

NIGHT WATCH

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. AMSTERDAM - THE YEAR 1642 - NIGHT

A DOZEN ROWDY PATRONS spill out of a tavern and march up the street, dimly lit by oil lamps.

The inebriated men jostle as they form ranks behind CAPTAIN COCQ and LIEUTENANT VAN RUYTENBURCH and make a half-hearted attempt at a marching song.

Around a corner and half a block later, they arrive at their destination.

EXT. REMBRANDT'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Light seeps from shuttered windows. Cocq pounds on the door, waits a moment, pushes it open, and leads the men in.

INT. REMBRANDT'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Paintings in various states of completion stand on easels among the clutter of the vast studio.

REMBRANDT, in a black robe, oblivious to all but his next brush stroke, studies a work in progress.

The men speak in Dutch, with English subtitles.

COCQ

The master at work.

Rembrandt applies a final dab to the painting and turns to face the men, paint palette in one hand, brush in the other.

REMBRANDT

So, the militia takes a break from the city walls.

COCQ

To arrange for our posing.

REMBRANDT

And perhaps with guilders in hand?

COCQ

The lieutenant and I bring half our commission.

Cocq and Van Ruytenburch place coins on a table.

REMBRANDT

And the others?

COCQ

Spent on whiskey and whores, I'm afraid. But all will pay.

REMBRANDT

Drinking, screwing, and then art. Is that the order of things?

VAN RUYTENBURCH

Our men put screwing before the drinking.

REMBRANDT

You can fuck all you want. I will paint a cow or a pig for the faces of those that do not pay.

COCQ

Do not worry, Master Rembrandt.

REMBRANDT

Off you go.

Rembrandt hustles them out the door.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)

Come back when you're sober, with coins in hand, not your dicks.

EXT. REMBRANDT'S STUDIO - NIGHT

The men recommence their drunken march. They and their song fade into the distance.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The Twins lose the season opener to the Angels six to four, here on a beautiful California night.

EXT. MINNEAPOLIS - PRESENT DAY - NIGHT

Street lights illuminate a tough industrial district.

A radio plays in an old beater.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Tune in again tomorrow, wherever you are in the Twin Cities area.

INSIDE THE CAR

Two men sit low in the front seat.

MICHAEL WHITNEY, 45 years old and been there done that handsome, slumps against the passenger side door, not much interested in what's going down.

BOOTS WASHINGTON, 30, a muscular black man, leans forward against the wheel, alert to the street.

Michael clicks off the radio.

MICHAEL
Way past my bedtime.

BOOTS
Curly never complained.

MICHAEL
Should have kept him as your
partner if you're so in love.

BOOTS
Wasn't my choice.

Through the windshield, they watch a car turn onto the street, headlights off, and roll to a stop opposite them.

The driver, bag in hand, gets out and heads to a building.

Michael and Boots slip out.

ON THE STREET

Michael and Boots cross to the man, SMITTY, a young punk.

SMITTY
Who the fuck are you?

BOOTS
I'm Boots. He's Michael.

Boots shows his badge and points to Smitty's bag.

BOOTS (CONT'D)
Let's have a look.

Smitty backs up and pulls a gun. He's twitchy.

SMITTY
You got no warrant.

Boots steps toward Smitty. Michael stays back, blocked from Smitty's view.

BOOTS

Now you're making this difficult.

Michael draws his gun and trains it on Smitty as he steps back into Smitty's view.

MICHAEL

Put the gun down.

Trash cans CLATTER as a BUM stumbles about across the street.

Smitty is distracted just enough.

Boots lunges forward and, in a split second, disarms Smitty and has him face down on the ground, cuffed.

BOOTS

That wasn't so bad, was it?

LATER

A COP stuffs Smitty into the back of a black and white as Michael and Boots end a conversation with ANOTHER COP.

A sign on the building: Twin Cities Flower Wholesalers

Michael and Boots, with Smitty's bag, walk to their car.

INSIDE THE CAR

Boots tosses the bag onto the middle of the front seat.

BOOTS

I didn't think the little shit would pull a gun.

The Bum pops up in the back seat.

BUM

Me neither.

Michael about shits his pants, but Boots reaches over to calm him.

BOOTS

My brother Norrie.

NORRIE

Sorry.

Michael reaches over the seat back and shakes hands.

MICHAEL
Michael Whitney.

Boots opens Smitty's bag, grabs a few bundles of bills, and passes them back to Norrie.

BOOTS
Scram.

Norrie stuffs the bills in his jacket.

NORRIE
See ya.

Norrie gets out. Boots starts the car and pulls away.

INSIDE THE CAR, IN MOTION

Michael stares at Boots.

BOOTS
Norrie runs a teen program up on North Fremont. Sports, music, you know, keeps the kids off the street.

Michael picks up Smitty's bag and shakes it.

MICHAEL
That's nice, but what the fuck?

BOOTS
He gets a lot of cash gifts to help with the expenses. Wealthy donors wanting to remain anonymous.

MICHAEL
You're kidding.

BOOTS
You got a problem with it?

MICHAEL
Getting my ass grilled by Internal Affairs. That's my problem. I didn't enjoy it with my dad's case.

Michael throws the bag down.

INT. MINNEAPOLIS POLICE STATION - WORKOUT ROOM - DAY

Michael pounds out a final sprint on a treadmill, jumps off, grabs his towel and a water, and walks through the room.

COPS stand around or work out on various machines.

Boots, in a number 34 Kirby Puckett Twins jersey, tinkers with a contraption off in a corner. Tools and cannibalized remains of old exercise equipment surround him.

MICHAEL

How's the telephone pole throwing machine?

BOOTS

It's called a caber.

Boots crouches, grabs onto handles, and with a clatter of weights, gears, and cables, makes an upward lunging motion as if he's launching a caber in the Scottish Highland Games.

BOOTS (CONT'D)

Mmmmmmm yahhhhhh!

Boots steps aside.

BOOTS (CONT'D)

Try it. Every muscle gets a workout.

MICHAEL

Not if I have to grunt like that.

Up walks CURLY, 40, stocky and bald. Boots offers the machine.

BOOTS

Curly?

CURLY

Let me go get my kilt so my nuts can hang free.

MICHAEL

That's a pleasant image to start the day.

CURLY

Heard you hauled in our pal Smitty.

BOOTS

Got a chat with him this morning.

CURLY

Good luck. He's already out.

INT. MINNEAPOLIS POLICE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Michael, Boots, and Chief FRANK MURPHY, 50, fit, trim, and in charge, gaze out the 10th floor window at the downtown skyline.

Dead center is the concrete Foshay Tower, now a W Hotel.

MURPHY

The first skyscraper west of the Mississippi. Modeled after the Washington monument. Ever been to the observation deck?

BOOTS

Not yet.

MURPHY

I got the keys. I'll take you up some night. It's spectacular.

MICHAEL

I was about ten. Best day of my life. Dad took me to a Twins game and Killebrew hit two homers. We went up to the top after the game.

He looks up above the Foshay.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

The Goodyear Blimp was flying around the city.

The door opens and in walks District Attorney MADISON KANE, 30, attractive, all business.

KANE

Chief Murphy.

MURPHY

District Attorney Kane. You know Officers Washington and Whitney.

KANE

Of course. Officers.

Michael and Boots exchange nods with Kane.

MURPHY

We picked up Petrovic's bag man last night and he's already out.

BOOTS

The guy pulled a gun on us.

KANE

He pulled a good attorney on me.

BOOTS

That shit's word against ours?

KANE

Perhaps if the witness had hung around and given a statement.

MURPHY

Witness?

Michael shoots a quick glance at Boots.

MICHAEL

There was a homeless guy who hustled away.

MURPHY

When are we going to shut down Petrovic, Ms. Kane? He's selling a lot more than flowers. We have enough to put him away for fifty years.

KANE

The Feds need to crack his supply channels and take out the entire network.

MURPHY

Christ. So half the heroin coming into the Midwest continues to flow?

KANE

I'm doing all I can.

Murphy shrugs at Michael and Boots, shaking his head.

MURPHY

Thanks for your time, Ms. Kane.

KANE

Good day, officers.

Kane sashays out as the men watch.

MURPHY
That, my friends, is how you get
elected D.A.

Boots and Michael give him a look. He smiles and shrugs.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
What?

BOOTS
(to Michael)
Your dad fuck around as much when
he was chief?

MURPHY
Gentlemen, screw Ms. Kane. My
office.

INT. CHIEF MURPHY'S OFFICE - DAY

Big oak desk and plush furniture. Commendations, photographs,
and assorted memorabilia fill the room.

Murphy sifts through some papers while Michael and Boots look
at the photos. Michael notices one of Murphy water skiing.

MICHAEL
How's the lake?

MURPHY
Great. Going next weekend.

Boots takes a photo from a shelf. A golf foursome.

BOOTS
You golf with Petrovic?

MURPHY
Charity tournament. The Fallen
Officers Fund is going to lose a
big donor when we lock up that son
of a bitch.

Murphy hands a folder to Michael.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
Your passport current?

Michael opens the folder and looks at the top sheet.

MICHAEL
Amsterdam?

MURPHY

Retrieve a painting stolen from the
Capital Building.

MICHAEL

Come on. That's FBI shit.

MURPHY

The Governor needs to keep this
local. We're making an exception.

BOOTS

Michael, you're exceptional.

Michael is not amused.

MURPHY

The ransom money will be delivered
to your hotel. You'll work with
local guys to make the exchange.

MICHAEL

Jesus, now we're paying ransoms?

MURPHY

Like I said, this one's off the
books. Hush, hush.

MICHAEL

Sounds like it's my ass on the
line.

MURPHY

I got your back, Michael. The
Governor's brother is head of
security. He screwed up. We're
bailing him out.

MICHAEL

Send him.

MURPHY

I consider this a big favor. Help
me out here, Michael.

MICHAEL

I'm in the middle of some personal
things. It's a bad time.

MURPHY

You leave Friday. Get your stuff
squared away.

Murphy leads them to the door.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

It's a nice vacation before you retire. Plus, you speak Dutch.

MICHAEL

What?

Murphy pats him on the back.

MURPHY

I'm kidding. They all speak English. Send me a postcard.

IN THE HALLWAY

Michael and Boots walk to the elevator. They pass photos of past police chiefs on the wall. The last photo is of Murphy.

BOOTS

Before you retire?

MICHAEL

That was supposed to be confidential.

Boots hits the down button.

BOOTS

Sorry to bring up your dad like that.

Michael glances over to the line of photos.

MICHAEL

Don't worry about it. I just want him back up here before I leave.

BOOTS

How's that gonna happen?

MICHAEL

Murphy's working with Kane to reopen the investigation.

Boots nods at the folder for Michael's Amsterdam mission.

BOOTS

So, a favor for a favor.

MICHAEL

Seems that way.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

A nice neighborhood. REBECCA WHITNEY, 8, rides her bike around the driveway. DANIEL WHITNEY, 10, lights fireworks.

A police car pulls up and Michael steps out. Boots, his window down, remains at the wheel.

MICHAEL
Hey kids. Say hello to Officer
Washington.

DANIEL
Hey.

REBECCA
Hi.

Boots waves from the car.

Michael grabs the matchbook from Daniel and puts it in his pocket.

MICHAEL
You know that's illegal.

DANIEL
Mom got them for me. You going to
arrest her? Mashed potatoes!
Mashed potatoes!

REBECCA
Mashed Potatoes! Mashed Potatoes!

Michael smiles at the family's inside joke, as a teenage girl, CHELSEA, comes out of the house.

MICHAEL
Chelsea. You watching the kids?

CHELSEA
The grandparents are coming over at
six.

MICHAEL
Where's their mother?

CHELSEA
She went to California for a
conference.

She hands Michael his passport.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

She said you were coming by for this. And to have a nice trip.

INT. BOOTS' POLICE CAR, IN MOTION - DAY

Boots drives as Michael stares out the side window.

BOOTS

She should have called you.

MICHAEL

It's not just that. Everything is a change of plans. Hell, I was a change of plans. Dump the lawyer and marry the cop. Going to be chief just like his daddy. That didn't work out, so now I'm another change of plans.

BOOTS

Don't tell me this shit when I'm about to get married.

MICHAEL

I kind of overreacted the other day about your brother.

BOOTS

I put you in a bad spot. Sorry.

They stop at a light and Boots looks over at Michael.

BOOTS (CONT'D)

Your dad didn't do it?

MICHAEL

I'm gonna find out or die trying.

BOOTS

Anything I can do to help, you got it.

MICHAEL

How'd your brother get a name like Norrie?

BOOTS

Stands for No Relation. His real name is George.

MICHAEL

George Washington.

BOOTS
Father of our country.

EXT. AMSTERDAM - SCHIPOL INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

A KLM jetliner lands.

EXT. AMSTERDAM HILTON - DAY

A cab pulls up. Michael gets out, suitcase in tow.

INT. AMSTERDAM HILTON - LOBBY - DAY

Michael strides over to the check-in counter and is greeted by HUGO, 40. Flamboyant, let's say.

HUGO
Good morning, sir. Welcome to the
Hilton.

MICHAEL
Thank you.

He slides his passport and credit card across the counter. Hugo takes a look at them and types on his computer.

HUGO
Mr. Whitney, you're with us for a
week. Vacation or business?

MICHAEL
A little of both.

HUGO
I hope you have a memorable visit.

Hugo's printer spits out a sheet and he passes it across.

HUGO (CONT'D)
Just sign at the bottom.

Michael signs the sheet. Hugo slides across a card key.

MICHAEL
You should have a backpack for me
in your safe.

HUGO
Let me check on that.

Hugo goes around to the back room.

JAN BLAKKEN, 50, a hard edged and broken nosed bruiser, approaches the counter like he owns the place.

BLAKKEN
Detective Whitney?

Michael turns. Blakken extends his arm.

BLAKKEN (CONT'D)
Jan Blakken, Amsterdam police.

They shake.

MICHAEL
Nice to meet you.

Hugo returns with a backpack and plops it on the counter.

HUGO
Here you go, sir.

Michael unzips the backpack and he and Blakken look inside. It's jammed with bundles of U.S. hundred dollar bills.

Hugo sneaks a peek.

HUGO (CONT'D)
That's a lot of lettuce, sir.

MICHAEL
Just some walking around money.

HUGO
Well, you be careful walking around. Anything else I can do for you? I'm an expert on all things Amsterdam.

MICHAEL
Thank you. That's good to know.

INT. AMSTERDAM POLICE STATION - DAY

Michael, with the backpack, follows Blakken through a busy sea of desks and into a conference room.

INSIDE THE CONFERENCE ROOM

WILLY VAN HEMMERT and CAROLINE VAN HEMMERT, both in their 30s, tall, attractive, and serious, stand at a table.

Michael drops the backpack on the table, next to a phone and some files.

BLAKKEN

This is Caroline Van Hemmert,
curator at the Rijksmuseum. She
received the ransom note.

Michael and Caroline shake hands.

MICHAEL

Hello.

CAROLINE

Welcome to Amsterdam.

BLAKKEN

And this is her brother Willy.
Works with me in art crimes.

Michael and Willy shake.

MICHAEL

Art seems to run in your family.

WILLY

You could say that.

BLAKKEN

Police runs in Michael's family.
His father was Chief.

That bit of history annoys Michael.

WILLY

So that's how you got this cushy
assignment.

MICHAEL

Just doing a favor for the Great
State of Minnesota.

Blakken looks at Caroline.

BLAKKEN

Let's make the call.

Blakken puts the phone on speaker mode. He gets the number from the file and dials. A MAN answers on the first ring.

MAN (V.O.)

Ms. Van Hemmert?

CAROLINE
We're ready.

MAN (V.O.)
Noon. Aalsmeer. On the cat walk.

CLICK. They're left with a dial tone.

Blakken hangs up and looks at his watch.

BLAKKEN
Better go.

Michael grabs the backpack and holds the door for Caroline.

CAROLINE
Come to the museum afterward. I'll
show you around.

MICHAEL
I'll do that.

EXT. AALSMEER FLOWER AUCTION - DAY

A huge building. Delivery vehicles move about. A police car
pulls in and parks near several tour buses.

INSIDE WILLY'S POLICE CAR

Willy and Blakken in front, Michael in back. Willy passes a
gun to Michael.

BLAKKEN
He won't need that.

WILLY
He's a cop and he's on business.

Michael checks the gun and puts it in his jacket pocket.

MICHAEL
Shit, do I need a vest?

BLAKKEN
They just want the money.

IN THE PARKING LOT

Michael, the backpack slung over his shoulder, and Blakken
walk toward the main entrance.

BLAKKEN
Heard of a Dutch auction?

MICHAEL
What's the difference?

BLAKKEN
Price starts high and comes down.
Whoever bids first, gets it.

IN THE BUILDING

Blakken leads Michael up a set of stairs, past a descending TOUR GROUP, to a large catwalk.

Automated trains carry bins of flowers across the vast auction floor below.

Several dozen BIDDERS, each with a computer terminal, sit in a large glass room, overlooking the parade of flowers.

BLAKKEN
Click a key, and two hours later
the flowers are on a plane.

Another TOUR GROUP passes by them. A BALD MAN breaks off and approaches Blakken and Michael. He carries a long tube.

BALD MAN
Enjoying the show?

BLAKKEN
Got something for sale?

BALD MAN
Got the money?

Michael slides the backpack off his shoulder.

MICHAEL
Let's see it.

As the Bald Man passes the tube to Blakken, he draws a gun from inside his jacket and points it at Michael.

Michael swings the backpack and deflects the gun.

BLAM.

Blakken grabs his chest as blood oozes from a wound.

Tourists scream and scatter.

Blakken slumps to the floor.

The Bald Man brings his gun back around just as Michael draws and shoots.

BLAM.

The Bald Man staggers and flies backward off the catwalk. He lands face up in a bin of flowers on the track below. Dead.

Michael drops to a knee and scans for more trouble. He notices a TALL MAN and a FAT MAN hustle down the steps.

Michael rises and pulls out his badge.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Police! Call an ambulance!

He stoops down and checks on Blakken.

LATER

COPS and EMERGENCY PERSONNEL are everywhere. Michael, Willy, and a DETECTIVE stand by Blakken's covered body.

WILLY.
Who's the shooter?

They glance over the railing at the dead Bald Man, who still rests in the flowers.

DETECTIVE
No I.D. We'll run the prints.

IN THE PARKING LOT

Michael and Willy walk past emergency vehicles and more COPS. Willy carries the tube. Michael, the backpack.

MICHAEL
How'd you know I'd need a gun?

WILLY
Just a hunch.

Michael gives him a glance.

WILLY (CONT'D)
Blakken tends to force the issue.

MICHAEL

Blakken didn't do a thing. The guy was planning to shoot us both.

WILLY

Hard to believe he was alone.

MICHAEL

There were a couple guys who high-tailed it out of there.

WILLY

Get a good look?

MICHAEL

One tall, one fat, both ugly.

INT. AMSTERDAM POLICE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Michael and Willy stand at the table. Willy unscrews the cap off one end of the tube.

WILLY

Your Governor keeps his money *and* gets the painting back.

He pulls out a canvas and carefully unrolls it.

On the canvas is a big red smiley face, crudely drawn.

They stare at it as Caroline enters the room.

CAROLINE

Sorry about Blakken. That's terrible.

WILLY

Look at this.

She examines the smiley face.

CAROLINE

They didn't have the Van Dyke?

Willy rolls up the canvas and looks at Michael.

WILLY

Call your boss?

Michael looks at his watch and computes the time difference.

MICHAEL

It's six in the morning there.
I'll wait a bit.

Willy slides some papers across to Michael.

WILLY

Write up your statement in the
meantime.

Willy leaves the room. Michael picks up the paper. He
closes his eyes and takes a deep breath.

CAROLINE

You okay?

MICHAEL

My last month on the force and the
first time I've had to shoot
someone.

CAROLINE

That sucks.

He pats his pockets for a pen and pulls out the matchbook he
took from his son.

MICHAEL

You have a pen?

Caroline takes a pen from her pocket and puts it on the
table.

CAROLINE

See you tomorrow at the museum?

Michael studies the matchbook.

MICHAEL

Get Willy. We're gonna make that
call.

Caroline exits. Michael puts the matchbook on the table.

The matchbook cover: Lake Minnetonka Steak House

Michael turns over one of the papers and writes on its back.

Willy and Caroline enter.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Sorry, but this could be a little
personal, if you don't mind.

WILLY
What's up?

MICHAEL
You got a blocked phone?

Willy takes out his phone.

WILLY
Mine's blocked.

Michael hands him the sheet of paper.

MICHAEL
Dial that number. Don't hit send
until I tell you. Put it on mute.

While Willy follows his instructions, Michael puts the room phone on speaker mode. DIAL TONE. He punches in a number and the phone RINGS three times.

MURPHY (V.O.)
Murphy.

MICHAEL
Murph. It's Michael.

INT. MURPHY'S LAKE CABIN - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Murphy sits up in bed, his cell phone to his ear. He turns on a lamp on his nightstand.

Someone is under the covers beside him.

MURPHY
Where's Blakken?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

MICHAEL
Blakken's dead.

Michael nods to Willy. Willy hits send on his cell phone.

MURPHY
What happened?

MICHAEL
They didn't have the painting. It
was a set up.

MURPHY
What?

MICHAEL

The guy shot Blakken. I shot the
guy.

MURPHY

God damn it.

A cell phone on the other nightstand vibrates with a LOUD
RING TONE.

Michael, Willy, and Caroline hear the ring tone through the
speaker phone. Michael gestures for Willy to hang up. Willy
ends the call.

A WOMAN, maybe 40, messy haired, but pretty, emerges from the
covers and answers the phone.

WOMAN

Hello. Hello?

She puts the phone down and pulls the covers back up.

MICHAEL

I'll be back as soon as I can.

MURPHY

Keep me posted.

Murphy hangs up. He lies back down.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

God damn it.

WOMAN

What is it?

MURPHY

Nothing.

BACK IN AMSTERDAM.

The phone in the conference room emits a dial tone. Willy
hits a button to hang up.

WILLY

Who did I call?

MICHAEL

My wife.

CAROLINE

Your wife?

MICHAEL

Yep.

WILLY

I don't get it.

MICHAEL

We're separated.

WILLY

She's with your boss?

MICHAEL

Yep. She's with the Chief. Just like she always wanted.

Willy and Caroline look at each other.

CAROLINE

That's rotten.

MICHAEL

Sorry to air this crap out in front of you guys. I'm having a bad stretch and I guess I just don't give a shit anymore.

Willy straightens the paperwork and hands the stack back to Michael.

WILLY

It's been a shitty day all around.

INT. AMSTERDAM HILTON - LOBBY - DAY

Michael exits the elevator and walks to the counter, where he finds Hugo.

HUGO

Good morning, Mr. Whitney. Can I help you with anything today?

MICHAEL

I need directions to the Rijksmuseum.

Hugo pulls a map from under the counter and marks on it with a pen as Michael watches.

HUGO

Here's the hotel. Here's the museum. Ten minute walk.

Michael takes the map.

MICHAEL
My phone doesn't work here.

HUGO
You need a prepaid Euro phone.

Michael puts the map back down.

MICHAEL
Show me where to get one.

HUGO
I'll have it for you this
afternoon.

MICHAEL
You sure?

HUGO
Absolutely. My pleasure. I can
get you anything you need, if you
know what I mean.

Michael pauses to realize the hint, and smiles.

MICHAEL
I'll keep that in mind.

Michael walks across the lobby and leaves the hotel. The
Tall Man and the Fat Man rise from lounge chairs and follow.

EXT. AMSTERDAM - BRIDGE OVER A CANAL - DAY

Michael leans on the railing and watches tour boats and
smaller vessels pass by below.

EXT. THE SAME CANAL - THE YEAR 1642 - DAY

A rowboat cruises into view. Rembrandt, dressed regally,
sits in the bow as a MAN works the oars.

They maneuver to a small pier and Rembrandt steps ashore. He
climbs wooden steps to a bustling street.

Rembrandt crosses to a large building. A sign indicates it
is the Kloveniersdoelen.

ENGLISH SUBTITLE: Musketeers' Meeting Hall

INSIDE THE MEETING HALL

Elaborately dressed MILITIA MEMBERS and other CITIZENS jam a vast room. Rembrandt enters.

Large paintings of militia groups, one covered by a curtain, line the walls.

Captain Cocq approaches Rembrandt.

This scene is in Dutch with English subtitles.

COCQ

Good day, Master Rembrandt. Your wife will not be joining us?

REMBRANDT

She is ill.

COCQ

Please give her my regards.

He leads Rembrandt toward the veiled painting.

COCQ (CONT'D)

Will we be pleased?

REMBRANDT

I believe it fitting for the most superior guard division.

COCQ

Well said, my good man. Well said.

As they work their way to the front, many people acknowledge Rembrandt. He nods and shakes hands in return.

REMBRANDT

I must remind you, Captain, that two of your men did not pay.

COCQ

Everyone has promised to pay.

REMBRANDT

But promises do not pay the bills, of which I have many.

COCQ

I trust you did not paint a pig for their faces.

They reach the front of the crowd where a man whose appearance suggests he is the militia COMMANDER greets Rembrandt with a hug.

COMMANDER
My dear Rembrandt.

REMBRANDT
At your service.

The Commander steps onto a small platform and waves his arms to silence the crowd.

COMMANDER
Welcome ladies and gentlemen.
Members of the militia.

The crowd stills.

COMMANDER (CONT'D)
I give you the great Rembrandt.

The crowd applauds as the Commander signals for Rembrandt to join him on the platform. Rembrandt steps up next to the Commander and doffs his hat to the crowd.

COMMANDER (CONT'D)
And his painting of the Company of
Captain Frans Banning Cocq and
Lieutenant Willem van Ruytenburch.

ASSISTANTS pull back the curtain to reveal Rembrandt's masterpiece.

Silence.

A few gasps of surprise and some chatter in the crowd.

Quiet applause and cheers build to a sustained roar.

COMMANDER (CONT'D)
(to Rembrandt)
Quite astonishing, sir.

REMBRANDT
I agree.

CAROLINE (V.O.)
(In English)
The Night Watch caused a stir when
it was unveiled in 1642.
(MORE)

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

The militia was not lined up in neat rows or sitting at their annual banquet, as was the custom for group portraits.

People jostle for position as they try to get a closer look. Some point and gesture toward elements of the painting.

CAROLINE (V.O.)

Rembrandt recorded a moment of action as the militiamen have assembled and are about to march out of the shadows and off on a mission.

INT. RIJKSMUSEUM - GRAND GALLERY - PRESENT DAY - DAY

A crowd of TOURISTS is gathered in front of the painting, as Caroline continues. Michael stands off to the side.

CAROLINE

For centuries, the painting was coated with a dark varnish. This gave the impression of a night scene, which led to it being commonly known as The Night Watch. The varnish was removed in 1975.

She notices Michael and gives him a small wave. He nods.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

The painting was moved to the Amsterdam Town Hall in 1715 and trimmed on all four sides to fit into its new space. Most of the loss was to the left side, where two members of the civic guard were removed.

The Tall Man and the Fat Man walk past behind the group.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

The painting is now centered on the Captain and Lieutenant, where originally it was centered on all four of the lighted figures.

LATER

The crowd thinned, Michael and Caroline admire the painting.

CAROLINE

It's the fourth most famous painting in existence. Da Vinci, Michelangelo, Da Vinci, and our Rembrandt.

MICHAEL

Damn Italians.

Caroline nods and smiles.

CAROLINE

Please don't swear in the museum.

She leads him into an adjoining exhibit room. The Tall Man and the Fat Man watch from a distance.

INT. CAROLINE'S OFFICE - DAY

Caroline sits at her uncluttered desk. Michael sits opposite. Prominent on the wall behind Caroline is a large painting of two men, one with an eye patch.

MICHAEL

You must love your job.

CAROLINE

Runs in the family, as you said yesterday.

She spins around in her chair and looks at the painting.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

My grandfather and his brother.

MICHAEL

Handsome gentlemen.

CAROLINE

Grandfather was curator of the museum. This was his office. His brother was an artist and a blacksmith, hence the eye injury. He was a leader in the resistance.

MICHAEL

When was this painted?

CAROLINE

About 1940. Neither of them survived the war. I never got to meet them.

She spins back around to face Michael. She dabs a tear.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry to hear that.

CAROLINE

I plan to open a children's art school in their name. A free school for promising young artists.

MICHAEL

How's that coming along?

CAROLINE

I've got a location. Not much else.

Caroline perks up.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Your dad was Chief of Police?

Michael hesitates. Caroline notices.

MICHAEL

Yes, he was.

CAROLINE

You didn't seem to want to talk about that yesterday either.

MICHAEL

It didn't end well.

CAROLINE

Can I ask what happened?

MICHAEL

They arrested him last fall for taking kickbacks.

Michael looks away.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

There was no trial.

CAROLINE

Why?

MICHAEL

He killed himself.

CAROLINE

I'm so sorry.

Caroline reaches across the desk and touches his arm.

MICHAEL

Thanks. I'm just trying to clear his name and get on with my life.

CAROLINE

You've had a bad year.

Michael shrugs.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

You seem to appreciate art. Take the train over to Haarlem to the Frans Hals Museum. Be a tourist and get your mind off things.

MICHAEL

Good idea.

He rises. Caroline passes him a business card.

CAROLINE

Call me when you get back to the hotel tonight. We can have dinner?

MICHAEL

Sure. I'd really like that.

He heads to the door, then turns around.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

That call we made to my boss yesterday?

CAROLINE

Yes.

MICHAEL

Something's been bugging me.

CAROLINE

I know. Your wife. I'm sorry.

MICHAEL

No. Not that so much. The first thing Murphy said was where was Blakken.

CAROLINE

He expected Blakken to call with the report.

MICHAEL

I suppose. But something about it
doesn't smell like mashed potatoes.

Caroline ponders this.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Ask your brother to check out
Blakken's desk for whatever he can
find on the Van Dyke.

CAROLINE

Okay?

MICHAEL

And see if he can get the records
from that flower auction. Any
sales to Twin Cities Flower
Wholesalers in Minneapolis.

She hands him a note pad and a pen. He writes.

CAROLINE

There *was* one thing not "mashed
potatoes" about the ransom note.

MICHAEL

What's that?

CAROLINE

It said to have Blakken and my
brother make the arrangements with
the Americans.

MICHAEL

Somebody knows the detectives who
work art theft.

CAROLINE

Then why send it to me?

MICHAEL

Somebody also knows you.

EXT. AMSTERDAM TRAIN STATION - DAY

The cable car bus line stops in front of the station and
Michael steps off the first car and crosses to the entrance.

The Tall Man and the Fat Man step off the second car.

INT. AMSTERDAM TRAIN STATION - DAY

Michael boards a train under an electronic reader board that says: Haarlem, Departure 1:15.

The Tall Man and the Fat Man walk past Michael's car and board two cars ahead, just as the train rolls out.

INT. TRAIN, IN MOTION - DAY

Michael exchanges nods with a BUSINESSMAN across the aisle.

A CONDUCTOR works his way up the car from the rear as he pauses to collect fares and punch tickets.

EXT. AMSTERDAM CITY LIMITS - DAY

The train races out of the city into a rural area.

INT. TRAIN, IN MOTION - DAY

Michael walks to the connecting doorway to the car ahead, peeks in, and scans the PASSENGERS as the Conductor works his way up the aisle.

Michael pushes the door open to walk through, just as the Tall Man and the Fat Man enter at the far end of the car.

They lock eyes. Michael retreats to his car.

He runs back and taps the Businessman on the shoulder. The Businessman looks up from his newspaper.

MICHAEL

Call the police. Ask for Detective Van Hemmert. Tell him the American is being chased by the two ugly men and is going to jump from the train.

Blank stare from the Businessman.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Okay?

BUSINESSMAN

Okay.

Michael dashes away.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)
 (in Dutch, with English
 subtitle)
 We don't all speak English.

He returns to his newspaper.

Michael runs through to the next car and then bursts out to the smoking deck at the back of the train.

ON THE SMOKING DECK

TWO TEEN LOVERS make out.

MICHAEL
 Excuse me.

He looks out at the passing countryside. Way too fast to jump. He peeks back into the train car. Nothing.

THREE CARS AHEAD

The Tall Man and the Fat Man bicker with the Conductor.

This conversation is in Dutch, with English subtitles

CONDUCTOR
 You can't move back until I collect
 your fare.

TALL MAN
 How much?

CONDUCTOR
 One way or return?

TALL MAN
 Return.

CONDUCTOR
 Twelve Euros. Each.

The Tall Man looks at the Fat Man. Pay the guy.

The Fat Man takes out his wallet as the Tall Man barges past the Conductor.

ON THE SMOKING DECK

Michael peeks through the door and sees the Tall Man coming through to the last car.

He turns back to the smoking deck, looks up as if to find a way to the roof, frantic for an escape.

The train brakes to slow for a turn.

Michael leans out and sees the approaching corner. He glances at the bewildered Teens.

MICHAEL
Catch you later.

He crawls over the railing and just when the train slows enough, he jumps off into the grass alongside the tracks.

He rolls several times and comes to a stop looking back at the train as it accelerates through the turn.

The Tall Man barges through onto the smoking deck. He looks up at the roof and then at the Teens and gestures wildly.

TALL MAN
(Dutch, no subtitle)
Where'd he go?

The Teens point behind the train.

The Fat Man comes out, just as the Tall Man spots Michael and bangs his hands on the railing.

Michael stands and waves to them in slow motion.

The Tall Man yanks out his phone.

EXT. TULIP FIELD - DAY

Michael paces along a narrow road through a colorful patchwork of blooming flowers.

He hears a helicopter. He spots it and waves both arms.

The helicopter approaches and hovers near him. Inside are the PILOT and a SHOOTER, rifle at the ready.

Not a police chopper.

It darts toward him, low enough to hit him with its skids. Michael dives to the dirt just as the chopper passes over.

He gets up and runs along the road.

The chopper makes another pass at him. He dives to the ground.

The chopper spins around and hovers ahead of him as Michael remains on the ground, in a stare-down with the two men.

The Shooter gestures for him to stay down, as the chopper settles in to land.

Michael spots a farm tractor with a trailer full of irrigation pipes across the field. He takes off in that direction just as the chopper touches down.

The PILOT revs the chopper back up and spins it around to follow Michael as the SHOOTER leans out and takes aim.

BLAM.

Michael zig zags.

BLAM.

Michael dives under the tractor.

The Pilot hovers the chopper as he and the Shooter try to spot Michael. They do.

BLAM.

The bullet ricochets off the tractor and wings Michael on his arm. Michael dashes back and dives under the trailer, which offers more protection.

He checks his arm. Bloody but nothing serious.

BLAM. BLAM.

The shots hit the pipes above him. He crawls under the length of the trailer, adjusting from side to side as the Pilot maneuvers and the Shooter squeezes off rounds.

BLAM. BLAM.

Michael stumbles over pipes on the ground. Aluminum.

He reaches the end of the trailer, takes a peek at the chopper, and sees it hovering low and half the trailer away.

The Pilot and the Shooter have lost sight of him.

Michael grabs one of the loose pipes.

MICHAEL

Okay Boots, let's give this a try.

He gets a feel for its weight, squats, strains, and lifts it upright like a Scottish caber.

The Pilot spots him and spins the chopper around for a shot.
Michael launches the pipe.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Ummmmmm yaaaaaa!

The pipe hits the chopper's main rotor blades. In a clattering chaos, the chopper crashes hard as Michael dives for cover.

Michael runs to the twisted remains of the chopper. The Pilot looks dead. The Shooter, bloody but conscious.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Why are you chasing me?

The Shooter stares at Michael. Michael grabs him by the shirtfront.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Who do you work for?

The Shooter spits out blood, takes a deep breath.

SHOOTER
Otto Gleck. He wants his money
back.

The Shooter slumps over. Dead.

LATER

The crash site is surrounded by police cars and emergency vehicles. RESPONDERS work the scene.

Michael sits at the back door of an ambulance as an EMT bandages his arm.

Willy's car skids to a stop and he jumps out. He approaches a COP.

They speak in Dutch, with English subtitles.

WILLY
What you got?

The Cop nods toward the wreck of the chopper.

COP
Your American friend took it down.

WILLY
I hope he had a good reason.

COP
Self defense. Same as yesterday.

INT. WILLY'S CAR, IN MOTION - DAY

Michael and Willy drive away from the crash site.

WILLY
How'd you do that?

MICHAEL
A trick I learned in Scotland.

Willy looks at him, puzzled.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Who's Otto Gleck?

That name startles Willy.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
The guy in the chopper said Otto
Gleck wants his money back.

Willy pulls out his phone and speed dials.

WILLY
(into phone)
I've got Michael. Meet us at my
office in twenty minutes. It's
Gleck.

He hangs up.

MICHAEL
Caroline?

WILLY
She can tell you all about Otto
Gleck.

MICHAEL
What about him?

WILLY
He's an old friend of ours.

MICHAEL
Not being very friendly.

WILLY

He never was.

Michael waits for more, but chooses not to press.

WILLY (CONT'D)

Only thing I've found on Blakken is
a protected file in his emails.
It's titled Kirby Puckett, MPD.
Can't open it.

MICHAEL

Kirby Puckett?

WILLY

You know him?

MICHAEL

He helped the Twins win two World
Series.

WILLY

Baseball? Now he's a cop?

MICHAEL

He died about ten years ago.

INT. AMSTERDAM POLICE STATION - DAY

Michael sits at Willy's desk as Willy digs through a file
cabinet. Caroline approaches and notices Michael's bandage.

CAROLINE

Are you okay?

MICHAEL

Just winged.

Willy plops down several thick files.

WILLY

You've heard of Hermann Goering.

MICHAEL

Sure. A big Nazi.

WILLY

Second only to Hitler. Head of the
Luftwaffe. Convicted of war
crimes. Took cyanide just before
getting hanged.

CAROLINE

Hitler put Goering in charge of stealing artwork all across Europe. Goering plucked Otto Gleck out of art school in Berlin to be his man in Holland.

WILLY

After the war, Gleck joined the East German Secret Police.

MICHAEL

Nazi to Stasi, nice career move.

Willy sits down.

WILLY

We've been chasing the little prick since the wall came down.

MICHAEL

And how is it that the ransom money is his?

WILLY

We need to figure that out.

MICHAEL

So far, my part of "we" has not been very enjoyable.

WILLY

Sorry.

MICHAEL

I'll go back to Minneapolis and ask some questions. You work it on this end.

He stands up, as if to leave.

CAROLINE

This is as close as we've ever been to tracking him down.

MICHAEL

And you think you need me to get to him? I want to go home in a plane seat and not in a box.

WILLY

Gleck's got a hoard of looted art. Once a year, he cashes one in.

Willy opens up one of the files, flips to a photo.

WILLY (CONT'D)
Renoir's "Mourning of the
Fishermen."

Michael sits down and looks at the photo.

WILLY (CONT'D)
The painting was taken from a
banker in Rotterdam in 1940.

MICHAEL
Gleck has it?

CAROLINE
It's now in a museum in Chicago.

WILLY
Gleck uses a maze of agents and
lawyers and drops. Impossible to
trace the art or the money.

CAROLINE
The Renoir was sold at auction in
London.

WILLY
The banker's family agreed to
accept half the auction proceeds.
Gleck got the other half.

MICHAEL
How much for this one?

CAROLINE
Forty million dollars.

MICHAEL
So why is Gleck so steamed up over
a lousy million?

Willy closes the file.

WILLY
Apparently he's a man of principle.

MICHAEL
Who wants me dead.

Willy looks at Caroline. They've lost Michael.

CAROLINE
The Nazis were being chased out of
Amsterdam in 1944.

She tears up.

MICHAEL
What happened?

CAROLINE
Gleck had our grandfather and his
brother killed.

MICHAEL
So this is more than just art
theft.

CAROLINE
A lot more.

EXT. AMSTERDAM HILTON - DAY

A police car pulls up and drops off Michael. He jogs into
the hotel.

A sedan rolls to a stop. The Tall Man and the Fat Man.

INT. AMSTERDAM HILTON - LOBBY - DAY

Michael crosses to the front desk. Hugo is there.

HUGO
Welcome back, Mr. Whitney. How was
your day?

MICHAEL
Mostly uneventful, thank you.

Hugo passes a cell phone to Michael.

HUGO
The number's on it. There's a
thousand minutes prepaid.

Hugo notices the bandage.

HUGO (CONT'D)
Ouch. What happened?

MICHAEL
Just a scratch.

HUGO
Don't you be coming all the way to
Amsterdam just to get hurt.

Hugo types at his computer.

HUGO (CONT'D)
I've got some coupons for nightlife
or whatever. Are you interested?

MICHAEL
I'm having enough fun during the
day.

HUGO
Excellent.

MICHAEL
I'm expecting two gentlemen. You
can send them up.

HUGO
Will do.

Michael catches an elevator.

The Tall Man and the Fat Man enter the hotel and look around.
They approach the counter.

HUGO (CONT'D)
Are you here for Mr. Whitney?

That surprises the Tall Man and the Fat Man.

TALL MAN
Yes.

HUGO
You just missed him. He's in room
twenty two fifteen. He said to go
on up.

TALL MAN
He did?

HUGO
He's expecting you, isn't he?

TALL MAN
Yes. Thank you.

Hugo points to the elevators.

HUGO

Enjoy.

INSIDE THE ELEVATOR

The Tall Man hits the button for the 22nd floor. They each pull out a gun.

HALLWAY ON THE 22ND FLOOR

The elevator door opens and the Tall Man peeks out both ways and nods his head for the Fat Man to follow. They've done this sort of thing before.

They creep to room 2215 and find the door slightly ajar.

They point their guns, the Fat Man squatting down. The Tall Man pushes the door open with his foot.

They wave their guns around searching for a target.

The Tall Man enters, gun at the ready. The Fat Man follows.

INSIDE MICHAEL'S HOTEL ROOM

They search the bathroom, under the bed, closet, behind the curtain.

No Michael.

The Fat Man points to the back pack hanging on the chair at the desk.

The Tall Man grabs the back pack. It's got some heft to it. He smiles to the Fat Man, opens it, and dumps the contents onto the bed.

Two thick phone books, a Gideon's bible, and a sheet of paper.

The Fat Man picks up the paper.

Hotel Stationary. Written on it: A smiley face, a phone number, and "MR. GLECK, CALL ME".

INSIDE THE HOTEL'S FIRE ESCAPE STAIRWELL

Michael races down the stairs two at a time and pushes open a door marked: EXIT TO RUBENSSTRAAT.

RUBENSSTRAAT AVENUE

Michael dashes to a waiting car and jumps in. The car peels away.

INT. CAROLINE'S CAR, IN MOTION - DAY

Michael glances behind them as Caroline drives.

MICHAEL

We're good.

EXT. NETHERLANDS COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Caroline's car cruises through a forested area and enters a driveway of a country estate.

CAROLINE (O.S.)

Welcome to the future home of the
Willem and Kendrick Van Hemmert Art
School for the Youth of Holland.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

You might blow your budget just
getting the sign made.

The car stops in front of a large manor.

INSIDE CAROLINE'S CAR

Michael and Caroline examine the aging structure.

CAROLINE

Been in the family for over a
hundred years.

MICHAEL

A little paint, and good as new.

INT. VAN HEMMERT FAMILY MANOR - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Sparsely furnished. A small framed photo of Caroline's grandfather and his brother sits on the fireplace mantle.

Michael and Caroline share bread, cheese, and wine at a table.

CAROLINE

Thanks for helping us get this
bastard.

MICHAEL

No cussing, please, at the school
of art for the youth of Holland.

Caroline smiles and refills the wine glasses.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Some wrongs deserve to be righted.

CAROLINE

Even if they happened seventy years
ago?

Caroline glances over to the framed photo on the mantle.
Michael follows her gaze.

MICHAEL

Seventy years in your case, seven
months in mine.

They stare at each other.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

My father didn't do it.

CAROLINE

I know.

They sip wine.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

I was married once. You'll get
that behind you.

MICHAEL

What happened?

CAROLINE

I was too young and he turned out
to be an idiot.

MICHAEL

That's usually the case.

LATER - NIGHT

Willy relaxes with them. A second bottle of wine sits on the
table. They play crazy eights.

WILLY

What do you think of the house?

MICHAEL
I know what I would fix first.

WILLY
We've got a long list.

MICHAEL
Plumbing right at the top?

Caroline plays the last card in her hand to win the game.

WILLY
Sorry about the outhouse.

Willy pulls folded papers from inside his jacket and passes them to Michael.

WILLY (CONT'D)
All the sales to Twin City Flowers
for the past three years.

Michael unfolds the papers and flips through them.

MICHAEL
A lot of business.

WILLY
Look at the last column. Most sold
for at least thirty percent over
the pre-bid estimate.

Michael studies the papers.

MICHAEL
Meaning they're selling more than
flowers.

WILLY
Drugs.

MICHAEL
Bingo.

CAROLINE
Bingo?

MICHAEL
Something they say in the church
basement.

WILLY
The last one on the list is from
this morning. It's a high bid.

(MORE)

WILLY (CONT'D)
Fed Ex, Amsterdam to Anchorage to
Minneapolis.

Michael studies the last page, pulls out his phone, and punches in a number.

WILLY (CONT'D)
Who you calling?

MICHAEL
Kirby Puckett.

CAROLINE
Who's that?

WILLY
A dead baseball player.

MICHAEL
(into phone)
Petrovic's getting his dope in
flower shipments. Fed Ex 468
arriving 9:15 a.m. Watch your ass.
Murphy's involved.

He hangs up his phone and gathers the playing cards.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I was supposed to be shot, not
Blakken.

CAROLINE
Why in Amsterdam?

MICHAEL
Murphy killed my father in
Minneapolis. I had to die far
away.

Michael shuffles the cards.

CAROLINE
What about Kirby Puckett?

MICHAEL
He's being framed along with me.

Michael's phone rings. He answers in speaker mode.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Hello.

GLECK (V.O.)
Otto Gleck, Mr. Whitney. You have something of mine and don't seem to want to give it back. Why is that?

MICHAEL
I've been too busy dodging bullets.

GLECK (V.O.)
I apologize for your inconvenience, but I can't have my ledger out of balance by a million dollars.

MICHAEL
Meet me at the Rijksmuseum tomorrow at noon.

Michael glances at Caroline.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
We can balance all the ledgers.

Gleck pauses for a few seconds.

GLECK (V.O.)
In front of The Night Watch.

Michael looks at Willy and Caroline. They both shrug.

MICHAEL
In front of the Night Watch.

GLECK (V.O.)
Splendid.

Gleck hangs up. Michael hangs up.

CAROLINE
The son of a bitch wants to see the big prize he missed out on seventy years ago.

MICHAEL
Where was it during the war?

CAROLINE
Rolled up in a crate and buried at an old castle.

INT. AMSTERDAM HILTON - LOBBY - DAY

Michael meets Hugo at the front desk.

HUGO

Good morning, Mr. Whitney. How did your meeting go yesterday?

MICHAEL

Meeting?

HUGO

With your two gentlemen friends.

MICHAEL

Oh. Quite well, actually. Related to that, you said you could get me some information on nightlife, or whatever?

HUGO

Yes.

Michael passes him an envelope.

MICHAEL

Here's whatever.

INT. RIJKSMUSEUM - GRAND GALLERY - DAY

Michael and Caroline face The Night Watch. UNDERCOVER COPS, with earbuds, and TOURISTS mill about.

MICHAEL

What happened to the pieces they trimmed?

CAROLINE

The side with the two figures was saved but was lost during the war.

MICHAEL

The Nazis got it?

CAROLINE

My grandfather hid it. He died before it could be retrieved.

MICHAEL

He left no clues?

Caroline shakes her head.

CAROLINE

Wherever it is, it's quite valuable. Priceless.

Caroline points at the painting.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

Each guard member owed Rembrandt one hundred guilders. A tidy sum in 1642. Two men did not pay.

MICHAEL

The two that were trimmed?

CAROLINE

Rembrandt painted himself and Saskia instead.

MICHAEL

Saskia?

CAROLINE

His wife. She was a subject in many of his paintings. He is known for his self portraits. But they never appeared together.

MICHAEL

Until in The Night Watch.

CAROLINE

Saskia died just days after the painting was unveiled.

MICHAEL

Whoa.

CAROLINE

Exactly.

A shriveled and evil looking old man, his hand on the toggle control, steers an electric wheelchair up behind them. OTTO GLECK himself. Michael and Caroline do not notice.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

After Saskia's death, things were not so good for Rembrandt.

GLECK

Herr Rembrandt eventually lost everything to bankruptcy.

Michael and Caroline turn to look at Gleck.

Gleck wheels next to them and admires the painting.

GLECK (CONT'D)

I last saw this as a sixteen year old student. Before it was cleaned. Remarkable.

Caroline tenses with anger to have this man in her presence.

CAROLINE

You don't deserve to see it.

Michael grabs her arm to calm her.

GLECK

I'm an old man and this could be one of my last pleasures. And I will remind you that Mr. Whitney invited me here today.

CAROLINE

You're not getting out of here.

GLECK

I disagree with you again, Ms. Van Hemmert. I'm sitting on enough Semtex to obliterate a large portion of your museum. I don't think you want that.

He reveals a remote control in his hand.

CAROLINE

You wouldn't.

He smiles.

GLECK

I thought we agreed that I am an old man, enjoying my final pleasures.

He steers his wheelchair up to the painting and turns around, facing them.

MICHAEL

The money's not here.

GLECK

Of course not. The two of you will come with me while we solve that little problem.

The Undercover Cops close in a bit. Gleck holds up the remote.

GLECK (CONT'D)

Ms. Van Hemmert's brother will please direct his crew to back off and clear the museum in the next three minutes or goodbye Captain Cocq and Company.

The Cops get a message in their earbuds. They give a frustrated look toward Gleck and each other, and leave.

PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM

(first in Dutch, then English, then Japanese)

Ladies and Gentlemen, due to a security situation, we ask that you immediately leave the museum.

MUSEUM STAFFERS herd out the last of the tourists.

Gleck reaches under the seat of the wheelchair into a zippered storage space and retrieves the bomb.

He holds it up for them to see and places it on the floor in front of the painting.

GLECK

If I see another cop before I leave the museum, bad news.

He rolls backward away from the bomb and looks up at a security camera.

GLECK (CONT'D)

Got that, Officer Van Hemmert?

He spins around to face Michael.

GLECK (CONT'D)

Mr. Whitney, please remove your microphone and we will continue our discussion in Ms. Van Hemmert's office.

Michael unclips a microphone from his collar, reaches under his jacket and retrieves the transmitter and the connecting wire. He drops them to the floor.

GLECK (CONT'D)

Now your phones.

Michael and Caroline take out their phones and place them on the floor.

GLECK (CONT'D)

After you.

Caroline leads Michael and Gleck through an opening.

ADJOINING GALLERY

Gleck slows to admire the paintings.

GLECK

Your invitation to the museum is very much appreciated. I wish I could stay longer.

Caroline turns to respond but Michael calms her.

They pass through a doorway.

CAROLINE'S OFFICE

Gleck studies the painting behind Caroline's desk.

GLECK

I recognize my good friend Willem. I assume the other gentleman is his elusive brother.

CAROLINE

My grandfather was not your friend.

GLECK

I say it as a term of affection for a worthy opponent. We played quite the game of mouse and cat.

CAROLINE

They were killed on your orders.

GLECK

Orders are given, orders are passed down.

CAROLINE

There was no reason for you to pass down that order, *if* that was the case. The war was all but over.

GLECK

The end of a war is often the ugliest part, don't you think?

CAROLINE

Go to hell.

GLECK

I see this will not be a pleasant conversation.

MICHAEL

You don't deserve pleasantries.

GLECK

My transgressions were a long time ago. Perhaps we can be a little more civil today.

CAROLINE

Your transgressions haven't ended.

Gleck pauses to consider this charge.

GLECK

I'm returning valuable art work to their rightful owners. Your colleagues in the art world are profiting exceedingly well as my partners in that arrangement.

MICHAEL

And your enterprise with Petrovic?

This revelation surprises Gleck.

GLECK

I'm afraid this changes our plans for the day, unfortunately for the two of you, Mr. Whitney.

MICHAEL

Too late. Caroline's brother knows. My partner in Minneapolis knows. I'm afraid the cat is out of the bottle, Mr. Gleck.

GLECK

I may be a feeble old man, but my money has allowed me to have certain resources in the right places. I am sure your fat yellow cat can be squeezed right back into your fucking bottle.

Gleck spins his wheelchair toward the door.

GLECK (CONT'D)
Shall we go?

CAROLINE
We're just going to walk out the
front door?

GLECK
Number one. I'm not walking.
Number two. I have this.

He holds up his remote detonator device.

GLECK (CONT'D)
And three, no, we are not going to
use the front door.

Gleck wheels to the door.

GLECK (CONT'D)
You forget, Miss Van Hemmert, that
I spent several years scouring
every square meter of this museum
as a guest of your grandfather.

INT. LONG CRUDE PASSAGEWAY - DAY

Just a few of the light bulbs work.

Michael walks in front with a flashlight and checks the
footing. Caroline follows, and then Gleck.

FOOTSTEPS crunch coming toward them.

Michael raises his flashlight and in the beam is the Tall Man
and the Fat Man, holding guns.

The Tall Man grins broadly and returns Michael's slow motion
wave from yesterday.

EXT. HEINEKEN BREWERY - DAY

The streets and sidewalks bustle with activity. A truck with
the green Heineken logo departs from an underground garage.
A dark van with tinted windows follows.

INT. GLECK'S VAN, IN MOTION - DAY

The Tall Man drives.

Gleck, in his wheelchair, sits in the middle section on a lift apparatus.

The Fat Man, on a jump seat, keeps an eye and a gun on Michael and Caroline in the rear seat.

EXT. A28 HIGHWAY - DAY

The van cruises along through a rural area and descends toward a city.

A sign along the highway reads: ZWOLLE EXIT 1 KM

INSIDE GLECK'S VAN

Gleck spins his wheelchair around.

GLECK

Ms. Van Hemmert, before Mr. Whitney and I return to our business matters, I need to tell you that, as an art lover myself, I would never blow up your museum.

He tosses the remote control to the floor of the van.

GLECK (CONT'D)

The bomb's not real. I hope you appreciate that.

He looks at Michael.

GLECK (CONT'D)

Mr. Whitney, we're five minutes from my facility. You die in ten minutes. Tell me where the money is and live two additional hours.

MICHAEL

Now that's certainly a bargain.

GLECK

The extra time is for you to enjoy my unique art collection.

He indicates the Fat Man.

GLECK (CONT'D)

While Adolph retrieves the money.

MICHAEL

His name is Adolph?

Michael points to the Tall Man.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I suppose that's Heinrich Himmler.

Gleck glares at Michael.

GLECK

Mr. Whitney, if you appreciated fine art as much as Ms. Van Hemmert, this would be a decent way to spend your final hours.

Caroline nudges Michael in the side and nods yes.

MICHAEL

It's under the mattress.

Michael takes his room card key out of his pocket and passes it to Adolph.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You know the room number.

EXT. ZWOLLE - INDUSTRIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

The van enters the parking lot of a large warehouse. Delivery trucks sit at loading bays. A garage door opens as the van approaches.

INT. GLECK'S WAREHOUSE - DAY

A busy flower consolidator. Receiving, processing, packaging, shipping. A dozen WORKERS.

The van travels through to the far end and parks. Gleck off loads with his lifting device. The four others exit the van.

Adolph gets into a nearby sedan and drives back through the warehouse.

Gleck punches numbers into a keypad lock and a door swings open. They enter.

DRUG PACKING ROOM

Bundles of heroin rest on a work surface. Empty flower bins are stacked along a wall.

GLECK

Petrovic was KGB. I was Stasi. We found a way to keep doing business.

Gleck wheels over to another door, punches the code, and the door opens. He backs up and looks at Michael and Caroline.

GLECK (CONT'D)

You have two hours. Enjoy them.

The Tall Man motions them inside with his gun.

GLECK'S TREASURE ROOM

Michael flips on the lights. The Tall Man closes the door.

Brightly lit. White paint, floor to ceiling. Air conditioning hums. Shelves and racks hold paintings, artifacts, and crated items.

They study the room.

MICHAEL

You weren't being sentimental about your final two hours, so what's up?

Caroline examines items for a second or two, as she moves from one to the next. She pauses at a painting.

CAROLINE

Oh my God.

MICHAEL

What?

CAROLINE

Van Gogh.

She continues along the rack.

MICHAEL

What exactly are you looking for?

She stops at a ancient leather bound book.

CAROLINE

This.

MICHAEL

Harry Potter's book of magic potions?

CAROLINE
Better than that. Galileo's copy
of Copernicus' book.

Caroline carefully opens the book.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
Look. These notes in the margin
are Galileo's handwriting. Think
about that. Amazing.

MICHAEL
The earth revolves around the sun.
I get it.

CAROLINE
Many items were taken from the
National Palace during the war.

MICHAEL
This book?

CAROLINE
One of only two items that have not
found their way back.

MICHAEL
So?

CAROLINE
We've got to find the other one.

EXT. MINNEAPOLIS AIRPORT - FED EX FACILITY - DAY

A police car pulls up. Boots, in uniform, gets out.

INT. FED EX FACILITY - DAY

Boots follows a MANAGER through a huge sorting room. Giant
doors reveal several jets out on the tarmac.

WORKERS pull trains of cargo containers in and out. Packages
travel along a maze of conveyers.

MANAGER
They're segregated until the
U.S.D.A. inspector signs off.

They arrive at a roped off area where several boxes sit.

MANAGER (CONT'D)
It'll be the big one.

CLERK
(on phone)
We got a problem.

INT. GLECK'S TREASURE ROOM - NIGHT

Michael and Caroline sit on the floor. They lean against a wall, their arms around their knees. Despondent.

The door swings open and the Tall Man, with gun raised, enters, followed by Gleck.

GLECK
Mr. Whitney, I have no patience for your games.

MICHAEL
What are you talking about?

GLECK
Do you think not giving me back my money is going to save you and Ms. Van Hemmert?

Michael stares up at him.

GLECK (CONT'D)
Adolph called to say all he found under your mattress was another of your drawings.

MICHAEL
Never trust a German named Adolph.

Gleck stares angrily at Michael.

GLECK
Your last chance, Mr. Whitney.

MICHAEL
Fat Adolph knows you're going to kill us anyway. He's keeping the money for himself.

The Tall Man gives Gleck a shrug that says, it's possible.

GLECK
(to Michael)
We'll deal with him later. For you, the war is over.

He nods to the Tall Man, who signals with his gun for Michael and Caroline to get up.

Michael unwraps his arms from his knees and puts them to the floor to steady himself as he rises.

As he rolls up to his feet, he grabs a dagger tucked into the back of his pants and jams it into the Tall Man's chest.

Michael's other hand deflects the gun.

BLAM.

The bullet hits above Caroline, blasting chunks of concrete out of the wall.

The Tall Man drops the gun, staggers back a few steps and falls over backward, the dagger embedded to the hilt, its jeweled handle sticking straight up.

Michael picks up the gun and turns to Caroline.

MICHAEL

You okay?

Caroline gets up and brushes concrete bits off her hair and shoulders, and looks at Gleck.

CAROLINE

I'm very okay.

Michael turns to face Gleck, holding the gun on him.

MICHAEL

For you, the war is over.

Gleck looks at Michael, then at the Tall Man's body, then back to Michael.

GLECK

Where did you get that?

MICHAEL

You gave it to us.

Caroline walks to a crate and reads its label.

CAROLINE

Treasury of King Louis, First King
of the Kingdom of Holland, 1806 to
1810.

She walks back toward Michael and Gleck.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

I am pleased to see all the pieces, including the dagger, are in excellent condition. The citizens of Holland will appreciate that.

GLECK

It appears you are more familiar with parts of my collection than I.

CAROLINE

The dagger was a gift to King Louis from his brother, the conquering mad man who had appointed him king.

MICHAEL

Does that ring a bell?

Gleck bows his head.

GLECK

Napoleon's Dagger.

CAROLINE

Bingo for you, from the church basement.

Gleck glances at the Tall Man's body.

MICHAEL

An honor for your man Heinrich.

CAROLINE

The French were driven out in 1813. They didn't last much longer in our country than you bastards.

Michael grabs the Tall Man's legs and drags the body off to the side.

He points the gun at Gleck.

MICHAEL

To the van.

Gleck wheels through the door, followed by Caroline, and then Michael, who flicks off the lights and shuts the door.

GLECK'S WAREHOUSE

The van rolls through the warehouse, the garage door opens, and the van exits.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF ZWOLLE - NIGHT

Gleck's van merges onto the A28.

GLECK'S TREASURE ROOM

Pitch black.

A cell phone lights up the Tall Man's face.

TALL MAN
(in Dutch, no subtitle)
They've got Mr. Gleck.

He drops the phone to his chest next to the protruding dagger.

INT. ADOLPH'S SEDAN - NIGHT

Adolph watches a navigation screen.

THE SCREEN: A map with a blinking red dot on the A28 highway.

INT. GLECK'S VAN, IN MOTION - NIGHT

Caroline sits in the jump seat. She holds the gun and watches Gleck. He stares back. Michael drives.

CAROLINE
This exit.

MICHAEL
That's not the way to Amsterdam.

CAROLINE
We're going to the house. There's no neighbors to hear anything and plenty of forest to bury a body.

She pats the gun and stares at Gleck.

Michael takes the exit.

INT. ADOLPH'S SEDAN, IN MOTION - NIGHT

Adolph follows a vehicle about a quarter mile ahead, along a country road.

INT. GLECK'S VAN

Michael glances at the rear view mirror and notices headlights a ways back.

INT. ADOLPH'S SEDAN

Adolph sees the taillights ahead go around a curve. He shuts off his headlights and drives in the dark.

EXT. VAN HEMMERT FAMILY MANOR - NIGHT

The van pulls in. Michael gets out. Gleck's door slides open and the lift carries Gleck out and down to the ground. Caroline follows. She passes the gun to Michael.

INT. VAN HEMMERT FAMILY MANOR - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Michael stands at the table, the gun at the ready. Gleck and his wheelchair sit in the middle of the room.

Caroline enters from the kitchen with a cordless phone. She punches in a number.

CAROLINE

(on phone)

We've got Gleck at the house. The bomb is a fake. Come alone. I'll wait until you get here.

She hangs up and looks at Gleck.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

If you're a praying man, get to it.

EXT. VAN HEMMERT FAMILY MANOR - NIGHT

Adolph's car, its headlights off, creeps to a stop a ways up the driveway. Adolph gets out, gun in hand, and sneaks toward the house.

IN THE MAIN ROOM

Michael slides the gun across the table to Caroline.

MICHAEL

I've got to use the outhouse.

He walks into the kitchen.

IN THE KITCHEN

He grabs the knife off yesterday's cheese tray, takes an electric lantern off a hook by the door, and exits outside.

IN THE MAIN ROOM

Caroline and Gleck stare at each other. Caroline's hand rests near the gun.

GLECK

I would also appreciate the opportunity to use the facilities.

CAROLINE

Go in your pants. Your last shit will be just like your first.

She shuffles the playing cards.

GLECK

Perhaps we can reach a monetary settlement to our situation.

Caroline deals a game of solitaire.

GLECK (CONT'D)

You could be quite wealthy.

Caroline puts the cards down, walks to the mantle, and snatches the framed photo of her grandfather and his brother.

CAROLINE

Here's a reminder why you're about to die.

She hands the photo to Gleck and returns to her chair.

Gleck stares at the photo.

Caroline turns over cards.

Adolph bursts through the front door and scans the room with his gun.

Caroline reaches for her gun, but Adolph has the drop on her. He walks over to the table and takes her gun.

ADOLPH

(to Caroline)

Where's the American?

GLECK

He went to the outhouse.

Gleck points to the kitchen.

GLECK (CONT'D)

He doesn't have a gun.

Adolph give Caroline's gun to Gleck. Gleck holds the gun in his lap and smiles at Caroline.

Adolph walks to the kitchen, crouching as he enters.

IN THE KITCHEN

Adolph checks out the room, but no Michael.

The back door is open. He goes through.

BEHIND THE HOUSE

Adolph swings the gun around as he searches for Michael in the darkness.

He spots the outhouse. The light from the lantern shines through the cracks in its door.

Michael WHISTLES a tune inside.

Adolph creeps closer, gun at the ready.

From ten feet away, he takes aim.

BLAM. BLAM. BLAM. BLAM.

The shots splinter the door. No whistle. The lantern shines.

INSIDE THE MAIN ROOM

Caroline grimaces as Gleck cocks his head.

GLECK

That's not a promising sound for Mr. Whitney.

CAROLINE

I should have shot you when I had the chance.

GLECK

It seems you've made several
regretful decisions today.

Gleck tosses the framed photo against the fireplace. The
frame shatters and the photo flutters to the floor.

AT THE outhouse

Adolph swings the door open, points his gun inside, and sees
there is no Michael.

He spins around scanning the area.

ADOLPH

Where are you at?

Michael lays flat on the roof of the outhouse.

ADOLPH (CONT'D)

Where are you at?

Michael springs off the roof, grabs Adolph's gun arm with one
hand, the kitchen knife in his other.

MICHAEL

Never end a sentence with a
preposition.

Standing upright, they wrestle for control of the gun, but
Adolph gains the advantage as he uses both his arms to one
for Michael.

The gun swings down close to giving Adolph a clear shot at
Michael's head.

Michael jams the knife into Adolph's gut. Adolph's eyes
bulge and he loses his strength as Michael give the knife a
little English.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

And never interrupt me when I'm
taking a dump.

Michael thrusts one last time. Adolph crashes backward
through the door of the outhouse.

Adolph's death grip on the gun gives out when his arm hits
the seat. The gun slips out of his hand and falls in the
hole.

SPLAT.

Michael steps over Adolph, takes the lantern off the hook, and peers down the hole. No thank you.

INSIDE THE MAIN ROOM

Gleck holds the gun on Caroline. The kitchen door slams shut. Footsteps.

GLECK

Adolph?

Michael enters the room.

MICHAEL

He's busy.

Gleck and Caroline startle.

CAROLINE

Michael!

GLECK

Don't come any closer.

Gleck turns the gun from Caroline to Michael.

GLECK (CONT'D)

I'm getting a little tired of you killing my men, Mr. Whitney.

Michael notices the photo on the floor and picks it up.

MICHAEL

I'm getting a little tired of your lack of respect, you son of a bitch.

Michael holds up the photo and walks toward Gleck.

Gleck aims the gun.

CLICK.

Michael puts the photo in his pocket.

CLICK. CLICK.

Michael grabs the gun from Gleck.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Your days of killing are over.

Michael removes the cartridge from the gun and retrieves several bullets from his pocket. He looks at Caroline.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I thought it might be a little dangerous to leave it loaded. I knew Adolph would come after me first. Sorry for the scare.

Michael pops the bullets one by one back into the cartridge.

GLECK
Ms. Van Hemmert and I had a discussion earlier about a financial settlement.

Michael jams the cartridge back onto the gun.

MICHAEL
What was her level of interest?

GLECK
Disappointing.

MICHAEL
I'm not surprised.

GLECK
Accessory to murder is not good for a police officer's career. Perhaps you are more reasonable.

MICHAEL
Perhaps you didn't hear I was retiring.

Michael puts the gun on the table and sits down. He passes the cordless phone to Caroline.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Call Willy. I need to tell him he needs a new knife for the cheese tray.

Caroline dials a number and passes the phone back to Michael.

INT. WILLY'S POLICE CAR, IN MOTION - NIGHT

Willy drives, alone. His phone RINGS. He answers on the car's blue tooth speaker phone.

WILLY
Three minutes away.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
 Don't worry about the extra car
 along the driveway.

WILLY
 Whose is it?

MICHAEL (V.O.)
 Someone who needed to use the can.

Willy glances at an envelope on the seat beside him.

WILLY
 I have something a guy said was
 important to get to you.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
 Good.

WILLY
 How's Caroline?

MICHAEL (V.O.)
 She's got an itchy trigger finger.

WILLY
 I was afraid of that.

Willy hangs up.

INSIDE THE MAIN ROOM

Michael hangs up, looks at Gleck, and then Caroline.

MICHAEL
 He wants to be here when we do it.

Michael shuffles the cards and bangs the deck on the table,
 in a steady rhythm, as he and Caroline watch Gleck.

Gleck stares back.

Willy enters and surveys the situation. He passes the
 envelope to Michael. Michael opens it, pulls out a stack of
 photocopies, and flips through them.

CAROLINE
 (to Gleck)
 Any last words, you bastard?

WILLY
 Let the courts deal with him.

CAROLINE
There's no death penalty in
Holland.

WILLY
War crimes.

CAROLINE
Take him to The Hague? That trial
would take years. He'd die before
they could kill him.

Michael gets up, walks over to Gleck, and holds a sheet of
paper in front of his face.

MICHAEL
You recognize this?

GLECK
What is it?

MICHAEL
That's your signature at the
bottom.

Gleck studies the paper.

GLECK
I don't remember signing this.

MICHAEL
Right, and you also didn't use a
number two pencil as instructed.

Michael hands the sheet to Willy.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
There's twenty more.

Willy studies the sheet.

CAROLINE
What is it?

WILLY
Deportation orders.

MICHAEL
Destination Auschwitz.

CAROLINE
Jews from Amsterdam?

MICHAEL

Gleck signed them when the
Commandant was not available.

CAROLINE

War crimes. So what?

MICHAEL

One phone call will find somebody
very interested in these particular
war crimes.

Gleck stares at them in horror.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

How does breakfast tomorrow in Tel
Aviv sound, Mr. Gleck?

INT. MICHAEL'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Michael punches in a number on the room phone.

INT. MURPHY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Murphy watches the LATE NEWS, a remote in one hand and a
drink in the other. A bottle of Scotch and his cell phone
sit on the coffee table in front of him. The phone rings.
He mutes the TV and picks up the phone.

MURPHY

Murphy.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

MICHAEL

It's Michael.

Murphy stands up.

MURPHY

What's going on?

MICHAEL

I had some quality time with your
friend Otto Gleck yesterday.

Murphy switches off the TV and tosses the remote to the
couch.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

He asked me to bring you some
flowers.

MURPHY
We need to talk. In person.

MICHAEL
I fly out this afternoon.

MURPHY
I'll pick you up.

MICHAEL
Boots is picking me up. You said
you have keys to the observation
deck at the Foshay Tower.

MURPHY
I take visitors up for the city.

MICHAEL
Be there at midnight. Alone.
Leave the elevator and the door
unlocked.

Murphy pauses to consider this plan.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
And bring five million in cash.

MURPHY
What?

MICHAEL
Everyone's dead or taken care of on
this end. The five million will
take care of me.

Murphy doesn't respond. He's used to being in charge.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
You want me gone, right?

MURPHY
I can't get five million in cash
this quickly.

MICHAEL
Talk to your golfing buddy.

Michael hangs up.

Murphy gulps down the remainder of his drink and speed dials
a number on his phone.

EXT. MINNEAPOLIS NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A Minneapolis police car is parked in front of a tidy house. Boots, in uniform, and his girlfriend, DENISE, come out the front door.

BOOTS
I'll be late tonight.

DENISE
Be careful.

BOOTS
Always am. Love you.

They kiss.

DENISE
Love you too.

Boots gets in his car, starts it, backs out onto the street, and drives down the block and around a corner.

Another police car pulls up behind him. It's FLASHERS light up and it gives a brief burst of SIREN.

Boots pulls over.

INSIDE BOOTS' CAR

Boots looks in his rearview mirror.

BOOTS
What now, Batman?

OUTSIDE BOOTS' CAR

The other police car stops behind him. Two uniformed COPS get out and walk to either side of Boots' car, a hand on their holstered guns. Boots rolls down his window.

BOOTS
What's up, guys?

COP
Officer Washington, keep your hand off your weapon and step out of the car.

EXT. SCHIPOL INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Cars and buses stream in to the drop off area at the terminal.

INT. CAROLINE'S CAR, IN MOTION - DAY

Caroline drives. Michael checks his plane ticket and tucks it inside his passport.

CAROLINE
Thanks for not letting me kill
Gleck.

MICHAEL
You weren't gonna do it.

CAROLINE
How do you know that?

She pulls up to the curb.

MICHAEL
You've got better things to do.

Michael reaches for a goodbye hug and a cheek touch, but Caroline adjusts the angle and kisses him on the lips.

CAROLINE
I'm worried.

MICHAEL
I'll do what I have to do.

CAROLINE
I still owe you dinner.

MICHAEL
I know.

EXT. MINNEAPOLIS AIRPORT TERMINAL - CURBSIDE - NIGHT

Michael, bag in tow, stands amid other TRAVELERS and looks for his ride. A police car pulls up. Curly gets out.

MICHAEL
Where's Boots?

CURLY
He's at the hospital. His dad had
a heart attack.

Curly takes Michael's bag and tosses it into the back seat.

CURLY (CONT'D)
They'll know more tomorrow.

INT. CURLY'S POLICE CAR, IN MOTION - NIGHT

Curly pulls away from the curb.

CURLY
Where to?

MICHAEL
My apartment. It's on Marquette.

Curly turns to Michael.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Wife gave me the boot.

CURLY
Sorry to hear that.

BACK AT THE MINNEAPOLIS AIRPORT CURBSIDE

Willy walks out of the terminal and waves down a taxi. He gets in the back seat with his bag.

INSIDE THE TAXI

The CABBIE wears a turban.

CABBIE
Where to?

WILLY
W Hotel.

INT. CURLY'S POLICE CAR, IN MOTION - NIGHT

Curly turns onto Marquette in downtown Minneapolis.

Michael points at an apartment building.

MICHAEL
That one.

Curly pulls over and stops.

CURLY

See ya.

MICHAEL

Thanks for the ride.

Michael gets out and retrieves his bag from the back seat.

INT. WILLY'S TAXI, IN MOTION - NIGHT

They cruise through downtown.

CABBIE

Have you ever seen a skinnier
building?

Willy looks out his window and glances upward.

THE FOSHAY TOWER / W HOTEL

A squat two story building with the W Hotel sign. A 32 story inward sloping tower rises from its middle, with the brightly lit FOSHAY lettering near the top.

INSIDE THE TAXI, IN MOTION

Willy studies the building.

WILLY

Go around behind and park.

DRIVER

You're not going in?

WILLY

Add a hundred to my fare.

The Cabbie looks back at him.

CABBIE

You're the boss.

EXT. W HOTEL - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Michael walks up the sidewalk and enters.

INT. W HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Michael strides across to the elevator and waits, along with a DAD, MOM, and their ten year old son, NATHAN, who holds Twins souvenirs along with a ball and glove.

MICHAEL

Late game?

DAD

Twelve innings.

MICHAEL

Twins win?

DAD

Six to five on a homer by Mauer.

MICHAEL

Sounds like a nice evening at the ballpark.

DAD

Home opener. Big crowd.

NATHAN

The Goodyear Blimp flew around all night.

MICHAEL

It did?

The Dad shrugs.

DAD

I thought it was retired.

The elevator door opens. They enter.

INSIDE THE ELEVATOR

The Dad punches the button for the tenth floor. Michael hits the big round button for the observation deck. The button lights up. The elevator door closes.

NATHAN

Dad, the observation deck is open.
Can we go?

The Dad looks at Michael.

MICHAEL

There's a private event tonight.

DAD
 (to Nathan)
 We'll go up in the morning.

NATHAN
 It will be really neat at night.

MOM
 Nathan, you heard your father.

The elevator reaches the tenth floor. The doors open.

NATHAN
 Just for a second?

The Dad guides Nathan with a hand to his back as the family gets off the elevator. The door closes.

MICHAEL
 Not tonight, Nathan.

The elevator reaches the observation deck. The door opens and Michael steps out.

ELEVATOR LOBBY OF OBSERVATION DECK

Glass cabinets contain exhibits related to the history of the Foshay Tower.

Michael opens the door to the observation deck and goes out.

ON THE OBSERVATION DECK

Michael is alone.

MURPHY (O.S.)
 Michael?

Michael walks toward the side not visible from nearby taller buildings.

He turns the corner and finds Murphy, Curly, and two large briefcases.

Curly holds a gun.

MICHAEL
 You too, Curly?

CURLY
 Me too.

MURPHY

Good evening, Michael. Have a nice flight?

MICHAEL

You got the money?

Murphy points to the briefcases.

Michael walks over, crouches down, and opens them. They're stuffed with bundles of bills.

He picks up a few bundles in each case and digs a hand in deep to be sure they are indeed full of money.

MURPHY

You don't need to count it.

Michael rises.

MICHAEL

Of course it's all here. Why would you ever lie to me?

MURPHY

Let's get down to business.

MICHAEL

Our business is concluded. I'm walking out of here with the money and not saying a word to anyone.

He bends down and picks up the briefcases.

MURPHY

Not so fast, Michael.

MICHAEL

You've got a better idea to keep you and Curly out of prison?

MURPHY

As a matter of fact, I do.

Murphy points to the briefcases.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

You arranged this meeting to bribe us because we discovered you and Boots were working with Petrovic.

MICHAEL

You're crazy.

MURPHY

Your fingerprints are all over the money and the cases. Ours aren't.

Murphy raises his gloved hands. Michael drops the briefcases.

MICHAEL

The hotel security cameras will show who came in with the cases.

CURLY

That's odd. They became disabled.

MURPHY

Like father, like son, Michael.

Michael takes a couple steps toward Murphy.

MICHAEL

You son of a bitch.

Curly raises his gun. Michael calms himself down.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You can't tie me to Petrovic.

MURPHY

Petrovic's dead.

CURLY

He's in a violent business, as you know.

MURPHY

Boots was arrested. We found a laptop in his locker, full of emails between Blakken and Kirby Puckett. You know how Boots liked old number 34.

MICHAEL

You bastard.

Murphy smiles.

MURPHY

I have no idea why you went to Amsterdam.

MICHAEL

You sent me.

MURPHY

There's no record in the department files that your trip was police business.

MICHAEL

You're going to put this bullshit up against all the evidence?

Murphy waves his hand dismissively.

MURPHY

What evidence? You recall my close relationship with the D.A., don't you? And did you really think she was going to reopen your father's case?

Michael glares at Murphy.

CURLY

You and Boots won't be around to testify.

MICHAEL

How so?

MURPHY

Once Boots finds out your plan to pay us off didn't work and he's facing disgrace and a lifetime in prison, I wouldn't doubt it if he jumps off the Tenth Street Bridge.

CURLY

That sound familiar, Michael?

Michael looks from Curly and then to Murphy.

MICHAEL

You framed and killed my father. Now you're doing the same to me. And you're screwing my wife.

Murphy raises his arms.

MURPHY

The Whitney triple crown. Guilty as charged.

MICHAEL

You just gonna shoot me right here on top of the Foshay Tower?

Murphy nods to Curly.

Curly pulls another gun from his jacket, this one with a silencer attached.

CURLY

This is a gun you bought off the street. To shoot us if things didn't go your way. It will be found in your hand, having been fired once.

He holds up his own gun.

CURLY (CONT'D)

This is my gun I brought along to protect myself. It will be fired once, in self defense.

MURPHY

How does that sound?

Michael pauses for a few seconds.

MICHAEL

Let me check.

He detaches a small microphone from his jacket and speaks into it.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Willy, honk three times if that sounded okay to you. Then make the call.

INSIDE THE TAXI

Willy wears earphones connected to an electronic receiver on the seat next to him. He jabs the Cabbie on the shoulder.

WILLY

Honk three times.

CABBIE

What?

WILLY

Honk three times right now.

CABBIE

You're the boss.

ON THE OBSERVATION DECK

Michael, Murphy, and Curly stand there as a faint HONK HONK HONK comes from down below.

Murphy and Curly look at each other, alarmed.

Curly puts down the street gun, points his own gun at Michael, and reaches for the microphone.

CURLY

Give me that.

Curly grabs the microphone and rips it away, along with a wire and transmitter, and tosses them over the side of the building.

MICHAEL

You're already screwed.

CURLY

You're a dead man.

MICHAEL

I got what I needed to get.

Curly glances over to Murphy. Murphy nods. Curly aims.

WHOOSH. WHACK.

Something white flies out of the darkness behind Murphy and nails Curly in the back and he reacts by spinning around.

CURLY

What the hell was that?

Michael lunges and grabs the street gun off the deck, rolls over once, and shoots just as Curly is recovering.

PHTTT.

Curly crumples to the deck.

Michael rises and brings his gun to bear on Murphy. Murphy draws his own gun, aiming it at Michael.

MICHAEL

Nathan? Go back to your room!

MURPHY

Who's Nathan?

MICHAEL

A kid with a heck of an arm.

They hear distant SIRENS. Michael partially lowers his gun.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
It's over, Murph.

MURPHY
Take the money.

MICHAEL
Put the gun down.

MURPHY
We can work this out, Michael.
Take the five million. I'll pin it
all on Curly and Boots.

MICHAEL
I don't think so.

Norrie steps around the corner behind Murphy. He's got one of those wrist mounted sling shots and he's got it stretched back in full ready to fire mode, loaded with a golf ball, pointed at Murphy.

NORRIE
I don't either.

Murphy glances over at Norrie, his gun still on Michael.

MURPHY
Who are you?

NORRIE
George Washington.

MICHAEL
The father of our country. You're
on top his building and he's not
happy.

MURPHY
Go to hell. Both of you.

Murphy and Michael train their guns on each other.

MICHAEL
I'm a better shot than you, Murph.
You have to get lucky. I just have
to be patient.

Murphy stares at Michael, glances at Norrie, back to Michael, and backs up a few steps.

He drops his gun, climbs over the barrier, and leaps.

Michael lowers his gun. Norrie walks over to him. They both lean out over the barrier and look down below.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You seem to show up at the most convenient times.

NORRIE

Just being helpful.

Michael picks up a golf ball from near Curly's body and hands it to Norrie.

MICHAEL

Nice shot.

The SIRENS are close as emergency vehicles approach the building.

NORRIE

I gotta run.

MICHAEL

You won't get past them.

NORRIE

Don't have to.

AT STREET LEVEL

Several police cars arrive and OFFICERS rush to the entrance.

ON THE OBSERVATION DECK, LATER

COPS crowd the tight space. As Michael and Willy stand nearby, a DETECTIVE wears Willy's earphones connected to the recorder. The Detective removes the earphones.

DETECTIVE

This'll make the papers.

Michael points to Curly's body.

MICHAEL

Curly freaked out when he found out it was all recorded. I got the drop on him.

Michael glances over the edge.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Murphy jumped when he realized it
was hopeless.

Michael points to the briefcases.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
There's four million of Petrovic's
money in there.

DETECTIVE
That's four million he won't be
needing.

INT. NORRIE'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

An infomercial blares from the TV.

Norrie sits on his bed in boxers and a T-shirt.

Bundles of cash rest beside him.

EXT. DOWNTOWN MINNEAPOLIS - COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Michael and Boots sit with their drinks at an outdoor table.

BOOTS
What'd the mayor say?

MICHAEL
Thank you.

BOOTS
That's it?

MICHAEL
She offered me the job.

BOOTS
You want it?

MICHAEL
Nope.

Michael checks his watch.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I have to make a call.

Michael pulls a bag from under the table and removes a framed
photo of his father, Chief Whitney, in uniform.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
You know where this belongs.

He hands it to Boots.

EXT. DOWNTOWN MINNEAPOLIS - DAY

Michael stands on a street corner as PEDESTRIANS shuffle past. He makes a call on his cell phone.

MICHAEL
Hey.

INT. CAROLINE'S OFFICE - DAY

Caroline sits at her desk.

CAROLINE
Hi.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

MICHAEL
How are the citizens of Holland?

CAROLINE
They are doing well.

MICHAEL
That's good to know.

Hugo walks into her office, carrying a backpack.

CAROLINE
(on the phone)
Hold on a second, Michael.

HUGO
Sorry to interrupt, but Mr. Whitney
said to deliver this precisely at
four.

He puts the backpack on Caroline's desk.

CAROLINE
What is it?

HUGO
Walking around money for your art
school.

She unzips the backpack, looks inside, and gasps.

CAROLINE
(on phone)
Michael, what's this?

MICHAEL
Gleck doesn't need it. You do.
Peel off a good bit for Hugo.

Caroline takes out a bundle, fans about half with her thumb,
and hands the bills to Hugo.

CAROLINE
This is for you.

Hugo takes the money.

HUGO
Thank you, and pass that on to Mr.
Whitney.

Hugo leaves.

CAROLINE
I don't know if this is smashed
potatoes.

Michael walks along the sidewalk.

MICHAEL
Someone was thrilled to get artwork
back from Gleck and made an
anonymous donation to your school.
That's as smashed as the potatoes
can get.

CAROLINE
I'll think about it.

MICHAEL
I need to ask a personal question.

Michael looks up and stops. High above him, the Goodyear
Blimp cruises past the Minneapolis skyline.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Do you think you need a guy around
to help fix up the school?

CAROLINE
How is that a personal question?

MICHAEL
What if the guy showed up with a
couple kids?

Michael pulls from his pocket the photo of Caroline's grandfather and his brother from the shattered frame at the old manor.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I've got a message for you from your grandfather.

CAROLINE

What do you mean?

Michael turns over the photo.

Handwritten on the back: Look Underneath Us!

MICHAEL

I'll show you when I get there.

Caroline rotates in her chair and stares at the painting.

INT. VAN HEMMERT FAMILY MANOR - THE YEAR 1940 - DAY

The same painting rests on an easel. Paints and brushes lie nearby. WILLEM VAN HEMMERT and KENDRICK VAN HEMMERT admire the still glistening portrait of themselves.

They speak in Dutch, with English subtitles.

KENDRICK

It is a strange feeling to paint over a Rembrandt.

WILLEM

We do what we have to do. Someday, perhaps Rembrandt and Saskia will reawaken.

Willem puts his arm around Kendrick's shoulder.

WILLEM (CONT'D)

And perhaps to a better world.

From behind the easel, the back of the painting reveals it is constructed of two strips of aged canvas.

The missing strip of The Night Watch.

FADE OUT.

THE END