

YESTERDAY'S TREASURE

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET IN REDLANDS, CA - DAY

Long shadows slice well-kept lawns and quiet houses early on a summer's morning.

TWO-STORY CRAFTSMAN

The gabled roof slopes over a wrap-around porch.

At the end of a stone walkway along the side of the house rests a two-car garage topped by an upstairs apartment.

ANGLE WIDENS

At this point, we realize we are looking at the property through the driver's window of a vehicle on the far side of the street.

We see the curve of the steering wheel and the edge of a man's knuckle.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GARAGE APARTMENT

Roomy studio now filling with yellow morning sun -- queen bed on the left, lounging and study areas on right, small kitchen, then door to bathroom in the back on the left.

In the one large bookcase and strewn across the love seat are various books on art separated by colorful prints.

Titles of the books: *The Impressionists*, *German Expressionism*, *Ten Renaissance Giants*, and *Lost and Stolen Masterpieces*.

The color prints are Picasso's *Guernica*, Degas' *Dancers in Blue* and *Dancers in Pink*, samples of Monet's *Haystacks*, and three views of Van Gogh's *Wheat Fields*.

ON BED

ANDREA NELSON -- 23 today, trim, industrious, with a good eye for detail -- throws off her thin covers and stretches, rubbing sleep from her eyes.

A CELL PHONE RINGS on a night stand.

ANDREA
 (into cell)
 I'm up.

An excited male voice comes from the cell's speaker.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
 Happy Birthday, gorgeous.

Andrea smiles, affection mixed with annoyance.

She slips out of the bed.

On her dresser, and in front of her diploma for a BA in Art History from the University of Chicago, stand two framed photos:

One of a slightly younger Andrea with her mates on the U of C women's water polo team,

and the other of an even younger Andrea standing between two much older women.

She grabs the cell.

ANDREA
 Thanks, Peter. Your present came.

ON U.S. POSTAL SERVICE BOX

Sitting on the kitchen table.

Above the table on the wall is a small poster -- small fish on the right being pursued by open-mouthed bigger fish being pursued by open-mouthed still bigger fish, and so on. We've all seen this one.

PETER (O.S.)
 You didn't open it yet, did you?

More observation than question.

ON ANDREA

Carrying her cell, she crosses the room to the kitchen table.

ANDREA
How do you know?

PETER (O.S.)
Because you haven't challenged me.

ANDREA
What is it?

She touches the box.

PETER (O.S.)
Just make sure you don't mess with
it until you are in the right spot
and appropriately attired. Safer
that way.

Andrea glances out the kitchen window to the alleyway that
runs behind the garage.

Another alley, perpendicular to the first, is visible a few
garages to the left.

EXT. KITCHEN WINDOW OF GARAGE APARTMENT

The window frames Andrea's face above the garage door facing
the alley.

INT. GARAGE APARTMENT

Andrea turns from the window.

ANDREA
(into cell)
You're a goofball. No wonder
Google wants to hire you.

Andrea heads toward the bathroom door.

PETER (O.S.)
Thin line between madness and
genius.

ANDREA
And I know which side you're on.

PETER (O.S.)
Have you told your grandmother and
aunt yet?

ANDREA
Not yet. I will.

PETER (O.S.)
When?

She sets the cell on the laundry hamper to left of bathroom door.

Andrea begins to lift off her nightgown.

ANDREA
Soon. Bye, Pete, I've got to get to work.

PETER (O.S.)
On your birthday?

The nightgown is off.

ANDREA
Just a normal day for the rest of the world. Later.

Andrea ends the call, steps into the bathroom, and closes the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GARAGE APARTMENT - LATER

Wooden stairs with two-by-four railing descend from a small landing outside the apartment door.

Andrea, dressed now in a blouse, blue jeans, and sandals, carries Peter's present under her arm; she exits the apartment and skips down the stairs.

She stops a little past midway and, grabbing the railing with one hand and holding the present with the other for balance, places her foot carefully to the side of one step with a large crack running along the grain of the wood.

Once past the danger, Andrea looks back at the errant step.

ANDREA
Gotta fix that.

EXT. BACK DOOR OF CRAFTSMAN

Andrea, climbs the three porch steps, opens the back door to the house, and walks in.

INT. SERVICE PORCH AND LAUNDRY ROOM OF CRAFTSMAN

Andrea listens at the door from the service porch to kitchen. She then pushes open the door.

ANDREA
(calling)
You guys up?

KITCHEN OF CRAFTSMAN

ELISE BLANKENSHIP -- an energetic 80 -- places two plates on the breakfast nook table.

Around her neck, she wears a chain from which dangle an old key and a green gemstone.

She's one of the two older women in the photo on Andrea's dresser.

ELISE
I am. Your grandmother's running a little late.

Elise thumbs down two slices of cinnamon-raisin bread into the toaster.

BERNADETTE NELSON -- 75, sweet but scattered -- bustles into the kitchen, buttoning up her blouse -- one side off-center.

She's the other one in the photo.

BERNADETTE
I'm ready. I'm ready. I'm on my way as soon as I find my keys.

Andrea sets Peter's present on the counter and then stands in front of her grandmother who is reaching to the counter for her purse.

ANDREA
(of blouse)
Here, let me help you.

Andrea re-buttons the blouse.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
 (to Bernadette)
 And where do you think you're
 going?

BERNADETTE
 To the memory barn. Open it up for
 vendors and then the public.

ANDREA
 That's my job.

Bernadette shakes her head, no, but before she can say
 anything...

ELISE
 Not on your birthday! I've whipped
 up a special breakfast for you.

The toast POPS up.

BERNADETTE
 And I've got to get the barn ready
 for your party this afternoon.
 Many of the vendors will drop by.

Andrea grabs a paper towel and lifts free one of the slices
 of toast.

ANDREA
 Grandma, you're not hanging
 streamers or tacking up balloons.
 Remember last time.

With her other hand, Andrea slips an apple from the bowl on
 the counter into her purse.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
 (of toast and apple)
 This will hold me.

ELISE
 What about the birthday breakfast
 I've made?

BERNADETTE
 And we've a special present to tell
 you about.

Andrea looks at Bernadette and Elise, loving these two ladies but knowing that what she has to tell them will be difficult and painful -- for all three of them.

ANDREA

You two are the only special present I want...other than that charcoal sketch of the Degas painting in your bedroom.

(to Elise)

But you already promised to leave me that.

Elise looks at Bernadette, both of them suddenly embarrassed.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

I know the frame is an heirloom made by your great-grandfather, or something. I can do without that...just the charcoal sketch.

BERNADETTE

But...

ANDREA

Oh, the breakfast, you two have it.

Andrea looks again at her grandmother and great aunt.

Something is troubling them, and Andrea wonders if they sense the bad news she has to tell them.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

See you in an hour or so. Love you both.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Andrea, preoccupied, leaves the kitchen, forgetting Peter's present back on the counter.

She crosses into the formal dining room and then the sitting room where a knitting bag, needles with point protectors sticking out, rests on the end of the couch.

A plaster bust of Gertrude Stein rests on the fireplace mantle at a right angle to the couch.

Andrea then walks out the front door.

EXT. FRONT DOOR OF CRAFTSMAN

We watch through the vehicle window on the far side of the street as Andrea descends the front steps of the house.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
She's leaving now.

ON ANDREA

She slips into a vintage Saturn parked at the curb.

She pulls into the street and drives away.

ON STREET

A moment later, a black van pulls away from the far side curb and follows.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Andrea's Saturn turns right at the end of the block.

The van follows.

Andrea proceeds another block through the residential area, then turns right onto a boulevard.

The van follows, a block away.

Andrea passes a strip mall and then turns right into the parking lot surrounding a large, wooden warehouse.

Painted on the slope of the roof facing the boulevard:
YESTERDAY'S TREASURES -- ANTIQUES AND COLLECTIBLES.

The van pulls into the parking lot of the strip mall.

Andrea pulls into the lot beside the wooden warehouse, parks, and steps out of her car.

ON ANDREA

She's on her cell phone.

ON VAN

The van waits at the exit to the strip mall parking lot.

We can't make out the driver, but he's there.

Watching.

ON ANDREA

She rounds the corner of the building.

ANDREA

(into cell)

Peter. I told you. I will talk to them tonight.

She listens.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

I haven't told them about the offer at the De Young. It's entry level, but it'll be enough to start paying off my student loans.

She listens a bit more as she fiddles in her purse for the keys to the front door of the antique mall.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Right, if we share expenses. I know San Francisco costs.

Listens for a moment.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Yes, they know about you. We're friends from school. They know that.

She listens a moment.

Then she pulls out her keys.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

I'm not really needed here. My aunt and grandmother keep the business going because they think I need a job.

She listens a moment as she slips her key into the front door of Yesterday's Treasures.

The doorway is the one from the photo of Elise, Bernadette, and Andrea.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
I've got to open up the memory
barn. Talk later, okay?

She ends the call and slips the phone into her purse.

She turns the key.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Before she can pull open the door, a pair of gloved hands slips a canvas bag over her head.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
What?

Two sets of gloved hands grab her.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Andrea drops her purse, and the apple and her cell bounce out.

The apple rolls into the dirt and the CELL SKITTERS under a bench and into the shrubs.

ON PARKING LOT

The black van SCREECHES into the parking lot.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
(screaming)
Let me go? What do you want?

Her kidnappers are all masked.

And silent.

As the driver pulls open the back door of the van, Andrea gets an arm free and SLAMS her fist into the stomach of one of her abductors.

He GASPS and lets go of her.

But before Andrea can turn on the other, the driver pins her arms.

Her three assailants push Andrea into cargo area of the van.

INT. BLACK VAN

As Andrea continues to struggle, the kidnappers duct tape her hands behind her back and then tape her ankles together.

One kidnapper lifts the canvas bag away from Andrea's mouth.

Andrea SCREAMS.

A gloved hand SLAPS her hard across the cheek,

Surprised, Andrea closes her mouth.

A piece of duct tape is plastered across her lips.

Finally, the bag is secured into place by two small sections of tape -- one on the front of Andrea's blouse, the other to the back.

EXT. ON VAN

All three kidnappers exit the back of the van.

The doors SLAM.

Andrea's MUMBLED PROTESTS EMERGE, plaintive but weak, through the closed door.

The driver climbs back into the front.

ANGLE WIDENS

The other two walk back to the antique mall and open the door, tripping a brief TINKLING OF BELLS.

They enter the building, pulling off their masks as they do so -- from the back we see that one assailant is a male, the other female.

The male rubs his stomach.

ON VAN

The van's ENGINE ROARS to life, and the black van pulls out of the parking lot.

INT. VAN

The driver has lifted his mask to the top of his head to drive, but his features remain out of view.

Andrea is tossed about in the interior of the van.

At the first stop, she rolls into the thick wire mesh separating the cargo area from the driver's compartment.

The driver turns his head but doesn't say anything.

We still don't get a good look at him.

Andrea MUMBLES her complaints.

The cargo area of the van is bare, just metal floor, walls, and ceiling.

The back windows in the double doors are painted black.

No interior handles to open the doors.

Andrea tries to stop her rolling around in the back, fighting against her bindings.

When she rolls for the second time against the wire-mesh screen, the tape on her back of her hood gives just a bit.

Andrea notices the change.

EXT. REDLANDS

The van drives east on Redlands Boulevard, turns south on Orange, drives east on State, jogs right to Citrus and into a multi-level parking structure.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE

The van SCREECHES through the turns as it climbs to the top of the structure.

EXT. TOP LEVEL OF PARKING STRUCTURE

Van bursts into the sunlight on the top level of the structure.

Van drives to the far west corner of the structure and parks.

It's the only vehicle on the top level.

The driver's door opens, and the driver gets out and walks away, removing his mask as he heads for the stairs.

INT. VAN

Andrea waits for a few minutes, waiting for the back doors to open and her abductors to appear.

Nothing happens.

EXT. TOP LEVEL OF PARKING STRUCTURE

The van sits in the far corner, soaking up the intense rays of the morning sun.

Still no other cars on this level.

INT. VAN

Andrea lies motionless, listening.

She MUMBLES something.

She rolls back and forth until she gets on her stomach.

Maneuvering with her hands taped behind her and her ankles taped together, she manages, finally, to get into a crouched position, her head on the van floor and butt in the air.

She listens some more.

Nothing.

Using her head, she propels herself up, trying to get to her knees.

She doesn't quite make it.

THUD!

Her head slams back down onto the metal floor of the van.

She falls to her side.

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE

Still the only vehicle on this level, the van bakes in the sun.

INT. ON ANDREA IN VAN

The temperature inside the van climbs.

Andrea is poised on her head and knees again.

The canvas bag is wet from perspiration.

Her clothes stick to her body.

Andrea pushes down on her head again to propel herself to her knees.

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE

THUD!

The muffled sound of Andrea's failure ripples across the empty parking level.

INT. ON ANDREA IN VAN

MUFFLED SOBS issue from the canvas bag.

Andrea is again on head and knees.

She is on the verge of letting herself fall to a fetal position.

Her body stiffens.

The SOUND OF CAR ENGINES in the distance.

Andrea inches herself forward until her head bounces against the wire mesh barrier between driver and cargo area.

She propels herself up again.

But this time she doesn't try to get to her knees, but just a foot or so up the wire mesh.

She lands and braces herself in place, her knees on the metal floor of the van, her head pressing against the wire mesh.

Carefully, she bounces her head higher up on the wire mesh barrier, inching forward on her knees.

Hot and sweaty work, but she wedges herself into a kneeling position.

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE

One car drives up to the top level.

It circles the parking area.

Then it heads back down the ramp and into the shade.

INT. ON ANDREA IN VAN

She's listening, pressed against the wire mesh.

Then she starts to work her head against the mesh -- back and forth until the tape on the back of her blouse gives.

She continues to work it until the tape on the front of her blouse gives free.

She MUMBLES a triumphant LAUGH.

After many attempts, she shakes off the canvas bag.

Andrea takes her first look around the interior of the van.

Enough light pours in from the windshield for Andrea to see that the back doors have no inside handles, knobs, or latches.

The wire mesh keeps her from getting to the driver or passenger doors.

She listens to the CAR ENGINE and the SQUEAL of the WHEELS as another car pulls up to the top level.

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE

A VW pulls into a spot on the far side of the structure.

A woman gets out, clicks her door shut, and walks toward the near stairs.

BANG!

The woman stops briefly, having heard the sound.

She looks around the parking lot, eyes resting for a second on the van in the distance.

BANG!

She looks once more around the top level of the parking structure.

She walks hurriedly across the lot to the entrance to the stairwell.

BANG!

INT. ON ANDREA IN VAN

Andrea is on her back, near the right side panel of the van, hitting the panel with her feet.

She tries again.

BANG!

Breathing is difficult and she's exhausted.

Panting, she listens.

All is quiet.

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE

Sun beats down on the cement surface of the upper parking level.

The black van cooks on the west edge of the structure, the VW on the east.

INT. VAN

Andrea lies uncomfortably in the sweat-box.

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE

Just sun and distant TRAFFIC SOUNDS.

Then...

An SUV RUMBLES up to the top level.

The SUV stops at the top of the ramp, as if the driver is deciding whether or not to park in the sun.

INT. VAN

Andrea, feet poised to hit the side panel again, listens to the RUMBLING of the engine.

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE

Finally the SUV moves slowly out onto the sun-baked cement.

It slowly circles the level before slipping into a spot midway between the van and the VW parked on the opposite side.

INT. VAN

Andrea listens as the RUMBLING STOPS.

The driver has turned off his engine.

She even hears the DRIVER'S DOOR OPENING.

Then the DOOR CRUNCHES SHUT.

Andrea waits a beat and then...

BANG!

...she slams her feet into the panel.

She listens.

BANG!

She hits the side panel again.

She listens. Silence.

BANG!

She hits the side panel again.

She listens.

Hope fades.

Then.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

KNUCKLES RAP against the back door.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
Is somebody in there? Are you all
right?

BANG!

Andrea's answer is to slam her feet against the side panel of the van.

She stares at the back doors of the van.

Suddenly, the RIGHT-SIDE BACK DOOR CRACKS OPEN and swings wide.

Sunlight floods the back of the van.

EXT. ANDREA'S POV

At first, the bright light blinds her.

Then she sees a MAN framed by sunlight.

INT. ON ANDREA IN VAN

She squints into the sunlight.

She MUMBLES through the tape across her mouth.

EXT. ON MAN LOOKING INTO THE VAN

The man squints into the darkness.

MAN
Are you okay in there?

The man leans into the van.

MAN (CONT'D)
(concerned)
What's going on? Man, it's hot in
here.

He climbs into the van.

INT. VAN

The man is GEOFFREY CORTAGE -- trim and handsome in his mid twenties.

He leans down to pull gently the tape from Andrea's mouth.

Andrea MUMBLES her protest. Removing the tape hurts.

Geoffrey ceases and concentrates on her wrists. He removes the tape.

Andrea's first move is to RIP the tape from her mouth quickly.

ANDREA

Ah! That hurts.

GEOFFREY

Are you all right?

ANDREA

Please call...

GEOFFREY

The police, of course.

Geoffrey twists to pull out his cell.

Andrea gets a good look at him and likes what she sees.

GEOFFREY (CONT'D)

And an ambulance.

He punches 9-1-1, as he frees her ankles from the duct tape.

ANDREA

I think I'm all right.

He smiles.

Great smile.

Andrea feels better already.

GEOFFREY

Let's be sure. I've got cold water in my car. Want some?

ANDREA

Oh, yes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE

Police cars and emergency vehicles crowd the top level of the structure.

EMTs attend to Andrea in the back of their EMS vehicle.

Geoffrey talks to a pair of police officers.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. YESTERDAY'S TREASURES ANTIQUE/COLLECTIBLE MALL

Late afternoon as Geoffrey's SUV pulls into the parking lot -- several cars are parked in front.

Andrea steps out of the passenger side, and Geoffrey out the driver's side.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Elise and Bernadette BURST out of the door of the mall and into the parking lot to embrace Andrea.

ELISE

Dear, are you all right? The police didn't give us many details.

Andrea holds her aunt and grandmother.

BERNADETTE

Do you want to see a doctor?

ANDREA

I've been talking with doctors and detectives all afternoon.

ELISE

So you're all right.

ANDREA

I am now.

She looks at Geoffrey.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
Thanks to Geoffrey.

Elise and Bernadette now turn to Geoffrey.

GEOFFREY
Hi, I'm Geoffrey Cortage. I just
opened the door and there she was.
Sort of like a birthday present.

ELISE
(to Andrea)
Does he know?

GEOFFREY
Know what?

ANDREA
It's my birthday.

GEOFFREY
Oh...wow.

Other people -- vendors -- emerge from the mall, setting off
the TINKLING OF BELLS, to surround Geoffrey and Andrea.

Two are DWIGHT and ELLEN WILLIAMS -- both in their mid
fifties with dull eyes and chunky bodies.

Another is MR. FIGGINS -- a white-haired old geezer who could
be sixty or ninety. But his eyes are sharp and calculating,
his antenna always up.

About ten other people, some couples, some singles also
emerge through the mall door.

DWIGHT
(to Andrea)
I hope you're okay.
(explaining)
The keys were in the door when we
got here.

ELLEN
(also explaining)
We left them on the counter.

BERNADETTE
(to Andrea)
But you were no where around.

ELLEN
We were here half an hour before we
started to wonder if something was
wrong.

DWIGHT
We're new to all of this.

ELLEN
Then we stepped outside and found
your purse.

DWIGHT
It just didn't look right.

Mr. Figgins elbows his way in.

He inadvertently pokes Dwight in the stomach.

Dwight recoils, placing a hand over his abdomen. It hurts.

FIGGINS
That's when I arrived. I found
your cell phone and an apple, also
yours, I believe.

ELISE
We had no idea anything was wrong
until Mr. Figgins called.

Mr. Figgins nods.

BERNADETTE
And we called the police.

FIGGINS
(to Andrea)
I ate the apple. Bruised.

ELISE
We didn't open today.

BERNADETTE
We pestered the police when they
got here.

ELISE
"Evidence of a struggle" they said.

BERNADETTE

We didn't know what happened to
you.

ELISE

Or whether we'd ever see you again.

Bernadette touches Andrea's arm.

BERNADETTE

I couldn't bear that.

Her eyes mist over.

Andrea hugs her, then draws in Elise.

ANDREA

I'm all right. Just confused, now.

She hugs both of them all the harder.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

My kidnapers didn't say a thing.
Not one word.

ELISE

What do the police think?

ANDREA

They don't know, yet.
(to Bernadette)
No contact from the kidnapers,
right?

BERNADETTE

No ransom demand.

ELISE

Nothing. Silence.

ANDREA

Someone's idea of a prank. That's
a possibility, according to the
police.

BERNADETTE

(outraged)
Prank! Some of your college
friends? Who would do such a
thing?

Bernadette glances suspiciously at Geoffrey.

GEOFFREY

Hey, I'm just the Good Samaritan in this one.

ANDREA

I have no idea who would do such a thing or why. My friends in Chicago never did anything like this. And we did some pretty out there stuff.

She looks again at her two aunts.

They, too, are clueless.

Andrea is tired. Relieved to be with those she loves, but made weary by the day's events.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

I guess we should just go home.

Bernadette GASPS.

BERNADETTE

We can't.

ANDREA

Why not?

ELISE

We didn't have much to do all afternoon once we learned you were safe and with the police.

BERNADETTE

So we decorated.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. YESTERDAY'S TREASURES ANTIQUE/COLLECTIBLE MALL - MOMENTS LATER

Birthday Bonanza!

Streamers.

Balloons.

Bunting.

Ribbons.

As she walks in, Andrea's mouth falls open. Delighted, at first.

Then suspicious.

ANDREA
(to Bernadette)
Grandmother, you didn't...

BERNADETTE
I didn't.

Andrea glances at Elise.

ELISE
I didn't either.

Dwight and Ellen step forward.

DWIGHT
If you're talking about the
decorations...

ELLEN
I'm afraid we're the guilty
party...parties.

FIGGINS
I helped.

He points to a group of balloons dangling from the high ceiling.

FIGGINS (CONT'D)
I figured out how to do that.

He's proud of himself.

ANDREA
(to everyone)
Thank you all.

EVERYONE
Happy Birthday!

All applaud. Even Geoffrey.

ELISE

We have your presents over here.
And refreshments in front of the
office.

Elise notices Andrea's fatigue.

ELISE (CONT'D)

We'll have a mini-celebration, now.
A big one later.

Andrea gives her a look.

ELISE (CONT'D)

Days later.

She edges Andrea toward a decorated side table.

Peter's box is prominently displayed in the middle of the
table.

BERNADETTE

I want to see what your boyfriend,
Peter, got you.

GEOFFREY

Boyfriend?

ELISE

(dismissively)
From school. You know.

Andrea undoes the postal wrapping.

ANDREA

It's going to be something silly.

She opens the box.

She's aghast but delighted.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Oh no. That kook.

GEOFFREY

What is it?

Andrea holds up the box for all to see.

Two pink pistols nestle side by side.

Bernadette and Elise are also aghast...but not delighted.

ELISE

He bought you weapons.

ANDREA

They're paint-ball guns. We used to play at a course in Chicago. I won, mostly. Except for the last time.

Bernadette places the paint-ball guns back on the table.

She then hands an envelope to Andrea.

BERNADETTE

This is from us. Elise, mostly, but from us.

Elise moves in.

ELISE

But first.

She removes the chain with the key and precious stone from her neck.

ELISE (CONT'D)

You've always said you wanted this. Since you were ten.

She places the chain around Andrea's neck.

Andrea's eyes begin to mist.

ANDREA

I can't take it. You've always worn this.

She fingers the chain.

ELISE

Now, you'll always wear it. You can't give it back.

Andrea gives Elise a hug.

ANDREA

Thank you. I'm so happy grandmother has you.

Bernadette looks lovingly at, first, Andrea and then Elise.

BERNADETTE
(to Andrea)
Open the envelope.

Andrea does so, and unfolds an official looking piece of paper.

Andrea looks quizzically at her grandmother and aunt.

ANDREA
What is this?

BERNADETTE
Official notice that your student
loans have been repaid in full. A
receipt.

Andrea stares at the receipt from the financial aid office of the University of Chicago and then at her aunt and grandmother.

Then she grabs their hands and pulls them into the small private office behind the checkout counter.

SMALL OFFICE

Andrea closes the door and looks sternly at the two older women.

ANDREA
I do your books, you don't have the
money for this.

Bernadette and Elise look at each other.

BERNADETTE
Elise sold something.

ANDREA
What?

ELISE
The Degas sketch.

ANDREA
But that's a student work, right?
How much could it be worth?

ELISE

It's by Edgar Degas himself, a study for his later painting of his relatives in the Cotton Office in New Orleans. My great grandfather was given the sketch by Degas' uncle Michel Musson. A business partner. In the sketch and later painting, Great Grandad is the one looking at the ledger.

Andrea is floored.

ANDREA

A Degas in your bedroom all these years. And you sold it? Along with the frame your great-grandfather made?

BERNADETTE

She wouldn't sell the frame.

ELISE

Oh no, I kept that. It's in the cedar chest in the garage.

COMMOTION outside the office draws their attention.

DWIGHT (O.S.)

(calling)

We're going. We're glad you're okay, Andrea.

ELLEN (O.S.)

(calling)

Happy Birthday. See you tomorrow, yes?

Bernadette bustles for the office door.

ANTIQUUE MALL ENTRANCE

Bernadette emerges from the small office with Andrea and Elise following.

BERNADETTE

(to Dwight and Ellen)

Refreshments, first. And we have to cut the cake.

Andrea finds the energy to be cheerful

ANDREA

And we have to get some pictures.

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME - LATER

All are departing.

Andrea carries her cell phone that she used to capture some pictures.

Dwight and Ellen appear to be the last of the departures, followed by Geoffrey.

ANDREA

(to Dwight and Ellen)

Thanks for all you've done.

ELLEN

We're just glad you're safe.

DWIGHT

The police will figure it out and put the scofflaws in the hoosegow.

Ellen rolls her eyes.

ELLEN

(to Andrea; of Dwight)

He reads too much.

Geoffrey lingers as Dwight and Ellen go out the door.

GEOFFREY

Well, I best be on my way. Good deeds need doing, somewhere, I suppose.

Elise looks at Geoffrey then Andrea.

ELISE

(to Andrea)

Take him for a tour before he goes.

Andrea gives Geoffrey a look.

He nods.

ANDREA
 (to Geoffrey)
 Would you like to check out the
 memory barn?

GEOFFREY
 Love to. I'm not sure what this
 place is.

AN AISLE IN THE ANTIQUE MALL

Andrea and Geoffrey walk by various vendor spaces.

GEOFFREY (CONT'D)
 So who rents out space here?

ANDREA
 Collectors, dealers, some amateurs,
 some serious.

GEOFFREY
 You mean they just find stuff in
 their attic and put it out for
 sale?

ANDREA
 Sometimes, that's how they get
 started.

She stops at a space that has shelf after shelf with roll
 upon roll of Tupperware storage units and Pyrex bowls.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
 For instance, Jennifer started with
 her mother's Tupperware collection.
 Her mother had been a major
 distributor and had lots of stuff.

They pass another space filled with old and ornate wooden
 furniture.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
 But Andrew is the real thing. He
 has a shop of his own in Claremont
 that specializes in antique
 furniture -- mostly wonderful
 armoires and secretaries -- from
 estates in Europe.
 (MORE)

ANDREA (CONT'D)

He's there twice a year. The stuff here didn't sell quickly in his store.

Andrea fingers a price tag.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Some great deals to be had.

Geoffrey looks at a space that has just a few odds and ends, old irons, flower-power posters, and china tea cups.

GEOFFREY

(of vendor space)
Not much here.

ANDREA

Oh, this is Dwight and Ellen's space.

Geoffrey looks vague. Who?

ANDREA (CONT'D)

They found the door open this morning. The middle-aged couple. They left just as you were about to...

GEOFFREY

Oh, them. Yeah.

ANDREA

They came a couple of weeks back. Still moving stuff in. Still deciding, I think, how committed they want to be.

GEOFFREY

Hobby, huh?

Andrea points to a picture of a thirty-eight foot cabin cruiser, "Second Chance," with Dwight and Ellen standing on the stern.

ANDREA

Their boat's moored in Newport Beach Harbor, near Balboa Island, I think. I've heard Ellen talk about cruising up and down the coast. Maybe they want to get rid of their stuff before they do it.

GEOFFREY

Maybe they want to make one big killing before they get out of the game.

They pass another space of tables and stacks of vinyl records.

Mr. Figgins is at the back of the space pawing through old records.

ANDREA

Mr. Figgins. I thought you'd left.

FIGGINS

Got some long play seventy-eights here that need tending. Very brittle. Warp easy.

He looks up at Andrea and Geoffrey.

FIGGINS (CONT'D)

Yell, when you're ready to lock up.

ANDREA

Okay.

She and Geoffrey turn back toward the front of the store.

GEOFFREY

May I ask an awkward question.

ANDREA

Of course. I owe you.

GEOFFREY

I have no idea how serious you are about this Peter character, but I'd like to take you to dinner. Sometime.

Andrea looks at him for a few moments.

ANDREA

I'd like that. I guess I owe you.

GEOFFREY

I hope it's a debt you enjoy paying.

They have returned to the front.

Geoffrey shakes Andrea's hand, waves to Bernadette and Elise, and then walks out the door toward his SUV.

Elise and Bernadette stare at Andrea.

So???

ANDREA
(of their looks)
What?

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME LATER

Andrea, her purse over her arm, carries a box with Peter's present and the leftover refreshments.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
(calling)
Mr. Figgins! We're ready to lock up.

FIGGINS (O.S.)
On my way.

She spots her cell on the counter.

ANDREA
Oh, I thought I'd put that away already.

Sitting the box down, she slips her purse off her shoulder and begins to deposit the cell.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
What's this?

She pulls an envelope from her purse, and looks at Bernadette and Elise.

They don't know what it is.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
(to Elise and Bernadette)
You two have given me enough...too much, really.

Andrea opens the envelope.

Reads.

Her face turns ashen.

BERNADETTE
(of note)
What is it?

Andrea hands the paper to Elise.

Bernadette peers around Elise's shoulder.

ELISE
(reading aloud)
We know you have the box of art.
We want it. We've already
demonstrated how serious we are.

Bernadette and Elise glance at each other.

Their eyes indicate they share some knowledge.

ANDREA
(of note)
This must be from my kidnappers.

She looks at Elise and Bernadette.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
What do they mean? 'Box of art'?

Bernadette evades Andrea's gaze to look again at Elise.

BERNADETTE
(to Elise)
What should we do?

ANDREA
We call the police. Right now.

She picks up her cell, dials, listens...nothing. Looks at her cell again.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
I'm not getting a signal.

ELISE
Land-line.

Elise moves behind the counter and picks up the phone.

Listens.

ELISE (CONT'D)
No dial tone.

Mr. Figgins approaches from the back.

FIGGINS
I'm ready. Thanks for letting me
work late.

ANDREA
Mr. Figgins, do you have a phone.

FIGGINS
Sure. Top of the line. Much
smarter than me. Everyone says so.

He pulls out a new iPhone.

Looks at it.

Shakes it.

FIGGINS (CONT'D)
Odd. No service, now. I paid my
bill, I think.

Elise looks at Andrea.

ELISE
How could everything go out at
once?

ANDREA
The question is why.

FIGGINS
There's a pay phone at the strip
mall across the way. It might
work.

BERNADETTE
I remember pay phones. I never had
the right change.

Andrea moves toward the doorway, holding her cell.

ANDREA

I'll see if I can pick up a signal
over there and use the pay phone if
I can't.

EXT. YESTERDAY'S TREASURES ANTIQUE/COLLECTIBLE MALL

Andrea opens the front door, setting off the TINKLING BELLS
and steps outside to walk toward the parking lot.

PING!

A bullet buries itself into the wooden post to the left side
the front door.

The front door closes behind Andrea.

Andrea, more confused by the sound than frightened -- she
didn't hear a gun shot -- takes another step.

CRASH!

A bullet slams through the front door window immediately on
Andrea's right.

The glass in the window spiderwebs around the hole, but the
window stays in place.

Andrea quickly opens the door, the window spiderwebs all the
more.

INT. YESTERDAY'S TREASURES ANTIQUE/COLLECTIBLE MALL

She moves back inside the mall.

ANDREA

(calling)

Is everyone all right?

Bernadette is halfway down the aisle opposite the door,
inspecting a fresh hole in a wooden Tiki head.

BERNADETTE

(of hole)

What's going on?

She sees Andrea.

BERNADETTE (CONT'D)

That was quick.

Bernadette moves toward Andrea in the entryway.

Andrea stops her with a raised hand.

Andrea runs toward her grandmother.

ANDREA

(yelling)

Stay away from the windows. And
get down. Stay behind a brick
wall.

Mr. Figgins doesn't heed the warning but rather inspects the window.

FIGGINS

I think someone's shooting at us.

Andrea is caught between getting her grandmother to safety and attending to the foolhardy Figgins.

ANDREA

(to Figgins)

They are! Keep away from the
windows!

Mr. Figgins looks around, suddenly realizing his vulnerability.

He scurries away.

Andrea hustles Elise and Bernadette down an aisle.

She waves for Mr. Figgins to follow.

FIGGINS

I think we need some help.

BERNADETTE

What are we going to do?

ELISE

(to Bernadette)

We know what they want?

ANDREA

(to Elise)

What?

KNOCK! KNOCK!

A FIST WRAPS AGAINST the FRONT DOOR.

Mr. Figgins hears it clearly. He grabs a pool cue from a nearby booth.

FIGGINS

They're here. Grab something.

TINKLING BELLS announce that the front door is opening.

Elise grabs a small plaster statue and Bernadette a large beaded purse.

Andrea looks toward the front of the store. Waiting.

GEOFFREY (O.C.)

Andrea? Are you still here?

(beat)

Do you know your front window is broken?

Andrea moves up the aisle to look at the entry area.

She sees Geoffrey standing in the doorway, the front door with its broken window closing behind him.

ANDREA

(to Geoffrey; whisper)

Get in here!

She motions him over to the aisle behind the wall.

Geoffrey, confused, moves slowly.

Andrea motions for him to hurry.

Geoffrey doesn't move.

GEOFFREY

What's going on here?

EXT. YESTERDAY'S TREASURES ANTIQUE/COLLECTIBLE MALL

A BULLET SLAMS into the cement foundation to the far right of front the window.

INT. YESTERDAY'S TREASURES ANTIQUE/COLLECTIBLE MALL

Geoffrey notes the sound and turns around to look toward the front of the door.

GEOFFREY
What was that?

ANDREA
Somebody's shooting at you.

Geoffrey leaps then further inside the entrance way and darts behind the wall with Andrea.

GEOFFREY
Me? Why?

Geoffrey reaches for his cell phone.

GEOFFREY (CONT'D)
I'm calling the police. This is not right.

Andrea and Geoffrey move further into the building, joining the others under siege.

Geoffrey is looking at his cell.

GEOFFREY (CONT'D)
I'm not getting a signal.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Elise, Bernadette, and Mr. Figgins approach.

FIGGINS
(of Geoffrey)
What's he doing back here?

BERNADETTE
(to Geoffrey)
Did you forget something?

Geoffrey is embarrassed. He looks at Andrea.

GEOFFREY
I forgot to get your number.
(of cell)
Something's wrong with my phone.
Do you have a land line?

ELISE

They are blocking our cell calls.

BERNADETTE

They cut the land line. No dial tone.

Geoffrey looks back to the front of the building.

GEOFFREY

Who are they and what do they want?

(to Andrea)

I bet this has something to do with the kidnapping earlier.

ANDREA

That's a good bet.

Andrea looks at her grandmother and aunt and then Mr. Figgins.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

(to Geoffrey)

We don't know who they are. Or what they want.

ELISE

Well...we may know that. They left a note.

ANDREA

Yes, but I have no idea what it means. Box of art?

GEOFFREY

Note?

Bernadette hands the note to Geoffrey.

GEOFFREY (CONT'D)

(reading)

'We know you have the box of art.'

Geoffrey looks about the place.

GEOFFREY (CONT'D)

Are they talking about something in one of your vendor spaces?

Elise and Bernadette again exchange a look. Bernadette nods her head.

ELISE
No. I think I know what they mean.

ANDREA
You do?

BERNADETTE
It's in the basement.

Andrea looks about the mall.

ANDREA
We don't have a basement.

DISSOLVE TO:

ANDREW'S SPACE

This is the antique furniture vendor.

Filigreed secretaries, ornate armoires, lacquered end tables, heavy oak book cases.

All rest on a deep blue Persian rug that covers the entire space.

Elise looks at the space then turns to the others.

ELISE
We have to move all the furniture
and roll up the rug.

FIGGINS
Is anybody else worried that no one
is watching the front door?

SAME LATER

Andrea, Geoffrey, and Figgins roll up the rug.

Underneath is a slab of cement in an iron frame.

Andrea glances suspiciously at her grandmother and aunt.

ANDREA
(to Bernadette and Elise)
How long has this been here?

Bernadette and Elise simply look at each other.

Geoffrey kneels down to inspect the trap door.

GEOFFREY

I see a lock, but I don't see any way to lift the door. This thing is going to be heavy.

ANDREA

A lock?

Andrea looks at Elise and Bernadette.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Do we have a key to this?

Elise points to the pendant she recently gave Andrea.

ELISE

You do.

SAME - A MOMENT LATER

On her knees, Andrea uses the key to turn the lock embedded in the iron frame.

Geoffrey looks for a grip on the edge of the frame.

GEOFFREY

I don't see any way to lift this thing.

Elise pulls a cane from an ornate holder in a nearby vendor space.

ELISE

(to Andrea and Geoffrey)
Move aside.

Elise places the tip of the cane over the lock itself.

She pushes down until we hear a CLINK.

She steps aside, and the cement slab pivots open, revealing a stairway down.

Andrea looks down into the darkness.

ANDREA
Going to need flashlights.

INT. MALL ENTRANCE

Glancing into the entrance from the safety of the aisle, Figgins waits and watches, a saber clutched firmly in his right hand.

Now and then, he looks back toward where the others are searching the basement.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Beams of light stab into the darkness as Andrea and Geoffrey descend the cement steps into the fifteen by twenty foot basement.

Cement on all sides, even above their heads.

Light spilling down from the mall itself outlines Bernadette and Elise.

ELISE
(calling)
My brother said he placed it
against the far wall.

Andrea and Geoffrey direct their flashlight beams into each corner.

Andrea's beam finally frames a thin, four by four box.

ANDREA
That's the only thing in here.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MALL PASSAGE

In an un-rented space, everyone but Andrea surrounds the box.

Figgins, for the moment, has left the front door unguarded.

Andrea approaches, with a hammer and crowbar.

ANDREA
Let's see what's in this thing.

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME - MOMENTS LATER

Andrea and Geoffrey have to top off the box to see three carefully-wrapped but unframed paintings.

Andrea pulls out all three of them.

ANGLE ON FIGGINS

Figgins examines the box.

FIGGINS
Might be something else in here.

He motions for one of the flashlights.

Bernadette hands it to him.

He examines the interior of the box.

FIGGINS (CONT'D)
Empty.
(of paintings)
Those three are it.

Mr. Figgins sets the flashlight down and grabs his saber.

FIGGINS (CONT'D)
I better get back to my post. The
front bells won't be enough of a
warning.

ANGLE ON ANDREA

Carefully, she unwraps the protective covering of one of the paintings.

She pulls back the last layer.

The painting itself is revealed.

ANDREA
Oh my God. I don't believe it?

Andrea looks at Elise.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Where did you get this?

Geoffrey looks at it.

GEOFFREY

Who is it?

ANDREA

I can't believe I'm holding this.

(to Geoffrey)

It looks like Raphael's Portrait of a Young Man, probably a self-portrait.

GEOFFREY

Is it worth anything?

ANDREA

The original is valued at around a hundred million dollars, last I checked. Probably more now.

GEOFFREY

What's it doing here? In a basement?

Andrea looks at Elise and Bernadette.

ANDREA

It was plundered by the Nazis from a museum in Poland in 1939.

ELISE

It's a long story.

The voice of Mr. Figgins EXPLODES from the front of the mall.

FIGGINS

They're coming! They're coming!

We hear the telltale TINKLING BELLS of the FRONT DOOR.

AISLE IN MALL

Figgins runs down the aisle, his saber trailing behind him.

DISSOLVE TO:

MALL FRONT COUNTER

Geoffrey comes around the corner, a rusty pickax over his shoulder.

Andrea is behind him, carrying an old rake.

Figgins peaks around Andrea's shoulder.

FIGGINS (CONT'D)

All in black they were. I only saw one, but I'm sure there were many others.

No one is at the front of the store.

Andrea sees a note on the counter.

She dashes over to grab it and dashes back to the safety of the aisle away from the windows.

GEOFFREY

(of note)

What does it say?

Andrea turns it over for Geoffrey to see.

The note, in big bold letters, reads: THE BOX. NOW.

MALL PASSAGE

Back with the box of art, Andrea shows the message to the others.

Mr. Figgins is back with the group, but he is keeping a eye on the front of the store and still carries the saber.

ANDREA

(to Elise; of box)

This is what they want. How did they know it was here?

ELISE

How do they know we have found it?
Now?

Mr. Figgins eyes the surrounding spaces and the rafters above their heads.

FIGGINS

Cameras.

BERNADETTE

What?

FIGGINS

They somehow got cameras in here. They've been watching. Who knows for how long? Take us hours to find the cameras themselves. And we might not get all of them.

Andrea studies the box containing the paintings.

ANDREA

(to Bernadette and Elise;
of box)

How did it get here?

Elise looks at Bernadette who, again, nods her head.

ELISE

It was delivered to my father, a Nazi sympathizer, by a German U-boat commander in New Orleans in late 1940.

ANDREA

This is plundered art. It belongs to others.

BERNADETTE

We don't want it. We never knew what was in the box. Didn't want to know.

ELISE

My father died in 1954 in a wreck that was, at best, suspicious. My brother learned from the coroner that my father had been badly beaten -- tortured -- before the accident.

ANDREA

What does that have to do with this?

ELISE

My brother bought the feed and seed business at this location in 1962, unbeknownst to me. He said that letting anyone know we had the box would get us killed. Big fish and bigger fish were after this prize. Police are small fish, as are the government officials to which we have access.

ANDREA

So, you were afraid.

ELISE

And I was right. They killed my brother in 1991 while I was away in Europe. Another accident, so to speak. I inherited this place.

She gestures indicating the whole of Yesterday's Treasures.

ANDREA

Okay, I think I understand, for now.

(to everyone)

We have to get this to the proper authorities. Agreed.

All nod their assent. Yes. Agreed.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

That's what we want to do. Eventually.

Andrea rewraps the Raphael painting.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

But what are we going to do? Right now? They're out there. We're can't call for help.

She slides the painting into the box and then looks at each of the others, in turn.

She looks at the others.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

So what do we do?

BERNADETTE

Give them what they want. Yes?

Elise nods, yes.

Andrea looks at Geoffrey.

GEOFFREY

What other choice do we have? I
vote, yes.

Andrea looks at Mr. Figgins.

Mr. Figgins CLEARS HIS THROAT, for effect.

FIGGINS

I say we negotiate.

ANDREA

With what?

FIGGINS

We've got the box. They want the
box. I don't know about the rest
of you, but I am interested in
living.

ANDREA

Do you think they'd kill us?

Mr. Figgins looks at Elise.

FIGGINS

They've killed before.

Elise averts his gaze. She's the one who's lost family.

ANDREA

Why haven't they killed us already?

FIGGINS

The box. They won't barge in now
that we have it. Won't take the
risk.

GEOFFREY

Why not?

FIGGINS

Because, we could damage the
paintings before they get to us, to
all of us, anyway.

Andrea looks at Mr. Figgins.

ANDREA

I would never.

FIGGINS

Nor would I, but they don't know that. And they can't risk it. We're very unpredictable. That's all we have on the plus side, for now.

Andrea notices the little smile working its way onto Mr. Figgins' lips.

ANDREA

(to Figgins)

You have an idea, don't you?

FIGGINS

Yes. Someone goes out and talks to them. We trade the paintings for a working weapon. Art for guns, or a gun. Gives us a chance, at least.

BERNADETTE

Who's going to talk with them?

Silence as everyone looks at everyone else.

ANDREA

I guess...

BERNADETTE

No, you are not going out there.

ELISE

I should say not. I'll go.

ON ANDREA

She's touched by the gesture, but no way is she letting Elise go outside.

She shakes her head, no.

ON GEOFFREY

After a moment's thought...

GEOFFREY
I'll do it.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. YESTERDAY'S TREASURES ANTIQUE/COLLECTIBLE MALL
Geoffrey comes out of the door waving a white flag.

INT. YESTERDAY'S TREASURES ANTIQUE/COLLECTIBLE MALL
All the rest watch as Geoffrey walks into the darkness.

BERNADETTE
I hope he's going to be all right.

FIGGINS
He's fine. He'll be back in five
minutes, ten tops.

Figgins grabs Andrea's arm.

FIGGINS (CONT'D)
Let's go. We've got work to do.

Andrea looks at him quizzically as he drags her into the
mall.

MALL PASSAGE

Figgins and Andrea look at the box.

The Raphael lies neatly against the other two, and all three
paintings have been replaced carefully in the box.

FIGGINS (CONT'D)
Turn on your cell phone and give it
to me.

ANDREA
We still can't get a signal.

FIGGINS
But the phone will pick up a signal
when it gets out of this immediate
area. And because of the GPS in
the phone and the tracking App on
my phone, we -- and the cops -- can
follow your cell wherever it goes.

Andrea turns on her cell and hands it to Mr. Figgins.

ANDREA
Where's it going?

Mr. Figgins drops the cell in the box with the paintings.

FIGGINS
Wherever the paintings go.

Andrea smiles. Good plan.

ANDREA
And you're sure the police can
track it?

FIGGINS
Absolutely. All of those guys have
the necessary technology. We'll
alert them as soon as possible.

INT. YESTERDAY'S TREASURES ANTIQUE/COLLECTIBLE MALL

Near the entrance, Bernadette and Elise are still watching
the blackness beyond the front door.

ELISE
He should be back by now.

BERNADETTE
What if they say no?

Mr. Figgins and Andrea approach, pushing a four-wheel dolly
carrying the box of art.

FIGGINS
They won't. They're on the clock.

BERNADETTE
Huh?

Andrea spots Geoffrey returning, without the white flag.

ANDREA
He's coming.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Geoffrey enters the antique mall and stops.

GEOFFREY

They went for it.

He pulls a pistol from waistband. It's a semi-automatic, a Sig Sauer.

GEOFFREY (CONT'D)

(of pistol)

We now have this.

Mr. Figgins puts his hand out.

FIGGINS

Can I see it?

GEOFFREY

Sure.

He hands over the Sig.

Mr. Figgins inspects the pistol, flips off the safety, and then points it at Geoffrey.

ANDREA

(to Figgins)

What are you doing?

Geoffrey squirms.

GEOFFREY

(to Figgins)

Careful.

FIGGINS

(to Geoffrey)

You're telling me this thing is loaded?

GEOFFREY

I assume...think so.

Figgins turns to point the pistol at a plaster statue against a far stone wall.

BLAM!

Figgins shoots and the bullet BLASTS the statue's head off and SLAMS into the wall with a resounding THUNK!

Geoffrey looks at Andrea.

GEOFFREY (CONT'D)

Know so.

Figgins again inspects the pistol.

FIGGINS

Thought they'd try something.

Andrea moves to the box of art on a small four-wheel dolly.

ANDREA

Okay.

Elise and Bernadette move the dolly toward the door.

Geoffrey pushes the dolly through the door and then quickly returns.

GEOFFREY

Oh, one more thing...

He looks at Andrea and then Figgins.

GEOFFREY (CONT'D)

...they don't trust us. Someone has to be their hostage. Insurance for their getaway.

Andrea looks at Elise and Bernadette, then briefly at Figgins, then back to Geoffrey.

ANDREA

I'll go.

Figgins nods, watching Geoffrey carefully.

ELISE

You will not.

BERNADETTE

No, Andrea, you can't.

GEOFFREY

I thought you'd say that. I'll go. They have nothing to fear from me. I'm a bystander in all of this.

Andrea opens her mouth to protest.

Figgins smiles broadly.

ANDREA

I can't let you put yourself in any more danger.

Geoffrey smiles.

GEOFFREY

They had you once. Maybe you'll rescue me this time. I'm going.

He backs toward the door.

ANDREA

Geoffrey.

Geoffrey pushes open the door.

GEOFFREY

See ya.

BELLS TINKLE.

Geoffrey stops, holding the open door, and turns to Andrea once again.

GEOFFREY (CONT'D)

(of bells)

Reminds me, I still didn't get your number. Guess I'll have to come back.

And he disappears into the dark.

Andrea is about to follow, but Elise and Bernadette grab her arms.

ELISE

Stay. They don't really want him. They'll let him go.

FIGGINS

No need to worry about him.

With a ROAR, a large vehicle moves away from the building toward the highway.

Figgins LAUGHS.

The three others turn to him.

FIGGINS (CONT'D)
 Don't you get it. He has to go
 with them. He's one of them.

BERNADETTE
 Why do you say that?

FIGGINS
 I've seen him somewhere before.

ELISE
 Where?

FIGGINS
 Here.

ANDREA
 Here?

FIGGINS
 Outside. He was helping Dwight and
 Ellen unload their junk from a SUV.
 Sunglasses and a baseball cap, but
 the same guy. Couldn't place him
 at first.

ANDREA
 He can't be working with them...

She points to the outside.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
 He got us a gun.

She points to the Sig Sauer in the hand of Mr. Figgins.

FIGGINS
 Oh this.

He raises the pistol, points at an antique mirror fifty feet
 away.

FIGGINS (CONT'D)
 Mirror. Dead center.

And he squeezes off a round.

BLAM!

ON MIRROR

The mirror remains intact.

BACK ON FIGGINS AND OTHERS

Mr. Figgins looks at the weapon in his hand.

FIGGINS (CONT'D)
One live round, the rest blanks.

He drops the magazine from the grip of the pistol, looks at the rounds.

FIGGINS (CONT'D)
Yup...

He re-seats the magazine, looks at Andrea, and holds the weapon out to her.

She takes it with two fingers.

FIGGINS (CONT'D)
The thing's useless unless you have a Tupperware in the fridge full of .38 cartridges. Need real ammo now.

Andrea moves from Elise and Bernadette to stand in front of Figgins.

ANDREA
You said the police could track them. Can we?

FIGGINS
Sure. If we can get a signal. My phone has the locator App. Show you how to use it in five seconds.

BERNADETTE
Andrea, I don't like what you're thinking.

ANDREA
(to Figgins)
Show me. I'll follow them. You go to the strip mall and call the police.

FIGGINS
That's a good plan. Smart.

ELISE
Andrea, you could get hurt.

Figgins points to the pistol dangling from her fingers.

FIGGINS

That'll scare some people, sure,
but it won't protect you much from
someone with real bullets.

Andrea sets the semi-automatic on the counter.

ANDREA

Right. I need more fire power.

EXT. YESTERDAY'S TREASURES PARKING LOT - NIGHT

It's a few minutes later, Elise and Bernadette are framed in
the doorway of the mall.

Andrea is slipping into her Saturn.

INT. SATURN - CONTINUOUS

Andrea slips the pair of paint guns from Peter onto the
passenger seat.

EXT. YESTERDAY'S TREASURES PARKING LOT

Mr. Figgins crosses the parking lot on his way to the strip
mall.

At the edge of the parking lot, he pauses to watch Andrea's
Saturn leave the parking lot.

He stands.

And stands.

And then looks back at the antique mall, his face breaking
into a satisfied grin.

INT. SATURN

Andrea drives.

EXT. CALIFORNIA FREEWAYS

We see Andrea's Saturn take the 10 to the 215 and then to 215 to Riverside where it merges into the 91.

Andrea pulls off at 14th Street in Riverside.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SATURN - NIGHT

Andrea has pulled into a gas station.

She checks the readout on the phone.

She quickly assembles one of the paint ball guns.

EXT. GAS STATION

Andrea's Saturn exits the gas station and heads toward freeway.

EXT. TRANSITION FROM 91 TO 55 FREEWAYS

Light traffic this evening.

Andrea's Saturn zips along.

EXT. COSTA MESA

Andrea pulls into the asphalt lot surrounding a vacant warehouse off Del Mar Street.

INT. SATURN

Andrea checks the screen of the iPhone.

Andrea surveys the darkened warehouse.

She sees light streaming through the windows of an office area in the far corner.

ANDREA

Got you.

She grabs her paint-ball gun.

EXT. SATURN IN PARKING LOT

Andrea steps out of the car and runs across the parking lot toward the light.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE -- ON OFFICE AREA

Moving silently, Andrea dares a peek through the window into the office that is the source of the light.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE SPACE

The empty and now dusty desks, the book case with one book, an old newsmagazine, and a broken plastic model show this room has not been in use for quite a while.

EXT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE SPACE

Andrea listens but hears nothing save the distant ROAR of freeway traffic.

She moves to another window to get a more complete view of the room.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE SPACE

Into Andrea's field of vision come the ruins of the box of art -- its contents removed -- and packing materials littered all around.

EXT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE SPACE

Andrea goes to the door.

It's unlatched.

She pushes the door.

It swings open.

She enters the room.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE SPACE

Andrea runs to the box, sees the wood and cloth used to protect the paintings lying in pieces on the floor.

The box itself has been torn apart, reduced to scrap lumber.

She bends down to move a few things aside and spies something else.

ANDREA

Oh my God, they didn't...

Andrea is looking at bits and pieces of the frames over which the canvases of the valuable paintings were stretched.

She can read well the evidence.

The thieves cut the paintings out of their support frames.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

You idiots.

Andrea stands and looks again at the screen of iPhone given her by Mr. Figgins.

It shows that her cell is right where she is.

But it can't be in the box. Someone must have found it.

She dials her own number.

Her CELL RINGS. It's somewhere in the room.

Andrea searches as her cell...

RING.

RING.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON WASTEBASKET

A black plastic bag lines the wastebasket.

Andrea's phone rests at the bottom of the liner.

It RINGS.

ON ANDREA

She grabs the phone.

Studies it.

What now? If they found it, why didn't they destroy it?

She SIGHs.

She looks out the window at the darkened parking lot.

She listens.

 ANDREA (CONT'D)
 (sotto voce)
 No police.

She then looks around the room and spies the cracked plastic model still on the shelf.

ANOTHER ANGLE

It's a boat. A cabin cruiser.

Andrea then looks again at the wastebasket with a black plastic liner.

She dumps the contents of the wastebasket onto the floor and frees the plastic liner.

Stuffing the plastic bag into her pocket, she runs out of the room, carrying her paint-ball gun and her and Figgins' cell phones.

EXT. NEWPORT BEACH PENINSULA - NIGHT

SERIES OF SHOTS

Andrea drives down Newport Boulevard until it flows into West Balboa Boulevard, which she follows until it becomes East Balboa Boulevard.

She passes Palm Street and notices the sign for the Balboa Island Ferry.

She parks and jumps out of the car.

ON ANDREA

She stuffs her paint-gun into the black, heavy-duty plastic bag and then ties the bag around the belt of her blue jeans.

She kicks her sandals into the car.

ANOTHER ANGLE NEIGHBORHOOD STREET ON NEWPORT PENINSULA

Barefoot, Andrea then runs down the block toward the bay channel.

When she reaches the cement promenade that runs along the peninsula side of the channel, she slows to examine all the boats tethered to buoys.

Ahead of her, she sees cars and passengers loading into the Balboa Island Ferry.

She makes a dash for it.

ON ANDREA

Arriving at the ticket window, Andrea is behind a BOY and GIRL wearing swim suits and carrying backpacks for their gear.

They are unable to keep their hands off each other.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BALBOA ISLAND FERRY

The ferry pulls away from peninsula side and churns out into the water heading for the island eight hundred feet across the channel.

Andrea moves to the bow, a Lexus to her left.

The Boy and Girl are on the far side of the Lexus, pushing the limits of PDA.

WOO! WOO!

The ferry's air horn BLARES a warning.

ANGLE ON CHANNEL

A cabin cruiser is slowly moving up the channel.

No running lights.

No one is visible on deck or at the helm.

The ferry continues across the channel. The captain knows he has the right of way.

The cabin cruiser does not slow down.

The Ferry Captain grabs a megaphone.

FERRY CAPTAIN
Cabin Cruiser! Heave to! We have
right of way.

But the cabin cruiser continues to plow straight ahead.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The ferry captain throws the craft's engine into reverse.

Ferry ENGINE ROARS.

BAY WATER CHURNS.

The ferry rocks, slows, drifts, and edges back toward the peninsula side.

The cabin cruiser moves relentlessly, though slowly, forward

ON ANDREA

She's watching the cruiser closely.

It looks like the Second Chance, Dwight and Ellen's boat.

ON CHANNEL

The cabin cruiser is going to pass very close to the bow end of the ferry.

ON CABIN CRUISER

The boat crosses right in front of the ferry, passing close enough that only the dock fenders dangling over the side keep the cabin cruiser's hull from grinding against the front of the ferry itself.

One figure is visible on the back deck of cabin cruiser. A head lolls against the railing closest to the ferry.

FERRY CAPTAIN (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 Hey, partiers! Turn on your
 running lights and pay attention.
 I'm reporting you to the harbor
 master.

The lolling head seems unaware of the captain's warning.

ON ANDREA

She's looking closely at the back of the head.

Could it be Ellen?

ON FERRY

The Boy pulls a flashlight from his backpack and shines it into the deck of the cabin cruiser.

ON CABIN CRUISER

The light falls on the head lolling against the railing.

BOY (O.C.)
 Oh my God.

In the light, it is clear that blood drips from a hole in the left side of the head.

GIRL (O.C.)
 What is it?

The girl SCREAMS!

ON CABIN CRUISER

The craft finally clears the ferry and moves further into the channel.

We see the stern and the name: Second Chance.

ON FERRY

Andrea dives into the water and begins to swim after the cabin cruiser.

ON ANDREA

She's a good swimmer and slowly is overtaking the Second Chance.

She swings around the small wake churned up by the slowly turning screw.

She makes for the port side of the boat and grabs the swim ledge and a dangling dock fender.

Using the fender, she snags the edge of the gunwale with one hand and balances on the swim ledge with the other.

She peers over the top of the railing. She ducks her head back down.

ON CABIN CRUISER

Still clinging to the stern of the boat, Andrea takes her paint-ball gun out of the black plastic bag.

She peers over the railing and onto the main deck of the Second Chance.

She sees the woman reclining on a cushioned bench on the starboard side of the boat.

It's Ellen.

Andrea moves onto the deck to find that Ellen is dead, a hole through the side of her head.

Andrea looks about the deck and spots Dwight's body lying in the hatchway to the main cabin.

She leans down and feels for a pulse, but then she sees the bullet hole in Dwight's head.

Andrea steps over Dwight's body and enters the main cabin.

INT. MAIN CABIN OF CRUISER

Andrea steps into the cabin and feels along the walls and ceiling.

She touches a oval light fixture. The light comes on.

In the dim light, she can see the whole main cabin now.

The interior controls are to her left.

Directly ahead of her, Geoffrey's feet show that he is lying in the hatchway leading into the forward cabin.

ON ANDREA

First, she moves to the controls and sees the key in the starter switch and throttle.

She brings the engine to a full stop.

Quiet.

The boat is now drifting along the channel.

She then moves to Geoffrey's body.

She doesn't feel for a pulse, but feels around for a light source.

She finds one, taps it, and light comes on in the forward cabin.

INT. FORWARD CABIN

Andrea sees that near Geoffrey's hand is a semi-automatic, another Sig Sauer like the one that Geoffrey brought back to the antique mall.

The one near Geoffrey's hand, however, is equipped with a silencer.

Andrea leans down, feels for a pulse, sees the blood and bullet wound in Geoffrey's forehead. Dead, too.

She stands.

ANDREA
Sorry for your loss.

Andrea bends down to pick up the gun with the plastic bag in which she carried the paint-ball gun, now still in her hand.

She rests the paint-ball gun on a bunk nearby.

On the bunk are three metal tubes, each about four feet in length and four inches in diameter. Screw caps.

Andrea CLICKS free the magazine of the semi-automatic.

No bullets.

She looks at the metal tubes.

She works the slide of the weapon.

No round in the chamber.

She looks again at the metal tubes.

She smells the barrel of the gun.

Andrea puts the semi-automatic in her black plastic bag, drops in her paint-ball gun, and ties the bag closed and then secures it to her belt.

She pulls the blanket from the bunk and uses it to grab one of the tubes. The screw top is loose.

She opens it, looks inside the tube, turns the tube over to pour whatever is inside onto the deck.

Nothing comes out.

She nods her head. It makes sense, now.

SCRAPING SOUND

Something is rubbing against the hull of the cabin cruiser.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CABIN CRUISER

The lights on inside are extinguished.

Darkness.

Andrea moves onto the deck and then around to the starboard side of the cruiser.

ANOTHER ANGLE

She sees that the cabin cruiser has brushed against a navigational buoy.

She looks down the channel to see a Harbor Patrol boat cutting through the water.

It's on its way to intercept the Second Chance.

ON ANDREA

She moves forward and slips into the water near the bow of the boat, out of sight of the approaching harbor patrol craft.

Andrea swims toward the peninsula side of the channel.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SATURN

Andrea, now soaked by her dip in the ocean, puts the plastic bag in the passenger side and then crosses to the driver's door.

She looks about the streets and then opens the door and climbs in.

INT. SATURN

Andrea sits for a second and then grabs her cell.

She thumbs it a moment. No missed calls.

She dials a number.

INT. SITTING ROOM OF ELISE AND BERNADETTE'S CRAFTSMAN

The land-line RINGS.

A hand picks it up.

The hand belongs to Figgins.

He listens to the silence for a moment.

INT. SATURN ON ANDREA

Andrea waits for a moment.

ANDREA
Hello, Mr. Figgins.

ON FIGGINS

FIGGINS
Hello, my dear. Good to hear from
you.

ON ANDREA

ANDREA
Don't harm either of them.

ON FIGGINS

FIGGINS
I have no intention of harming
anyone. I'm a business man.

ON ANDREA

ANDREA
I see you've gotten rid of a few of
your associates?

ON FIGGINS

FIGGINS
Associates? Rivals, really.
That's what they turned out to be.
Small fish, though.

ON ANDREA

ANDREA
You have the paintings by now or
they are on their way to you. Let
my grandmother and aunt go and
clear out. I haven't called the
police. Yet.

ON FIGGINS

FIGGINS

Oh my dear Andrea. You simply do not understand the situation. Come home, Andrea, we need to talk.

ANGLE WIDENS

Bernadette and Elise are sitting on the couch, near the knitting bag. Frightened but determined, especially Elise.

She holds Bernadette's hand. Bernadette is comforted.

Also in the room are two goons -- GUSTAV and SIGMUND -- brawny men but not brainy men.

But they are menacing enough.

Figgins hangs up the phone.

INT. SATURN ON ANDREA

She dials three numbers: 9 - 1 - 1.

ANDREA

(into phone)

I know who killed the three people on the Second Chance.

Andrea ends the call but does not shut off the phone.

She sets the phone on the passenger seat.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

(sotto voce)

Okay, guys, follow me home.

INT. SITTING ROOM OF CRAFTSMAN

Figgins smiles down on the two older women.

FIGGINS

Resourceful girl, your niece and grand daughter. Let's hope she's not stupid.

He glances at a plaster bust on the mantle.

FIGGINS (CONT'D)
(to Elise and Bernadette;
of bust)
Who is that again?

ELISE
Gertrude Stein.

FIGGINS
Gertrude Medusa Stein, eh? Hate to
wake in the morning with that face
next to me.

BERNADETTE
You wouldn't.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET IN REDLANDS, CA - NIGHT

Andrea's Saturn drives slowly down the street.

A large diesel box truck is parked on the street in front of
the craftsman owned by her aunt.

Andrea drives past.

She turns right at the end of the block.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND ANDREA'S APARTMENT

Andrea runs to the garage alley door.

She listens a moment.

Then she removes a paving brick to retrieve a key.

She enters the garage.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Andrea closes the sliding garage door carefully.

She listens again.

Nothing.

She carries her black plastic bag.

EXT. GARAGE

Andrea steps out of a side door directly under the staircase to the upstairs apartment.

She turns to the steps.

Counts them.

She feels under the fourth step, making sure it is the one with the crack.

She then places something on the eighth step.

She then pulls her paint-ball gun out of the bag and moves to the back of the house.

EXT. ELISE AND BERNADETTE'S BACK PORCH

Andrea climbs the steps.

The porch and kitchen are dark.

Andrea opens the back door.

INT. BACK SECTION OF CRAFTSMAN

She steps into service porch area.

She listens.

Silence.

She moves toward the door from the service porch to the kitchen.

Listens again.

She slowly opens the door.

FIGGINS (O.C.)

(calling)

Andrea, we've been waiting for you.
Come right in.

Andrea, holding her non-lethal weapon in front of her, walks through the kitchen and dining room.

INT. SITTING ROOM OF CRAFTSMAN

Andrea stops in the timbered passage-way. On either side of her stand built-in cabinets with display shelves.

Bernadette and Elise are still on the couch.

Figgins stands on the far side of the coffee table. Gustav is by the front door, looking occasionally out the window.

Sigmund stands across the room in the doorway to the bedroom.

Figgins carries a semi-automatic pistol, another Sig Sauer with a silencer.

Gustav and Sigmund are also armed, but their weapons remain in their shoulder holsters.

FIGGINS

You do know that that...
 (indicates paint-ball gun)
 ...can't hurt anyone.

ON ANDREA

Andrea looks at the gun in her hand.

ANDREA

I beg to differ. Stings if it hits bare skin. Put an eye out if one's not wearing goggles. The dye can't blind you, but it hurts like hell. And the gun is pointed right at you.

ON FIGGINS

Figgins breaks into a big, good-natured grin.

FIGGINS

So this is a stand-off.

ANDREA

Yeah. I'd call it that.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Figgins looks at Gustav and Sigmund.

FIGGINS

(to Gustav and Sigmund)

We got ourselves a stand-off, boys!
Always wanted to be in a stand-off.

Figgins LAUGHS.

After a moment, Gustav and Sigmund LAUGH.

Then they pull out their weapons.

Figgins nods to his two henchmen.

They are ready.

FIGGINS (CONT'D)

(to Andrea)

You must figure having right on
your side somehow evens the odds.

ANDREA

No. I know I don't have much of a
play here. But I am trying to
figure out what you want besides
the paintings.

Mr. Figgins SIGHS, places his weapon on the coffee table, and stretches out in an arm chair on the far side of the fireplace.

ON BERNADETTE AND ELISE

Bernadette and Elise stare at the pistol with silencer on the coffee table.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Andrea looks at them, catches Elise eye, then shakes her head slightly, no.

Figgins catches the exchange.

FIGGINS

Well, seems, boys, we have three
brave souls with us. Brave, but
let's hope not foolhardy.

Sigmund and Gustav point their weapons at the two older
women.

Mr. Figgins looks at Andrea.

FIGGINS (CONT'D)

So you want to know about the
quest.

ANDREA

As much as you wish to tell me.

Andrea nods to Bernadette and Elise.

Let Mr. Figgins talk.

FIGGINS

You already know a little bit.
Members of the German high command
always considered Hitler a bit of a
kook.

ANDREA

But they followed him.

FIGGINS

Sort of. Part politics, part
greed. But these were military
men, Rommel was one, who wanted to
hedge their bets on the future.

ANDREA

So they glommed onto some plundered
art and secreted it away to New
Orleans.

FIGGINS

Oh, they 'glommed' onto lots of
art, and other stuff. And, as you
say, they 'secreted' it away to
many spots -- all in the new world.

ANDREA

So these three paintings are just
one shipment.

FIGGINS

There were at least seven, shall we use your word, 'shipments.' Three to the US, one to Canada, one to Mexico, and two to Argentina. Those are the ones I am sure of.

He looks at Elise.

FIGGINS (CONT'D)

But your, shall we say, 'aunt' knows all about them.

ELISE

My father and my brother never told me a thing.

Mr. Figgins LAUGHS.

FIGGINS

Odd, that's more or less the same thing your brother said. Your dad never spilled the beans. I didn't believe your brother either. Of course, I was young and impetuous back then and killed him far too soon. My mistake, to be sure, but he died nonetheless.

Elise blanches. She's angry.

Bernadette squeezes Elise's hand in support.

ANDREA

(to Figgins)

You will pay for the murder of my uncle.

Figgins CHUCKLES.

FIGGINS

I've already paid, my dear...with my life. Over forty years on the search. The only great treasure I've found so far is patience.

ANDREA

You have the paintings. That's all that was here. Look for the others elsewhere.

FIGGINS

But I know...or at least the evidence suggests that the U-boat that brought this batch to her father...

Mr. Figgins points at Elise.

FIGGINS (CONT'D)

Also carried a list of the locations of all the other shipments and a manifest of their contents. These records were, I believe now, deposited in New Orleans.

Andrea looks at Elise who shakes her head, no.

ANDREA

Maybe the U-boat captain kept them.

FIGGINS

That possibility haunts me, because the U-boat in question was sunk by a depth charge dropped by a British sub-chaser in the Caribbean. Damned British efficiency.

ANDREA

So you're hoping that the information still exists.

FIGGINS

I've bet my life on that hope.

ANDREA

And the lives of many others.

FIGGINS

All must sacrifice for the sake of art.

Andrea thinks for a moment.

ANDREA

That's why you looked inside the box.

Mr. Figgins nods, yes.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
But you didn't look thoroughly...

Andrea catches herself. Dwight, Ellen, and Geoffrey.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
They were working with you. That's
why they pulled everything apart.

FIGGINS
Those fools thought they were
working for themselves. I didn't
anticipate the idiots would damage
the paintings.

Mr. Figgins stands.

FIGGINS (CONT'D)
Which brings us to our current
situation.

He reaches over for the weapon on the coffee table.

FIGGINS (CONT'D)
(to Elise and Bernadette)
Thank you.
(of automatic)
For watching this for me.

He turns the gun on Andrea.

FIGGINS (CONT'D)
You will kindly place your weapon,
as meager as it is, on the oak
shelf to your right...or
left...your choice.

Andrea rests the paint-ball gun on the built-in cabinet to
her right.

FIGGINS (CONT'D)
Good. Let us continue.

He paces, pointing the automatic at first Andrea, then Elise,
then Bernadette.

FIGGINS (CONT'D)
Let me explain what I know. The
one bit of information that your
brother did confirm, before his
untimely death...

He points the weapon at Elise.

FIGGINS (CONT'D)

... is that the information has something to do with the Degas painting, 'A Cotton Office in New Orleans.' I'd known that for years, of course, and his offering it to me as if it were some insight I found offensive. I overreacted.

Elise seethes.

Bernadette touches Elise's arm to calm her.

Figgins looks at Andrea and then back at Elise.

ANDREA

That painting is in France.

FIGGINS

(to Andrea)

I know. It was at the Louvre for two months back in 1988. I studied it almost every day. For hours at a time. I know every line and every color.

He turns to Elise, the weapon lowered.

FIGGINS (CONT'D)

(to Elise)

For example, in the painting I know your great grandfather is pictured looking at a ledger on the far right. Degas' uncle Michel Musson examines raw cotton in the lower left. Degas' brother Rene reads *The Daily Picayune* just below center frame. Another brother, Achille, leans back against a window wall at the far left. I had elaborate plans for snatching the painting. Didn't work, however, and people died.

Figgins sits again.

FIGGINS (CONT'D)

A then, woe is me, a costly mistake in the mid nineties interrupted my search. The state of New York had me as a guest for fifteen years. I knew others were on the search as well and thought my sojourn at the state's resort put me out of the game.

ANDREA

Others like Geoffrey, Dwight, and Ellen?

Figgins GUFFAWS.

FIGGINS

Them? Johnnies-come-lately, all. Well-financed but not well-planned. Little fish who didn't even know about the big prize.

ANDREA

They got in your way, is that it?

FIGGINS

Precisely, although they were useful for a moment, they sped up my time-line. I had hoped to accomplish everything surreptitiously. After bidding adieu to New York and, eventually, reconnecting with, let us say, friends and associates, I spent almost two years, off and on, locating your 'great aunt.'

He nods toward Elise.

FIGGINS (CONT'D)

I rented my vendor's space over two years ago. I've been looking for the box ever since. Imagine my surprise when, a year ago, while canvassing this house when you were away at school in Chicago and the two old bats were at the antique mall, I come across the charcoal sketch of the painting.

He looks again at Elise.

FIGGINS (CONT'D)

I knew it existed, I never dreamed anyone would be stupid enough to display it. It's an X that marks the spot of at least one shipment.

ANDREA

You convinced my aunt to sell it?

FIGGINS

I was smooth. I told her how crippling student debt could be. I couldn't let her know I knew about the sketch while at the same time getting her to unload it. Four months ago, before you returned from your final year of college, she agreed.

ANDREA

You thought the key might be in the sketch rather than the painting.

Figgins touches the tip of his nose.

FIGGINS

Clever.

ANDREA

Is it?

FIGGINS

Haven't figured that out, yet.

ANDREA

So, you convinced my favorite relatives to sell the Degas sketch to pay off my student loans.

FIGGINS

You are most welcome.

ANDREA

You set up the sale, I take it.

FIGGINS

Oh yes. Another mistake. I should have had my agent buy the sketch outright. The word was out that the owner of the sketch possessed the New Orleans art shipment.

(MORE)

FIGGINS (CONT'D)

I didn't realize a public auction a month ago would be such a blunder.

ANDREA

That's where the Williams and Geoffrey came in. When the sketch went on sale, they put two and two together. They learned the name of the seller and then rented a vendor's space at the mall.

FIGGINS

Deadly math for them. The thing about small fish is they too often think they are bigger than they are. And smarter.

ANDREA

Some times they are...smarter.

Figgins looks at Andrea.

FIGGINS

They're not. Never. They cut free the paintings, diminishing their value. Then, get this, they planned to put them in watertight tubes, drop them in the ocean at the end of a buoy, for later pickup by a foreign boater. Double crossing me. They thought I was just some crotchety old man. Dumb. Dumb. Dumb.

His gaze pierces Andrea, locking his eyes onto hers.

FIGGINS (CONT'D)

I hope you're not planning something stupid.

He smiles.

FIGGINS (CONT'D)

Don't.

ANDREA

I'm just listening and trying to understand.

Figgins once again rises to his feet.

FIGGINS

Well, now we know where we all stand. Let's get this over with.

He looks at Elise.

FIGGINS (CONT'D)

You know what I want.

He points the gun at Andrea.

FIGGINS (CONT'D)

So, it's the life of your grand neice...or the locations of the other shipments. Your choice.

Elise looks at Andrea and then Bernadette.

ELISE

(to Bernadette)

I really don't know.

Figgins SIGHS.

FIGGINS

(indicating Andrea)

Well, I guess you don't care that much about her. She's not blood, after all.

ANDREA

We're not blood, but we are family.

(indicating Bernadette and Elise)

I told them they should have gotten married years ago.

Figgins looks at Elise.

He turns to Andrea and begins to squeeze the trigger.

FIGGINS

Still...

Bernadette and Elise are on the edge of panic and despair, having no idea what to do.

They look at Andrea, saying goodbye with their eyes.

ON ANDREA

She smiles and appears to relax.

ANDREA
 (to Elise)
 I'm sorry, but he's called our bluff.

ON SITTING ROOM

Elise and Bernadette are confused.

Figgins raises the barrel of the Sig.

FIGGINS
 Bluff?

ANDREA
 (to Elise)
 We have to tell him. Okay?

Elise is even more confused but follows Andrea's lead on this one.

ELISE
 Of course, tell him.

FIGGINS
 Tell me what?

ANDREA
 (to Elise)
 You're sure?

Elise nods, yes.

FIGGINS
 What does it matter if she's sure.
 I'm the one in control here.
 (to Andrea)
 What do you mean, bluff?

ANDREA
 We have the information. Well, I
 have, in my possession, the
 information you want.

Figgins is suspicious.

FIGGINS

Where?

ANDREA

In my studio atop the garage. I've been working on it for months. I've art books strewn all around the place. But I think I've cracked the code. Do you want to see it?

FIGGINS

Bring it here.

Figgins then turns to Gustav.

FIGGINS (CONT'D)

Go with her.

Gustav nods, crosses the room.

He motions with his pistol for Andrea to lead the way.

Andrea and Gustav exit through the dining room.

INT. SERVICE PORCH OF CRAFTSMAN

Andrea enters from the kitchen, followed by Gustav.

GUSTAV

I'm happy.

Andrea stops and turns.

ANDREA

That's good.

Gustav nudges her in the back with his Sig to urge Andrea to keep going.

GUSTAV

Trigger happy, so don't try anything.

Andrea opens the door to the back porch.

ANDREA

Oh, I get it.

She exits.

GUSTAV

Get what?

He follows.

EXT. BACK PORCH OF CRAFTSMAN - NIGHT

Andrea skips down the steps, Gustav stumbles after.

ANDREA

Watch your step. Not enough light
out here.

GUSTAV

I'm okay. You just watch your
step. If I kill you, the paper
work is murder.

ANDREA

Bad guys do paper work?

GUSTAV

My penmanship sucks.

Andrea looks at the garage.

ANDREA

Are you being funny?

Gustav is serious.

GUSTAV

What do you mean?

Andrea shakes her head.

They approach the stairway to the over-the-garage apartment.

ANDREA

We have to climb the steps.

GUSTAV

After you.

ANDREA

Be careful.

Gustav frowns, irritated by Andrea's solicitousness.

GUSTAV
I can climb stairs.

Andrea moves gingerly up the first steps to her upstairs apartment.

ANDREA
That's the spirit.

The light falls unevenly onto the wooden stairs.

ON STAIRS

She continues to climb.

Gustav follows.

Andrea deftly steps to the far side of the errant step.

Gustav comes down on it dead center with his full weight.

CRACK!

The step gives way.

GUSTAV
What the...

Gustav falls to his knees.

ON ANDREA

She quickly retrieves from the eighth step the pistol with silencer she took from the Second Chance.

She twists and touches the barrel of the silenced Sig to Gustav's forehead.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Gustav freezes. He knows the barrel of a gun when it's touching his forehead.

GUSTAV (CONT'D)
You tricked me.

ANDREA
Guess, I'm that kind of girl.

GUSTAV

Not nice.

Gustav is angry.

He starts to raise his own weapon.

ANDREA

Toss your gun into the yard, or
I'll put a bullet in your brain by
the time I count to one.

Gustav freezes, but doesn't toss the weapon.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

One!

Gustav tosses his weapon into the darkened yard.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Now, turn around, and let's go back
into the house.

Gustav turns around and descends the stairs.

GUSTAV

There's going to be trouble.

ANDREA

Wouldn't have it any other way.

ON BACK YARD

Gustav and Andrea cross the small yard and mount the back porch steps.

Gustav opens the door.

INT. SERVICE PORCH OF CRAFTSMAN - CONTINUOUS

Gustav takes the two steps across the service porch to the door to the kitchen.

Andrea steps into the service porch.

Gustav shoves open the door to the kitchen and dashes into it.

GUSTAV
(screaming)
She's got a gun! Shoot her! She's
got a gun!

Andrea looks after Gustav; she can't shoot since she doesn't have any bullets.

She turns around, and runs out of the service porch into the back yard.

EXT. BACK YARD

Andrea bolts out the door, looks about, then scours the grass where Gustav tossed his weapon.

She can't find it.

She looks back at the house.

She looks up the steps at her apartment atop the garage.

She moves, then, quietly down the side of the house, heading toward the street.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SITTING ROOM OF ELISE AND BERNADETTE

Sigmund stands to the side of the timbered entrance to the dining room, weapon drawn.

Gustav stands to the side of the front door.

Figgins, semi-automatic still in his right hand, stands in the center of the sitting room.

FIGGINS
Well, where is she?

GUSTAV
She was right behind me.

SIGMUND
We have her outgunned.

FIGGINS
Idiots.

He points his weapon at Bernadette and Elise.

FIGGINS (CONT'D)
 She's not jumping in here with guns
 blazing. She's going to negotiate.

RRRRR!

The WHIR of the DIESEL TRUCK'S ENGINE STARTING UP fills the
 room.

Figgins glances at the two goons.

FIGGINS (CONT'D)
 Did you idiots leave the keys in
 the truck?

GUSTAV
 It looked like a safe neighborhood.

GEARS GRIND on the DIESEL TRUCK.

FIGGINS
 She doesn't know how to drive it.
 (to Gustav and Sigmund)
 Go!

Neither man moves.

SIGMUND
 Where?

FIGGINS
 After her. Get out there!

Gustav and Sigmund look at each other then at the front door,
 but neither of them moves.

SIGMUND
 She's armed.

Figgins points his gun at the two goons.

FIGGINS
 If that truck gets away, I shoot
 both of you myself.

GEARS GRIND INTO FIRST.

Through the window, we see the box truck slowly start to move
 down the street.

No lights.

FIGGINS (CONT'D)
Go! You idiots! Go!

Gustav and Sigmund run out the door to chase the diesel truck, Sigmund holstering his weapon.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET

The box truck is almost to the corner as the two goons sprint after.

The box truck rounds the corner. Still no lights, but picking up speed now.

Gustav and Sigmund give chase, more bassets than greyhounds.

INT. SITTING ROOM OF ELISE AND BERNADETTE

Figgins looks out the window.

ON ELISE AND BERNADETTE

Elise motions to Bernadette to remove a knitting needle from the bag on her left.

Bernadette gives the needle to Elise.

Elise slips the needle under her thigh.

ON FIGGINS

He turns from the window.

He smiles at Elise and Bernadette.

FIGGINS
Wanna bet that Andrea returns
before they do?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ALLEY WAY

Andrea runs up the alley that is perpendicular to the one behind her garage.

She veers into her own alley and dashes to the back of her garage.

ON GARAGE

She slips through the garage door.

DISSOLVE TO:

ON BACK YARD

Andrea, her left hand dampening the beam of a flashlight, searches the back yard for the tossed Sig pistol Gustav carried.

She finds it.

She heads for the back door.

ON STREET

The box truck stands in the middle of the street.

Gustav and Sigmund approach slowly, the one without a gun behind the one with.

INT. SITTING ROOM OF ELISE AND BERNADETTE

THUNK!

Everyone jumps at the SLAMMING of the back door.

Figgins smiles at Elise and Bernadette.

FIGGINS

(to the two women)

I would have won the bet.

(calling)

Welcome back, Andrea. We've been waiting for you.

ANDREA (O.C.)

Let them go and I'll let you go.

Figgins looks at Elise and Bernadette.

FIGGINS

(to Elise and Bernadette)

That's not negotiation. That's an ultimatum.

(calling)

I can't go without finding what I came for. You're asking me to give up my life's work.

ANDREA

We don't have what you want. It's at the bottom of the Caribbean Sea. Go look for it there.

Figgins points his Sig at Elise and Bernadette.

They bravely stare into the barrel.

FIGGINS

Then it doesn't really matter whether I shoot these old birds or not. I do like to shoot.

ON DINING ROOM ENTRY

Andrea stands in the entryway, her weapon raised.

ANDREA

Let them go.

EXT. DIESEL BOX TRUCK ON STREET

Sigmund and Gustav are rummaging through the cab of the truck.

GUSTAV

Found them yet?

SIGMUND

She might have tossed them anywhere.

GUSTAV

We'll sweep the area. She's a girl. How far can she throw?

SIGMUND

Wish we had a spare key.

ANGLE WIDENS

Andrea's Saturn is parked just in front of the box truck.

INT. SITTING ROOM OF CRAFTSMAN

Figgins smiles, but does not look away from Elise and Bernadette.

FIGGINS

What we have, now, IS a standoff.
You shoot me. I shoot one of them,
if not both.

ANDREA

But if we wait, then your friends
will return.

Figgins is offended.

FIGGINS

Gustav and Sigmund? They're my
employees, my henchmen, not my
friends. What do you take me for?

ANDREA

I'm serious. We don't have what
you are looking for.

FIGGINS

At the bottom of the sea?

ANDREA

Or elsewhere. But not here.

FIGGINS

How can I believe you?

ON ANDREA

She bends down and places her automatic on the floor.

ANDREA

Here. Does this convince you?

ON FIGGINS

He looks at Andrea, then at the weapon on the floor.

FIGGINS
Kick it over here.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Andrea kicks the weapon across the hardwood floor.

ANDREA
We don't have it.

Figgins smiles.

And points his Sig directly at Andrea.

FIGGINS
You have another weapon, don't you?

Andrea raises both of her hands.

ANDREA
I don't.

FIGGINS
The one from the boat plus the one
you took from Gustav. I can do the
math.

Andrea shrugs her shoulders.

ANDREA
You got me.

ON ANDREA

She pulls another weapon from the waistband in the small of
her back.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
(of gun)
This one doesn't have any bullets.

ON FIGGINS

FIGGINS
Says you. Empty when you picked it
up on the boat. You could have
reloaded it.

ANDREA
 With the .38 caliber cartridges
 from the Tupperware in the fridge?

FIGGINS
 (of Sig)
 On the ground and kick it over.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Andrea does so.

ANDREA
 Now do you believe me? We don't
 have the information on the other
 shipments. You have the paintings
 from this one. Go.

EXT. DIESEL TRUCK ON STREET

The truck ROARS to life and pulls away from the curb in front
 of oncoming car lights.

The lights belong to a police cruiser that shines a spotlight
 on Andrea's car.

TWO POLICE OFFICERS emerge from the cruiser.

INT. SITTING ROOM OF CRAFTSMAN

Figgins stares at Andrea, then looks down at Bernadette and
 Elise.

FIGGINS
 Yes, well, now I have another
 problem.

ANDREA
 What?

FIGGINS
 Loose ends.

ANDREA
 What do you mean?

FIGGINS
 I hate loose ends.
 (to Elise)
 And, I don't believe you.

ELISE
 It's the truth.

EXT. STREET

The two officers shine flashlights into the passenger side of Andrea's car.

INT. ANDREA'S SATURN

Flashlight beam illuminates two cell phones and a single paint-ball gun on the passenger seat.

POLICE OFFICER ONE (O.C.)
 It's here. Call it in. Owner's
 name and address.

POLICE OFFICER TWO (O.C.)
 Already did.

INT. SITTING ROOM OF CRAFTSMAN

Figgins shakes his head almost in sorrow.

FIGGINS
 (to Elise)
 If you stick with that story after
 I kill Bernadette and Andrea, well,
 then I might believe you. But then
 I'll kill you, too. Solve the
 loose ends problem, at least.

Figgins points the gun at Bernadette.

FIGGINS (CONT'D)
 (to Bernadette)
 Any last words?

ANDREA
 (screaming)
 Figgins! Look out!

Figgins looks over at Andrea, turning his weapon on her.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Elise palms the knitting needle from under her thigh, the point protector in her palm, the other point bare and sharp.

She SLAMS the needle into the back of the hand in which Figgins is holding the Sig.

He SCREAMS, but does not drop the gun.

He grabs the weapon with his left hand and turns to shoot Elise.

ON ANDREA

She spies her paint-ball gun on built-in counter beside her to her right.

She grabs it.

FIRES!

ANOTHER ANGLE

Figgins, enraged, continues to turn his gun on Elise.

PLOP!

The paint-ball SLAMS into his forehead.

Figgins SCREAMS.

The dye has splashed into his eyes.

But rather than wipe his eyes clear, he fires indiscriminately.

PFFFT!

A bullet PLOWS into front door.

ON ELISE

She dives for the floor, looking toward Bernadette.

PFFFT!

A bullet WUMPS into a cushion on the couch where, a moment before, Elise had been sitting.

ON BERNADETTE

Who jumps from the couch to move behind Figgins.

PFFFT!

A bullet DIGS into the ceiling.

ON ANDREA

She dives to the floor and rolls toward Figgins.

PFFFT!

A bullet SLAMS into the built-in cabinets to the left of the passageway to the dining room.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Bernadette grabs the plaster bust of Gertrude Stein on the mantle.

She SMASHES it into the back of Figgins' head.

He crumples.

ON ANDREA

Rolling, she sees Figgins fall toward her, the gun coming loose from his grip.

He HITS the floor right next to her.

She grabs the weapon and stands.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Holding the Sig on the prostrate Higgins, Andrea exchanges glances with Bernadette and Elise.

Everyone is all right.

EXT. STREET

With the tell-tail RUMBLE of a diesel engine, the box truck RUMBLES back in front of the house.

It stops.

Passenger and driver's side doors open.

INT. SITTING ROOM OF ELISE AND BERNADETTE

Andrea, Bernadette, and Elise have checked each other out after the fray and now look toward the front door.

Listening.

Higgins is still on the floor. Out cold.

BERNADETTE
(of outside sounds)
Those two bags of beef are back.

Bernadette looks at Elise.

BERNADETTE (CONT'D)
What are we going to do?

ELISE
(to Andrea)
Suggestions?

ANDREA
(to Elise)
Turn out the lights.
(to Bernadette)
Call the police.

Andrea moves toward the front door.

EXT. ELISE AND BERNADETTE'S FRONT YARD

Gustav and Sigmund tread the walkway toward the house.

Suddenly, the house goes dark.

The two henchmen stop.

GUSTAV
What do you think?

Sigmund pulls out his gun.

SIGMUND

Let's be careful out here.

Gustav reaches for his weapon, then remembers he doesn't have one.

He feels naked.

They approach the house carefully.

They mount the steps.

Gustav tries the door.

Locked.

He knocks.

KNOCK!

KNOCK!

KNOCK!

ANDREA (O.C.)

Who's there?

Sigmund puts his mouth near the door. STAGE WHISPER.

SIGMUND

It's us!

ANDREA (O.C.)

I'm sorry. We're expecting the police. They should be here by now. You're welcome to wait.

Gustav and Sigmund look at the door, then at each other, then back at the truck.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON STREET WITH BOX TRUCK

Several police vehicles, lights off, roll up on the box truck.

ON SIGMUND AND GUSTAV

They see the police vehicles.

Sigmund motions to Gustav to follow him.

They run for the back of the craftsman.

BACK YARD OF CRAFTSMAN

Sigmund and Gustav dart across the yard toward the gate to the alley behind the house.

Beside the stairs to Andrea's upper apartment, they are pinned by the night sun of a hovering police helicopter.

Beyond the alley gate, police lights flash.

Gustav and Sigmund stop and throw up their hands.

EXT. CRAFTSMAN

The lights come on and the front door opens.

Andrea steps out, her arms raised.

Officers, weapons drawn, approach.

 ANDREA (CONT'D)
 We've another one in here.

Police enter the house.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GARAGE APARTMENT

Andrea, lights ablaze in her apartment, sits at the kitchen table, examining a picture frame.

 ANDREA
 (musing, to frame)
 In or around the cotton office.
 So, you were around the cotton
 office.

She flips the frame over.

 ANDREA (CONT'D)
 Elise said her great-grandfather
 made you.

Inspects one corner carefully.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
And her father did something with
you in the early 1940s.

She flips the frame around several times.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
What did he do?

She remembers her aunt and the cane opening the door to the
basement.

She takes a pen and presses the tip into a small nail.

Nothing happens.

Wrong nail?

She tries another.

Push.

Hard.

A section of wood on the back of the frame rises a fraction
of an inch.

Andrea smiles in triumph.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TAXI

Andrea is in the back seat, her cell phone pressed to her
ear.

ANDREA
Peter, I turned down the De Young
job offer.

On the seat beside Andrea lies the picture frame she examined
in her apartment.

She listens to her cell.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
I asked if I could postpone
starting for a few months and they
said no.

She fingers the picture frame as she listens some more.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Peter, what I'm doing IS important.

She continues to listen although she's losing interest.

Her eyes wander to the panorama outside the cab's windows.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Peter, I've an appointment to talk
to the biggest fish of all.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C.

Outside the cab's windows, the nation's capital comes into
view.

FADE OUT.