

UNTITLED ART HEIST MOVIE

Written by

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&

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OVER BLACK

Classical music, soft and quiet -

MONTANA (V.O.)

People still ask how I never get caught. The answer's simple. Art is not what you see, but what you make others see.

The music fades as we -

FADE IN:

INT. THE MET. GALLERY 615 - NIGHT

An OIL PAINTING fills the screen - as we pull away a name plaque identifies it as "**A MAID ASLEEP**" by *Johannes Vermeer*.

The gallery is deserted - spotlights illuminate paintings on the walls, leaving the rest of the room in darkness.

MONTANA (V.O.)

There have always been rules. We live by rules, we play by rules.

A CEILING PANEL falls to the floor with a CLANG.

CRACK - Several GREEN GLOW STICKS follow the panel, illuminating the Gallery.

A lissome WOMAN drops down gracefully - this is GEM. Black hair pulled back tight - she looks as friendly as a knife.

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

And we steal by rules.

INT. CONTROL VAN - CONTINUOUS

You've never seen such a tangle of cables.

In the middle of it all sits FUSE. When nerds became cool, it was because of guys like him.

GEM (O.S.)

I'm in.

Fuse hits a few keys on a LAPTOP - speaks into a headset.

FUSE

You hear that big guy?

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - CONTINUOUS

SANTOS, a Latino with Aviators and a scraggly beard, free-falls through the night SKY - Luckily he has a parachute.

SANTOS  
A little busy, amigo.

He pulls the ripcord - the parachute deploys - and in a few seconds he touches down hard on The Met's ROOF GARDEN.

INT. THE MET. GALLERY 615 - CONTINUOUS

Gem is examining the doorway - several BLACK LENSES protrude from the frame.

Her brow furrows as she pulls out a dainty AEROSOL-CAN. With a hiss, the gas reveals - INFRARED BEAMS guarding the exit. She checks her watch, nervously.

EXT. ROOF GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Santos has shed the parachute equipment - he wrenches open a FUSE-BOX mounted on the GARDEN wall.

MONTANA (V.O.)  
My rules are simple. Stick to them,  
and you live to fight another day.

Gripping a torch in his teeth, Santos begins snipping at the multi-coloured wires.

INT. THE MET. GALLERY 615 - CONTINUOUS

Gem grins as the INFRARED BEAMS flicker - before fading away.

MONTANA (V.O.)  
Rule one - There's always a  
weakness. Find it. Exploit it.

She grabs her backpack and slinks out of the gallery.

INT. CONTROL VAN - CONTINUOUS

Fuse eyes a SCREEN showing the team's movements within the museum - each member represented by a BLIP on the map.

FUSE  
Back-up generators live in 30  
seconds. Move your ass, girl!

INT. THE MET. WEST WING - CONTINUOUS

Gem sprints silently through various exhibitions - a display of JEWELS catches her eye - She ignores them and powers on.

MONTANA (V.O.)

Rule two - Take nothing but the prize. Leave nothing but air.

EXT. ROOF GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Santos SLAMS the fuse box closed - job done.

He removes a BLOWTORCH from his bag and ignites it, whistling a tune as he works.

INT. CONTROL VAN - CONTINUOUS

Fuse rolls a coin across his knuckles - breath baited.

FUSE

Ten...nine...eight...

INT. THE MET. SECURITY WING - CONTINUOUS

Gem VAULTS a bench without breaking stride - she knows exactly where she's going.

FUSE (O.S.)

Five...Four...

Gem sees the DOOR-ARCH ahead of her - BLACK LENSES looming.

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

Three...Two...

She struggles to close the distance - it's gonna be a photo finish.

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

One...

Gem slides across the threshold on her knees, arching her back to keep the lowest possible profile.

The INFRARED beams protract, missing her face by millimeters.

Gem struggles to catch her breath.

GEM

I'm through.