

The Brothers Bloom

a con man movie

by  
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1 EXT. DIRT ROAD - SUNRISE 1

Dawn with her rose-red fingers rises over a dusty country road. A car chugs over the horizon.

NARRATOR

As far as con man stories go,  
I think I've heard them all.  
Of grifters, ropers, faro fixers,  
tales drawn long and tall.  
But if one bears a bookmark in  
the confidence man's tome,  
twould be that of Penelope,  
and of the brothers Bloom.

2 EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - MORNING 2

The car deposits two shabby boys (10 & 13) in front of a country house.

Both in black. Each with a suitcase.

NARRATOR

At ten and thirteen Bloom and  
Stephen (the younger and the old)

3 INT. KITCHEN (FLASHBACK) 3

The two brothers and an oafish FOSTER FATHER sit eating breakfast.

NARRATOR

had been through several foster  
families.

The FOSTER FATHER slaps Bloom upside the head. Stephen LAUNCHES across the table, tackling the dad and beating the crap out of him.

NARRATOR (cont'd)

Thirty eight, all told.

4 INT. CHILD WELFARE OFFICE - DAY 4

CLOSE ON - A CHILD WELFARE FILE COVER

"Bloom" stamped on it. It opens, and dozens of reports flip by. Under the "REASON FOR RETURN OF MINORS" field we catch different entries: "BEHAVIOR INAPPROPRIATE", "UNMANAGEABLE", "MOLESTED CAT", "SOLD OUR FURNITURE", "CAUSED FLOODING".

(MORE)

4 CONTINUED:

4

NARRATOR

Mischief moved them on in life, and  
moving kept them close.

5 EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE PORCH

5

The brothers on the porch, suitcases in hand.

NARRATOR

For Bloom had Stephen, Stephen  
Bloom, and both had more than most.

The front door opens, and a pair of FOSTER PARENTS eye the  
brothers suspiciously.

6 EXT. SMALL TOWN SQUARE - LATER THAT DAY

6

A wide dusty Main Street, which the two brothers survey.

NARRATOR

Another home, another main street.  
Stephen looked around,  
then summed the burgh up thusly:

STEPHEN

Bloom, we've hit a one hat town.

NARRATOR

One theater. One car wash. One  
cafe. One park. One cat. Which,  
through some mishap, had one leg.

The cat sits on a roller skate, rowing itself down the street  
with its one leg.

STEPHEN

Sweet Jesus. Look at that.

7 EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

7

A group of children flee the school joyfully.

NARRATOR

One school, which meant one tight-  
knit group of local well-off kids.

8 EXT. CANDY SHOP 8

The children run out of the candy store, all slurping Rocket Pops.

NARRATOR  
Their pocket-change bought rocket  
pops,

9 INT. CANDY SHOP 9

The brothers at the counter. Bloom watches the children go, while Stephen counts out pennies.

NARRATOR  
The brothers,  
Stephen slaps the change down angrily and points with a  
scowl.

STEPHEN  
Pixie Stix.

10 EXT. PARK 10

The children play, resplendent with their Rocket Pops.

NARRATOR  
They were the 'they'. All well  
loved, rooted, happy as you please.

Bloom and Stephen sit off to the side of the park, none too happy nursing their Pixie Stix.

NARRATOR (cont'd)  
Always there. In every town.

Stephen glares, flicks the Stix away like a cigarette.

STEPHEN  
The playground bourgeoisies.

He storms off. Bloom lingers, staring silently at the children.

11 EXT. FOREST 11

The brothers amble down a wooded path. Bloom stops, staring into the trees.

Through the dense thicket of foliage... the children playing. And one gleaming eye framed perfectly through a small open patch in the leaves.

Bloom pushes the leaves aside. A girl. Golden curls. Summer dress. Standing in the distance on a wide lawn.

Bloom gazes. Stephen places his hand on Bloom's back.

12 EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS 12

Bloom stumbles from the trees (very much as if he's been shoved) and regains his footing and freezes, not shielded at all now from the playing kids and the girl.

NARRATOR  
Could he simply

STEPHEN (O.S.)  
Talk to her!

NARRATOR  
Just drop his fears and go? Leave  
his brother in the woods, and join  
the children?

The girl makes eye contact, twisting a daisy chain between her tiny fingers. Bloom's adam apple convulses.

He turns tail and runs back into the woods.

NARRATOR (cont'd)  
No.

13 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 13

Brothers in bed. Bloom gazes window-ward. Stephen gazes Bloom-wise, shuffling a pack of cards.

BLOOM  
What's doing?

STEPHEN  
What?

(MORE)

13 CONTINUED: 13

BLOOM  
You shuffle when you're thinking  
something through. So whatcha  
thinking?

STEPHEN  
Not a thing.

NARRATOR  
This wasn't really true.  
Cause in the root of Stephen's  
psyche, something now began.  
A seed of grand epiphany. A hook.  
A tale.

14 EXT. WOODS - DAY 14

STEPHEN  
A plan.

Stephen spreads out a hand-drawn flowchart on a stump, and  
talks Bloom through it.

NARRATOR  
A fiction made for profit, in which  
both boys played a part.  
A simple con in fifteen steps.

STEPHEN  
And this is where we start.

Stephen runs his finger backwards down the connected boxes,  
each neatly numbered, stopping at #1.... "Bloom Talks To  
Girl"

15 EXT. PARK - DAY 15

Children and the gold haired Girl playing. The wall of  
foliage where the forest begins shimmers.

NARRATOR  
And then, as if a curtain had been  
pulled back from the sky...  
Some barrier within the younger  
Bloom was broken.

Bloom bursts through the trees and strides across the wide  
lawn, confident, glowing, stopping face to golden face with  
the girl.

(MORE)

15 CONTINUED: 15

BLOOM

Hi.

They talk. They run. They laugh. They play.

NARRATOR

So Bloom performed his role in  
Stephen's story to a T.

BOX #2 on the flowchart - "Bloom wins the kids' trust"

16 EXT. TOWN SQUARE 16

Bloom does indeed, sitting and laughing with a circle of  
kids, suddenly a natural born charmer.

NARRATOR

And being who he wasn't, could be  
as he wished to be.

The Golden Girl smiles at him.

From the shadows of an adjacent alley, Stephen watches,  
pleased. He slinks away.

SERIES OF SHOTS-

17 EXT. CAVE - DAY 17

BOX #3 - "Stephen finds a cave" dissolves to Stephen scouting  
out a cave deep in the woods.

18 EXT. PARK - DAY 18

In the park, Bloom runs with the kids, laughing.

19 INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY 19

BOX #5 - "Stephen buys supplies" dissolves to: Stephen in a  
hardware store, pointing. A flashlight, snow boots and  
several large coolers are purchased.

20 EXT. PARK - DAY 20

Back in the park, Bloom says goodnight to the kids and walks  
homeward in the warm twilight.

21 INT. CHURCH - DAY 21

BOX #8 - "Stephen scouts church" dissolves to: Stephen's eyes poke up from behind a pew in a church. He manages to look devious as he snags a SUNDAY SCHOOL SCHEDULE.

22 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 22

Bloom enters, hears running water from the bathroom. He glimpses down at the flowchart on the bed, scanning down to:

Box #10 - "Bloom comes home to find Stephen filling the coolers"

Stephen backs out of the bathroom trolling a heavy cooler.

STEPHEN

Oh - kay. How's it going on the playground front?

BLOOM

It's great.

STEPHEN

So, on to step eleven, then. The Tale. You tell them -

BLOOM

Wait...

Bloom's lip quivers, obviously conflicted.

NARRATOR

Must the numbers rattle on? Must the fiction end?

BLOOM

I think I need more time to win their-

STEPHEN

Bloom. They're not your friends. They're part of this, and this aint real. Remember, it's a con. And when it's done, we've just got us. And we'll be moving on.

(beat)

So, the tale. You tell them there's a



23 EXT. PARK - DAY 23

Bloom holds court with the kids.

BLOOM  
hermit in the woods. A one eyed,  
steel toothed vagabond...

24 INT. ATTIC 24

Back to Bloom and Stephen in the attic

BLOOM  
...with blood red eyes?

STEPHEN  
(nods)  
That's good. He stopped you coming  
home from school...

25 EXT. PARK - DAY 25

BLOOM  
...and told me of a cave.

GIRL  
What kind of cave?

BLOOM  
A cave of wonders.

BOY  
Pffft ha.

GIRL  
Shut up, Dave.

BLOOM  
At noon on every Sunday, there  
appears a ball of light, which  
flutters like a butterfly...

GIRL  
A will-o-whisp?

BLOOM  
That's right. It guides you

26 INT. ATTIC 26

STEPHEN  
...if you can keep up...

27 EXT. PARK 27

BLOOM  
...to where the treasures lay.

BOY  
So where's this cave?

GIRL  
Yeah, where?

28 INT. ATTIC 28

STEPHEN  
Ah-hah. The hermit didn't say.  
He got this greedy glinting look,  
the filthy red-eyed leech... and  
said he'd tell for thirty bucks.

Something in Bloom's face falls.

29 EXT. PARK 29

The girl's bright, trusting face looking at him. A moment of  
silence. Then, triumphant, an excited boy leaps to his feet.

EXCITED BOY  
Well that's just two bucks each!

The kids all rejoice, and fist-fulls of dollars are thrust at  
Bloom. He looks almost crestfallen as his eye catches the  
girl's joyful gaze.

NARRATOR  
So Sunday came...

30 EXT. WOODS 30

Children in their bright Sunday clothes run through the dark  
woods, led by Bloom.

(MORE)

30 CONTINUED: 30

NARRATOR  
...and straight from church, into  
the woods Bloom led.

31 INT. CAVE 31

In the dim light of a cave, Stephen overturns the coolers of water and retreats into shadow. A flood soaks into the dirt floor, as outside the mouth of the cave the group of panting children come into sight.

NARRATOR  
They stopped. Their hearts leapt.  
There it was.

32 EXT. CAVE 32

The children look at the craggy mouth of a forboding cave.

GIRL  
Just like the hermit said!

Deep in the cave's dark maw, a spark of light.

The children gasp collectively. The Girl grabs Bloom's arm.

Bloom stares, transfixed as any of them.

The spark becomes a glowing, fluttering point of light, which hangs in the mouth of the cave for a tantalizing moment, then recedes deeper into the gloom.

With a cry the children, Bloom included, dash into the cave.

33 INT. CAVE 33

The light glows just around the next corner... the children run after it, slipping in the mud, laughing, turning the corner...

And the light glows just around the next corner. They scramble, they slip and slide, they can't catch the light, but they're all having the time of their lives.

Bloom included. Holding the girl's hand, laughing, eyes full of wonder.

(MORE)

33 CONTINUED: 33

NARRATOR

For just one moment, Bloom forgot  
himself and ran too fast.

He puts on a burst of speed, gets ahead of the crowd.

NARRATOR (cont'd)

He'd catch the light and find the  
treasure...

Turning a corner, he (alone) sees the rather tawdry image of  
Stephen, flashlight in hand, shooing him back as he turns the  
next corner.

Bloom stops running.

NARRATOR (cont'd)

But the moment passed.

The other kids and the girl pass him, but Bloom stands dead  
still, a strange expression on his face.

The girl turns back towards him, still running, and holds out  
her hand for him to follow.

But he doesn't. He stays behind, and is soon left alone.

34 EXT. PLAYGROUND 34

NARRATOR

They didn't catch the will-o-wisp,  
but didn't really care.

The muddled children walk home, laughing, while Bloom leans  
against a lamppost. Stephen appears behind him, counting  
their money.

STEPHEN

It seems to me that in the end, the  
perfect con is where  
each one involved gets just the  
thing they wanted.

BLOOM

Yeah I guess so.

NARRATOR

Our fledgling thieves were  
satisfied.

35 EXT. FOSTER HOUSE - DAY 35

A front door opens, revealing a porch-full of 30 angry parents holding 15 muddled kids by their ears.

NARRATOR

The children's parents, less so.

The Foster Parents exchange a glance.

QUICK SHOTS -

Stephen is smacked.

The wad of money is snatched from a grubby small hand by an angry big one.

A telephone slams down.

On a form, the field "Reason for return:" is filled with "Larceny."

36 INT. BEDROOM - DAY 36

Two suitcases on a bed are snapped closed and pulled away. The bed sits solid and vacant in the dusty afternoon sunlight.

NARRATOR

A bitter ending? Maybe. But there's sweetness in the mix.

Beneath the bed, forgotten, a piece of paper. On it, the con flow-chart. Numbered boxes.

NARRATOR (cont'd)

The brothers Bloom had found their calling.

One of the boxes... number six...

NARRATOR (cont'd)

As shown in number six.

BOX #6: "Cut % O'Henry's"

NARRATOR (cont'd)

'Cut' meant to negotiate, 'percent' percentage deal.

37 EXT. SMALL TOWN SQUARE - DAY

37

Through a storefront window - rows of the children's muddy Sunday clothes hang, each tagged.

NARRATOR

'O'Henry's' was the town's one dry clean shop.

And striding out of the store beneath the 'O'Henry's Cleaners' sign is Stephen, fifty dollars in hand, sucking a Rocket Pop. The OWNER leans out of the door, looking a little nervous. Stephen throws him back a salute.

38 EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

38

Bloom sits against a wall, suitcases beside him. Boxes of Rocket Pops, and one in each fist. Stephen plops down beside him.

STEPHEN

So how's it feel?

Bloom's eye catches the children, and the girl, playing in the distance.

NARRATOR

In truth, young Bloom won't know for twenty years just how he felt.

HONK! A 'Child Welfare' car waiting out on the street. The brothers pick themselves up.

NARRATOR (cont'd)

And so, we'll skip ahead now in our story.

Stephen tosses his Rocket Pop.

STEPHEN

Let 'em melt.

The con man team of the brothers Bloom, suitcases in hand, strides down the alleyway.

Stephen in front.

(MORE)

38 CONTINUED: 38

Bloom a few steps behind, stealing one last glance back at the children playing in the sun.

CUT TO:

39 OPENING CREDITS 39

CUT TO:

40 INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT 40

Flames spread over a wall of bookshelves.

TITLE CARD: BERLIN, 25 YEARS LATER

A YOUNG MAN in a nice suit and bowler hat steps in front of the flaming books.

YOUNG MAN

He gets the scarab, you get the money, I get the girl... so in the end, everyone gets everything he wants.

Three gunshots, two bloody holes in the nice suit and the young man folds to the ground.

A sweaty man named CHARLESTON (40s) lowers his gun, while behind him the rest of the library roars in flames.

VOICE (O.S.)

Wha - Charleston, what - oh my god are you... oh god he's dead, Victor's dead... you've killed us! We had it he was right it was all in the bag and now we're dead, why? Why, you stupid son of a bitch?

The owner of the voice, a MAN a bit younger than Charleston in a derby cap, snatches the gun away and slaps Charleston hard.

(MORE)

CHARLESTON

Cause the Turk was right. After seeing her, after that night on the airstrip, after Cairo everything changed, and he couldn't see the play through that one milky eye, but the Turk was right about one thing, that there's nothing beautiful about money. She's beautiful.

MCGUIRE

This isn't happening...

CHARLESTON

He'll never have her now. She's free. And I'll never see her in scarlet again, her chestnut hair, but it's worth the money and my job and his life and the rest of my life that she's free.

MCGUIRE

Charleston. I can't be here...

CHARLESTON

You're not here. Neither of us are. It's Mowcher's gun.

MCGUIRE

Mowcher is at the bottom of the Spree with a cowl in his neck!

Charleston gets to his feet.

CHARLESTON

They won't find him for a week, and the Albino will chalk it up to Davey, he won't talk. We're clean.

MCGUIRE

Listen to you - four months ago you were an investment banker! Now you're nothing. The Scarab's lost. The money's gone. It'll rot in the Peruvian earth. It's gone.

Charleston limps to the flaming doorway.

(MORE)



CHARLESTON

The man named Charleston you met  
nine months and a thousand years  
ago at the hotel bar in Jodhpur is  
dead. If we see each other again  
it'll be as strangers. As for the  
money... let it rot.

He exits, leaving McGuire stooped beside the crumpled form of  
Victor. A long beat. The distant roar of an engine, tires  
squealing.

Then through the smoky doorway steps a beautiful ASIAN WOMAN,  
early 20s. She gives a nearly imperceptible nod.

MCGUIRE

Wow.

He pats Victor, who sits up, spitting blood. McGuire looks  
to Victor and the woman for a reaction. Gets none.

MCGUIRE (cont'd)

Wow is the word you're both looking  
for. Wow.

The Asian woman nods slightly.

VICTOR

(un-wowishly)

You're a genius, Stephen.

For McGuire is, of course, Stephen.

STEPHEN

We're a genius, Bloom.

Just as Victor is, indeed, Bloom. He spits.

BLOOM

Tastes like tin foil.

STEPHEN

So does real blood. Buy you a  
drink.

Stephen escorts the Asian woman out, while Bloom wipes his  
lip.

41 EXT. HOUSE - PRE-DAWN 41

A stately house in the middle of nowhere, on fire. Stephen holds the door of a car open, while Bloom steps from the flaming house.

STEPHEN

"Four months and a thousand years ago." That's Kipling, isn't it? He stole that from Kipling.

BLOOM

No.

42 EXT. BERLIN - PRE-DAWN 42

Hazy light over the sprawling city.

43 INT. DEUTCH MARK 43

A low, cozy basement level bar. A dozen people crowd it, all expectant in a surprise-party type way.

A TURKISH GENTLEMAN in a white linen suit and eye patch raises his drink when Bloom, Stephen and the woman enter.

THE TURK

Make way, make room for the brothers Bloom!

The bar bursts into cheers.

44 INT. DEUTCH MARK - LATER 44

A DWARF dances on the bar. Stephen plays cards with the Turk, an ALBINO and a small crowd of character types.

THE TURK

Nine months, six countries, three faked deaths, for one mark. You're a beautiful antique, my friend.

They clink glasses.

ALL

Proust.

(MORE)

THE TURK

One thing baffles me. The entire  
con would have fallen apart if  
Charleston had walked away. How did  
you know he'd pull the trigger?

Stephen riffle shuffles a pack of cards.

STEPHEN

Just think of any card. Got one?

Stephen cuts the deck randomly - 2 of spades.

THE TURK

No.

Stephen shrugs.

STEPHEN

But if I do it enough, eventually  
it'll work on someone. And then  
it'll be the best card trick in the  
world.

Wink. The dwarf slips, plummets from the bar. Stephen kicks  
a chair across the room, into which he lands with a crunch.

STEPHEN (cont'd)

Ante up.

THE TURK

It's true you never work with the  
same crew twice?

STEPHEN

That's true.

THE TURK

Well shit. Except for the uh, for  
her?

STEPHEN

La Chinoise?

THE TURK

Yeah.

Back at the bar - the Asian woman. The CHINK. Being hit on  
by a weasly ROMANIAN.

ROMANIAN

Yeah, I'm pretty big into anime.

(MORE)

She almost imperceptibly rolls her eyes.

STEPHEN  
Our fifth Beatle. She knows the  
ins and the outs, and so far as I  
can tell, speaks three words of  
English.

She taps on the bar.

THE CHINK  
Jameson.

BARTENDER  
Ice?

She says 'no' with a look.

THE ALBINO  
So she's with you and Bloom till  
the end.

STEPHEN  
Just till the wind changes.

Stephen makes a gun with his finger and shoots at the Chink.

She flicks a champagne flute to make a 'DING!' and mimes the  
bullet bouncing off her.

THE TURK  
Where is Bloom?

In the corner of the bar, in a private booth with drawn  
velvet curtains, Bloom sits alone playing solitaire. Stuck  
with a queen of hearts he can't play.

A beautiful woman in scarlet with auburn hair pokes her face  
through the curtains.

ROSE  
There you are. Hiding?

BLOOM  
Yeah.

ROSE  
I've been learning. Stephen likes  
to talk about you.

BLOOM  
Did he tell you the cave story?

(MORE)

ROSE

Is it true?

BLOOM

What else did he tell you?

ROSE

I'm not going to tell it as good as Stephen. You two kicked around till your early teens, then stowed away on a merchant marine freighter and ended up in St. Petersburg, where you spent five years under the tutelage of a shadowy old swindler named the Diamond Dog. And he was your Fagin and Stephen was his Artful Dodger, but it ended suddenly and badly.

BLOOM

Stephen took his eye out with an antique rapier.

ROSE

Why did he do that?

BLOOM

And then the Brothers Bloom lit out on their own to make their fortune as gentleman thieves. Sounds romantic.

ROSE

It does.

She pushes the cards aside and slides clumsily onto the table, her face inches from Bloom's, eyes closed, expecting a kiss.

Bloom's eyes stay open.

BLOOM

You want to know how Stephen did it? With Charleston?

ROSE

It's not the first thing on my mind.

45 INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

45

A replay of Bloom in front of the flaming bookshelf.

BLOOM (O.S.)  
He positioned me in the same spot  
where, seven years ago,  
Charleston's wife stood and told  
him she was leaving.

The room transforms, becomes daylit, not on fire, seven years ago, a WIFE standing in Bloom's place.

BLOOM (O.S.) (cont'd)  
He chose my outfit to mirror her  
suit.

Sure enough, the colors and shape of Bloom's suit matches the Wife's outfit.

BLOOM (O.S.) (cont'd)  
He even phonetically matched my  
final words to hers.

WIFE  
This is the end. Charelston, you've  
always been a dunce.

Everything snaps back to Bloom in the flaming room.

BLOOM (IN FLASHBACK)  
So in the end, everyone gets  
everything he wants.

BANG.

46 INT. DEUTCH MARK

46

BLOOM  
That's what he does, he writes his  
cons the way dead Russians write  
novels, with thematic arcs and  
imbedded symbolism and shit. And  
he wrote me as a vulnerable anti-  
hero. And that's why you think you  
want to kiss me. It's a con.

He leaves Rose lying on the table and sweeps through the bar towards the exit, passing Stephen.

(MORE)

46 CONTINUED: 46

BLOOM (cont'd)  
I need air.

STEPHEN  
Who doesn't?  
(plays a card)  
That's the big 2.

47 EXT. BERLIN STREET - EARLY MORNING 47

Bloom stumbles up stone steps to street level. A THOUSAND  
YEAR OLD MAN sweeps up across the square.

Bloom sits wearily on the curb, bowler hat in hand, shirt  
bright red with fake blood, face long as hell.

Putting the broom aside a moment, the old man walks painfully  
across the street to Bloom. Standing nearly toe to toe with  
him, the man pulls a huge joyful smile across his grizzled  
face.

He then smears his hand over his mug, pulling the smile off  
his face and rubbing it on Bloom's mouth. When he takes his  
hand away, Bloom plays along and has the same big joyful  
smile. The old man winks at him and walks back to his broom.

As soon as the old man is away, Bloom drops the smile.

Stephen paces out into the street.

STEPHEN  
We missed the sunrise. That  
would've been nice.

They walk across the street to the Tiergarten.

48 EXT. TIERGARTEN - EARLY MORNING 48

Berlin's Central Park and zoo, dead and brown. The brothers  
stroll through the woods, Stephen a few steps ahead, Bloom  
trailing behind, lost in thought.

Camel heads poke over a wall with 'Kamelhaus' painted on it.  
Stephen throws open the wall's gate.

STEPHEN  
(to camels)  
Back to the swamps!

The camels are unimpressed. Bloom slouches into a bench.

(MORE)

Stephen shows the deck of cards to Bloom, who nods. Stephen cuts the deck, shows him a card. Bloom shakes his head, no.

STEPHEN (cont'd)  
At least you're honest.

Bloom stares into space.

STEPHEN (cont'd)  
Alright, let's do this. Let's just get it done. So first you say 'I'm quitting, Stephen. I'm out.' Then I say...

BLOOM  
'Do we have to go through this again.'

STEPHEN  
Then you make a show of putting on your jacket and say 'no I mean it this time Stephen, this time I'm really out.'

BLOOM  
Then you say 'let's have a drink, and in the morning Bloom you'll have come to your senses'

Stephen pulls a flask, unscrews it.

STEPHEN  
(re: Bloom's bright red blood stain)  
That's a major design flaw in fake blood, by the way.

BLOOM  
'and we'll be moving on.'

STEPHEN  
Real blood turns brown after a half hour.

BLOOM  
Listen to me, Stephen.

STEPHEN  
This scotch costs more than your suit.

(MORE)



BLOOM  
Listen to me.

STEPHEN  
And the flask stopped a bullet from  
a black powder rifle at Appomattox.

BLOOM  
Listen.

Bloom bats the flask away. A camel catches it, tips its  
camel neck back and gulps it down.

STEPHEN  
That's my new favorite camel.

BLOOM  
I hate you. I hate this life, I  
hate it, I hate that you won't  
fucking listen to me for one  
goddamn second. Just listen.

Stephen listens.

BLOOM (cont'd)  
I can't wake up next to another  
stranger, who thinks they know me,  
or even wants to know me, cause I  
don't know - who - I'm thirty five  
years old, and I, I'm useless, I'm  
crippled, I don't, I've only ever  
lived life through these roles that  
aren't me, that are written for me  
by you.

STEPHEN  
Tell me what you want.

BLOOM  
Why? So you can write me a role in  
a story where I get it? You're not  
listening to me. I want a real...  
thing, I wanna do things how I  
don't know are gonna work out, a,  
I, want, a...

STEPHEN  
(sotto)  
You want an unwritten life.

(MORE)

BLOOM  
I want an unwritten life!  
(realizes Stephen just  
wrote that line for him)  
Aauuugghh god!

The camel belches. Bloom makes a show of putting on his jacket.

BLOOM (cont'd)  
I'm going away. Somewhere you or  
even the Chink won't be able to  
track me down, so don't try. No  
more stories.

Bloom tosses Stephen the bowler, and storms off. He gets about ten feet, then hesitates.

BLOOM (cont'd)  
I love you. Bye.

Then goes.

The camel nudges Stephen's jacket, looking for more scotch. Stephen puts the bowler on its camel head.

STEPHEN  
Sorry bud. I'm dry.

Stephen watches his brother walk off into the rising morning mist, lost in thought.

His hands mechanically begin shuffling the pack of cards.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

Beautiful green hills surround the walled medieval city of Ferentino.

TITLE CARD: Ferentino, Italy - 3 months later.

A tiny red car inches its way across the countryside. It winds its way up and deeper into the city on the hill.

50 EXT. FERENTINO APARTMENT - DAY 50

The tiny stone porch outside a private apartment. The red car's bumper pulls up, parks.

On a small wood table, empty booze bottles and a loose pack of cards. Fingertips spread the cards, then the fingertips' owner heads for the apartment door.

51 INT. FERENTINO APARTMENT - DAY 51

Stephen steps in cautiously, surveys the apartment.

A goddamn mess. Empty bottles and glasses, very little light. Stephen opens the curtains, light streams in the window. A groan of displeasure comes from the gloom.

Bloom stirs, passed out in a hammock. Unkept beard, a few extra pounds. Crushed cigar hanging on his lip.

A rotund GRANDMOTHER waddles in, cleaning up bottles and berating Bloom in a constant stream of angry Italian.

STEPHEN  
She's right, you know.

BLOOM  
Why are you here, Stephen?

STEPHEN  
Put on your face, let's eat.

52 EXT. FERENTINO APARTMENT - LATER 52

Stephen guides a dressed Bloom out the door. The grandmother follows them, still barking angry Italian at Bloom. At the last moment she says a few kind words, kisses him on the cheek and sends them off.

53 EXT. FERENTINO CAFE - DAY 53

A few tables on a stone walkway overlooking the countryside. The red car parked nearby. Stephen eats, Bloom stares.

BLOOM  
How'd you find me?

(MORE)

53 CONTINUED:

STEPHEN  
The Chink.

BLOOM  
How'd the Chink find me?

Stephen's eyes: "Are you joking?"

STEPHEN  
How've you been?

BLOOM  
Great.

STEPHEN  
I've done a lot of thinking the  
past three months. You don't want  
out. You think you do but you  
don't. Here, c'mere. I want to  
show you something.

BLOOM  
I'm quits, Stephen.

Stephen stands, strolls off. Bloom wearily follows.

BLOOM (cont'd)  
Where are we going?

STEPHEN  
New Jersey.

BLOOM  
(sighs)  
Well lemme get my jacket.

CUT TO:

54 EXT. AN AIRPLANE ROARS RIGHT TO LEFT 54

CUT TO:

55 EXT. LUDICROUS MANSION - AFTERNOON 55

A long private road through a tunnel of trees leads to a  
ludicrous mansion. Our trio watch it from the road.

BLOOM  
Looks like an etching from a Bronte  
novel.

(MORE)

55 CONTINUED: 55

Stephen flips open a first edition Jane Eyre. The illustration inside is in fact an exact match, right down to a plaster deer in the front yard.

BLOOM (cont'd)  
Huh. Look at that. Well thanks.  
I'm gonna head back to Italy.

STEPHEN  
Big money. Inheritance. Dad died early, Mom died two years ago after ten years fighting an illness that I can't pronounce.

BLOOM  
How much?

The Chink writes a number in the snow with a stick. Just when we think she's done, she adds several more zeros.

BLOOM (cont'd)  
Jesus.

STEPHEN  
Look out.

Stephen pulls Bloom into the trees as a cherry red Lamborghini roars down the private road, does an unruly donut and crunches painfully into a tree, kicking up a cloud of dust and smoke.

Thumping bass from the audio system turns off, and from the dust cloud emerges PENELOPE, early 30s, beautiful but in a non-Lamborghini way.

Bloom watches her through the trees, none too happy.

56 EXT. THICKET - LATER 56

Off to the side of the house. They lean on the hood of their rental car, an old school Cadillac.

In the background, a tow truck arrives with a brand new Lamborghini, and leaves towing the old one.

BLOOM  
What am I doing here, Stephen? I have one rule, and you've never even tested it.

(MORE)

STEPHEN  
Stick with me.

BLOOM  
No women. One rule. You know we  
don't do women, I don't, and it's  
not a morality thing or- a thing-  
it's, whatever it is it doesn't  
matter what it is, that's just our  
rule. So what are we,  
(RE: the rental car)  
Did you rent a '78 Caddy?

Stephen nods to the Chink. Bloom nods appreciatively.

BLOOM (cont'd)  
Controversial choice. So no, is  
what I'm saying. I'm quits anyway.  
I'll be in Italy. Drinking.

The front door of the mansion slams, and they watch Penelope  
drag a harp around into the back yard.

STEPHEN  
Penelope Stamp. Thirty three.  
Lived at home her whole life.

Bloom's eyes never leave Penelope.

BLOOM  
An eccentric shut-in rich bitch.  
You're not helping your case.

The Chink silently hands Bloom a retractable spyglass, he  
watches Penelope drift atop a hill and sit on a stump.

STEPHEN  
She's bored, a seed in the snow.  
We're going to put her through a  
grand adventure, bring her to life.

BLOOM  
So this is the big plan. Lure me  
back into things with some  
beautiful intriguing elusive girl,  
stir up old memories with the  
prospect of redemption and rebirth.  
Seriously Stephen. Amateur night.

Bloom watches her play Clash songs on the harp.

(MORE)

56 CONTINUED: (2) 56

BLOOM (cont'd)  
I'm not saying yes. But what's the  
con?

Stephen spreads a folded piece of paper on a tree stump, with  
a flowchart on it. Numbered boxes.

Bloom doesn't take his spyglass off Penelope.

STEPHEN  
It's actually pretty simple. We're  
brothers, antique dealers, perusing  
the Americas for antiquities en  
route to someplace exciting via  
luxury steamer, say Greece. You  
tie into her and work your magic...

Penelope plays on.

57 INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT 57

Very late. Bloom and Stephen in armchairs, collars loosened,  
drinks drunk. The Chink's Chuck Taylors stick up over the  
back of a chair.

Bloom holds the con flowchart.

STEPHEN  
...and so that's how it ends, in  
Mexico, a burst of violence then a  
moment of truth on the beach. What  
do you think?

Bloom idly looks over the chart.

BLOOM  
You've got something up your  
sleeve. This is about me, right?  
Somehow.

STEPHEN  
This might not be something you  
know, but they've all been about  
you. Maybe that's why they've none  
of them been perfect, I've never  
been able to give you what you  
really want.

(MORE)

57 CONTINUED: 57

BLOOM  
I want to be outta all this. So by  
definition, this is not going to  
give me what I want.

Stephen answers by letting an ace fall from his sleeve.

BLOOM (cont'd)  
This will be the last one. You'll  
let me go.

The Chink's inert sneakers come to life and she's on her  
feet, silently going to Stephen's side.

STEPHEN  
I will never approach you to do  
another con again.  
(to the Chink)  
Let's make it a red Schwinn.

Bloom stares at #1 on the flowchart - "BLOOM MEETS PENELOPE."

58 EXT. HILLTOP - MORNING 58

A grumpy Bloom perched on the red Schwinn, an ill fitting  
Styrofoam helmet on his head.

Stephen sits in a lawn chair watching the highway below.

The Chink sets up a lawn umbrella, a chair for herself, and a  
cooler with Coronas.

BLOOM  
There are less painful ways to cut  
into a mark.

STEPHEN  
Wahk wahk wahk wahk wahk wahk wahk.  
Score to beat is 7.9. Keep your  
head in the game, the Chinese judge  
is tough.

BLOOM  
This is a banana seat, man!

He directs this to the Chink, who blinks with innocent  
incomprehension and opens two Coronas.

BLOOM (cont'd)  
Don't give me that blank look, you  
know what a fuckin banana seat is.

(MORE)



58 CONTINUED: 58

Stephen spots something and blows a whistle. With a grunt, Bloom launches the Schwinn forward.

Gaining speed, bumping over weeds and gopher holes, down the steep steep hill.

At the bottom of the hill, a two lane highway. Cruising down the highway, a cherry red Lamborghini.

Whose front right fender Bloom expertly smashes into.

CUT TO:

59 EXT. HIGHWAY / SKY - DAY 59

Silent and blue. Time slows to a crawl as Bloom sails through the air, arcing over the Italian luxury car's hood and past a horrified Penelope, face frozen mid scream behind the wheel.

BLOOM (V.O.)

There's actually a knack to this. You want to avoid dying or breaking anything that won't grow back, but you don't want to roll out of it and come up roses. If you're trying to fast track into a mark's sympathies, there's nothing quite as efficient as having your first conversation be from a hospital bed they put you in. I usually like to try for a dislocated shoulder.

Several things happen at once.

Bloom hits the pavement shoulder-first, hard. The bent bike follows suit.

Up on the hill, Stephen and the Chink raise score cards. 8.9 and 5.6.

The Lamborghini screeches to a stop.

Everything is still.

Then the car jolts forward. Then stops. Then again, jolts and stops. Rolls forward a few feet, lazily drifting, then jolts and stops.

Bloom painfully stands, as confused by the car's behavior as us.

(MORE)

59 CONTINUED: 59

Stephen and the Chink lower their cards, equally confused.

One last long beat of silence, then the car jolts forward, veers drunkenly to the left, tips into a ditch and chunks to a stop. The horn blares.

Bloom looks up to the hilltop for guidance.

Stephen stares blankly. The Chink raises a new score card - 7.8.

60 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT 60

Penelope sleeps, bruised and battered. Bloom sits bedside uncomfortably, arm in a wimpy sling. She stirs. Bloom leans forward.

Slurred with sleep and drugs, she painfully barely breathes

PENELOPE  
Are you alright?

61 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT 61

Bloom consults with Stephen and the Chink, both in scrubs.

STEPHEN  
The Chink had it - I'm telling him,  
I know, thank you - in her report,  
I missed it. This is actually kind  
of great, I'll tell you why.

The Chink lights a cigarette.

BLOOM  
You missed it?

STEPHEN  
Dostoevsky was an epileptic.

BLOOM  
I know.

STEPHEN  
His seizures were preceded by an  
enlightened euphoria, a sort of  
opening of his spiritual eye.  
(MORE)

(MORE)

61 CONTINUED: 61

STEPHEN (cont'd)  
I think the fact that she saw your  
face the instant before a seizure  
is a pretty goddamn good foot to  
start things out on, right?

Bloom stares blankly. The Chink burps into her stethoscope.

62 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT 62

Bloom slumps in a chair, watching Penelope sleep.

BLOOM (V.O.)  
The next step is to figure out a  
way to insinuate yourself into  
their personal life.

Bloom drifts off, then wakes with a start.

It is MORNING. Penelope is shaking him.

PENELOPE  
I think they took my car. Could  
you drive me home?

BLOOM  
Uh. Yeah.

She walks away, the back of her gown wide open, then turns.

PENELOPE  
I'm Penelope Stamp.

BLOOM  
Bloom.

63 INT. CADILLAC - MORNING 63

Bloom drives, Penelope gazes stiffly out the window.

BLOOM (V.O.)  
Engagement. Find a connection with  
your mark through conversation.

BLOOM (cont'd)  
I'm sorry about your Lamborghini.

PENELOPE  
S' ok.

Silence. He notices her playing with the side mirror knob,  
angling it to stare at him while looking out the window.

(MORE)

63 CONTINUED: 63

BLOOM

Nice area.  
(beat)  
Jersey.

More silence.

PENELOPE

This car is like riding in a huge  
marshmallow.

And still more silence.

BLOOM (V.O.)

Having now deftly set your hook in  
the mark's psyche, this would be  
the perfect time to tug the line,

64 EXT. LUDICROUS MANSION - MORNING 64

They pull up in the car. A tow truck is dropping off a new  
Lamborghini.

BLOOM (V.O.)

Get invited in for coffee, and tell  
them the full tale.

Bloom looks about to launch into something, when Penelope  
drops a stack of cash bound in a green rubber band on his  
dashboard.

PENELOPE

For the bike, and the whole, thing.  
This was a big shit sandwich. Ok.  
Bye.

The car door slams and she's gone. Bloom sits a moment.

BLOOM (V.O.)

However, there are advantages to  
playing it cool. Letting it lie  
for a day or two, then casually re-  
establish contact.

Bloom starts driving off, and adjusts the passenger side  
mirror so it points back to the road. As he does he sees  
Penelope in it, sprinting after his car.

He stops. A moment later she appears at his window, heaving.

(MORE)

64 CONTINUED: 64

PENELOPE  
I realized... I should have...  
invited you in... for coffee...  
right?

65 INT. PENELOPE'S KITCHEN - DAY 65

Bloom and Penelope sit in a luxurious stone-based kitchen,  
neither touching their coffee. Bloom talks.

This is how Penelope listens: she starts with her eyes on  
Bloom, then very quickly drifts away into her own thoughts,  
then recognizes she's doing it and makes eye contact again  
and gives an overbaked "oh yes go on" smile/nod, then does it  
all again. Three or four times.

BLOOM  
...didn't really have anyone except  
each other growing up, and our  
father was in the antique business,  
he had a shop in Charleston. So we  
stuck together, my brother Stephen  
and me, we and just took over the  
shop when dad died. Then we  
realized one day, we saw the  
dealers who were finding and  
selling us the antiques coming from  
exotic countries all over the  
world, and there was a, almost a  
scent they had, when they'd come in  
the dusty shop we worked nine to  
five in since we were nineteen, the  
air would, like before a rain, the  
ions would line up, and you could  
just smell midnight trains to Paris  
and steamer ships and Calcutta  
bazaars, and we made the decision,  
we just did it, that we want to  
have that sort of life. So we did,  
and we've been travelling and  
treasure hunting the world ever  
since, and could you, I'm sorry,  
stop doing - that, you're, I'm, ok.  
Alright, look.

PENELOPE  
I'm really bad at talking to  
people.

(MORE)

65 CONTINUED:

65

BLOOM  
I told you, that's alright.  
You want me to go?

PENELOPE  
No! I want to talk to you. Fuck.

She storms out.

66 INT. PARLOR

66

Victorian, expensive. Penelope leans against the window, looking out. Sulking. Bloom enters.

BLOOM  
So what kind of stuff do you do?

PENELOPE  
Nothing. Maybe you should go.

BLOOM  
Alright. I'm just gonna finish my  
coffee first.

Very slowly, he sips it. Each sip becomes a noisier and noisier slurp.

PENELOPE  
I collect hobbies. I see someone  
doing something I like, and I get  
books and learn how to do it.

BLOOM  
Hm. Anything interesting?

PENELOPE  
Not really.

HOBBY MONTAGE

In which Penelope demonstrates the following with exacting seriousness and skill for Bloom:

Playing the piano. The classical guitar. The fiddle. The banjo.

Putting the finishing touches on a ship in a bottle.

Executing a perfect ollie on a skateboard.

(MORE)

66 CONTINUED: 66

Juggling various items. Riding a unicycle. Juggling while riding a unicycle.

Playing ping-pong against a wall with ungodly speed.

Karate chopping through too much wood.

Breakdancing.

Playing the accordion.

Rapping to a drum machine.

Creating a perfect origami dragon.

END HOBBY MONTAGE

On Bloom's shell-shock face.

BLOOM

Is that it?

PENELOPE

No. I know a lot of stuff.

BLOOM

You just learned this stuff, here by yourself?

PENELOPE

Kinda sad.

BLOOM

No. So you just thought, 'so I want to learn this and this,' and you just did it? How do you plan to use all these skills?

PENELOPE

I dunno. I'm not a planner. I just do stuff. Here, look at this watermelon. It's a camera. You can make a pinhole camera out of anything hollowish and dark.

BLOOM

It's gotta warp the image though, right?

(MORE)

PENELOPE

No, yeah it does. That's what - the Taj Majal taken by a fat tourist with diarrhea and a point-and-shoot camera can be the flattest, dullest, "here's us at the Taj Majal," "Oh lovely lets go stick our thumbs up our asses" picture. But you can look at the most menial everyday thing, and depending on how your pinhole camera eats the light, it's warped and peculiar and imperfect. It's not reproduction, it's storytelling.

BLOOM

It's a lie that tells the truth.

PENELOPE

I dunno about truth. A photograph is a secret about a secret. The more it tells you, the less you know.

BLOOM

What's changed between now and twenty minutes ago? Cause this is kinda like a conversation.

PENELOPE

Huh. Well shit.

67 EXT. BACKYARD - DAY 67

Bloom and Penelope walk and talk, finally rounding the house and ending up at the driveway.

BLOOM

Well, I should, uh, it's late. So. I meet a lot of people in my job I have to professionally act interested in. It's a good feeling to be genuinely interested in someone.

PENELOPE

Are you leaving?

BLOOM

Yeah.

(MORE)



PENELOPE  
Are you coming back?

BLOOM  
Well next time I'm in town. We're  
taking a steamer at noon tomorrow  
off the docks, to the continent for  
a few months.

During this, Bloom very naturally moves his hand to the small  
of Penelope's back. The edge of his thumb comes to rest on a  
small slit of exposed skin.

Penelope's expression does not change, but a noticeable blush  
crosses her still face.

When Bloom removes his hand, the blush falls.

BLOOM (cont'd)  
Paris and Greece, I think. I've  
gotta get a hat. Thanks for the  
pinhole camera demonstration. And  
for the good conversation. Goodbye  
Penelope.

PENELOPE  
Goodbye Bloom.

He drives off. She stands in the doorway, watching him go.

68 EXT. THE DOCKS - DAY 68

A jaunty steamer ship docked and ready. Bloom watches the  
access road, Stephen makes notes, the Chink whittles.

BLOOM  
I need another day with her.

STEPHEN  
You'll have two weeks on the boat.

BLOOM  
I need another day to get her on  
the boat, she isn't hooked. That  
bit I skipped where we were talking  
in the backyard, it was ten minutes  
on the optics of lensless  
photography, we didn't really talk.

(MORE)

68 CONTINUED: 68

STEPHEN  
It isn't the talking that hooked  
her.

Bloom turns from the road.

BLOOM  
I think you're wrong.

A screech of distant tires and a crash. Bloom doesn't look.

BLOOM (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Though every time I say that, you  
end up being comically right.  
That's her, isn't it? Yeah.

Penelope pulls a clumsy steamer trunk that never could have  
fit in her Lamborghini, which is bent around a pylon.

Bloom meets her.

PENELOPE  
Hey.

BLOOM  
Hi. What are you doing here?

She holds out the stack of bills in the green rubber band.

PENELOPE  
You left this money in my kitchen.

He doesn't take it.

BLOOM  
Yeah, I didn't want it, but thanks.

PENELOPE  
Oh.  
(beat)  
Hey, where's this boat going?

69 EXT. THE ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY 69

The good ship Fidele breaks the waves Greece-ward.

70 EXT. DECK - DAY 70

Bloom and Penelope stroll the deck.

(MORE)

BLOOM

Why did you decide to come?

PENELOPE

Well I'd never been to Greece. Or Europe. Or outside New Jersey.

BLOOM

It just seems like a big leap. From where you were at yesterday to being a world traveler.

PENELOPE

It looked like fun. I wanted to do it.

BLOOM

A new hobby.

Up ahead, Bloom spots a large man in a fur collared cape gazing out to sea. He quickly turns Penelope away.

BLOOM (cont'd)

Here, this way.

The Chink and Stephen play shuffleboard. Bloom leads Penelope to them.

BLOOM

Penelope, this is my brother Stephen.

STEPHEN

Pleased to make your acquaintance. Bloom's told me about you, you're the epileptic photographer?

PENELOPE

Sort of.

STEPHEN

This is my personal secretary and masseuse, Mrs. Yuengling.

A nearly imperceptible glare from the Chink.

PENELOPE

Yuengling like the beer?

71 CONTINUED:

71

STEPHEN

Heh. No. So what are your plans  
in Greece?

PENELOPE

I don't plan.

STEPHEN

Good for you.

The Chink hits a damn near impossible shuffleboard shot, then  
gives Stephen a pointed deferential giggle-bow.

72 INT. STATE ROOM - NIGHT

72

The brothers dress for dinner.

BLOOM

You named the Chink 'Yuengling?'

STEPHEN

I was writing in a bar. And she  
doesn't drink, how does she know a  
Philly beer?

BLOOM

She knows a lot of stuff.

(beat)

Was that who I thought it was on  
the East deck this morning?

STEPHEN

Yes it was. Did he spot you?

An ominous glance.

BLOOM

Not yet.

73 EXT. DECK - NIGHT

73

Several small tables scattered about the moonlit deck, Bloom  
and Penelope sit with flutes of champagne. Penelope, in an  
elegant but understated dress, shuffles a pack of cards.

BLOOM

You look very nice.

She laughs as if at a joke she doesn't think is funny.

(MORE)

BLOOM (cont'd)  
What was your childhood like?

PENELOPE  
I make cameras out of watermelons.

BLOOM  
Lonely.

PENELOPE  
Lucky guess.

Penelope's hands move faster. She knows how to shuffle cards.

BLOOM  
How was it lonely?

PENELOPE  
Fishing for an entertaining  
childhood anecdote that  
encapsulates my adult issues?

BLOOM  
Well it's funny how everyone's  
usually got one.

As Penelope tells her story she gets fancier with her shuffles.

PENELOPE  
When I turned six I started getting  
allergies, hayfever, rashes, really  
bad. So my mom took me into the  
doctor, and he did that test where  
they use needles to prick a grid on  
your back with all the different  
toxins, to see which ones you're  
allergic to. The next day I came  
in, the doctor lifted up my shirt,  
and my back looked like a patch of  
oily, moldy, blackish green double-  
puff marshmallows. I was allergic  
to everything. So they sealed the  
house with plastic and a special  
ventilation system, and I spent my  
entire childhood and adolescence  
indoors. Mostly alone. Lonely.

She pulls the Queens out of the deck and lays them face up on the table.

(MORE)

BLOOM

Wow.

PENELOPE

It wasn't 'til I was nineteen they discovered what I was actually allergic to was the aluminum alloy the hypodermic needle was made out of. Then I was going to leave, but my mom got sick. So I stayed. And she stayed sick, a long time.

BLOOM

Do you feel cheated?

Penelope does an amazing card trick using the four queens.

PENELOPE

The trick to not feeling cheated is to learn how to cheat. So I decided this wasn't a story about a miserable girl trapped in a house that smelled like medical supplies wasting her life on a dying person she sometimes hated. It was about a girl who could find infinite beauty in anything, any little thing. And do anything she decided to do. And love the person she was trapped with. So I told myself that story until it became true. Now did doing that let me escape a wasted life, or did it just blind me so I wouldn't want to escape it? I don't know. But either way, I was the one telling my own story. So I don't feel cheated.

She finishes the trick.

A single pair of hands clapping turns their heads. At the far end of the deck, alone at a table, the large man in the fur collared cape, who for reasons unlikely to become clear at the moment will be called THE CURATOR.

THE CURATOR

And a magician is just an actor playing the part of a magician. My compliments.

Bloom takes Penelope gently by the elbow and guides her up and away.

74 EXT. BOW - NIGHT 74

They stroll out onto the moonlit bow of the ship.

PENELOPE

Who is that man? You avoided him  
earlier on the deck.

BLOOM

I don't know, but he's carrying a  
knife up his sleeve and wearing a  
cape. Do me a favor and steer  
clear of him.

A waltz drifts through the air from a band unseen.

BLOOM (CONT'D) (cont'd)

I don't suppose in all your hobby  
acquiring you ever learned how to  
dance?

PENELOPE

I went through a phase when I was  
mildly obsessed with the Bolero.

BLOOM

Give me a minute.

He leaves her alone. Clouds obscure the moon, shadows  
deepen. She shivers.

A match strikes. She jumps.

The moon re-emerges, and she is no longer alone on the deck.  
The Curator lights a dapper briar pipe, shakes out the match.

THE CURATOR

Mademoiselle.

PENELOPE

Monsieur.

THE CURATOR

(in French, subtitled)  
I didn't mean to startle you.

PENELOPE

(in French, subtitled)  
Yes you did.

(MORE)

THE CURATOR  
(in French, subtitled)  
Apologies, but the deck was dark,  
and I had to approach.  
(English)  
It's been such a time since I've  
encountered the Brothers Bloom.

PENELOPE  
You're in antiques?

THE CURATOR  
(Cheshire grin)  
Antiques. I wonder, my dear, if  
you know the true nature of the men  
you travel with?

The band strikes up a Bolero. The Curator flicks his wrist,  
and a long thin blade falls into his hand.

THE CURATOR (cont'd)  
A little fear might suit you, I  
think.

He raises the blade... it is in fact a fine mustache brush,  
which he delicately employs.

THE CURATOR (cont'd)  
Bon soir, ma cherie.

With that the Curator backs into the shadows, and is gone.  
Moments later Bloom trots up to her, oblivious.

BLOOM  
It isn't a Spanish band, but  
they'll do their best.

He hands her a single blood red rose. She puts it in her  
teeth, and they dance. If there is a tinge of tension in the  
air, the Bolero suits it.

The moon ducks behind a cloud once more, and they dance on in  
the dark.

Bloom wakes with a start. Morning light pours in through his  
porthole. He opens it, looks out to sea.



75 CONTINUED:

75

His dinner jacket draped over a chair. The rose in its lapel. He fishes it out. Runs his fingers over the teeth marks on the stem.

Then raises an eyebrow at a lump in the breast pocket, and pulls out the stack of bills in the green rubber band.

76 EXT. DECK - MORNING

76

The Chink and Penelope lie on their stomachs on the deck, a beer can pinhole camera between them.

Penelope gives a lesson on how it works.

The Chink appreciates her.

77 EXT. BREAKFAST DECK - LATER

77

Bloom escorts Penelope to breakfast.

PENELOPE  
How'd you find her?

BLOOM  
The Chi-nese, uh, Yeungling? She found us.

78 INT. KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING (FLASHBACK)

78

Bloom cooks breakfast in his bathrobe.

BLOOM (O.S.)  
A few years back, when we hit the top of our art dealing game, she just appeared.

A door opens and slams. Bloom turns. The Chink sits at his place at the table, suitcase beside her, smoking a cigarette.

BLOOM (O.S.) (cont'd)  
She's stuck with us. We figure when she gets bored she'll vanish with the same lack of noise.

Like feeding a strange animal, Bloom pours her coffee. She drinks it without looking at him.

79 EXT. BREAKFAST DECK 79

PENELOPE  
I like her.

BLOOM  
Good.

They smile when they see Stephen and the Chink at a table.

Their smiles drop when they see the Curator sitting with them. Bloom glares at the Curator, but speaks to Stephen.

BLOOM (cont'd)  
What's he doing here?

STEPHEN  
I invited him, sit down. This ship's too small to dance around each other for a week, we might as well have it out now. Bloom. Sit. Penelope, do you know our friend?

PENELOPE  
Only as the creepy Frenchman.

THE CURATOR  
Book-learned. You know languages but not accents, my dear. I am Belgian. Maxmillion Melville, at your service.

BLOOM  
Also known in certain professional circles as the Curator.

PENELOPE  
Pleased to make your acquaintance. What do you do?

THE CURATOR  
I'm a curator, presently for the National Museum in Prague. And yourself?

PENELOPE  
I'm an epileptic photographer.

THE CURATOR  
Good for you. Boys? What do you do?

(MORE)

STEPHEN  
We have a legitimate antique  
reselling business.

THE CURATOR  
Baissez le rideau, la farce est  
jouee.

STEPHEN  
We've gone straight, Max.

THE CURATOR  
Pardon, but you do not ascend to  
the grand heights of the Brothers  
Bloom only to toss it all and sell  
terra cotta to blue haired weekend  
antiquers.

STEPHEN  
We did. Eat your waffles.

THE CURATOR  
But Mademoiselle appears...  
confused. Perhaps she is unawares?

BLOOM  
Eat your waffles, fat man.

THE CURATOR  
Unaware that the Brothers Bloom are  
in fact the two most highly  
respected *art smugglers* in the  
western world?

STEPHEN  
Were. We've been on the straight  
for three years. So that's that.

THE CURATOR  
Well, if that is that, then that is  
indeed that. As you say.

Penelope snaps her fingers. Everyone looks up.

PENELOPE  
Your name's Melville?

THE CURATOR  
Maxmillion Melville, Esquire.

(MORE)

79 CONTINUED: (2) 79

PENELOPE

Sorry, no, cause I noticed but I  
couldn't place it, this ship is the  
Fidele, which was the ship in  
Melville's novel "The Confidence  
Man." So that's weird.

Everyone glances at Stephen, a little uncomfortable.

STEPHEN

Huh.

80 INT. DECK - NIGHT 80

Bloom paces, Stephen shuffles cards.

BLOOM

I know you like to throw those  
clever little details in, but  
you've gotta watch that shit with  
her Stephen. She had a lot of time  
alone in that house, and she used  
it. She did the best Double Dutch  
Queens I've ever seen up on the  
deck last night.

STEPHEN

Double Dutch Queens uses gaffed  
cards.

BLOOM

She had them in her purse and cut  
them in while I was folding my  
napkin.

STEPHEN

Jesus.

BLOOM

That's what I'm saying. She's  
different, she knows, sometimes it  
feels like she knows everything.  
Doesn't that worry you?

STEPHEN

No. But something about her is  
worrying you plenty.

BLOOM

She feels like one of your  
characters.

(MORE)

80 CONTINUED:

STEPHEN

The day I con you is the day I die,  
Bloom.

BLOOM

I know that.

(beat)

How did you get the Belgian, on our  
budget?

STEPHEN

He's beautiful, right?

BLOOM

I didn't expect him to actually be  
Belgian.

STEPHEN

I'm not sure he is. I'm to bed.

Stephen stands to go, then pauses.

STEPHEN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

I've always protected you, right?  
The only real danger in this whole  
play is that you'll actually fall  
in love with her. Look at me.  
Don't fall in love with her.

81 EXT. UPPER DECK - CONTINUOUS

81

The Chink sits smoking her whittled pipe, watching Bloom  
alone on the deck. Stephen passes her, and she stops him  
with a look.

STEPHEN

Shut up. I know what I'm doing.

She hands him a thin piece of paper. He looks it over.

STEPHEN (cont'd)

This came through just now?

The paper is a telegram with the Fidele's imprint, received  
from St. Petersburg. Stephen reads it.

(MORE)

81 CONTINUED:

81

STEPHEN (cont'd)  
"My dear Stephen STOP Word on the  
wire is the Bros B are bound for  
Prague STOP Am heading there myself  
would love to see my boys STOP  
Affectionately DD." The Diamond  
Dog.

He crumples the paper, looks down at Bloom.

STEPHEN (cont'd)  
Wire him back for me. "Dear Dog  
STOP Unless you've lately felt an  
excess of eyes left in your head  
kindly stay the fuck away from me  
and my brother STOP Regards,"  
etcetera.

82 EXT. THE MEDITERRANIAN SEA - MORNING 82

The good ship Fidele rounds the Rock of Gibraltar.

83 EXT. DECK - MORNING 83

Bloom and Penelope lie on the deck, watching dolphins.  
She says this word like she's eating chocolate:

PENELOPE  
Smugglers. It's like an adventure  
story. Whose idea was it to go  
straight?

BLOOM  
Mine. Stephen always loved the  
life. Then he was almost killed on  
a run to Jakarta, two thugs with  
heads like canned hams worked him  
beyond all reason.

84 EXT. JAKARTA PIER - NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 84

Stephen is set upon by two thugs. He rushes them.

STEPHEN  
Have at thee, you ham headed  
bastards!

85 EXT. DECK - MORNING 85

BLOOM  
And I called it, that was it.

PENELOPE  
Scary.

BLOOM  
For me. Stephen enjoyed it. He loved the idea that we were internationally infamous art smugglers, but I think deep down, same as me, he felt like we were putting on a persona, faking it.

PENELOPE  
Telling a story.

BLOOM  
He'd love to die on a job. Cornered at midnight on a run to Jakarta. That's his dream, to tell his story so well it fulfills itself. It somehow would make it finally real for him.

PENELOPE  
That's kinda the thing we all want, right?

He looks at her in the sun.

BLOOM  
Trying to get something real by telling yourself stories is a trap. Trust me on that one.

86 EXT. GRECIAN PORT - DAY 86

Kalamata, if it matters.

The Fidele docked in bright blue water. Our intrepid heroes stand aside a dusty road, surrounded by their luggage.

The Curator approaches, tips his hat to them.

THE CURATOR  
Best of luck with the antiquing, boys. Au revoir, Chinois.  
(MORE)

(MORE)

86 CONTINUED: 86

THE CURATOR (cont'd)  
(to Penelope)  
Mademoiselle. Mes restes d'offre.

With a wink, he is gone. A beat. Penelope stands apart.

BLOOM  
My French is a little rusty, but I  
believe he just told you 'my offer  
stands.'

PENELOPE  
He came out of nowhere last night.

87 EXT. DECK - NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 87

Penelope taking air on the moonlit deck. The Curator  
dissolves out of the darkness.

PENELOPE (V.O.)  
Whatever's in his pipe, it made me  
thick.

He brings her face close to hers, smoke twisting, and speaks  
unheard words low and fast.

88 EXT. GRECIAN PORT - MORNING 88

BLOOM  
Oh lord. What has he got?

PENELOPE  
An 8th century prayer book.

89 EXT. PRAGUE STREETS - DAY 89

We fly through the city streets...

PENELOPE (V.O.)  
From his museum in Prague, stashed  
in the castle.

Up to the base of the castle, through a grated hole in an  
ancient wall, into...

90 INT. MUSEUM VAULT 90

A stunning illuminated manuscript lies open on a stone table.  
The Curator's hands close it gently and take it away.

(MORE)



90 CONTINUED:

90

STEPHEN (V.O.)  
A book of hours.

PENELOPE (V.O.)  
Yeah. Medieval art bores the crap  
out of me so I don't know it that  
well. So that's what he does, he  
makes pieces in his collections  
disappear, then sells them off via  
a trusted middleman.

91 EXT. GRECIAN PORT

91

BLOOM  
That's what he does.

STEPHEN  
Wonder who's his fence?

BLOOM  
Probably his Spanish guy, right?  
(asks Penelope)  
Did he say who's buying?

PENELOPE  
An Argentinian. Argentine?  
Argentinian?

92 EXT. DECK - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

92

THE CURATOR  
A gentleman from Argentina. He's  
quite sick, cancer in his bones,  
and desperate for sentimental  
reasons to own this piece while he  
may.

93 EXT. GRECIAN PORT

93

PENELOPE  
He'll sell it to a middleman for  
one million, US. The Argentin...a  
guy will pay two point five.

STEPHEN  
Not bad.

PENELOPE  
Is he legit?

(MORE)

STEPHEN

The Curator? That's a relative term. He's telling the truth.

BLOOM

I'm sorry you had to deal with that guy.

Behind Penelope, two porters load her steamer trunk into the back of a taxi.

BLOOM (cont'd)

Where's that cab going?

PENELOPE

The train station.

BLOOM

Where's the train going?

PENELOPE

Prague.

Bloom breathes.

PENELOPE (cont'd)

Let's do it. Let's, just, I want to try this. Let's be smugglers. I think it'd be fun. We should do this.

BLOOM

No.

PENELOPE

Why not?

BLOOM

Well first off, we don't have a million dollars.

PENELOPE

I do, I've got, that's whatever. I mean a real reason.

BLOOM

This is real, it's dangerous, it could go very bad.

PENELOPE

I think a little real danger might suit me. I'm gonna do it.

(MORE)

(MORE)

93 CONTINUED: (2) 93

PENELOPE (cont'd)  
So if you want to join my smugglers  
gang, you know, I'll consider it.

She walks off towards the taxi.

BLOOM  
This is not an adventure story.

PENELOPE  
What are you talking about? It  
totally is.

94 EXT. HUNGARIAN COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT 94

A train roars through the night towards Prague.

95 INT. STEPHEN'S SLEEPING CAR - NIGHT 95

Stephen reclines, hat on his face. Bloom paces.

STEPHEN  
Take it easy. She's having fun,  
that's the point of this.

BLOOM  
She's making a flag for our  
"smugglers gang," man. She made me  
learn a secret smugglers handshake.  
Unhealthy. This afternoon, when  
she was writing, in the observation  
car? A letter? A journal? No.  
She is getting way too into this.

Bloom fishes a crumpled piece of paper from his pocket and  
thrusts it in front of Stephen's face.

On it are written dozens of variations in stylized fonts of  
"Penelope the smuggler."

BLOOM (cont'd)  
She's been singing the Smuggler  
Song since Athens.

STEPHEN  
What Smugglers Song?

(MORE)

95 CONTINUED: 95

BLOOM

You know, the one from whatsit, the Disney thing, that Smuggler Song, the 'We're a band of smugglers hey, la la la la la, we smuggle by night and drink by day, smugglers ho, ho ho, smugglers...' there, this isn't... there isn't a Smuggler Song, is there? Ok. She made up a Smuggler Song. With hand motions.

STEPHEN

The whole point of this was to sweep her off her feet. Let her enjoy it.

BLOOM

While it lasts.

STEPHEN

Nothing lasts.

Exit Bloom. Stephen sighs and drops his hat back on his face.

96 INT. BLOOM'S SLEEPING CAR 96

Bloom reads. Footsteps pound by outside. Penelope and the Chink run past his door. A moment later a uniformed ATTENDANT runs past.

A beat, then the footsteps come back, and the girls duck into Bloom's cabin, slamming the door. Sacks in their teeth.

Off Bloom's quizzical look:

PENELOPE

Smuggling. From the snack car.

They pull bags of chips and tiny liquor bottles from their sacks.

Bloom glares at the Chink, who tries to avoid his gaze.

97 INT. SNACK CAR 97

Bloom pays the SNACK CAR ATTENDANT from a stack of Euros, while the Chink gives him counts on her fingers.

(MORE)

97 CONTINUED: 97

BLOOM  
Fourteen gins? Are you kidding me?

THE CHINK  
Jameson.

BLOOM  
I'm not paying for that.

She holds up two fingers, the Attendant pours two.

ATTENDANT  
Ice?

She says no with a look, they drink.

BLOOM  
She made up the Smuggler Song.

The Chink nods. Bloom pays for the Jameson.

BLOOM (cont'd)  
I thought it was a Disney thing.

98 INT. PENELOPE'S SLEEPING CAR - LATER THAT NIGHT 98

The lights are off. Penelope reclines on the bed, surrounded by empty tiny gin bottles. Drunk.

Bloom sits on the floor, both framed in a big window looking out on a breathtaking moonlit landscape rolling hypnotically by.

PENELOPE  
Gin is fuckin fruity. Have you taken this train before?

BLOOM  
Yeah.

PENELOPE  
So this is all like fuckin 'whatever' to you.

BLOOM  
I usually drink with the Chink in the snack car, play cards.

PENELOPE  
With the who?

(MORE)

Oops.

BLOOM  
Mrs. Yeungling. That's her  
smuggler nickname.

PENELOPE  
That's offensive.

BLOOM  
I think if it were offensive to  
her, she'd let us know.

PENELOPE  
Do I get a smuggler nickname?

Bloom quietly slips the stack of cash in the green rubber  
band into Penelope's luggage.

BLOOM  
No.

PENELOPE  
I think you're constipated. In  
your fuckin soul.

Bloom makes several attempts to form a response to this  
before giving up.

BLOOM  
What?

PENELOPE  
You've got a big load of grumpy  
petrified poop up your ass, I'm  
just calling you out on it. Yeah  
I'm pretending I'm a smuggler, so  
you know what? I'm a fuckin  
smuggler. If that's your thing,  
fuckin tell it like you own it.  
When you've got a spotlight in  
front of your feet, man, fuckin  
jump into it and dance the shit out  
of it. Stop fuckin thinking so  
much. Enjoy the fuckin ride.  
Fuck.

A roll of thunder and spectacular flash of lightning ignites  
the landscape, and rain starts to patter. Penelope stiffens.

PENELOPE (cont'd)  
Whoa.

(MORE)

98 CONTINUED: (2)

98

BLOOM  
Look, I'm not-

PENELOPE  
Shh. I love thunderstorms.

Another crash. Lying on her stomach, Penelope slowly starts feeling something which makes her undulate. Bloom stares, confused.

PENELOPE (cont'd)  
Whoa ha. Oh ho ho. Ohhhhhh whoooo  
ha ha ha ha.

Beneath her, the train wheels rhythmically clack and vibrate against the tracks. Another flash of lightening, the rain falls harder.

Penelope writhes. Bloom silently shrinks back in terror.

PENELOPE (cont'd)  
Oh hoooooooooooo ha ha ha ha ha ha  
ha oh my GOD, ha whoooo.. whee...  
ha... hoo. I... am... so horny.

BLOOM  
Nite.

The door to her car latches, and Bloom is gone.

99 INT. SNACK CAR - NIGHT

99

Bloom sits drinking and playing cards with the Chink. He spaces out, she snaps her fingers to wake him up.

BLOOM  
(playing a card)  
That's the big 2.

100 EXT. HUNGARIAN COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

100

The train steams onward into the growing storm.

101 EXT. CHARLES BRIDGE, PRAGUE - MORNING

101

Our intrepid four stroll the bridge, the city's castle looming before them.

Penelope slumps pale faced in dark glasses.

(MORE)

101 CONTINUED:

101

STEPHEN

The last time I was in Prague, I  
was in love.

PENELOPE

What was she like?

STEPHEN

Pale skin. Long feet. So.

He winks.

102 INT. PRAGUE HOTEL ROOM - DAY

102

STEPHEN (V.O.)

Bloom and I will secure us lodging,

The brothers set their suitcases on the beds. Bloom finds  
the stack of bills in the green rubber band in his.

103 INT. NATIONAL MUSEUM - DAY

103

STEPHEN (V.O.)

Mrs. Yeungling will scout the  
castle museum.

The Chink, in ridiculous tourist garb and a "PROPERTY OF KGB"  
t-shirt, takes pictures with one of several cameras around  
her neck.

104 EXT. CHARLES BRIDGE, PRAGUE

104

STEPHEN

You will go to the bank, that wire  
should have cleared if you put it  
in at Athens.

PENELOPE

Cash?

105 INT. PRAGUE BANK - DAY

105

STEPHEN (V.O.)

Only movie thugs and Russians deal  
in suitcases of cash. Draw a  
certified check.

(MORE)



105 CONTINUED:

105

A cashier hands over an elaborate check, which Penelope signs and puts in an envelope.

106 INT. APARTMENT STAIRCASE - DAY

106

A baroque spiral staircase, the spine of a high apartment building. Our intrepid four ring the bell beside an apartment door.

THE CURATOR (FROM INSIDE)  
Who the hell is that?! Who is it?!

STEPHEN  
Candy-Gram. It's us, Max.

Stephen pushes open the door, and an instant later a SHOTGUN BLAST takes out a chunk of the landing beside his head.

They all dive onto the floor, piling on top of each other.

THE CURATOR (FROM INSIDE)  
Who the hell are you, what do you  
want, who the hell!!!!??

BLOOM  
Max! Max! It's us, Bloom,  
Stephen, Jesus, Max, easy,  
whoa!

STEPHEN  
Max! Max! It's Stephen and  
Bloom, easy, whoa, Christ,  
whoa now!

The Curator stands in the smoky apartment hallway, sloppily draped in a ratty bathrobe, bottle in one hand and shotgun in the other. He squints at them.

THE CURATOR (cont'd)  
Ah. Good morning. Come in. I  
have been drinking.

107 INT. THE CURATOR'S APARTMENT - LATER

107

A schematic of the castle laid on the kitchen table. The Curator looks even worse in the light, red rimmed eyes, heavy skin on his face.

THE CURATOR  
Here, off the Basilica, are offices  
of administration, and beneath  
those, an otherwise inaccessible  
section of catacombs. And the  
book.

(MORE)

BLOOM

Administrative offices. So how do you steal the book?

THE CURATOR

The book is already stolen. The stealing is in the bureaucracy, in the filing, red tape. As far as the museum is concerned, the book does not exist. I am the curator, I walk in, pinch the copy girl's baboosh, put the book in a briefcase and walk out. Tomorrow, say, at two.

STEPHEN

Today.

THE CURATOR

Today is not a good day.

STEPHEN

Tomorrow. Now what about this Argentinian.

THE CURATOR

(blank, then realizes)

Ah, the Argentine? Senor Luise Belguta Rioso. I get his file.

108 INT. CURATORS APARTMENT BEDROOM - LATER

108

Penelope and Bloom wander into the bedroom, looking at an array of beautiful paintings on the wall.

PENELOPE

Gin is slow death, man.

Stephen and the Chink poke their heads in, leaving. The Curator strolls in.

STEPHEN

We'll see you back at the hotel.

(glances at the Curator)

Soon.

They go, leaving Bloom and Penelope, who squints at an unframed oil on canvas, of a lonely stone well in a primeval forest clearing. It sits at the foot of an unmade bed.

(MORE)

THE CURATOR

From a private collection on the island of Ikaria. That one.

BLOOM

Who painted it?

THE CURATOR

I don't know.

PENELOPE

Why is it the last thing you see every night, and the first thing you see every morning?

THE CURATOR

That's a story. You have a minute?

He closes the blinds and sits on a stool in front of the painting. Setting the stage.

THE CURATOR (cont'd)

My daughter travelled with me when she was very young, and I'd show her the places and the art, all the most joyous and terrifying things in the world.

Memories of his daughter's hand in his, flashing against the sun.

THE CURATOR (CONT'D) (cont'd)

I wanted that the world was alive in the most fantastic way for her. To built her a pair of wings. Make these things real. But maybe more than any other *objet d'art*, she loved to hear she'd ask to hear the story of the stone golem. From a painting in a small private collection on the island of Ikaria.

He motions to the painting, and we move into it. As he tells the story the scenes are shown in the painting, just as still images, which we move across like a picture book.

THE CURATOR (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Well Rachel, like most monsters the Golem was once a human. A boy, about your age.

(MORE)

(MORE)

## THE CURATOR (CONT'D) (cont'd)

And one day the boy was walking home, and he quarrelled, he fought, with a good friend of his. They got very angry and his friend pushed him a certain way and the boy fell and struck his head and died. The boy's friend was very sad but also very frightened. So instead of telling the boy's parents, he did something awful. He pulled the body into a quarry, a pit of broken rocks, and hid the boy beneath a pile of large stones. Well. Years went by, and the boy's friend became a young man, and one day while drinking in town (which in his guilt he did quite a lot of) he heard that a well was being built near the forest... with the stones from the quarry. He ran to the quarry to find it nearly empty... no stones, no body. He ran to the well where the masons were finishing their work. 'Did they find anything strange in the quarry?' he asked, expecting, maybe hoping they'd arrest him for the awful crime on the spot. But no, they said, motioning to the well. Nothing strange. Just stones. They left him alone there at the well, and he stood looking into it as the sun fell behind the mountains and twilight set the world in a deep, still silence.

The last image we land on is the well, alone in the clearing.

Its dark innards loom ominously in the long pregnant silence that follows.

Then, with a piercing ROAR, a living monster of stone lunges out of the well, animated and terrifying, grabs the friend by the throat and with a crunching of bones and one last roar pulls him back down into the depths of the well.

Silence again. We pull out of the painting, back to the Curator, sitting very still.

## THE CURATOR (cont'd)

My daughter died nineteen years ago today. She was six. She went out to play one afternoon and vanished.

(MORE)

(MORE)

108 CONTINUED: (3)

108

THE CURATOR (cont'd)

The next morning we found her, in a stone well on a neighboring property. I climbed down to her, but slipped and broke my leg, and while we waited for the rescue team to pull us out she died in my arms. If you've had a child... my whole everything just focused down to one thing, to hold her and make her feel safe. But no matter what I said to her, I couldn't stop her shaking, crying. Her last moments on this earth were filled with terror. Of a stone golem.

He stands, opens the blinds, pours another drink.

THE CURATOR (cont'd)

It was the first painting I 'acquired.' I keep it maybe hoping some night the golem will come for me.

109 INT. APARTMENT STAIRCASE - MOMENTS LATER

109

Bloom trots out, ahead of Penelope.

THE CURATOR

Mademoiselle.

Bloom keeps going, anxious to leave, but Penelope lingers on the staircase. The Curator comes out.

THE CURATOR (cont'd)

It is you I do business with, yes?

PENELOPE

Right. Oh, right.

She gives him the envelope with the certified check. He shakes her hand, then deftly adjusts his grip so that just for a moment he holds her hand as you would hold a child's.

He lets go, and smiles apologetically.

THE CURATOR

Au revoir.

110 EXT. PRAGUE STREETS - DAY 110

Penelope and Bloom stroll home in silence through crowded, vibrant cobblestone streets.

PENELOPE

You aren't constipated. You're scared. What are you scared of?

They walk on, suddenly somehow holding hands.

As they approach the hotel, Bloom deftly breaks their hand holding off. Penelope notices why.

111 INT. PRAGUE HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS 111

Stephen, up in the window watching them approach. He recedes into the room.

112 EXT. PRAGUE STREETS - NIGHT 112

The sun sets against the castle, taking us into night.

113 INT. PRAGUE HOTEL BAR - NIGHT 113

Bloom drinks alone, sketching Penelope's face with a pencil. A smell breaks his concentration.

BLOOM

Diamond Dog, carrying a cup and a cane.

Standing behind him, a soft old man in an ashy suit and eyepatch. The DIAMOND DOG.

DIAMOND DOG

Bloom. How long has it been?  
(sits, orders)

Tea.

(to Bloom)

Can you believe that? Tea? Been a long while.

BLOOM

If I call Stephen down he'll kill you.

(MORE)

DIAMOND DOG

Well then please don't call Stephen down. Look at you, you're terrified. C'mon now, look. Take a look. I'm an old man with no depth perception. You don't have to be scared of me.

The Dog plays with a heavy gold lighter, making sparks.

DIAMOND DOG (cont'd)

It's been a funny thing, watching you boys take what I taught you and eclipse me. I'm so proud to be a footnote in the lives of the Brothers Bloom. And you hate me. The curse of all bad fathers - that my presence on this earth after I die will not live on the lips of admiring men, but will sink into the murky backwaters of my children's psyches.

BLOOM

Is this profundity? Cause you can skip it.

DIAMOND DOG

Ha! Ha ha. Piss and vinegar.

The Dog scoots next to Bloom.

DIAMOND DOG (cont'd)

When I first took you boys in, showed you the ropes, haunting St. Pete's, piss and vinegar. I still crave that youthful joy. Even today.

The Dog's hand touches Bloom's leg. There is something horrible about this.

Beneath the bar, Bloom grips the sharp pencil like a knife.

BLOOM

Don't touch me.

DIAMOND DOG

You probably won't believe I loved you boys very much.

(MORE)

113 CONTINUED: (2)

113

BLOOM

You're going to take your hand away  
or I'm going to break your arm,  
there's nothing between.

He does, but Bloom's fingers don't loosen on the pencil.

DIAMOND DOG

But love, you know. We know, folks  
like us, you can always blink and  
realize that it's a fiction, and  
like Peter walking on water or  
Wiley Coyote running off a cliff,  
if you look down in doubt you'll  
fall. That's the price of our  
lives, the wax in our wings. One  
day Stephen's going to fall. It  
may be glorious, but he's going to  
fall hard and he won't be there to  
tell you what to do and protect  
you. When he's gone, remember me.

The Dog has moved in very close to Bloom, his breath hot on  
his face, and his hand comes to rest fully on Bloom's leg.

Bloom's hand with the pencil quivers, about to strike-

When Bloom is pulled from the bar stool by a heavy hand.  
Stephen, his eyes burning through the Dog.

DIAMOND DOG (cont'd)

Hello Stephen.

Stephen smashes a bottle from the bar and slashes it across  
the Dog's hand.

Waiters and porters tackle him, the Dog howls, holding his  
bleeding hand. Bloom stands numb, and puts the pencil in his  
pocket.

114 EXT. PRAGUE HOTEL - NIGHT

114

Bloom watches the Dog get into a waiting black Mercedes. For  
an instant the car's interior light shows an 11 year old boy  
behind the tinted glass, as the Dog slides in and puts his  
arm around him.

The Mercedes drives off.



115 EXT. PRAGUE STREETS - NIGHT

115

Right in front of the hotel, on the water. Bloom sips coffee from a china cup, spinning a paper in his hands. Stephen joins him, with a matching cup.

STEPHEN

I'm sorry I wasn't there.

BLOOM

You can't always be there.

STEPHEN

No, I guess can't.

A beat.

BLOOM

That was a real tonal shift. The Curator's tale.

On one side of the paper is the sketch of Penelope, on the other is the con flowchart. "#12 - The Curator's Tale." "#14 - Castle Break-In."

STEPHEN

I'm a big fan of tonal shifts. I didn't write it for him, though.

BLOOM

He made it up on the spot?

STEPHEN

I don't know.

116 INT. BLOOM'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

116

Bloom flops into bed. He turns and looks at the wall.  
Right on the other side of it...

117 INT. PENELOPE'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

117

Penelope lies in bed, looking at the wall also. She closes her eyes.

118 INT. BLOOM'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 118

Bloom's breathing slows. He closes his eyes.

A beat. Then light snoring breaks the silence, coming through the wall. Penelope snoring.

Bloom smiles slightly. What a cute snore.

The snoring deepens slightly.

The clock on the wall advances from 1:30am to 5:50am, and through the window the horizon glows with the approach of dawn.

Bloom lies wide awake on his back, red rimmed eyes wide open, the guttural snoring ringing in his ears.

119 INT. APARTMENT STAIRCASE - MORNING 119

Our four at the Curator's door. Bloom knocks, and they all step judiciously back. No response.

STEPHEN

Max?

BLOOM

We're a little early...

120 INT. THE CURATOR'S APARTMENT - MORNING 120

Still and silent in the breaking light of morning.

And totally empty. Picked clean down to the bare walls.

The only thing left in the apartment is the painting of the well... broken on the floor.

Our intrepid four stand in various states of thoughtfulness. Penelope stares at the painting, Bloom at the window.

PENELOPE

The Golem came for him. In my dream. Crawled out of the painting and killed him in a horrible way.

(MORE)

120 CONTINUED:

BLOOM

Well at least he had the decency to  
just skip out on us, not do  
something tacky like fake his own  
death.

Poking around the room, Bloom opens a closet. The Curator  
stands pressed against the back wall in his pajamas.

THE CURATOR

(sotto)

You're a little early.

Bloom quickly closes it.

STEPHEN

I don't get it. If he was  
hightailing it he could have waited  
eight hours till we traded the  
million for the book, and had some  
traveling money. Well. Back to  
antiquing. Nothing gained, nothing  
lost.

(to Penelope)

And you got to see Prague, which is  
nice.

Penelope's eyes widen with realization.

PENELOPE

Oh.

BLOOM

You should stay in the city for  
awhile, they have these amazing  
puppet show opera things-

But Stephen raises a hand to shut him up.

STEPHEN

Oh?

121 EXT. SIDEWALK BAR - DAY

121

Several empty glasses of wine, one full one in Penelope's  
hand. All heads are slumped.

PENELOPE

Oh.

(MORE)

121 CONTINUED:

121

BLOOM

It's my fault. I can't believe I  
left you alone with him.

The Chink hands Stephen a piece of paper. He glances at it.

STEPHEN

The check was cashed yesterday  
afternoon, he'd have deposited it  
in a Swiss account. I'm sorry Pen.

PENELOPE

What a waste.

Bloom puts his hand on her arm, sympathetic.

PENELOPE (cont'd)

That poor man. What a waste.

Bloom's expression turns quizzical.

PENELOPE (cont'd)

That poor Argentina man. He'll  
never see the book now, it'll just  
rot in the catacombs. What a  
waste.

When Penelope lifts her suddenly brightened eyes in a moment  
of divine inspiration, Bloom meets her gaze with fear.

122 EXT. CHARLES BRIDGE, PRAGUE - DAY

122

Bloom paces, Penelope looks up at the castle with binoculars.  
The Chink and Stephen stand by.

BLOOM

No. No no. Can't you see what  
happened here, there is no book,  
we've been swindled -

PENELOPE

But maybe there is, maybe it's  
real, we don't know!

BLOOM

It's not real, it's a con.

PENELOPE

It's my money, I'm going to find  
out for sure. He gave us every  
piece of information we need.

(MORE)

122 CONTINUED:

122

She spreads the castle floor plan out on a bench.

Bloom turns to Stephen and the Chink with a "this is crazy right?" expression and gesture. They give him nothing back.

STEPHEN

We'd need to clear the  
administrative offices. Some sort  
of disruption.

The Chink strokes her chin in mock-thoughtfulness.

PENELOPE

(to Bloom)

C'mon. Help me break into this  
castle. It'll be fun.

123 EXT. FIELD - DAY

123

A Barbie Doll set up in the middle of the field explodes in a  
theatrical plume of fire.

Several others follow suit.

The Chink pops up from behind a mound of dirt in her aviator  
goggles, cigarette dangling from her lip. She leans on a  
detonator plunger.

Bloom, Stephen and Penelope crouch nearby, watching her work.

STEPHEN

She's an artist with nitroglycerin.  
It's kind of her thing.

PENELOPE

I feel like I want to know more  
about her.

BLOOM

Yeah.

STEPHEN

Yeah.

STEPHEN

Check the tat.

On the back of the Chink's neck, a few finely scripted lines  
of Chinese.

(MORE)

123 CONTINUED:

123

STEPHEN (cont'd)  
An inky wisp of personal  
information. We transcribed it,  
brought it into a Chinese  
restaurant.

PENELOPE  
What's it say?

BLOOM  
The literal translation is  
something about water cranes, but  
essentially it means "When you're  
done with something, blow it up."

124 INT. PENELOPE'S PRAGUE HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

124

The Chink lies on the floor with Penelope, showing her how to  
build a tiny remotely detonated bomb. She slices a tiny bit  
off a brick of dynamite, sets it in a petri dish with a  
detonator, and puts the whole thing in a handbag.

Penelope appreciates her.

Bloom and Stephen hunker over the castle floorplan.

STEPHEN  
There's a smoke detector in these  
empty rooms in the east tower. So  
we plant and set off a tiny -  
(to the Chink)  
TINY tiny, tiny charge.

The Chink clicks a seemingly innocent ballpoint pen. With a  
BEEP, a tiny poof of fire plumes from the handbag setting it  
on fire, and the smoke rises to the ceiling.

STEPHEN (cont'd)  
Fire drill ensues, offices empty,  
and you'll have exactly four and a  
half minutes to get through the  
access hatch, into the catacombs,  
get the book and get out before the  
fire department arrives.

Penelope and the Chink do their elaborate handshake, and she  
gives Stephen and Bloom a finger snap thumbs up.

125 INT. PENELOPE'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

125

Bloom and Penelope, up late at the table. Going over the floorplan one more time.

BLOOM  
So straight down the corridor,  
again, tell me where.

PENELOPE  
Second left, third right, access  
hatch behind the copier, I need to  
sleeeeeeeep...

BLOOM  
The abort code if we need to abort  
is "corned beef." For some reason.

PENELOPE  
Bloom, I need to sleep.

He folds up the plans, she wraps up the brick of dynamite and bomb components and spots a black leather backpack beside an open handbag on the table.

PENELOPE (cont'd)  
Is this Yeungling's backpack?

BLOOM  
Yeah.

She gently puts the brick of stabilized nitroglycerin inside the front zipper compartment, and sets the tiny petri-dish bomb beside the handbag.

PENELOPE  
You know what I feel?

BLOOM  
Horny?

PENELOPE  
Scared. All my big talk. But this  
isn't a story, it's real. Fuckin  
scary.

She kisses him. He kisses her back.

(MORE)

125 CONTINUED:

125

The pure whole hearted sensuality with which they attack each other and the deluge of almost child-like need let loose in this one simple act quickly reaches a point where as a viewer we no longer feel comfortable intruding with our gaze.

Fifteen seconds after this point, we FADE OUT.

126 EXT. PRAGUE - DAWN

126

The sun arcs into the sky above the castle.

127 INT. PENELOPE'S PRAGUE HOTEL ROOM - DAWN

127

Bloom half wakes.

Across the landscape of the bed, Penelope sleeps. Sunlight on her body and her sleeping face.

Distant KNOCKING. From the next room over.

Bloom's eyes snap open. He scampers.

128 EXT. PRAGUE HOTEL WINDOW LEDGE - DAWN CONTINUOUS

128

In his boxers, holding trousers and shirt in his teeth, Bloom swings over the ledge from Penelope's window into his.

129 INT. BLOOM'S PRAGUE HOTEL ROOM - DAWN CONTINUOUS

129

He opens the door for Stephen, who regards him narrowly.

STEPHEN

Ready?

130 INT. PENELOPE'S PRAGUE HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

130

The Chink picks up the backpack, handbag and petri dish bomb.

131 INT. PENELOPE'S PRAGUE HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

131

Penelope folds a plastic bag and puts it under her jacket.

132 EXT. CASTLE ADJACENT STREETS - DAY

132

A little alcove with a good view of the castle.

(MORE)



132 CONTINUED:

132

Stephen trains his gaze on one set of windows high in the Eastern tower. Bloom paces.

133 INT. EASTERN TOWER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

133

An empty storage room, half under construction. The Chink walks in, wearing the backpack and carrying the handbag. She goes straight for a spot just under a smoke detector.

134 EXT. CASTLE ADJACENT STREETS - CONTINUOUS

134

Stephen, Bloom and Penelope are joined by the Chink.

STEPHEN

Ok.

He looks through his binoculars again.

BLOOM

Alright?

PENELOPE

Ok.

They share a brief moment with their eyes, and Penelope trots off. The Chink caught it. She looks at Bloom slyly.

BLOOM

For the record, I'm still against this. Why send her in alone?

The Chink finds a way to casually smell Bloom's fingers.

STEPHEN

Because going in alone is a very important thing to do. She's walking into a zero security tourism office during a fire drill and taking a five hundred dollar manuscript replica from a utility crawlspace. Worst case scenario, a file clerk asks if she's lost. Which isn't even going to happen.  
(to the Chink)  
She's in position.

He spots Penelope casually waiting beside an unmarked door.

Bloom notices the Chink looking at him with a knowing grin. She mimes sealing her lips and tossing the key.

(MORE)

134 CONTINUED:

134

She then takes the ballpoint pen detonator... *out of the handbag dangling at her hip.*

STEPHEN (cont'd)  
Cause nobody's going to know we  
were ever here.

Bloom spots the handbag. Something's not right.

BLOOM  
Uh-

The Chink clicks the pen.

135 INT. EASTERN TOWER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

135

The black backpack, sitting under the smoke alarm, beeps.

136 EXT. CASTLE ADJACENT STREETS - CONTINUOUS

136

A THUNDEROUS EXPLOSION blows a massive ten foot wide chunk out of the side of the Eastern tower, spewing a painfully dramatic ball of fire and debris.

Screams. Shouts. Panic.

Our three look up at the tower, agape.

THE CHINK  
Fuck me.

Bloom grabs the binoculars from Stephen, looks for Penelope.

137 EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD - DAY

137

Panicked tourists stumble away from the descending dust. Penelope sees what's happened, but holds her ground.

The unmarked door opens, and a dozen business people pour out.

138 EXT. CASTLE ADJACENT STREETS - DAY

138

BLOOM  
Don't do it don't do it Penelope  
don't-

(MORE)

138 CONTINUED:

138

STEPHEN

They're locking down the castle,  
she won't get in.

139 EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD - DAY

139

She takes a step towards the door.

140 EXT. CASTLE ADJACENT STREETS - DAY

140

Bloom drops the binoculars and sprints.

141 EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD - DAY

141

A burly SECURITY GUARD trots across the courtyard, herding  
tourists and smoking a cigar.

SECURITY GUARD

To ze back, no panic, to ze back...

He blocks the office door, and sets his cigar down for a  
moment. Penelope spots it.

142 EXT. CASTLE ADJACENT STREETS - DAY

142

Bloom nears the courtyard, sees Penelope up ahead.

BLOOM

Pen! Don't - abort! Corned beef!  
Corned beef!

143 EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD - DAY

143

Penelope deftly spins the cigar 180 degrees.

The Guard absently picks it up and puts it back in his mouth,  
fire-side first. He howls, doubles over.

She dashes into the door.

Bloom bursts out of the crowd and lunges for the door, but a  
SECOND SECURITY GUARD stops him.

Dozens more security guards swarm in. Overhead, an army  
helicopter buzzes by. Bloom stares into the doorway,  
helpless and scared.

144 INT. TOURISM OFFICE HALLWAYS - DAY 144

Water rains down from the ceiling sprinklers. Penelope weaves through the halls.

145 INT. COPY ROOM - DAY 145

Cramped, ill lit, and with its own sprinkler.

Penelope dashes in, shoulders the massive cold war era copy machine and with a Herculean effort pulls it away from the wall.

PENELOPE

I'm in Prague. I burned a man's  
lips off to break into a castle in  
Prague.

Revealing an access hatch.

146 INT. CRAWLSPACE 146

Tiny, earthy. Penelope shuts the hatch behind her.

Light from a barred window illuminates a rectangular shape lying on a stone slab. Penelope approaches the small BOOK OF HOURS reverently.

147 EXT. CHARLES BRIDGE - DAY 147

A full view of the castle reveals just about the worst case scenario. The entire area swarms with army helicopters and tanks, soldiers with rifles, yellow tape, news crews.

Stephen, Bloom and the Chink sit behind the police line on the bridge with the rest of the crowds. Heads in their hands.

148 INT. CRAWLSPACE 148

Penelope is broken out of her stupor by heavy footsteps all around her, soldiers searching the castle.

Voices right outside the hatch. She slides the wimpy little bolt shut. It rattles.

She looks up - a moldy vent in the muddy ceiling.

149 EXT. CHARLES BRIDGE - DAY 149

Bloom suddenly stands.

BLOOM

Wait. Wait, we're fine. She's fine. If the soldiers find her wandering the halls they'll assume she's a clerk, they'll just shoo her out. So as long as she doesn't do anything suspicious, she's fine.

150 INT. VENTILATION DUCT 150

Penelope wriggles on her belly through a tin ventilation duct barely big enough for her. The book, encased in the plastic bag, hangs from her teeth.

Sounds of soldiers searching the offices come from below her.

Up ahead she sees a point of light. With a gleeful grunt she shimmies faster - she's nearly made it!

151 INT. TOURISM OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 151

A dozen SOLDIERS and the CHIEF OF POLICE have their eyes (and guns) trained on the tin ventilation duct above their heads.

It is very very obvious not only that a person is crawling through it, but exactly where that person is.

The Chief of Police pointedly coughs to get her attention.

152 INT. VENTILATION DUCT 152

Penelope freezes. A beat of silence.

The tin gives way, and she plummets...

153 INT. TOURISM OFFICE - DAY 153

...hitting the ground hard, then springing to her feet and through some knee-jerk primal instinct kicking a nearby soldier in the head.

Eleven rifles cock and aim at her.

(MORE)

153 CONTINUED:

153

And that's how she's caught, frozen in a kung fu stance,  
plastic bag in her teeth.

She locks eyes with the Chief of Police. Lets the bag drop  
from her teeth.

And opens her mouth to speak.

154 EXT. CHARLES BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

154

The hubbub has died down considerably, soldiers march away  
from the castle in formation. Bloom Stephen and the Chink  
sit watching for some sign.

Three police cars, sirens blazing, drive down the length of  
the bridge.

BLOOM  
The Chief of Police.

As the last one passes, Bloom sees the Chief of Police riding  
shotgun, and Penelope sitting with a soldier behind caged  
mesh in the back seat.

His face falls.

Then Penelope spots him, points and says something.

Very suddenly, the police car stops.

The Chief of Police gets out. Nods at our intrepid three.

And opens the door for Penelope. As she climbs out he  
motions for the passing soldiers to stand at attention and  
salute her.

He kisses her hand.

CHIEF OF POLICE  
(in Czech)  
It has been a privilege, madame, to  
behold even briefly such a strong,  
beautiful flower.

PENELOPE  
(in Czech)  
Thank you sir, I will not soon  
forget your kindness.

She blushes and smiles, then does an unhurried victory strut  
back to Bloom, Stephen and the Chink.

(MORE)

154 CONTINUED:

154

The police cars drive off.

Penelope pulls the book out from under her jacket and sets it on a bench. A moment of victorious silence.

Clapping her hands, she does a little shuffle dance of joy.

PENELOPE (cont'd)

(sings)

We're a band of smugglers hey,  
la la la la la,  
we smuggle by night, drink by day,  
smugglers ho, ho ho...  
Everybody!

155 EXT. SIDEWALK BAR - LATE AFTERNOON

155

Bloom and Stephen sit among empty wine glasses.

The Chink approaches, gives Stephen a hand gesture.

STEPHEN

Let her sleep. Train doesn't leave  
till eight.

BLOOM

That was real.

STEPHEN

Yeah, I know.

BLOOM

Fuckin scary.

156 EXT. PARK - LATE AFTERNOON

156

Bloom walks pensively through a green park. Cat Stevens' "Miles from Nowhere" plays from a nearby radio.

His eye catches something. A shiny red apple on a fruit seller's cart.

He approaches it slowly, face flushed, breath shallow, eyeing the elderly vendor with a thin semblance of nonchalance.

Holy shit. He is going to steal that apple.

Deftly he passes, lifting and pocketing it just as the Vendor turns away. Bloom has done it. His pale face tightens.

(MORE)

156 CONTINUED:

156

And turns.

And sees a five year old boy. Giving him a stare of infinite judgement.

Bloom turns on his heel and RUNS HELL FOR LEATHER.

The vendor shouts. The little boy chases him, pointing and screaming. Dogs bark. People stare. And Bloom sprints, apple in hand, a joyful smile forming on his lips.

157 INT. PRAGUE POLICE STATION - EVENING

157

Stephen bails Bloom out.

STEPHEN

An apple?

BLOOM

Yeah, but it was part of an epiphany.

158 EXT. HUNGARIAN COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

158

The train thunders South, towards Greece.

159 INT. TRAIN SLEEPER CAR - NIGHT

159

Stephen pokes his head into Penelope's car, says goodnight.

As soon as he's gone, a foot dangles down outside the window and taps it. Penelope pulls it open, Bloom shimmies in with two mini bottles of gin.

He kisses her.

160 INT. SHIP STATE ROOM - MORNING

160

Bloom holds a sleeping Penelope, watching the sun stream through the window and slipping the green rubber band cash into her suitcase.

A low horn blows, and Bloom's face darkens.

161 EXT. THE ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

161

The good ship Fidele breaks the waves, blowing its horn.

(MORE)



161 CONTINUED:

161

Stephen stands on the deck. Bloom joins him.

STEPHEN

Mexico.

He strolls off, leaving Bloom watching the horizon gloomily.

162 EXT. DECK - DAY

162

Our intrepid four sit around a small table (except for the Chink, who lies on a deck chair in a bikini and Chuck Taylors, sunning herself.)

STEPHEN

Oh-kay. We're rendezvousing with Senor Rioso's guys here, on an isolated beach just south of the Mexican port town Tampico. A simple handoff. Penelope and Yeungling will stay with the car, Bloom and I will do the handing.

PENELOPE

You guys seem a little tense.

STEPHEN

Well I'm not thrilled they set this in Mexico. There could be legitimate reasons, but Mexico's - and I don't want to simplistically vilify an entire country, but Mexico's a horrible place. So we'll be careful.

163 EXT. MEXICO BEACH - LATE AFTERNOON

163

The Chink fires an automatic pistol eight times into the dead center of a target pinned to a palm tree. She re-loads.

164 EXT. TAMPICO HOTEL GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

164

The beach sprawling below them, Penelope and Bloom meander.

The hotel itself feels very old, red ruinous stone.

PENELOPE

Is this going to be more dangerous than I think, tomorrow?

(MORE)

164 CONTINUED:

164

BLOOM

Yeah. You should sleep at the hotel tonight, I'll stay with Stephen at the beach house. You'll need sleep.

On the distant beach, following the faint rapport of gunfire, a palm tree falls over.

PENELOPE

I'm really happy right now. Are you?

BLOOM

Right now I am.

She kisses him and runs off along the cliff side, singing the smuggler song.

BLOOM (cont'd)

Penelope...

But she's too far away now, and the ocean is too loud. She can't hear him, and he can't hear her, and in another moment she has vanishes into the green brush and white flowers.

Behind Bloom's pained face, the sun dips towards the beach.

165 INT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

165

Stephen packs for tomorrow, Bloom stares out the black window, drinking. Flower in his lapel.

Stephen picks up the con flowchart.

STEPHEN

The last box in our last con. Let them begin the beguine. How's it feel?

BLOOM

She's something special, Stephen.

STEPHEN

Uh huh.

BLOOM

Can I...

He stares at his drink.

(MORE)

165 CONTINUED:

165

BLOOM (cont'd)  
Can I just have a little more time?  
Just a few days. I want to keep  
her, like this, I don't want this  
to just end. Don't make me do  
this.

STEPHEN  
Be angry at me, you son of a bitch.  
Don't be pathetic. Make you?  
Jesus. I told you not to fall for  
her-

BLOOM  
I'm not gonna do this.

Stephen comes very close to Bloom's face, looks him straight  
in the eye. Finds his answer.

STEPHEN  
I don't believe you.

He goes back to packing.

166 EXT. TAMPICO HOTEL GROUNDS - NIGHT

166

Bloom stands, the beach behind him, the glowing lights of the  
hotel before him. Growing determination.

167 EXT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

167

Bloom knocks on a door. Penelope answers, in her bathrobe.

PENELOPE  
Hey.

BLOOM  
I know what I've gotta do. I've  
gotta talk to you. Are you wearing  
shoes?

PENELOPE  
What's up?

He pulls her out of the room.

168 INT. TAMPICO HOTEL GROUNDS - NIGHT

168

Bloom pulls Penelope by the hand, but she stops.

(MORE)

168 CONTINUED:

168

PENELOPE

Bloom. What?

Deep breath.

BLOOM

My brother and I are con men. All things considered, we might be the most respected con man team working today. And everything since you hit me with your Lamborghini, all of this, it's all fake. It's all a con.

169 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

169

The waves break angrily on the beach. In the distance, Stephen finishes his drink on the beach house porch, goes inside and turns out the light.

170 EXT. TAMPICO HOTEL GROUNDS - NIGHT

170

BLOOM

No, we were going to blow you off tomorrow using the cackle bladder, it's a, term, we have actors playing the Argentina guy's men, when we showed up the deal would go bad, they would open fire on us, Stephen and I would pretend to be shot using blood packets, squibs. That's - cackle bladder, in the old days they put fake blood in chicken bladders, so... So you'd escape with the Chink, she'd send you off with a little travelling money and that would be that.

PENELOPE

Wow.

BLOOM

But that's not how this one's going to end. I love you now, and I want to get you out of this. I'm going to do what I have to do to get you out of this, away from all this for good. Are you ready?

171 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

171

Bloom leads Penelope down the beach by the hand.

BLOOM

Stephen's gone into town to prep  
the Argentina actors. Your money's  
at his place.

PENELOPE

Money? I don't want the money,  
let's just leave.

For a moment he's tempted. The dark beach house looms ahead.

BLOOM

C'mon.

172 INT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

172

Dark. Bloom leads Penelope in, stumbles in the dark,  
switches on a lamp. Click, click - it doesn't come on.

STEPHEN (O.S.)

You have to switch it on at the  
base.

A beat. Bloom does.

Stephen sits in an easy chair, not looking happy. But not  
angry. Much more sad than angry.

BLOOM

So I've told her our whole play.  
And I'm here. To take her money  
back. How's that make you feel?

STEPHEN

Disappointed.

BLOOM

This isn't the ending you wanted?

STEPHEN

It doesn't matter now. This is the  
way it ends. So let's get it over  
with.

BLOOM

Where's the money?

(MORE)

STEPHEN

I ate it.

BLOOM

Give me the money, Stephen.

STEPHEN

No.

PENELOPE

I don't want the money.

BLOOM

He's not going to keep a single  
piece of you.

Stephen stands.

STEPHEN

I'm sorry you fell in love with  
her. But she's a mark. And all of  
this, all of it is a con. Every  
moment you shared with her, you  
were just playing the part of a man  
falling in love. That's what  
you're afraid of, right? That you  
don't know the difference? Or  
maybe that there is no difference.  
That that's what love is.

PENELOPE

We're leaving.

STEPHEN

(to Bloom)

No. You're too scared to leave.  
You're scared to ride off into a  
sunset that isn't painted  
tarpaulin, cause real sunsets are  
beautiful but they turn into dark  
uncertain nights. If you were  
ready for that, you wouldn't be  
here. The money is in my bedroom.  
Right behind me. But in my story  
you don't get the money or the  
sunset or the girl.

A long beat. The dark bedroom doorway looms behind Stephen.

PENELOPE

Bloom. Let's just go. Please.

(MORE)

172 CONTINUED: (2)

172

Bloom LUNGES, cracking Stephen in the jaw.

Stephen goes down, Bloom leaps past him - but Stephen grabs Bloom's leg and brings him down.

Then they are fighting. Penelope watches, horrified.

A frightening, brutal brawl that tears the small beach house apart, thirty years worth of a fight.

Until Stephen throws Bloom to the ground at Penelope's feet.

Upsetting a small table. The Chink's pistol, lying on the holey paper target, falls and strikes the ground.

And goes off with a deafening rapport.

Blood spreads just beneath Stephen's collarbone.

Penelope screams.

Stephen stays standing for a moment, shocked. A dribble of blood out of the corner of his mouth. He half grins.

STEPHEN  
Tastes like tin foil.

And sinks to the ground.

Bloom's eyes glaze. He crawls to his brother. Takes him in his arms.

BLOOM  
I'm sorry.

Penelope watches the brothers holding each other. Tears in her eyes, but she backs away a step, very conscious of not being a part of this moment.

Bloom looks up at her, almost taking a moment to recognize her.

PENELOPE  
Bloom...

He doesn't move from his brother.

PENELOPE (cont'd)  
I'm sorry.

She leaves.

(MORE)

172 CONTINUED: (3)

172

For a long moment the Brothers Bloom lie in each other's arms in the middle of the broken room.

Then Bloom stands, goes to the window and watches Penelope walking off into the distance down the beach.

From the darkened bedroom doorway steps the Chink, her face a mask.

Stephen stands. Lifts his shirt and removes the squib and blood packets.

Bloom steps outside.

173 EXT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

173

A wood patio with steps leading down to the sand. Bloom watches Penelope, now very distant, almost gone.

Stephen comes out, pulls out a flask.

STEPHEN

Hey.

(nothing)

I think that was the most honest conversation we've ever had.

(more nothing)

You actually connected on a few of those punches.

BLOOM

Did you expect me to do it? To come here tonight, end it the way you wrote it? Or were you really disappointed I didn't run off with her?

STEPHEN

I was disappointed. But I wasn't surprised.

Bloom turns and SLUGS him in the jaw. Stephen falls to the sand.

BLOOM

I let you do your monologue, but you wanna know why I did it? I did it so she'd never want to see me again. To get her away from all this for good.

(MORE)



173 CONTINUED:

173

Without looking back Bloom walks off down the beach, in the opposite direction of Penelope, leaving Stephen bleeding in the sand, alone in the dark uncertain night.

FADE OUT.

TITLE CARD - 3 months later.

174 EXT. LUDICROUS MANSION - DAY

174

Penelope's home, bucolic on a lazy Spring day.

At a picnic table at the far edge of the front lawn, Penelope sits writing with intense concentration on a piece of paper.

After awhile she raises her head, regarding what she's written thoughtfully. Folds it up, puts it in her pocket.

Clicks the seemingly innocent ballpoint pen.

BEEP.

The mansion EXPLODES, completely.

She walks away without looking back.

After a beat, the plaster deer explodes in a ridiculous fireball.

175 EXT. ITALIAN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

175

Green hills surround the walled medieval city of Ferentino. A tiny white car inches its way across the countryside, and up into the city.

176 EXT. FERENTINO APARTMENT - DAY

176

Bloom walks up the stone alley to his apartment, a bag of groceries in hand. He spots the white car parked out front.

Loud shouting in Italian grows louder, until Penelope and the Grandmother burst out the front door. Berating each other with Italian curses and hand gestures.

Penelope sees Bloom, and freezes.

PENELOPE

Hello.

(MORE)

176 CONTINUED:

176

BLOOM

Hey.

The Grandmother keeps up her barrage as she takes the groceries from Bloom, but as soon as she's behind Penelope's back she gives Bloom a wink, points to her and gives a thumbs-up of approval.

177 EXT. FERENTINO STREETS - DAY

177

Bloom and Penelope wander the twisty alleyways of the city.

BLOOM

How did you find me?

PENELOPE

The Chink.

BLOOM

How did you find the Chink?

PENELOPE

She gave me her cell when we got to Mexico.

BLOOM

I didn't even know she had one.

PENELOPE

I think she's kind of selective in who she gives the number to.

178 EXT. FERENTINO CAFE - LATER

178

They sit with wine and bread.

BLOOM

Why are you here, Penelope?

PENELOPE

Why did you decide to stay with your brother instead of coming with me in Mexico?

BLOOM

Everything Stephen said that night was true.

(MORE)

178 CONTINUED:

178

PENELOPE

I've been doing a lot of thinking  
the past three months. I want you  
to consider something.

She takes a piece of paper from her pocket, unfolds it and  
slides it across the table to him.

On it, written over and over in a dozen different stylized  
fonts, is "PENELOPE THE CON ARTIST."

Bloom sets the paper down with a snap.

BLOOM

Go away. Everything Stephen said  
was true. I was just playing you  
as a mark. Everything between us,  
none of it was real.

She leans in close to him, her hand on his leg.

PENELOPE

I don't believe you.

It's obvious even before she kisses him that she's right.

179 EXT. FERENTINO STREETS - DAY

179

Bloom dials a pay phone. He's been crying. It rings.

BLOOM

Pick up... c'mon...

180 INT. MONTE CARLO CASINO - CONTINUOUS

180

Lush, Edwardian. In a private room, a card table is  
overturned. Stephen lies on the ground in a defensive  
posture, a RAVISHING WOMAN in red lunging at him with a  
curved dagger. A BEARDED MAN with an eyepatch holds her back  
by the wrists, while a MONOCLED MAN in an antique wheelchair  
holds his tear stained face in his hands.

This whole scene is frozen like a tableau, as Stephen's cell  
phone chirps away.

Annoyed, the Bearded Man gives him a 'go ahead' nod.

Stephen hastily answers it.

(MORE)

180 CONTINUED:

180

STEPHEN

Hello?

181 EXT. FERENTINO STREETS - CONTINUOUS

181

BLOOM

How quickly can you get to  
Ferentino?

STEPHEN (ON PHONE)

Uh... Nine-ish?

Bloom fishes out his pocket watch.

BLOOM

Alright.

Click. As he's putting his pocket watch back, he finds the  
stack of green rubber band money in his breast pocket.

182 INT. FERENTINO APARTMENT - NIGHT

182

Penelope plays cards with the Grandmother.

183 EXT. FERENTINO APARTMENT - NIGHT

183

Stephen and Bloom sit on the little landing outside the  
apartment.

STEPHEN

So she comes back wanting to work  
with us. Honestly? I think we'd  
be lucky to have her. If you  
called me to hear my opinion on the  
matter. Which I'm getting the  
feeling you didn't.

BLOOM

I did what I did in Mexico to get  
her out of all this. I would rather  
die than bring her into the con.

STEPHEN

So maybe you want to tell me what  
I'm doing in Ferentino.

(MORE)

183 CONTINUED:

183

BLOOM

You knew she'd come back. What did  
you figure she was good for,  
another million?

STEPHEN

One point seven five.

BLOOM

We will play her again, one last  
con, but not for money. I'm gonna  
tell you how this one's gonna end.  
You built us into this, you're  
gonna fly us out, end it so she's  
done with all of us. End it all so  
it can't start up again.

STEPHEN

You want me to plan a con whose  
sole purpose is to blow her off for  
good?

BLOOM

I love her. You owe me this. I  
don't want to turn her into me.

184 INT. FERENTINO APARTMENT - NIGHT

184

Penelope sleeps on a cot against the window.

Bloom enters wearily. Sits in a chair. Watches her.

In the next room over, Stephen sits in the dark. Shuffling  
cards.

A lovely tune sung in Mandarin Chinese plays over this,  
segueing us into...

185 INT. KARAOKE BAR - NIGHT

185

On a television screen, images of the Shanghai skyline.

TITLE CARD - Shanghai

A wall of monitors, which the Chink steps in front of,  
singing the climax of the song. Beautiful and sad.

As the song ends, she sees through the spotlight Penelope,  
Bloom and Stephen at a table. Penelope waves.

(MORE)

185 CONTINUED:

185

The Chink's face betrays just the slightest hint of disappointment.

186 INT. KARAOKE BAR PRIVATE BOOTH - LATER

186

The four sit with drinks.

PENELOPE

So what's the next job?

STEPHEN

Before we do the next job, we need to liquidate our assets from the last job.

PENELOPE

But you've got-

STEPHEN

Your money from the last job, well that's profit, not capital, the three of us have already split it up. So step one: sell the book of hours.

PENELOPE

I thought it was fake.

STEPHEN

With all your random expertise we couldn't risk a flat out fake. It isn't worth two point five million, we could maybe catch four hundred grand for it, but it's real. Who'd we buy it from?

BLOOM

Minskie.

STEPHEN

Perfect, we'll sell it right back to him.

The Chink hands him a piece of paper.

STEPHEN (cont'd)

If he wasn't dead.

BLOOM

Well there's Demarco or Boyer. Or Roche, if we want to go state-side.

(MORE)

186 CONTINUED:

186

STEPHEN

All traceable. With Minskie out  
we'd have to go deep black market  
if we wanted to be a hundred  
percent clear. There's only one  
place that's deep enough for that.

Bloom and the Chink know exactly what he's talking about, and  
they don't look happy.

PENELOPE

Where?

187 INT. KARAOKE BAR BACK ROOM - LATER

187

BLOOM

Russia. It's like 'cancer', I  
don't even like saying the word.

Bloom, Stephen and the Chink drink in a cramped little  
concrete room adjacent to the bar's kitchen.

STEPHEN

We're obviously not going to deal  
with real Russians. They'll be our  
guys in a phony set up, they'll  
take our phony book and give her  
phony cash, a closed loop. Safe  
and simple.

Bloom looks to the Chink for an opinion. Gets a blank face.

STEPHEN (cont'd)

So. We go to St. Petersburg.

At the mention of St. Petersburg Bloom looks sharply at  
Stephen, but Stephen presses on.

STEPHEN (cont'd)

She does the hand-off with our fake  
"Russians." But while we're  
driving out of town, everything  
goes bad.

He lays a simple flowchart, drawn on a napkin - three boxes.  
He points to the first, "Penelope sells book to 'Russians'"

(MORE)

187 CONTINUED:

187

STEPHEN (cont'd)  
We discover we were sold a  
counterfeit book in the first  
place, which we've now sold to  
Russian smugglers. We discover  
this when the Russian mob starts  
taking us out one by one. Oh shit.

He points to the second box, "Red Dawn."

STEPHEN (cont'd)  
First they ambush our car,  
destroying the money. Then they  
take me out, then the Chink, and  
finally you Bloom, in a heroic  
death that allows Penelope to  
barely escape with her life.  
Devastated but reborn with the  
knowledge that you loved her so  
much you died so she could live,  
she drives off into a romantic life  
of adventure and peril, on the run  
from imaginary Russians.

He points to the third box, "The End."

STEPHEN (cont'd)  
What do you think?

CUT TO:

188 EXT. ST. PETERSBURG - SUNSET 188

The blood red sun sets over the city.

189 INT. ST. PETERSBURG HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 189

Penelope snores on the bed, while our intrepid three unpack.  
The phone rings. Stephen answers it, listens, hangs up.

STEPHEN  
Our "Russians" have arrived.

190 INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT 190

Stephen, Bloom and the Chink ride down to the lobby with a  
red suitcase.

(MORE)



190 CONTINUED:

190

BLOOM  
Who'd you get, anyway?

STEPHEN  
Hm?

BLOOM  
To play the "Russians?"

DING.

The elevator doors open, revealing the Diamond Dog.

DIAMOND DOG  
My boys.

191 INT. HOTEL BAR - LATER 191

Empty. The Dog leans against the bar with several LACKEYS, waiting patiently, making sparks with his gold lighter. Sounds of shouting come from the adjoining dining area.

192 INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM 192

BLOOM  
I don't understand. Tell me so I understand. Three months ago you were ready to blind the old bastard-

STEPHEN  
We need someone who can pass for the Russian mob to buy our fake book. The Dog's got his big store right here in St. Petersburg.

BLOOM  
Alright, fuckin stop. You want this to finish in St. Petersburg, you want this to end with the Dog for some what thematic something? Fine but don't tell it like a story, let's say it. Twenty three years ago and I can still smell, that blood red apartment of his, the smell of that place. I hate him Stephen but this isn't that, this is I don't trust him.

(MORE)

192 CONTINUED:

192

STEPHEN

What's he gonna do? Steal our fake money?

(beat)

I've thought this one out, believe me. And we can't end it without him. Trust me. It's gonna be ok.

193 INT. HOTEL BAR - LATER

193

The red leather suitcase on the bar.

DIAMOND DOG

Stephen, still the grand architect with your symbols. Red for temptation, white for salvation.

The Dog opens it, revealing US hundreds. Examines it with a loupe.

DIAMOND DOG (cont'd)

Impressive, boys.

BLOOM

It's trash. There's visible cross hatching in Franklin's eye.

Sure enough - obvious jagged misprints cut into Ben Franklin's eye on the bills.

DIAMOND DOG

Hm. I'll be damned.

(closes case)

Ruskies wouldn't be caught dead handing over a rag bag like this, it should be a steel attache.

STEPHEN

This'll do. We'll do the drop off at your store. Make it scary, think a movie version of the Russian mafia, but don't hassle her.

DIAMOND DOG

Alright.

The Dog closes the case, and for a moment Bloom's eyes rest on his bandaged hand.

He then takes the case and quickly moves off with his crew.

(MORE)

193 CONTINUED:

193

DIAMOND DOG (cont'd)  
I look forward to meeting the lady.  
Take care, boys.

Leaving his gold lighter on the bar.

194 INT. HOTEL CAR PORT - NIGHT

194

The Chink leads Stephen and Bloom around the brown Peugeot.

STEPHEN  
So. Our fake Russian attack. One  
small charge will simulate a bullet  
hit, and blow out the back window.

The Chink points with an extendable pointer to a small nub on  
the rear windshield.

STEPHEN (cont'd)  
So that one bang, then we roll off  
the road. Once we get clear of the  
car the Chink sets off the final  
charge, incinerating the car and  
the money in the trunk. This'll  
all happen exactly twenty seconds  
after we cross the main bridge out  
of town. After the bridge.

Stephen makes a note in a manila envelope, tucks it in his  
jacket.

BLOOM  
Ok.

195 INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - LATER

195

Bloom and the Chink walk back to their rooms. The Chink is  
expressionless.

BLOOM  
You've been awful quiet.

She doesn't react.

BLOOM (cont'd)  
I'm doing this for her.

But a door clicks shut, and Bloom is alone in the hall.

196 INT. PENELOPE'S HOTEL ROOM 196

Penelope in bed. Her door cracks open, and she sleepily looks up. Bloom stands silhouetted in the doorway.

PENELOPE  
Tomorrow it all starts.

She lifts the sheets. He gets into bed, and as she drifts into peaceful slumber Bloom is very conscious of holding her for the last time.

When her snores begin, he has ear plugs ready.

197 EXT. ST. PETERSBURG - SUNRISE 197

The Peugeot drives into the heart of the city.

198 EXT. ST. PETERSBURG ALLEY - DAY 198

Bloom, Stephen and the Chink parked in an alley, watching a doorway across the street with a pair of binoculars.

Bloom breathes uneasily, checks his watch.

BLOOM  
She gives the Dog the book, he  
gives her the fake money. This is  
taking too long.

Just then Penelope trots out. Metal attache case in hand.

199 EXT. RUSSIA HIGHWAY - MORNING 199

On the outskirts of town, parked beside a murky little lake. Our heroes gather around the metal attache case on the hood.

PENELOPE  
He hassled me. Took forever  
looking the book over, haggled the  
price. Wanted to pay me in Rubles.

Stephen smirks, then opens it. The money's there.

STEPHEN  
Alright. Let's get the hell out of  
Russia.

(MORE)

199 CONTINUED:

199

Bloom pulls the Dog's gold lighter from his pocket, takes one last glance at St. Petersburg and tosses it down into the lake.

200 EXT. ST. PETERSBURG HIGHWAY - MORNING 200

The brown Peugeot drives towards the climbing sun.

201 INT. PEUGEOT 201

The Chink drives, Stephen rides shotgun.

Bloom and Penelope in the back seat. He looks weary.

He sees the bridge approaching, maybe a half mile ahead.

She pulls his head down into her lap, fingers in his hair.  
He breathes, closes his eyes.

An explosion shatters the front passenger window.

Bloom's eyes snap open, he bolts upright.

The bridge is still a quarter mile away.

In the next moment the car becomes a din of breaking glass, screams, tires screeching.

202 EXT. ST. PETERSBURG HIGHWAY 202

A BLACK MERCEDES roars out on to the road, machine gun fire blazing from its windows, literally shredding the Peugeot.

The car spins, tires flapping, and hits a highway embankment full speed, launching into the air.

203 INT. PEUGEOT 203

A moment of strange silence as the car flips mid-air. The brothers lock eyes for a split second.

204 EXT. FOREST BESIDE ST. PETERSBURG HIGHWAY 204

The car slams into the steep grassy embankment, manages to flip upright, and rolls into a thick forest, coming to an abrupt stop against a stout tree.

(MORE)

204 CONTINUED:

204

STEPHEN

OUT!

They all four dive out of the car, Bloom shoving Penelope, tumbling into the thick forest an instant before the car becomes a roiling ball of flame.

Bloom lies shell-shocked, his vision blurry. He vaguely sees Penelope passed out beside him, Stephen on the other side of the car.

A DARK FIGURE comes trotting into the woods, shining a flashlight on the charred car. Goes to Stephen. Reaches down to him...

Bloom's mind flutters away into darkness.

205 INT. FOREST - DAY

205

Bloom wakes. Rain splattering. Slumped against a tree. Penelope hunches over him.

BLOOM

What happened?

PENELOPE

Are you alright?

BLOOM

What happened?

PENELOPE

Yeungling went to get another car.

BLOOM

Where's Stephen?

PENELOPE

We don't know. He was gone.

Bloom stands shakily, goes to the charred car. Runs his fingers over the dozens of bullet holes.

Goes to where Stephen fell. Lying in the grass, a manila envelope.

PENELOPE (cont'd)

We're going to find him. If he escaped, he'll contact us. If they've got him, it's for ransom.

(MORE)

205 CONTINUED:

205

BLOOM  
Who's got him?

PENELOPE  
The Russians.

The Chink pulls up in the green bug, headlights catching Bloom's face against the dark forest depths.

206 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

206

A desolate gas station parking lot. Bloom sits in the Bug, loading his revolver with shaky fingers. Penelope stands outside.

BLOOM  
Stephen, god please what's  
happening. I don't know what to  
do. I don't know Stephen please.  
Please. What's happening. Please.

A long black sedan screeches to a halt in the parking lot outside the window, Bloom bolts out of the car, pistol ready.

But the Chink climbs out of the black sedan.

PENELOPE  
Where does she get all these cars?

Bloom motions for Penelope to stay back, then goes to meet the Chink in the middle of the parking lot.

BLOOM  
If you know what's happening, now  
would be a really good time to  
speak up.

She sets a suitcase down beside her. Bloom takes this in.

BLOOM (cont'd)  
No, please. Not now. I need your  
help here now, I don't know what to  
do.

The slightest smile communicates all the compassion in the world. But she's leaving.

She hands him a small slip of paper, their fingers touching for an instant.

(MORE)

206 CONTINUED:

206

She gives Penelope a quick little "call me" gesture, picks up her case and walks off.

A truck blocking our view of her car pulls away, and she gets in.

Bloom looks down at the slip of paper. A short phrase, in Chinese.

BLOOM (cont'd)

Thanks.

The engine turns over, and the Chink's car EXPLODES in a dramatic fireball.

The paper flutters out of Blooms's fingers a moment before he and Penelope are thrown to the pavement by the shock wave.

Bloom and Penelope lift their heads, absorbing what just happened.

207 EXT. CHICAGO - DAY

207

A busy street, which a title card identifies as "Chicago, Illinois."

On the corner, an unassuming Chinese restaurant.

208 INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAY

208

A dive. The chef on the phone.

CHEF

Ah, ah yes, Mr. Bloom. Yes, ok.

ALL THE COOKS

Bloooooom!

He puts the phone down and goes to the fax machine, which is spitting out a facsimile of the Chink's slip of paper.

209 INT. ST. PETERSBURG COPY SHOP - EARLY MORNING

209

Bloom on a pay phone, scribbling on a piece of paper.

(MORE)



209 CONTINUED:

BLOOM  
Uh huh. Assholes. Ok. Um, ok.  
So I've got "We are all assholes in  
our own theatrical enterprises."  
You sure?

This phrase, written on Bloom's paper.

CHEF  
And then it end with "Goodbye shit  
head."

BLOOM  
Shit head?

CHEF  
But it is different meaning in  
Mandarin, uh, endearing. "Shit  
head" if you have affection for  
shit.

210 EXT. SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

210

The Bug parked nearby. Penelope sits on the curb, crying.  
Bloom sits next to her.

PENELOPE  
What did it mean?

BLOOM  
I don't know.

PENELOPE  
What did it say?

BLOOM  
"We're all of us marks in our own  
cons." And she said goodbye.

PENELOPE  
I still can't believe it.

BLOOM  
That the Chink fell for a car bomb?  
Neither can I.

PENELOPE  
(hopeful)  
What? Oh, oh god do you think she  
faked it? So the Russians would  
think she was dead?

(MORE)

210 CONTINUED:

210

Bloom stands, paces away. He leafs limply through the manila folder - addresses, pictures, information...

A paper with the Dog's photo clipped to it. An address in St. Petersburg.

The napkin Stephen wrote the con flowchart on. The third box - "The End."

PENELOPE (cont'd)

What do we do now?

Scrawled on the inside of the manila envelope - "An unwritten life." Bloom's face clears. He wipes his eyes.

BLOOM

Ok.

Bloom goes to the Bug.

PENELOPE

Where are you going?

BLOOM

This wasn't Russians. This was done by an old mentor of ours who wants us off the map. He has an apartment in St. Petersburg. So this is, yeah. I've gotta go back to that apartment to face the Dog and get my brother back. That's how I'm gonna end this.

Penelope's eyes gleam. She jumps up to the passenger door, and Bloom stops her with a weary look.

PENELOPE

We can skip the whole you-sending-me-nobly-away-and-me-refusing-to-leave-your-side-thing.

BLOOM

Thank Christ.

211 EXT. ST. PETERSBURG STREET - LATE MORNING

211

A narrow alley between tall apartments. Bloom parks, pulls his gun and checks it.

(MORE)

211 CONTINUED:

211

BLOOM

If there are shots you run to the  
car and drive, with or without me.

212 INT. APARTMENT ENTRYWAY - DAY

212

A badly lit apartment hallway. Bloom approaches a door,  
Penelope behind him.

His breathing becomes hard. His face contorts. He crumples  
next to the door.

PENELOPE

What's in there? Tell me who this  
guy is.

Bloom's breathing steadies.

BLOOM

He's just an old man.

He tries the knob. It opens.

213 INT. DIAMOND DOG'S APARTMENT - D

213

Blood red walls.

Dark, neglected and to all appearances empty. Bloom creeps  
down the darkened corridor, gun outstretched. Breathes  
through his nose, chokes.

BLOOM

Dog! I came back.

He kicks open a door, revealing a large living space. Empty.

He lowers his gun, switches on the light.

Penelope enters. Sniffs the air.

PENELOPE

Moth balls.

Bloom almost laughs.

BLOOM

Is that what that smell is?

BAM! A closet door smacks open, revealing the business end  
of a double barrel shotgun.

(MORE)

213 CONTINUED:

Bloom spins, gun drawn. Penelope screams.

Then a moment of stillness. The shotgun barrel quivers.

It's held by the 11 year old boy Bloom saw in the Dog's Mercedes in Prague. Malnourished and scared.

Penelope approaches him slowly.

PENELOPE  
(in Russian)  
It's okay. Honey, it's alright.

The shotgun sinks to the ground. Penelope strokes his hair back from his face.

Bloom lowers the gun, trembling.

BLOOM  
Ask him if anyone else is here.

She does.

BOY  
Nyet.

BLOOM  
Ask him where the Diamond Dog is.

PENELOPE  
Diamond Dog?  
(in Russian)  
Where is the Diamond Dog?

BOY  
(in English)  
The Dog of Diamonds is gone.

Bloom does a quick search of the rest of the room. As he does Penelope asks the boy one more question in Russian, and gets a quick answer.

BLOOM  
Get the car started.

PENELOPE  
What about him?

BLOOM  
It's alright.

(MORE)

213 CONTINUED: (2)

213

She believes him, and goes. Bloom kneels in front of the boy.

BLOOM (cont'd)  
You don't need to be afraid of him  
anymore. Or angry at him. Or ever  
come back here again. He doesn't  
concern you anymore. Understand?  
It's gonna be ok.

The boy nods. Bloom hands him the stack of bills wrapped in the green rubber band. The boy snatches it and runs off.

214 EXT. ST. PETERSBURG STREET - DAY

214

Bloom trots out of the apartment building, and sees two things: Penelope working the VW's starter, and a black Mercedes speeding down the narrow street towards her.

He sprints towards her, screaming

BLOOM  
Get out! Get out of the car!!

She sees the approaching Merc, too late, and ducks down.

A hand hurls something from the darkened window. It smashes through the Bug's passenger side window, showering Penelope with glass.

The Mercedes roars off down the street.

Bloom reaches the Bug and throws the door open.

Penelope lies covered in safety glass, holding a Russian nesting doll.

215 INT. BUG - LATER

215

The seven progressively smaller dolls lie open on the back seat, Bloom holds the two halves of the final tiny doll, and Penelope holds a note.

PENELOPE  
It's a ransom note. It says they  
have Stephen, it says they want the  
money wired to a specific account,  
they give a bank to do it at and a  
manager to ask for.  
(MORE)

(MORE)

215 CONTINUED:

215

PENELOPE (cont'd)

Then an address to come to, at two p.m. In two hours.

BLOOM

I'll wire the money from my account, and we'll go get Stephen.

PENELOPE

It's a lot.

BLOOM

How much?

PENELOPE

I'll do it, I want to, I've got plenty-

BLOOM

How much are they asking for?

PENELOPE

One point seven five million.

A cold pit opens in Bloom's stomach.

BLOOM

Oh. Oh oh. No no NO.

He punches the dashboard.

BLOOM (cont'd)

No I'll kill him. I'll kill him if that's what this is, if that's all that this is, no NO NO.

PENELOPE

What are you talking about?

BLOOM

There's another possibility that I should of, I'm a fucking idiot. This might all be a con. By my brother. To get me - oh god - he wanted me to face the Dog, to end it, and he gets your money. Oh god. I'm going to be sick.

PENELOPE

Would he do that? To you?

BLOOM

I don't know. Yes. Yes of course he would.

(MORE)

(MORE)

215 CONTINUED: (2)

215

BLOOM (cont'd)

To tell a story so well it becomes  
real. The perfect con. That's his  
whole, goddammit, that's what.

PENELOPE

But you don't know. Let's transfer  
the money. You don't know.

BLOOM

Son of a bitch.

PENELOPE

You don't know. This is your  
brother's life. I'm gonna wire the  
money.

216 EXT. ST. PETERSBURG BANK - DAY

216

Bloom sits in the car, alone. He punches the dashboard  
again, helpless enraged and scared.

Penelope gets in, looks at the address on the note.

PENELOPE

Ok.

217 EXT. BURNED OUT THEATER - DAY

217

Penelope and Bloom sit in the car, parked in front of the  
impressive facade of a closed, burned out old theater.

The clock on the dashboard reads 1:50.

BLOOM

I'm so scared. Anything I can  
imagine finding in there, I'm  
scared of.

PENELOPE

I'm going to be here when you come  
out.

She kisses him.

He puts his hand on the door. Hesitates. Then goes.

Walks up the stairs to the inky maw of the theater door.  
Goes in alone.

218 INT. THEATER LOBBY 218

No lights. Moldy dust. A genuinely creepy place. Bloom steps lightly, deeper into the theater.

BLOOM  
Stephen!

219 INT. THEATER AUDITORIUM 219

A few lights flicker on the walls, fitfully illuminating the broken dusty seats and bare ruined stage.

Bloom walks down the aisle, trying to keep his voice steady.

BLOOM  
Stephen!

A spotlight snaps on from the mezzanine, right in Bloom's face. He spins, trapped in its glare.

A guttural command is shouted in what might be Russian.

When Bloom doesn't respond, the spot silently advances a few feet ahead of him towards the stage.

Bloom gingerly follows it, up onto the splintered stage and finally resting on a split in the tarpaulin backdrop.

With a wary glance back, Bloom steps through it.

220 INT. THEATER BACKSTAGE 220

Giant fossils of antique stage scenery. Utility lights high above, cut by scaffolding, patch everything in dim jagged forms of light and black.

BLOOM  
(unsteady)  
Stephen. Game's up. Come on out.  
Let's blow this one hat town.

Silence. Then a harsh utility lamp snaps on, cruelly lighting Stephen's face.

Shockingly bruised and battered, old and new blood.

Bloom cries and rushes towards him...

(MORE)



STEPHEN

No! No Bloom, freeze.

He obeys. Stephen is tied to a chair. A dark figure behind him holds the lamp with a black gloved hand.

BLOOM

Stephen, who is it? Is it the Dog?

STEPHEN

Did Penelope wire the money?

BLOOM

Yeah.

STEPHEN

They're calling to check right now.  
Don't move. I'm alright.

The dark figure's cell phone rings, he holds it to his ear for a moment then flips it closed.

Something happens in the blackness, and Stephen shakily stands, cut loose.

STEPHEN (cont'd)

Stay where you are, Bloom. I'm  
coming to you.

He takes a couple wobbly steps.

Behind him, Bloom sees the dark figure raising his gun towards Stephen's back, pulling the hammer...

And the utility lamp switches off.

BLOOM

No!

Bloom's revolver pops out of his sleeve and he's firing into the blackness.

Stephen drops flat to the ground.

The fiery rapport of a big pistol flashes from the blackness, strobing the scene like stage lightning.

Bloom reloads behind the cover of a heavy flat, but Stephen lies on his stomach out in the open.

BLOOM (cont'd)

Stephen!

(MORE)

STEPHEN

Stay back!

But Bloom makes a dash for his brother, out into the open, unloading three more rounds into the dark.

The dark figure returns fire on Bloom, who is sprinting full on his feet in a large pool of light. A sitting duck.

Stephen launches himself up, tackling Bloom backwards.

Just before they fall behind the safety of the flat, a red burst of blood flowers from Stephen's left lower back.

Bloom sets him down gently, and hears heavy footsteps behind him.

He turns, firing, but only sees a blur of dark coat go by, through the torn backdrop.

Bloom runs out on stage, tearing the tarpaulin, and fires after the dark figure limping up the aisle and away into the lobby.

Silence.

Bloom walks back to Stephen, who lies behind the flat, breathing heavy. Blood soaking through his shirt.

BLOOM

Please tell me this is all gonna be ok. Tell me that's a squib, and that's makeup, and that you just gave me what I always wanted and pulled off the perfect con.

A long, long moment.

Stephen coughs, spits. Then a wry grin spreads across his face.

STEPHEN

You said it, not me.

He stands, the shakiness gone.

STEPHEN (cont'd)

Can I get a 'wow' for this one?

BLOOM

You son of a bitch.

(MORE)

Bloom looks like he might hit him, but his face breaks and he embraces him, crying. The Brothers Bloom stay like that for a long while, holding each other in the spotlight's glow.

Finally Stephen pulls away, tears in his eyes. He wipes them, wipes blood from his lip.

STEPHEN

Tastes like tin foil. Alright  
here's what I want you to do. The  
Chink split?

BLOOM

Yeah. Clean exit.

STEPHEN

How?

BLOOM

Car bomb.

A hint of relief in Stephen's face.

STEPHEN

Good. Here's what. Take Penelope  
back to Helsinki, take that flight  
to Rio. Lay low like we said.  
Play out the on-the-run-from-  
vengeful-Russians thing, that'll be  
fun for her. Play it like I'm  
dead, actually - that'll add some  
gravity to everything, that'll be  
nice. And I'll see you when I see  
you.

BLOOM

Soon?

STEPHEN

I hope not. Last thing you need is  
me hanging around. Anyway, how  
could I top this?

Bloom hugs him again.

BLOOM

I love you. Bye.

He turns to go.

STEPHEN

Hey. Think of any card.

(MORE)

220 CONTINUED: (4)

Stephen pulls out a pack of cards.

BLOOM

Alright.

Stephen cuts, to the Queen of hearts.

BLOOM (cont'd)

Stephen. That's it.

(grins)

That's the best card trick I've  
ever seen. I just wish you had a  
bigger audience.

STEPHEN

You're the only audience I've ever  
needed.

Wink. Bloom leaves.

Stephen watches him go.

221 EXT. RUSSIA HIGHWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

221

Rumbling towards Finland.

In the Bug, Bloom sleeps in Penelope's arm while she drives.

She looks at his hand on hers, his shirt cuff bright red with  
Stephen's "blood." She strokes his shoulder sadly.

Off Bloom's sleeping face...

222 INT. THEATER STAGE

222

Stephen pulls a chair out onto the stage, sets it right in  
the spotlight's glare.

Trembling as if it takes all his last strength in the world.

Sits. Looks at the Queen of Hearts, moves his fingers over  
it.

Then slides it up his sleeve.

Blood trickles down his hand.

223 INT. BUG - SUNSET

223

Bloom wakes with a start.

PENELOPE

Hey. Hey, it's ok. The bridge is coming up, we're almost at the border. Were you dreaming about Stephen?

She strokes his hair back from his face.

He nods, and looks down at his sleeve.

Stephen's "blood" on his white cuff.

Now a dark shade of brown.

Bloom looks at this shirt. All the blood, it's all brown.

He looks up at the road, nearly panicked.

Maybe a quarter mile ahead is the bridge.

BLOOM

Pull over. Pull over!!

224 EXT. ROADSIDE - SUNSET

224

She does.

He bursts out of the car, and run/tumbles down the grassy hillside till he finds the car tracks.

He follows them to the charred remains of the Peugeot.

Penelope stumbles down after him.

PENELOPE

What is it? You're scaring me-

BLOOM

What did you ask the Russian kid, in the Dog's apartment? He said the Dog isn't here, then what did you ask?

Bloom kicks open the trunk. Pries open the blistered attache case.

(MORE)

224 CONTINUED:

224

Sifts through the charred pile of cinders that was the money from the "Russians" till he finds what he was looking for and brings it out into the dying light.

PENELOPE

How long had he been alone.

BLOOM

And what did he say?

A scrap of unburned money. A fragment of Ben Franklin's face.

PENELOPE

Since yesterday morning.

A single eye gazing up at him, the green grass behind it.

The eye is perfect. No cross hatching.

Bloom sinks to his knees.

BLOOM

This is real. They hassled you.

PENELOPE

Bloom-

BLOOM

The Dog was gone before we got there. They hadn't cleared out of their apartment, they had been cleared out.

225 INT. DIAMOND DOG'S APARTMENT - DAY FLASHBACK

225

RUSSIANS in black overcoats burst in, shooting the Dog's men with silenced pistols.

The BOY shuts himself in the closet, terrified.

226 EXT. ROADSIDE - SUNSET

226

BLOOM

Real Russians. Took his store. They didn't know about his deal with us, but you haggled with them. You really sold the book to real Russians. The Diamond Dog was gone.

227 EXT. RUSSIA HIGHWAY - FLASHBACK

227

The scene beside the lake, our four heroes checking the money in the attache case.

STEPHEN

Let's get the hell out of Russia.

Bloom tosses the gold lighter, it splashes into the lake. We follow it, plunging beneath the surface.

Deep deep down, among weak tendrils of light, the Diamond Dog sinks into watery blackness, a long blade in his neck.

228 EXT. ROADSIDE - SUNSET

228

BLOOM

And they came after us. And  
Stephen...

Penelope holds him tight.

PENELOPE

I know.

BLOOM

Stephen saved my life.

PENELOPE

I know.

BLOOM

He's gone.

Bloom folds into Penelope's arms, but she doesn't let him. She holds his crying face up.

PENELOPE

And he did it so you could live.  
Your brother loved you. He loved  
you so much. Look at me. Stephen  
said something once, I got the  
feeling he'd rather be telling it  
to you. He said there's no such  
thing as an unwritten life. Just  
badly written ones. I love you.

(MORE)

(MORE)

228

CONTINUED:

228

PENELOPE (cont'd)

We're gonna outrun these bastard  
Russian mafia, and we're gonna hide  
out in Rio, then we're gonna live  
like we're telling the best fucking  
story in the world. Are you ready?

She holds his face close to hers for a long beat. Then  
smiles and pushes away, launching up the grassy hill.

Bloom watches her.

Time slows as she turns back towards him, still running, and  
holds out her hand for him to follow.

BLOOM (V.O.)

I was thinking of something Stephen  
said too. "The perfect con is one  
where everyone involved gets just  
the thing they wanted." Well.

He takes the girl's hand, and runs with her towards the point  
of light breaking over the hill.

229

EXT. HIGHWAY - SUNSET

229

Sunset with her wine-red fingers falls over the road ahead.  
The rumble old VW chugs away from us, towards the horizon.

FADE OUT.