

FALSE IMPRESSION

An Original Screenplay

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FALSE IMPRESSION

1 EXT. SAILBOAT -- AERIAL SHOT -- DAY 1

An exquisite sailboat cuts through the water. We're above it, looking down the long slender mast to people lounging on the deck far below. It's a tropical dream as the steel drums of a calypso tune fill the air. Then we pull back to see:

2 EXT. SAILBOAT -- WIDER VIEW 2

A huge ugly tugboat, all ropes and tar, CHUGGING along right next to the sailboat. We pull back even further to find:

3 EXT. HARBOR -- WIDER VIEW 3

The sailboat isn't gliding over the waters of the Caribbean. It's in the middle of New York Harbor, surrounded by dredges, tugboats, barges, etc.

4 EXT. HARBOR -- MOVING AERIAL SHOT 4

We move beyond the sailboat and stream up the Hudson River, as the HORNS, CHUGS, and CLANGS of the water traffic below overtake the gentle Calypso beat.

5 EXT. OCEAN LINER 5

We come to an enormous ocean liner. It's docked at a pier on the West Side of Manhattan. As we move over the top of the liner, we can see workmen cleaning the deck.

6 EXT. PORT AUTHORITY PIER 81 6

Moving beyond the boat, we come to the structure next to it. It's a very modern, clean ship terminal. Passengers, luggage, and service personnel are crowding a long promenade that runs parallel to the ocean liner.

7 INT. TEMPORARY OFFICES OF LAYETTE & THICKE - DAY 7

A partially open door bears a neatly written, but clearly temporary sign, that reads:

LAYETTE & THICKE
Public Relations

Through a second open door beyond the first one we can see a man sitting at a desk. JACK POLLACK is a handsome man, in his mid-thirties, intently studying a book propped on the desk.

Moving in through the second open door we come into Jack Pollack's office. It is spanking new, but bare except for a single plant on the floor, a poster on the wall, a large desk and a chair. A small laptop computer and a cellular phone are the only items on the desk.

Jack, a good-looking man in his thirties, is sitting with his feet up on the desk, private-eye style. He is in his shirtsleeves, playing with a suspender as he concentrates on the book. The title, we can now see is *The Art Of Murder*.

He is so focused on the book that when a voice suddenly breaks in, he jumps.

VOICE (o.s.)

Wake up, Sam Spade. We've got a problem.

JACK

Wha??

The voice belongs to CARLA WILLIAMS, a charming, well-dressed black woman in her mid-forties. She is leaning in through the door to Jack's office.

CARLA

Aren't you supposed to be writing a speech?

JACK

I am. I can write and read at the same time.

CARLA

Well drop that and take care of this. Peter called. Something's going on outside. You'd better take care of it.

JACK

What? On the boat?

CARLA

There's a problem. Go take charge.

Jack reluctantly puts the book down, puts on his suit jacket and grabs the portable phone from the desk.

CARLA

Think of yourself as a commando, Jack, in the great battle. The war against bad impressions.

JACK

Aye, Captain.

CARLA
(shouting after him)
And remember, boats are for bathtubs. This is
a ship.

9 INT. ROYAL ATLANTIC OCEAN LINER -- HALLWAY 9

Jack and PETER GLASS turn the corner of one hallway and walk down another, passing the doors to staterooms on either side. PETER is a short, amiable man wearing an I.D. card on his lapel that identifies him as a Port Authority employee.

JACK
I always wanted to go on a cruise.

PETER
Carla sent you down? She's gonna love this.
There's a passenger missing.

JACK
Uh-oh.

PETER
Last seen entering his cabin last night after
dinner. Then...pffft! Guy's stuff is there
but there's no guy.

JACK
They checked the boat?

PETER
Ship. Everywhere. Vanished! But I'm sure
you and Carla will be able to put a good spin
on it. (reading an imaginary headline) Take
the Royal Atlantic...at least we don't lose
your luggage!

10 INT. ROYAL ATLANTIC OCEAN LINER - STATEROOM 321 10

Peter pushes open the door to the stateroom and ushers Jack inside. It's a tight but plush stateroom with a bed, two dressers, and a porthole. A man in uniform is already there looking around. Peter introduces him as one of the ship's officers.

As Peter and the seaman discuss the situation, Jack dials a number on his portable phone. He cradles the phone between his ear and his shoulder as he begins to look around the room.

JACK
(into the phone)
Carla? It's bad. We're submerged. It's the
Poseidon Adventure down here.
(then to Peter)
She's not laughing.

PETER
(looking in the closet)
She should see this guy's wardrobe. Then
she'd laugh.

In the closet, neatly aligned, are three identical dark suits
hanging over three identical black shoes.

JACK
(into the phone)
He disappeared. They can't find him anywhere.
(to Peter)
Couldn't he have disembarked without telling
anyone?

PETER
We checked. Besides, he wouldn't leave
without all his stuff.

Opening the top drawer of one of the dressers, Jack finds a
small case. As he answers questions on the phone, he dumps
the contents of the case on the dresser top and looks through
it. There's a datebook which he flips through quickly. Some
money, a razor blade, and a passport which Jack opens.

JACK
His name is Roland Dykstra. Only one visa
stamp. He didn't travel much. What? What's
it got to do with ME?
(to Peter)
She wants ME to find the dude.

PETER
Good. Save me the trouble. I've got enough
to handle right now.

JACK
(back into the phone)
Why me? I'm a publicity writer, not a
detective. Let the cops handle it.

As we hear a SQUAWK from the phone in response to Jack's last
question, Jack comes across something else in the case. It's
a yellow baggage claim ticket for the ship's storeroom, which
he pockets.

JACK

Peter, have you called the cops?

At that Peter drops what he's doing and walks over to Jack for a private conversation, making sure they aren't overheard.

PETER

Are you crazy?

JACK

That's what Carla said.

PETER

Let me remind you. We're about to set up, with the help of your company, a five million dollar PR blitz for this ship. Dreamboat Of The Seven Seas. But don't worry about those cops running around trying to find the passenger we've somehow lost.

(letting it sink in)

No cops, Jack.

JACK

(into the phone)

He hasn't called the cops. Okay, okay. I'll see what I can find out. Yes, I'll keep it quiet. Stop worrying.

Before leaving, Jack stops at the tiny porthole, looks out, then measures the width of his own hips against the diameter of the window, but finds the size wanting.

11 INT. PORT AUTHORITY PIER 81-- UNLOADING DOCK - DAY 11

We hear a dog BARKING in the background as Jack enters the unloading dock through a stairwell. The dock is a cavernous area filled with crates, luggage and trunks. A MAN is sitting in the middle of what appears to be the Roman ruins, huge hulking columns and massive marble portraits. He's checking items off a list.

Examining Jack's yellow baggage claim, he points off to the left, as another MAN arrives and easily picks up one of the immense stone heads and carries it off.

Jack goes to another section where a series of crates have been stowed. The dog is still BARKING. He checks some of the claim tags and finally sees the one that matches his ticket. The tag is attached to a flat 2' X 3' parcel wrapped in thick brown paper.

A uniformed CUSTOMS OFFICER is standing in front of the package. The dog, a German shepard, belongs to him and it is BARKING directly at this package.

JACK
(showing his ID)

Is there some problem with this package?

OFFICER
Don't know. Cyrano's usually pretty cool. I don't know if he's thinking drugs or what.

JACK
What is it?

OFFICER
That's what we're gonna find out. Where's the owner?

JACK
That's what I'M trying to find out.

12 INT. PORT AUTHORITY UNLOADING DOCK - ANOTHER ANGLE 12

From Jack's viewpoint, we watch as two other Customs officers carry the package into a separate room and hoist it onto a metal table. One of the men carefully removes the brown wrapping paper to reveal...a god awful painting. A portrait - in neon colors on velvet - of a German shepherd. The real German shepherd is now sitting directly in front of the painting and WHINING.

DISSOLVE TO:

13 INT. ART DEALER'S GALLERY -- PARIS - DAY 13

Another painting of a dog. But this one looks like an antique oil portrait. Pulling back, we see that it is sitting on the floor, leaning against the legs of an easel. Pulling back further, we see a tall, gaunt MAN in a coarse suit leaning on a cane. His name is WILLEM VAN DER VEER and he is studying another painting that is resting on the easel itself. With pursed lips and an intense stare, he resembles some kind of bird of prey.

The painting he is studying is a large landscape in an ornate gilt frame.

His concentration is suddenly broken when the GALLERY OWNER, who has a thick French accent, speaks.

OWNER
You see? Just as you said, monsieur. Late 19th century. And the size is good, no?

VAN DER VEER

This may do. Minus that ridiculous frame, of course. And the price?

OWNER

Perhaps twelve thousand. Very modest.

VAN DER VEER

Dollars? For this speck of goo? This man was a cretin who happened upon some pigments.

OWNER

Yes, but this cretin lived a century ago. We pay for the time, not the talent. These are hard to come by, monsieur. Given all your...restrictions.

VAN DER VEER

(sneering at the last remark)

Very well. I'll give you ten for it. Even though it's worth about six. And for that kind of money you might as well throw in the frame. I'll use it to bludgeon my landlady with.

DISSOLVE TO:

14 INT. ROYAL ATLANTIC OCEAN LINER -- GRAND BALLROOM - DAY 14

The ship's staff is busily straightening up the huge room, putting chairs away, cleaning the floor, etc. Jack is talking to one of the STEWARDS.

JACK

He never left his cabin? Ever?

STEWARD

Not between meals. I never saw him except at dinner. He was very quiet. I thought he was mute.

JACK

Did any one else talk to him?

STEWARD

You can ask around, but I doubt it. He sat alone at that table every meal and read his book.

The phone Jack is carrying RINGS. He presses a button on it and puts it to his ear.

JACK
(resigned)
Not much, Carla. Now? Okay, I'll be right there.
(to the Steward)
Then how did he order dinner?

STEWARD
He pointed. Always to the Chicken Kiev.

15 INT. LAYETTE & THICKE OFFICES - RECEPTION AREA - DAY 15

Carla, in the midst of a mad dash out the door, meets Jack in the waiting area of the office suite. Like the other sections of the suite, this area is new but largely empty. There is only a receptionist sitting at a desk, a poster, a plant, and a couch.

JACK
This was the dullest man that ever lived. Three identical suits, same meal every night, never said a word to anyone. Maybe he just dwindled to nothing.

CARLA
We've got another problem. What's all this about a package?

JACK
Something Dykstra was bringing over on the boat...the ship. It's nothing. A lousy little painting.

CARLA
Well, you explain that to Mr. Klausmann before he blows a gut. I told him to wait in your office.

JACK
Who is he?

CARLA
(dashing out)
Handle it, Jack. There're four weeks left until the blitz. I've only got one life... and this is it!

16 INT. POLLACK OFFICE 16

ARTHUR KLAUSMANN, chubby and toupeed, and in a permanent nervous sweat, is pacing back and forth in front of Jack's desk. He jumps when Jack enters saying his name, then checks his pulse to make sure he's still alive.

KLAUSMANN

Don't you people knock first?

JACK

(apologizing)

Sorry. But it is MY office.

KLAUSMANN

Of course, of course. Please, sit down. I mean, I'll sit down.

There is, however, nowhere to sit. After a scuffle, Klausmann takes the one chair. Jack perches on top of the desk.

JACK

Would you like a cup of coffee?

KLAUSMANN

(tapping his chest)

No, no. Palpitations.

JACK

(realizing there's no coffee maker)

Good.

KLAUSMANN

Do you mind if we get right down to business, Mr. Pollack?

JACK

Please.

KLAUSMANN

I came down to meet a man named Roland Dykstra. To pick up a package he was bringing over from France. Now your Miss Williams tells me that Dykstra is...what? Missing? This is not possible.

JACK

I'm afraid it is. I'm trying to find out what happened to him. Were you a friend of his?

KLAUSMANN

Me? No! I didn't know him at all. He was just a courier. An associate in Paris sent him.

Klausmann wipes the sweat off his palm and retrieves a business card from his pocket, handing it to Jack.

KLAUSMANN
(continuing)

I'm an art dealer, you see. Dykstra was delivering something to me. It's very important that I get it.

JACK

A painting?

KLAUSMANN

Some important documents, posters, and so on. In a large package. Do you know what might have happened to it?

JACK

It's safe. I've seen it.

KLAUSMANN

It is? You have? Wonderful. Where can I pick it up?

JACK

It's not quite that simple, Mr. Klausmann. The Port Authority has it. They can't just turn over someone else's property to you. Especially if they can't locate the owner.

KLAUSMANN

Don't YOU have some say in the matter? I might be in a position to...

JACK

No. I don't work for the Port Authority. We just do publicity for them. And a missing passenger falls under Bad PR. In any case, Customs has it now. It's going to take a while to sort things out.

KLAUSMANN

A while? Mr. Pollack, I must have that painting in my possession immediately.

JACK

So it IS a painting?

KLAUSMANN

No no. Just some documents, posters and so on. Isn't there some way we can speed things up. Some way?

JACK

(ushering Klausmann to the door)
I'll call as soon as I know anything.

KLAUSMANN

Then you'll call?

JACK

Yes. In any case, if this Roland Dykstra doesn't show up, you'll probably have to prove you're entitled to the painting. Proof of ownership, bill of sale, something like that.

KLAUSMANN

I'd appreciate any help you can offer. This is quite an important painting. I don't want anything to happen to it.

JACK

So it IS a painting, then.

KLAUSMANN

No no, just some documents, posters, and so on.

17 INT. POLLACK OFFICE - FRONT DOOR 17

As he stands in the doorway watching Klausmann scurry to the elevators, Jack dials a number on the portable phone.

JACK

Peter? This is Jack. Anything new on the mystery man? No? How about that package he had? Did Customs release it? They did? So there's nothing funny about it. What about the Port Authority? Are you guys going to keep it? Then send it up to my office, will you? I'll hold onto it until I find the guy.

18 EXT. PORT AUTHORITY PIER 81 - PHONE BOOTH - DAY 18

Art Klausmann chugs out of the building and heads for the nearest phone booth. There, he fumbles with his wallet and retrieves a long-distance calling card and a business card. Trying to manage both cards and the phone receiver, he is finally able to poke the buttons on the phone.

19 INT. TILTON MANOR - ENGLAND - DAY 19

A large room in an English castle. There is a fire blazing in the ornate fireplace. The place promises to look magnificent. But as we pull back we see that the room is completely empty except for a immense easy chair in which a MAN is SNORING, his arm dangling off the side.

A phone is RINGING in the distance.

The man wakes with a start, then slowly pushes himself out of the chair. He is a tall man, wearing a fancy smoking jacket and slippers. He stretches grandly, then slowly walks to the door. We follow behind him as he opens the fancy double doors and walks through them.

20 INT. TILTON MANOR - DINING ROOM 20

We are still following behind the man as he walks through this room with its elaborate ceiling and wallpaper. This second room is completely empty of any furniture at all. And the phone is still RINGING. At the far end of the room, the man opens another ornate set of doors and walks through them to:

21 INT. TILTON MANOR - ANTEROOM 21

Yet another immense, empty room in the castle. But in this one there is a small table by the window. The telephone on it is the source of the RINGING. Finally arriving there, the man picks up the phone and answers it.

His accent is stiff with upper crust.

MAN

Tilton Manor.

KLAUSMANN (O.S.)

Yes, yes, Tilton Manor. Can you hear me?

MAN

Hello? You have reached Tilton Manor.

KLAUSMANN (O.S.)

This is Klausmann. Arthur Klausmann. Is Lord Nigel there? Can I speak to Lord Nigel?

MAN

Who shall I say is calling?

KLAUSMANN (O.S.)

I told you. It's Arthur Klausmann. I have to speak to Nigel. It's very important.

MAN

Just a moment please.

KLAUSMANN (O.S.)

Hurry up, will you? This is long distance.

The man slowly puts down the phone. Then, just as deliberately, he takes short five steps to the opposite side of the table. From this new position we can see that he is an aristocratic looking gent, slightly dissolute, but still

trying to maintain an air of nobility, even when alone.

From the far side of the table, he picks up the phone again.

NIGEL

Lord Tilton speaking.

KLAUSMANN (O.S.)

Nigel, is that you? Can you hear me? It's Klausmann. We've got a problem.

NIGEL

Oh, hello Arthur. How is everything?

KLAUSMANN (O.S.)

Falling apart, that's how! Listen, Nigel, you'd better get over here right away. Take the next plane. And bring all the documents with you.

NIGEL

You want ME to come over THERE? So soon? Arthur, I'm not sure that my humble abode can spare me on such short notice.

KLAUSMANN (O.S.)

You can kiss your abode goodbye, pal, if you don't get your ass over here. Something went wrong with the shipment. Dykstra's disappeared!

NIGEL

(waking up)

Good God! And the painting? What happened to it? Did he take it?

KLAUSMANN (O.S.)

No. But we're going to have to get it back from the authorities.

NIGEL

(the accent going flat)

AUTHORITIES?? Good heavens, man. What have you gotten us caught up in? You said there'd be no problems. That it was fool-proof. What about Barlowe's?

KLAUSMANN

Never mind that. I'll deal with Barlowe's. You just get over here on the next plane. And bring EVERYTHING with you.

22 EXT. BARLOWE'S AUCTION HOUSE - DAY 22

A cab pulls up in front of the handsome awning at the entrance to Barlowe's Auction House. Klausmann, still in a nervous snit, emerges from the cab and races in through the glass doors. He's trying to tug his rumpled suit into line at the same time.

23 INT. BARLOWE'S AUCTION HOUSE - BETANCOURT OFFICE 23

Philip Betancourt, the CEO of Barlowe's Auction House, nattily dressed and smug, is sitting at his Louis XIV desk smoking a cigar and CHATTING on the phone. His huge office is filled with elaborate statues, antiques, and paintings. When Klausmann arrives, Betancourt shakes his cigar at him, motioning for him to wait.

Klausmann, still trying to calm himself, starts to take a seat in a highly embellished chair at the far end of the room, but Betancourt waves at him to stop.

BETANCOURT

(getting off the phone)

Not there. That's not a chair, that's an antique. Over here.

He points to another chair, which looks pretty much like the first one.

KLAUSMANN

(sitting)

Nice to see you again, Philip. Looks like everything's as crazy as ever. How's the wife?

BETANCOURT

The wife? You want to know about my wife? That's what people ask when something's wrong, Klausmann. Something's wrong. What's wrong?

KLAUSMANN

No, nothing. Nothing. We're moving right along. There's just a little delay, that's all.

BETANCOURT

What delay? Is it the painting? Something's happened to the painting, hasn't it. What is it? Don't you have it?

KLAUSMANN

Don't be ridiculous. Of course I have it. There's just going to be a delay. A few days at most. It's no big deal.

BETANCOURT

No big deal? That's exactly what people say when it's a big deal. What's the big deal? Where is the painting?

KLAUSMANN

It's just been held up in shipment. A couple of days. I came over to tell you not to worry.

BETANCOURT

Because there IS something to worry about. Right? Tell me I'm wrong. There's something to worry about, right?

KLAUSMANN

Not at all. Forty-eight hours. I'll call you the day after tomorrow. We'll be all set.

BETANCOURT

Listen to me, Klausmann. Forget the money. Forget everything else. You know why this deal has to work out?

(lowering his voice)

Because the fate of this entire auction house is resting on it, that's why. I've ALREADY got investors on line. Don't louse this up, Klausmann. If Barlowe's goes down on this deal, I go down. And if I go down, I take YOU with me. By the throat. Understand?

KLAUSMANN

(mopping)

One day, we're talking. Maximum. I'll call you tomorrow. There's really no problem.

DISSOLVE TO:

24 INT. VAN DER VEER STUDIO - OUTER STAIRWAY - DAY 24

VAN DER VEER is struggling up the stairs, carrying the painting he bought. It is wrapped in newspaper. Meanwhile the landlady, a screechy old woman in a housecoat, is SHOUTING at him from the bottom of the stairs.

LANDLADY

...et les odours. Et les fumes. C'est impossible. Je suis mal a la tete tout les temps....

VAN DER VEER

Yes, yes. Go back into your warren, madame, and finish nibbling your cheese.

LANDLADY

...et aussi tout les autres. Il faut que vous
depart. Immédiatement. Ca tout, c'est finit!

VAN DER VEER

Like the chattering of little voles. You
wouldn't know a great painting if someone
squashed you with it.

25 INT. VAN DER VEER STUDIO - INSIDE 25

Unlocking a padlock on the door, Van Der Veer enters his
studio and sets the painting on an easel. The studio is a
cross between a bohemian garret and a mad scientist's lab.
Brushes and paint pots share the space with beakers and
bizarre electric lamps.

Van Der Veer puts on a loud opera score to drown out the
landlady who is still SHOUTING from the hallway. Then he
pulls on a soiled lab coat and sits himself on a stool in
front of the painting.

He rips the newspaper from the canvas and, putting on a weird
pair of binocular glasses, begins to examine the painting in
minute detail.

DISSOLVE TO:

26 INT. POLLACK OFFICE - DAY 26

As Jack arrives, the receptionist tells him of a series of
messages from Arthur Klausmann, all from that morning. Carla
is already waiting for him in his office. She is sitting
behind his desk and typing into his small laptop computer.

CARLA

This speech is good. But you need another
hook. They won't approve it this way.

JACK

Why not? The new CEO is a corporate raider.
HE'LL love it.

CARLA

Comparing the new head of the Royal Atlantic
Fleet to Columbus is a little much.

JACK

Come on. A guy named Colon accidentally lands
in the Bahamas thinking it's China, gives
everyone smallpox, and all anybody remembers
about it is that Columbus discovered America.
It's pure PR.

CARLA

(getting up)

Why don't you start on the press releases, then come back to this. Meanwhile, I'll call the stations. What about this Dykstra affair?

JACK

Still missing. Peter'll hold off calling the cops. But he can't do it forever.

CARLA

No leads at all?

Hanging his jacket up, Jack walks over to the window which looks out onto the pier below, and a small patch of the Hudson River adjacent to the building.

There's a man - an OLD SALT in an orange fishing hat - sitting at the edge of the dock holding a fishing pole.

JACK

Jesus. You think they actually catch anything down there? Besides typhus, I mean.

CARLA

What are you going to do? About Dykstra.

JACK

Keep looking, I guess. There's something funny about that painting though. Do you know any art experts?

CARLA

My daughter's in the art department at Columbia. I'll ask her.

(leaving)

But don't spend too much time on it. Just find the mystery man so we can forget about him.

27 EXT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - MAIN CAMPUS - DAY 27

From above we see Jack walking across the enormous campus. He seems lost in the crowd. He stops one of the students to ask for directions. He is pointed to a building at the rear of the campus called Dodge Hall.

28 INT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - DODGE HALL 28

We're inside an art studio, filled with students doing charcoal drawings on large pads. We see Jack walk past the door. He stops abruptly, as though lassoed, looks into the studio, then enters. He seems mesmerized by the subject that the students are drawing from.

His trance is broken when the instructor comes over to talk to him.

INSTRUCTOR

Can I help you?

JACK

(still entranced)

No.

INSTRUCTOR

Say, are you a student or a pervert?

From a new angle we can now see that the subject of the drawings is a voluptuous nude woman sitting on a stool.

JACK

(coming out of it)

Me? Oh. Neither. I'm just looking...

INSTRUCTOR

Yes, but what are you seeing? Volumes in space with complex tonal relationships...or a huge pair of tits?

JACK

No...I mean...I'm looking FOR someone. Professor Harry Gordon.

INSTRUCTOR

That's Art History. This is Fine Arts. Third floor. But watch yourself. Art History is full of dirty pictures.

29 INT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - DODGE HALL 29

Walking into one of the lecture halls, Jack sees an old bookish professor type talking to an attractive young co-ed. When the woman has left, Jack approaches the man.

JACK

How do you do? I'm Jack Pollack.

MAN

Nice to meet you.

JACK

My secretary called...

MAN

That's nice. What did she say?

JACK

That it was okay to come down and see you. Is there somewhere private we can talk?

MAN

I guess so. About what?

JACK

A painting. I need an opinion.

MAN

Why not form one?

JACK

I have. But I need a professional opinion.

MAN

How about a professor then?

JACK

That's why I came to see you. To get your opinion. As a professor, I mean.

MAN

That would be silly, since I'm not.

JACK

Aren't you Professor Harry Gordon?

MAN

Not at all. Professor Gordon's over there.

The man indicates an office across the hall. As Jack leaves, the man shouts after him.

MAN

Nice talking to you. Hope you get a good opinion.

30 INT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - DODGE HALL 30

Jack enters a proper university office, with wood wainscoting and lined with bookshelves. There is no one sitting behind the central desk, no one anywhere. One of the doors behind the desk has the name GORDON printed on it. As Jack approaches the door, we can hear the PULSE of rocking rock 'n roll.

The door is slightly ajar. And the closer Jack gets, the louder the music BLARES. He can't see anyone through the crack, so he gently pushes the door open.

Now the music is really THUMPING. Jack looks in and falls instantly in love with what he sees.

In the middle of the room is a pretty, young woman, the same one Jack saw earlier in the lecture hall. She's dressed very conservatively but has now hiked her long skirt up and is BOGEYING like mad to the music. She's facing away from him and doesn't notice him at all. Jack has to SHOUT `hello' three times before she hears.

Turning around, we see that she has a lovely, sweet face, its beauty muffled by her traditional outfit and surroundings.

Mortified, she tugs down her skirt, adjusts her hair, straightens her blouse, and tries, rather poorly, to look cool and professorial.

JACK

Sorry to interrupt. I was looking for Professor Gordon.

HARRY

(shaking his hand stiffly)

Professor Gordon. Yes, that's me. Professor Harriet Gordon. You can call me Harry. I don't usually...you know...

JACK

No, it's nice to see someone. Um...my name is Jack Pollack. My secretary called you about an appointment.

HARRY

Oh yes, Mr. Pollack. From the Port Authority.

JACK

Well actually, I work for a public relations firm that works for the Port Authority. They deal with all the boats, cars and planes and we make sure people like them for it.

Harry, who has taken a seat with monumental calmness, notices that her blouse is slightly open and leaps to adjust it.

JACK

We're looking for an art expert to give us an opinion on something.

HARRY

I don't know if I can help you, Mr. Pollack. Art is a pretty big field. What exactly do you need an opinion on?

JACK

Jack.

HARRY

You need an opinion on Jack?

JACK

No...on a painting. Someone thinks it's very valuable. But I don't.

HARRY

What kind of painting?

JACK

Dog.

HARRY

Modern?

JACK

I think so.

HARRY

Doesn't sound valuable. Maybe it just has sentimental value to this person.

JACK

I'd still wish you'd come down and look at it.

HARRY

My area is really Impressionism. Monet, Van Gogh, you know. I'm not sure I can be much help.

JACK

Anything would help. Your opinion's a lot better than mine.

HARRY

Is this official Port Authority business? I have a consulting fee, you know.

JACK

It's unofficial. But I'd really love you. To take a look at it, I mean.

HARRY

(after a lingering moment)

All right, I'll do it.

JACK

Great! We're down at Pier 81 on the West Side. That's where the painting is.

HARRY

I have to be at the Morgan Library tomorrow.
There's a show down there I helped set up.
Why don't you meet me there, Mr. Pollack.
Then we can go look at your dog.

JACK

Jack.

32 INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - TICKET COUNTER - DAY 32

Lord Nigel, full of his own elevated status in life, is arguing with a lowly ticketing clerk at the airline counter.

NIGEL

It's LORD Nigel. And I must get to New York right away.

CLERK

I'm sorry sir. But you'll still have to wait with the other passengers to see if there are any cancellations.

LORD NIGEL

We are talking about the House of Lords, young man. Not the House of Pancakes.

CLERK

I understand that, sir. But you'll still have to wait.

LORD NIGEL

Can't you BUMP someone? Bump! Isn't that what you people do? One of those obnoxious teenagers perhaps.

CLERK

No sir, we can't.

LORD NIGEL

Well isn't there some sort of 'royal privilege' or something?

CLERK

Yes there is, sir.

NIGEL

Well then?

CLERK

But it's only for the Queen and members of the royal family. And only for horse drawn coaches travelling in the gloom of night.

LORD NIGEL

Fine. Then I shall wait over there with the rabble and hope they don't turn on me.

Walking away, Nigel runs his fingers through his hair, and looks at his reflection in the glass of an advertising poster. It's an ad for a toothpaste showing the Mona Lisa with a huge, gap-toothed grin. The slogan says: Because a smile is your greatest asset.

33 EXT. MORGAN LIBRARY - TAXICAB - DAY 33

Checking his appearance in the window reflection and then running his fingers through his hair, Jack pays the cabbie and heads inside the library.

34 INT. MORGAN LIBRARY 34

Jack walks into the main room of the library under a banner that announces the name of show in progress. The banner says: Vincent Van Gogh: Letters From Provence. The letters are displayed throughout the room either on the walls in glass frames, or in free-standing plexiglass displays that allow both sides of the paper to be seen.

From the crowd of visitors Jack easily picks out Harry, who looks less formal and even more appealing today.

Harry is intently studying one of the letters as Jack studies her in more detail too. He moves next to her on the same side of the frame. From this angle, in addition to the letter, they can also see each other in the reflection.

JACK

Absolutely lovely.

HARRY

Isn't it? I love letters and diaries. They're so personal. Intimate.

JACK

Intimate is very nice. It's so...intimate.

HARRY

And especially a handwritten letter to someone. Such a private way of communicating. It's very...I don't know...

JACK

It's very sensual.

HARRY

That's right. That's what it is. You can almost feel his hand slowly moving over it. And the touch of the pen, the texture of the paper. The smell.

JACK

What kind of perfume is that?

HARRY

I think that's just the plexiglass.

Harry suddenly notices that Jack is staring directly at her. She's caught up in it for a moment, then tries to get back on track.

HARRY

Van Gogh wrote all these letters to his brother Theo. He wrote all the time. Complaints, despairs, hopes, requests for money. All illustrated with his little drawings. It's a real glimpse into his private world.

JACK

And you set up this whole show?

HARRY

No, I was just a consultant. I helped them authenticate this letter. It was only discovered last year. Van Gogh even mentions a few paintings that have never been found. Exciting, isn't it?

JACK

Very.

35 INT. MORGAN LIBRARY - MOVING SHOT 35

Harry continues to stroll around the displays, with Jack in close pursuit. Try as she may, Harry can't avoid the magnetism between them, which causes them to collide gently a number of times.

JACK

To tell you the truth, I never could figure out the big deal about Van Gogh.

HARRY

It's color. He discovered ways of showing the effects of light using color.

JACK

Didn't all of them do that? Cezanne and the others?

HARRY

Yes. That was part of the whole Impressionist revolution.

JACK

But it was a Van Gogh that sold for fifty-three million dollars a few years ago, wasn't it?

HARRY

Fifty-three...point nine. Irises.

JACK

So what makes him better than anyone else?

HARRY

Not better, just more valuable. The art has nothing to do with the price. That's just a market. Like stocks.

Jack gently pushes a curl of hair away from her lips as she continues to talk.

HARRY

(distracted by the move)

People...people get into a buying frenzy.

JACK

I can see getting into a frenzy over something.

HARRY

(playing along)

Can you indeed, Mr. Pollack?

JACK

Sure. If you want something bad enough.

HARRY

And what exactly DO you want?

JACK

Me? I'm just trying to find someone.

HARRY

And are you having any luck?

JACK

I really can't say yet. I have this feeling that it might work out. What about you?

HARRY

But I'm not lost.

JACK

I mean, what do YOU want?

HARRY

The same thing any girl in my position wants.
(leaning in closely) Tenure.

36 INT. CARLA OFFICE - DAY 36

Carla's office down the hall from Jack's is set up just like Jack's, with a desk, a plant, a poster and a chair. Art and Nigel are there, hovering over her as she studies a document they have handed to her.

ART

You see? It belongs to Lord Tilton.
(pointing to the paper)
It says so right there on the sales slip.

CARLA

It seems like an awful fuss over such a silly painting.

ART

(aghast)

You've looked at it?

CARLA

My associate has. The Customs people had to open the package.

NIGEL

If you've seen it, my dear, then you know what we're dealing with. A minor painting by a trivial painter, for heavens sake. We're not exactly trying to smuggle an Old Master into the country.

ART

Ha ha ha. Oh Lord Nigel.

CARLA

Well it looks okay to me. But it's not my decision. All I can do is give this to the Port Authority. It's up to them what they want to do with it.

Looking out the open door of her office, Carla notices Jack and Harry arriving and walking into Jack's office down the hall.

Jack closes the door and leans the painting against the wall as Harry takes a seat. He carefully begins to remove the heavy brown packaging paper from it.

HARRY

You sure don't generate much paperwork here.

JACK

We're just using these offices while we work on a PR campaign. For the boat that's docked across the pier. The Royal Atlantic.

HARRY

I always wanted to go on a cruise. So romantic.

The painting, now unwrapped, is facing away from Harry, towards the wall. It is still held in a wooden frame to prevent damage. Jack slips the painting out from this frame. Then he turns it around so Harry can see it.

JACK

Da-DAH!

HARRY

You've got to be kidding.

JACK

Piece of crap, right?

HARRY

That's a compliment. I can't believe anybody carried it all the way over here from France. You say somebody's desperate to have it? Who...Wayne Newton?

JACK

An art dealer. Guy by the name of Arthur Klausmann.

HARRY

It's impossible. He's pulling your leg, Jack.

Harry notices that Jack is looking at her legs and she demurely pulls her skirt down. But as Jack turns back to the painting, she just as quietly pulls it back up again a bit.

JACK

That's what I thought. I don't know much about art, but I know crap when I see it.

HARRY

This is connected with your missing person?

JACK

A man named Roland Dykstra brought it over. He was supposed to deliver it to Klausmann, the art dealer. But he disappeared. Now Klausmann is desperate to get it.

HARRY

Give it to him, Jack. And don't give it another thought. Anyone who wants this badly enough, deserves it.

As Harry gets up to leave, Jack gets the door for her.

38 INT. POLLACK OFFICE - OUTER HALLWAY 38

Jack is watching Harry lecherously as she walks down the hall to the elevator.

JACK

Maybe we should discuss this further.

HARRY

What's to discuss? It's garbage.

JACK

Any painting then. It doesn't matter to me. Guernica. Um...Monet's Water Lilies!

HARRY

Ooh...I LOVE that painting. It's wonderful. I sometimes have lunch in front of it.

JACK

A truly wonderful painting. Which one is it again?

39 INT. POLLACK OFFICE 39

Jack goes back into his office and begins to pack up the painting again. But in a moment, Harry is back at the doorway with a puzzled look on her face.

JACK

Only kidding. It's the big one with the three panels at the Museum of Modern Art.

HARRY

Something strange is going on here.

JACK

Nonsense. It's just a natural attraction
between two young healthy...

HARRY

Let me see that again.

Harry is pointing to the painting. Together they hoist it up
onto Jack's desk. Harry turns the painting over. The black
velvet is bent around a 2" thick frame, then sealed in the
back with cardboard.

Harry peels off a corner of the cardboard backing, lifts up
the edge of the velvet and looks underneath.

JACK

Don't bother. The Customs guys did that
already.

HARRY

You see this thick frame? It's unusual. They
don't mount cheap paintings like this.

With Jack's help, Harry lays the painting face down on the
table and pulls off the entire cardboard backing. Then she
folds the edges of the velvet away. Underneath is an old
wooden frame on which canvas is stretched.

HARRY

What were they looking for? The Customs people.

JACK

Drugs. What are you looking for?

HARRY

Art.

Harry turns the painting over and props it against the wall.
The velvet is still covering the front. In one smooth move,
she pulls the velvet off like a magician's curtain.

Harry stands back and gasps.

40 INT. POLLACK OFFICE - WIDER VIEW 40

From their point of view, we see the real painting that was
hidden under the velvet mask. It is a picture of lilies,
bursting in bold purples, reds and yellows in broad, thick
brushstrokes.

JACK

Hey, look what you found. How do you like
that?

HARRY
(stunned)

You said it.

JACK
That's pretty nice actually. It's much better than the other one. More exciting. More colorful. Isn't it?

HARRY
Do you see what it is?

JACK
Um...flowers. Big flowers. Big sort of reddish flowers.

HARRY
(still almost speechless)
Lilies, Jack. It's Lilies.

JACK
Of course. I'm not exactly up on all the latest flower news...

HARRY
Jack! It's Lilies! The missing Lilies!

JACK
Missing from where?

HARRY
From history. This is the lost Van Gogh! The one he mentions in the letter. The missing Lilies painting of Vincent Van Gogh.

JACK
(slow to get it)
Oooh. THOSE lilies. How do you like that?

41 INT. VAN DER VEER STUDIO - NIGHT 41

Willem Van Der Veer, lunatic genius, is now dressed in a fancy smock and standing grandly before his refrigerator, which is in the middle of his studio. An overblown aria from Tristan Und Isolde is BOOMING in the background.

Van Der Veer opens the door of the refrigerator like a vault. Inside are a large number of aluminum foil packets. He peers in through the frost, searches the shelves, then retrieves one of the packets.

Opening it up we find, not frozen meat, but a bundle of paintbrushes.

Van Der Veer inhales their odor and swoons.

Jack and Harry are strolling along the end of the pier. It's dark there, but the watery reflections of lights in the harbor and across on the New Jersey shore create a glittery effect. A very un-New York scene.

JACK

Watch your step. There's a hole here somewhere.

(a pause)

What I don't get is why Klausmann would want to have an original Van Gogh smuggled into the country.

HARRY

To keep it a secret, I guess. He's an art dealer. Maybe he has a buyer for it and he doesn't want anyone to find out. But why would he send it by ship?

JACK

It's a fad. Ocean smuggling is up four percent. Why would it come in from France though?

HARRY

Van Gogh might have left it in Provence where he painted it. Someone must have found it there. But why an ocean liner?

JACK

Because they dock here. Maybe it HAD to come into New York. Why New York?

HARRY

Maybe...MAYBE they need to have it authenticated. That could be it, Jack. The world's leading authentication lab is here in New York. It's at the Metropolitan Museum.

JACK

That's it!

HARRY

The Met?

Harry, who has gotten slightly ahead of Jack, turns around to find him one foot shorter than his usual height.

JACK

No, the hole.

HARRY
(helping him out of it)
I know Sandra Shor. She runs the lab. I could call her and see if she's heard anything. What are you going to do with the painting?

JACK
Deliver it to Klausmann. Maybe I can find something out.

HARRY
That's a good idea. Maybe they stole the painting from its rightful owners...

JACK
JESUS!

Harry, who has again gotten slightly ahead of Jack, turns and looks down, matter-of-factly expecting to find him standing in another hole. But he isn't there, he's where he should be.

HARRY
What is it?

JACK
This guy Roland. What if he isn't missing? What if he was killed? What if they murdered him to shut him up?

43 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY 43

Jack gets into the elevator, where there are already two occupants. He is carrying the painting wrapped in its brown paper and has to struggle with it to make room. Once he faces the front, the couple behind him continue their conversation.

WOMAN
I don't know who anybody is any more!
The MAN is looking at her with a troubled expression.

WOMAN
You lied to me so many times...
The man frowns and rubs his chin.

WOMAN
Can I really believe you this time? ADAM?
The man looks puzzled for a moment, then snaps his fingers.

MAN

Audrey Hepburn to Cary Grant in Charade!

WOMAN

Right! Your turn.

Jack gets off at his floor.

44 INT. KLAUSMANN OFFICE 44

Art Klausmann and Lord Nigel are standing in Klausmann's office watching Jack carry the painting in. The office is well-appointed and spacious, and there is a massive fishtank sitting in one corner of the room. A generous desk, ornately carved, is piled to the hilt with files and papers.

KLAUSMAN

Nice of you to bring it over, Mr. Pollack.
Just set it down over there.

JACK

I'm glad we could work everything out for you.

KLAUSMANN

This is an associate of mine, Lord Nigel
Attenborough of Tilton Manor.

JACK

(grunting as he sets the painting down)
Lord.

Lord Nigel returns a wan smile.

KLAUSMAN

Lord Nigel and I are working together on
another matter that has, believe me,
ABSOLUTELY NOTHING to do with this silly
thing. Did you...take a look at it?

JACK

I thought you said it wasn't a painting.

KLAUSMANN

Not a GOOD one, anyway. It's for an eccentric
millionaire who loves dogs. You wouldn't
believe what some people will go through to
get what they want.

JACK

I'll bet.

KLAUSMANN

(ushering him out)

Well, thanks again. If I can ever do anything...

JACK

(taking a seat instead)

Actually you can. You can tell me about Roland Dykstra.

KLAUSMANN

You haven't found him?

JACK

Still trying. Nobody seems to know much about him. He was very quiet. Can you tell me anything that would help?

KLAUSMANN

I'm afraid I can't. As I told you, he was just a courier. A delivery boy. I didn't know him at all.

JACK

And Lord Nigel?

NIGEL

Me? Heavens no. He was a little snit of a person. Not the sort of individual I consort with. The man wore a bowler hat, for god's sake.

JACK

I thought you didn't know him.

KLAUSMANN

(interrupting frantically)

Ha ha ha, Nigel. He's kidding. They call him the Jay Leno of the House of Lords. No, we know ABOSLUTELY nothing about him, I'm sorry to say.

JACK

Because if I don't find him, the Royal Atlantic people are going to HAVE to call in the police.

KLAUSMANN AND LORD NIGEL

(together)

POLICE??

JACK

It's a crime to disappear.

KLAUSMANN

Naturally, we'll help in any way we can.

JACK

You say he was delivering the painting to you.
Why him?

KLAUSMANN

He knew a cousin of Lord Nigel's who's selling
the painting.

JACK

I thought Lord Nigel wasn't involved with this
painting.

KLAUSMANN

Not at all. It's just a crazy coincidence.
He has a cousin.

LORD NIGEL

What cousin?

KLAUSMANN

(showing Jack the exit)

All right...half-cousin. Anyway, what's the
difference? This is a private sale between a
buyer and a seller. Lord Nigel isn't
involved. And I'm only a conduit, so to
speak.

JACK

So why did Dykstra bring it in by boat?

KLAUSMANN

Afraid of flying. That's what I heard.
Thanks again.

JACK

If you think of anything else, please let me
know.

KLAUSMANN

You're at the top of my list.

45 INT. KLAUSMANN OFFICE - OUTER HALLWAY 45

As the door to Klausmann's office closes behind him, Jack
starts to walk away. Then, pausing for a moment, he tiptoes
back to the closed door and listens.

From inside the office there is total silence at first. Then
the sudden sound of TEARING and RIPPING. And finally, a kind
of imploded GLEE, like two boys who've found a peephole to
the girl's locker room.

DISSOLVE TO:

46 INT. VAN DER VEER STUDIO - DAY 46

Van Der Veer, still in his smock, is sitting in front of the landscape painting we saw him originally buying. He is very close to the canvas and wearing the binocular eyeglasses.

As the opera music continues to intrude, we see him take out a series of cotton balls, dip them in three successive tin cans, and apply them to the surface of the canvas in small circular motions.

The paint is beginning to dissolve on the canvas.

Pulling back we see something else. The smock has gotten twisted around an object that is sticking out of Van Der Veer's back pocket, making the object easily visible.

It is the handle of a gun.

47 INT. BARLOWE'S AUCTION HOUSE - BETANCOURT OFFICE - DAY 47

Philip Betancourt is sitting behind his ornate desk with his hands folded in a prayer-like attitude. The smile on his face is that of a snake-oil salesman.

Art and Nigel are sitting in chairs across from him in their typical postures - Art anxiously on the edge of his seat, Nigel languidly reclining on his back.

PHILIP

This is very exciting, gentlemen. The painting is here. The documents are here. And we have an appointment at the lab at the Metropolitan Museum at ten o'clock tomorrow. We're on our way.

NIGEL

What kinds of tests will this laboratory put it through?

PHILIP

How should I know? Tests. Scientific tests. Infrared lights, lasers beams. It's the best in the world.

LORD NIGEL

And if it passes all these laser beam tests, precisely how long will we...

PHILIP

If? IF? Tell me this man is joking. Why SHOULD'N'T it pass all the tests? We're talking about a goddamn ORIGINAL Vincent Van Gogh painting. Are we not?

Klausmann and Nigel look at each other.

KLAUSMANN

IF is British for WHEN. What he means is...what's next.

PHILIP

Next is the auction! The biggest goddamn auction this town has ever seen. My friends, this auction is going to put Barlowe's on the map. In a big big, big big way. Tell me I'm wrong.

Nigel rubs his hands together and LAUGHS. But it's the laugh of the devil eyeing little girls on Halloween Eve.

48 INT. ROYAL ATLANTIC OCEAN LINER - CHIEF STEWARD'S CABIN 48

CHIEF STEWARD EDOUARD MANTILLA is working out on a stationary bike> It's the only thing that can fit into his cramped cabin. The bike has a small screen mounted on the handlebars, on which Mantilla is watching a video of an open road stretching out into a limitless desert.

Jack has to fit himself awkwardly between the bike and the bunk in order to even fit into the room.

JACK

One of the other crew members said that you spoke to Dykstra.

MANTILLA

A number of times.

JACK

What about?

MANTILLA

Seasickness. He was having a bad time of it. I got medicine for him from the pharmacy.

JACK

Can you tell me anything about him?

MANTILLA

We didn't converse. He threw up instead. I don't think he spoke English. He was Dutch. Watch out, here comes a hill.

Mantilla pedals faster.

JACK

They said he hardly ever left his room.

MANTILLA

That's true. I got the impression he was quite frightened.

JACK

Really? Of what? One of the passengers, maybe?

MANTILLA

Who can say? Maybe he was phobic. It's quite common. Now I go for the burn.

Mantilla begins pedaling wildly.

JACK

Is there a passenger list?

MANTILLA

On the desk. Het het het het.

Reaching around weirdly, Jack is able to retrieve a list from the bunk. He peruses it quickly and stops at one of the names.

JACK

Vogel. Is that Dutch?

MANTILLA

Het het het. No. Het het het. German.

JACK

How about this one. Henrik Nordstrom.

MANTILLA

And COAST. Whew! Nice ride. Yes. That's probably Dutch.

JACK

Can you find out how I can get in touch with this Mr. Nordstrom?

MANTILLA

(mopping up with a towel)

I will. What for?

JACK
(avoiding the towel)
Maybe he knew Dykstra. Or vice versa. Have
you ever thought of doing chin-ups instead?
You now, more room.

MANTILLA
It's not the exercise. It's the escape. From
the cabin.
(waiting for Jack to get the point)
I'm claustrophobic.

49 INT. POLLACK OFFICE - DAY 49

Jack is on the phone, staring out the window at the Old Salt,
who is setting up for a nice afternoon of fishing off the
pier into the grungy waters of the Hudson River.

JACK
It's a guy named Nordstrom. He was on the
boat too. Sounds Dutch, so I figure maybe he
knew Dykstra. Maybe he even killed him! I'm
going to meet with him the day after tomorrow.
What about you?

HARRY (O.S.)
I was right! They brought the painting over
to the Met, Jack. To have it authenticated.

JACK
To tell if it was really painted by Van Gogh?

HARRY (O.S.)
They can test the materials. To see if the
wooden stretchers and the canvas are the right
age. And if the pigment is the kind he used.
That sort of thing.

Jack watches in disgust as the Old Salt catches something on
his line, reels it in, and deposits it in a beat-up can.

JACK
God! He's not going to eat it, is he?

HARRY (O.S.)
Don't be silly, Jack. That would destroy the
painting.

JACK
When will they find out the test results?

HARRY (O.S.)

Sandra says she'll meet with them the day after tomorrow to give them the results. She invited me to come. I can't wait.

JACK

Good. You can keep an eye on things.

HARRY

This is so exciting. I can't believe I'm in on this.

JACK

In on what? Harry, these guys may have murdered someone.

HARRY

This is the greatest art find of the century, Jack. Why would they murder someone over it?

JACK

Maybe Dykstra was a Gauguin man.

50 INT. THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - DAY50

At an exhibit of modern art on the second floor of the museum, we see Art Klausmann, in his usual frenzy, rushing through the gallery.

As he passes an Andy Warhol painting of a Campbells soup can, we can overhear two people standing in front of it.

WOMAN

Well...what does it make you think of?

MAN

Crackers.

Looking around, Klausmann finally sees a MAN standing before an immense red canvas by Motherwell.

The man's silhouette against the grand red rectangle is distinctive. He is a large man, leaning on a cane. A thick white beard reaches his chest and he is peering over half-glasses. It is WILLISON GELLER, the world-famous art critic.

KLAUSMANN

Mr. Geller! Sorry I'm late. I thought you might have...

GELLER

Shhh! Not yet. Not yet.

KLAUSMANN
(swallowing his anxiety)
Ooops. Sorry.

GELLER
People think you can appreciate such beauty
strolling by it on the way to the snack bar.
You can't. You have to take it in, savor it,
let your mind run over it into a million
little fancies.

KLAUSMANN
Of course, I understand. It's just that I'm
in a bit of a...

GELLER
There. And in a moment, the moment is lost.

As a beautiful young girl walks right by them, it's clear
from his leery gaze that Geller has been talking about her,
not the painting.

51 INT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - ANOTHER ANGLE 51

We follow the girl as she walks past Jack and Harry. To
avoid a collision with her, Jack backs up directly into a
maintenance man carrying a bucket and a mop. He excuses
himself before realizing that it isn't a real man at all.
It's a lifelike sculpture by Duane Hanson.

JACK
Funny. I could have sworn he did that on
purpose.

HARRY
There it is.

Harry is pointing to, and walking towards, the painting
Starry Night by Van Gogh.

HARRY
See what I mean? He wasn't trying to make
things look real. He was trying to
communicate his feelings about them. Art as a
personal expression. That was a new idea.

JACK
Looks pretty intense.

HARRY
He was. He was obsessed. Insane. He had
syphilis, bad teeth, heat prostration,
tintinabulation, poverty, everything.

JACK
And a hell of an earache.

52 INT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - ANOTHER ANGLE 52

As Jack and Harry move on to another painting, they pass by Geller and Klausmann who are also slowly strolling through the show.

GELLER
(inspecting Klausmann like a bug)
So you are Arthur Klausmann? Art dealer extraordinaire.

KLAUSMANN
I certainly hope so.

GELLER
Well if, as you say, you have discovered and are about to offer a PREVIOUSLY UNKNOWN VINCENT VAN GOGH...

KLAUSMANN
Shhh! Please...

GELLER
...painting for sale, then I can assure you your reputation is secured. When can I see it?

KLAUSMANN
We're getting it back this afternoon from the authentication lab.

GELLER
Authentication lab. Orangutans in white coats! What can they tell you? About the linen weave of the canvas, the thickness and arc of the brush hairs? To prove authenticity, you need an eye, not a lens.

KLAUSMANN
Yes, of course, Mr. Geller. That's why we...

GELLER
Call me the moment these primates have finished slobbering over it. And I'LL tell you if you have the real McCoy or not.

As Geller turns to ogle another woman, we can see that it is Harry still strolling. Klausmann is so caught up with Geller, and Jack so focused on Harry, that the two men don't even notice each other.

We leave Klausmann and Geller and follow Jack and Harry.

HARRY
...the real McCoy or not.
(checking her watch)
Well...it's time. I've got to go. They're
expecting me at the lab at three.

JACK
Good luck.

HARRY
This could be great for me. I'll be the first
art historian to write about the new Van Gogh.
This could make my career.

JACK
And I'm off to see a man about a murder.
Which could completely kill mine.

53 INT. VAN DER VEER STUDIO 53

Van Der Veer takes a swig from a bottle that is so completely covered with paint it could be from a still-life. Then he steps back to admire his work, and is suitably exalted by it.

Pulling back, we can see what he is looking at. It's a completely blank canvas.

Charging up to it, he inspects it under a magnifying glass and is still satisfied. Hundreds of paint-filled cotton balls - the remnants of the original painting - fill the floor below.

Pausing for a moment to conduct the music, Van Der Veer takes out a series of small drawings and color studies and tacks them to a nearby board. These show various parts and outlines of a group of flowers.

Van Der Veer kicks aside the cotton balls, waste paper, and cans generated by the first round of work, and starts to set up his brushes, paints, and palettes, for the next round.

54 INT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM - AUTHENTICATION LAB - DAY 54

DR. SANDRA SHOR, a short woman in her fifties, is leading Art, Philip, and Nigel on a tour of the authentication lab where she is the director.

The group might as well be walking through a NASA space center. They are all wearing white lab coats and there are high-tech machines everywhere.

The paintings, on shelves throughout the lab, have all been turned to face the wall.

One of the lab workers is a gorilla. Shor taps him sharply on the shoulder as she passes by.

SHOR

(singsong)

Very funny, Tim. We have visitors.

He removes the gorilla mask and says hello.

Moving through a set of doors, the group enters a dust free environment and everyone struggles to put on a shower cap.

SHOR

This is the ultraviolet and infrared section. They reveal underpaintings and help us evaluate the varnish.

(moving on)

These machines here are used for spectral analysis. We can pretty much pinpoint where any particular sample was manufactured. Where and when.

(pointing)

And over there is gas chromatography. To date the pigments by their chemical decomposition...

PHILIP

Very impressive, doctor. I'm sure you'll be able to handle our little Van Gogh.

SHOR

We've even helped the FBI investigate a few murder cases. Now around the corner there is a scanning microdensitometer...

55 INT. METROPOLITAN AUTHENTICATION LAB - WAITING ROOM 55

Leaving the laboratory section through hospital doors, the group encounters Harry sitting on a couch in the waiting room.

SHOR

There you are! Gentlemen, this is Dr. Harriet Gordon. Harry, this is Arthur Klausmann, Philip Betancourt, and Nigel....

NIGEL

Attenborough. Lord of Tilton Manor.

HARRY

Tilton Manor? Isn't that the one in the dog food commercials?

NIGEL

A low moment in the dynasty. Dog doo everywhere. All that will change soon, I trust.

SHOR

Lord Nigel is hoping to become the proud parent of an original Van Gogh. The one we're testing.

HARRY

So I've heard. It's very exciting.

SHOR

I asked Dr. Gordon to join us because she's an expert on Impressionism. I'd like to get her reaction to the test results.

PHILIP

Speaking of which...is there any hope of that happening sometime soon?

SHOR

I think they're almost done. Why don't you all have a seat here and I'll find out.

56 INT. HOTEL PIERRE BAR - DAY 56

Jack takes a seat at the bar next to a portly man dressed in a loud yellow jacket. The man is Henrik Nordstrom, Dutch salesman, speaking with an accent thick enough to cut a wedge of Gouda.

JACK

Mr. Nordstrom?

NORDSTROM

Ah, it is Mr. Pollack from the shipping office then, is it?

JACK

More or less. Thanks for meeting me. I wanted to ask you if you knew a passenger named Roland Dykstra.

NORDSTROM

Sure, sure. Ve spent some time making little chittertalk togezer. He vas a very quiet man. A small man. Mitt a teensy tiny little appetite.

JACK

Did you know him before the cruise?

NORDSTROM

No no, certainly. Ve met at dinner one night. I invited him to my cabin for a chitter. He vas joost a quiet little small man.

JACK

What did you two talk about, if you don't mind my asking.

NORDSTROM

Dat and dis. Ve vere joost two nice happy Dutchmen speaking Dutch togezer up to d'vee hours.

JACK

Mr. Nordstrom, are you aware that Dykstra might have been murdered!

NORDSTROM

Mordered?? You mean killed by morder? Mitt a knife or zumzing? Yipes.

JACK

Why do you say with a knife?

NORDSTROM

I don't say. You say.

JACK

Why don't you tell me what happened that night?

NORDSTROM

For sure, he came to my cabin. Dat vas number four-tirty-four. Late, it vas. After dinner, most certainly. Und den ve vere up very late talking und drinking. Until tree or four in d'morning.

JACK

That's funny because everyone on the boat said he didn't drink at all.

NORDSTROM

Yah. He didn't. He vas drunk as a seaman ven he left.

57 INT. METROPOLITAN AUTHENTICATION LAB - WAITING ROOM 57

Total SILENCE, as Art and Philip pace back and forth like nervous fathers. Harry is reading a magazine. Nigel is fast asleep.

Suddenly Sandra Shor bursts in through the swinging doors. She's trailing a long computer printout behind her and beaming.

SHOR

Congratulations. You've got a healthy 12 pound original painting, circa late 1880's, more or less.

A cheer goes up from the group.

GORDON

It needs surprisingly little restoration too. Just a facial, no major surgery.

KLAUSMANN

(to Philip)

I told you. It's a real Van Gogh.

SHOR

You know I can't say THAT. All these tests show is that there's no reason to question its age. The wood on the stretchers, the linen of the canvas, the paint pigment, a few brush hairs. They all prove to be of the right vintage. But whether it was actually painted by Van Gogh himself, that's up to the critics and the historians. You've seen it Harry, what do you think?

HARRY

(after a long pause)

I think it is.

A new round of congratulations follows.

HARRY

But have you spoken to Willison Geller? He's the leading Van Gogh expert.

KLAUSMANN

He's agreed to look at it tomorrow morning.

NIGEL

And after that?

KLAUSMANN

You can buy your own dog food company.

58 INT. HOTEL PIERRE BAR 58

NORDSTROM

He ate little. A few snips. Und den he drank. Not so much. But too much, I guess.

JACK
Did he tell you anything? About himself?

NORDSTROM
Only dat he come all d'way to make an
important delivery.

JACK
Delivery. Did he say to whom?

NORDSTROM
Not to me, after all. I am not z'inspektor.
I am yoost a Dutch businessman doing business.
We have some drinks togezer.

JACK
What IS your business exactly?

NORDSTROM
Have my card, pliss.

JACK
(studying the card)
You're a painter?

NORDSTROM
Psssh. Not a painter. A salesman. Of
painting zoopies. Brushes, paints, and
d'like.

JACK
Where did Mr. Dykstra go when he left your
cabin?

NORDSTROM
Back to his room, certainly. You are not
thinking that I have killed this silly little
man. This is absurd, yah?

59 INT. ROYAL ATLANTIC OCEAN LINER - CABIN 434 59

Jack is standing in front of the cabin door, on which the number 434 can be plainly seen. He checks his watch. Then, consulting a map of the ship, he heads off down the long corridor.

From the far end of that corridor, we see Jack crisscrossing the maze of hallways, making wrong turns, then backtracking. Close up again, we follow Jack down one of the hallways until he suddenly stops, then backs up. Down at the end of a short passageway that he bypassed at first, we see a door. It is an emergency exit door. It has an elaborate security device on the handle and a sign saying STOP in red letters. Jack walks down to it.

He discovers a dent on the wall near the door. Jack throws himself against the wall and grabs his own throat, acting out an assault. When he grabs his own arm and pins it to the wall, it fits the dent exactly.

Satisfied that his scenario is plausible, Jack leaps forward and falls against the door. It swings open. He has to grab the handle to stop himself from falling in the drink. The door has opened directly onto the open water. We can see the dull churning surface of the Hudson River a few yards below.

60 INT. VAN DEER VEER STUDIO - DAY 60

Van Der Veer is painting. He's holding two brushes in his painting hand, another in his mouth, and a huge wooden palette in his other hand.

The expression on his face is one of manic concentration. He could just as well be doing something horrendous to a small animal.

The music is gone. In its place we hear a POUNDING on the door and the sound of the landlady griping and complaining in French.

Van Der Veer pays no attention.

Soon we hear the CLICK of a key at the lock. The door opens wide enough for the landlady to stick her head in through the crack. She's silent for a moment as she looks around the studio, then sees him and starts BARKING again.

Suddenly getting a divine inspiration, Van Der Veer puts down the brushes, reaches into his back pocket and pulls out the gun.

In a close up, we see that this is a gun of huge caliber, splattered with paint.

When she finally sees the gun pointed at her, the landlady shrieks, pops her head out through the door, and disappears. Van Der Veer smiles wickedly.

61 INT. KLAUSMANN OFFICE - DAY 61

Through the enormous fishtank, we can see Nigel sitting with his feet up on Klausmann's desk and Klausmann pacing nervously.

NIGEL

Will you calm down. You're utterly useless to everyone lying dead in a coffin from a heart attack.

KLAUSMANN

(pointing to a side door)

He's been in there with it for two hours.

Noticing that one of his large goldfish is lying dead on the bottom of the tank, Klausmann walks over to the tank, pushes up his sleeve, and reaches in retrieves the fish.

NIGEL

Let him take two months. What do we care? As long as he reaches the right conclusion.

KLAUSMANN

Sure. Fine. But what the hell's he doing in there? Counting the brushstrokes?

Klausmann puts the fish to his lips, blows water out of it, and replaces in the tank where it resumes its swim. It's a plastic fish, like all the others.

At this point, the door to the side room opens and Willison Geller, carrying his cane and a small sheaf of papers tightly under his arm, strides out of Klausmann's office without saying a word.

Klausmann and Nigel look at each other non-plussed. They scramble out after him, breaking into an undignified racewalk as they reach Geller at the elevator, where he has struck his patented pose.

KLAUSMANN

Mr. Geller! Is there a problem?

NIGEL

Did you need a magnifier or some such thing?

Geller peers at them over the rim of his half-glasses.

GELLER

Did you think that A-R-T could be detected?
Like a fingerprint?

(pointing to the floor near Nigel's foot)

Oooh, look out, there's a pile of art over there. You might step in it.

KLAUSMANN

Ha ha no.

The elevator arrives and Geller steps in.

NIGEL

Then for god's sake, man, what do you think?

GELLER

It isn't what I think, it's what I know.

KLAUSMANN

Precisely what Lord Nigel meant.

Geller presses the button. Art and Nigel tilt forward in anticipation.

KLAUSMANN and NIGEL
(together)

And?

As the elevator doors start to close, Geller merely offers a WINDY whisper:

GELLER

Go go, Van Gogh.

KLAUSMANN and NIGEL
(together)

YES!

62 INT. PORT AUTHORITY PIER 81 - CARLA OFFICE - DAY 62

Carla is brandishing a folded newspaper like an axe.

CARLA

What is this? Did you see this? How did this happen?

JACK

(trying to read it in mid-swing)

What is it? An obituary?

CARLA

Ours maybe.

(shoving it at him to read)

It's an article saying that one of the passengers on the recent Royal Atlantic trip from France is missing. How did the newspapers find out?

JACK

One newspaper. A filler, buried on page 38.

CARLA

If the Royal Atlantic people see it we're sunk.

JACK

Why us? It's not our fault. We didn't lose Dykstra.

CARLA

Jack, Jack...Jack! We're in charge of the 50th anniversary bash celebrating the entire Royal Atlantic fleet. Everything that happens in the next two weeks is our fault.

JACK

A man disappears, maybe murdered, and all you can think of is your job.

CARLA

That's right. And you'd better start doing the same thing if you want to keep yours. My advice for you is to get started on a release responding to this.

JACK

I'm telling you, I think this guy was murdered. I thought you wanted me to find out what happened to him.

CARLA

No, I wanted you to FIND him. He can't be murdered, Jack. It's not in our PR plan. Forget Dykstra. Just put a good spin on the story.

JACK

Like what? He's still missing.

CARLA

So's Jimmy Hoffa, but they're not blaming US for it. You're the writer, Jack. Think of something.

63 EXT. ROYAL ATLANTIC OBSERVATION DECK - NIGHT 63

The open-air deck of the ship has been scrubbed and cleaned. All furniture has been removed except for a small table with two chairs. They are set in the middle of the wooden platform in the center of the deck. An elaborate candelabra is sitting on the table, the flames bucking the slight breeze.

All above, the canopy of stars twinkle. And in the background, the dazzling skyline of Manhattan at night can be seen.

Jack, dressed in a suit, is waiting for the elevator doors to open. When they do, Harry, looking like a flower in a frilly dress, steps out.

HARRY

You weren't kidding? We're really going on a cruise.

JACK

The shortest one on record.

HARRY

I've never seen anything so beautiful.

JACK

I have. But it was in a dream.

Jack signals for a man who has been standing in the shadows. It's a waiter, suitably suited, who comes over to hold the chair for Harry and explain the menu.

As they begin to order dinner, we hear a loud THUMP as the ship jolts.

HARRY

What was that?

JACK

Anchors aweigh. We must have shoved off.

HARRY

Where are we going? Some place exotic, I hope.

JACK

Where would you like to go?

HARRY

Nowhere. I'd just like to float around under the stars without any destination at all.

Jack makes a voodoo gesture with his fingers.

JACK

Presto.

HARRY

You know I don't usually take cruises with strange men. Should I be concerned?

JACK

Only if you want to come back a virgin.

HARRY

That wouldn't be a cruise, Jack. That would be a miracle.

As they eat and talk, we move slowly around them catching glimmers in their eyes, and the glittering nightscape as it slowly changes around them.

HARRY

They're setting up a news conference in a few weeks. And they want ME to talk about the painting.

JACK

Aren't you forgetting one important fact here?

HARRY

What's that?

JACK

That the painting was smuggled.

HARRY

Not smuggled. Concealed. There's no law against that.

JACK

But it IS suspicious. How do you know it really belongs to them?

HARRY

I've seen the provenance.

JACK

(pointing towards heaven)

You mean...

HARRY

No, the provenance is the proof of ownership. The history of the painting. Lord Nigel has all the papers.

JACK

They killed him, Harry. I'm sure of it.

HARRY

They don't seem like killers to me.

JACK

Not personally. Maybe they hired Nordstrom to do it.

HARRY

Is he a hitman type?

JACK
Absolutely. About as vicious as Liberace.
(shaking his head and laughing)
I don't know, maybe I need a vacation too.

65 EXT. ROYAL ATLANTIC OBSERVATION DECK - ANOTHER ANGLE 65

Jack and Harry hey get up from the table and walk over to the railing. The panorama of shore lights is still moving around the ship. From somewhere down below they can hear a recording of the song PAPER MOON.

HARRY
(touching him on the cheek)
Poor Jack. Everything has to have an answer, doesn't it.

JACK
(moving closer)
That's why I read mysteries. They have solutions.

HARRY
But real life isn't like that.

JACK
(even closer)
No. But some things seem to lead in a certain direction.

HARRY
What if it's the wrong direction?

JACK
(closer still)
I'd know it.

HARRY
How?

JACK
(almost touching)
It wouldn't feel right.

They kiss.

Just as their lips meet, bright lights flash behind them in the night sky. It's a soft explosion, at first. But in a moment, the CLASH of horns and cymbals joins the light. Then an enormous fountain of water rises up, gushing through a rainbow of colors.

They're still kissing as the rush of water shifts direction and drenches them both.

They stare at each other for a moment, perturbed at being completely soaked, but speechless. Slowly, they look over the railing where they're standing. There's a fireboat next to the ocean liner that's the source of the light and water. Someone on that boat turns off the radio playing Paper Moon, as other sailors scatter over the deck.

One of the crewmen on the fireboat is shouting to someone else on a lower deck of the Royal Atlantic.

FIRST MAN

Is that going to work?

SECOND MAN

Only if the wind is right. You'd better give yourself another 100 yards. We don't want to be the drown the guest of honor.

The Royal Atlantic jolts again, as Harry examines the soggy mop that her lovely dress has become.

JACK

(trying to be cheery)

Well, we're back. Shortest cruise on record. Just long enough to turn the boat around.

HARRY

Quite a surprise.

JACK

That...wasn't exactly...part of the plan. The fireboat is practicing for the party we're throwing.

HARRY

I think they need more practice.

JACK

I can have the Steward take our clothes to the cleaners. There's one right on the ship.

HARRY

I didn't bring a change of clothes exactly.

JACK

I'm sure we can find something you'll look...nice in...without any clothes.

66 INT. NEW YORK PENTHOUSE OF STEWART BROWN - DAY66

Close up on a man swimming like crazy. He is fully suited up with goggles, cap, nose plugs, and really tearing through the water.

Pulling back we see that he isn't in an Olympic race at all. He's in a tiny pool barely larger than he is. It's a lap swimming pool, slightly larger than a bathtub, that creates a strong current against which he is stroking.

Pulling back even further we see that this pool is on the terrace of a penthouse overlooking Central Park. Philip and Nigel are sitting poolside at a bar, waiting for the man - STEWART BROWN - to finish his workout.

When he does, Brown emerges from the pool and is helped into a robe by an attendant. Brown is a tall, bald man with the darting manner of a lizard.

BROWN

Okay. I think we can do business. Let me see it again.

From a calfskin briefcase, Nigel takes out a leather portfolio and a black envelope. He begins to leaf through the portfolio showing glassine pages with documents in them. But he closes it following an impatient gesture from Brown.

Instead, Nigel opens the envelope. Inside is an 8 X 10 chrome that Brown holds up to the light to see. It is a photo of the Van Gogh Lilies.

BROWN

Yes. This is exactly the sort of thing they're looking for. And you say it's never been on the market before?

PHILIP

It was only just discovered. Hidden in an old warehouse in Provence. It was a gift to a member of Lord Tilton's family years ago. As far as we know, no one has ever seen it. Except Van Gogh, of course.

BROWN

And the authenticity?

PHILIP

Stewart! I'm surprised at you. Do you think I would have gotten you this involved if there was a question about it?

To this, Brown merely smiles.

PHILIP

In any case, we'll hold a press conference at which the Metropolitan will support it. And we've got scholars lined up the wazoo. Including Geller.

BROWN

(sitting down in a lounge chair)

Then we're willing to offer you twenty for it.

Nigel perks up.

PHILIP

I told you, Stewart, the Van Gogh isn't for sale.

BROWN

(to Nigel)

He loves to ride me. It's a little hobby of his. Ever since I snatched that marvelous Velasquez from under his nose.

PHILIP

It's a condition of the offering that this painting be put out for bid at a public auction. He won't believe me. Tell him, Lord Nigel.

NIGEL

It's Mumsy. The painting came with her will and the auction is one of the conditions.

PHILIP

Naturally, I'd like to do whatever I can to help you and your people purchase it. I have a soft spot for you after I unloaded that lousy Velasquez on you.

BROWN

And I suppose you have some terms all worked out?

PHILIP

(tapping the briefcase)

Right here.

BROWN

This kind of thing can get very sticky, Philip. I represent a syndicate of international investors. We can't have anything questionable coming out about our involvement.

PHILIP

I can't believe this guy. Stewart, this is Barlowe's Auction House we're talking about. Not Crazy Eddie. If there's one thing you can count on when dealing with Barlowe's... it's absolute, total, uncompromising DISCRETION!

67 EXT. NEWSSTAND 67

MISSING VAN GOGH, THE NEW VAN GOGH, VAN GOGH LILIES FOUND!!
It's the cover of every single magazine and newspaper in sight.

68 INT. VAN DER VEER STUDIO 68

Van Der Veer is standing back and admiring his work. It is a painting of flowers. It's similar in style to the one on the cover of all the magazines. But it's clearly a different work.

In celebration, Van Der Veer knocks back the last of the liquid in the bottle he keeps nearby, then throws the empty bottle against the wall, SHATTERING it loudly.

Slightly woozy, Van Der Veer puts on a pair of red goggles, then takes the painting and shoves it into an large, tarry looking oven. He checks a gauge, sets a timer, then closes the door.

Still swaggering, he picks up a hunk of paint stained baloney from a taboret and walks over to a grungy sink. In the mirror over the sink he sees and admires his own pinched face.

With his left hand arched over the top of head, he holds the baloney solemnly over his right ear. Then suddenly, he picks up an enormous knife and slices off the tip of the baloney, miming pain and terror.

He eats the slice of baloney.

69 EXT. BARLOWE'S AUCTION HOUSE - NIGHT 69

It's a Hollywood opening in front of Barlowe's with full treatment...Kleig lights, red carpet, TV cameras, the works. Celebrities are arriving in limousines.

70 INT. BARLOWE'S AUCTION HOUSE - RECEPTION ROOM 70

Jack and Harry, dressed formally, are standing next to a huge smorgasbord. They are pointing out every celebrity they can recognize, trying to be cool about it but not succeeding.

Philip walks by, all smiles.

HARRY

Philip, this is Jack Pollack. He works for Layette & Thicke, the public relations firm.

PHILIP

(distracted)

Yes, I've heard of you. You helped elect that sleazeball congressman, what's his name.

JACK

That wasn't my account.

PHILIP

Too bad. It was a great campaign. It worked.

(greeting guests)

We're about to become the most famous auction house in the world. We'll probably need a PR firm. Why don't you give me a call?

HARRY

You're doing all right, Philip. How did you get all these famous people to show up?

PHILIP

Who them? We contacted Celebrities, Inc. They're all models. You know, lookalikes.

Jack turns to inspect, at very close range, one of them who has come up to the table to get some food.

As he does, Art Klausmann arrives on the scene.

KLAUSMANN

Hey, Jack Pollack. How are you? This is a helluva party. I think I just saw William Holden.

JACK

Helluva party. I guess it's so big he just HAD to come BACK for it.

KLAUSMANN

Did you set this up?

HARRY

Shhh! everybody. They're about to unveil the painting.

On a podium at the front of the room, a gorgeously dressed woman is standing next to a small silk curtain. She starts to say a few words welcoming the guests.

JACK

(whispering to Klausmann)

Do you know a man named Henrik Nordstrom?

KLAUSMANN

Who? Nordstrom? Should I?

JACK

Only because he might have murdered your Mr. Dykstra.

KLAUSMANN

Jack, please. Keep your voice down. He wasn't MY Mr. Dykstra. He wasn't anybody's. He was nobody.

JACK

Then why did you have Nordstrom get rid of him?

KLAUSMANN

Are you completely insane?

JACK

I know you smuggled this painting into the country.

KLAUSMANN

(blanching)

I'm telling you. Dykstra brought it in secretly so we could control the publicity. You of all people should be able to understand that!

HARRY

Shhh!

The woman on the podium, having finished her short statement, pulls on a silk cord. The curtain falls to the ground, revealing Van Gogh's Lilies in all its glory, now set inside an ornate gilded frame.

Applause EXPLODES from the crowd.

71 INT. TAXICAB - NIGHT 71

Jack and Harry are sitting in the back seat of the cab. A Robert Di Nero look-alike, whom we had seen at the party, is driving.

Harry is playing with Jack's fingers, but he seems, for once, preoccupied.

JACK

This isn't right.

HARRY

Don't tell me you're married.

JACK

No, I mean something's wrong.

HARRY

I'll say. You haven't gazed longingly into my moist eyes even once tonight..

JACK

Why Dykstra? If Lord Nigel owns it, why didn't he bring it over himself?

HARRY

How can you sit there so close to me, feeling the heat rising from the silk of my nubile flesh...and think of that pompous twit?

JACK

Who?

In the rear view mirror of the taxi, we can see the cabbies eyes reflected eerily.

HARRY

Oh brother.

JACK

I mean...Nigel came from England. So if Dykstra was a courier, he must have picked it up in France. But from whom?

HARRY

(giving up)

Well why don't you just go and look it up in his appointment book?

JACK

(a light going on)

The datebook! I forgot about that.

(kisses her quickly)

Make a left here and go to Pier 81!

TAXI DRIVER

Are you talkin' to ME?

72 INT. POLLACK OFFICE - NIGHT 72

Jack is opening and closing all the drawers of his desk, while Harry lolls sexily on the desktop. One of the thin straps of her slinky dress has fallen off her shoulder. She doesn't put it back.

Jack finally pulls out an envelope and dumps the contents on the desk next to her. Then he types something into the small laptop computer, while Harry picks up the datebook and looks through it. But page after page of the book is completely empty.

HARRY
Thrilling life he led.

JACK
What about the day the boat arrived?
(reading from the computer screen)
That was on the sixteenth.

HARRY
(reading from the book)
Klausmann. Three o'clock. And the phone
number.

JACK
And the departure? That was...on the fifth.

HARRY
Say, is that a hard drive in your laptop or
are you happy to see me?

JACK
(distracted for the moment)
Happy.

HARRY
(back to the book)
Its says eleven A.M. and then...V-D-V. What
does that mean?

JACK
Are there addresses in the back? Maybe it's
someone's initials.

Jack is watching her closely as she goes through the list,
taken all of her in. As he slowly begins to move his hand up
her leg, she loses her place. Then, flustered, she finds it
again.

HARRY
What about this one? Willem V. Der Veer. Der
Veer? That sounds familiar.

JACK
Not to me. Is there an address?

HARRY
It's in France. There's a phone number.

JACK
Let's call Mr. Der Veer and see what he has to
say.

HARRY
But it's probably five in the morning there.

JACK

Even better.

73 INT. VAN DER VEER STUDIO 73

Van Der Veer is up and working. He's just taking his painting out of the oven. With a jeweler's loupe stuck in his left eye, he is holding the canvas up to the light, inspecting it closely, muttering to himself.

The RINGING of the phone jolts him out of his daze.

Behind him on a table is a massive glob of multicolored paint. It's the phone, which Van Der Veer answers stiffly. As we listen to his end of the conversation, we slowly move around him, from his back to his front.

VAN DER VEER

Yah? Who? Yah. Who? Of course I do, you ninny. Who is this speaking on the phone? Who? I don't know you. What do you mean? What did you say? Murdered! Did you say murdered?

On that last word, we have come full circle around Van Der Veer and can see the emotion registered on his face. Not shock, not even grief. It's pure, blind, steaming RAGE.

He SLAMS down the phone, picks it up again and dials a number. His lips are squished and he's tapping his foot with suppressed anger.

VAN DER VEER

Hello yes? This is one one two Rue des Artistes. Get me a cab to the airport AT ONCE!

74 INT. POLLACK OFFICE - NIGHT 74

Jack stares into the phone when he hears the CLICK.

JACK

Nice talking to you.

HARRY

What did he say?

JACK

He called me a ninny. Sheila used to call me that.

HARRY

Your ex-wife?

JACK

Ex-baby sitter.

HARRY

(sitting in his lap)

Have you taken HER up here late at night like this?

JACK

(happily surprised)

I didn't work here in third grade.

HARRY

What exactly do you do here anyway?

JACK

I give false impressions.

HARRY

(slowly undoing his tie)

To who?

JACK

To clients. That's my job. Fudging the facts. Shades of meaning. Spin control.

HARRY

Why not just tell the truth?

JACK

Which truth?

HARRY

The whole truth.

JACK

The world's too complex for that. There's personal truth, practical truth, political truth. Nothing is what it is. Things are only what they seem to be. And for that, you need professionals.

Jack has slipped the other thin strap of her dress off her shoulder and is touching her skin there lightly.

HARRY

But some things are simple.

JACK

Yes. But not for long.

We are close on their profiles as they kiss and as we cut to:

75 INT. KLAUSMANN OFFICE - NIGHT 75

Close on Klausmann's bulbous profile, but he isn't kissing anyone. He's nervously pacing across the room.

KLAUSMANN

All right, let's go over it one more time.

NIGEL

Is this absolutely necessary?

KLAUSMANN

YES. They'll ask you.

NIGEL

I haven't worked this hard since that dreadful dinner at Buckingham.

KLAUSMANN

Do you want to keep Tilton Manor, or not?

NIGEL

It's all in the provenance anyway. Why would I know it?

KLAUSMANN

Don't be an idiot! This is the most important painting of the twentieth century. You OWN it. OF COURSE you would know its history. Now let's go over it one more time.

NIGEL

(bored to death)

It was painted by Van Gogh in 1988.

KLAUSMANN

1888!

NIGEL

Of course, of course. Obviously. 1888. Van Gogh gave it as a present to one of the prostitutes in Arles, Provence. She passed it on to her daughter in around 1935 where it appears in the listing of the dowry. He...

KLAUSMANN

She! The daughter is a she.

NIGEL

She married a British soldier in France during the war. In 1940.

KLAUSMANN

We believe it was 1940. We don't know for sure.

NIGEL

Yes, yes...believe. This soldier was related, a second cousin, to my father Lord Tilton. Lord Tilton obtained the painting in a property transfer in 1950, and passed it on to Lady Attenborough when he died. When Mumsy passed away in...

Klausmann gasps.

He has just noticed someone standing in the doorway to the office. The looming figure is taking up the entire doorway. Nigel, startled by Klausmann's reaction, looks too but doesn't recognize the intruder.

75 INT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - GORDON OFFICE - NIGHT 75

Harry is sitting at her desk. She is searching her computer files. Looking over her shoulder we can see screen after screen of newspaper clippings scrolling by.

Exasperated, she types in a command and in response to a prompt on the screen, the name DER VEER. The computer responds with the words: NOT FOUND

She types in the words: V. DER VEER

NOT FOUND

Tapping a pencil nervously on the desktop, she comes up with an idea and types in: VON DER VEER

NOT FOUND

Next she tries VAN DER VEER

The computer hums, scrolls, and presents a newspaper clipping on the screen. The headline says:
ART FORGER FAKES OUT EXPERTS.

We close in on the photograph that accompanies the article. It shows the haughty face of none other than Willem Van Der Veer.

HARRY

Oh...my...God.

The man in the doorway steps forward into the light. It is Van Der Veer, tall and angular, wearing a paint spattered duster. He has a severe expression on his face, a wince of pain mixed with some sort of bowel strain.

This image, combined with the clipped syllables of his slight accent, give him the presence of an escapee from some kind of cowboy nuthouse.

KLAUSMANN

(sputtering)

What...the hell...are YOU...doing here? Are you completely NUTS?

VAN DER VEER

So they tell me.

NIGEL

Who's he?

Klausmann pulls Van Der Veer into the office, snoops up and down the hallway, then slams the door closed.

KLAUSMANN

What are you doing here? Did anybody see you come? Do you know what kind of risk this is? You could ruin everything!

VAN DER VEER

(mimicking)

'What are you doing here? You could ruin everything.' But not 'come in, monsieur, what a delight to have you. Would you like some teacakes and a spot of brandy.'

NIGEL

Who is this?

KLAUSMANN

I thought you understood the plan. We weren't to make any contact until after the painting was SOLD! I thought you understood that.

VAN DER VEER

(looking around)

I see you are living high upon a hog, as you say. A nice office. Nice little fishies in the fishy tank. Museum chairs. This is actual leather, I suppose.

KLAUSMANN

We had a deal. It was all arranged. You agreed to it.

NIGEL

Is this some sort of long lost cousin or something? Perhaps I should leave and let you two catch up.

KLAUSMANN

It's him, you idiot. It's Van Der Veer.

VAN DER VEER

Yes, we had a deal. I agreed to it. Yes, yes, yes. But circumstances have changed somewhat, wouldn't you say?

KLAUSMANN

What's changed? Nothing's changed. The painting is at Barlowe's, as planned. The auction is all set up, as planned.

NIGEL

And just who the bloody hell is Van Der Veer?

VAN DER VEER

How very good and well-planned. But all that is cast in a different light now, don't you think? Now that certain events have transpired.

KLAUSMANN

(losing it)

What light? What the hell are you talking about? What events?

VAN DER VEER

It was not precisely in the plan for YOU to murder Roland Dykstra. No, I don't recall THAT as part of the plan.

KLAUSMANN

Has everyone completely lost their mind?

NIGEL

(dawning)

Ah, Willem Van Der Veer. Well, it's bloody nice to meet you at last. Pleasant trip over?

78 PORT AUTHORITY PIER 81 - CARLA OFFICE - DAY 78

Carla is sitting at her desk. As she talks on the phone, she is slowly opening a folded piece of paper.

CARLA

Yes, Federico, everything is all set up. No problems at all. The party starts at eight o'clock. Mr. Franks will make his presentation at nine-thirty.

(a pause)

The food is all taken care of.

The opened paper contains a handwritten note that says:

Carla, how about this:

MAN ABDUCTED BY ALIENS...LOSES 10 LBS. IN 3 DAYS!
Send for details.

Jack

Disgusted she tosses the note into the wastebasket.

CARLA

(continuing)

Don't be silly, Federico. We've got our best people working on this. Nothing's going to go wrong.

79 INT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - LECTURE HALL 79

We are watching Harry finishing a lecture. Behind her on the screen is a huge slide of Matisse's Odalesque.

As she finishes her remarks, we see Art Klausmann walk in through the back door and take a seat.

HARRY

...she looked at the canvas on his easel, studied it for a minute and said `But monsieur, this woman's arm is much too long.' Matisse answered: `But madame, this is not a woman. It is a painting." Next time, Renoir. And don't forget your papers."

Students leave as the lights come up, and Klausmann moves down to the front row of seats. Noticing him, Harry grabs a folder and rushes over to him at the first available moment.

HARRY

Mr. Klausmann! I'm afraid I have some terrible news for you. Awful.

KLAUSMANN

Professor Gordon. That was quite a stimulating lecture. You would think as an art dealer I would...

HARRY
(lowering her voice)
Mr. Klausmann. I hate to say this...but
there's a good chance that the Van Gogh is
a...
(mouthing the word)
...fake.

KLAUSMANN
(lipreading poorly)
A vase?

HARRY
(a teensy louder)
A fake. A modern forgery.

KLAUSMANN
Ha, professor. How hilariously amusing. I
didn't realize you had such an inventive sense
of...

HARRY
No, I have it all here in this file. The man
who brought it over on the boat, the courier,
met someone the day he left France. That
someone was Willem Van Der Veer. He's an art
forger.

KLAUSMANN
Nooooo.

HARRY
Yessss. I thought the name sounded familiar,
so I looked it up. He was never convicted but
he was accused of forging an Impressionist
painting nine years ago.

KLAUSMANN
Well that is too much. Imagine finding a
courier who just so happens to know such a
person. The odds must be a million to...

HARRY
Mr. Klausmann! I'm saying that this Van Der
Veer may have PAINTED your Van Gogh!

KLAUSMANN
Oh ha ha ha, professor. That's ridiculous.
Impossible. We have an air-tight provenance.
Geller's authenticated it. And it's passed
all the scientific tests.

HARRY

But that's Van Der Veer's genius. He buys authentic old canvases and strips the paint off, leaving the surface intact. They pass the tests because they ARE from the time period. He uses antique brushes. And he's developed ways of aging his pigments and varnish.

KLAUSMANN

And this man was arrested?

HARRY

No. He was only caught because someone turned him in. But they couldn't prove it.

KLAUSMANN

(relaxing a little)

Miss Gordon. I understand your feelings about this new Van Gogh. But we have to get hold of ourselves. Do you realize what's at stake here?

HARRY

That's why I called you.

KLAUSMANN

This could be the biggest art sale in history. We're counting on your expert opinion.

HARRY

But Mr. Klausmann. This would have to be investigated. I couldn't support the work with this hanging over it. Could you?

KLAUSMANN

But we have no real proof. Do we?

HARRY

No, but...

KLAUSMANN

My dear, I assure you. This is hysteria. I know. I've been getting hysterical myself. This Van Der Meer fellow, whoever he is, means nothing.

HARRY

But he knew Roland Dykstra.

KLAUSMANN

A coincidence. Don't give it another moment's thought. Everything is completely under control, professor. Trust me.

KLAUSMANN

She knows! She's knows about Van Der Veer.

NIGEL

How could she? Did he tell her?

KLAUSMANN

Why would he tell her? Just because he's demented, paranoid and vain? No. Our dear Mr. Van Der Veer, it seems, was involved in another art scam.

NIGEL

You didn't tell me THAT! Arthur, you never told me that.

KLAUSMANN

He didn't tell ME that! SHIT! I knew I should have gone with Matisse. Van Gogh attracts nuts.

NIGEL

This is is bloody awful, Arthur.

(getting an insight)

If I lose Tilton Manor, you realize, I simply am going to have to return here with a small handgun and blow your head off.

KLAUSMANN

Shhh! I'm thinking. She can't prove it. It's all just circumstantial. It passed all the tests.

NIGEL

Couldn't they concoct new tests? Better ones?

KLAUSMANN

Maybe. But once the painting is sold, it won't matter.

NIGEL

Why not?

KLAUSMANN

Because it will be in private hands. Out of circulation.

NIGEL

Couldn't a museum get it? You said the Japanese wanted to start a Van Gogh museum.

KLAUSMANN

Yes, but the chances are one of the pension funds or syndicates will end up with it. They've got more money. Once it's bought, no ones going to WANT to find out if it's a fake. Come on, we've got to figure out a way to stop her from saying anything before the auction.

As they leave the office, the door to the side room opens slowly and Van Der Veer steps out. He walks over to the desk and picks up the folder Harry gave Klausmann. As he runs his boney fingers over one of the documents inside, Van Der Veer studies Harry's name and address on the letterhead, then spits:

VAN DER VEER

Insects!

81 EXT. PORT AUTHORITY PIER 81 - SAILBOAT - DAY 81

Jack and Carla are standing on the deck of a small sloop. It is docked on the other side of the pier from the Royal Atlantic. It's the same one we saw at the opening credits.

While they talk, Carla is busy signing papers, and a series of armed gunmen are SILENTLY shooting each other and falling down dead on the deck and boat.

CARLA

I don't want to hear words like that Jack. Elegant, astonishing, yes. Not that.

JACK

Which words? Murder or dredging?

CARLA

We are not asking the police to dredge this river. We are not asking the police anything. We are having a successful promotional bash instead.

JACK

Suppose Dykstra's body bobs up to the surface during the president's speech? That's pretty bad PR.

CARLA

There is no bad PR, Jack. Only morons who believe what they're told.

Once all the gunmen are down, there is a long moment of silence, finally broken by a voice SHOUTING through a megaphone.

VOICE (o.s.)

Okay people. Then the car, then the music,
and the logo. And BOOM...we're outta here.
Let's crank up the camera and roll.

JACK

(leaping off the boat)

You leave me no choice, Carla. I'll have to
crack this case myself. A lone publicist
fighting the forces of evil in the big city.

CARLA

Just make sure you don't bury the lead, Jack.
Which in this case could be YOU.

82 INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT 82

It's a small, cozy kitchen filled with cooking tools and
utensils. Through the window, there's a view of the treetops
across the street in Riverside Park.

Jack and Harry are standing quite close together cutting
vegetables. But Harry, distraught, is brandishing her big
kitchen knife as she makes her points.

HARRY

I mean what if it's all part of a big fat
scam? The art forgery of the century! The
great FAKE Van Gogh!

JACK

(evading the knife)

Please! I can't stand bleeding to death
before dinner.

HARRY

What if they're all in on it too. Klausmann
and Van Der Veer. And Lord Nigel. And even
the head of Barlowe's!

JACK

(still ducking)

Whoops. Almost added a little tip of nose
there.

HARRY

Even the letter at the Morgan! What if that's
a fake too! Oh, I get so mad when I think
about it. We've all been duped. And I'm
supposed to be the great expert.

During a brief pause, Jack swoops in and grabs Harry's wrist.
He removes the big knife from her hand and substitutes a
small paring knife instead. Harry, oblivious, continues to
cut and brandish.

JACK
(studying the new knife)
That's better. Five, six stitches at the most.

HARRY
You're completely unsympathetic. My entire career is going right down the tubes. And all you can think about is dinner!

JACK
Me? I've been telling you all along not to trust them.

HARRY
Okay mister I've-been-telling-you. So now what?

JACK
Let's go to the police. We've got an art forgery and a murder. Or am I the only one who thinks laws are being broken here?

83 INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM 83

The dining table, taking up half the small room, has been elaborately set with tablecloth, napkins, and crystal candlesticks. But the mood is all wrong. Harry is even wearing a sexy dress. But as she sits down, she's forgotten to take off her apron.

HARRY
Police! What do they know about art?

JACK
They know about crimes.

HARRY
I contacted a detective once about the theft of a painting. He said he'd rather be seen dead in a whorehouse than alive in a museum.

JACK
That's good.

HARRY
Good?

JACK
I mean quotable. Look...what else is there to do about Klausmann and the others?

HARRY
Expose them for what they are. Dirty rotten scoundrels.

JACK

How?

HARRY

There's going to be a huge news conference tomorrow night. Right before the auction. Everyone's going to be there talking about the painting. That would sure blow their operation sky high.

JACK

(gesturing at the bottle)

Wine?

HARRY

No, not whine at all. I'd get up there and spill the beans.

(after a pause)

But there's no real evidence. No proof that any crime was committed.

JACK

There is if I can find Dykstra's body.

HARRY

That's right! If there was a murder, then they'd be FORCED to investigate. Any luck?

JACK

Not with the city morgue, the harbor police, the Coast Guard, or Port Authority security.

HARRY

Oh brother. Maybe we should just give up and forget the whole thing. Maybe I'm just imagining things.

As they continue talking, our angle slowly changes. We rise up above the candlelit table until we can also see out the window. Down below, across the street, there is a figure standing in the corona of a streetlight, looking up at us, at Harry's window.

It is Van Der Veer, pacing nervously.

84 INT. WILLISON GELLER STUDY - DAY 84

Willison Geller, dressed rather fancily in a white suit and dark shirt is sitting at a round oak table piled high with documents.

He is CLUNKING away at an old manual typewriter.

There's a speakerphone next to the typewriter, on which we can hear Harry's voice.

GELLER
Go ahead, Dr. Gordon. I'm still listening.

HARRY (O.S.)
Well, don't you think this should be investigated?

GELLER
I shouldn't think so at all. Why?

HARRY (O.S.)
Because Lilies may be a FAKE!

GELLER
All paintings are fakes, Doctor. No oranges, no smiling women. Just blobs of paint.

HARRY
But this one might not have been painted by Vincent Van Gogh!

GELLER
(getting snippy)
But it was, Dr. Gordon. We know this for a fact.

HARRY (O.S.)
What I'm trying to tell you is that...

GELLER
And what I'M trying to tell you is that this painting is authentic. This has been established. Willison Geller has said so. That's all anyone needs to hear. Don't bother your little head about it. Good day.

Without missing a typing beat, he taps a button on the phone and disconnects the call.

85 INT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART - LOBBY - DAY 85

Van der Veer has just come through the door and is sauntering through the lobby, hands in his pockets. He is stepping aside for no one as he heads for the ticket booths. For a moment he stops to look around and take in the paintings on the lobby walls. He notices the immense Matisse painting Dance on the wall, studies it for a moment, then swats at it like an annoying fly.

Pressing on, he heads to the sculpture garden. But as he reaches the glass doors, his manner suddenly changes from bluster to exaggerated stealth, trying to see someone before he himself is seen.

A very LARGE woman wearing tight black pants and a sweater is standing with her legs spread and her hands on her hips. She is directly in front of the huge statue titled Woman Standing by Gaston Lachaise. The statue is posed behind her in the exact same position, legs spread and hands on hips.

We can hear Klausmann's voice in the background, talking to someone.

KLAUSMANN (O.S.)

Look at all these people. Desperate for an uplifting experience. They'll even pay admission for it. What are they looking for? Beauty? Truth? Something pure. Well they won't find it here. Art is about the same two things everything else is about. Greed and vanity.

The woman sees someone she has been waiting for and moves off screen.

KLAUSMANN

(continuing O.S.)

That's probably hard to accept for a person such as yourself. You've spent your whole life pursuing it. Something higher. Better than the day to day. I know. That's why I got interested in art. I thought it would do more for me, for my soul I mean, than ladies' handbags.

We begin to move around the statue, as people come and go in the garden.

KLAUSMANN

(continuing O.S.)

But it all comes down to the same thing in the end. Truth is dead. People don't care about the facts. Only the appearance. The impression. You can't fight it. You've got to play the game. Accept what is.

As we continue to move around the statue, Klausmann's familiar shape comes into view. He is sitting on a bench. The person sitting next to him is blocked, for the moment, by his bulk.

KLAUSMANN

I'm glad we've come to this little understanding. Believe me, it wouldn't have made any difference in the end. People want what they want. And if they're willing to pay

for it, why shouldn't we make out too? You think Van Gogh WANTED to be a miserable starving wretch so the world could have a few more paintings?

As the camera comes around to the rear of the sculpture, we see the person Klausmann has been talking to. It is Harry!

KLAUSMANN

Take you, for instance. One half of one point of the sale price. That could come to a half a million bucks! Just for making a nice impression. Smiling in front of the cameras. And writing a couple of articles. That's got to be worth more to you than truth and beauty.

In the distance we can see Van Der Veer's head popping in and out behind another sculpture, the world's worst spy.

87 INT. POLLACK OFFICE - EVENING 87

Jack is just finishing putting on the jacket to his tuxedo as Carla walks in.

CARLA

Moonlighting as an usher?

JACK

They're auctioning the Van Gogh tonight. I'm meeting Harry there.

CARLA

And what about your dead man?

JACK

I sent a release to the papers. It said we found airline ticket receipts with Dykstra's name on them.

CARLA

Did we?

JACK

Yes. They show a departure back to France on the evening of the day the ship arrived. Dykstra must have slipped off the ship and gone right to the airport.

CARLA

Did he?

JACK

No. I had Peter write up fake tickets. But the cops'll be running around for weeks trying to figure it all out.

CARLA

Let's hope they don't.

JACK

Just because it didn't happen, doesn't mean it isn't true.

CARLA

What about the speech?

JACK

(handing her a computer disk)

It's all done. I dropped Columbus in favor of Lindbergh. The romance of travel and all that.

CARLA

Great. Then have fun. And hand out business cards.

The moment Carla leaves, Jack does a strange thing. He opens the top drawer of his desk and takes out a small package wrapped in brown paper. Then he walks over to the window, opens it, and tosses the package out. Stopping to listen, he hears a SPLASH as it lands in the water, then closes the window.

Down on the pier he notices the Old Salt still fishing, by the light of a lantern. But something is different this time. The man is wearing a bowler hat.

88 INT. BARLOWE'S AUCTION HOUSE - CONFERENCE ROOM88

TV crews and news reporters are crowded together in the room, setting up microphones and lights in the corner for a news conference. Willison Geller is there, trying to look eminent, along with a number of other self-important types.

Philip Betancourt is also there, looking at his watch and trying to move things along.

89 EXT. PORT AUTHORITY PIER 81 - STREETSIDE 89

Jack is leaving the office and heading for a line of cabs across the street. But he suddenly stops, thinks of something, then heads back towards the pier.

He walks over to the spot on the dock where he saw the Old Salt fishing. Sure enough, the man is still there. He's perched on a low wall, holding his fishing rod. Jack approaches him. Up close, and in the light of his kerosene lantern, he's a craggy man with bronze skin and a scratchy beard. A happy old coot, humming to himself.

JACK

Catch anything?

OLD SALT

What's that?

JACK

I say did you catch anything?

OLD SALT

Yup. Catch loads of stuff. All the time.

JACK

Fish?

OLD SALT

Nah. Caught a fish once. Threw it back. Smelled like the dickens. Besides, I don't eat fish.

JACK

What then?

OLD SALT

Oh, you name it.

JACK

All right. Bowler hats.

OLD SALT

Sure. This is the third one this year. Hats is my main catch. That and scarves.

JACK

Really. Why's that?

OLD SALT

Blow off, I suppose. Offa the boats and so forth. And they tend to float. Too bad for me money don't float.

(he laughs)

Well, bills do sometimes. Just not gold.

JACK

(pointing to the man's head)

When did you catch that one?

OLD SALT

Nice hat, isn't it? Oh let's see. That'd be about three, four weeks ago. When the Royal Atlantic first pull in. Caught lots of stuff offa that one. Beautiful ship she is. Hep! What's this?

There's a strong tug at the end of the fisherman's line. He has to strain against the weight of it. Jack grabs the fishing pole too and tries to help pull in the catch.

90 INT. BARLOWE'S AUCTION HOUSE - AUCTION GALLERY 90

The auction room is filled with chairs and people rushing in to fill them. It's a swank, well-dressed crowd but there's an undeniable fever in the air.

The Van Gogh is on an easel behind the podium, flanked by uniformed guards.

The auction director, a neat looking gent in a tuxedo named CYRIL, takes a position at the podium and BANGS a gavel on a pad. Philip, meanwhile, is standing off to the side, pointing nervously to his watch.

CYRIL

Ladies and gentlemen, may I have your attention. We are a little delayed this evening. The press conference is running behind schedule. Please bear with us for a few more minutes...

91 INT. PORT AUTHORITY PIER 81 - DOCKSIDE 91

Jack and the Old Salt have successfully hauled in the catch and are pulling it out of the water. As they hoist it up we see that it's the package Jack dropped out his office window twenty minutes earlier. The Old Salt lifts it up onto the pier and reads the name written on the outside:

OLD SALT

Your name Jack Pollack by any chance?

JACK

Yup. That's me all right.

OLD SALT

I got a package here for you.

There's a pause as Jack takes the soggy, wet package and considers the situation.

JACK

So it all ends up right here, doesn't it?

OLD SALT
(setting up his line again)
Sure does. That's why I set up here.
Something about the current running around
that pier. Damndest thing. I used to set up
near the tunnel entrance. Nothing but tires
and backseat whitefish.

JACK
Backseat whitefish?

OLD SALT
Condoms, son.

92 INT. BARLOWE'S AUCTION HOUSE - LOBBY 92

Harry arrives, all out of breath. She races to the elevator.
But as she pounds on the button, she realizes that the
elevator is up on a high floor.
She notices a door to a stairway off to the right. Going
towards it, she pushes the door open and starts up the
stairs. The door stays open.

What she doesn't see, but we do, is the boney paint-stained
hand holding the door open, even after she has disappeared up
the first flight.

93 INT. BARLOWE'S AUCTION HOUSE - AUCTION GALLERY 93

Art and Nigel are standing in the back of the room, watching
the seats fill up. They are whispering.

NIGEL
These are all art buyers?

KLAUSMANN
Who knows? Most art sales are private. They
don't make Newsweek.

NIGEL
But who are they all?

KLAUSMANN
Computer nerds, real estate investors, heirs.
People with too much money. They have to buy
SOMETHING. The more they pay for it, the more
they have to have it. So the price goes up.

NIGEL
What if no one buys it?

KLAUSMANN
That can't happen. There's too much at stake.

NIGEL

But what if it DOES happen?

KLAUSMANN

It can't. Philip has set a reserve. That's the price below which he won't sell it. In this case, it's 40 million dollars. They'll open the bidding at half that. Philip will have his own people in the audience bidding it up to the reserve.

NIGEL

Is that legal?

KLAUSMANN

It's beautiful. If they sense that the price won't reach the reserve, they'll buy it in.

NIGEL

Buy it in?

KLAUSMANN

The auction director will take a fake bid. It's called 'picking it off the chandelier.'

NIGEL

Then the auction house would still have it. What would that accomplish?

KLAUSMANN

It'll look like the painting sold for a high price. Then Barlowe's can sell it privately. And with all the publicity, they will. We can't lose.

NIGEL

This all sounds positively underhanded. No better than a common street swindle.

KLAUSMANN

Welcome, m'Lord, to the fine world of fine art.

94 INT. BARLOWE'S AUCTION HOUSE - ANOTHER ANGLE 94

After conferring with Philip, Cyril takes the podium again. He BANGS the gavel and calls everyone to order.

CYRIL

Thank you for your patience, ladies and gentlemen. It seems that we can begin the auction at this time. It has been decided that the news should take precedence over the reporting of it. So...

(taking some papers from an assistant)
...without further ado, may we now offer for auction perhaps the most exciting painting of the twentieth century. The recently discovered oil entitled Lilies by Vincent Van Gogh. The painting is twenty-six inches by thirty-four inches. The provenance establishes that it was painted...

95 INT. PORT AUTHORITY PIER 81 - DOCKSIDE 95

JACK

Bodies. Have you ever found any bodies?

OLD SALT

You mean floaters? Oh sure. This is New York, son. You can find anything. I imagine that I get about one floater a month around here.

JACK

What do you do with them?

OLD SALT

Depends.

JACK

On what?

OLD SALT

On if they're alive or dead. Alive...call 911. Dead...call the Fulton Fish Market.

(Jack winces)

That's a fishing joke, son.

JACK

You don't by any chance recall finding a 'floater' the day the Royal Atlantic docked do you? He was the owner of that hat.

OLD SALT

Well..let me see now. You know, now that you mention it, there WAS a floater just before this hat comes in. I didn't make the connection. You say this hat belonged to that feller? Damn! It's my size too.

JACK

What happened to him?

OLD SALT

Well now, let me think on that for a minute...

96 INT. BARLOWE'S AUCTION HOUSE - STAIRWELL 96

Harry arrives, out of breath, at the fourth floor landing. But there are two doors there. She opens one of them and looks inside. It is pitch black. Obviously a mistake. She turns to go, but is suddenly shoved inside, into the deep darkness. The door slams shut behind her.

97 INT. BARLOWE'S AUCTION HOUSE - AUCTION GALLERY97

The auction is under way. Some bidders are holding number paddles. But the ones doing the active bidding are simply making subtle gestures...a hand to an ear, a tug on a tie.

There is a hushed murmur in the air as the price goes up with each bid.

CYRIL

We have twenty million dollars? Yes. And now we have twenty five. Is that thirty? It is. We have thirty million dollars.

He turns to a man standing behind him who is on the phone. With a nod from the man on the phone, Cyril turns back to the podium and continues.

CYRIL

(continuing)

And we now have forty. Confirmed. We are at forty million dollars for Vincent Van Gogh's Lilies.

98 INT. BARLOWE'S AUCTION HOUSE - STORAGE ROOM 98

The light clicks on. We are in a small, dusty room filled with tools, light equipment, and old frames stored in vertical racks.

Harry wheels around to find Van Der Veer with his hand on the light switch. He manages a pained smile as he drops his hand abruptly and shoves it in the pocket of his duster.

VAN DER VEER

Please do not bother with any theatrics, Dr. Gordon. I am quite capable of going beserk when I am thwarted.

HARRY

(studying him)

I know who you are. I know that face. You're...

VAN DER VEER

Yes, yes. Willem Hoogeveen Van Der Veer. Suddenly, and rather uncomfortably, showing up in the soap opera that is your private life. How terribly disconcerting it must be.

HARRY

I know what you've done, Mr. Van Der Veer. What do you want?

VAN DER VEER

Ah! The age-old question. What do you want? Sex? Money? Your name in the papers? Not a simple question, wouldn't you say? Tell me, Dr. Gordon. What is it precisely that YOU want?

HARRY

(cautiously)

I want to get to the press conference out there.

VAN DER VEER

Oh yes? And why is that? Because you have found something out that you simply MUST share with the world? Because you are a truth-seeker? Yes? I wonder if you are one of the few individuals who even know what they know? Eh?

99 INT. PORT AUTHORITY PIER 81 - STREETSIDE 99

Jack, leaving the Old Salt, races across the street and hails a taxi. He jumps in. He is now wearing the bowler hat.

100 INT. BARLOWE'S AUCTION HOUSE - AUCTION GALLERY100

The tension is rising as the bids continue to do the same. The camera crews and experts from the conference room have now joined the bidders in the gallery. Although all are trying to maintain decorum, we can hear people buzzing about a record being broken.

CYRIL

Fifty. Fifty one. Fifty two. Five three. And fifty four. Ladies and gentlemen, that is a new record for works by this painter. Fifty four...fifty five! And Fifty six! And...
(back to the man on the phone)
...sixty! We have a bid for sixty million dollars.

HARRY

You mean you WANT me to tell everyone it's a fake?

VAN DER VEER

Yes, exactly! This surprises you, of course. I am not exactly what I seem, eh?

HARRY

Well, I didn't think you wanted everyone to...

VAN DER VEER

So what do you make of me, eh? A little sneaky little rodent, making his pictures in the dark corners of history?

HARRY

Well, no. I wouldn't say that.

VAN DER VEER

You have seen my work. I ask you. Am I not the greatest painter of the twentieth century? The one who can out Van Gogh Van Gogh? Am I not? Standing here before you? Of course I want you to tell them. Tell the world what the great VAN DER VEER has accomplished.

HARRY

But that's exactly what I INTEND to tell them.

VAN DER VEER

Do you think I am a fool as well as a madman?

HARRY

No, of course not. You're just upset, that's all.

VAN DER VEER

And justly so, eh? They threw me out for my audacity. Then they locked me in for it. Out and in and out and in. From art teachers to nurses and back. Like a pingy-pongy ball. And all the while, I concocted my little scheme. To prove to them, yes, that it was I who would inherit the mantle. The crown, so to speak.

(very slowly taking out the gun)

And now, as they say in the Westerns, I aim to do just that.

102 INT. BARLOWE'S AUCTION HOUSE - AUCTION GALLERY102

In the back of the room, we can see Art holding a stiff Nigel for dear life as the bids continue to rise and rise.

CYRIL

And sixty four. Sixty five. Yes? Sixty-six?
Seven! Sixty seven million dollars...
There is applause in the room.

103 INT. BARLOWE'S AUCTION HOUSE - STORAGE ROOM 103

HARRY

But I'm telling you, I'm NOT part of the plan.
I'm not going along with them. I'm on your
side. I WANT the truth to come out. Just
like you.

VAN DER VEER

And this is supposed to calm me? This, and of
course, the secret meetings with Arthur
Klausmann you neglect to mention.

HARRY

But that was just a ploy. I had to tell him
something to protect myself. Who knows what
he would have done to stop me.

VAN DER VEER

(pointing the gun at her)

Have you ever noticed how the light turns somewhat
bluish when one has a pain in the lower intestine.

HARRY

Then why don't YOU go out and tell them?

VAN DER VEER

Alas, they would not believe me. My only
credentials are a series of commitment papers.

HARRY

Mr. Van Der Veer? I'm going to walk out that
door now. I'm just going to walk out and go
to that auction and tell them everything. And
you're going to let me. Aren't you.

104 INT. BARLOWE'S AUCTION HOUSE - AUCTION GALLERY104

Focus on the painting as the bidding continues.

CYRIL (O.S.)

Sixty nine. Seventy. Seventy point five...

Harry, with uncertain boldness, walks to the door past Van Der Veer who is standing in the center of the room. Much taller than she is, he watches her pass by below him, like a chicken inspector evaluating a hen. But when she reaches the door, Van Der Veer slowly raises the gun with a stiff arm and points it directly at her back.

VAN DER VEER

And precisely how am I to know that you won't betray me?

HARRY

(without turning)

My entire career is at stake here. Do you think I'd give that up for half a million dollars?

VAN DER VEER

It does seem to have a tempting plausibility.

HARRY

Not for me.

VAN DER VEER

But is that a chance I can afford to take. This is the dilemma.

Harry opens the door and begins to walk out. But she is stopped suddenly and shockingly when Van Der Veer SHOTS.

A large blob of blue paint hits her square in the back. Harry stops for an instant, realizes she hasn't been shot with a real gun, walks through the doorway, turns, then races down the hall to the auction.

VAN DER VEER

Et voila! An original Van Der Veer. Signed and sealed.

The auction is at a fever pitch. A few of the bidders are even standing up. And TV reporters are beginning their newscasts.

Suddenly the ornate doors at the rear of the room burst open. Harry charges in. A uniformed guard is still trying, ineffectively, to stop her.

HARRY

Stop!

She is hardly noticed in the commotion.

HARRY

Wait!

Barely a ripple in the tide of excitement.

HARRY

That painting is a FAKE!

This time she breaks through the din. The sound slowly dies around her. Heads turn as she storms up the center aisle. Gathering momentum, and attention, she stops before the podium and turns to face the audience.

HARRY

Listen to me. I know what I'm talking about! I'm an art history professor. This is not an original Van Gogh! It was painted recently by...

Philip, moving swiftly, charges in front of her. He is laughing, rubbing his hands gleefully.

PHILIP

It's all right, everyone. Just part of the fun. A little joke cooked up by our PR firm. The actress's timing is off, that's all.

He is helping one of the guards carry her off stage center.

HARRY

No, wait! It's not a joke. And I'm no actress. The painting is a forgery. (To Philip) You knew all along, didn't you?

PHILIP

You're a few hours late, my dear. No Oscar for you. Continue the auction, Cyril.

But Cyril is too stunned to say a word. Philip and the guard almost have Harry out through a door near the front of the room.

HARRY

Stop! Listen to me! I'm telling you the truth. It's a scam. The whole thing. The Van Gogh letter! The painting! They'll make millions! It was painted by a forger named...

But the name is muffled as Harry and her two abductors disappear behind a slammed door.

Cyril is standing at the podium, looking for guidance. No one is saying a word. Nothing. Then a voice from the back of the room breaks the dead, dead silence.

VOICE (O.S.)

Eighty million!

SECOND VOICE (O.S.)

Eighty point five!

CYRIL

(consulting the man on the phone)

What? Eighty point seventy five?

(seeing a nod in the audience)

Ninety? Is that a bid for ninety million?

And ninety one? Yes. We have ninety one.

Ninety two! Ninety three. Ninety four...and five...and six...we have ninety six million.

Do I hear ninety seven? Yes...and ninety eight...

107 INT. BARLOWE'S AUCTION HOUSE - PRIVATE ROOM 107

Harry is sitting alone, dejected, in the small room adjacent to the main gallery. The door is open. Through it we can see the auction crowd milling about, TV reporters conducting interviews, and the entire aftermath of the auction.

Suddenly, Jack appears at the doorway. He is out of breath, having made a great effort to get there in a hurry. He is yanking someone along by the sleeve. It is a short, forgettable-looking man wearing a bowler hat. He seems completely bewildered by the situation, like a silent film character in the wrong movie.

JACK

Harry! Sorry I'm late. I guess I missed all the action.

HARRY

You missed it all right. Especially the part where I made a big fat fool of myself. Who's he?

Jack looks at the man he has been tugging, as though he's forgotten he had him along.

JACK

Oh! It's him! It's Roland Dykstra.

HARRY

You mean he wasn't murdered?

JACK
Not as far as I can tell. What happened at the auction?

HARRY
No one cares.

JACK
I care. Did you tell them about Van Der Veer?

HARRY
I told them.

JACK
And?

HARRY
The price went through the roof. It didn't matter, Jack. Not to anyone. It even HELPED the sale. Arthur Klausmann was right. Truth is dead. Only appearances matter.

Jack forcibly sits Dykstra down in a chair, where he is quite content to stay put, and walks over to comfort Harry.

JACK
I'm sorry Harry. It's one of those days.

HARRY
If he wasn't murdered, what happened to him?

JACK
It seems like he left Nordstrom's cabin at about four in the morning. Just as the Royal Atlantic docked. He was trying to get back to his stateroom. But he was soused and he took a wrong turn somewhere. Opened an exit door and - kaplunk! - into the Hudson River.

HARRY
Nordstrom wasn't trying to kill him?

JACK
Guess not. He floated down to the dock where a fisherman found him and called 911. He was unconscious so the ambulance took him over to St. Luke's hospital.

HARRY
Klausmann wasn't trying to kill him either?

JACK

No. At the hospital, someone must have misdiagnosed his problem as diabetic shock. They gave him insulin. Which unfortunately Mr. Dykstra had a bad reaction to.

HARRY

Were THEY trying to kill him?

JACK

Not on purpose. So they sent him down to the cardiac unit.

HARRY

He had a heart attack?

JACK

No. It was a mistake. It was a good thing he woke up before they did any major surgery.

Harry looks at Dykstra sadly. He is still sitting, primly, in the seat where Jack planted him. She frowns, seeing something of herself in his demeanor.

HARRY

At least HE got someone to listen.

JACK

Oh no. He didn't have any identification. And he only speaks Dutch. So when he finally woke up, they thought he was babbling incoherently. They sent him over to the psychiatric ward.

HARRY

When did it all start to fall apart? Was it recently? Or does it go all the way back to my childhood?

JACK

He got passed from one department to the next over the last four weeks. Somewhere in the middle there they took out his appendix.

HARRY

That's nice. At least he won't get an appendicitis attack. It's very painful. I had that once. Back when I had a career.

JACK

But enough of all that. What do you mean no one would listen?

Stewart Brown, in an expensive suit but still looking rather wet, is standing with Art and Nigel in his VERY lush penthouse garden. It could be a jungle somewhere, except for the view of Manhattan through the glass walls behind the foliage.

BROWN

Arthur, Arthur, Arthur. Will you stop worrying? I told you, my people are very happy with the sale. I'm very happy. Everybody's happy. Except you.

KLAUSMANN

She could still cause problems. She's going to hold her own press conference. God only knows what she's going to say.

BROWN

But what's all that against YOUR word of honor?

Klausmann turns white.

BROWN

Besides, you're a rich man now. You'll be able to bribe the guards.

Klausmann turns whiter.

BROWN

(laughing)

Relax, Arthur. It's going to work out. You didn't know there was a suggestion that it might be a fake, did you?

NIGEL

Don't be comical, old man. As far as WE were concerned...

BROWN

Exactly. And the papers are all in order?

KLAUSMANN

Of course they are! You know we...

BROWN

And you say she can't actually PROVE that it's a fake. Scientifically, I mean.

KLAUSMANN

I said they DIDN'T prove it. But they could try to test it again.

BROWN

Calm down. There's nothing to worry about.

NIGEL

You see? He says there's nothing to worry about. That's good to hear.

Suddenly, a snake slithers off one of the branches and into Brown's arms.

BROWN

Pussycat! There you are. Where have you been hiding?

KLAUSMANN

(unconvinced)

If they start an investigation, you might have to turn the painting over to the authorities.

BROWN

Turn it over? The painting? I couldn't even if I wanted to, Arthur. The whole matter is out of my hands. I don't have the painting.

Art and Nigel exchange confused glances.

BROWN

The syndicate has already SOLD the painting. To another buyer.

KLAUSMANN

Sold it? To who?

BROWN

Come now, Arthur. You know I can't tell you that. It was a private sale.

NIGEL

Sold MY Van Gogh? That's a bloody shame. Can he do that?

Klausmann looks at Nigel as though he's gone dim.

KLAUSMANN

You mean, you made a profit already?

BROWN

Let's just say my people are VERY happy with the outcome. In fact, if any other new Van Gogh's come on the market, give me a call. Directly. Don't bother Philip about it.

As Harry arrives and starts to walk through the door to Jack's office, she just misses bumping into a workman carting out the empty drawers of a desk. The workman is wearing overalls that have the words RENT-AN-OFFICE printed on the back.

Inside, all that's left in the room is the desk itself, minus the drawers, Jack sitting on top of it.

JACK

So ends the saga of the Royal Atlantic. Back to our regular offices. I must say, I got to like it down here by the river.

HARRY

How did your PR bash go?

JACK

Fine. Good speech. No dead body. I heard you on the radio. It sounded great.

HARRY

Thanks for helping me with it. But it won't make any difference. The police said it's already too hard to track the painting down. It could have changed hands five times by now.

JACK

I thought so.

HARRY

On the other hand, I attracted so much attention to the University, they're already talking about a promotion.

JACK

What did I tell you? You got your message across. That's what matters.

HARRY

The truth matters. To me, at least.

Carla sticks her head in through the door.

CARLA

Are you staying for the departure? It leaves in a half hour. Hello Harry. Nice news conference.

Harry nods.

JACK

Not me. I'm sick of that boat. Wait a minute, we'll go down with you.

As they leave, the workman returns and heads for the desk with his hand truck.

110 PORT AUTHORITY PIER 81 - LOBBY 110

Jack, Harry and Carla walk out through the lobby. They're bucking a steady stream of travellers with luggage, going in the opposite direction.

CARLA

See you back on Madison Avenue, Jack. Hope you find your fake, Harry. If you do, give us a call. Maybe we can help.

HARRY

I doubt it.

JACK

See you back at the office.

(to Harry)

I have the afternoon off. What would you like to do?

HARRY

Shoot myself?

JACK

On a more positive note.

HARRY

Find Willem Hoogeveen Van Der Veer.

JACK

You might as well forget about him. If he's smart, he'll go into hiding for a while. He probably made a fortune on the deal.

HARRY

I have to stop him Jack. It's my sworn duty as a professor of art history. He could do it again. If only I could locate Roland Dykstra. But I don't know where to look for him either.

Suddenly a light goes on in Jack's head.

JACK

Dykstra! Of course! I know where to look for him.

HARRY

You do?

JACK

It's a little hobby of mine.

Jack takes Harry's hand and they race back through the lobby of the pier building, to the departure section.

111 INT. PORT AUTHORITY PIER 81 - DEPARTURE LOUNGE111

Jack and Harry, still running, see Peter in the distance at the end of the long corridor. He is standing at a large window, speaking on a mobile phone. The portholes of the Royal Atlantic are visible through the glass of the window.

JACK

Peter! You've got to do us a favor.

PETER

(into the phone)

Hold on a sec, Marty.

(to Jack)

You again! Every time you show up something goes wrong. You're like the PR man from hell.

JACK

Do you have access to the passenger list for the return trip?

PETER

No.

JACK

Yes you do. We want to find out if Roland Dykstra is on that boat.

PETER

DYKSTRA again! What is it with you and Dykstra? It's not normal, Jack. What's going on with you two?

HARRY

Three.

PETER

Swell.

(into the phone)

Marty, can you pop up the passenger list for the Atlantic. Look for a Roland Dykstra. D-Y-K...

JACK
(to Harry)
He's got to take the boat back. I just remembered, he's afraid to fly. And he'll know where Van Der Veer is.

PETER
Yes?
(to Jack)
Same cabin. Number 321.

As Jack and Harry race off to the boarding ramp, Peter calls out after them.

PETER
You don't have time to see him off. The ship sails in fifteen minutes!

112 EXT. ROYAL ATLANTIC OCEAN LINER - BOARDING RAMP 112

They scurry up the ramp. There are still a few passengers, some with baggage, crowding the ramp. But Jack and Harry push them aside to get to the ship.

At the end of the ramp, a man in a yellow jacket is blocking the path. Jack indelicately shoves him aside. The man turns around. It is Nordstrom.

NORDSTROM
Ah, Mr. Pollack from d'shipping office. Are you still looking for your dead man?

JACK
Yes!

Harry, coming along after Jack, shoves Nordstrom aside too.

NORDSTROM
Yes, hello little miss. Effrybody looking for d'dead man.

HARRY
Yes!

113 INT. ROYAL ATLANTIC OCEAN LINER - HALLWAY113

Jack leads Harry as they race down the hallway towards Dykstra's cabin, a path he knows well. When they finally come to the right door, Jack POUNDS on it but there's no answer. Then Harry tries the handle. The door opens.

The scene inside is precisely the same as we first saw it. The room is neat and there are hints of an occupant, but there is no passenger inside.

Harry is looking out the porthole and Jack is again rummaging through the man's belongings on the small dresser when there is the sudden sound of a huge SPLASH.

In response to it, Jack dashes out of the cabin and down the hallway, with Harry in close pursuit. Turning left, then right, he comes to the emergency door we have seen before. He pushes it. But this time it doesn't open. A STEWARD walking by notices them and stops.

STEWARD

Sorry, sir. That door is locked. It's an emergency exit. Can I help you?

JACK

It wasn't locked before.

STEWARD

It's always locked, sir. Except for emergencies.

JACK

No it's not.

STEWARD

For safety, sir, the emergency exits are always locked once we're under way.

JACK AND HARRY
(together)

Under way??

114 EXT. ROYAL ATLANTIC OCEAN LINER - UPPER DECK - DAY 114

From high above, we see the huge ship pulling out from its berth next to Pier 81.

Closing in, we see passengers bunched together on the pier side of the upper deck. They are waving to friends and relatives on the adjacent promenade of the pier.

Closing in further, we can see that there are two people standing at the railing on the other side of the deck. They are the only ones standing on that side of the ship.

There's a steel drum band playing at the far end of the deck.

Close up, we see that the two people standing alone are Jack and Harry. They're helplessly watching the ship leave port. Behind them, the glimmering skyline of Manhattan at midday is slowly moving away. Jack is studying the churning waters below.

JACK

I don't see Roland anywhere.

HARRY

I thought finding him was a hobby of yours.

JACK

It's NOT finding him. That's the hobby.

HARRY

He's probably here somewhere.

JACK

Must be.

HARRY

Or maybe we'll catch up with him in France.

JACK

That makes sense.

HARRY

Have you ever been there?

JACK

To France. No I haven't. Have you?

HARRY

Oh yes. It's lovely this time of year.

JACK

Is it? That's what I heard.

The Old Salt is waving his hat at them from the dock.
They wave back.

HARRY

It's a great place to fall in love, you know.

JACK

What, the boat?

HARRY

No, France. At this time of year.

JACK

Oh, that's good. Very good.

Pulling back, we can see the rest of the harbor in the midst
of its bustling activity.

HARRY

Just promise me one thing, Jack.

JACK

Anything. Name it.

JACK

If Dykstra's been killed, we'll just go to the Louvre and forget about it.

JACK

Oh sure. I solved his murder once. That's enough for me.

FADE OUT

THE END