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INT. BODE MUSEUM - MAIN GALLERY - PRESENT DAY - 6 P.M.

13

FOLLOWING THE STAMP.

It begins in its CASE. TWEEZERS gently take hold and lift it. Raised from the opened case, it comes to eye-level, then is placed into a business card-sized CLEAR BOX featuring a tiny gas canister at one end. The case clicks shut, sandwiching the stamp in glass. AN AUDIBLE HISS as a digital readout displays "O2 REMOVED".

ANOTHER ANGLE. JASPAR REINER. He's dressed professionally, suit and tie. He studies the stamp intensely.

JASPAR

My whole life I've only seen it  
through glass. Can't believe my  
father was the last to touch it.

WIDER TO REVEAL THE SCENE.

This is no robbery. Jaspar stands behind the opened case. Across the case from him are two uniformed Guards (TRUCK GUARD 1 and TRUCK GUARD 2. With them is PETRA (Jaspar's former assistant) whose look and very distinctive GLASSES must be instantly recognizable later.

PETRA

I'm so happy for you, Mister  
Reiner!

ENTER MÜLLER, 25 years older, dressed well but from another time, and leaning on an expensive antique CANE.

MÜLLER

Welcome back, Jaspar. How kind of  
you to arrive a week early and  
spare me the fuss of actually  
having to be ready for you.

Jaspar ignores the barb and turns his back to Müller and us, moving to ARMORED ATTACHÉ CASE held by one of the Guards.

RAPID CUTS OF THE FOLLOWING:

--Attaché lid closing  
--Attaché's multiple combination locks being scrambled  
--Attaché's single handcuff snapped around Jaspar's wrist.

BACK TO SHOT.

MÜLLER (CONT'D (CONT'D)  
 (indicates guards)  
 Jesus, is all this necessary? It's  
 only twenty minutes to the airport.

JASPAR  
 Twenty very exposed minutes,  
 Thomas. I'm not leaving my life in  
 Berlin to lose it now.

14      **EXT. BODE MUSEUM - IMMEDIATELY BINOCULARS POV**      14

Jaspar's party exits, moving quickly to a parked ARMORED TRUCK. One of the guards unlocks and opens the Truck's back.

15      **EXT. NEARBY ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS**      15

A woman in black motorcycle leathers uses the binoculars, absently strokes military dogtags around her neck. She lowers the binoculars. She is MAKEDA, 30s, striking but severe. One sharp look from her could cut glass. She draws a formidable looking PISTOL; inserts a magazine.

16      **EXT. BODE MUSEUM - INSIDE TRUCK BACK - IMMEDIATELY**      16

LOOKING OUT. Jaspar slides the attaché into a rack and it clicks in place. A guard unlocks the cuff from Jaspar's wrist. Jaspar steps back as the Guards SLAM THE DOORS SHUT.

BLACKNESS.

17      **EXT. BODE MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS**      17

Müller checks his watch as Jaspar bids goodbye to teary-eyed Petra.

SOUND OF RUNNING FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING.

All turn suddenly; the Guards draw their sidearms and raise them at...

CLAUDIA, 30s, a very put together professional woman with keen eyes. She stops cold, seeing the guns.

MÜLLER  
 It's all right! She works for me.

The Guards re-holster their guns and lock up the truck. Jaspar walks quickly away. Müller follows as best he can. Claudia follows, clipboard and pen in hand.

CLAUDIA

Mister Müller, here's the paperwork  
Mr. Reiner has to sign. I had to--

JASPAR

I'll sign it when we get to the  
airport. Get in the car.

REVEAL JASPAR'S CAR: A classy SPORTS CAR.

18      **EXT. NEARBY ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS**      18

From which we see the Armored Truck pull out, followed closely by Jaspar's car. Petra is waving goodbye. Makeda is gone without a trace.

19      **EXT. BERLIN STREETS - EVENING**      19

Truck and Jaspar's car in light traffic crossing the city.

20      **INT. JASPAR'S CAR - EVENING**      20

Müller indicates the GPS SCREEN ROUTE MAP across Berlin.

MÜLLER

This is rather the scenic route.

CLAUDIA

Were you expecting trouble?

JASPAR

The Blue Mauritius invites trouble.  
That's why I'm moving it early.

21      **EXT. BERLIN - MOTORWAY - EVENING**      21

TRUCK & JASPAR'S CAR. Driving in the heart of the city.

22      **INT. JASPAR'S CAR - EVENING**      22

JASPAR'S POV. A high-end, highly maneuverable MOTORCYCLE lane-splits and swings between him and the Truck. Jaspar angrily leans on his horn.

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INT/EXT BERLIN STREETS - EVENING

23

ACTION MONTAGE:

MOTORCYCLE. It's Makeda. She ignores the horn, flips the helmet's MIRRORED VISOR down, and then flicks a green switch on a control box clamped to the handlebars. In response, green LEDs light on four PUCK-LIKE DEVICES magnetically attached to the bikes's body.

JASPAR'S POV. Makeda's motorcycle moves as if it's going to pass the Truck on the left.

JASPAR

Idiot! She can't pass here!

MAKEDA. Lane-splits to the back driver-side corner of the Truck and snaps one magnetic PUCK to the left rear door.

JASPAR. Sees it. Alarm.

JASPAR (CONT'D)

Oh my God!

He HONKS repeatedly, trying to get the truck's attention.

CLAUDIA

What? What is it?

JASPAR

Someone's after it!

TRUCK GUARD 1 (driving). Reacts; looks at his side mirror.

TRUCK GUARD 1 POV OF SIDE MIRROR. Makeda reaches to plant a SECOND PUCK on the door.

TRUCK. Swerves away from Makeda. She swings in towards it again. The Truck now swerves hard towards her. She dodges, narrowly avoiding collision.

INTERSECTION. Signals against them! Traffic crossing before them! Truck turns hard right and skids around the corner. Cars swerve, brakes squeal. Makeda and Jaspar's car follow.

INSIDE JASPAR'S CAR. Jaspar driving madly. Müller and Claudia wide-eyed with worry and white-knuckled with fear.

CLAUDIA

Who is it? Who's trying to steal it?!

JASPAR. Opens his driver's side window as he comes alongside Makeda. He grabs her arm, tries to get a look at her face, but the tinted visor reveals nothing.

MAKEDA. Grabs a puck and smashes it against his hand.

JASPAR. Yowls in pain; lets go.

MAKEDA'S POV. Oncoming traffic. Jaspar has forced her over the centerline.

MAKEDA. No choice, she turns hard left and vanishes into a cross street, narrowly avoiding being hit by a rush of oncoming vehicles. Gone!

JASPAR. Far from looking relieved, he slams his hand against the wheel, furious.

TRUCK AND JASPAR'S CAR. Slowing towards normal speed. Several Police cars appear far behind them, lights flashing, weaving through traffic to catch up.

TRUCK GUARDS. Relax. They exchanges looks. "Whew."

ANOTHER INTERSECTION. Makeda zooms in from Jaspar's right, is instantly upon the Truck and snaps a third puck to it, high on the passenger-side rear door.

TRUCK. Guns it again. Weaves through traffic. But it cannot escape Makeda's motorcycle, which angles in again.

JASPAR'S CAR. Jaspar floors it, forcing Makeda to swerve away. Jaspar interposes himself between Makeda and the Truck, swerving to keep her away from it.

MÜLLER

For God's sake, Jaspar! Let it go!  
You're going to get us killed!

MAKEDA. Draws her gun, aims for one of the Porsche's tires.

CLAUDIA. Sees it. Screams a warning.

JASPAR'S CAR AND MAKEDA. Jaspar weaves. Makeda fires, but misses the tire. Jaspar swings back towards her. Jaspar's car taps the motorcycle's handlebar. Makeda almost loses it, recovers, but...

WORM'S EYE VIEW OF STREET. HER GUN falls to the pavement and rattles to a stop as the chase zooms away from it.

JASPAR'S CAR AND MAKEDA. Jaspar still making it impossible for Makeda to get close to the truck.

MAKEDA. Raises the final puck, LOBS IT over Jaspar's car.

INSERT TRUCK DOOR. Final Puck attaches a few feet lower than the last, green light blinking ominously.

MAKEDA. Brakes. Drops back behind Jaspar's car. She flips the second switch on the Control Box.

JASPAR'S POV. The LEDs on the pucks go from GREEN to BLINKING YELLOW. JASPAR. Alarmed, brakes and turns away from the Truck.

JASPAR

Down!!!

MAKEDA'S CONTROL BOX. Makeda hits the final switch.

THE TRUCK. Still moving. The four pucks flash RED then EXPLODE, blowing the back doors wide open.

MAKEDA. Now stands on her motorcycle seat, opens the throttle, shoots past Jaspar's car, aimed for the Truck's open back. She LEAPS into the Truck an instant before...

RIDERLESS MOTORCYCLE. Slams into truck's bumper; wipes out.

JASPAR'S CAR. Slaloms to avoid the bike wreckage.

MAKEDA IN TRUCK. She uses a small PRY-BAR to wrench open the latch on the rack, liberates the ATTACHÉ, grabs it. Turning, she spots Jaspar's car right behind the Truck. She makes an impossibly graceful hop, landing on the hood of Jaspar's car! She starts to run up the windshield.

JASPAR. Taps the brakes.

JASPAR'S CAR. Slows suddenly, throwing Makeda's footing off. She falls across the windshield, face to face with...

JASPAR. Sees his own face reflected in her mirrored visor. But the attaché is near the driver-side mirror, so he reaches out and grabs its handle alongside Makeda's hand.

JASPAR (CONT'D)

No! You're not getting away!

Makeda tries to yank it free. Jaspar won't let go.

CLAUDIA

Jaspar! Stop!

JASPAR'S POV. He's racing along a BRIDGE and towards a ROADBLOCK of POLICE CARS, lights flashing.

INSERT: JASPAR'S FOOT SLAMS THE BRAKES.

END ACTION MONTAGE24 **EXT. BERLIN - FRIEDRICHSTRAÙE BRIDGE - EVENING**

24

Empty, closed at the far end by a Police roadblock. The Truck is already braking, stopping just short of hitting one of the Police cars. Jaspas' car skids in an arc, leaving smoking black streaks on the pavement and comes to a halt in the middle of the span. Pursuing Police cars close in.

Makeda flips from the hood, yanking the attaché free of Jaspas. She sprints for bridge rail; DIVES OVER IT.

ANGLE. Makeda gracefully dives from the bridge; a bird in flight. She and the attaché vanish in a dramatic white spray.

AT THE RAIL.

Jaspas arrives, looking for some sign of her. Police officers and Claudia arrive, also looking for her.

THEIR POV OF THE RIVER SPREE.

No sign of Makeda or the attaché.

BACK TO SHOT.

JASPAR  
Goddammit...

CLAUDIA  
(emotional)  
Oh my god... It's gone...

Jaspas gives her a look, then unbuttons his dress shirt and opens it. There, crudely taped to his chest, is the glass case holding The Blue Mauritius!

The cops crowd in to see. Claudia leans close, mesmerized. She almost reaches to touch it. Stops herself.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)  
(relieved, then delighted)  
You truly have a heart of glass,  
Mr. Reiner.

JASPAR  
("what does she know about  
me?"; realizes)  
Oh, yes, right. The stamp.