

"UPSIDE DOWN"

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&

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EXT - JUNGLE CANOPY - NIGHT

Indiscernible figures race through the jungle on foot. Their pursuers are not far behind. They halt. There is CLANKING as deft hands quickly SNAP carabineers tighten harnesses and . . . (beat) They jump.

Two black-clad figures zip line through the canopy in silence, save the WHIZZING of passing bullets. They make it unscathed to their platform, still high in the trees.

GUY

With that, my dear, we are across
the border. A clean get away.

GIRL

And clever.

They pull off their ski-masks and kiss. They are a handsome, fit couple in their mid - late 30's.

Suddenly, lights flood them. From his jeep below, the COSTA CUMBRE DICTATOR yells up at them -

COSTA CUMBRE DICTATOR

Did you really think you could get
away with this?

GUY

(shouts back)

We're on Costa Grande soil now.

COSTA CUMBRE DICTATOR

I don't see Costa Grande forces
here.

Costa Cumbrian soldiers surround the platform, machine guns pointed at the deflated couple.

CUT TO: INT - DUNGEON/PRISON

The two thieves stand in a dungeon cell, hands chained overhead. The dictator enters, dressed in fatigues, lit cigar in hand.

COSTA CUMBRE DICTATOR

You took the Cezanne from me. The Cezanne is very important to me. When I was a dictator for only 5 years, we had enough blood money to buy the Cezanne - a culmination of human civilization. And I was able to bring it here, to Costa Cumbre. And now you come and take the Cezanne from me. From my country. From my people. I don't know how you got past my guards, my security cameras, my laser beams, my moat of man-eating piranhas, my genetically engineered shark that can walk on land. - We've had some trouble with him and I think maybe it was not a good idea. - I don't know how you got past the shark. I must know . . . how did you do it?

CUT TO:

They are sitting around the table in the cell, drained coffee cups in front of them. The Costa Cumbre Dictator is leaning in on one hand intently as if he just heard the whole story. He takes a drag of his cigar.

COSTA CUMBRE DICTATOR

You're good. I like you.
But you took from me.

Takes another pensive drag of his cigar and continues -

COSTA CUMBRE DICTATOR

There's only one thing I can do.
Costa Grande has something I want.
Something I need. Bring it to me
and I let you go.

Another drag.

COSTA CUMBRE DICTATOR

They have a genetically engineered alligator. I think it can take my shark. I wonder if it can take you. (beat) Guards!

He gets up to leave without waiting for their response.

CUT TO: EXT COSTA GRANDE PALACE GARDEN - DAY

The two thieves arrive behind a planter box of exotic flowers near the center of a half-hedge garden maze. In the distance behind them, the genetically engineered alligator and walking-shark wrestle up and down the maze. In front of them, in the center of the maze, a technological HUM emanates from a shining silver column. The column tapers in the middle to a point with a gap. Levitating in the gap is a delicate Faberge Egg. The guy removes a small metal screwdriver from one of the many pockets on his black vest and releases it. It flies to the shiny column and sticks to it with a RESONANT CLANK.

GUY

Electromagnetic. Nice. I always wanted to work with one of these.

GIRL

Focus.

Guy removes a white plastic Leatherman tool from another pocket before taking off his vest. He motions her to do the same. As she's taking off her tool vest, she continues --

GIRL

That's what landed us here. We can't lose focus for a second. Even when it's done. Focus, focus, focus until we are home.

Guy sprints in a crouch up to the magnet and pries open an access panel with his plastic Leatherman screwdriver. She keeps a look out with an ivory dagger.

GUY

If we still have a home by then.

He attempts to hot wire the panel.

GIRL

We have 4 days to make the payment. We can do it. We have to.

She moves in next to the egg. Sparks fly, then the HUM fades. Hands poised on each side of the Egg, she catches it just as it starts to fall.

GIRL

(relieved)
Ahhh.

As they stand up, guns are raised at them with CLICKS.

CUT TO: INT - COSTA GRANDE DUNGEON

The two thieves stand in a dungeon cell, hands chained overhead. DICTATOR 2 enters, dressed in uniform, lit cigar in hand.

DICTATOR 2

To my country. To my people. I don't know how you got past my guards, my cameras, my maze of boa constrictors, my genetically engineered alligator - I really thought my alligator could take Allejandro's shark. Guess not. I must know . . . How did you do it?

The thieves look at each other incredulously.

CUT TO:

They are all sitting around a table with coffee cups. Guards in the background. Dictator 2 leans in and shakes his cigar at them -

DICTATOR 2

You're good. I like you. (beat)
But you took from me . . . there's only one thing I can do.

CUT TO: EXT COSTA CRESTA FACILITY - NIGHT

The two thieves are in the air duct overlooking a grand display room. Four guards lie knocked out in the room. The thieves remove re-breathers and lift the air grate.

GIRL

I can't believe you let us get caught.

GUY

Me? You were on lookout.

She puts in place an anchor and pulley with a thin cable.

GIRL

Just get it done. We have got to
get home.

He snaps the thin line to his harness and descends over the edge of the opening. As he hangs over a vase in the middle of the room, a guard steps into the doorway and levels his gun at the Guy.

CUT TO: INT COSTA CRESTA DUNGEON

The two thieves stand in a dungeon cell, hands chained overhead. DICTATOR 3 enters, dressed in luxurious pajamas, lit cigar in hand.

DICTATOR 3

That Vase is the very culmination
of human civilization, and I was
able to bring it here, to Costa
Cresta. To my country. To my
people.

CUT TO:

All sitting around a table with coffee cups. Guards in the background.

DICTATOR 3

You're good. I like you. But you
took from me. (beat) There's only
one thing I can do.

The thieves exchange exasperated glances.

CUT TO: EXT COSTA PICO COMPOUND - DAY

As the two thieves army crawl up the edge of small rise -

GUY

Who would have thought we'd gotten
so rusty? This would never have
happened in the old days. Never.

Girl looks far from sympathetic and continues to forge ahead, crawling through the dirt and fallen leaves.

GUY

(muttering to himself)

Maybe it was the cheese Danishes at the office. You know? The beginning of the end.

They reach the top of the rise and peek through the flowering shrubs to spy the compound.

GUY

(to himself)

And then it was the double shot mocha chinos. When did that begin? Two? Three years ago? In the old days, I was real thief, a real man. Coffee. Black.

GIRL

Honey, we can't do this now. I need you to focus. Get us in there and get the Rembrandt- so we can get back and save our home!

(to herself)

We still have two days.

CLICK. They look up into the muzzles of the Costa Pico guns.

CUT TO - INT COSTA PICO DUNGEON

The two thieves stand in a dungeon cell, hands chained overhead.

CUT TO:

All around a table. Coffee cups. DICTATOR 4 blows cigar smoke from her red lips. She is as sexy as she is deadly.

DICTATOR 4

I like you. But you took from me.

CUT TO: EXT COSTA GRANDE TENT COMPOUND - DAY

The two thieves peer out from behind a stack of large crates marked "EXPLOSIVES". Across a clearing, behind a

tall, heavy electrified fence, sits a yellow crate marked "ART". The sound of HEAVY BOOTS approaches.

GIRL

This just isn't how I thought it would go. Not this trip of course - who could have for seen this? But our lives. I never thought we'd get in this deep.

The guard nears. In one swift motion, she steps out from behind the crate, karate chops his shoulder and sweeps his legs. As he goes down, she silences his radio.

They hastily cross the clearing lugging the knocked-out guard between them.

GUY

What running for our lives from some third world dictator? Kind fun isn't it?

GIRL

Isn't it?! I mean, what was the fun of breaking into all those museums and residences? Anyone with enough skill and training could do it. They never even knew we were there.

At the door in the fence, she places the unconscious guard's thumb on the thumbprint lock. The door CLICKS open.

GIRL

It just makes me wonder - what was the point of all of it? Was it all for the house?

GUY

It was for us. Just like this is.

They step through the door and sprint to the crate. He plugs his iPhone into the electronic keypad. In moments, the passcode is hacked and the lock POPS open. -

GUY

See we made it. We got a way out

of Dodge. We have -

He looks at his watch. Alarm goes off.

GUY

No time. We have no time! This close to saving the house.

GIRL

I don't want the house anymore.

GUY

(curtly)
What?!

GIRL

I think I just want you.

He smiles. Crouching down close to her -

GUY

What are you saying?

GIRL

I thought that having a beautiful house would me happy - you know how I grew up. But what I really loved about all our missions together was that we did them together. We have such a synergy. That's what I missed when you had to take the job at the office

GUY

I thought you loved that house. That it made you feel safe.

GIRL

You make me feel safe.

GUY

I was doing it for you. Well, and to keep seeing you in that cat bugler outfit.

She rolls her eyes and reaches out to karate chop the legs of a guard that has just appeared/walked up. The guard splats to the floor to their left and doesn't move.

GIRL

I love you.

Their ensuing kiss is interrupted by -

ALPHA BRAVO - REPORT!" from the fallen guard's radio.

GUY

Time to go.

GIRL

I don't know how we're going to
face the dictator.

GUY

Not one. Five. (beat) But first
we're going to borrow this.

He opens the crate and pulls out a Degas sculpture of *The Danseur*.

GUY

(seeing motorcycle)

And maybe that.

CUT TO: EXT JUNGLE - NIGHT

The two thieves ROAR through the jungle on the motorcycle. The guy rides in the back, holding on tight and trying to talk on the phone. The girl drives, making tight zigzags through the trees to try to lose their pursuers.

GUY

And that's why you have to come.

The ROAR of jeep engines closes in from all around them. They halt. Engines ROAR and dirt flies as they are surrounded by jeeps. All headlights point in on the couple. Guns are raised.

COSTA CUMBRE DICTATOR

I did not think I would have to
catch you twice.

DICTATOR 2

No, hombre, I'm catching them
twice.

Dictator 3

I'm catching them.

An uproar breaks out. Guy yells over them:

Guy

Okay, we admit we stole from you. It was wrong. We only did it because we had to. Because we thought we had to. But we're here to turn ourselves in.

Dictator 5

You run real fast for someone turning themselves in.

Guy

We stole from you to get free of her. We stole from her to get free from him. We stole from him to get free from him.

Another uproar breaks out.

Dictator 2

You were behind this?

Dictator 3

How dare you send someone to steal from me!

Dictator 4

This calls for war.

Guns are lifted and pointed at everyone else. The couple stands in the middle of the eminent cross fire.

The guy shouts over the tumult to bring order.

Guy

Guys! Guys! And lady! You have amazing art. You are heroes to your people. But you can be an even greater. You can give all 5 art pieces to your people.

Dictator

How? Last one standing takes all?

You are in the cross-fires.

GUY

I have a better idea. Keep your lives and your art.

DICTATOR

Says the guy who is empty handed.

GUY

(holding up *The Danseur*)
Actually, I have this one. I need you to tell me who it belongs to.

CUT TO: EXT/INT RIBBON CUTTING GALA AT THE NEW INTER-COSTA ART MUSEUM - NIGHT

Black tie servers waft in and out of the decked-out crowd. The five gifted pieces of art shine brightly in the center of main gallery.

In high spirits, Dictator 1 approaches the former thieves.

DICTATOR 1

No more stealing from you, right?

The couple shakes their heads.

GUY

Not from you or for anyone. We've given it up. We'll figure out something else.

DICTATOR 1

Good. Because if I ever hear of you stealing again, I will burn this museum to the ground.

He laughs heartily and claps them on the back. They exchange uncomfortable glances and laugh nervously.

DICTATOR 1

You never told me why you stole the Cezanne to begin with.

The two look at each other, with a better-put-all-our-cards-on-the-table look.

GUY

We were upside down on our mortgage and about to lose the house. This seemed the only option.

Dictator 1

Eh, really? Well, you've done a good thing here. Take this.

He removes a very bling-y ring from his pinky.

Dictator 1

It can help you start over.

At that moment, Dictator2 walks by.

Dictator 2

He's right. Look around. Here you go. What? Alejandro - such a paltry gift? Take this.

Dictator2 removes and hands his golden Rolex to the guy.

CUT TO: Close in on Guy's upturned palm as two more rings are added.

CUT TO: Dictator 4 stands before them wearing a glamorous gown. She removes her stunning necklace and puts it on the Girl.

Dictator4

(looking at the Guy)
Start over. Go straight. Yes, but always keep a little sparkle on your dearest treasure.

The couple savors one last survey of the room, sigh, and stroll arm in arm out of the glittering party into the night.

On their way out, the bushes RUSTLE and they look down to see a couple of black-clad thieves hiding in the bushes.

GUY

I wouldn't do that if I were you.
I really wouldn't do that.