DAY

MARCUS
Never figured out if it was a
dolphin or a spider monkey.

MO MURPHY
If *what* was a dolphin?

MARCUS

The tattoo. On your...thing. In the surf.

MO MURPHY

That's private.

MARCUS

Wasn't that night.
(checking his pistol)
You ever killed anyone?

She stews for a moment, eyes on the road ahead.

MO MURPHY

Thinking about it.

EXT. VILLA - DAY

POLI'S VILLA: the Salomé-bearing van sits parked out front.

INT. VILLA - DAY

Poli, arm around TROLLOP #1, an American, moves up the hall--

POLI

You think I am old and very
Italian. I'll show you something
even older, even more Italian.

He guides her into the kitchen, where, on the counter, Salomé stands in her glory. The Trollop looks vaguely impressed.

PARTY TROLLOP #1

How old *is* it?

POLI (REVERENTIAL)

1333. Before your country was even
founded.

The Driver, in his Red Polo Shirt is present, out of focus in the b.g., getting a glass of water in the kitchen.

The Priest watches all of this, struggling at detachment.

EXT. VILLA / STREET - CONTINUOUS

Unbeknownst to them, a car rolls up silently across the narrow winding Mediterranean street out front. Taking a spot 50 yards up the street. Marcus and Mo.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Marcus and Mo eye the villa, prep guns.

MARCUS

OK. We make a deal here. We worry about who gets the piece after--

MO MURPHY

Oh, I know who gets the piece after-

MARCUS

Point is, Poli's old school, the gentleman thief. We lay out enough of a case against him, maybe he'll yield the piece. We shake the tree too rough, he'll bury it for good. And if that piece gets lost to history again, it's the worst outcome. Worse even than you getting it.

She gives him the stink-eye.

He pauses. Eyes in the sideview. Another sedan rolls up behind them.

EXT. VILLA / STREET - CONTINUOUS

2 Feds--Italian-style--step out. Approach.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Mo nods to the rearview knowingly:

MO MURPHY

Carabinieri Tutela Patrimonio Culturale.

MARCUS (FAMILIAR W/ CTPC)

Italian art police. Why?

MO MURPHY

Because this isn't Pakistan. This is Italy. We coordinate with local law enforcement.

MARCUS

Of course...but it's so much easier if we do it *after* we get the piece.

INT. PORTOFINO VILLA - CONTINUOUS

Topside, up in the villa, Flunky #1 notices the action in the street below. He nods to Poli, who comes over to the window.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

ON MARCUS--watching in the mirror as the men approach. One, curiously keeping his hand out of sight, behind his hip...

CTPC AGENT #2 comes to Marcus' window:

CTPC AGENT #2
Murphy and Vanderwold, no?

A nod from Marcus.

CTPC AGENT #2 (CONT'D)
All I need to know.

AND SUDDENLY HIS GUN'S OUT, PRESSING IT IN AT MARCUS--

There's a report--strangely muffled--combined with a ping--
from Marcus's gun--pressed to the inside of the door--
shooting out through the steel panel first--

CTPC AGENT #2 goes down. Marcus wheels--the second guy having
taken up position behind the vehicle--his gun raised--both
men firing at the same time--shattering the back glass--

CTPC AGENT #1 collapses, shot dead in the street.

Off Marcus and Mo--intact--holy shit--

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. VILLA - DAY

Poli and his men react with a holy shit of their own. As they mobilize--time to get scarce--

EXT. VILLA / STREET - CONTINUOUS

Adrenalized, Marcus and Mo scramble to the Agents, check their docs. *Comando Carabinieri Tutela Patrimonio Culturale*.

MO MURPHY

'The hell?

INT. VILLA - CONTINUOUS

ON SALOMÉ--being grabbed by FLUNKY #1--as he follows Poli into the hall--

POLI (ITALIAN; SUBTITLE)

There's another car in back--

--they turn the corner--right into the Priest--blocking their path, strangely calm.

PRIEST

About those Last Rites, sir. I'd be remiss not to administer them.

POLI

What're you talking about?

And then he sees it, a PISTOL in the Priest's hand.

POLI (CONT'D)

I don't understand--

PRIEST

You're not expected to--

POLI

It--this--is an act of *patriotism*, nothing more! The Spanish try to claim Columbus as their national hero--but he was Genoese. Italian! That statue belongs in Italy. Is that such a sin?!

A beat.

PRIEST

Your mind is small. She transcends country.

CRACK! He puts down Flunky #1 with a single shot, then turns the gun on Poli.

As Poli grows ashen and the Priest pulls the trigger--CRACK!--
CUT TO--

EXT. PORTOFINO STREETS - CONTINUOUS

--our guys hearing the shots in the street below--turning--
bolting for the villa--

INT. VILLA - CONTINUOUS

ON THE PRIEST--dragging Salomé up the hallway as quickly as he can--coming across TROLLOP #1, who's understandably horrified. Seeing the gun in his hand, she pleads:

TROLLOP #1
I don't have anything to do with
this...I swear--

PRIEST
You're a temple, you realize that?
And you've bastardized it.

He levels the gun at her.

PRIEST (CONT'D)
Forgive me.

CRACK!

INT. VILLA - CONTINUOUS

Marcus and Mo are into the house now--kicking the door open--
yelling--guns out--

Across the house, the sound of the heavy statue being dragged toward the back patio. The Priest, struggling to get Salomé out back.

They catch sight of him through the rear windows. They rush through the labyrinthine halls toward the back--

Marcus wheels around a corner--man in the Red Polo Shirt there--on the far side of the room--

MARCUS
No movement! NONE!

Red Polo Shirt briefly dithers, looks back at him. *Marcus pales as if he's seen a ghost. We catch a glimpse of the man's face for the first time.*

Hawkish Eyebrows. The one that left Marcus' mother dead all those months ago in the stairwell.

He bolts left, out of sight, into the labyrinthine halls.

Marcus, dumbfounded, blindly charges at him headlong, unloading--BLAM BLAM BLAM--

Mo's almost going to follow his lead, but pauses, sees the Priest through the glass, 40 yards away, getting away with the statue!

She makes her choice, rips after the Priest.

EXT. VILLA / BACK DECK - CONTINUOUS

The Priest sees, 100 yards below, a car coming up a parallel road for him. He also realizes that Salomé's too heavy.

He pauses, realizes, coming up the other road, the front road where the opening gun battle took place, KLAXONS are echoing. Police, winding their way up toward the villa. Lovely.

INT. VILLA - CONTINUOUS

Mo, closing in on the door to the back deck, that close to spilling out after the priest--

--is pinned back by gunfire. Poli's remaining FLUNKY #2-- opening up from her left--

As she ducks back--

EXT. VILLA / BACK DECK - CONTINUOUS

ON THE PRIEST--making a decision. Setting down Salomé. *Reaching beneath the platter bearing John the Baptist's head-- unscrewing a single bolt--unseen til now--that joins hand to platter...*

As the platter loosens, it becomes evident that it's actually comprised of two pieces--a platter lying inside and atop another--

The Priest unceremoniously casts aside John's head with a clatter. Looks down at what remains--the topside of the bottom platter--hidden to the history til now.

We don't see what he sees there. But whatever it is, it makes him catch his breath slightly.

PRIEST (UNDER HIS BREATH)
'Sent by God to show the way'.

He grabs some of Renato's light gray clay nearby, rubs it across the platter top.

He quickly produces his cell phone camera, takes a few quick snaps of the platter--

--then turns and CRAMS SALOMÉ INTO RENATO'S BURNING KILN.

The car rolls up in the back alley below a moment later. He bolts for it.

INT. VILLA - CONTINUOUS

ON MO--playing cat and mouse with Flunky #2--seeing his reflection in a window--*he's right on the other side of the wall from her--*

She pivots. SHOOTs THROUGH THE WALL. FLUNKY #2 GOES DOWN WITH A PAINED HOWL.

No time to dither. She scrambles forward--

EXT. VILLA / BACK DECK - CONTINUOUS

--explodes out onto the back deck--

--finds Salomé half-crammed inside the kiln, flames licking up around it. She tries to pull it out--wincing at the intense heat--

INT. VILLA - CONTINUOUS

ON MARCUS--in a chaotic game of run-and-shoot through the maze-like house--a man possessed--yelling as he fires indiscriminately:

MARCUS
Who are you!?

--then click--his magazine is empty--

Red Polo, ahead, hearing this, takes pause.

Off Marcus--holy shit, reloading--CUT TO--

EXT. VILLA / BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

--THE PRIEST--hopping the wall down to the idling car, climbing in.

INT. VILLA - CONTINUOUS

ON MARCUS--ducked behind a counter, furiously scrambling to reload.

Hawkish--knowing he's got a foe without bullets--circles back-

MARCUS--in dire straits--yells--

MARCUS
Murphy! Need help here! MURPHY!

EXT. VILLA / BACK DECK - CONTINUOUS

ON MO--hearing this--but also midway through pulling the statue out of the flames--employing towels--

Choice! Marcus, statue, Marcus, statue...she chooses statue!
Pulls on it with all her might--

INT. VILLA - CONTINUOUS

Marcus fumbles with bullets. Hawkish comes for him--

--then hears, down below--the getaway car riding the horn--
and in the other direction--klaxons, scarcely a block away.

Hawkish spins, pushes open balcony doors--drops down onto the tile rooftops--

EXT. VILLA / BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

--landing down on the cobblestones in front of the car. He hops onto the hood as it peels out, pulls himself up over the windscreen, and slides down into the sun roof.

INT. PORTOFINO VILLA - CONTINUOUS

Marcus comes to the balcony, can only watch as the car disappears into the winding back streets of Portofino.

INT. CAR - DAY

The Priest, sitting in the back, surveys the images he's taken with his cell phone, then dials a number. Calmly:

PRIEST
It's done.

EXT. RURAL VILLAGE - DAY

...reveal the other side of the conversation, Yunnan Province, our Doctor Without Borders, as he lays an envelope full of \$100s before the solemn Chinese Parents. He turns, lightly takes the Daughter by the arm. He's bought her.

As he eyes her, he nods into the phone:

DOCTOR
Done here too.

The Doctor--the mastermind here--casts a glance at the girl beside him.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Pillars of Heaven are going to shake, Father. Soon.

Click. He flips the phone shut.

EXT. VILLA / BACK DECK - DAY

ON MARCUS--arriving as Mo, using towels, has pulled Salomé out of the flames. She steps away, catching her breath.

MO MURPHY

What the hell, Vanderwold? This whole thing was supposed to be about that piece.

Marcus nears the statue, knitting his brow.

MARCUS

Ramon said some history should stay buried.

His mind's been cranked into overdrive by what he sees.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

They were trying to bury this.

She comes over. Sees what he sees. The topside of the platter, which we still don't yet see. Stunned, confused:

MO MURPHY

(but...)

...it's...14th century.

Marcus nods knowingly. More precisely:

MARCUS

1333. Already a century and a half old by the time Columbus got his hands on it.

As he speaks, camera swings around, and for the first time we see, along with them, the inside of the platter. Etched into the bronze there, now highlighted by the sheen of clay--framed by the circle of the platter--the WORLD...

...and more specifically, a secret cargo Salomé has borne these last 675 years...something with no business being present in a piece of bronze cast in 1333. A map of the United States of America.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Someone had been there before him. They were showing him the way.

MO MURPHY

That means--

MARCUS

--he wasn't looking for the a
passage to the West Indies. He
already knew America was there. He
was looking for something else.

MO MURPHY

You're not saying...the Temple
Treasure is in America.

Off Marcus--looking at the sprawl of Portofino, echoing
klaxons everywhere. The man is, for once, utterly confounded.

MARCUS

Something is.

EXT. CHINESE RURAL LANDSCAPE - DAY

A taxi navigates its way down a Chinese mountain road.

INT. CHINESE TAXI - DAY

Inside, the Doctor and the Chinese daughter. She's silent.
He's unnervingly forbearing.

DOCTOR

Ready to go to America?

She says nothing. Stares ahead.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

You've got your whole future before
you.

He pats her on the knee--something faintly lecherous about it--
then looks out the window.

We hold on her, though. Pushing in on her pristine features--

DOCTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And what a future it will be.

...until only her face fills frame, her eyes dark, her irises
depthless...her expression emotionless, unreadable...

END PILOT